

O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

Ariel. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789

Arr. from MOZART by
LOWELL MASON, 1836

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 the char - ac - ter He hears, And
 4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come, When

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

I'd soar and touch the heaven - ly strings And vie with Ga - briel
 I'd sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect
 In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er -
 Then, with my Sav - iour, Broth - er, Friend, A hlest e - ter - ni -

while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
 heaven - 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.