

Psalm 22

The Wittenberg Psalter

Chorale-Tone X
after *Aus tiefer Not*

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My God, my God, why have you for - sak - en me? Why are you so far from sav - ing me?

I am a worm and not a man, scorned by men and des - pised by the peo - ple.

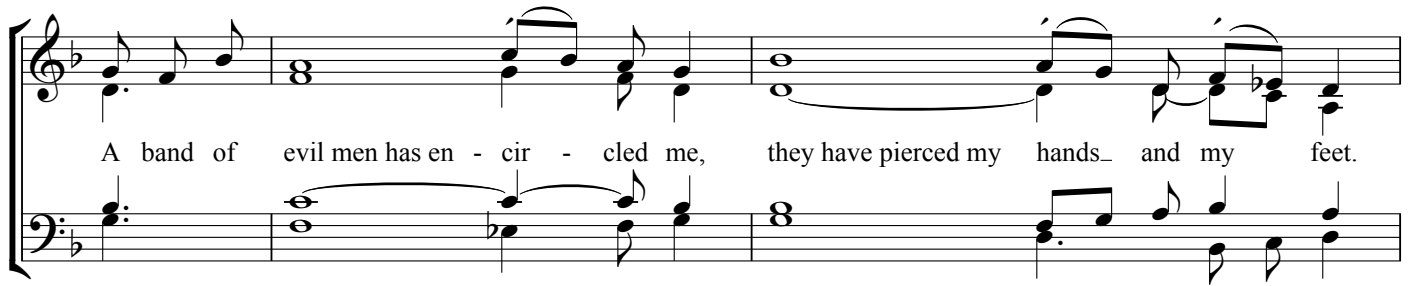
C

All who see me mock me; they hurl insults, shak - ing their heads:

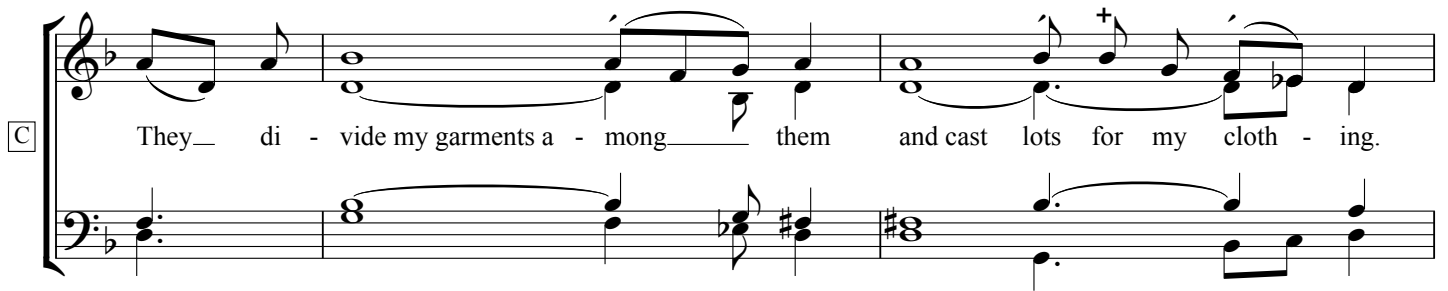
"He trusts in the LORD, / let the LORD res - cue him. Let him deliver him, since he de - lights in him."

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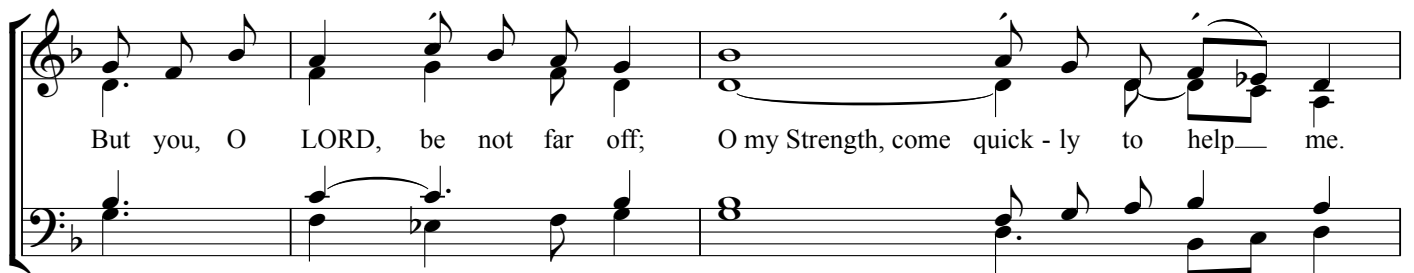
My strength is dried up, and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; you lay me in the dust of death.



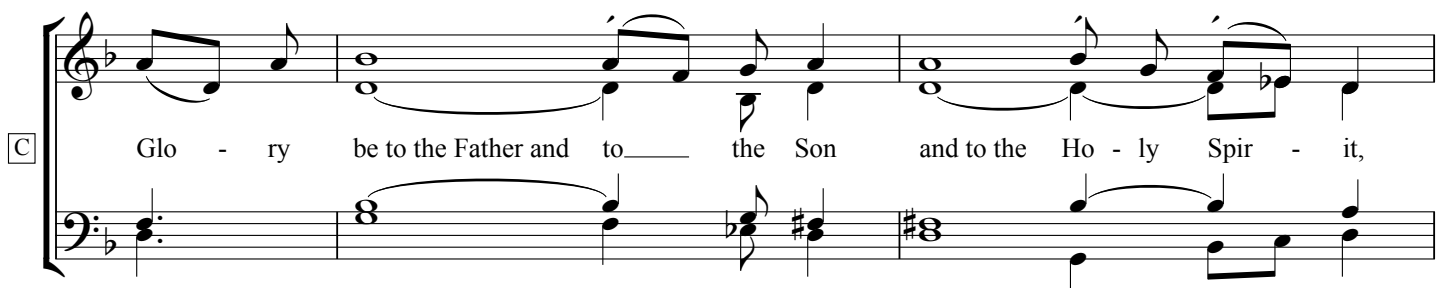
A band of evil men has encircled me, they have pierced my hands and my feet.



They divide my garments among them and cast lots for my clothing.



But you, O LORD, be not far off; O my Strength, come quickly to help me.



Glorry be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,



as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. / Amen.