
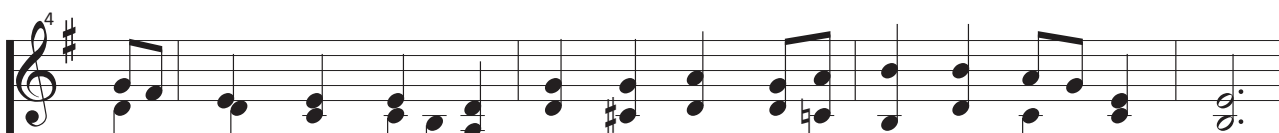


My God, My God, O Why Have You

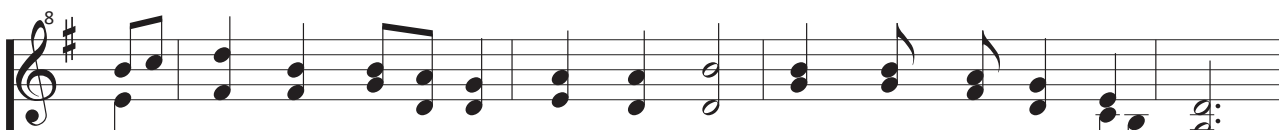
Cont'd, Psalm 22:9-22




4. ⁹You took me from my moth - er's womb To safe - ty at the breast.
 5. ¹³Their li - on - jaws they o - pen wide And roar to tear their prey.
 6. ¹⁶For see how dogs en - cir - cle me! On ev - 'ry side there stands
 7. ¹⁹Now hur - ry, O my strength, to help! Do not be far, O LORD!



10 Since birth, when I was cast on You, In You, my God, I rest.
 14 My heart is wax, my bones un - knit, My life is poured a - way.
 A bro - ther - hood of cru - el - ty; They pierce my feet and hands.
 20 But snatch my soul from rag - ing dogs And spare me from the sword.



11 Be not far off, for grief is near, And none to help is found;
 15 My strength is on - ly bro - ken clay; My mouth and tongue are dry,
 17 My bones are plain for me to count; Men see me and they stare.
 21 From li - on's mouth and ox - en's horns O save me; hear my pray'r!



12 For bulls of Ba - shan in their strength Now cir - cle me a - round.
 For in the ver - y dust of death You there make me to lie.
 18 My clothes a - mong them they di - vide, And gam - ble for their share.
 22 And to my breth - ren in the church Your name I will de - clare.