



GOOD FRIDAY

Friday 10th April 2020

GOOD FRIDAY

**Technologically connect with those you have planned to*

Read Mark 14:1-31

Pray in response

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus

Read Mark 14:53-15:15

Pray in response

My Song is Love Unknown

Read Mark 15:16-47

Pray in response

How Deep the Father's Love for us

Pastoral reflection (<https://grangebaptist.org.au/covid-19/>)

Pray in response

Were You There?

A resource from

GRANGE BAPTIST CHURCH

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS

What can wash away my sin?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

What can make me whole again?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Oh! precious is the flow

That makes me white as snow;

No other fount I know,

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon, this I see,

Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

For my cleansing this my plea,

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain

This is all my hope and peace,

Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

This is all my righteousness,

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain

MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me:
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O who am I, that for my sake
My Lord should take frail flesh and die?

He came from his blessed throne,
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know:
But O! my friend, my friend indeed,
Who at my need his life did spend.

Sometimes they strew his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King:
Then 'Crucify!' is all their breath,
And for his death they thirst and cry.

They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of life they slay,

Yet cheerful he to suffering goes,
That he his foes from thence might free.

In life no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heaven was his home;
And mine the tomb wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!
Never was grief like thine.
This is my friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

This is my friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

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 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

Stuart Townend

Copyright © 1995 Thankyou Music

WERE YOU THERE?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when God raised him from the dead?

Were you there when God raised him from the dead?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when God raised him from the dead?

