

And Can it Be That I Should Gain?

Charles Wesley

Thomas Campbell

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the Sav - ior's blood?
 2. 'Tis mystery all: th'Im - mor - tal dies: Who can ex - plore His strangede - sign?
 3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove So free, so in - fi - nite His grace—
 4. Longmy im - pri - soned spir - it lay, Fastbound in sin and na - ture's night;
 5. No condem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and all in Him, is mine;

Died He for me, who caused His pain— For me, who Him to death pur - sued?
 In vain the first - born ser - aph tries To sound the depths of love di - vine.
 Hum - bled Him - self in match - less love, And bled for A - dam's help - less race:
 Thine eye dif - fused a quick'ning ray— I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light;
 A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine,

A - maz - ing love! How can it be, That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore, Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free, For O my God, it found out me!
 My chains fell off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.
 Bold I approach the e - ter - nal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

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