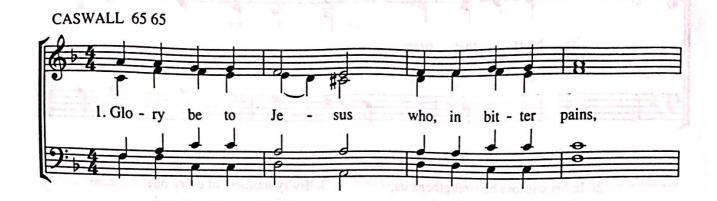
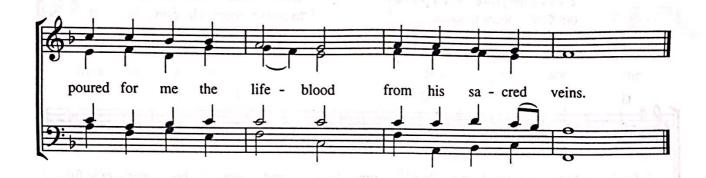
280 Glory be to Jesus





- 2. 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, did the world redeem.
- 4. There the fainting spirit drinks of life her fill; there, as in a fountain, laves herself at will.

- 5. 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.
- 7. Oft as earth exulting wafts its praise on high angel hosts rejoicing, make their glad reply.
- Lift, then, all your voices, swell the mighty flood; louder still and louder, praise the precious blood.

Text: 'Viva, viva, Gesù' (18th century) trans. Edward Caswall (1814-1878) alt. Music: Friedrich Filitz (1804-1876)