O, Come, Loud Anthems Let Us Sing
CHARMOUTH

1. Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
2. Into His presence let us haste, To thank Him for His favors past;
3. Oh, let us to His courts repair, And bow with adoration there;

For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.
To Him address, in joyful songs, The praise that to His name belongs.
Down on our knees, devoutly, all Before the Lord, our Maker fall.

Words by Nahum Tate
Music by E. B. Fripp