



give to me when lov'd ones part, That good old word "good - bye."
 give to me that bet - ter wor^d That comes from the heart, "good - bye."
 heart feels most when the lips move not, And the eye speaks the gen - tle "good - bye"
 dieu, a - dieu, she speaks it not, But "my love, good - bye, good - bye."



Ariel

S. MEDLEY

Arr. by L. MASON



1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth,
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt,
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
 4. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Sav-iour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel,
 Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing his glo-rious right-ous-ness, In which all-per-fect
 Ex - alt - ed on his throne: In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er -
 And I shal' see his face: Then with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni -



while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
 heav'n - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 last - ing days Make all his glo - ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.
 ty I'll spend, Tri - um - phant in his grace, Tri - um - phant in his grace.

