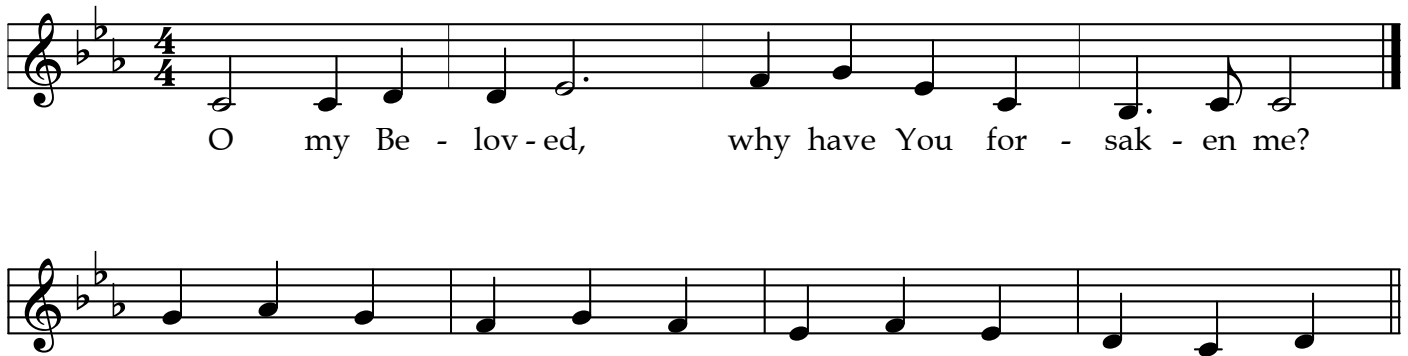


# Good Friday

## Psalm 22



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**.

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**.

Yes, boars are round about me; a company of **evildoers** en-**circle** me;  
they have pierced my hands and feet – I can count **all** my **bones** –  
they stare and gloat over me a-**waiting** my de-**mise**;  
They divide my belongings among them, a-**riciously** casting **lots**.

But You, O Beloved, be **not** far **off**!  
You, who are my help, **hasten** to my **aid**!  
Free my soul from this agony, my life from the **power** of the **boar**!  
Save me from the mouth of the lion, my afflicted **soul** from the  
horns of the **bull**!