1 Glory be to Jesus, Who in bitter pains
2 Grace and life eternal In that blood I find;
3 Blest through endless ages Be the precious stream
4 Abel’s blood for vengeance Plead-ed to the skies,

Poured for me the life-blood From his sacred veins.
Blest be his compassion, In-finite-ly kind.
Which from endless tortu-ments Did the world re-deem.
But the blood of Jesus For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as earth exulting
Lifts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

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