





On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dead 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 full glory reflected now shines in the stream,
And the star spangled banner O! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havor of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more,
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps pollution
No refuge could save, the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave
And the star spangle banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

4

Othus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd home, and the wars desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserv'd 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'ere the land of the free, and the home of the brave.