

The Suffering Servant

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Based on Isaiah. 52 & 53 and Luke 22:16-20

Chording: Wanda Valade

Voice

How beau - ti - ful on the mountains Are the feet that bring news of peace.
He start - led all of the na - tions. Shut the mouths of the rich and proud.
He came to bear all of our sins, To purge hate and fear from our hearts

The news of our great salvation; The announce - ment that your God reigns. "See how
Who trusts the words of his prophets? All those wit - nesses who shout loud! He looked
He looked like one that God struck down. Yet his wounds have made us all whole. A lamb

my servant shall prosper, Be ex - alt - ed, lifted up high, Dis - fig -
like any - one's brother, Not impos - ing, handsome or grand; Despised,
as one led to slaughter, Yet in all without hint of sin. His judg -

ured, hardly looks human, As his bod - y's broken to die. Take,
re - ject - ed by all men; Dis - regard - ed by his whole land.
ment on all who killed him Was to die to give back our lives.

this is my body, Which is giv - en up for you. Do this in re -

membrance, To pro - claim my death till I come. Take, all of you drink this

My blood of the co - ve - nant, Poured out to re - deem you - turning

back your death with My life.

G D A D
G D A D G
D A D7 G
D A D G
D A D D7 G
D A D G D
A D D7 G D
A G A D