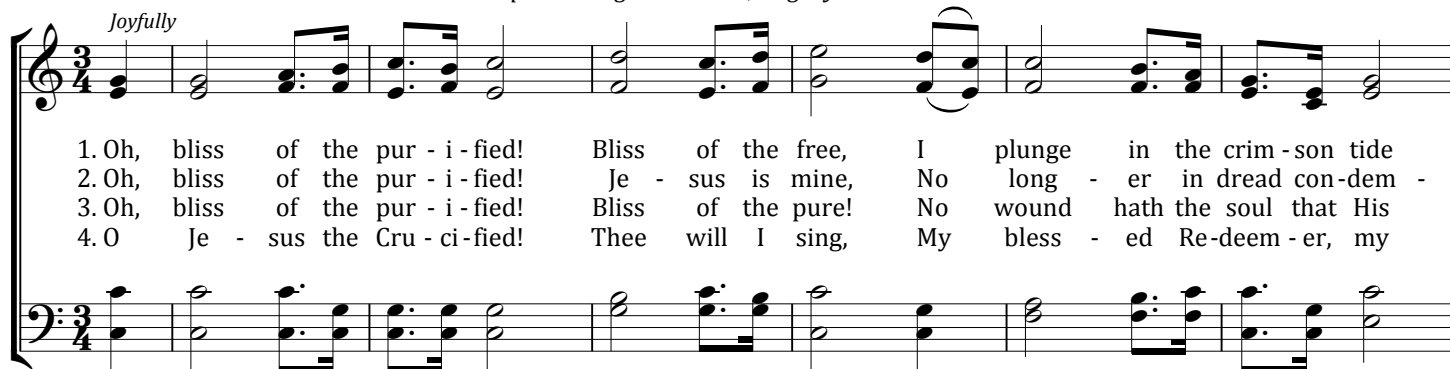


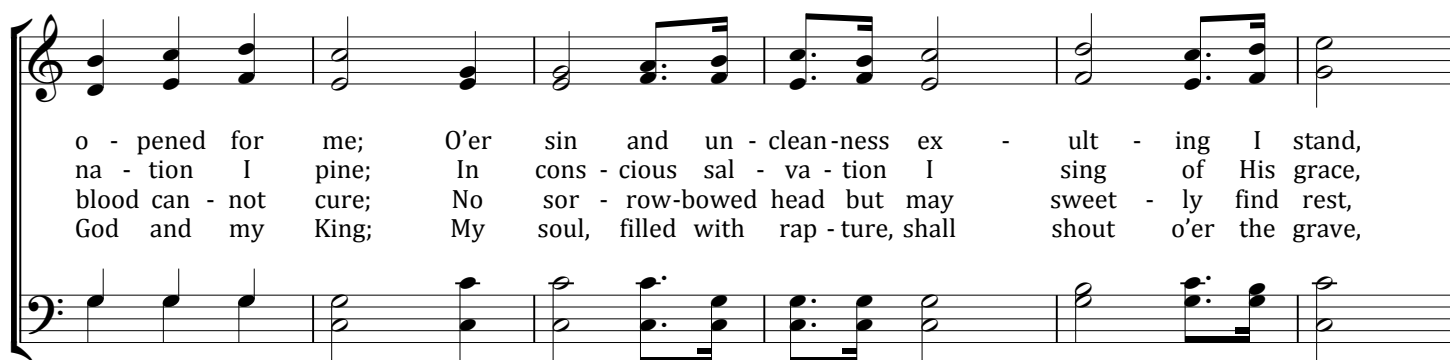
Oh, Bliss of the Purified

Who is this that cometh from Edom... glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?
I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Isa. 63:1

Joyfully

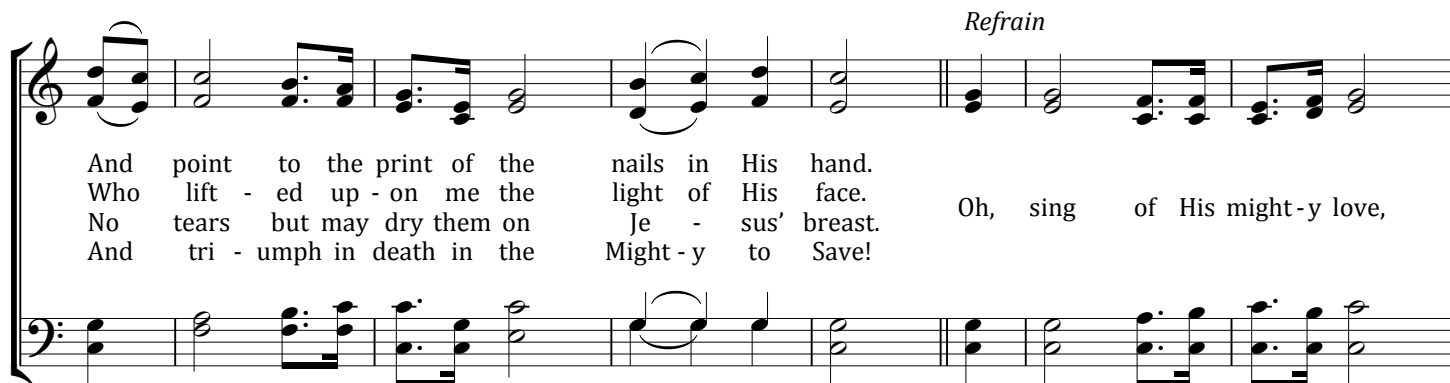


1. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied! Bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim - son tide
2. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied! Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread con-dem -
3. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied! Bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that His
4. O Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied! Thee will I sing, My bless - ed Re-deem - er, my

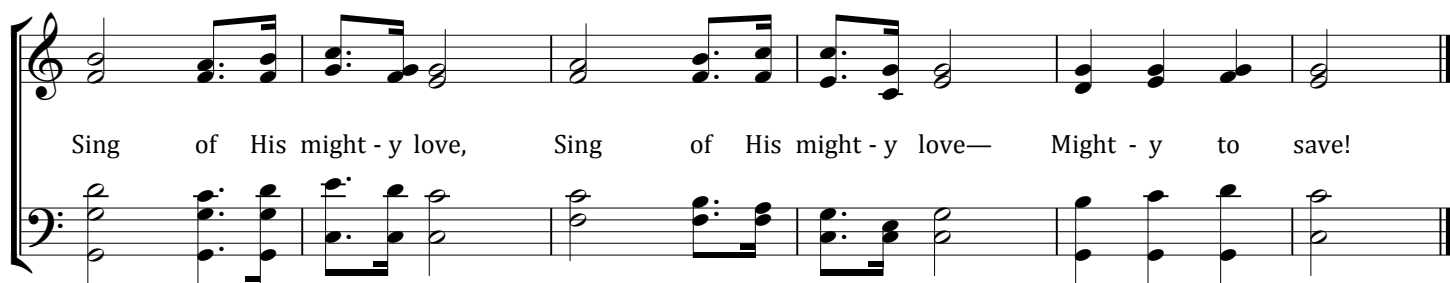


o - pened for me; O'er sin and un - clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand,
na - tion I pine; In cons - cious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace,
blood can - not cure; No sor - row-bowed head but may sweet - ly find rest,
God and my King; My soul, filled with rap - ture, shall shout o'er the grave,

Refrain



And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
Who lift - ed up - on me the light of His face. Oh, sing of His might - y love,
No tears but may dry them on Je - sus' breast.
And tri - umph in death in the Might - y to Save!



Sing of His might - y love, Sing of His might - y love— Might - y to save!