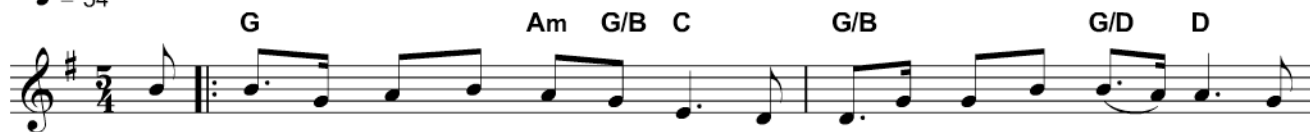


How Deep The Father's Love For Us

Words and Music by
Stuart Townend

♩ = 54



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



He should give His on - ly Son to make a wretch His treas - ure. How
shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice call out a - mong the scof - fers. It
I will boast in Je - sus Christ: His death and res - ur - rec - tion. Why



great the pain of sear - ing loss. The Fa - ther turns His face a - way As
was my sin that held Him there un - til it was ac - com - plished; His
should I gain from His re - ward? I can - not give an an - swer. But



wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring man - y sons to glo -
dy - ing breath has brought me life. I know that it is fin -
this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran -



ry.
ished.

2. Be - som.
3. I