

He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

Bearing the fatal wood  
His band of Saints He leads,  
Marking the way with Blood,  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

On Calvary His shame  
With Blood still intercedes ;  
His open Wounds proclaim—  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

He hangs upon the tree,  
Hangs there for my misdeeds ;  
He sheds His Blood for me ;  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

Ah me ! His Soul is fled,  
Yet still for my great needs  
He bleeds when He is dead ;  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

His Blood is flowing still ;  
My thirsty soul It feeds ;  
He lets me drink my fill ;  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

O sweet, O Precious Blood !  
What love, what love It breeds !