

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 die for me?

'Tis mystery all! - The immortal dies -
who can explore His 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 quickening ray;
I woke - 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 righteousness divine,
bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.