

# London Gallery Quire 569

Paraphrased by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Why has my God my soul forsook?

Anniversary, by Francis Roads (b. 1943)

Psalm 22 verses 1-5

**Slow** ♩=80

Soprano [Air]

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

Alto

Tenor

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

Bass

9

S

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

A

T

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

B

17

S

— And thus our dy - ing Lord.)  
 — *And pi - ty our com - plaints.*  
 — And trod - den to the ground.  
 — *"Ne - glec - ted and for - lorn."*

A

T

— And thus our dy - ing Lord.)  
 — *And pi - ty our com - plaints.*  
 — And trod - den to the ground.  
 — *"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.