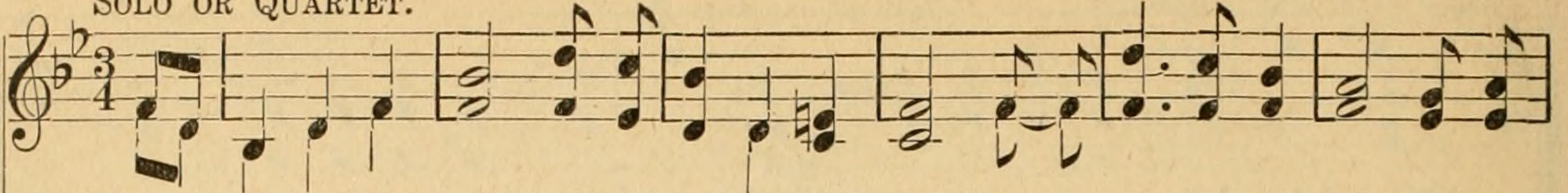
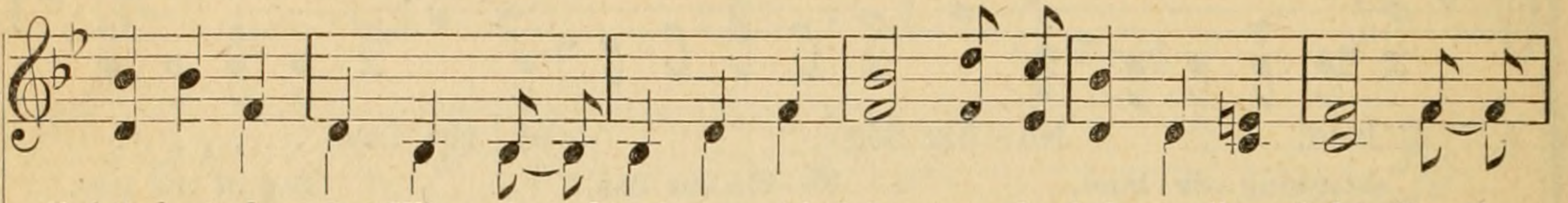
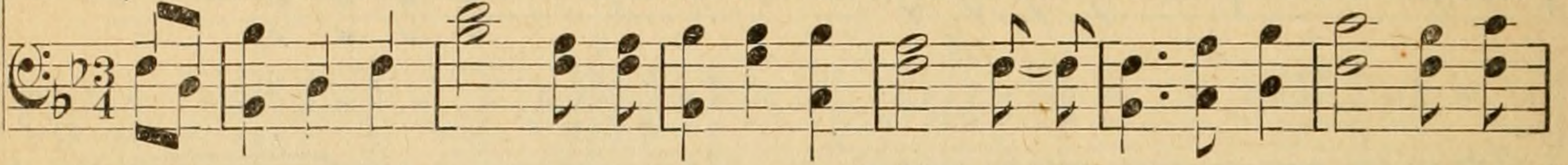


FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

SOLO OR QUARTET.



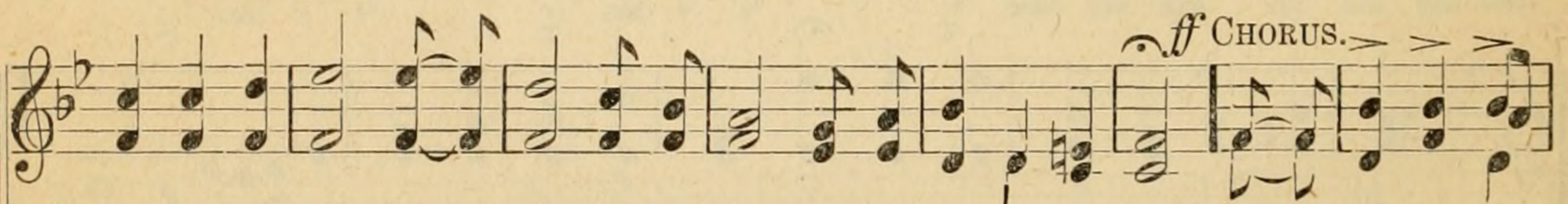
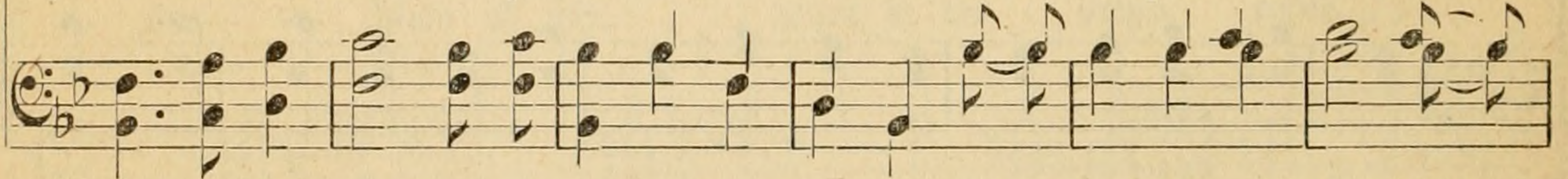
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twi-
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home and the



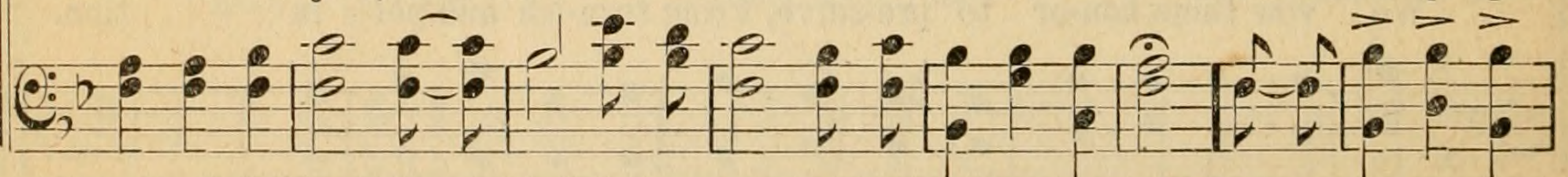
light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it
 bat - tle's con - fu - sion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion, No ref - uge could save the
 pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion, Then con - quer we must, when our



bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
 hireling and slave, From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



The Star-Spangled Banner.

star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
 ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

No. 301^a.

