

Psalm 22:11–20

dbs trans.

- 11 Do not be far from me,
For distress draws near,
For there is no one who can help.
- 12 Many bulls have surrounded me,
The strong ones of Bashan surround me.
- 13 They open their mouths against me,
The lions tear and roar.
- 14 I am poured out like water,
And they have separated all my bones.
My heart is like wax,
It is melted in the midst of my bowels.
- 15 My strength is dried up like a potsherd,
And my tongue cleaves to my jaw.
So, you set me in the dust of death.
- 16 For dogs surround me,
The council of the wicked have surrounded me,
Piercing my hands and feet.
- 17 I am count all of my bones,
They look, they gawk at me.
- 18 They have divided my garments among them,
And upon my clothing they cast the lot.
- 19 But you O LORD, do not be far away,
O my Helper, to my help come quickly.
- 20 Take away the sword from my soul,
My life from the hand of the dog.