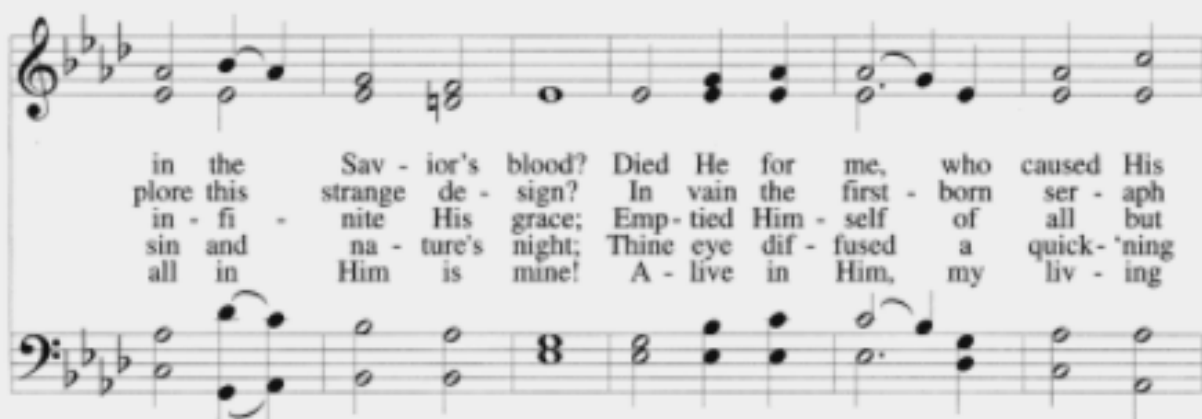
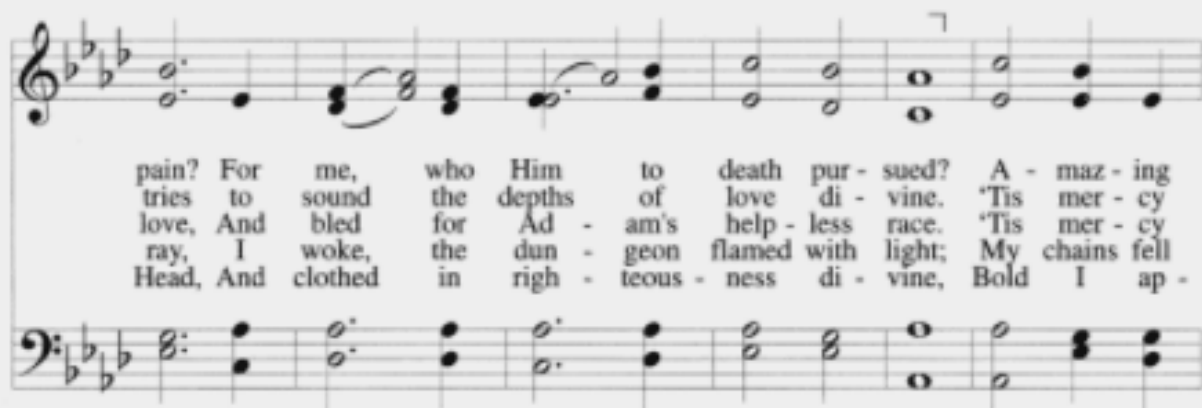




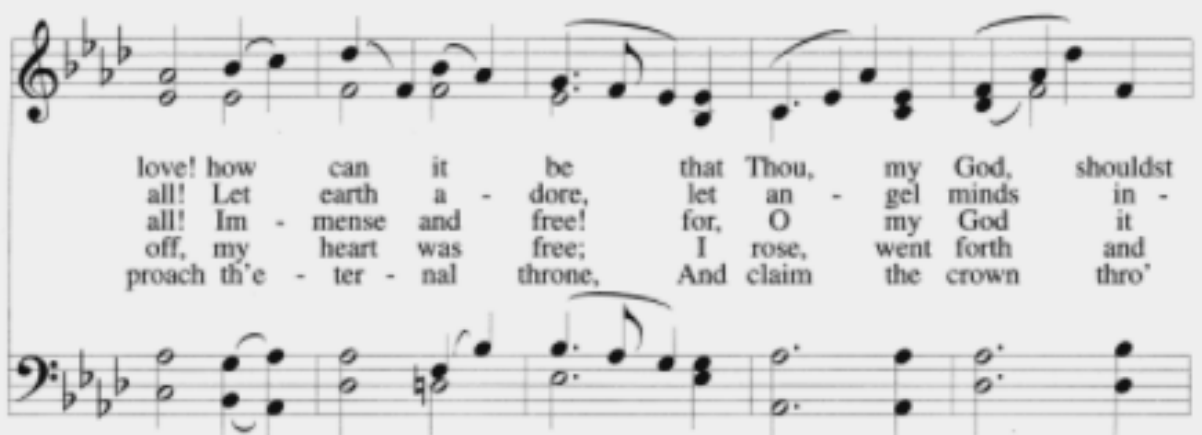
1. And can it be that I should gain an in - t'rest
 2. 'Tis mys - tery all, th'Im - mor - tal dies: Who can ex -
 3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and



in the Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His
 plore this strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph
 in - fi - nite His grace; Emp - tied Him - self of all but
 sin and na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning
 all in Him is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing



pain? For me, who Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing
 tries to sound the depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy
 love, And bled for Ad - am's help - less race. 'Tis mer - cy
 ray, I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell
 Head, And clothed in righ - teous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap -



love! how can it be that Thou, my God, shouldst
 all! Let earth a - dore, let an - gel minds in -
 all! Im - mense and free! for, O my God it
 off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth and
 preach th'e - ter - nal throne, And claim the crown thro'