

# THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

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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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## THE DESERT BOON.

*(Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood.")*

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By evil compassed, day by day  
I reel half-dazed thro' strife,  
A weary warrior in the fray  
Which shakes the plain of life :  
Ruin would fall when buffets shower  
But for the heavenly spell of thine,  
Pure Precious Blood, Redeeming Power,  
Supernal Wine of Wine.  
Wine quick with comfort for each state,  
Liquid of love, rained grace most blest,  
Thy draughts abate the blows of fate  
And soothe the fretted soul to rest.

My baffled hopes wax low and less,  
I gasp for fleeting breath,  
My frame droops under cruel stress,  
My steps slope down to death,  
Thirst shrivels up my aching lip,  
My nerves are drawn by mortal pain,  
The Precious Blood I trustful sip  
And lo ! stand whole again.  
Pain now but wakes true valor's thrill,  
While dangers daunted pass me by ;  
Thy potions fill the breast and will  
With nerve to strive, if needs to die.