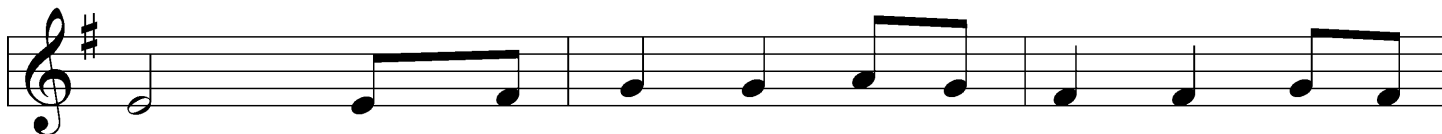


Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

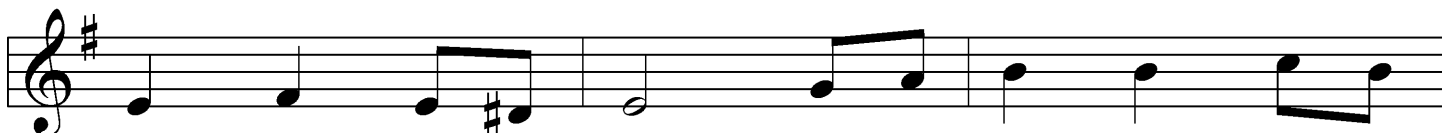
LSB 451



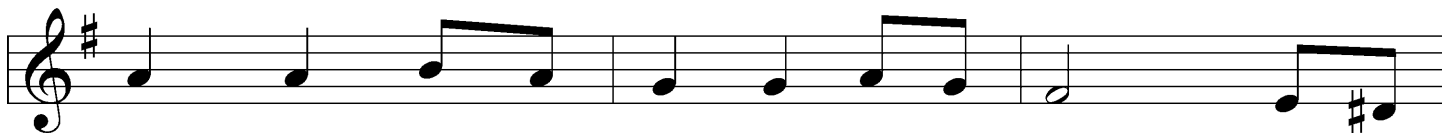
1 Strick-en, smit-ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the
2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groan-ing, Was there ev - er grief like
3 Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil
4 Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the



tree! 'Tis the Christ, by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my
His? Friends through fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in -
great Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its
lost: Christ, the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Is the



soul, 'tis He, 'tis He! 'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed
sult - ing His dis - tress; Man - y hands were raised to
guilt may es - ti - mate. Mark the sac - ri - fice ap -
name of which we boast; Lamb of God, for sin - ners



Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord; Proofs I
wound Him, None would in - ter - vene to save; But the
point - ed, See who bears the aw - ful load; 'Tis the
wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt! None shall



see suf - fi - cient of it: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.
deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that jus - tice gave.
Word, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.