

# The Star-Spangled Banner

Red House Painters

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 the star-spangled banner! Oh long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should 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!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land  
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!