1. And can it be that I should gain an interest in the Savior's blood?
2. 'Tis mystery all! Th' Im mortal dies: who can explore his strange dreams?
3. He left his Father's throne above (so free, so infinite his grace!),
4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay; fast bound in sin and nature's night;
5. No condemnation now I dread; Jesus, and all in him is mine!

blood? Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pursued?
sign? In vain the first-born seraph tries to sound the depth of love displayed?
mine! A live in him, my living head, and clothed in righteousness displayed?
sued? A marvelous love! How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst require no more.

 vine. 'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore, let angel minds approach the eternal throne, and claim the crown, through Christ's death for me?

 How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?