

Like as the Hart doth breath and bray

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalm 42*

Thomas RAVENSCROFT (1590 - 1633)

CANTVS

MEDIVS

TENOR
or Playnsong

BASSVS

Bangor Tune

3

S.

A.

T.

B.

Like as the Hart doth breath and bray, the well-spring to ob - tain,
 Like as the Hart doth breath and bray, the well-spring to ob - tain,
 Like as the Hart doth breath and bray, the well-spring to ob - tain,
 Like as the Hart doth breath and bray, the well-spring to ob - tain,
 so doth my soul de - sire al - way with the Lord to re - main.
 so doth my soul de - sire al - way with the Lord to re - main.
 so doth my soul de - sire al - way with the Lord to re - main.
 so doth my soul de - sire al - way with the Lord to re - main.

2. My soul doth thirst and would draw near,
 the living Lord of might:
 Oh, when shall I come and appear
 in presence of his sight?

3. The tears all times are my repast,
 which from mine eyes do slide:
 When wicked men cry out so fast,
 where now is God my guide?
 4. Alas what grief is this to think,
 what freedom once I had?
 Therefore my soul as at pit's brink,
 is most heavy and sad.

When I did march in good array,
 furnished with my train:
 Unto the Temple was our way,
 with songs and hearts most sain.
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5. My soul why art thou sad always,
 and freezed thus in my breast?
 Trust still in God, for him to praise,
 I hold it ever best.

By him I have succour at need,
 against all pain and grief:
 He is my God which with all speed,
 will haste to send relief.
 6. And thus my soul within me (Lord)
 doth faint to think upon:
 The Land of Jordan, and record
 the little hill Hennon.

The Second part.

7. One grief another in doth call,
 as clouds burst out their voice:
 The floods of evil that do fall,
 run over me with noise.
 8. Yet I by day felt thy goodness
 and help at all assays:
 Likewise by night I do not cease
 the living Lord to praise.

9. I am persuaded thus to say,
 to him with pure pretence:
 O Lord thou art my guide and stay,
 my rock and my defence.

Why do I then in pensiveness,
 hanging the head thus walk:
 While that mine enemies me oppress,
 and vex me with their talk?

10. For why? they pierce the inward parts
 with pangs to be abhorred:
 When they cry out with stubborn hearts
 where is thy God thy Lord:
 11. So soon why dost thou faint and quail
 my soul with pains oppressed:
 With thoughts why dost thyself assail
 so sore within my breast?

12. Trust in the Lord thy God always,
 and thou the time shalt see:
 To give him thanks with laud and praise,
 for health restored to thee.

Critical notes:

Editorial sharp added in Medius bar 3, note 7;
 Medius bar 3, note 4 is E in the original;
 this setting is similar to the one of Psalm 94;
 text somewhat modernised.