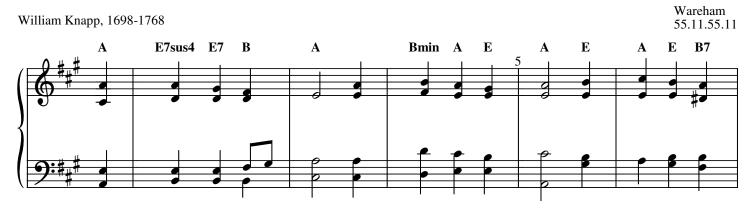
All Ye That Pass By







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

He dies to atone For sins not His own; Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done. Ye all may receive The peace He did leave, Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive!" For you and for me He prayed on the tree: The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free. That sinner am I, Who on Jesus rely, And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

His death is my plea; My Advocate see, And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me. My ransom He was When He bled on the cross; And losing His life He hath carried my cause.