

# Oh, Bliss of the Purified

Francis Bottome, 1869

William Batchelder Bradbury



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 - pened 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



point to the print of the nails in His hand.  
lift - ed up - on me the light of His face. Oh, sing of His might-y love,  
tears— but may dr - y them on Je-sus' breast.  
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.

