

OH, SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE!

REV. F. BOTTOME.

1. { O, bliss of the pu-ri-fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the
O'er sin and un-cleanness ex-ult-ing I stand, And point to the

QUARTETTE. *Light.*

crim-son tide open-ed for me! } O, sing of His migh-ty love,
print of the nails in His hand. }

Sing of His migh-ty love, Sing of His migh-ty love—mighty to save.

2. O bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifted upon me the smiles of His face!
"O, sing of," &c.
3. O bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
"O, sing of," &c.
4. O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God, and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the MIGHTY TO SAVE!
"O, sing of," &c.