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* Dr. 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.

Dilectus Carolinus.

THE

HARMONIOUS

OR THE

SACRED MUSES TRIUMPH;

IN HIS

SOLITUDES

AND

SUFFERINGS.

LONDON,

Printed for John Walsh and Peter Hyde, and are to be sold at the Bell in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1740.

TO THE

GLORY OF GOD,

THE SACRED

MEMORY OF HIS LATE MAIESTIE,

AND TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND CLERGY

OF THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

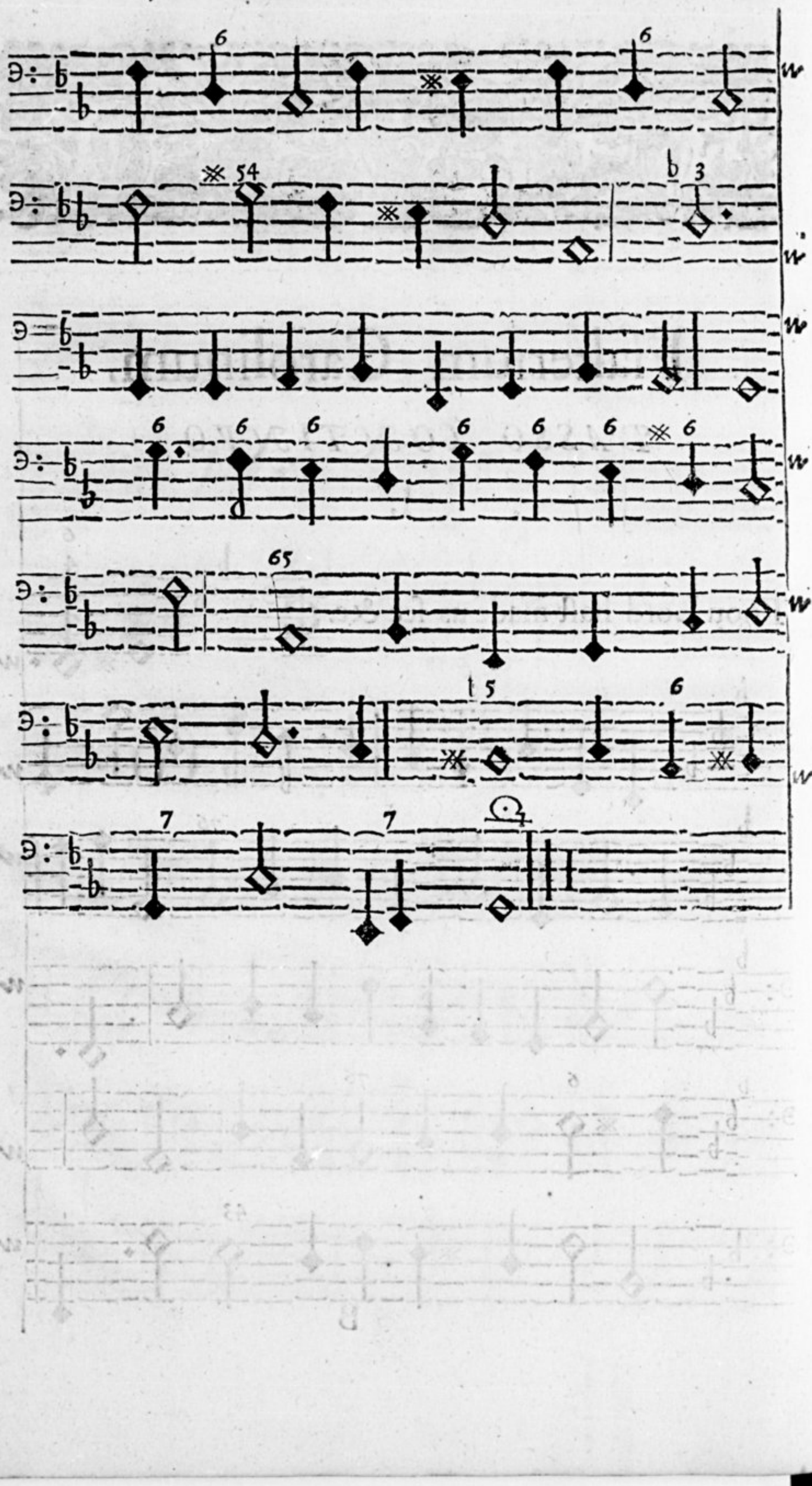
JOHN WILSON, D^r. in Muſick, dedicates this his laſt of labours.

Psalterium Carolinum.

BASSO CONTINVO

I.

Thou Lord haſt made us ſee &c.

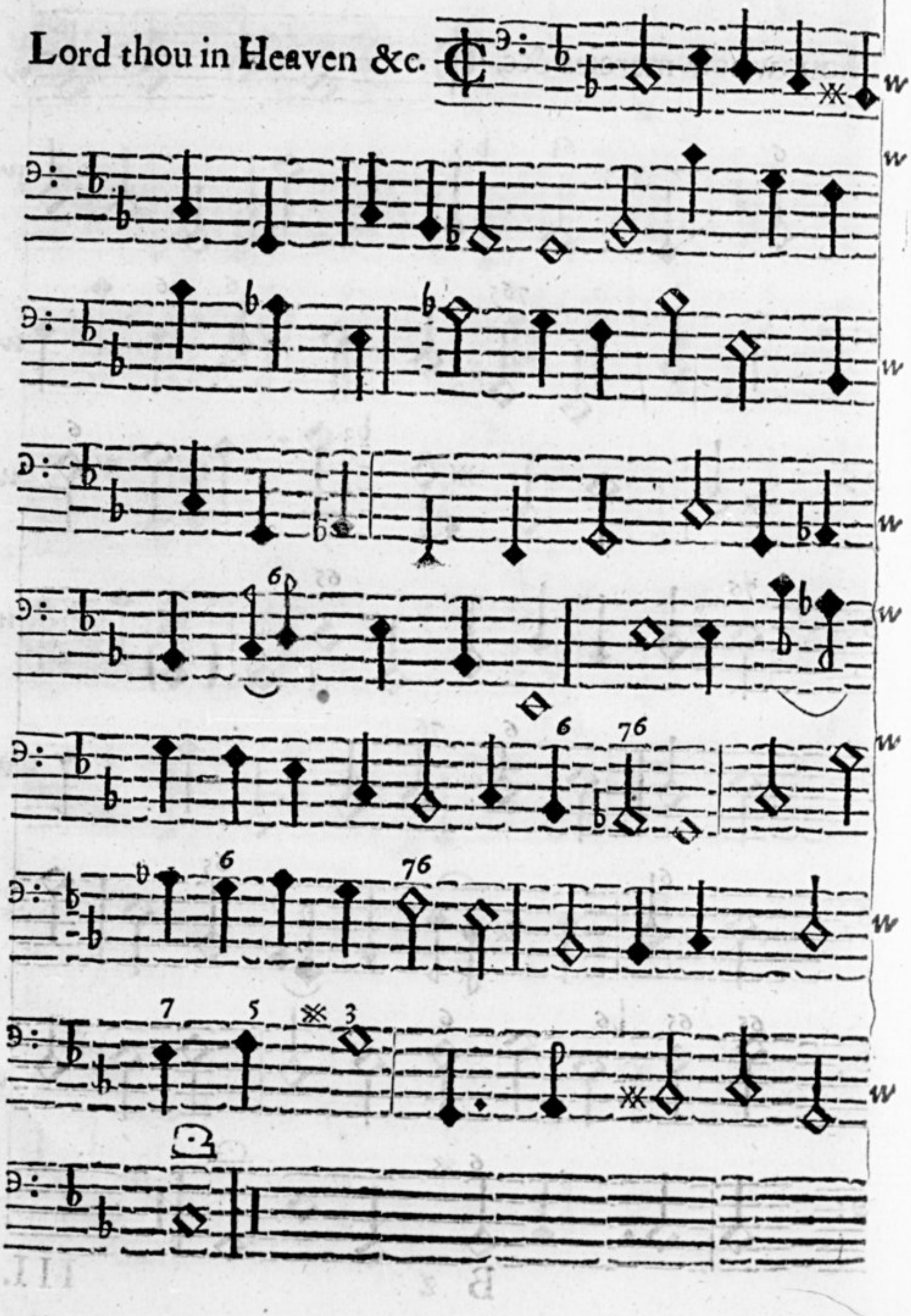


II.

