

THE NEW
STAR SPANGLED
BANNER

WORDS BY

Edna Dean Proctor

MUSIC BY

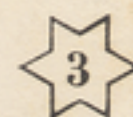
S. P. WEBSTER

Pearson Eng.

CHICAGO

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NEW

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Words by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Music by J.P. WEBSTER.

con Spirito.

8. *tr*

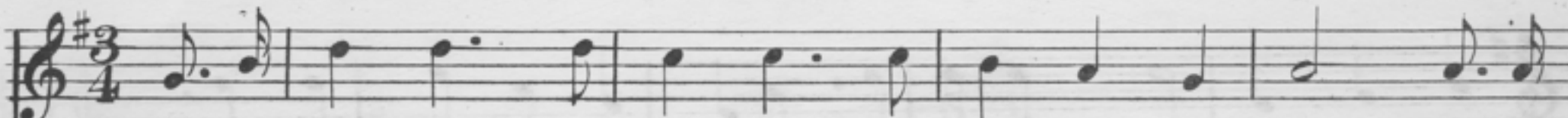
1. Oh, Star Spangled Banner! the
2. From prai-rie, O plowman! speed

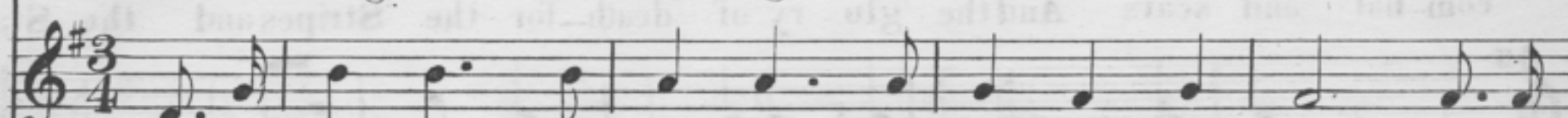
Flag of our pride! Tho' trampled by traitors and base-ly de-fied, Fling
hold-ly a-way— There's seed to be sown in God's fur-rows to-day— Row

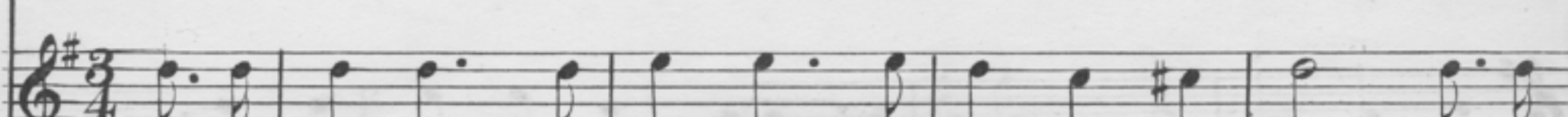
out to the glad winds your Red, White and Blue, For the heart of the North-land is
 land-ward, lone fish-er! stout woodman, come home! Let smith leave his an-vill and
 beating for you! And her strong arm is nerving to strike with a will Till the
 weav-er his loom, And ham-let and ci-ty ring loud with the cry, "For
 foe and his boastings are humbled and still! Here's welcome to wounding and
 God and our coun-try we'll fight till we die!" Here's welcome to wounding and
 com-bat and scars And the glo-ry of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!
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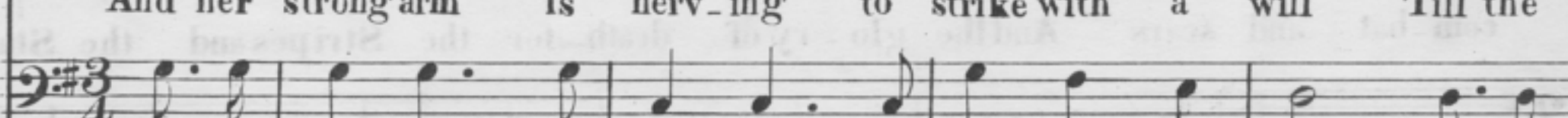
cre scen do.

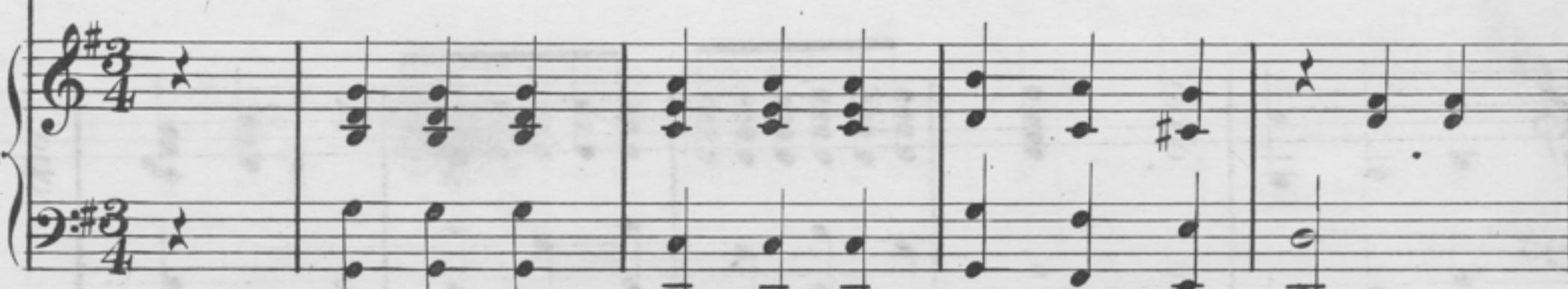
CHORUS.

