

# Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

Thomas Kelly

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 - tim - ate.  
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, 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.