

C
Psalterium Carolinum.

BIBLIOTHECA
THE
DEVOTIONS

ex Bibliotheca conventus N^o Annuntiationis Pavientis Ord^{is} Fratrum Prædicatorum 1699

OF HIS

SACRED MAJESTIE

IN HIS

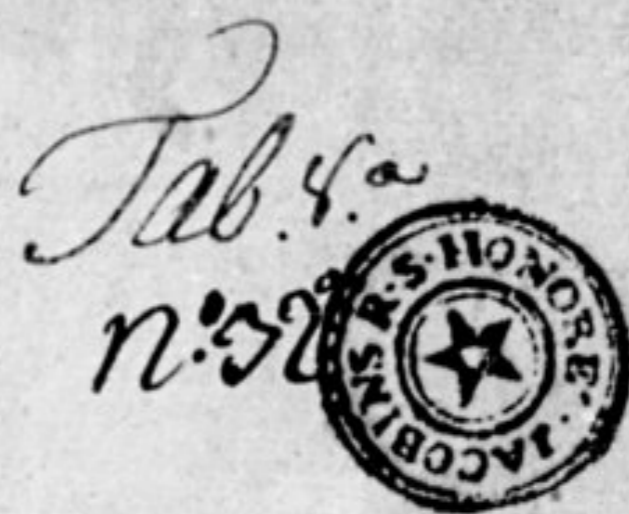
SOLITUDES

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.



LONDON,

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

ex lib^o Dⁿⁱ P^{ri}ncip^{is} Dⁿⁱ et C^o 1657

PUBLISHED BY CAROLINUS
THE
DEVOLUTIONS
OF HIS
SACRED MAJESTY
IN HIS
SOLILINDES
AND
SUFFERINGS
Revised in Verse

Printed for J. and W. Smith, Stationers, in the Strand, near the Temple Church, and for J. and W. Smith, Stationers, in the Strand, near the Temple Church, and for J. and W. Smith, Stationers, in the Strand, near the Temple Church.



LONDON,
Printed for John Martin and James Allestry, and are
to be sold at the Bell in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1677.

TO THE
GLORY OF GOD,

THE SACRED
MEMORY OF HIS LATE MAIESTIE,

AND TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND CLERGY
OF THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

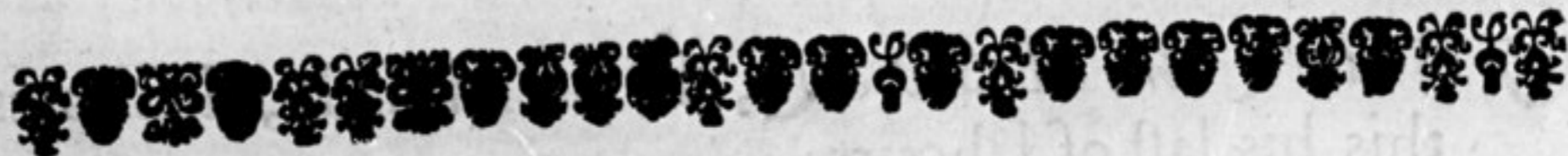
JOHN WILSON, D. in Musick, dedicates
this his last of labours.



Faults escaped in printing, which the curteous Reader
is desired to amend with his penn.

In Cantus primus,

SONG 2 line 1 the first quaver must stand after the second. S. 2 l. 3 after the Crochet in Ela must be a prick. S. 3 l. 4 after the first Crochet must be another in Ela. S. 8 l. 7 the last Crochet in Befabemie must be sharp. S. ibid. l. 11 the minnum in Alamire must be in Csolfa. S. 9 l. 3 the prick between the two Minnums must be out. S. 17 l. 7 the Crochet in Csolfa at the latter end must be in Alamire. S. 22 l. 11 next to the prick minnum before the Quaver in Csolfa must be the next in Befabemie. S. 26 l. 15 the fift note must be a Crochet, and the prick must be out.

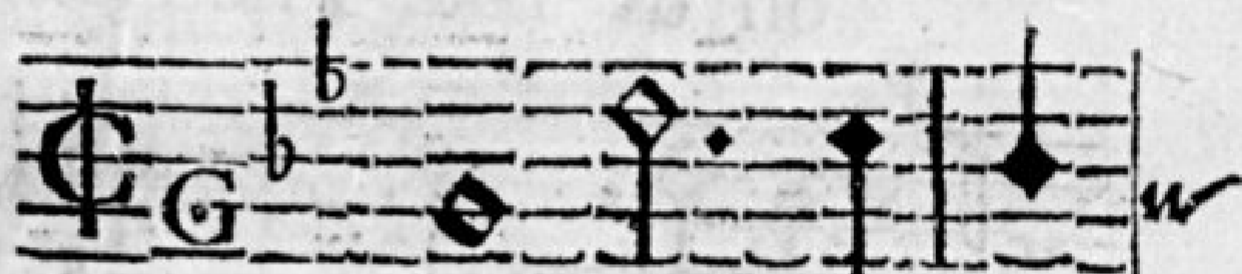




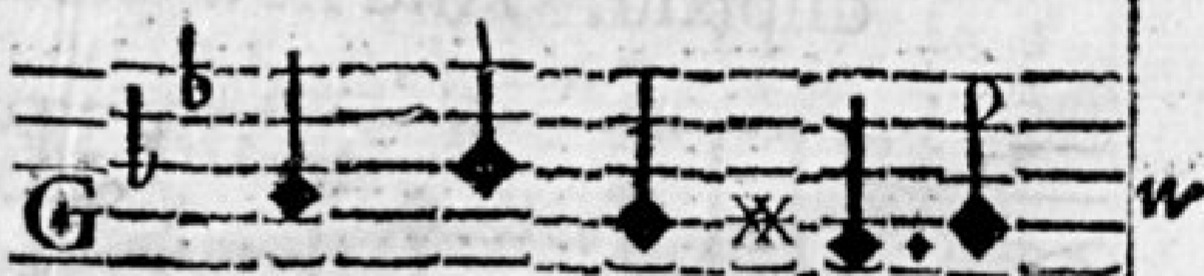
Psalterium Carolinum.

CANTUS PRIMVS.

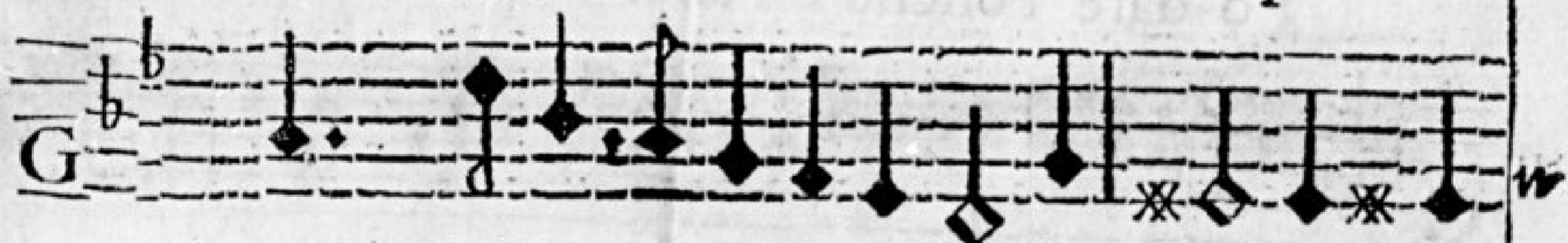
I.



Hou Lord hast made



us see that pious



thoughts Of future reformation for past faults, Nor



satisfie thy justice or prevent, Alwaies the stroaks



of thy dire punishment: Our hopes ore laid by sin

A

on

Psalterium Carolinum.

