

John Newton, 1779
(Hymn 57, Book 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Mysterious Grace

No copyright. Transcribed from *Plain Psalmody*, 1800.

G Major
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. With pleasing grief and mournful joy, My spirit now is filled; That I should such a life destroy, Yet live by Him I killed.

2. In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

3. I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

4. Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
I seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

5. My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there

6. Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

7. A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou may live."

8. Thus, while His death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.