



How Deep the Father's Love for Us

*rit.*

11

S  
S

wounds which mar the Cho-sen One bring man-y sons to glo - ry.

A  
A

wounds.

*mp*

15

S  
S

Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, my sin up-on His shoul - ders; A -

A  
A

Oo. A -

*mp a tempo p*

18

S  
S

shamed, I hear my mock-ing voice call out a-mong the scof-fers. It was my sin that held Him there un-

A  
A

shamed, I hear my mock-ing, mock-ing voice, call out a-mong the scof - fers.

*cresc. rit. f more broadly p cresc. f*

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21 *mp* *rit.*

S  
S  
til it was ac - com - plished. His dy - ing breath has brought me life; I know that it is fin -

A  
A  
*p*  
Oo.

24 **Tempo I** *rit.* *mf*

S  
S  
ished.

A  
A  
*mf*

27 **With motion** ♩ = 63

S  
S  
will not boast in an - y - thing; no gifts, no pow'r, no wis - dom; But

A  
A

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29 *broaden* *ff*

S S I will boast in Je - sus Christ; His death and res - ur - rec - tion. Why *ff*

A A

31 **Boldly** ♩ = 53 *poco rit.* *slightly slower*

S S should I gain from His re - ward? I can - not give an an - swer.

A A

34 *p* *f* *rit.*

S S But this I know with all my heart. His wounds have paid my ran - som.

A A all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran - som.

*p* *cresc.* *f*

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Tempo I

38 *p*

S S

A A

Oo.

41 *molto rit.*

S S

A A