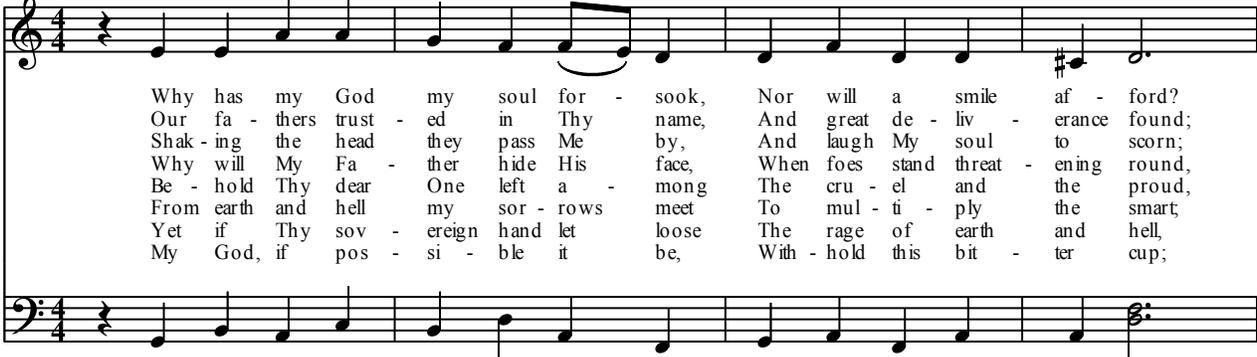


# Why has my God my Soul Forsook

Isaac Watts (Psalm 22)



Why has my God my soul for - sook, Nor will a smile af - ford?  
Our fa - thers trust - ed in Thy name, And great de - liv - erance found;  
Shak - ing the head they pass Me by, And laugh My soul to scorn;  
Why will My Fa - ther hide His face, When foes stand threat - ening round,  
Be - hold Thy dear One left a - mong The cru - el and the proud,  
From earth and hell my sor - rows meet To mul - ti - ply the smart;  
Yet if Thy sov - ereign hand let loose The rage of earth and hell,  
My God, if pos - si - ble it be, With - hold this bit - ter cup;



Thus Da - vid once in an - guish spoke, And thus our dy - ing Lord.  
But I'm a worm, de - spised of men, And trod - den to the ground.  
In vain He trusts in God, they cry, Ne - glect - ed and for - lorn.  
In the dark hour of deep dis - tress, And not a help - er found?  
As bulls of Ba - shan fierce and strong, As li - ons roar - ing loud.  
They nail My hands, they pierce My feet, And try to vex My heart.  
Why will My heaven - ly Fa - ther bruise The Son He loves so well?  
But I re - sign My will to Thee, And drink the sor - rows up.