

Glory Be to Jesus  
Alfonso de' Liguori.  
Friedrich Filitz, 1847.

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.

There the fainting spirit  
Drinks of life her fill;  
There as in a fountain  
Laves herself at will.

O, the blood of Christ! it  
Soothes the Father's ire;  
Opes the gate of Heaven;  
Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

Of as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
Terror struck departs.

Of 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!