

# Hymn Lyrics

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## My Savior, hanging on the tree

1. My Savior hanging on the tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Methought once turn'd his eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

2. Sure, never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

3. My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.

4. 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.

5. A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive:  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die, that thou may'st live."

6. Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
(Such is the mystery of grace,)  
It seals my pardon too.