

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 streams,  
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,  
hell with horror trembles; heaven is filled with joy.

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