

# 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.

WORDS: Thomas Kelly, 1804

MUSIC: *Geistliche Volkslieder*, Paderborn, 1850

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8.7.8.7.D

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