

Why has my God my soul forsook?

Paraphrased by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Psalm 22 verses 1-5

Anniversary, by Francis Roads (b. 1943)

Slow $\text{♩} = 72$

Soprano [Air]

1. Why has my God my soul for - sook, Nor will a smile af - ford?
 2. *Though 'tis thy chief de - light to dwell A - mong thy prais - ing saints,*
 3. Our fa - thers trus - ted in thy name, And great de - liv' - rance found;
 4. *Sha - king the head, they pass me by, And laugh my soul to scorn;*

Alto

Tenor

1. Why has my God my soul for - sook, Nor will a smile af - ford?
 2. *Though 'tis thy chief de - light to dwell A - mong thy prais - ing saints,*
 3. Our fa - thers trus - ted in thy name, And great de - liv' - rance found;
 4. *Sha - king the head, they pass me by, And laugh my soul to scorn;*

Bass

9

S

(Thus Da - vid once in an - guish spoke, Thus Da - vid once in an - guish
 Yet thou canst hear a groan as well, Yet thou canst hear a groan as
 But I'm a worm, des - pised of men, But I'm a worm, des - pised of
 "In vain he trusts in God," they cry, "In vain he trusts in God," they

A

T

(Thus Da - vid once in an - guish spoke, Thus Da - vid once in an - guish
 Yet thou canst hear a groan as well, Yet thou canst hear a groan as
 But I'm a worm, des - pised of men, But I'm a worm, des - pised of
 "In vain he trusts in God," they cry, "In vain he trusts in God," they

B

17

S

spoke, And thus our dy - ing Lord.)
 well, And pi - ty our com - plaints.
 men, And trod - den to the ground.
 cry, "Ne - glec - ted and for - lorn."

A

T

spoke, And thus our dy - ing Lord.)
 well, And pi - ty our com - plaints.
 men, And trod - den to the ground.
 cry, "Ne - glec - ted and for - lorn."

B

Symphony

5. But thou art he who formed my flesh By thine almighty word;
 And since I hung upon the breast, And since I hung upon the breast,
 My hope is in the Lord.