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My God, My God, O Why Have You

From Psalm 22:1-8

1. ¹My God, my God, O why have You For - sak-en me? O why
 2. ⁴Our fa - thers put their trust in You; From You their res - cue came.
 3. ⁷All those who look at me will laugh And cast re - proach at me.


Are You so far from giv - ing help And from my groan - ing cry?
⁵They begged You and You set them free; They were not put to shame.
 Their mouths they o - pen wide, they wag Their heads in mock - er - y.

²By day and night, my God, I call; Your an - swer still de - lays.
⁶But as for me, I am a worm And not a man at all.
⁸"The LORD was his re - li - ance once; Now see what God will send!

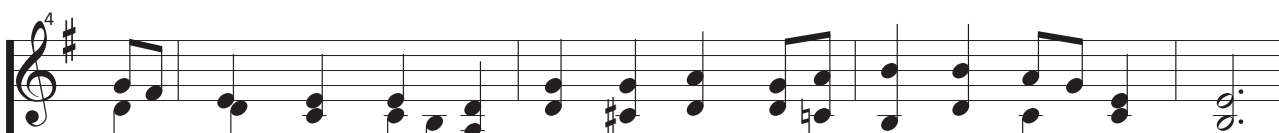
³And yet You are the ho - ly One Who dwells in Is - rael's praise.
 To men, I am de - spised and base; Their scorn - ings on me fall.
 Yes, let God rise and set him free, This man that was His friend!"

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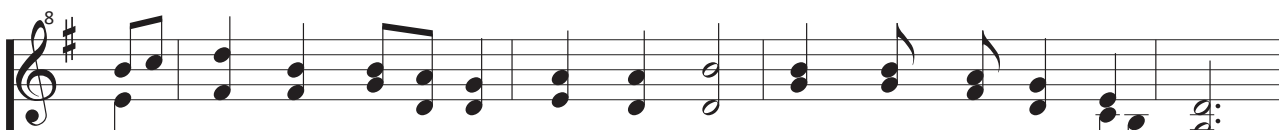
Cont'd, Psalm 22:9-22




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.