

No. 47. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH lxiii. 1.

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

CHORUS.

crim - son tide o - pened for me; } Oh, 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, Migh - ty to save.

2.

Oh, 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 light of His face.

3.

Oh, 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.

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."