

## How deep the Father's Love for us

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 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 gain from His reward?  
I cannot give an answer,  
But this I know with all my heart,  
His wounds have paid my ransom.

## The Lord's my shepherd (Stuart Townend)

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.  
He makes me lie in pastures green.  
He leads me by the still, still waters,  
His goodness restores my soul.

*And I will trust in You alone,  
And I will trust in You alone,  
For Your endless mercy follows me,  
Your goodness will lead me home.*

He guides my ways in righteousness,  
And He anoints my head with oil,  
And my cup, it overflows with joy,  
I feast on His pure delights.

### *Chorus*

And though I walk the darkest path,  
I will not fear the evil one,  
For You are with me, and Your rod and staff  
Are the comfort I need to know.

### *Chorus*