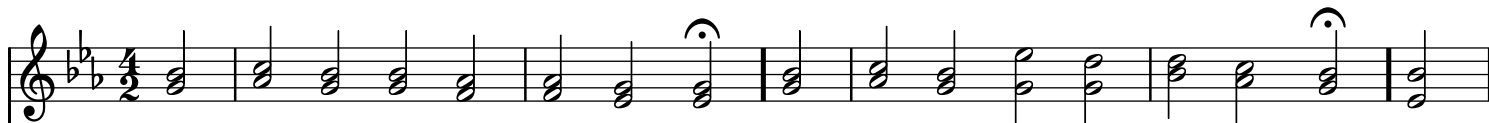
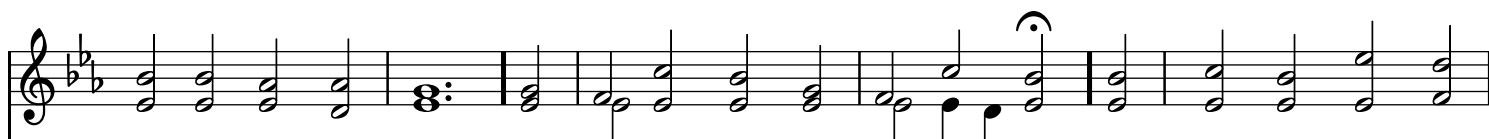


Samuel Medley

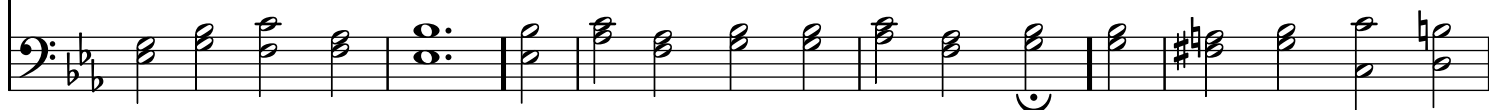
(Sussex. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. 4.)



1. Come, let us sing the matchless worth, And sweet-ly sound the glo-ries forth Which
2. How rich the pre-cious blood He spilt, Our ran-som from the dread-ful guilt Of
3. How rich the char-act - er He bears, And all the form of love He wears, Ex -
4. And soon that hap - py day shall come, When we shall reach our des-tined home, And



in the Sav-iour shine; To God and Christ our prais-es bring, The song with which high  
sin a-against our God; How per-fect is the righteous-ness, In which un - spot - ted,  
alt-ed on the throne; In songs of sweet, un - tir - ing praise, We e'er would sing His  
see Him face to face; Then with our Sav-iour, Lord and Friend, The one un - bro - ken



heaven will ring, Prais - es for grace di - vine. For grace di - vine.  
beaut-eous dress His saints have ev - er stood! Have ev - er stood!  
per - fect ways, And make His glo - ries known. His glo - ries known.  
day we'll spend In sing - ing still His grace. Still His grace.

