

# 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 strangede - 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 condem - 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?  
In vain the first - born ser - aph tries To sound the depths of love di - vine.  
Emp - tied Him - self of all but love, And bled for A - dam's help - less race:  
Thine eye dif - fused a quick'ning ray— I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light;  
A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine,



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



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