

PRECIOUS BLOOD

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Salvete Christi vulnera

1. Hail, ho - ly Wounds of Je - sus, hail, Sweet
 2. More bright than bright - est stars ye show, Than
 3. Ye Por - tals are to that dear home Where -

pled-ges of the sa - ving Rood, Whence flow the streams that
 sweet-est rose your scent more rare, No In - dian gem may
 in our wea - ried souls may hide, Where - to no an - gry

nev - er fail, Those pur - ple streams of Pre - cious Blood.
 match your glow, No ho - ney's taste with yours com - pare. A - men.
 foe can come, The Heart of Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

4. In full atonement of our guilt, 5. Come, bathe you in that healing flood,
 Not sparing self, the Saviour trod, All ye who mourn, by sin oppressed;
 E'en till His Heart's best Blood was spilt, Your only hope is Jesus' Blood,
 The wine-press of the wrath of God. His Sacred Heart your only rest.

6. All praise to Him, th' Eternal Son,
 At God's right hand enthroned above,
 Whose Blood our full redemption won,
 Whose Spirit seals the gift of love.