America.

S. F. SMITH.

The National Song of America,

English.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 301^b.

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain,

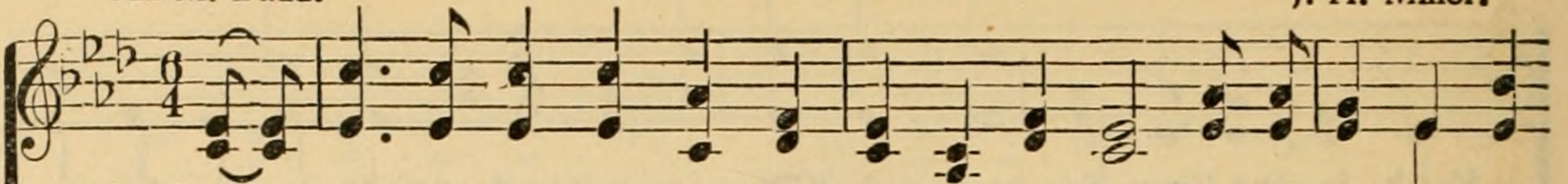
1.
 God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King;
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

2.
 Thro' every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our King,
 Long may he reign;
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain.

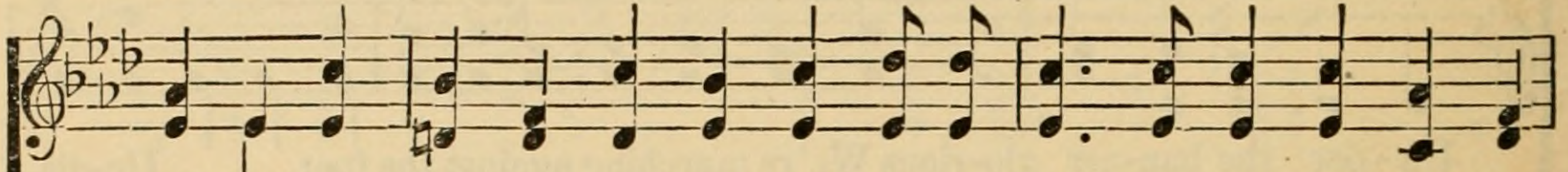
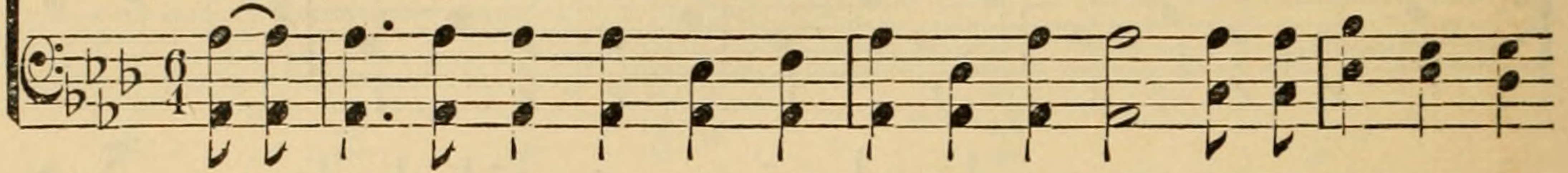
3.
 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

Ida M. Budd.

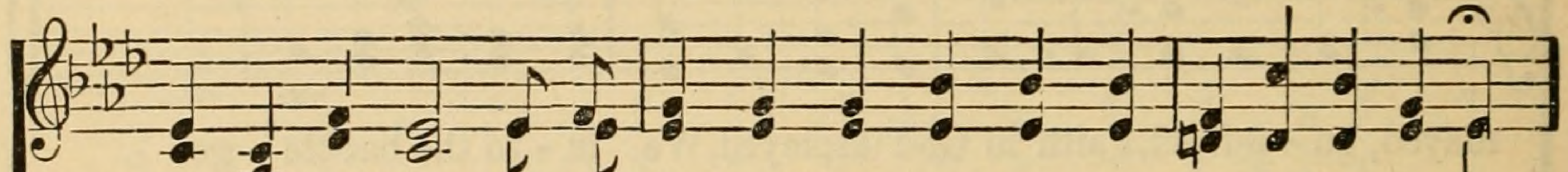
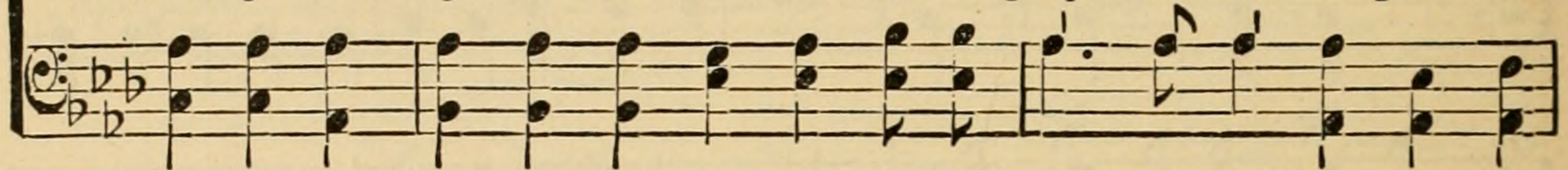
J. H. Minor.



