1. I saw one hanging on a tree in agony and blood, who fixed His loving eyes on me as all the world to view, such is the mystery of grace: It

2. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, and plunged me in despair. I saw my sins His blood had spilt, and near His cross I stood. And never till my dying breath will helped to nail Him there. But with a second look He said, "I

3. Thus while His death my sin displays for me. Am I free? I must have blood. This blood is for your ransom paid. It seemed to charge me with His death, for I was once a sinner. That I should such a life destroy._
though not a word He spoke.  For —
I died that you might live." —
yet live by Him I killed.

CHORUS

ever etched upon___ my mind is the look of Him who
died, the Lamb I crucified.

now my life will sing the praise___ of pure astonishing

grace, that looked on me and gladly took my place.