**Good Friday & Our Worthy Lord**

Help me know, Lord, how to feel

The cross it stands before me, real.

The plan you made from ages past

Triune God, no questions asked

The Father would send Jesus to die

The Son would suffer, we'd question why

The Spirit would comfort and testify

I look upon the cross and wince

This spotless lamb a man

Infinite worth before time and hence

God in flesh he can

Take our sin and bear it

It cost him all he’d known

Broken communion, a searing thirst

God trusting God to atone

Cursed of God, my savior hanging

Not by his sin, but ours

By human wickedness we killed him

Thinking to negate his power

God, he takes the long view

Good Friday’s not evil by far

Man's verdict’s not final, shame seeds glory,

Suffering, Christ’s worthiness did not mar

In fact, his death revealed it

Christ is worthy by taking the shame

Drinking God’s wrath to the dregs

Being willing, accepting our blame

I have no stomach for my sin

Not gazing on the cross

God beaten, bruised, and dying

I feel the sadness and loss

Jesus forgives while suffering

I realize there’s more to this scene

A dying man to his killers gracious

What more is there to glean?

He’s buying us here as his children

Paying for us one by one

And showing us also to suffer

What it means to be a son

Help us turn from our sin, Lord, we love you,

And teach us obedience, we pray

May we look on your cross and be grateful

Then at its foot let us stay

Glory, it’s not automatic

There’s no shortcut to building a name

Your worth at Golgotha proven

Lord, may we build up your fame