And Can It Be
Soprano Descant

1. And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior’s blood?

2. He left His Father’s throne above
So fast I fled for glory’s sake.

3. Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature’s night;

4. No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, what a pleasant Saviour’s love!

Died He for me, who caused His pain—
For Empyted Himself of all but love,

Thine eye diffused a quick’ning ray—
I A live in Him, my living Head, And

me, who Him to death pursued?
bled for Adam’s helpless race:
woke, the dungeon flamed with light;

clothed in righteousness divine,

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And Can It Be

A - maz - ing love! How can it be, That 'Tis mercy all, immense and free, O My chains fell off, my heart was free, I

Bold I approach the - ter - nal throne, And

Thou, my God, should die for me? A praise my God, it reach es me. A rose, went forth, and fol lowed Thee. A

claim the crown, thro' Christ my own. A

maz - ing love! How can it be, That Thou, my maz - ing love! How can it be, That Thou, my maz - ing love! How can it be, That Thou, my

maz - ing love! How can it be, That Thou, my

God, should die for me? God, should die for me? God, should die for me?