

# Be Not Far Off, for Grief Is Near

Psalm 22:11-20

KINGSFOLD (C.M.D.)

*The Book of Psalms for Singing, 1973*

Melody collected by Lucy Broadwood

harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

1. <sup>11</sup>Be not far off, for grief is near, And none to help is found;  
 2. <sup>15</sup>My strength is on - ly bro - ken clay; My mouth and tongue are dry,  
 3. <sup>17</sup>My bones are plain for me to count; men see me and they stare.

<sup>12</sup>For bulls of Ba - shan in their strength Now cir - cle me a - round.  
 For in the ver - y dust of death You there make me to lie.  
<sup>18</sup>My clothes a - mong them they di - vide, And gam - ble for their share.

<sup>13</sup>Their li - on - jaws they o - pen wide, And roar to tear their prey.  
<sup>16</sup>For see how dogs en - cir - cle me! On eve - ry side there stands  
<sup>19</sup>Now hur - ry, O my Strength, to help! Do not be far, O LORD!

<sup>14</sup>My heart is wax, my bones un - knit, My life is poured a - way.  
 A broth - er - hood of cru - el - ty; They pierce my feet and hands.  
<sup>20</sup>But snatch my soul from rag - ing dogs, And spare me from the sword.