

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.