

Psalm 22 (Chichester)

Thomas Sternhold, 1549
86. 86. (C. M.)

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Ravenscroft, *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, 1621.

F Major
Thomas Ravenscroft, 1621

1. O God, my God, wherefore dost Thou Forsake me utterly? And help me not when I do make My great complaint and cry?
2. To Thee, my God, even all day long, I do both cry and call. I cease not all the night, and yet Thou hearest not at all.

3. E'en Thou that in the sanctuary And holy place dost dwell: Thou art the comfort and the joy And glory of Israel.
4. And he in whom our fathers old, Had all their hope forever: And when they put their trust in thee, So dost thou them deliver.
5. They were delivered ever when They called on thy name: And for the faith they had in thee, They were not put to shame.
6. But I am now become a worm, More like than any man: An outcast whom the people scorn, With all the spite they can.

7 And me despise as they behold
Me walking on the way:
They grin, they mow, they nod their heads
And in this wise they say.

14 But I drop down like watershed
my joints in sunder break
Heart doth in my body melt,
like wax against the heat.

21 And from the lion's month that would
Me all in sunder shiver;
And from the horns of unicorns
Lord safely me deliver.

8 This man did glory in the Lord,
His favor and his love:
Let him redeem and help him now,
His power if he will prove.

15 And like a potsherd drieth my strength
My tongue it cleaveth fast
Unto my lawes, and I am brought
To dust of death at last.

22 And I shall to my brethren all
Thy majesty record:
And in thy church shall praise the name
of thee the living Lord.

9 But Lord out of my mothers womb
I came by thy request:
Thou didst preserve him still in hope,
while I did suck her breast.

16 And many dogs do compass me,
And wicked counsel eke
Conspire against me cursedly,
They pierce my hands and feet.

23 All ye that fear him praise the Lord
Thou Jacob honorhim:
And all ye seed of Israel
With reverence worship him.

10 I was committed from my birth
with thee to have abode:
Since I was in my mothers womb,
Thou hast been ever my God.

17 I was tormented so that I,
Might all my bones have told:
Yet still upon me they do look
and still they me behold.

24 For he despiseth not the poor;
He turneth not away
His countenance when they do call:
But granteth to their cry.

11 Then Lord depart not now from me
in this my preient grief:
Since I have none to be my help,
My succor and relief.

18 My garments they divided eke
in parts among them all,
And for my coat they did cast lots,
To whom it might befall.

25 Among the folk that fear the Lord,
I will therefore proclaim
Thy praise, and keep my promise made
For setting forth thy name.

12 So many bulls do compass me,
That be full strong of head:
Yea, bulls so fat as though they had
in Bashan field been fed.

19 Therefore I pray thee be not far
From me at my great need
But rather sith thou art my strength,
To help me Lord make speed.

26 The poor shall eat and be sufficed,
And those that do their deaver
To know the Lord shall praise his name,
Their hearts shall live for ever.

13 They gape upon me greedily,
as though they would me slay:
Much like a Lion roaring out,
and ramping for his prey.

20 And from the sword Lord save my soul
By thy might and thy power;
And keep my soul thy darling dear
From dogs that would devour.