

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

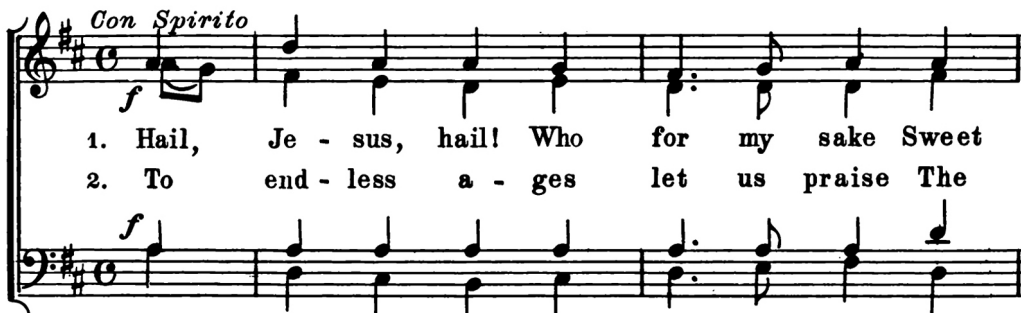
Hail, Jesus, hail!

(Viva! Viva! Gesù)

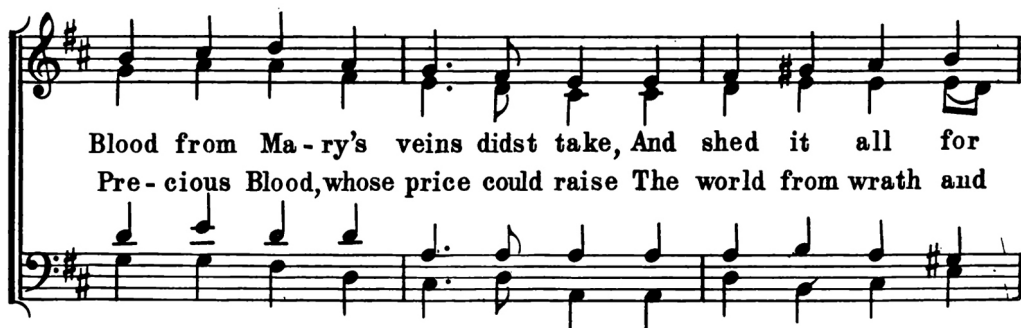
From the Italian by Father Faber

Nicola A. Montani

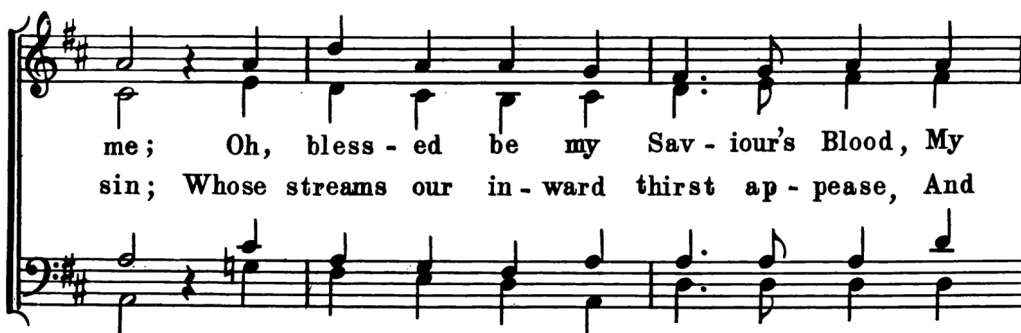
Con Spirito



1. Hail, Je - sus, hail! Who for my sake Sweet
2. To end - less a - ges let us praise The



Blood from Ma - ry's veins didst take, And shed it all for
Pre - cious Blood, whose price could raise The world from wrath and



me; Oh, bless - ed be my Sav - iour's Blood, My
sin; Whose streams our in - ward thirst ap - pease, And

life, my light, my on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni -
 heal the sin - ner's worst dis - ease, If he but bathe there-

ty, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
 in, If he but bathe there - in.

3. Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells
 Of Christ's own Sacred Blood, excels
 Earth's best and highest bliss;
 The ministers of wrath divine
 Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
 ||: With those red drops of His! :||

4. Ah! there is joy amid the Saints,
 And hell's despairing courage faints
 When this sweet song we raise:
 Oh, louder then, and louder still,
 Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
 ||: The Precious Blood to praise! :||