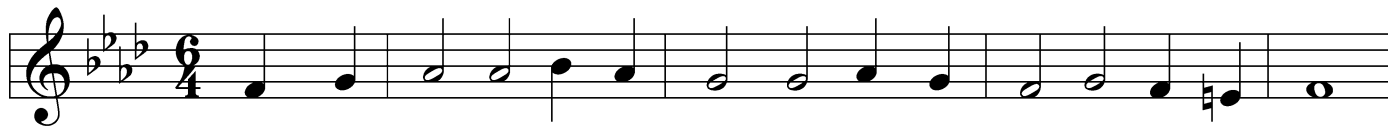


# Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

O MEIN JESU, ICH MÜSS STERBEN

Thomas Kelly, 1804

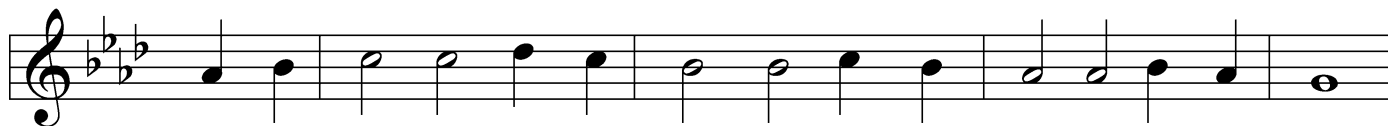
*Geistliche Volkslieder*, Paderborn, 1850



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 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's the Rock of our sal - va - tion, his the name of which we boast.



'Tis the long - ex - spect - 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 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.