

# And can it be that I should gain An interest in the Saviour's blood?

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #46

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, should'st die for me?

Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!  
Who can explore the 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.

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!

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

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 the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.