Thou whose mercies &c.

III.

Lord thou in Heaven &c.



IIII.

To thee I fly &c.

V

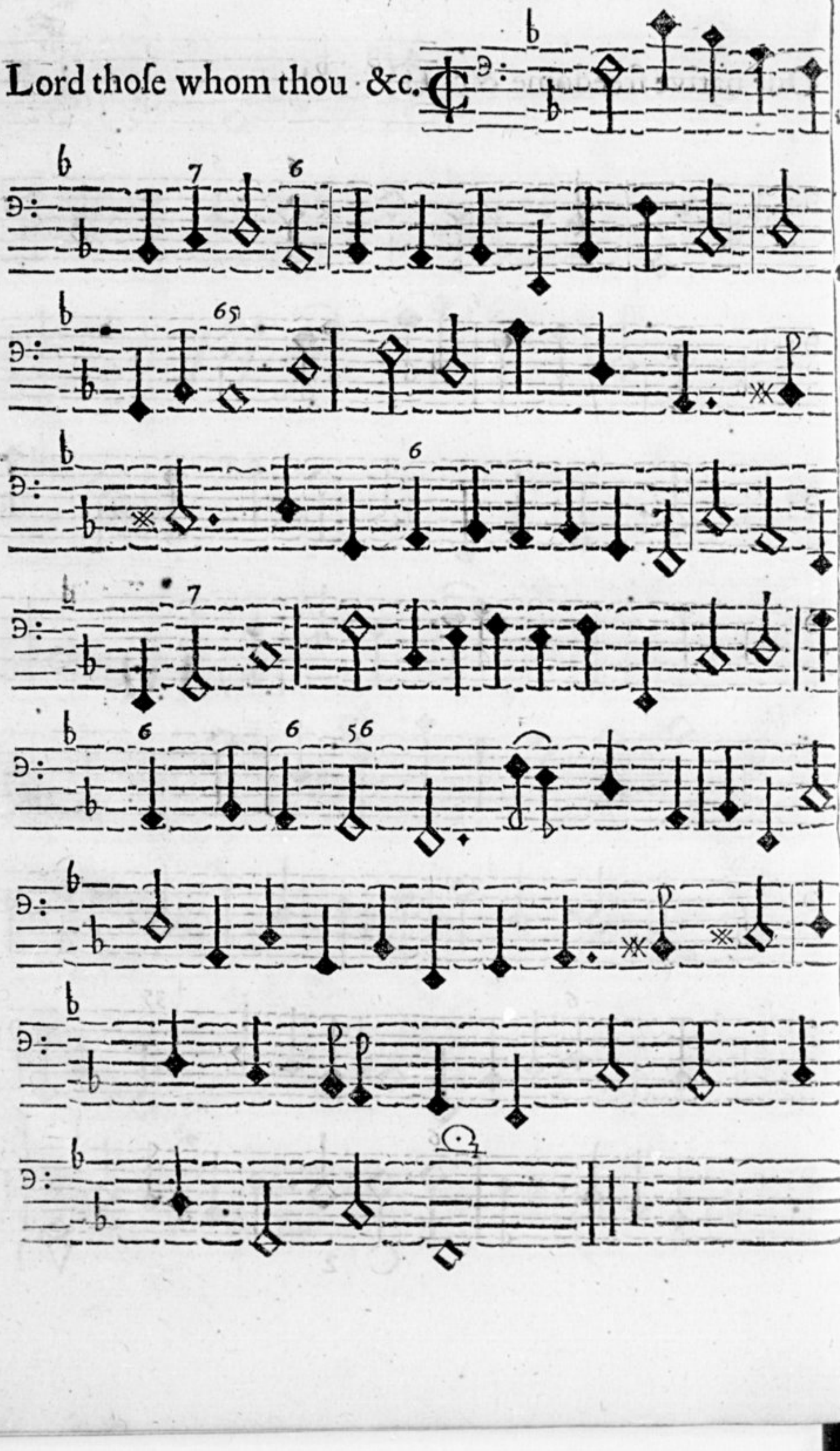
To thee my God &c.

VI.

Our native freedome &c.

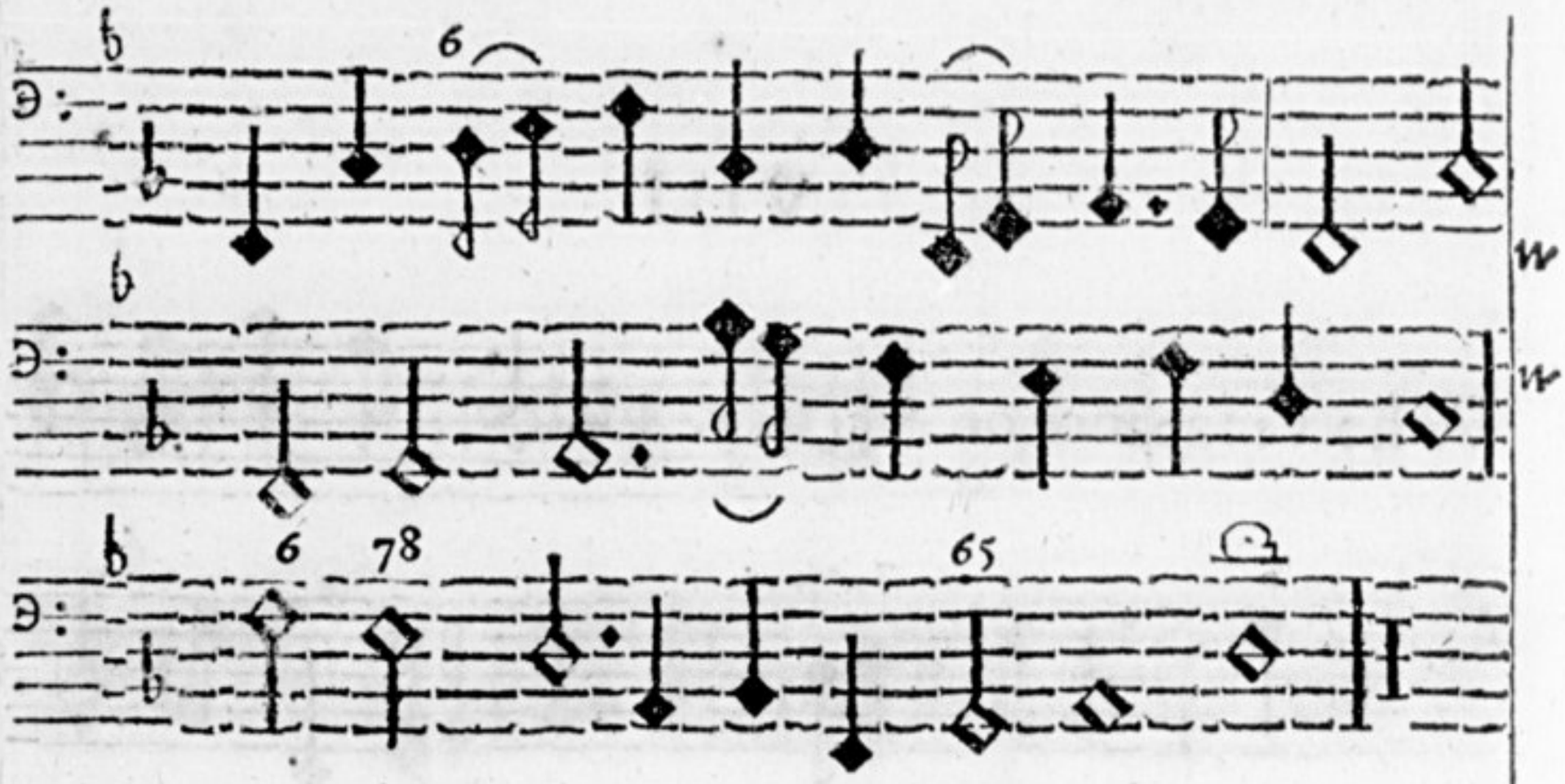
VII.

