NATIONAL SONGS
of
AMERICA.

ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
by
FRANCIS II BROWN.

Land of Washington
Hail Columbia
Our flag is there

Huzzah! Huzzah! Columbia
Star Spangled Banner
Yankee Doodle

BOSTON
Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.

M.1630.3
M.29

Boston

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Ditson, in the Office of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.
Note by the Publisher. This song was supposed to have been written by a prisoner of war, on board the British fleet, on the morning after the unsuccessful bombardment of Fort McHenry, in the second war with England, declared in the year 1812. This copy of the words is authentic, as it was submitted to the Author, and revised and corrected by him a few months previous to his death which occurred in 1845. Written by Frances S. Keys.
dawn's early light. What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose

broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight. O'er the ramparts we watched were so

gallantly streaming. And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there! Oh! say does that star spangled
On the shore dimly seen, thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's 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 morning's first beam,
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream!
'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and home of the brave!

And where is the land who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoce of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's 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 home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their low'd home and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heavi'n rescued land
Praise the Power that hath make and preserv'd us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for 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 home of the brave!