

THE MATCHLESS WORTH

S. Medley

(Ariel. C. P. M.)

L. Mason

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

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

soar and touch the heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In
 sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness, In which all per - fect heav'n - ly dress My
 loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
 with my Sav - iour, Bro - ther, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri -

notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
 soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 um - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace.