

# Stricken, Smitten and Afflicted

[Fernando Ortega](#)

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;  
By His Son, God now has spoken  
Tis the true and faithful Word.  
Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,  
Was there ever grief like his?  
Friends thro' fear his cause disowning,  
Foes insulting his distress;  
Many hands were raised to wound him,  
None would interpose to save;  
But the deepest stroke that pierced him  
Was the stroke that Justice gave. Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
Nor suppose the evil great  
Here may view its nature rightly,  
Here its guilt may estimate.  
Mark the sacrifice appointed,  
See who bears the awful load;  
'tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,  
Son of Man and Son of God.  
Here we have a firm foundation,  
Here the refuge of the lost;  
Christ's the Rock of our salvation,  
His the name of which we boast.  
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,  
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!  
None shall ever be confounded  
Who on him their hope have built.

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