

## AND CAN IT BE

Charles Wesley, 1738

1. And can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! How can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2. 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!  
Who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of Love Divine.  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;  
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3. He left His Father's throne above,  
So free, so infinite His grace!  
Emptied Himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all! Immense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me!

4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5. Still the small inward voice I hear,  
That whispers all my sin forgiv'n:  
Still th'atoning blood is near,  
That quenched the wrath of hostile Heav'n:  
I feel the life His wounds impart,  
I feel the Saviour in my heart.

6. No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach th'eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.