

O Could I Speak The Matchless Worth

Samuel Medley, 1789

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791
Arr. By Lowell Mason, 1836

O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries
I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, my ran-som from the dread-ful
I'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, and all the forms of love he
Well, the de-light-ful day will come when my dear Lord will bring me

forth which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
guilt of sin, and wrath di-vine: I'd sing his glo-rious
wears, ex-alted on his throne; I'd loft-iest songs of
home, and I shall see his face; then with my Sav-ior,

heav'n-ly strings, and vie with Ga-briel while he sings in
righ-teous-ness, in which all per-fect, heav'n-ly dress my
sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days make
Broth-er, Friend, a blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend, tri-

notes al-most di-vine. shine.
soul shall ev-er shine, my soul shall ev-er shine.
all his glo-ries known, make all his glo-ries known.
um-phiant in his grace, tri-um-phiant in his grace.