saw one hanging on a tree in agony and blood
Who
got conscience felt and owed the guilt And plunged me in despair

fixed His loving eyes on me As near His cross I stood
And
saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there
But

never till my dying breath will I forget that look
It
with a second look He said "I freely all forgive, This
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seemed to charge me with His death, though not a word He spoke.

blood is for your ransom paid, I died that you might live."

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CHORUS

F       Bb       Gm       Dm       C6

ever etched upon___ my mind___ is the look of Him who

Bb       F/A       Gm      Csus       C

died___ The Lamb I crucified___ And

F       Bb       Gm       Dm       C6

now___ my life will sing the praise___ Of pure atoning
That looked on me and gladly took my place.

while His death my sin displays for all the world to view Such
Dm  is the mystery of grace It seals my pardon too With
Gm7/D
Am7/D

Gsus  G  Bb  C
pleasing grief and mournful joy My spirit now is filled That

Dm  C  Bb  Am
I should such a life destroy Yet live by Him I

The Look

And now my life will sing the praise

That looked on me and gladly

took my place