

And Can It Be

Doh is F · 3/4 Tune: FILLMORE

| d - | m - - r d - | r - - - m - | r - - - d - | r - - - m - |
And can it be that I should gain An

| s - - - s - | s - l - s - | m - - - r - | d - - - s - |
interest in the Savior's blood? Died

| l - - - l - | l - - t d' - | s - - - s - | m - - - s - |
He for me, who caused His pain? For

| l - - - l - | l - - t d' - | s - - - s - | m - r - d - |
me, who Him to death pur- sued? A-

| m - - r d - | r - - - m - | r - - - d - | r - - - m - |
mazing love! How can it be, That

| s - - - s - | s - l - s - | m - - - r - | d - - - |
Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

The other verses

- 2 'Tis mystery all: th'Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the firstborn 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 quick'ning 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 sins forgiv'n;
Still the atoning blood is near,
That quenched the wrath of hostile Heav'n.
I feel the life His wounds impart;
I feel the Savior 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.

Melody and words from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune FILLMORE by Jeremiah Ingalls (1764–1828); words by Charles Wesley (1707–1788). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.