

Psalm 22

The Wittenberg Psalter

Chorale-Tone X
after *Aus tiefer Not*

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.

All who see me mock me; they hurl insults, sha - king their heads.

"He trusts in the LORD, / let the LORD res - cue him.

Let him deliver him, since he de-lights in him."

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 en - cir - cled me, they have pierced my hands and my feet.

They di - vide my garments a - mong them and cast lots for my cloth - ing.

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

Glo - ry be to the Father and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Spir - it,

as it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and will be for - ev - er. / A - men.