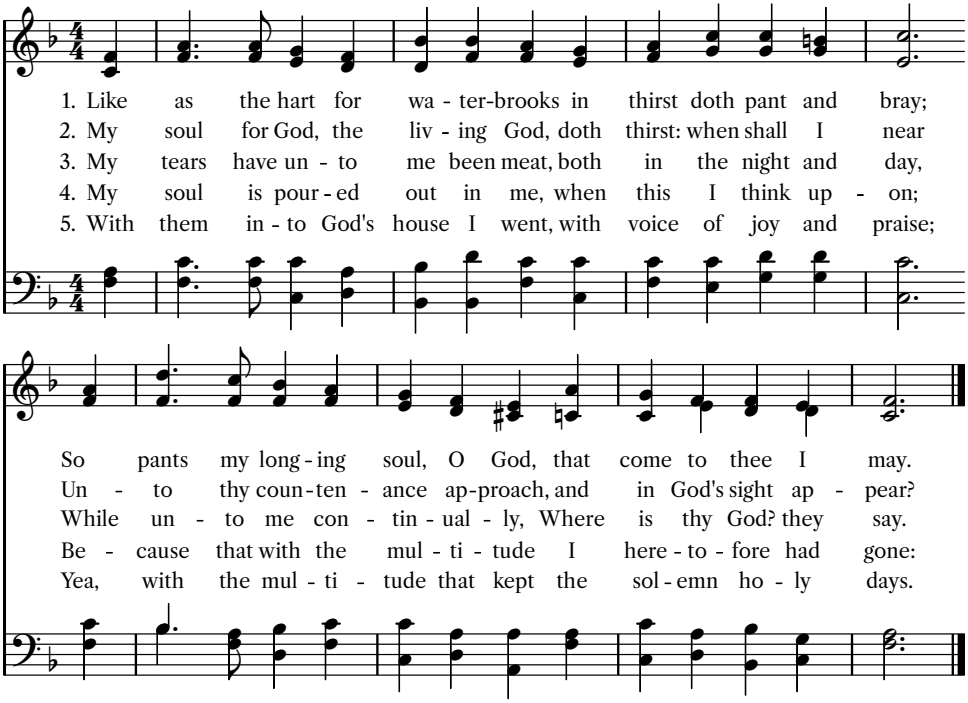
Like as the Hart for Water-brooks



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

WINCHESTER OLD C.M.
Thomas Est, The Whole Book of Psalmes, 1592