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THE PSALMISTS OF BRITAIN.



THE  
PSALMISTS OF BRITAIN.

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RECORDS,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY,  
OF  
UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY AUTHORS,  
WHO HAVE RENDERED THE WHOLE OR PARTS OF  
THE BOOK OF PSALMS,  
INTO ENGLISH VERSE.  
WITH  
SPECIMENS OF THE DIFFERENT VERSIONS,  
AND A GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

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The Prophet David King of Israel,  
Compyld the pleasant Psalmes of the Psalter,  
In his own proper tongue, as I here tell  
And Solomon, which was his son and heir,  
Did make his Book into his tongue vulgar,  
Why should not their sayings be to us shown  
In our language?—I would the cause were known.

*Sir David Lindsay*

VOL. I.

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## P R E F A C E.

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A leading object in the design of these volumes was the compilation of a Memorial of those Authors who have either directly taken an interest in our National Psalmody, or incidentally contributed thereto; and at the same time to exhibit, in something like chronological sequence, such historical, biographical, poetical and other notices, as the progress of the subject might suggest. It appeared that the former end would be appropriately accomplished by a selection from Versions of the Psalms themselves, under the name of the versifier of each specimen respectively; while, in the second place, such an arrangement, if at all judiciously carried out, might be made to illustrate the progress of our sacred poetry—so far at least as one species of it is concerned; and perhaps also in some slight degree indicate the changes which our language has

undergone in the course of nearly a thousand years ;—the whole tending to shew to what extent Metrical Versions of the Psalms have been executed in Great Britain, and, by examples, to enable the “unlearned” reader to appreciate the claims of each labourer in this long-cultivated field of devotional literature.

In reference to Prose Versions of the Psalms, it may perhaps have been taken for granted, by persons little conversant with the subject, that the history of them must be identical with the history of translations of the Bible. This, however, is by no means the case. In almost all ages of the Christian Church, and especially before the Reformation, and cheap printing, had placed the entire Scriptures generally within the reach of every one, the “Psalter” was translated, transcribed and read by religious persons, for reasons similar to those which induced the compilers of the admirable Liturgy of the Church of England to incorporate it with her daily offices of public worship. Hence, however uncommon it might be to find copies of the Old or New Testaments in Monastic Libraries, curiously illuminated Psalters were often met with—several of which are still in existence. The Romish Church did not, indeed, recite the whole of the Psalms even in her Altar Services, but only a small number, imposing

upon her members, however, in a variety of ways, the obligation of singing them, as well by the Priests as the Laity, and charging upon the latter more particularly the reading of those usually termed "Penitential," on which account copies of these were more common than of the entire book.

In favour of the propriety and importance of Congregational Psalmody, as a part of Public Worship, we have not only the concurrent opinion of theologians generally, as well as the almost universal practice of Protestant Christendom at least, but also the labours of a succession of versifiers of the whole or portions of the Psalter, from the era of the Reformation to the present time. Any formal examination or defence of the question affecting the abstract propriety of singing as a mode of Christian devotion, comes not immediately within the scope of this volume; nor can the subject itself, as one so generally settled in the minds and illustrated by the practice of most of the professors of religion in this country, have much interest with general readers. It may, however, be presumed to be far otherwise with respect to the merits or peculiarities of those numerous Metrical Versions, which have at different periods, during about three centuries past more especially, made their appearance in Britain: still more naturally may a reasonable

curiosity be allowed to prompt the desire to know something of the individuals to whose labours the Church has been so greatly indebted, or the gratification of particular readers indulged. To meet such reasonable desire, and at the same time to do honour to those to whom it refers, has been, as already mentioned, a leading inducement in undertaking the present work—added to which, a strong personal affection for the task, a desire to raise a monument in honour of the parties noticed, must be especially acknowledged. It is true, some of the stones of this monument, like those which distinguish the Tudor architecture, are rather quaint than graceful—rather to be admired than imitated—be it so : but surely the poet, as well as the sculptor, may deserve credit, if not for the display of correct taste either in design or execution, yet at least for embodying the expression of a profound, and often a devout sincerity of purpose.

The precise number of names introduced into these pages, as corresponding so nearly with the number of the Psalms, is, of course, an arbitrary affair : it originated partly in a striking coincidence, suggesting the idea of marking each of the one hundred and fifty compositions of the Psalter, with the name of a different individual, to whose memory or labours it seemed proper to pay respect. I am

not unaware that but little sympathy can be expected for a subject like this from the great bulk of general readers. Psalmody, in its literature, must, at the best, be all well, be sufficiently alien to the modern taste for unnaturally exciting fiction, and for the most part its authors have been at a still further remove from those who have mingled the stimulating ingredients of a fashionable style. Nor can a more favourable reception for these monuments be anticipated from more advanced circles of music, vocal or instrumental. For there are thousands who derive a deep enjoyment from the effort produced, as Milton says, by the sweet Organ stop, "writing on elegant voices" — who seem to me with indifference, not to say distrust, to read and to recite the individual who, peradventure, says a little more for the Psalm. The splendour of the composition, however striking it may be, will, perhaps speaking generally, be said to address itself to the intellect rather than to the sense.

Metrical Versions of the Psalms may be referred, for the most part, to three classes.

1. Those which comprise the entire Book, and which, whatever their merits, must be recognised as possessing a claim to respect, at least from the extent and bearing of such an undertaking, if on no other account; there is, all the same, a sober sense in such a subject, which, in a measure, should be admitted to

curiosity be allowed to prompt the desire to know something of the individuals to whose labours the Church has been so greatly indebted, or the gratification of particular readers indulged. To meet such reasonable desire, and at the same time to do honour to those to whom it refers, has been, as already mentioned, a leading inducement in undertaking the present work—added to which, a strong personal affection for the task, a desire to raise a monument in honour of the parties noticed, must be especially acknowledged. It is true, some of the stones of this monument, like those which distinguish the Tudor architecture, are rather quaint than graceful—rather to be admired than imitated—be it so: but surely the poet, as well as the sculptor, may deserve credit, if not for the display of correct taste either in design or execution, yet at least for embodying the expression of a profound, and often a devout sincerity of purpose.

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not unaware that but little sympathy can be expected for a subject like this, from the great bulk of general readers. Psalmody, in its literature, must, at the best, be allowed to be sufficiently alien to the modern taste for unnaturally-exciting fiction: and for the most part, its authors have been at a still further remove from those who have mingled the stimulating ingredients of a fashionable style. Nor can a more favourable reception for these memorials be anticipated from mere admirers of music, vocal or instrumental. For there are thousands who derive a deep enjoyment from the effect produced, as Milton says, by the “soft Organ-stop waiting on elegant voices,” who will turn with indifference, not to say disdain, from any notice of the individual who, peradventure, arranged *the words* of the Psalm—the only element of the composition, however thrilling it may be, which, properly speaking, can be said to address itself to the noble part of man—his reason.

Metrical Versions of the Psalms may be referred, for the most part, to three classes:—

1. Those which comprise the entire Book, and which, whatever their merits, must be recognised as possessing a claim to respect, at least from the extent and bearing of such an undertaking, if on no other account: there is, moreover, a sober sense, in which such an achievement should be admitted to

constitute, with godly readers of verse, a specific reputation.

2. Versions of portions of the Psalter, by Poets, whose general renown secures an adventitious but abiding interest in these partial communings with the Harp of David; these fragments are in some instances the evidences of more extended designs.

3. Single or select Psalms rendered into verse by persons otherwise wholly or nearly unknown as Poets. Specimens of this class, as they have not seldom been the production of at least a fervent interest in the subject by individuals of piety or taste, so there are to be found among them, as is the case more largely with occasional Hymns composed by such individuals, some gems of rare lustre.

Metrical Versions of the Psalms themselves, and apart from considerations of poetical merit, exhibit a still greater variety of characteristic differences. Of course, no reflecting reader can require to be more than reminded that the translation of ideas, religious or otherwise, originally clothed in any given language, into the verbiage of another language, cannot be effected without those ideas suffering some deterioration by the process; and in most conceivable cases, this consequence will be almost inevitable, when to the simple difficulty of selecting the terms of the exotic vehicle of thought, is superadded that



of their arrangement in lines, according to some form of rythmical consonance. Hence, a prose translation of any author, must always have the advantage *cæteris paribus* over a poetical one, of fidelity at least: and on this account, especially when the similarity of the idiom of the English language to the Hebrew is taken into the account, it need not surprise us if the prose translation of the Psalms in our authorised Version be found to exhibit a degree of vigour and effect, which no Metrical rendering has yet equalled.

Of all Metrical renderings, the leading form is that in which the author, passing over considerations of poetic freedom and elegance, is content to give the exact meaning of his original, as nearly as possible, in rhyme—that is, with the least possible amount of verbal omission or pleonasm. This, the oldest and most obvious mode of procedure, has, as we shall find, been sometimes made the vehicle of immediate translation from the Hebrew, the Poet in some instances distinguishing, as in our vernacular Scriptures, every suppletory word by printing it in italics: most commonly however this class—and indeed some others, consist of mere versifications of the English Psalms.

The next class, and that which comprehends some of the most elegant Versions, includes compositions

in which more attention is paid to the general spirit than to particular expressions of the Psalmist, the former being transfused through a style admitting of the utmost degree of condensed brilliancy, or the most exquisite combinations of his art, of which the Poet is capable.

Compatible with all the peculiarities of the class just named is another, the value and propriety of which are rather theological than literary questions—it consists in giving an evangelical tone to—or even directly converting into something like New Testament Hymns, the inspired contents of the Psalter.

Another form is that called Paraphrase ; it usually consists in the working throughout a more extended tissue of verbiage, the entire of the elements of the original Psalm. Some compositions of this character are eminently beautiful, their effect depending upon the circumstance that the Poet seems so to have adopted the spirit of his author, that the warp and woof of his production appear of uniform interest—the entire web of thought being brightened by that peculiar glory which in reality, belongs exclusively to the inspired portion.

Only one other description of Version—if such it can be called, remains to be noticed ; it is that in which the Psalm is merely or chiefly used as a motto, or as the text on which to frame a poetical essay or

discourse : sometimes the whole Psalm is substantially included in the composition ; occasionally only the leading particulars, or perhaps but a single verse. The latter, however, it will be obvious, is a method of treating the subject, which does not bring the names of its authors generally within the design of this volume.

It may perhaps be supposed, especially by persons unacquainted with similar enquiries, that nothing would be easier to come at than old Psalm Books, which are so rarely the objects of a book-collector's curiosity. This very circumstance conduces to their rarity : and the circuitous methods by which some of those mentioned in these pages have been consulted, and the disappointments which, after all, have mocked the attempts to get a sight of others, although not uncommon in such cases, may very properly be mentioned here. I allude to this subject for the purpose of adding that the compilation of this work has afforded me a peculiar degree of gratification owing to the courtesy which I have experienced in my communications with several individuals to whom I have had occasion to be indebted in various ways.

In addition to others to whom this general acknowledgment is tendered, I may particularize the names of the Rev. H. Dodd, late Dean of Queen's

College, Oxford, by whose kindness the objects of my visit to that University were greatly facilitated : of the Rev. Dr. Bandinell, at the Bodleian Library there, to whom I am indebted for more than the courtesies of his office ; of the Rev. J. J. Smith, of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, whose enquiries on my behalf at that seat of learning, were as valuable as they were voluntary : and especially of the Rev. S. R. Maitland, of the Archbishopal Library, Lambeth, who, by his unremitted communications, has shewn how the treasures of that rich repository—a knowledge of which he rendered so freely accessible to a stranger—may be multiplied in their sources of rational gratification.

To the Rev. W. R. Smith, now the esteemed Rector of Hulcott, Bucks, but previously officiating in London, my grateful acknowledgments are due, for such a readiness to visit the British Museum on my account, as almost annihilated, in regard to my object, difficulties that might otherwise have proved all but insuperable, between my distance from the metropolis, and a dependence upon the services of a professional transcriber, which, however intelligently and reasonably rendered, are necessarily costly.

Lastly, I mention the name of my honoured friend, and unfailing counsellor, through many long years, James Montgomery, Esq. ; the constant advantage

of consulting whose fine taste, and valuable collection of works in this particular department, can scarcely be acknowledged without some apprehension, lest the imperfections of these pages may reflect otherwise than creditably upon the pride with which I thus implicate the "Christian Poet," as an "accessory before the fact" of this publication.

To other parties, whose names or aid may not be here or elsewhere specified, I beg to record my best thanks.

I am not quite satisfied, in this enumeration and acknowledgment of my obligations, to pass over the names of my publishers, without saying a word on the courage they have shewn in thus venturing to print a somewhat bulky work on a subject, and, as I am afraid I must confess, written in a style too, somewhat old fashioned. My part has been a "labour of love;" and if repaid by any success in the sale of the book, I shall rejoice not more that I have not laboured in vain, than in the satisfaction of knowing that they, through whose agency the risque of printing has been encountered, have not been losers on my account.

With respect to criticism, I neither seek to deprecate nor propitiate the opinions of the press: and have only to say that facts, corrections, or hints of any kind, whether publicly or privately commu-

nicated, will merely be regarded in reference to their value towards improving the character of the Work, should it ever reach a Second Edition.

Before closing his Preface, the Author would be allowed to anticipate two objections, which may possibly be made to the character of this Work. In the first place, it may be alleged that the result of this assemblage of specimens, is not the production of a Version of the Psalms, superior—nor indeed equal, on the whole, to some which were already in print by single hands; but contrariwise, that the impression made is, a character of mediocrity as to the entire series of translations, arising from the average merit of the portions thus detached from their connection without reference to the claims of each. For the possible occurrence of consequences like this, I am not, I think, fairly accountable, since by any mode of procedure, the chances of furnishing fair samples of the Works named, have, with few exceptions, fallen upon almost every Author alike. In the second place, it may be urged that I ought to have been, if not more severe, yet more critical upon certain Versions. But while I venture to assert that nothing would have been more easy than to have indulged such a disposition had it existed, I must at the same time take the liberty to confess that the wish to speak unkindly of any one versifier,

formed no part of my original design, nor has it, I hope, been allowed greatly to interfere with its execution. My object was neither to arraign, nor punish as poetical delinquents, the men who had ventured with whatever degrees of failure or success, to render the Songs of Sion into English metre; it was rather to assemble them all together in order to share with them, and to invite others like-minded to the enjoyment—that sacred and harmonious appreciation of the sublime strains of the Sweet Singer of Israel, the divine inspiration and hallowing influence of which, they have each and all, and every one alike, endeavoured to embody and extend. If, therefore, this brief record of the Psalmists of Britain, shall have failed to exalt in the popular estimation, that species of our national poetry—for such it may properly be called—which is represented by the following specimens, the parties whose names are brought forward, so far as they are concerned, shall have nothing to answer for on behalf of their chronicler beyond a common issue in the failure of good intentions. Of course, these sentiments are not designed to supersede either the right or the exercise of remark on both Authors and Works where necessary.

While it is presumed, that the following pages present the most diversified array of poetical speci-

mens ever collected in illustration of the same subject, it may be expected that they will also serve to indicate the existence of some Metrical Versions of the entire Book of Psalms, of great interest or merit besides those commonly known. To have appended doctrinal or exegetical notes would not only have greatly increased the bulk of this Work, but was altogether beside the Compiler's object ;— and there already exist several Works having such a character. Persons who feel an interest—as every Christian must, in the proper interpretation of this Sacred Book, will generally be disposed to consult a Commentator of their own selection ; while as a Devotional Exposition more especially, the “ Commentary on the Psalms,” by the pious Bishop Horne, is *the Work* which has long held, and is likely long to retain a paramount place in the library of practical divinity. In the often quoted words of that excellent and honoured Prelate, used when taking leave of his precious labour of love to the Church, this Preface may be suitably concluded :—“ And now, could the Author flatter himself, that any one would take half the pleasure in reading this Work, which he has taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly. Vanity and vexation flew away for a



season ; care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose, fresh in the morning, to his task ; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last : for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the Songs of Sion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass ; they moved smoothly and swiftly along ; for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone ; but they have left a fragrance upon the mind : and the remembrance of them is sweet.”

*Sheffield, November 1, 1842.*



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THE

PSALMISTS OF BRITAIN:

RECORDS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY.



# INTRODUCTION.

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## SECTION I.—PRELIMINARY NOTICES.

THE “Book of Psalms” is placed, according to the usual marginal chronology of our annotated Bibles, under a date extending between the years 2942—2989, reckoning from the Creation, or between 1058—1011 before Christ. Its contents, however, not only belong to periods which seem to be widely different from each other; but probably, as regards some of the compositions especially, to an era anterior even to the earliest above-mentioned.

The principal author of these sublime odes is allowed by universal consent, as well as by the most ancient testimony, to have been David, King of Israel: while Solomon, and even Moses, as well as several other persons named in the titles, are regarded as contributors. But the authorship, no less than the chronology of the Psalms, has been long matter of controversy; and while on the one hand, the number of writers has been fancifully multiplied, on the other hand, several commentators, with Chrysostom at their head, have strangely persisted in attributing the whole to the “Sweet

Singer," whose name is commonly used in speaking of the collection—though internal evidence abundantly forbids such a conclusion.

Besides the obvious division into chapters and verses—the Psalter having been the first book to which the latter method was applied—the Psalms have been divided in various ways by ancient commentators. To say nothing of a classification derived from their authors, titles, subjects, or adaptation by the Church, it may be mentioned that the Jews divide the whole collection into five Books—namely, Book I., from Ps. i. to Ps. xli. ; Book II. from Ps. xlii. to Ps. lxxii. ; Book III. from Ps. lxxiii. to Ps. lxxxix. ; Book IV. from Psalm xc. to Ps. cvii. ; and Book V. from Ps. cvii. to Ps. cl., each inclusive. The Psalms comprised in the first, second, and third of these Books, they remark, end with " Amen, and Amen ;" those of the fourth Book, with " Amen, and Hallelujah ;" and those of the fifth with " Hallelujah" only. These grounds of division, most readers will admit to have been merely fanciful ; and not less so the tripartite disposition suggested by St. Augustine, who thought that every fiftieth Psalm had a reference to the vocation, the justification, and the glorification of the Saints ! Whatever arrangement was proposed, the present number—one hundred and fifty, has always been recognised. It is not, of course, forgotten that there exists an apocryphal composition of considerable antiquity, which has sometimes been printed as the 51st Psalm. It has, however, generally been regarded as devoid of those claims to authenticity, which stamp the inspired books : it consists but of a few verses, and refers to the victory over Goliath, an event which the writer

seems to have thought the Psalmist could not be expected to have left uncommemorated. There is an Arabic version of it in the British Museum.

But whilst differences have existed on points wholly extrinsic to the real importance of the Psalms themselves, their inspired character, their exalted title to canonicity—having been expressly recognised as prophetic by Jesus Christ himself—the sublime devotional spirit which pervades them, and the testimony of the Synagogue from the most ancient times, have invested these beautiful Hebrew Hymns with a peculiar glory, as being “the mother tongue of devotion,” in every age of the Christian as well as of the Jewish Church. Indeed, so delicious have the sentiments contained in these sacred compositions been to the spiritual taste of devout theologians, that they have not seldom exhausted the language of rapture itself in expressing their admiration. Luther called the Psalms “*Parva Biblia* ;” and Calvin said :—“Not without reason have I been accustomed to call this book the anatomy of all the parts of the mind; since there is no emotion of which any one can be conscious, that is not imaged here as in a glass. In fact, whatever pains, sorrows, fears, doubts, hopes, cares, solitudes, or turbulent emotions of any kind, are wont to agitate the minds of men, the Holy Spirit has here represented to the life. The other parts of Scripture contain the commandments which God enjoined upon his servants to be delivered to us. But in this part, the Prophets themselves communing with God, inasmuch as they lay open all their inmost thoughts, call or allure every one of us to the examination of his own heart; so that of the

various infirmities to which we are liable, the various faults with which we abound, nothing may remain concealed." "The Psalms," says Dr. Donne in his Sermons, "are the Manna of the Church; for, as Manna tasted to every one who ate it like that he liked best, so do the Psalms minister satisfaction to every man in every emergency or occasion."

A laudable desire to elucidate a portion of Holy Writ, thus pre-eminently distinguished, has induced a host of Commentators, including the celebrated individuals above named, to devote their best energies to expound the Psalms, either in common with the rest of the sacred books, or as a separate undertaking. Calmet reckoned in his time, that the labourers in this single field amounted to more than a thousand; and he mistakenly assumes this fact as evidence of the obscurity of the sacred text—whereas that obscurity has been in no small degree created by the conflicting notions of many of the parties pretending to remove it. But while many ancient, and some modern expositors, have suffered their enthusiasm in the work, to carry them beyond the bounds of sober interpretation, even this fact is strongly indicative of the importance attached to this portion of the revealed Word of God. Into the questions which have been thus raised by learned Doctors, it is not, as already intimated, the intention of the Compiler of this Work particularly to enter; the province of the theologian is not only "holy ground," upon which he would, under any circumstances, account it presumptuous hastily to intrude; but the definite scope of the present undertaking presents little temptation to such trespass.

In carrying out, however, the design of these

pages, it appears proper, in the first place, briefly to glance at one or two features in what may be termed the literary history of the Book of Psalms, in order that the general reader may have some idea of the process by which, after the Royal Psalmist, and his "Chief Singers," have been dead three thousand years, "we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God."

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## SECTION II.—THE PSALMS IN THE ORIGINAL HEBREW.

The very TITLE of this pre-eminently precious portion of the Sacred Scriptures has given rise to some ingenious speculations. For example,—as Wither remarks, "This Book [the Psalms] is known by divers names. The Hebrews call it *Sepher Thehillim*, that is, the Booke of Praises. Some call it the Psalter: as St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and other of the Aunceants have tearmed it; and this name might be given for divers respects; either *a Psallendo*, and for that it is written in verse, appertaining to musick; or else it was borrowed from that instrument, whereunto it was usually sung: for that which the Jews called *Nebel*, was an instrument which the *Latines* call *Psalterium*. It consisted of ten strings, and differed from the *viole* or Harpe, in that they gave forth their sound belowe, and the *Psaltery* above. Moreover, some thinke that it might be called the Psalter, in respect of the things signified by that instrument: for the

Psalter, on which they usually prayed God in the olde Law, had tenne strings, which signified the ten precepts of the Law; and by that, the mystical Psalter of the Gospel was also figured; whose ten strings are the ten mysteries of Christ and his Church. The first string of this *Psalter* is a Trinitie of Persons, in the unitie of essence. The second is the mysterie of the Incarnation and Nativitie of Christ. The third is the mysterie of preaching and sanctitie of Christ. The fourth is of his miracles. The fifth of his passion and death. The sixth, of his resurrection. The seventh, of his Ascension and Universal Soveraigntie. The eight is the mysterie of sending the Holy Ghost. The ninth, of the calling of the *Gentiles*. The tenth, of the general Judgement and everlasting glory. These are the ten strings we should often be harping on, to make music in our own hearts, and in the eares of our God." Such is a specimen of the fanciful style of illustrating Scriptural mysteries, in which writers of a former age thought it becoming to indulge.

The Compiler of this Volume pretends to no ability, even if this were the fitting place to enter at length upon the intricate question of Hebrew dialectics. That the language in which Moses wrote and David sang, contained all the essential elements of the highest poetry, has never been denied by any one: indeed, the humblest reader of the English version of the Scriptures, must be more than ordinarily dull, not to feel his spirit warmed and elevated by a thousand passages, of which he would probably in vain look for the counterparts—as to their effects on his own mind—in Homer or in Pindar. But it is



the vehicle of these sublime poetic thoughts—the versification of the Hebrews—if, indeed, they possessed in their sacred literature any thing analagous to what we mean by the term, *versification*, which has formed the *vexata quæstio* of learned enquirers. It would be beside the purpose of these pages to repeat here, the various notions of ingenious speculators on the subject: a quotation, however, from a very high authority in these matters—the late Bishop Lowth—will convey a tolerably distinct idea both of what is certain, and of what must ever remain doubtful in this enquiry.\*

Having adverted to the properties which Hebrew poetry possesses as peculiar to metrical composition, the Learned Bishop proceeds:—“ Thus far, therefore, I think we may with safety affirm, that the Hebrew poetry is metrical. One or two of the peculiarities also of their versification it may be proper to remark, which as they are very observable in those poems, in which the verses are defined by the initial letters,† may at least be reasonably conjectured of the rest. The first of these is, that the verses are very unequal in length; the shortest consisting of six or seven syllables; the longest extending to about twice that number: the same poem is, however, generally continued throughout in verses not very unequal to each other. I must also observe, that the close of the verse generally falls where the members of the

\* In 1736, Dr. Francis Hare, Bishop of Chester, published in two Volumes, a work, in which the Psalms in the original Hebrew, are reduced to a kind of metrical arrangement. The hypothesis of Hare, met with an able antagonist in Bishop Lowth, and a defender in Dr. Edwards: indeed, the controversies on the subject of the metre of Hebrew poetry, have been numerous, in one form or other.

† e. g. Ps. xxv., xxxiv., xxxvii., cxi., cxii., cxix, cxlv., &c.

sentences are divided.\* As to the real quantity, the rhythm, or modulation, these, from the present state of the language, seem to be altogether unknown, and even to admit of no investigation by human art or industry. It is, indeed, evident, that the true Hebrew pronunciation is totally lost. The rules concerning it, which were devised by the modern Jews many ages after the language of their ancestors had fallen into disuse, have been long since suspected by the learned to be destitute of authority and truth : for if in reality the Hebrew language is to be conformed to the positions of these men, we must be under the necessity of confessing, not only, what we at present experience, that the Hebrew poetry possesses no remains of sweetness or harmony, but that it never was possessed of any. The truth is, it was neither possible for them to recal the true pronunciation of a language, long since obsolete, and to institute afresh the rules of orthœpy ; nor can any person in the present age so much as hope to effect any thing to the purpose by the aid of conjecture, in a matter so remote from our senses, and so involved in obscurity. In this respect, indeed, the delicacy of all languages is most remarkable. After they cease to be spoken, they are still significant of some sound : but that in the mouth of a stranger becomes most dissonant and barbarous : the vital grace is wanting, the native sweetness is gone, the colour of primæval beauty is faded and decayed. The Greek and Latin doubtless have now lost much of their pristine and native sweetness ; and as they are spoken, the pronunciation is different

\* It has been remarked that this mode of versification is not altogether foreign to our own language, as is evident from some of our earliest writers, particularly *PIERS PLOWMAN*.

in different nations, but every where barbarous, and such as Attic or Roman ears would not have been able to endure. In these, however, the rhythm or quantity remains, each retains its peculiar numbers, and the versification is distinct: but the state of the Hebrew is far more unfavourable, which, destitute of vowel sounds, has remained altogether silent, (if I may use the expression,) incapable of utterance upwards of two thousand years. Thus, not so much as the number of syllables, of which each word consisted, could with any certainty be defined, much less the length or quantity of the syllables: and since the regulation of the metre of any language must depend upon two particulars, I mean the number and the length of the syllables, the knowledge of which is utterly unattainable in the Hebrew, he who attempts to restore the true and genuine Hebrew versification, erects an edifice without a foundation.”\*

The foregoing quotation, although rather long, is full of interest: it will, indeed, not only have satisfied the mere English reader of the difficulties with which the question of Hebrew versification is beset, but perhaps have prepared him to regard as curious at least, a specimen at once of a language “destitute of vowel sounds,”† and also exemplifying

\* Lowth's Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews.—*Gregory's Translation*, vol. 1, p. 65.

† The disputes of the learned about the *vowel points*, which one class of philologists defend as at once, in their opinion, coeval with and essential to the proper meaning of the language itself, and which another class disclaim, as being not only comparatively modern and useless, but even calculated to mislead—have hardly yet terminated. Dr. Adam Clarke says “the vowel points alone add whole conjugations to the language. This system is one of the most artificial, particular, and extensive comments ever written on the Word of God; for there is not one word in the Bible that is not the subject of a particular gloss through its influence.”

