

Psalm 22 - *Deus, Deus meus*

for

Good Friday (RCL)

by

Charles H. Giffen

text from

The Book of Common Prayer, 1979

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Psalm 22 - *Deus, Deus meus*

Good Friday Liturgy (RCL) BCP

Charles H. Giffen

Introduction (optional)

Antiphon (1st time only, by cantor/choir)

My God, my God, why have you for - sa - ken me?

Antiphon (sung by all)

My God, my God, why have you for - sa - ken me? _____

1 My God, my God, why have you for - sa - ken me? and are so far from my cry and from the
4 Our forefathers put their trust in you; they trusted, and
7 All those who see me laugh me to scorn; they curl their lips and

words of my dis - tress? 2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer;
you de - liv - ered them. 5 They cried out to you and were de - livered;
wag their heads, saying, 8 "He trusted in the LORD; let him de - liver him;

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by night as well, but I find no rest. 3 Yet you are the Ho - ly One,
 they trusted in you and were not put to shame. 6 But as for me, I am a worm and no man,
 let him rescue him, if he de - lights in him." 9 Yet you are he who took me out of the womb,

Antiphon (sung by all)

25

enthroned up - on the prais-es of Israel. (*Antiphon*) My God, my God, why have you for-sa-ken me?
 scorned by all and de - spis-ed by the people. (*Antiphon*)
 and kept me safe up - on my mo - ther's breast. (*Antiphon*)

32

10 I have been entrusted to you ever since I was born; you were my God when I was
 12 Many young bulls en - - - - cir - cle me; strong bulls of Ba - - - -
 14 I am poured out like water; all my bones are out of joint; my heart within my

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still in my moth - er's womb, 11 Be not far from me, for
 shan sur - round me. 13 They open wide their
 breast is melt - ing wax. 15 My mouth is dried out like a potsherd; my tongue sticks to the

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trou - ble is near, and there is none to help. (*Antiphon*)
 jaws at me, like a ravening and a roar - ing lion. (*Antiphon*)
 roof of my mouth; and you have laid me in the dust of the grave. (*Antiphon*)

Antiphon (sung by all)

42

My God, my God, why have you for - sa - ken me? _____

47

16 Packs of dogs close me in, and gangs of evildoers cir - cle a-round me; they pierce my hands and my feet;
 19 Save me from the sword, and my life from the
 22 Praise the LORD, you that fear him; stand in awe of

50

I can count all my bones. 17 They stare and gloat over me;
 pow - er of the dog. 20 Save me from the li - on's mouth,
 him, O off - spring of Israel; all you of Jacob's line, give glory.

54

they divide my garments among them; they cast lots for my clothing.
 my wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.
 23 For he does not despise nor abhor the poor in their poverty;

57

18 Be not far away, O LORD; you are my strength; has - ten to
 21 I will declare your Name to my brethren; in the midst of the congre - ga - tion I will
 neither does he hide his face from them; but when they cry to him he

Antiphon (sung by all)

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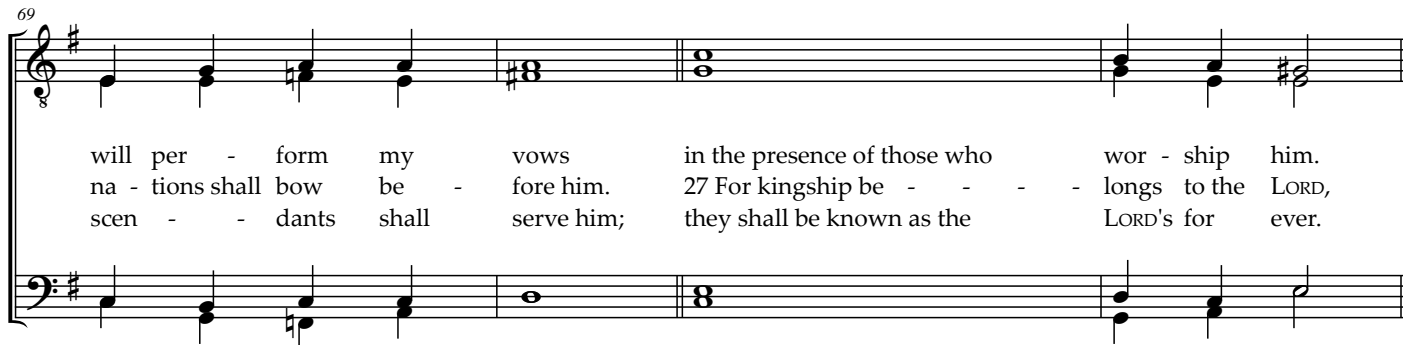
help me. (Antiphon) My God, my God, why have you for - sa - ken me?
 praise you. (Antiphon)
 hears them. (Antiphon)

