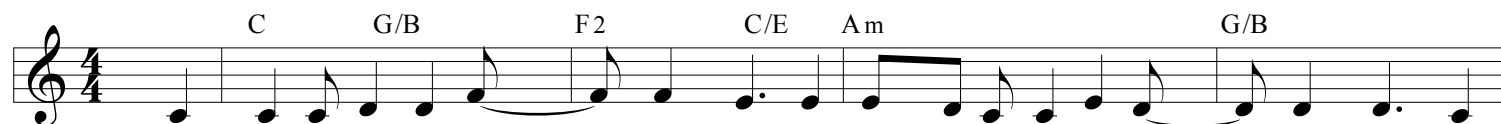


And Can It Be

Words: Charles Wesley, 1738

Music: Jake Paris



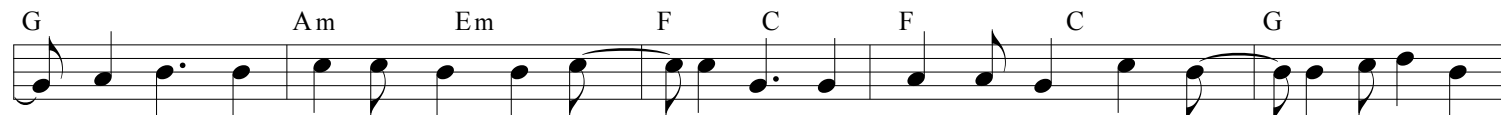
1. And can it be that I should gain an in - trest in the Sav - ior's blood? Died
 2. He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove, so free, so in - fin - ite his grace! Hum -
 3. Long my im - pris - oned spi - rit lay, fast bound in sin and na - ture's night; thine
 4. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and all in him, is mine! A -



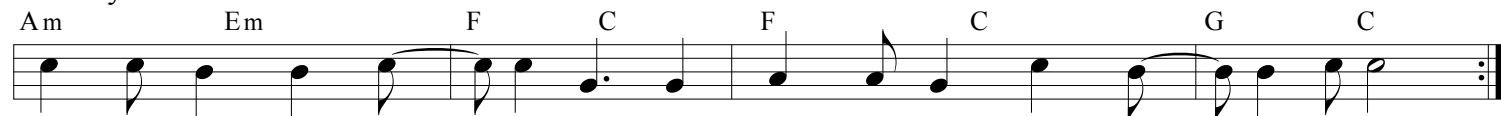
he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued?
 bled him - self, so great his love, and bled for A - dam's help - less race.
 eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning ray; I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light.
 live in him, my liv - ing Head, and clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine.



A - ma - zing love! How can it be that thou, my God, should die
 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free, for, O my God, it found
 My chains fell off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth, and fol -
 Bold I ap - proach the e - ter - nal throne, and claim the crown, through Christ,



for me? A - ma - zing love! How can it be, that thou, my God, should die for me? A -
 out me.
 - lowed thee.
 my own.



ma - zing love! How can it be, that thou, my God should die for me?