



# LSW Circuit Wesley Day Hymn Singing Challenge “And Can It Be”



Miss your hymn singing? (apart from Songs of Praise)  
Join the circuit challenge to sing “And can it be” all together...

Everybody is welcome to have a go. The words are below.

## How it works

Play the attached backing track in some headphones

Record your singing/playing only (not the backing track)

- You can use your phone/laptop/tablet microphone or your poshest recording equipment...

It can just be an audio file or a video, whichever is easiest.

Don't worry about perfection, just enjoy it.

Email or share the file with [cathy@lswmethodists.org.uk](mailto:cathy@lswmethodists.org.uk) - That's it!

We will mix them together and create a circuit sound (its not meant to be choir standards – just congregational singing)

SATB Parts also welcome - Backing tracks for singing the parts can be downloaded from our website

Instrumentalists feel free to get creative within the structures of the harmony in the hymnbook...

Please don't play the music at the same time out loud as we just want your voice/instrument, on its own, lifted in praise to be added to the mix .

If you send a photo/video of yourself we can make a group picture too...

Any questions, need help? just contact Cathy on the email above or at the office

All tracks/picture to be received asap but by 22<sup>nd</sup> May at the latest

(Please note that the submission of a track/images will serve as permission to store, edit and use this material for the purpose of the “and can it be” project and its subsequent publication on Youtube.)

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, shouldst 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 enquire 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 in righteousness divine,  
bold I approach the eternal throne,  
and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.