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 thro' the perilous flight o'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?