

# And Can It Be

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest  
 2. He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so  
 3. Long my im - pri - soned spi - rit lay Fast bound in  
 4. No con - de - mna - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and

in the Sa - vior's blood? Died he for me, who caused His  
 in - fi - nite His grace; Emp - tied Him - self of all but  
 sin and na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning  
 all in Him is mine! A - live in Him, my li - ving

pain? For me, who Him to death pur - sued? A - ma - zing  
 love, And bled for A - dam's help - less race; 'Tis mer - cy  
 ray, I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell  
 Head, And clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap -

love! how can it be That Thou, my God, should  
 all, im - mense and free; O praise my God, it  
 off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth and  
 proach th'et - er - nal throne, And claim the crown, thro'

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707-1788  
 Tune: Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844



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die for me?  
 rea - ches me. A - ma - zing love! how can it  
 fol - lowed Thee.  
 Christ my own. A - maz - ing love! How

be That Thou, my God, should die for me!  
 can it be That Thou, my God,