How Deep the Father's Love for

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*It's a little rough around the edges.

INTRO
| E | E | A | A |
| A E | E | F#m | A |

VERSE 1
| E | E | A E | A |
How deep the Father's love for us,
A | E | E | C#m | B |
..How vast be yond all meas ure,
B | E | E | F#m E | A |
..That He should give His on ly Son
A | E | E | B | E |
..To make a wretch His treas ure.
E | E | B | F#m E | A |
..How great the pain of sear ing loss
A | E | E | C#m | B |
..The Father turns His face a way,
B | E |
..As wounds which
E | F#m E | A |
mar the Cho sen One
A | E | E | B | E |
..Bring many sons to glor y.

| E | E | A E | A |
| A | E | E | B |

VERSE 2
| E | E | A E | A |
Be hold the man u p on a cross,
A | E | E | C#m | B |
..My sin u pon His shoul ders;
B | E | E | F#m E | A |
..A shamed, I hear my mocking voice
A | E | E | B | E |
..Call out a mong the scoff ers.
E | E | E | F#m E | A |
..It was my sin that held Him there
B | E | E | C#m | B |
..Un til it was a ccompl ished;

B | E | E
..His dying breath has
| F#m A | A |
brought me life
A | E | E | B | E |
..I know that it is fin ished.

A E | A | A |
| E | E | B | E |

VERSE 3
| E | E | A E | A |
I will not boast in any thing,
A | E | E | C#m | B |
..No gifts, no power, no wis dom;
B | E | E | F#m E | A |
..But I will boast in Jes us Christ,
A | E | E | B | E |
His death and resu rrec tion.
E | E | E | F#m E | A |
..Why should I gain from His re ward?
A | E | E | C#m | B |
..I cannot give an answ er;
B | E |
..But this I
E | F#m E | A |
know with all my heart
A | E | E | B | E |
..His wounds have paid my ran som.

E | E | E | F#m E | A |
..Why should I gain from His re ward?
A | E | E | C#m | B |
..I cannot give an answ er;
B | E |
..But this I
E | F#m E | A |
know with all my heart
A | E | E | B | E |
..His wounds have paid my ran som.

| E | E | B | A |

A | E | E | B | E |
..His wounds have paid my ran som.

