

O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter He bears, And
 4. Will, the de - light - ful day will come, When

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

soar and touch the heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel
 sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness, In which all per - fect
 loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er -
 with my Sav - ior, 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.