In addition to the question of the orthœpic value of the Hebrew points, the Rabbins attach to them various mystical significations. In his “Preparation to

the written character in which the Psalms, as well as the rest of the Bible, appear in the original copies. The following is a praxis of the First Psalm, from Bythner's "Lyre of David:" it exhibits first, the Hebrew letters as usually printed; secondly, the sounds given to the words, by the agency of the vowel points, which are subfixed; and thirdly, a literal translation which in some degree illustrates the aptitude of the English language for rendering the Hebrew idiomatically: it need scarcely be mentioned that the latter, however, is read from the right to the left hand on the page.\*

## PSALM I. א

בַּעֲצַת	הִלֵּךְ	לֹא	אֲשֶׁר	הַיֵּשׁ	אֲשֶׁר
bahatsath	halak	lo	asher	haish	ashree
in counsel,	walketh,	not,	who,	of that man,	Oh the blessedness
וּבְמִשֵּׁב	עֲמָד	לֹא	חַטָּאִים	וּבְדֶרֶךְ	רְשָׁעִים
ubhemoshabh	gnamad	lo	chattaim	ubbedherek	reshahim
and in seat,	standeth,	not,	of sinners,	and in way,	of impious,

the Psalter," Wither has a dissertation on the celebrated *tetragrammaton*, or those four Hebrew letters *Jod. He. Vau. He.*, usually translated *JEHOVAH*. The word, it will be seen, occurs twice in the First Psalm, as cited in the text, and in which the vowel points are subfixed to the letters.

\* It may be mentioned that while a critical knowledge of Hebrew is a comparatively rare attainment, even with the philologist, a superficial acquaintance with the language is neither difficult nor uncommon. The number of radical terms is 1867; of these, 1184 occur in the Psalms: hence it follows, that a thorough knowledge of this portion of the Bible in the original, very nearly amounts to an acquaintance with the language as a whole: and even this view of the subject may be extended, for the Editor of Bythner's "Lyra" has given a selection of 564 verses, in which every word in the entire Psalter occurs. Every reader of the English Bible is acquainted with the names of the Hebrew letters, as they occur in the divisions of the 119th Psalm: their forms must be looked for elsewhere. Mr. Coldwell, in his note prefixed to Psalm 25, which, as well as some others, is alphabetical in its construction, says:—"Whoever wishes to view the form and commit to memory the names of the Hebrew letters, are furnished by the prophet with an opportunity of doing this, each in connection with a sentence replete with matter appropriate and important."

יְהוָה Jehova of the Lord,	אֵם בְּתוֹרַת bethorath im in law,	כִּי <sup>2</sup> ki But,	יֹשֵׁב iashabb sitteth,	לֹא lo not,	לְצַיִם letzim of scorners,
יוֹמָם iomam by day,	יְהַגֵּה iehge he will meditate,	וּבְתוֹרָתוֹ ubbethoratho and in his law,	חֶפְצוֹ chephtzo his delight,		
שָׁתוּל shathul planted,	כַּעֲצֵץ kehetz as a tree,	וְהָיָה <sup>3</sup> vehaia and he will be :	וּלְיָלָה valaila and by night,		
יִתֵּן üten will give,	פְּרִי pirjo his fruit,	אֲשֶׁר asher which,	עַל-פְּלִגֵּי-מַיִם maüm-palghe-gnal of water-rivers-beside,		
וְכֹל vekol and every thing,	לֹא-יָבֹל jibbol-lo shall pine not,	וְעֲלָהּ vehalehu and his foliage,	בְּעֵתוֹ behitto in his season,		
כִּי ki but,	הַרְשָׁעִים hareshahim the ungodly,	לֹא-יִכְנָן <sup>4</sup> ken-lo so-not,	וַיִּצְלַח jatzliach : shall prosper,	אֲשֶׁר-יַעֲשֶׂה jahase-asher, he will do,	וְהָיָה which,
	עַל-כֵּן <sup>5</sup> ken-gnal therefore :	רוּחַ : ruach the wind,	אֲשֶׁר-תִּדְפְּנֵהוּ tiddephennu-asher dispels it-which,	אֵם-כַּמּוֹן camots-im like chaff	
וְחַטָּאִים vechattaim and sinners,	בְּמִשְׁפַּט bammishpat in that judgment,	רְשָׁעִים reshahim the impious,	לֹא-יִקְמוּ jaqumu-lo shall stand not,		
יְהוָה Jehova Jehovah,	כִּי-יֹדֵעַ <sup>6</sup> jodeang-ki knowing is-for :	צַדִּיקִים tzaddiqim of the just,	בְּעֵדוּת bahadhath in the assemblage,		
תֵּאבֵד tobhadh shall perish.	רְשָׁעִים reshaim of the impious,	וְדֶרֶךְ nedherek and the way ;	צַדִּיקִים tzaddigion of the just,	דֶּרֶךְ derek the way,	

Unsatisfactory as the best critics appear to have regarded all attempts to recover the primitive pronunciation of the Ancient Hebrew tongue, the obscurity which hangs over the question as to what was the mode of reciting the obviously metrical compositions of the Jews, seems to be only one degree less impenetrable. That the Psalms in their original sounds—whatever those sounds may have been—were adapted to be chanted or sung, and were really so recited in the Temple Service—sometimes at least, with instrumental accompaniments, may be safely assumed not only from the opinions of all who have written on the subject, and also from the concurrent practice of the ancient and modern Synagogues,\* but from that which is infinitely more conclusive, the internal evidence of the compositions themselves. As to the *manner* in which they were sung, there is room, as previously intimated, for great diversity of judgment, not to say wide latitude for fancy. We can discover nothing in the present structure of these inspired odes, analagous to the metrical precision of the Greek and Roman, much less to modern measures or tunes; while they nevertheless retain evident and sometimes striking traces of artful cadence: the probability therefore is, that they were, at least in great part, irregular odes, rehearsed in unison with the choir, in some sort of antiphonal style, of which the precise character can only be guessed at.

The late Dr. Mason Good, who left a new version

\* In the service of the modern Synagogue the Psalms are chanted with the assistance of a choir, the music being generally of an appropriate character, and finely executed. In some parts the congregation respond, throwing in notes at regular intervals, which gives a peculiar and pleasing effect to the Hebrew melodies.

of the Book of Psalms, translated by himself, ready for the press,\* has indicated in some portions of his version, how in his opinion the parts were distributed among the singers. The following specimen is interesting, as illustrating the point referred to, and also as shewing Dr. Good's taste as a translator: the passage introducing the Psalm is from the pen of his biographer, Dr. Olinthus Gregory. "The Psalms being obviously intended for the public worship of the Jews, are many of them adapted to choral and responsive singing; it is evident, therefore, that an attention to this peculiarity in their structure, will frequently serve to give them additional spirit and energy, and often, indeed, to elucidate their meaning. Some striking and elegant attempts to develop the minutiae of structure in this respect, have been made by Delany, in his 'Life of David,' by Kennicott, Horseley, and others; but the process requires the utmost caution, lest the imagination should take the lead of the judgment. Dr. Good, with his anxious desire to exfoliate the true meaning of these divine compositions, has on various occasions exhibited his view of the probable choral division of the poem. Thus, in Psalm cxviii., which he regards as written by David, for a thanksgiving ode on the successful termination of the wars in which he had been engaged, to be sung by the assembled Israelites, with the Priests, &c., David himself taking a part; he presents the following, as the most probable choral divisions."

## PSALM CXVIII.

(*General Chorus, or House of Israel.*)

1. O give thanks to Jehovah, for he is good:  
For his tender mercy is to everlasting.

\* Gregory's Life of Good, p. 307.

(*Chorus of Priests, or House of Aaron.*)

2. Let Israel now declare  
That his tender-mercy is to everlasting.  
(*General Chorus.*)
3. Let the house of Aaron, now, declare  
That his tender-mercy is to everlasting.  
(*Chorus of Priests.*)
4. Let them, now, that fear Jehovah, declare  
That his tender-mercy is to everlasting.  
(*King David.*)
5. I called upon Jehovah in distress ;  
Jehovah answered me at large.
6. *Let* Jehovah *be* for me, I will not fear ;  
Whatever man may do unto me.
7. Let Jehovah *be* for me, be with my succour ;  
And of mine adversaries I will never be afraid.  
(*Chorus of Priests.*)
8. It is better to trust in Jehovah  
Than to put confidence in man.
9. It is better to trust in Jehovah  
Than to put confidence in princes.  
(*King David.*)
10. Let all the nations beset me round about,  
In the name of Jehovah, behold, I would destroy them.
11. Let them beset me, yea, round about let them beset me,  
In the name of Jehovah, behold, I would destroy them.
12. They have beset me as bees ;  
They are quenched as the blaze of thorns.  
In the name of Jehovah, I have destroyed them.
13. Forcibly didst thou thrust at me ;  
But Jehovah succoured me in the assault.
14. Jehovah is my strength and my song ;  
Verily, he is become my salvation.  
(*Chorus of Priests.*)
15. Let the voice of triumph and salvation  
Be in the tabernacle of the righteous.  
The right hand of Jehovah hath displayed prowess.  
(*General Chorus.*)
16. The right-hand of Jehovah is exalted :  
The right-hand of Jehovah hath displayed prowess.



(*King David.*)

17. I shall not die : but live,  
And tell forth the deeds of Jehovah.  
18. Correctly did Jehovah correct me ;  
But he gave me not up unto death.  
19. Open to me the gates of RIGHTEOUSNESS ;  
I will enter them—I will give thanks unto Jehovah.

(*Chorus of Priests.*)

*Opening the Gate ; before which the Congregation had hitherto  
been Standing.*

20. This is the gate of Jehovah :  
Into it let the righteous enter.  
(*King David having entered with the Congregation.*)  
21. I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me ;  
And art become my salvation.

(*Chorus of Priests.*)

22. The stone which the builders rejected  
Is become the head-stone of the corner :  
23. From Jehovah hath this proceeded :  
It is marvellous in our eyes.

(*General Chorus.*)

24. This is a day Jehovah hath made :  
Let us exult and rejoice in it.

(*King David.*)

25. Save, now, I beseech thee, O Jehovah !  
Jehovah, I beseech thee, be thou now propitious !

(*Chorus of Priests.*)

26. Blesseth be he that cometh in the name of Jehovah :  
From the house of Jehovah we give you blessing.

(*General Chorus.*)

27. Jehovah is God—and he is shining upon us,  
Bind the victim with cords up to the horns of the altar.

(*King David.*)

28. Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee :  
Thou art my God, and I will exalt thee.

(*General Chorus.*)

29. O give thanks to Jehovah, for he is good ;  
For his tender-mercy is to everlasting.\*

\* Besides the interest of this Psalm as illustrating Dr. Good's hypothesis, it is as a favourable specimen of that rhythmical form of translation which some

### SECTION III.—THE SEPTUAGINT VERSION.

The Hebrew language, whatever may be the differences about its rhythmical structure, its apocryphal vowel points, and consequently its proper pronunciation, is not only still in use among the Jews in this and other countries, but in the worship of the Synagogue may be said to be actually a living dialect of our British Psalmody. Not so, however, the Greek : and it must be acknowledged, that the only

persons have considered would be better suited for singing in our Churches than any version in rhyme can be. Of this sentiment was the late Dr. Adam Clarke, who, in the Introduction of his Commentary on the Book of Psalms, has not only recorded his opinion of the comparative merits of the *Old* and *New* versions, but likewise of rhymed metrical renderings altogether. "I can," says he, "sing almost every Psalm of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins* as the *Psalms of David*; I can sing those of the *New Version* as the *Psalms of Dr. Brady* and *Nahum Tate*. Either let one equally *literal*, with a better *versification*, be made; or restore to the people that form of sound words of which they have too long been deprived. But to serve the purposes of devotion, we want a better translation of the *Psalms*; a translation in which the *hemistich*, or Hebrew poetic form, shall be carefully preserved; and with a very few expletives, (which should be distinguished by *italics*, or otherwise, in the printing, to bring the lines into those forms to which our versification or musical measures may extend,) we might sing the whole, without singing any thing in sense or meaning which was not *David's*. Indeed, a *recitativo* singing would be the most proper for these sacred odes; as it would answer much better the solemn purposes of devotion, than the great mass of those tunes which are commonly employed in Church Music, in which the style of singing is rarely adapted to the grand and melting compositions of *the sweet singer of Israel*. Let the plan be copied which is adopted from the Hebrew MSS. in *Dr. Kennicot's* edition; let them be translated line for line, as *Dr. South* has done his version of *Isaiah*; let a dignified recitativo music be adapted to the words; attend to metre, and be regardless of rhyme; and then the *Psalms* will be a mighty help to devotion, and truly religious people will sing with the spirit and the understanding also." There are certainly several versions answering more or less to the Doctor's notion, as to their hemistichial form; as the elaborate translation by French and Skinner, published in 1830; the version of Mr. Street, and the work of which a specimen is given in the text: their merit, however, as improved translations for the choir, is a widely different matter; nor am I aware that they have in any instance been adapted to musical accompaniment, or sung in places of worship.

reason which can honestly be given for the exhibition of a specimen of that language in these pages, was a desire to enable the comparatively unlearned reader to examine a single link—small and detached as it may be—of that golden chain of translation, by which, in the mysterious wisdom of Providence, the strains of the sweet singer of Israel, have been rendered familiar to our ears.

The term SEPTUAGINT, as applied to the most ancient Greek version of the Bible, is derived from a tradition to the effect that nearly three centuries before the birth of our Saviour, seventy, or seventy-two Jewish elders, six out of each of the twelve tribes, were employed in this work: that each of these translated the whole of the sacred Books from Hebrew into Greek, while confined in separate cells in the isle of Pharos: and, moreover, that each interpreter was so specially inspired by God, that not only was general error prevented, but that the seventy-two copies, when compared together, were found to be exactly alike! Whatever may be the facts of the case, certain portions of this account are evidently fabulous. “My own opinion on the controverted part of this subject,” says Dr. Adam Clarke, “is—I believe that the five Books of Moses, the most correct and accurate part of the whole work, were translated from the Hebrew into Greek, in the time of Ptolomy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, about 285 years before the Christian era; that this was done, not by *seventy-two*, but probably by *five* learned and judicious men, and that when completed, it was examined, approved, and allowed as a faithful version by the 70 or 72 elders who constituted the Alexandrian Sanhedrim; and that the other Books of

the Old Testament, were done at different times by different hands, as the necessity of the case or the Providence of God appointed."

Notwithstanding the opinion given in the closing lines of the foregoing quotation, the coeval antiquity and authority of the Septuagint Psalter, of which there is a very celebrated manuscript still extant,\* has been no less learnedly maintained.

But, under what circumstances soever this ancient version was made, it becomes venerable, as that in which "the mind of the spirit" of God, was first transfused from the "language of Canaan," into so widely different a dialect as that which was not only spoken by the "nations round about," but by the dominant powers of the Gentile world. A not less important consequence than the rendering the Psalms of David into the language of Homer, is the high value of that early Greek translation as a key to the Hebrew Scriptures, many difficulties of which are elucidated by collation with the text of the seventy. The following is the Septuagint version of the well known Psalm on religious unity, (Psalm 133, of our version, Psalm 132, Septua.,) with a repetition of the words in Roman letters, and a literal translation of each term underlined. It will be seen that the sentences are formed differently from those in our own translation; and this inversion would have appeared still more conspicuous, had the Psalm been one in Greek verse, of which there are several specimens extant.

\* In 1812, the Rev. H. H. Baber, one of the Librarians of the British Museum, published an exact fac-simile of the Book of Psalms of the LXX Version, as its text is preserved in the famous Alexandrian MS.

PSALM CXXXII. (*Septuagint.*)

Ὦδὴ τῶν ἀναβαθμῶν.

Ode tōn anabathmōn.

A-song of-the ascents.

ἸΔΟΥ δὴ τί καλόν, ἢ τι τερπνόν,  
 Idōn dē ti kalōn, ē ti tērnōn  
 Behold truly what a-good-thing, or what a-delightful-thing,  
 ἀλλ' ἢ τὸ κατοικεῖν ἀδελφούς ἐπιτοαυτό ;  
 all, ē tō katōikēin adelphōus ēpitōautō ?  
 but the dwelling brethren, for-the-same-thing ?

2. Ὡς μύρον ἐπὶ κεφαλῆς τὸ καταβαῖνον  
 Hōs myron ēpi kēphalēs tō katabainōn  
 As a-perfuming-oil upon the-head, descending,  
 ἐπὶ πώγωνα, τὸν πώγωνα τὸν Ἀαρὼν,  
 ēpi pōgōna, tōn pōgōna, tōn Aarōn,  
 upon the-beard, the beard of Aaron,  
 το καταβαῖνον ἐπὶ τὴν ὦαν τοῦ ἐνδύματος αὐτοῦ.  
 tō katabainōn ēpi tēn ōan tōu endumatōs autōu.  
 descending upon the hem of-the garment of him.

3. Ὡς δρόσος Ἀερμῶν ἢ καταβαίνουσα ἐπὶ  
 Hōs drōsōs Aērmon ē katabainōusa ēpi  
 As dew of Hermon descending upon  
 τὰ ὄρη Σιών· ὅτι ἐκεῖ ἐνετείλατο  
 ta ὄρη Siōn. ὅτι ἔκει ἐνετείλατο  
 the Mountains of Zion ; because there commanded  
 Κύριος τὴν εὐλογίαν, ζωὴν ἕως τοῦ αἰῶνος.  
 Kuriōs tēn eulōgian, zōēn hēōs tōu aiōnōs.  
 the Lord the blessing life until eternity.

## SECTION IV.—THE LATIN VULGATE.

The Latin version of the Psalms which was used in all the Churches and Monasteries in this country, before the Reformation, and which continues in use in the Catholic Chapels, is from the translation of the Bible, known as the Vulgate. The practice, however, of the Romish Church in this particular, has not been uniform. There are, as the learned Dr. Waterland has stated, four kinds of Latin Psalters, which have passed under the names of *Italic*, *Roman*, *Gallican*, and *Hebraick*. The *Italic* Latin Psalter, is of the old translation, such as it was before St. Jerome's time: the *Roman* Psalter is the same, cursorily corrected by Jerome, about A. D. 383. It is so called, because it began to be the soonest used, and continued longest in the Roman offices. About the year 590, a Psalter which Jerome had rendered still more correct, by collation with ancient versions, obtained in Gaul—hence its name. This Gallican Psalter afterwards became popular in England, Germany, Spain, and even in Italy, though without authority. At length it was publicly sanctioned by the Council of Trent, and thenceforward was not only adopted in Rome, but was generally used in the Churches and religious houses in this and other countries. In the early ages of Christianity,\* when Psalmody was considered as a principal part of public worship, different Churches recited the Psalms in different ways: 1. They were sometimes sung

\* Shepherd on the Common Prayer.

by the whole congregation; men, women, and children, all uniting their voices. This is thought to have been the most ancient practice, before the introduction of alternate singing. 2. In the Egyptian Monasteries, one person recited all the Psalms except the last, the people sitting, and listening. 3. Sometimes one person repeated the former part of the verse, or sentence, and was joined in the remainder by the congregation. 4. A fourth way was for the congregation to divide into two parts, and to sing, or rather chaunt, alternate verses. It appears, however, from the writings of the primitive Fathers, that the practice of the ancient Church was not uniform. "This alternate recitation of the Psalms is not," says Mr. Shepherd, "enjoined by any Rubric, nor by any other injunction of our Church. But we uniformly adopt it, and in defence of our practice, we have to alledge, that it is perfectly congenial to the usage of antiquity, is sanctioned by the recommendation of the wisest and best among the Fathers, has been ratified by respectable Councils and the most approved ecclesiastical laws; and is obviously calculated to keep up the attention, and assist the devotion of the people." At Antioch,\* there was an order of Monks, whose rule it was to keep up an unremittent Psalmody, or what they called *Laus Perennis*.† Out of this practice arose

\* As the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch, so, according to Theoderet, it was in that city the practice of singing in the public assemblies of the Church, the Psalms of David by the Worshippers of Christ, originated. This was in the reign of Constantine; and the names of two religious laymen, Flavianus and Diodorus, have been preserved, as the individuals who introduced that method of quire singing, which afterwards spread throughout the Christian world.

† Psalmody Island, in the Diocese of Nismes, is so named from a Monastery founded there, with similar observances, by a Syrian Monk from Antioch, towards the close of the fourth century.—*Edin. Rev.* xxxiii. 362.

the mode of singing afterwards adopted at Milan, and long known, from the name of the Father who introduced it, the Ambrosian Chant. This continued in the Church, with some vicissitudes for two centuries, when it was superseded by a less figurative style—the *Canto Fermo*, which permitted notes of one length only to be used. St. Gregory, the patron of this latter innovation, has been alternately praised and blamed, for a taste which long restricted to a peculiar simplicity of character, the choral music of the Church.

Singing was a most important part of the daily service of the Monasteries; and the Benedictine rules, which were generally adopted by the earliest religious fraternities, prescribed not only that certain portions of the Psalter should be chanted with the choir in the regular services of each day, but that particular Psalms should be used on special occasions; and, moreover, be sung or “meditated” by the Monks during the performance of their secular duties. Hence, when a procession went through a Church-yard, the “*De Profundis*,” Psalm cxxx., was sung at the graves of the Monks: and while the candles were lighted at the feast of the Purification, a versicle commencing in Latin, “*Lumen ad Revelationem*,” was recited.

Although the ordinance of St. Benedict specially directs that the Psalter should be sung through every week, and at the commencement of Passion week, that it should be gone through every night—it can hardly be supposed that the whole Book of Psalms is intended. Indeed, a similar practice obtains in this country during Lent, with reference to the Penitential, or, as they were sometimes called



“ Prostrate” Psalms. The seven Psalms\* thus designated, were not only generally chanted in public during Passion week; but they were especially used as an instrument of penance to individuals: their multiplied repetition being ordered by the Priest.† As singing was an affair of so much importance in the Roman Catholic service, and as the Monasteries were places of instruction as well as religious retreats, it was common for the Monks to have a number of boys in training for the choir, under the tuition of a Precentor or Chantor, usually a learned person, whose office invested him with the direct management of the choir: he was, in fact, an individual of considerable dignity and privilege in the House.

Besides the seasonal or occasional use of the Penitential Psalms, as mentioned above, the Priest recites with the Clerk, the 42nd Psalm during the celebration of Mass: and according to the Roman breviary, Psalms cix., cx., cxi., cxii., and cxiii., are appointed to be sung at vespers, the Priest and the choir taking the verses alternately, as is done by the Minister and the congregation in our Churches. A

\* Du Cange thus particularises these Psalms: 1. Domine ne in furore. 2. Miserere mei, Deus. 3. Miserere mei Deus meus. 4. Deus Misereatur nostri. 5. Deus in Adjutorium. 6. Inclina Domine. 7. De Profundis. In the Romish Prayer Books the Penitential Psalms are vi., xxxi., xxxvii., l., ci., cxxix., cxlii.

† To what extent the Psalter was rendered available in the discipline of the Church in England, even in times anterior to the Conquest, may be inferred from the fact, that not only was the repeating of Psalms declared to be highly meritorious in itself, but the exercise was held as eligible for the commutation of a pecuniary mulct. “Hence,” says Soame, (*Hist. Ang. Sax. Church*,) he who shrunk from a fast, yet wanted means to commute it for money, might still appease an accusing conscience by proportionate numbers of Psalms.” What these numbers were we are told in the *Penitentie D. Ecgbert*: “He who owes one week on bread and water, let him sing 300 Psalms, kneeling, or 320 without kneeling; and he who must do penance, a month’s space on bread and water, let him sing a thousand Psalms and 200 kneeling, and without kneeling 1680.”

number of extremely beautiful MS. copies of the Vulgate version exist as well in this country as on the continent: while early printed editions of great beauty or variety are to be seen in collections. It may be mentioned incidentally that the first book which ever appeared with a date and the printer's name, was a Latin Psalter on vellum, which issued from the press of Faust and Scheffer, at Mentz, in 1457. It is still more remarkable that while the date of this work is so nearly coeval with the invention of printing,\* its beautiful typography has not been surpassed. It is particularly noted for the splendour of its illuminated capitals, especially the letter B at the beginning of the first Psalm, *Beatus vir*, &c., and which has been repeatedly engraved as illustrative of the art.† Speaking of these ornate capitals, Mr. Jackson in his valuable History of Wood Engraving, says, “the large initial letters, engraved on wood and printed in red and blue ink, are the most beautiful specimens of this kind of ornament which the united efforts of the wood-engraver and the pressman have produced.” It may be added that the earliest example of printing any portion of the Scriptures, in what are termed polyglot editions, was a folio volume published at Geneva in 1516, containing the Psalms in seven languages, including the Arabic, which was the earliest instance of its being printed.‡

\* That the Psalter should have been printed separately, and early in the 15th century, may be easily accounted for, as Beloe justly remarks, from the constant demand that there must have been for numerous copies of it for the choral service of the Church.

† Vido *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 107; and *Horne's Introd. Study of the Holy Scriptures*, vol. i. p. 251.

‡ Elias Hutter, a learned Protestant Divine of Nuremberg, published, in 1587, the 117th Psalm in thirty different languages.

The following is a specimen of the Latin vulgate Psalter : it is besides interesting as being one of the “ singing Psalms ” at this day in use, not only throughout this country, but wherever the worship of the Roman Catholic Church obtains.\*

PSALM CIX. *Dixit Dominus.*

1. Dixit Dominus Domino meo : Sede à dextris meis : Donec ponam inimicos tuos, scabellum pedum tuorum.
2. Virgam virtutis tuæ emittet Dominus ex Sion : dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum.
3. Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ in splendoribus sanctorum : ex utero ante luciferum genui te.
4. Juravit Dominus, & non pœnitebit eum : Tu es Sacerdos in æternum, secundum ordinem Melchisedech.
5. Dominus à dextris tuis, confregit in die iræ suæ reges.
6. Judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas : conquassabit capita in terra multorum.
7. De torrente in via bibet : propterea exaltabit caput.

It may be remarked, that a perpetual recognition of the vulgate version of the Psalter is kept up in the English Church, by means of the three or four Latin words with which each Psalm commences, and which form in fact, the ancient titles, being invariably printed, as such in all our Common Prayer Books.

\* In 1548, or 49, George Buchanan, the celebrated Scottish historian, while confined in a Monastery in Portugal by the Officers of the Inquisition, translated the Psalms into Latin verse, and afterwards published them under the title of “ *Psalmorum Davidis Paraphrasis Poetica.* ” In this work, he has employed no fewer than *twenty-nine* varieties of metre : and the execution of the undertaking demands, on the authority of competent judges, a very high place for the poet among those who have cultivated in modern times, the study and imitation of classical models. Several other aspirants to the signal distinction which has crowned the muse of Buchanan, have, at different times, appeared in the same field. Indeed, specimens from no fewer than eight of these competitors, all countrymen of his own, were published at Edinburgh, in 1696, in a Volume entitled “ *Octupla ; hoc est octo paraphrases Poetica Psalms, civ. Authoribus totidem Scotis.* ” Irving, the last biographer of Buchanan, says “ his version of the hundredth and fourth Psalm might alone have conferred upon him the character of a Poet : the next in merit is, perhaps, the hundred and thirty-seventh, which he has clothed in elegiac verse that has seldom or never been surpassed.”

The following is an English version of this Psalm, as it occurs in the Romish Prayer Book : the reader may compare it with our authorized translation of the Bible, where it is the 110th, or with that which is read in the Church on the 23d day of the month :

The Lord said to my Lord, sit thou at my right hand : until I make thy enemies thy footstool.

The Lord will send forth the sceptre of thy power out of *Sion* : rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

With thee is the principality in the day of thy strength, in the brightness of the saints, from the womb before the day-star, I begot thee.

The Lord hath sworn, and he will not repent : thou art a priest for ever, according to the order of *Melchisedech*.

The Lord at thy right hand hath broken kings in the day of his wrath.

He shall judge among nations, he shall fill ruins ; he shall crush the heads, in the land, of many.

He shall drink of the torrent in the way : therefore shall he lift up the head.

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## SECTION V.—ANGLO-SAXON PSALTERS.

