

O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth,
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt,
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears,
 4. Well the de - light - ful day will come,

O could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - ior shine!
 My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine!
 And all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne:
 When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face:

I'd soar, and touch the heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while He sings
 I'd sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness, In which all per - fect heav'n - ly dress
 In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days
 Then with my Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,

In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
 My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 Make all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 Tri - um - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace. A - men.