

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN

1. Stricken, smit - ten, and af - flic - ted, 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 re - fuge of the lost;

'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
Friends thro' 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 wounded, 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.