Cant. I.



on thee depend For pardon, not on our resolves



t'amend. When by vindictive judgments



on us laid. Thou hast thy glory in our shame



displaid. And how unsafe it is shown 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't thee snatch away.

II.



G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯

Hou whose mercies know

G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯

no bound, Pardon my com-

G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯

plyant Sin. Death in me the guiltless found,

G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯

Who his Refuge should have been. To her self

G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯

and thee my soul, Her transgression o- pen

G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯

layes, Cleanse we from a guilt so foule. And thy

G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯

mercies I shall praise. With the crime my heart

G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯ G ♯

withstood, Did my differing hand comply: Yet



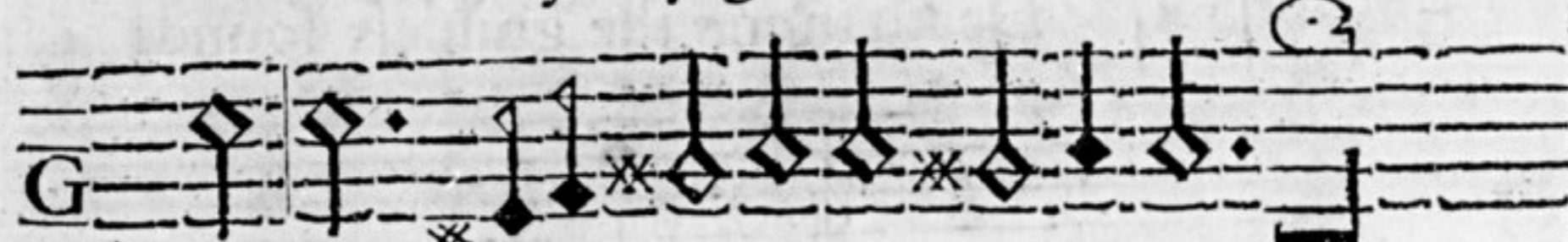
if Bath'd in thy rich blood, Snow my whiteness



shall outvye. Justice let me learn of thine, Who



for death unjustly given, Future dangers to de-



cline, In- to greater now am driven.

III.



Ord thou in heaven, and



in my heart, My witness art,



If to oppress the innocent I ever meant; Then
let



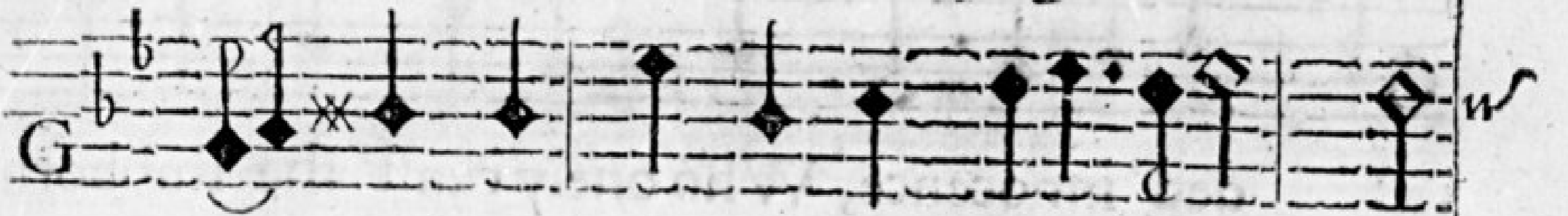
let my foe my life confound, And tread my ho-



nours to the ground. The mists, which copen



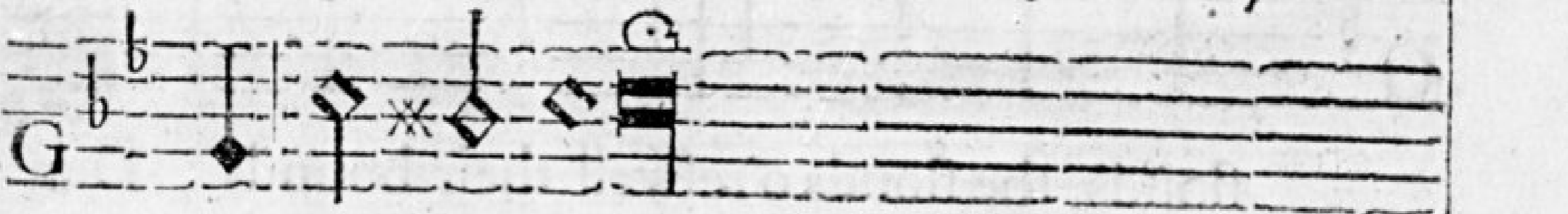
humane fight, Shrinke from thy light. The heart



and reins thy searhing eyes Anatomize. Truth



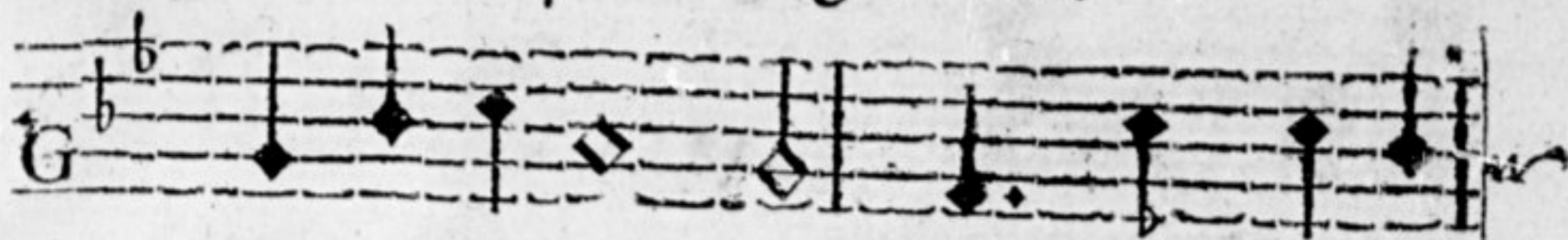
wrapt in darkness, lost in doubt, To day resto-



ring, O shine out.

B

To



mults of our soules 'gainst thee ; These popular



Inundations cause, That bear down loy- al-



ty and Lawes. But thou to Seas did'st fix a shore,



And from the deluge earth restore ; O quel these



sal- vage beasts, and me From their tumultu-



ous rapines free.

V.



O thee my God I still



appeal, Whose all discer-



ning eyes re- veale The clouds that humane



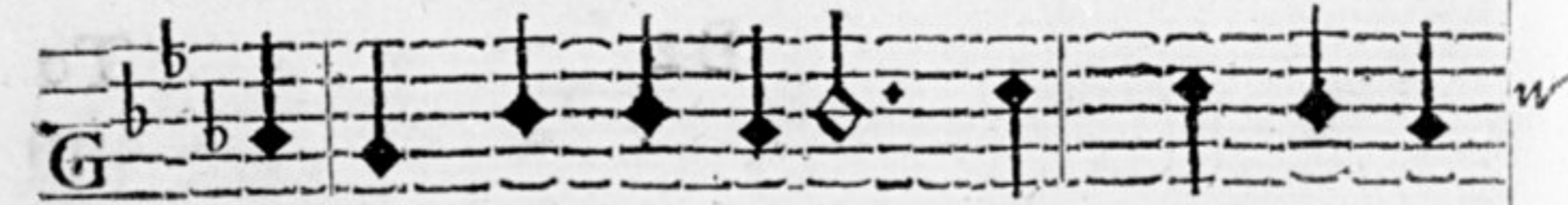
thoughts conceale. A heart thou gav'st me to



