

# 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, through 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, the Rock of our salvation  
Is the Name on which we boast Lamb of God for sinners wounded  
Sacrificed to cancel guilt  
None shall ever be confounded  
Who, on Him their hope have built

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