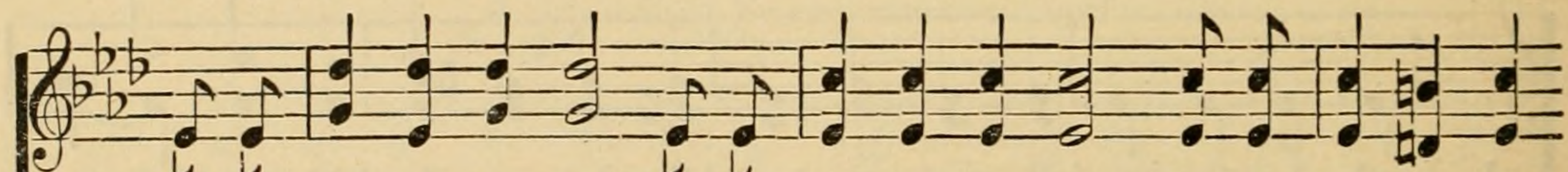
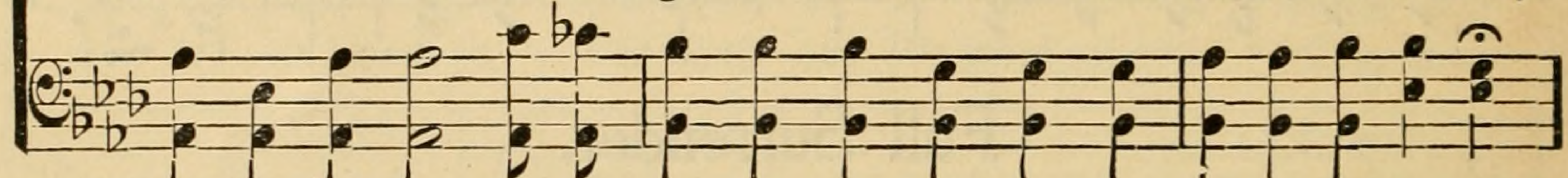
1. O, say, can you see by the ra - di - ant light From the cross on the
 2. Where the co-horts of e - vil, in fear-ful ar - ray, 'Neath the black flag of
 3. To this ban - ner of Love our al - le-giance we own, And our soul-saving



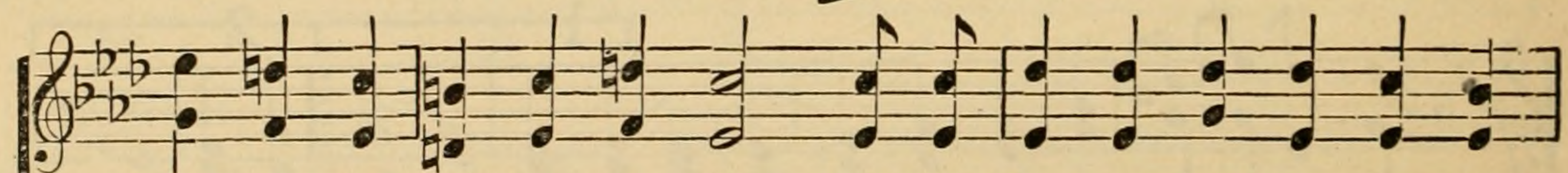
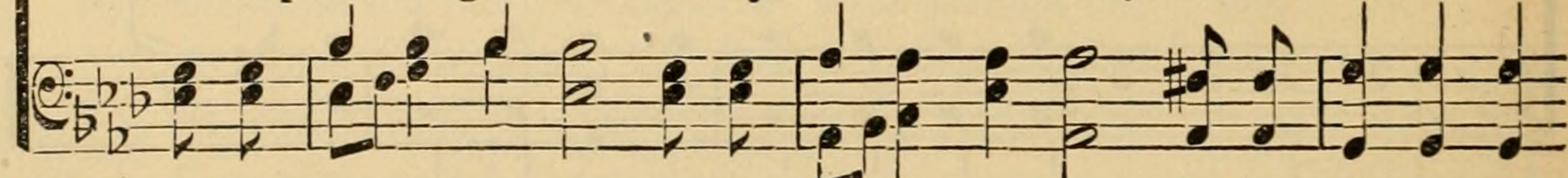
sum-mit of Cal - va - ry gleam-ing, A ban - ner whose folds e'en thro'
 hat-red their forc - es are call-ing, Lo! the blood redeemed le-gions, more
 ar - my with loy - al de - vo - tion Will pray for its con-quest till



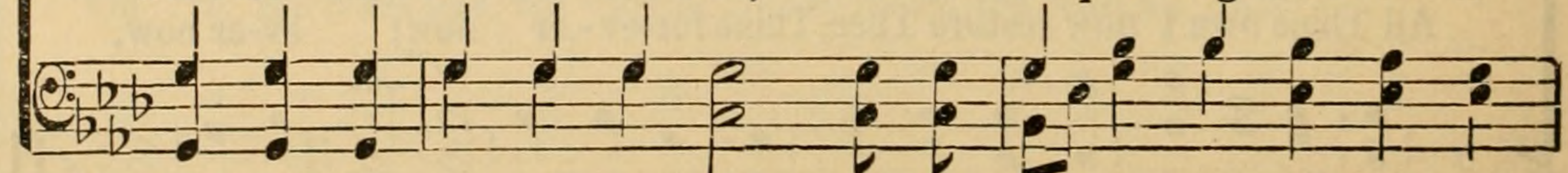
sin's dark-est night, O'er the lost souls of men have been graciously streaming?
 might - y than they, Are ad-vanc-ing, and see! how the dark hosts are fall-ing!
 Je - sus a - lone Shall reign in all hearts on the land and the o-ccean,

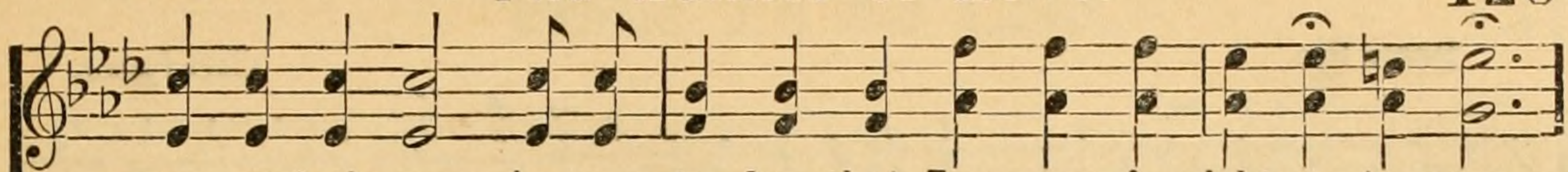


'Tis the sign of the love Of our Fa-ther a - bove And His dear Son who
 And this en-sign so bright, With its folds to the light, Shall be planted where
 Till His peace and good will Ev-'ry bo-som shall thrill, And the harsh voice of

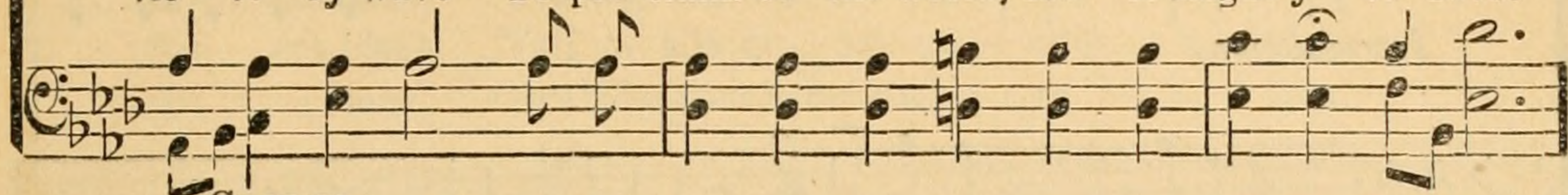


died that su-preme love to prove; And this blood-purchased ban-ner in
 float-ed the stand-ard of night; For this glo - ri - ous ban-ner in
 war-fare for - ev - er be still, And this con-quer - ing ban-ner in

