1. O could I speak the match - less worth,
   My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt
   Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'n - ly strings,
   Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness,

2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt,
   And all the forms of love He wears,
   Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness,
   Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise,

3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears,
   When my dear Lord will bring me home,
   And I shall see His face: Then with my Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend,
   Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise,

4. Well - the de - light - ful day will come,
   Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'n - ly strings,
   Then with my Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend,
   Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine.
In which all-perfect heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.
I would to everlasting days Make all His glories known.
A blest eternity I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace.

And vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine.
In which all-perfect heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.
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A blest eternity I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace.

Amen.