Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord, (hence in displeasure fled)
Upon the Rebellion and troubles in Ireland

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Eikon Basilike (1648) trans. Thomas Stanley in Psalterium Carolinum (1657)

John Wilson (1595-1674)
transcribed by R.H. Clark (b. 1944)
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

C Instr. I.

C Instr. II.

S. I

me and my torn Kingdoms I implore; Whose then our sins may they afflict us less: More ducing all to thy truth's saving ways; Who

S. II

me and my torn Kingdoms I implore; Whose then our sins may they afflict us less: More ducing all to thy truth's saving ways; Who

B.

me and my torn Kingdoms I implore; Whose then our sins may they afflict us less: More ducing all to thy truth's saving ways; Who

Kbd.

B.C.
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

C Instr. I.

C Instr. II.

S. I

loss we both too justly mer - it - ed, But
will - ing to rep - pent than to be eased, With
by mis - take or igno - rance have swerved, But

S. II

loss we both too justly mer - it - ed, But
will - ing to rep - pent than to be eased, With
by mis - take or igno - rance have swerved, But

B.

loss we both too justly mer - it - ed, But
will - ing to rep - pent than to be eased, With
by mis - take or igno - rance have swerved, But

Kbd.

B.C.
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

C Instr. I.

C Instr. II.

S. I

ne ve - er can de - serve thou shouldst re - store. Thou peace our souls, and next our King - dom bless. By pun - ish them who these com - bus - tions raise. Not

S. II

ne ve - er can de - serve thou shouldst re - store. Thou peace our souls, and next our King - dom bless. By pun - ish them who these com - bus - tions raise. Not

B.

ne ve - er can de - serve thou shouldst re - store. Thou peace our souls, and next our King - dom bless. By pun - ish them who these com - bus - tions raise. Not

Kbd.

B.C.
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

C Instr. I.

C Instr. II.

S. I

seest the cruelty that Christians use,
thy great mercy our offences drowned,
with the guilt thou the innocent,

S. II

seest the cruelty that Christians use,
thy great mercy our offences drowned,
with the guilt thou the innocent,

B.

seest the cruelty that Christians use,
thy great mercy our offences drowned,
with the guilt thou the innocent,

Kbd.

B.C.
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

In the false colours of Religion dyed. As
In the calm sea of our Redeemer’s blood: And
Nor the erring, wilt with the malicious slay: To

In the false colours of Religion dyed. As
In the calm sea of our Redeemer’s blood: And
Nor the erring, wilt with the malicious slay: To

In the false colours of Religion dyed. As
In the calm sea of our Redeemer’s blood: And
Nor the erring, wilt with the malicious slay: To
if the names of Christians they should lose, Un-
through the purple current of our own, Steer
foes, through avarice on slaughter bent, Give

if the names of Christians they should lose, Un-
through the purple current of our own, Steer
foes, through avarice on slaughter bent, Give

if the names of Christians they should lose, Un-
through the purple current of our own, Steer
foes, through avarice on slaughter bent, Give
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C Instr. I.

C Instr. II.

S. I

less they one another crucified. Since
us at last to plenty, peace and good. To
not that poor seduced realm away. In

S. II

less they one another crucified. Since
us at last to plenty, peace and good. To
not that poor seduced realm away. In

B.

less they one another crucified. Since
us at last to plenty, peace and good. To
not that poor seduced realm away. In

Kbd.

B.C.
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

C Instr. I.

C Instr. II.

S. I

we thy Truth and charity despised.
me a share of all the ills that press
the devouring furnace of thine ire,

S. II

we thy Truth and charity despised.
me a share of all the ills that press
the devouring furnace of thine ire,

B.

we thy Truth and charity despised.
me a share of all the ills that press
the devouring furnace of thine ire,

Kbd.

B.C.
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

Error and hatred now their rooms possess,
My subjects, doth my wide relation bring:
A race, that may thy mercy praise, maintain.

Deal

Give

My subjects, doth my wide relation bring:
A race, that may thy mercy praise, maintain.

Deal

Give
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

God, O pardon thou hast chastised. Our
me a pious sense of their distress, Such
not with me as men's untruths require, But

God, O pardon thou hast chastised. Our
me a pious sense of their distress, Such
not with me as men's untruths require, But

God, O pardon thou hast chastised. Our
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God, O pardon thou hast chastised. Our
me a pious sense of their distress, Such
not with me as men's untruths require, But

Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)
wounds with penitential balm redress:
as my guiltless hands are free from stain.

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as my guiltless hands are free from stain.

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as my guiltless hands are free from stain.

Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)
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Make not our sufferings less in thy esteem,
Let the reproachful breath their malice spreads,
If I have fought or loved my kingdom's woes,
and to our conscience let our sins appear,
Kindle in me compassionate desires: My
Nor did my studies faithfully employ, These

and to our conscience let our sins appear,
Kindle in me compassionate desires: My
Nor did my studies faithfully employ, These

and to our conscience let our sins appear,
Kindle in me compassionate desires: My
Nor did my studies faithfully employ, These

and to our conscience let our sins appear,
Kindle in me compassionate desires: My
Nor did my studies faithfully employ, These
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

C Instr. I.

C Instr. II.

S. I

they in the mirror of thy judgments seem,
Which to charity heap coals upon their heads,
Whose zeal
bloody wild distractions to compose,
Then let

S. II

they in the mirror of thy judgments seem,
Which to charity heap coals upon their heads,
Whose zeal
bloody wild distractions to compose,
Then let

B.

they in the mirror of thy judgments seem,
Which to charity heap coals upon their heads,
Whose zeal
bloody wild distractions to compose,
Then let

Kbd.

B.C.
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

verses 1, 2, and 3

small crimes are never so severe.

ous cruelty my kingdom sires.

thy hand my father's house destroy.
4. That I have foes enough thou Lord dost see,
Ode XII. Thy mercies Lord (hence in displeasure fled)

I durst not call thy curse on me and mine, Were

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I not guiltless to my self and thee; Thy mercies

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are my trust: thy wrath decline.