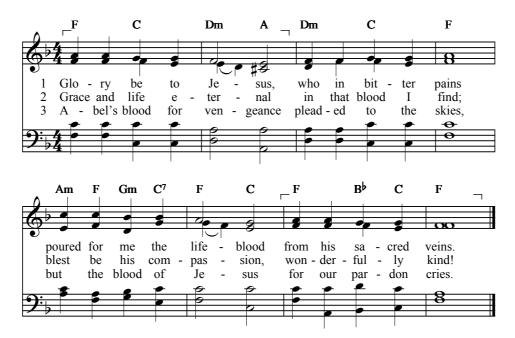
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Glory be to Jesus



- When that blood is sprinkled on our guilty hearts, Satan in confusion terror-struck departs.
- When this earth exulting lifts its praise on high, angel hosts rejoicing make their glad reply.
- Raise your thankful voices, swell the mighty flood; louder still and louder praise the Lamb of God!

Text: Italian hymn, 18th cent.; tr. Edward Caswall, 1857, alt.