

My God, My God

Palm Sunday

Mary Kulinski



1. All who see me scoff at me;
they mock me with parted lips, they deride me,
"He relied on the LORD, let him deliver him,
let him rescue him, if the LORD wishes him."
2. Grieved, many dogs surround me,
a pack of evildoers closes in upon me,
they have pierced my hands and my feet;
I can count all my bones.
3. They have taken away my garments and my robe,
and for my vesture they have cast lots.
But O LORD, be not far from me;
O my help, hasten to my aid.
4. I will proclaim your name to my brethren;
in the midst of the assembly I will praise you:
"You who fear the LORD, praise him;
all you descendants of Jacob, give glory to him;
revere him, all you descendants of Israel!"

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