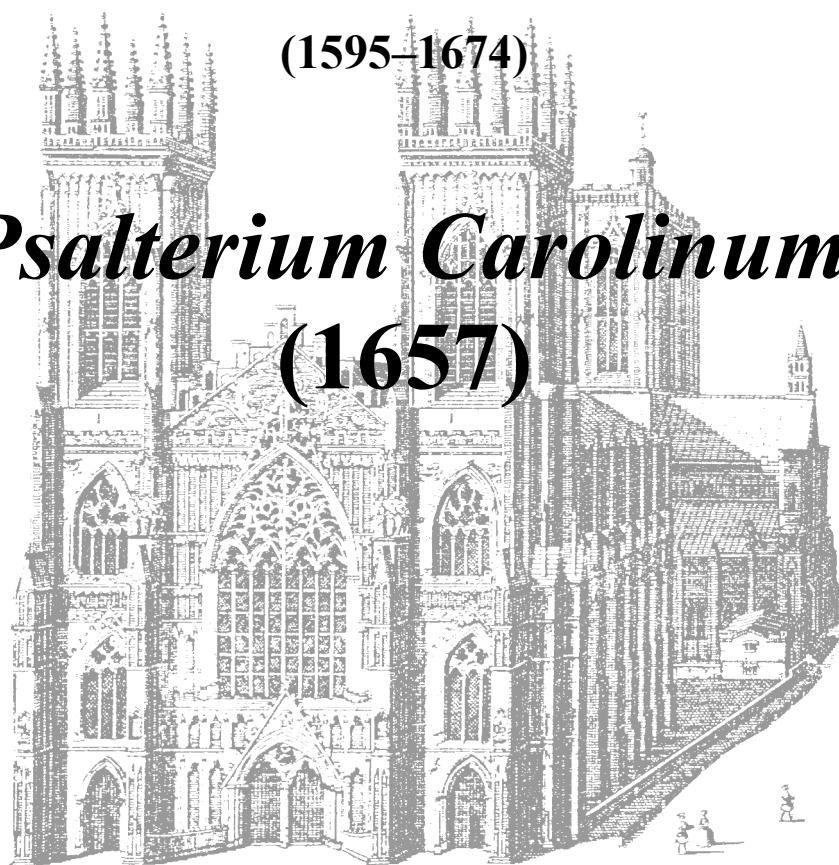


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E A R L Y
M U S I C
P R E S S

John Wilson

(1595–1674)

Psalterium Carolinum
(1657)

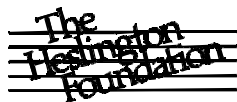


Edited by Jonathan P. Wainwright

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John Wilson (1595–1674)
Psalterium Carolinum (1657)

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INTRODUCTION

JOHN WILSON (1595–1674)

The English composer, lutenist and singer John Wilson was born in Faversham, Kent in 1595. It is likely that he was the 'John Wilson' who, in February 1608, was apprenticed for eight years to the actor John Heminges, a freeman of the Grocers' Company. A number of Heminges' apprentices, although nominally grocers, became actors with the King's Men and it is likely that this was Wilson's route into the company. In 1614 he set one of the songs for *The Maske of Flowers* and, until about 1634, he was one of the King's Men's principal songwriters. It is not inconceivable that the 'Iacke Wilson' cited on page 107 of the First Folio (1623) of Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing* is a reference to the musician. In 1622 Wilson became one of the City of London waits, having been recommended for the post by the Lord Mayor, Henry Montague, Viscount Mandeville. He still held this post in 1641 by which time he had also been appointed to the King's Musick as one of the 'lutes and voices' with a salary of £20 per annum and a livery of £16 2s 6d (1635–42). Wilson also sang in the performance of the Inns of Court-sponsored masque *The Triumph of Peace* in February 1634, and was a member of the reconstituted Corporation of Musick in Westminster (1635). He was one of the musicians who attended Charles I at Oxford after the court's enforced move out of London; in March 1644 Wilson was conferred with the degree of DMus of the University of Oxford. Anthony Wood gives details of Wilson's activities during the Commonwealth: he lodged with the music-loving family of Sir William Walter of Churchill, Oxfordshire until 1656 when he was made 'choragus' (Professor of Music) at Oxford University, a position he held until 1661. In Oxford Wilson was an active member of music meetings at the home of William Ellis and in the Music School.¹ At the Restoration Wilson regained his court appointments and, on the death of Henry Lawes in 1662, was also appointed as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, a position he held until his death in 1674.²

It was during his time at Oxford that Wilson published his *Psalterium Carolinum* (1657; reissued 1660), settings of 'psalms' 'Rendred in Verse' from *Eikon Basilike* by Thomas Stanley (1625–78). He also composed over 300 songs, some of which were published in John Playford's *Select Musickall Ayres and Dialogues* (London, 1652) and in Wilson's own collection, *Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads* (Oxford, 1660). Wilson also composed a set of remarkable pieces for 12-course lute (grouped together in the first 22 pages of Oxford, Bodleian Library MS Mus. b.1) which, being preludes written in all the major and minor keys, reveal the composer's harmonic experimentation.³

¹ See Bruce Bellingham, 'The Musical Circle of Anthony Wood in Oxford during the Commonwealth and Restoration', *Journal of the Viola da Gamba Society of America*, 19 (1982), pp. 6–70.

² For full details of Wilson's life and compositions, see Andrew Ashbee and David Lasocki assisted by Peter Holman and Fiona Kisby, *A Biographical Dictionary of English Court Musicians, 1485–1714*, 2 vols. (Aldershot, 1998), ii, pp. 1157–9; Ian Spink, 'Wilson, John', *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, 2nd edn (London, 2001), xxvii, pp. 423–4; and Ian Spink, 'Wilson, John, (1595–1674)', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford, 2004), lix, pp. 587–8.

³ Charles Burney disliked Wilson's music: '... the compositions he has left behind him for the lute are but feeble testimonies of a great hand' and 'Dr. Wilson, indeed, seems to have set words to Music more clumsily than any composer of equal rank in the profession'; *A General History of Music from the Earliest Ages to the Present Period* (London, 1776–89), ed. Frank Mercer (London, 1935), vol. ii, pp. 314–15. For more on the music, see Vincent Duckles, 'The "Curious" Art of John Wilson (1595–1674): An Introduction to His Songs and Lute Music', *Journal of the American Musicological Society*, 7 (1954), pp. 93–112; Margaret Crum, 'A Manuscript of John Wilson's Songs', *The Library*, 5th ser., 10 (1955), pp. 55–7; John P. Cutts, 'Seventeenth-Century Lyrics: Oxford, Bodleian MS Mus.b.1', *Musica Disciplina*, 10 (1956), 142–209; Mary Hobbs, 'John Wilson's Literary Sources', *Lute Society Journal*, 17 (1975), pp. 6–16; and Peter Walls, 'New Light on Songs by William Lawes and John Wilson', *Music & Letters*, 57 (1976), pp. 55–64.

PSALTERIUM CAROLINUM (1657)

John Wilson subtitled his *Psalterium Carolinum* ‘The Devotions of his Sacred Majestie in his Solitudes and Sufferings’,⁴ and the dedication showed that Wilson deliberately intended to fly his colours as a Royalist and an Anglican: ‘To the Glory of God, the Sacred Memory of His Late Maiestie, and to the Right Reverend Clergy of the Church of England, *John Wilson, D^r*. in Musick, dedicates this his last of labours.’ Such an openly Royalist declaration could, at that time, easily have caused arrest, trial, and severe punishment for the author; in the words of Peter le Huray, ‘That Wilson dared to publish such a work at that time is a tribute to his royalist loyalties if not to his common sense. He seems, nevertheless, to have escaped serious trouble with the authorities, though there is some evidence that he was quickly forced to withdraw the book from circulation.’⁵ The texts for Wilson’s ‘psalms’ are 27 odes by the poet, classical scholar and ardent royalist Thomas Stanley, which were based on chapters 1–26 and 28 of the *Eikon Basilike*, a ‘Royal Portrait’ published in London on the day of (or very soon after) Charles I’s execution. The *Eikon Basilike* purported to be the work of the King but was in fact by the cleric John Gauden who seems to have had access to some of the monarch’s private papers.⁶ The language that Stanley uses in his odes resembles the metrical psalm verses of Royalist poets such as George Sandys and there are ‘many allusions to the psalms and other parts of Scripture, but Charles, and not King David, assumes the role of the psalmist, and the events related concern the history of England rather than that of Israel’.⁷

Psalterium Carolinum was issued together with a separate book of Stanley’s ode texts⁸ and was reissued immediately after the Restoration with new title-pages (see Sources, p. 99 below) and a dedication to Charles II. The ‘psalms’ are essentially domestic-devotional music and are cast in the ‘solemn style’ tradition of Henry and William Lawes’s *Choice Psalmes* (1648) and Walter Porter’s *Mottets* (1657).⁹ Wilson’s three-voice and basso continuo pieces are disappointingly pedestrian, even by the standards of contemporary Commonwealth devotional music: they are predominantly homophonic with no variety of texture offered in the form of imitation or changed scoring; the only melisma is in the form of passing-note slurs; there are no changes from duple to triple metres; there is an absence of *concertato* technique: the basso continuo is merely a *basso seguente* doubling the Bass voice; and there is none of the inventive experimentation that characterizes Wilson’s songs and solo lute music (unless the awkward part writing [e.g. **18** bb. 4–5], frequent weak harmonic progressions [e.g. **19** bb. 31–2], and numerous parallel fifths [e.g. **2** bb.3–4] can, in some way, be considered experimental). Just occasionally chromaticism and ‘word painting’ brighten the otherwise unexciting music (see, for example, the setting of the word ‘bitter’ in **27** *Thou that fill’st Heaven and Earth*, b. 12). This example is rare, however, and the ‘psalms’ usually have little or no direct musical representation of the meaning of the text: the preference was obviously for a clear declamation of the words rather than an exploration of expressive qualities. Indeed,

⁴ The subtitle is taken from the title of *Eikon Basilike: the Portraicture of his Sacred Majestie in his Solitudes and Sufferings* (London, 1649).

⁵ Peter le Huray, *Music and the Reformation in England, 1549–1660* (London, 2/1978), p. 399. Susan Treacy (‘Psalterium Carolinum: Music as Propaganda in Seventeenth-Century England’, *Explorations in Renaissance Culture*, 19 (1993), pp. 45–69 at p. 54) suggests that ‘perhaps Wilson and Stanley figured that *Psalterium Carolinum* would escape censorship by riding on the general crest of popularity of the original *Eikon Basilike*, published eight years earlier.’

⁶ See F. F. Madan, *A New Bibliography of the Eikon Basilike of King Charles the First with a Note on the Authorship* (London, 1950), no. 91, pp. 92–4.

⁷ Treacy, ‘Psalterium Carolinum’, p. 49.

⁸ With the complete texts of each ode; Wilson doesn’t always set the full text. The complete texts are transcribed on pp. 67–98 below.

⁹ See Gordon J. Callon ed., *William Lawes: Collected Vocal Music. Part 3: Sacred Music* (Middleton WI, 2002) and Jonathan P. Wainwright ed., *Walter Porter: Collected Works* (Middleton WI, 2017).

Wilson's *Psalterium Carolinum* are, certainly compared with the small-scale *concertato* motets of contemporary Italian composers, and even in comparison with the English exponents of the *stile nuovo* (such as Dering, Child, Jeffreys and Porter),¹⁰ rather conservative in approach – but, when sung by solo voices with a carefully-judged accompaniment on the organ and/or theorbo, and with a flexible approach to tempo and dynamics, the *Psalterium Carolinum* may be direct and effective.

No manuscript copies of Wilson's 'psalms' have been located, which may be an indication that the rather ascetic Commonwealth-style of the *Psalterium Carolinum* soon went out of fashion. This was certainly the case by 1690 when Henry Playford who, in wanting to offload unsold music, listed the publication as no. 87 '*Psalt. Carolinum* set to Musick for 3 Voices, the Org. & Theorbo, in 5 parts, Fol. [£]0 4[s] 0[d]' in *A Curious Collection of Musick-Books, Both Vocal and Instrumental... to be sold by Henry Playford* (London, 1690).

A NOTE ON THE PRINTING OF *PSALTERIUM CAROLINUM*

Psalterium Carolinum uses the same music typeface (but not the text font or woodblock decorations) as John Barnard's ill-timed compendium of church music, *First Book of Selected Church Musick* (London, 1641).¹¹ The music typeface is large – requiring a spacious folio format layout in both publications (as if in imitation of a presentation manuscript) – and the font includes a number of visual inconsistencies: the white notes are larger than the black notes; black notes on lines are larger than notes in the spaces; and Wilson's publication uses a Roman capital 'G' in place of a G-clef (presumably because Barnard's publication did not contain a G-clef).¹² It seems likely that the anonymous printer of Wilson's *Psalterium Carolinum* got hold of the music type after Barnard's death (c.1649) and, given its rather ungainly size and appearance, the font was not used again after 1657.

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¹⁰ See Jonathan P. Wainwright ed., *Richard Dering: Motets for One, Two or Three Voices and Basso Continuo*, Musica Britannica, lxxxvii (London, 2008); Jonathan P. Wainwright ed., *William Child: The First Set of Psalmes of .III. Voyces (1639)* (York Early Music Press, 2015); Peter Aston ed., *George Jeffreys: 16 Motets for One, Two or Three Voices* (York Early Music Press, 2010); and Wainwright ed., *Walter Porter: Collected Works*. See too Andrew J. Cheetham, 'The Baroque Concertato in England, 1625–c.1660' (Ph.D. dissertation, University of Huddersfield, 2014); Cheetham concludes that 'While the private devotional and domestic (amateur) aspects of this publication are recognised, Wilson's *Psalterium Carolinum* is, perhaps, of more significance politically and theologically than musically.' (p. 403).

¹¹ See D. W. Krummel, *English Music Printing, 1553–1700* (London, 1975), pp. 95–8 and Fig. 34. The ten partbooks are published in facsimile, ed. John Morehen (Farnborough, 1972).

¹² The F-clefs differ also: the printer of *Psalterium Carolinum* created a small regular bass clef rather than use the improvised clef (made up of a C-clef and two minims with a stem) found in Barnard; see Daniel J. Bamford, 'John Barnard's *First Book of Selected Church Musick*: Genesis, Production and Influence' (Ph.D. dissertation, University of York, 2009), p. 172.

EDITORIAL NOTES

PREFATORY STAVES

Original clefs, ‘key’-signatures and time-signatures are given on the prefatory staves, together with the first rest(s) and note of each part. The vocal ranges are given at the beginning of the first bar.

NOTE-VALUES AND BARRING

Original note-values are retained throughout with the exception of final notes, where semibreves or breves are regularized in accordance with the prevailing barring. Barring is editorial.

ACCIDENTALS

Sharps and flats used originally as naturals are modernized (i.e., replaced by naturals). Accidentals added editorially are printed in small type, including those necessitated by added bar-lines, cancellations within the bar, cautionary accidentals, and those suggested by *musica ficta* considerations. (The context will make it clear to which of these categories any one editorial accidental belongs.) Editorial accidentals are effective to the end of the bar in which they occur, and source accidentals are regarded as applying also to immediate repetitions. Original accidentals that are redundant in a modern barred edition have been omitted without comment.

BASSO CONTINUO FIGURING

The figuring indicated here is that of the printed source, but sharps and flats used as naturals are modernized (i.e., replaced by naturals). No attempt has been made to supplement the figuring other than in those instances where the omission of an accidental to an explicit figure renders the original figuring inconsistent with the vocal part(s). Redundant accidentals have been omitted without comment.

OTHER NOTATIONAL FEATURES

Beaming has been modernized and regularized throughout. Ties and slurs are original and any editorial additions are indicated by dashes.

TEXTS

Throughout this edition, the lyrics follow the archaic spelling of the primary printed source (excepting the modernizing of i as j and v as u, as appropriate) in order to maintain as much as possible the integrity of the original musical source, and in the event that the spelling may influence the pronunciation in performance. Capitalization and punctuation are, however, regularized and follow the poetic versions given in the printed text book. Where the text is inconsistent between parts or sections of a piece, the edition follows the most predominant reading. Parentheses are used in the edition only when they are found in the original text.

PERFORMANCE NOTES

VOICES AND INSTRUMENTS

Wilson's *Psalterium Carolinum* was most likely intended for Commonwealth private devotions; in this context the 'psalms' were most likely performed by solo voices with accompanying instrument(s). In the cases of 1–3, 5–7, 9–16 and 18–26 the two 'cantus' parts can be transposed down an octave and performed by two tenors (and 4, 8 and 17 could easily be adapted for performance by tenors)¹³ – indeed the tessitura is very high for sopranos and performance by tenors may be preferable; the bass voice can be dispensed with altogether as the basso continuo doubles it throughout; and the pieces can even be performed unaccompanied if necessary. There is no doubt that the performance of domestic-devotional music in the seventeenth century was characterized by its variety and freedom, and modern performers should feel free to follow suit. A chamber organ and/or a theorbo/lute are the most suitable accompanying instruments; a string bass is unlikely to have been used in the seventeenth century. As Wilson's 'psalms' were designed for performance in a domestic environment, the type of organ envisaged would have been a single manual chamber organ with wooden pipes. An example of such an instrument, dating from the early seventeenth century, survives at Knole in Kent; it has a low chest case with four ranks of oak pipes: Stopped Diapason 8', Principal 4', Twelfth $2\frac{2}{3}'$, and Fifteenth 2'.¹⁴ Another slightly later organ is now at St Luke's near Smithfield in Virginia, USA. This instrument came from Hunstanton Hall in Norfolk where John Jenkins (1592–1678) was, for a time, a resident musician and is probably the organ ordered in 1630 by Sir Nicholas Le Strange (1603–55).¹⁵ It has the following specification: Open Flute 8', Stop Diapason 8', Principal 4' and Fifteenth 2' (the compass of the Open Flute is c to c''', and the other stops, C to c'''); all the pipes are made of pine.¹⁶ The sound of these organs is determined by the very narrow scale of the open wood pipes, which produce a soft and stringy tone without any noticeable 'chiff' – a sound calculated to blend with voices or a consort of viols.

BASSO CONTINUO

Although the use of figured basses was well established on the continent by the second and third decades of the seventeenth century, in England it was, at least for organists, comparatively rare. Whilst Jacobean and Caroline lutenists were well used to performing from unfigured basses, organists tended to play from scores (full or short) or written-out parts.¹⁷ Collections of domestic vocal music which specify organ continuo parts – such as Martin Peerson's *Mottects; or, Grave Chamber Musique* (London, 1630) and Child's *First*

¹³ This suggestion finds support in the preface to John Playford's *Cantica Sacra... The Second Sett* (London, 1674) where Playford notes that his 'CANTUS Parts are all Printed in the *G sol re ut* Cliffe, and may properly be Sung by Men as well as Boyes or Weomen (to avoid the late Complaint against our use of so many various Cliffs.)'

¹⁴ See Stephen Bicknell, *The History of the English Organ* (Cambridge, 1996), p. 198; and Dominic Gwynn, 'The Sound of the Seventeenth-Century English Chamber Organ', *Chelys*, 25 (1996–7), pp. 22–31.

