

INTRO

VS1

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 a way
As wounds which mar the chosen One,
Bring many sons to glory

INTER

VS2

Behold the Man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders
A shamed I hear my mocking voice,
Call out among the scoffers
It was my sin that left Him there
Until it was accomplished
His dying breath has brought me life
I know that it is finished

INTER

VS3

I will not boast in anything
No gifts, no power, no wisdom
But I will boast in Jesus Christ
His death and resurrection
Why should I gain from His reward?

I cannot give an an swer

But this I know with all my heart

His wounds have paid my ransom

INTER

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TAG

But this I know with all my heart

His wounds have paid my ransom

OUTRO