


The Matchless Worth


Samuel Medley 1738-1799 Alt.

ARIEL 886D


Lowell Mason 1792-1872
Arr. from Mozart




1. Come, let us sing the match - less worth, And
 2. How rich the pre - cious blood He spilt, Our
 3. Great are the of - fi - ces He bears, And
 4. And soon the hap - py day shall come When

sweet - ly sound the glo - ries forth, Which in the Sav - ior shine:
 ran - som from the dread - ful guilt Of sin a - gainst our God.
 bright His char - ac - ter ap - pears, Ex - alt - ed on the throne;
 we shall reach our des - tined home, And see Him face to face;




To God and Christ our prais - es bring; The song, with which the
 How per - fect is His right - eous - ness, In which un - spot - ted
 In songs of sweet un - tir - ing praise, We would, to ev - er -
 Then with our Sav - ior, Mas - ter, Friend, The glad e - ter - ni -

heav - ens ring, Now let us glad - ly join, Now let us glad - ly join.
 beauteous dress His saints have always stood, His saints have al - ways stood.
 last - ing days, Make all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 ty we'll spend, And cel - e - brate His grace, And cel - e - brate His grace.

