

# MOURNFUL JOY. C.M.

John Newton

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 2: Thus, while his death my sin displays In all its blackest hue, Such is the myst'ry of his grace, It seals my pardon too.

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 With pleasing grief and mournful joy, My spirit now is fill'd, That I should such a life destroy, yet live by him I kill'd! kill'd!

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