

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 away,
As wounds which mar the Chosen One Bring many sons to glory.

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.

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.