

It's Friday but Sunday's Coming

It's Friday. Jesus is arrested in the garden where He was praying. But Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. The disciples are hiding and Peter's denying that he knows the Lord. But Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. Jesus is standing before the high priest of Israel, silent as a lamb before the slaughter. But Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. Jesus is beaten, mocked, and spit upon. But Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. Those Roman soldiers are flogging our Lord with a leather scourge that has bits of bones and glass and metal, tearing at his flesh. But Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. The Son of man stands firm as they press the crown of thorns down into his brow. But Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. See Him walking to Calvary, the blood dripping from His body. See the cross crashing down on His back as He stumbles beneath the load. It's Friday; but Sunday's a coming.

It's Friday. See those Roman soldiers driving the nails into the feet and hands of my Lord. Hear my Jesus cry, "Father, forgive them." It's Friday; but Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. Jesus is hanging on the cross, bloody and dying.

But Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. The sky grows dark, the earth begins to tremble, and He who knew no sin became sin for us. Holy God who will not abide with sin pours out His wrath on that perfect sacrificial lamb who cries out, "My God, My God. Why hast thou forsaken me?" What a horrible cry. But Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. And at the moment of Jesus' death, the veil of the Temple that separates sinful man from Holy God was torn from the top to the bottom because Sunday's coming.

It's Friday. Jesus is hanging on the cross, heaven is weeping and hell is partying. But that's because it's Friday, and they don't know it, but Sunday's a coming...

It's Friday
Jesus is praying
Peter's a sleeping
Judas is betraying
But Sunday's comin'

It's Friday
Pilate's struggling
The council is conspiring
The crowd is vilifying
They don't even know
That Sunday's comin'

**It's Friday
The disciples are running
Like sheep without a shepherd
Mary's crying
Peter is denying
But they don't know
That Sunday's a comin'**

**It's Friday
The Romans beat my Jesus
They robe him in scarlet
They crown him with thorns
But they don't know
That Sunday's comin'**

**It's Friday
See Jesus walking to Calvary
His blood dripping
His body stumbling
And his spirit's burdened
But you see, it's only Friday
Sunday's comin'**

**It's Friday
The world's winning
People are sinning
And evil's grinning**

It's Friday
The soldiers nail my Saviour's hands
To the cross
They nail my Saviour's feet
To the cross
And then they raise him up
Next to criminals

It's Friday
But let me tell you something
Sunday's comin'

It's Friday
The disciples are questioning
What has happened to their King
And the Pharisees are celebrating
That their scheming
Has been achieved
But they don't know
It's only Friday
Sunday's comin'

It's Friday
He's hanging on the cross
Feeling forsaken by his Father
Left alone and dying
Can nobody save him?
It's Friday
But Sunday's comin'

It's Friday
The earth trembles
The sky grows dark
My King yields his spirit

It's Friday
Hope is lost
Death has won
Sin has conquered
and Satan's just a laughin'

It's Friday
Jesus is buried
A soldier stands guard
And a rock is rolled into place
But it's Friday
It is only Friday
Sunday is a comin'!