

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 ♩=80

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

Keyboards

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

Kbd.

Why has my God my soul forsook?

17

S *Symphony*

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

Kbd.

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.