

Faith, on her eagle-plumed pinions, is soaring
aloft and afar,
Nations are looking in wonder, and, after the
tumult of war,
Falls, like a star of the evening, a message the
angels would bring:
Heaven's best gift to the people is Truth in the
heart of the King.

IV

God save our gracious King,
Let all the people sing,
 God save the King;
By aged and by young,
By every race and tongue,
On sea and land, be sung
 God save the King.

Let his broad Empire wake,
Land, ocean, stream, and lake,
 As swells the strain,
Till hate and discord flee,
And truth and loyalty
Shall utter far and free
 The glad refrain.

God save the King who reigns
To loose the captive's chains,
 And freedom bring;
Be his the dauntless mind,
In peace and war to find
The good of all mankind;
 God save the King!