

# Be Not Far Off, for Grief Is Near

From Psalm 22:11-21

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.  
4. <sup>21</sup>De - liv - er now Your ser - vant, Lord, From li - on's bared sharp teeth,

<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.  
From pierc - ings of wild ox - en horn That gore their prey be - neath.

<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 ev - 'ry side there stands  
<sup>19</sup>Now hur - ry, O my strength, to help! Do not be far, O LORD!  
Be not far off when trou - bles press And help and safe - ty flee.

<sup>14</sup>My heart is wax, my bones un - knit, My life is poured a - way.  
A bro - ther - 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.  
Your swift sal - va - tion is at hand; You hear and an - swer me.