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THE
BATTLE OF THE WABASH.

A PATRIOTIC SONG,

Written by Joseph Hutton,

To the favourite Air of

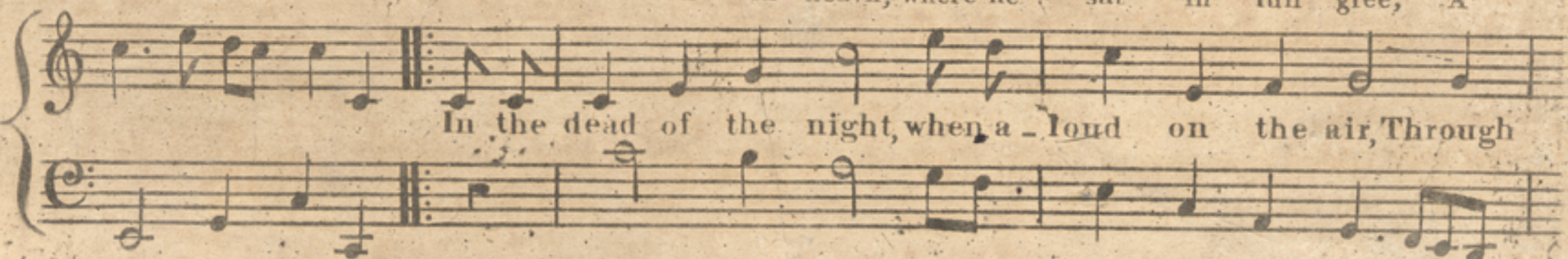
Anacreon in Heaven.

PHILADELPHIA. Published by G. E. Blake.

Con Spirito.

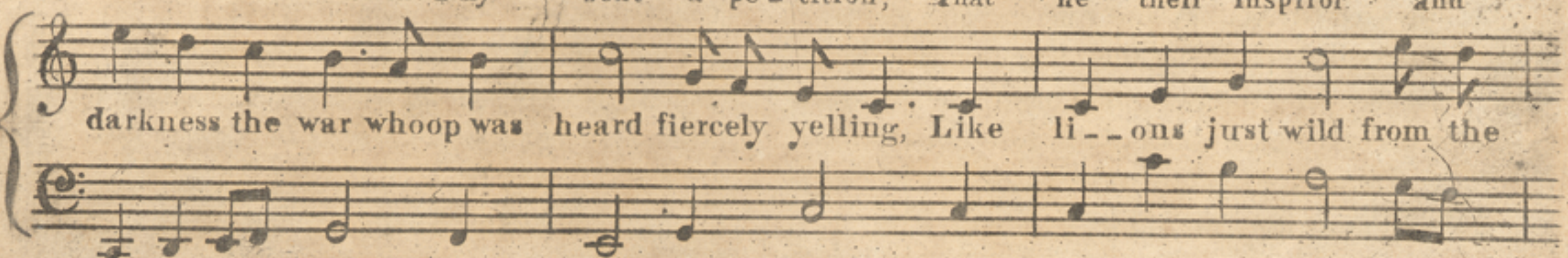


To A - nacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full glee, A



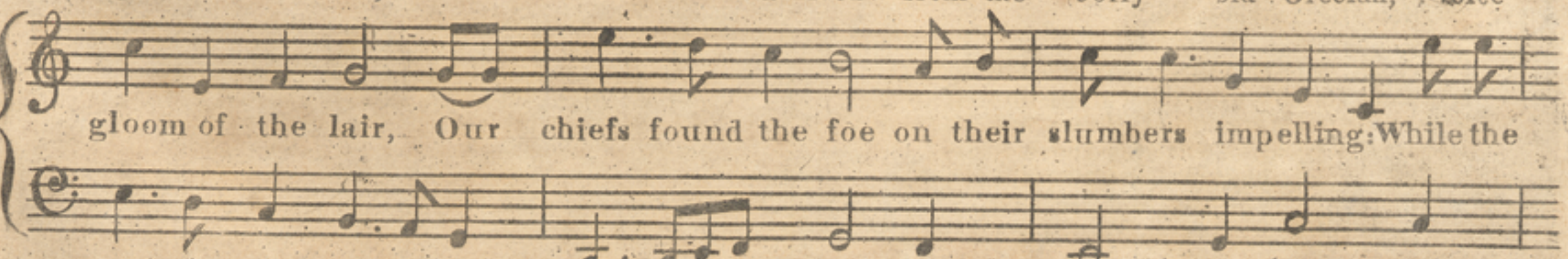
In the dead of the night, when a - loud on the air, Through

few sons of har - mo - ny sent a pe - tion, That he their inspiror and



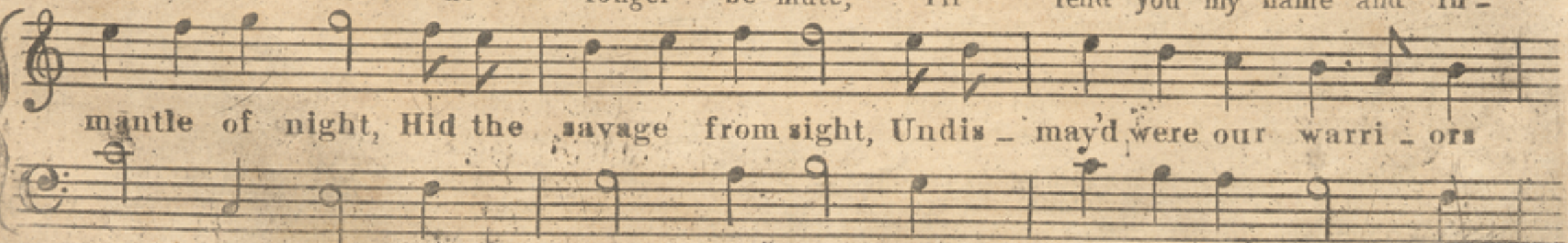
darkness the war whoop was heard fiercely yelling, Like li - ons just wild from the

patron would be; When this answer arrived from the Jolly old Grecian, "Voice



gloom of the lair, Our chiefs found the foe on their slumbers impelling: While the

fiddle and flute no longer be mute, I'll lend you my name and in -



mantle of night, Hid the savage from sight, Undis - may'd were our warri - ors

FORT MC. HENRY,

OR, THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER,

Sung with great applause by Mr. Hardinge, at the Theatre Baltimore.

AIR, ANACREON IN HEAVEN. 141

1st

O, say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd 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 rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
O say does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

2nd

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 full glory reflected new shines in the stream:
'Tis the star spangled banner, O! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3rd

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 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 spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4th

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's disolation,
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'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
