

*Rather slow and in exact time.**Cres.**f*

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth, Which in my Sav-iour shine! I'd soar, and touch the
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine: I'd sing His glo-rious

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
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, and I shall see His face: Then, with my Sav-iour,

heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 righ-teous-ness, In which all per-fect, heav'n-ly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.

sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
 broth-er, friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-umph-ant in His grace, Tri-umph-ant in His grace.