

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

We considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4

1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, see him dy - ing on the tree!  
 2. Tell me, ye who hear him groan - ing, was there ev - er grief like his?  
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly nor sup - pose the e - vil great  
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, here the ref - uge of the lost;

'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!  
 Friends thro' fear his cause dis - own - ing, foes in - sult - ing his dis - tress;  
 here may view its na - ture right - ly, here its guilt may es - ti - mate.  
 Christ's the Rock of our sal - va - tion, his the name of which we boast.

'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Da - vid's son, yet Da - vid's Lord;  
 man - y hands were raised to wound him, none would in - ter - pose to save;  
 Mark the sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, see who bears the aw - ful load;  
 Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

by his Son God now has spo - ken: 'tis the true and faith - ful Word.  
 but the deep - est stroke that pierced him was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.  
 'tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.  
 None shall ev - er be con - found - ed who on him their hope have built.

## Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

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*Surely he took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows, yet we considered him  
stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4*

1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed,  
 2. Who was the guilt - y who brought this up - on thee?  
 3. Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered;  
 4. For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion,  
 5. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee,

that man to judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -  
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee: 'Twas I, Lord  
 • the slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered: for man's a -  
 thy mor - tal sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion: thy death of  
 I do a - dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy

rid - ed, by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.  
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.  
 • tone - ment, while he noth - ing heed - eth, God in - ter - ced - eth.  
 an - guish and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.  
 pit - y and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

*He was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities. Is. 53:5*

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down;  
 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain:  
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est Friend,

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;  
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.  
 for this, thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!  
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;  
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gon - y, I joy to call thee mine.  
 look on me with thy vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.  
 Lord, let me nev - er out - live my love to thee.

# How Deep the Father's Love for Us

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1. How deep the Fath-er's love for us, how vast be-yond all meas-ure, that he should  
2. Be-hold the man up-on a cross, my sin up-on His Shoul-ders; ash-amed, I  
3. I will not boast in an-y-thing, no gifts, no power, no wis-dom, but I will

give His on-ly Son to make a wretch His treas-ure. How great the  
hear my mock-ing voice cry out a-mong the scold-ers. It was my  
boast in Jes-us Christ, His death and re-sur-rec-tion, why should I

pain of sear-ing loss: the Fath-er turns his face a-way, as wounds which  
sin that held Him there un-til it was ac-com-plish-ed; His dy-ing  
gain from His re-ward? I can-not give an an-swer, but this I

mar the Chos-en One bring man-y songs to glo-ry.  
breath has brought me life: I know that it is fin-ish-ed.  
know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran-som.

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