Deus, Deus meus

My God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me: and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?

2 O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not: and in the night-season also I take no rest.

3 And thou continuest holy: O thou worship of Israel.

4 Our fathers hoped in thee: they trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them.

5 They called upon thee, and were holpen: they put their trust in thee, and were not confounded.

6 But as for me, I am a worm, and no man: a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people.

7 All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

8 He trusted in God, that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, if he will have him.

9 But thou art he that took me out of my mother's womb: thou wast my hope, when I hanged yet upon my mother's breasts.

10 I have been left unto thee ever since I was born: thou art my God, even from my mother's womb.

11 O go not from me, for trouble is hard at hand: and there is none to help me.

12 Many oxen are come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side.

13 They gape upon me with their mouths: as it were a ramping and a roaring lion.

14 I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart also in the midst of my body is even like melting wax.

15 My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my gums: and thou shalt bring me into the dust of death.

16 For many dogs are come about me: and the council of the wicked layeth siege against me.

17 They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones: they stand staring and looking upon me.
18 They part my garments among them: and cast lots upon my vesture.

19 But be not thou far from me, O Lord: thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.

20 Deliver my soul from the sword: my darling from the power of the dog.

21 Save me from the lion's mouth: thou hast heard me also from among the horns of the unicorns.

22 I will declare thy Name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

23 O praise the Lord, ye that fear him: magnify him, all ye of the seed of Jacob, and fear him, all ye seed of Israel;

24 For he hath not despised, nor abhorred, the low estate of the poor: he hath not hid his face from him, but when he called unto him he heard him.

25 My praise is of thee in the great congregation: my vows will I perform in the sight of them that fear him.

26 The poor shall eat and be satisfied: they that seek after the Lord shall praise him; your heart shall live for ever.

27 All the ends of the world shall remember themselves, and be turned unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.

28 For the kingdom is the Lord's: and he is the Governor among the people.

29 All such as be fat upon earth: have eaten and worshipped.

30 All they that go down into the dust shall kneel before him: and no man hath quickened his own soul.

31 My seed shall serve him: they shall be counted unto the Lord for a generation.

32 They shall come, and the heavens shall declare his righteousness: unto a people that shall be born, whom the Lord hath made.

Psalm 23.

Dominus regit me.

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

3 He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his Name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

6 Surely thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Text from The Book of Common Prayer, the rights in which are vested in the Crown, is reproduced by permission of the Crown's Patentee, Cambridge University Press.