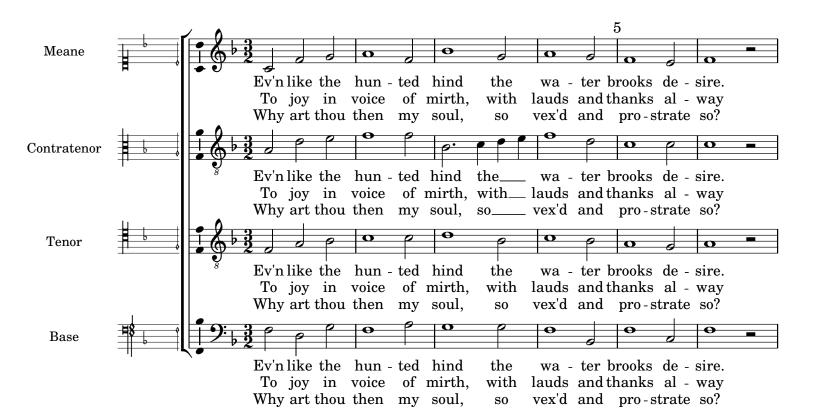
## Even like the hunted hind

The fifth tune

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 42

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

The Whole Psalter translated into English meter (John Daye press, London, 1567)



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		0	P	0	0		0	0	0	L	_	0	
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	Ev'n thus my	soul,	that	fain - t	y is,	to	thee	would	fain		a -	spire.	
	a - mong thy	,	when	that th	ey keep	so	high	their		-	ly	Day.	
	why mak'st in	me	SO	much a	a - do,	where	$\operatorname{God}$	is	friend		in	woe?	
		<b>0</b>	P			P	•	0	<b>-0</b>		0	<b>-0</b>	
$\bigcirc$	<b>` `</b>			•	0								
8	Ev'n thus my	soul,	that	fain - ty	is,	to	thee	would	fain		a -	spire.	
	a - mong thy	v folk,	when	that they	keep	so	high	their		-	ly	Day.	
	why mak'st in	me	SO	much a	- do,	where	$\operatorname{God}$	is	friend		in	woe?	
_0					•								
			~		2 0	•	0	•					
6		0	P	•		ſ	•	P	P	0		•	
	Ev'n thus my		that		y is,	to	• thee	would	fain	o a	_	spire.	
8	Ev'n thus my a - mong thy	soul,		fain - t		to		would their		a	_		
	v	soul, folk,		fain - t that th	y is, ey keep		thee high	their		a ly	_	spire.	
	a - mong thy	y soul, y folk, me	when	fain - t that th	y is, ey keep a - do,	SO	thee high	their	Ho -	a ly in	_	spire. Day.	
	a - mong thy	soul, folk,	when	fain - t that th much a	y is, ey keep	SO	thee high	their	Ho -	a ly	-	spire. Day. woe?	
	a - mong thy	y soul, y folk, me	when	fain - t that th much a	y is, ey keep a - do,	SO	thee high	their	Ho -	a ly in	-	spire. Day.	
	a - mong thy why mak'st in	y soul, y folk, me <b>o</b> y soul,	when so that	fain - t that th much a	y is, ey keep a - do,	so where	thee high God	their is	Ho - friend	a ly in •	-	spire. Day. woe?	
	a - mong thy why mak'st in Ev'n thus my	y soul, y folk, me <b>o</b> y soul, y folk,	when so that when	fain - t that th much a fain - ty	y is, ey keep a - do, <b>o</b> is,	so where to so	thee high God thee high	their is would their	Ho - friend	a ly in • •	-	spire. Day. woe?	•

## Even like the hunted hind: The fifth tune (score)

 $\mathbf{2}$ 

1				15							1		6 4	20		
6							Θ	0	0	40.	• p	0			0	
	My	<del>g</del> soul	did	thirst	to	God,	to	God	of	life	and_	grace;		it	said	ev'n
	Why	cast's	t thy	- self	then	down,	my	soul,	Ι	said	no	less,		Why	lay'st	t in
	0	put	thy	hope	in	God,	Ι	trust	in	time	and_	place;		he	is	my
₽				_		P	0	0	- <i>p</i> -	<b>– 0</b>		0		P	- p-	
$\odot$	0		0	<b>– –</b>												
	$\mathbf{M}\mathbf{y}$			thirst	to	God,	to	God	of	life	and	grace;		it	said	ev'n
	Why	cast's	t thy	- self	then	down,	my	soul,	Ι	said	no	less,		Why	lay'st	t in
	0	put	thv	hope	in	God,	I	trust	in	time	and	place;		he	is	my
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0			uny													
8	╞			<b>0</b>		<b>0</b>	- 	0	P	•		<b>0</b>			-	
Ş	My			0	0	0	to	0	of	0		0		+	said	
<b>26</b> 28	My	soul	did	thirst	to	God,	to	God	of	<b>o</b> life		grace;	<b></b>	it	said	ev'n
<b>2</b> •	My	soul cast's	did t thy	0	to	0	to	0	ſ	0	and	0		it	P	ev'n
	My Why	soul cast's	did t thy	thirst - self	to then	God, down,	to my I	God soul,	of I	life said	and	grace; less,		it Why	said lay'st	ev'n
<b>2</b> •	My Why	soul cast's	did t thy	thirst - self	to then	God, down,	to my	God soul,	of I	life said	and	grace; less,		it Why	said lay'st	ev'n
	My Why O	soul cast's put	did t thy thy	thirst - self hope	to then in	God, down, God,	to my I	God soul, trust	of I in	life said time	and no and	grace; less, place;		it Why he	said lay'st is	ev'n t in my
	My Why O My	soul cast's put soul	did thy thy did	thirst - self hope	to then in to	God, down, God,	to my I to	God soul, trust God	of I in of	life said time o life	and no and	grace; less, place; grace;		it Why he it	said lay'st is said	ev'n t in my ev'n
	My Why O My	soul cast's put soul cast's	did t thy thy did t thy	thirst - self hope	to then in	God, down, God,	to my I to my	God soul, trust	of I in	life said time	and no and and and no	grace; less, place;		it Why he it	said lay'st is	ev'n t in my ev'n

10			1					1	25	1.	2.
6	, 0	0	0.	• •	•	0	•	0	Po	0	
	thus:	when		I	come	to	see	God's	live ly	face?	
	me	SO	pain		ly,	in	woe	and	care - ful -	ness?	
	God	whom	Ι	will	thank,	my	face	shall	see his		grace.
12	<b>o</b>	- P	- <b>O</b>		0	0	-0-	0	0	- <b>O</b>	
$\odot$	0										
8	thus:	when		Ï	come	to	see	God's	live - ly	face?	
	me	SO			- ly,	in	woe	and	care - ful -	ness?	
	$\operatorname{God}$	whom	Ι	will	thank,	my	face	shall	see his		grace.
							1				
6	• •		p.		0	0	•	0	0 0	0	
٦								~ 1			
0	thus:	when		I	come	to	see	God's		face?	
				- ful -		in	woe	and		ness?	
	$\operatorname{God}$	whom	T	will	thank,	my	face	shall	see his		grace.
	0100		1	WIII	mann,	my	lace	Silaii			graces
9:			- 						+ +		
2		0			o o		•			•	
9:		when	•			to		God's	live - ly	face?	
9:	• •	when	shall pain	I	come - ly,		0		0	face?	

Set by Allen Garvin (aurvondel@gmail.com) (ver. 2022-06-23) CC BY-NC 2.5

 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.

Even like the hunted hind: The fifth tune (score) 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 swordto hear my foes in spite;they daily thus at me upbraid:Where is thy God of might?