

Michael Card

"The Death Of A Son"

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Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani
Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani
Why are you so far from saving me?
So far from the words of my groaning
By night and by day I cry out in pain
So why do you not answer?
Yet you are enthroned as the Holy One
And you our fathers trusted
They cried out to you and were saved
They were never disappointed
I am a worm and no longer a man
Lama Sabachthani
They have pierced my feet and hands
Lama Sabachthani
I look for comforters but found none
Oh how could you forsake me?
Oh my strength come quickly come
Come now O Lord and save me
For you would never despise or disdain
The suffering of the afflicted
In the congregation I will proclaim
That from the grave you lifted me
In the miry depths I sink
Lama Sabachthani
They gave me vinegar to drink
Lama Sabachthani
Lama Sabachthani

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