In Evil Long I Took Delight

BYFIELD C. M.

Words: John Newton
Music: Thomas Hastings

1. In evil long I took delight, Un-awed by shame or fear,
2. I saw one hanging on a tree, In agonies and blood;
3. O nev-er, till my latest breath, Shall I for-get that look!
4. A sec-ond look He gave, which said, "I free-ly all for-give;
5. Thus, while His death my sin dis-plays In all its black-est hue,

Till a new ob-ject struck my sight And stopped my wild ca-reer.
He fixed His lan-guid 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 ran-som paid; I died that thou mayst live."
Such is the mys-ter-y of grace, It seals my par-don too.

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