bestow Much on my Subjects, which must now

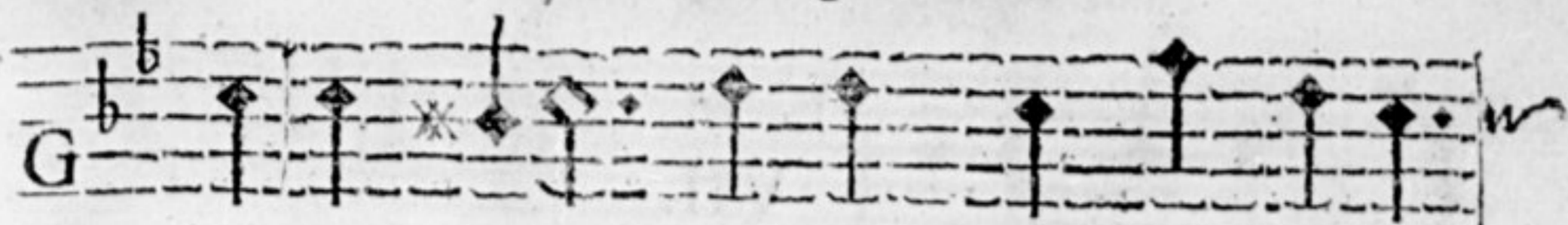


Learn much from them to undergo. Thy will



be done, and ours deni'd, When most to thine

it



it seems ally'd, And theirs who thee pretend



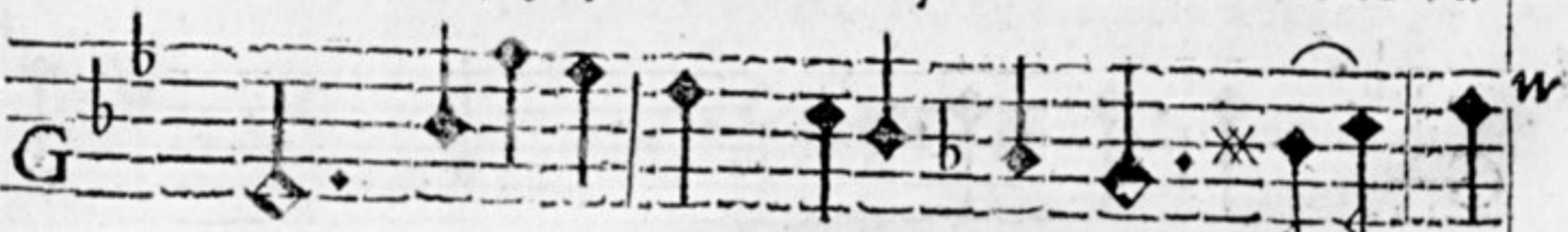
their guide : Instruct me wisely to imploy Thy



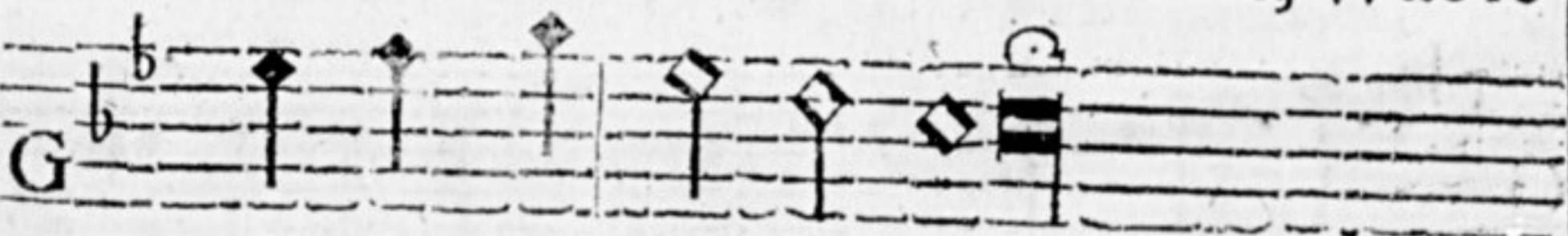
crosses that my hopes destroy, As the ful- fill-



ings of my joy I raised my own fears theirs t'a-



bate , Unsetled mine to fix their state, Who re-



compence my love with hate.

C

Our

V I.



Ur 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 fixt by thee I did reside, That Place by
Subjects



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 power wrest.

VII.



Ord those whom thou in



vowes hast tied. Yet now by



distance dost divide. Here or in Heaven u-
nite,



nite, Defend us from de- spite- full foes. And



by the sufferings they impose, Prepare us for thy



fight. Though in Religion we dissent, Hear our



Devotions joyntly bent. Thy sacred Truth to



finde Love in our equal hearts infuse, Of thee and



him who us t'excuse His sinless life resign'd.

Who

VIII.



Ho vengeance on my



wrongs hast showne,



And by my foes, my foes or'ethrown. Let not



his fall invite My soul by close delight, To make



thy just revenge her own: Thou hast reverted



on his head The mischief he for others spread,

Un- wish'd unask'd by me, That all the earth
D might



might see, Thou didst my cause in judgment 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 affli- cti-



ons weight, dprive me Not of Theams so fit



for mercy ; But their sins remit whose bold de-



merit climbs, Next those ungratefull crimes,



Of which thou me art pleas'd t'acquit.

Through

IX.



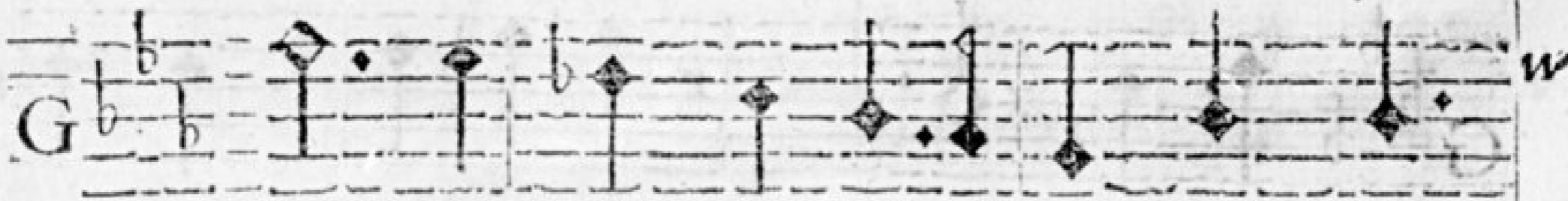
Hrough humane



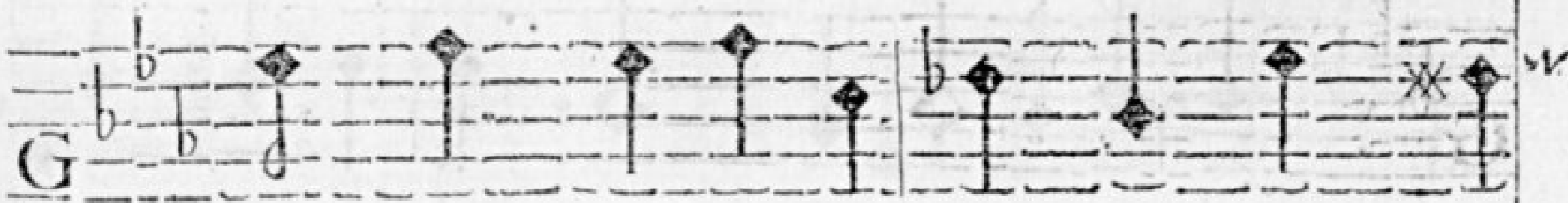
clouds thy Rayes Like



lightning glide, No prejudice thy sentence



swayes, 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 knowest)



knowest) these broyles begin. In which though



I adventure most, yet I am certain least to win.



