

1. Oh, Could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth, Which in my Sa-vior 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-al-ted 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 Sa-vior,

heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

right-ous-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.