

"Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men" (Matt. 4:19, NASB).

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"It's Friday... But Sunday's Coming!"

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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.
Sunday's comin'.

But you see, it's only Friday... Sunday's comin' 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 Savior's hands
To the cross.
They nail my Savior'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?
Oh!
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'!