But oft deplor'd and strove with care t'avoyd,



My life such dangers could not love. Better to



save then kill employ'd, My other suff'rings far



their Calumnie Outweighs, who tell the world



this war (my greatest crosse) was rais'd by me.



Yet this by silence I to men would owne. Might

it



it their malice satis- fie, whilst thou my inno-

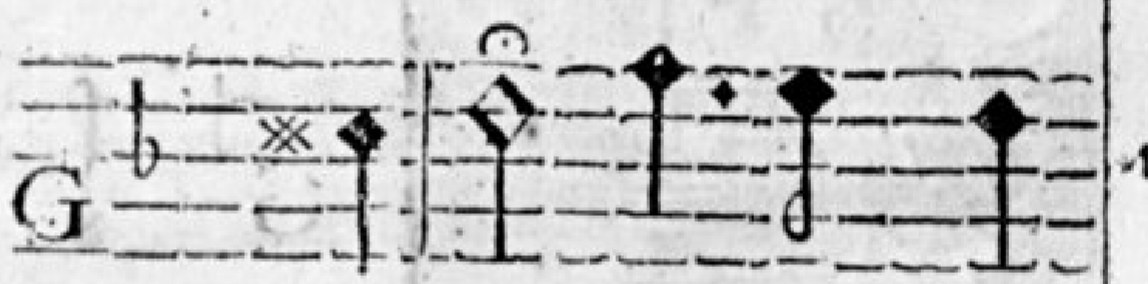


cence hast knowne.

X.



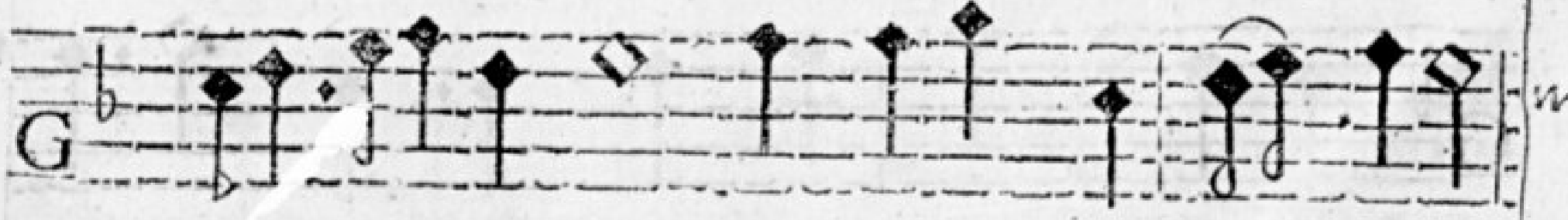
H my God to thee



I fly, stronger than



the enemy, Heaven nor Earth are wisht by me In



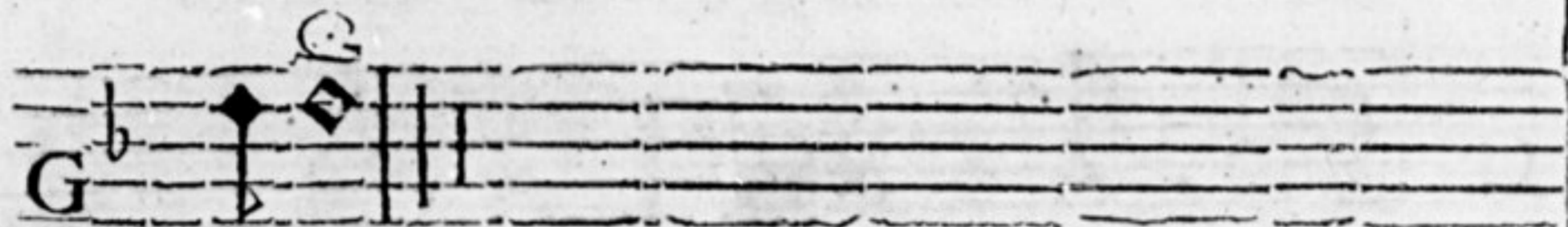
comparison of thee Let me be when all deny'd.



More than all by thee supply'd. Hasten to help
E thou



thou fail'st not those who their trust in thee



repose.

XI.



Ternal wisdom arm'd



with might, With truth and



right my Reason clear ; To which to make my



will adhere, No threats may from their dictates



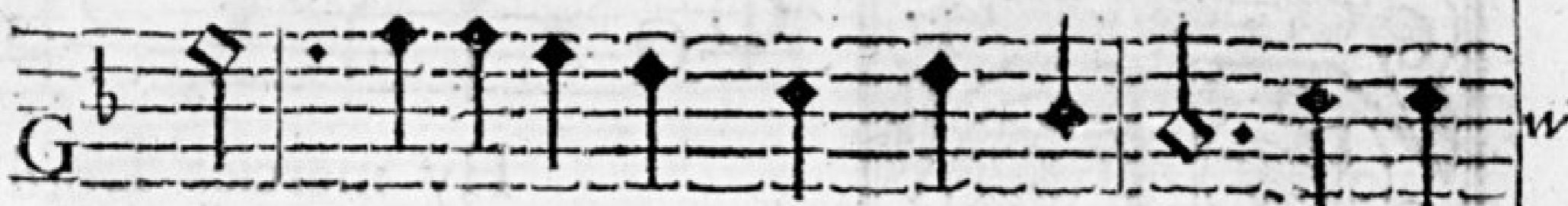
fright. Thou didst not raise me to a Throne, To
barr



barr me common li-ber-ty. Shall that be



nam'd a crime in me, Which others as a vertue



own? Unjustly they their King deny The free



dome, which all mortals claim: Whilft even them



selves exact the same, With partial perti-naci-ty.



To thee I pray who through the Maze Of my



own thoughts, and suits (like snares spred to in-



volve my soul in cares) Canst surely guide: plaine



make plain thy waies.

XII.



Hy mercies Lord,



(hence; in displeasure



fled) On me and my torn Kingdoms I implore ;



Whose losse we both too justly merited, But ne-



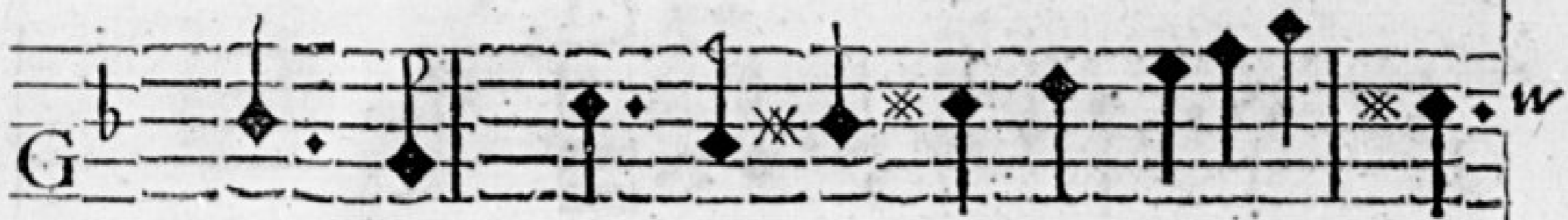
ver can deserve thou shouldst restore. Thou seest