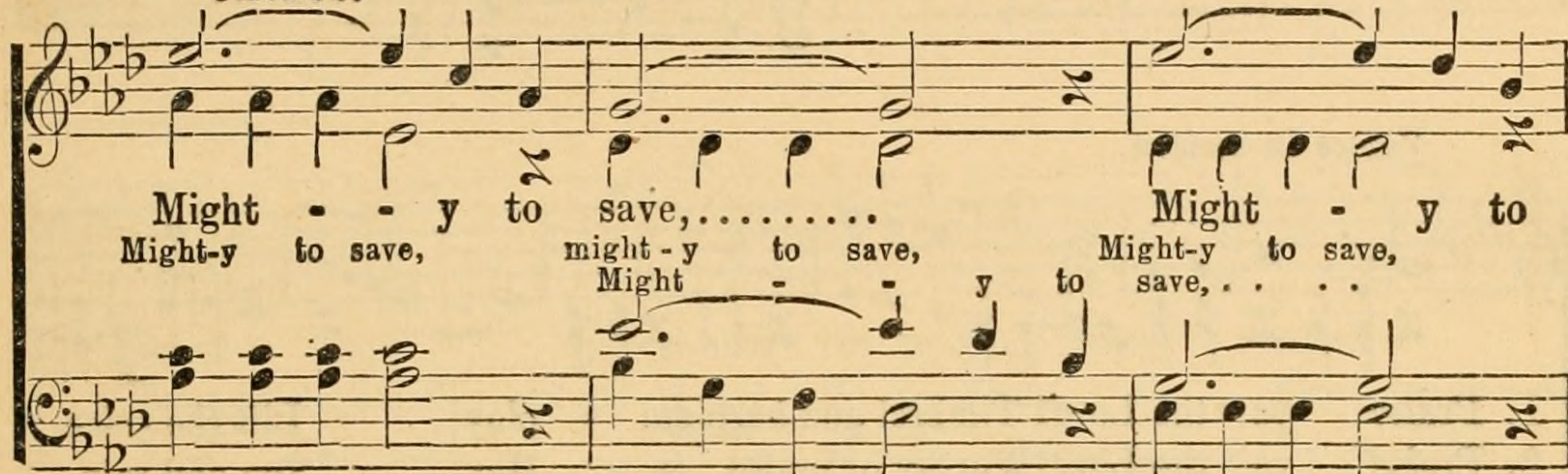




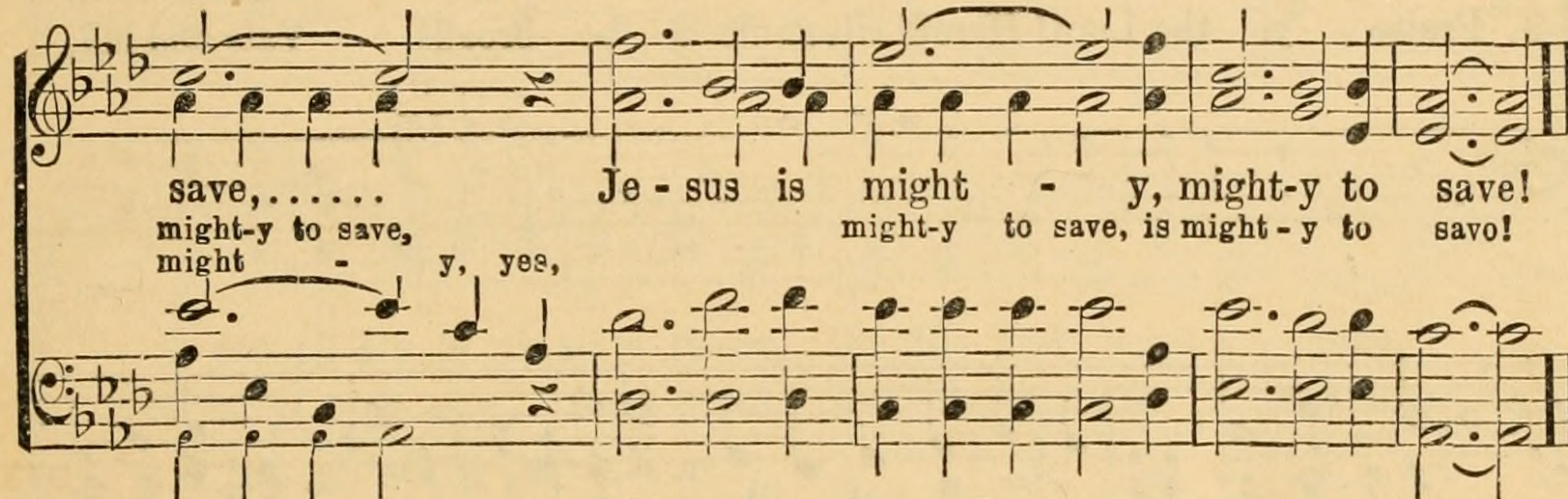
mer - cy doth wave As a to - ken that Je - sus is might - y to save.
 tri - umph shall wave To the world the glad truth—He is might - y to save.
 vic - to - ry wave To pro - claim to the world, He is might - y to save.



CHORUS.

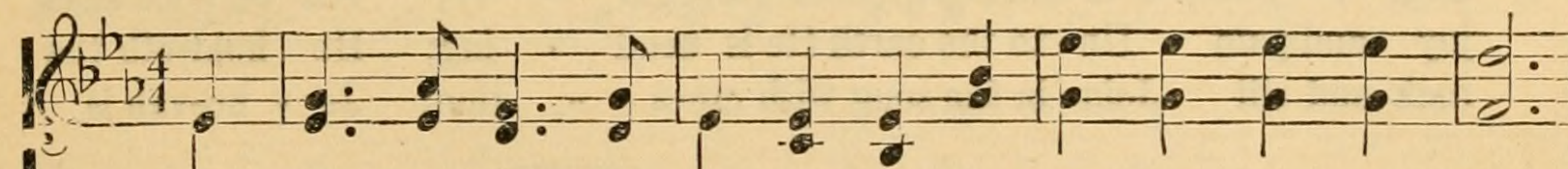


Might - y to save, Might - y to
 Might - y to save, might - y to save, Might - y to save,
 Might - y to save,

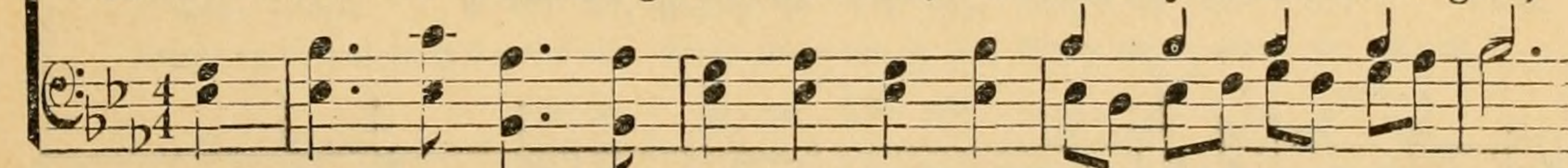


save, Je - sus is might - y, might - y to save!
 might - y to save, might - y to save, is might - y to save!
 might - y, y, yea,

Oh, the Lamb!

