Oh, Could I Speak The Matchless Worth

ARIEL C. P. M.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
   O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Savior shine!
   I'd soar, and touch the heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Gabriel while He sings
   In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine.

2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
   My ransom from the dread-ful guilt, Of sin and wrath di-vine!
   I'd sing His glo-rious right-eous-ness, In which all per-fect heav'n-ly dress
   My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.

3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears,
   And all the forms of love He wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne:
   In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er last-ing days
   Make all His glo ries known, Make all His glo ries known.

4. Well the delight-ful day will come,
   When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face:
   Then with my Sav-ior, Broth-er, Friend, A bless e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend,
   Tri-um-phant in His grace, Tri-um-phant in His grace. A-men.

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

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