

Even like the hunted hind

The fifth tune

(alternative barring)

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 42 Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

Meane

Contratenor

Tenor

Base

Ev'n like the hun - ted hind the wa - ter brooks de - sire.
To joy in voice of mirth, with lauds and thanks al - way
Why art thou then my soul, so vex'd and pro - strate so?

Ev'n like the hun - ted hind the wa - ter brooks de - sire.
To joy in voice of mirth, with lauds and thanks al - way
Why art thou then my soul, so vex'd and pro - strate so?

Ev'n like the hun - ted hind the wa - ter brooks de - sire.
To joy in voice of mirth, with lauds and thanks al - way
Why art thou then my soul, so vex'd and pro - strate so?

Ev'n like the hun - ted hind the wa - ter brooks de - sire.
To joy in voice of mirth, with lauds and thanks al - way
Why art thou then my soul, so vex'd and pro - strate so?

5

Ev'n thus my soul, that fain - ty is, to thee would fain a - spire.
a - mong thy folk, when that they keep so high their Ho - ly Day.
why mak'st in me so much a - do, where God is friend in woe?

Ev'n thus my soul, that fain - ty is, to thee would fain a - spire.
a - mong thy folk, when that they keep so high their Ho - ly Day.
why mak'st in me so much a - do, where God is friend in woe?

Ev'n thus my soul, that fain - ty is, to thee would fain a - spire.
a - mong thy folk, when that they keep so high their Ho - ly Day.
why mak'st in me so much a - do, where God is friend in woe?

Ev'n thus my soul, that fain - ty is, to thee would fain a - spire.
a - mong thy folk, when that they keep so high their Ho - ly Day.
why mak'st in me so much a - do, where God is friend in woe?

My soul did thirst to God, to God of life and grace;
 Why cast'st thy - self then down, my soul, I said no less,
 O put thy hope in God, I trust in time and place;

My soul did thirst to God, to God of life and grace;
 Why cast'st thy - self then down, my soul, I said no less,
 O put thy hope in God, I trust in time and place;

My soul did thirst to God, to God of life and grace;
 Why cast'st thy - self then down, my soul, I said no less,
 O put thy hope in God, I trust in time and place;

My soul did thirst to God, to God of life and grace;
 Why cast'st thy - self then down, my soul, I said no less,
 O put thy hope in God, I trust in time and place;

10

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

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

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

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

1. Even like the hunted hind
the water brooks desire,
even thus my soul, that fainty is,
to thee would fain aspire.
My soul did thirst to God,
to God of life and grace;
it said even thus: When shall I come
to see God's lively face?

4. Put thou thy trust in God,
let thing not thee amaze;
I will him thank for all his help,
in sight of his good grace.
My God, my soul is vex'd
with inward pains so thrill;
I mind thy works in Jordan yet,
so done next Hermon Hill.

7. Why art thou then my soul,
so vex'd and prostrate so?
why makest in me so much ado,
where God is friend in woe?
O put thy hope in God,
I trust in time and place;
he is my God whom I will thank,
my face shall see his grace.

2. My tears instead of meat,
both day and night they were,
while that all day rebukers said:
Where is thy God, so far?
When this came soon to heart,
I yet recomfort felt,
and trust to lead the people forth,
to go where thou hast dwelt,

5. As deep to deep reboundt'h,
at noise of thy great showers,
thy streams by course so overflows,
my soul the pain devours.
But God yet will the day
to shine me grace to see;
my night of woe shall praise him then,
who kept yet life in me.

3. To joy in voice of mirth,
with lauds and thanks alway
among thy folk, when that they keep
so high their Holy Day.
Why cast'st thyself then down,
my soul, I said no less,
Why lay'st in me so painfully,
in woe and carefulness?

6. Thou art my strength O God,
I might then plain in woe:
Why hast me thus forgot so quite?
so sad to go for foe.
It pierceth my bones as sword
to hear my foes in spite;
they daily thus at me upbraid:
Where is thy God of might?