It has with almost equal confidence, been asserted and denied that our Anglo Saxon ancestors, were provided with a complete edition of the Holy Scriptures in their vernacular tongue : with strong probability for the affirmative, it must be admitted that no such work has been discovered. The eighth century, however, it is allowed, on sufficient evidence, witnessed a native translation of the Four Gospels, and some portions of the Old Testament, including the Psalms. The last named work, the earliest of the kind, perhaps which this country

possessed, was executed about A.D. 709, by Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherbourne, in Dorsetshire, a Prelate who enjoyed a reputation for poetry, as well as piety in his day. Another individual, said to have been the first Saxon anchoret, and named Guthlac, is recorded to have made a version about the same time.\* King Alfred, justly surnamed **THE GREAT**, likewise made a translation of the Book of Psalms before the year 900. It would be a gratifying circumstance, could we give an undoubted specimen of the royal version : that, however, appears to be impossible. For although there exist in the British Museum, and other repositories, several undoubtedly ancient autographs of the Psalter in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, there does not seem to be sufficient authority to justify us in adopting any one of them for the distinction in question. It is true, Hearne expressly says that the Psalter published by Sir John Spelman in 1640, is Alfred's version : but the Editor himself does not concur in that opinion ; and the testimony of Sharon Turner is decidedly against its validity.

The following is an Anglo-Saxon version of the One Hundredth Psalm of our Bibles, from Spelman's Edition, where the Psalm is the Ninety-ninth, as in the vulgate, the text of which is interlined in the original Manuscript : indeed, these few verses sufficiently prove that the translator—whoever he may have been, allowed the Latin idiom to prevail even while adopting terms to express its meaning from his own language :—

\* Baber's Life of Wickliffe, p. lviii.

## PSALM C.

1. Ðrýmað      Ðrúhtne      eall      eorðe      ðeowiað  
 Drymath      Drihtne      eall      eorthe      theowiaþ  
 Ðrúhtne    on    blýrre.      2. inƿarð    on    zeryhðe  
 arihtne    on    blisse.      ¶ Infarþ    on    gerylthe  
 hýr    on    blithýrre.      3. witaðze    ƿorðonðe    Ðrúhten  
 his    on    blithnyſſe.      ¶ Witathge    forthonde    Drihten  
 he    ƿr    zod    he    dyðe    ƿr    7    na    ſelƿe    ƿe.      4. ƿole  
 he    is    god    he    dyde    us    &    na    ſelfe    we.      ¶ Fole  
 hýr    7    ſceap    lærre    hýr    inƿarað    zatu    hýr    on  
 his    &    ſceap    læſwe    his    infarath    gatu    his    on  
 andetnýrre    on    caƿertunar    hýr    on    ýmnum  
 andetnyſſe    on    cafertunas    his    on    ymnum  
 andettað    him.      5. heƿialh    naman    hýr    ƿorðanðe  
 andettath    him.      ¶ Herialh    naman    his    forthanthe  
 ƿinſum    ƿr    Ðrúht    on    eenýrre    mildheortnýrre  
 winſum    is    Driht    on    eenyſſe    mildheortnyſſa  
 hýr    7    oð    on    cýnrine    7    cýnrine    soðƿærtnýr    hýr.  
 his    &    oþh    on    cynrine    &    cynrine    sothfaestnys    his.

In copying the foregoing Psalm, I have omitted the interlineary Latin, and have instead, repeated the Anglo-Saxon words in Roman letters: for although, as will be seen, the difference is confined to a few characters, facility of comparison seems best consulted by this method in the present instance. Dr. Adam Clarke has thus rendered the Psalm, word for word:—"1. Rylme ye the Lord all earth, serve the Lord in bliss. 2. Infare\* insight his blithmess. 3. Wit ye, for that Lord he is God, he did us, and

\* *Infare*, "to go in."

not self we. 4. Folk his and sheep leeseaway\* his ; fare into gates his in confession, into courts his in hymns, confess him. 5. Praise name his, for that winsom† is ; Lord thro' eternity mildheartedness‡ his, and unto on kindred and kindred sothfastness§ his." And surely no intelligent English reader can be wholly uninterested, even in so brief a specimen of the language which was currently spoken in this country,|| long before the Conquest : more especially as it is the venerable parent of his own vernacular tongue ; nearly all our terms of local and familiar use, being derived therefrom. Of the fifty-six words comprised in the " Lord's Prayer," as at present in use, all are derived from the Anglo-Saxon, with, perhaps, the exception of three,¶ and it will not be difficult to recognise a similar affinity in some parts of the Psalm above quoted.

It is unnecessary to state that the foregoing specimen is not in metre, much less in rhyme ; no such versions of the Psalter exist in the language. The Anglo-Saxons have, however, left numerous poems—so far as their bald compositions, consisting

\* *Leeseaway*, "pasturage on a common." † *Winsom*, "cheerful." ‡ *Mildheartedness*, "compassion." § *Sothfastness*, "steady or fast to truth."

|| And probably in North Britain also ; for it is believed that in the fifth century there was but a slight difference between the people of Scotland and the English nation. Mr. Dauney in his "Enquiry into the History of the Music of Scotland," says :—"Before the great change which took place in the latter (England) after the Norman Conquest, it is believed that the language spoken by the Scoto-Saxons and the Anglo-Saxons was the same ; and it would even appear, that there was no essential distinction between that spoken by them, and the natives of Denmark and Norway. \* \* \* \* To them the harp owes its modern name, (the Anglo-Saxon being *HEARPE*, and the Icelandic *HARPA* ; ) and so invariably does that instrument appear to have been employed by them as an accompaniment for the voice, that in their translations from the latin into Anglo-Saxon, it has been observed that the word '*psalmus*' is sometimes rendered 'harp-song,' and '*cantare*' to 'sing to the harp,' an accompaniment which must have been nearly universal."

¶ Dr. Hickes.

of measured lines, and alliterative rhythm, can be so called; with one of the most characteristic distinctions of modern verse they are by some authors thought to have been wholly unacquainted. I allude to *Rhyme*, the origin of which, in England, is involved in some obscurity. Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his *Life of Chaucer*, seems to imply that we are indebted for the use of rhyme—if not, indeed, for all our forms of versification, to the Normans.\* Mr. Sharon Turner, however, contends that even the Anglo-Saxon versification possessed “occasional rhyme;” while Mr. Campbell thinks this is not conceding enough to the progress which our poets had made before the Conquest; adding—“If we have no rhyme in the vernacular verse, we have enough of it in the poetry of the Anglo-Saxon Churchmen—abundance of it in Bede’s and Boniface’s Latin verses.” It does appear difficult to conceive how, with Latin rhymes before them, our verse-making Anglo-Saxon ancestors, should have omitted to adopt so obvious and tempting an ornament to their metrical compositions in the popular tongue.

Towards the end of the eleventh century—if not earlier, an important change took place in the language of this country; the Anglo-Saxon, which, previous to the Conquest, had been universally

\* The exact period of the introduction of rhyme, as well as the circumstances connected with its adaption, are involved in some obscurity. Latin rhyme at least has been designated as “barbarous in its origin;” and even the musical desinencc, which usually closes every verso of modern poetry, has been sometimes inveighed against, as of small merit in comparison with the simple prosodial rhythm derived from the structure of the ancient metres. But whatever may be said about the origin or expediency of rhyme, it has become too intimately associated with our lyric versification, and especially with the structure and harmony of our hymnic poetry, ever to be again dissociated, except perhaps in casual—and, as they must always prove—unpopular experiments.



spoken, became greatly, and as some have thought, suddenly altered, in the first place, by a large infusion of French words, and secondly by the suppression of the inflections of the Saxon noun and verb. In the establishment of what has been called "our vulgar English," as resulting from this mixture of the Norman with the Saxon phraseology, the higher personages of the State, and individuals connected with the Church generally, took the lead—the bulk of the people, especially such of them as could read, following with more or less readiness the example of the learned. Not only did there take place this important change in the elementary structure of the language—the sentiments of the people partook largely, and still more the spirit of the national literature was involved in the transition. The grave, and, as some might perhaps say—groveling matter-of-fact style of the Saxons in writing and speaking, and consequently in thinking, was superseded by the stately and romantic diction of the Normans. It would be beside the object of this work to point out in detail the effect of such a change upon the popular mind and manners, or do more than hint at that age of chivalry to which it ultimately led. It seems, however, to have been productive of one very curious result in reference to the object immediately before us—namely, a decided predilection on the part of the nobles, for those of the Psalms, which have an heroic bearing.

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## SECTION VI.—ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

It is somewhat remarkable that what Mr. Baber calls the “*VERSIO PRINCEPS* of the Psalter in English prose,” should, like one of the earliest Anglo-Saxon versions already noticed, have been the production of a religious recluse. Richard Rolle, was a hermit of the order of St. Augustine, and resided in a lonely spot near the Nunnery of Hampole, in the vicinity of Doncaster. He was a somewhat prolific Author, as well in verse as in prose; his themes being the subjects with which his daily devotions made him most conversant: his piety appears to have been sincere, and he died in 1394, with the reputation of a saint. In the preface to his Psalter, the learned anchoret thus speaks:—“In this werke, I seke no strange Ynglys, bot lightest and comunest, and swilk that is most like unto the Latyne: so that thai that knowes nocht the Latyne be the Ynglys may come to many Latin wordis. In the translacione I felogh the letter als-mekille as I may, and thor I fyne no proper Ynglys I felogh the wit of the wordis, so that thai that shall rede it them thar not drede erryng. In the expowning I felogh holi Doctors. For it may comen into sum envious mannes honde that knowys not what he suld say at wille that I wist not what I sayd, and so do harm till him and tille other.” The “expowning” refers to a comment which the Author affixed to each verse of his translation.

The following extract from Rolle’s Psalter, is interesting as a specimen of a work executed under

such circumstances; as being probably the oldest English prose version of the Psalms extant:—

**PSALM XXIII.**

“Our lord governeth me and nothyng to me shal wante: stede of pasture that he me sette. In the water of the betyng forth he me brougte: my soule he turnyde.

“He ladde me on the stretis of ryghtiuisnesse: for his name.

“For win gif I hadde goo in myddil of the shadewe of deeth: I shall not dreede yueles, for thou art with me.

“Thi geerde and thi staff: thei haue coumfortid me. Thou hast greythid in my oynge a bord: agens him that angryn me.

“Thou fattide myn heued in oyle: and my thalys drunkenyng what is cleer.

“And thi mercy shal folowe me: in alle the dayes of my lyf.

“And that I wode in the hous of our lord in the length of dayes.”\*

One of the earliest known specimens of any consecutive portion of the Bible printed in the English language, is a version of the Seven Penitential Psalms, translated by Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and published in 1505, by R. Pynson, under the title of “The fruytful saynges of Davide.” There are several later editions of this work, printed by Wynken de Worde.

From this period, the history of the English Psalter becomes identified with that of translations of the Scriptures into the vernacular language, concerning which the reader may consult the work, which has been admirably executed by Lewis. It may not, however, be uninteresting at least, to give

\* Seventeen of Richard Rolle's devotional pieces are enumerated in Ritson's “Bibliographia Poetica.” I had thought he might have versified some of the Psalms—indeed Mr. Baber expressly says:—“Amongst his [Rolle's] *poems* we find a version of the Seven Penitential Psalms.” This, however, appears to be a mistake.

a specimen from the Psalms, as they occur in Wicliff's Bible, which is generally admitted to have been the first complete version of the Scriptures into English ever made; and which was published about 1380. Wicliff, as Mr. Baber remarks, translated from the Latin Vulgate in general use, and so closely did he follow his text, preserving in many instances even the Roman idiom, that to those not conversant with the Latin tongue, his version must frequently have appeared obscure. The MSS. purporting to be of this version are numerous, being in private hands as well as in public libraries. The following version of the One Hundredth Psalm is from an ancient Manuscript in the British Museum, designated in the Catalogue, as the

“WYCLIFFITE BIBLE IN ENGLISH.”—[*Mus. Brit. Bibl. Lansdown, No. 454.*]

*The titil of lxxxix salm, a salm to knowlech.*

All erthe syngre ye herth to god: serve ye the lord in gladnes. Entre ye in his sight, in ful out ioiŷge. Wite ye the lord hymself is god: he made us & not we maden us. His puple & the sheep of his lesewe. entre ye in to his yatis in knowelechyng: entre ye in to hise porehis. knowlechyngre to hymth in ynnyes. Herie ye his name for ye lord is swete. his mercie is with outenende: & his truthe is in generatioun & ī to generatioun.

It will be remembered that the foregoing Psalm differs but little from the Anglo-Saxon translation previously given; retaining indeed, in the original, two or three characters peculiar to the latter language. I may mention that there is in the Museum Library an illuminated Manuscript, formerly in the possession of Dr. Adam Clarke, and frequently quoted in his Commentary on the Psalms.

Although Dr. Clarke does not appear to be quite

convinced that the MS.\* owned and referred to by him, was an actual transcript of the work of the great proto-translator of the whole Bible into English, he regarded it, as at least, of equal antiquity. Several copies however exist, which are admitted to be revisals of Wicliff's version, by other hands; and Dr. Clarke, speaking of some of those which are ascribed directly to the actual translator, says:—  
 “ Whether these have been amended, corrected, and altered, in later times, and mine is one of those which has undergone *no revisal*, but is just as Wicliff originally made it, I cannot say. This is merely a possible case; and if the supposition be well founded, that mine is *Wicliff's* translation, it must necessarily follow, that all those which I have seen, and which *Leves* has collated, have been *considerably altered*; and that there is not *so old* a copy of Wicliff remaining as my own.† I had intended to have transcribed as a specimen of the Wicliffite version, a Psalm from this MS.: but I find that the first volume only begins with the Song of Solomon: besides the work from which I have quoted, has the appearance of the greater antiquity of the two.”

It only remains to be mentioned that the Psalter, which in our Prayer Books, is so arranged as to be read‡ or sung§ through once every month, is from

\* A curious account of the manner in which the Doctor rescued this venerable and ponderous manuscript volume from the hands of a gold beater, may be seen in his *Life*, vol. ii., p. 31.

† Townley's *Illustrations of Biblical Literature*, ii. 44.

‡ An interesting account of the different ways in which various early Churches recited the Psalter, will be found in *Shepherd on Common Prayer*: vide also *British Critic*, vol. x., 1793. It is worthy of observation, that although the Church of Rome in this country, does not make that public use of the Psalms which the Church of England does; the Priests of the former, nevertheless, usually go through the whole Psalter several times in the course of a year, the breviary directing the saying of from forty to fifty Psalms daily, one way or other.

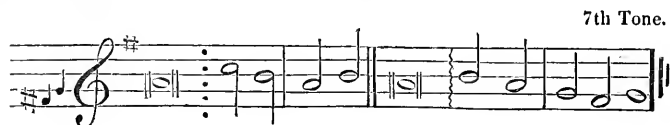
§ In Collegiate and Cathedral Churches the Psalms are chanted. The sing-

the translation in what has been called the "Great English Bible," or that which was authorised and used in the time of Henry the Eighth, and Edward the Sixth. This Version not only differs considerably in verbal construction, from the translation now in use, as made by order of James I.—indeed, Dr. Clarke says it is "rather a *paraphrase* than a translation,"—but it contains several terms, no longer in current use, even with writers on religious subjects—though some of them still linger as colloquialisms among the common people in some parts. Of these terms, however, there are probably not more than two or three, that would not be at once well understood, even by a reader least prepared to expect them, either from the context, or from their obvious relation to the words at present used in their stead—such, for example, as "leasing," for lying, Ps. v. 6, "flittings," for wanderings, Ps. vi. 8; while "pate," "trapped," "tush!" "minished," "holpen," "knap-peth," "lusted," "folk," "lien," and some others, obsolete in ordinary writing, are still intelligible.

The pointing of the Psalms, as well in the English Prayer Book, as in the Psalters of the Church of Rome, is peculiar—each verse being divided by a colon: in some of the old service books, an asterisk was used. This, as almost every one will be aware, is an arrangement for the convenience of chanting, to facilitate which object, some still

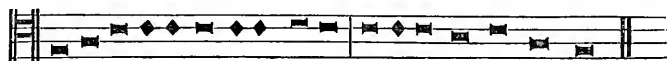
ing in that kind which we now term the *Anthem*, is said by Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music, to have been invented by Dr. Tye, whose metrical version of the "Acts of the Apostles," was sung in the Chapel of Edward VI, and probably also in other places. As, however, it did not take, according to the expectation of the Author, "he applied himself to another kind of study, the composing of music to words selected from the Psalms of David, in four, five, and more parts, to which species of harmony, for want of a better, the name of Anthem, a corruption of Antiphon was given."

more artificial divisions of the words, in conformity with the music, have been devised. Mr. Novello, the director of the choir at the Catholic Chapel, in Moorfields, London, has adopted the latter peculiarity, in his "Cantica Vespera." His method has been to draw small bars across the words, similar to those used to divide the music at the corresponding part of the tone. This, he thinks, "will be easily understood, even by those who are little accustomed to read music." The following distich from the foregoing Latin Psalm, with the Gregorian air, as reduced to the modern musical notation, prefixed, will illustrate Mr. Novello's arrangement:—



Dixit Dominus : Domi--no | me--o ||  
Sede à } dex--tris | me--is :

Perhaps it may be interesting here to add, that music in the Romish ritual, is still printed and written in the ancient manner: that is, on four lines, and with square and lozenge shaped characters, in the manner of the subjoined specimen:—\*

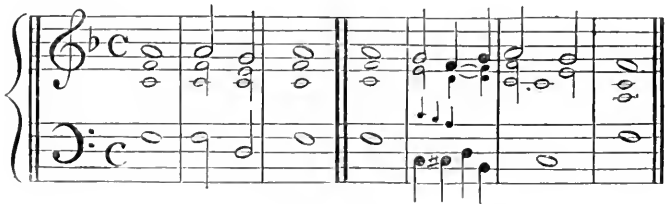


Dix-it Do-mi-nus Do-mi-no me-o: Se-de a dex-tris me-is.

It may seem trite to transcribe a composition so universally known, and so constantly before an immense class of readers, as a Psalm from the Book of Common Prayer: and yet I have so often heard my honoured friend, Mr. Montgomery,

\* Nivers "Dissertation sur le Chant Gregorien," cited in Hawkins's Hist. Mus. i. 367.

speak with enthusiasm of the poetic beauty—the trochaic cadence of the following noble anthem of the Morning Service of the Church of England, particularly the first seven verses of it, and have myself so often listened to, and admired it, whether as sung by the choir, or read from the pulpit, that I cannot forbear transcribing it, in connection with the following air, from the series of Gregorian Chants, harmonized and arranged suitably to the service of the Protestant Church,\* by Mr. Warren, Organist of Chelsea Chapel; who remarks that although these ancient melodies are the foundation of the chants in the English Cathedral Service, and that Marbeck in his “Book of Common Praier noted,” 1550, has made use of them, no work since that period has contained any of them, previously to the experiment of his own adaptations. It will be noticed by the uninitiated, that the subjoined score, adapted to the words of the English Psalter, contains one bar more than that used in the Latin Service:—



PSALM XCV.

*Venite, exultemus Domino.*

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving: and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms.



For the Lord is a great God: and a great King above all Gods.

In his hand are all the corners of the earth: and the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship, and fall down: and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is the Lord our God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts: as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness.

When your fathers tempted me: proved me, and saw my works.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said: It is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known my ways.

Unto whom I swear in my wrath: that they should not enter into my rest. *Glory be to the Father, &c.*

It may be mentioned here, in passing, that while there exist a number of independent translations of the Psalms, commonly professing to give the sense of the original, in lines corresponding to those in Hebrew MSS., as Bishop Horsley has done, the quantity of comments on the Psalter, or on some single Psalm, may be said to be innumerable;\* the Commentary of Bishop Horne being generally regarded not only as "the best that he could have done," but, "for edification, it is probably the best that has been done either in prose or verse by any man, on the same portion of holy writ."†

\* Lowndes, in the "British Librarian," includes among his notices of Hymns and metrical versions, a translation of the Psalms by Jeremy Taylor: the work referred to, however, is that known as Sir Christopher Hatton's Psalter, having been published by him in 1644; it is in prose, with Collects, Prayers, and other devotional matter, compiled by Taylor.

† Montgomery's Introductory Essay to Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, 1836.

The following stanzas are interesting, not only as exhibiting a very early specimen of English verse, in praise of the Psalter; but also as forming part of one of those "Miracle Plays," with which the Monks entertained and instructed our ancestors four hundred years ago. The stanzas themselves occur in a drama entitled "Mary's Betrothment," and which is one of the "Coventry Mysteries," so called from their having been originally exhibited by the Grey Friars of that city. The MS., a quarto volume, is in the British Museum, and appears to have been written in 1468.\* The speaker, in the present instance, is the Virgin Mary:—

Now, Lord God, dysspose me to prayour,  
 That I may sey the holy psalmes of Davyth,  
 Wheche book is clepyd the Sawtere,  
 That I may preyse the, my God, therwith.  
 Of the vertuys therof this is the pygth,  
 It makyth sowles fayr, that doth it say,  
 Angelys besteryd to help us therwith,  
 It lytenyth therknesse and puttyth develys away  
 The song of Psalmus is Goddys dete,  
 Synne is put away therby;  
 It lernyth a man vertuys ful to be,  
 It feryth mannys herte gostly.  
 Who that it usyth customably,  
 It claryfieth the herte, and charyté makyth cowthe,  
 He may not ffaylen of Goddys merey,  
 That hath the preysenge of God evyr in his mowthe.  
 O holy Psalmys! O holy book!  
 Swetter to say than any ony!  
 Thou lernyst hem, love Lord, that on the look,  
 And makyst hym desyre thinges celestly.

\* Cotton. Collec. Vespasian D. viii. This work, which is highly curious, has recently been published by the Shakespeare Society, with an interesting Introduction, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

With these halwyd psalmys, Lord, I pray the speecyaly,  
 Ffor alle the creatures qwyke and dede,  
 That thou wylt shewe to hem thi mercy,  
 And to me speecyaly that do it rede.

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## SECTION VII.—METRICAL VERSIONS.

It will easily be imagined how likely a claustral poet, who was in the daily habit of singing some portions of the Latin Psalter, would be to think of turning the psalms into vernacular verse, not indeed for the purpose of their being sung, but as a pious and edifying recreation. How far this supposition may be conformable to fact, we have but little evidence to enable us to determine. Specimens of very ancient versions are, however, still extant; and a passing notice of one or two of these, previous to entering on the subject of popular psalmody, seems consistent with the design of this work.

In the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, there is a metrical version of St. Jerome's French Psalter, executed, as Warton supposed, about the reign of Henry the Second, or Richard the First. It is in the vernacular English of the period, and of which some notion may be formed by the following translation of the hundredth psalm:—

Mirthes to God al erthe that es  
 Serves to loued in faines.  
 In go yhe ai in his siht,  
 In gladnes that is so briht.  
 Whites that louerd god is he thus  
 He us made and ourself noht us,  
 His folk and shep of his fode :  
 In gos his yhates that are gode :

In schrift his worches belive,  
 In ympnes to him yhe schrive.  
 Heryhes his name for louerde is hende,  
 In all his merci do in strende and strandre.

According to the same authority, there is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford a metrical translation of the Psalms, which much resembles in style and measure the one just mentioned: it may, indeed, be a transcript of the same in another hand—at all events, it is held by Warton to be of equal antiquity; the hand-writing being that of the age of Edward the Second: he has transcribed the Nineteenth Psalm, which runs thus:—

Hevenes tellen godes blis  
 And wolken shewes hond werk his  
 Dai to dai word rise riht,  
 And wisdom shewes nilt to nilt,  
 Of wilke that noht is herde thar steven.  
 In al the world out yhode thar corde  
 And in ende of erthe of tham the worde.  
 \* \* Sunne he sette his telde to stande,  
 And b. bridegroome a. he als of his lourd commande.  
 He gladen als den to renne the wai  
 Ffrem heighist heven hei outcoming ai,  
 And his gairenning tilheit sete,  
 Ne is qwilke mai him from his bete.  
 Lagh of louerd unwenned isse,  
 Turnaud saules in to blisse:  
 Witness of louerd is ever trewe  
 Wisdom servand to littel newe:  
 Lourd's rightwisnesse riht hertes famand,  
 But of louerd is liht eghen sighand,  
 Drede of lourd hit heli es  
 Domes of love ful sori sothe are ai  
 Rihted in thamsalve ar thai,  
 More to be beyorned over golde  
 Or ston derwurthi that is holde:  
 Wel swetter to mannes womb  
 Ovir honi and to kombe.

Between the composition of the foregoing pieces—the language of which will be only one degree more intelligible to the modern English reader, than the Anglo-Saxon itself—and the introduction of metrical psalmody into the Church, there were, of course, many portions of the psalter versified by persons having a taste for the exercise: some of these will be afterwards noticed.

We have seen that the practice of devotional singing is of the highest antiquity—indeed, it may be said to have been coeval with the services of the Church of God in all ages; and, moreover, that Psalmody, in some of its forms, has never been excluded from the ritual of Christian worship. It is almost equally certain that, whatever may have been the ancient method of reciting the Psalms in their primitive Hebrew form, and by a people to whom that form was familiar, the only use made of them in singing, for more than a thousand years after the promulgation of the Gospel by the disciples of Christ, was as liturgic Hymns in their prose form. The object of the present Section being to notice the introduction of metrical versions of the Psalms into our Churches, the subject may conveniently be divided into two parts:—

- 1—The Historical Facts; and
- 2—The Opinions of Individuals.

1—One of the most interesting Chapters of Warton's elaborate "History of English Poetry," is that in which he describes the circumstances which preceded the earliest versifications of the Psalter in this country. From this source, with or without acknowledgment, subsequent writers on the subject

have mostly drawn their information : to the same authority I must also be indebted.

Although Warton very properly selects the time of King Edward the Sixth, as the period when our poetical annals begin to be more especially marked by metrical translations of various parts of the Sacred Scripture, and of course, assigns the circumstance to the Reformation ; it has on the other hand, been shewn, that the precedent for metrical, and even for rhymed Hymns, existed in the Church before the time of Luther. In proof of this, certain Romish Hymns to the Virgin have been adduced, and particularly the celebrated Canticle, beginning

“ Stabat Mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,” &c.

Hymns of this character, however, while they undoubtedly form an exception to the strict rule of singing only prose Anthems in the Church of Rome, cannot be said to have led to the practice so eagerly, so universally, and it may be added—so successfully adopted at the Reformation ;—we must look to other and more explicit causes.

Accordingly, we find in the first movement on the subject, a leading feature of Protestantism—the rendering the expressions of devotion in a language which the people could understand.\* Luther, who

\* Is it not, of course, intended by this remark to convey the notion that the Papal authorities allowed nothing connected with religion to be mentioned in the vulgar tongue : the reverse of this was notoriously the fact—witness the dialogues of their “ mysteries,” or Miracle Plays, at the great Festivals generally, and their Christmas Carols in particular. Not only so ; but it appears that about the beginning of the 13th century, metrical legends and paraphrases from the Scriptures in French verse, became somewhat common in England. A metrical version of the Bible from Genesis to Hezekiah, by being executed in rhyme, and easy to be sung, soon became popular, and produced the desired impression on the minds of the people, namely, to wean them in some degree from that inordinate fondness for the tales of chivalry, which generally prevailed. and substitute the doctrines of religion or the traditions of the Church. It was by

was enthusiastically fond of Sacred Music, and who composed both Hymns and tunes, appears very early to have entertained the notion of a metrical translation of the Psalms into the vernacular language of his countrymen.\* The credit, however, of taking the first decided steps, belongs to an individual of a widely different character. About the year 1540, Clement Marot, or Marriott, as he has been called, a valet of the bedchamber to King Francis the First, and the favourite poet of France, "tired of the vanities of profane poetry, or rather privately tinctured with the principles of Lutheranism, attempted with the assistance of his friend Theodore Beza, and by the encouragement of the Professor of Hebrew in the University of Paris, a version of David's Psalms into French rhymes." The Author had no design of obtruding his translation into the public worship of the Church; and even the Doctors of the Sorbonne, appear so little to have suspected what followed, that they readily sanctioned the work, as containing nothing contrary to sound doctrine. Marot thus encouraged, dedicated his Psalms to his Royal Master Francis, and the Ladies of France. After a sort of apology to the latter, for the surprise he was prepared to expect they would evince, on receiving those "*Sainctes Chansonnettes*," from one who had

means of these French translations, as Warton remarks, that our countrymen, who understood that language much better than the Latin, became acquainted with many useful as well as legendary works: to this era is also due the large infusion of French terms into the vernacular tongue. This, however, was a state of things widely different from that which first in France, and afterwards in this country accompanied the translation of the Psalms into the language of the common people.

