

Kendall Payne, How Deep The Father's Love For

How deep the father's love for us?
How vast beyond all measure
That he should give his only son
And 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 son's to glory
Behold the man upon the 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 power no wisdom
But I will boast in Jesus Christ
His death and resurrection
Why should I gave 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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