

HYMN

How deep the Father's love

E F#m E A E C#m7 B7

1 How deep the Fa-ther's love for us, how vast be-yond all meas-ure,
2 Be hold the man up-on a cross, my sin up-on his shoul-ers;
3 I will not boast in an-y thing, no gifts, no power, no wis-dom;

E F#m E A E B7 E

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 scoff-ers.
but I will boast in Je-sus Christ, his death and re-sur-rec-tion.

A E A E C#m7 B7

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,

E F#m E A E B7 E

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.