

## The Lord Most Surely Bore the Sorrow

(12, 79)

1. The Lord most sure - ly bore The sor - row of our

sin - - ning; He chose to take our guilt In

love, from the be - gin - ning. From all that flesh and

soul Must oth - er - wise re - ceive, His dy - ing



2. Yet we did Him esteem  
 As one by God rejected;  
 Not knowing that our sin  
 This Servant had afflicted;  
 But now we know that He  
 Bore all our sinful guilt,  
 For us was wounded sore,  
 For us His blood was spilt.

3. He bore for our true peace,  
 The grief that we did merit,  
 That through His saving wounds  
 We heaven might inherit.  
 We wandered far astray  
 Without a shepherd's care,  
 Until He took our sin  
 And freed us from despair.

4. He like a patient Lamb  
 To slaughter there was driven,  
 And silently He bore  
 The pain and suff'ring given.  
 He there without complaint  
 Bore scourge and rod and cross;  
 He freed us with His blood  
 From sin, disease, and loss.

5. Thy strife, our victory;  
 Thy death, our life forever;  
 Thy fetters and Thy bonds,  
 Our liberty, Lord, ever;  
 Thy cross, our comforter;  
 Thy saving wounds, our health;  
 Thy blood, the ransom gold,  
 The humble sinner's wealth.

6. Lord, help that we may dare  
 To battle and to suffer,  
 And underneath our cross  
 No weak complaints may offer!  
 The crown of thorns was Thine!  
 O grant us patience due  
 And willingness to bear  
 The shame and scoffing, too!