\* Melchior Adamus, in his life of Luther, has inserted a letter from him to Spalatinus, written Anno 1524, in which he says he is looking out for poets to translate the whole of the Psalms into the German tongue. This was some years before the appearance of Marot's metrical version in French.

previously delighted them only with “*chansons d’amour*,” the Poet adds, in fluent verse—that the golden age would now be restored, when we should see the peasant at his plough, the carman in the streets, and the mechanic in his shop, solacing their toils with Psalms and Canticles : and the shepherd and shepherdess reposing in the shade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the Creator.

It is possible the French Poet might have heard of that “golden age” of the Church, when, as St. Basil, in his Homily on the Psalms tell us, the ordinary Christians in his time, sung David’s Psalms, at home in their houses ; and whenever they went abroad also, they muttered them to themselves, as the solitary entertainment of their minds, in their travels and other employments. And Laurientius de la Barre, the Romish writer of the Preface to the Commentary on the Psalms attributed to Arnobius, says, in reference to the time of his Author, that, then “the Psalms were sung by the Ploughman over his Plough, the Pilot at his Helm, the Rowers over their Oars, the Digger whiles he handled his Spade, the Weaver in his Loom, the Spinster at her Distaff, and very infants that could not speak plain, upon their nurse’s laps :” and withal, makes a serious complaint of his Catholic Church, for being so far degenerated from the ancient usage in this particular, *that this holy exercise was not only disused, but also even disdained* among them. “And this,” as Dr. Ford, when quoting the passage pertinently remarks—“was certainly the reason, why, when the Reformation began in divers parts of Europe, the vulgar people, who had been long used to no devotions but such as they understood not, were so much taken



with singing the Psalms of David, poetically translated into their own languages, as finding that inward warmth in that exercising of Religion, which they never felt in any before.”

There was probably much more of prophecy in the lines of Marot than the Author intended—certainly much more than many of those who first read them anticipated. In short, to adopt the statement of Warton—Marot’s Psalms soon eclipsed the popularity of his madrigals and sonnets. Not suspecting how prejudicial the predominant rage of Psalm singing might prove to the ancient religion of Europe, the Catholics themselves adopted these sacred songs as serious ballads, and as a more rational species of domestic merriment. They were the common accompaniments of the fiddle; and were, we are told, in such demand, that the printers could scarcely supply copies fast enough. In the festive and splendid court of Francis, of a sudden, nothing was heard but the Psalms of Clement Marot; and with a characteristic liveliness of fancy, by each of the royal family and the principal nobility of the court, a Psalm was chosen, and fitted to the ballad tune which each liked best. “The dauphin prince Henry, who delighted in hunting, was fond of *Ainsi qu, on oit le cerf bruire*, or *Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks*: which he constantly sung in going out to the chace. Madame de Valentinois, between whom and the young prince there was an attachment, took *Du foud de ma pensée*, or, *From the depth of my heart, O Lord*. The Queen’s favourite was, *Ne Vueilles pas, O Sire*, that is, *Rebuke me not in thine indignation*, which she sung to a fashionable jig. Antony King of Navarre sung, *Revenge moy preu le querelle*,

or, *Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel, to the air of a dance of Poitou.*" Such was the state of things in the gay court of Francis the First.

Meanwhile, Luther was proceeding in Germany with his opposition to the discipline and doctrines of Rome; and Calvin was laying at Geneva the foundations of a system of Church polity and worship, more rigid and unadorned even than that contemplated by his illustrious fellow reformer. Both, however, appear to have been disposed, if not equally anxious, to supersede the antiphonal chanting in which the people had no share, and more especially the old Papistic Hymns, which were superstitious as well as unedifying, with some kind of singing in which the congregation could bear a part. The publication of Marot's Psalms taking place at the precise juncture when Calvin was contemplating the introduction of some kind of Hymns in the vernacular language, in connexion with plain melodies easy to be learnt by the common people, the reformer forthwith commenced the use of the French Psalm Book in his congregation at Geneva.

Being set to simple and almost monotonous notes by Guillaume de Franc, they were presently established as a conspicuous and popular branch of the reformed worship. Nor were they only sung in the Genevan congregations. They exhilarated, as Warton remarks, the convivial assemblies of the Calvinists, were commonly heard in the streets, and accompanied the labours of the artificer. The weavers and woollen manufacturers of Flanders, many of whom left the loom and entered into the Ministry, are said to have been the capital performers of this science. Thus was the poetical prediction of

Clement Marot, relative to the popularity of his Psalms, literally realized by the event. By this time, too, the Catholics had become painfully sensible of the danger of allowing the people to indulge in the sweetness of religious themes taken from Scripture, and in the vulgar tongue; for although at first they appeared only in the usually fugitive form of fashionable ballads, yet their adoption in the heretical assemblies was alone sufficient to attain them in the estimation of the faithful. At length the use or rejection of Marot's Psalms became a sort of test of the sentiments of the leading parties\*—they were printed as an Appendix to the Catechism of Geneva; and were interdicted to the Catholics under the most severe penalties. “In the language of the Orthodox, Psalm-singing and heresy were regarded as synonymous terms.”†

Those who have witnessed the effects produced by the patriotic songs of Dibdin, and the religious Hymns of the Wesleys within the present century,

\* The use of the metrical Psalms was at one period regarded as an evidence, if not of the Protestantism, at least of the conformity of the Clergy in this country; for when Dr. Cosins, Prebendary of Durham, and afterwards Bishop of that Diocese, who was sent into custody in 1641, on account of superstitious innovations which it was alledged he had introduced into that Cathedral, was examined before the House of Lords, among other things he declared, “that he did not forbid the singing of the Psalms in metre—but used to sing them himself, with the people at Morning Prayer.”

† And not altogether without reason perhaps. The terrific spoliation of the imagery of from 20 to 30 of the Popish Churches in Flanders, which took place on the attempt to introduce the Inquisition in 1556, began by a company of boys commencing to “sing Psalms,” in “owre Lady Church,” at Antwerp, says an eye-witness.—*Life of Sir T. Gresham, vol. ii. p. 138.* And this statement is corroborated by the historian of the Low Countries:—“Now when they (the Heretics) had possessed themselves of the Church, bearing the clock strike the last hour of the day, and darkness adding confidence, one of them (lest their wickedness should want formality) began to sing a Geneva Psalm, and then, as if the trumpet had sounded a charge, they fell upon the effigies of the Mother of God, and upon the pictures of Christ and his Saints.”—*Strada De Bello Belgies.* Stapylton's trans. Book v. p. 124.

will be somewhat prepared to appreciate the wonderful influence of well adapted lyric strains, whether sacred or secular, on the popular mind. These effects, so signal in their influence on the revival of religion in our times, when the ear and the mind were not unfamiliar with Church singing, may well be supposed to have been vastly more considerable at the era of the Reformation, when, for the first time, persons found themselves and heard others uttering intelligible and joyful sounds, of a religious character, only perhaps one degree less surprising at first, than if they had actually heard a dumb man break out into singing or conversation with those about him.

As might be expected, this country was prepared to receive favourably, what had been found on the continent so powerful an agent at once of the Reformation and of devotion, as Psalm singing. Warton, whose prejudices against the introduction of a popular metrical psalmody into our Churches, was singularly strong,\* thus describes the event:—  
 “This infectious frenzy of sacred song soon reached England, at the very critical point of time, when it

\* One of the most interesting portions of Warton's learned work, the “History of English Poetry,” especially to an enquirer into the progress of our popular Psalmody, is undoubtedly that in which he gives some account of the rise and progress of that taste for religious singing, which preceded the metrical labours of Sternhold and Hopkins, and others, who took part in the work which bears their names. It must, however, be mentioned that Warton's account, full and satisfactory as it is on the subject, is tinged throughout with a strong and undisguised aversion to the introduction of Congregational Psalm-singing into the Anglican Churches at all, as being foreign to the structure of our Liturgy. Possibly, however, the early introduction of metrical versions of the Psalms into the otherwise austere service of the reformed Genevan Churches by the Calvinists, and the popularity of similar strains among the Puritans of England and Scotland, at a somewhat later period, with other incidental causes, had more to do with prejudicing the worthy Professor of Poetry against the character and use of these compositions, than either their abstract incongruity with the general frame of our worship, or their frequent baldness and lameness of phraseology.

had just embraced the Reformation ; and the new psalmody was obtruded on the new English liturgy by some officious zealots, who favoured the discipline of Geneva, and who wished to abolish not only the choral mode of worship in general, but more particularly to suppress the *TE DEUM*, *BENEDICTUS*, *MAGNIFICAT*, *JUBILATE*, *NUNC DIMITTIS*, and the rest of the liturgic hymns, which were supposed to be contaminated by their long and ancient connexion with the Roman Missal, or at least in their prosaic form, to be unsuitable to the new system of worship."

This innovation, so desired by one party, and deprecated by another, was not in any considerable degree effected in England. The choral mode of singing was retained in Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches—the liturgic hymns were continued in the Prayer Book ; while Sternhold and Hopkins and their coadjutors provided a metrical version of the Psalms, which were "set forth and allowed to be sung in Churches of all the people together." Such is a brief history of the introduction of the mode and matter of our ordinary singing in Parish Churches ; and such at first was the ravishing effect of this kind of Psalmody, that it was called "the witch of Heresy," and, adds George Wither, "I understand that some sectaries and favourers of the Church of Rome have of late years disapproved the translation of these Psalms into the vulgar tongues, and scoffed at the singing of them in the Reformed Churches, insomuch that they have in scorn termed them *Geneva Jiggs* and *Beza's Ballets*."

It was objected at the first, as we have seen, not only that the Old Version thrust out the Liturgic Hymns, but more especially that it was of Puritanic

origin. There might be some ground for both allegations—however little either of them was worth. Heylin, the biographer of Laud, and who adduces the objections, mentions a fact which is curious in an historical point of view:—"by the practice of the Puritan party they [the singing Psalms] came to be esteemed the most Divine part of God's Service; the reading Psalms, together with the First and Second Lesson, being heard in many places with a covered head; but all men sitting bareheaded, when the Psalm is sung."\* Here, it will be seen, we have evidence, not only that persons sat to sing, according to the Genevan practice, but that in some congregations, men kept their hats on during Divine Service: neither of these customs, however, was general. It may be here mentioned that the practice of collecting money in Churches during the singing of the Psalm, has existed for two centuries.†

A very striking description of Psalm singing as it existed under peculiar circumstances, and immediately before the suppression of organs by Cromwell's Parliament, is given by old Thomas Mace, a celebrated writer on music. He is speaking of the period of the siege of York, in 1644, which lasted for eleven weeks, during which, on every Sunday, "the Church was even cramming or squeezeing full." The pious lutenist proceeds:—"Now here you must take notice, that they had then a custom in that Church, which I hear not in any other Cathedral; which was, that always before the sermon, the whole

\* Heylen's Examen Historicum.

† Pepys says, Dec. 30, 1666. "To Church. Here was a collection for the sexton: but it come into my head why we should be more bold in making the collection while the Psalm is singing, than in the sermon or prayer."—Diary, iii. 116.

congregation sang a Psalm, together with the quire and the organ : and you must also know, that there was then a most excellent, large, plump, lusty, full-speaking organ, which cost, I am credibly informed, a thousand pounds. This organ, I say, when the Psalm was set before sermon, being let out into all its fulness of stops, together with the quire, began the Psalm. But when that vast-concording unity of the whole congregational-chorus, came, as I may say, thundering in, even so as it made the very ground shake under us : oh the unutterable ravishing soul's delight ! in the which I was so transported and wrapt up in high contemplations, that there was no room left in my whole man, viz., body, soul, and spirit, for any thing below Divine and heavenly raptures : nor could there possibly be any thing to which that very singing might be truly compared, except the right apprehension or conceiving of that glorious and miraculous quire, recorded in the Scriptures at the dedication of the temple.\* And yet there appears to have been enough going on at the same time, in another way, not only to have marred the Psalmody, but which must have furnished an ominous prelude to events which presently issued in something more disastrous than silencing the organ,—for, the narrator adds, that “sometimes a cannon bullet has come in at the windows, and bounced about from pillar to pillar, even like some furious fiend or evil spirit,” yet not one person was ever hurt in the Church. At the very time the besieged citizens and soldiery of York were swelling, as above described, with voice and organ, the wonted Choral Psalmody of their English Service, the House of Lords were

\* Music's Monument, by Thomas Mace, folio 1676, chapter x.

abolishing the use of the Book of Common Prayer, and establishing by means of the "Directory," a new form of Divine worship, in which the singing of Psalms was the only music allowed. In this book, we are told that "It is the duty of Christians to praise God publicly by singing of Psalms together in the congregation, and also privately in the family. In singing of Psalms the voice is to be tunably and gravely ordered : but the chief care must be to sing with understanding and with grace in the heart, making melody unto the Lord. That the whole congregation may join herein, every one that can read is to have a Psalm book ; and all others, not disabled by age or otherwise, are to be exhorted to learn to read. But for the present, where many in the congregation cannot read, it is convenient that the Minister, or some fit person appointed by him, and the other ruling officers, do read the Psalm line by line before the singing thereof." This practice of "giving out" the lines by the clerk is, however, much more ancient than the book by which it was now enforced : it is continued to the present time in the Church of Scotland, and among the Independents and Methodists in this country—though the necessity or advantages of the usage have nearly ceased to be apparent.

In Scotland, as elsewhere, the first publication of the Psalter in the vulgar tongue appears to have preceded that of the whole Scriptures : a curious fact, illustrative of the taste of the times, occurs in connection with this subject. In 1568, Thomas Bassandyne printed at Edinburgh a "Psalm Buik," at the end whereof was found "ane lewd song, called Welcome Fortunes." This *Buik* gave



great offence to the General Assembly, which met that year in the city, and the printer was ordered to "call in those buiks." How he acted does not appear; but it has been surmised the Divines were less scandalized by the song at the end, than offended with a remark at the beginning relative to "The fall of the Romain's Kirk," and naming "our King and Sovereigne supream head of the Primitive Kirk." Versions, however, of some of the Psalms, the rendering of which has usually been attributed to John and Robert Wedderburn, brothers to the poet of that name, appear to have been in use in Scotland at a much earlier period—before the Reformation, seems very probable. "It is certain," says Dr. M'Crie in his *Life of Knox*, "that before the year 1546 a number of the Psalms were translated into metre; for George Wishart sang one of them in the house of Ormiston, on the night in which he was apprehended."

The conflict of opinions excited two centuries ago, by the introduction of metrical Psalmody into our parochial worship, has scarcely subsided, though the grounds of dispute have changed. No Protestant, of course, could be found to object to the singing being in English—and, probably, no Churchman, to metrical Psalmody, as such. Warton, indeed, after speaking of the defects of the Old Version, and of various attempts at removing them, says expressly "I reprobate any version at all, more especially if intended for the use of the Church"—but, with very rare exceptions, the day for subscribing to such a sentiment is gone; the controversy now turning almost entirely on the authority, the fidelity, or the poetry of different versions.

It is worthy of a passing notice in this place, though I shall afterwards advert to the subject at length, that within these few years, the Rev. J. H. Todd has published an elaborate and ingenious volume,\* a main object of which is to point out the pre-eminent merits and claims of the Old Version of the Psalms to be used in the Churches of this realm.

The merit of Sternhold and Hopkins, may perhaps be allowed to be in some degree a question of taste—though hardly so, as compared with the Versions of others: but Mr. Todd's work is chiefly interesting in relation to that supreme and peculiar "AUTHORITY" which is claimed for the Old Psalms, though amidst much ingenious deduction, the learned enquirer seems to leave the facts pretty much as he found them—namely, that notwithstanding the Old Version appears from the first to have been printed with the words "allowed to be sung in Churches," &c., on its title-page, no legal voucher for this distinction, of coeval date, has ever been found—moreover, that not only have other Versions enjoyed a similar authority,† but still more direct recommendations, without their Authors being able to turn such advantage to more than very partial account, against the important circumstance of ancient usage in favour of the Old Version.

\* "Observations upon the Metrical Versions of the Psalms, made by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others," &c. &c. 1822.

† How slight the grounds on which these claims to authorised *allowance* may sometimes rest, will be inferred from what Mr. Gardiner, the Author of "Sacred Melodies," says concerning an interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the presentation of that book to his Grace. After some other conversation, he remarks:—"I then said, 'I have to crave your Grace's permission to put on the title-page of my book what Sternhold has done—*allowed to be sung in Churches.*' To this the Archbishop made no objection."—*Music and Friends*, ii. 475.

The Kirk of Scotland has always manifested a remarkably strong indisposition to innovate in the matter of Psalmody. This was particularly the case when an attempt was made, in 1632, to supersede the Old English Version, which had been in use since 1564, by that of King James. In *Blackwood's Magazine*, for May, 1818, there is an interesting article on "Metrical Versions," &c., in which is reprinted a somewhat prolix but very curious paper of "Reasons," originally drawn up by Calderwood, and shewing why "the Psalms of David in meeter allowed by the general Assemblie, sould be sung in the Kirks of Scotland, as they have bein since the year 1564." After premising the history of their "Psalmes buickes," and admonishing the people that by receiving the improved Version, even under the dread of penalties which seem to have been threatened on its rejection, "they wold be forder grieved and prejudiced in ye spiritual estate," than they could be hurt "in bodie or goods by suffering for retention of yr awin Psalmes," the assembled Divines thus speak :—"In uther reformed Kirks, as ingland, france, germanie, netherlands, etc. yr psalmes in meter are not so absolutely perfite, and frie of blame that nothing can be censured in ym, and yet neyr have they nor will they reject the comlie face of yr own psalter, for a small blott one or mair, but still retain what they have had in long continued and comfortable practice."

While, however, the Scottish Divines stoutly withstood the introduction of the Psalms of King James,\* they appear at the same time to have set

\* "Introduction" by the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, prefixed to Blackie's edition of the common Scotch version, 1838.

about obtaining a version of which they could entirely approve. For after the reception of Calderwood's paper of "Reasons" by the General Assembly, it appears that Henderson and others were appointed to give judgment "anent the new translated Book of Psalms." They adopted in the main the version of Francis Rous, which had been submitted by the English House of Commons to the Assembly of Divines which met at Westminster in 1643, to be revised by them with the view of being introduced into the Church. The Psalms, as amended by a Committee of the Divines, were approved by Parliament, in 1645. Before, however, they adopted this version, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland resolved upon a still farther revision of it by the following act, passed in 1647 :—"The General Assembly having considered the report of the Committee, concerning the paraphrase of the Psalms sent from England, and finding it necessary that the said paraphrase be yet revised, doth appoint Mr. John Adamson to examine the first forty Psalms, Mr. Thomas Crawford the second forty, Mr. John Row the third forty, and Mr. John Nevey the last thirty Psalms of that paraphrase; and in their examination they shall not only observe what they think needs to be amended, but also set down their own essay for correcting thereof; and for this purpose recommends them to make use of the travels [labours] of Mr. Rowallan, Mr. Zachary Boyd, or of any other on the subject, but especially of our own paraphrase, that what they find better in any of these works may be chosen; and likewise they shall make use of the animadversions sent from presbyteries, who for this cause are desired to hasten their obser-

vations to them ; and they are to make report of their labours herein to the Committee of the Assembly for public affairs, against their first meeting in February next ; and the commission, after revising thereof, shall send the same to provincial assemblies to be transmitted to presbyteries, that by their further consideration the matter may be fully prepared to the next Assembly."

The business of revision having been despatched accordingly, the Assembly, in August, 1649, referred the whole matter to the commission to meet in November ensuing, by the following act: "The General Assembly having taken some view of the new paraphrase of the Psalms, in metre, with the corrections and animadversions, sent from several persons and presbyteries ; and, finding they cannot overtake the review and examination of the whole in this Assembly, therefore now, after so much time, and so great pains about the correcting and examining thereof from time to time, some years bygone, that the work may come to some conclusion, they do ordain the brethren appointed for perusing the same, during the meeting of this Assembly, viz., Messrs. James Hamilton, John Smith, Hugh M'Kail, Robert Trail, George Hutchison, and Robert Laurie, after the dissolving of this Assembly, to go on in that work carefully, and to report their travels to the Commission of the General Assembly for Public Affairs, at the meeting at Edinburgh in November ; and the said Commission, after perusal and re-examination thereof, is hereby authorised with full power, to conclude and establish the paraphrase, and to publish and emit the same for public use." On the 23rd of November, the Commission of the General

Asssembly issued their decision, viz., that “having with great diligence considered the paraphrase of the Psalms in metre, sent from the Assembly of Divines in England, by our Commissioners while they were there, as it was corrected by former general Assemblies, and by Committees from them, and now at last by the brethren deputed by the last Assembly for that purpose, and having exactly examined the same, do approve the said paraphrase as it is now compiled; and, therefore, by the power given them by the said Assembly, do appoint it to be printed and published for public use; hereby authorising the same to be the only paraphrase of the Psalms to be sung in the Kirk of Scotland, discharging the old paraphrase, and any other than this new paraphrase, to be made use of in any congregation or family, after the first day of May, in the year 1650; and for uniformity in this part of the worship of God, do seriously recommend to presbyteries to cause or make intimation of this act, and take special care that the same be timely put in execution and duly observed.”

Nothing could have been better calculated to secure the utmost attainable accuracy of interpretation, than the labours of the General Assembly: at the same time, no plan was so likely to quench every spark of poetical beauty, which might happen to have been struck out in the original process of versification: accordingly, while it would be difficult after a lapse of nearly two hundred years, to urge any sufficient reason why the Kirk of Scotland should abandon her authorised version of singing Psalms, on doctrinal grounds, it would be still more difficult to rescue the metre from the charge of being among the most uncouth and inharmonious specimens of its

class. The reader will not fail to notice the stringent bearing of the above-cited act, which not only inhibits the use of the old version and others in public congregations, but in private houses also.

Of late years, the question which might have been mooted chiefly in reference to rival metrical versions of the Book of Psalms, has been almost sunk in that pertaining to the introduction of Hymns into Churches, generally at the will, and according to the taste of the incumbent. On the legality of this practice, I give no opinion;\* of its expediency, I think the large success of the experiment on the one hand, and its almost entire freedom from inconvenience on the other, must be taken as the test. Two things, at least, appear morally certain on this subject, namely, in the first place, that the exclusive use of the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, can never be enforced in our Churches, or wholly superseded in them; and secondly, that no new Version, either made by an individual, or selected from the labours of more than one,† will ever be imposed by ecclesiastical authority, nor, it is probable, be recommended for uniform adoption.

\* On this question, *vide* proceedings and judgment in the Consistory Court of York, in the cause of Holy and Ward *v.* the Rev. Thomas Cotterill, incumbent of St. Paul's Church, Sheffield, 1820.

† It was the opinion of the late Dr. Vincent, expressed in his "Considerations on Parochial Music," that in any reformation of our Psalmody by authority, a collection formed from different Authors "might carry this point as near perfection as is requisite." He names, as proper to be consulted, the Versions of King James, Sandys, Merrick, and the Psalms by Milton.

## SECTION VIII.—WELCH, IRISH, GAELIC, AND MANX VERSIONS.

It is an interesting fact, though but rarely present it may be presumed, to the minds of the admirers of English literature in general, that within the comparatively narrow circuit of the British Islands, three languages are spoken—four, if we include the Manx,—which, to the bulk of the population of the United Kingdom, including the learned, as a body, are as unintelligible as Hebrew, Greek, and Latin are to the common people: these languages are the Welsh, the Irish, and the Gaelic, each of them the vehicle in which Christian Worshippers offer praise to God according to that common Directory of the Universal Church—the Book of Psalms.

It would, of course, be foreign to the object of this work, to enter into any philological disquisition on these languages, even were the author competent to the task, a qualification which he utterly disclaims: at the same time, a brief notice of the metrical Versions which are published in them will not be out of place. It may be mentioned that all the languages above-named are derived from the Celtic, of which the Gaelic, still spoken in North Britain, is regarded as the oldest and purest dialect remaining.\*

The inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland, appear to have had the Holy Scriptures in their

\* It has indeed, been recently attempted to shew that the Gaëlic is not only closely allied to the Hebrew and the Chaldee, but that it may be considered to retain in its vocables, almost the identical terms used by the first created human beings.—*Mac Lean's History of the Celtic Language*, 1840.



vernacular dialect since the latter end of the last century : and it would seem that in 1781, the Psalmody of the Kirk of Scotland was translated into Gaelic by the Rev. John Smith, a member of the Synod of Argyle.\* These hardy mountaineers had for ages been noted for their fondness for singing ; but their original songs were by no means of a religious character, however affecting in some instances the airs by which they were accompanied. “ It was,” says the Rev. Peter Grant in the preface to his little Volume of Gaelic Poetry, “ a glorious day for the Highlands, when the Scriptures, the Psalms and Hymns were translated into their native tongue : but hitherto they had no spiritual songs, that they could sing in private, and with their old Highland airs, till Dugald Buchanan, of Rannach, appeared, a father in Israel. He spent his time and his talents in teaching them to read, preaching the Gospel to them, and composing spiritual songs for their edification and comfort. His Poems have not yet been equalled, and will never be excelled.” In 1783, the Synod of Argyle then assembled at Inverary, charged Dr. Smith above mentioned with the revisal and publication of a Gaelic Version of the Psalms of David. This work he has, in the opinion of competent judges, executed in a “ faithful and beautiful manner.” As the reader may not be displeased to see a specimen of the language of the countrymen of Ossian reduced to metre, I copy the Hundredth Psalm from the Gaelic Version :—

## SALM C.

1. Togadh gach tìr àrd-iolach ghlaoidh,  
do Dhia Jehobhah mòr.

\* An Erse Church was built in Edinburgh, in 1768.

2. Thigibh, is deanaibh seirbhis aít,  
'n a láthair-san le ceòl.
3. Biodh agaibh fios gur esan Dia,  
's e rinn sinn, 's cha sinn fein :  
A phobull sinn, 's a chaoirich fós  
dh' ionaltradh leis gu lèir.
4. Thigibh anis le buidheachas  
'na gheataibh-san a steach,  
Is thigibh fós le moladh mór  
an cúirtibh, naomh a theach :  
Is thugaibh dhá mor-bhuidheachas,  
ainm beannuichibh gu binn.
5. Oir Dia ta mailh, tha thrócair buan :  
is fhirinn feadh gach linn.

The Erse, or ancient language of Ireland is allied to the foregoing : it is written, however, in an alphabetical character peculiar to itself, and which removes it still farther from the apprehension of a mere English reader. Thomas Moore, Esq., combining the ardour of the poet, with the enthusiasm of his countrymen, pronounces this “living language of the Sacred Isle” to be “the most genuine, if not only existing dialect, of the oldest of all European tongues,—the tongue which, whatever name it may be called by, according to the various and vague notions respecting it, whether Japhetan, Pelasgic, or Celtic, is accounted most generally to have been the earliest brought from the East by the Noachidæ, and accordingly, to have been a vehicle of the first knowledge that dawned upon Europe.”\* It is a remarkable evidence in favour of the antiquity of the primæval Irish alphabet, that like that derived from the Phœnicians by the Greeks, it contains only sixteen letters, this limited number being generally by the learned attributed to the invention of Cadmus.

\* Moore's Hist. Ireland, i. 54.

