

Psalm 22: 14-22

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

14. Like wa - ter I am poured ~ out, and all my bones are out of joint.
You've brought me to the dust of death, 16. For dogs have com - passed me a - bout.
18. A - mong them they di - vide my clothes, and for my gar - ments cast the lot.
21. O save me from the li - on's mouth, and from the wild ~ ox - en's horns.

My heart has turned to wax in me: it's mel - ted down in - to my bowels.
A band of wic - ked men sur - rounds. They pierced my hands ~ and my feet,
19. But be not far from me, O LORD. My Strength, come quick - ly to my help.
You've an - swered me. 22. I will de - clare your name un - to my breth - ~ ren,

15. My strength is dried like shards of pots. My tongue is clea - ving to my jaws.
17. and I can num - ber all my bones. The pe - ople look and stare at me.
20. My soul de - liv - er from the sword, my dar - ling from the power of dogs.
and in the con - gre - ga - tion's midst will I pre - sent my praise to you.