O say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light what so proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the per-il-ous fight o'er the ram-parts we watched were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that star-spang-l'd ban-ner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

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