

A woman with long, dark hair is shown from the chest up, her head tilted back in a gesture of despair or intense emotion. She is crying, with tears streaming down her face. Her hands are clasped together in front of her, fingers interlaced, in a traditional prayer position. The background is a dramatic, cloudy sky with deep blues and oranges, suggesting either a sunset or a turbulent atmosphere. The lighting is high-contrast, emphasizing the woman's face and hands.

*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

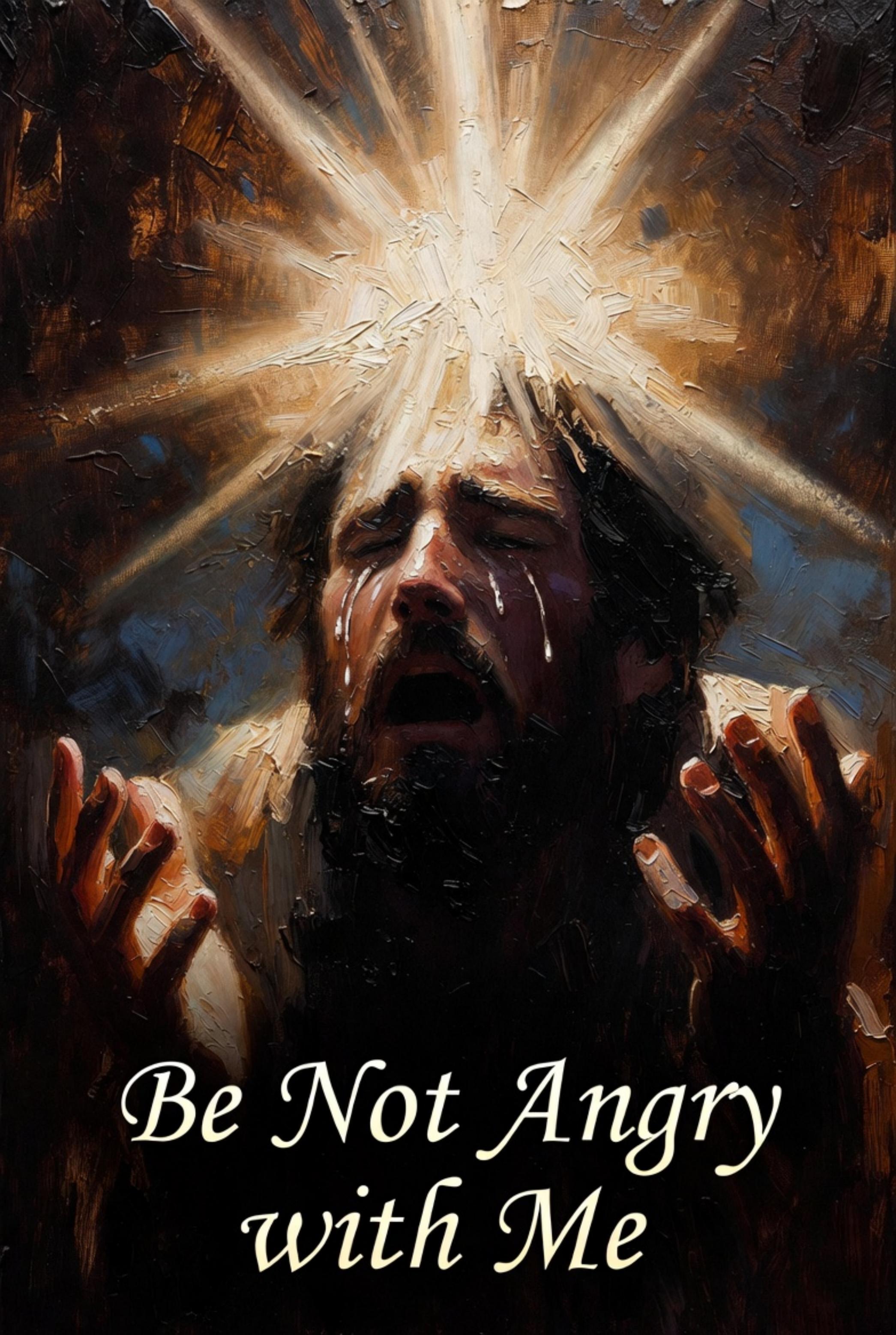
Your arrows pierce within me, deep and sore  
Your wrath has sapped my flesh, my health no more

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

A dramatic painting of Jesus on the cross. He is shown from the chest up, wearing a crown of thorns and a dark, reddish-brown robe. His head is bowed, and his eyes are closed, suggesting death or exhaustion. The background is dark and textured, with bright, radial brushstrokes emanating from behind his head, creating a starburst effect. The overall mood is somber and powerful.

*Be Not Angry  
with Me*