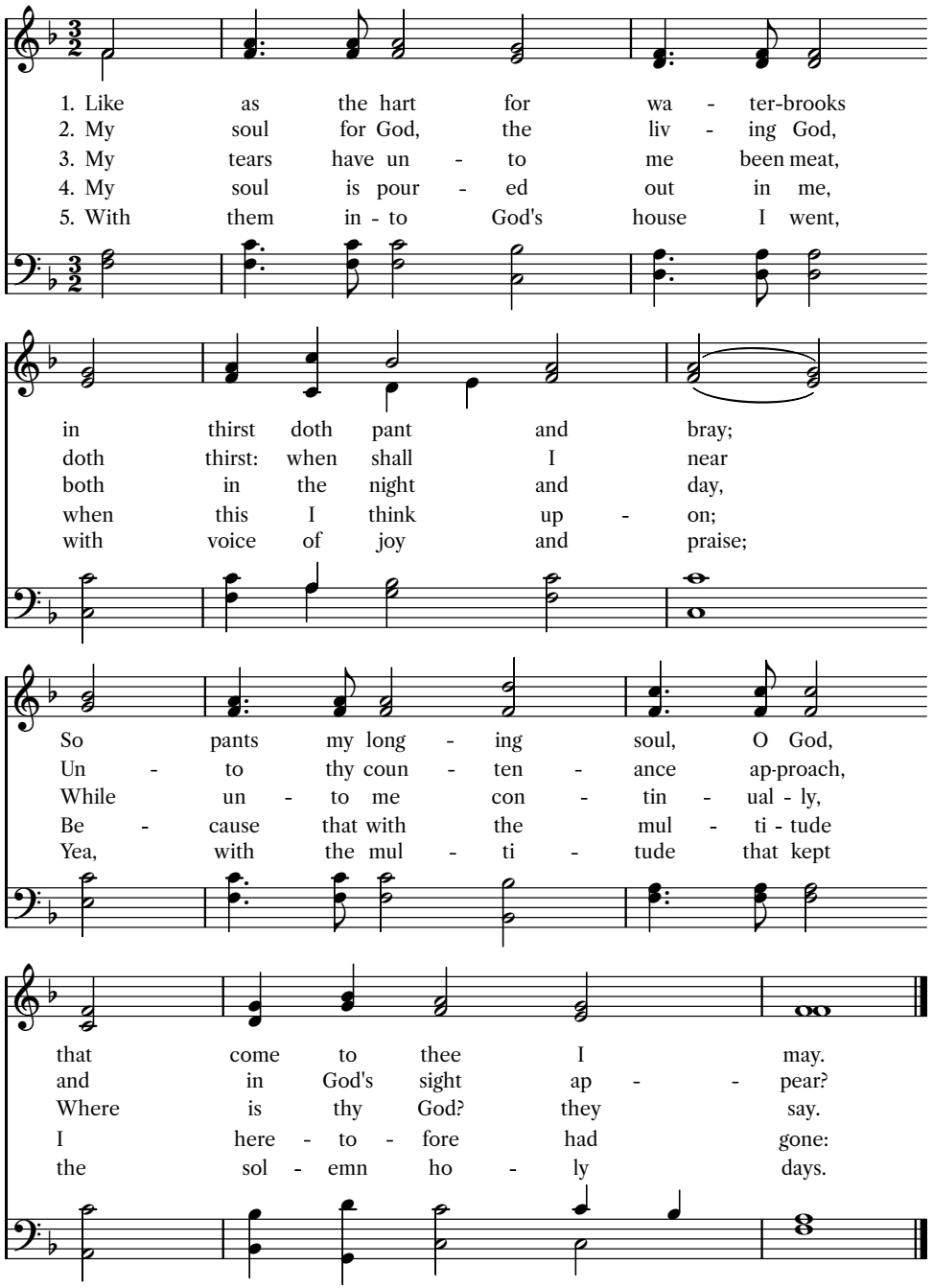Like as the Hart for Water-brooks



6. O why art thou cast down, my soul?
why in me so dismayed?
Trust God, for I shall praise him yet,
his count'nance is mine aid.

7. My God, my soul's cast down in me;
thee therefore mind I will
From Jordan's land, the Hermonites,
and ev'n from Mizar hill.

8. At the noise of thy water-spouts
deep unto deep doth call;
Thy breaking waves pass over me,
yea, and thy billows all.

9. His loving-kindness yet the Lord
command will in the day,
His song's with me by night; to God,
by whom I live, I'll pray:

10. And I will say to God my rock,
Why me forgett'st thou so?
Why, for my foes' oppression,
thus mourning do I go?

11. 'Tis as a sword within my bones,
when my foes me upbraid;
Ev'n when by them, Where is thy God?
'tis daily to me said.

12. O why art thou cast down, my soul?
why, thus with grief oppressed,
Art thou disquieted in me?
in God still hope and rest:

13. For yet I know I shall him praise,
who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance,
yea, mine own God is he.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

ARLINGTON C.M.
Thomas Augustine Arne, 1762