¹⁵ Andrew Ashbee, *The Harmonious Musick of John Jenkins*, i: *The Fantasias for Viols* (Surbiton, 1992), pp. 52–3; and Dominic Gwynn, 'From Stops Organical to Stops of Variety: The English Organ from 1630 to 1730', in *From Renaissance to Baroque: Change in Instruments and Instrumental Music in the Seventeenth Century*, ed. Jonathan P. Wainwright and Peter Holman (Aldershot, 2005), pp. 211–25.

¹⁶ Chamber organs were based on a 4/8-ft pitch standard rather than the 5/10-ft standard of the 'transposing' church organ; for an examination of the issue of organ and choir pitch see Andrew Johnstone, "'As it was in the beginning": Organ and Choir Pitch in Early Anglican Church Music', *Early Music*, 31 (2003), pp. 507–25.

¹⁷ See Peter Holman, "'Evenly, Softly, and Sweetly According to All": The Organ Accompaniment of English Consort Music', in *John Jenkins and His Time: Studies in English Consort Music*, ed. Andrew Ashbee and Peter Holman (Oxford, 1996), pp. 353–82.

Set of Psalmes (London, 1639) – are rare and it was not until the 1660s that the practice became widespread; the first published English continuo tutor was Matthew Locke's *Melothesia; or, Certain General Rules for Playing upon a Continued-Bass* (London, 1673).¹⁸

However, earlier in the century continuo organists would have been aware of continental practices through musicians such as Richard Dering (c.1580–1630), who had worked abroad, and through foreign lutenists who settled in London, such as Angelo Notari (1566–1663) and Jacques Gautier (d. before 1660).¹⁹ It is possible that the organ was joined by the theorbo as the basso continuo accompaniment or, as the title-page suggests, that the theorbo/lute provided the accompaniment alone.²⁰

PITCH

Dominic Gwynn's survey of surviving English chamber organs from the seventeenth century reveals that they were usually pitched higher than the modern $a' = 440$ Hz.²¹ For example, the Knole chamber organ, mentioned above, was at $a' = c.446$ Hz (i.e., a quarter of a semitone sharp of the modern a'). The Hunstanton organ, however, is an exception, being at $a' = 430$ Hz (half a semitone below the modern standard).²² The pragmatic modern approach is to use a pitch that suits the singers.

EXPRESSION AND TEMPO

Psalterium Carolinum, as was the usual practice of the time, does not include expression indications and no attempt has been made to add interpretative indications in this edition. The performer should determine the speeds and dynamic nuances with due consideration to the meaning and expression of the words.

PRONUNCIATION

Original spelling is retained in this edition as it may give some hints of contemporary pronunciation. For detailed discussion of the pronunciation of English at this period, the performer is referred to the specialist writings.²³

¹⁸ Facsimile (London, 1975); ed. Christopher Hogwood (Oxford and New York, 1987). William Penny's *Art of Composition, or Directions to Play the Thorough Bass* was apparently published in 1670, but no copies have survived; see Thurston Dart, 'A Hand-List of English Instrumental Music Printed before 1681', *Galpin Society Journal*, 8 (1955), pp. 13–26 (at p. 25).

¹⁹ See F. T. Arnold, *The Art of Accompaniment from a Thorough-Bass as Practised in the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries* (London, 1931; repr. New York, 1965), chapter 1; and Wendy Hancock, 'General Rules for Realising an Unfigured Bass in Seventeenth-Century England', *Chelys*, 7 (1977), pp. 69–72. The preface to Walter Porter's *Madrigales and Ayres* (1632) includes the first English instruction on thorough-bass, although Porter's method of indicating the chords is rather idiosyncratic; see Wainwright ed., *Walter Porter: Collected Works*.

²⁰ See Thomas Mace, 'Directions for Playing a Part upon the Theorboe', in *Musick's Monument* (London, 1676), pp. 216–30; and Edward Huws Jones, 'The Theorbo and Continuo Practice in the Early English Baroque', *Galpin Society Journal*, 25 (1972), pp. 67–72.

²¹ Gwynn, 'The Sound of the Seventeenth-Century English Chamber Organ', p. 26.

²² The pitch has been altered over the years by moving the keys or the pipes and cutting the pipes down, but Gwynn ('The Sound of the Seventeenth-Century English Chamber Organ', p. 26) was able to calculate the approximate original pitches. The pitch of early seventeenth-century church organs was approximately $a' = 475$ Hz; see Johnstone, 'As it was in the beginning', *passim*, and Bruce Haynes, *A History of Performing Pitch: The Story of 'A'* (Lanham MD, 2002), pp. 86–92.

²³ Charles Kreidler, *The Pronunciation of English* (Oxford, 1989); Alison Wray, 'Authentic Pronunciation for Early Music', in *Companion to Contemporary Musical Thought*, ed. John Paynter et al. (London, 1992), pp. 1051–64; Alison Wray, 'Restored Pronunciation for the Performance of Vocal Music', in *Companion to Medieval and Renaissance Music*, ed. Tess Knighton and David Fallows (London, 1992), pp. 292–9; Alison Wray, 'English Pronunciation, c.1500–c.1625', in *English Choral Practice, 1400–1650*, ed. John Morehen (Cambridge, 1995), pp. 90–108; and Timothy J. McGee ed., with A. G. Rigg and David N. Klausner, *Singing*

ORNAMENTATION

Although *Psalterium Carolinum* contains no notated ornaments and embellishments, seventeenth-century English musicians would undoubtedly have been acquainted with Italian vocal practices through foreign musicians such as Angelo Notari, and from Caccini's instructions on singing in the preface to *Le nuove musiche*. It is very likely, therefore, that performers were expected to add ornaments to the vocal lines. This is indicated by the presence of graces (small melodic figures) and divisions (more elaborate musical embellishments that replace a long note or several notes) in English songs of the early seventeenth century – including the songs in British Library, Add. MS 11,608 copied by John Hilton (1599–1657).²⁴ Just how much ornamentation was added is open to debate and, because different sources of the same piece do not agree on matters of embellishment, it is difficult to offer specific advice about ornamentation.²⁵ Much has to be left to the taste and skill of the individual singer, but the absence of ornaments in a piece should not be taken to indicate that they were not used in performance. It should further be noted that, in the sources, florid embellishments are not always attached to important words (for some expressive purpose), but also appear on unimportant words, and are thus present primarily for musical reasons.

The examples of ornamentation given below are taken from the fourth edition of Playford's *A Brief Introduction to the Skill of Musick* (1664), pp. 68–9; material enclosed in square brackets and set beneath the stave is additional information added in the seventh edition, *An Introduction to the Skill of Musick* (1674), pp. 47–9. These may seem late sources, but John Playford notes that the Italian Graces are not 'new Invention, but have been used here in *England* by most of the Gentlemen of His Majesties Chappel above this 40 years.'²⁶ In fact the degree of agreement between this text and the written-out graces notated in seventeenth-century English song manuscripts is remarkable.²⁷ It would not be out of place, therefore, for performances of Wilson's *Psalterium Carolinum* to include divisions and use at least some of the following graces:

Early Music: The Pronunciation of European Languages in the Late Middle Ages and Renaissance (Bloomington and Indianapolis IN, 1996).

²⁴ See Mary Chan, 'John Hilton's Manuscript British Library Add. MS 11,608', *Music & Letters*, 60 (1979), pp. 440–49; and 'A Mid-Seventeenth-Century Music Meeting and Playford's Publishing', in *The Well Enchanting Skill: Music, Poetry, and Drama in the Culture of the Renaissance: Essays in Honour of F. W. Sternfeld*, ed. John Caldwell, Edward Olleson and Susan Wollenberg (Oxford, 1990), pp. 231–44. For English song in general, see Ian Spink, *English Song: Dowland to Purcell* (London, 1974; 2nd edn: 1986); and on divisions and graces, see Robert Toft, *Tune Thy Musicke to Thy Hart: The Art of Eloquent Singing in England, 1597–1622* (Toronto, 1993), pp. 85–108.

²⁵ See Vincent Duckles, 'Florid Embellishment in English Song of the Late Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries', *Annales musicologiques*, 5 (1957), pp. 329–45.

²⁶ John Playford, *A Brief Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, 4th edn (London, 1664), p. 76.

²⁷ For further details see Toft, *Tune Thy Musicke*, pp. 99–108.



The *Trill* described by me is upon one Note only, that is to say, to begin with the first *Cro[t]chet*, and to beat every Note with the throat upon the vowel (*a*) unto the last *Brief* [*Breve*]. As likewise the *Gruppo* or *double Relish*...²⁸

Which *Trill* and *Grup*, because they are a step necessary unto many things that are described, and are effects of that *Grace* which is most desired for Singing well ... I will shew not only how they may be used, but also all the effects of them described in two manners, with the same value of the Notes...

Example of the most usual Graces.



The beating of the throat.



* dotted crotchet in 1664 edn

Trill



[*Trill*]



[Where this Mark + is set over a Note, the Trill is to be used.]

²⁸ A further explanation is offered by 'A. B., Philo-Mus.' in his *Synopsis of Vocal Musick* (London, 1680), p. 44:

A Trillo is a shaking of the Uvula on the Throat in one Sound or Note, as the Gruppo is in two Sounds or Notes, the one being by one degree higher than the other [i.e., the modern trill], and are commonly used in cadences and closes.

These Ornaments are not to be used in Airy Songs, which require only a lively and cheerful kind of Singing, carried by the Air it self: but in Passionate Musick, wherein must be kept a command of the breath, by taking heed, that by spending much in one place it do not afterward fail in another when it is needful. Besides the ordinary measure of Time is here less regarded, for many times is the value of the Notes made less by half, and sometimes more, according to the conceit of the words, with a graceful neglect.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Psalterium Carolinum.
THE
DEVOTIONS
OF HIS
SACRED MAJESTIE
IN HIS
SOLITUDES
AND
SUFFERINGS,
Rendred in Verse.

Set to Musick for 3 Voices and an Organ, or Theorbo,
By *John Wilson* D^r. and Musick Professor of *Oxford*.

[*device*]

LONDON,
Printed for *John Martin* and *James Allestrey*, and are
to be sold at the Bell in S^t. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1657.

TO THE
GLORY OF GOD
THE SACRED
MEMORY OF HIS LATE MAIESTIE,
AND TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND CLERGY
OF THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
JOHN WILSON, D^f. in Musick, dedicates
this his last of labours.

*To his friend (and formerly, fellow-servant to his late
Majestie) JOHN WILSON Dr. in Musick.*

THat I do love thee, friend, I now would shew it.
And do't in Rhime too, though I am no Poet;
Yet all that I could say, would but appear
Fruitless, and insignificantly here,
Since nothing, truly, can thy worth explain,
But the composures of thine own rich brain.
Thou need'st no Trumpet to proclaim thy Fame,
Thy Lyre most sweetly warbles forth thy name;
Which every one must needs admire that hears,
Unless he have nor Soul, nor Sense, nor Ears.
This tribute all must pay, but none can raise
(Unless he have an equall skill) thy praise.

From long acquaintance and experience, I
Could tell the World thy known integrity;
Unto thy Friend thy true and honest heart,
Ev'n mind, good nature, all, but thy great Art;
Which I but dully understand; who do
To shadow't out, must have expressions too,
(If with thy merits they proportion keep)
As high, and apt, as is thy judgement deep.

*Thus Diamonds Diamonds cut, Kings judge of Kings,
Art cann't be praise'd enough by artless thigns.*

Excuse me then, if I have no designs
Impossible, and needless by these lines,
So low, to raise thy high perfection,
And light my Candle at thy noon-day Sun:

I could say much were I with Raptures fir'd,
Were I, as I must think thou art, inspir'd;
For this I know, and must say't to thy praise,
That thou hast gone, in Musick, unknown wayes,
Hast cut a path where there was none before,
Like *Magellan* traced an unknown shore.
Thou taught'st our Language, first, to speak in Tone,
Gav'st the right accents and proportion;
And above all (to shew thy excellence)
Thou understand'st good words, and do'st set sense;
Hadst none to imitate, and few will be
Able t'express inimitably thee.

Go on then, *Phæbus* like, thine own course runne,
Fearless of being out-shin'd by a Mock-Sun.
Doggs at the Moon may barke, but never dare
Against the glorious Sun so much as stare:

Go on secure, That *Wilson's* honoured name
Shall have, as it deserves, immortall Fame.
Call, O call back thy resolution
Of not composing more; Springs allwaies run,
The World would suffer else, and thy great name
Be lessen'd; then do not bound thy boundless fame;
But, like the Sun, still scatter beams of light,
Nor the whole World, and thine own worth benight;
For sure if men do single Ingots prize,
They'll hugg the Mine where all perfection lies.

HENRY LAWES.

1 Thou Lord, hast made us see

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Thou Lord, hast made us see, that pi - ous thoughts Of

Thou Lord, hast made us see, that pi - ous thoughts Of

Thou Lord, hast made us see, that pi - ous thoughts Of

6
4

3

fu - ture re - for - ma - tion for past faults; Nor sat - is - fie thy jus - tice; or pre - vent Al -

fu - ture re - for - ma - tion for past faults; Nor sat - is - fie thy jus - tice; or pre - vent Al -

fu - ture re - for - ma - tion for past faults; Nor sat - is - fie thy jus - tice; or pre - vent Al -

7 6

6

-waies the stroaks of thy dire pu - nish-ment Our hopes, ore-laid by sin, on thee de-pend For

-waies the stroaks of thy dire pu - nish-ment Our hopes, ore - laid by sin, on thee de-pend For

-waies the stroaks of thy dire pu - nish-ment Our hopes, ore - laid by sin, on thee de - pend For

6 7 6

9

par - don, not on our Re - solves t'a - mend, When by vin - dic - tive judge-ments on us layd, _

par - don, not on our Re - solves t'a - mend, When by vin - dic - tive judge-ments on us layd,

par - don, not on our Re - solves t'a - mend, When by vin - dic - tive judge-ments on us layd,

4 [#]3 6 6

12

Musical score for measures 12-14. The score features four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two bass staves (Tenor and Bass). The lyrics are: "Thou hast thy glo - ry in our shame dis - plaid: And how un - safe it is, shown us by". Fingerings are indicated by circled numbers: (8) for the soprano staff, (8) for the alto staff, and 5 and 4 for the tenor staff, and 5 and 3 for the bass staff.

15

Musical score for measures 15-17. The score features four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two bass staves (Tenor and Bass). The lyrics are: "these; To dare t'of - fend, on af - ter hopes to please. Thy mer - cies then (I trust) the". Fingerings are indicated by circled numbers: (8) for the soprano staff, (8) for the alto staff, and 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6 and 6 for the tenor staff, and 6 and 5 for the bass staff.

18

Musical score for measures 18-20. The score features four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two bass staves (Tenor and Bass). The lyrics are: "bles - sings may Re - store, which wrong'd, we forc'd thee snatch a - way.". Fingerings are indicated by circled numbers: (8) for the soprano staff, (8) for the alto staff, and 5, 6, 7, 7 for the tenor staff, and 5 for the bass staff.

2 Thou whose mercies know no bound

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Thou whose mercies know no bound, Par - don my com - pli - ant sin. Death in me the

Thou whose mercies know no bound, Par - don my com - pli - ant sin. Death in me the

Thou whose mercies know no bound, Par - don my com - pli - ant sin. Death in me the

6 6 5 5

4

guilt - less found, Who his Re - fuge should have been. To her self and thee my Soul, Her trans - gres - sion

guilt - less found, Who his Re - fuge should have been. To her self and thee my Soul, Her trans - gres - sion

guilt - less found, Who his Re - fuge should have been. To her self and thee my Soul, Her trans - gres - sion

7 6 5 6 [#]6

7

o - pen laies; Cleanse me from a guilt so foule, And thy mer - cies I shall

o - pen laies; Cleanse me from a guilt so foule, And thy mer - cies I shall

o - pen laies; Cleanse me from a guilt so foule, And thy mer - cies I shall

43 6 7 [#]6 6 5

10

praise. With the crime, my heart_ with - stood, Did my dif-fering hand com-ply; Yet if bath'd in

praise. With the crime, my heart with - stood, Did my dif-fering hand com - ply; Yet if bath'd in

praise. With the crime, my heart with - stood, Did my dif-fering hand com - ply; Yet if bath'd in

6 7 6

13

thy_ rich blood, Snow my white- ness_ shall out- vie. Jus- tice let me learn of thine, Who for death un -

thy rich blood, Snow my_ white- ness_ shall out- vie. Jus- tice let me learn of_ thine, Who for death un -

thy rich blood, Snow my_ white- ness_ shall out- vie. Jus- tice let me learn of thine, Who for death un -

6 6 [#]5 6 5 6 5 6 6

16

- just - ly given; Fu- ture dan- gers to de- cline, In - to_ great - er now am driv- en.

- just - ly given; Fu - ture dan- gers to_ de - cline, In - to great - er now am driv- en

- just - ly given; Fu- ture dan- gers to de - cline, In - to great - er now am driv- en.

43 #6

Lord thou in Heaven and in my heart

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 Lord thou in Heaven and in my heart My wit-ness art, If to op-press the In-no-

C (or T) 2 Lord thou in Heaven and in my heart My wit-ness art, If to op-press the In-no-

B Lord thou in Heaven and in my heart My wit-ness art, If to op-press the In-no-

bc Lord thou in Heaven and in my heart My wit-ness art, If to op-press the In-no-

4

-cent I ev - er meant, Then let my Foe my life con-found, And tread my Hon-ours to the ground. The

-cent I ev - er meant, Then let my Foe my life con-found, And tread my Hon-ours to the ground. The

-cent I ev - er meant, Then let my Foe my life con-found, And tread my Hon-ours to the ground. The

[b]6

8

mists which co - zen hu-mane sight Shrink from thy light; The Heart and Reins thy search-ing eyes An -

mists which co - zen hu-mane sight Shrink from thy light; The Heart and Reins thy search-ing eyes An -

mists which co - zen hu-mane sight Shrink from thy light; The Heart and Reins thy search-ing eyes An -

6 7 6 6

11

-at - o - mize. Truth wrapt in dark-ness, lost in doubt, To - day re-stor - ing; O shine out.

-at - o - mize. Truth wrapt in dark-ness, lost in doubt, To - day re-stor - ing; O shine out.

-at - o - mize. Truth wrapt in dark-ness, lost in doubt, To - day re-stor - ing; O shine out.

