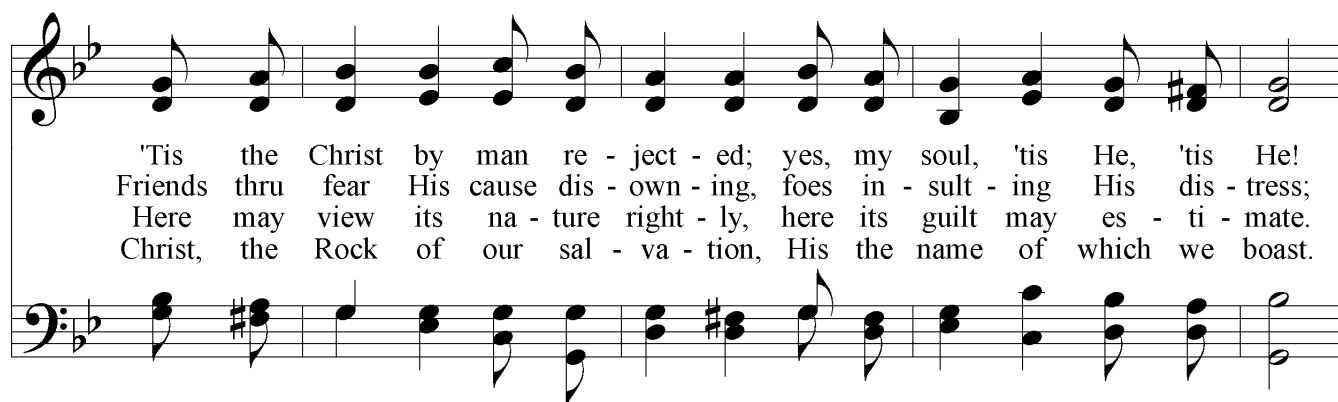


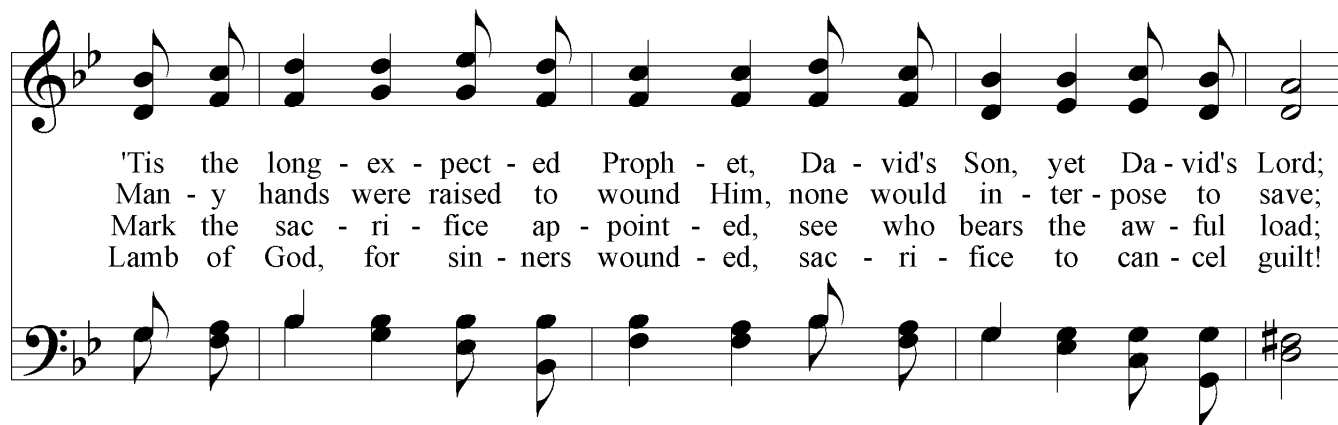
# Stricken, Smitten, And Afflicted



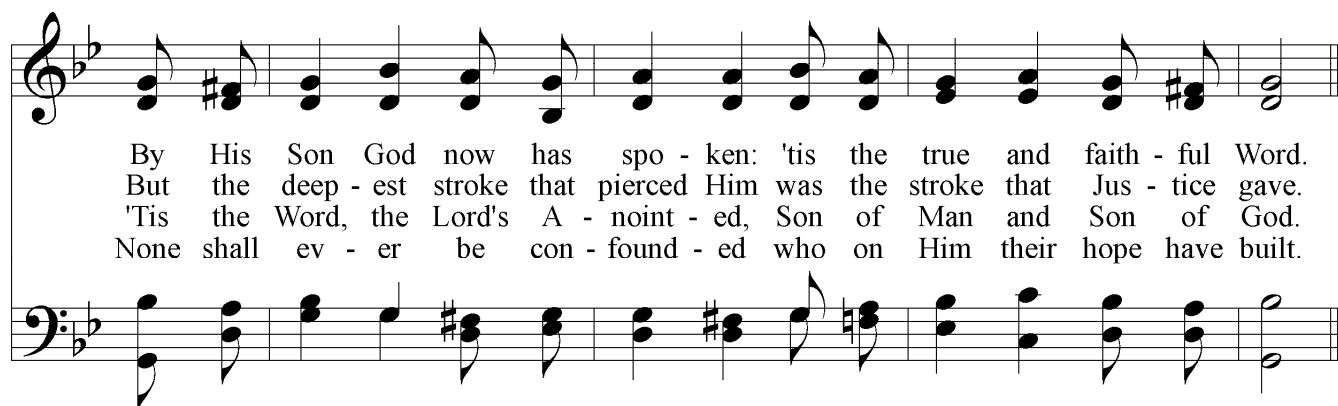
1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, see Him dy - ing on the tree!  
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, was there ev - er grief like His?  
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly, nor sup - pose the e - vil great,  
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, here the ref - uge of the lost;



'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!  
 Friends thru fear His cause dis - own - ing, foes in - sult - ing His dis - tress;  
 Here may view its na - ture right - ly, here its guilt may es - ti - mate.  
 Christ, the Rock of our sal - va - tion, His the name of which we boast.



'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord;  
 Man - y hands were raised to wound Him, none would in - ter - pose to save;  
 Mark the sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, see who bears the aw - ful load;  
 Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!



By His Son God now has spo - ken: 'tis the true and faith - ful Word.  
 But the deep - est stroke that pierced Him was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.  
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.  
 None shall ev - er be con - found - ed who on Him their hope have built.

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN

Words: Geistliche Volkslieder, Paderborn, 1850

Music: Thomas Kelly, 1804, Alt.