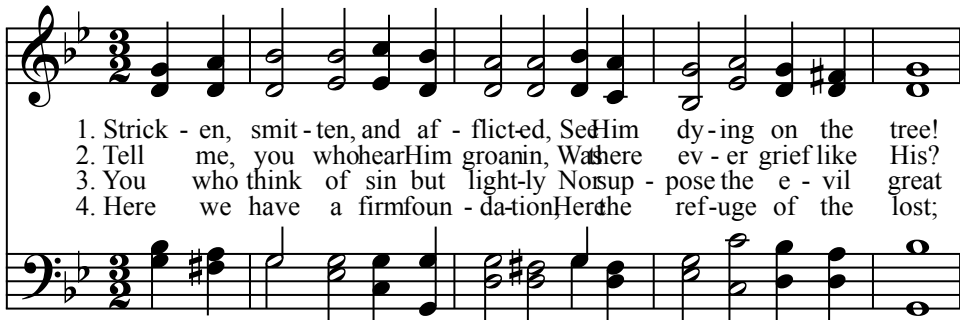


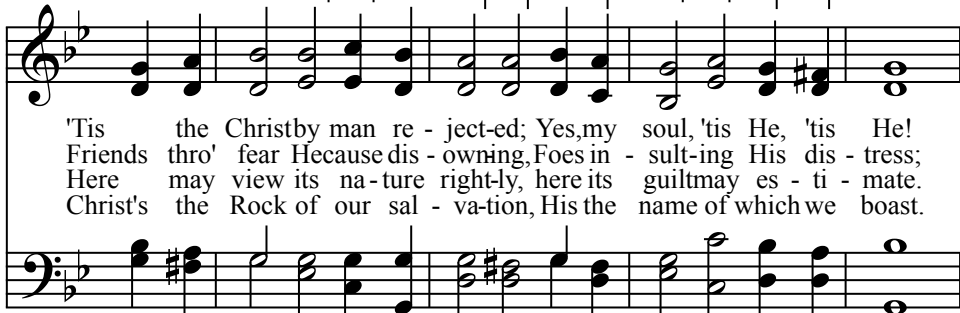
# 'Tis the Christ

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN • 8.7.8.7.D.

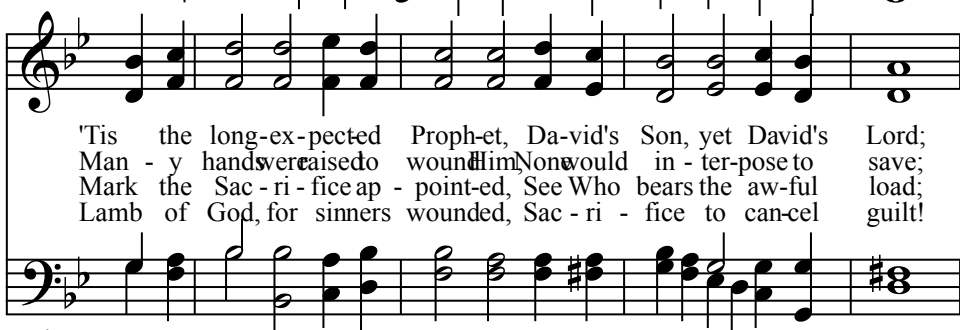
Geistliche Volkslieder, Paderborn, 1850



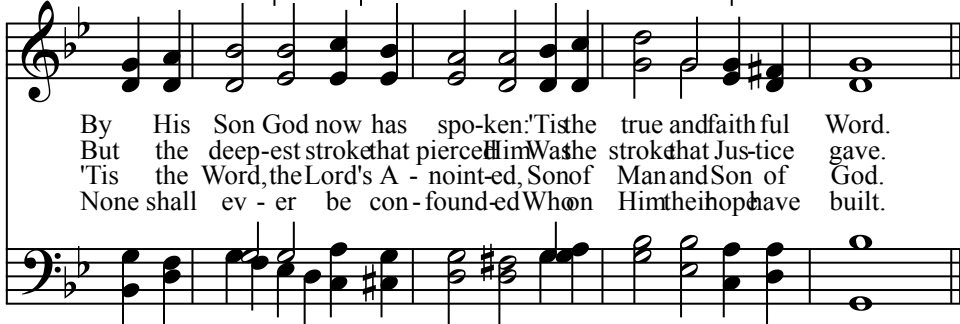
1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the tree!  
2. Tell me, you who hear Him groan in, Where ev - er grief like His?  
3. You who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil great  
4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the lost;



'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!  
Friends thro' fear He 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 - pected Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet David's Lord;  
Man - y hands were raised o' wounding 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 sinners wounded, Sac - ri - fice to cancel 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 the hope have built.