

1. And can it be that I should gain An int'-rest in the Sa-vior's blood? } A-mazing love! and can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pur-sued?

2. 'Tis mer-cy all! th' Im-mor-tal dies! Who can ex-plore this strange de-sign! } 'Tis mer-cy all! let earth a-dore; Let an-gel minds in-quire no more;
In vain the first-born ser-aph tries To sound the depths of love di-vine!

3. He left his Fa-ther's throne a-bove; (So free, so in-fi-nite his grace!) } 'Tis mer-cy all! im-mense and free, For O my God, it found out me;
Emp-tied him-self of all but Love; And bled for Ad-am's help-less race;

That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me.

Let an-gel minds in-quire no more.

For O my God, it found out me.