1. I saw one hanging on a tree in agony and blood Who fixed His loving eyes on me As near His cross I stood And never till my dying breath will I forget that look It seemed to charge me with His death freely all forgive, This blood is for your ransom paid, spirt now is filled That I should such a life destory.

2. My conscience felt and owned the guilt And plunged me in despair I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there But with a second look He said, "I seals my pardon too With pleasing grief and mournful joy My

3. Thus while His death my sin displays for and all the world to view Such is the mystery of grace It

I thought died Yet not that live."
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For -
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Yet live by Him I killed
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CHORUS
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ev - er etched up - on my mind Is the look of Him who
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died The Lamb I cruci - fied And
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now my life will sing the praise Of pure a - ton - ing
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