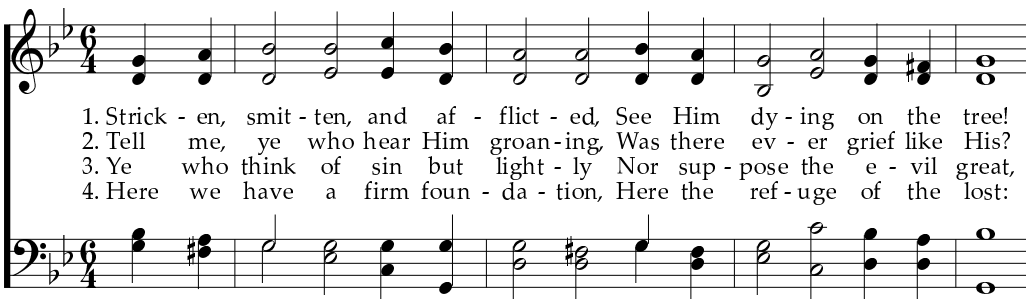
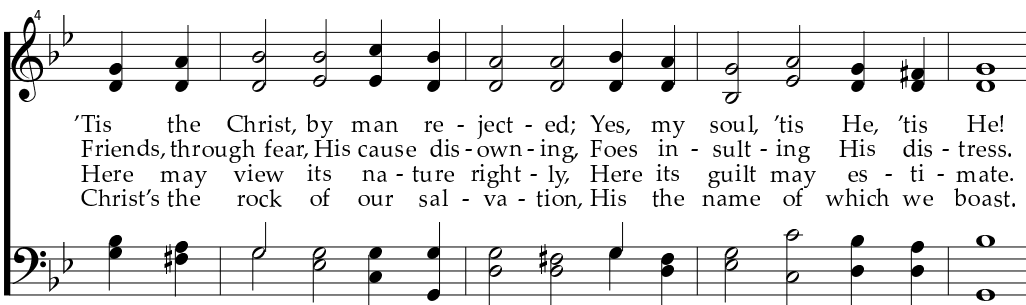


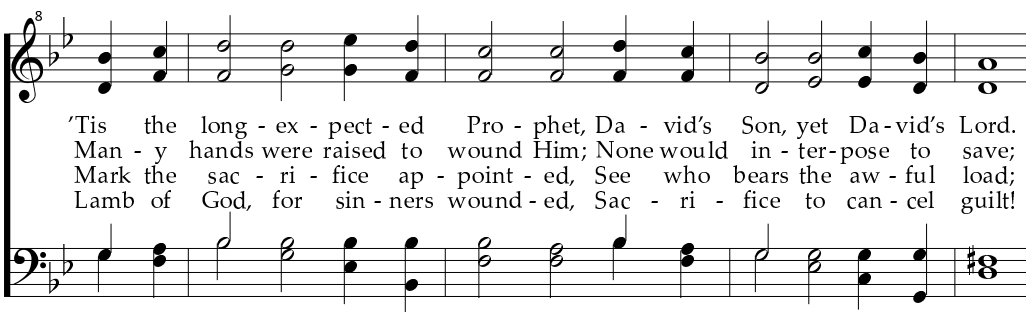
Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted



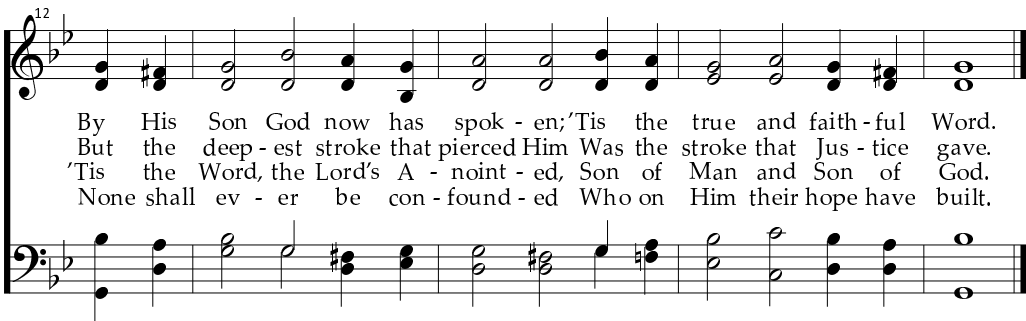
1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there ev - er grief like His?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil great,
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the lost:



'Tis the Christ, by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
 Friends, through 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's the rock of our sal - va - tion, His the name of which we boast.



'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Pro - phet, 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 spok - en; '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.