

Psalm 22 - *Deus, Deus meus*

Charles H. Giffen

Antiphon (1st time, by cantor/choir, then repeat by all; thereafter, all)

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

Verses

- 1 My god, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?
- 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.

Antiphon

- 4 Our forefathers put their trust in you; *
they trusted, and you delivered them.
- 5 They cried out to you and were delivered; *
they trusted in you and were not put to shame.
- 6 But as for me, I am a worm and no man, *
scorned by all and despised by the people.

Antiphon

- 7 All who see me laugh me to scorn; *
they curl their lips and wag their heads saying,
- 8 "He trusted in the LORD; let him deliver him; *
let him rescue him, if he delights in him."
- 9 Yet you are he who took me out of the womb, *
and kept me safe upon my mother's breast.

Antiphon

- 10 I have been entrusted to you ever since I was born; *
you were my God when I was still in my mother's womb.
- 11 Be not far from me, for trouble is near, *
and there is none to help.

Antiphon

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- 12 Many young bulls encircle me; *
strong bulls of Bashan surround me.
- 13 They open wide their jaws at me, *
Like a ravening and a roaring lion.
- Antiphon*
- 14 I am poured out like water;
all my bones are out of joint; *
my heart within my breast is melting wax.
- 15 My mouth is dried out like a pot-sherd;
my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; *
and you have laid me in the dust of the grave.
- Antiphon*
- 16 Packs of dogs close me in,
and gangs of evildoers circle around me; *
they pierce my hands and my feet;
I can count all my bones.
- 17 They stare and gloat over me; *
they divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.
- 18 Be not far away, O LORD; *
you are my strength; hasten to help me.
- Antiphon*
- 19 Save me from the sword, *
my life from the power of the dog.
- 20 Save me from the lion's mouth, *
my wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.
- 21 I will declare your Name to my brethren; *
in the midst of the congregation I will praise you.
- Antiphon*

- 22 Praise the LORD, you that fear him; *
stand in awe of him, O offspring of Israel;
all you of Jacob's line, give glory.
- 23 For he does not despise nor abhor the poor in their poverty;
neither does he hid his face from them; *
but when they cry to him he hears them.

Antiphon

- 24 My praise is of him in the great assembly; *
I will perform my vows
in the presence of those who worship him.
- 25 The poor shall eat and be satisfied,
and those who seek the LORD shall praise him: *
"May your heart live for ever!"

Antiphon

- 26 All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the LORD, *
and all the families of the nations shall bow before him.
- 27 For kingship belongs to the LORD; *
he rules over the nations.
- 28 To him alone all who sleep in the earth bow down in worship; *
all who go down to the dust fall before him.

Antiphon

- 29 My soul shall live for him;
my descendants shall serve him; *
they shall be known as the LORD's for ever.
- 30 The shall come and make known to a people yet unborn *
the saving deeds that he has done.

Antiphon