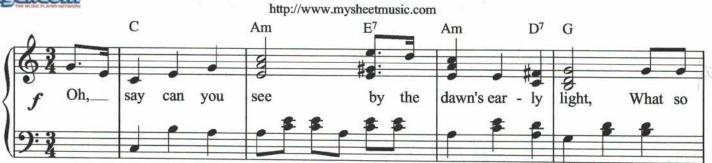
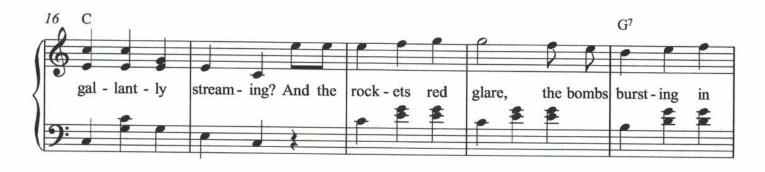


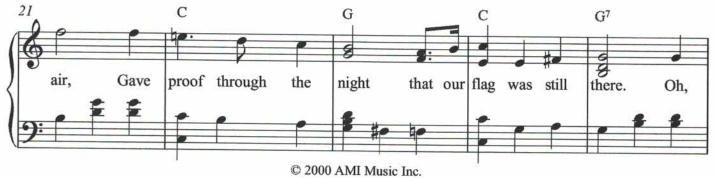
The Star-Spangled Banner















On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposees, 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 on 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.

Oh, thus be it ever when freeman shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation.
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r 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.