

Messiah

He came to His nation; their leaders refused Him;
Immanuel with them; they were wilfully blind;
He spoke like no other; they falsely accused Him,
Amazed them with wonders, yet was cursed and maligned.

Acquainted with sorrow; without mortal beauty,
By God, we thought stricken, rejected, despised,
But for our transgressions He bore it all mutely
His stripes for our healing, for our sins was chastised.

As lamb to the slaughter, in silence endured it—
The Suffering Servant Isaiah foretold;
His life for our ransom—the Father assured it;
By the Righteous Messiah in Heaven enrolled.

The grave couldn't hold Him, He rose up triumphant
Death was defeated; all its bonds Jesus broke;
For all the believers He's taken our judgement;
Redemption is certain—He has broken the yoke.

So come I implore you In humble repentance,
O sinner acknowledge your perilous straits;
In Him's God's annulment of Adam's death sentence
His blood fully cleanses, sin's power negates.

Before us is glory; a mansion awaits us,
A promise most certain where our hope's guaranteed,
We're eagerly waiting the day He translates us
In glad expectation, for He has decreed.

Vincent Lyons.