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Words: Charles Wesley
                           Music: Thomas Campbell
[ CHORDS ] G
                 Em
                        C
                               D
                                             Am
                                                    D7
                                                           [ NO CAPO ]
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                                             111111
[ INTRO ]
| C | G C | G D | G |
[ VERSE 1 ]
                C D G
                              C D G D
And can it be that I should gain An in-t'rest in the Sav-ior's blood?
                          Em
                              D
                                              G Em D G
                                      С
Died He for me,
                who caused His pain? For me, who Him to death pur-sued?
                                        C
                  C Am D
A-maz-ing love! How can it be That Thou, my God, should die for me?
[ CHORUS ]
                 D7
                      G
A-maz-ing love! How can it be, That Thou, my God, should die for me!
[ VERSE 2 ]
                  C
                      D G
                                        D G D
          Em
He left His Fa-ther's throne a-bove, So free, so in-fi-nite His grace;
                                 C
                     Em D
                                      G Em D G
Emp-tied Him-self of all but love, And bled for Ad-am's help-less race.
                 C
                      Am D
'Tis mer-cy all, im-mense and free; O praise my God, it reach-es me.
[ CHORUS ]
[ VERSE 3 ]
                  C
                      D G
                                  C D G D
Long my im-pris-oned spir-it lay Fast bound in sin and na-ture's night;
                       Em D C
                                            G Em D G
Thine eye dif-fused a quick-'ning ray, I woke, the dun-geon flamed with light.
                   C Am D
My chains fell off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth and fol-lowed Thee.
[ CHORUS ]
[ VERSE 4 ]
                C D G
                              C
                                  D G D A D
No con-dem-na-tion now I dread; Je-sus, and all in Him is mine!
                  Em D
                             С
                                       G
A-live in Him, my liv-ing Head, And clothed in right-eous-ness di-vine;
                 C Am D
Bold I ap-proach th'e-ter-nal throne And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.
[ CHORUS ]
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HIS BLOOD, CROSS, SUFFERING

250

And Can It Be

But God proves His own love for us in that while we were still sinners Christ died for us. Romans 5:8 1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest 2. He left His Fa ther's throne bove, So free, a SO 3. Long my im - pris oned spir lay it Fast bound in 4. No con - dem - na tion now dread; Je - sus, blood? Died He for the Sav - ior's in me, who caused His in - fi nite His grace; Emp - tied Him - self of all sin and na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused quick - 'ning a Him is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing pain? For A - maz - ing me, who Him death pur - sued? to love, And bled for Ad - am's help - less 'Tis mer - cy race. rav. woke, the dun geon flamed with light. My chains fell Head, And clothed in right eous - ness di -Bold I love! how should can it That Thou, my God, be all, im - mense and free; 0 praise my God, it off, my heart was free; rose, went forth and proach th'e ter nal throne And claim through the crown. Chorus die for me? how can reach A - maz - ing love! it es me. fol lowed Thee. Christ, my own. - maz-ing love! how 0 O be That Thou, my God, should die for me! That Thou, my God,