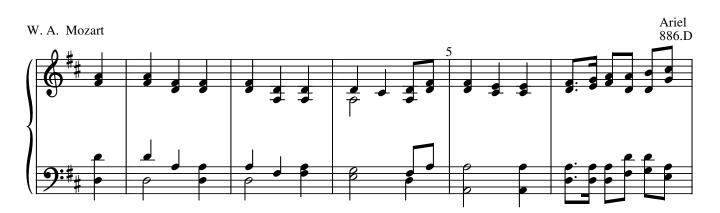
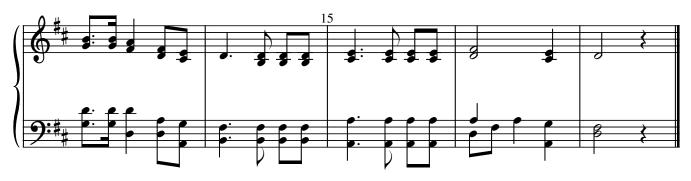
O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth







O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth Which in my Saviour shine, I'd sing His glorious righteousness, And magnify the wondrous grace Which made salvation mine, Which made salvation mine.

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, Make all His glories known. Well, the delightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, brother, friend, A blest eternity I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley

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