But this, with other points in the history of the early period of the literature of Ireland, are involved in much uncertainty.\* The Metrical Version of the Psalms of David in the Irish language was undertaken by Dr. M'Leod at the earnest request of the Presbyterian Synod of Ulster, and of various societies interested in the Scriptural instruction of the native Irish. The Gaelic Version has been closely followed, except where a departure was necessary, with the view of accommodating the idiom of the Irish tongue to a full and clear expression of the original Hebrew. Dr. M'Leod was assisted in this work by Mr. Thaddeus Connellan, the Rev. H. H. Beamish, of London, and Mr. David Murphy, Scripture Reader under the "Irish Society," and Author of "Lays of Erin's Ancient Harp." I am indebted for a copy of the Irish Version, "פְּסַלְתֵּי דָּוִד בְּלִשָּׁן אִירֵיִל" (London, 1836,) to the courtesy of the

\* The advocates of a high degree of antiquity in the civilization of Ireland, allege that St. Patrick introduced the Roman character, along with copies of the Scriptures and Liturgies, which his converts, previously illiterate, soon became adepts enough to transcribe. Leland† mentions the existence of some ancient MSS. in the Ogham, or cryptic character, which puzzled the most learned readers of the old Irish, until General Vallancey shewed that they were written in the manner well known to the Grecian antiquary by the name of *Bustrophedon*, the lines being read alternately from right to left, and from left to right. This, however, is not a characteristic of the language, which is even now so animating in the ears of a native, and for the cultivation of the study of which a professorship has lately been founded in the Dublin University. Passing over the controversy relative to a copy of the Four Gospels, alleged to be still extant, in the handwriting of St. Columbkil, the oldest Irish manuscript of undoubted authority, is the document known as the "Psalter of Cashel," written in the latter end of the ninth century: the earliest records of the vernacular Irish literature having perished. The modern poet of Ireland claims, indeed, for his countrymen the credit of having made use of *rhyme*, as well in the native as in the latin languages, at a much earlier period than that to which Sharon Turner refers the oldest specimen known to himself. The Irish poets, St. Columbanus and Sedulius, have both left latin verses, interspersed with rhyme: the following illustrative specimen is from a well-known Hymn on the Life of Christ, by the latter:—

"A solis ortus cardine, ad usque terra limitem,  
Christum canamus principem—natum Maria Virgine."

† Hist. Ireland. Prelim. Disc. xxvii.

Rev. Robert Winning, one of the Secretaries of the Irish Society. Subjoined is the Version of the Hundredth Psalm, the values of the Irish characters being represented by Roman letters: the first verse, in the original form is prefixed:—

℄ Psalm.

Fuaim luathghairreac déanaidh gach tír,  
 Don Triath ar nard-tighearna fíor;  
 Tigidhe a' r' déanaidh reilubhí r' d'ó,  
 Reilubhí a' r' déanaidh le r'ubhacá r' gach ló.

1. Fuaim luathghairreac deanaidh gach tír,  
 Don Triath ar nard-tighearna fíor;
2. Tigidhe a's dranuigh seirhis do  
 Air aghaidh le subhachas gach lo.
3. Ni sin do rinn sin fein a Dhia,  
 Biooh aguibh fios gur b'e an Triath  
 A dhaoine sinn 'sa shluagh go leir,  
 Caoirre a inubhir cneasda shaoir.
4. Tigidhe 'na gratuibh-sion a steach,  
 Go cuirtibh alium a Naomh-theach  
 A's tigidhe fos le moladh inor,  
 A lathair Righ na nuile ghloir.  
 Sar-bhuidheachois anois tugaigh dho  
 A's ainm-sion beanuigh gach lo;
5. Oir Dia ta maith a's trocaireach sior,  
 Go saol na saol ta seiseau fíor.

The Welsh language, which is that which was spoken by the ancient Britons, has an affinity with the Gaelic\* and the Irish, and is, moreover, said in some respects to have a resemblance to the Hebrew. It is likewise said, with what propriety I am unable to judge, not to be adapted for music: the fame of the Welsh bards shews that it is not unfriendly to

\* Maclean has given a list of 606 Welsh and Gaelic words having a close affinity: the number might be extended to 1600. — *Gent. Mag. Oct. 1840.*

poetry. William Myddelton, a celebrated bard, traveller, and sea captain, who published in 1593 a work entitled “Bardoniaeth: or the art of Welsh Poetry,” was the first who translated into his native tongue the Psalms of David, “running into excellent metre,” “which noble work,” adds Wood, “he performed *apud Scutum insulam occidentalium yndorum*, and finished it there 24th Jan. 1595.” It was printed in London eight years afterwards. The inhabitants of the Principality use at present a metrical version of the Psalms, which was made by the Rev. Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Meirionieth, about the commencement of the seventeenth century. He was a native of Meirioniethshire, and was educated at Cambridge: he afterwards served a Church at Maenturog, in the neighbourhood of his native place, and ultimately was made Archdeacon of Meirionieth. He was a celebrated Welsh poet; and “composed the Psalms of David, one by one,” for the Church Service, and when he had finished them he was induced to print them for the use of the Churches. This version has been subsequently revised and corrected by the Rev. Peter Williams, one of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Ministers, and the first Welsh Commentator on the Bible: bound up with the Bible, it is often used in public worship, particularly by the Calvinistic Methodists. I give below, for comparison with the others, the version of the Hundredth Psalm. This, however, as the Rev. Isaac Jenkins, to whose kindness I am indebted for the foregoing information, remarks, “is not a fair specimen of the Welsh Psalm metre, as it is composed in what is commonly called *long measure*. There is a peculiarity belonging to our proper Psalm metre,

which Englishmen generally are not aware of. I do not recollect to have seen a corresponding form of versification in any English poet. Common metre is the nearest to it. The verse consists of four lines, the first of which is, in all respects, exactly like the first line of a common metre: the second contains *seven syllables*, with the accent on the penultima; and the last syllable of the first line is answered by a corresponding one in the middle of the second. The last two lines are like the first two; the last syllables of the second and the fourth rhyming with each other. The following, which is the first verse of the 23rd Psalm, is a correct specimen of the Welsh Psalm metre:—

“ Yr Arglwydd yw fy mugail clan,  
 Ni ād byth eisian arnaf:  
 Mi gaf orwedd mewn porfa frās  
 Ar lân dwr gloywlas araf.”

“I will try,” adds my friend, “to give you an example in English of what I mean:—

My Shepherd is the Lord most *high*,  
 He's always *nigh* to succour;  
 There is in Him a sweet *repose*,  
 A feast for *those* in favour.

Now this is what we denominate a *Psalm metre*: I am not sure whether the English Bards can manage it, or not—that is, whether the language be favourable to it or not; but the Welsh Poets are very fond of it, and so are our Welsh singers and musicians. Suppose *you* make a trial of it?” The following is the One Hundredth Psalm in the Welsh metrical version, by the Rev. Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Meirioneth:—

“ Pr Arglwydd cenwch lafar glod,  
 A gwnewch ufudd dod llawen fryd :  
 Dewch o flaen Duw a pheraidd dôn,  
 Trigolion y’ ddaear i gyd.

Gwybddwch mai’r Arglwydd sy Dduw,  
 A’n gwnaeth ni ’n fyw fel hyn i fod,  
 Nid ni’n hunain : ei bobl ym ni,  
 A defaid rhi’ ei borfa a’i nod.

O, ewch i’w byrth a diolch brau ;  
 Yn ei gynteddan molwch if :  
 Bendithiwch enw Duw hynod  
 Rhowch iddo glod trwy lafar lef.

Can’s da yw’r Arglwydel, Awdur hedd ;  
 Da ei drugaredd a dilyth :  
 A’i wirionedd ini a roes,  
 O oes i oes a bery byth.”

The Metrical Version of the Psalms into Manx was, as far as it goes,\* executed in 1761, by the Rev. Robert Radcliffe, Vicar General, and Vicar of Kirk Patrick ; and Matthias Curghey, Vicar General, and Rector of Ballaugh. The inhabitants of the Isle of Man are under still higher obligations to these two individuals ; for they were not only among the principal signaturists to the Address of the Clergy of Man to their Diocesan, the excellent Dr. Hildersley, Oct. 26, 1762, respecting the Manx version of the Scripture,† but they took a most active part in that great and good work, both as translators themselves, and revisors of the labours of others. In the translation of the Liturgy into the language of the Manxmen, they were still more immediately, though not exclusively concerned.

\* The Manx Metrical Version comprises only 28 of the Psalms, as I learn from a letter, specifying the numbers, with which I am favoured by the Rev. B. Harrison, Incumbent of Kirk Maughold.

† Butler’s Life of Bishop Hildesley, p. 205.

I conclude with a version of the Hundredth Psalm in the Manx tongue, which is the old British, with an intermixture of the Norse, or Norwegian, and the English : it is spoken by most of the common people in the Isle of Man.

1. O ooilley shinish fir-vaghee'n theihll  
Trogjee kiaul ghennal gys y Chiarn  
Eeckjee nyn geesh da dy creeoil,  
Inshjee e ooglleey ayns arrane.
  2. She eh yn Jee mooar ynrican  
Liorish ta shin ass ooilley bio ;  
Shin t'eh er reih e phobble hene  
Yn shioltane t'er vassagh fo.
  3. Er e ghiatt cash'vich gowjee stiagh  
As ayns e choynt tra vees shin stie  
Gowjee arraneyn eunyssagh,  
Gys moylley'n Jee ta riu cha mie.
  4. Son mie ta'n Chiarn 'shyn smovinaghtyn  
E vyghinyn ricau shichyr va  
Fur ta e ghoo af farraghtyn  
Veih eash dy eash er son dy bra.
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THE

PSALMISTS OF BRITAIN:

RECORDS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY.



# PSALMISTS OF BRITAIN.

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## THOMAS BRAMPTON.

The earliest specimen of a translation of any portion of the Psalms into English metre, which I have met with, in connexion with the implied name of the Author, is a Version of the Seven Penitential Psalms, attributed to Thomas Brampton. The MS. from which the specimen given below is copied, is in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum, and is marked *Sloan. Numb. 1853. 4. D.* In an old hand at the commencement, is written "Frater Thomas Brampton Sacræ Theologiæ Doctor fr' minore pauperib' confesso' de..... Anglia Anno Dom. 1414. ad die honorem & incrementum devotionis.

*Hic incipiunt Septem psalmi penitentiales  
de latino translati in Anglicum.*

It will be seen that a very material word is illegible in the original Manuscript ; so that *who* or *what* the Author was, beyond the slight information contained in the foregoing note, I do not know. There is a singular mixture of Anglo-Saxon characters and old English words, (not attempted to be imitated in the

transcript), which shews that the Version was made when the language was in a transition state ; and the beautiful vellum MS. which has preserved during more than four centuries, these touching memorials of the pious skill of the writer, is not more interesting, as a caligraphical curiosity, than precious as an illustration of the success which at that early period attended the attempts at naturalizing Metrical Psalmody in the vernacular tongue.

Psalm LI. is more smoothly versified ; but as it has been printed before, and would besides exclude the curious specimen by old Alexander Scott, I have selected the following :—

PSALM CXLII.

Domine exaudi oracionem meam auribus percipe obsecrationem meam : in veritate tua exaudi in tua justicia.

To the lord my cause I take.  
 Thi doom is truthe and ryztwysnesse.  
 On myn ennyes a pleynt I make.  
 That steryn me evere to wickydnesse.  
 Here my prayere and redresse.  
 The malyce that thei schewe to me.  
 I leve my synne I take wytnesse.  
 Of ne reminiscaris domine.

Et non intres in iudicium cum servo tuo domine : quia non justificabitur in conspectu tuo omnis vivens.

What so evere I have ben here before.  
 Deme me nozt on the hardest wyse.  
 I have do mys I will no more.  
 But take me fully to thi servyse.  
 Before so ryztfull a justyse.  
 No lyvyng man gyltles may be.  
 Therefore I rede no man dyspyse.  
 Ne reminiscaris domine.

Quia persecutus est inimicus animam meam : humiliavit in terra vitam meam.

Myn enemyes ben ful harde to knowe.  
 That so faste my soule pursewe.  
 Thei drawe my love to the worlde ful lowe.  
 That be resoun I schulde eschewe.  
 They make me to the ful untrewē.  
 Out of here handys I may nozt fle.  
 But gyf thi grace in me renewe.  
 Ne reminiscaris domine.

Collocavit me in obscuris sicut mortuos sæculi : & anxiatus est super me spiritus meus in me turbatum est cor meum.

Thei cumbre me in wyll and werk.  
 My spirite is ful of wo wyth inne.  
 Alle my woordys be waxe derk.  
 ffor thei be mynged with dedly synne.  
 Myn herte begynneth to breste atwynne.  
 And hope of helpe I kan non se.  
 But gif I may frenschypp wynne.  
 With ne reminiscaris domine.

Memor fui dierum antiquorum meditatus sum in omnibus operibus tuis : in factis manuum tuarum meditar.

God hath chastysed for here mysdede.  
 Sūme of oure faderys as I fynde.  
 And largely qwytt hem here mede.  
 That hav to hym be good and kynde.  
 His werkys schul nevere out of my mynde.  
 Love and dreed they prentyn on me.  
 That I dar nevere more leve be hynde.  
 Ne reminiscaris domine.

Expandi manus meas ad te : anima mea sicut terra sine aqua tibi.

Often tymes myn handys I sprede.  
 And my synne be ful ypocrysye.  
 ffor I live nogt ther after in dede.  
 Myn herte is false feynt and drye.  
 There ben no terys in myn eye.  
 Thowg I wolde wepe it wyll nogt be.

I kan nogt preye rygt hertylye.  
Ne reminiscaris domine.

Velociter exaudi me domine : deficit spiritus meus.

Here me lord and wyll nogt tarye.  
My spirite begynneth to feynte and fayle.  
Suffere nevere my soul myskarye.  
Whāne the feendys will me assayle.  
Evere he is redy to gynne batayle.  
And I drede sore his cruelte.  
I have non armour of plate nor mayle.  
But ne reminiscaris domine.

Non avertas faciem tuam a me : et similis ero descendentibus in laeum.

Turne nogt away fro me thi face.  
But lete me have a sygte of itt.  
ffor gyf thou withdrawe thi grace.  
My soule in synce schal sone be schytt.  
Who so falle in that depe pytt.  
It is so derk he schal nogt se.  
Thanne is non helpe in mannys wytt.  
But ne reminiscaris domine.

Auditam fac michi mane miam tuam : quia in te speravi.

Of thi merey I wolde fayn lere.  
Be tyme gyf it be thi lyst.  
In this world whil I am here.  
In the is al myn hope and tryst.  
Sythi truthe and merey were freendys and kyst.  
There was nevere man of no degre.  
But gyf he wolde hym self that myst.  
Ne reminiscaris domine.

Notam fac michi viam in qua ambulem : quia ad te levavi animam meam.

Teehe me lord the rygt weye.  
That I may my soule save.  
Gyf the gospell trewly seye.  
Me thar no more but aske and have.

Thou were nevere scarce to knygt nor knave.  
 That wolde lyfte up his herte to the.  
 And devoutly crye and crave.  
 Ne reminiscaris domine.

Eripe me de inimicis meis domine ad te confugi : doce me facere  
 voluntatem tuam quia ds' meus es tu.

Delyvere me lord after thi mygt.  
 ffor myn enemyes that wole me ille.  
 Thei pursewe me bothe day and nygt.  
 Thei seke my soule to spoyle and spyllle.  
 Teche me to parforme thy wylle.  
 Thou art my lord and evere schalt be.  
 This is my prayere lowde and styllle.  
 Ne reminiscaris domine.

Spiritus tuus bonus deducet me in terram rectam : propter  
 nomen tuum domine vivificabis me in equitate tua.

To the land of rygtwysnesse.  
 Thi spirit schal lede me hole and sounde.  
 Tyl god schal deme bothe more and lesse.  
 Thanne schal I ryse out of the grounde.  
 There schal truthe and ryght be founde.  
 We schul be demyd be equite.  
 There schal no man for peny ne pounde.  
 Have ne reminiscaris domine.

Educes de tribulacione animam meam : & in misericordia tua  
 disperdes inimicos meos.

Lord lede me fro peynes kene.  
 And myn emmyes dysparple wyde.  
 Whan thou schalt deme alle men be dene.  
 There is no man that may hym hyde.  
 Make me thanne with hem abyde.  
 That schul be savyd and go with the  
 ffor thei ben provyd ageyn that tyde.  
 Of ne reminiscaris domine.

Et perdes omnes qui tribulant animam meam : quoniam ego  
 servus tuus sum.

Alle feendys ferse and felle.  
 That wolde my soule schame and sehende.  
 Thei schul be dampnyd to the peynes of helle.  
 Whāne thi servauntys to blysse schul wende.  
 That joye and blysse he us sende.  
 That schadde his blood up on a tre.  
 And alle that makyn here last ende.  
 Wyth *ne reminiscaris domine.* *Amen.*

Very much in the style of the foregoing composition, and resembling it in the concluding line of each stanza, is a Version of the "*De Profundis*," transcribed from the Fragment of a Commentary upon the Penitential Psalms, (*MSS. Harl. 1704. fol. 16, b.*) and attributed to Bishop Alcock. Although I have not thought it worth while to print the transcript before me, consisting as it does of seventy-three lines, the first stanza will not be unacceptable as a specimen:—

De profūdis clamam ad te domine exaudi uoce meam.

To ye lord I call and crie  
 ffrom the depe dale of sorow and woo  
 Here my voys graciously  
 And shelde me from my feerfull foo  
 I p̄y for me and mony moo  
 to dredefull dome when we shall goo  
 Ne reminiscaris domine.

The very learned and munificent Prelate, as he is designated by Warton, to whom this interesting fragment of a Metrical Version is attributed, was elevated to the See of Ely, in 1486, and died at Wisbeach, in 1501. Alcock appears to have been celebrated in his day, not only for the additions which he made to his Cathedral, and the improvements effected by him in the episcopal palace, but for his talents as a preacher, and for general ability in his



high office. He appears himself to have occasionally played upon his own name, as the Poet Barclay, an elaborate eulogist of the Bishop, has also done in the following lines :—

“ He *All* was a *Cock*, he wakened us from slepe,  
 And while we slumbered, he did our foldes kepe,  
 No cur, no foxes, nor butchers dogges wood,  
 Could hurt our foulds, his watchling was so good.  
 The hungry wolves, which that time did abounde,  
 What time he crowed, abashed at the sounde.  
 This coeke was no more abashed of the foxe,  
 Than is a lion abashed of an oxe.” &c.

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### SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, “ the elder,” as he has usually been called, to distinguish him from his son of the same name, who was beheaded for high treason in the reign of Queen Mary, was a warrior, a courtier, and a poet, who flourished in the reign of Henry VIII. He was characterised as “ the delight of the muses, and of mankind ;” nevertheless, the “ fashion of the age,” which brought so many eminent persons to the block, had nearly included Wyatt amongst its victims, he having been twice tried for his life, on account of some court cabal, upon the exact bearing of which authorities are not agreed : he died, however, in his bed at Sherburn, in Dorsetshire, in 1521. His compositions embrace themes of love and morality—the former prolific topic affording the direct title to more than sixty of his poems! and even these are probably only a part of what he wrote.

Twenty-eight years after the Author's death, were published "Certayne Psalmes chosen out of the Psalter of David commonlye called thee VII Penytentiall Psalmes, Drawen into Englyshe Meter by Sir Thomas Wyat Knyght, whereunto is added a prologe of the Auctore before every Psalm, very pleasant and profettable to the Godly Reader," with a Dedication to the Marquess of Northampton, by Sir John Harrington. Chalmers, in a biographical Memoir prefixed to his edition of the poems of Wyat, says "He contributed but little to the refinement of English poetry, and his versification and language are deficient in harmony and perspicuity. From a close study of the Italian Poets, his imagination dwells too often on puerile conceits and contrarities, which, however, to some are so pleasing that they are not to this day totally excluded from our poetry." Lord Surrey, with whom, as a contemporary Poet, Wyat has often been compared, to the acknowledged advantage of the former, has a sonnet containing the following lines, in praise of the Psalms "translated" by his friend :—

"The Macedon, that out of Persia chased  
 Darius, of whose power all Asia rang,  
 In the rich arke Dan Homer's rimes be placed,  
 Who feigned gestes of heathen princes sang,  
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulture, [repository]  
 To Wyatt's Psalmes shou'd Christians then purchāse ?  
 Where he doth paint the lively forth and pure ;  
 The stedfast hope, the sweet return to grace  
 Of just David by perfite penitence,  
 Where rulers may see in a mirror clere  
 The bitter frute of false concupiscence,  
 How Jewry bought Uria's death full dere."

This unhallowed passion of the King of Israel for

“Batsabe the bright,” in its murderous and remorseful results, was a favourite topic with our elder Poets; Wyat himself has made considerable use of it in the first of those “Prologes by the Auctor,” which he has prefixed to each of his Seven Psalms. The following compositions furnish specimens of the Prologues and the Psalms: if they do not place Wyat’s reputation as a Poet in a very high rank, they will be read with interest as illustrating the style and sentiments of a courtly versifier on sacred subjects, at the era of the Reformation:—\*

#### THE AUCTOR.

Of deape secretes, that Dauid then dyd syng,  
 Of mereye, of fayth, of frayltie, of grace;  
 Of Goddes goodnesse, and of justifyinge  
 The greatnes dyd so astony hym apace,  
 As who myghte saye, Who hath expressed thys thyng?  
 I synner, I, what have I saide? Alas!  
 That Gods goodnesse wold in my songe entreate,  
 Let me agayne consider and repeate.  
 And so he doth, but not expressed by worde:  
 But in his hearte he turneth oft and prayseth  
 The mercy, that hydeth of justice the sworde:  
 The justice, that so his promise complysheth  
 For his wordes sake to worthyles deserte,  
 That gratis hys grace to men doth departe.

Here hath he comfort when he doth measure  
 Measureless mereye to measureless faulte,  
 To prodygable synners infynite treasure,  
 Treasure celestyall, that never shall defaulte:  
 Ye, when that sunne shall fayle, and may not dure,  
 Mercy shall reigne, gainst whom shall none assaute  
 Of hell prevayle: by whom, loe! at this daye  
 Of heavens gates remyssyon is the kaye.

And when Dauid had pondered wel and tryed,  
 And seeth hymself not utterly depryed

\* It has been asserted that Wyat translated “the whole Psalterie of David” into verse: but if he did so, the Work is now lost.

From lygth of graee, that dark of synne did hyde,  
 He fyndeth hys hope moch therewyth reuyued :  
 He dare importune the Lord on euery syde,  
 (For he knoweth wel that to mercy is ascribed  
 Respecteles labour) importune, cry and call ;  
 And thus begynneth his song there withall.

PSALM CII. *Domine, exaudi orationem meam.*

Lord, heare my praier, and let my crye passe  
 Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.  
 Do not from me tourne thy merciful face,  
 Unto myself leauynge my government.  
 In tyme of trouble and aduersytye  
 Encline unto me thyne care and thyne entente :  
 And when I call, helpe my necessytye ;  
 Redely graunte theffecte of my desyre :  
 These holde demandes doe please thy majestye :  
 And eke my case soch haste doth well require.  
 For lyke as smoke my dayes are past awaye,  
 My bones dried up, as fornace wyth the fyre :  
 My harte, my mynde is wythered up like haye ;  
 Because I have forgott to take my breade,  
 My breade of lyfe, the word of truth, I saye,  
 And for my playntful syghes and for my dreade,  
 My bones, my strength, my very force of mynde  
 Cleued to the fleshe, and from the spirit were fledde,  
 As desperate thy mercye for to fynde.  
 So made I me the solen pellyeane,  
 And like the owle, that fleyth by proper kynde  
 Lygth of the day, and hath herself betane  
 To ruine lyfe out of all companye,  
 Wyth waker care, that with this woo beganne,  
 Lyke the sparowe was I solyterrye,  
 That syttes alone under the houses eaves.  
 This whyle my foes conspyred continually,  
 And dyd pronoke the harme of my dysease.  
 Wherefore lyke ashes my bread did me savour ;  
 Of thy iust word the task might not me please ;  
 Wherefore my drink I tempered with lycor  
 Of wepyng teares, that from mine eyes did rayue,  
 Because I know the wrath of thy furour.

Prouoked by right, had of my pryde dysdayne.  
 For thou dyddest lyfte me up to throwe me downe,  
 To teach me howe to know myself agayne :  
 Wherby I knew that helpless I shuld drowne.  
 My dayes like shadow deelyne, and I doo crye :  
 And the for ever eternitie dothe crowne ;  
 Worlde withoute ende doth last thy memory.  
 For thys frayltie, that yoketh all mankynde,  
 Thou shalt awake, and rue this mysereye :  
 Rue on Syon. Syon that as I fynde  
 Is the people that lyue under thie lawe.  
 For now is tyme, the tyme at hand assynde,  
 The tyme so longe that thy seruantes drawe  
 In great desyre to se that pleasante daye :  
 Daye of redemynge Syon from synnes awe.  
 For they have ruth to see in suche decaye  
 In duste and stones thys wretched Syon lore.  
 Then the Gentiles shall dreade thy name alwaye :  
 All earthly kynges thy glorye shall honour,  
 Then when thy grace thy Syon thus redemeth,  
 When thus thou hast declared thy myghtie power.  
 The Lorde his seruautes wyslies so estemeth,  
 That he hym turnethe vnto the poores request.  
 To our dyscent this to be written seemeth.  
 Of all comforts as consolaeyon beste :  
 And they, that then shalbe regenerate,  
 Shall prayse the Lord therefore both moste and leste,  
 For he hathe luke from the height of hys estate,  
 The Lorde from heaven in earth hath lookt on us,  
 To hear the more of them that are a' gate  
 In fowle bondage : to losc and to diseus  
 The sonnes of deathe oute frome theyre deadly bonde ;  
 Too gyve thereby occasion glorious  
 In thys Syon hys holy name to stonde,  
 And in Jerusalem hys landes lastyng aye,  
 When in one church the people of the londe  
 And realmes her gathered to serve, to laude, to pray  
 The Lorde above so juste and mercyful.  
 But to this ramble runninge in the waye,  
 My strength fayleth to reache it at the full.  
 He hath abreged my dayes, they may not dure

To see that terme, that terme so wonderfull :  
 All though I have with hartie will, and cure,  
 Prayed to the Lord, Take me not, Lord, awaye  
 In middes of my yeares ; thoughte thyne ever sure  
 Remayne eterne, whom tyme can not decaye.  
 Thou wroughste the earth ; thy handes the heavens dyd make  
 They shall peryshe, and thou shalt laste alwaye :  
 And all thinges age shall were and overtake  
 Lyke clothe, and thou shalt chaunge them lyke apparell,  
 Tourne, and translate, and thou in wroth it take ;  
 But thou thy selfe thy self remaynest well  
 That thou wast erste, and shalt thy years extende.  
 Then, sens to thys there may no thyng rebelle,  
 The greatest comforte that I can pretende  
 Is that the children of thy servants deare,  
 That in this world are born, shall without ende  
 Before thy face be stable all in fere.

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## HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Like his friend Sir Thomas Wyat, the Earl of Surrey was a courtier, a warrior, and a lover, as well as a poet ; and in the latter character he occupies an honourable station in the catalogue of our early bards. "For justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, he may," says Warton, "be justly pronounced the first English classical poet. He unquestionably is the first polite writer of love-verses in our language, although it must be allowed that there is a striking native beauty in some of our love-verses written earlier than Surrey's." His elegies to "the fair Geraldine" are certainly comparatively free from those "puerile conceits and contrarities" which characterised the

compositions of his contemporaries on similar subjects. Often so far-fetched are the conceits, and artificial the inspiration of the great bulk of the love ditties of the Sixteenth Century, that, instead of exciting anything like genuine emotion in the ordinary reader, even if he happen to be also a lover, an effect directly the reverse, would more probably be produced: indeed, if his passion was very vehement, nothing could be likelier to damp, if not to smother it altogether, than to compel him to read the whole of the verses addressed to Mistresses real or imaginary, by Wyat, Surrey, and other authors of their age. Nor can it be doubted but that the tone of mind and style of expression employed by these poets on a passion the most intense of which the mere human feelings are susceptible, considerably influenced the character of their moral and religious verse—even when matters the most solemn were the subject: the sacred poetry of the period referred to attests how largely this was the case. It was, indeed, the same mysterious tendency of poetical genius to appropriate language descriptive of the deepest feelings of the human heart, to the pure and holy emotions of the soul under the influence of religion, that led, at a later period, to the employment of the allegorical phraseology of Solomon's Song in celebrating the peculiar glories—the spiritual privileges of the Church of Christ. Surrey was born about 1520, and beheaded in 1547. His religious poems, which were probably composed while he was a prisoner in the Tower, consist chiefly of a versification of five chapters of the Book of Ecclesiastes, and Psalms 55, 73, and 88. “His Scripture translations,” as Chalmers remarks, “appear to be charac-

teristic of his mind and situation in his latter days : what, unless a heart almost broken by the unnatural conduct of his friends and family, could have induced the gay and gallant Surrey, the accomplished courtier and soldier, to console himself by translating those passages from Ecclesiastes, which treat of the shortness and uncertainty of all human enjoyments, or those Psalms which direct the penitent and the forsaken to the throne of Almighty Grace ?” Warton says that these translations of Scripture “ shew him to have been a friend to the Reformation ;” this is highly probable, and may have been one reason why his sufferings were embittered by the neglect, if not direct hostility of some of his relations.

