

## HYMN

## # Stricken, smitten, and afflicted

Capo 1: Em Am B Em B C Dm<sup>7</sup> B Em

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;

B Em C Am Em B Em B C Dm<sup>7</sup> Em B Em

'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.

G Em Am G D G D Em C Am Em B

'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!

Em B Em B C B Em Bm C Dm<sup>7</sup> Em B Em

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.

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1804

Tune: *Geistliche Volkslieder*, Paderborn, 1850;

harm. Paul Bunjes, 1982, © Concordia Publishing House, 1982, alt.

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