7 6 7 5 43

4 To thee I fly thou sole defence of my invaded innocence

John Wilson

C1 To thee I fly _____ thou sole de-fence Of my in -

C2 To thee I fly _____ thou sole de-fence Of my in -

B To thee I fly _____ thou sole de-fence Of my in -

bc To thee I fly _____ thou sole de-fence Of my in -

3 -vad - ed in - no - cence: Who on - ely canst the stub-born Main, — And peo - ple more en - rag'd —

-vad - ed in - no - cence: Who on - ely canst the stub-born Main, — And peo - ple more en - rag'd —

-vad - ed in - no - cence: Who on - ely canst the stub-born Main, — And peo - ple more en - rag'd

6 6 6

6 — re - strain. The floods, the floods, or'e - swell their bounds, Dan - gers my

— re - strain. The floods, the floods, — or'e swell their bounds, Dan - gers my

re - strain. The floods, the floods, or'e swell their bounds, Dan - gers my

6 6 5

9 threat - ned soul sur - rounds. Mine and my Realms in - i - qui - ty, (The tu - mults,

threat - ned soul sur - rounds. Mine and my Realms in - i - qui - ty, (The tu - mults,

threat - ned soul sur - rounds. Mine and my Realms in - i - qui - ty, (The tu - mults,

7 [F]6 6

12

tu - mul - ts of our souls ___ 'gainst thee) These po - pular in - nun - da - tions cause, That bear down

tu - mul - ts of our souls ___ 'gainst thee) These po - pular in - nun - da - tions cause, That bear down

tu - mul - ts of our souls 'gainst thee) These po - pular in - nun - da - tions cause, That bear down

6 6

15

Loy - al - ty and Lawes. But thou to Seas didst fix a shore, And from the

Loy - al - ty and Lawes. But thou to Seas didst fix a shore, And from the

Loy - al - ty and Lawes. But thou to Seas didst fix a shore, And from the

6 3

18

De - luge, Earth re - store, O quell these sal - vage ___ Beasts, and

De - luge, Earth re - store, O quell these ___ sal - vage ___ Beasts, and ___

De - luge, Earth re - store, O quell these sal - vage Beasts, and

6 5 6 4 3

21

me From their tu - mul - tuous ___ Ra - pines ___ free.

me From their tu - mul - tuous Ra - pines free.

me From their tu - mul - tuous Ra - pines free.

b3 b3

5 To thee, my God, I still appeal

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 To thee, my God, I still ap - peal, Whose

C (or T) 2 To thee, my God, I still ap - peal, Whose

B To thee, my God, I still ap - peal, Whose

bc To thee, my God, I still ap - peal, Whose

6

all dis - cern - ing eyes re - veal, The clouds that hu - mane thoughts con - ceal. A

all dis - cern - ing eyes re - veal, The clouds that hu - mane thoughts con - ceal. A

all dis - cern - ing eyes re - veal, The clouds that hu - mane thoughts con - ceal. A

7 6

heart thou gav'st me to be - stow Much on my Sub - jects, which must now Learn much from

heart thou gav'st me to be - stow Much on my Sub - jects, which must now Learn much from

heart thou gav'st me to be - stow Much on my Sub - jects, which must now Learn much from

6 4 6

them to un - der - go. Thy will be done, and ours de - ny'd, When most to thine, it

them to un - der - go. Thy will be done, and ours de - ny'd, When most to thine, it

them to un - der - go. Thy will be done, and ours de - ny'd, When most to thine, it

6 5

12

seems al - ly'd And theirs, who thee pre - tend their guide. In - struct me wise - ly to im - ploy_

seems al - ly'd And theirs, who thee pre - tend their guide. In - struct me_ wise - ly to im - ploy_

seems al - ly'd And theirs, who thee pre - tend their guide. In - struct me wise - ly to im - ploy_

6 6 6 2 6 3

15

_ The_ Cros - ses, that my hopes de - stroy; As the ful - fil - lings_ of my

_ The Cros - ses, that my hopes de - stroy; As the ful - fil - lings of my

_ The Cros - ses, that my hopes de - stroy; As the ful - fil - lings of my

6 [4]6

17

joy. I raised my own fears, theirs t'a - bate, Un - set - led

joy. I raised_ my own fears, theirs t'a - bate, Un - set - led

joy. I raised my own fears theirs t'a - bate, Un - set - led_ mine, to

3

19

mine, to fix their State, Who_ re - com - pence my love with hate.

mine, to fix their State, Who_ re - com - pence my love with hate.

fix their State, Who re - com - pence_ my love with hate.

b3 6 5

Our native freedom, Lord, preserve

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Our na - tive free - dome, Lord, pre - serve, Which

Our na - tive free - dome, Lord, pre - serve, Which

Our na - tive free - dome, Lord, pre - serve, — Which

6 [b]5 [#]6

3

bids our wills thy will o - bey: Yet from our Con - science ne - ver swerve, Whilst mens De -

bids our wills thy will o - bey: Yet from our Con - science ne - ver swerve, Whilst mens De -

bids our wills thy will o - bey: — Yet from our Con - science ne - ver swerve, Whilst mens De -

6 6

6

- crees with Law we weigh, And Rea - son, nor of ought al - low But

- crees with Law we weigh, And Rea - son, nor of ought al - low But

- crees with Law we weigh, And Rea - son, nor of ought al - low But

8

that, to which our judg - ments bow. Where fixt by thee I

that, to which our judg - ments bow. Where fixt by thee I

that, to which our judg - ments bow. Where fixt by thee I

11

did re - side, That place, by Sub - jects forc'd, I quit - ted: Yet for their

13

good my self de - ny'd In all to my dis - pose sub - mit -

6

15

- ted: Let no De - mands in Tu - mults prest,

5
3


17


From my con - sent un - just power wrest.


6


7 Lord those whom thou in Vowes hast tied

John Wilson

C (or T) 1  Lord those whom thou in Vowes hast tied, Yet now by dis - tance

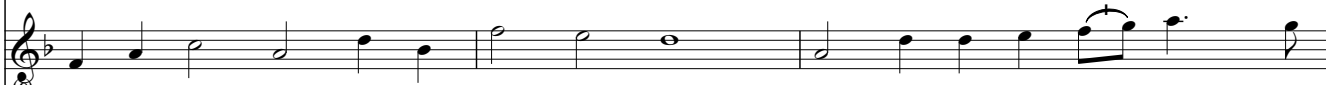
C (or T) 2 *(sic)*  Lord those whom thou in Vowes hast tied, Yet now by dis - tance

B  Lord those whom thou in Vowes hast tied, Yet now by dis - tance

bc  Lord those whom thou in Vowes hast tied, Yet now by dis - tance

7 6


3  dost di - vide, Here or in Heaven u - nite. De - fend Us from de - spite - full


 dost di - vide, Here or in Heaven u - nite. De - fend Us from de - spite - full


 dost di - vide, Here or in Heaven u - nite. De - fend Us from de - spite - full


 dost di - vide, Here or in Heaven u - nite. De - fend Us from de - spite - full

6 5

6  Foes, And by the suffer-ings they im - pose, Pre - pare Us for thy fight.

 Foes, And by the suffer-ings they im - pose, Pre - pare Us for thy fight.

 Foes, And by the suffer-ings they im - pose, Pre - pare Us for thy fight.

 Foes, And by the suffer-ings they im - pose, Pre - pare Us for thy fight.

6 7

9

Though in Re - li - gion we dis - sent, Hear our De - vo - tions joynt - ly bent Thy sac - red

Though in Re - li - gion we dis - sent, Hear our De - vo - tions joynt - ly bent Thy sac - red

Though in Re - li - gion we dis - sent, Hear our De - vo - tions joynt - ly bent Thy sac - red

6 6 5 6

12

Truth to finde: Love in our e - qual hearts in - fuse Of

Truth to finde: Love in our e - qual hearts in - fuse Of

Truth to finde: Love in our e - qual hearts in - fuse Of

14

thee, and him, who us t'ex - cuse His sin - less life re - sign'd.

thee, and him, who us t'ex - cuse His sin - less life re - sign'd.

thee, and him, who us t'ex - cuse His sin - less life re - sign'd.

Who vengeance on my wrongs hast shewn

John Wilson

C1
Who ven-geance on my wrongs hast shewn, And by my Foes, my Foes or'e-thrown: Let not his

C2
Who ven-geance on my wrongs hast shewn, And by my Foes, my Foes or'e-thrown: Let not his

B
Who ven-geance on my wrongs hast shewn, And by my Foes, my Foes or'e-thrown: Let not his

bc
Who ven-geance on my wrongs hast shewn, And by my Foes, my Foes or'e-thrown: Let not his

6 7

4
fall in - vite My Soul by close de - light; To make thy just re - venge her own.

fall in - vite My Soul by close de - light; To make thy just re - venge her own.

fall in - vite My Soul by close de - light; To make thy just re - venge her own.

6 7 6 5

7
Thou hast re - vert - ed on his head The mis-chief he for oth - ers spread, Un - wish'd,

Thou hast re - vert - ed on his head The mis-chief he for oth - ers spread, Un - wish'd,

Thou hast re - vert - ed on his head The mis-chief he for oth - ers spread, Un - wish'd,

♯6 #3 #3

10
— un-ask'd by me: That all the Earth might see; Thou didst my Cause in judg - ment plead.

— un-ask'd by me: That all the Earth might see; Thou didst my Cause in judg - ment plead.

— un-ask'd by me: That all the Earth might see; Thou didst my Cause in judg - ment plead.

6

13

I will not, dare not im - pre - cate The like on all that bear me hate. No: to their

I will not, dare not im - pre - cate The like on all that bear me_ hate. No: to their

I will not, dare not im - pre - cate The like on all that bear me hate. No: to their

6
5

16

Souls dis-pence Par - don and Pe - ni - tence, Charg'd with no due af - flic - tions

Souls dis - pence Par - don and Pe - ni - tence, Charg'd with no due af - flic - tions

Souls dis - pence Par - don and Pe - ni - tence, Charg'd with no due af - flic - tions

7 9 8 6 5

19

weight. De-privе me not of Theams so fit For Mer - cy: but their sins re-mit Whose

weight. De-privе me_ not_ of Theams so fit For_ Mer - cy: but their sins re- mit_ Whose

weight. De-privе me_ not of Theams so_ fit For Mer - cy: but their sins re - mit Whose_

6

22

bold De - me - rit climbs, Next those un - grate - full Crimes, Of which thou Me art pleas'd t'ac - quit.

bold De - me - rit climbs, Next those un - grate - full Crimes, Of which thou Me art pleas'd t'ac - quit.

bold De - me - rit climbs, Next those un - grate - full Crimes, Of which thou Me art pleas'd t'ac - quit.

6 7 8 6 5

9 Through humane clouds thy Rayes like Lightning glide

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 Through hu - mane clouds thy Rayes like Light - ning glide; No pre - ju -

C (or T) 2 Through hu - mane clouds thy Rayes like Light - ning glide; No pre - ju -

B Through hu - mane clouds thy Rayes like Light - ning glide; No pre - ju -

bc Through hu - mane clouds thy Rayes like Light - ning glide; No pre - ju -

6 6 6

3 -dice thy Sen - tence swayes, For Know - ledge is thy Judg - ments guide. The

-dice thy Sen - tence swayes, For Know - ledge is thy Judg - ments guide. The

-dice thy Sen - tence swayes, For Know - ledge is thy Judg - ments guide. The

5 proud, my Soul op - pose, And slight thy Lawes, Help, Lord, for man - y are my Foes, They hate me

proud, my Soul op - pose, And slight thy Lawes, Help, Lord, for man - y are my Foes, They hate me

proud, my Soul op - pose, And slight thy Lawes, Help, Lord, for man - y are my Foes, They hate me

6 6 4

8

yet with-out a cause. I nev-er did (thou knowst) These Broyles be-gin, In

yet with-out a cause. I nev-er did (thou knowst) These Broyles be-gin, In

yet with-out a cause. I nev-er did (thou knowst) These Broyles be-gin, In

6 6 6

11

which, though I ad-ven-ture most, Yet I am cer-tain least to win. But oft de-plor'd and

which, though I ad-ven-ture most, Yet I am cer-tain least to win. But oft de-plor'd and

which, though I ad-ven-ture most, Yet I am cer-tain least to win. But oft de-plor'd and

7

14

strove, With care t'a-voyd; My life such dan-gers could not love, Bet-ter to save than

strove, With care t'a-voyd; My life such dan-gers could not love, Bet-ter to save than

strove, With care t'a-voyd; My life such dan-gers could not love, Bet-ter to save than

4 3 4 4 3

17

kill em-ploy'd. My oth - er suf-frings far Their Cal-um-nie Out-weighs: who

kill em - ploy'd. My oth - er suf-frings far Their Cal - um - nie_ Out-weighs: who

kill em-ploy'd. My oth - er suf-frings far Their Cal - um - nie Out-weighs: who

6 [b]5 [b]6 5 6 5 6 5 6 7 6

20

tell the World this war (My great - est crosse) was rais'd by Me. Yet this by si-lence I to men would

tell the World this war (My great - est crosse) was rais'd by Me. Yet_ this by si-lence I to men_ would

tell the World this war (My great - est crosse) was rais'd by Me. Yet this by si-lence I to men would

4 3 4 3 4 7 6

23

owne; Might it their mal-ice sat - is - fie, Whilst thou my in - no - cence hast knowne.

owne; Might_ it their mal-ice sat - is - fie,___ Whilst thou my in - no - cence hast knowne.

owne;___ Might it their mal-ice sat - is - fie,___ Whilst thou my in - no - cence hast knowne.

5 9 [b]6 6

Oh my God, to thee I fly

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 Oh my God, to thee I fly, Strong - er than the En - e -

C (or T) 2 Oh my God, to thee I fly, Strong - er than the En - e -

B Oh my God, to thee I fly, Strong - er than the En - e -

bc Oh my God, to thee I fly, Strong - er than the En - e -

6 6 43 6 5

3

- my; Heaven nor Earth are wisht by me, In com - par - i - son of

- my; Heaven nor Earth are wisht by me, In com - par - i - son of

- my; Heaven nor Earth are wisht by me, In com - par - i - son of

6

5

thee. Let me be when All de - ny'd, More than All by

thee. Let me be when All de - ny'd, More than All by

thee. Let me be when All de - ny'd, More than All by

6 4

7

thee sup - ply'd. Haste to help, thou fail'st not those Who their trust in thee re - pose.

thee sup - ply'd. Haste to help, thou fail'st not those Who their trust in thee re - pose.

thee sup - ply'd. Haste to help, thou fail'st not those Who their trust in thee re - pose.

6 5 6 3 7

11 Eternal wisdom arm'd with might

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 E - ter - nal wis - dom arm'd with might, With

C (or T) 2 E - ter - nal wis - dom arm'd with might, With

B E - - ter - nal wis - dom arm'd with might, With

bc

8 7 7

3

Truth and Right my Rea - son clear; To which to make my will ad - here, No threats may from their

Truth and Right my Rea-son clear; To which to make my will ad - here, No threats may from their

Truth and Right my Rea - son clear; To which to make my will ad - here, No threats may from their

4 [b]3 [b]6 6 5

6

Dic - tates fright: Thou didst not raise me to a Throne, To barr me com - mon

Dic - tates fright: Thou didst not raise me to a Throne, To barr me com - mon

Dic - tates fright: Thou didst not raise me to a Throne, To barr me com - mon

6 9 8 6 5

9

li - ber - ty. Shall that be nam'd a crime in me, Which oth - ers as a ver - tue own?_

li - ber - ty. Shall that be nam'd a crime in me, Which oth - ers as a ver - tue own?_

li - ber - ty. Shall that be nam'd a crime in me, Which oth - ers as a ver - tue own?_

6 [b]6

12

— Un-just - ly they their King de - ny The free-dome, which all mor- tals_ claim: Whilst_ even them-

— Un-just - ly they their King de - ny The free-dome, which all mor- tals claim: Whilst even them-

— Un-just - ly they their King de - ny The free-dome, which all mor- tals_ claim:_ Whilst even them-

6 6 6

15

-selves ex-act the same, With par - tial per - ti - na - ci - ty. To thee I pray who

-selves ex-act the same, With par - tial per - ti - na - ci - ty. To thee I pray who

-selves ex - act the same, With par - tial_ per - ti - na - ci - ty. To_ thee I pray who

6 6 [b]6 5 6 7 [b]6

18

through the maze Of my own thoughts, and suits (like snares Spred_ to in - volve my

through the maze Of my own thoughts, and suits (like snares Spred_ to in - volve my

through the maze Of my own thoughts, and suits (like snares Spred_ to in - volve my

6 6 #6 6 6

20

soul in cares) Canst sure - ly guide: make plain thy waies.

soul in cares) Canst sure - ly guide: make plain thy waies.

soul in cares) Canst sure - ly guide: make plain thy waies.

6 6

Thy mercies Lord

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 Thy mer - cies Lord _____ (hence in dis - pleas - ure fled)

C (or T) 2 Thy mer - cies Lord _____ (hence in dis - pleas - ure fled)

B Thy mer - cies Lord _____ (hence in dis - pleas - ure fled)

bc Thy mer - cies Lord _____ (hence in dis - pleas - ure fled)

6 5 6 7 [4] 6

3

On me and my torn King-doms I im-plore: Whose losse we both too just - ly me - rit - ed, But

On me and my torn King-doms I im-plore: Whose losse we both too just - ly me - rit - ed, But

On me and my torn King-doms I im - plore: Whose losse we both too just - ly me - rit - ed, But

6 3 6 7 6 6 5 6 5 6

6

nev - er can de - serve_ thou shouldst re - store. Thou seest the cru - el - ty that Chris - tians

nev - er can de - serve thou_ shouldst re - store. Thou seest the cru - el - ty that Chris - tians

nev - er can de - serve thou shouldst re - store. Thou seest the cru - el - ty that Chris - tians

6 6 7 5 8 7

9

use, In the false col - ours of Re - li - gion dy'd; As if the name of Chris-tians they should

use, In the false col - ours of Re - li - gion dy'd; As if the name of Chris-tians they should

use, In the false col - ours of Re - li - gion dy'd; As if the name of Chris-tians they should

[b]6 6 6

12

lose, Un-less they one an- oth - er cru - ci - fy'd. Since we thy Truth and Cha-ri - ty des-pis'd,

lose, Un - less they one an- oth - er cru - ci - fy'd. Since we thy Truth and Cha-ri - ty des-pis'd,

lose, Un - less they one an- oth - er cru - ci - fy'd. Since we thy Truth and Cha - ri - ty des-pis'd,

6 6 #6 7 6 2 3 4

15

Er - ror, and Hat - red now their room pos - sess. My God, O par - don those thou hast chas- tis'd;—

Er - ror, and Hat - red now their room pos - sess. My God, O par - don those thou hast chas- tis'd;

Er - ror, and Hat - red now their room pos - sess. My God, O par - don those thou hast chas- tis'd;

5 6 7 [b]6

18

Our wounds with penitential Balme redress: Make not our

Our wounds with penitential Balme redress: Make not our

Our wounds with penitential Balme redress: Make not our

6 6 6 5 7 6

21

sufferings less in thy esteem; And to our Conscience let our sins appear, As they i'th' mirror

sufferings less in thy esteem; And to our Conscience let our sins appear, As they i'th' mirror

sufferings less in thy esteem; And to our Conscience let our sins appear, As they i'th' mirror

6 6 6 6 7 6

25

of thy judgments seem; Which to small crimes are never so severe.

of thy judgments seem; Which to small crimes are never so severe.

of thy judgments seem; Which to small crimes are never so severe.