Lord those whom thou &c.



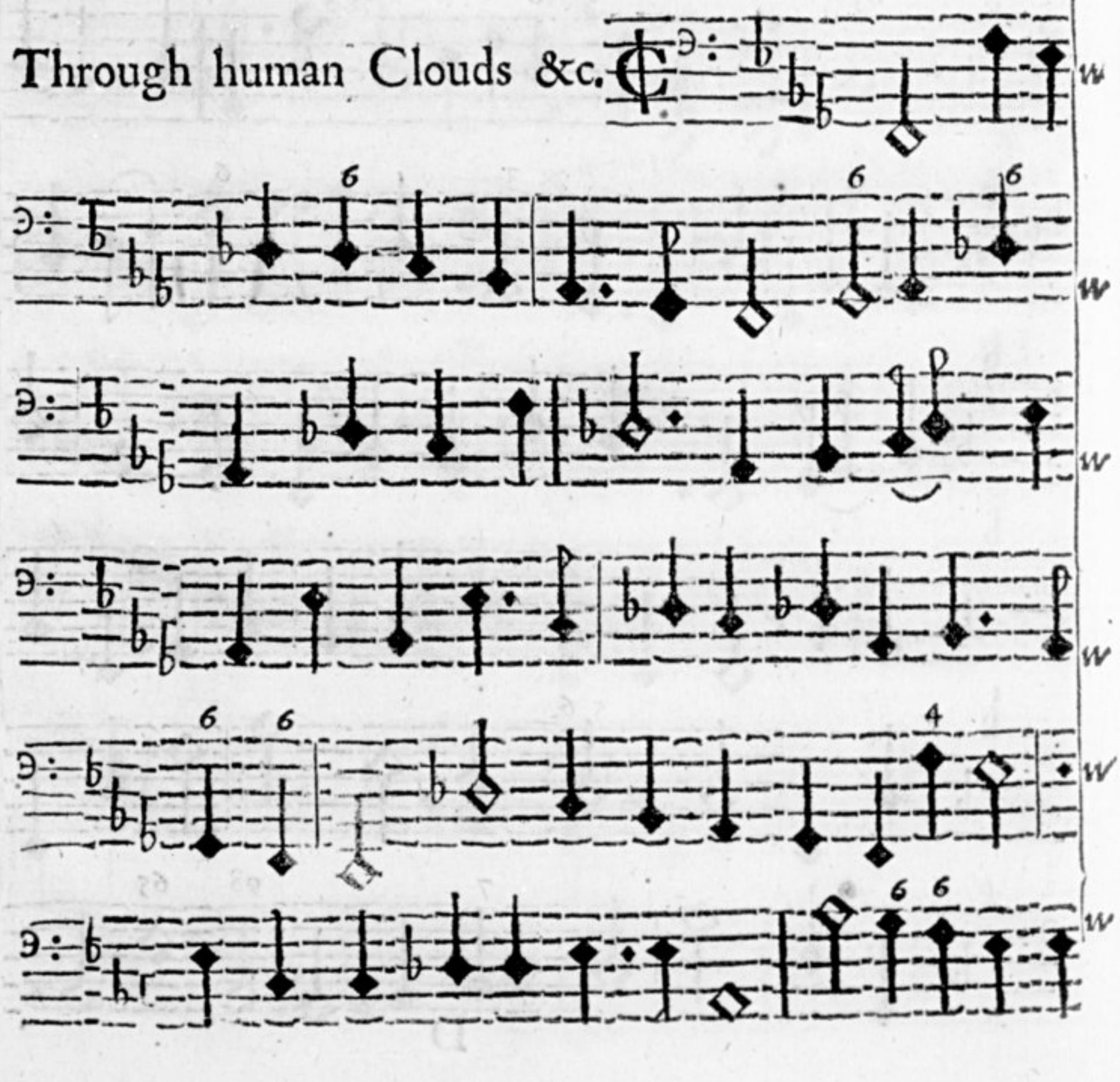
VIII.

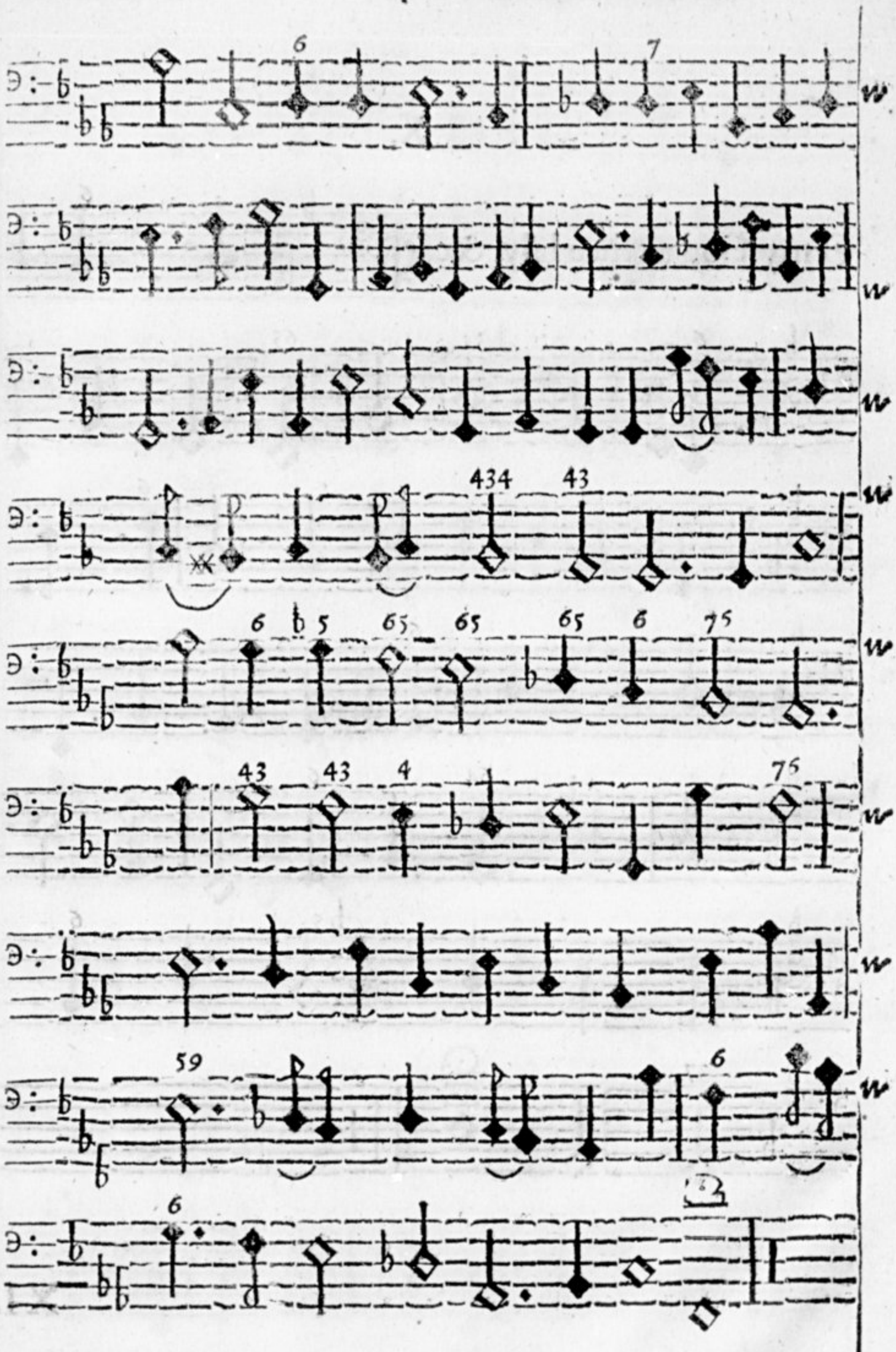
Who vengeance on &c.



IX.

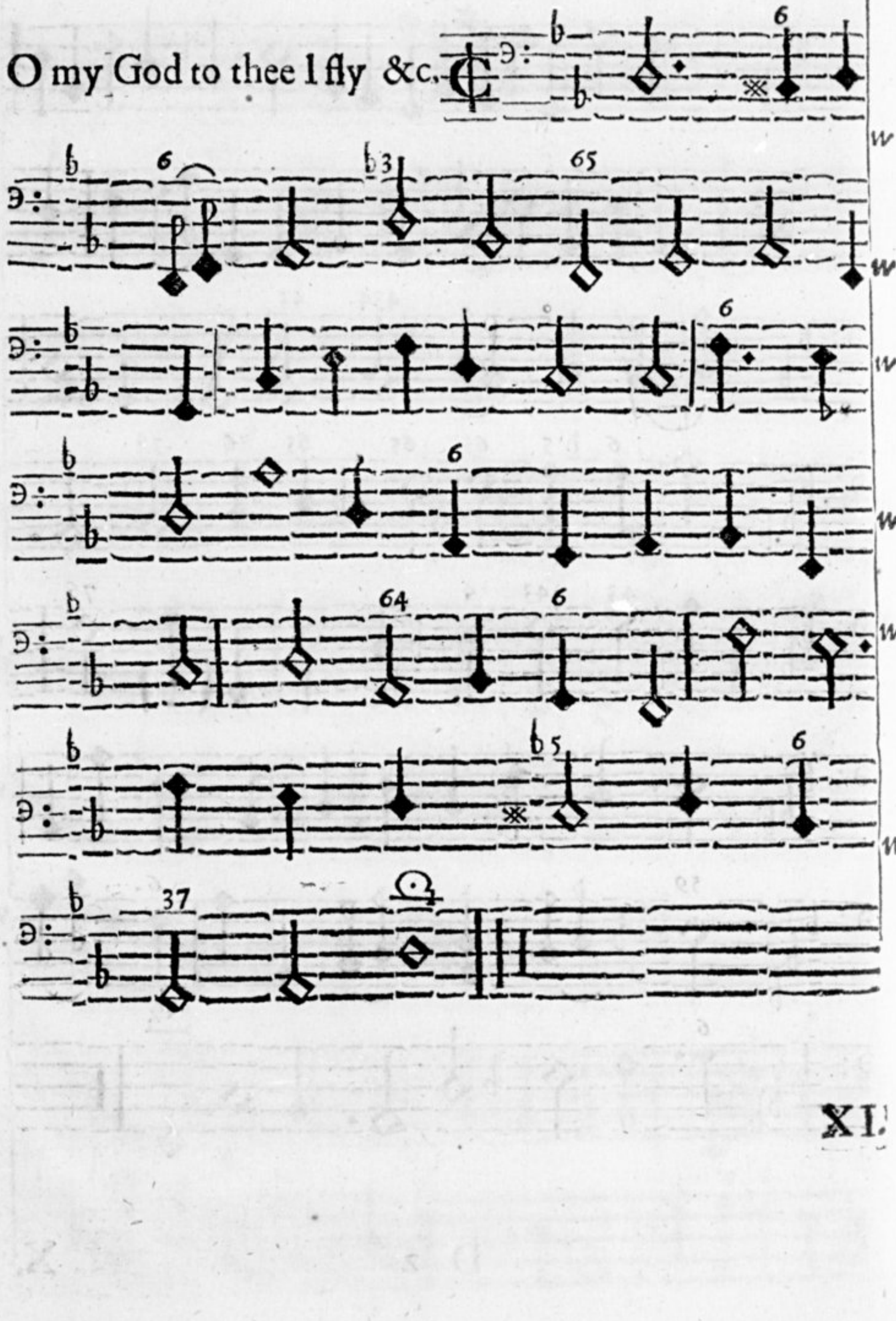
Through human Clouds &c.





X.

O my God to thee I fly &c.



XI.

Eternall wiſedome &c.

XII.

Thy mercies Lord &c.

XIII.

My troubles Lord &c.

XIV.

Lord I to thee direct my cries &c.

XV.

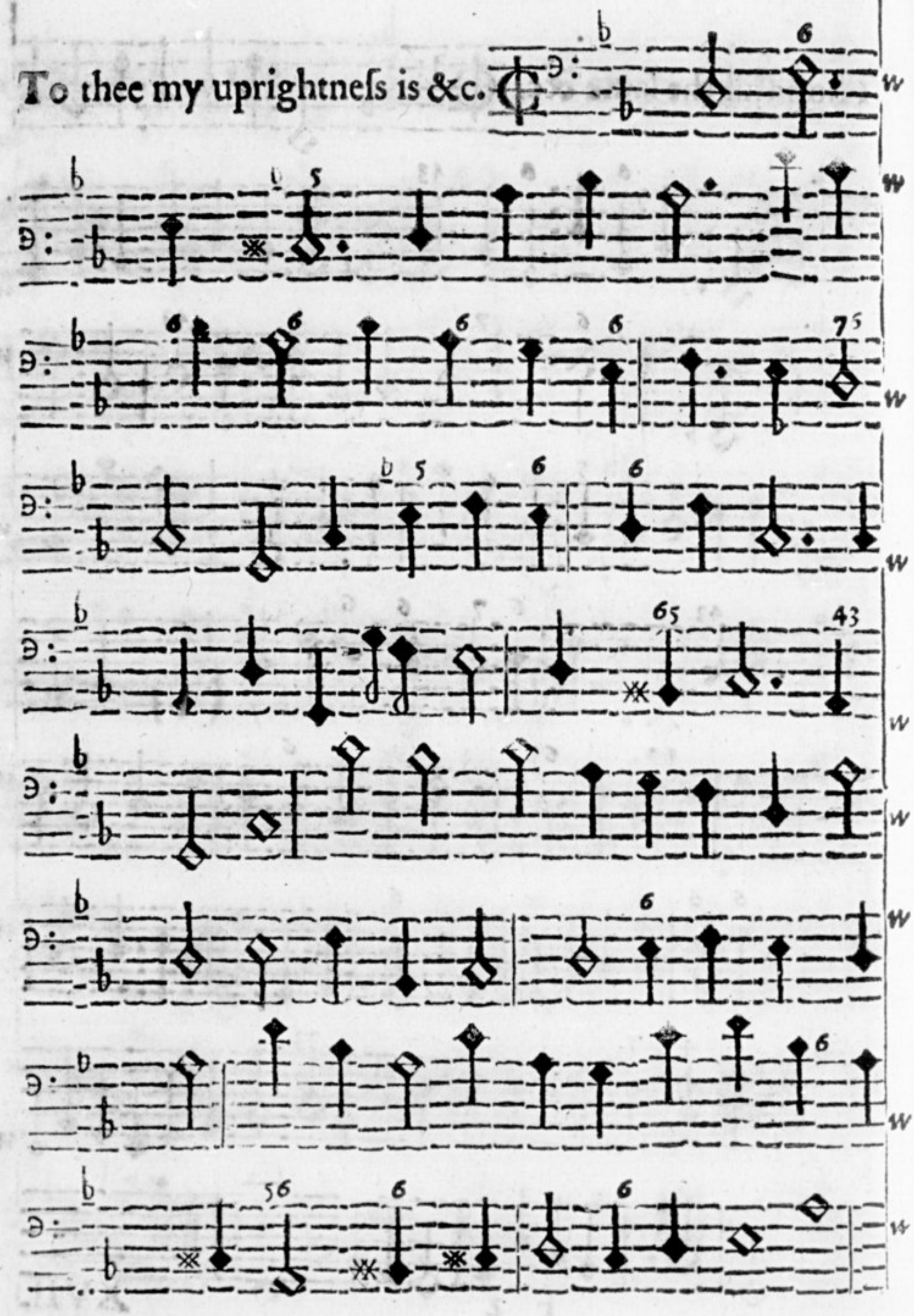
O Lord thou ſeeſt my wrongs &c.

