

## **All you that pass by**

All you 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 has paid, and your work he has done:  
you 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.  
The 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 has answered for me:  
he purchased the grace  
which now I embrace;  
O Father, you know he has died in my place!

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This is apparently the original meter of Wareham.