

Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise. Psa. 51:15

Worthy is the Lamb... to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Rev. 5:12

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Soon, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the heav'n - ly strings, And
Of sin, and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness, In
Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I
And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend, A

vie with Ga - briel while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
would to ev - er - last - ing days Make all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri - um - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace.

WORDS: Samuel Medley, *pub.* 1789. MUSIC: "Ariel"; Wolfgang A. Mozart; *arr.* by Lowell Mason, 1836. Public Domain.