Oh, Could I Speak The Matchless Worth

ARIEL C. P. M.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
2. I’d sing the precious blood He spilt,
3. I’d sing the characters He bears,
4. Well the delightful day will come,

O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Savior shine!
My ransom from the dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath divine!
And all the forms of love He wears, Exalted on His throne:
When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face:

I’d soar, and touch the heav’nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while He sings
I’d sing His glorious righteousness, In which all perfect heav’nly dress
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ever lasting days
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend, A blest eternity I’ll spend,

In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine.
My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace. Amen.

Words: S. Medley
Music: Mozart, Arr. By Lowell Mason

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