Be Not Far Off, for Grief Is Near
Psalm 22:11-20

KINGSFOLD (C.M.D.)
Melody collected by Lucy Broadwood
harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1956

1. Be not far off, for grief is near, And none to help is found;
2. My strength is only broken clay; My mouth and tongue are dry,
3. My bones are plain for me to count; men see me and they stare.

For bulls of Bashan in their strength Now circle me around.
For in the very dust of death You there make me to lie.
My clothes among them they divide, And gamble for their share.

Their lion-jaws they open wide, And roar to tear their prey.
For see how dogs encircle me! On every side there stands
Now hurry, O my Strength, to help! Do not be far, O Lord!

My heart is wax, my bones unknit, My life is poured away.
A brotherhood of cruelty; They pierce my feet and hands.
But snatch my soul from raging dogs, And spare me from the sword.