Psalm 22 (St. Helena Psalter)

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me, *
and are so far from my cry
and from the words of my distress?
O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer; *
by night as well, but I find no rest.
Yet you are the Holy One, *
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.
Our forebears put their trust in you; *
they trusted, and you delivered them.
They cried out to you and were delivered; *
they trusted in you and were not put to shame.
But as for me, I am a worm, and less than human, *
scorned by all and despised by the people.
All who see me laugh me to scorn; *
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,
"You trusted in God for deliverance; *
let God rescue you, if God delights in you."
Yet you, O God, are the one who took me out of the womb *
and kept me safe upon my mother's breast.
I have been entrusted to you ever since I was born; *
you were my God when I was still in my mother's womb.
Be not far from me, for trouble is near, *
and there is none to help.
Many young bulls encircle me; *
strong bulls of Bashan surround me.
They open wide their jaws at me, *
like a ravening and a roaring lion.
I am poured out like water;
all my bones are out of joint; *
my heart within my breast is melting wax.
My mouth is dried out like a pot-sherd;
my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth, *
and you have laid me in the dust of the grave.
Packs of dogs close me in,
and gangs of evildoers circle around me; *
they pierce my hands and my feet;
I can count all my bones.
They stare and gloat over me; *
they divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.
Be not far away, O God; *
you are my strength; hasten to help me.

Save me from the sword, *
my life from the power of the dog.
Save me from the lion's mouth, *
my wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.
I will declare your Name to my people; *
in the midst of the congregation I will praise you.
May all who fear you, O God, give praise; *
may the offspring of Israel stand in awe,
and all of Jacob's line give glory.
For you do not despise nor abhor the poor in their poverty,
neither do you hide your face from them, *
but when they cry to you, you hear them.
My praise is of you in the great assembly; *
I will perform my vows in the presence of those who worship you.
The poor shall eat and be satisfied,
and those who seek you shall praise you: *
"May your heart live for ever!"
All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to you, *
and all the families of the nations shall bow before you.
For yours is the royal power, O God; *
you rule over the nations.
To you alone all who sleep in the earth bow down in worship; *
all who go down to the dust fall before you.
My soul shall live for you;
my descendants shall serve you; *
they shall be known as yours for ever.
They shall come and make known to a people yet unborn *
the saving deeds that you have done.