

WHAT majesty and power doth unto thee
Portend, O king; whence standest thou upon
Thine Island pedestall, graven from out
The glory of the centuries, what vast
Environed glorious visions greet thine eye!
What all-triumphant consummating heights!
And, as thine outstretched hand in trust shall sway
The sceptre over thine enhancèd realm,
Know that thy nation centres all her hope
In thee. In peace, or war, her altar stands
A living flame; the flower of all her sons
Shall dare to follow where their fathers led,
And every British heart shall ever beat
For Britain's cause. Sealing her loyalty
In an imperishable bond, she troths
Allegiance, O most gracious king, to thee,
And crowns thee with her fealty, prayer and love;
Long live the king, long live our lord the king.

(CHORUS)