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 wealth at His command; Her secret wealth at His command. Lord our Maker call, And on the Lord our Maker call.

3. For God the Lord, enthron'd in state, Is with unri val'd glory great; The depths of earth are in His hand, Her secret ration there; Low on our knees with reverence fall, And on the

4. O let us to His courts repair, And bow with ad o -