6

13 My troubles, Lord, are multiply'd

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 My trou - bles, Lord, are mul - ti -

C (or T) 2 My trou - bles, Lord, are mul - ti -

B My trou - bles, Lord, are mul - ti -

bc My trou - bles, Lord, are mul - ti -

6 4 5 3 5 3 6 7 6 5

3

-ply'd, O suc-cour the dis-trest! In sim-plest truth thy Ser - vant guide, The wis-est in - ter -

-ply'd, O suc - cour the dis - trest! In sim-plest truth thy Ser - vant guide, The wis-est in - ter -

-ply'd. O suc-cour the dis - trest! In sim-plest truth thy Ser - vant guide, The wis-est in - ter -

6 6 7 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 5

6

- est. From the as - soc - iate strength of Foes Be thou my just de - fence, Who,

- est. From the as - soc - iate strength of Foes Be thou my just de - fence, Who,

- est. From the as - soc - iate strength of Foes Be thou my just de - fence, Who,

6

9

for the Ser-pents craft, de - pose The Doves white In - no - cence. Though to op - press Me they a -

for the Ser-pents craft, de - pose The Doves white In - no - cence. Though to op - press Me they a -

for the Ser-pents craft, de - pose The Doves white In - no - cence. Though to op - press Me they a -

6 7 6

12 [e'']

- gree; Com-bin'd in mu-tuall aid, Let not my Soul and Hon - our, be to their de-ceits be -

- gree; Com - bin'd in mu-tuall aid, Let not my Soul and Hon-our, be to their de-ceits be -

- gree; Com - bin'd in mu-tuall aid, Let not my Soul and Hon-our, be to their de-ceits be -

6 5 6 5 4 [#]3 7

15

- tray'd. De - vo - tion, and Al - le-giance, thou Canst in their hearts re - new; That him they

- tray'd. De - vo - tion, and Al - le-giance, thou Canst in their hearts re - new; That him they

- tray'd. De - vo - tion, and Al - le-giance, thou Canst in their hearts re - new; That him they

6 6 #6

18

may re - store, whom now They ea - ger, ea - ger - ly pur - sue.

may re - store, whom now They ea - ger, ea - ger - ly pur - sue.

may re - store, whom now They ea - ger - ly, ea - ger - ly pur - sue.

6 6 5

14 Lord, I to thee direct my cries

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
Lord, I to thee di - rect my cries, My Sub - jects for - ward

C (or T) 2
Lord, I to thee di - rect my cries, My Sub - jects for - ward

B
Lord, I to thee di - rect my cries, My Sub - jects for - ward

bc

6 7 6

3
Oaths re - mit: Quick - en their sense of those firm ties, By law up - on their_

Oaths re - mit: Quick - en their sense of those firm ties, By law up - on their_

Oaths re - mit: Quick - en their sense of those firm ties, By law up - on their

6 6

5
Con - science_ knit. With which no pi - ous, no pre - tence Of Re - for -

Con - science_ knit. With which no pi - ous, no pre - tence Of Re - for -

Con - science knit. With which no pi - ous, no pre - tence Of Re - for -

4 6 7 [#]6 6 [#]6

7
- ma - tion can dis - pence. Re - li - gion owns no in - ju -

- ma - tion can dis - pence. Re - li - gion owns no in - ju -

- ma - tion can dis - pence. Re - li - gion_ owns no in - ju -

6 6 6

9

- rie: No Sac - ri - ledge by thee al - low'd; Though mask'd with

- rie: No Sac - ri - ledge by thee al - low'd; Though mask'd with

- rie: No Sac - ri - ledge by thee al - low'd; Though mask'd with

6 6

11

hate t'I - dol - i - try: Their zeale dis - guis - ed fraud un -

hate t'I - dol - i - try: Their zeale dis - guis - ed fraud un -

hate t'I - dol - i - try: Their zeale dis - guis - ed fraud un -

6

13

cloud. Things Ho - ly tis a snare to take, And af - ter Vowes en - quir - ie make.

cloud. Things Ho - ly tis a snare to take, And af - ter Vowes en - quir - ie make.

cloud. Things Ho - ly tis a snare to take, And af - ter Vowes en - quir - ie make.

6 6

O Lord thou seest my wrongs abound

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 O Lord thou seest my wrongs a-bound; Li - ons en-rag'd my

C (or T) 2 O Lord thou seest my wrongs a-bound; Li - ons en-rag'd my

B O Lord thou seest my wrongs a - bound; Li - ons en-rag'd my

bc O Lord thou seest my wrongs a - bound; Li - ons en-rag'd my

6 6 6 6

3

Soul sur-round, With poi - snous words Their_ Tongues like Swords, Their_

Soul sur-round, With poi - snous_ words Their_ Tongues like Swords, Their_

Soul sur - round, With poi - snous_ words Their Tongues like Swords, Their

7 6 4 3

5

teeth_ like Ar - rows wound. My foes re - proach me all the day,___

teeth like Ar - rows wound. My_ foes re - proach me all the day,

teeth like Ar - rows wound. My foes re - proach me all the day,

4 [#]3

7

___ And sworn de - ceits to - geth - er lay; My God! how long___ Shall they grow strong, Who

And sworn de - ceits_ to - geth - er lay; My God!_ how long_ Shall they grow strong,_ Who

And sworn de - ceits to - geth - er lay; My_ God! how long___ Shall they grow strong, Who

[#]6 5 6 6

10

with vain Lies in-veigh. The Cal-um-nies which they have sown On ev-ery side to thee are

with vain Lies in-veigh. The Cal-um-nies which they have sown On ev-ery side to thee are

with vain Lies in-veigh. The Cal-um-nies which they have sown On ev-ery side to thee are

6 #4 6 6

13

known, Hold not thy peace Least they in-crease, And bu-ry my Re-nown. The Ly -

known, Hold not thy peace Least they in-crease, And bu-ry my Re-nown. The Ly -

known, Hold not thy peace Least they in-crease, And bu-ry my Re-nown. The Ly -

6 6 5

16

- ar thou wilt ru-in-ate, The Blood-y and the false do'st

- ar thou wilt ru-in-ate, The Blood-y and the false do'st

- ar thou wilt ru-in-ate, The Blood-y and the false do'st

[#]6

18

hate; Let me up-right In-tents, a light, Clear as the Sun di-late.

hate; Let me up-right In-tents, a light, Clear as the Sun di-late.

hate; Let me up-right In-tents, a light, Clear as the Sun di-late.

7

16 Thou still the same for ever blest

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Thou still the same for ev - er blest, Whom mer - cies in - fi -

Thou still the same for ev - er blest, Whom mer - cies in - fi -

Thou still the same for ev - er blest, Whom mer - cies in - fi -

Thou still the same for ev - er blest, Whom mer - cies in - fi -

6 6

3

-nite in - vest, In var - ious con - stan - cy ex - prest? Thou hast us with new sense in -

-nite in - vest, In var - ious con - stan - cy ex - prest? Thou hast us with new sense in -

-nite in - vest, In var - ious con - stan - cy ex - prest? Thou hast us with new sense in -

-nite in - vest, In var - ious con - stan - cy ex - prest? Thou hast us with new sense in -

4 [#]3

6

- du'd Of our old wants, nor scorn'st re - nu'd De - sires, in un - chang'd words pur - su'd. Still let our

- du'd Of our old wants, nor scorn'st re - nu'd De - sires, in un - chang'd words pur - su'd. Still let our

- du'd Of our old wants, nor scorn'st re - nu'd De - sires, in un - chang'd words pur - su'd. Still let our

- du'd Of our old wants, nor scorn'st re - nu'd De - sires, in un - chang'd words pur - su'd. Still let our

4 3 5

9

fix'd De - vo - tions joyn; Our fruits to thy firm will en - cline;— Our fer - vent Spi - rits move by

fix'd De - vo - tions joyn; Our fruits to thy firm will en - cline;— Our fer - vent Spi - rits move by

fix'd De - vo - tions joyn; Our fruits to thy firm will en - cline;— Our fer - vent Spi - rits move by

fix'd De - vo - tions joyn; Our fruits to thy firm will en - cline;— Our fer - vent Spi - rits move by

4 3 6 7 6 6 6 7 6 [4] 5

12

thine. For thou, in all per - fect - ion wise, Nor no - vel - ty in prayer dost prize, Nor pi -

thine. For thou, in all per - fect - ion wise, Nor no - vel - ty in prayer dost prize, Nor pi -

thine. For thou, in all per - fect - ion wise, Nor no - vel - ty in prayer dost prize, Nor pi -

6 6 6 6

15

- ous con - stan - cy de - spise. By thy com - mand pre - fer - ring nei - ther, Left

- ous con - stan - cy de - spise. By thy com - mand pre - fer - ring nei - ther, Left

- ous con - stan - cy de - spise. By thy com - mand pre - fer - ring nei - ther, Left

4 5 2 3

18

in thy Church-es power to - geth - er, To use, but not dis - par - age ei - ther.

in thy Church-es power to - geth - er, To use, but not dis - par - age ei - ther.

in thy Church-es power to - geth - er, To use, but not dis - par - age ei - ther.

17 To thee my uprightness is known

John Wilson

C1 To thee my up - - right - ness is known, Who

C2 To thee my up - - right - ness is known, Who

B To thee my up - - right - ness is known, Who

bc To thee my up - - right - ness is known, Who

6 5

3
hast ap - point - ed me to own Thy sa - cred Faith's de - fence. O let me not of thee for - lorn, -

6 6 6 6 7 [6] 5 6 6

6
A - gainst my Con - science be ore - born, By floods of vi - o - lence. Up Lord, -

6 5 4 3

9
in thine own cause a - rise, Least Schi - sme make thy Church its prize, And tram - ple on her power, From

6

12

thee con- tin - ued to our time, When Wealth is made her fa - tall crime; Her sinn is her fair

thee con- tin - ued to our time, When Wealth is made her fa - tall crime; Her sinn is her fair

thee con- tin - ued to our time, When Wealth is made her fa - tall crime;— Her sinn is her fair

6 5 6 6 6

15

dower. Whom, some have plun-derd oth - ers wound, The rest de - sert - ed as they found,—

dower. Whom, some have plun-derd oth - ers wound, The rest de - sert - ed as they found,—

dower. Whom, some have plun-derd oth - ers wound, The— rest de - sert - ed as they found,—

6

18

— Or in her suf-ferrings joy: May I her hurts, and wants re - lieve, The power which

Or in her suf-ferrings joy: May I her hurts, and wants re - lieve, The power which

Or in her suf-ferrings joy: May I her hurts, and wants re - lieve, The power which

6

21

I from thee re - ceive: Teach me for thee t'im - ploy. To her that love be still sus -

I from thee re - ceive: Teach me for thee t'im - ploy. To her that love be still sus -

I from thee re - ceive: Teach me for thee t'im - ploy. To her that love be still sus -

I from thee re - ceive: Teach me for thee t'im - ploy. To her that love be still sus -

6 6 6 4 6

24

- tain'd, I owe as Chris - tian, though re - strain'd: As King, from all my right; The boun - ties on thy

- tain'd, I owe as Chris - tian, though re - strain'd: As King, from all my right; The boun - ties on thy

- tain'd, I owe as Chris - tian, though re - strain'd: As King, from all my right; The boun - ties on thy

- tain'd, I owe as Chris - tian, though re - strain'd: As King, from all my right; The boun - ties on thy

6 6 6 6 7 6 6

27

Church dis - plaid: By pro - vi - dence, let none in - vade, With sac - ri - le - gious might.

Church dis - plaid: By pro - vi - dence, let none in - vade, With sac - ri - le - gious might.

Church dis - plaid: By pro - vi - dence, let none in - vade, With sac - ri - le - gious might.

Church dis - plaid: By pro - vi - dence, let none in - vade, With sac - ri - le - gious might.

18 Of Peace and Reason Lord!

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 Of Peace and Reason Lord! De-light-ing in ac-cord; The wick-ed who from

C (or T) 2 Of Peace and Reason Lord! De-light-ing in ac-cord; The wick-ed who from

B Of Peace and Reason Lord! De-light-ing in ac-cord; The wick-ed who from

bc Of Peace and Reason Lord! De-light-ing in ac-cord; The wick-ed who from

6 #6 6 6 [#]6 6 [#]6

4

sinn, With of-fer'd Grace would win! Whose mer-cy courts to save, Though power to kill thou

sinn, With of-fer'd Grace would win! Whose mer-cy courts to save, Though power to kill thou

sinn, With of-fer'd Grace would win! Whose mer-cy courts to save, Though power to kill thou

6 7 7 4

7

have! (Our hearts to soft-ness woo'd In our Re-deem-ers blood) Per-swade us to a-

have! (Our hearts to soft-ness woo'd In our Re-deem-ers blood) Per-swade us to a-

have! (Our hearts to soft-ness woo'd In our Re-deem-ers blood) Per-swade us to a-

6 6 6 4 2

10

- gree, Both with our-selves and thee: As Men and Chris-tians ought, Peace of - ten have I

- gree, Both with our-selves and thee: As Men_ and Chris-tians ought, Peace of - ten have I

- gree, Both with our-selves and thee: As Men and Chris-tians ought, Peace of - ten have I

6 6 6

13

sought, But it no soon - er name, Than war my Foes pro - claime. Our ac - tions nev - er

sought, But it no soon - er name, Than war my Foes pro - claime. Our ac - tions nev - er

sought, But it no soon - er name, Than war my Foes pro - claime. Our ac - tions nev - er

4 3 6

16

may, De - struc - tive Pas - sions sway. Our Judge-ments clear, that we Thy Truth may plain - ly

may, De - struc - tive Pas - sions sway. Our Judge-ments clear, that we Thy Truth may plain - ly

may, De - struc - tive Pas - sions sway. Our Judge-ments clear, that we Thy Truth may plain - ly

7 6 6 4 [#]6

19

see. Our stub-born Hearts in - cline, In bonds of Peace to joyn. Our ir - re - li - gious

see. Our stub-born Hearts in - cline, In bonds of Peace to joyn. Our ir - re - li - gious

see. Our stub-born Hearts in - cline, In bonds of Peace to joyn. Our ir - re - li - gious

6 6 6 6 6

22

hate To thee, O dis - si - pate; That to our selves, re - move With in - ter - chang - ed

hate To thee, O dis - si - pate; That to our selves, re - move With in - ter - chang - ed

hate To thee, O dis - si - pate; That to our selves, re - move With in - ter - chang - ed

6 6 6 6 7 [#]6

25

Love, The war our sins have wrought, With Peace, which Christ hath bought.

Love, The war our sins have wrought, With Peace, which Christ hath bought.

Love, The war our sins have wrought, With Peace, which Christ hath bought.

[#]6 5 4 [#]3 8 7

With ready joy

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

With read-y joy O let me, Lord! a-gree To be ore - come when thou wilt

6 #4 #6 2 6 6

4

have it so: In - struct me in the no-blest Vic - to - ry, By pa-tience to sub - due my

#4 3 6 6 6 6 6 6 #3 #3 6 #3 6

7

self, and foe; Con - quest, like Christ's, a Chris-tian King best shew: Mould us to

6 5

10

Pi - e - ty be - twixt thy Hands, Prest by thy left, sup-port - ed by thy right; Par - don the

6 6 #6 6 6 6 6 6

13

pride of our suc-cess-ful Bands, And the re-pin-ings of our luck-less Fight, When (trust-ing

6 6 6 6 6 6

16

in our own) de-nied thy might: When we are ought, or no-thing, be thou All; That thy

6 #6 7 6

19

wide glo-ries the whole World may fill, Or in our Con-quest or in-glo-rious fall. Thou

#3 6 5 [#]6

22

know'st with what Re-gret I suf-fer ill, From those whose Good's the

6 5 [#]6 6

24

scope of all my will. The Ills they force me to in - flict, I bear; And in their pun - ish -

scope of all my will. The Ills they force me to in - flict, I bear; And in their pun - ish -

scope of all my will. The Ills they force me to in - flict, I bear; And in their pun - ish -

7 [#]6 #6

27

-ments, my own em-brace. Vic - tor or van - quish'd? since a dou - ble share Of

-ments, my own em - brace. Vic - tor or van - quish'd? since a dou - ble share Of

-ments, my own em - brace. Vic - tor or van - quish'd? since a dou - ble share Of

7 6 5 3 4 6 6 6 6 6

30

cer-tain suf-fering_ doth my hope dis - place, Grant me a dou - ble Por - tion of thy Grace.

cer-tain suf-fering doth my hope dis - place, Grant me a dou - ble Por - tion of thy Grace.

cer-tain suf-fering doth my hope dis - place, Grant me a dou - ble Por - tion of thy Grace.

6 6 5 5 6 4 6 6

Lord, thou who Beauty canst return

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Lord, thou who beau - ty canst re - turn To them that mourn; -

6 6 6 6 6

3

— And the dis-guis'd pre - text of Art, To Truth con - vert; O let us not by shews be -

6 6 6 6

6

-guil'd, Seem pure with - out, with - in de - fil'd. With - in, where most de - form'd we are, Be

6 6 6 5 6 6 6 4

9

our first care, Then with clear eyes the Church we may And State sur - vey. Our Hearts, our Spi - rits,

our first care, Then with clear eyes the Church we may And State sur - vey. Our Hearts, our Spi - rits,

our first care, Then with clear eyes the Church we may And State sur - vey. Our Hearts, our Spi - rits,

7 6 5 6 6 6

12

Lord, re-new, That we thy dic - tates may pur - sue. Up - on our foul dis - or - ders, bred__

Lord, re - new, That we thy dic - tates may pur - sue. Up - on our foul dis - or - ders, bred__

Lord, re - new, That we thy dic - tates may pur - sue. Up - on our foul dis - or - ders, bred__

6 6 6 6 5 6 6

15

— By them who (led With rage) to purge us un - der-tooke, With pit - ty looke. Quench thou the

— By them who (led With rage) to purge us un - der-tooke, With pit - ty looke. Quench thou the

— By__ them who (led With rage) to purge us un - der-tooke, With pit - ty looke. Quench thou the

6 6 6 6 7 6 6

18

fire that Fac-tions raise, From Re- for - ma - tions_ spe- cious Blaze. As their di - vi - sion, Lord, pro-

6 3 7 8 6 8 9 6 7 [#]6

21

-claims Their weak, bad Aims?_ So let us (in those fires re - fin'd) In love be join'd; -

[#]5 6 [#]6 7 [b]6 5 6

24

_ From Pas-sions freed: blest with in-crease Of in-ward Ver - tue, out - ward Peace.

6 5 6 6 6 7 6 5

Thou Lord, who by thy wise Decree

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Thou Lord, who by thy wise De - cree, Do'st our Con - tin - gen -

6 6 4 3 6 5 6 6 4 6 6

3

-cy dis - pose; Make me thy con - stant mer - cies see, In the ad - van - tage of my Foes. —

5 6 5 6 5 6 6

6

— Thou canst their Coun - sels turn a - way, And their de - vi - ces ru - in - ate: Who all my

6 6 6 6 6 7 6 6 6

9

se - crets o - pen lay, To worke me in my Peo - ples hate. To thy — Om - ni - science I re - pair, —

7 6 7 6 6 5 6

12

Wit-ness with my In - teg - ri - ty, How false the wrest - ed Com - ments are, Which they to

6 6 7 ♯3 #3

15

what I write ap - ply. The ill di - rect - ed by their

6

17

Aim To me; so turn up - on their Head, That they may be in -

7 [♯]6

19

-volv'd in shame; And with Con - fu - sion o - ver - spread.

