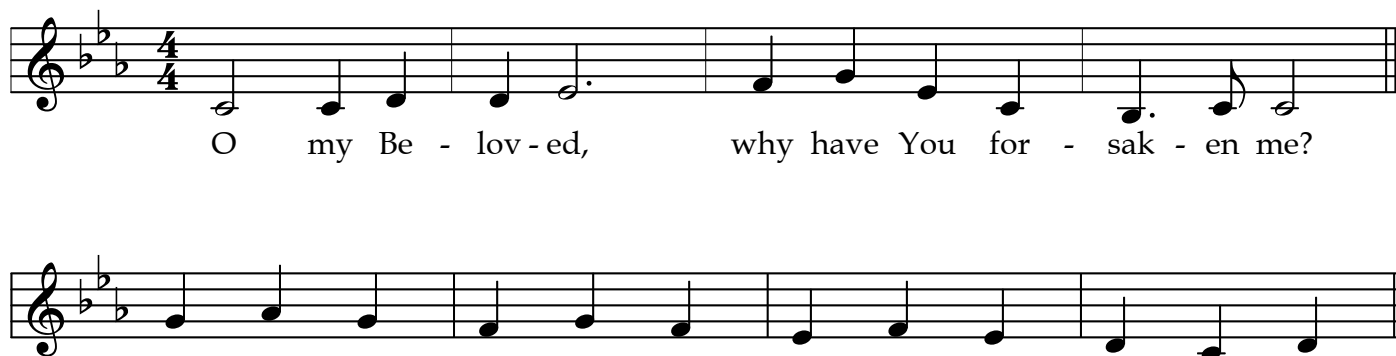


Year B, Sunday between 9 October and 15 October

Proper 23, OT-28s - Psalm 22:1-15



O my Beloved, **why** have You for-**saken** me?
Why are You so far, a-**bandoning** me as I groan in **misery**?
O my Beloved, I cry by day, **but** You do not **answer**;
and by night, but **find** no **rest**.

Yet You are holy, **praised** through all gener-**ations**.
In You our parents trusted; they **trusted**, and You did come to their **aid**.
To You they **cried**, and were **heard**;
in You they **trusted**, and were not disap-**pointed**.

But I seem as nothing, hardly alive; **scorned** and despised by **many**.
Those who see me make fun at my expense, they **ridicule** and gossip a-**mong** themselves;
"Commit yourself **to** the Most **High**;
let Love deliver you, you who de-**light** in the Most **High**!"

Yet, You are the One who took me from the womb; You kept me **safe** upon my mother's **breasts**.
Upon You I was cast from my birth, and ever since my mother bore me,
You have been my **strength**.
Come close to me, for **trouble** is **near**
and there is none **to help**.

I am poured out like water, and all my **bones** are **weak**;
my heart is like wax, **melting** within my **breast**;
My strength is broken as a shard of pottery, and my **mouth** is **dry**;
You have laid me in the **dust** of **death**.