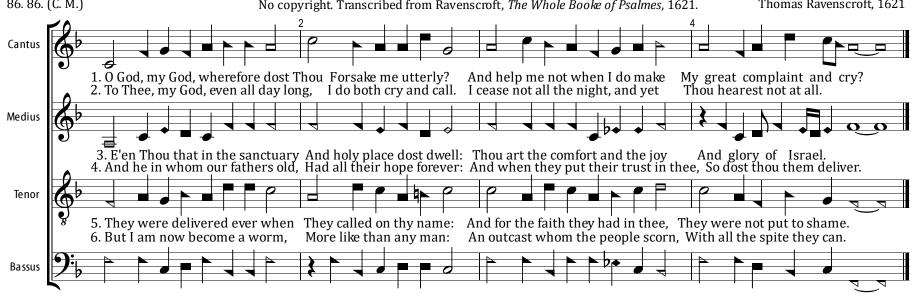
Thomas Sternhold, 1549 86. 86. (C. M.)

Psalm 22 (Chichester)

F Maior Thomas Ravenscroft, 1621

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7 And me despise as they behold Me walking on the way: They grin, they mow, they nod their heads And in this wise they say.

8 This man did glory in the Lord. His favor and his love: Let him redeem and help him now. His power if he will prove.

9 But Lord out of my mothers womb I came by thy request: Thou didft preserve him still in hope, while I did suck her breast.

10 I was committed from my birth with thee to have abode: Since I was in my mothers womb. Thou hast been ever my God.

11 Then Lord depart not now from me in this my preient grief: Since I have none to be my help, My succor and relief.

12 So many bulls do compass me, That be full strong of head: Yea, bulls so fat as though they had in Bashan field been fed.

13 They gape upon me greedily. as though they would me slay: Much like a Lion roaring out, and ramping for his prev.

14 But 1 drop down like watershed my joints in sunder break Heart doth in my body melt, like wax against the heat.

15 And like a potsherd drieth my strength My tongue it cleaveth fast Unto my lawes, and I am brought To dust of death at last.

16 And many dogs do compass me. And wicked counsel eke Conspire against me cursedly. They pierce my hands and feet.

17 1 was tormented so that I. Might all my bones have told: Yet still upon me they do look and still they me behold.

18 My garments they divided eke in parts among them all. And for my coat they did cast lots, To whom it might befall.

19 Therefore I pray thee be not far From me at my great need But rather sith thou art my strength. To help me Lord make speed.

20 And from the sword Lord save my soul By thy might and thy power; And keep my soul thy darling dear From dogs that would devour.

21 And from the lion's month that would I will therefore proclaim Me all in sunder shiver: And from the horns of unicoms Lord safely me deliver.

22 And I shall to my brethren all Thy majesty record: And in thy church shall praise the name of thee the living Lord.

23 All ve that fear him praise the Lord Thou lacob honorhim: And all ve seed of Israel With reverence worship him.

24 For he despiseth not the poor, He turneth not away His countenance when they do call: But granteth to their cry.

25 Among the folk that fear the Lord. Thy praise, and keep my promise made For setting forth thy name.

26 The poor shall eat and be suffised. And those that do their dever To know the Lord shall praise his name, Their hearts shall live for ever.