

KEDRON L.M.

1. Ye that pass by, be-hold the Man, the Man of grief condemned for you; The Lamb of God for sinners slain, Weeping to Cal - va - ry pur-sue.

2. His sacred limbs, they stretch, they tear, With nails they fast-en to the wood— His sa-cred limbs ex - posed and bare, Or on-ly cov-ered with his blood.

3. See there! His temples crowned with thorns, His bleeding hands ex-tend - ed wide; His streaming feet trans-fixed and torn, The fountain gush-ing from his side.

4. Thou dear, thou suff-'ring Son of God, How doth thy heart to sin-ners move? Sprink-le on us thy precious blood, And melt us with thy dy-ing love.