Ode XIX. With ready joy O let me, Lord, agree
(Upon the various events of war, victories, and defeats)

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

John Wilson (1595-1674)
transcribed by R.H. Clark (b. 1944)
peace, come and when to thou re wilt have it so: Instruct me in the noblest victory, By peace, and to restore it blest. That all subdued by reason's pow'r may boast, A

That in all subdued by reason's pow'r may boast, A

By reason's pow'r may boast, A

By reason's pow'r may boast, A
Ode XIX. With ready joy O let me, Lord, agree

patience to subdue myself and foe; Conquests, like Christ's, a Christian King best show.
mutual conquest, common strife suppressed in public union, our joyful interest.
Ode XIX. With ready joy O let me, Lord, agree

Mould us to pi-e-ty be-twixt thy hands; Pressed by thy left, sup-port-éd by thy right.

But if as sins of peace pro-voked this war, Peace for the sins of war thou shouldst de-ny,

Mould us to pi-e-ty be-twixt thy hands; Pressed by thy left, sup-port-éd by thy right.

Mould us to pi-e-ty be-twixt thy hands; Pressed by thy left, sup-port-éd by thy right.
Ode XIX. With ready joy O let me, Lord, agree

Par-don the pride of our success-ful bands, And the re-pi-nings of our luck-less fight; When
Ma-king our mis-er-ies more cir-cul-ar: Yet let thy ser-vant midst these brawls en-joy That
(trust-ing in our own) de-nied thy might. When we are ought or no-thing, be thou all; That thy peace the world nor gives, nor can de-stroy. To me im pute not, Lord! the pur-ple flood, Shed with
Ode XIX. With ready joy O let me, Lord, agree

wide glo- ries the whole world may fill, Or in our con- quest or in- glo- rious fall. Thou
un- will- ing grief in my de- fence. But wash me in my Sa- viour's pre- cious Blood: By

wide glo- ries the whole world may fill, Or in our con- quest or in- glo- rious fall. Thou

wide glo- ries the whole world may fill, Or in our con- quest or in- glo- rious fall. Thou

wide glo- ries the whole world may fill, Or in our con- quest or in- glo- rious fall. Thou
know-est what regret I suffer ill, From those whose good's the scope of all my will. The whom, my troubles hope a quick dispense; For short are impious joys, and confidence.

know-est what regret I suffer ill, From those whose good's the scope of all my will. The

know-est 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 vanquished, since a double share
Of certain suffering doth my hope displace,
Ode XIX. With ready joy O let me, Lord, agree

Grant me a double portion of thy grace.

Grant me a double portion of thy grace.

Grant me a double portion of thy grace.