

THY power the whole creation rules,
 And on the starry skies
SIT'S smiling at the weak designs,
THEIR envious foes devise.

THY scorn derides their feeble rage,
 And, with an awful frown,
FLINGS vast confusion on their plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.

Their dark designs were all revealed,
Their treasons all betrayed ;
PRAISE to the LORD that brake the snare,
Their wicked hands had laid !

Almighty grace defend our land
 From their malice ever ;
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.