

1. How deep the Fa-ther's love for us, how vast be-yond all mea - sure  
 2. Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, my sin up - on his shoul - ders.  
 3. I will not boast of an - y - thing; no gifts, no pow'r no wis - dom.

That he should give his on - ly Son to make a wretch his trea - sure.  
 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 ma - ny 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.

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