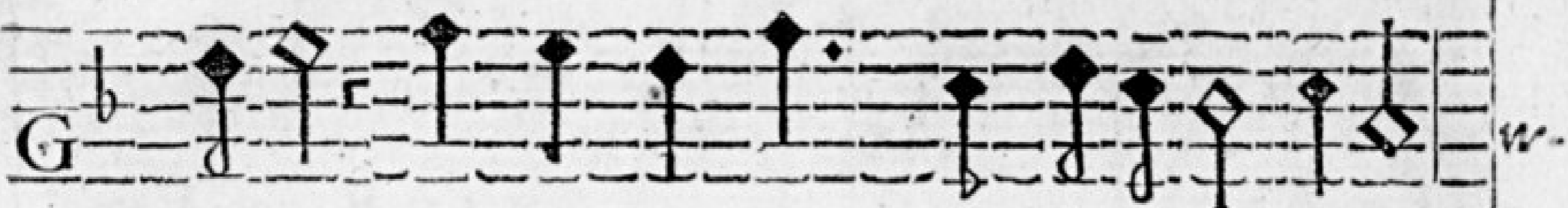
the cruelty that Christians use, In the false colours of



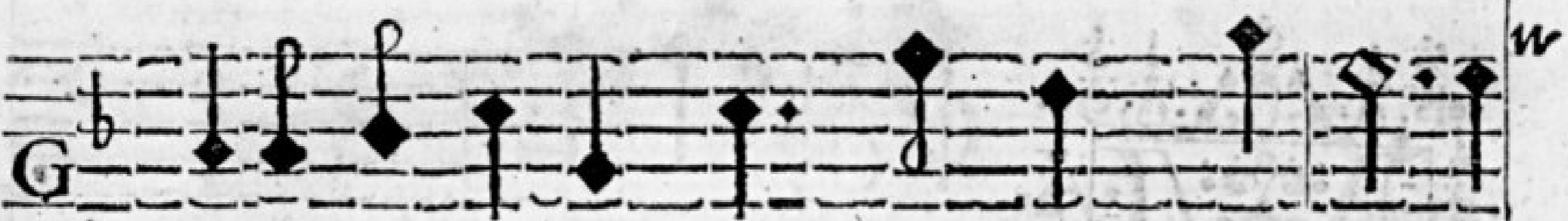
of Religion dy'd. As if the names of Christians



they should lose, Unless they one another cru-



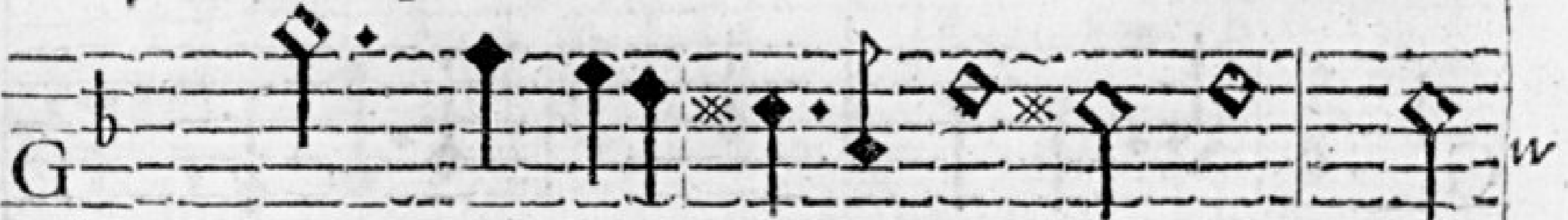
cify'd, Since we thy Truth and Charity despis'd.



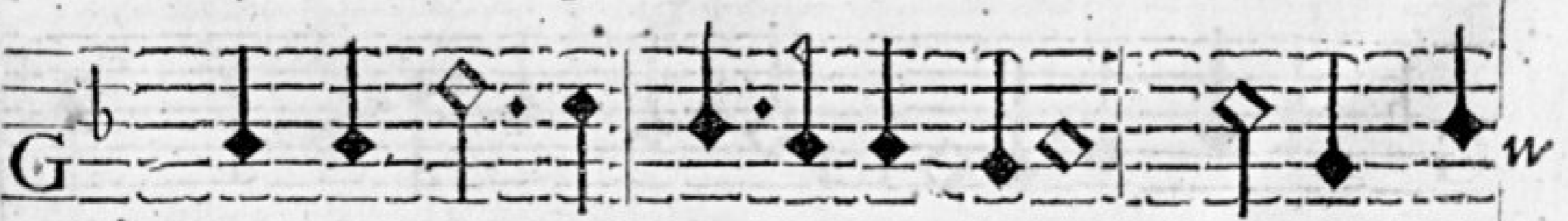
Error and Hatred now their room possess, My



God, O pardon those thou hast chastis'd. Our



wounds with penitential balme redresse: Make



not our sufferings less in thy esteeme, and to our



Conscience let our sinns appear, As they i'th
F mir-



mirror of thy judgements seem, Which to small



crimes are never so severe.

XIII.



Y troubles, Lord, are mul-



ti- ply'd, O succour the



distrest: in simplest truth thy Servant guide, The



wifest Interest. From the associate strength of



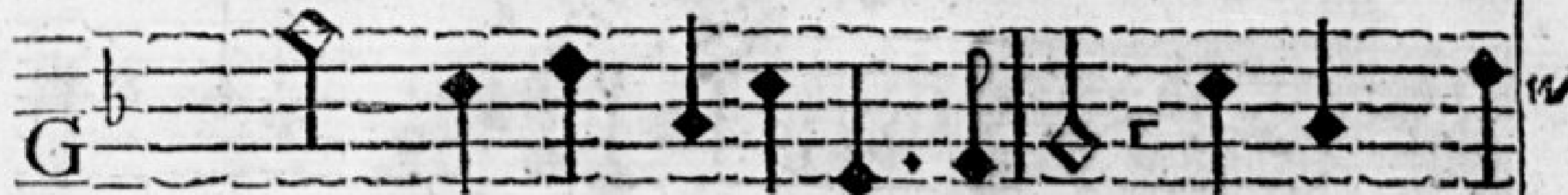
those Be thou my just defence, Who for the
Ser-

Cant. I.

Psalterium Carolinum:



Serpents craft depose The Doves white innocence.



Though to oppress me they agree, Combin'd in



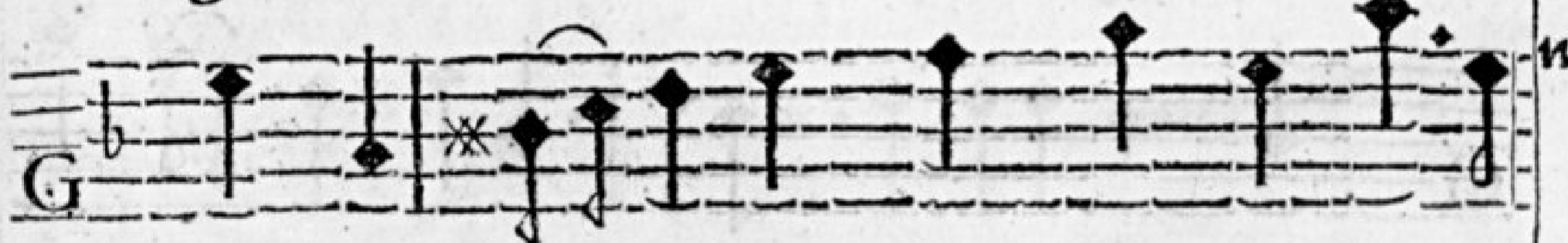
mutuall aid : Let not my Soul and Honour be



To their deceits betray'd. Devotion and Alle-



giance thou Canst in their hearts renew, That



him they may restore whom now They eager



ea-ger-ly pursue.

XIIII.



