Ode XIV. Lord I to thee direct my cries.
Upon the Covenant.

1. Lord I to thee direct my cries, My subjects for ward oaths remit.
2. Assist thy servant to withstand Rapis in volved in perjury:
3. Let no vain public indi gence, The Church from her endowments sev'r,
4. No hal lowed things let swine divide, Nor dogs devour the Church's bread:

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

John Wilson (1595-1674)
transcribed by R.H. Clark (b. 1944)

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Ode XIV. Lord I to thee direct my cries

C Ins. I
Nor ever let me wear the brand Of having robbed the Church and thee. Since
The State, by peaceful providence, May theirs regain the Church can nev’r: Whilst
But grin and snarl unsatisfied. Whilst all that have already fed Death

C Ins. II

S. I
Quick-en their sense of those firm ties, By law upon their conscience knit, With
Nor ever let me wear the brand Of having robbed the Church and thee. Since
The State, by peaceful providence, May theirs regain the Church can nev’r: Whilst
But grin and snarl unsatisfied. Whilst all that have already fed Death

S. II

B.
Quick-en their sense of those firm ties, By law upon their conscience knit, With
Nor ever let me wear the brand Of having robbed the Church and thee. Since
The State, by peaceful providence, May theirs regain the Church can nev’r: Whilst
But grin and snarl unsatisfied. Whilst all that have already fed Death

Kbd.

B.C.
Ode XIV. Lord I to thee direct my cries

C Ins. I

C Ins. II

S. I

which no pi - ous, no pre - tence Of re - for - ma - tion can dis - pense:
what to us thy boun - ty gives, From us thy cle - men - cy re - ceives.
chari - ty is thought a vice, Re - li - gion placed in a va - rience.
in those sa - cred mor - sels find, And leave a rot - ten name be - hind.

S. II

which no pi - ous, no pre - tence Of re - for - ma - tion can dis - pense:
what to us thy boun - ty gives, From us thy cle - men - cy re - ceives.
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B.

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chari - ty is thought a vice, Re - li - gion placed in a va - rience.
in those sa - cred mor - sels find, And leave a rot - ten name be - hind.

Kbd.

B.C.
Ode XIV. Lord I to thee direct my cries

Religion owns no injury, No sacrifice by thee allowed, Though
Though my revenues are decreased, My debts enlarged, my treasures drained, Let
Let them who in thy Temple serve, What pious donors gave, enjoy: And
Lo I break the treasons of my foes, In sacrifice confederate: Dis-

Religion owns no injury, No sacrifice by thee allowed, Though
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Ode XIV. Lord I to thee direct my cries

masked with hate to i-do-la-try. Their zeal dis-guis-ed fraud un-cloud: Things
not my wants, by such un-bless'd ra-pines, con-sent to be sus-tained: Lest
(join the hearts and tongues of those Who ban-dy 'gainst the Church and State. Let

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Ode XIV. Lord I to thee direct my cries

from thy altar fall a coal, And fire at once my throne and soul.
Priests in righteousness arrayed, The hunger of the poor alayed.
all the world their folly see, And in my clearness succour me.

ho-ly 'tis a snare to take, And after vows in qui-ry make.