

Augustus M. Toplady



1. Wea - ry sin - ner, keep thine eyes On th'a - ton - ing Sac - ri - fice.
View Him bleed - ing on the tree, Pour - ing out His life for thee. There the dread - ful curse He bore: Weep - ing soul, la - ment no more.

2. Cast thy guilt - y soul on Him; Find Him might - y to re - deem:
At His feet thy bur - den lay; Look thy doubts and cares a - way. Now by faith the Son embrace Plead His prom - ise, trust His grace.

3. "Soon the days of life shall end; Lo, I come, your Sav - ior, friend;
Safe your spir - it to con - vey To the realms of end - less day, Up to My e - ter - nal home, Come and wel - come, sin - ner come."