

# And Can It Be

Words by  
Charles Wesley

Music by  
Thomas Campbell

♩=110 VERSE

G

C

D<sup>7</sup>

G



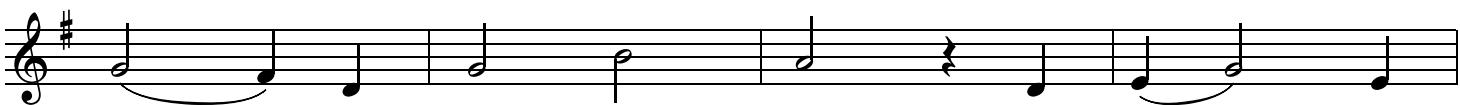
1. And can it be that I \_\_\_\_\_ should gain an  
2. "Tis mys - t'ry all th'Im - mor tal dies! Who  
3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove; So  
4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast  
5. No con - dem - na - tion now I \_\_\_\_\_ dread; Je -

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  
 -ter - nal \_\_\_\_ throne \_\_\_\_\_ and claim \_\_\_\_\_ 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.