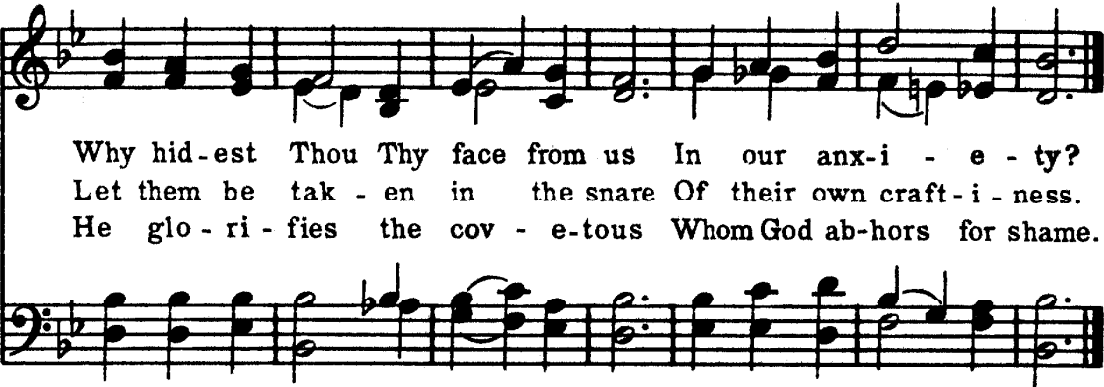


1 O why so far re - moved, O Lord, And why so dis - tant be;
 2 The wick - ed in un - ho - ly pride The low - ly poor op - press;
 3 The wick - ed in his pride of heart Boasts of his greed - y aim,



Why hid - est Thou Thy face from us In our anx - i - e - ty?
 Let them be tak - en in the snare Of their own craft - i - ness.
 He glo - ri - fies the cov - e - tous Whom God ab - hors for shame.

4 The wicked in his arrogance
 Refuses God to fear,
 Nor is it in his thoughts at all
 The sovereign God to hear.

5 His ways are grievous and Thy laws
 Too high for him to see;
 He therefore his defiance bids,
 And taunts his enemy.

6 For he within his heart has said,
 I suffer no distress,
 Adversity comes not to me,
 I still have had success.

7 In cursing and deceit and fraud
 His tongue is ever skilled;
 With festering iniquity
 His mouth is ever filled.

O Why So Far Removed, O Lord

- 8 He lurks in village hiding-place,
And in dark corners bent,
He watches for the humble poor,
To seize the innocent.
- 9 In stealth he cowers covertly
As lion in his lair,
That he may pounce upon the poor,
And catch him in his snare.
- 10 He crouches low so that the poor
To his strong friends may fall,
And tells himself that God forgets
Or sees it not at all.
- 11 Arise, O Lord, and lift Thy hand,
The poor in memory keep.
How can the wicked blaspheme God
And say He is asleep?
- 12 For surely Thou dost see, O Lord,
Dost see the sin and spite;
And when the helpless look to Thee
Thou dost their wrong requite.
- 13 Break Thou the force of evil men,
Befriend the fatherless,
Trace out the wicked everywhere,
Uproot their wickedness.
- 14 The Lord our God is sovereign still,
The heathen all are slain.
Thou, Lord, hast heard the suppliant's prayer
And dost his heart sustain.
- 15 No more shall boasting arrogance
Or taunting pride oppress;
The poor and orphaned Thou wilt hear
And judge with righteousness.