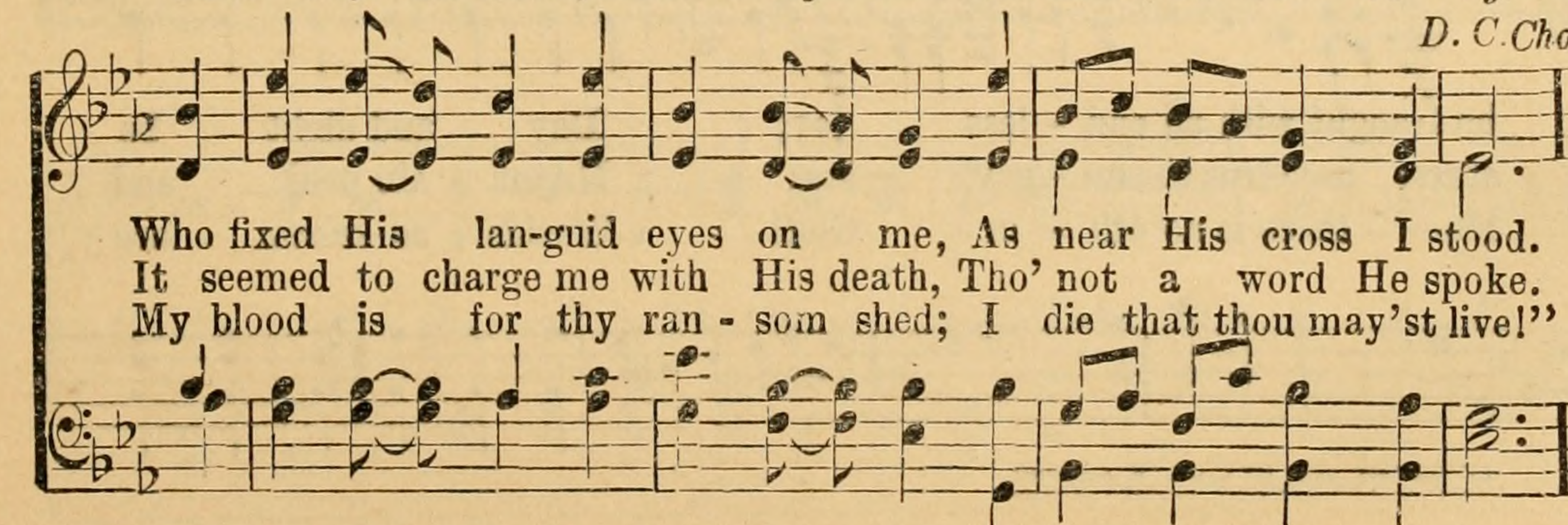


1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree In ag - o - nies and blood,
2. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look:
3. A sec - ond look He gave which said, "I free - ly all for - give;



CHO.—Oh, the Lamb, the bleed - ing Lamb! The Lamb on Cal - va - ry!

D. C. Cho.



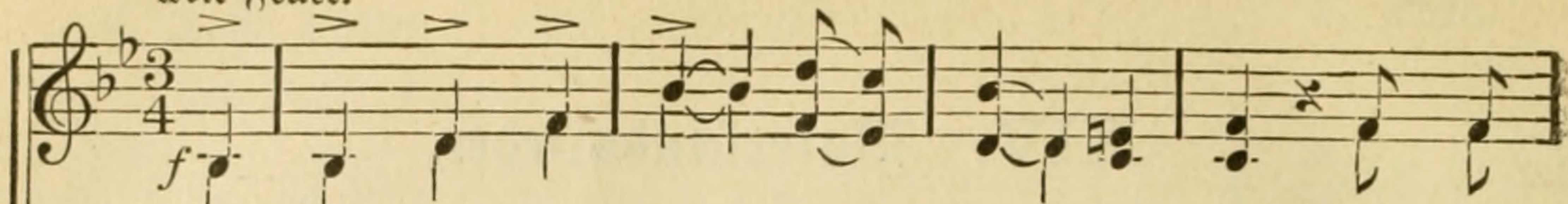
Who fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 My blood is for thy ran - som shed; I die that thou may'st live!"

The Lamb that was slain, that liv - eth a - gain To in - ter - cede for me,

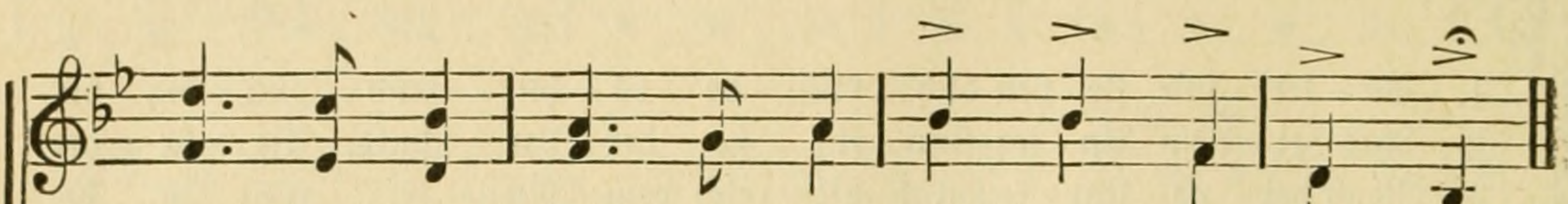
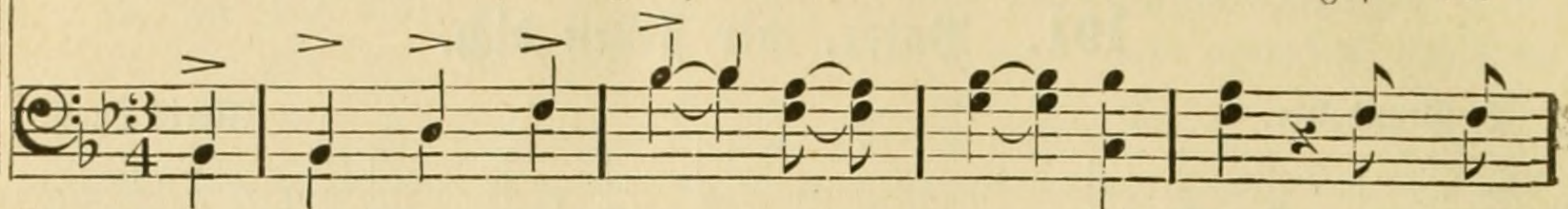
192. Das Sternenbanner.

