

# And Can It Be That I Should Gain

G Am D G C D G D G D A D

1. And can it be that I should gain an in - t'rest in the Sav - ior's blood?  
2. 'Tis myst'ry all! Th'Im - mor - tal dies: who can ex - plore his strange de - sign?  
3. He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove (so free, so in - fi - nite his grace!),  
4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in sin and na - ture's night;  
5. No condem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and all in him, is mine!

D G G D G D G C G C G D G

Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued?  
In vain the first - born ser - aph tries to sound the depths of love di - vine.  
hum - bled him - self (so great his love!) and bled for Ad - am's help - less race.  
thine eye dif - fused a quick'ning ray; I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light;  
A - live in him, my liv - ing Head, and clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine,

G D G D G C A D G C Am D G

A - maz - ing love! How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore, let an - gel minds in - quire no more.  
'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free; for, O my God, it found out me.  
my chains fell off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed thee.  
bold I ap - proach th'e - ter - nal throne, and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

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