

Isaiah 53

Aaron Shust

He had no form or beauty
That we should even look at Him
Rejected and despised
Our faces turned away
But by His bruises we were healed

And He was wounded
Because of our sins
The Suffering Servant
He was wounded
Because of our sins
He never deserved it
By His bruises we were healed

Surely He bore our griefs
And carried all our suffering
Taking our punishment
And bringing us shalom
And by His bruises we were healed

And He was wounded
Because of our sins
The Suffering Servant
He was wounded
Because of our sins
He never deserved it
By His bruises we were healed
By His bruises we were healed

Taken away to die
But silent as a lamb would be
It pleased the heart of God
To crush The Righteous One
The will of Adonai
To crush His only Son

And He was wounded
Because of our sins
The Suffering Servant
He was wounded
Because of our sins
He never deserved it
By His bruises we were healed
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