

# Psalm 22

My God, my God, why have you for-sak-en me? Why are you so far from sav-ing me,  
 2 4 3+ 2 1 2+ 3 2 3 4 3 2 2+ 3 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 2+

so far from the words of my groan-ing? O my God, I cry out by day,  
 3 4 3 2 1 2 3 3 2+ 3 2 4 3+ 2 4 3 2 1+

but you do not an-swer, by night, and am not si-lent.  
 1 1 0 1 1 2+ 2 3+ 2 3 4 3 2+

Yet you are en-throned as the Ho-ly One; you are the praise of Is-ra-el.  
 1 1 0 1 2 3 4 3 2 2+ 2 3 2 1 2 4 3 2 1+

In you our fa-thers put their trust; they trust-ed and you de-liv-ered them.  
 1 3+ 2 3 4 3 2 1 2+ 3 4 3 2 1 0 2 1 1+

They cried to you and were saved; in you they trust-ed and were not dis-ap-point-ed.  
 1 0 1 2+ 3 4 3+ 3 4 3 2 1 1 0 2 3 4 3 2+

But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by men and de-spised by the peo-ple.  
 2 3 0 1 1 2+ 3 4 3 3 2+ 3 4 3 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2+

All who see me mock me; they hurl in-sults, shak-ing their heads:  
 3 2 4 3 1 0+ 1 0 1 2 1 3 2 2+

“He trusts in the LORD; let the LORD res-cue him. Let him de-liv-er him, since he de-lights in him.”  
 3 3 1 0 3+ 3 2 1+ 2 3 2+ 3 4 3 2 1 1+ 1 1 0 1 2 2+

Yet you brought me out of the womb; you made me trust in you e-ven at my moth-er’s breast.  
 2 1 3 2 1 0 1 2+ 3 2 3 4 3 2+ 1 0 1 2 3 2 2 1+

From birth I was cast up-on you; from my moth-er’s womb you have been my God.  
 1 3 2 1 0 1 2 2+ 2 3 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 3 2+ 1+

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Do not be far from me, for trou - ble is near and there is no one to help.  
 1 0 1 2 1 1+ 2 3 3 3 3+ 3 2 3 4 3 2 3 2+

Man - y bulls sur-round me; strong bulls of Ba-shan en - cir - cle me. Roar-ing li - ons tear-ing their prey  
 3 2 2 4 3 2+ 2 1 0 1 2 4 3 2 2+ 2 3 2 1 1 2 1 0+

o - pen their mouths wide a - gainst me. I am poured out like wa - ter, and all my bones are out of joint.  
 1 1 2 2 4 3 3 2+ 2 2 2 3 3 2 1 1 0 1+ 1 1 2 0 1 3 4 3 2+

My heart has turned to wax; it has melt - ed a - way with - in me.  
 3 3 4 3 2 2+ 3 4 3 2 1 1 0 1 2 2+

My strength is dried up like a pot - sherd, and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth;  
 3 3 2 3 4 3 2 1 0+ 1 2 3 3 2 3 4 3 2 2+

you lay me in the dust of death. Dogs have sur-round-ed me; a band of e - vil men has en - cir-cled me,  
 2 2 1 3 4 3 2 2+ 2 2 3 4 3 3+ 2 2 3 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 2+

they have pierced my hands and my feet. I can count all my bones; peo-ple stare and gloat o - ver me.  
 3 2 4 3 1 0 1 2 2+ 2 2 2 1 0 1+ 1 2 3 1 2 4 3 3 2+

They di - vide my gar - ments a - mong them and cast lots for my cloth - ing.  
 2 2 3 1 1 0 1 1 2 2+ 1 2 4 3 4 3 2+

But you, O LORD, be not far off; O my Strength, come quick - ly to help me.  
 1 1 1 3+ 2 3 4 3+ 1 1 3+ 3 2 3 4 2 1+

De - liv - er my life from the sword, my pre - cious life from the pow - er of the dogs.  
 2 2 3 4 3 2 1 2+ 2 2 3 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 2+

Res - cue me from the mouth of the li - ons; save me from the horns of the wild ox - en.  
 2 2 3 3 2 3 3 4 3 2+ 1 1 2 3 3 2 1 0 1 2 2+

I will de - clare your name to my broth - ers; in the con - gre - ga - tion I will praise you.  
 1 2 3 3 3 4+ 3 2 1 2+ 2 3 4 4 4 4 3 2 1 0 1+

You who fear the LORD, praise him! All you de-scend-ants of Ja-cob, hon-or him!  
 1 1 0 1 2+ 2 3 3+ 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 2+ 2 3 3+

Re-vere him, all you de-scend-ants of Is-ra-el! For he has not de-spised or dis-dained  
 3 4 3 2+ 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 1+ 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 3

the suf-fer-ing of the af-flict-ed one; he has not hid-den his face from him  
 3 4 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 1+ 1 1 0 1 2 3 2 1 2+

but has lis-tened to his cry for help. From you comes the theme of my praise in the great as-sembly;  
 2 3 4 3 2 1 0 2 1 1+ 1 1 0 1 2 1 2 3 3 2 3 4 3 3 2+

be-fore those who fear you will I ful-fill my vows. The poor will eat and be sat-is-fied;  
 2 2 2 3 4 3+ 3 4 3 2 3 2 1+ 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 3 2+

they who seek the LORD will praise him - may your hearts live for-ev-er!  
 2 1 2 3 3+ 3 4 3+ 2 3 4 3 2 2 1+

All the ends of the earth will re-mem-ber and turn to the LORD, and all the fam-i-lies of the na-tions  
 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 3 3 2+ 3 4 3 2 3+ 3 2 3 4 4 4 3 2 2 1+

will bow down be-fore him, for do-min-ion be-longs to the LORD and he rules o-ver the na-tions.  
 0 1 2 3 3 2+ 2 3 4 4 4 4 3 2 3+ 2 3 4+ 3 2 1 2 1+

All the rich of the earth will feast and wor-ship; all who go down to the dust will kneel be-fore him -  
 1 2 3 3 3 3 2 3 4 3 2+ 2 2 3 4 4 4 4 3 2 1 2 3+

those who can-not keep them-selves a-live. Pos-ter-i-ty will serve him; fu-ture gen-er-a-tions  
 3 2 4 3 2 1 2 3 2 1+ 1 0 1 2 3 2 1+ 2 1 2 3 4 3+

will be told a-bout the Lord. They will pro-claim his right-eous-ness to a peo-ple yet un-born -  
 3 2 4 3 2 3 2 1+ 3 2 3 4 3 3 2 2+ 2 3 4 3 2 1 2+

for he has done it.  
 1 2+ 3 2+ 1+