

# And Can It Be

Words by  
Charles Wesley

Music by  
Thomas Campbell

♩=110 VERSE

G

C

D<sup>7</sup>

G



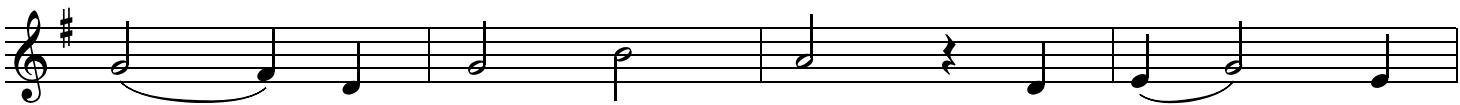
1. And can it be that I \_\_\_\_\_ should gain an  
2. "Tis mys - t'ry all th'Im - mor tal dies! Who  
3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a bove; So  
4. Long my im - pris oned spir it lay fast  
5. No con - dem - na tion now I dread; Je -

5 C D G/B D/A A<sup>7</sup> 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

10 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

14 G/B C G/D D<sup>7</sup> 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      A<sup>7</sup>/C<sup>♯</sup>      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 through - -ter - - nal thone and claim the \_\_\_\_\_ the crown, \_\_\_\_\_ through

23      D      G      G      D      D<sup>7</sup>

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

28      G      C      G/B      C      G/D      D<sup>7</sup>      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.