How Deep the Fathers Love

Stuart Townend

How deep the Father's love for us,
How vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasureHow great the pain of searing loss,
The Father turns His face away
As wounds which mar the chosen One,
Bring many sons to gloryBehold the Man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders
Ashamed I hear my mocking voice,
Call out among the scoffersIt was my sin that helf Him there
Until it was accomplished
His dying breath has brought me life
I knoww that it is finishedI will not boast in anything
No gifts, no power, no wisdom
But I will boast inJesus Christ
His death and resurrectionWhy should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer
But this I know with all my heart
His wounds have paid my ransom
(REPEAT)

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