





Glory be to Jesus, Who, in bitter pains, Poured for me the lifeblood From His sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal In that blood I find; Blest be His compassion, Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages Be the precious stream Which from endless torments Doth the world redeem. Abel's blood for vengeance Pleaded to the skies; But the blood of Jesus For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled On our guilty hearts, Satan in confusion Terror struck departs. Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high, Angel hosts, rejoicing, Make their glad reply.

Lift we then our voices, Swell the mighty flood; Louder still and louder Praise the precious blood!

Alfonso de' Liguori.

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