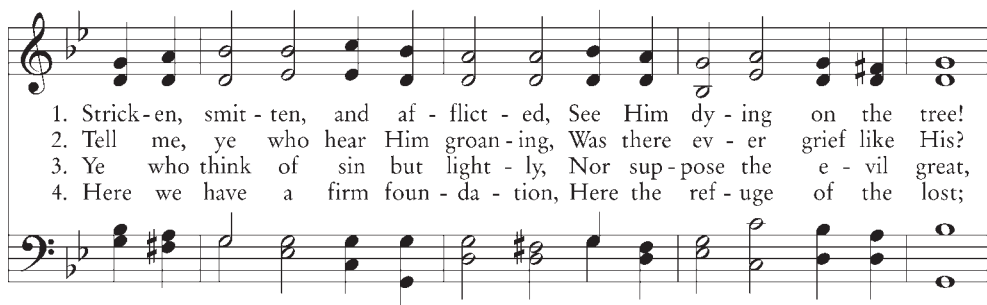


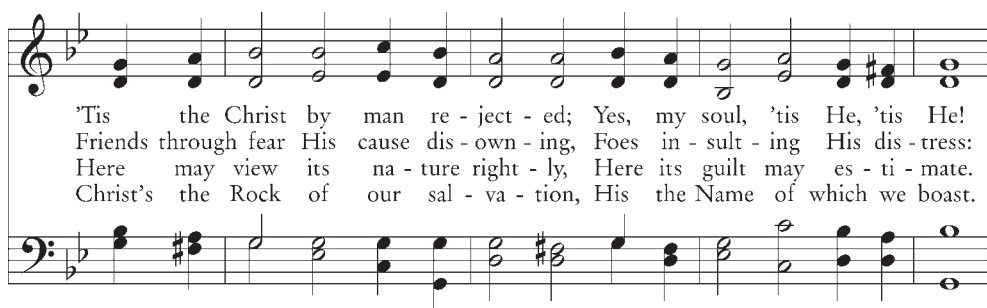
## Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

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

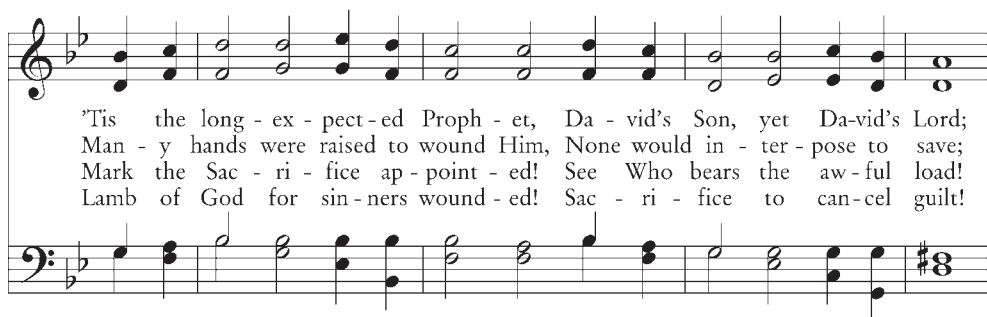
Thomas Kelly, 1804; alt.

*Geistliche Volkslieder, Paderborn, 1850*


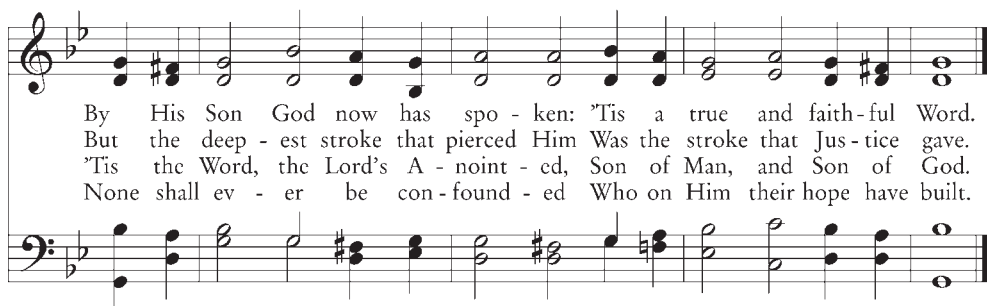
1. Strick-en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the tree!  
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there ev - er grief like His?  
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly, Nor sup - pose the e - vil great,  
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the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