Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN (8 7 8 7. D.)
Geistliche Volkslieder, Paderborn, 1850

CHRIST’S PASSION

1. Strick-en, smitten, 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-rif-ice ap-point-ed! See Who bears the aw-ful load!
Lamb of God for sin-ners wound-ed! Sac-rif-ice 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 Just-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.

Thomas Kelly, 1804; alt.

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