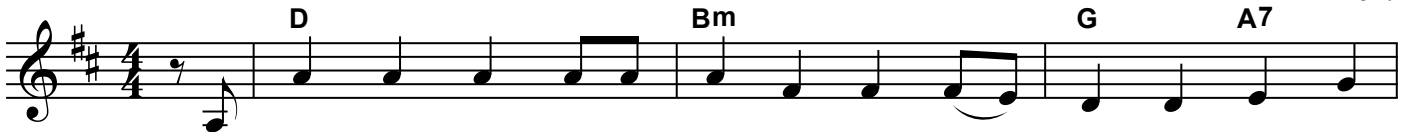
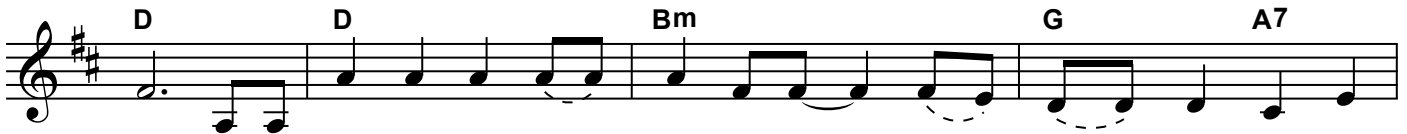


# This Much

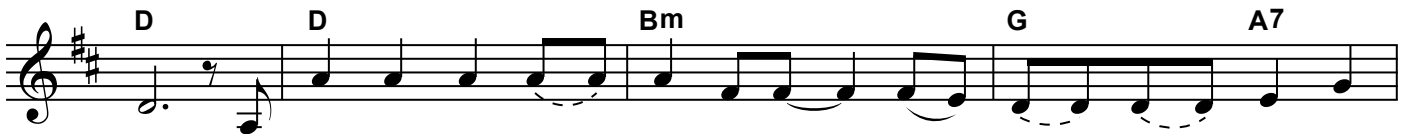
Anon.



1. The sun was warm on the grass of green, the birds were sing - ing  
2. The years have passed, and this child has grown; he's strong and hand - some



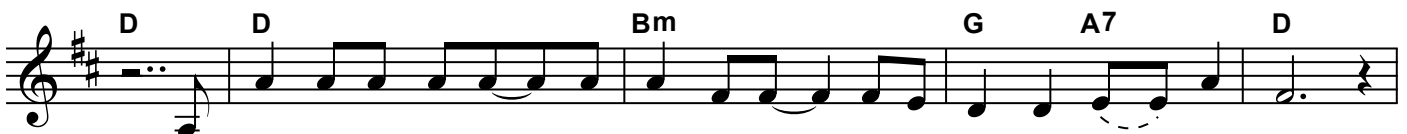
1. gay; A la - dy sat at her spin - ning wheel and watched her child at  
2. still, But the tree he loved to climb so much he's just car - ried up Cal - vary's



1. play. A gen - tle, hand - some child was he, this child who had just turned  
2. hill. His moth - er stands, and I see her tears fall si - lent - ly one by



1. three, Whose great - est joy and thrill right now was climb - ing the high - est tree.  
2. one; I'm sure she feels each ham - mer blow, as they cru - ci - fy her son.

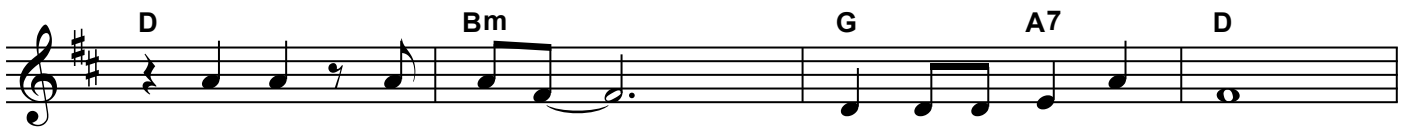


1. "How much do you love me?" his moth - er asked of this child out play - ing so free.  
2. "How much do you love me?" the world has asked of this man now cru - ci - fied.



1. "This much!" he cried, with his arms out - stretch'd, as he ran quick - ly to her knee. *Chorus*  
2. "This much!" I heard him say, as he bowed his head and died. *Chorus*

## CHORUS



This much I love you; this much I real - ly care!



This much I love you, and I'll al - ways be right here.