8. All that see me have scorned me: they have spoken with the lippes, and wagged the head. [became Christ's cruel enemies in his passion, afflicting, blaspheming, and scorning him, as the Evangelistes at the time of his death, when Euangelistis write blasphemies, with his owne blaspemers.]

9. He hoped in the Lord, let him deliver him: let him cause him, because he was wil him.

   [how all these things were fulfilled by wicked men speaking these reproaches. When God seemed to be well pleas'd with Christ, as Sonne: if it be so, let him deliver him from these afflications, say these divin powre with a virgin.]

10. Because thou art he that hast drawn me out of the wombe: my hope from the breasts of my mother.

   [out man formed me in the wombe of my mother, now he shall form me in the rising of my mother, x As I have no father but thee, time, I have no sonne, therefore I must maste me not in.]

11. Upon thee I xx haue bene cast from the matrice: y from my mothers wombe thou art my God, depart not from me.

   [O God, I xx without intermission from my creation to this death had thee my protector, y leuue me not now without comforte dye as thou hast determined, and I freely contended: yet leaue death but raise me againe to life, fuit.]

Because tribulation is verie nigh: because there is z not that will helpe.

   [are become my enemies, and those few that would, can not helpe me.]

13. Manie a calues haue compassed me: b fatte bulles haue besieged me.

   [licentious youngmen, b and the scribes Pharisees and elders of mee, that have al conspired against me.]

14. They haue c opened their mouth vpon me, as a lion raeuneing and roaring.

   [me and perswading the people to condemn him.]

15. As d water I am powred out: and al e my bones are diuised.

   [with pains of torments, as fluide water not able to consf, and strongest partes of my bodye are weakned, verified, when our bone is put under his crost.]

f My hart is made as waxe melting in the middes of my belly.

   [first and last lyeth as waxe by heat of the fire, and ready to fail.]

16. My strength is withered as a g pot-shard, and my tongue cleaue to my tawes: and thou haft brought me downe into the ditch of death.

   [as dried vp, as a potters vessele is baked in the furnace, g al my powres, and radix humilitate exceeding.]

f the part that to fail. death, yet I haft eueme suuered me to come to the last breath of life, next to died. v. 21.

17. Because manie k dogges haue compassed me: the counsel of the malignant hath besieged me.

   [recounteth by whom, and how our Saviour shoule suuer, euem Euangelistis afterwards haue written the]

k Againe this royal Prophete as cler as the historick.

18. They haue digged my handes and my feete: they haue