



²For the arrows of your conviction have pierced
me so deeply.
Your blows have struck my soul and crushed me.
³Now my body is sick.
My health is totally broken because of your
anger,
and it's all due to my sins!
⁴I'm overwhelmed, swamped, and submerged
beneath the heavy burden of my guilt.
It clings to me and won't let me go.
⁵My rotting wounds are a witness against me.
They are severe and getting worse,
reminding me of my failure and folly.
⁶I am completely broken because of what I've
done.
Gloom is all around me.
My sins have bent me over to the ground.
⁷⁻⁸My inner being is shriveled up;
my self-confidence crushed.
Sick with fever I'm left exhausted.
Now I'm cold as a corpse and nothing is left
inside of me
but great groaning filled with anguish.
⁹Lord, you know all my desires and deepest
longings.
My tears are liquid words and you can read them
all.
¹⁰⁻¹¹My heart beats wildly; my strength is sapped,
and the light of my eyes is going out.
My friends stay far away from me, avoiding me
like the plague.
Even my family wants nothing to do with me.

¹²Meanwhile my enemies are out to kill me,
plotting my ruin, speaking of my doom
as they spend every waking moment
planning on how to finish me off.

¹³⁻¹⁴I'm like a deaf man who no longer hears.
I can't even speak up, and words fail me;
I have no argument to counter their threats.

¹⁵Lord, the only thing I can do is wait and put my
hope in you.
I wait for your help, my God.

¹⁶So hear my cry and put an end to their strutting
in pride,
who gloat when I stumble in pain.

¹⁷I'm slipping away and on the verge of a
breakdown,
with nothing but sorrow and sighing.
¹⁸I confess all my sin to you; I can't hold it in any
longer.

My agonizing thoughts punish me for my
wrongdoing;
I feel condemned as I consider all I've done.

¹⁹My enemies are many.
They hate me and persecute me,
though I've done nothing against them to
deserve it.

²⁰show goodness to them and get repaid evil in
return.
And they hate me even when I stand for
what is right.

¹⁸⁻¹⁷The Septuagint reads, "I am prepared for all of their
whips—prepared to suffer."

my hope

is in

him

