

PSALM 22. *Deus, Deus meus*

Tone VIII. 3



- 1 MY GOD, my God, why have you for-sa-|ken me? | *
and are so far from my cry and from the **words** of my
| dis-tress? |
- 2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not **an**-swer;
* by night as well, **but** I find | no rest. |
- 3 Yet you are the **Ho**-ly One, | * enthroned upon the
prais-es of Is-|ra-el. |
- 4 Our forefathers put their **trust** | in you; | * they trusted,
and **you** de-liv-|ered them. |
- 5 They cried out to you and were de-**li**-vered; * 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 | peo-ple. |
- 7 All who see me laugh **me** | to scorn; | * they curl their lips
and wag **their** heads, say-ing,
- 8 "He trusted in the Lord; let him de-**liv**-er him; | * let
him rescue him, if **he** de-likes | in him." |
- 9 Yet you are he who took me out of the **womb**, * and
kept me safe up-**on** my mo-|ther's breast. |
- 10 I have been entrusted to you ever since I | was born; | *
you were my God when I was still **in** my mo-|ther's
womb. |
- 11 Be not far from me, for trouble is **near**, * and **there** is
none | to help. |



- 12 Many young bulls en-**cir**-cle me; | * strong bulls of Ba-
shan sur-round me.
- 13 They open wide their **jaws** | at me, | * like a ravening and
a **roar**-ing li-on.
- 14 I am poured out like water; all my bones are **out** | of
joint; | * my heart within my **breast** is melt-|ing wax. |
- 15 My mouth is dried out like a potsherd; my tongue sticks
to the roof of my **mouth**; * and you have laid me in **the**
dust of | the grave. |
- 16 Packs of dogs close me in, and gangs of evildoers cir-cle
a-**round** me; * they pierce my hands and my feet; I **can**
count all | my bones. |
- 17 They stare and gloat **ov**-er me; | * they divide my
garments among them; they cast lots **for** my | cloth-ing. |
- 18 Be not far a-**way**, | O Lord; | * you are my strength; hast-
en to help me.
- 19 Save me **from** | the sword, | * my life from the **pow**-er of
| the dog. |
- 20 Save me from the **li**-on's mouth, | * my wretched body
from the **horns** of wild bulls.
- 21 I will declare your Name to my **bre**-thren; * in the midst
of the congregation I will praise you.
- 22 Praise the Lord, you that **fear** him; * stand in awe of
him, O offspring of Israel; all you of Jacob's **line**, give
glo-ry.



- 23 For he does not despise nor abhor the poor in their poverty; neither does he hide his **face** | from them; | * but when they cry to **him** he hears them.
- 24 My praise is of him in the great as-**semb**-ly; * I will perform my vows in the presence of **those** who wor-
|ship him. |
- 25 The poor shall eat and be satisfied, † and those who seek the Lord shall **praise** him: * "May your heart **live** for ever!"
- 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 ov-**er** the na-tions.
- 28 To him alone all who sleep in the earth bow down in **wor**-ship; * all who go down to the dust **fall** be-fore him.
- 29 My soul shall live for *him*; † my descendants shall **serve** him; * they shall be known as the **Lord's** for ev-er.
- 30 They shall come and make known to a people yet **un**-born * the saving **deeds** that he | has done. |

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy **Spi**-rit: * as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for ev-er. A-men.