

52 How Deep the Father's Love for Us

(Capo 1) G/A D G D/F# G E2/G# A D D/F# G A7 D D/F# G

1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, how
 2. Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, my
 3. I will not boast of an - y - thing: no

vast be - yond all meas - ure, That
 sin up - on His shoul - ders, A
 gifts, no pow'r, no wis - dom; But

He should give His on - ly Son to
 I shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice call
 will boast in Je - sus Christ, His

make a wretch His treas - ure
 out a - mong the scoff - ers.
 death and res - ur - rec - tion. Why

great the pain of
 was my sin that
 should I gain from His held Him
 re - ward? The un - I

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 MUSIC: Stuart Townend; optional interlude/ending: Larry Shackley; arr. Ruth Coleman
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 TOWNEND
 8.7.8.7.D. with Ending
 0014#4254740

D/F# E2/G# A D D/F# G D/A A7 D D/F# G2 A/C# D G2 A sus A D

Fa - ther it was not give an - swer; As His But
 til can His face a - way - plished. His
 can His ac - com - pan - y. I bring
 I not give an - swer; As His But
 I know with all my heart. One life; His
 which mar the Cho - sen bring
 ing I breath know my life; His
 I know with all my heart. One life; His

ma - ny sons to glo - ry.
 know it is fin - ished.
 wounds have paid my wounds som.

Optional Interlude or Ending
 D/F# D A/C#
 How high, how wide, how pure, how.
 How high, how wide, how pure, how.

D G2 A sus A D
 strong. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us.

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Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

We considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4

1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, see him dy - ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear him groan - ing, was there ev - er grief like his?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly nor sup - pose the e - vil great
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, here the ref - uge of the lost;

'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!
 Friends thro' fear his cause dis - own - ing, foes in - sult - ing his dis - tress;
 here may view its na - ture right - ly, here its guilt may es - ti - mate.
 Christ's the Rock of our sal - va - tion, his the name of which we boast.

'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Da - vid's son, yet Da - vid's Lord;
 man - y hands were raised to wound him, none would in - ter - pose to save;
 Mark the sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, see who bears the aw - ful load;
 Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

by his Son God now has spo - ken: 'tis the true and faith - ful Word.
 but the deep - est stroke that pierced him was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.
 'tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
 None shall ev - er be con - found - ed who on him their hope have built.

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O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

He was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities. Is. 53:5

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down;
 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain:
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est Friend,

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
 for this, thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 look on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

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Surely he took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows, yet we considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4

1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed,
 2. Who was the guilt - y who brought this up - on thee?
 3. Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered;
 4. For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion,
 5. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee,

that man to judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord
 • the slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered: for man's a -
 thy mor - tal sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion: thy death of
 I do a - dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy

rid - ed, by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.
 • tone - ment, while he noth - ing heed - eth, God in - ter - ced - eth.
 an - guish and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
 pit - y and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.