XVI.

Thou still the same &c.

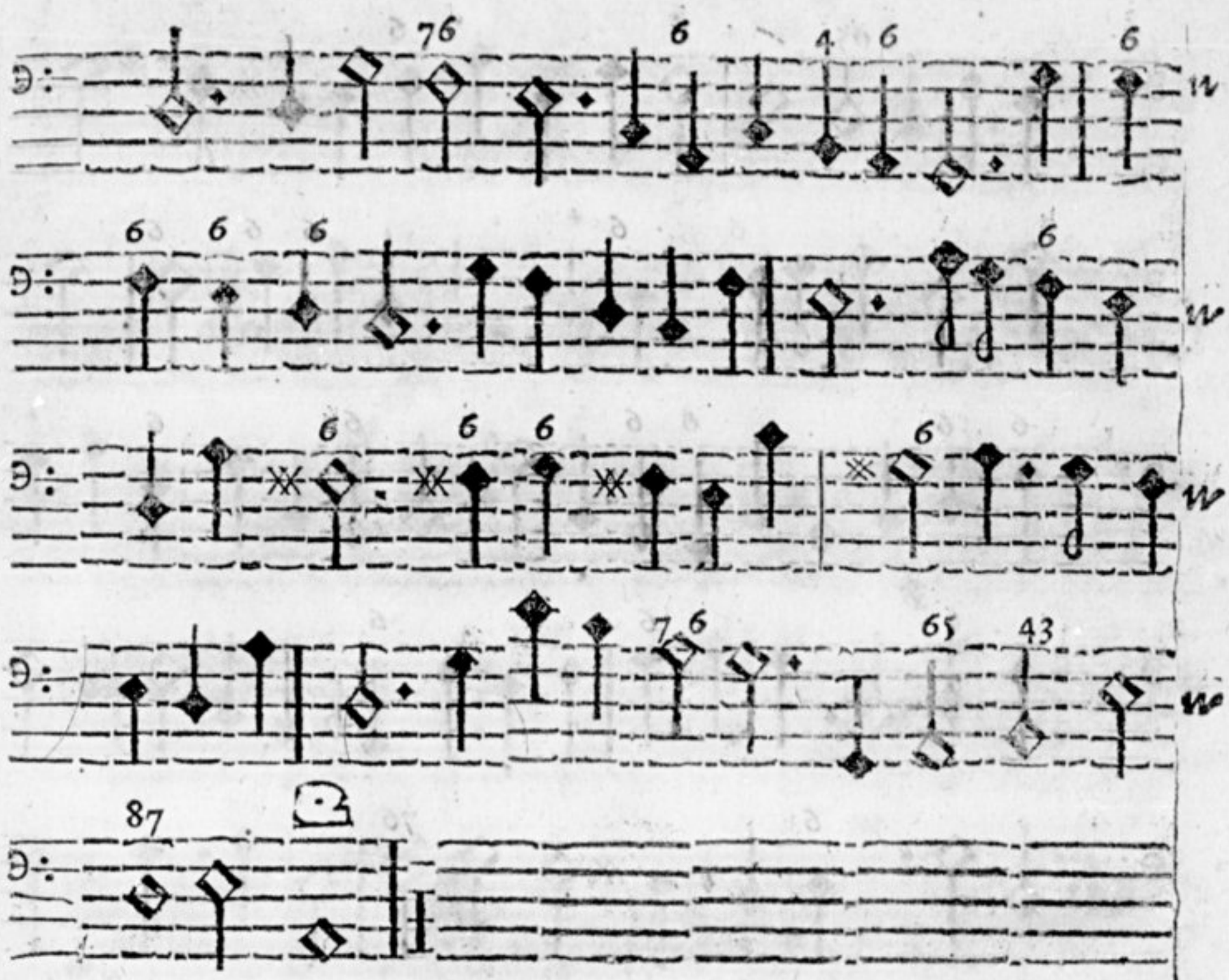
XVII.

To thee my uprightneſs is &c.



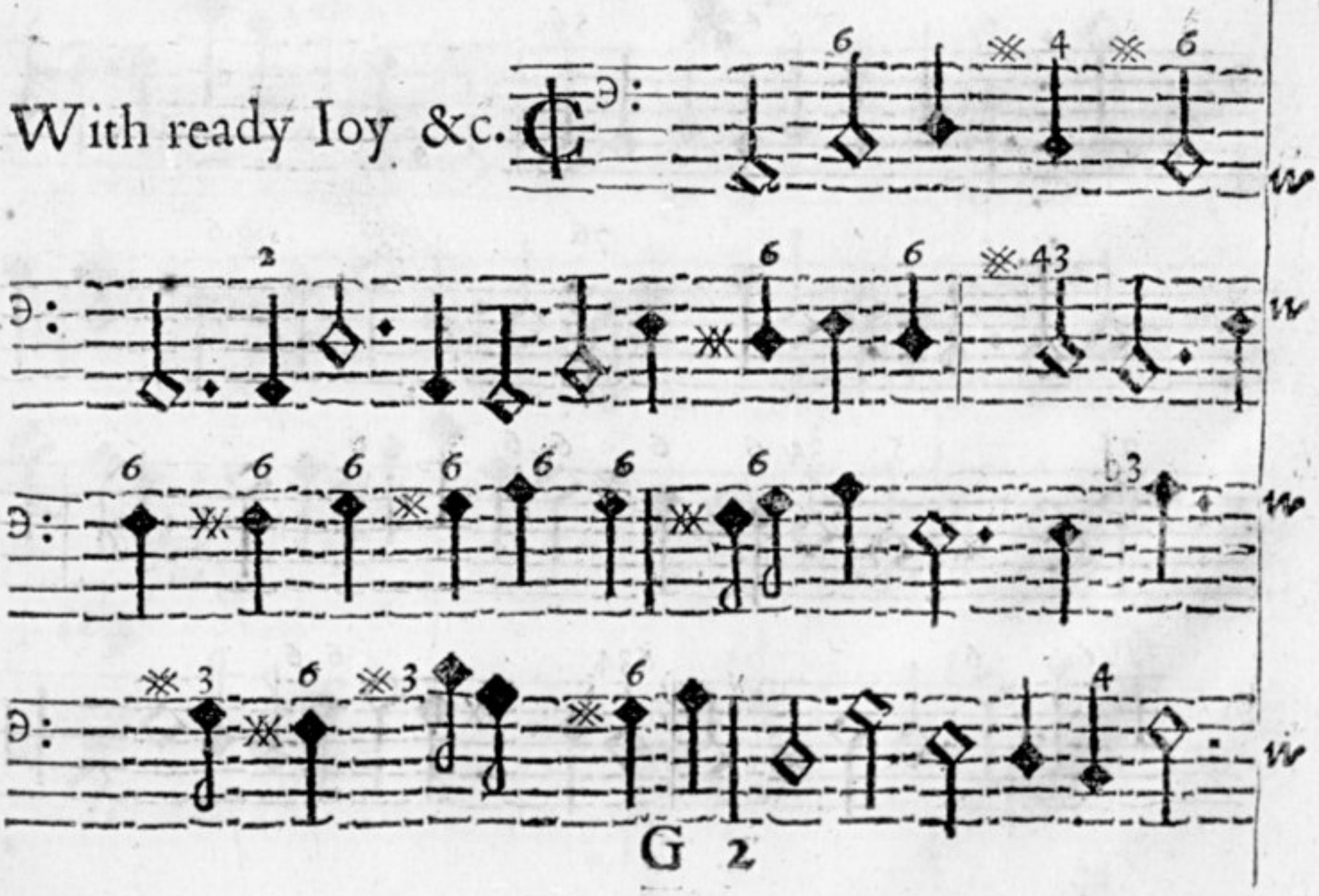
XVIII.