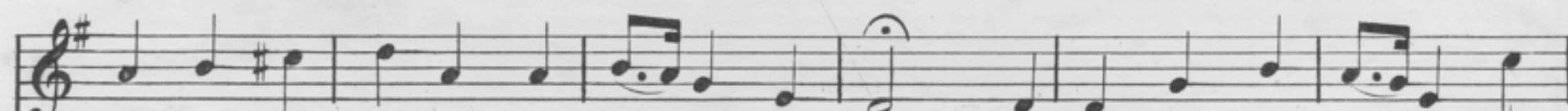
Arr. 
And her strong arm is nerv-ing to strike with a will Till the

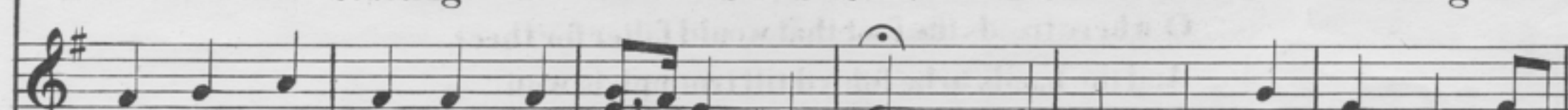
Alto. 
And her strong arm is nerv-ing to strike with a will Till the

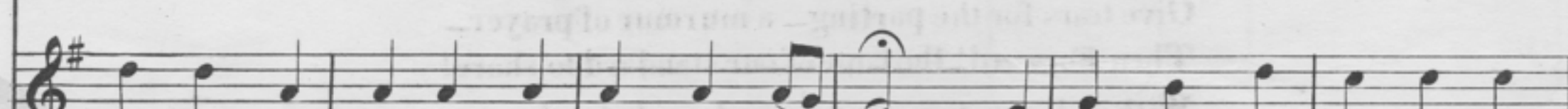
Tenor. 
And her strong arm is nerv-ing to strike with a will Till the

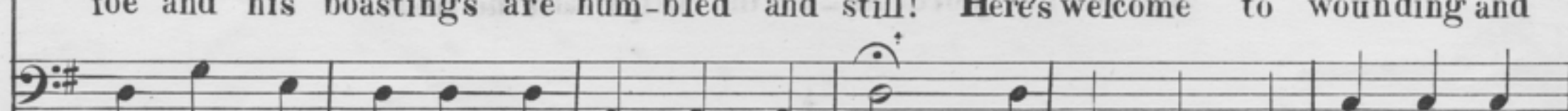
Bass. 
And her strong arm is nerv-ing to strike with a will Till the

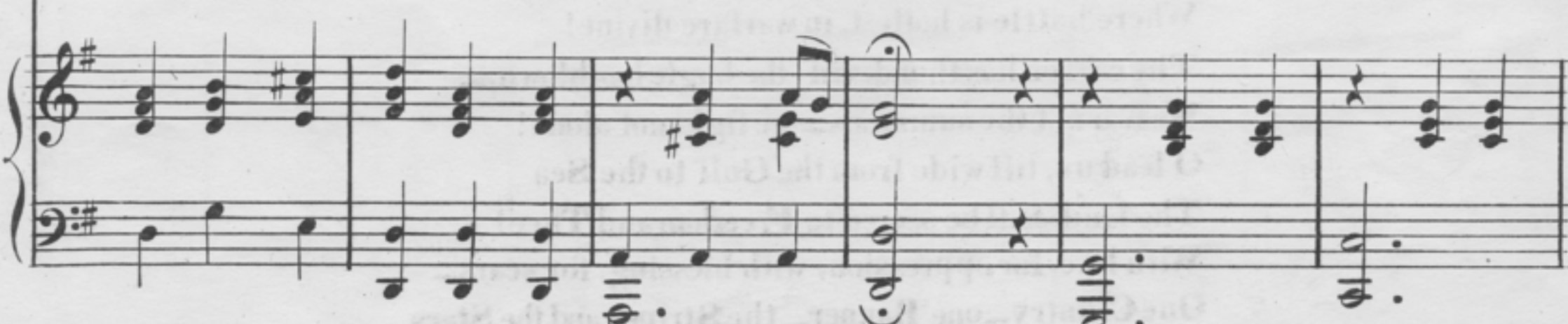
PIANO. 


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3

Invincible **Banner!** the **Flag** of the **Free!**
 O where treads the foot that would falter for thee?
 And the hands to be folded till triumph is won
 And the **Eagle** looks proud, as of old, to the sun?
 Give tears for the parting— a murmur of prayer—
 Then **Forward!** the fame of our standard to share!
 With welcome to wounding and combat and scars
 And the glory of death—for the **Stripes** and the **Stars.**

4

O God of our **Fathers!** this **Banner** must shine
 Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
 The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown,—
 We fear not the summons— we fight not alone!
 O lead us, till wide from the **Gulf** to the **Sea**
 The land shall be sacred to **Freedom** and **Thee!**
 With love, for oppression; with blessing, for scars—
 One **Country**—one **Banner**— the **Stripes** and the **Stars.**