

# Even like the hunted hind

## The fifth tune

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 42

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

Contratenor (part 2 of 4)

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

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

fain - ty is, to thee would fain a - spire. My soul did thirst to God, to God of  
that they keep so high their Ho - ly Day. Why cast'st thy - self then down, my soul, I  
much a - do, where God is friend in woe? O put thy hope in God, I trust in

life and grace; it said ev'n thus: when shall I come to see God's live - ly face?  
said no less, Why lay'st in me so pain - ful - ly, in woe and care - ful - ness?  
time and place; he is my God whom I will thank, my face shall see his grace.