



The Quarry Gospel Church

We hope you have been blessed by the online service.

*If you have any questions about the Christian faith,
about God, Jesus, the Easter Story,
then please get in touch using the email or phone
number below, or send us a message via facebook.*

*We hope you are able to join us in person this Sunday
for our Easter Day Worship
at Lane Theatre, Newquay, at 10.30am,
as we celebrate the Resurrection of Jesus
and the real meaning of Easter—that
Jesus died that we might live
in a right relationship with God for ever.*

*You will find a warm welcome
if you are able to come along.
(Sunday School available for 5-11yr olds)*

The Quarry Gospel Church
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Welcome to our online service
The Quarry Gospel
Church

Good Friday - 15th April - 3pm



**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.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY,
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

COME AND SEE, COME AND SEE
Come and see the King of love
See the purple robe
and crown of thorns He wears
Soldiers mock, rulers sneer
As He lifts the cruel cross
Lone and friendless now
He climbs towards the hill

**We worship at your feet
Where wrath and mercy meet
And a guilty world is washed
by love's pure stream
For us He was made sin
Oh, help me take it in
Deep wounds of love cry out
'Father, forgive'
I worship, I worship
The Lamb who was slain.**

Come and weep, come and mourn
For your sin that pierced Him there
So much deeper than
the wounds of thorn and nail
All our pride, all our greed
All our fallenness and shame
And the Lord has laid
the punishment on Him

Man of heaven, born to earth
To restore us to your heaven
Here we bow in awe beneath
Your searching eyes
From Your tears comes our joy
From Your death our life shall spring
By Your resurrection power we shall rise

ABOVE ALL POWERS, above all kings,
Above all nature and all created things
Above all wisdom
and all the ways of man
You were here before the world began

Above all kingdoms, above all thrones
Above all wonders
the world has ever known
Above all wealth
and treasures of the earth
There's no way
to measure what You're worth

**Crucified, laid behind a stone
You lived to die, rejected and alone
Like a rose, trampled on the ground
You took the fall and thought of me
Above all**

HERE IS LOVE VAST AS THE OCEAN,
Loving kindness as the flood,
When the Prince of life, our ransom
Shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten
Throughout heaven's eternal days.

On the Mount of Crucifixion
Fountains opened deep and wide;
Through the floodgates of God's mercy
Flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,
Poured incessant from above,
And heaven's peace and perfect justice
Kissed a guilty world in love.

Let me all Thy love accepting,
Love Thee, ever all my days;
Let me seek Thy kingdom only
And my life be to Thy praise;
Thou alone shalt be my glory,
Nothing in the world I see.
Thou hast cleansed and sanctified me,
Thou Thyself hast set me free.

In Thy truth Thou dost direct me
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word;
And Thy grace my need is meeting,
As I trust in Thee, my Lord.
Of Thy fullness Thou art pouring
Thy great love and power on me,
Without measure, full and boundless,
Drawing out my heart to Thee.

**JESUS CHRIST,
I THINK UPON YOUR SACRIFICE**,
You became nothing,
poured out to death.
Many times
I've wondered at Your gift of life,
And I'm in that place once again
I'm in that place once again

**And once again I look upon
the cross where you died,
I'm humbled by your mercy
and I'm broken inside.
Once again I thank You,
Once again I pour out my life**

Now you are
exalted to the highest place,
King of the heavens,
where one day I'll bow.
But for now,
I marvel at your saving grace,
And I'm full of praise once again.
I'm full of praise once again

And once again....(etc.)

Thank You for the cross,)
Thank You for the cross,)
Thank You for the cross, my Friend)
(x4)

**And once again I look upon
the cross where you died,
I'm humbled by your mercy
and I'm broken inside.
Once again I thank You,
Once again I pour out my life**

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OH, TO SEE THE DAWN
Of the darkest day:
Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men,
Torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.

**This, the power of the cross:
Christ became sin for us,
Took the blame, bore the wrath:
We stand forgiven at the cross.**

Oh, to see the pain
Written on Your face
Bearing the awesome weight of sin;
Every bitter thought,
Every evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

This, the power (.....etc.)

Now the daylight flees,
Now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two,
Dead are raised to life;
'Finished!' the victory cry.

This, the power (.....etc.)

Oh, to see my name
Written in the wounds,
For through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death,
Life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love.

**This, the power of the cross:
Son of God, slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.**