66

24 My praise is of him in the great as - ssembly; I
 26 All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the LORD, and all the families of the
 29 My soul shall live for him; my de - - - -

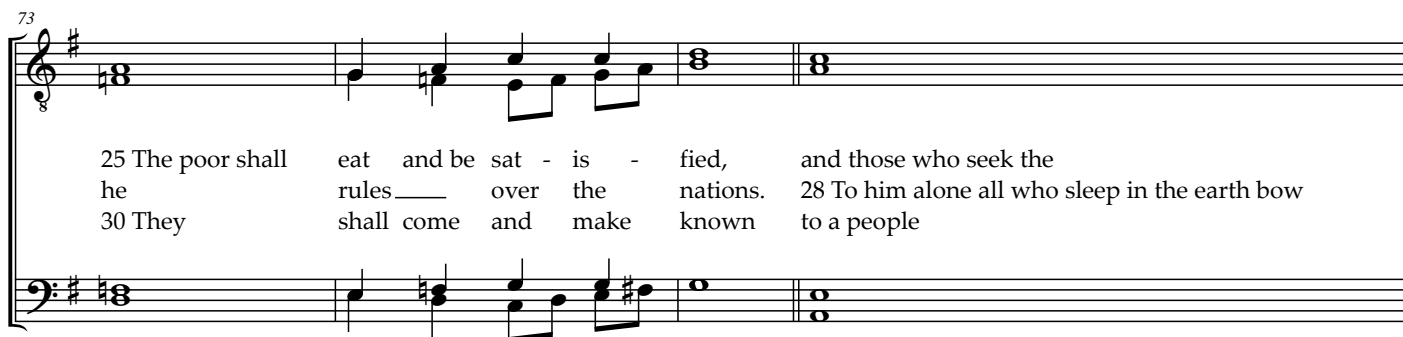
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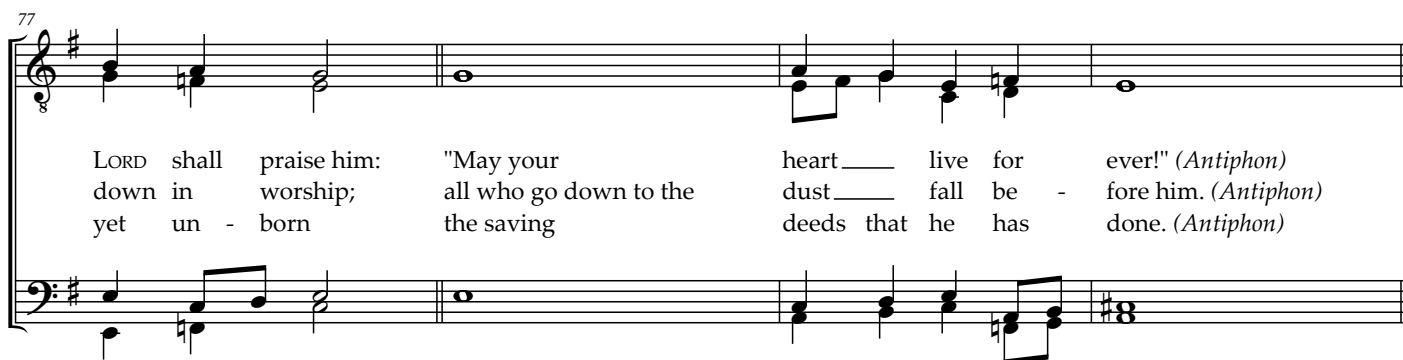
will per - form my vows in the presence of those who wor - ship him.
na - tions shall bow be - fore him. 27 For kingship be - - - longs to the LORD,
scen - - dants shall serve him; they shall be known as the LORD's for ever.

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25 The poor shall eat and be sat - is - fied, and those who seek the
he rules over the nations. 28 To him alone all who sleep in the earth bow
30 They shall come and make known to a people

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LORD shall praise him: "May your heart live for ever!" (*Antiphon*)
down in worship; all who go down to the dust fall be - fore him. (*Antiphon*)
yet un - born the saving deeds that he has done. (*Antiphon*)

Antiphon (sung by all)

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My God, my God, why have you for - sa - ken me?