

Psalm 22

The Wittenberg Psalter

Chorale-Tone X
after *Aus tiefer Not*



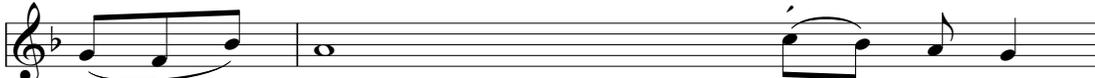
L: My God, my God, why have you for - sak - en me? Why are you so far from sav - ing me?



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, 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."



L: 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.



C: 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 quick - ly to help me.



C: 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.