In Evil Long I Took Delight

Words: John Newton
Music: Thomas Hastings

BYFIELD C. M.

1. In evil long I took delight, Unawed by shame or fear,
2. I saw one hanging on a tree, In agonies and blood;
3. O never, till my latest breath, Shall I forget that look!
4. A second look He gave, which said, "I freely all forgive;"
5. Thus, while His death my sin displays In all its black-est hue,

Till a new object struck my sight And stopped my wild career.
He fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
This blood is for thy ransom paid; I died that thou mayst live."
Such is the mystery of grace, It seals my pardon too.