

The Star-Spangled Banner

The National Anthem
of
The United States of America

John Stafford SMITH
(1750-1836)
Arr. A.L.C.

Contrabass

Piano

8

15

22

28

Oh say! Can you see, by the dawn's early light?
 What so proudly we hailed, as the twilight's last gleaming;
 Who's bright stripes and bright stars, through that perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.
 And the rocket red glare! The bombs blasting 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?

On the shore dimly seen, through 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 now shines in the stream,
 'Tis' our star-spangled banner, for how long may it wave,
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

O, thus be it here, where free men shall stand,
 Between their loved homes, and the war's desolation,
 Bless'd with vict'ry and peace, may the Heavens save,
 Praise the glory that hath, made and preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer they must, where our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
 And our star-spangled banner, our wonder shall wave,
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Words by Francis Scott Key