

The Complaint of the Righteous

Psalm 22

Dr. Benjamin Cooke (1732-1793)

1 % 2 3

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. un - im - peach'd _____ thy faith ap - pears, Thy sanc - ti -
 3. what am I? _____ A man in form, Yet bro - ther

4 5 6 7

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 -

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 9 10 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

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 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 stead - 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 stead - 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 stead - 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.