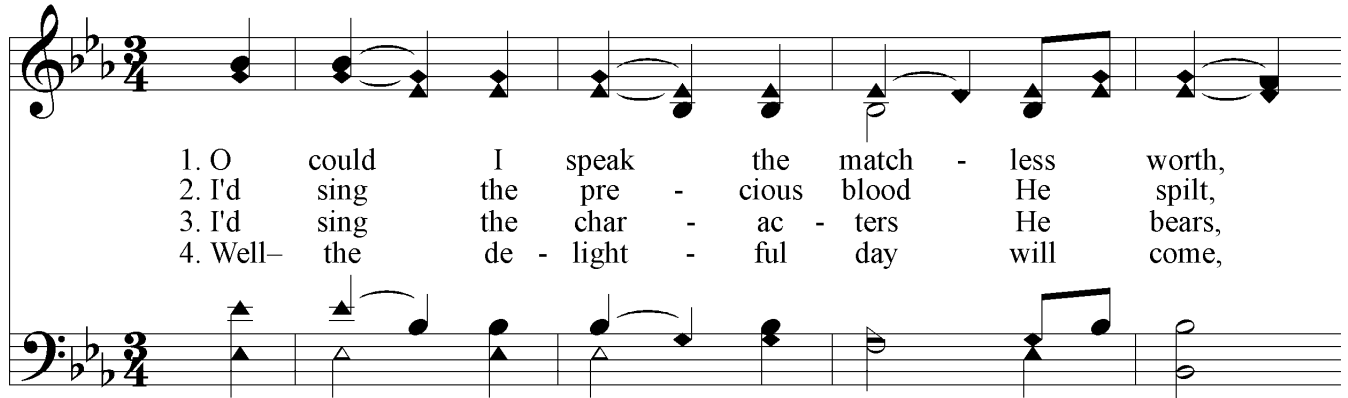
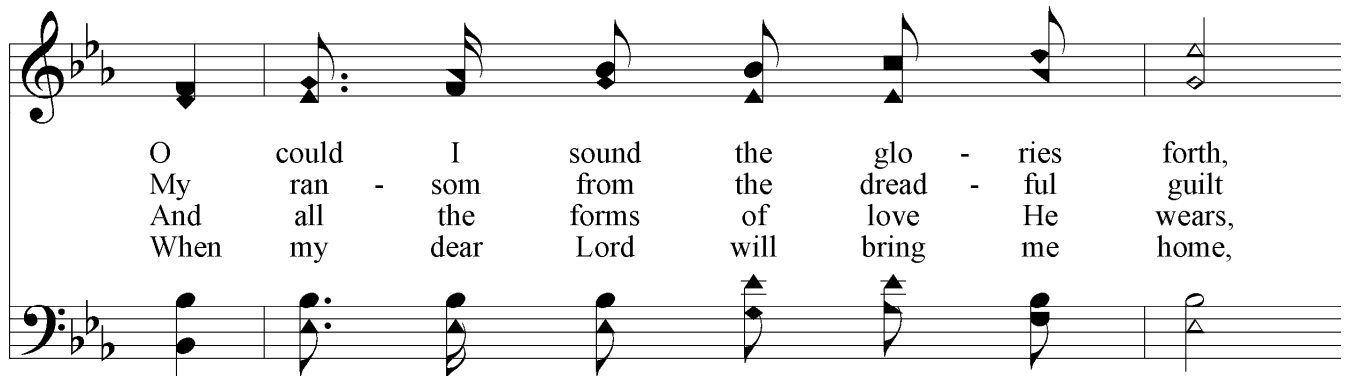


Ariel C. P. M.