Of Peace and Reason Lord, &c.



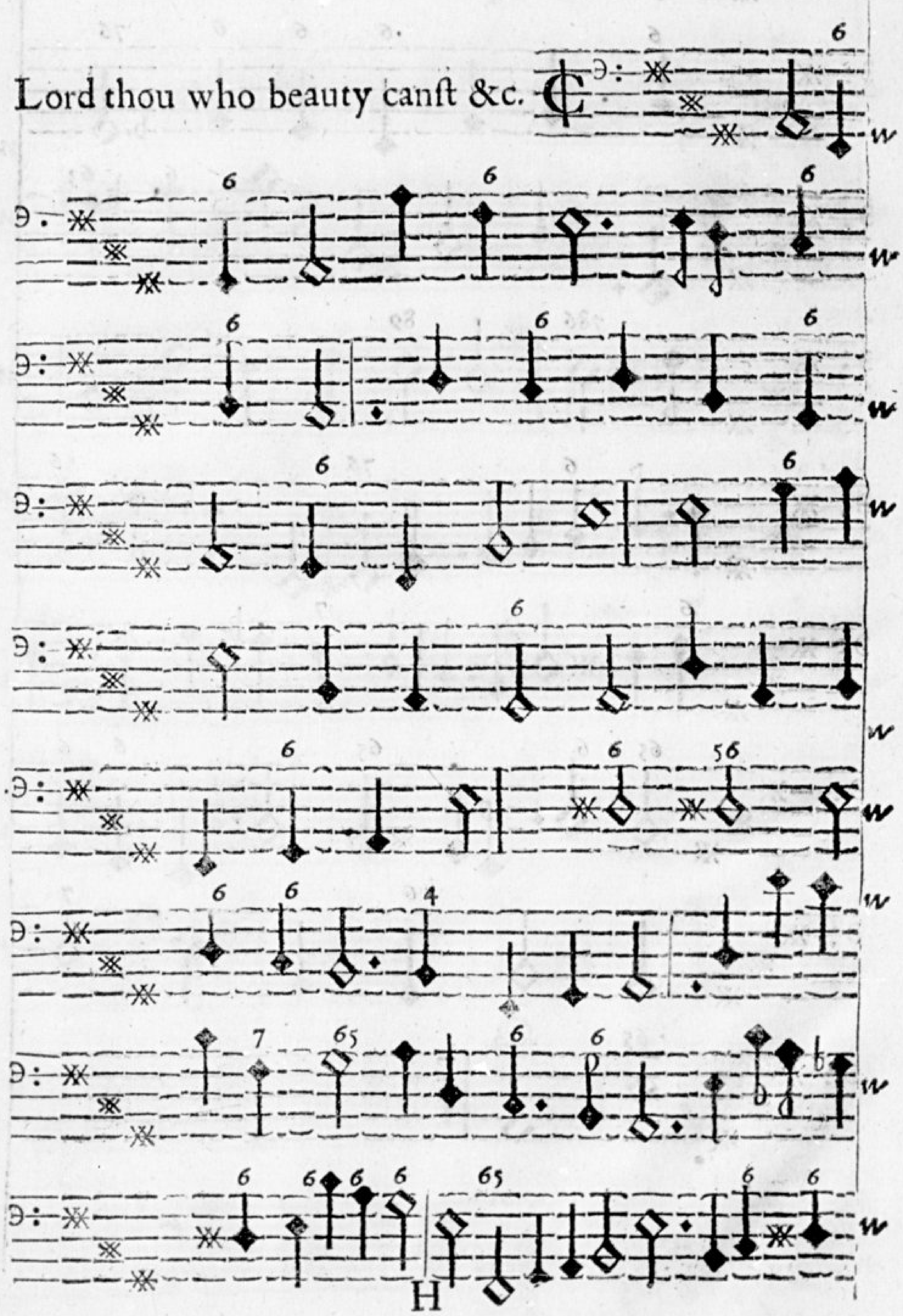
XIX.

With ready Ioy &c.



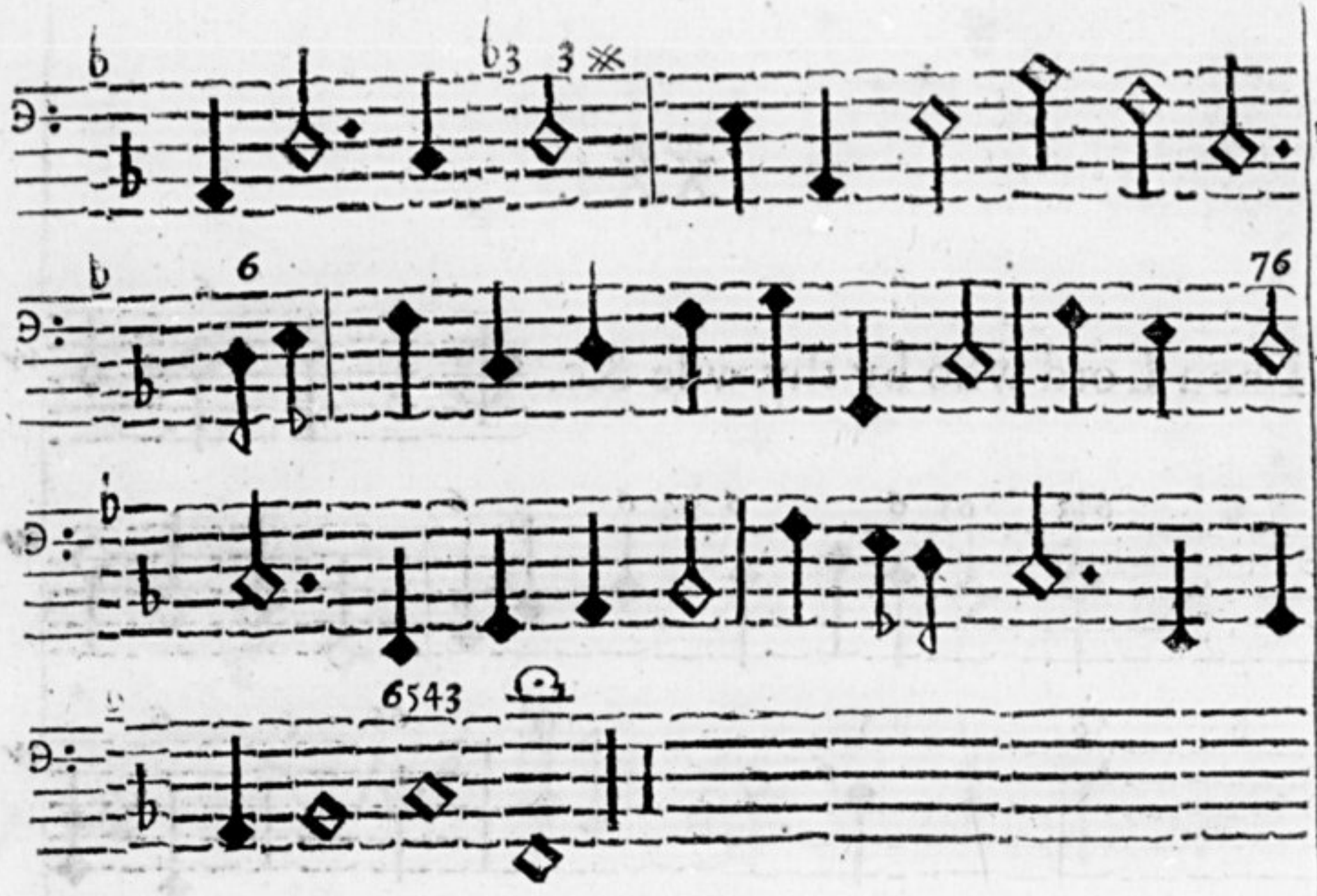
XX.

