

# 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** ♩=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

Keyboard

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

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.

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.