

The Complaint of the Righteous

P48b

Psalm 22

1. My God, my God O tell me why un-heed-ed
 2. Yet un-im-peach'd thy faith ap-pears, Thy sanc-ti-
 3. Lord what am I? A man in form, Yet bro-ther

1. My God, my God O tell me why un-heed-ed
 2. Yet un-im-peach'd thy faith ap-pears, Thy sanc-ti-
 3. Lord what am I? A man in form, Yet bro-ther

1. My God, my God O tell me why un-heed-ed
 2. Yet un-im-peach'd thy faith ap-pears, Thy sanc-ti-
 3. Lord what am I? A man in form, Yet bro-ther

4. still as-cends my cry? Why thus from my af-flic-ted heart Thy pres-ence
 -ty my heart re-veres, O thou, to whom in hom-age join The sons of
 to the tram-pled worm; An out-cast from the hu-man kind, To fierce de-

5. still as-cends my cry? Why thus from my af-flic-ted heart Thy pres-ence
 -ty my heart re-veres, O thou, to whom in hom-age join The sons of
 to the tram-pled worm; An out-cast from the hu-man kind, To fierce de-

6. still as-cends my cry? Why thus from my af-flic-ted heart Thy pres-ence
 -ty my heart re-veres, O thou, to whom in hom-age join The sons of
 to the tram-pled worm; An out-cast from the hu-man kind, To fierce de-

8. and thy health de-part. E-ter-nal Lord through-out the
 Ja-cob's cho-sen line; Thee, Lord, our sires their strength con-
 -ris-ions rage con-sign'd. They shake their head, they shout, they

9. and thy health de-part. E-ter-nal Lord, E-ter-nal Lord through-out the
 Ja-cob's cho-sen line; Thee, Lord, our sires, thee, Lord our sires their strength con-
 -ris-ions rage con-sign'd. They shake their head, they shake their head, they shout, they

10. and thy health de-part. E-ter-nal Lord through-out the
 Ja-cob's cho-sen line; Thee, Lord, our sires their strength con-
 -ris-ions rage con-sign'd. They shake their head, they shout, they

11. and thy health de-part. E-ter-nal Lord through-out the
 Ja-cob's cho-sen line; Thee, Lord, our sires their strength con-
 -ris-ions rage con-sign'd. They shake their head, they shout, they

12 13 14 15

day With fruit - less plaint to thee I pray; Nor sleeps the an - guish of my
 -fest And found thee, as their sted - fast breast To thee its full af - fi - ance
 gaze; Each eye, each lip con - tempt be - trays; "On God" they cry, "thy hope was

day With fruit - less plaint to thee I pray; Nor sleeps the an - guish of my
 -fest And found thee, as their sted - fast breast To thee its full af - fi - ance
 gaze; Each eye, each lip con - tempt be - trays; "On God" they cry, "thy hope was

day With fruit - less plaint to thee I pray; Nor sleeps the an - guish of my
 -fest And found thee, as their sted - fast breast To thee its full _____ af - fi - ance
 gaze; Each eye, each lip con - tempt be - trays; "On God" they cry, _____ "thy hope was

16 17 18 OMIT vv 18-22 LAST TIME 19

soul When night's dark shades in - volve the pole, Nor sleeps the an - guish of my
 gave, Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save, To thee its full af - fi - ance
 staid, "Be God, if his thou art, thy >>>>

soul When night's dark shades in - volve the pole, Nor sleeps the an - guish of my
 gave, Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save, To thee its full af - fi - ance
 staid, "Be God, if his thou art, thy >>>>

soul When night's dark shades in - volve the pole, Nor sleeps the an - guish of my
 gave, Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save, To thee its full af - fi - ance
 staid, "Be God, if his thou art, thy >>>>

20 21 22 23 LAST VERSE ONLY 24 25

soul When night's dark shades in - volve the pole.
 gave, Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save. >>>> aid", "Be God, if his thou art, thy aid."

soul When night's dark shades in - volve the pole.
 gave, Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save. >>>> aid", "Be God, if his thou art, thy aid."

soul When night's dark shades in - volve the pole. 2 Yet
 gave, Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save. 3 Lord,
 >>>> aid", "Be God, if his thou art, thy aid."

First copied by Claire Rowland (West Gallery Quire, Devon) for use at a WGMA meeting at Ironbridge in 1992. It is taken from Rev'd. William Dechair Tattersall's *Improved Psalmody, Vol 1*, 1793, which according to the title page was a collection of music 'by the most Eminent composers'. Tattersall was Vicar of Westbourne, Sussex, then Vicar of Wootton-under-Edge, Glos., 1794. Benjamin Cooke styled himself 'Mus. Doc.', was born in London in 1732, died there Sept 14th, 1793, and was a glee and church composer. © 2006 Edwin and Sheila Macadam, Shelwin Music, Oxford Tel: 01865 865773. Immanuel's Ground Ref: P48.