Psalm for 14 October *Psalm 22 vv 1-15*



1 My God, my God, why have | you for-| saken me,

 and are so far from my salvation, from the | words of | my dis-| tress?

2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you | do not | answer;

 and by night also, | but I | find no | rest.

3 Yet you are the | Holy | One,

 enthroned up-| on the | praises· of | Israel.

4 Our forebears | trusted· in | you;

 they | trusted, ·and | you de-| livered them.

5 They cried out to you and | were de-| livered;

 they put their trust in you | and were | not con-| founded.

6 But as for me, I am a | worm· and no | man,

 scorned by all and des-| pised | by the | people.

7 All who see me | laugh me· to | scorn;

 they curl their lips and | wag their | heads, | saying,

8 ‘He trusted in the Lord; | let him· de-| liver him;

 let him deliver him, | if he· de-| lights in | him.’

9 But it is you that took me | out of· the | womb

 and laid me safe up-| on my | mother’s | breast.

10 On you was I cast ever | since I· was | born;

 you are my God even | from my | mother’s | womb.

11 Be not far from me, for trouble is | near at | hand

 and | there is | none to | help.

12 Mighty oxen | come a-| round me;

 fat bulls of Bashan close me | in on | ev’ry | side.

13 They gape upon me | with their | mouths,

 as it were a | ramping· and a | roaring | lion.

14 I am poured out like water; all my bones are | out of | joint;

 my heart has become like wax | melting· in the | depths· of my | body.

2nd part 15 My mouth is dried up like a potsherd; my tongue | cleaves· to my | gums;

 you have laid me | in the | dust of | death.

Words taken from Common Worship © The Archbishops’ Council 2000.