

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.

1 PET. 1. 18, 19.

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MY SAVIOUR BLEEDS !

F. W. FABER, D. D.

Blood is the price of heaven ;  
All sin, that price exceeds ;  
O come to be forgiven,  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

Under the olive boughs,  
Falling like ruby beads,  
The Blood drops from His Brows,  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

While the fierce scourges fall,  
The Precious Blood still pleads ;  
In front of Pilate's hall  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

Beneath the thorny crown  
The crimson fountain speeds ;  
See how It trickles down,