

1 And can it be that I should gain an in - terest
 2 'Tis mystery all: the Im - mor - tal dies! Who can ex -
 3 He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove— so free, so
 4 Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in
 5 No con-dem-na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and

6

in the Sav-iour's blood? Died he for me, who caused his
 plore his strange de - sign? In vain the first-born ser - aph
 in - fi - nite his grace— emp-tied him-self of all but
 sin and na - ture's night; thine eye dif - fused a quickening
 all in him, is mine! A - live in him, my liv - ing

The last two lines of each verse are repeated.

Ancient and Modern: hymns and songs for refreshing worship 588

Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Music (SAGINA 88 88 extended): from Thomas Campbell *The Bouquet*, 1825

12

pain? For me, who him to death pur-sued? A - maz - ing
 tries to sound the depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy
 love, and bled for Ad - am's help - less race. 'Tis mer - cy
 ray; I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; my chains fell
 Head, and clothed in righ-teous-ness di - vine, bold I ap-

18

love! How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst
 all! Let earth a - dore, let an - gel minds en -
 all, im - mense and free; for, O my God, it
 off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and
 proach the e - ter - nal throne, and claim the crown, through

23

die for me? A - maz - ing love! How can it
 quire no more. 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a -
 found out me! 'Tis mer - cy all, im-mense and
 fol - lowed thee. My chains fell off, my heart was
 Christ, my own. Bold I ap-proach the e - ter - nal

28

be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 dore, let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 free; for, O my God, it found out me!
 free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed thee.
 throne, and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.