O Come, Loud Anthems Let Us Sing

PARK STREET

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King, And high our grateful voices raise, As our salvation's Rock we praise.

2. Into His presence let us haste, To thank Him for His favors past; To Him address, in joyful songs, The praise that to His Name belongs; The praise that to His Name belongs.

3. For God the Lord, enthroned in state, Is with unripped great: The depths of earth are in His hand, Her secret wealth at His command. Her secret wealth at His command.

4. O let us to His courts repair, And bow with adoration there; Low on our knees with reverence fall, And on the Lord our Maker call. And on the Lord our Maker call.