

Excelsior Music

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. 1814.

*Voices in unison.*

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the  
 2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
 3. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home and wild

twillight's last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we  
 silence re-poses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fit-ful-ly  
 war's desolation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath

watch'd we, so gallant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave  
 blows, half-conceal'd, half-disclos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full  
 made and preserv'd us a na-tion! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And

**CHORUS, ff**  
 proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled  
 glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner: oh,  
 this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in

ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,  
 long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,  
 tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Average weight of smallest font, 30 lbs. Price, \$3.60 per lb.

Excelsior Music No. 2

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

H. CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweetland 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 mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal  
 4. Our fa-thers' 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 free-dom ring!  
 rocks and hills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove,  
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe the partake; Let rocks their silence break,—The sound prolong,  
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

Excelsior Music No. 3

*Noctello, or English Note*

OLD HUNDRED.

ISAAC WATTS.

G. FRANC.

1. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions! bow with sa-cred joy;  
 2. His sov'reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
 3. We are His peo-ple, we his care,—Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame;  
 4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic-es raise;

Know that the Lord is God a-lone: He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy.  
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He brought us to His fold a-gain.  
 What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al-might-y Mak-er! to Thy name?  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise.