

Palm Sunday ABC

My God, my God, — why have you a-band - oned me?

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1. All who see me deride me;
they curl their lips, they **toss** *their* heads;
He trusted in the Lord, let **him** *save* him;
let him release him, for in him *he* delights.
2. For dogs have surrounded me;
a band of the wicked **besets** me.
They tear holes in my **hands** *and my* feet;
I can count every one *of my* bones.
3. They divide my clothing among them,
they cast lots **for** *my* robe.
But you, O Lord, do not stay *a*far off;
my strength, make *haste to* help me!
4. I will tell of your name to my kin,
and praise you in the midst of **the** *assembly*.
You who fear the Lord, give him praise;+
all descendants of Jacob, give **him** *glory*;
revere him, all you descendants of *Is-ra-el*.