

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

¹²For 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.
¹⁸My clothes a - mong them they di - vide, And gam - ble for their share.

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

¹⁴My 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.
²⁰But snatch my soul from rag - ing dogs, And spare me from the sword.