

# 60. O COULD I SING THE MATCHLESS WORTH

JAGNJE KRV PROLI ZA MENE

1. O could I sing the precious match - less He worth, O  
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My

could I sound the glo - ries forth Which in my Sa - vior shine, I'd  
ran - som from the dread - ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine; I'd

10 sing His glo - rious right - eous-ness, and mag - ni - fy the  
sing His glo - rious right - eous-ness, In which all - per - fect,

13 won - drous grace Which made sal - va - tion mine, Which made sal - va - tion mine.  
heav'n - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.

3. I'd sing the characters He bears, and all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days (:) make all His glories known. (:)
4. Well, the delightful day will come when my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face; then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend (:) triumphant in His grace. (:)