



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

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.



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

DEVOTIONS

SACRED MAJESTY

SOLITUDE

AND

SUBSTITUTION

Printed in York

Price 2s

When I was a child, with love I read

When I was a child, with love I read

I call to mind, and still I read

— This is the end of the world



LONDON

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



Psalterium Carolinum.

O D E . I .

Vpon his Majestie's calling the Parliament.



Hou Lord, hast made us see, that
pious thoughts
Of future reformation for past
faults ;
Nor satisfie thy justice ; or pre-
vent
Alwaies the strokes of thy dire pu-
nishment.

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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

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.

O D E II.

Vpon 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 Iudge, 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.

B

Lord

Psalterium Carolinum.

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

O D E III.

Vpon his Majesties going to the house of Commons.

Lord thou in Heav'n and in my heart
My witnesse art,
If to oppresse the Innocent
I ever meant,
Then let the 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 in 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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

Plead thou my cause, just Iudge defend me,
And joy in thy salvation send me.

O D E I I I I.

Vpon 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,
Danger my threatned soul furrounds.
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 raign:
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 for thy dear Son.

Psalterium Carolinum.

O D E V.

Vpon his Majesties passing the Bill for Triennial Parliaments.

TO thee, my God, I still appeal,
Whole 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 fullfillings of my joy.

I rais'd my own feares, theirs t'abate,
Unsetled 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 elsewere, with security.

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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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.

O D E VI.

Vpon his Majesties retirement from Westminster.

OUR native freedome, Lord, preserve,
Which bids our wills thy will obey :
Yet from our Conscience never swerve,
Whil'st mens Decrees with Law we weigh,
And Reason, nor of ought allow
But that, to which our judgements 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 :

Psalterium Carolinum.

Iust 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.

O D E VII.

Vpon 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 poy's 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 Glas display'd)
The mercies in his Blood convey'd ,
Whose life his Precepts sign'd:

Psalterium Carolinum.

May knowledge of Earths vain delights,
Ecclips'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.

O D E V I I I.

*Vpon 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 didst 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 wth no due afflictions weight.

Deprive me not of Theams so fit
For Mercy: but their sinns remit

Whose

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 Iudgement 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 Iustice 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^{nt}
With offer'd Clemency,
Sending thy Son to dye
For them who on his Death were bent.

Psalterium Carolinum.

May knowledge of Earths vain delights,
Ecclips'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.

O D E V I I I.

*Vpon 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 didst 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 wth no due afflictions weight.

Deprive me not of Theams so fit
For Mercy: but their sinns remit

Whose

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 Iudgement 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 Iustice 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^{nt}
With offer'd Clemency,
Sending thy Son to dye
For them who on his Death were bent.

Psalterium Carolinum.

O D E I X.

Vpon 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 Iudgements guide.

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

I never did (thou know'ft)
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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 clearness Refuge claims ;
Yet if my Blood
Can onely quench my Kingdoms flames,
Let my own Subjects sluice the Flood.

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

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

Psalterium Carolinum.

O D E X.

*Vpon 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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 might'st unthrone.
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 joyes my conduct be,
Which in fullness wait on thee.

O D E XI.

Vpon the Nineteen Propositions sent to the King.

ETernall wisdom armd with might,
With Truth and Right my Reason clear;
To which so 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?

E

Unjustly

Psalterium Carolinum.

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'ft, and the Self-wise
Entangl'ft 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'ft 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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

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

Since private words thy 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.

O D E XII.

Vpon the Rebellion and troubles in Ireland.

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.

Thou seest the cruelty that Christians use,
In the false colours of Religion dy'd;
As if the names of Christians they should lose,
Unless they one another crucify'd.

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 Balm redress.

Psalterium Carolinum.

Make not our sufferings less in thy esteem ;
And to our Conscience let our sins appear ,
As they in th' mirrour of thy judgements seem ;
Which to small crimes are never so severe.

Remove their numerous weight, and be appeas'd,
Yet then our sinns may they afflict us less :
More willing to repent than to be eas'd ,
With peace our Souls, & next our Kingdoms blest.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Not with the guilty thou the innocent ,
Nor th'erring , wilt with the malicious slay :

To

Psalterium Carolinum.

To Foes, through avarice on Slaughter bent,
Give not that poor seduced Realm away.

In the devouring Furnace 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.

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.

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.

O D E XIII.

Vpon 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.

F

Though

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 renew ;
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.

O D E XIV.

Vpon the Covenant.

L Ord, 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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-disguis'd fraud uncloud.
Things Holy tis a snare to take ,
And after Vowes enquiry make.

Affsist 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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 Treasons of my Foes,
In Sacrilege 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.

O D E X V.

*Vpon the Jealousies raised, and Scandalls cast upon
the King &c.*

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

My

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 my 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 ,
Curfes with blessings pay.

Shimei , when his envenom'd pride
Seem'd by thy judgements justifi'd,
 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 tounge;

G

Enflam'd

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 survey ;
Thy justice in their sin.

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

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

OBE

Psalterium Carolinum.

O D E X V I.

Vpon 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 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 pow'r 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:

Psalterium Carolinum.

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

Lord, chase 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.

O D E X V I I .

*Vpon the differences between the King, and the two Houses,
in point of Church-Government.*

TO thee my uprightnes is known ,
Who hast appointed me to own
Thy sacred Faiths 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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,

H

From

Psalterium Carolinum.

From ravenous men of reason void:
Who have old Bounds of Peace destroy'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.

O D E XVIII.

Vpon 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 our selves 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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;

O D E XIX.

Vpon the various events of War, Victories, and Defeats.

With ready joy oh let me, Lord! agree
To be orecome 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 succesfull 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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 mutuall 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.

O D E XX.

Vpon 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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.

O D E X X I.

Vpon 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.

I

Thou

Psalterium Carolinum.

Thou canst their Councells 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 see'st 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

Lord by thy Grace to Glory lead,
Which to Eternitie shall last.

ODE XXII.

*Vpon his Majesties leaving Oxford, and
going to the Scots.*

Thou, who all Souls, all Consciencs dost sway,
To thee I look dismay'd!
To thy Protection I commit my way.
Thou, who my life did'st aide,
Still in thy 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 perverseness 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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

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.

*Vpon 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 the 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 fordid 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

My strength and hopes are dissipated,
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.

O D E X X I I I I:

*Vpon 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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

Thou, Sun that beams of Righteousnes dost spread,
Thou sacred Spring of heavenly Light and heat,
Both warmth and clearness in my Heart beget,
Instruct, and for thy Servant intercede.

Fulness, 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 joine,
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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 flight.

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 possessest?

Thou didst the Widow's Meale and Oyle encrease,
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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

Yet better sterue 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 *Dauids* 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 ous distress.

Psalterium Carolinum:

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:

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 Councils 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 Glorys may attest,
Then shall my soul thy Prayse 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 Iustice 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 solempne 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

ODE XXVI.

*Vpon the Armies surprizall of the King at Holmeby, and
the Ensuing distractions in the two Houses, the
Armie, and the City,*

LOord, Thou sacred Unitie,
In an undivided Trine,
Those combin'd in Mercy see;
Whom thy Iustice 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.

Psalterium Carolinum.

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.

Guilt thy Iustice 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

Psalterium Carolinum.

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 taught.

But thou, Lord, canst with thy Care,
Me by suff'rings elevate;
Where thy Mercy's have more share,
Than thy Justice, or Mans hate.

Psalterium Carolinum.

O D E XXVII.

Meditations upon 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
Iustly 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

Pſalterium Carolinum.

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 ſuffred 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, extreames 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,

Psalterium Carolinum.

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.



FINIS.