6/4 5/3

Thou, who all souls, all consciences dost sway

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Thou, who all souls, all con-sciences dost sway, To thee I look dis-maid! To

6 7 6

4

thy Pro-tection I com-mit my way. Thou, who my life didst aid, Still in my weak-ness

7 [#]6 6 6 6 6 5

7

canst thy strength dis-play. A fie-rie Pil-lar in darke nights to me, And with thy

#3 #3 6 5 6

10

light di-rect, In scorch-ing Daies a cloud-y Pil-lar be; And with thy shade pro-lect. O

7 [#]6 [#]6 6 6 #3 6 4 [#]3

13

let me find both Sun and Shield in Thee. My life I was not by per-vers-ness wrought_

let me find both Sun and Shield in Thee. My life I was not by per-vers-ness wrought_

let me find both Sun and Shield in Thee. My life I was not by per-vers-ness wrought_

6 5 4 3 6

16

To haz-ards thus t'ex- pose: But Rea-son, Hon-our and Re-li-gion taught, To guard my self from

To haz-ards thus t'ex- pose: But Rea-son, Hon-our and Re-li-gion taught, To guard my self from

To haz-ards thus t'ex- pose: But Rea-son, Hon-our and Re-li-gion taught, To guard my self from

6 #3 4 4 3 6 5

19

those, Whose im-pious force to wrest them from me sought.

those, Whose im-pious force to wrest them from me sought.

those, Whose im-pious force to wrest them from me sought.

4

23 Thou that alone art infinite

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Thou that a - lone art in - fi - nite In good, and great-nesse;
Thou that a - lone art in - fi - nite In good, and great-nesse;
Thou that a - lone art in - fi - nite In good, and great-nesse;

6 6

3

dwel'st with me, Weigh'd with thy Pres-ence Life is light, Thy ser-vice per-fect Li-ber-ty:
dwel'st with me, Weigh'd with thy Pres-ence Life is light, Thy ser-vice per-fect Li-ber-ty:
dwel'st with me, Weigh'd with thy Pres-ence Life is light, Thy ser-vice per-fect Li-ber-ty:

6 6

6

Own me for thine, I can - not but be free. As I am Man with Rea - son
Own me for thine, I can - not but be free. As I am Man with Rea - son
Own me for thine, I can - not but be free. As I am Man with Rea - son

6 4 3 4

9

blesse, With Zeal as Chris-tian; Right as King: Of out-wards stript, let me pos-sesse
blesse, With Zeal as Chris-tian; Right as King: Of out-wards stript, let me pos-sesse
blesse, With Zeal as Chris-tian; Right as King: Of out-wards stript, let me pos-sesse

6 4 6

12

Thee in thy joyes that from Thee spring; Which 'gainst my will no force can from me

Thee in thy joyes that from Thee spring; Which 'gainst my will no force can from me

Thee in thy joyes that from Thee spring; Which 'gainst my will no force can from me

6 6 6 7

15

wring. Let not my Pas-sion o-ver-boyle To fruit-less Rage, or sor-did fear:—

wring. Let not my Pas-sion o-ver-boyle To fruit-less Rage, or sor-did fear:—

wring. Let not my Pas-sion o-ver-boyle To fruit-less Rage, or sor-did fear:—

43 43 6

18

— They think him help-less whom they foyle: But let thy chear-full light ap-pear, And se-cure

— They think him help-less whom they foyle: But let thy chear-full light ap-pear, And se-cure

— They think him help-less whom they foyle: But let thy chear-full light ap-pear, And se-cure

6 6 6

21

free - dom shall my glo - ries clear. Be - fit - ting my af - flict - ed state, A

free - dom shall my glo - ries clear. Be - fit - ting my af - flict - ed state, A

free - dom shall my glo - ries clear. Be - fit - ting my af - flict - ed state, A

6 5 6

24

pa - tient Con - stan - cy be - stow: My strength and hopes are dis - si -

pa - tient Con - stan - cy be - stow: My strength and hopes are dis - si -

pa - tient Con - stan - cy be - stow: My strength and hopes are dis - si -

6 6 6

26

-pate, My self im - pri - son'd by the Foe: O be not far, lest they too might - y grow.

-pate, My self im - pri - son'd by the Foe: O be not far, lest they too might - y grow.

-pate, My self im - pri - son'd by the Foe: O be not far, lest they too might - y grow.

6 5 7 [b]6 6

24 To Thee my solitary Prayers I send

John Wilson

C (or T) 1 To Thee mysol-i-tar - y Prayers I send, The help that oth-ers my Dis - tress de- ny, -

C (or T) 2 To Thee my sol - i - tar - y Prayers I send, The help that_ oth-ers my_ Dis - tress de- ny, -

B To Thee mysol - i - tar - y Prayers I send, The help that oth-ers my Dis-tress de- ny, -

bc To Thee mysol - i - tar - y Prayers I send, The help that oth-ers my Dis-tress de- ny, -

7 5 6 [#]6 6 7 6

4

— With thy as - sis - tant Spi - rit Lord sup - ply: To dul - ness Life, Light to my Dark - ness -

— With thy as - sis - tant Spi - rit Lord sup - ply: To dul - ness Life, Light to my Dark - ness

— With thy as - sis - tant Spi - rit Lord sup - ply: To dul - ness Life, Light to my Dark - ness

6 6

7

lend. Thou Sun, ___ that beams of Right-eous - ness dost spread, Thou sa - cred Spring of

lend. ___ Thou ___ Sun, ___ that beams of Right-eous - ness dost spread, Thou sa - cred Spring of

lend. ___ Thou ___ Sun, ___ that beams of Right-eous - ness dost spread, Thou sa - cred Spring of

6 6 6 [#]6

10

heaven-ly Light and heat, Both warmth and clear - ness in my Heart be - get, In - struct, and for thy Ser - vant

heaven-ly Light and heat, Both warmth and clear - ness in my Heart be - get, In - struct, and for thy Ser - vant

heaven-ly Light and heat, Both warmth and clear - ness in my Heart be - get, In - struct, and for thy Ser - vant

6 5

13

in - ter - cede. Full - ness, suf - fi - cience, fa - vour thee ar - ray; E - nough Thou

in - ter - cede. Full - ness, suf - fi - cience, fa - vour thee ar - ray; E - nough Thou

in - ter - cede. Full - ness, suf - fi - cience, fa - vour thee ar - ray; E - nough Thou

6

16

Com - fort art, and Com - pa - ny: Thou art my King, my Priest and Pro - phet be;

Com - fort art, and Com - pa - ny: Thou art my King, my Priest and Pro - phet be;

Com - fort art, and Com - pa - ny: Thou art my King, my Priest and Pro - phet be;

6 7 6

19

Rule, teach, pray, in me, for me, with me stay. Ja - cob who sin - gly did with

Rule, teach, pray, in me, for me, with me stay. Ja - cob who sin - gly did with

Rule, teach, pray, in me, for me, with me stay. Ja - cob who sin - gly did with

6 6 6 6 6

22

Thee con - test In sac - red Du - ell, Thee his se - cond had: He con - quer'd, and a bles - sing

Thee con - test In sac - red Du - ell, Thee his se - cond had: He con - quer'd, and a bles - sing

Thee con - test In sac - red Du - ell, Thee his se - cond had: He con - quer'd, and a bles - sing

6 6 6 5

25

(by thy ayd) From Thee with wel-come Vi - o - lence did wrest. With mer - cy on thy Ser-vant

(by thy ayd) From Thee with wel-come Vi - o - lence did wrest. With mer - cy on thy Ser-vant

(by thy ayd) From Thee with wel-come Vi - o - lence did wrest. With mer - cy on thy Ser-vant

(by thy ayd) From Thee with wel-come Vi - o - lence did wrest. With mer - cy on thy Ser-vant

6 6 6 6

28

be in - tent, Who his De - vo - tions once with them did joyn, Whose fer-vour might in-flame the

be in - tent, Who his De - vo - tions once with them did joyn, Whose fer-vour might in-flame the

be in - tent, Who his De - vo - tions once with them did joyn, Whose fer-vour might in-flame the

be in - tent, Who his De - vo - tions once with them did joyn, Whose fer-vour might in-flame the

[#]6 6

31

cold of mine; When to thy House with Joy and Peace we went.

cold of mine; When to thy House with Joy and Peace we went.

cold of mine; When to thy House with Joy and Peace we went.

cold of mine; When to thy House with Joy and Peace we went.

6 5 6

25 My God, my King incline thine Eare

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

My God, my King in-cline thine Eare, My cry to Thee di-rect-ed

6 6 7 6

4

hear. In-cens'd I said, we from Thy Care Are cast: yet Thou re-ceiv'st my Prayer. Thy

7 [b]6 5

7

Ri - gour who can sat - is - fy? But to thy mer-cies sin - ners fly. Lord I ac - know-ledge

7 6 6

10

my of - fence, Di - lat - ed in my Em - i - nence. The sins I

6 43

13

act, or do per-mit By un-im-prov-ed Power ac-quit. Re-bel-lious I to Thee be -

act, or do per-mit By un-im-prov-ed Power ac-quit. Re-bel-lious I to Thee be -

act, or do per-mit By un-im-prov-ed Power ac-quit. Re-bel-lious I to Thee be -

#3 [#]6 6 7 6 6 5 6

16

- came, Now, Prison-er to my Sub-jects am. Yet though re -

- came, Now, Prison-er to my Sub-jects am. Yet though re -

- came, Now, Prison-er to my Sub-jects am. Yet though re -

7 6

18

- strain'd my Per-son be, By grace en-large my Heart to Thee; _____

- strain'd my Per-son be, By grace en-large my Heart to Thee; _____

- strain'd my Per-son be, By grace en-large my Heart to Thee; _____

6 5 6 6

20

— Though Da-vid's Pi-e-ty I want, His griefs I have; His com-forts grant!

— Though Da-vid's Pi-e-ty I want, His griefs I have; His com-forts grant!

— Though Da-vid's Pi-e-ty I want, His griefs I have; His com-forts grant!

6

Lord, Thou sacred Unity

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Lord, Thou sa-cred U - ni - ty, In an un - di - vid - ed Trine, Those com - bin'd in

6 6 6 6 5 6 6

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features four staves: C (or T) 1, C (or T) 2, B, and bc. The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are: "Lord, Thou sa-cred U - ni - ty, In an un - di - vid - ed Trine, Those com - bin'd in". The bottom staff (bc) includes fingerings: 6 6 6 6 5 6 6.

4

Mer - cy see; Whom thy Jus - tice doth dis - join. Save me from dis - sent - ing Foes, Who my Prayers and

7 6 7 [h]6

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score, starting at measure 4. It features four staves with the lyrics: "Mer - cy see; Whom thy Jus - tice doth dis - join. Save me from dis - sent - ing Foes, Who my Prayers and". The bottom staff includes fingerings: 7 6 7 [h]6.

7

pi - ty need; And each oth - er now op - pose, Though to fight with me a - greed.

7 6 6 6 4 3

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score, starting at measure 7. It features four staves with the lyrics: "pi - ty need; And each oth - er now op - pose, Though to fight with me a - greed.". The bottom staff includes fingerings: 7 6 6 6 4 3.

10

All dis-cord - ing par - ties guide, To the Peace from which they stray, Whilst they serve or Court a side,

All dis-cord - ing par - ties guide, To the Peace from which they stray, Whilst they serve or Court a side,

All dis-cord - ing par - ties guide, To the Peace from which they stray, Whilst they serve or Court a side,

6 6 6 5

13

Not the voice of Law o-bey. Make me will-ing - ly to go Where thy Pro - vi - dence will lead:

Not the voice of Law o - bey. Make me will-ing - ly to go Where thy Pro - vi - dence will lead:

Not the voice of Law o - bey. Make me will-ing - ly to go Where thy Pro - vi - dence will lead:

6 5 5 6 ♯6 6 6 5

16

And the change of things be - low, In thy con - stant Pres - ence read. Make me by thy

And the change of things be - low, In thy con - stant Pres - ence read. Make me by thy

And the change of things be - low, In thy con - stant Pres - ence read. Make me by thy

6

19

skill - full Hand, Such as thou wouldst have me be; Then waft me safe - ly

skill - full Hand, Such as thou wouldst have me be; Then waft me safe - ly

skill - full Hand, Such as thou wouldst have me be; Then waft me safe - ly

skill - full Hand, Such as thou wouldst have me be; Then waft me safe - ly

7 [b]6 6 6

21

to that Land, Where Peace ev - er dwells with thee. Spare our Cit - ies (Lord) im - pure,

to that Land, Where Peace ev - er dwells with thee. Spare our Cit - ies (Lord) im - pure,

to that Land, Where Peace ev - er dwells with thee. Spare our Cit - ies (Lord) im - pure,

to that Land, Where Peace ev - er dwells with thee. Spare our Cit - ies (Lord) im - pure,

4 3

24

Through their Wealth and Plen - ty made; In their mul - ti - tude se - cure, By Se - cu - ri - ty be - trai'd.

Through their Wealth and Plen - ty made; In their mul - ti - tude se - cure, By Se - cu - ri - ty be - trai'd.

Through their Wealth and Plen - ty made; In their mul - ti - tude se - cure, By Se - cu - ri - ty be - trai'd.

Through their Wealth and Plen - ty made; In their mul - ti - tude se - cure, By Se - cu - ri - ty be - trai'd.

6 6 46 6 4 3

Thou that fill'st Heaven and Earth

John Wilson

C (or T) 1
C (or T) 2
B
bc

Thou that fill'st Heaven and Earth, O King of Kings, In whom no Death, whence

Thou that fill'st Heaven and Earth, O King of Kings, In whom no Death, whence

Thou that fill'st Heaven and Earth, O King of Kings, In whom no Death, whence

Thou that fill'st Heaven and Earth, O King of Kings, In whom no Death, whence

6

4

Life e - ter - nal Springs: Who canst our Souls un - to the yawn - ing Grave Just - ly con - demn,

Life e - ter - nal Springs: Who canst our Souls un - to the yawn - ing Grave Just - ly con - demn,

Life e - ter - nal Springs: Who canst our Souls un - to the yawn - ing Grave Just - ly con - demn,

Life e - ter - nal Springs: Who canst our Souls un - to the yawn - ing Grave Just - ly con - demn,

6 6 6 6 6 6 6

7

or mer - ci - ful - ly save. Bet - ter be dead t'our selves, in thee sur - vive; Than

or mer - ci - ful - ly save. Bet - ter be dead t'our selves, in thee sur - vive; Than

or mer - ci - ful - ly save. Bet - ter be dead t'our selves, in thee sur - vive; Than

or mer - ci - ful - ly save. Bet - ter be dead t'our selves, in thee sur - vive; Than

6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 6

10

rob'd of Thee, and to our selves a - live. O let the bit - ter

rob'd of Thee, and to our selves a - live. O let the bit - ter

rob'd of Thee, and to our selves a - live. O let the bit - ter

rob'd of Thee, and to our selves a - live. O let the bit - ter

6 5 #3 #3

13

means that ag - ra - vate My fall, thy Com - forts in my Soul di - late.

7 6 6 6 7 [4]6

16

If thou art with Me, fear shall not as - sail, Though I should walk a - long Death's shad - y

7

19

Vale. Weak mor - tall man may with his Fate con - tend, But 'tis thy Grace must strength to van - quish

6 #3 6 #3 6 #3

22

lend. Thou know'st as Man what 'tis to dye with Me, Teach me by Death to live, my God, with Thee.

6 [4]4 3 6 5 6 4 5

Psalterium Carolinum.
 THE
 DEVOTIONS
 OF HIS
 SACRED MAJESTIE
 IN HIS
 SOLITUDES
 AND
 SUFFERINGS,
 Rendred in Verse.

Psalm 77.

When I am in heaviness I will think upon God:

When my heart is vexed I will complain.

I call to remembrance my Song &c.

_____Vota dabunt, quæ bella negarunt.

[*device*]

LONDON,

Printed for *John Martin* and *James Allestrey*, and are
 to be sold at the Bell in S^t. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1657.

[1660, *second issue*]

TO HIS
SACRED MAJESTY
CHARLES
THE
SECOND.

SIR,

The Psalmes of David have been continued in verse through many Languages; in these your Majesty's Royal Father, (a Person of like Dignity, Sufferings and Piety,) breathes forth, (for so he calls them) the comforts of David. The Parallel gave occasion to this attempt; and the inaccessible perfection of Language, in which they were first cloath'd, will justifie to the World, that there could not be any possible encouragement to this undertaking, more than that of a pious Duty to the sacred memory of the Author; and a particular Devotion to declare my self,

SIR,

Your Majesties most Loyal and
Obedient Subject
THO. STANLEY.

ODE I: *Upon his Majestie's calling the Parliament.*

Thou Lord, hast made us see, that pious thoughts
 Of future reformation for past faults;
 Nor satisfie thy justice; or prevent
 Alwaies the strokes of thy dire punishment.
 Our hopes, ore-laid by sin, on thee depend
 For pardon, not on our Resolves t'amend,
 When by vindictive judgements on us laid,
 Thou hast thy glory in our shame displaid:
 And how unsafe it is, shewn us by these,
 To dare t'offend, on after hopes to please.
 Thy mercies then (I trust) the blessings may
 Restore, which wrong'd, we forc'd thee snatch away.
 Who early penitence for sin deni'd.
 Now mourn for remedies too late apply'd.
 Yet as my Aims were right, I not repent
 That I this later Councell did convent.
 Th'insuing Miseries have, for our sin,
 The sad effects of thy just anger bin;
 And through thy mercy may preparatives
 Of future blessings be, and better lives.
 Stript of all else, teach us by them to thrive;
 That as thy Staff, thy Rod may comfort give.
 If with afflictions, patience thou bestow,
 The stroaks are of a Father, not a Foe.
 Nor shall I then the ills this Councell wrought
 Repent; by them to true repentance brought.
 Our sufferings with thy Grace, far more we prize,
 Than our own peace with our impieties.
 Sole Good and Wise, our hearts as Councells steare;
 That the worst things we from thy justice bear
 To better, by thy mercy us inure,
 Poyson'd with Antidotes, with poison cure.
 So we by sins of Peace, to War inclin'd.
 Through this sad war, thy happy peace may finde.
 Whilst I (though troubles here perplex my raign)
 May in my heart, and in thy Heav'n attain
 That Crown of Peace which Christ hath bought, & thou
 Wilt on thy servant for his sake bestow.

ODE II: *Upon the Earl of Strafford's death.*

Thou whose mercies know no bound,
 Pardon my compliant sin.
 Death in me the guiltless found,
 Who his Refuge should have bin.

To her self and thee my Soul,
 Her transgression open laies;
 Cleanse me from a guilt so foul,
 And thy mercies I shall praise.

With the crime, my heart withstood,
 Did my differing hand comply;
 Yet if bath'd in thy rich blood,
 Snow my whitenesse shall outvy.

Justice let me learn of thine,
 Who for death unjustly given;
 Future dangers to decline,
 Into greater now am driven.

Nor by partiall judgements sway'd
 Let me with thy will dispence.
 Once (too oft) I was betray'd
 Man to appease and thee incense.

Nor brib'd by Interest let me,
 My misguided heart withdraw
 From my conscience and from thee:
 Thou my Judge, and that my Law.

To thy joy my Soul unite,
 And my ready will submit
 To thy spirits saving light,
 Truth my heart and actions knit.

