Swing The Golden Censers

1. Swing the golden censers while we march along. Let the
   King Messiah be our joyful song; How He came to
   save us in a manger low. While around, above Him
   shine the heav'nly glow. join this song of praise. Praise Him, praise Him, Babe of low-

2. Think from what a danger He redeems the soul, Lame and
   firm and faithful may we e'er remain, Calling all to
   bless ing crowning all our days, Then with happy voices
   is a blest employ. Praise Him, praise Him, Babe of low-

3. In the path before us narrow, strait and plain, True and
   blind and wretched, how He makes us whole, Think of constant
   witness by our lives of joy, That the Master's service
   is a blest employ. Praise Him, praise Him, Babe of low-

Words and Music: G. F. Root
Swing The Golden Censers

Praise Him, praise Him, Lord of all the earth, Praise Him, praise Him,

Whom the heav'n's adore, King of kings for evermore.