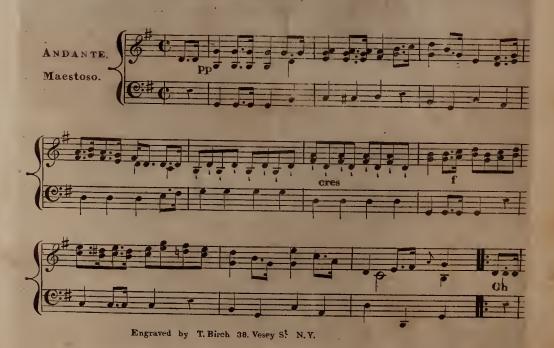
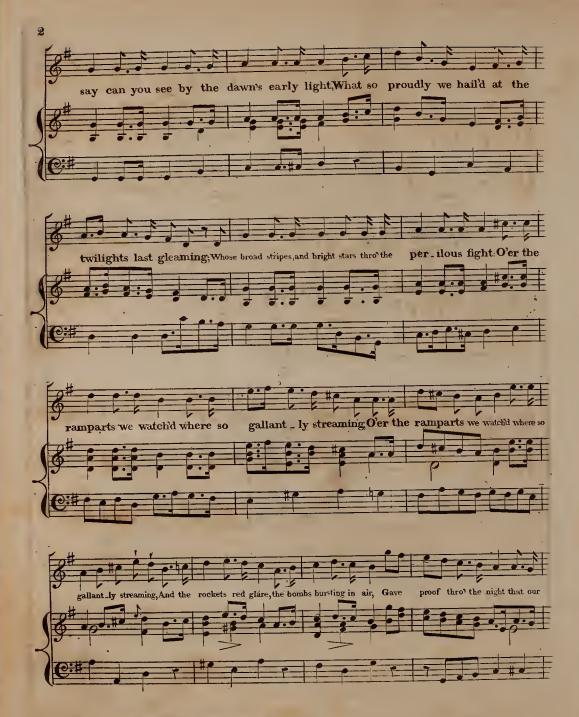
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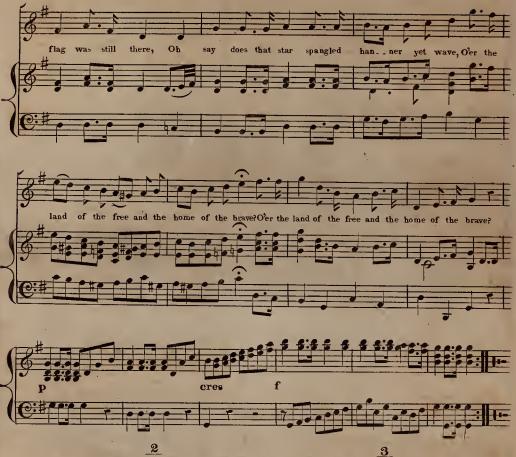
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On the shore dimly seen thro the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals half discloses, Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected 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.
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that hand who vauntingly swore, That the havor of war and the battles 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 gloom of the grave.

Oh thus be it ever when freemen shall stand, Between their lov'd home and 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 doth wave, Oer the land of the free and the home of the brave.