## PROEM.

Wher recheles youthe in a unquiet brest,  
 Set on by wrath, revenge, and crueltye,  
 After long warr, pacyens had opprest,  
 And justice wrought by pryncelye equitie,  
 My devy then, myne error depe empreste,  
 Began to worke dispaire of libertye ;  
 Had not David, the perfyt Warriour tought  
 That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

## DOMINE DEUS SALUTIS. PSALM LXXXVIII.

Oh Lorde uppon whose will dependeth my welfare,  
 To call uppon thy hollye name syns day nor night I spare ;  
 Graunt that the just request of this repentaunt mynd,  
 So perce thyne cares, that in thy sight som favour it may fynd,  
 My sowle is franghted full with grief of various follies past,  
 My restles bodye doth consume and death approacheth fast ;  
 Like them whose fatall threde thy hand hath cut in twayne,  
 Of whome ther is no further brewte, which in their graves  
 remeyne.

Oh, Lorde, thou hast cast me heddlong, to please my foe,  
 Into a pitt all botomeles, where as I playne my woce,



The burthen of thy wrath it doth me sore oppresse ;  
 And sundrye stormes thou hast me sent of terrour and distresse :  
 The faithfull frends ar fled and bannyshed from my sight :

And such as I have held full dere have sett my frendshipp light.  
 My durance doth perswade of fredom such dispaire,  
 That by the tears that bayne my brest, myne eye sight doth  
 appaire :

Yet did I never cease thyne ayde for to desyre,  
 With humble harte and stretched hands for to appease thy yre.  
 Wherefore dost thou forbear in the defence of thyne,

To show such tokens of thy power in sight of Adam's lyne ;  
 Whereby eche feble hart with fayth might so be fedd,  
 That in the mouthe of thy elect thy mercyes might be spredd,  
 The fleshe that fedeth wormes can not thy love declare,

Nor suche set forth thy faith as dwell in the land of dispaire ;  
 In blind endured herts light of thy lovely name  
 Can not appeare, as can not judge the brightness of the same :  
 Nor blasted may thy name be by the mouth of those

Whom death hath shutt in sylence, so as they may not disclose :  
 The lively voyce of them that in thy word delight,  
 Must be the trumpe that must resound the glorye of thy  
 might :

Wherefore I shall not cease in chief of my distresse  
 To call on Thee till that the sleape my weryd lymes oppresse ;  
 And in the morning eke when that the slepe is fledd,

With floods of salt repentaunt teres to washe my restless bedd,  
 Within this careful mynd, bourduyd with care and greif,

Why dost thou not appear, oh Lord, that sholdest be his relief.  
 My wretched state beholde, whom deathe shall strait assaile,  
 Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did but waile ;

The dread, loo ! of thyne yre hath trod me under feete,  
 The scourgis of thyne angye hand hath made deth seme full  
 swete.

Like to the roring waves the sunken shippe surrounde,  
 Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no succour found ;  
 For they whom myschance could from my love devyde,  
 Ar forced, for my greater greif, from me their face to hide.

## MILES COVERDALE.

I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. H. Cotton's able "List of Editions of the Bible," &c. for a knowledge of the existence of a work, in which the illustrious proto-translator of the entire Scriptures in English, and Author of several curious Tracts on subjects of practical piety, appears as a writer of sacred poetry. Coverdale was Bishop of Exeter; after being deposed and imprisoned by Queen Mary, he happily escaped to the Continent, whence he returned on the accession of Elizabeth. He declined, however, to be reinstated in the See, and died in 1567. Of the work in question, the only copy known, a thin 12mo. in Black Letter, is bound up with some other curious Tracts, in the Library of Queen's College, Oxford; it is entitled, "Goastly psalmes and spirituall songes drawn out of the holy Scripture, for the comfort and consolation of soch as loue to rejoyse in God and his worde." After various mottoes, &c. "Myles Coverdale unto the Christian reader," says, among other things, "wolde God that our mynstrels had none other thyng to play upon, neither our carters and plowmen other thyng to whistle upon, save psalmes, hymns, and soch godly songes as David is occupied with all.)\* And yf

\* It was, however, precisely this common and familiar singing of the Psalms, which was at first urged as one of the strongest objections against their translation into metre in the vulgar tongue. Barnaby Googe, a poet of some note about 1530, defends divine poetry with considerable vehemence, or, to use the words of Warton—"with the zeal of a Puritan." After roundly asserting that

women syttyng at their rockes, or spynnyng at the wheles, had none other songes to pass theyr tyme withall, than such as Moses sister, Elchanahs wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have songe before them, they shuld be better occupied, then with *hey nony nony, hey trolly loly*, and soch lyke fantasies. Therefore to geve oure youth of Englonde some occasion to chaunge theyr foul and corrupte balettes into swete songes and spirituall hymnes of God's honoure, and for theyr owne consolacion in hym, I have here (good reader) set out certayne comfortable songes grounded on God's worde, and taken some out of the Holy Scripture speycially out of the Psalmes of David, at who wolde to God that our musicians wolde lerne to make theyr songes." From a passage in Fox's Book of Martyrs, Coverdale's Book appears to have been one of those which, in 1539, the people were by royal authority forbidden to read. The Psalms versified by Coverdale were the following:—2, 11, 13, 24, 45, 50, 67, 123, 127, 129, 133, 136, 147. I copy the subjoined specimen from the unique work above named. The lines are mostly without points, except in the first verse of each Psalm, which is accompanied by musical notes, and marked with oblique dashes, as indicated in the following transcript:—

the prophesies of Isaiah, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the Song of Solomon, and the Book of Job "were written by the first auctours in perfect and pleasant hexameter verses," he adds, "yet will not the *gracelesse* company of our pernicious hypocrites allow, that the Psalms of David should be translated into English metre. Marry, say they, because they were only received to be *chaunted* in the Church, and not to be sung in every cobler's shop. O monstrous and malicious infidels!—do you abhor to heare [God's] glory and praise sounding in the mouth of a poor Christian artificer!"

## PSALM L.

*Misere Mei Deus.*

O Lord God have thou mercy on me  
 After thy marvelous great pite /  
 As thou art ful of mercy !  
 Do away all mine iniquite.  
 And washe me frō all fylthynesse /  
 Of my great synnes and wantonness .  
 For they are many within me /  
 And euer I fele them heauye /  
 My synne is always before myne eye /  
 I have alone offended the /  
 Before the have I lnyed synfully /  
 In thy word stondest thou stedfastly /  
 Thoughe thou be iudged wrongfully.

Se how I am conceaved in synne  
 My mother hath brought me forth therin  
 A chylde of wrathe by nature borne  
 And without the Lorde am forlorne  
 To the treuth thou hast a pleasure always  
 And helpst my blyndnesse every daye  
 To knowe thy wysdome graciously  
 That thou hast hyd so secretly  
 With ysop fayre sprenkle thou me  
 Washe thou me cleue / so shall I be  
 Whyter than snowe / mend thou my cheare  
 My wery bones to helpe from feare  
 Which thou thyself hast bruised so neare.  
 Loke not upon my wretched lyfe  
 Forgeve my synnes that are so rife  
 And make in me a ryght pure harte  
 A good conscience let be my parte  
 A godly spirite renew in me  
 And cast me not away from the  
 Thy holy spirite let me have styll  
 To be my conforte in all evill  
 And let me have even the gladnesse  
 Of helth in all heuynesse  
 Thy myghtie spirite holde thou in me

I wyll helpe synners turn to the  
Thy way wyll I teach them hartely.

God rydde me from bloud gyltynesse  
Thou god of all my healthfulness  
So shall my tonge geve prayse to the  
Thy ryghtuousnesse to honoure in me  
Lord open thou these lypes of myne  
That my mouthe maye to thy prayse inclyne  
Thou hast no pleasure in offrynge  
Forels I thought them to the brynge  
Burnt offrynges are not to thy paye  
They please not the though they be gaye  
They are nothyng worth in thy syght  
Gods offrynge is of moche more myght  
A spirite all troubled is his ryght.

A contrite harte that is brought lowe  
Shalt thou lorde god alwaye not throwe  
That dost thou alwaye so regarde  
That it shall ever of the be harde.  
To Sion lorde be gracyous  
After thy kyndnesse plentuous  
That the walls of Hierusalem  
Maye be buylded and be brought from shame  
Then shalt thou be pleased doubtless  
With the offrynge of ryghteousness  
With the brent offrynges of thy wyll  
Then shall good men theyr calves kyll  
Therewith thyne altare to fulfyl.

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### THOMAS STERNHOLD.

Few names connected with our earlier poetical literature occupy a more equivocal position in the estimate of certain modern writers than that prefixed to this notice : with some persons, indeed, it is

associated with feelings akin to veneration; while there are others who could with difficulty pronounce it without a smile—not perhaps of contempt, but something very much like it. It has, indeed, been the lot of this pious and ingenious man to be as unduly lauded by one class of admirers, as he has been outrageously depreciated by some others. The work with which his name has been honourably, and in fact exclusively, associated for two hundred years—and which, let railers at it say what they will, has secured to him an everlasting record of gratitude on earth, is certainly as little suited to captivate the fastidious age in which we live, as it was well adapted to charm and edify—and it did both—that in which it was first published. Thomas Sternhold, whose memory is thus indissolubly joined with what is called the “Old Version” of our Singing Psalms, was a native of Hampshire, according to the generally received accounts;\* though some say he was born at Awse, about twelve miles from Gloucester: he is supposed to have been educated at Winchester College. Having passed some time at Oxford, he became groom of the robes to Henry VIII., and appears to have had a reputation about Court as well for piety as for poetry. “Being,” as Warton remarks, “of a serious disposition, and an enthusiast

\* So says Wood, on the authority of Bale, (*De Scriptorib. Anglicis.*) As it is to the latter we are indebted for nearly all that we know on this subject, and as the Catalogue reference to the Lansdown Collection in the British Museum might lead persons to expect more information than they will find under the title of “Biographical Notice of Thomas Sternhold,” it seems worth while to give in this place the entire article of Bale, from Bishop Kennet’s MSS. in *Bibliothec. Lansd. No. 980.*—“Thomas Sternholde patria Suthamptonensis, ut fertur, and Anglorum Regi Edvardo sexto ab intimo cubiculo. Vir erat cui benignissimus Deus multa sue gratiæ beneficia dedit. Qui ut amorosie et obscene cantiones Aulâ pellerentur, miro sermonis ornatu et eloquentia in Anglicos rhythmos traduxit ad eundem Regem ex Psalmis selectionibus 37. Obiit. A.D. 1549. mense Augusto.”

to reformation, he was much offended at the lascivious ballads which prevailed among the courtiers: and, with a laudable design to check these indecencies, undertook a Metrical Version of the Psalter. ‘Thinking thereby,’ says Anthony Wood, that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets, *but they did not* ‘only some few excepted:’ here was the zeal, if not the success of his fellow-labourer, Clement Marot.” The labours of the last named individual have been adverted to in the Introduction; and it has been remarked as a somewhat singular coincidence, that vernacular Versions of the Psalter for general use, were first published both in France and England, by laymen, by court poets, and by servants of the court; both having likewise versified nearly the same number of the Psalms at their death. Sternhold, we are told, so pleased the King—no easy matter, when that King was Henry VIII.—either by “his diligent services, or his knack of rhyming,” that his Majesty shewed him various kindnesses, and at his death bequeathed him a legacy of one hundred marks. His situation in the Royal Household, and the favour of his Sovereign, were continued in the succeeding reign. Sternhold died in 1549,\* in which year the thirty-seven, not fifty-one, as some have said, Psalms rendered by him, were first published by Day.† Their title was,

\* This, however, is merely assumed from the date of Sternhold’s will, which was executed in August, 1549. In it he bequeaths lands in Hampshire, and also in Cornwall: but whether this were patrimonial or acquired property, does not appear.

† Richard Day, M.A., Minister of Ryegate, in Surrey, was a son of the above, and himself a printer: he has the credit of being the first to introduce a distinct use of the letters j and i, v and u. His assigns printed several editions of the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, the copyright of which our printer appears to have derived from his father.

“ Psalmes of David, drawn into English Metre, by Thomas Sternholde.” Whether or not they were actually printed by the author appears doubtful; though that he had prepared them for the press is to be supposed from the following characteristic Dedication in his own name :—

“ To the Moste Noble and Verteous Kyng, our Souerein lorde Kyng Edwarde the sixte,\* Kyng of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland, defendour of the faith, and in yearth of the church of Englande, and also of Ireland, the Supreme hed: Thomas Sternholde, grome of his Maiesties Robes, wisheth encrease of health, honoure, and felicitiee.”

To this Dedication succeeds the following Preface, which, as exhibiting something of our Author, of whom, beyond his Psahms, we know so little, cannot be deemed otherwise than interesting :—

“ Although, mooste Noble Souereine, the grosnesse of my witte, dooeth not suffice to searche out the secret misteries hidden in the booke of Psalmes, whiche by the opinion of many learned menne, comprehendeth the effecte of the whole Bible: yet trustyng to the goodnesse of God, whiche hath in his hande the keie therof, which shutteth, and no man openeth, openeth, and no man shutteth, albeit I cannot geue to your Maiestie great loaves thereof, or bryng into the Lordes Barne full handfulles, to the entent that I wolde not appere in the haruest utterly idle and barain, beeyng warned with the example of the drie Figge tree, I am bolde to presente unto youre Maiestie, a few crummes, which I have picked up from vnder the Lordes boorde: And am gladde with the poore woman Ruth, the Moabite, to come beynde, and gather a few eares of corne after the reapers, tenderying thankes to almighty God, that hath appointed us such a King and gouernour, that forbiddeth not laie-men, to

\* William Baldwyn, who in 1549, published a Metrical Version of the Canticles, adopted the reputation of Sternhold as a passport for the dedication of his own work to Edward VI. He says, “ Your Majesty hath already geuen a notable exhample in causing the psalmes brought in fine Englysh meter, by your godly disposed seruaunt Thomas Sternholde, to be song openly before your grace in the hearyng of all your subjects.”



gather and lease in the Lorde's Haruest, but rather commandeth the reapers to caste out of their handfulls emong us, that we maye boldly gather without rebuke. Perceiuing also that your Maiestie hath so searched the fountaines of the Scriptures, that yet beeyng young, you understand them better than many elders, the very meane to attain to the perfeiete gouernement of this your realme, to Gods glory, to the prosperity of the public wealthe, and to the comfort of all your Maiesties Subiects. Seyng further that your tender and godly zeale dooeth more delight in the holy Songes of veritie, than in any feigned Rimes of vanitie, I am encouraged to trauail further in the said boke of Psalmes: trusting that as your grace taketh pleasure to hear them song some tymes of me, so ye will also delight not only to see and read therein yourself, but also to commaunde them to be song to you of others: that as ye have the Psalme itself in your minde, so ye may judge myne endeavour by your ear. And if I maie perceiue your Maiestie willyng to accepte my will herein, where my dooyng is no thanke worthie, and to fauoure this my begyuning, that my labour bee acceptable in performyng the residue, I shall endeauour myself with diligence, not onely to enterprise that, whiche better learned ought more justly to dooe, but also to perfourme that without fault, whiche your Maiestie will receive with iuste thanke. The lorde of

the yearthly kinges, geue your grace daiely  
 encrease of honour and vertue: and  
 fulfill all your godlie reques-  
 tes in hym, withoute  
 whose gifte wee  
 haue or can  
 obtain no-  
 thing."

In the edition of 1551, (supposed to be the second), after the words:—"Here ende the Psalmes, drawn into English Metre, by M. Sternhold," we have seven more Psalms from the hand of Hopkins, and which are preceded by the Address to the Reader, copied in the notice of that individual. The Psalms rendered into verse by Sternhold, and more especially the collective version in which they are

included, have, as already remarked, often been criticised severely. To pretend that Sternhold's poetry is equal to that of Lord Surrey, who has exercised his pen in the same way—or rather on a portion of the same subjects, would be as absurd as it would be to deny that the grave and faithful, though homely strains of the former, were immeasurably better adapted for popular singing by the devout, than the more polished compositions of the latter. At the same time, it should be stated that in making such a comparison as the foregoing, the general style of the noble poet, as exhibited in a series of compositions the most favourable for verse, is really taken into the account against the claims of the court “groom,” as founded exclusively upon a few translations of a widely different character. Nor would it be hazarding any very extravagant opinion to assert, that had Thomas Sternhold rendered the whole of the Psalter in the manner of the specimen presently to be quoted, the Church would hardly have been likely, after a lapse of two centuries, to have required a new version, either on account of the obsolete language, or defective translation of the old.

It may be remarked that, with an exception or two, Sternhold's verses are only made to rhyme on the second and fourth lines—and sometimes there is no rhyme at all, as in the following verse:—

In them the Lord made for the sun,  
 A place of great renown,  
 Who like a *bridegroom ready trimm'd*,  
 Doth from his chamber come.

Warton is critical on the phrase in italics, as conveying an idea derogatory to the meaning of the

original. In some of the old editions the verse reads differently—a “settle” is a seat :—

In them the Lord made roially,  
*A settle for the sunne,*  
 Where lyke a gyaunt ioyfully,  
 He myght his iourney runne.

The first two verses of the following quotation are pointed out by Warton, and have often been referred to by others, as highly creditable to the skill of the poet : they are, indeed, by far the best in the book ; and how insolated is their merit, will be in some sort apparent from the falling off in the context :—

The Lord descended from above,  
 And bow'd the heavens high ;  
 And underneath His feet Hee cast  
 The darkness of the sky.  
 On Cherubs and on Cherubins,  
 Full royally He rode :  
 And on the wings of all the winds  
 Came flying all abroad.  
 And like a den most dark he made  
 His hid and seeret place  
 With waters black, and airy clouds  
 Environed He was.  
 But when the presence of His face  
 In brightness did appear  
 The clouds consume ; and in their stead  
 Come hail and coals of fire.           Ps. xviii.

The Rev. H. J. Todd, in quoting this and other passages, says :—“ I request the reader to take notice, that these extracts are not made from modern editions, in which single words often, and sometimes whole lines, supply the place of true readings ; but from the old unsophisticated publication.” It is a curious fact that there is probably no work in the English language, that has undergone so many alterations

through successive unannounced revisals, as the old version of the Psalms. An ordinary reader or singer of these compositions may, perhaps, regard them as containing the very expressions of the persons whose names they bear, forgetting that the English language itself has undergone such a change in the course of three hundred years, as not merely to have affected its structure as used poetically, but especially to have rendered obsolete in our day, many terms which were in good use in the Elizabethan era. That the alterations of the text by successive Editors—beginning with Hopkins himself, who has been also amended in his turn—are, for the most part, not only improvements, but such as the plainest expediency of the case rendered desirable, would, one would think, hardly be denied by any person, had we not evidence to the contrary effect under the names of Bishops Secker, Beveridge, Horsely, and Mant. The first named Prelate, in reply to the objection that the style of the Old Version is “plain and low, and heavy,” remarks, “You never hear any of the common people (for whom the version was chiefly intended) complain that the Psalms which they sing in their Churches are too plain, too low, or too heavy for them. But they rather love and admire them the more for it, and are more edified by the use of them. The plainer they are the sooner they understand them: the lower their style is, the better is it levelled to their capacities: and the heavier they go, the more easily can they keep pace with them.”

Reasoning like the foregoing might have slumbered among the outworn things of a past age, even without any detriment to the venerated memories of

the authors of the Old Version of the Psalms, had it not been adduced within the last few years, by a learned writer in favour of its original object. Surely the learned Prelates above named would hardly object to the liberty which their right reverend brethren have *tolerated* in the judicious alteration of such lines as the following :—

“ His sweorde to whet, his bowe to bend,  
 And stryke vs for our sinne :  
 He wyll prepare his killing tooles,  
 And sharpe his arowes preste ;  
 To stryke and pearce with violence,  
 The persecoutour’s brest.”

Ps. vii.

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“ Howe hurtefull is the thyng,  
 Or els how doth it styng,  
 The tonge of suche a lyer ;  
 It hurteth no lesse I wene,  
 Then arrows sharpe and kene,  
 Of whote consumyng fyer.”

But notwithstanding the original occurrence of these and other similar blemishes, Thomas Sternhold deserves the generous respect of every English Churchman, not only for what he did himself, but for what he must be considered the first in this country to set the example of doing : and if we cannot claim in honour of his memory any approach toward that “ heaven of invention,” which is the highest aim of the original poet, let us not withhold from him the merit of having endeavoured to teach not only the tasteful and the gifted, but the “ common people,” to scale by “ a ladder whose top reached unto heaven,” heights more sublime and holy than those to which the Muse, not “ impeded with inspiration’s wings,” could ever plume her flight.

## PSALM IX.

*The faithful geue grete thanks to God,  
For that he dooeth destroye :  
Their enemies all, and helpe the poore,  
That none dooth them annoye.*

O Lorde with all my hart and minde  
I will geue thanks to thee :  
And speake of all thy wondrous workes,  
Unsearchable of me.

I will be glad and muche reioyce,  
in thee O God moste hic :  
And make my songes extoll thy name  
Above the starric skie.

For that my foes are driven backe,  
And tourned unto flight :  
Thei fall doune flatt and are destroyed,  
by thy greate force and might.

Thou hast reuenged all my wrong,  
My grief and all my grudge :  
Thou dooest with iustice heare my cause,  
Moste like a righteous Judge.

Thou doest rebuke the Heathen folke,  
And wicked so confounde :  
That afterward the memory,  
of them cannot be founde.

The force and weapon of thy foes,  
thou takest cleane awaie :  
When citees were destroyed by thee,  
their name did eke decaie.

But evermore in dignitie,  
the Lorde dooeth rule and raigne :  
And in the seate of equitie,  
true iudgement dooeth maintaigne.

With iustice he dooth kepe and guide  
the world and every wight :  
With conscience and with equitie  
he yeildeth folk their right.

He is protectour of the poore,  
what tyme thei be opprest :

He is in all aduersitie,  
their refuge and their rest.

All thei that knowe thy holy name,  
therefore dooe trust in thee :  
For thou forsakest not their suite,  
in their necessitee.

Syng Psalmes therefore unto ye lorde,  
that dwell in Syon hill  
Publishe emong the people plain,  
his counsails and his will.

For he is myndfull of the bloude,  
of those that be opprest :  
And printeth stil the poore mennes plaint  
within his blessed brest.

And though my foes dooe trouble me,  
thy mercy dooeth remain :  
Yea, from the gates of death, O Lorde,  
thou raisest me again.

In Sion that I shoulde set foorth,  
thy praise with harte and voyce :  
And that in thy salvacion, Lorde,  
my soule should muche reioyce.

When Heathen folke fall in the pitte,  
that thei themselves preparte :  
And in the nette that thei doe sett,  
their own feete find thei snarde.

Thus when ye se the wicked man,  
lie trapt in his own warke :  
God sheweth his iudgement which wer good,  
for worldly men to marke.

The wicked and the synneful men,  
go doune to hell for euer :  
And all the people of the worlde,  
that will not God remember.

But sure the Lorde will not forget  
the poor mannes grief and pain :  
The pacient people never looke,  
for help of God in vain.

Then Lorde arise, lest men preuail,  
that be of worldly might :  
And let the Heathen folke receive,  
their iudgement in thy sight.

Lord strike such terror, feare and dread  
 into the hartes of them :  
 That they maie knowe assuredly,  
 thei be but mortall men.

It may be mentioned as a curious fact, with which persons little conversant with the history of English Poetry will not be acquainted, that the popularity of Sternhold's Psalms, stirred up a rival of no mean pretensions, in the person of Dr. Christopher Tye, Organist to King Edward VI. The learned Musician, however, took different ground: he not only quitted the Psalms, and indeed the Old Testament altogether, but addressed himself to that portion of the New, which appears to be precisely the least adapted to the purposes of popular verse. In short, he executed, and published in 1553, "THE ACTES OF THE APOSTLES, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLYSHE METRE, and dedicated to the Kyng's moste excellent Maiestye, by Christopher Tye, Doctor in Musyke, and one of the gentlemen of his graces moste honourable Chappell, wyth notes to eche chapter, to synge, and also to play upon the Lute, very necessary for studentes after their studye, to fyle their wyttes, and also for all Christians that cannot synge, to read the good and godlye storeys of the lyves of Christ hys Apostles." The following lines from the opening of the Musical Version, may at least serve to elevate Sternhold above the reproach of being the poorest versifier of his age:—

In the former treatyse to thee  
 Deare frende Theophilus:  
 I have written the verite  
 Of the Lorde Christe Jesus.



Which he to do, and eke to teache  
 Began untill the daye  
 In which the sprite up dyd hym feache  
 To dwell above for aye.  
 After that he had power to do  
 Even by the holy ghost :  
 Commandments then he gave unto  
 His chosen least and most." &c.

This is a favourable specimen : and who will wonder, notwithstanding the Author's Dedication to the "Uertuous and Godlye learned prince, Edward," and the printer's "Cum priuelegio imprimendum solum," that students who happened to have a taste for religious melody, should have preferred to "file their wits," with one of Sternhold's Psalms ; or that "Christians who could not sing," should betake themselves to the prose version of the Scriptures ? A century afterwards, Zachary Boyd, a noted Scotch Preacher, and Author of a Version of the Psalm, afterwards mentioned, rendered the Gospel of St. Matthew into verse in the style of the foregoing.

Among the various attempts at versifying the Scriptures, wholly or in part, the most curious, if not the most successful effort, is extant in the Work, best known by the title of "Microbiblion," affixed to the Edition of 1629. There are copies in the Bodleian and British Museum Libraries, of both Editions of the Work : the title of the first is, "A true Christian's Daily Delight : being the summe of every chapter of the Old and New Testaments, set down Alphabetically in English Verse, that the Scriptures we reade may more happily be remembred, and the things forgotten more easily recalled. By Simon Wastell, sometimes of Queen's College, in Oxford, now Schoole Master of the Free Schoole in North-

ampton." 16mo. Lond. 1623. The whole Bible is abridged in a sort of scheme of acrostical mnemonics, each chapter being memorialized in common measure, therefore each Psalm is one verse. The following is a specimen; the figures at the beginning of each stanza, indicating the Psalm alluded to, and those in the lines, the verses more particularly had in view by the poet:—

61. A ttend my <sup>1</sup>cry; thou hast me <sup>3</sup>sav'd;  
 Ple rest under <sup>4</sup>thy wing:  
 Thou <sup>6</sup>King will keep; thou <sup>5</sup>heard'st my vowes;  
 Thy praises<sup>8</sup> I will sing.
62. B ecause <sup>6</sup>God is my only rocke,  
 I shall not <sup>2</sup>moved be:  
 All <sup>3</sup>flattering lyers he will slay;  
 Not <sup>9</sup>man but <sup>8</sup>God trust ye.
63. C arefully will I <sup>1</sup>seeke thee (Lord)  
 Then love is more <sup>3</sup>then life:  
 Thou fill'st my <sup>5</sup>soule; my foes shall all  
 Fall on <sup>10</sup>thy fatall knife.
64. D eliver me from <sup>1</sup>cruell foes,  
 Who raile as they <sup>3</sup>were mad:  
 They 're bold to <sup>5</sup>sinne, shoot<sup>7</sup> at them Lord,  
 So shall thy <sup>10</sup>folke be glad.
65. E ven ev'ry soule shall <sup>2</sup>come with praise;  
 Thou <sup>3</sup>pard'nest my <sup>4</sup>ill deeds:  
 Thou arte our helpe; dost calme <sup>7</sup>all rage,  
 Mak'st <sup>9</sup>rich; the flockes <sup>13</sup>dost feed,
66. F ull many wonders told of <sup>5</sup>God,  
 Done both by <sup>6</sup>sea and land:  
 He rules, and saves; <sup>13</sup>vowes, prayers, praise,  
 He shall <sup>15</sup>have from my hand.
67. G od be thou <sup>1</sup>gracious: shine on us;  
 Thy saving <sup>2</sup>health proclaime:  
 Let nations joy<sup>4</sup>; thou judgest right;  
 We blest, shall feare <sup>7</sup>thy name.

