

Samuel Medley

1. Come, let us sing the match-less worth, And sweet - ly sound the
 2. How rich the pre - cious blood He spilt, Our ran - som from the
 3. How rich the char - act - er He bears, And all the form of
 4. And soon that hap - py day shall come, When we shall reach our

glo - ries forth Which in the Sav - iour shine; To God and Christ our
 dread-ful guilt Of sin a - gainst our God; How per - fect is the
 love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on the throne; In songs of sweet, un -
 des-tined home, And see Him face to face; Then with our Sav-iour,

prais - es bring, The song with which high heaven will ring, Prais -
 right - eous - ness, In which un - spot - ted, beaut-eous dress His
 tir - ing praise, We e'er would sing His per - fect ways, And
 Lord and Friend, The one un - bro - ken day we'll spend In

es for grace di - vine. For grace di - vine.
 saints have ev - er stood! Have ev - er stood!
 make His glo - ries known. His glo - ries known.
 sing - ing still His grace. Still His grace.