

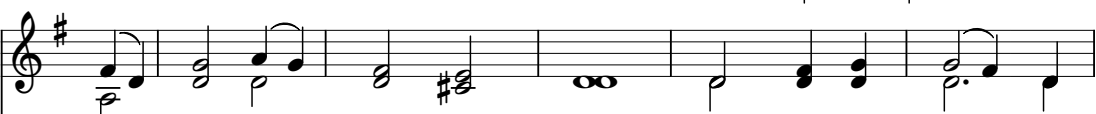
And Can it Be That I Should Gain?

Charles Wesley

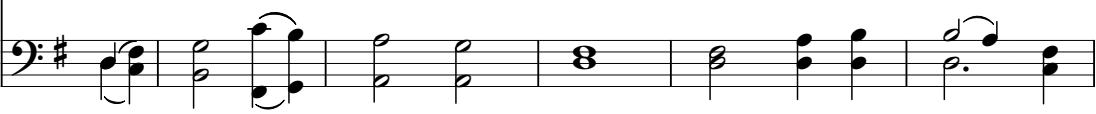
Thomas Campbell



1. And can it be that I should gain An in -
2. 'Tis mys - tery all: th'Im - mor - tal dies: Who can
3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove So free,
4. Long my im - pri - soned spir - it lay, Fast bound
5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus,



t'rest in the Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who
ex - plore His strange de - sign? In vain the first - born
so in - fi - nite His grace— Hum - bled Him - self and
in sin and na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused a
and all in Him, is mine; A - live in Him, my



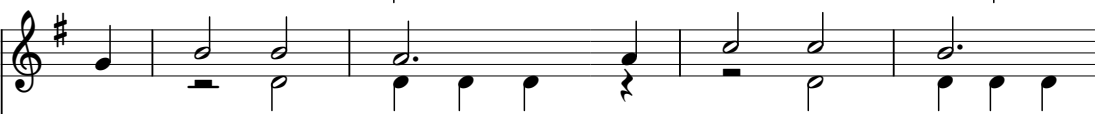
caused His pain— For me, who Him to death pur -
ser - aph tries love To sound the depths of love di -
came in love, And bled for A - dam's help - less
quick - 'ning ray— I woke, the dun - geon flamed with
liv - ing Head, And clothed in right - eous - ness di -



sued? A - maz - ing love! How can it be,
vine. 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore,
race: 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free,
light; My chains fell off, my heart was free,
vine, Bold I ap - proach the e - ter - nal throne,



That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
For O my God, it found out me!
I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.



A - maz - ing love! How can it be,
'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore,
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My chains fell off, my heart was free,
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