Ps 118-11

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| Fr. Lazarus | Edited | AI | Psalter according 70 | Psalter for prayer | NETS | Brenton | OSB |
| 81 My soul is dying for Your salvation;  I hope in Your words. |  | My soul has fainted for Thy salvation: and I have hoped in Thy word. |  |  | My soul fails for your deliverance,  and on your word I pinned my hopes. |  |  |
| 82 My eyes fail with watching for Your word,  saying: ‘When will You comfort me?’[[1]](#footnote-1) |  | My eyes have failed for Thy words, saying, “When wilt Thou comfort me?” |  |  | My eyes failed for your saying,  Saying, “When will you comfort me?” |  |  |
| 83 For I have become like a wineskin in the frost;[[2]](#footnote-2)  yet I have not forgotten Your rights. |  | I have become like a wineskin in the frost; but I have not forgotten Thy truths. |  |  | Because I became like a wineskin in hoarfrost,  your statutes I did not forget. |  |  |
| 84 How many are the days of Your slave?  When will my persecutors undergo judgment? |  | How many are the days of Thy ser­vant? When wilt Thou execute judgement on those who persecute me? |  |  | How many are the days of your slave?  When will you do me right against those who persecute me? |  |  |
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| 85 The lawless have told me fables,  but not as Your law, O Lord. |  | The lawless have spoken to me idle words, but not as Thy Law, O Lord. |  |  | Transgressors of the law told me tales,  but not so your law, O Lord. |  |  |
| 86 All Your commandments are truth.  They persecute me unjustly; help me! |  | For all Thy commandments are truth: they persecute me unjustly; help me. |  |  | All your commandments are truth;  unjustly did they persecute me; help me! |  |  |
| 87 They nearly made an end of me on earth;  but I have not forsaken Your commandments. |  | They had almost destroyed me upon the earth; but I forsook not Thy commandments. |  |  | They almost made an end of me on the earth,  but as for me, I did not forsake your commandments. |  |  |
| 88 In Your mercy give me life,  and I shall obey the testimonies of Your mouth. |  | According to Thy mercy revive me; and I shall keep the testimonies of Thy mouth. |  |  | In your mercy quicken me,  and I will keep the testimonies of your mouth. |  |  |

1. ‘When wilt You comfort me?’ = When wilt You send Your Comforter, so that I may be filled with Your Spirit, Comforter, Paraclete? (cp. Ephes. 5:18). [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Sprinkled with hoar-frost, a wineskin is like the greying head of an old man. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)