

O Could I Speak The Matchless Worth

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791

Samuel Medley, 1789

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836

O could I speak the
I'd sing the pre - cious
I'd sing the pre - cious
Well, the de - light - ful

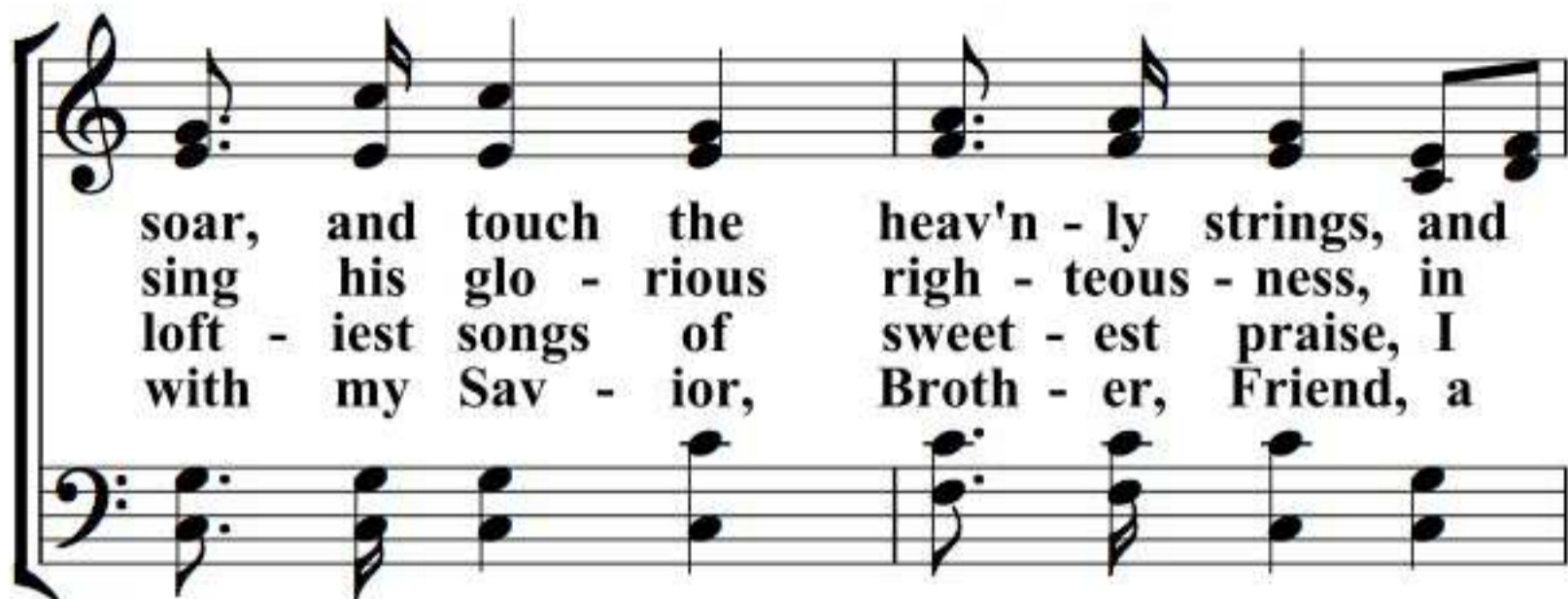
match - less worth, O
blood he he my
ters he he and
day will come when

could I sound the glo - ries forth which
ran - som from the dread - ful guilt of
all the forms of love he wears, ex -
my dear Lord will bring me home, and


in my Sav - ior shine, I'd
sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd
alt - ed on his throne; I'd
I shall see his face; then

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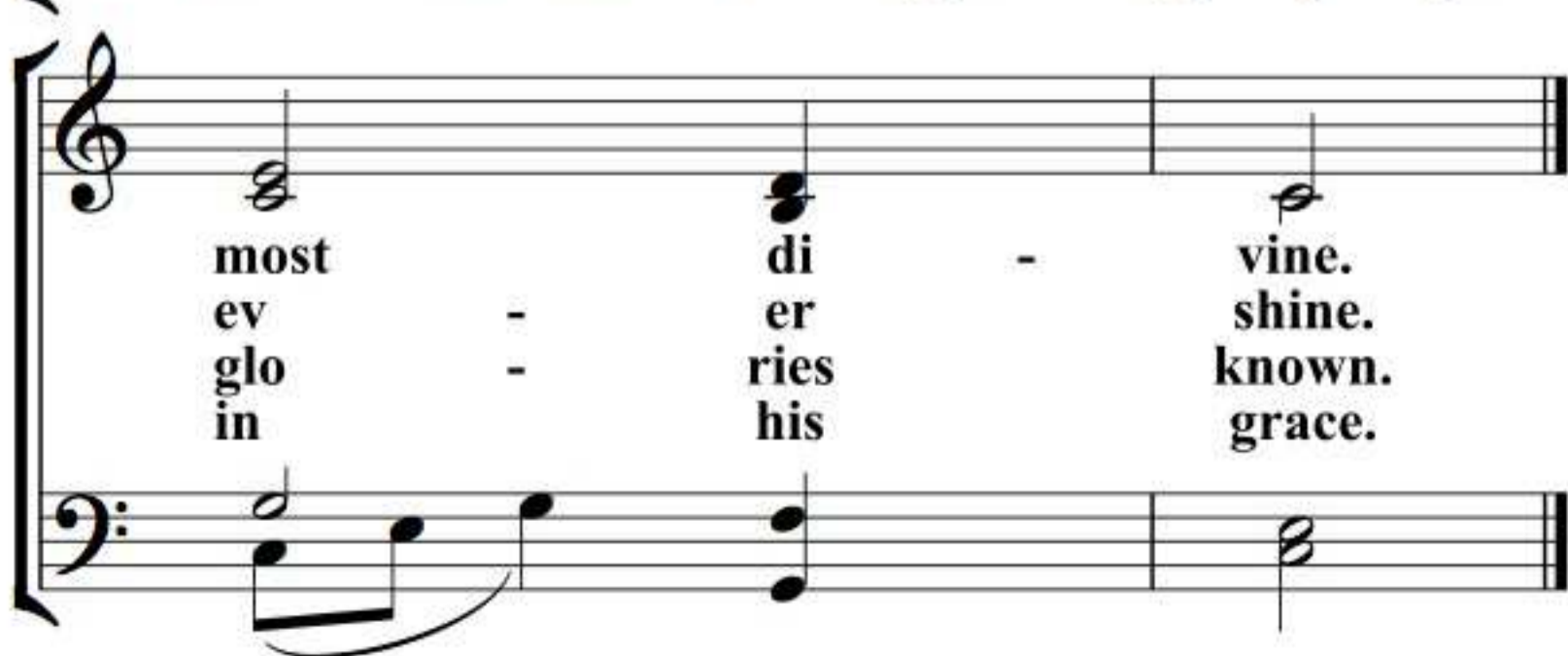
soar, and touch the heav'n - ly strings, and
sing his glo - rious righ - teous - ness, in
loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I
with my Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend, a



vie with Ga - briel while he sings in
which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress my
would to ev - er - last - ing days make
blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, tri -



notes al - most di - vine, in notes al -
soul shall ev - er shine, my soul shall
all his glo - ries known, make all his
um - phant in his grace, tri - um - phant



most di - vine.
ev - er shine.
glo - ries known.
in his grace.