

Psalm 22

למנצח על-אילת השחר מזמור לדוד

Of the Choirmaster, upon the hind of the dawn, a psalm of David

1 My God, my God, why have you forsaken me,
Far from my deliverance are the words of my complaint.

2 My God, I call out by day but you do not answer,
And by night but you are silent to me.

3 But you are holy, who dwell,
Among the praises of Israel.

4 In you our fathers have trusted,
They trusted and you delivered them.

5 To you they called out and you delivered them,
In you they trusted and were not ashamed.

6 But I am a worm and not a man,
A reproach of a man and despised of the people.

7 All who see me will mock me,
They will separate the lip, shaking the head.

8 “He depends on the LORD, let Him deliver him,
Let Him rescue him for he trusted in Him.”

9 For you have drawn me from the womb,
From upon my mother’s breasts have I trusted.

10 Upon you I have been cast from the womb,
You are my God from my mother’s womb.