„National Hymne.“

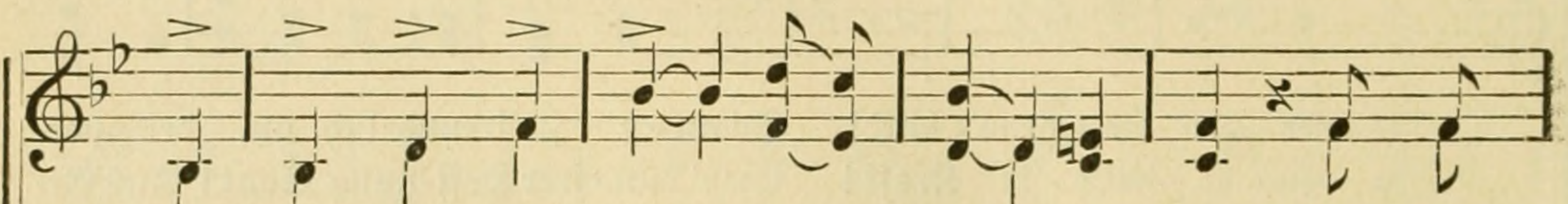
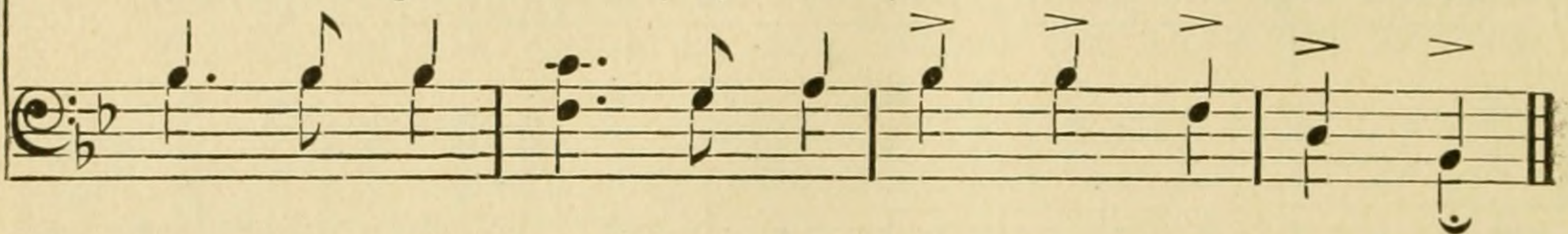
Mit Feuer.



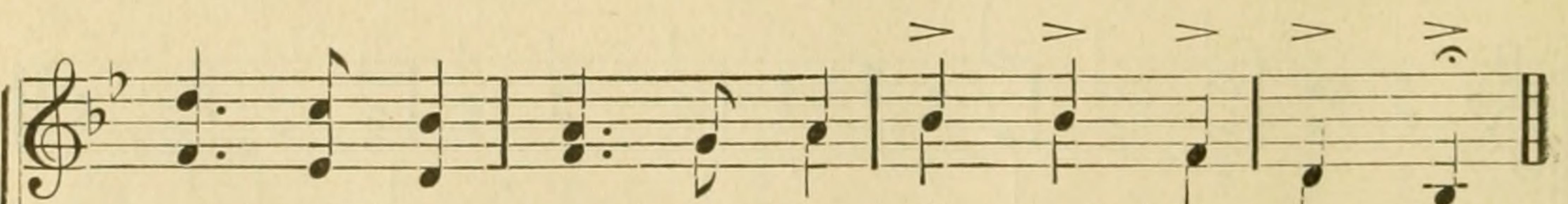
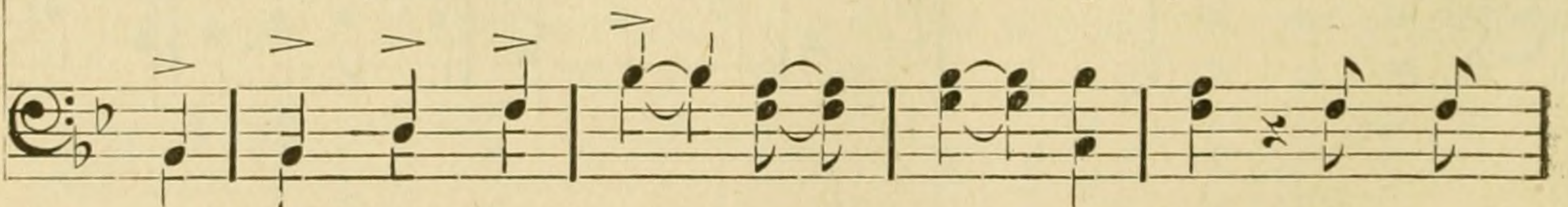
1. O sagt, könnt ihr seh'n in des Morgen-rot's Strahl, Was so
2. Vom Strand aus zu seh'n durch die Ne-bel der See, Wo die
3. Wo Män = ner für Freiheit und das Va = ter = land Fest ver =



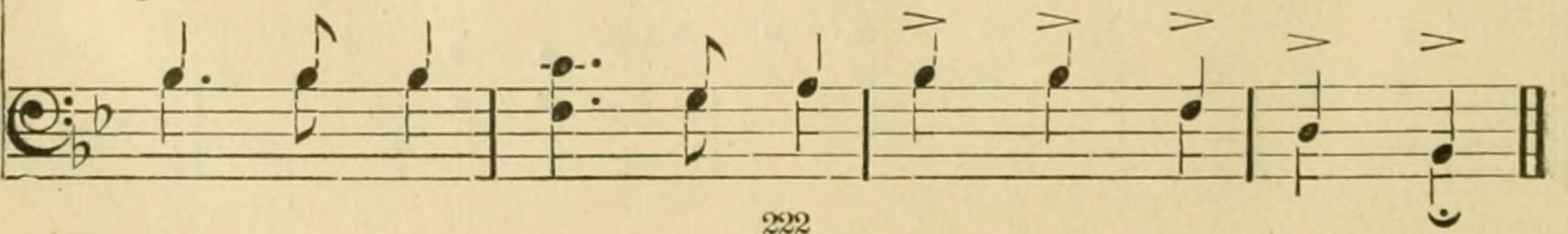
stolz wir im schei = den = den A = bend = rot grüß = ten?
 Fein = des = schar ru = het in dro = hen = dem Schwei = gen,
 ei = ni = get ste = hen, da sen = de von D = ben



