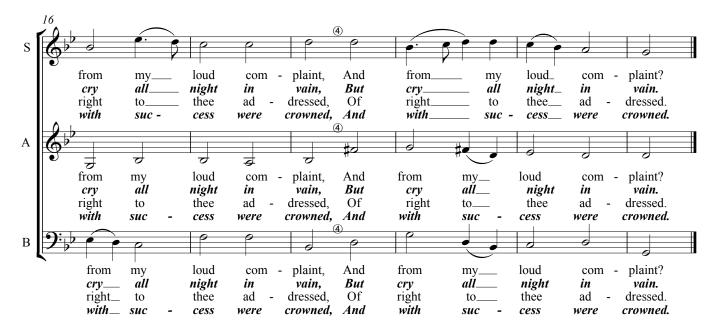


My God, my God, why leav'st thou me?



- 5. But I am treated like a worm, Like none of human birth; Not only by the great reviled, But made the rabble's mirth.
- 6. With laughter all the gazing crowd My agonies survey; They shoot the lip, they shake the head, And thus, deriding, say: -
- 7. "In God he trusted, boasting oft
 That he was heaven's delight;
 Let God come down to save him now,
 And own his favourite".

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text; Original a tone higher.