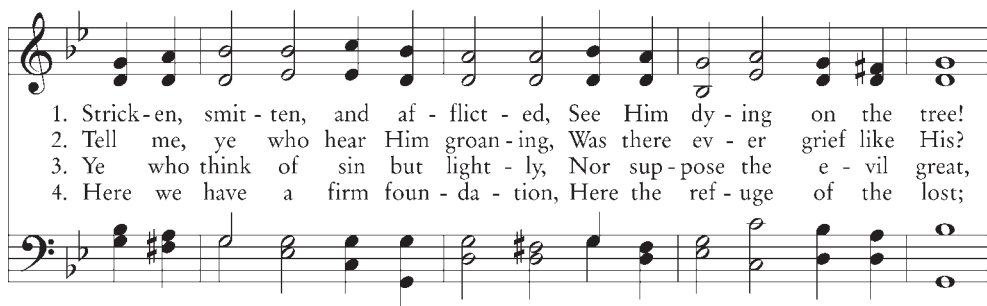


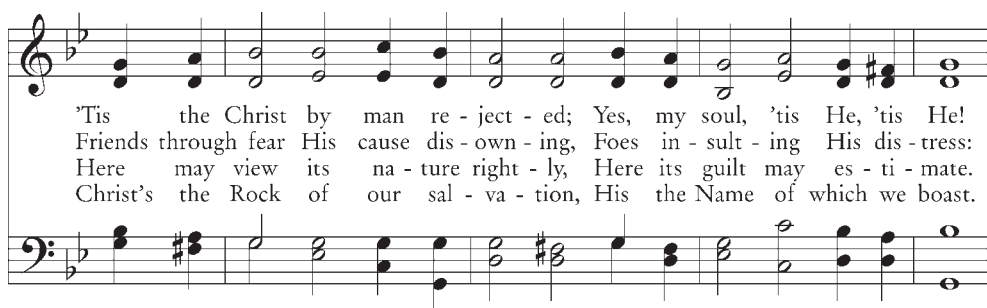
Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN (8 7. 8 7. D.)

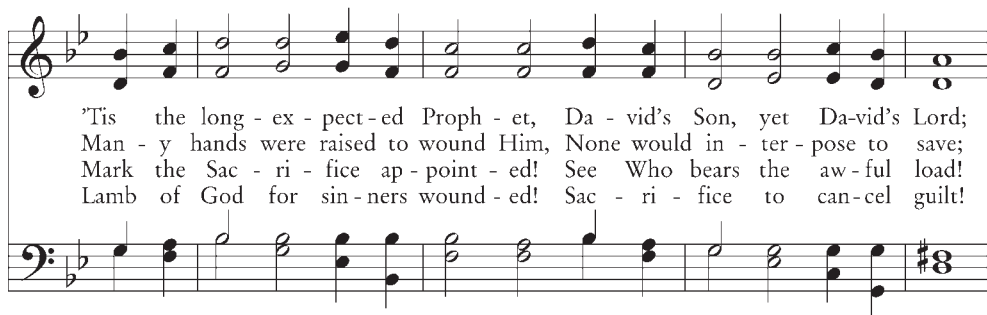
Thomas Kelly, 1804; alt.

Geistliche Volkslieder, Paderborn, 1850


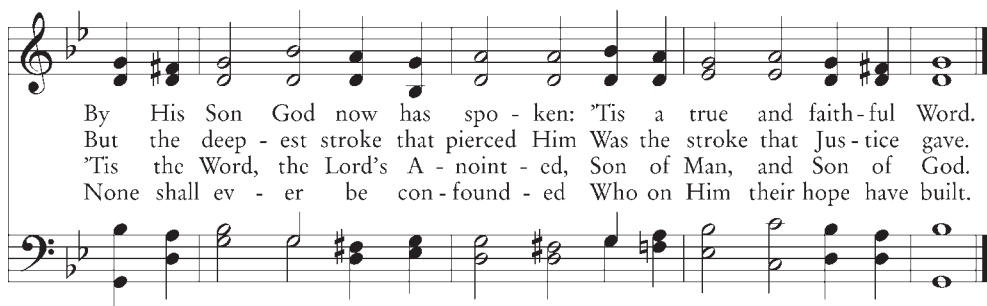
1. Strick-en, smit-ten, and af-flict-ed, See Him dy-ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan-ing, Was there ev-er grief like His?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light-ly, Nor sup-pose the e-vil great,
 4. Here we have a firm foun-da-tion, Here the ref-uge of the lost;



'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 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 a 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.