Lord thou who beauty canst &c.



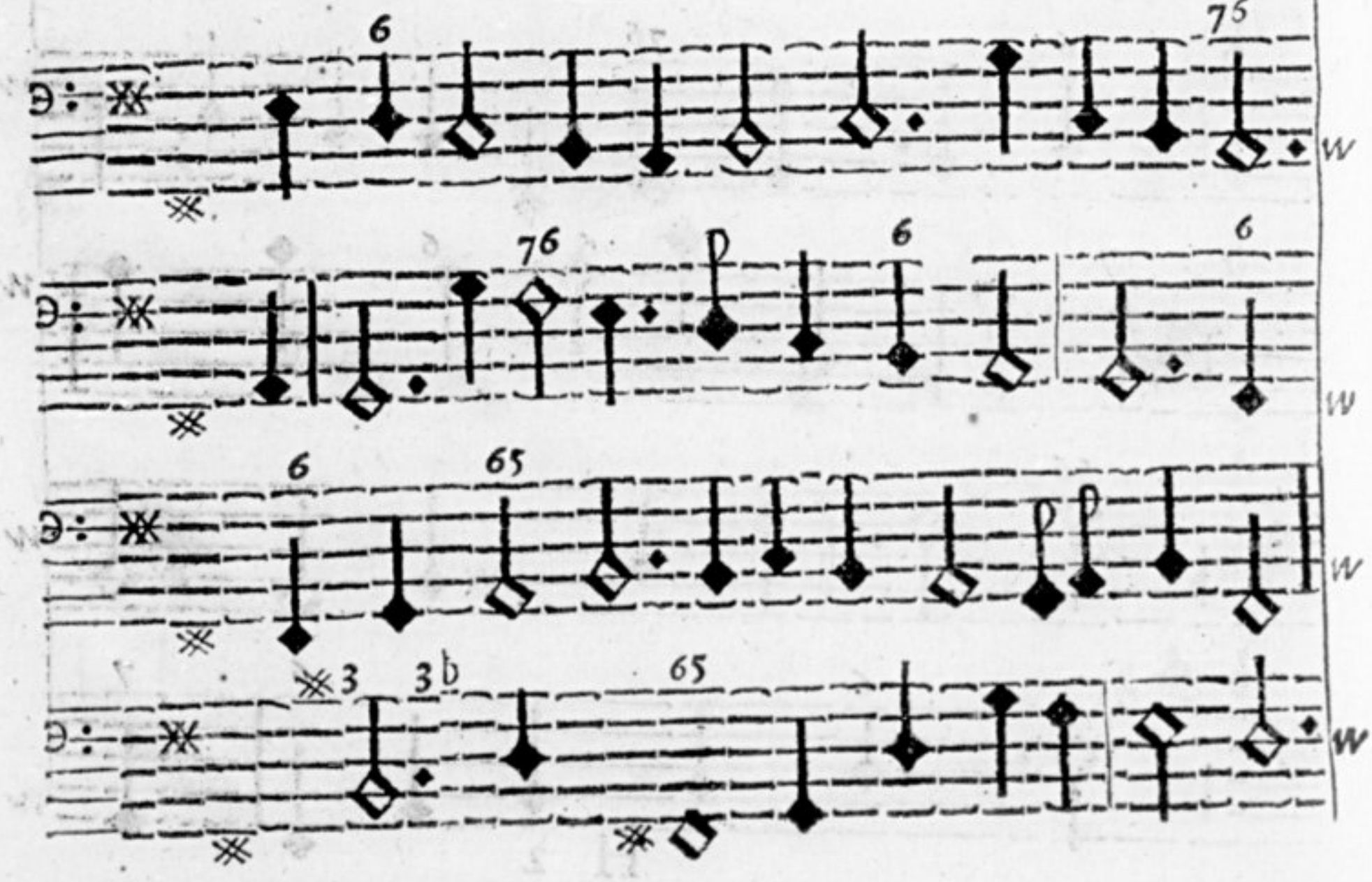
XXI.

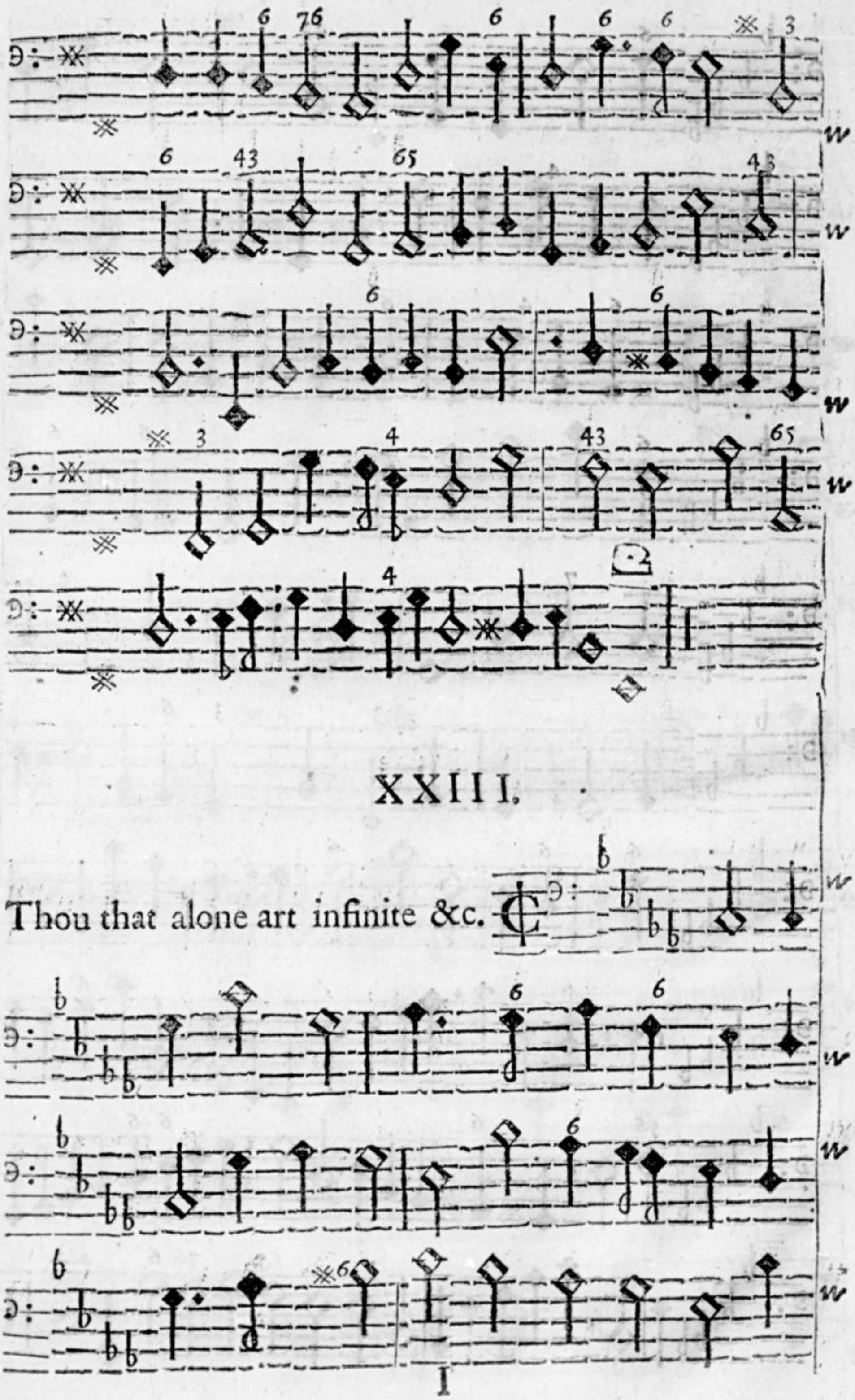
Thou Lord who by thy wiſe &c.



XXII.

Thou who all Souls, all Consciences &c.



