

Fernando Ortega

"Stricken, Smitten And Afflicted"

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Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted,
See him dying on the tree
Tis' the Christ by man rejected,
yes my soul tis heat is He
Tis the long Expected prophet
David's Son yet David's Lord
By His Son God has now spoken
Tis the true and faithful Word

Tell me he who hear him groan,
Was there ever grief like his
Friends through fear, his caused disowning
Foes insulting his distress
Many hands were raised to wound Him
None would enter posed to save
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him
Was the stroke that justice gave

He who think of sin but lightly
Nor suppose the evil grate
Here may view its nature rightly
Here its guilt may estimate
Mark the Sacrifice Appointed
See who bears the awful load
Tis the work 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 there hope have built

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