THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

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CON SPIRTO.

O say can you see by the dawn, ear_ly light, What so

proudly we hail at the twilights last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the

pe-ri-ous light, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so ga_l_lant ly streaming, And the
On the shore dimly seen thro’ the mists of the deep,
Where the foe haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that which the breeze, o’er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
Now it catches the gleam of the morn’s first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.
’Tis the star-spangled banner, O’er long may it wave,
O’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that hand who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battles confusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more—
Their blood has washed out their soul footsteps pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

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O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved home, and the wars desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heavens rescued land,
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto. ‘In God is our trust.’
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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