

## HYMN

## # How deep the Father's love for us

**F** (**Gm<sup>7</sup> F Gm F**) **B<sup>b</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup> F** **Dm** **Csus C**

1 How deep the Fa-ther's love for us, how vast be-yond all mea - sure,  
 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 power, no wis - dom;

**C<sup>7</sup> F** **C F** (**Gm F**) **B<sup>b</sup> C F** **Dm F Gm<sup>7</sup> C F**

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

**B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F Dm C<sup>7</sup> F** **A<sup>7</sup> Dm C C<sup>7</sup>**

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,

**F C F** (**Gm F**) **B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F** **Dm G C<sup>7</sup> F**

as wounds which mar the Chos - en 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.

Text: Stuart Townend, b. 1963; © Thankyou Music, 1995

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