Lord to the interceding Voice,
 Of my Saviours blood encline.
 O make me and mine rejoyce,
 And the broken bones rejoyn.

ODE III: *Upon his Majesties going to the house of Commons.*

Lord thou in Heav'n and in my heart
 My witness art,
 If to oppresse the Innocent
 I ever meant,
 Then let my Foe my life confound,
 And tread my Honours to the ground.

The mists which cozen humane sight
 Shrink from thy light;
 The Heart and Reins thy searching eies
 Anatomize;
 Truth wrapt in darknesse, lost in doubt,
 Today restoring; O shine out.

Nor guilty in the ills I bear
 Let me appear;
 Though innocence from their success
 My foes profess,
 Yet pardon what amiss they do,
 Ev'n ills this World unpunish'd too.

From ills that rage, or seem to sleep,
 Thy servant keep:
 As to this crime my hands are white;
 My heart upright.
 Plead thou my cause, just Judge defend me,
 And joy in thy salvation send me.

ODE IV: *Upon the insolency of the Tumults.*

To thee I fly thou sole defence
 Of my invaded innocence:
 Who onely canst the stubborn Main,
 And people more enrag'd restrain.
 The floods, the floods, or'e-swell their bounds,
 Dangers my threatned soul surrounds.
 Mine and my Realms iniquity,
 (The tumults of our souls 'gainst thee)
 These popular inundations cause,
 That bear down Loyalty and Lawes.
 But thou to Seas didst fix a shore,
 And from the Deluge, Earth restore,
 O quell these salvage Beasts, and me
 From their tumultuous Rapines free.
 In all our Councells once again,
 Let peace and equall freedome raigin:
 That Reason, and Religion may
 Our Hearts, as Men and Christians, sway.
 And we thy sacred name shall blesse,
 Who canst, what men design, repress.
 Instruct their Leaders to repent,
 Be Shame, not Death, their punishment:
 Errours with Truth, Passion with Reason,
 Schisms with Love, with Laws bound Treason:
 That like thy City, We in one
 May meet. This grant thy dear Son.

*ODE V: Upon his Majesties passing the Bill
for Trienniall Parliaments.*

To thee, my God, I still appeal,
Whose all discerning eyes reveal,
The clouds that humane thoughts conceal.

A heart thou gav'st me to bestow
Much on my Subjects, which must now
Learn much from them to undergo.

Thy will be done, and ours deny'd,
When most to thine, it seems ally'd
And theirs, who thee pretend their guid.

Instruct me wisely to employ
The Crosses, that my hopes destroy;
As the fulfillings of my joy.

I rais'd my own feares, theirs t'abate,
Unsettled mine, to fix their State,
Who recompence my love with hate.

In this darke Storme my Pilot be,
Which to make home, nor suffers me,
Nor elsewhere, with security.

My life thou safely canst dispose,
Circled by friends, or toss'd by those
Who poyson what my love bestowes.

My bounty they, I thine abuse:
Such Grace, such Penitence infuse,
We may not injure, thou accuse.

May I their errours rightly see,
By their ingratitude to me,
Wisely reforming mine to thee.

That though from temporall blessings thrown,
By sinns of others for my own;
Thy mercies may my sufferings crown.

ODE VI: *Upon his Majesties retirement from Westminster.*

Our native freedome, Lord, preserve,
 Which bids our wills thy will obey:
 Yet from our Conscience never swerve,
 Whilst mens Decrees with Law we weigh,
 And Reason, nor of ought allow
 But that, to which our judgments bow.

Where fix'd by thee I did reside,
 That place, by Subjects forc'd, I quitted:
 Yet for their good my self deny'd
 In all to my dispose submitted:
 Let no Demands in Tumults prest,
 From my consent unjust pow'r wrest.

The greatest mischeif of my Foes,
 Teach me with joy to entertain;
 Ere the least sin that they propose,
 The whiteness of my Conscience stain:
 Just freedome let thy People have,
 Yet not my Soul be made a Slave.

Thou hast dispos'd me to a Throne,
 And with a Crown my Temples deckt:
 The reason which from thee I owne,
 Let others Passions not subject.
 So shall my truth with thee comply,
 Though them I cannot satisfie.

Whilst I, by their injurious wrath,
 With violence am forc'd away;
 Guide thou my steps, nor from the path
 Of Truth and Justice, let me stray.
 For which my troubles now increase,
 But they at last shall crown my Peace.

ODE VII: *Upon the Queens departure and
absence out of England.*

Lord those whom thou in Vowes hast ty'd,
Yet now by distance dost divide,
 Here or in Heav'n unite.
Defend Us from despightfull Foes,
And by the sufferings they impose,
 Prepare Us for thy fight.

Though in Religion we dissent,
Hear our Devotions jointly bent
 Thy sacred Truth to finde:
Love in our equall hearts infuse
Of thee, and him, who us to excuse
 His sinless life resign'd.

With judgement and desire endue,
Goodness to know and to pursue;
 These in our Souls prevent:
Ere Disobedience Harbour win,
Or Blindness, be not that our sin;
 Nor this our punishment,

O let no Truth my Foes profess,
Be blemish'd by the wickedness
 That in their actions thrives;
May Mine and others Constancy,
An Antidote more pow'rfull be
 Against their poys'nous lives.

Let that sole Faith thou do'st approve,
In Loyall Peace, and humble Love,
 (Their native dresse) appear:
Not in the loathsome black disguise,
Of new Rebellious Heresies,
 Which they would force her weare.

That she whom Vowes make part of me,
Thy sacred saving Truth may see,
 From humane Drosse refin'd;
And (in that Christall Glass display'd)
The mercies in his Blood convey'd,
 Whose life his Precepts sign'd:

May knowledge of Earths vain delights,
Eclips'd by unexpected Nights,
 By sudden Stormes ore-cast;
Enflame our Spirits with desire,
To those Celestiall joyes t'aspire,
 Which time shall never wast.

ODE VIII: *Upon his Majesties repulse at Hull,
and the Fates of the Hothams.*

Who vengeance on my wrongs hast showne,
And by my Foes, my Foes ore-thrown:
 Let not his fall invite
 My Soul by close delight;
To make thy just revenge her own.

Thou hast reverted on his head
The mischiefs he for others spread,
 Unwish'd, unask'd by me:
 That all the Earth may see;
Thou did'st my Cause in judgement plead.

I will not, dare not imprecate
The like on all that bear me hate.
 No: to their Souls dispence
 Pardon and Penitence,
Charg'd with no due afflictions weight.

Deprive me not of Theams so fit
For Mercy: but their sinns remit
 Whose bold Demerit climbs,
 Next those ungratefull Crimes,
Of which thou Me art pleas'd t'acquit.

Their Sinns be to their Conscience prest,
In Sorrow not in Judgement drest;
 The Thunder that was thrown
 So dreadfully at one,
Be a just terror to the rest.

Fear with repentant Knowledge joyn,
Of their malicious black Designe:
 That to thy mercies they,
 Finding the spacious way;
May thy devouring Wrath decline.

Lord, send thy Truth and Mercy down,
In them set fast thy servants Throne,
 Let Peace and Justice meet,
 With mutuall Kisses greet,
And prop my never fading Crown.

Be to our pray'r for Foes intent;
Whom (when thy foes) thou didst prevent
 With offer'd Clemency,
 Sending thy Son to dye
For them who on his Death were bent.

ODE IX: *Upon the Listing and Raising Armies against the King.*

Through humane clouds thy Raies
 like Lightning glide;
 No prejudice thy Sentence swaies,
 For Knowledge is thy Judgments guide.

The proud, my Soul oppose,
 And slight thy Lawes,
 Help, Lord, for many are my Foes,
 They hate me yet without a cause.

I never did (thou know'st)
 These Broiles begin,
 In which, though I adventure most,
 Yet I am certain least to winn.

But oft deplor'd and strove,
 With care t'avoid;
 My life such dangers could not love,
 Better to save than kill imploy'd.

My other sufferings far
 Their Calumnie
 Outweighs: who tell the World this war
 (My greatest cross) was rais'd by Me.

Yet this by silence I
 Willingly could own;
 Might it their malice satisfie,
 Whilst thou my innocence hast known.

Deceitfull Murtherers shall
 Thy Vengeance finde;
 Already some by timeless fall,
 Are barr'd the fruit their Rage design'd.

Who War affect suppress,
 My God arise,
 Lift up thy self, my Foes increase,
 Pregnant with Mischief, Sin, and Lies.

My Life and Conscience they
 At once invade;
 Let that to their fierce Rage a Prey,
 Ere this to thy just Wrath be made.

My cleanness Refuge claims;
 Yet if my Blood
 Can only quench my Kingdoms flames,
 Let my own Subjects sluce the Flood.

But (O) the Blood of Me
 their sinfull King,
 Washt in my guiltless Saviours, be
 Thy mercies unexhausted Spring.

When Death, they Wrath t'appease
 I undergo,
 My People from this sinn release;
Forgive! They know not what they do.

*ODE X: Upon the seizing the Kings
Magazines, Forts Navy, and Militia.*

O my God, to thee I fly,
 Stronger than the Enemy;
 Heaven nor Earth are wish'd by me,
 In comparison of thee.
 Let me be when All deny'd,
 More than All by thee supply'd.
 Hast to help, thou failst not those
 Who their trust in thee repose.
 Rob'd of Pow'r to check their Will,
 Who are blindly led to Kill,
 By pretences to Protect;
 I to thee my Eyes erect.
 Help thou need'st not, nor shall I,
 Whilst thou dost not thine deny;
 To subdue or undergo.
 If Successe thou not bestow,
 Nor my safety wilt allow,
 To thy judgement see I bow;
 Which upon thy Children fall:
 Nothing I, so thou be all.
 Kings are unsecure that boast
 In the number of an Hoast;
 But thy numerous Mercies are
 Our defence, O God of War.
 Dangers on each side press neer;
 Help; and Man I shall not fear.
 My distresses glory I
 To thy justice will apply,
 Glorify'd thy Mercy be,
 In my safe delivery.
 By my sinns 'gainst thee I fought,
 And to robb thy Glory sought;
 Though thy Subject; by my own,
 Justly me thou migh'st unthroned.
 But break forth! nor let the Foe
 Boast his God no strength can show.
 In thy paths my footsteps guide,
 Suffer not my feet to slide;
 As thine Eye my Soul defend,
 And thy shady wing extend,
 From the wicked that oppose,
 And with Malice me inclose;
 To those joys my conduct be,
 Which in fullness wait on thee.

ODE XI: *Upon the Nineteen Propositions sent to the King.*

Eternall wisdom armd with might,
 With Truth and Right my Reason clear;
 To which to make my will adhere,
 No threats may from their Dictates fright:

Thou did'st not raise me to a Throne,
 To barre me common liberty.
 Shall that be nam'd a crime in me,
 Which others as a vertue owne?

Unjustly they their King deny
 The freedom, which all mortalls claim:
 Whilst ev'n themselves exact the same,
 With partiall pertinacity.

To thee I pray who through the maze
 Of my own thoughts, and suits (like snares
 Spread to involve my soul in cares)
 Canst surely guide: make plain thy waies.

Let not my Passions cloud thy light;
 Thy Word my Rule, thy Praise my End.
 To all I cannot, will not bend
 To some; Thee pleas'd all else I slight.

Who Plots unweav'st, and the Self-wise
 Entangl'st in their own designe;
 To thy wise Truth my soul incline,
 And mens esteeme I shall despise.

The lesse my wisdom shall appear,
 More thine that guide'st me shines; whilst I
 Nothing through willfullness deny,
 Nor grant through Flattery, or Fear.

No suits by my consent be sign'd,
 Injurious to the publike good:
 No publike benefits withstood,
 To sooth my own dissenting mind.

To such, though from my Enemies,
 Teach me to give a free accesse;
 Our honest errours thou canst blesse,
 As blast the Counsells falsely wise.

Since private words they scourge obey,
 Teach me to poise what I declare.
 The bolder mens Petitions are,
 Let me the more my Answers weigh.

Though troubles Me and mine attend,
 And Peace our Pressures would acquit;
 Yet let me not to purchase it,
 My Conscience (which is thine) expend.

ODE XII: *Upon the Rebellion and troubles in Ireland.*

<p>Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled) On me and my torn Kingdoms I implore: Whose loss we both too justly merited, But never can deserve thou shouldst restore.</p>	<p>Let the reproachfull breath their Malice spreads, Kindle in me compassionate desires: My Charity heap Coles upon their heads, Whose zealous cruelty my Kingdom fires.</p>
<p>Thou seest the cruelty that Christians use, In the false colours of Religions dy'd; As if the name of Christians they should lose, Unless they one another crucify'd.</p>	<p>O rescue those whom yet thou hast preserv'd, Reduceing all to thy Truths saving waies; Who by mistake or ignorance have swerv'd, But punish them who these combustions raise.</p>
<p>Since we thy Truth and Charity despis'd, Error, and Hatred now their room possess. My God, O pardon those thou hast chastiz'd; Our wounds with penitentiall Balme redress.</p>	<p>Not with the guilty thou the innocent, Nor th'erring, wilt with the malicious slay: To Foes, through avarice on Slaughter bent, Give not that poor seduced Realm away.</p>
<p>Make not our sufferings less in thy esteem; And to our Conscience let our sins appear, As they in th'mirroure of thy judgements seem; Which to small crimes are never so severe.</p>	<p>In the devouring Fornace of thine ire, A race, that may thy mercy praise, maintain. Deal not with me as mens untruths require, But as my guiltless hands are free from stain.</p>
<p>Remove their numerous weight, and be appeas'd, Yet then our sinns may they afflict us less: More willing to repent to repent than to be eas'd, With peace our Souls, & next our Kingdoms bless.</p>	<p>If I have sought or lov'd my Kingdomes woes, Nor did my studies faithfully employ, These bloody wild distractions to compose, Then let thy hand my fathers house destroy.</p>
<p>By thy great mercy our offences drown'd, In the calme Sea of our Redeemers blood: And through the purple current of our own, Steer us at last to Plenty, Peace, and Good.</p>	<p>That I have Foes enough thou Lord doest see, I durst not call thy curse on me and mine, Were I not guiltless to my self and thee; Thy mercies are my trust: Thy wrath decline.</p>
<p>To me a share of all the ills that press My Subjects, doth my wide relation bring: Give me a pious sense of their distress, Such as befits their Father and their King.</p>	

ODE XIII: *Upon the calling in of the Scots.*

My troubles, Lord, are multipli'd,
 O succour the distrest!
 In simplest truth thy Servant guide,
 The wisest interest.

From th'associate strength of Foes
 Be thou my just defence,
 Who, for the Serpents craft, depose
 The Doves white Innocence.

Though to oppresse Me they agree;
 Combin'd in mutuall aid,
 Let not my Soul and Honours, be
 to their deceits betray'd.

Devotion, and Allegiance, thou
 Canst in their hearts renue;
 That him they may restore, whom now
 They eagerly pursue.

Love of thy Truth preserve in me,
 And I despair not theirs:
 At thy command the flowing Sea
 Back to its Bound repair's.

My God, on thee my hopes depend,
 Me let not shame surprize,
 But them who without cause offend;
 Repulse my Enemies.

My Armour be Integrity,
 For Lord, on thee I wait:
 The Church, which thou hast own'd, set free
 From her perplex'd estate.

ODE XIV: *Upon the Covenant.*

Lord, I to thee direct my cries,
 My Subjects forward Oaths remit:
 Quicken their sense of those firm ties,
 By law upon their Conscience knit.
 With which no pious, no pretence
 Of Reformation can dispence.

Religion owns no injury:
 No Sacreledge by thee allow'd;
 Though mask'd with hate t'Idolatry:
 Their zeal-disguised fraud uncloud.
 Things Holy tis a snare to take,
 And after Vowes enquiry make.

Assist [*sic*] thy servant to withstand
 Rapines involv'd in Perjury:
 Nor ever let me wear the brand
 Of having rob'd thy Church and thee.
 Since what to us thy bounty gives,
 From us thy Clemency receives.

Though my Revenues are decreast,
 My debts enlarg'd, my Treasures drain'd,
 Let not my wants, by such unblest
 Rapines, consent to be sustain'd:
 Least from thy Altar fall a Cole,
 And fire at once my Throne and Soul.

Let no vain publike Indigence,
 The Church from her endowments sever,
 The State, by peacefull Providence,
 May theirs regain the Church can never:
 Whilst Charity is thought a vice,
 Religion plac'd in Avarice.

Let them who in thy Temple serve,
 What pious Donors gave, enjoy:
 And (those incitements to deserve)
 Their wealth, to aid the low, imploy
 The Priests in Righteousness array'd,
 The hunger of the Poor allai'd.

No hallow'd things let Swine divide,
 Nor Doggs devour the Churches bread:
 But Grin and Snarle unsatisfi'd.
 Whilst all that have already fed
 Death in those sacred morsells finde,
 And leave a rotten name behinde.

Lord, break the Treason of my Foes,
 In Sacreledge Confederate:
 Disjoin the Hearts and Tongues of those
 Who bandy 'gainst the Church and State.
 Let all the world their folly see,
 And in my clearness succour me.

ODE XV: *Upon the Jealousies raised, and Scandalls cast upon the King &c.*

O Lord thou seest my wrongs abound;
 Lyons enrag'd my Soul surround,
 With poisonous words
 Their Tongues like Swords,
 Their teeth like Arrows wound.

My foes reproach me all the day,
 And sworn deceits together lay;
 My God! how long
 Shall they grow strong,
 Who with vain Lies inveigh.

The Calumnies which they have sown
 On every side to thee are known,
 Hold not thy peace
 Least they increase,
 And bury my Renown.

The Lier thou wilt ruinate,
 The Bloody and the false do'st hate;
 Let me upright
 Intents, a light,
 Clear as the Sun dilate.

My patience let not wrath out-weigh,
 Nor silence Innocence betray,
 That I may tread,
 As thou hast led,
 Curses with blesings pay.

Shimei, when his envenom'd pride
 Seem'd by thy judgements justified,
 Thou didst ore-throw:
 But deal not so
 With them that me deride.

My Pray'r and Patience in these wrongs,
 Like water, cool, and quench their touns;
 Enflam'd with Ire,
 By that black fire
 Which unto Hell belongs.

O let my Deeds their Words refute,
 Nor they enjoy the deadly fruit
 Which (dip'd in gall)
 Their lipps let fall:
 But my indulgent suit.

My Soul to meek Devotion win:
 That I thy boundlesse mercies, in
 Their malice, may
 With joy survay;
 Thy justice in their sin.

O let the Curses they have thrown
 At me, invite thy blesings down.
 What some refuse,
 Be pleas'd to chuse
 For the Head corner stone.

Look down from the eternall Tower,
 Redeem from them that would devoure:
 My Soul O hide,
 From mens bold pride,
 From their invective power.

ODE XVI: *Upon the Ordinance against the
Common-prayer-book.*

Thou still the same for ever blest,
Whom mercies infinite invest,
In various constancy exprest?

Thou hast us with new sense indu'd
Of our old wants, nor scornst renew'd
Desires, in unchang'd words pursu'd.

Still let our fix'd Devotions joyne;
Our fruits to thy firm will encline;
Our fervent Spirits move by thine.