68. H aters of God let<sup>1</sup> be destroy'd :  
 But let the Saints <sup>3</sup>rejoice :  
 Marke his <sup>7</sup>great workes, his gifts<sup>18</sup> to men ;  
 Blesse him<sup>32</sup> with heart and voice.
69. I cry, and wait for thee <sup>3</sup>my God :  
 My foes <sup>12</sup>doe me deride :  
 Turn thou their table<sup>22</sup> into snares :  
 In Sion thine<sup>3</sup> shall bide.
70. K ill thou my <sup>2</sup>foes ; send me thine <sup>1</sup>ayd :  
 With speed deliver me :  
 Let all rejoyce that <sup>4</sup>seeke the Lord ;  
 Me thy poore <sup>5</sup>servant free.

And so he goes on through the whole Alphabet ; and when he gets to the end of one Alphabet he begins another, from Gen. i. to Rev. xxii. ; and as if not then tired, he adds at the end “ The Old Man’s A B C,” which is a poetic Alphabet, founded on different passages of Scripture suitable to old age.

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## JOHN HOPKINS.

The praises and the reproaches which writers of later years have bestowed upon the founder of our Metrical Psalmody in the Sixteenth Century, have been shared by another individual, whose name and labours are inseparably associated with his own. Hence by not a few pseudo-critics, Sternhold and Hopkins\* have been regarded as the Bavius and Mævius of our national poetry, and the “ Old

\* Although it is intended to notice the authors named in this work, in chronological order, an exception in respect of those who concurred to complete that venerable version, which was commenced by Sternhold, appeared expedient for the purpose of exhibiting consecutively the associated versifiers.

Version" of the Psalms, so long published under their joint names, is appealed to in support of the relevancy of such a designation. Nearly all that is known of Hopkins\* beyond his connexion with the Psalms, and the occurrence of his name with some Latin stanzas prefixed to Fox's Martyrology is, that he was a Clergyman and a Schoolmaster of Suffolk, "and perhaps a graduate of Oxford," about the year 1544. Bayle says he was "*Britannicorum Poetarum sui temporis non infimus.*" While Sternhold and Hopkins have almost always been mentioned together for praise or for blame, Warton, who is disposed to think meanly enough of both, has made, in a passing phrase, a comparison in favour of Hopkins. "He is," says the critic, "rather a better English poet than Sternhold." This remark is well founded; for not only is the general structure of the lines in the versification of Hopkins, obviously superior to that of Sternhold, as every reader must at once perceive; but the verses of the former exhibit an element of perfection, which is absent in those of the latter poet—I allude to the alternate rhyming of all the lines in the quatrain, instead of only the second and the fourth. This, with some persons, appears to be a very small matter, as indeed it might be expected to be, with those who not only have no objection to lyric stanzas without any rhymes at all, but can even defend bad rhymes. "Another cavil which some make against this old translation, is," says Bishop Beveridge, "that the

\* Although long since lost to the public, "several of the name of Hopkins were poets, from the days of the translating Psalmist down to Charles Hopkins, son of Ezekiel, Bishop of Derry, whose poems were printed with Dryden's."—*Noble's Contin. Granger*. i. 259.

rhyme is not always good. They cannot deny that, for the most part, it is better than could be expected from the age that it was made in, and as good as can be desired now. But they say it is sometimes faulty. And so it is in most books of English poetry of the same bulk that I have seen. But what then? The Psalms were collected into metre, that they might be better sung to God. And while devout people are singing forth the praises of God, do they mind the rhyme? or whether the words sound alike at the end of every other verse or line? This is not their business at that time. Neither need they ever concern themselves about it. If it was not the mode of our English poetry, and some help to the memory, it would be no matter whether there was any rhyming at all in the Psalms, so long as the metre, or number of syllables in each verse, is proportioned to the time set to it." If the sentiments of the worthy Bishop on religious subjects were as lax as his dicta on hymnic poetry, his judgment as a theologian would not occupy its present rank in general estimation. It is somewhat amusing to see the alacrity with which Todd, after quoting the foregoing passage, adverts to the "*Psalterium Americanum*," a translation of the Psalms, "exactly conformed unto the original; but all in *blank verse*"—and this, not in uniform decasyllabic heroics, like the sober version of Musgrave, but in measures "fitted to the tunes commonly used in our Churches."

While, however, Sternhold, as we have seen, does sometimes finish his verse with two pairs of rhymes, Hopkins, on the other hand, occasionally follows the example of his predecessor, in contenting himself with a single pair. In Psalm lxxviii. this is the

case; which, moreover, contains in the 37th verse what appears to us, a singularly mean expression, and one, as Warton remarks, which “cannot easily be vindicated on any consideration of the fluctuating sense of words.” Speaking of the Jews and their religious backslidings, the Poet says, in reference to God:—

For why their hartes were nothyng bent,  
to him nor to *his trade*.\*  
Nor yet to kepe nor to perfourme,  
The couenant that was made.

In the eighth verse of this Psalm, we have a still more extraordinary expression:—

“What? is his goodness cleane decaid  
*For ever and a day?*  
Or is his promise now delaid,  
And doth his truth decay?”

In Psalm lxx. we have a similar example of the unlucky introduction of a vulgar phrase:—

Confound them that apply  
And seeke to worke my shame;  
And at my harme do laugh, and cry,  
So, so, *there goeth the game*.

One of the most remarkable examples, however, of the use of a vernacular phraseology, no longer tolerable on such subjects, though probably exciting no ludicrous associations in our Author’s time, is the following expostulation with the Deity, in Psalm lxxiv:—

\* The expression, however, was neither regarded as mean nor singular at an early period of our literature. Lady Pembroke uses it in her Psalms, for will or disposition; and so does Churchyard, who makes Jane Shere say of Edward, “I knew what way to use him in *his trade*.” Shakspeare used the word in nearly the same sense:—“Thy sins not accidental, but a trade.” (MEASURE FOR MEASURE.) That is, according to Dr. Johnson on the passage, “A Custom; a practice; an established habit.” Other instances might be cited.

Why doost withdrawe thy hand aback,  
 And hide it in thy lappe ?  
 O pluck it out, and be not slack  
 To give thy foes a rappe !

And these are strains, which, if the observations of some individuals mean any thing at all, they would have us at this day sing exclusively, and unaltered ! I would only add in this place, that Hopkins furnishes an early example of a contrivance which we sometimes meet with in modern burlesque poetry—that is, doubling the lines in the middle of a word, thus :—

And brought them out into the bor-  
 ders of his holy lande :  
 Even to the mount which he had pur-  
 chased with his right hand.

Hopkins translated fifty-eight of the Psalms forming the Old Version, as indicated by his initials prefixed. He first, however, only published seven, namely, Psalm xxx., xxxiii., lxii., lii., lxxvix., lxxxii., clxvi. ; and these anonymously, at the end of the early editions of the collection versified by Sternhold. They are introduced by the following Preface :—“ Thou hast here (gentle reader) unto the Psalmes that were drawn into Englishe metre by Master Sternholde. vii mo adioyned. Not to thentent that thei shuld bee fathered on the dedde manne and so through his estimacion, be the more highly esteemed : neither for that thei are in mine opinion (as touchyng the metre) in any part to be compared with his most exquisite doying. But especially to fill up a place, which else should have been voide, that the boke may rise to his (its) just volume, and partly for that thei are fructefull,

although thei bee not fine: and comfortable vnto a christian mynde, although not so pleasaunte in the mouthe or eare. Wherefore if thou (good reader) shalte accepte and take this my dooyng in good parte, I have my hartes desire herein. Farewell."

It is not, however, exclusively as a large contributor to, but equally as the ostensible Editor of the collected Psalms of the Old Version, that Hopkins is entitled to consideration. As before stated, it is doubtful whether the *thirty-seven* Psalms, first rendered and seemingly prepared for the press by Sternhold, were published by himself or not in 1549. The edition of 1551, contains the *seven* additional ones by Hopkins, with the address above-mentioned. Whityngham versified *seven* more, and added them to the collection which he printed at Geneva, where he was residing in exile, in 1556: this made the number *fifty-one*, the whole of which have, sometimes by mistake, been attributed to Sternhold. The remainder of the Psalms having been versified by different individuals, they were first printed altogether, and at the end of the Book of Common Prayer, in 1562, under the title of "The whole Book of Psalmes, collected into English metre, by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others. Set forth and allowed to be sung in all Churches before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after sermons." The *allowance* here claimed has been the occasion of a good deal of controversy as to its origin and extent. One party, following Heylin, contend that, as no legal authority can be quoted, the allowance is a mere assumption, as far as their introduction into public worship is concerned—or, to adopt the words of Warton, who says, when excusing "the barbarisms of their style, it should be



remembered that they were never admitted into our Church by lawful authority. They were first introduced by the Puritans, and afterwards continued by *connivance*. But they never received any Royal approbation, or Parliamentary sanction." The other party, whose sentiments have been most ably and ingeniously marshalled by Todd, in his "Observations," contend that "the authority of the Old Version adopted at the Reformation of the Church of England," is not only "acknowledged," in common with others, the publication of which have been licensed, but has some peculiar legal sanction—of the existence of which, however, as will presently be shewn, no sufficient evidence is adduced.

Whatever may be said of the authority of the Old Version of the Psalms, its early popularity is unquestionable. Nor were the means neglected of improving the value, as well as of adding to the attractiveness of successive editions. The version was at an early period "conferred with the Ebrue," and was, moreover, suitably accompanied by "apt notes to sing withall." It would be impossible, were that desirable, to give an account of the circumstances under which the many verbal alterations discoverable in different Editions, have been made. It is remarkable how entirely the anxiety which Hopkins in the first instance, pretends to have felt about preventing his own compositions from being "fathered upon the dead man," appears afterwards to have vanished—for in the Editions of the whole Book of Psalms subsequently published under his ostensible Editorship, he began those revisions of the "most exquisite doings" of his predecessor, which succeeding Editors have exercised upon himself as

well as upon Sternhold, until the latter, were he to rise from the grave, would certainly not know his own rhymes.\* Indeed Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, remarked in his day, that were Sternhold and Hopkins “now living, they would be so far from owning what is ascribed to them, that they would proceed against the innovators as cheats.” Bishop Beveridge, the great advocate for holding intact the verbiage of the Old Version, as we have it, applauds the labour of previous emendators; “for,” says he, “several well skilled in the Hebrew tongue, in our age, have observed *this translation* to agree so exactly with the Hebrew text, that they could not but wonder how T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and such others, could make it; not considering that we have it, *not as it was first made by them, but as it was afterwards adjusted by other learned men to the original.*” The period of the death of Hopkins is uncertain.

\* In the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is an early Edition in Black Letter, but without date, of Sternhold’s Psalms, “Imprinted by Edward VVhitchurch. *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*” The book is imperfect. Prefixed to each Psalm is a rhyming summary of its contents; thus:—

“How lappye be the ryghteous man  
Thys Psalm declareth playne  
And how the wayes of wycked men  
Be dampnable and vayne.”

The first stanza of the Psalm is as follow-, being very different from the corrected versions:—

“The man is blest yt hath not gone by wycked rede astray  
Ne sate in chayre of pestylence, nor walkt in synners way.  
But in the law of God the lord doeth set hys whole delyght  
And in that law doeth exereyse hymself both day and nyght.”

In the same Library, as I am kindly informed by the Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D., there is a copy of “The Psalms of David in Metre, with divers notes and tunes augmented to them Middleburgh, imprinted by Richard Schilders, Printer to the States of Zeeland, 1594.” There appears to be some discrepancy between the initials prefixed to some of the Psalms in this foreign version, and those in our own. For example, Psalms 148 and 149 which are accompanied in our old editions with the letters J. H. and N. respectively, are in the Dutch book attributed to I. Pull. (Pullain), while others are signed R. P. for Robert Pont, a Scottish Psalmist, whose name is unknown to our editions of the Old Version.

The following specimen of the poetry of Hopkins I transcribe from the quarto edition, printed in double columns, 1607, and commonly found bound up with Barker's—the so called “Breeches” Bible, black letter, 1606. This is the edition of the Psalms “conferred with the Ebrue, with apt [musical] notes to sing them withall.” The reader may compare the subjoined specimen with the same Psalm as at present printed in the Prayer Book:—

## PSALM LXXXIV.

Dauid exiled his countrey; desireth ardently to returne to God's tabernacle, and assembly of the Saintes to prayse God. Then hee prayseth the courage of the people, that passe the wilderness to assemble themselues in Sion.\*

1. How pleasant is thy dwelling place,  
O Lord of hostes to me?  
The tabernacles of thy grace,  
how pleasaunt Lord they be?
2. My soule doth long full sore to goe,  
into thy courtes abroad;  
My hart doth lust my flesh also,  
in thee the liuing God.
3. The sparrowes find a roome to rest,  
and saue themselves from wrong:  
And eke the swallow hath a nest,  
wherein to kepe her yong.
4. These birdes ful nigh thine altar may  
haue place to sit and sing:  
O Lord of hostes thou art I say,  
my God and eke my king.
5. Oh they be blessed that may dwell,  
within thy house alwayes:  
For they all times thy factes do tell,  
and euer geue thee praise.

\* Todd complains (*Observations*, p. 99, *Note*), of the omission, in modern editions of the Old Version, of the brief account of the contents of each Psalm which he says “had from the first, and long afterwards, and very judiciously been prefixed to each.” He refers to a Cambridge edition, in which these useful summaries occur, so late as 1683. I have before me a copy printed for the Stationers' Company in 1638, in which the contents do *not* occur.

6. Yea happy sure likewise are they,  
 whose stay and strength thou art :  
 Which to thy house do mind the way,  
 and seeke thee in their hart.
7. As they go through the vale of teares,  
 they digge vp fountaines still :  
 That as a spring it all appeares,  
 and thou their pits doest fill.
8. From strength to strength they walke full fast,  
 no faintnes there shal be :  
 And so the God of Gods at last,  
 in Sion they do see.
9. O Lord of hostes to me geue heede,  
 and heare when I do pray :  
 And let it through thine ears proceede  
 O Jacob's God, I say.
10. O Lord our shield, of thy good grace,  
 regard and so draw neare :  
 Regard I say, behold the face,  
 of thine annointed deare.
11. For why, within thy courtes one day,  
 is better to abide :  
 Then other where to kepe or stay,  
 a thousand dayes beside.
12. Much rather would I kepe a dore,  
 within the house of God :  
 Then in the tentes of wickednes,  
 to settle mine abode.
13. For God the Lord light and defence  
 will grace and worship geue :  
 And no good thing shall be withhold,  
 from them that purely liue.
14. O Lord of hoastes, that man is blest,  
 and happie sure to be :  
 That is perswaded in his best,  
 to trust all times in thee.\*

\* One of the most obvious objections to the Old Version, is the occurrence of instances in which the Poet, instead of delicately restraining, has rather aggravated the exuberance of oriental metaphor in the English translation.

The sixth verse of Psalm lviii. is an example—it is thus rendered by Hopkins:—

“ O God, brake thou their teeth at once, — Within their mouthes throughout :  
 The tusks that in their great jaw bones, — Like lions whelps hang out.”

## THOMAS NORTON.

He was born at Sharpenhoe, in Bedfordshire, and became a Barrister at Law, and a Poet of some reputation among his contemporaries, having been connected with the celebrated Lord Buckhurst, in the composition of the once popular, but now forgotten tragedy of "Gorboduc."\* Notwithstanding the explicit assertion of Wood, and others, as to our Author's share in the work just named, Dr. Bliss says, "I cannot fancy that Norton has the slightest claim to any share in this drama." This opinion is avowedly founded on a comparison of the style of the different acts; but it does not seem conclusive; for while it need not be denied that the poetical abilities of Lord Buckhurst "were far superior to Norton's," the latter may, in a particular original work, have as much surpassed his own versification of the Psalms, as several of his successors in the same line have done. Norton likewise published various Tracts relative to the religious controversies of the age. Wood calls him "a forward and busy Calvinist." He appears to have been, next to Hopkins, the largest contributor towards completing the Old Version: he versified twenty-eight Psalms, having apparently undertaken to supply the numbers wanted to make up the 150.

\* "The Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex, Sons to Gorboduc, King of Britain," was acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Whitehall, Jan. 18, 1561.

## PSALM CXLVI.

1. My soul praise thou the Lord alwaies,  
my God I will confesse ;  
While breath and life prolong my daies,  
my tongue no time shall cease.
  2. Trust not in worldly princes then,  
though they abound in wealth :  
Nor in the sonnes of mortal men,  
in whom there is no health.
  3. For why their breath doth soon depart,  
to earth anon they fall :  
And then the counsels of their heart,  
decay and perish all.
  4. O happy is that man I say,  
whom Jacob's God doth aid :  
And he whose hope doth not decay,  
but on the Lord is staid.
  5. Which made the earth and waters deep  
the heavens high withall :  
Which doth his word and promise keepe  
in truth and ever shall.
  6. With right always he doth proceede,  
for such as suffer wrong :  
The poore and hungry he doth feed,  
and loose the fetters strong.
  7. The Lord doth send the blind their sight,  
the lame to limbs restore :
  8. The Lord (I say) doth love the right  
and just man evermore.
  9. He doth defend the fatherlesse,  
and stranger sad in heart :  
And quit the widdow from distressè,  
and ill men's ways subvert.
  10. Thy Lord and God eternally,  
O Sion still shall raigne :  
In time of all posterity,  
for ever to remaine.
-

## WILLIAM WHITTINGHAM.

This learned, restless, puritanical divine, was educated at Oxford, about 1540, after which he went abroad, and studied in some of the German Universities. On the settlement of those English Protestants at Frankfort, who had been driven from this country on account of their religion, Whittingham joined them; and became a principal mover in the dissensions which fell out among them in 1554, relative to an observance of the forms of Government as adopted by the Church of England, and the discipline of the Congregations at Geneva—to which city he soon afterwards went, along with those who concurred with him on the points mooted in the Frankfort Association. On the departure of John Knox for Scotland, Calvin persuaded Whittingham to take his place as Minister of an English Congregation at Geneva. While residing there, he took an active part in the translation of that version of the Scriptures known as the Geneva Bible, and also rendered into metre those Psalms which are distinguished in the Old Version by his initials, W. W., and some others, only found in the Edition of 1561. Soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, Whittingham returned to England, and was employed in various ways as a preacher; and, as we are told, “shewed himself ready in his function, yet he spared not to persuade the English nation from uniformity, and observance of the rites and

ceremonies of the Church." He must have had conspicuous talents of another kind, for when Sir W. Cecil, Secretary of State, was made Lord Treasurer, Whittingham was one of those nominated in competition with him. Although he missed that high station, his patron, the Earl of Warwick, whose influence with the favourite Leicester, might, it was thought, if pushed, have availed him for the Treasurership, procured for the preacher the Deanery of Durham, in 1563. The friendship of Calvin, the discipline of Geneva, and the pulpit of John Knox, were collectively but little adapted to qualify any man for the office of a Dean : and Whittingham has not only been regarded as a reluctant conformist himself, but as a favourer of the Presbyterian party, which his station ought rather to have called upon him to discourage : at the same time, he seems not only to have been vigilant and active against the attempts of Popery to obtain a re-ascendancy in this country, but so far to have conquered or concealed the Calvinistic prejudice against sacred music—in which he was well skilled—that the choir of his Church at Durham was provided with the best songs and anthems which the Queen's Chapel could supply. Whatever may be said of his motives, he seems to have been influenced—to adopt a phrase from one of his Psalms—"with zeal as hot as fire ;" and certainly his conduct, in some respects, appears to have been sufficiently unbecoming, if we may judge from the testimony of Wood, who has left the following circumstantial account, which is too graphic and interesting to be abridged :—"As for the works of impiety which he performed while he sate Dean of Durham, they were very many ; among which I



shall tell you of these. Most of the Priors of Durham having been buried in coffins of stone, and some in marble, and each coffin covered with a plank of marble, or free-stone, which lay level with the paving of the Church, he caused some of them to be plucked up, and appointed them to be used as troughs for horses to drink in, or hogs to feed in. All the marble and freestones also that covered them and other graves, he caused to be taken away and broken, some of which served to make pavement in his house. He also defaced all such stones as had any pictures of brass, or other imagery work, or chalice wrought, engraven upon them: and the residue he took away, and employed them to his own use, and did make a washing house of them at the end of the *century-garth*. So that it could not afterwards be discerned that ever any were buried in the said garth, it was so plain and straight. The truth is, *he could not abide anything that appertained to a goodly religiousness, or monastic life*. Within the said Abbey Church of Durham were two Holy-water-stones of fine marble, very artificially made and engraven, and bossed with hollow bosses, upon the outer sides of the stones, very curiously wrought. They were both of the same work, but one much greater than the other. Both these were taken away by this *unworthy Dean Whittingham*, and carried into his kitchen, and employed to profane uses by his servants, steeping their beef and salt-fish in them, having a conveyance in the bottoms of them to let forth the water, as they had when they were in the Church to let out holy water, &c. He also caused the Image of St. Cuthbert, (which before had been removed from its proper place by Dean Rob. Horne,

who also had a hand in such impieties), and also other ancient monuments to be defaced, and broken all to pieces, to the intent that there should be no memory of that holy man, or of any other who had been famous in the Church, and great benefactors thereto, (as the Priors his predecessors were), left whole and undefaced. I say it again, that he did this to the end that no memory or token of that holy man, St. Cuthbert, should be left, who was sent, and brought thither by the power and will of Almighty God, and was thereupon the occasion of the Monastical Church of Durham, where the Clergy and Servants have all their livings and commodities from that time to this day. At length, after his many rambles in this world, both beyond and within the seas, and his too forward zeal for the promoting his Calvinistical (if not worse) opinions, whereby much mischief happened to the Church of England, he did unwillingly (being then full of worldly troubles) submit himself to the stroke of death, on the 10th day of June, in fifteen hundred seventy and nine, and was buried in the Cath. Church of Durham. Soon after was a tombstone laid over his grave, with an epitaph of twelve long and short verses engraven on a brass plate, fastened thereunto; which, with most, if not all the monuments which were set up after his time, were miserably defaced by the Scots when they invaded England in 1640. So that as he before had in a woful manner violated the monuments of his predecessors and others, so was his by invaders, and nothing now left to preserve his memory, or person to shew where his carcase was lodged.\* Whittingham was the Author of several

\* *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Vol. i. p. 195. Fol. Edit.

Works, mostly of a controversial character. As a Poet, nothing can be said in his praise, beyond the credit of his participation in completing the Old Version. The 119th Psalm, containing *more than seven hundred lines*, is by him: and it exhibits some curious illustrations of that inverted phraseology,\* those prosaic lines,† and occasional obsolete terms,‡ for which the whole Work, in its original form, is so remarkable.

When one encounters such uncouth lines as those given in the notes, and they are only a sample of what occur even in this single Psalm, it is difficult to deny that, whatever may be reasonably urged against New Versions, on the score of their being unauthorised, or unfaithful to the original, the reason given by Bishop Beveridge for an adherence to the Old Version, appears to approach the ridiculous. “For suppose,” says the pious prelate, “we should lay

\* Verse 40. Behold my heart's desire is bent  
thy lawes to keep for aye:  
Lord strengthen me so with thy grace,  
*that it perform I may.*

Wither often uses the auxiliary in this way.

† Verse 68. Thou art both good and graeious, and givest most liberally;  
thine ordinancees how to keep, therefore, O Lord, teach me.

‡ Verse 73. Seeing thy hands have made me Lord,  
to be thy creature:  
Grant knowledge likewise how to learne  
to put thy laws *in ure.*

This term, in the sense of *use*, occurs in Drayton's Ode, written in the Peak, Derbyshire:—

“ In places far or near, or famous or obscure,  
Where wholesome is the air, and where the most impure,  
All times and every where, the muse is still in *ure.*”

Verse 76. Now of thy goodness, I thee pray,  
Some comfort to me send.  
As thou to me hast promised,  
So from all ill *me shend.*

Verse 89. My heart without all wavering  
let on thy laws be bent:  
That no confusion come to me,  
Whereby I should *be shent.*

aside the old words, and put new in their place, the new in time would grow old too, and then *new* ones must be invented to supply *their* room. And so there will be no end of changing: but every age must have a new translation of the Psalms, and of the whole Bible too! “Whereas,” he adds with all simplicity, “all such public writings as are of general use, especially in religion, ought to be preserved entire, *as old Acts of Parliament and Law Books are*; just as they were at first written: that people may know what to stick to, and not be tempted to think their religion as changeable as their language.”

Besides the Psalms indicated by his initials, Whittingham is said to have paraphrased the Ten Commandments, which are still inserted at the end of the Psalms; and also the Song of Simeon, and two Versions of the Lord's Prayer, now only to be found in the Edition of 1561. Nothing could well be more prolix and poor than the following Version of

PSALM XXXVII.

1. Grudge not to see the wicked men  
in wealth to flourish still:  
Nor yet envie such as to ill,  
have bent and set their will.
2. For as greene grasse and flourishing herbes,  
are cut and wither away:  
So shall their great prosperity  
soone passe, fade and decay.
3. Trust thou therefore in God alone,  
to do well give thy minde:  
So shalt thou have the Land as thine,  
and there sure food shalt finde.
4. In God set all thy hearts delight,  
and looke what thou wouldst have,  
Or else canst wish in all the world,  
thou need'st it not to crave.

5. Cast both thyself and thine affaires,  
on God, with perfect trust :  
And thou shalt see with patience,  
the effect both sure and just.
6. Thy perfect life and godly name,  
he will cleare as the light :  
So that the Sunne even at noone daies,  
shall not shine half so bright.
7. Be still therefore and steadfastly  
on God see thou wait then :  
Not shrinking for the prosperous state,  
of lewd and wicked men
8. Shake of despite, envy and hate,  
at least in any wise :  
Their wicked words avoid and flie,  
and follow not their guise.
9. For every wicked man will God  
destroye both more and lesse :  
But such as trust in him are sure,  
the land for to possesse.
10. Watch but awhile, and thou shalt see  
no more the wicked traine :  
No not so much as house or place,  
where once he did remaine.

*The Second Part.*

11. But merciful and humble men  
enjoy shall sea and land :  
In rest and peace they shall rejoyce,  
for nought shall them withstande.
12. The lewd men and malicious,  
against the just conspire,  
They gnash their teeth at him, as men  
which do his bane desire.
13. But while that lewd men thus do thinke,  
the Lord laughs them to scorne :  
For why, he sees the terme approach  
when they shall sigh and mourne.
14. The wicked have their swords outdrawn,  
their bow eke have they bent :  
To overthrowe and kill the poore,  
as they the right way went.

15. But the same sword shall pierce their heart,  
 which was to kill the just :  
 Likewise the bow shall breake to shivers  
 wherein they put their trust.
16. Doubtless the just man's poore estate  
 is better a great deale more :  
 Then all these lewd and wicked mens  
 rich pompe and heaped store.
17. For bee their power never so strong,  
 God will it overthrow :  
 Where contrary he doth preserve  
 the humble men and low.
18. He sees by his great providence,  
 the good men's trade\* and way :  
 And will give them inheritance,  
 which never shall decay.
19. They shall not be discouraged,  
 when some are hard bestead :  
 When other shall be hunger-bit,  
 they shall be clad and fed.
20. For whosoever wicked is  
 and enemy to the Lord :  
 Shall quaile, yea melt even as lamb's grease,  
 or smoke that flies abroad.

*The Third Part.*

21. Behold the wicked borrowes much  
 and never paies againe :  
 Whereas the just by liberall gifts,  
 makes many glad and faine.
22. For they whom God doth blesse shall have,  
 the land for heritage :  
 And they whom he doth curse likewise  
 shall perish in his rage.
23. The Lord the just man's waies doth guide,  
 and gives him good successe :  
 To every thing he takes in hand,  
 he sendeth good addresse.
24. Though that he faile, yet is he sure,  
 not utterly to quaile :  
 Because the Lord puts out his hand  
 at need, and doth not faile.

