

E Minor. John Newton, 1779.

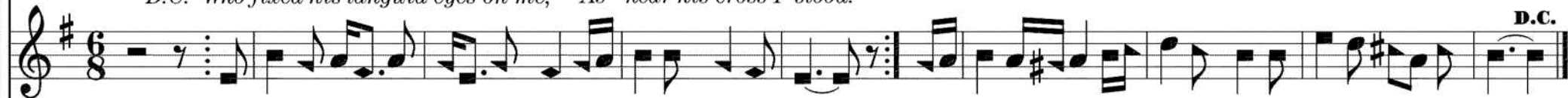
Arr. D. H. Mansfield, 1848.

**ALTO.****D.C.**

1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or fear;  
Till a new object struck my sight, And stopp'd my wild career.

I saw one hanging on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood;

*D.C. Who fixed his languid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.*



2. Sure, never to my latest breath Can I for - get that look:  
It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho' not a word he spoke.

A second look he gave, which said, "I freely all for - give;

*D.C. This blood is for thy ransom paid; I'll die that thou may'st live."*

