

# Psalm 22

tune: Arlene Oost-Zinner

arr: Francis Koerber

My God, my God, why have you a - ban - doned me?

Note: Small notes are to be treated as liquescents

1

Em C Em/B Am Em/G

All who see me scoff at me; they mock me with parted lips, they wag their heads:

C G/D Bm Em

'He relied on the LORD; let him deliver him, let him rescue him, if he loves him." R.

2

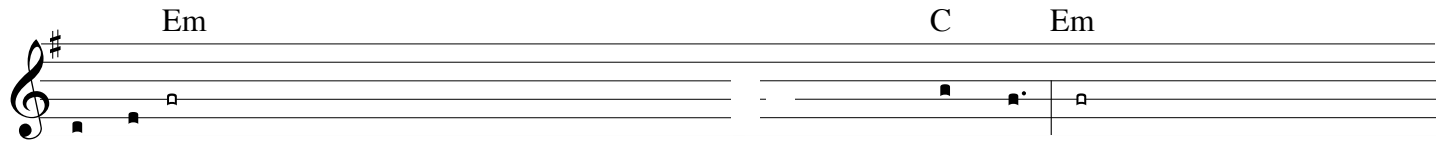
G G/F# Em Am7

Indeed, many dogs surround me, a pack of evildoers closes in up-on me; they have pierced my hands

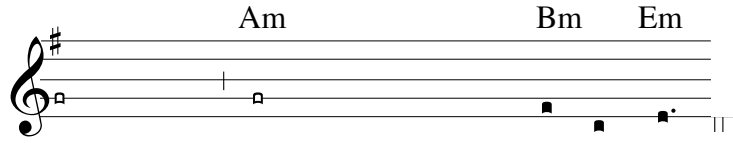
G/B Bm C

and my feet; I can count all my bones. R.

3



They divide my garments among them, and for my vesture they *cast* lots. But you, O LORD, be not

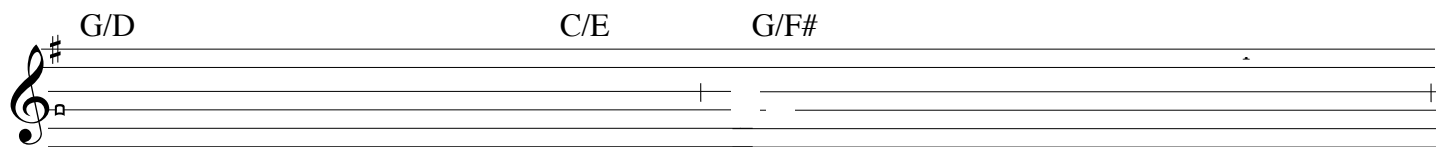


far from me; O my help, hasten *to* aid me. Ṛ.

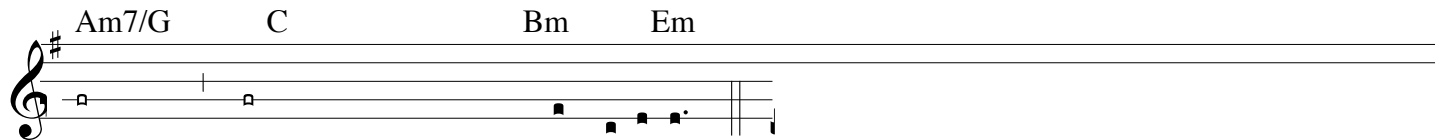
4



I will proclaim your name to my *breth*-ren; in the midst of the assembly I will *praise* you:



You who fear the LORD, praise him; all you descendants of Jacob, give glory to him;



revere him, all you descendants *of* Is-rael!" Ṛ.