

Good Friday

Psalm 22: 1-11

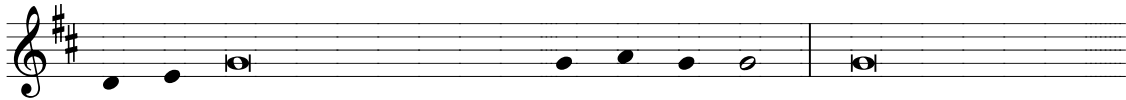
Arranged by James McGregor

REFRAIN *Sung by cantor and repeated by all*



My Gód, my Gód, why have you for- sák- en me?

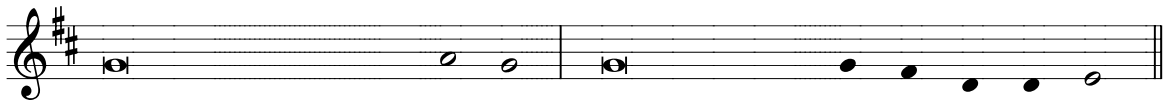
VERSES *Sung by cantor*



1. My Gód, my Gód, why have you for- sák- en me? * and are só fár from



my cry and from the wórds of my dis-tréss? 2. O my Gód, I cry in the



dáyttime and yóu do not án- swer; * by níght as wéll, but I fínd no rést.

All repeat refrain



3. Yet yóu are the Hó- ly One, * enthronéd upon the práis-es of Ís-



ra- el. 4. Our fórefathers pút their trúst in yóu; * they trústed, and

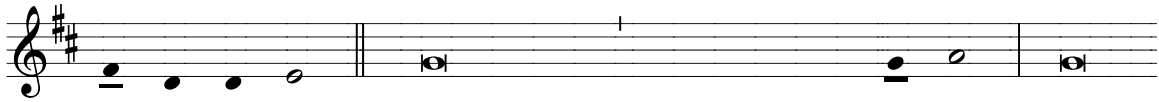


yóu de- lív-ered them.

All repeat refrain



5. They cried out to you and were de- lív- ered; * they trústed in yóu and were



nót pút to sháme. 6. But as for mé, I am a wórm and nó mán, * scórned

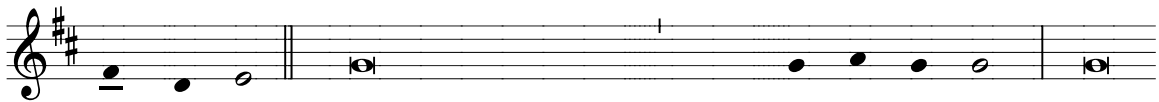


by áll and despised by the peo-ple.

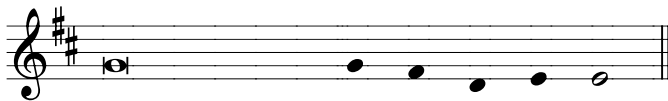
All repeat refrain



7. Áll who see me láugh me to scórn; * they cúrl their líps and wág their



héads, sáy- ing, 8. "He trústed in the Lórd, let hím de- lív- er him; * let

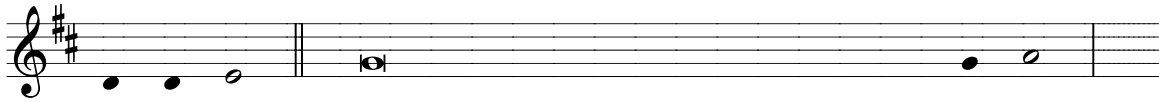


hím réscue him íf he de-líghts in him.

All repeat refrain



9. Yet you are hé who tóok me out of the wómb, * and képt me sáfe up-on my



móth-ers bréast. 10. Í have been entrústed to you év-er since I was bórn



yóu were my Gód when I was stíll in my móth-er's wómb. 11. Bé not fár from



me, for tróuble is néar, * and there is nóne to hélp.

All repeat refrain