

Even like the hunted hind

The fifth tune

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 42

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

Tenor (part 3 of 4)

Ev'n like the hun - ted hind the wa - ter brooks de - sire. Ev'n thus my soul, that
To joy in voice of mirth, with lauds and thanks al - way a - mong thy folk, when
Why art thou then my soul, so vex'd and pro-strate so? why mak'st in me so

10
fain - ty is, to thee would fain a - spire. My soul did thirst to God, to God of life and
that they keep so high their Ho - ly Day. Why cast'st thy - self then down, my soul, I said no
much a - do, where God is friend in woe? O put thy hope in God, I trust in time and

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grace; it said ev'n thus: when shall I come to see God's live - ly face?
less, Why lay'st in me so pain - ful - ly, in woe and care - ful - ness?
place; he is my God whom I will thank, my face shall see his grace.