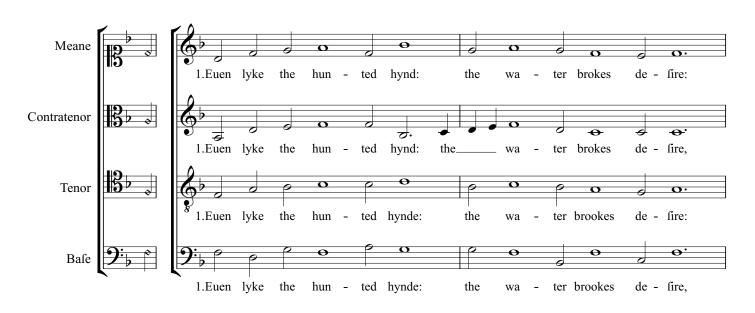
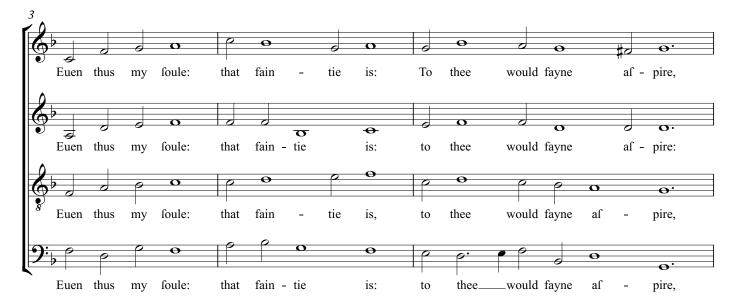
Pfalme 42

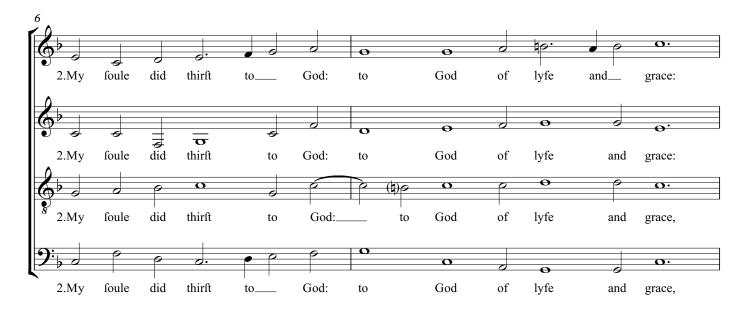
The fift Tune

The fyfth deligth: and laugheth the more

Archbishop Parker Talys









- My teares in stede of meate,
 Both day and nyght they were:
 Whyle that all day: rebukers sayd,
 Where is thy God so far.
- 4. When this came foone to hart,I yet recomfort felt:And truft to lead: the people forth,to go where thou hast dwelt.
- To ioy in uoyce of myrth,
 Wyth laudes & thankes 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 carefulnes.
- 7. Put thou thy truft in God,Let thyng not thée amase:I wyll hym thanke: for all his helpe,In sight of hys good grace.
- My God my foule is uext,
 Wyth inward paynes fo fhrill:
 I mynde thy workes: in Iordan yet,
 fo done next Hermon hill.
- As déepe to déepe reboundth, at noyce of thy great fhowers
 Thy ftreames by courfe : fo ouerflowes, My foule the payne deuoures.

- 10. But God yet will the day,To shyne me grace to sée:My night of wo: shall prayse hym than,Who kept yet lyfe in mée.
- 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 proftrate fo:Why makeft in me: fo much a do,Where God is frend in wo.
- 14. O put thy hope in God,I trust in tyme and place:He is my God: whom I wyll thanke,My face shall sée 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.