

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

GOOD FRIDAY

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1804.

Music: 'O Mein Jesu, Ich Muss Sterben' or 'Wo Ist Jesus, Mein Verlangen' from Geistliches Volkslied, 1850.

Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.

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♩ = 180

1. Strick - en, smitt - en, and a - - fflic - ted, See Him dy - ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there e - ver grief like His?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly, Nor sup - pose the ev - il great,
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the re - fuge 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 - - sul - ting his dis - tress:
 Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its guilt may est - i - - mate.
 Christ the Rock of our sal - - va - tion, Christ the Name of which we boast.

'Tis the long ex - pec - ted pro - phet, 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!

Proofs I see su - ffic - ient of it: '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.