

How deep the father's love
English: 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 treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss;
The Father turns his face away,
As wounds which mar the Chosen One
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon a cross,
My sin upon his shoulders;
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held him there
Until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life-
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything –
No gifts, no pow'r, no wisdom;
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why 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.

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