

London Gallery Quire 471

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Johann Scheffler, *Heilige Seelenlust* (1657),
translated by John Wesley (1703-91)

Sagina, by Thomas Campbell (1825)
Edited by Francis Roads

And can it be that I should gain

[♩.=60]

Soprano

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the Sa - viour's blood?
2. 'Tis mys-t'ry all: th'Im - mor - 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;

Alto

1. And can it be that I should gain An in-t'rest in the Sa - viour's blood?
2. 'Tis mys-t'ry all: th'Im - mor - 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;

Tenor
[Air]

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the Sa - viour's blood?
2. 'Tis mys-t'ry all: th'Im - mor - 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;

Bass

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the Sa - viour's blood?
2. 'Tis mys-t'ry all: th'Im - mor - 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
4. Long my im - pri - soned spi - rit lay, Fast bound in sin and na - ture's night;

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S

p
Died He for me, who caused 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

p
Died He for me, who caused 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;

T

p
Died He for me, who caused 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;

B

p
Died He for me, who caused 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;

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S *f* A - ma - zing love! How can it be, *p* That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore, Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free, For O my God, it found out me!
 My chains fell off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.

A *f* A - ma - zing love! How can it be,
 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore,
 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free,
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,

T *f* A - ma - zing love! How can it be,
 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore,
 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free,
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,

B *f* A - ma - zing love! How can it be, *p* That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore, Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free, For O my God, it found out me!
 My chains fell off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.

24 *cresc.*

S *f* A - ma - zing love! How can it be, *f* That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a dore; Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 'Tis mer - cy all, im mense and free, For O my God, it found out me!
 My chains fell off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.

A *f* That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 For O my God, it found out me!
 I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.

T *f* A - ma - zing love! How can it be, *f* That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore, Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 'Tis mer - cy all, im mense and free, For O my God, it found out me!
 My chains fell off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.

B *cresc.* *f* A - ma - zing love! How can it be, How can it be, That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth adore, Let earth a - dore; Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free, im - mense and free, For O my God, it found out me!
 My chains fell off, my heart was free, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.

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

Circled notes correspond with lines of text.
 Underlined text is repeated by basses in bars 28-29.