

## PSALM 22

For the director of music. To the tune of "The Doe of the Morning."  
A psalm of David.

Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542 / Lyons, 1548



1. My God, O why have You for-sak-en me?  
When I to You, O God, for ref-uge flee,  
why do You grant no help and fail to see  
my trib-u-la-tion?  
I groan by day, but You are far from heed-ing  
the mourn-ful cries that I have been re-peat-ing;  
by night al-so You do not hear my plead-ing.  
I find no rest.

2. Yet You, O *Holy One*, in glory dwell,  
enthroned upon the *praise* of Israel.  
In You our fathers put their trust as well  
and were delivered.  
For when they were by cares and woes afflicted,  
they trusted You and so were well protected.  
To You they cried and they were not neglected  
or put to shame.

3. But I, I *am a worm, and* not a man.  
I *am despised and scorned by* everyone;  
those *who my grief and misery* have seen  
say *as they* mock me:  
“He *trusts in God, relying on His* favour;  
why *does the LORD* not *help him as his* Saviour?  
If *God delights in him, let Him* deliver  
and rescue him.”
  
4. You drew me *from the womb and* gave me rest,  
for *You, LORD,* soothed me *on my mother’s* breast;  
right *from my birth I have on* You been cast,  
God *my Defender.*  
You *ever* since the *day my mother* bore me  
have *been my* God. In *my distress* assure me  
that *You are not far off but will* restore me;  
none else can help.
  
5. Fierce bulls, those *that on Bashan’s* heights abound,  
with *dreadful* might besiege me all around;  
they *open wide their mouths at* me and sound  
like *roaring* lions.  
Poured *out like* water, *all my strength is* going;  
my *bones are* out of joint. My *fear is* showing;  
my *heart, like wax within my* body flowing,  
all melts away.
  
6. Dried like a *potsherd, all my* strength is gone;  
my *tongue sticks to my* palate as I moan,  
and *in the dust of death* You lay me down.  
Dogs *here surround* me.  
I’m *skin and bones, and gloating* foes are staring;  
they’ve *pierced my* hands and feet, *no cruelty* sparing,  
and *they divide the* garments I was wearing  
by casting lots.

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7. But You, O LORD, be not far off, I pray.  
Come quick-ly to my aid this ver-y day,  
that from the dead-ly sword my life now may  
soon be de-liv-ered!  
Res-cue my soul from dogs that fierce-ly glow-er,  
from li-ons' mouths, in this my dark-est ho-ur.  
Save me from horns of ox-en great in pow-er,  
O LORD my Strength!

8. I to my *brothers of Your name* will tell  
and *praise You* in the *midst of Israel*.  
*All you who fear the LORD, praise Him* as well  
in *your assembly*.  
O *Jacob's offspring, honour and adore Him*.  
He *did not scorn the lowly or abhor him*.  
God *did not keep His face concealed before him*  
but heard his cries.

9. I'll sing my *praises where God's* people meet  
and *keep the vows* that *I will* there repeat.  
Praise *God, who gives the poor* enough to eat.  
Rejoice forever!  
All *nations* will remember to revere Him,  
and *all their families* will bow down and fear Him.  
He *issues His commands* and *all* will hear Him:  
The LORD is king.
10. All who are *rich* will fear *His* majesty;  
all *who go down to dust* will bow the knee –  
yes, *all whose own strength* cannot keep them free  
from *death and ruin*.  
Posterity through *every generation*  
will *serve Him* and *proclaim His* vindication;  
those *yet unborn* will hear of the *salvation*  
that He has won.