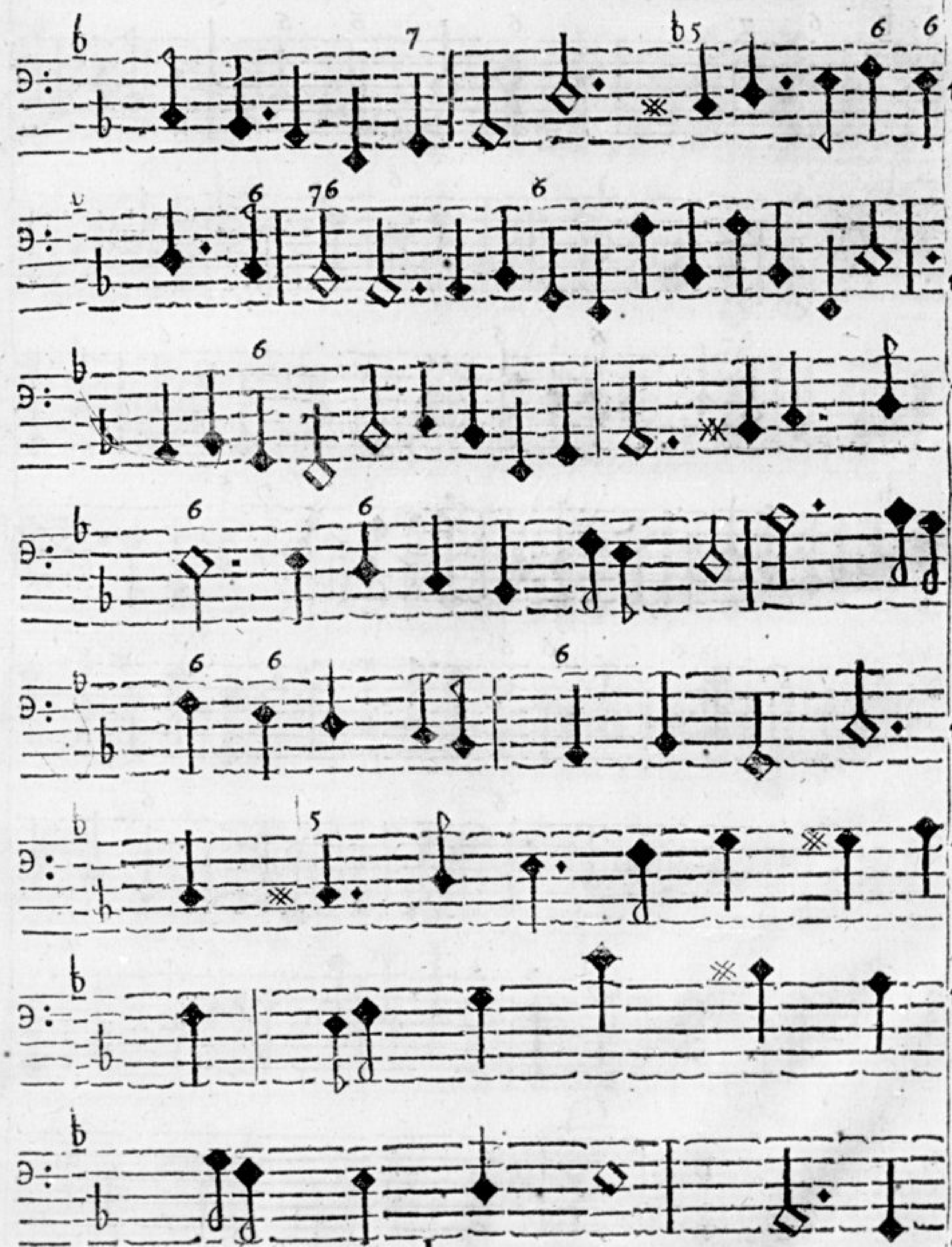


XXIII.

Thou that alone art infinite &c.

XXIV.

To thee my solitary pray'rs &c.

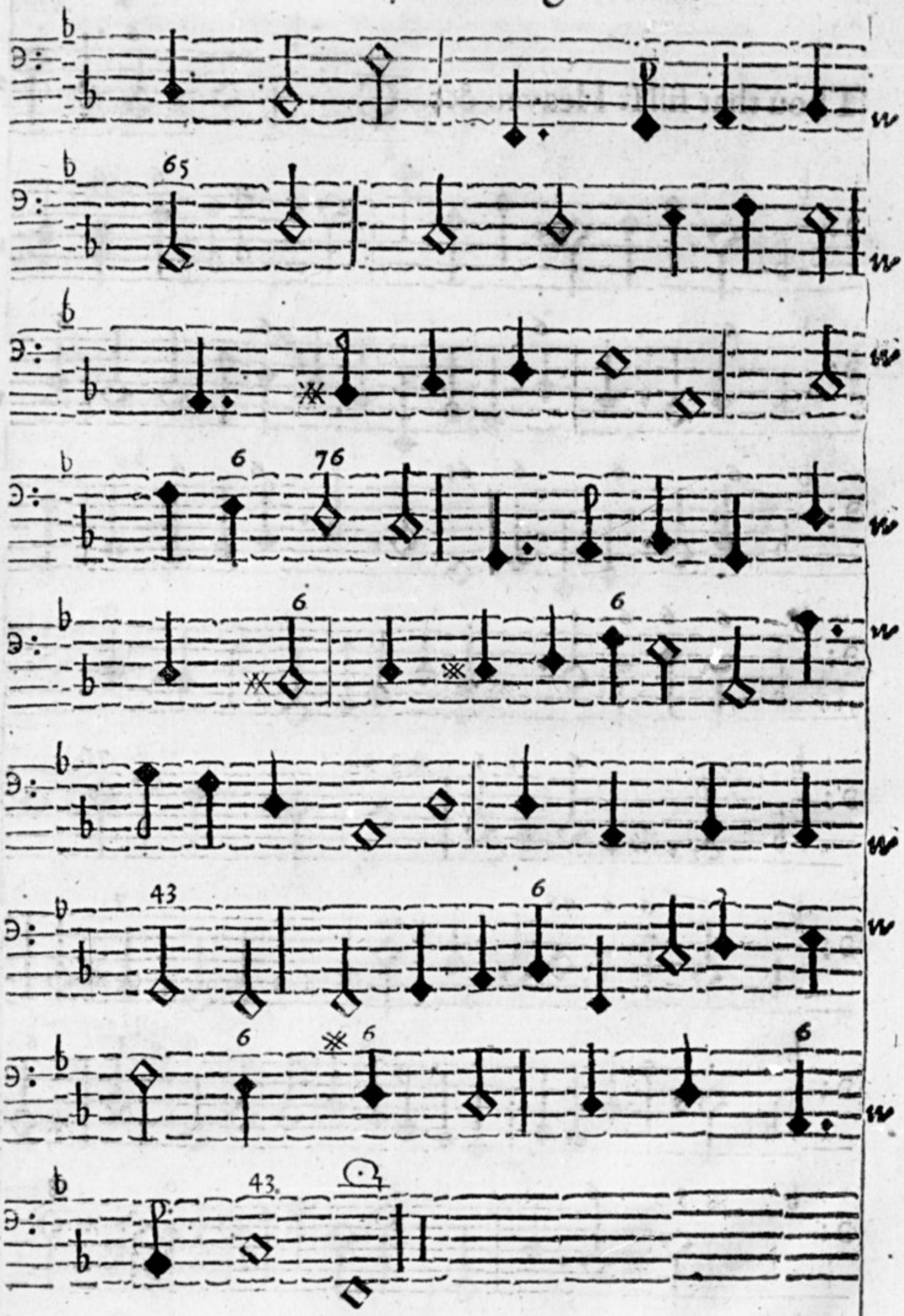


XXV.

My God, my King, incline &c.

XXVI.

Lord thou sacred Unity &c.



XXVII.

Thou that fill'st Heaven &c.

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 expresions 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 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' expreſs 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 *Wilſons* 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.