

How Deep the Father's Love

Stuart Townend

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1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, How vast be - yond all meas - ure
 2. Be - hold the Man up - on the cross, My sin up - on His shoul - ders.
 3. I will not boast in an - y - thing: No gifts, no pow'r, no wis - dom.

That He should give His on - ly Son To make a wretch His treas - ure.
 A - shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice Call out a - mong the scof - fers.
 But I will boast in Je - sus Christ: His death and res - ur - rec - tion.

How great the pain of sear - ing loss. The Fa - ther turns His face a - way
 It was my sin that held Him there Un - til it was ac - com - plished;
 Why should I gain from His re - ward? I can - not give an an - swer.

As wounds which mar the Cho - sen One Bring man - y sons to glo - ry.
 His dy - ing breath has brought me life. I know that it is fin - ished.
 But this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran - som.