For thou, in all perfection wise,
Nor novelty in prayer dost prize,
Nor pious constancy despise.

By thy command preferring neither,
Left in thy Churches powr together,
To use, but not disparage either.

Devotions moderately guide,
None injur'd, none just helps deny'd,
By others ignorance or pride.

Since Errours ever are unsure,
And by pretence of change allure;
Whilst truth in Union is secure:

Preserve thy Church, that no unfit
Orders (as various) she admit;
Nor Constancy, as formall, quit.

Lord, case Hypocrisie away,
And then (we know) we safely may,
In settled forms, or praise, or pray.

Teach us what dwells within to mend,
And lesse we outwards need attend
From bold blind zeal thy Church defend.

ODE XVII: *Upon the differences between the King, and the two Houses, in point of Church-Government.*

To thee my uprightness is known,
 Who hast appointed me to own
 Thy sacred Faith's defence.
 O let me not of thee forlorn,
 Against my Conscience be ore-born,
 By floods of violence.

Up Lord, in thine own cause arise,
 Least Schism make thy Church its prize,
 And trample on her pow'r;
 From thee continued to our time,
 When Wealth is made her fatall crime;
 Her sin is her fair Dow'r.

Whom, some have plunderd others wound,
 The rest deserted as they found,
 Or in her sufferings joy:
 May I her hurts, and wants relieve,
 The power which I from thee receive:
 Teach me for thee t'employ.

To her that love be still sustain'd,
 I owe as Christian, though restrain'd:
 As King, from all my right;
 The bounties on thy Church displaid:
 By providence, let none invade,
 With sacrilegious might.

Forgive their Errour, and their Sin,
 Who wrought thy sufferance to let in:
 Flie Foxes and wild Boars,
 To lay that goodly Vineyard wast,
 Which thy right hand in planting grac'd
 Watred with heavenly showers.

Oh! never let such Infamy,
 Brand my clear Name, as to agree:
 T'oppose the Church and those,
 Whose Errours I should rather hide:
 With silence, or with meekness chide,
 Than to contempt expose.

The wrongs which with thy Church I bear,
 And for her sake, to thee appear:
 Hast, Lord, to set us free,
 From ravenous men of reason void:
 Who have old Bounds of Peace destroi'd,
 To let in Heresie.

Thou God of Peace and Order, quell
 The malice of our Foes, dispell
 Their black devices, then
 May we, who in thy Church delight,
 The wonders of thy Prayse recite,
 Before the Sons of men.

ODE XVIII: *Upon the Uxbridge Treatie, &c.*

Of Peace and Reason Lord!
 Delighting in accord;
 The wicked who from sin,
 With offer'd Grace would win!
 Whose mercy courts to save,
 Though power to kill thou have!
 (Our hearts to softness woo'd
 In our Redeemers blood)
 Perswade us to agree,
 Both with ourselves and thee:
 As Men and Christians ought,
 Peace often have I sought,
 But it no sooner name,
 Than war my Foes proclaim.

Our actions never may,
 Destructive Passions sway.
 Our Judgments clear, that we
 Thy Truth may plainly see.
 Our stubborn Hearts incline,
 In bonds of Peace to joyne.
 Our irreligious hate
 To thee, oh dissipate;
 That to our selves, remove
 With interchanged Love,
 The war our sins have wrought,
 With Peace, which Christ hath bought.

ODE XIX: *Upon the various events of War, Victories, and Defeats.*

With ready joy oh let me, Lord! agree
 To be overcome when thou wilt have it so:
 Instruct me in the noblest Victory,
 By patience to subdue my self, and foe;
Conquest, like Christs, a Christian King best shew:

Mold us to Piety betwixt thy Hands,
 Prest by thy left, supported by thy right;
 Pardon the pride of our successful Bands,
 And the repinings of our luckless Fight,
 When (trusting in our own) deny'd thy might:

When we are ought, or nothing, be thou All;
 That thy wide glory's the whole World may fill,
 Or in our Conquest, or inglorious fall.
 Thou know'st with what Regret I suffer ill,
 From those whose Good's the scope of all my will.

The Ills they force me to inflict, I bear;
 And in their punishments, my own embrace,
 Victor or vanquish'd? since a double share
 Of certain suffering doth my Hope displace,
 Grant me a double Portion of thy Grace.

As most afflicted, Lord, reform me most,
 To see our Peace, and to restore it blest.
 That all subdu'd by reasons power, may boast,
 A mutual Conquest, common strife suppress
 In publick Union, our joynt Interest.

But if as sins of Peace provok'd this War,
 Peace for the sins of War thou shouldst deny,
 Making our miseries more circular:
 Yet let thy servant midst these broyles enjoy
 That Peace the World nor gives, nor can destroy.

To me impute not, Lord! the purple Flood,
 Shed with unwilling grief in my defence.
 But wash me in my Saviours precious blood:
 By whom my troubles hope a quick dispence;
 For short are impious joy's, and Confidence.

ODE XX: *Upon the Reformation of the Times.*

Lord, thou who Beauty canst return,
 To them that mourn;
 And the disguis'd pretext of Art,
 To Truth convert;
 Oh let us not by shews be guil'd,
 Seem pure without, within defil'd.

Within, where most deform'd we are,
 Be our first care,
 Then with clear eyes the Church we may
 And State survey.
 Our Hearts, our Spirits, Lord, renew,
 That we thy dictates may pursue.

Upon our foul disorders, bred
 By them who (led
 With rage) to purge us undertook,
 With pity look.
 Quench thou the fire that Factions raise,
 From Reformations specious Blaze.

As their Division, Lord, proclaims
 Their weak, bad Aims?
 So let us (in those fires refin'd)
 In love be joyn'd;
 From Passions freed: blest with increase
 Of inward Vertue, outward Peace.

ODE XXI: *Upon his Majesties Letters taken and divulg'd?*

Thou Lord, who by thy wise Decree,
 Do'st our Contingency dispose;
 Make me thy constant mercyes see,
 In the advantage of my Foes.

Thou canst their Counsells turn away,
 And their devices ruinate:
 Who all my secrets open lay,
 To work me in my Peoples hate.

To thy Omniscience I repair,
 Witness with my Integrity,
 How false the wrested Comments are,
 Which they to what I write apply.

The ill directed by their Aim
 To me; so turn upon their Head,
 That they may be involv'd in shame;
 And with Confusion over-spread.

Thou seest with what malicious Art,
 They seek to cloud me with disgrace:
 But give me a submissive Heart,
 Dishonour for thy sake t'embrace.

Make me intent to honour thee,
 And I in Honour shall abound;
 Restor'd to my first Dignity,
 Or else with equal Patience crown'd.

Thou art in Majesty array'd!
 Goodnes and Glory from Thee spring:
 With Wisdome, Justice, Mercy aid,
 I shall not want what fits a King.

Thou the Exalter of my Head,
 In Thee is my Salvation plac't:
 Lord by thy Grace to Glory lead,
 Which to Eternitie shall last.

ODE XXII: *Upon his Majesties leaving Oxford,
and going to the Scots.*

Thou, who all Souls, all Consciences dost sway,
 To thee I look dismay'd!
To thy Protection I commit my way.
 Thou, who my life didst aide,
Still in my weakness canst thy strength display.

A fiery Pillar in dark nights to me,
 And with thy light direct,
In scorching Day's a cloudy Pillar be;
 And with thy shade protect.
O let me find both Sun, and Shield in Thee.

My life I was not by perversness wrought
 To hazard thus t'xpose:
But Reason, Honour, and Religion taught,
 To guard my self from those,
Whose impious force to wrest them from me sought.

Let not the just Resolves, I have endu'd
 With outward strength, abate
A Conscience where no wrong did e're intrude:
 Be my Associate,
In my Desertions greatest Solitude.

My Fort of Reason let me not betray,
 Trusted to keep for Thee.
From thy Salvation that I never stray,
 My constant Conduct be.
If Thee I please, Peace shall my Foes allay.

*ODE XXIII: Upon the Scots delivering the King to the English,
and his Captivity at Holmeby*

Thou that alone art infinite
 In good, and greatness; dwel'st with me,
 Weigh'd with thy Presence Life is light,
 Thy service perfect Liberty:
 Own me for thine, I cannot but be free.

As I am Man with Reason bless,
 With Zeal as Christian; Right as King:
 Of outwards stript, let me possess
 Thee in thy joy's that from Thee spring;
 Which 'gainst my will no force can from me wring.

Let not my Passion over-boyle
 To fruitless Rage, or sordid fear:
 They think him helpless whom they foyle:
 But let thy chearfull light appear,
 And secure freedome shall my glories clear.

Befitting my afflicted state,
 A patient Constancy bestow:
 My strength and hopes are dissipate,
 My self imprison'd by the Foe:
 O be not far, least they too mighty grow.

A scorn and wonder I am made;
 Thou my defence and succour be:
 My Foes asham'd to see thy aid,
 In thy free Spirit settle me
 To act and suffer, what is will'd by Thee.

My Soul into thy favour bring,
 For She her Hope in Thee hath plac't?
 My shelter is thy shady Wing,
 Till these Calamities be past:
 Rise to deliver us, my God make hast!

Thy mercy (though the Life it gives,
 Thou take away) shall be my Trust:
 I know that my Redeemer lives;
 Though in Deaths vale resolv'd to Dust,
 Yet shall no taint of fear my bright Faith rust.

ODE XXIV: *Upon their denying his Majesty the attendance of his Chaplains.*

To Thee my solitary Pray'rs I send,
 The help that others my Distress deny,
 With thy assistant Spirit Lord supply:
 To dulness Life, Light to my Darkness lend.

Thou Sun, that beams of Righteousness dost spread,
 Thou sacred Spring of heavenly Light and heat,
 Both warmth and clearness in my Heart beget,
 Instruct, and for thy Servant intercede.

Fullness, sufficiency, favour thee array;
 Enough Thou Comfort art, and Company:
 Thou art my King, my Priest and Prophet be;
 Rule, teach, pray, in me, for me, with me stay.

Jacob who singly did with Thee contest
 In sacred Duell, Thee his second had:
 He conquer'd, and a blessing (by thy aid)
 From Thee with welcome Violence did wrest.

With mercy on thy Servant be intent,
 Who his Devotions once with them did joyne,
 Whose fervour might inflame the cold of mine;
 When to thy House with Joy and Peace we went.

Of those Occasions our neglect forgive,
 Which we with just Improvement would not scan;
 Now like the desert-hunting Pelican,
 Or Sparrow perch'd on some house-top I live.

And scatter'd like a dying Coale, from all
 Those pious glowings that might fire impart:
 Keep and increase on th' Altar of my Heart,
 On Thee in sacrifice of Pray'r to call.

Yet thou that dost not break the bruised Reed,
 Nor quench the smoaking Flax, oh! not despise,
 The smother'd Pray'rs that from my lone Soul rise,
 Deny'd the helps which I desire and need.

The hardness of their Hearts, let soften mine;
 Their hate my Love, denyall Pray'rs excite,
 Their deafness thy Attention Lord invite,
 Whose ready Eare, Heart, Hand to help incline.

Men may debar thy Churches outward right,
 Not inward Grace to humble minds convey'd.
 O make me such, and thou wilt Teach, Hear, Aid:
 A broken contrite Heart, thou wilt not slight.

Thou Temple, Altar, Sacrifice and Priest,
 At once canst make me; who each day alone
 In Vowes Pray'rs, Tears am thy Oblation:
 By whom prepar'd, accepted, and possesst?

Thou didst the Widow's Meale and Oyle increase,
 And secretly by strange supply's infuse
 Into the Vessel and unwasting Cruze,
 Which with the Drought and Dearth did only cease.

O my forsaken widow'd Soul preserve,
 Let not thy Truth and sweet Effusions fail
 My memory and heart, but so prevail,
 Kept from accustom'd food, I may not sterve.

Yet better sterve than by their Hands to feed,
 Who mix my Bread with Ashes, and infect
 My Wine with Gall; who torture, not direct;
 Prone to reproches, which their Pray'rs exceed.

To my Destruction they pervert thy Word,
 O be it not eternally to theirs:
 Devouring under colour of long Pray'rs,
 The Houses of their Brethren, King, and Lord.

Let not the Balme of these Men break my Head,
 Nor let their Cordials my heart oppress:
 'Gainst their precisely colour'd wickedness,
 My fervent Pray'rs incessantly shall plead.

Lord from the Snares their treacherous Lips include,
 Their poy'snous tongs, & from their words sharp fire
 Keep me and those who my Souls good desire,
 Relieving with their Pray'rs my solitude.

ODE XXV: *Penitentiall Meditations and Vowes in the Kings solitude at Homeby.*

My God, my King incline thine Eare,
My cry to Thee directed hear.
Incens'd I said, we from Thy Care
Are cast: yet Thou receiv'st my Pray'r.

Thy Rigor who can satisfie?
But to thy mercy's sinners fly.
Lord I acknowledg my offence,
Dilated in my Eminence.

The sins I act, or do permit
By unimproved Pow'r acquit.
Rebellious I to Thee became,
Now, Prisoner to my Subjects am.

Yet though restrain'd my Person be,
By grace enlarge my Heart to Thee;
Though *Davids* Piety I want,
His griefs I have; His comforts grant!

O be my Penitentiall sense
Of sins, their Pardons evidence.
Esteem not our Afflictions small,
Though our loud Crimes for greter call.

Turn Thee, O Lord, Thy mercy shew,
For I am desolate and Low.
The sorrow's of my Heart increase,
O give my miseries release.

Hast Thou forgotten to be kind?
In wrath thy tender Care confin'd?
O call to mind thy Love of old,
And thy Compassions manifold.

Amongst the living I expected,
Thy Goodness, else had been dejected.
Let not our prosperour sins make less,
The benefits of our distress.

Consume the Dross in this sharp fire,
Which by long Peace, we did acquire:
On us if Thou Afflictions lay,
Take not thy strength'ning Grace away.

With patient Penitence supply
The want of our Prosperity.
And if thy Wrath not yet shall end,
If still thy Justice thou extend:

Me and my Fathers House ore-run,
As for these sheep what have they done?
O let my sufferings satiate those,
Who to thy Church and me are Foes.

But not when they most cruell grow,
My wider Charity out-goe:
No vengefull thought my Patience stain,
Whose glory's thine, but mine the gain.

Me thou to Pardon hast inclin'd,
Let both our Foes thy Pardon find:
And now as Thou my heart dost bow
To Pray'r, hear, and accept my vow.

If thou remember us in Love,
Nor wilt thy sacred Light remove;
Of Law and Justice repossess,
Faction and Heresie suppress.

If me and mine thou wilt restore
To the just Rights we held before:
If thou each subjects stubborn Heart
By Piety to Thee convert:

By humble Loyalty to Me,
And to themselves by Charity,
From civil Broyles, if thou release,
And mak'st their fatal causes cease:

If thou free Councels wilt dispence,
Not curb'd by vulgar insolence:
If thou my Conscience wilt defend:
Nor to Church Rapins let me bend:

If me with Power thou reinvest,
Such as thy Glory may attest,
Then shall my soul thy Praise proclaim:
And to thy people laud thy Name.

Then shall thy truth, and thy Renown
My only treasure be and Crown,
Then I with Equity shall sway;
In Justice shall my Realms obey.

That as my Right from Thee alone,
I may my Restitution owne:
If I by thy Assistance come
With Honor, Peace, and safety home.

If thou once more the awfull sword
 To punish and protect afford,
 Then all shall see my Foes partake,
 This Vow which now to Thee I make.

What now as Christian I forgive,
 No snare of law shall back retrieve.
 Me from my self their Skill can part,
 But I will never learn that art.

A full Indemnity shall clear
 The growing doubts of jealous fear:
 Strict Amnesty shall Peace prefer,
 And in Oblivion wrongs interre.

No future Councells shall controle
 This solemne purpose of my Soul:
 To me let Mercy so increase,
 As I resolve on Truth and Peace.

To my Petition, Lord, attend,
 Which Lips with guile untainted send:
 His Name be blest who hears my Cry,
 Nor his full mercy will deny.

My Soul thy way to God commit,
 Him trust, and he shall perfect it.
 If not restor'd, yet who am I,
 That I should charge thee foolishly?

Thou gav'st? thou, Lord, hast tane away,
 We blessings to thy Name shall pay.
 Happy thy Church, my People, be,
 At least without, if not by Me.

ODE XXVI: *Upon the Armies surprizall of the King at Holmeby, and the Ensuing distractions in the two Houses, the Armie, and the City.*

Lord, Thou sacred Unitie,
In an undivided Trine,
Those combin'd in Mercy see;
Whom thy Justice doth disjoyne.

Save me from dissenting Foes,
Who my Pray'rs and pity need;
And each other now oppose,
Though to fight with me agre'd.

All discording parties guide,
To the Peace from which they sway,
Whil'st they serve or Court a side,
Not the voice of Law obey.

Make me willingly to goe
Where thy Providence will lead:
And the change of things below,
In thy constant Presence read.

Make me by thy skillfull Hand,
Such as thou would'st have me be;
Then waft me safely to that Land,
Where Peace ever dwells with thee.

Spare our Citie's (Lord) impure,
Through their Wealth and Plenty made;
In their multitude secure,
By Security betray'd.

Make them see, weigh, chose and do
For thy Glory, and our Peace.
Lest affliction like a Foe,
Arm'd for slaughter on them seize.

Enemies their sins excite,
Long unfoyl'd they cannot be.
Who (their conscience thwarting) fight
More against themselves than Me.

Enemies their sins excite,
Long unfoyl'd they cannot be.
Who (their conscience thwarting) fight
More against themselves than Me.

Guilt thy Justice has pursu'd,
And for Rapin Wealth makes way:
Tumults grow from multitude;
Those to confusion betray.

Though with mutuall forwardness,
They have set malicious Snares
Me in mischief to oppress:
Be not yet my Ruine theirs.

Let me not so much debate.
What they do, or what I bear;
As my Saviour imitate,
And their Advocate appear.

That when longer Me to live,
These extremities forbid;
Pray, Father them forgive!
For they knew not what they did.

Tears which to my Misery,
They deny'd, to theirs deplore:
Which the less they spend for me,
For themselves they need the more.

My Blood light not on their Head,
Who my Crucifixion sought:
By the fraud of some misled,
Not by generall malice aught.

But thou, Lord, can'st with thy Care,
Me by suff'rings elevate;
Where thy Mercy's have more share,
Than thy Justice, or Mans hate.

