

And Can It Be

1 And can it be that I should gain an in - ter - est
 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 - ening
 all in him, is mine! A - live in him, my li - ving

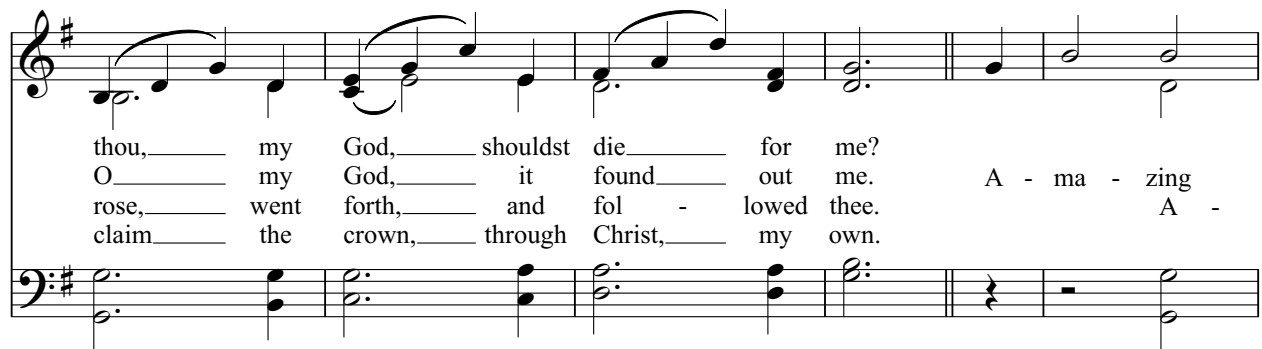
pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued?
 love, and bled for A - dam's help - less race!
 ray; I woke the dun - geon flamed with light!
 Head, and clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine,

A - ma - zing love! how can it be that
 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free, for,
 My chains fell off, my heart was free, I
 bold I ap - proach the e - ter - nal throne and

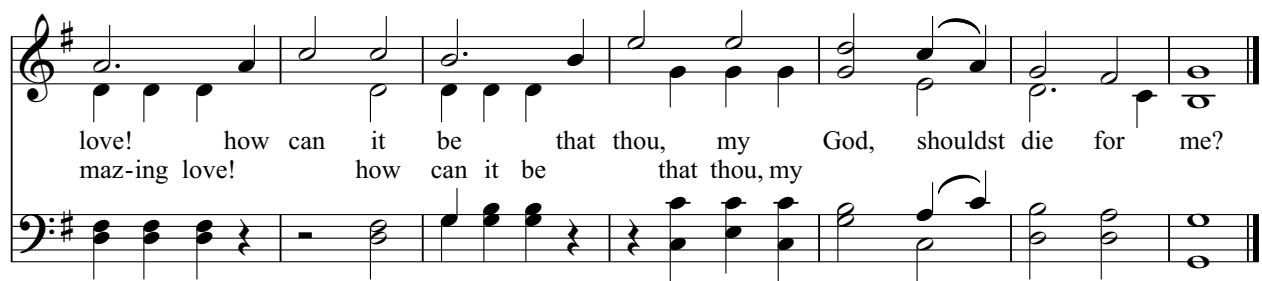
Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
 Tune: Thomas Campbell (1777-1844)



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 SAGINA
www.hymnary.org/text/and_can_it_be_that_i_should_gain



thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 O my God, it found out me. A - ma - zing
 rose, went forth, and fol - lowed thee. A -
 claim the crown, through Christ, my own.



love! how can it be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 maz-ing love! how can it be that thou, my