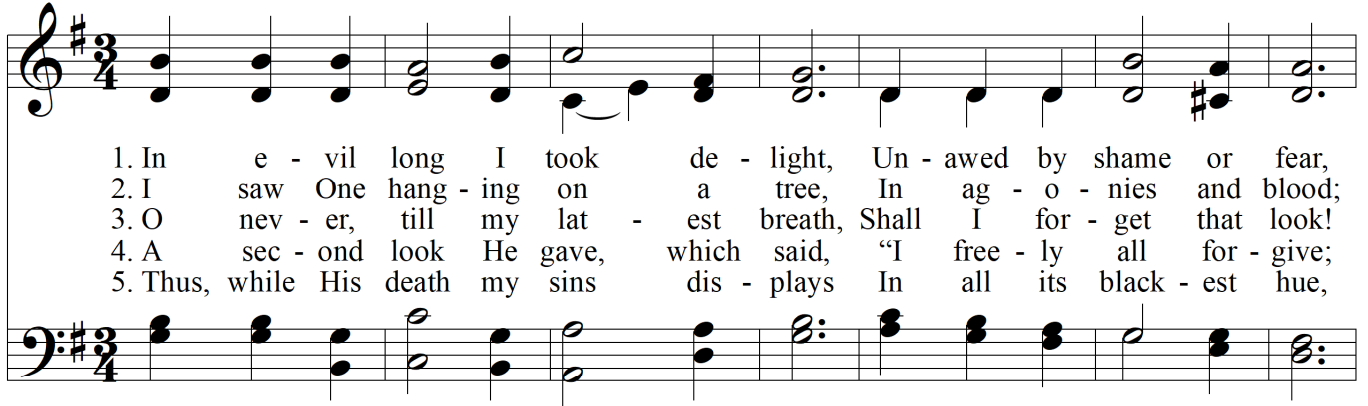
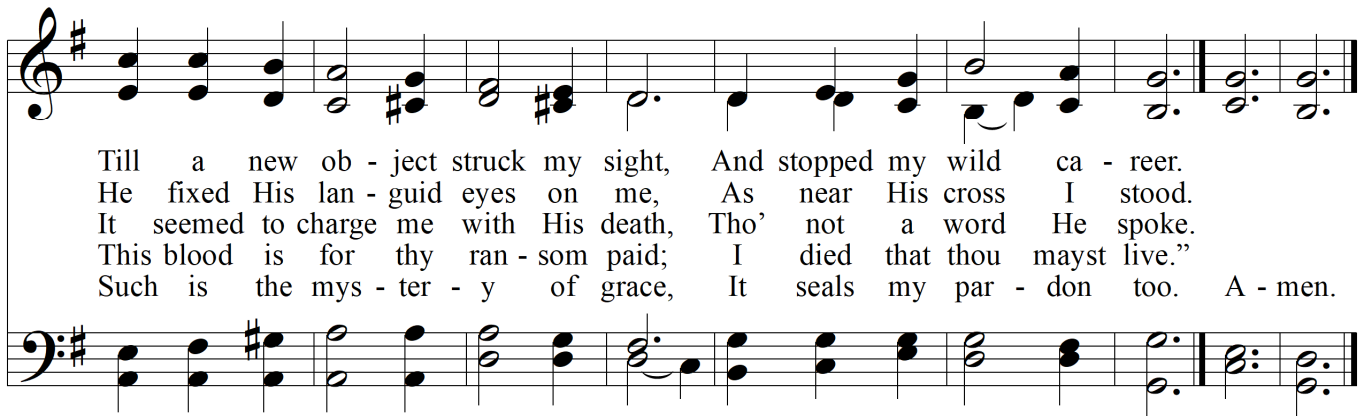


In Evil Long I Took Delight

ST. AGNES C. M.



1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or fear,
2. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood;
3. O nev - er, till my lat - est 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 sins 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. A - men.

Words: John Newton (1779)

Music: Rev. J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)