O say, can you see by the dawn's early light what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam? Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous flight over the ramparts we watched were so
gal-lant-ly stream-ing? And the rock-ets red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave?