

Psalm 22 (Many things in this psalm happened to Jesus when he was put to death.

This psalm prophesizes Jesus' death)

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

I call to you for help, but day and night you give no reply.

I am a worm and not a man.

Everyone who sees me makes fun of me.

They taunt me: "He trusted in the Lord,
why doesn't the Lord help him?"

Like water I am poured out, my bones no longer connected.

My throat is parched, my tongue sticks to my jaws.

Many evil people attack me.

They make holes in my hands and my feet.

They await my death.

They divide my clothing among them,

they throw a dice for my robe.

Yet I know Lord, that you are good and holy.

I know how you heard the cries of our ancestors
and you helped them.

It was you who took me from the womb

and entrusted me to my mother's breast.

To you I was committed from my birth,
from my mother's womb you have been my God.

Lord, I trust in you even now.

I trust you will not scorn my prayer.

Even now I praise you as my Creator.

May all the nations know and worship you.

Lord, please help people who are in big trouble right now,
especially people whose lives are in danger