

‘**A**LL ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh,  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?’  
Our ransom and peace,  
Our surety He is:  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what we have done  
His blood must atone:  
The Father has punished for us His dear Son;  
The Lord on that day  
Of atonement did lay  
Our sins on the Lord, and He bore them away.

3 He died to atone  
For sins not His own,  
Our debt He has paid and our work He has done,  
So we may receive  
The peace He did leave,  
Who made intercession—‘My Father forgive.’

4 For sinners like me  
He prayed on the tree,  
Through His intercession the sinner goes free,  
That sinner am I  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

5 His death is my plea  
My Advocate see!  
And hear the blood speak that has answered for me:  
He purchased the grace  
Which now I embrace;  
O Father, Thou know’st He has died in my place!