From John Newton's poem:

In evil long I took delight,   
Unawed 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 agonies and blood,   
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me.   
As near His Cross I stood.

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: