

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

You were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver.... but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled.

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HAIL, HOLY WOUNDS !

Hail, Holy Wounds of Jesus, hail !
Sweet pledges of the saving rood !
Whence flow the Streams that never fail
The purple streams of His dear Blood.

Brighter than brightest stars ye show,
Than sweetest rose your scent more rare,
No Indian gem may match your glow,
No honey's taste with yours compare.

Portals are ye to that dear Home,
Wherein our wearied souls may hide,
Whereto no angry foe may come,
The Heart of Jesus Crucified.

What countless stripes our Jesus bore,
All naked left in Pilate's hall,
What copious Streams of purple gore
Through rents in His torn garments fall.

His comely brow, O shame and grief,
By the sharp thorny crown is riven
Through Hands and Feet without relief
The cruel nails are deeply driven.

But when for our poor sakes He died,
A willing Priest, by love subdued,