

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN

1. Strick-en, smit-ten, and af-flict-ed, See Him dy-ing on the tree!
2. Tell me, all who hear Him groan-ing, Was there ev-er grief like His?
3. You 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 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, Nonewould in-ter-vene 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.
Nonshall ev-er be con-found-ed Who on Him their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly
1769-1854

87.87.D.

Geistliche Volkslieder
1850

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