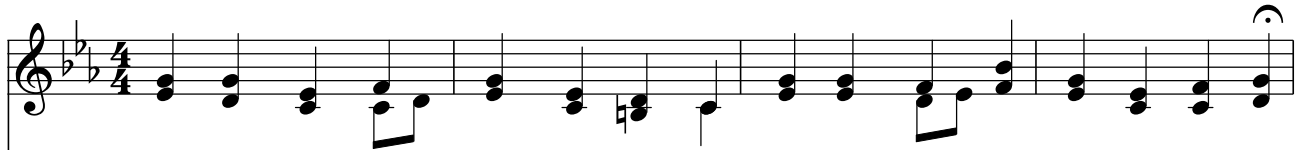


Psalm 22: 1-13

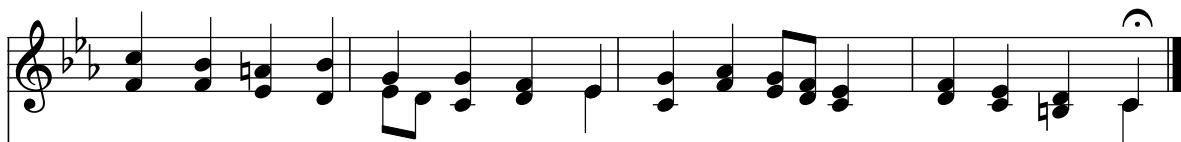
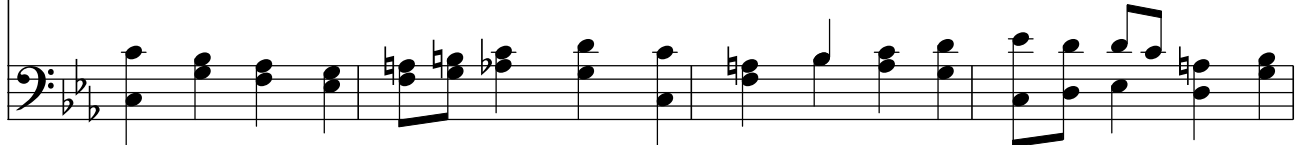
To the chief musician, set to the deer of the Dawn, a psalm of David



1. I cry to you. My God, my God, O why have you for - sa - ken me?
3. But you are ho - ly, and en - throned on the prais - es of Is - ra - el.
6. But I'm a worm, and not a man; a taunt of man, de - spised by all.
9. But you brought me forth from the womb, and you caused me to trust in you
11. Be not far off, for trou - ble's near, for there is no one who can help.



Why are you far from sa - ving me, and from the words of my groan - ing?
4. In you our fa - thers put their trust. They trus - ted and you res - cued them.
7. All those who see me de - ride me. They purse the lip. They shake the head:
when I was on my mo - ther's breasts. 10. Up - on you I was cast from birth,
12. Now ma - ny bulls en - com - pass me. Strong bulls of Ba - shan ga - ther round.



2. I call by day, my God: you do not hear; by night, and I'm not still.
5. To you they cried: de - liv' - rance came. They trus - ted you, and were not shamed.
8. "He trusts the LORD will save. Let him now save if he de - lights in him."
and from my mo - ther's bel - ly you have been my God un - cea - sing - ly.
13. They o - pen up their mouths on me, like li - ons rav - ning and roar - ing.

