

Proper 23 Year B (SC Track)

Psalm 22: 1-15

Mode 8 **Refrain**

Be not far from me, O God.

1. My *God*, my *God*, why have you for - sak - en me? and are so far from my cry

and from the words of my dis - tress? 2. O my *God*, I cry in the daytime,

but you do *not* an - swer; by night as *well*, but I find no rest.

3. Yet you are the Ho - ly One, enthroned upon the prais - es

of Is - ra - el. **Refrain** 4. Our *fore* - fathers put their trust in you;

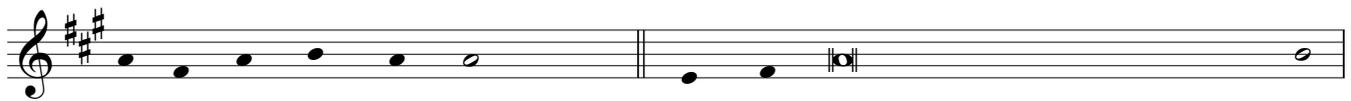
they trusted, and you de - liv - ered them. **Refrain** 5. They *cried* out to you

and were de - liv - ered; they trusted in you and were not put to shame.

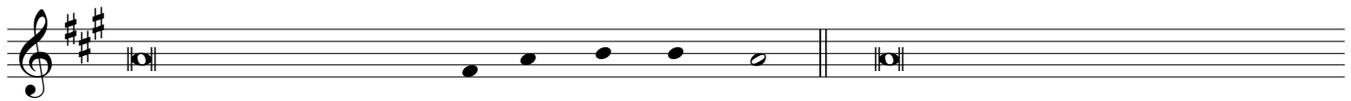
6. But as for *me*, I am a worm and *no* man, scorned by all and despised by the peo - ple.

7. All who see me laugh me to scorn; they curl their lips and wag their heads, say - ing,

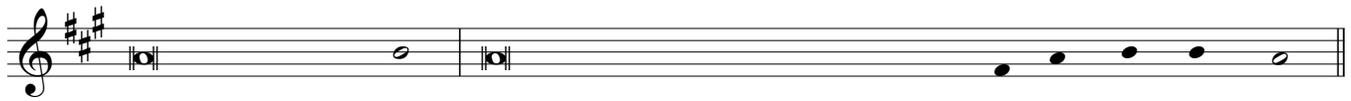
8. "He trusted in the Lord; let him de - liv - er him; let him rescue him,



if he de-lights in him." **Refrain** 9. Yet you are he who took me out of the womb,



and kept me safe up - on my moth-er's breast. 10. I have been entrusted to *you*



ever since I was born; you were my God when I was still in my moth-er's womb.



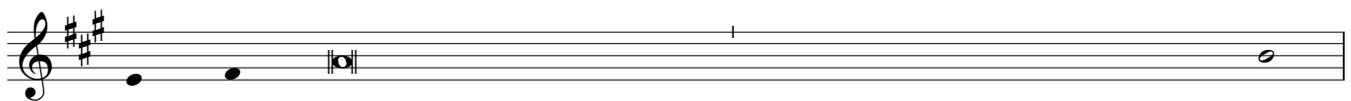
11. *Be not* far from *me*, for trouble is near, and there is none to help. **Refrain**



12. Ma - ny *young* bulls en - cir - cle me; *strong* bulls of Ba - shan sur-round me.



13. They open wide their jaws at me, like a ravening and a roar-ing li - on. **Refrain**



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



my heart within my breast is melt-ing wax. 15. My mouth is *dried* out like a pot-herd;



my *tongue* sticks to the roof of my mouth; and you have laid me in the



dust of the grave. **Refrain**

Alleluia ad libitum