

Ours were the sins You bore,  
ours were the blows received.  
You never said a word  
though treated harshly.  
To be killed like a lamb,  
like a sheep to be sheared.  
You never said a word  
as You died for us.

It was the Father's will  
that You should suffer  
Your death, a sacrifice  
to bring forgiveness.  
You will again know joy,  
You did not die in vain:  
it is for Your sake  
we will be forgiven.