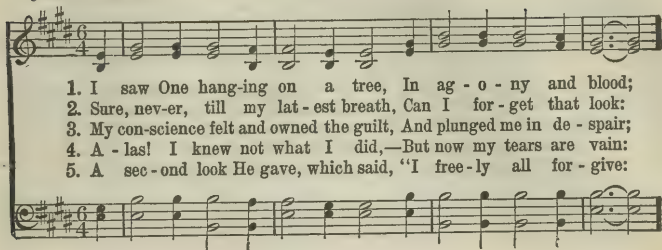


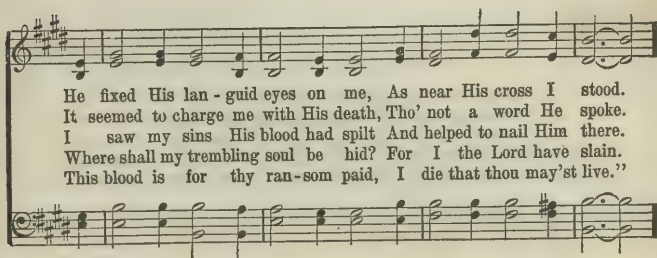
John Newton.

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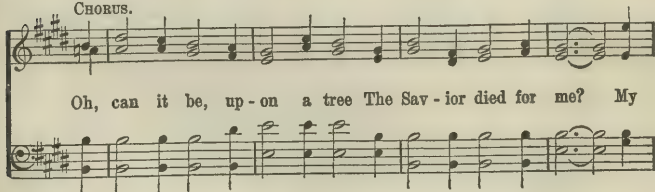


1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;  
 2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look;  
 3. My con-science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;  
 4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:  
 5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free-ly all for - give:

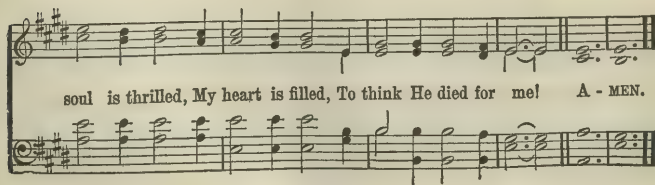


He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.  
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.  
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.  
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.  
 This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live."

## CHORUS.



Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me? My



soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me! A - MEN.