



# The Quarry Gospel Church

## Good Friday 2nd April

### **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.

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### **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

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**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**

(Words for this service continue on the next page)

**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 ...*(etc.)***

**And once again ...*(etc.)***

**ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED,**

and did my Sovereign die!  
Would he devote that sacred head  
for such a worm as I?

**At the cross, at the cross  
Where I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart  
Rolled away,  
It was there by faith  
I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day!**

Was it for sins that I have done,  
he groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

**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.**