

Bliss Of The Purified

Frank Bottome

Thomas Koschat, arr.

1.) Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I
2.) Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine; No
3.) Oh, bliss of the pur - i - died! bliss of the pure! No
4.) O Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied! Thee will I sing, My

plunge in the crim - son tide o - pened for me; O'er sin and un -
long - er in dread con - dem - na - tion I pine; In con - scious sal -
wound hath the soul that His blood can - not cure; No sor - row - bowed
bless - ed Re - deem - er, my God and my King; My soul filled with

clean - ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the
va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - ed up - on me the
head but may sweet - ly find rest, No tears but may dry them on
rap - ture shall shout o'er the grave, And tri - umph in death in the

nails in His hand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
light of His face, Who lift - ed up - on me the light of His face.
Je - sus' own breast, No tears but may dry them on Je - sus' own breast.
"Migh - ty to Save," And tri - umph in death in the "Migh - ty to Save."