

# Psalm 22 (Hunnys, C.M.)

Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul (1585)

Isaac Watts (1719)

1. Why will my Fa - ther hide His face, When foes stand threat' - ning round, In  
2. From earth and hell My sor - rows meet To mul - ti - ply the smart; They  
3. Yet if Thy sov' - reign hand let loose The rage of this earth and hell, Why  
4. My God, if poss - i - ble it be, With - hold this bit - ter cup But

5

the dark hour of deep dis - tress, And not a help - er found?  
nail My hands, they pierce My feet, And try to vex My heart.  
will my heav'n - ly Fa - ther bruise The Son He loves so well?  
I re - sign my will to Thee, And drink He the sor - rows up.