

A dramatic, painterly illustration of a man with dark, wavy hair, looking upwards with his hands clasped in prayer. His face is illuminated by a bright, golden light breaking through dark, swirling clouds above him. Tears are visible on his cheeks. The overall mood is one of intense emotion and spiritual seeking.

*Be Not  
Angry with Me*

## Song 3 Be Not Angry with Me

Psalm 38 (A Psalm of David, for the memorial offering — O Lord, rebuke me not in your anger; my iniquities have gone over my head; heal me, O Lord)

Be not angry with me, O Lord, Your wrath withhold  
Do not rebuke me, in Your fury, let me not be cold  
In Your fierce anger, punish me not, I pray  
O Lord, do not forsake me, be my stay

Your arrows pierce within me, deep and sore  
Your wrath has sapped my flesh, my health no more

Be not angry with me, O Lord, Your wrath withhold  
Do not rebuke me, in Your fury, let me not be cold  
In Your fierce anger, punish me not, I pray  
O Lord, do not forsake me, be my stay

My sin has drained my bones, my vigor fled  
My guilt has mounted high above my head  
I will confess my sins, seek pardon true  
My wrongs I own, to You I turn anew

Your arrows pierce within me, deep and sore  
Your wrath has sapped my flesh, my health no more

Be not angry with me, O Lord, Your wrath withhold  
Do not rebuke me, in Your fury, let me not be cold  
In Your fierce anger, punish me not, I pray  
O Lord, do not forsake me, be my stay

My foolishness has festered wounds that stink and rot  
I groan in anguish, in sorrow's lot  
My reins burn like a furnace, consumed by flame  
I am spent and broken, calling Your name

Your arrows pierce within me, deep and sore  
Your wrath has sapped my flesh, my health no more

Be not angry with me, O Lord, Your wrath withhold  
Do not rebuke me, in Your fury, let me not be cold  
In Your fierce anger, punish me not, I pray  
O Lord, do not forsake me, be my stay



My heart is distraught, it wanders lost in night  
My eyes grow dim, their light takes flight  
My friends and companions from my plague draw back  
My kinsmen and loved ones stand afar in black

Your arrows pierce within me, deep and sore  
Your wrath has sapped my flesh, my health no more

Be not angry with me, O Lord, Your wrath withhold  
Do not rebuke me, in Your fury, let me not be cold  
In Your fierce anger, punish me not, I pray  
O Lord, do not forsake me, be my stay

I am like the deaf, no hearing in my ear  
Like the mute, my mouth no speech can bear  
I stumble as one who falls by his own hand  
In mourning I groan, in anguish I stand

Your arrows pierce within me, deep and sore  
Your wrath has sapped my flesh, my health no more

Be not angry with me, O Lord, Your wrath withhold  
Do not rebuke me, in Your fury, let me not be cold  
In Your fierce anger, punish me not, I pray  
O Lord, do not forsake me, be my stay





*Be Not Angry  
with Me*