

8. ¹¹Be not far off, for grief is near, And none to help is found;
 9. ¹⁵My strength is on-ly brok-en clay; My mouth and tongue are dry,
 10. ¹⁷My bones are plain for me to count; Men see me and they stare.

12 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.
 18 My clothes a-mong them they di-vide, And gam-ble for their share.

13 Their li-on-jaws they o-pen wide, And roar to tear their prey.
 16 For see how dogs en-cir-cle me! On eve-ry side there stands
 19 Now hur-ry, O my Strength, to help! Do not be far, O LORD!

14 My heart is wax, my bones un-knit, My life is poured a-way.
 A broth-er-hood of cru-el-ty; They pierce my feet and hands.
 20 But snatch my soul from rag-ing dogs, And spare me from the sword.