Jesus died that day for me; So from sin, I can be free.
If we are faithful, one day we will see The One that died on that old tree.
God's heart must have ached that day, To see His Son suffer that way.
No other way could it be done for me; He must die on that old tree.
That day of His death has come and gone.
It wasn't even Him that did the wrong.
It was my sins. It was me
That caused Him to die on that old tree.
God saw sin would forever keep us apart; And it broke His heart.
Something had to be done for me.
So He died on that old tree.
Oh the terrible price He paid!
This was the decision they had made.
This is the way it had to be.
He must die on that old tree.
So much suffering He went through!
Oh how He loved me and you!
A new life He has given me, Because He died on that old tree.
If that old tree could have had a say,
"I don't want to be the one on whom this man dies today!"
And would Jesus kindly reply, "On you, today, I must die."