

sun-set land. O, tell us what its name may be! Is this the  
 northern snows; And spangled o'er its a-zure, see The sis-ter  
 crimson dew, And God love us as we love thee, Thou ho-ly

flow'r of Lib - er - ty? It is the ban - ner of the  
 stars of Lib - er - ty! Then hail the ban - ner of the  
 flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then hail the ban - ner of the

*rit.*  
 free, The star - ry flow'r of Lib - er - ty!  
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