

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new wonder shocked my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His loving eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Never until my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And fell to deep despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 Another look He gave, which said,
'I freely all forgive;
This blood has for your ransom paid;
I die, that you may live.'
- 6 Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its ugly hue,
Such is the wonder of His grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton, 1725-1807