

# 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 strange de - sign?  
3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove So free, so in - fi - nite His grace—  
4. Long my im - pri - soned spir - it lay, Fast bound in sin and na - ture's night;  
5. No con-dem-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? A - maz - ing  
In vain the first-born ser - aph tries To sound the depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy  
Hum - bled Him - self and came in love, And bled for A - dam's help - less race: 'Tis mer - cy  
Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning ray—I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell  
A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap -

love! How can it be, That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me? A - maz - ing  
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! 'Tis mer - cy  
off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee. My chains fell  
proach the e - ter - nal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ my own. Bold I ap -

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