♩ G | I | to | thee | direct | my

Ord I to thee direct my

* ♩ G | cries | , | My | subjects | forward

cries , My subjects forward

G | Oaths | remit. | Quick | en | their | sense | of | those | firm

Oaths remit. Quick en their sense of those firm

* ♩ G | ties | , | By | Law | upon | their | Conscience | knit, | With

ties, By Law upon their Conscience knit, With

G | which | no | pious, | no | pretence | Of | Refor- | ma- | tion

which no pious, no pretence Of Refor- ma- tion

* ♩ G | can | dispen | ce : | Religion | owns | no | injurie, | No

can dispen ce : Religion owns no injurie, No

G | Sacri | ledge | by | thee | allow'd, | Though | mask'd | with

Sacri ledge by thee allow'd, Though mask'd with



with Hate t'Idoltry. Their zeale disguised



fraud uncloud: Things holy 'tis a snare to take,



And after Vowes enquirie make.

XV.



Lord thou seeft my



wrongs abound. Lions



enrag'd my Soul furround, With poifnous



words, Their tongues like swords, Their teeth like



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 One every side, to thee are



known, Hold not thy peace, Least they increase,



And bury my Renown. The lyar thou wilt

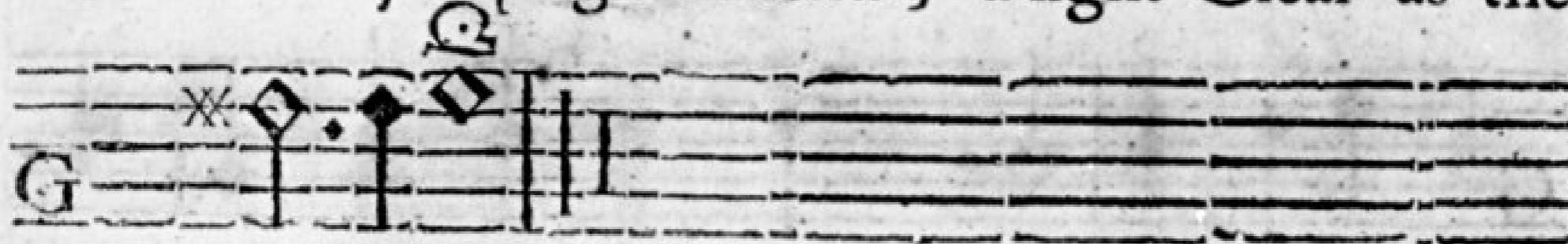


ruinate, The bloody and the false do't hate;

Let



Let my upright Intent, a light Clear as the



Sun dilate.

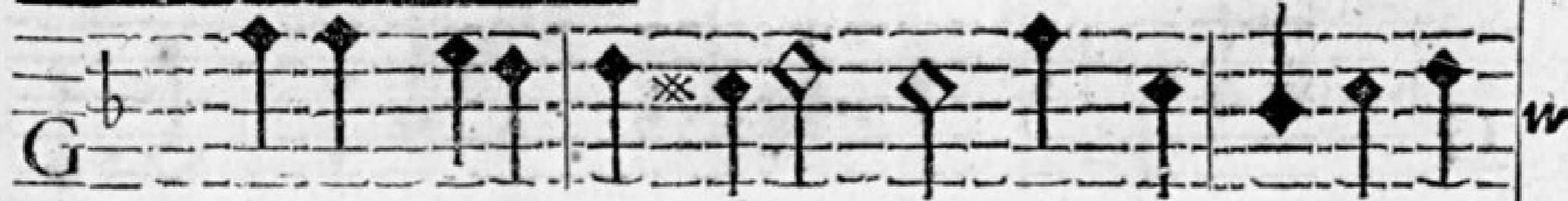
XVI.



HO U still the same



for ever blest, W hom



mercies infinite invest, In various constancy



expressed. Thou hast us with new sense indu'd,



Of our old wants; nor scorn'st renew'd Desires,



in unchang'd words pursu'd. Still let our fix'd



Devotions join ; Our suits to thy firm will



encline ; Our fervent spirits move by thine.



For thou , in all perfection wise , Nor novelty



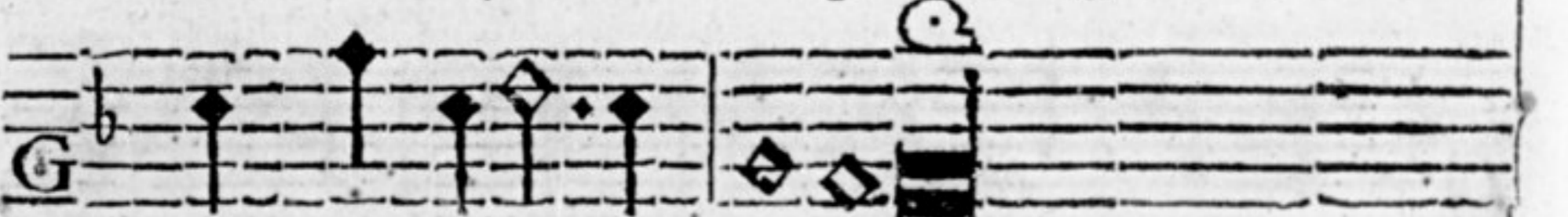
in prayer dost prize , Nor pious constancy



despise. By thy command preferring neither ,



Left in thy Churches power together , To use



but not disparage either.

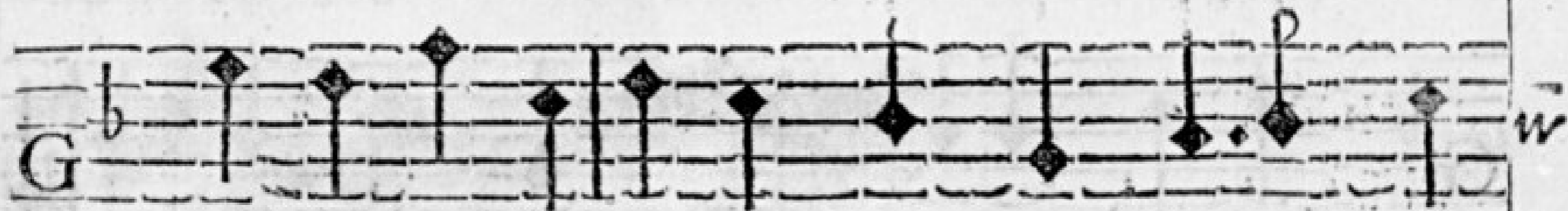
XVII.



