Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, 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?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
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: O, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,  
Between their lov'd 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 preserv'd us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, when our cause 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!

Oh beautiful, for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.  
  
Oh beautiful, for pilgrims' feet  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America! God mend thine ev'ry flaw;  
Confirm thy soul in self control, thy liberty in law!

Oh beautiful, for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America! May God thy gold refine,  
'Til all success be nobleness, and ev'ry gain divine!

Oh beautiful, for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years,  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea!

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:  
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.  
I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
"As ye deal with my contemnors’, so with you my grace shall deal;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,  
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,  
He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,  
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave, Our God is marching on.

You can make it.

My Jesus knows just what I need.

Put your trust in Jesus