

West Hills Church

Good Friday Worship

April 10, 2020

Welcome

O Sacred Head Now Wounded *with*
O the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross
The emblem of suffering and shame
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain

Oh the old rugged cross so despised by the world
Has a wondrous attraction for me
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

There Is a Fountain

O the Blood of Jesus
O the blood of Jesus,
O the blood of Jesus,
O the blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow. (2X)

There is power in the blood of Jesus,
There is power in the blood of Jesus,
There is power in the blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow.

Oh precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow.
No other fount I know
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Adagio for Strings

What Wondrous Love Is This

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this
that caused the Lord of bliss
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul!

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sinking down;
When I was sinking down
beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul!

Jesus, Paid It All

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

Ah, Holy Jesus

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 pow'r 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

Matthew 27:27-44

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

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 a present far too small
Love so amazing so divine
Demands my soul my life my all

He Never Said A Mumbalin' Word

Matthew 27:45-54

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

Were You There?

Benediction

May the Christ who walks on wounded feet,
walk with you on the road.
May the Christ who serves with wounded hands,
stretch out your hands to serve.
May the Christ who loves with a wounded heart,
open your hearts to love.
May you see the face of Christ in everyone you meet,
and may everyone you meet
see the face of Christ in you.

Worship Team

Al Anderson, Audio/Video

Christy Gibson, Vocalist

Kevin Gibson, Vocalist

Chris Hake, Violin

Richard Harris, Painter

Heather Hipp, Arts/Environment

Kathy Leach, Organ, Piano

Margaret Lim, Cello