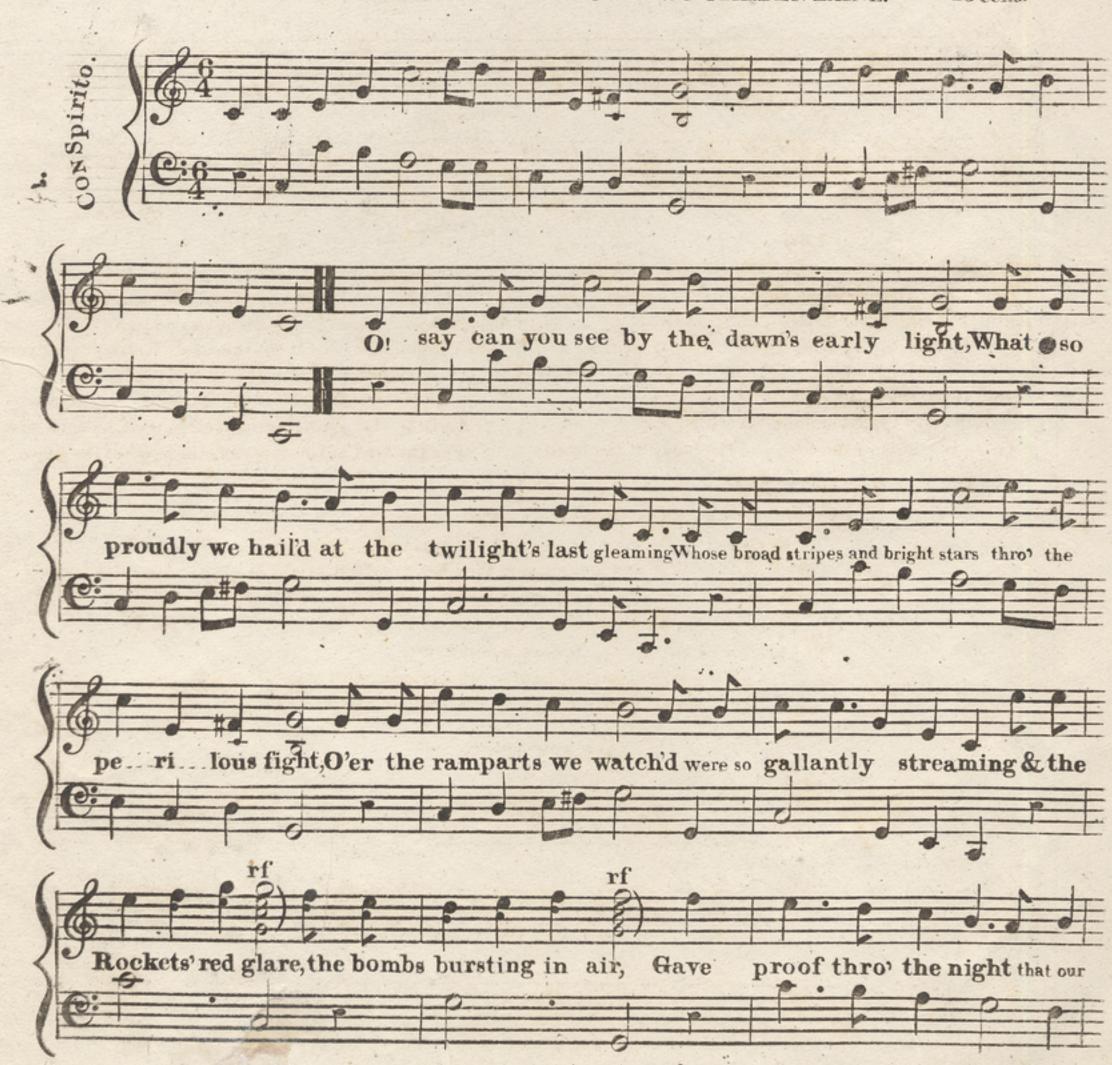
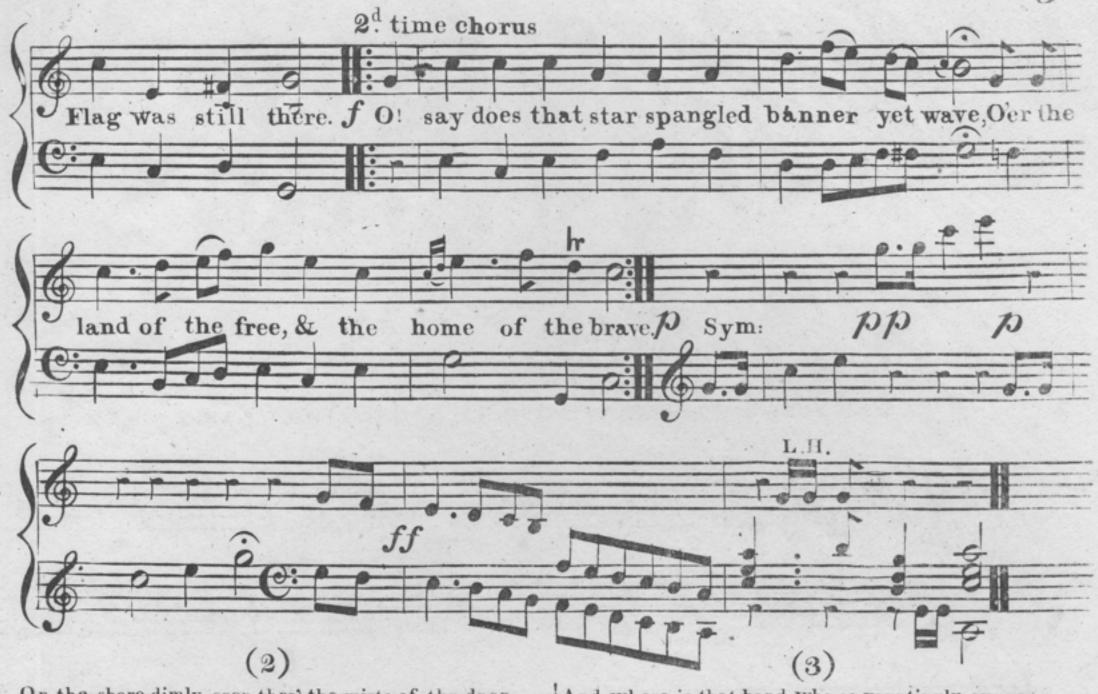
SHAR SPANCLED

Bigging.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY GEIB & CO No 23 MAIDEN LANE.





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,

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

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 brood 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.

(4)

O' 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 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.

FLUTE.

