

## MELCOMBE—L. M.

*S. W. W. W.*

O COME, sweet anthems let us sing,  
Just thanks to our Almighty King:  
For we our voices all should raise  
To join in the Creator's praise.

Into His presence let us haste  
To thank Him for His mercies past;  
To Him address in joyful songs  
The praise, which to His truth belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great:  
The mighty sea by His right hand  
Was curb'd, and fix'd the solid land.

Then let us to His courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there:  
He's all men's Saviour and will be  
Prais'd by them in eternity.

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