

Ye That Pass By, Behold the Man
By Charles Wesley

Ye that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of grief condemned for you;
The Lamb of God for sinners slain
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

His sacred limbs, they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood
His sacred limbs exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His blood.

See there! His temples crowned with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide;
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from His side.

Thou dear, Thou suff'ring Son of God,
How doth Thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us Thy precious blood,
And melt us with Thy dying love.