

Come, let us sing the matchless worth

(ARIEL. 8.8.6.8.8.6)

$\text{♩} = 90$

1. Come, let us sing the match - less worth
 2. How rich the pre - cious blood He spilt,
 3. How rich the char - ac - ter He bears,

And sweet - ly sound the glo - ries forth Which in the Sav - iour shine :
 Our ran - som from the dread - ful guilt Of sin a - gainst our God ;
 And all the form of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on the throne ;

To God and Christ our prais - es bring, The
 How per - fect is that right - eous - ness, In
 In songs of sweet un - tir - ing praise, We

song with which high heav'n will ring,
 which un - spot - ted beau - teous dress
 e'er would sing His per - fect ways,

Prais - es for grace di - vine, Prais - es for grace di - vine.
 His saints have ev - er stood ! His saints have ev - er stood !
 And make His glo - ries known, And make His glo - ries known

4. And soon the happy day shall come,
When we shall reach our destined home,
And see Him face to face ;
Then with our Saviour, Lord and Friend,
The one unbroken day we'll spend
In singing still His grace. (*bis*)

Alternate Tunes : Meribah, 39 ; Hull, 182.