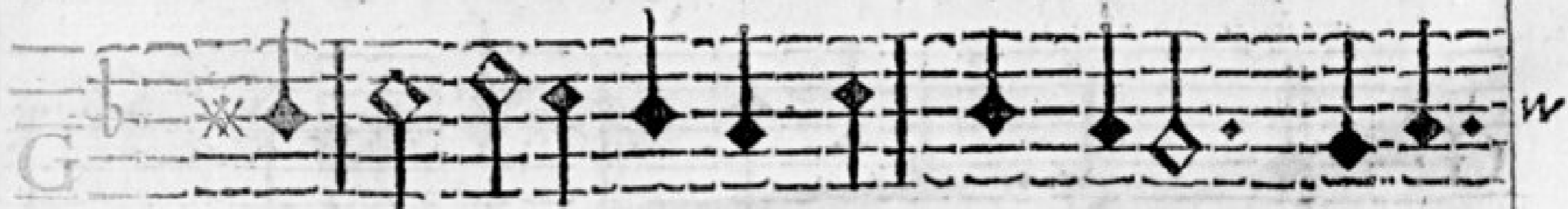
O thee my upright-



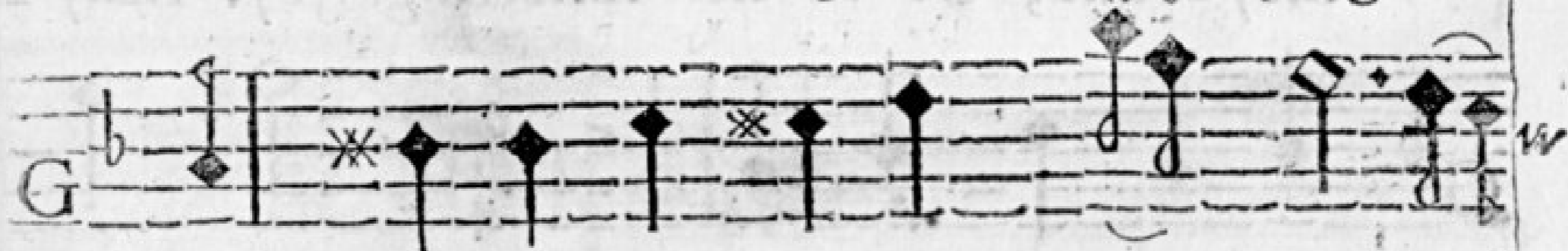
ness is known, Who



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,



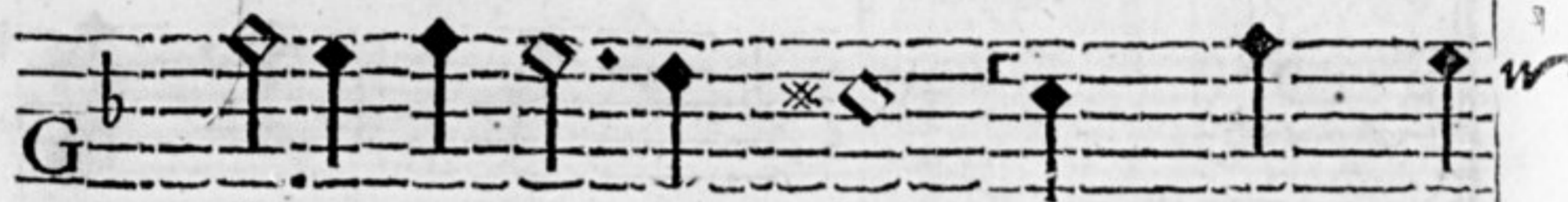
Least Schisme make thy Church its prize, And
H trample



trample on her power, From thee continued to



our time, When Wealth is made her fatall crime;



Her sin is her fair dower. Whom some have



plunderd, others wound, The rest deserted as



they found, Or in her sufferrings 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



Christian, though restrain'd As King, from



all my right. The bounties on thy Church



displaid, By Providence let none invade, With



sacrilegious might.

XVIII.



F Peace and Reason



Lord, Delighting in



accord, The wicked, who from Sinn, With offer'd



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 our



selves and thee, As men and Christians ought.



Peace often have I sought, But it no sooner name



Than Wars my foes proclaime. Our actions



never may Destructive passions sway. Our
judge



judgements clear, that we Thy truth may plain.



ly see. Our stubborn hearts incline, In bonds



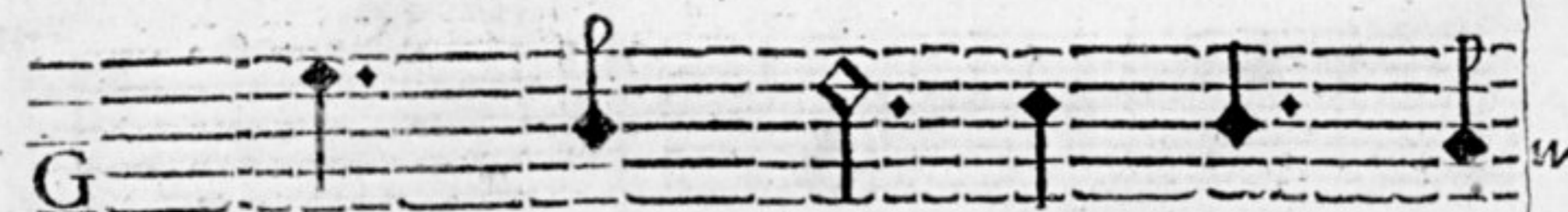
of Peace to joyn. Our irreligious hate To thee,



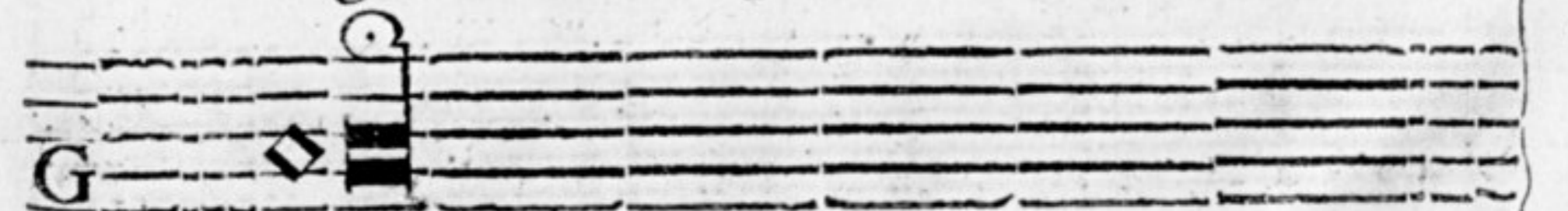
O disipate: That to our selves remove With



interchanged love, The war our sins have



wrought, With peace which Christ hath



bought.

XIX.



Ith ready joy O



let me, Lord, a



gree To be orecome when thou wilt have it so:



Instruct me in the noblest victory, By patience



to subdue my self and Foe; Conquests, like



Christ's, a Christian King best shew. Mould us



to piety betwixt thy hands; Presh by thy
left,



left, supported by thy right. Pardon the pride



of our successfull Bands, And the repinings of



our luckless fight ; When (trusting in our own)



denied thy Might. When we are ought or



nothing, be thou all ; That thy wide glories 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 dis-



place, Grant me a double portion of thy grace.

X X.



Ord thou who beauty



canst return To them
that



that mourn ; And the disguis'd pretext of



Art, To truth convert ; O let us not by



shews beguil'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, re-



new, That we thy dictates may pursue.



Upon our foul disorders, bred By them



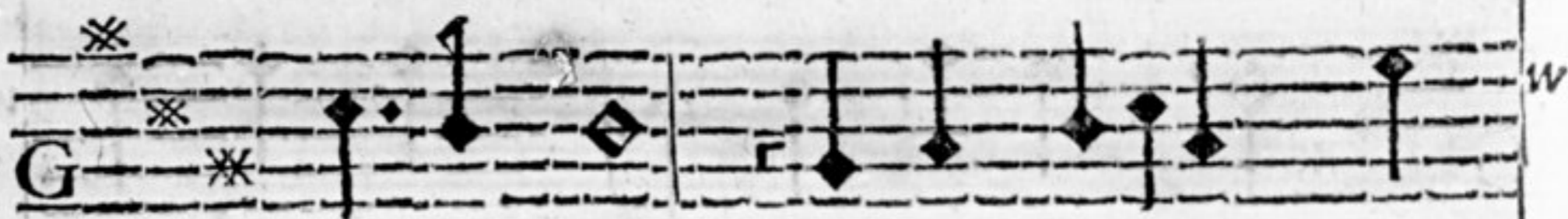
who (led With rage) to purge us under-



tooke, With pittie looke. 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



join'd; From passions freed: blest with
increase



increase Of inward vertue outward peace.

XXI.



Hou Lord who by



thy wise Decree,



Dost our contingency dispose ; Make me thy



constant mercies see, In the advantage of my foes.



