

Break forth into praises ! exalt ye his name,  
Who scatters your foes like the dust of the plain ;  
He the horseman hath vanquished, the chariots o'er-  
thrown,—  
By the hand of the weak hath the mighty one slain !

With the lute and the timbrel, the tabret and harp,  
With the music of song, and the heart's fervent praise,  
With the dance of glad triumph,—the garments of joy,  
Show forth your thanksgiving,—deep notes of love  
raise !

Exalt him ! exalt him ! the earth is his own,  
The star-spangled heavens his wondrous works show,  
To him, who first formed us, whose care still preserves,  
Let our thanks and our praises unceasingly flow.