

Ps 22(21) My God, my God

A. Reefman

My God, my God, why have You a-ban-doned me? —

All who see me de-ride me. They curl their lips, they toss their heads. 'He

trus-ted in the Lord, let Him save him; let Him re-lease him if this is His friend.'

Ma-ny dogs have sur-roun-ded me, a band of the wic-ked be-set me

They tear holes in my hands and my feet I can count ev-'ry one of my bones.

They di-vide my clo-thing a-mong them. They cast lots for my robe. O

Lord, do not leave me a lone, my strength, make haste to help me!

I will tell of Your name to my breth-ren and praise You were they are as-

sem-bled. 'You who fear the Lord give Him praise; all you

sons of Ja-cob give Him glo-ry. Re-vere Him, Is-rael's sons.'