

# My God, My God, O Why Have You

From Psalm 22:1-8

1. <sup>1</sup>My God, my God, O why have You For - sak-en me? O why  
2. <sup>4</sup>Our fa - thers put their trust in You; From You their res - cue came.  
3. <sup>7</sup>All 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?  
5 They 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.

2 By day and night, my God, I call; Your an - swer still de - lays.  
6 But 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!

3 And 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!"

Music: English traditional melody; harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906  
Text: *The Book of Psalms for Singing*, 1973 ©

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# My God, My God, O Why Have You

Cont'd, Psalm 22:9-22

4. 9 You took me from my moth - er's womb To safe - ty at the breast.  
5. 13 Their li - on - jaws they o - pen wide And roar to tear their prey.  
6. 16 For see how dogs en - cir - cle me! On ev - 'ry side there stands  
7. 19 Now 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.