

# How Deep the Father's Love for Us (Blue Hymnal #101)

Words & Music: Stewart Townsend

[ CHORDS ] [ CAPO 3 ]

D	Em	G	Bm	A
x00===	0==000	==00==	=====	00===0
0   0	00	0	00     0	000
0		0     00	0	
			00	

[ INTRO ] | D | Em D G | D | A D |

[ VERSE 1 ]

D	Em	D	G	D	Bm	A
How	deep	the	Fa-ther's	love	for	us,
That	He	should	give	His	on-ly	Son
How	great	the	pain	of	sear-ing	loss;
As	wounds	which	mar	the	Cho-sen	One

how vast beyond all meas-ure;  
to make a wretch His trea-sure.  
the Fa-ther turns His face a-way  
bring man-y sons to glo-ry.

[ VERSE 2 ]

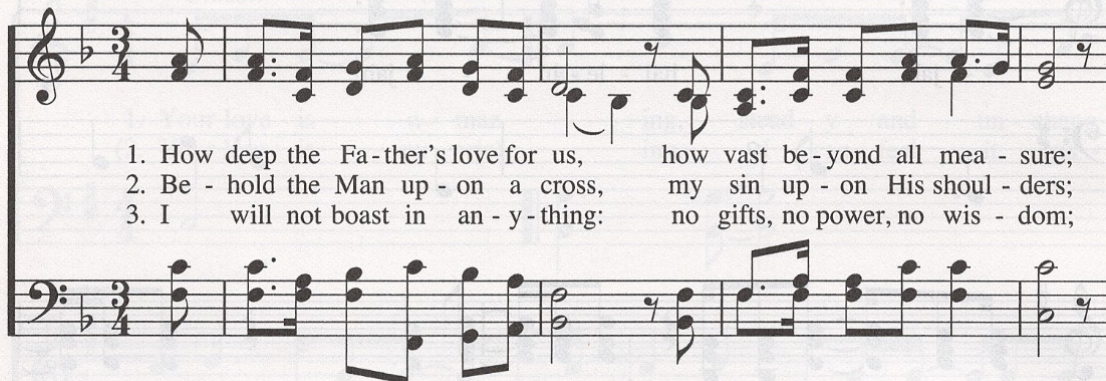
Be-hold the man up-on a cross, my sin up-on His shoul-ders;  
A-shamed, I hear my mock-ing voice call out a-mong the scof-fers.  
It was my sin that held Him there un-til it was ac-com-plished.  
His dy-ing breath has brought me life; I know that it is fin-ished.

[ VERSE 3 ]

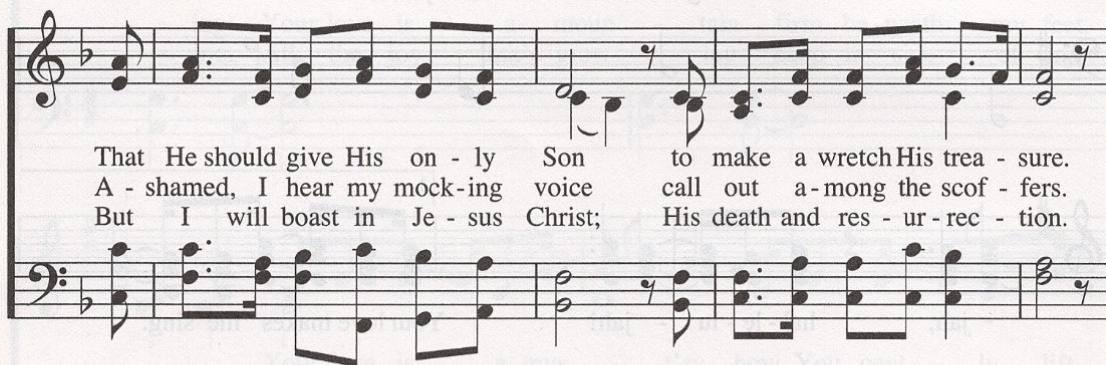
I will not boast in an-y-thing: no gifts, no pow'r, no wis-dom;  
But I will boast in Je-sus Christ; His death and res-ur-rec-tion.  
Why should I gain from His re-ward? I can-not give an an-swer.  
But this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran-som.

# 101 How Deep the Father's Love for Us

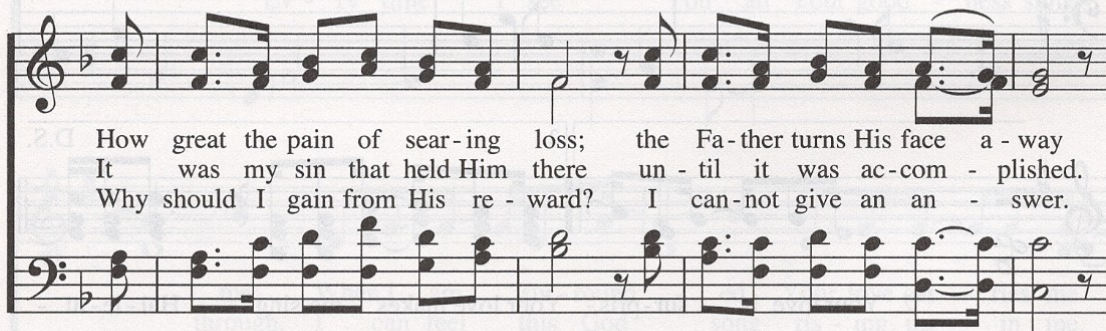
*God proves His own love for us in that while we were still sinners Christ died for us! Romans 5:8*



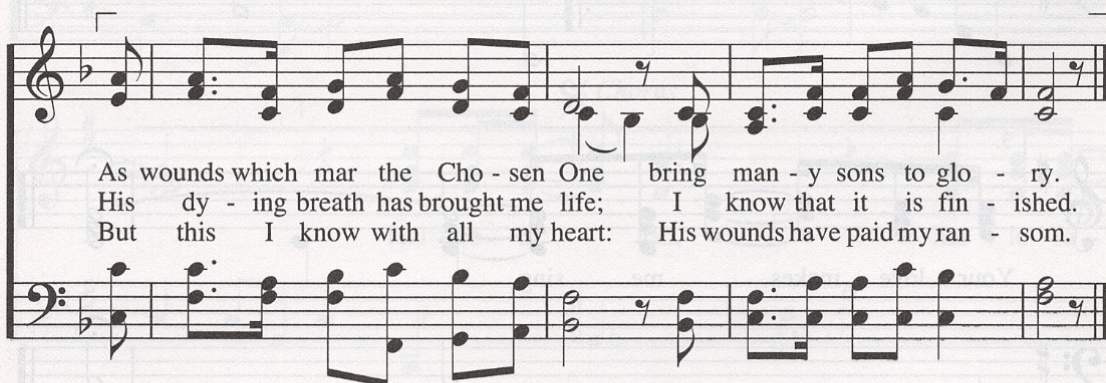
1. How deep the Fa-ther's love for us, how vast be-yond all mea - sure;  
2. Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, my sin up - on His shoul - ders;  
3. I will not boast in an - y - thing: no gifts, no power, no wis - dom;



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 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.

WORDS: Stuart Townend

MUSIC: Stuart Townend; arr. Bruce Greer

TOWNEND  
Irregular meter

© Copyright 1995 Thankyou Music (PRS) (admin. worldwide by EMI CMG Publishing  
excluding Europe which is admin. by kingswaysongs.com) All rights reserved. Used by permission.