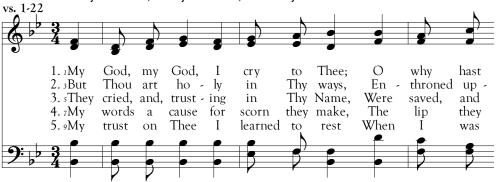
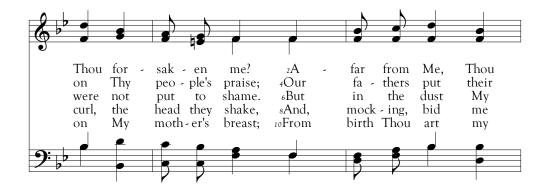
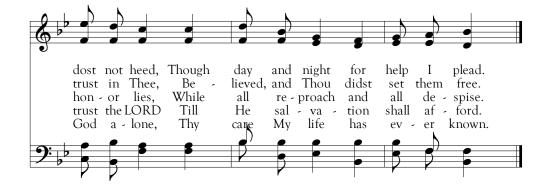
22B My God, My God, I Cry To Thee







- 6. 11O let Thy strength and presence cheer, For trouble and distress are near; Be Thou not far away from Me, I have no source of help but Thee.
- 7. 12Unnumbered foes would do Me wrong, They press about Me, fierce and strong, 13Like beasts of prey their rage they vent, 14My courage fails, My strength is spent.
- 8. 15 Down unto death Thou leadest Me, Consumed by thirst and agony; 16 With cruel hate and anger fierce My helpless hands and feet they pierce.
- 9. 17While on My wasted form they stare, 18The garments torn from Me they share, My shame and sorrow heeding not, And for My robe they cast the lot.
- 10. 19O LORD, afar no longer stay; O Thou my helper, haste, I pray; 20 From death and evil set Me free; 21 I live, for Thou didst answer Me.
- 11. 22I live and will declare Thy fame Where brethren gather in Thy Name; Where all Thy faithful people meet, I will Thy worthy praise repeat.