

Welcome to
Coronado Bible Church

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Good Friday

IT IS FINISHED

April 10, 2020

Song Words ~ Good Friday 4-10-2020

Amazing Love

My Lord, what love is this,
That pays so dearly;
That I, the guilty one,
May go free?

**Amazing love,
O what sacrifice,
The Son of God giv'n for me;
My debt He pays,
And my death He dies,
That I might live,
That I might live!**

And so they watched Him die,
Despised, rejected;
But, O the blood He shed,
Flowed for me.

**Amazing love,
O what sacrifice,
The Son of God giv'n for me;
My debt He pays,
And my death He dies,
That I might live,
That I might live!**

And now, this love of Christ,
Shall flow like rivers;
Come wash your guilt away;
Live again.

**Amazing love,
O what sacrifice,
The Son of God giv'n for me;
My debt He pays,
And my death He dies,
That I might live,
That I might live!**

Lamb of God

Your only Son no sin to hide,
But You have sent
Him from Your side
To walk upon this guilty sod,
And to become the Lamb of God.

Your gift of love they crucified
They laughed and scorned
Him as he died;
The humble King
They named a fraud,
And sacrificed the Lamb of God.

**O Lamb of God,
Sweet Lamb of God;
I love the Holy Lamb of God.
O wash me in
His precious Blood.
My Jesus Christ,
The Lamb of God**

I was so lost I should have died,
But You have brought
Me to Your side
To be led by Your staff and rod,
And to be called a lamb of God.

**O Lamb of God,
Sweet Lamb of God;
I love the Holy Lamb of God.
O wash me in
His precious Blood
Till I am just
A lamb of God.**

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame
Weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown:
How pale Thou art
With anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

What Thou, my Lord,
Has suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was
The transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior;
'Tis I deserve Thy place.
Look on me with Thy favor,
Assist me with Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

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.

KEY CHANGE

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?

KEY CHANGE

Were the whole realm
Of nature mine,
That were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Demands my soul, my life, my all.



**Coronado
Bible Church**

www.coronadobiblechurch.org