Die Ster = ne, die Streifen, die, we-hend vom Wall, In dem
 Was ist's, daß die Wind' auf be = fes-tig-ter Höh' Mit so
 Den Käm = pfern er = ret-tend die mäch = ti = ge Hand, Und die



töd = li = chen Kampf uns den An = blick ver = süß = ten?
 ne = ken = dem Weh'n bald ver = hül = len, bald zei = gen?
 Frei = en, die müs = sen den Va = ter dort lo = ben.



Das Sternenbanner. Schluß.

Hoch flatt' = re die Fahn' in herr = li = cher Pracht, Beim
 Jetzt faßt es der Sonn' hell leuch = ten = den Strahl, Jetzt
 Un = s're Sach' ist ge = recht, auf Gott wir ver = traun, Drum

Leuch = ten der Bom = ben, Durch dun = ke = le Nacht.
 scheint es vom Ber = ge, jetzt weht's ü = ber's Thal,
 sei auch die Lo = sung: „Auf Ihn wir fest bau'n.“

f
 O sagt, ob das Ban = ner, mit Ster = nen be = sä't,
 Ge = wiß = lich das Ban = ner, mit Ster = nen be = sä't,
 Und sieg = reich das Ban = ner, mit Ster = nen be = sä't,

1. Ü = ber'm Lan = de der Frei = en und Tapf' = ren noch weht?
 2-3. Ü = ber'm Lan = de der Frei = en und Tapf' = ren noch weht.

rit.

273. O sagt, könnt ihr sehn.

1. { O sagt, könnt ihr sehn in des Mor = gen = roths Strahl,
Die Ster = ne, die Streifen, die we = hend vom Wall

Was so stolz wir im schei = den = den A = bend = roth grüß = ten;
Im tödt = li = chen Kampf uns den An = blick ver = süß = ten?

Hoch flat = tern die Fah = nen in herr = li = cher

Pracht, Beim Leuch = ten der Bom = ben durch dun = ke = le Nacht.

Chor.

D sagt, ob das Ban = ner, mit Ster = nen be = sä't,

Ueber'm Lan = de der Frei = en und Bra = ven noch weht.

2 Vom Strand aus zu sehn durch die Nebel der See,
 Wo Feindeschaar ruhet in drohendem Schweigen;
 Was ist's, das die Wind' auf befestigter Höh
 Mit neckendem Wehn bald verhüllen bald zeigen?
 Jetzt faßt es der Sonne hell leuchtender Strahl;
 Jetzt scheint es vom Berge, jetzt weht's über's Thal.

Chor.

Es ist ja das Banner, mit Sternen besä't,
 Das über dem Lande der Freien noch weht.

3 Wo Männer für Freiheit und Vaterland
 Vereiniget stehen, da sende von oben
 Den Kämpfern errettend die mächtige Hand;
 Die Freien, die müssen den Vater dort loben.
 Gerecht ist die Sache,—auf Gott wir vertraun,
 Drum sei auch die Loosung: Auf Gott wir fest baun!

Chor.

Und siegreich das Banner, mit Sternen besä't,
 Ueber'm Lande der Freien und Braven noch weht.



Das
**Star - Spangled
 Banner.**

O! sagt, könnt ihr seh'n in des Morgenroths Strahl,
 Was so stolz wir im scheidenden Abendroth grüßten?
 Die Sterne, die Streifen, die wehend vom Wall,
 Im tödtlichen Kampf uns den Anblick versüßten?
 Hoch flattere die Fahne in herrlicher Pracht,
 Beim Leuchten der Bomben durch dunkle Nacht.
 O! sagt, ob das Banner, mit Sternen besä't,
 Ueber'm Lande der Freien und Braven noch weht?

Vom Strand aus zu seh'n durch die Rebel der See,
 Wo Feindes-Schaar ruhet in drohendem Schweigen,
 Was ist's daß die Wind' auf befestigter Höh'
 Mit neckendem Weh'n bald verhüllen, bald zeigen?
 Jetzt faßt es der Sonne hell leuchtenden Strahl,
 Jetzt scheint es vom Berge, jetzt weht's über's Thal.
 O! Es ist ja das Banner mit Sternen besä't,
 Das über'm Land der Freien und Braven noch weht.

Und wo ist die Band', die verwegentlich schwor,
 Daß die Gräuel des Krieges, das Wüthen der Schlachten,
 Soll't rauben uns Heimath und Vaterlands Flor?
 Ihr Herzblut bezahle das frevelnde Trachten.
 Keine Gnade noch Schonung für Herr und für Knecht,
 Nur Tod sei die Loosung, dann sind wir gerächt.
 Und siegreich das Banner mit Sternen besä't,
 Ueber'm Lande der Freien und Braven noch weht.

Und wo Männer für Freiheit und Vaterland
 Vereinigt stehn, da sende von Oben,
 Den Kämpfern errettend die mächtige Hand,
 Die Freien, die müssen den Vater dort loben.
 Gerecht ist die Sache, auf Gott wir vertrau'n
 D'rum sei die Loosung, auf ihn wir fest bau'n
 Und siegreich das Banner, mit Sternen besä't,
 Ueber'm Lande der Freien und Braven noch weht.

H. DE MARSAN, Publisher,
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