

267

No. 29.

[Smith, John Stafford]

# NATIONAL SONGS OF

## AMERICA,



ARRANGED FOR THE  
PIANO FORTÉ

25

FRANCIS H BROWN.

J.H. Stafford's Lith.

Land of Washington  
Hail Columbia  
Our flag is there

Huzza! Huzza! Columbia  
Star Spangled Banner  
Yankee Doodle

M 1630.3

S7  
M 29  
Case

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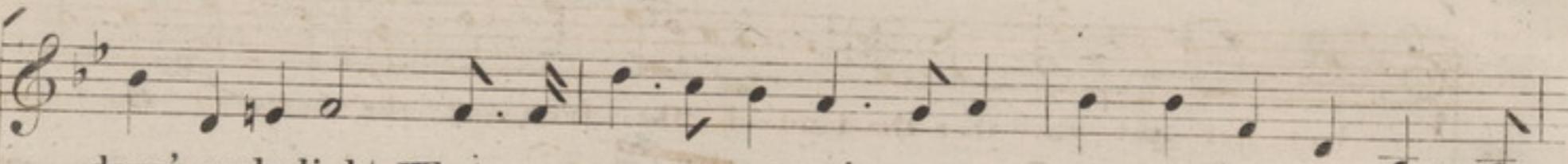
4656M4  
Jan 19, 35

# THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER!

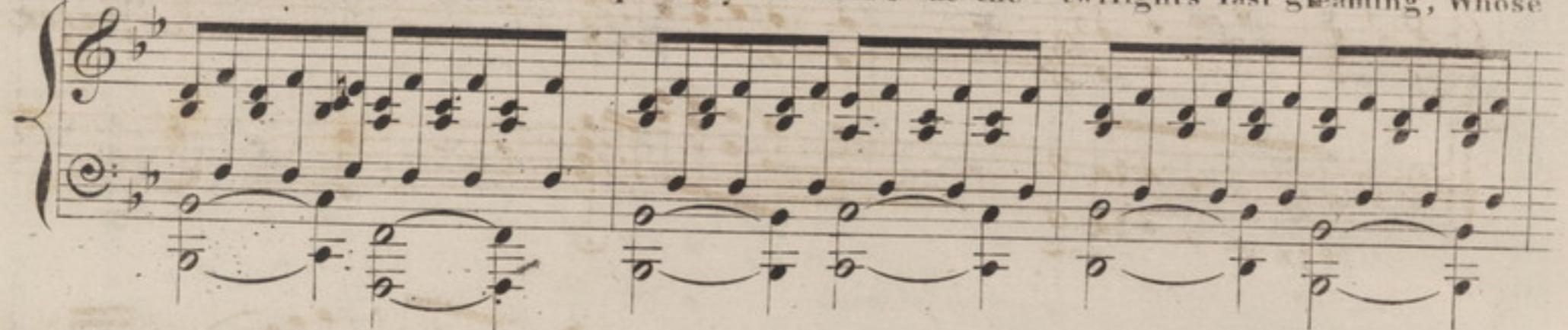
3

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 1843. Written by FRANCES S. KEYS.

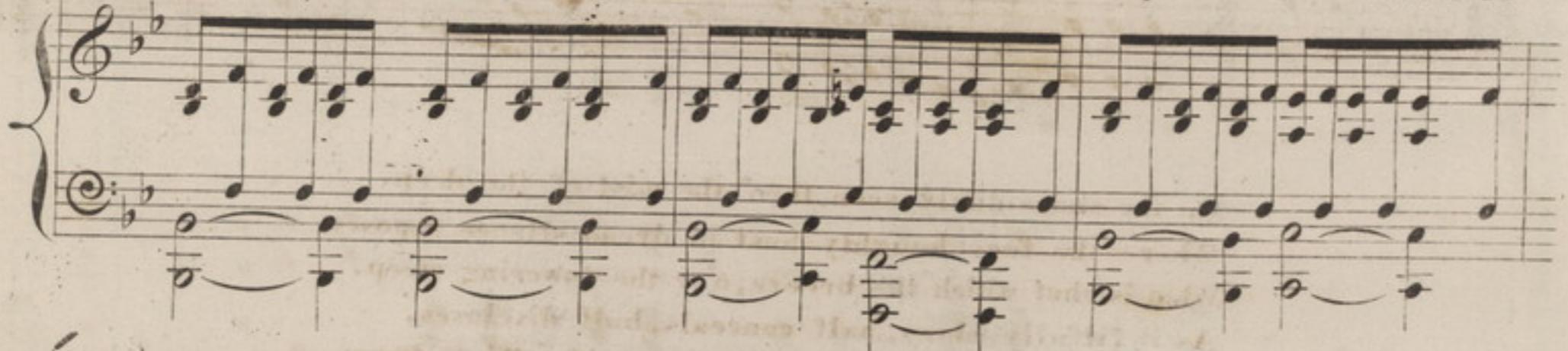
The musical score consists of five staves of music. The first four staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the fifth staff is in 3/4 time (indicated by a '3'). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music includes various dynamics such as 'f' (fortissimo), 'ff' (fortississimo), 'p' (pianissimo), 'dol.' (dolcissimo), 'tr.' (trill), and 'ten.' (tenuto). The lyrics begin with 'Oh! say can you see by the' on the fifth staff.



dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose



broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight O'er the ramparts we watch'd 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



Ad lib.

a tempo.

2

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!

3

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc 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 the home of the brave!

4

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,  
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made 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 the home of the brave!