

# How deep the Father's love for us

Capo 2 (D)  
Thoughtfully

*Ps 22:1; Mt 20:28; 27:46;  
Mk 10:45; 15:34; Lk 23:35; Jn 3:16; 19:30;  
Gal 6:14; 1 Tim 2:6; Heb 2:10; 1 Pet 2:24*

E/G# Stuart Townend

E(D) F#m7(Em) (D) A2(G)

1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, how

E/G#(D) C#m7 (Bm) B7sus4(A) B7(A) E(D) F#m7 (Em) E/G# (D)

vast be-yond all mea - sure, that He should give His on - ly

A2(G) E/B(D) B7sus4 (A) B7 (A) E(D)

Son to make a wretch His trea - sure. How

E/G#(D) A/C# (G) E/B (D) A2(G) E/G#(D) C#m7(Bm)

great the pain of sear - ing loss, the Fa - ther turns His face a -

B7sus4(A) B7(A) E(D) F#m7 (Em) E/G# (D) A2(G)

way, as wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring

E/B(D)                      B7sus4 B7                      E(D)                      F#m7 E/G#  
 (A) (A)                      (Em) (D)                      A2(G)

ma - ny sons to glo - ry.

E/B(D)                      B7sus4 B7  
 (A) (A)                      E(D)

2. Behold the man upon a 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.

3. 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 answer,  
 But this I know with all my heart,  
 His wounds have paid my ransom.

# The Old Rugged Cross

CROSS AND COMFORT

Words: George Bennard, 1913. Music and Setting: 'The Old Rugged Cross' George Bennard, 1913.  
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♩ = 140

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The em - blem  
2. O that old rug - ged cross, so des - pised by the world, Has a won - drous  
3. In that old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - -  
4. To the old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true; Its shame and

of suff'r - ing and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear - est  
a - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry  
drous beau - ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered  
re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far

and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain. So I'll  
a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - - ry.  
and died, To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

cher - ish the old rug - ged cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay down;

I will cling to the old rug - ged cross, And ex - change it some day for a crown.