

Saved by Blood, I Live to Tell
by John Newton

Saved by blood, I live to tell
What the love of Christ has done;
He redeemed my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son:

Oh! I tremble still to think
How secure I lived in sin;
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserved from falling in.

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In His own appointed hour,
To my heart the Savior spoke;
Touched me by His Spirit's pow'r,
From my slumber I awoke.

Then I saw and owned my guilt:
Soon my gracious Lord replied,
"Do not fear, my blood I've spilt,
For your sin and guilt I died."

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He redeemed my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son.

Joy and wonder, love and shame,
All at once possessed my heart;
Can I hope Your grace to claim
With these stains so deep and dark?

"You have greatly sinned," He said,
"But I freely all forgive;
I myself your debt have paid,
Now I bid you rise and live."

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