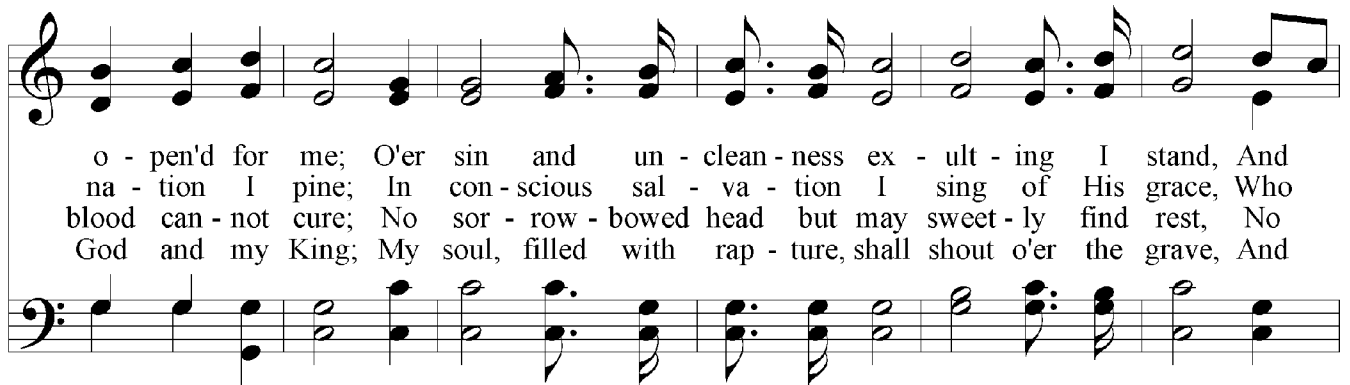


Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love



1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim - son tide
2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread con-dem-
3. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - 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 - pen'd for me; O'er sin and un - clean - ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And
na - tion I pine; In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who
blood can - not cure; No sor - row - bowed head but may sweet - ly find rest, No
God and my King; My soul, filled with rap - ture, shall shout o'er the grave, And



Chorus

point to the print of the nails in His hand.
lift - eth up - on me the light of His face. Oh, sing of His might - y love,
tears but may dry them on Je - sus' breast.
tri - umph in death in the "Might - y to Save."



Rit...

Sing of His might - y love, Sing of His might - y love, Might - y to save.