What a Mournful Life Is Mine

Doh is Ab · 4/4 Tune: ST. BEES

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| d - d - d - - t, | l, - t, - d - - - |
  What a mournful      life is mine,

| r - r - m - s, - | l, - r - t, - - - |
  Fill with crosses,   pains and cares!

| r - f - m - - d | t, - r - d - - - |
  Every work de-      filed with sin,

| d - r - d - d - | d - - t, d - - - |
  Every step be-      set with snares!
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The other verses

2 If alone I pensive fit,
I myself can hardly bear;
If I pass along the street,
Sin and riot triumph there.

3 Jesus! how my heart is pained,
How it mourns for souls deceived!
When I hear thy name profaned,
When I see thy Spirit grieved!

4 When thy children's griefs I view,
Their distress becomes my own;
All I hear, or see, or do,
Makes me tremble, weep and groan.

5 Mourning thus I long had been,
When I heard my Savior's voice;
Thou hast cause to mourn for sin,
But in me thou may'st rejoice."

6 This kind word dispelled my grief,
Put to silence my complaints;
Though of sinners I am chief,
He his ranked me with his saints.

7 Though constrained to dwell a while
Where the wicked strive and brawl;
Let them frown; so he but smile,
Heav'n will make amends for all.

8 There, believers, we shall rest,
Free from sorrow, sin and fears;
Nothing there our peace molests,
Through eternal rounds of years.

9 Let us then the fight endure,
See our Captain looking down;
He will make the conquest sure,
And bestow the promised crown.

Tune ST. BEES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.