



2. Sure never till my latest breath can I forget that look; it seemed to charge me with his death, though not a word he spoke. 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.

3. Alas! I knew not what I did; but now my tears are vain; where shall my trembling soul be hid? for I the Lord have slain. A second look he gave, which said, "I freely all forgive; this blood is for thy ransom paid, I die that thou mayst live."

4. Thus, while his death my sin displays in all its blackest hue, (such is the mystery of grace,) it seals my pardon too. With pleasing grief and mournful joy my spirit now is filled, that I should such a life destroy, yet live by him I killed!

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