

Oh, say can you see,
By the 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 watch'd,
Were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night
That our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does the star spangled
Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free,
And the home of the brave?



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 On the shore dimly seen
 Thro' the mists 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,
 In fully glory reflected
 Now shines in the stream;
 'Tis the star spangled banner,
 Oh, long may it wave,
 O'er the land of the free,
 And the home of the brave.

And where is that band
 Who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war
 And the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country
 Shall leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out
 Their foul footsteps' pollution;



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No refuge can save
The bireling and slave,
From the terror of flight
Or the gloom of the grave.
And the spar spangled banner
In triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free,
And the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever
When free men 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 has 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.

