

## From Big Friday to Resurrection Sunday

Oh how I wish that I was there  
To hold at that moment Your hurt hand.  
They let sharp whips tear Your back  
How can a human be so bad?

You, who are unplaceable  
You, who are incredible  
You who are our king holy  
Were regarded as a criminal only.

You, who will judge us one day  
Had to go through so much pain  
They put You on a cross on Friday  
Not awaiting the glorious Sunday.

You arouse from the cross  
Your healed body proved You're the mighty  
No grave could ever hold You down  
You now wear a golden crown.

No grave could hold You in the dark  
As You are mighty and true light.  
No one can ever take Your place  
We glorify Your sweet face.

So please accept our thanks and praise,  
help us unite in a precious song  
Of this pure and holy  
resurrection Morning

May this knowledge live in us  
To help us carry all our scars  
May we accept gift of Your love,  
The Spirit You sent from above.

Through sacrifice, forgiving love  
Jesus took over the blame  
Praised may therefore be forever  
Thy holy name.

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