

# Emmanuel Church Word Sheet

*2nd April 2021 Good Friday*

## **Before the throne of God above,**

I have a strong, a perfect plea,  
A great High Priest whose name is Love,  
Who ever lives and pleads for me.  
My name is graven on His hands,  
My name is written on His heart;  
I know that while in heaven He stands  
No tongue can bid me to depart,  
No tongue can bid me to depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,  
And tells me of the guilt within,  
Upward I look and see Him there  
Who made an end to all my sin.  
Because the sinless Saviour died,  
My sinful soul is counted free;  
For God the Just is satisfied  
To look on Him and pardon me,  
To look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there! The risen Lamb,  
My perfect, spotless righteousness;  
The great unchangeable I AM,  
The King of glory and of grace!  
One with Himself I cannot die,  
My soul is purchased with His blood;  
My life is hid with Christ on high,  
With Christ, my Saviour and my God,  
With Christ my Saviour and my God.

**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!

**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.

**I will sing the wondrous story**

Of the Christ who died for me;  
How He left His home in glory  
For the cross on Calvary.  
I was lost but Jesus found me,  
Found the sheep that went astray;  
Threw His loving arms around me,  
Drew me back into His way.

I was bruised but Jesus healed me,  
Faint was I from many a fall;  
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,  
But He freed me from them all.  
Days of darkness still come o'er me;  
Sorrow's paths I often tread,  
But the Saviour still is with me,  
By His hand I'm safely led.

He will keep me till the river  
Rolls its waters at my feet,  
Then He'll bear me safely over,  
All my joys in Him complete.  
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story  
Of the Christ who died for me;  
Sing it with the saints in glory,  
Gathered by the crystal sea.