

Pfalme 42

The fift Tune

The fyfth delighth : and laugheth the more

Archbishop Parker

Talys

Meane

Contratenor

Tenor

Bafe

1. Euen lyke the hun - ted hynd: the wa - ter brokes de - fire:

1. Euen lyke the hun - ted hynd: the wa - ter brokes de - fire,

1. Euen lyke the hun - ted hynde: the wa - ter brookes de - fire:

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3

Euen thus my foule: that fain - tie is: To thee would fayne af - pire,

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Euen thus my foule: that fain - tie is, to thee would fayne af - pire,

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2. My foule did thirft to God: to God of lyfe and grace:

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8

It fayd euen thus: when shall I come, to fee Gods li - uely face.

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3. My teares in ftede of meate,
Both day and nyght they were :
Whyle that all day : rebukers fayd,
Where is thy God fo far.
 4. When this came foone to hart,
I yet recomfort felt :
And truft to lead : the people forth,
to go where thou haft dwelt.
 5. To ioy in uoyce of myrth,
Wyth laudes & thankses alway :
Among thy folke : when that they kepe,
So hye theyr holy day.
 6. Why caftes thy felfe than downe,
My foule I fayd no leffe :
Why layeft in me : fo painfully,
In wo and carefulness.
 7. Put thou thy truft in God,
Let thyng not thee amafe :
I wyll hym thanke : for all his helpe,
In fight of hys good grace.
 8. My God my foule is uext,
Wyth inward paynes fo shrill :
I mynde thy workes : in Iordan yet,
fo done next Hermon hill.
 9. As deepe to deepe reboundth,
at noyce of thy great showers
Thy streames by courfe : fo ouerflows,
My foule the payne deuoures.
 10. But God yet will the day,
To fhynne me grace to fee :
My night of wo : shall prayfe hym than,
Who kept yet lyfe in mee.
 11. Thou art my strength O God
I myght than playne in wo :
Why haft me thus : forgot fo quyte,
So fad to go for fo.
 12. It pierceth my bones as fword
To heare my foes in fpyte :
They daily thus : at me upbreyde,
Where is thy God of myght.
 13. Why art thou then my foule:
So uext and prostrate fo :
Why makeft in me : fo much a do,
Where God is frend in wo.
 14. O put thy hope in God,
I truft in tyme and place :
He is my God : whom I wyll thanke,
My face fhall fee hys grace.
- To God on hye be prayfe,
The father first of myght :
To Christ his fonne : and their good fprite,
For euer due of ryght.**