LENT

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

Text and Music:
Stuart Townend

1. How deep the Father's love for us, how vast beyond all measure, that
   shamed, I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers. How
   great the pain of searing loss. The

2. Behold the Man upon the cross, my sin upon His shoulders. A-
   turn to make a wretch His treasure. It was my sin that held Him there un-

Fa-ther turns His face a-way as wounds which mar the Chosen One bring man-
   til it was accomplished; His dying breath has brought me life. I know that it is fin-

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2. His wounds have paid my ransom. His wounds have paid my ransom.

G C C9/D Em A7 G/D C C9/D G C/G G

poco rit.

rit.

3. I will not boast in anything: no gifts, no pow'r, no wis dom. But I will boast in Jesus Christ; His death and res ur rec tion. Why should I gain from His reward? I can not give an answer. But this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ransom. His wounds have paid my ransom.