"Why Has My God My Soul Forsook

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

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| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
  "Why     has my God my          soul forsook, "Nor

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
  will a smile af-              ford?" (Thus

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
  David once in              anguish spoke, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
  thus our dying             Lord.)
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The other verses

2 Tho' 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found;
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God" they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word,
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threatening round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up;
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.