1. O could I speak the match - less worth,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt,
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears,
4. Well - the de - light - ful day will come,

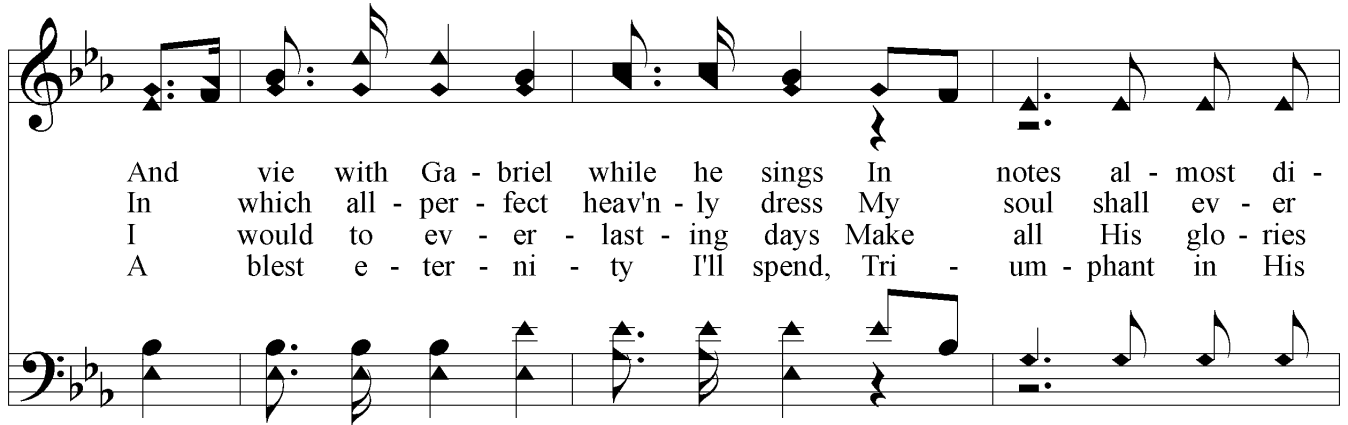


O could I sound the glo - ries forth,
My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt
And all the forms of love He wears,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,

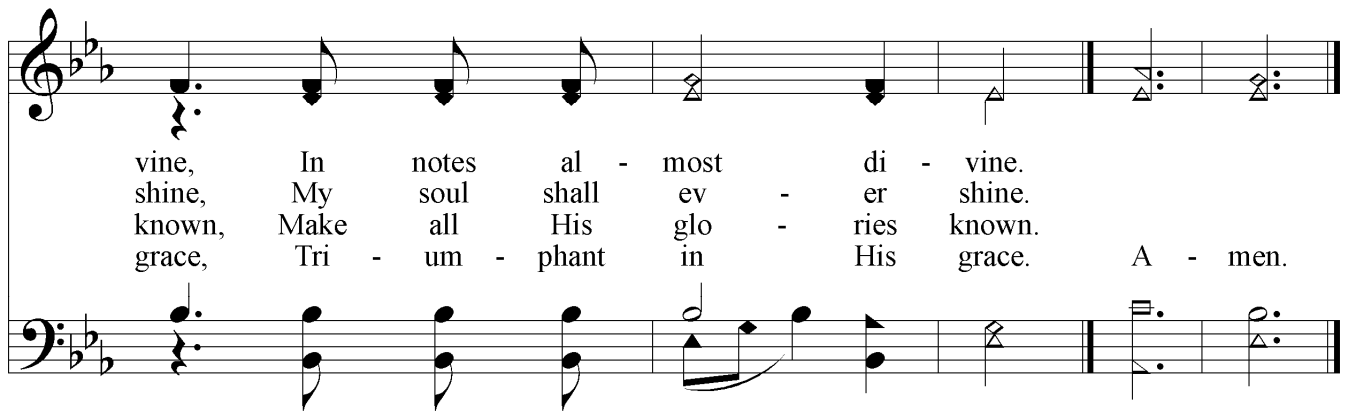


Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'n - ly strings,
Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness,
Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise,
And I shall see His face: Then with my Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend,

Ariel C. P. M.



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



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