**Hymns and Songs for Good Friday Reflections**

**Friday 10th April 2020**

**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.

**What kind of love is this**

that gave itself for me?

I am the guilty one,

yet I go free.

What kind of love is this?

A love I’ve never known.

I didn’t even know His name,

what kind of love is this?

What kind of man is this,

that died in agony?

He who had done no wrong

was crucified for me.

What kind of man is this,

who laid aside His throne

That I may know the love of God?

What kind of man is this?

By grace I have been saved,

it is the gift of God.

He destined me to be His son,

such is His love.

No eye has ever seen,

no ear has ever heard,

nor has the heart of man conceived

what kind of love is this.

Words and music: Bryn and Sally Haworth

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**Were you there when they crucified my Lord?**

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

O – 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?

O – 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?

O – sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?

Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?

O – sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;

Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?

**When I survey the wondrous cross**

On which the Prince of glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss,

And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

Save in the death of Christ my God:

All the vain things that charm me most,

I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

Did e’er such love and sorrow meet,

Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,

That were an offering far too small;

Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all!

**I will offer up my life, in spirit and truth,**

pouring out the oil of love as my worship to you.

In surrender I must give my every part;

Lord, receive the sacrifice of a broken heart.

*Jesus, what can I give, what can I bring*

*to so faithful a friend, to so loving a king?*

*Saviour, what can be said, what can be sung*

*as a praise of your name for the things you have done?*

*Oh my words cannot tell, not even in part,*

*of the debt of love that is owed by this thankful heart.*

You deserve my every breath for you’ve paid the great cost –

giving up your life to death, even death on a cross.

You took all my shame away, there defeated my sin,

opened up the gates of heaven and have beckoned me in.

*Jesus, what can I give, what can I bring*

*to so faithful a friend, to so loving a king?*

*Saviour, what can be said, what can be sung*

*as a praise of your name for the things you have done?*

*Oh my words cannot tell, not even in part,*

*of the debt of love that is owed by this thankful heart.*

What can I give, what can I bring, what can I sing as an offering, Lord?

What can I give, what can I bring, what can I sing as an offering, Lord?

pouring out the oil of love as my worship to you.

In surrender I must give my every part;

Lord, receive the sacrifice of a broken heart.

Words and Music: Matt Redman

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**Who can sound the depths of sorrow**

In the Father heart of God,

For the children we’ve rejected,

For the lives so deeply scarred?

And each light that we’ve extinguished

Has brought darkness to our land:

Upon our nation, upon our nation,

Have mercy, Lord.

We have scorned the truth You gave us,

We have bowed to other lords.

We have sacrificed the children

On the altars of our gods.

O let truth again shine on us,

Let Your holy fear descend:

Upon our nation, upon our nation,

Have mercy, Lord.

Who can stand before Your anger?

Who can face Your piercing eyes?

For You love the weak and helpless,

And You hear the victims’ cries.

Yes, You are a God of justice,

And Your judgement surely comes:

Upon our nation, upon our nation,

Have mercy, Lord.

Who will stand against the violence?

Who will comfort those who mourn?

In an age of cruel rejection,

Who will build for love a home?

Come and shake us into action,

Come and melt our hearts of stone:

Upon Your people, upon Your people,

Have mercy, Lord.

Who can sound the depths of mercy

In the Father heart of God?

For there is a Man of sorrows

Who for sinners shed His blood.

He can heal the wounds of nations,

He can wash the guilty clean:

Because of Jesus, because of Jesus,

Have mercy, Lord.

Words and Music: Graham Kendrick
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