

9 How long will you
slumber, O sluggard?
When will you rise from
your sleep?

10 A little sleep, a little
slumber,
A little folding of the
hands to sleep—

11 So shall your poverty
come on you like a
proowler,
And your need like an
armed man.

12 A worthless person,
a wicked man,

*A man is reduced to a
crust of bread;
And an adulteress will
prey upon his
precious life.*

27 Can a man take fire
to his bosom,
And his clothes not be
burned?

28 Can one walk on hot
coals,
And his feet not be
seared?

29 So *is* he who goes in
to his neighbor's wife;
Whoever touches her
shall not be innocent.