

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

(tune: Wo Ist Jesus, Mein Verlangen)

arr. Nate Brown

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted, see Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected; yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
'Tis the long expected prophet, David's Son, yet David's Lord;
Proof I see sufficient of it: 'tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, you who hear Him groaning, was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause disowning, foes insulting his distress:
Many hands were raised to wound Him, none would interpose to save;
(no gtr) Em |
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him was the stroke that Justice gave.

B | Em | C B | (gtr in:) Em

| Em | D | C Bsus B | Em

You who think of sin but lightly, nor suppose the evil great,

| Em | Bm | C Bsus B | Em

Here may view its nature rightly, here its guilt may estimate.

Em D | G | D | Em | Bsus B

Mark the Sacrifice appointed, see Who bears the awful load:

| C | D | C Bsus B | Em |

'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed, Son of Man, and Son of God.

D | C B | Em

| Em | B | C F#dim Bsus B | Em

Here we have a firm foundation, here the refuge of the lost.

| Em | B | C F#dim Bsus B | Em

Christ the Rock of our salvation, His the Name on which we boast.

| G | D | Em | B

Lamb of God for sinners wounded, sacrifice to cancel guilt!

| C | D | Em F#dim Bsus B | Em | (out)

None shall ever be confounded who on Him their hope have built.