ODE XXVII: *Meditations upon the Death after the votes of Non-Addresses, and his Majesty's closer Imprisonment in Carisbrook Castle.*

Thou that fill'st Heaven and Earth, O King of Kings,
 In whom no Death, whence Life eternall Springs:
 Who canst our Souls unto the yawning Grave
 Justly condemne, or mercifully save.
 Better be dead t'our selves, in thee survive;
 Than rob'd of Thee, and to our selves alive.
 O let the bitter means that aggravate
 My fall, thy Comforts in my Soul dilate.
 If thou art with Me, fear shall not assail,
 Though I should walk along Deaths shady Vale.
 Weak mortall man may with his Fate contend,
 But 'tis thy Grace must strength to vanquish lend.
 Thou know'st as Man what 'tis to dy with Me,
 Teach me by Death to live, my God, with Thee.
 Though I should dy I know thou ever liv'st:
 Though thou should'st kill, eternall Life thou giv'st.
 O hold not back thy Love more wish'd than Breath,
 O be not far, for neere perhaps is Death:
 All the close Snares for my Destruction set,
 Thy Knowledg can disclose, thy Power defeat.
 Let me thy will discover that declares,
 The good of Thine, through the much ill of theirs!
 As I am Man I beg Thee turn away
 This Cup; as Christian I have learnt to Pray,
 That not my will, but thine, my God, be done;
 Mine into thine resolve, and make them One.
 Let my desires Life with less fervour woe,
 Than thy Commands to suffer, or to doe.
 As thou hast pardon'd all my lives frail Errours,
 So thou wilt save me from my Deaths false Terrours.
 Make me content this nothing World to leave,
 That all in thee (my All) I may receive.
 My Foes their Duty to us both reject,
 Let not thy mindfull Mercyes them neglect.
 What profit by my blood can they obtain,
 To loose their Souls, though they my Kingdome gain.
 Though my just Power against my self they bent,
 Let not themselves have their just Punishment.
 Thou by thy Son thy Mercy's hast ally'd
 To those Offenders, by whom Crucify'd?
 Whil'st violence he suff'ered from his Foes,
 Yet for their sakes those wrongs did freely choose.
 O hear the Voice of his acquitting Blood,
 Then the accusing Cryes of mine more loud.
 Let them their sins, and thy full mercyes know,
 Not their own Souls deceive and overthrow.
 Tempted by unjust Power, extreams t'employ,
 And by fallacious Justice me destroy.

Cruell as false their mercy's have I found,
Pretending to defend, they seek to wound.
Their bloody fraud O do not thou pursue;
But with thy Pity, and my Love subdue.
And for my Blood when Inquisition
Thou mak'st; in that of thy beloved Son
Their Souls polluted, yet repentant dy;
That thy destroying Angel may pass by.
They think my Realm's too narrow both to hold,
Let thy wide Mercy me, and them infold,
So by our Saviour reconcil'd to Thee,
Weel' live above ambitious Enmity.
When their hard, heavy Hands press down with harms,
O let me fall into thy tender Arms.
That from my Lifes sad moments what away
Is cut, thy blest Eternity may pay.

Lord thy divine Salvation clearly I
Have seen: in Peace O let thy Servant dy.

SOURCES

1657 (Music) *first issue* Psalterium Carolinum. | THE | DEVOTIONS | OF HIS | SACRED MAJESTIE | IN HIS | SOLITUDES | AND | SUFFERINGS, | Rendred in Verse. | [*line*] | Set to Musick for 3 Voices and an Organ, or Theorbo, | By *John Wilson* D^f. and Musick Professor of *Oxford*. | [*line*] | [*device*] | [*line*] | LONDON, Printed for *John Martin* and *James Allestrey*, and are to be sold at the Bell in S^t. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1657.

Four folio partbooks: *CANTVS PRIMVS*, *CANTVS SECVNDVS*, *BASE* [misprinted as ‘*CANTVS SECVNDVS*’ on sig. X1], *BASSO CONTINVO*; no pagination; includes dedication ‘To the Glory of God...’ (see p. 2), and dedication to John Wilson by Henry Lawes (see pp. 3–4); and ‘Faults escaped in printing, which the curteous Reader is desired to amend with his penn’ in Cantus 1, Cantus 2 and Bass partbooks. *RISM A/I*: W 1235. Extant copies: Cambridge, Trinity College Library: L.6.22; Cambridge, University Library: CCB.8.1; London, British Library: E.1076; London, Royal College of Music: C31/1-4 (*olim* I.G.7); Manchester, Henry Watson Music Library: BRq360Wt76 (Cantus 2 partbook only); Oxford, Bodleian Library, 2 copies: 4 Delta 29–32 and a set without shelfmark;¹ Oxford, Christ Church: Mus. 878–80;² Ireland, Dublin, Trinity College Library: B.7.20;³ France, Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale de France: Res. Vm¹. 249; USA, Berkeley, University of California, Jean Gray Hargrove Music Library: M1490.W55 P8 1657; USA, Chicago, Newberry Library: Case 5A 117 (Cantus 1 partbook only); USA, Cambridge MA, Harvard University, Houghton Library: EC C3804E 91 (Cantus 2 and Basso Continuo partbooks only); USA, Philadelphia, Library Company: *Am 1657 Stan E 1513 (copy belonging to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania); USA, Pittsburgh, University Library: q 1657 E58W5 (Cantus 2 partbook only); USA, San Marino CA, Huntington Library: 138149; USA, Urbana IL, University of Illinois, Music Library, 2 copies: Q. 821 St25p (the second copy is unbound and has Bass and Basso Continuo partbooks only).

1657 (Odes) *first issue* Psalterium Carolinum. | THE | DEVOTIONS | OF HIS | SACRED MAJESTIE | IN HIS | SOLITUDES | AND | SUFFERINGS, | Rendred in Verse. | [*line*] | Psalme 77. | *When I am in heaviness I will think upon God: | When my heart is vexed I will complain. | I call to remembrance my Song &c. | ___ Vota dabunt, quæ bella negarunt.* | [*line*] | [*device*] | [*line*] | LONDON, | Printed for *John Martin* and *James Allestrey*, and are | to be sold at the Bell in S^t. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1657.

Folio volume; no pagination; includes dedication ‘To the Glory of God...’ (see p. 2). Extant copies: Cambridge, Trinity College Library: L.6.22;

¹ The un-numbered set in the Bodleian Library was transferred from the Faculty of Music Library and has not yet been assigned a shelfmark; my thanks to Martin Holmes for this information.

² See Jonathan P. Wainwright, *Musical Patronage in Seventeenth-Century England: Christopher, First Baron Hatton (1605–1670)* (Aldershot, 1997), pp. 160–77 & 405–14.

³ The Basso Continuo partbook does not contain a title-page and the ode texts (see below) contains the ‘music’ title-page; this anomaly is probably explained by an error in rebinding, for a letter tipped into the front of the copy includes the note: ‘The book, which was once bound, is now without its covers.’ My thanks to Stephanie Breen (Assistant Librarian, Department of Early Printed Books and Special Collections, The Old Library, Trinity College, Dublin) for this information.

Cambridge, University Library: SSS.21.16 (item 9); London, Lambeth Palace Library, 2 copies: Q2602.3[*] and KA396.A22; France, Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale de France: Res. Vm¹. 249; Ireland, Dublin, Trinity College Library: B.7.20;⁴ USA, Berkeley, University of California, Jean Gray Hargrove Music Library: M1490.W55 P8 1657; USA, Cambridge MA, Harvard University, Houghton Library: EC C3804E 91; USA, Philadelphia, Library Company: *Am 1657 Stan E 1513 lacking title-page (copy belonging to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania); USA, Chicago, Newberry Library: Case Y 1795.84; USA, San Marino CA, Huntington Library: 138149; USA, Urbana IL, University of Illinois, Music Library, 2 copies: Q. 821 St25p.

1660 Psalterium Carolinum. | THE | DEVOTIONS | OF HIS | *SACRED MAJESTY*
Second issue: | CHARLES THE FIRST | IN HIS | SOLITUDES | AND | SUFFERINGS, |
title-page 1 | *Rendred in Verse* by T.S. Esq;, | [*line*] | And set to Musick for three voices, an
Organ or *Theorbo*, | by *John Wilson*, D^f and Musick Professor in | OXFORD.
| [*line*] | LONDON, | Printed for *John Martin*, *James Allestry*, and | *Thomas*
Dicas, and are to be sold at the Bell | in S^t. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1660.

1660 Psalterium Carolinum. | THE | DEVOTIONS | OF HIS | *SACRED MAJESTY*
Second issue: | CHARLES THE FIRST | IN HIS | SOLITUDES | AND | SUFFERINGS; |
title-page 2 | [*line*] | *Rendred in Verse*. | [*line*] | LONDON, | Printed for *John Martin*,
James Allestry, and | *Thomas Dicas*, and are to be sold at the Bell | in S^t.
Pauls Church-yard, 1660.

Ode texts; no pagination; some books includes a frontispiece portrait of Charles I by William Faithorne the elder and a dedication 'To his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second.' (see p. 68). *RISM A/I*: W 1236. At the Restoration unsold sheets from the 1657 publication were reissued with one of the above new title-pages.⁵ Extant copies: Cambridge, University Library: Sel.3.162 (item 17), ode texts only, title-page 1; London, British Library: E.1076, ode texts only, title-page 2; British Library: RB.23.b.7447, ode texts only, title-page 1; Australia, Victoria, State Library: RARESF 245.2 C380, ode texts only, title-page 1; USA, Los Angeles, William Andrews Clark Memorial Library: f PR3699.S8 P9 1660*, ode texts only, title-page 1.

⁴ The ode texts contains the 'music' title-page; see note 3 above for a possible explanation.

⁵ See F. F. Madan, *A New Bibliography of the Eikon Basilike of King Charles the First with a Note on the Authorship* (London, 1950), no. 91, p. 94.

TEXTUAL COMMENTARY

The following abbreviations are used in the Textual Commentary:

PART NAMES	<table border="0"> <tr><td>C1</td><td>Cantus Primus</td></tr> <tr><td>C2</td><td>Cantus Secundo</td></tr> <tr><td>B</td><td>'Base'</td></tr> <tr><td>bc</td><td>Basso Continuo</td></tr> </table>	C1	Cantus Primus	C2	Cantus Secundo	B	'Base'	bc	Basso Continuo				
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NOTE VALUES	<table border="0"> <tr><td><i>s</i></td><td>semibreve</td></tr> <tr><td><i>s-rest</i></td><td>semibreve rest (etc.)</td></tr> <tr><td><i>m</i></td><td>minim</td></tr> <tr><td><i>m.</i></td><td>dotted minim (etc.)</td></tr> <tr><td><i>c</i></td><td>crotchet</td></tr> <tr><td><i>q</i></td><td>quaver</td></tr> </table>	<i>s</i>	semibreve	<i>s-rest</i>	semibreve rest (etc.)	<i>m</i>	minim	<i>m.</i>	dotted minim (etc.)	<i>c</i>	crotchet	<i>q</i>	quaver
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<i>c</i>	crotchet												
<i>q</i>	quaver												
PITCH	<p>Pitch names are given in the Helmholtz system: C–B, c–b, c'–b', c''–b'' (c' = middle C).</p> <p>♯, ♭: if functioning as a natural, are shown in the Commentary as ♮.</p>												
OTHERS	<table border="0"> <tr><td><i>o</i></td><td>no accidental(s) in source</td></tr> <tr><td><i>om</i></td><td>omitted</td></tr> <tr><td><i>sl</i></td><td>slur(red)</td></tr> <tr><td><i>t</i></td><td>tie</td></tr> </table>	<i>o</i>	no accidental(s) in source	<i>om</i>	omitted	<i>sl</i>	slur(red)	<i>t</i>	tie				
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SYSTEM OF REFERENCE	<p>References take the form: bar number, number of symbol (note or rest) within the bar indicated as a superscript arabic numeral (a note tied across from the previous bar counts as ¹ in the new bar), the part name (and if necessary the feature which is signalled), the error or variant in the original printed source. Thus:</p> <p>13² C2: <i>o</i> would indicate that the accidental is omitted on the second symbol of bar 13 of the second cantus part in the printed source; and 5¹⁻² bc: <i>ca cg♯</i> would indicate that the first two symbols of the fifth bar of the basso continuo part are a crotchet 'tenor' A and a crotchet 'tenor' G-sharp in the printed source.</p>												

1 THOU LORD, HAST MADE US SEE

1³ bc: o
 10² B: o
 12² C1: *cg'*
 12² bc is figured: #54
 13² C2: o
 19² B: o

2 THOU WHOSE MERCIES KNOW NO BOUND

1²⁻³ C1: *qd" qc"* (noted in 'Faults escaped in printing, which the curteous Reader is desired to amend with his pen' as '... the first quaver must stand after the second.')

3⁶ C1: *ce"* (noted in 'Faults...' as '... after the Crochet in Ela must be a prick.')

6⁸ C1: o
 7⁴ C2: om (noted in 'Faults...' as '... after the Minnum must be a minnum rest.')

7⁶ C1 text: 'we'
 11⁵ C2: o
 19¹⁻² C2 & B: t

3 LORD THOU IN HEAVEN AND IN MY HEART

5² C1: om (noted in 'Faults...' as '... after the first Crochet must be another Ela.')

6⁷ B: *cc*
 10⁵ bc: o

4 TO THEE I FLY THOU SOLE DEFENCE OF MY INVADED INNOCENCE

2⁷ C2: the ed. # is added to avoid the parallel 5ths; an alternative is to alter 2⁶ C2 to *bb'*

6¹ bc is figured: 6
 11⁵ B: *me#*
 17¹ bc is figured: *b* 53
 17³ bc: *cG*
 18²⁻³ bc: *cG cA*

5 TO THEE, MY GOD, I STILL APPEAL

4⁵ B & bc: o
 6⁴ C1: *cb'(b)*
 15²⁻³ C1 & 15² C2 text: 'Thy'
 14⁶⁻⁷ bc are figured: 26 36
 16⁵ C2: *cc"* (noted in 'Faults...' as '... to the last Crochet wants a prick.')

18⁵ C2: *ca'*

6 OUR NATIVE FREEDOME, LORD, PRESERVE

3⁶ bc & 3⁸ B: o
 10¹ C2: om
 12¹⁻² bc: *c.B(b) qc*
 16¹ bc is figured: *b35*

7 LORD THOSE WHOM THOU IN VOWES HAST TIED

1 C2: two-flat 'key' signature indicated on first stave (i.e. the first bar) only, thereafter one-flat

8 WHO VENGEANCE ON MY WRONGS HAST SHEWN

5 last beat C1 & C2: *sic* (parallel fifths)
 8³⁻⁴ all voices: text is 'mischiefs' (plural) in text book
 10⁷ C1: o (noted in 'Faults...' as '... the last Crochet in Befabemie must be sharp.')

11² all voices: text is 'may' in text book
 15⁴ bc is figured: 56
 18¹ C1: *ma'* (noted in 'Faults...' as '... the minnum in Alamire must be in Csolfa.')

9 THROUGH HUMANE CLOUDS THY RAYES LIKE LIGHTNING GLIDE

2³ C1: *m.f"* (noted in 'Faults...' as '... the prick between the two Minnums must be out.')

15⁵ C2: o
 15⁷ C1: o
 23⁴ B & bc: o

10 OH MY GOD, TO THEE I FLY

1² C2: *cf'* (noted in 'Faults...' as '...the Crochet must be in Alamire which is F fa ut.')

6⁵ bc is figured: 64
 7⁵ B: *cf*

11 ETERNAL WISDOM ARM'D WITH MIGHT

8³ bc is figured: 9843
 10⁶ B & bc: o
 12⁵⁻⁶ C1 & C2: *sic* (parallel fifths)
 14^{last note}–15¹ C1 & C2: *sic* (parallel fifths)
 15⁷ bc: *cd cB(b)*
 17³ bc is figured: 75

12 THY MERCIES LORD17³⁻⁴ B: *c.f qe*20¹ bc: *o***13 MY TROUBLES, LORD, ARE
MULTIPLY'D**1² bc is figured: 65431³ bc is figured: 357⁵ C1 text: 'those'11³ B: *cG*12³ B: *cB(b)* (noted in 'Faults...' as '... the
Crochet in B.mie must be in Ef.fa.ut.' (*sic*))**14 LORD, I TO THEE DIRECT MY CRIES**4⁸ C1: *o*8⁹ bc is figured: 6 (rather than 8⁸)11⁴ C2: *o***15 O LORD THOU SEEST MY WRONGS
ABOUT**1⁵ bc: *o*5¹⁻² C2: *ca' cg#'*5⁶ C2: accented passing note *sic*10³ bc is figured: #4612² C1 text: 'one'18² B: *o*18⁵ C2: *qb'***16 THOU STILL THE SAME FOR EVER
BLEST**5⁵ C2: *ca'***17 TO THEE MY UPRIGHTNESS IS
KNOWN**4¹ C2: *ca'*10²⁻³ C2: *t*10³⁻⁴ C1: *sl*11¹ C1: *c.c''* (noted in 'Faults...' as '... the
Crochet in Csolfa ... must be in Alamire.')13⁶⁻⁸ B: *sl*19¹ bc: *md*23² bc is figured: 4627³ C2: # om (noted in 'Faults...' as '... [t]he
Minnum in C-sol-fa sharp.')**18 OF PEACE AND REASON LORD!**4⁶ C2: *o*9⁶ bc is figured: 214³ C1 text: 'Wars'**19 WITH READY JOY**4⁴⁻⁶ C2: *sl*5⁷ C2: *o*7⁴⁻⁵ all voices text: 'Conquests' in music
partbooks7⁵ bc is figured: 410⁵⁻⁶ bc: *mg#*19⁵ C1: *o*19⁶ B: *o*20⁵ C2: *o*31³ bc is figured: 634**20 LORD, THOU WHO BEAUTY CANST
RETURN**4³ B: *cd*14¹⁻² C1 & C2: *sic* (parallel fifths)17⁶ C1: *o*18³ bc is figured: 78623²⁻⁴ C2: *cg(#)' cg(#)' cg(#)'***21 THOU LORD, WHO BY THY WISE
DECREE**1⁴ bc is figured: 6438⁴ B: *cd*20² bc is figured: 6543**22 THOU, WHO ALL SOULS, ALL
CONSCIENCES DOST SWAY**14⁴⁻⁵ C1: *qc'' qb''#* (noted in 'Faults...' as '...
next to the prick minnum before the
Quaver in Csolfa must be the next in
Befabemie.')9² C2: *cc''#***23 THOU THAT ALONE ART INFINITE**13² C2: *o***24 TO THEE MY SOLITARY PRAYERS
I SEND**1⁴ bc: *c.B(b)*2³ B: *md*2⁵ C2: *c.d''* (noted in 'Faults...' confusingly as
'... next the prick Crochet must be two
Quavers.')3⁵ C1: *ca'*11¹⁻² bc: *c.c# qd*21⁵⁻⁶ C1 & C2: *sic* (parallel 5ths)24² bc: *cG*

**25 MY GOD, MY KING INCLINE THINE
EARE**

26 LORD, THOU SACRED UNITY

4⁴ C2: o

8⁴⁻⁵ C1: *c.e" qd"* – could it be that the entry in
‘Faults...’ for 21¹⁻² is a misplaced
reference for this?

9¹ bc is figured: 46

11^{last note} all voices: text is ‘sway’ in text book

13³⁻⁴ C1: *cc" cd"* (c.f. bc figuring)

13⁵ C2: # on b' line

21¹⁻² C1: *c.e" qb#'* (noted in ‘Faults...’ as ‘...
the first note must be a Crochet, and the
prick must be out.’)

25¹⁻² bc: *cd ce*

25⁷ C2: *cf'*

**27 THOU THAT FILL'ST HEAVEN AND
EARTH**

3⁸ C2: o

11¹ C2: *mg#'* (noted in ‘Faults...’ as ‘... next
the first Minnum must be a prick.’)

12¹ C1: *mg"*