1. Swell the anthem, raise the song; Praises to our God belong;

2. Here beneath a virtuous sway May we cheerfully obey,

Saints and angels join to sing Praises to the heavenly King.
Never feel oppression’s rod, Ever own and worship God.

Blessings from his liberal hand Pour around this happy land:
Hark! the voice of nature sings Praises to the King of kings;

Kept by Him no foes annoy; Praise and freedom we enjoy.
Let us join the choral song, And the grateful notes prolong.

Words: Nathan Strong, Abr.