

CHARLES WESLEY (1707-88) AND CAN IT BE

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1825-76)
Arr. Philip Swan

♩ = 76

G C(G) D(G) G / C(G) D(G) Em7 / D/A A7 D /

1 And can it be that I should gain an in- t'rest in the Sa- vour's blood?
2 'Tis mys-try all! The Immor- 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-pri- soned spi- rit lay fast bound in sin and na- ture's night;
5 No con-dem- na- tion now I dread; Je- sus, and all in him, is mine!

opt., vs. 5 (G/D C/D Gmaj7/D Am7/D Gdim7/D G/D Cmaj7/D D7 G/F /)

G/D C/D G/D D C / G/B C G/D D7 G /

Died he for me, who caus'd his pain? For me, who him to death pur- sued?
In vain the first-born se- raph tries to sound the depths of love di- vine.
emp- tied him- self of all but love, and bled for A- dam'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 li- ving head, and clothed in righ- teous- ness di- vine,

opt., vs. 5 (Am9 G/B C D G/F C/E D G)

G D/A G/B / C A/C# D / G C D G

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

opt. (C F#m7(b5) G/B Am/C)

G D / D7 G / C / G/B C G/D D7 G /

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