

E F#m G#m A E/G# C#m B
How deep the Father's love for us, how vast beyond all measure
 E F#m G#m A E/B B E
 That He should give His only Son, to make a wretch His treasure
 E/G# C#m B A E/G# C# B
 How great the pain of searing loss, the Father turns His face away
 E F#m G#m A E/B B E
 As wounds which mar the chosen One, bring many sons to glory

E F#m G#m A E/G# C#m B
Behold the Man upon a cross, my sin upon His shoulders
 E F#m G#m A E/B B E
 Ashamed I hear my mocking voice, call out among the scoffers
 E/G# C#m B A E/G# C# B
 It was my sin that held Him there, until it was accomplished
 E F#m G#m A E/B B E
 His dying breath has brought me life, I know that it is finished

E F#m G#m A E/G# C#m B
I will not boast in anything, no gifts, no power, no wisdom
 E F#m G#m A E/B B E
 But I will boast in Jesus Christ, His death and resurrection
 E/G# C#m B A E/G# C# B
 Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer
 E F#m G#m A E/B B E
 But this I know with all my heart, His wounds have paid my ransom

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