

Isaiah 53

Ray Boltz

All we like sheep have gone astray
We've turned everyone to his own way
And God laid all our iniquity on Him
Like a lamb they led Him out
Yet He opened not His mouth
And His precious blood poured out
An offering for sin

He was wounded for our transgressions
He was bruised for our iniquities
Our punishment was upon Him
And by His stripes we are healed

He had no beauty or majesty
Clothed in lowly humanity
And though we saw Him
We could not see
The glory of His grace
But every law was satisfied
The moment He laid down His life
The power of death was destroyed
The price was paid

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He was bruised for our iniquities
Our punishment was upon Him
And by His stripes we are healed