

Stricken, Smitten and Afflicted

Thomas Kelly

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;
Proofs I see sufficient of it:
'Tis a true and faithful word.

Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends thru' fear His cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress:
Many hands were raised to wound him,
None would interpose to save;
But the awful 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's the refuge of the lost:
Christ, 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.