

# Psalm 22

To the choirmaster: according to The Doe of the Dawn.  
A Psalm of David.

1. My God, my God, O why have you for - sak - en and a - ban - doned me? Why  
are you far from giv - ing help, from listen - ing to my an - guished plea? My  
God, I cry to you by day; you do not hear when I com - plain. I  
call to you through - out the night; in si - lence I can - not re - main.

2. Yet you are holy: on the praise  
Of Israèl you are enthroned.  
In you our fathers put their trust;  
They trusted, and were not disowned.  
They called, and you delivered them;  
You listened to them when they cried.  
Our fathers were not put to shame,  
Because on you they had relied.

3. But I'm a worm and not a man,  
By people scorned, reproached by all.  
And those who see me shake their heads;  
They sneer at me, and thus they call:  
"This man has trusted in the LORD,  
So let him save him from his plight.  
Now let his God deliver him,  
Because in him he takes delight."

4. Yet you, LORD, brought me from the womb;  
When I was at my mother's breast  
You gave me cause to trust in you.  
From birth upon you I was cast.  
Yes, from my mother's womb till now,  
O LORD, you are my God alone.  
Be not far off, for trouble's near,  
And other helper I have none.

5. Strong bulls of Bashan circle me,  
Wild bulls approach on every side.  
As roaring lions tear their prey,  
At me their mouths they open wide.  
Like water I am emptied out,  
And all my bones are torn apart;  
My inmost being melts away,  
And into wax is turned my heart.

6. My strength is dried like shattered clay,  
 And, as I fight to draw my breath,  
 My tongue is sticking to my jaws;  
 You lay me in the dust of death.  
 A pack of dogs encloses me;  
 Their circle round me is complete.  
 I am beset by evil men  
 And they have pierced my hands and feet.

7. I count the number of my bones;  
 With gloating eyes the people stare.  
 They throw the dice to get my coat;  
 Among themselves my clothes they share.  
 Come quickly, rescue me, my Strength;  
 Do not be far from me, O LORD.  
 Save me from power of evil dogs,  
 My precious life from cruel sword.

8. From menace of the lions' mouths  
 And from their fury set me free.  
 From peril of wild oxen's horns  
 You heard my cry and rescued me.  
 Now to my brothers I'll declare  
 The praises of your glorious name;  
 Within their gathering I will stand  
 And your renown I will proclaim.

9. Praise him, all you that fear the LORD;  
 Give honour to him, Jacob's race.  
 All Isr'el's children, worship him;  
 Bow down with awe before his face.  
 He has not scorned the suffering  
 Which on the afflicted one is laid;  
 He did not hide his face from him,  
 But listened to his cry for aid.

10. You are the theme of all my praise  
 Within the great assembly, LORD;  
 Before all those who fear your name  
 I will fulfil my solemn word.  
 The poor will eat and will be filled  
 And those who seek the LORD will give  
 A shout of joyful praise to him.  
 O may your hearts for ever live!

11. The whole earth will remember him  
 And turn towards the LORD their God.  
 All peoples will bow down to him—  
 The nations of the world abroad.  
 Dominion to the LORD belongs  
 And over nations he is king.  
 The rich of all the earth will feast  
 And worship with an offering.

12. All those whose destiny is dust  
 Will humbly kneel before his throne;  
 They cannot keep themselves alive,  
 For they depend on him alone.  
 Posterity will serve the LORD;  
 And generations still to come  
 Will tell a people yet unborn  
 The righteous acts that he has done.