

Words by
Charles Wesley

Music by
Thomas Campbell

♩ = 110

VERSE

G

C

D⁷

G



1. And can it be that I should gain an

2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all th'Im - mor - tal dies! Who

3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove; So

4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast

5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je -

C

D

G/B

D/A

A⁷

D

D



in - t'rest in the Sav - ior's blood? Died He for

can ex - plore His strange de - sign? In vain the

free, so in - fi - nite His grace. Emp - tied Him -

bound in sin and na - ture's night; Thine eye dif -

-sus, and all in Him is mine! A - live in

G/D

D

G/B

G

D

C



me, who caused His pain? For me, who

first - born ser - aph tries to sound the

-self of all but love, and bled for

-fused a quick - 'ning ray, I woke, the

Him, my liv - ing Head, and clothed in

G/B

C

G/D

D⁷

G

G

D

G/B



Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love! How

depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy all! Let

Ad - am's help - less race. 'Tis mer - cy all, im -

dun - geon flamed with light. My chains fell off; My

right - eous - ness di - vine; Bold I ap - proach th'e -

19

C

A⁷/C[#]

D

G

C



can it be that Thou, my God, shouldst

earth a - dore; Let an - gel minds in -

-mense and free, for, O my God, it

heart was free. I rose, went forth and

-ter - nal throne and claim the crown, through

D

G

G

D

D⁷



die for me? A - maz - ing love! how can it

-quire no more. 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a -

found out me. 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and

fol - lowed Thee. My chains fell off; My heart was

Christ, my own. Bold I ap - proach th'e - ter - nal

G

C

G/B

C

G/D

D⁷

G



be that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

-dore; Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.

free, for, O my God, it found out me.

free. I rose, went forth and fol - lowed Thee.

throne and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.