Thou canst their Counsells turn away, And



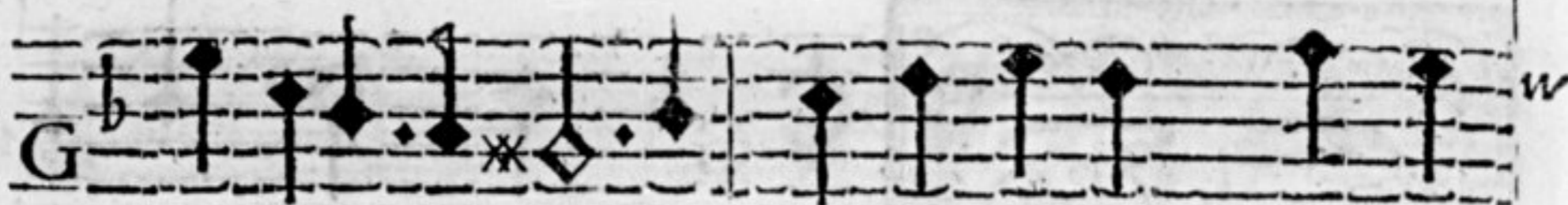
their devices ruinate: Who all my secrets open



open lay ; To worke me in my peoples hate.



To thy Omniscience I repair, Witnesse 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 up.



on their head, That they may be involv'd in



shame, And with confusion overspread.

XXII.



Musical staff with notes and clef (C). Includes a 'G' below the staff.

Hou who all souls,

Musical staff with notes and clef (G). Includes a 'G' below the staff.

all con scien-ces

Musical staff with notes and clef (G). Includes a 'G' below the staff.

dost sway, To thee I look dismaid; To

Musical staff with notes and clef (G). Includes a 'G' below the staff.

thy protection I commit my way, Thou

Musical staff with notes and clef (G). Includes a 'G' below the staff.

who my life didst aid, Still in my weak.

Musical staff with notes and clef (G). Includes a 'G' below the staff.

nesse canst thy strength display. A fierie

Musical staff with notes and clef (G). Includes a 'G' below the staff.

Pillar in darke nights to me, And with

L thy



thy light direct, In scorching daies a cloudy



Pillar be; And with thy shade protect. O



let me find both sun and shield in thee.



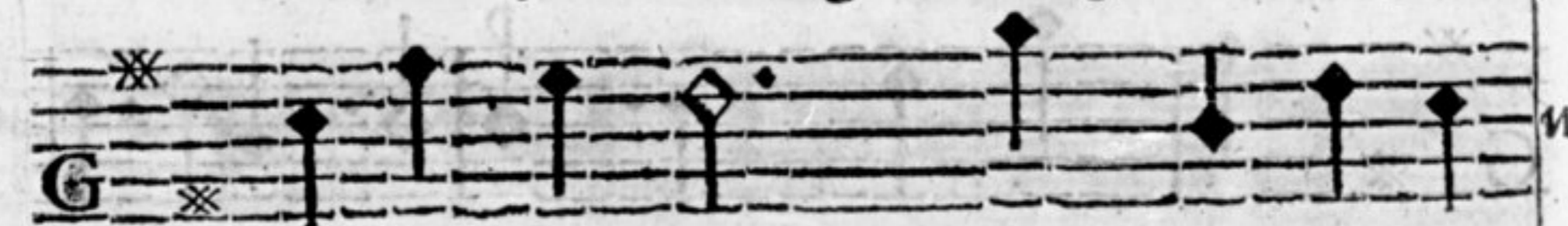
My life I was not by perversnesse wrought



To hazards thus t'expose, But Reason,



Honour, and Religion taught To guard



my self from those, Whose impious force



to wrest them from me sought.

XXIII.



♩ G ^b ^b ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ^w

Hou that alone art

♩ G ^b ^b ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ^w

infinite In good,

♩ G ^b ^b ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ^w

and greatnesse ; dwel'ft with me. Weigh'd

♩ G ^b ^b ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ^w

with thy prefence , life is light , Thy fervice

♩ G ^b ^b ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ^w

perfect liberty : Own me for thine , I cannot

♩ G ^b ^b ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ^w

but be free. As I am man, with reason

♩ G ^b ^b ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ^w

bleffe , With Zeal as Christian , Right as King

Psalterium Carolinum.

Cant. I:



King. Of outwards stript, let me possesse



Thee in the joyes 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 freedom



shall my glories cleer. Besitting my afflicted
state,



state, A patient constancy bestow. My



strength and hopes are disipate, My self



imprison'd by the foe: O be not far, lest



they too mighty grow.

XXIV.



O thee my solita-



ry prayers I send,



The help that others my distross deny, With
M thy



my Priest and Prophet be ; Rule, teach, pray,



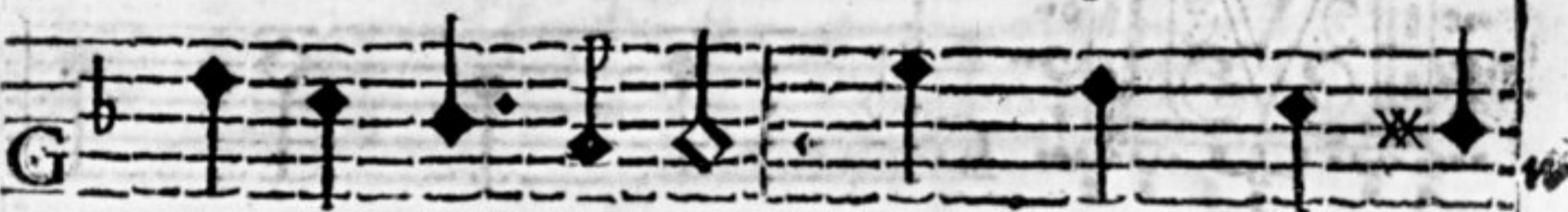
in me, for me, with me stay. Jacob, who



singly did with thee contest In sacred duell,



thee his Second had : He conquer'd, and a



blesing (by thy ayd) From thee, with wel-



come violence did wrest. With mercy on



thy servant be intent, Who his devotions once



with them did joyn, Whose fervour might



in flame the cold of mine; When to thy House



with joy and peace we went.

X X V.



Y God, my King, in-



cline thine eare; My



cry, to thee directed, hear. Incens'd, I said,



we from thy care. Are cast. Yet thou receiv'st



my prayer. Thy rigour who can satisfy?

But



But to thy mercies Sinners fly. Lord I ac-



knowledge my offence, Dilated in my emi-



nence. The sinns I act, or do permit By



unimproved power, 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



David's piety I want, His griefs I have; his



his comforts grant

LXXVI.



Ord, thou sacred unity,



In an undivided Trine,



Those combin'd in mercy see; Whom thy



justice doth disjoin. Save me from dissenting



foes, Who my prayers and pity need; And



each other now oppose, Though to fight with

N 2 me



me agreed. All discording parties guide To



the peace from which they stray, Whilst



they serve or court a side, Not the voice of



Law obey. Make me willingly to go Where



thy providence will lead: And the change



of things be-low, In thy constant presence read.



Make me by thy skillfull hand, Such as thou



wouldst have me be; Then waft me safely
to



to that land, Where peace e-ver dwells with



thee. Spare our Cities (Lord) impure Through



their wealth and plenty made ; In their multi-



tude secure, By security betrai'd.

XXVII.



Hou that fill st Heaven



and earth, O King



of Kings, In whom no death, whence life eternal



eternal springs. Who canst our souls unto



the yawning Grave, Justly condemn or mer-



cifully 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 agra-



vate My fall, thy comforts in my soul di-



late. If thou art with me, fear shall not af-



fail Though I should walk along death's shady

O

Vale

Psalterium Carolinum.

Cant. I.



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 dye, with me, Teach me by Death



to live, my God, with thee.



FINIS.



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 can't be prais'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' expresse inimitably thee.

Go on then, *Phœbus* 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.