

# 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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## CANTATA ON THE PASSION.

*By St. Alphonse de Liguori.*

### THE SOUL AND THE REDEEMER.

#### THE SOUL.

Tell me, thou Judge iniquitous, ah ! tell me why  
Thou didst so oft my Saviour's innocence proclaim  
And yet, at length, condemn Him to a death of shame,  
Like vilest criminal upon a cross to die ?  
Of what avail the barb'rous scourges cruel blows  
If, in thy heart, thou didst His future death decree ?  
Why not at once have doom'd Him to the bitter tree  
When the first cry of hate from surging crowds arose ?  
Since well thou knewest thou wouldst Him to die,  
Why not at once make known His cruel destiny ?

But what do I behold ? an angry crowd draws near !  
Confused cries are heard, and threat'ning groans resound !  
Nearer still and nearer there comes a thrilling sound !  
What is this clam'rous music, breaking on mine ear ?  
Oh ! it is the trumpet, whose shrill discordant breath,  
Proclaims aloud the sentence of my Saviour's death.

Now ; alas ! I see Him : along the rugged road  
Painfully He's toiling with tott'ring steps and slow ;  
Wounded sore and bleeding, He bears the heavy load  
Laid upon His shoulders by His relentless foe.  
At every painful step He makes  
Fresh blood-drops mark the way He takes.