O 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 thru 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 still was there.
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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 fitted 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.
Till the star-spangled banner O’er the land of the free
And where is that hand who so faithfully 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
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.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved home and the war’s desolation.
Blest with vict’ry and peace, may the heathen ever fear
Praise the Power that hath 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.