Psalm 22 VU744 Part One

Refrain: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me,
from the cry of my distress?
O my God, I cry out in the daytime, but you do not answer;
at night also, but I get no relief. R

But you are the Holy One,
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.
In you our ancestors trusted;
they trusted, and you delivered them.
They called to you, and you rescued them.
In you they put their trust,
and you did not disappoint them.
But I am a worm, less than human,
an object of derision, an outcast of the people.
All those who see me laugh me to scorn,
they curl their lips and toss their heads, saying:
"You trusted in God for deliverance.
If God cares for you, let God rescue you!"
But you are the One who took me out of the womb.
You kept me safe on my mother's breast.
On you have I depended from my birth.
Even from my mother's womb, you have been my God. R

Do not be far from me, for trouble is close at hand,
and there is no one to help me.
Many bulls encircle me, strong bulls of Bashan surround me.
They open wide their mouths at me,
like a ravenous, roaring lion.
My life pours out like water;
all my bones are out of joint;
my heart has melted like wax within my breast;
my mouth is parched as dry clay;
my tongue clings to my palate.
I lie in the dust of death.
Dogs surround me;
the wicked hem me in on every side.
They bind my hands and my feet;
I can count all my bones,
while they stand staring, gloating over me.
They divide my garments among themselves;
they cast lots for my clothing. R