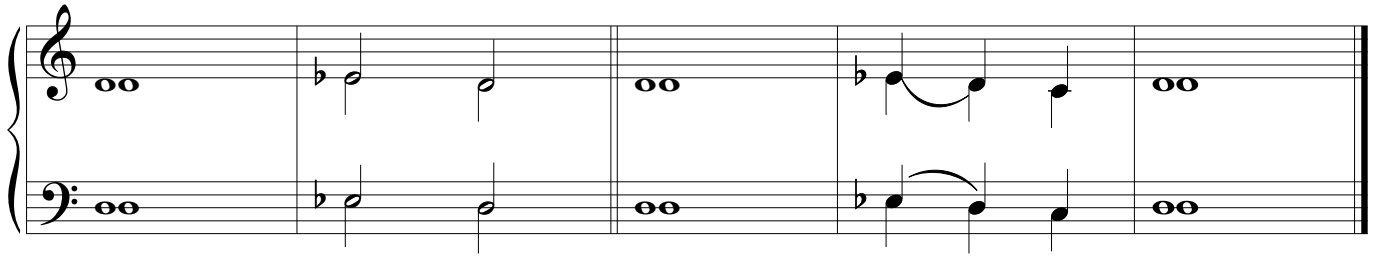


Psalm 22

Deus, Deus meus

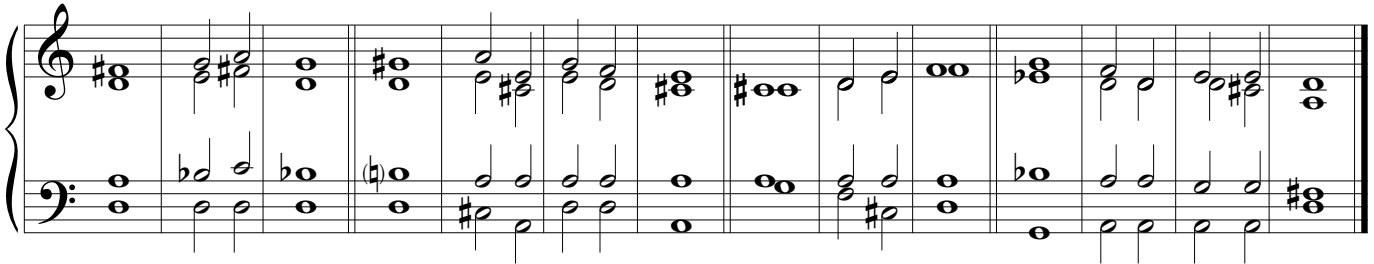
~ In memory of Jane Hood Smith ~



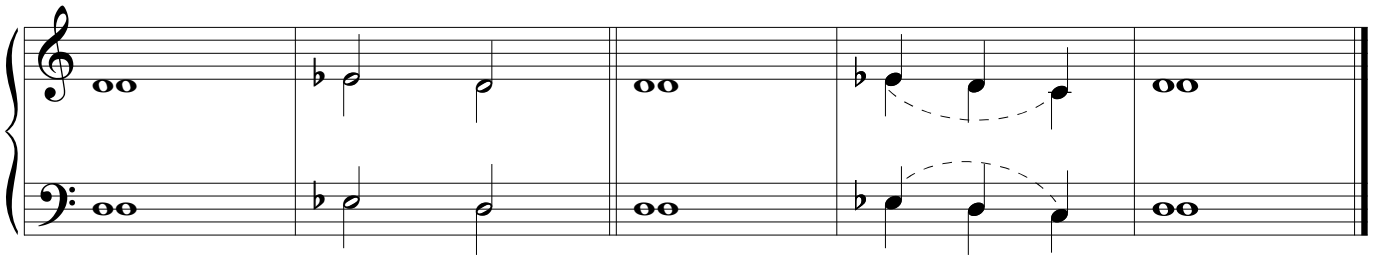
FULL

f

- 1 My God, my God, why have you for | saken me? *
and are so far from my cry and from the words of | **my** • dis | stress?
2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not | answer; *
by night as well, but I | **find** • no | rest.



- 3 Yet you are the Holy One, enthroned upon the | praises • of | Israel. *
4 Our forefathers put their trust in you; they trusted, and | you de | livered | them.
5 They cried out to you and | were de | livered; *
they trusted in you, and | were not | put to | shame.



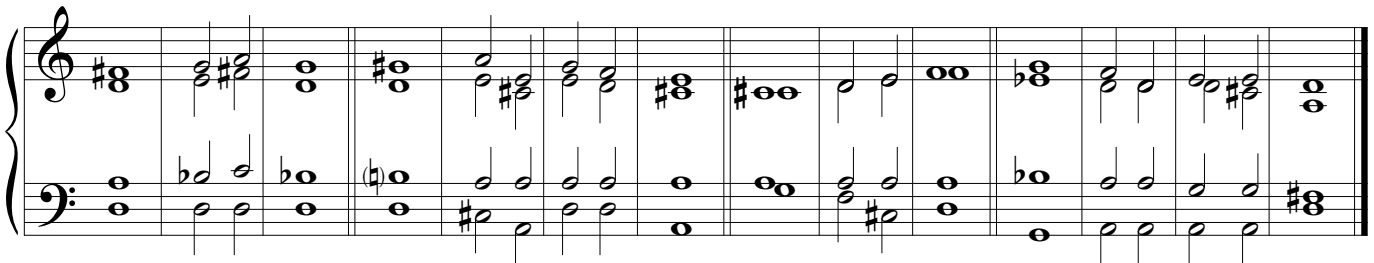
T/B

p

- 6 But as for me, I am a worm and | no man, *
scorned by all and despised by the | peo | ple.

FULL

- 7 All who see me laugh | **me** to scorn; *
they curl their lips and | wag their heads, | saying,



f

- 8 "He trusted in the LORD; let him de | liver | him; *
let him rescue him, if | he de | lights in | him."
9 Yet you are he who took me out | from the | womb, *
and kept me safe up | on my | mother's | breast.