

Psalm 22

- 1 Why has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm, despised of men,
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."
- 10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

Isaac Watts, Ps. 22:1-16, CM
Martyrdom (Alas and Did My Savior Bleed, #208)

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