

Glory be to Jesus

Glory be to Jesus,
who in bitter pains
poured for me the life blood
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 torment
doth the world redeem!

There the fainting spirit
drinks of life her fill;
there, as in a fountain,
laves herself at will.

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 ye then your voices;
swell the mighty flood;
louder still and louder
praise the precious blood.