\* See note, page 108, ante.

25. I have been young and now am old,  
 yet did I never see  
 The just man left, nor yet his seed  
 to beg for misery.
26. But gives always most liberally,  
 and lends whereas is need :  
 His children and posterity  
 receive of God their meed.
27. Flie vice therefore, and wickednesse,  
 and vertue doe embrace :  
 So shall God grant thee long to have  
 on earth a dwelling place.
28. For God so loveth equity,  
 and shewes to his such grace :  
 That he preserveth them alway,  
 but 'stroys the wicked race.
29. Whereas the good and godly men  
 inherit shall the land :  
 Having as Lords all things therein  
 in their owne power and hand.
30. The just man's mouth doth ever speak,  
 of matters wise and high :  
 His tongue doth talk to edifie,  
 with truth and equity.
31. For in his heart the Law of God  
 his Lord doth still abide :  
 So that wherever he goes or walkes,  
 his foot can never slide.
32. The wicked like a ravening Wolfe,  
 the just man doth beset ;  
 By all means seeking him to kill,  
 if he fall in his net.

*The Fourth Part.*

33. Though he should fall into his hands,  
 yet God would succour send ;  
 Though men against him sentence give,  
 God would him yet defend.
34. Wait thou on God, and keep his way,  
 he shall preserve thee then,  
 The earth to rule, and thou shalt see  
 destroyed these wicked men.

35. The wicked have I seene most strong,  
and placed in high degree ;  
Flourishing in all wealth and store,  
as doth the Laurell tree.
36. But suddenly he past away,  
and lo he was quite gone :  
Then him I sought, but could not finde  
the place where dwelt such one.
37. Marke and behold the perfect man,  
how God doth him encrease :  
For the just man shall have at length  
great joy and rest and peace.
38. As for transgressors, woe to them,  
destroied they shall all be :  
God will cut off their budding race,  
and rich posterity.
39. But the salvation of the just,  
Doth come from God above :  
Who in their trouble sends them aide,  
of his mere grace and love.
40. God doth them help, save and deliver  
from lewd men and unjust :  
And still will save them whilst that they  
in him doe put their trust.

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### WILLIAM KETHE.

Of this contributor to the Old Version of the Psalms, little appears to be known, beyond the fact that he was one of those who left this country to avoid persecution during the brief reign of the "bloody Mary," and resided at Geneva, where he "made to run in rhyme" those Psalms to which his initials were affixed. He wrote some ballads, which were intended to promote and confirm the change in



religion, beginning with one called "Tye the mare Tom boys," which was probably only a moralization of an older tune. He added a Version of the 94th Psalm to "the Appellation of John Knox," 1558. He likewise produced, during his exile, "William Keth his Seeing Glasse," and a rhyming description of the contest between Popish "Misrule and God's Word."\* The writer of the interesting paper in Blackwood's Magazine, elsewhere referred to, when quoting the determination of the Scots' Kirk at one of its Assemblies to retain the Old Version, says, "The Assembly seem to have adhered more to the Version, as it appeared from the hands of the exiles at Geneva,† than as it was received by the English Church. This accounts for our [the Scottish] Version containing more of the Psalms which were translated by Kethe than theirs, when they, in common with others, were rejected by Hopkins. But indeed no two Editions, before Hopkins, of 1562, wherever they may be printed, entirely correspond together. Kethe seems to have been an Englishman, although Stripe, and Warton on his authority, call him a native of Scotland. Some of his translations (generally marked with the simple initial of his name) have been attributed to a William Kendall, or to a person of the name of Kelton, evidently without sufficient authority."

\* Vide note by J. P. Collier, Esq., F.S.A., in Old Ballads printed for the Percy Society, where the lines last above named are printed, with their motto:—

"Of Misrules contending with God's word by name,  
And then of one's judgment that heard of the same."

† In 1559, the English exiles at Geneva published a *prose* translation of the Book of Psalms, which they dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. This Psalter was a portion of that revised translation of the whole Scriptures, which was afterwards several times reprinted in this country, and called the "Geneva Bible," from the place whence it came.

Kethe, it has been remarked, was at least “no unready rhymers,” having rendered not fewer than twenty-five of the Psalms,—but *readiness* is probably the highest merit which can fairly be accorded to him. Of these, however, only seven are at present retained in the English Version.

## PSALM CXXV.

1. Such as in God the Lord doe trust  
As Mount Sion shall firmly stand,  
And be removed at no hand,  
The Lord will count them right and just :  
So that they shall be sure,  
For ever to endure.
  2. As mighty mountains huge and great  
Jerusalem about doe close :  
So will the Lord doe unto those  
Who on his godly will doe waite :  
Such are to him so deare,  
They never need to feare.
  3. For though the righteous tric doth he  
By making wicked men his rod :  
Lest they through grief forsake their God  
It shall not as their lot still be.
  4. Give Lord to us thy light,  
Whose hearts are true and right.
  5. But as for such as turn aside  
By crooked ways which they outsought  
The Lord will surely bring to nought :  
With workers vile they shall abide ;  
But peace with Israel  
For evermore shall dwell.
-

## ROBERT WISDOM.

Whatever may have been the reputation of this individual for his gifts as a Preacher in his day, or even for his abilities as an Author, it is more than probable that his name would have been long since forgotten, but for its connection with the "Old Version" of the Psalms, and certain sneers of his contemporaries, and yet he appears to have been a worthy man. Thomas Becon, the celebrated Reformer, makes, in his "Jewel of Joy,"\* a very pleasing reference to our worthy Psalmist:—"While I was in the Peak, I learned that Robert Wysdom was in Staffordshire. He was the same to me as Aristarchus was to Paul. Desiring greatly to see him, I bade my friends in the Peak farewell, and made haste towards him. When I came to him, I not only rejoiced to see him in health, but also gave God thanks that he was so well placed and provided for. I found him in the house of a certain faithful brother, called John Old,† a man old in name, yet young in years, and yet ancient in true godliness and Christian life. He was to us as Jason was to Paul and Silas. He received us joyfully into his house, and liberally, for the Lord's sake,

\* Becon's Works, which make 3 vols., in folio, are mostly characterised by quaint titles. Amongst them is "David's Harpe, newly stringed, and tuned to mooste delectable armony," which seems to suggest the expectation of a metrical performance: it is, however, the title of an Exposition of Psalm cxv.

† Vicar of Cottington, in Warwickshire, and afterwards a Prebendary of Hereford; and an exile for religion.

ministered all good things unto our necessities. And as he began, so he continued, a right hearty friend, and dearly loving brother, so long as we remained in that country. After we had passed certain days in his house, refreshing ourselves with the comfort of the Holy Scriptures after so many grievous tempests, troublous storms, and painful labours, our dear brother Robert Wysdom was called away by letters, which was to us no small pain and grief. Notwithstanding, we submitted ourselves to the good pleasure of God, with this hope and comfort, that his return to his old familiars should be greatly to the advancement of God's glory, and to the quiet of his Christian studies, whereof might spring hereafter no small advantage to the Christian public weal. And so we, wishing one another the assistance of God's Spirit, repentance of our former life, strength of faith, and perseverance in all godliness to our last end, departed, and that not without tears. He was ever virtuously occupied, and suffered no hour to pass away without good. He is a man in whom the fear of God reigneth unfeignedly." He subsequently obtained the notice of Cranmer, who not only preferred him to the Rectory of Stisted, in Essex, and afterwards to that of Settrington, in Yorkshire; but proposed him as one of four persons worthy to fill the Archbishopric of Armagh: his colleague, Bishop Cox, made him Archdeacon of Ely. Thus circumstanced in reference to preferment in the Church, we are apt to be surprised at the flippant terms in which Wisdom is spoken of by some of his contemporaries. Stripe, it is true, gives a high character of his zeal as a Preacher, and of his labours as an author—he seems,

indeed, not only to have been a champion of the Reformation, but a firm vindicator of the Book of Common Prayer against the Puritans. For while residing at Geneva with other clerical refugees from this country during the reign of Queen Mary, he, with some others, used "in their holy assemblies, the form of service, and order of ceremonies, which were established," in the time of Edward the Sixth. Stripe says that, "besides other books, Wisdom penned a very godly and fruitful exposition upon certain Psalms of David; of which he translated some into English metre: there is one of them, and I think no more, still remaining in our ordinary singing Psalms—namely, the hundred, twenty-fifth." There is also a Hymn of his preserved, and set usually at the end of the Singing Psalms in our old Bibles, beginning "Preserve us, Lord, by thy Dear Word." His rhymes, as well as his pulpit exercises must have given to our Author some considerable degree of notoriety, otherwise it is not likely that the poetical and facetious Bishop Corbet, would have referred to him as the "Arch-botcher of a Psalm or Prayer." He is likewise mentioned by Sir Thomas Overbury, who says a Precisian "conceives his prayer in the kitchen, rather than in the Church, and is of so good discourse, that he dares challenge the Almighty to talk with him extempore. He thinks every organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather hear one of Robert Wisdom's Psalmes, than the best Hymn a Cherubin can sing."\* Whatever might be the gravamen of this reflection when first published, two

\* Shakspeare in his "Winter's Tale," makes the Clown, when speaking of the Shearers as good "Songmen," say there is "but one Puritan among them, and he sings Psalms to hornpipes."—*Act iv., Scene ii.*

hundred and fifty years ago, it will probably not be thought at the present day at least, much to sink the memory of the Author of our Old Version of the 125th Psalm—poor and prosaic as it is. Robert Wisdom died in 1568.

## PSALM CXXV.

Those that doe put their confidence,  
 Upon the Lord our God onely,  
 And flie to him for their defence,  
 In all their need and misery:  
 Their faith is sure still to endure,  
 Grounded on Christ the Corner-stone,  
 Moved with none ill, but standeth still,  
 Stedfast like to Mount Sion.

And as about Jerusalem  
 The mighty hills doe it compasse,  
 So that no enemies come to them,  
 To hurt that town in any ease:  
 So God indeede in every neede  
 His faithful people doth defend,  
 Standing by them assuredly,  
 From this time forth world without end.

Right wise and good is our Lord God,  
 And will not suffer certainly,  
 The sinners and ungodlies' rod,  
 To tarry upon his family.  
 Lest they also from God should goe,  
 Falling to sin and wickednesse:  
 O Lord defend world without end  
 The Christian flock through thy goodnesse.

O Lord doe good to Christians all,  
 That stedfast in thy word abide:  
 Such as willingly from God fall,  
 And to false doctrine dayly slide  
 Such will the Lord scatter abroad,  
 With hypocrites throwne downe to hell:  
 God will them send paines without end:  
 But Lord grant peace to Israel.

Glory to God the Father of might,  
 And to the Sonne our Saviour,  
 And to the Holy Ghost whose light  
 Shine in our hearts and us succour:  
 That the right way from day to day  
 We may walke, and him glorifie:  
 With hearts desire all that are here  
 Worship the Lord, and Amen, erie.

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### THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

That Churchyard was the person indicated by the letters "T. C." affixed to the Second Version of the 136th Psalm, has been generally admitted: and the fact is one among other instances of the preservation of a name once well-known, but which, except from its incidental association with a Metrical Psalm, might have been almost unheard of in our day, except among old book collectors. Perhaps his best claim to the character of a Poet, is the share he had with the celebrated Sackville (Lord Buckhurst,) and other contemporary wits, in the authorship of the "Mirror of Magistrates." His legend of Jane Shore in that Work, is really an affecting narrative. The Poet makes the frail penitent stand "with book in hand, and say St. David's Psalms." Churchyard, who was born of respectable parents, at Shrewsbury, seems to have been a brave soldier, as well as a popular Poet; he was known to, and esteemed by Sir Thomas Gresham, their acquaintance having probably commenced in Flanders, where the soldier-poet is said to have been as much indebted to his

“breeding as his bravery,” for his escape from the hands of the enemy. His pen and his feet appear to have been equally restless: his compositions, chiefly in verse, being very numerous. “But Churchyard’s Chips concerning Scotland,” however ardently kindled, have long since nearly burnt out; his “challenge” to the claims of posthumous renown, founded on an “infinite number of songs and sonets,” may almost be said to have been only accepted by oblivion: even “The Worthiness of Wales,” is now celebrated in the pages of fresher commemorators. Sir Egerton Brydges has, indeed, recalled the memory of our Poet in his curious bead-roll of antiquated genius; and Chalmers has attempted to rekindle his “Chips;”—but he may be said to be immortal in the Psalm below quoted.\* The date of his birth is uncertain: but he lived to a great age; saw the accession of King James to the English throne; and was buried in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, April 4, 1604. The curious reader will be interested in comparing the Psalm given below from an early edition, with the amended

\* Churchyard was busily concerned in the making of verses for the pageants got up for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, during those “Progresses” to the Houses of the nobility, which tended so much to her popularity with her subjects, and of which an entertaining account has been published by J. Nichols, F.S.A., in three quarto volumes. It is pleasant to find that the Queen allowed a pension to the old Poet, many of whose compositions occur in the work just named, and some of them have considerable merit. What, for instance, can be more sweet and expressive than the following lines?

The sun doth shine where shade hath bin,  
 Long darkness brought us day,  
 The starre of comfort now comes in,  
 And here awhile will stay,  
 Ring out the bells, pluck up your sprights,  
 And dresse your houses gay;  
 Run in for flowers, to straw the streets,  
 And make what joy you may, &c.



Version, as at present printed in the Prayer Book ; and also in comparing it with the contemporary Version of the same Psalm, by Norton. To save space in the page, two lines are here run into one.

## PSALM CXXXVI.

O laud the Lord benigne—whose mercies last for aye :  
Give thanks and praises sing—To God of gods I say.  
For certainly,—His mercies dure  
Both firm and sure,—eternally.

The Lord of lords praise ye—whose mercies aye doth dure :  
Great wonders onely he—Doth worke by his great power.  
For certainly, &c.

Which God omnipotent,—By his great wisdom hie,  
The heavenly firmament—Did frame as we may see.  
For certainly, &c.

Yea he the heavy charge—Of all the earth did stretch,  
And on the waters large,—The same he did out-reach.  
For certainly, &c.

Great lights he made to be,—For why ? his love is aye :  
Such as the sunne we see,—To rule the lightsome day,  
For certainly, &c.

And eke the moone so cleare,—Which shineth in our sight,  
And starres that doe appeare—To guide the darksome night.  
For certainly, &c.

With greivous plagues and sore—All Egypt smote he than :  
Their first-borne less and more,—He slew of beast and man.  
For certainly, &c.

And from amidst their land—His Israel forth brought :  
Which he with mighty hand—And stretched arme hath wrought.  
For certainly, &c.

The sea he cut in two,—which stood up like a wall :  
And made through it to goe—His chosen children all.  
For certainly, &c.

But there he whelmed then—The proud King Pharaoh,  
With his huge hoste of men.— And chariots eke also.  
For certainly, &c.

Who led through wilderness—His people safe and sound :  
 And for his love endlesse,—Great Kings he brought to ground.  
 For certainly, &c.

And slew with puissant hand—Kings mighty and of fame,  
 As of Amorites land,—Sehon the King by name.  
 For certainly, &c.

And Og (the gyant name)—Of Basan King also :  
 Whose land for heritage—He gave his people tho.  
 For certainly, &c.

Even unto Israel,—His servant deare, I say,  
 He gave the same to dwell,—And there abide for aye.  
 For certainly, &c.

To minde he did us call,—In our most base degree :  
 And from oppressors all—In safety set us free.  
 For certainly, &c.

All flesh in earth abroad—with food he doth fulfill :  
 Wherefore of heaven the God—To laud be it your will.  
 For certainly, &c.

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## JOHN PULLAIN.

This individual, who contributed two Psalms to the earlier editions, namely, 148 and 149, neither of which have been retained, is stated to have been born in Yorkshire, and admitted senior student of Christ Church, in 1517, he being then about thirty years of age. “ He preached the Reformation privately at Saint Michael, Coruhill, 1556, but afterwards became an exile. He returned in the happier period of Queen Elizabeth, and was made Archdeacon of Colchester.” He died in 1565. Bliss (in Athen. Oxon. vol. i. col. 346) says “ none of his poetical

productions seem to have escaped the ravages of time and accident." The following, however, is Pullain's Version of

## PSALM CXLIX.

Sing vnto the Lord with heartie accord  
 A new ioyful song :  
 His praises resounde in euerie grounde,  
 His saintes all among.  
 Let Israel reioice and praise eke with voyce,  
 His Maker louing ;  
 The sonnes of Sion let them euerie one  
 Be glad in their King.  
 Let all them advance his name in the dance,  
 Bothe now and alwayes ;  
 With harpe and tabret, euen so likewise let  
 Them vtter his prayes.  
 The Lord's pleasure is, in them that are his,  
 Not willing to start ;  
 But all meanes do seke, to succour the meke,  
 And humble in heart.  
 The saints more and lesse, his praise shall expresse,  
 As is good and right ;  
 Reioycing, I saye, both now and for aye,  
 In their beds at night.  
 Their throte shall braste out, in euerie route,  
 In praise of their Lord ;  
 And as men moste bolde, in hand they shall holde  
 A two-edged sworde ;  
 Auenged to be in euerie degree  
 The heathen vpon :  
 And for to reprove, as them doth behoue,  
 The people echone ;  
 To bind strange kings fast in chains that will last ;  
 Their nobles also ;  
 In hard yron bands, as well fete as hands,  
 To their grief and wo ;  
 That they may indede giue sentence with spede,  
 On them to their paine ;  
 As is writ. Alwayes such honour and prayes,  
 His saints shall obtaine.

I have the authority of a gentleman whose judgment is the best safeguard of my own opinion, for venturing to say, that the foregoing is nearly as literal a Version as rhyme and metre will allow ; and though the latter be sometimes lame, the experiment on the whole proves that a more generally literal rhymed Version is practicable in our language, though the very improvement of this, is to the disadvantage of the Poet who should attempt it.

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### JOHN MARDLEY.

I introduce the above name, as probably being that indicated by the initial " M." affixed to Psalms 131 and 132, in the older editions, on the authority of Sir Egerton Brydges, to whose curious article on " Sternhold's Psalms"—(*Censura Literaria, vol. v.*) these notices are otherwise indebted : it is, indeed, grateful to have this opportunity of naming with respect, one of the various Works of a sincere lover of our elder literature for its own sake, and one who, whatever may have been his notional peculiarities on some subjects, has undoubtedly afforded to many readers a delightful taste of the Metrical Compositions of the sixteenth century. But to the quotation :—“ M. Unnoticed by Ritson ; it might be John Mardley, who ‘ turned twenty-four Psalms into English odes, and made many religious songs,’ supposing the first supplied number [Psalm] 132, from the last might be selected ‘ the humble sute of a sinner,’ and ‘ the lamentation of a sinner.’” In

the modern editions, both the above-mentioned Psalms are attributed to Norton; but in the copy from which the following is transcribed, (edit. 1635,) the initial of Mardley is prefixed. The poetry neither rises nor sinks beyond the average level of the bulk of the versification of the rest of the book.

## PSALM CXXXII.

1. Remember David's troubles, Lord,  
how to the Lord he swore:
2. And vow'd a vow to Jacob's God,  
to keepe for evermore.
3. I will not come within my house,  
nor climbe up to my bed:
4. Nor let my temples take their rest,  
nor the eyes in my head.
5. Till I have found out for the Lord,  
A place to sit thereon:  
An house for Jacob's God to be  
An habitation.
6. We heard of it at Ephrata,  
there did we heare this sound:  
And in the fields and forrests there,  
these voices first were found.
7. We will assay and goe in now  
his Tabernacle there:  
Before his foote-stoole to fall downe,  
And worship him in feare.
8. Arise O Lord, arise I say,  
into thy resting place:  
Both thou and the Arke of thy strength,  
the presence of thy grace.
9. Let all thy priests be clothed, Lord,  
with truth and righteousnesse:  
Let all thy saints and holy men  
sing all with joyfulness.
10. And for thy servant David's sake,  
refuse not Lord, I say,  
The face of thine annointed Lord,  
nor turne thy face away.

*The Second Part.*

11. The Lord to David swore in truth,  
and will not shrinke from it :
12. Saying, the fruit of thy body  
upon thy seat shall sit.
13. And if thy sons my Covenant keepe,  
that I shall learne each one :  
Then shall thy sonnes for ever sit  
upon thy Princely throne.
14. The Lord himself hath chosen Sion,  
and loves therein to dwell :
15. Saying, this is my resting place,  
I love and like it well.
16. And I will blesse with great increase  
her victuals every where :  
And I will satisfie with bread  
the needy that be there.
17. Yea, I will decke and cloth her priests  
with my salvation :  
And all her saints shall sing for joy,  
of my protection.
18. There will I surely make the horne  
of David for to bud :  
For there I have ordain'd for mine  
a lanterne bright and good.
19. As for his enemies, I will clothe  
with shame for evermore :  
But I will cause his crowne to shine  
more fresh than heretofore.

In closing the list of Versifiers of our old Singing Psalms, a passing reflection on the VALUE of their labours seems unavoidable. It is obviously little to be expected, that we should meet with an ingenious and at the same time, unprejudiced estimate of the merits of the Old Version of the Psalms. I can only say, for my own part, after what has been advanced, and considering the whole case, that the individual who will deny that the Church of Christ in general,

and the Church of England in particular, has been greatly indebted to these Psalms, as a vehicle of devotion, must be either grossly prejudiced, or very imperfectly acquainted with the history of the Establishment. Moreover, I cannot but think that persons who, even at this day, can find nothing in these first fruits of our exotic Psalmody, but matter for derision and jest, are almost as little qualified to judge of the poetry as of the piety of an age, in which a deep and serious earnestness was more conspicuous, than either exactness or smoothness of expression. Nor, lastly, can I regard as other than exposing to suspicion their integrity or understanding, those who would contend that the ancient, unadulterated metres of Sternhold and Hopkins, and their coadjutors ought to retain perpetual and exclusive possession of those intervals for Congregational Singing, which, whatever may have been the meaning of the law, the Anglican Church has for so long a period sanctioned in practice.

So much has at one time or other been said as to the AUTHORITY for the use of the *Old Version* of the Psalms in Churches, that it seems desirable to advert to the subject somewhat at length in a work of this nature. In doing this, I shall necessarily make considerable use of the interesting little volume published in 1822, by the Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A., F.S.A., &c., the object of which will be generally understood from its somewhat prolix title, which is as follows:—"Observations upon the Metrical Version of the Psalms, made by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others: with a view to illustrate the authority with which this collection was at first admitted, and how that authority has been since regarded, in the

public service of the Established Church of England, and thence to maintain, in this venerable service, the usage of such Metrical Psalmody only as is duly authorised."

In pursuing this enquiry, we must keep separate, what, in reality, are two distinct questions, namely, how far it may be expedient for the Church to admit none but authorised Versions of the Singing Psalms? and whether the Old Version was ever specially authorised or not? The latter is what we have more particularly to do with at present.

There are manifestly only two ways in which the Metrical Psalms, which have now been sung in our Churches for three centuries, first obtained admission into the service—either they were formally sanctioned by some proper authority, or they were "allowed" by connivance in the first place, and retained by prescription. The latter has been the general opinion; and it is to "repel the unfounded charge"—the introduction by connivance—that Mr. Todd comes forward; and as I venture to think, without establishing his position. But as, in the absence of direct evidences, we have to rely a good deal upon deductions from correlative facts, let us look for a moment, at the circumstances of the Church at the time of the introduction of the first Metrical Version of the Psalms in English.

The position of the Protestant Church in England, at the period of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne, was very peculiar; the nation being, in the main, as well as in the sentiment of its most eminent nobility and gentry, of the reformed religion, whilst the established hierarchy was Papal—the hastily and desperately resuscitated Popery of the brief reign of



Queen Mary! The accession of Elizabeth then, while it diffused a general joy throughout the country, by the re-establishment of the Protestant doctrines and worship, recalled also those English Divines and others, who had fled during the Marian persecution, either to Geneva or to the Low Countries. Several of these had adopted, along with the doctrinal opinions of Calvin, his notions of Church Government, and modes of religious worship, including Psalm-singing in particular,\* as well as extemporaneous prayer and preaching.

This freedom of thought and action, so long and largely indulged abroad, had but little prepared the clerical refugees for an immediate conformity to a ritual which recognised none of these peculiarities. The wise policy of the time, however, was to interpose as few obstacles as possible in the way of a general union of the Protestants, when the Romish Church, so recently dominant, still maintained a somewhat threatening attitude in the kingdom: and would have liked nothing better than to have had the benefit of a Protestant schism at such a juncture. The result of this crisis, the names of those who returned from abroad, how they came into the Church, the conflicts about doctrines and ceremonies, and the immediate issue of the overplus dissatisfaction in what was called Puritanism, and its subsequent expansion through all the phases of nonconformity, are matters of history, and are not noticed here, even thus transiently, either for reproach or commendation, but simply to introduce what follows.

In a state of things so unsettled as we have just described them, with so many matters of weightier

\* In 1559.

consideration instantly to adjust, nothing is more likely than that the practice of Psalm-singing, which was so popular with the exiles abroad, which was so taking, with the less refined portion at least, of all the congregations throughout England and Scotland, which was, moreover, so decidedly anti-Popish, and finally, which must have appeared of all things an innovation the least calculated to lead to any kind of mischief—under these circumstances, nothing seems more likely than that this salutary and inoffensive Psalmody was at first introduced into our Churches without either authority or objection.

Heylin, Fuller, and Collier, old authorities on our ecclesiastical affairs, as well as Warton, Mason, Tattersall, Dr. Maltby, and other more recent writers, whose opinions are cited at length by Todd, maintain in substance the foregoing conclusion. In other words, to adopt the statement of the late Mr. Gray, of York,\* “these Psalms were by little and little, brought into the Church; *permitted, rather than allowed*, to be sung before and after sermons; afterwards printed and bound up with the Common Prayer Book; and at last, *added by the Stationers at the end of the Bible*. For though it is expressed, in the title-page of these Singing Psalms, that they were *set forth and allowed to be sung in all Churches before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons*; yet, *this allowance seems rather to have been a connivance than an approbation*; no such allowance being any where found by such as have been most industrious and concerned in the search.”

\* “An Inquiry into Historical Facts relative to Parochial Psalmody, in Reference to the Remarks of the Right Rev. Herbert, Lord Bishop of Peterborough. 8vo., York, 1821.”

Mr. Todd asserts, with considerable emphasis, what indeed nobody denies, that from the very beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, down to the appearance of the New Version, the compositions of Sternhold and others were “considered as established Psalmody”—that is, were recognised and used as such: this, however, is not *proving* but taking for granted, their *authority*. But it is asked—“If this Version had *not been approved*, can we suppose that such watchful governors of the Church as Parker, at the time, and Whitgift and Bancroft afterwards, Archbishops of Canterbury, in times too which demanded all their vigilance, would have suffered ‘ALLOWED TO BE SUNG IN CHURCHES,’ to remain upon the title of a book *not so allowed?*” This is merely a specious begging of the whole question. If all that has been said before about the state of religious parties be worth any thing, it will justify the conclusion that the vigilant Prelates above-named, were wise enough to let alone matters that did not call for their interference.

But Mr. Todd proceeds to shew that the Old Version was actually and formally *allowed*—“the formal expression for *approved or authorised*.” And doubtlessly this was the fact. But to what does the *allowance* in question really apply? *Not* to the use of the Version in Churches, but to *printing the book*. In 1559, Queen Elizabeth issued various Injunctions, one of which “straitly chargeth and commandeth, that no manner of person shall print *any manner of book or paper*, of what sort, nature, or in what language soever it be, except the same be first licensed by her Majestie, by express words in writing, or by six of her privie counsell; or be

perused and licensed by the Archbishops of Cantuarburie or York, the Bishop of London, the Chancellers of both Universities, the Bishop being Ordinarie, and the Archdeacon also of the place where any such shall be printed, or by two of them, whereof the ordinary of the place to be always one." That the requisite obedience to this Injunction was shewn in the case of Sternhold's Version, is satisfactorily shewn by Mr. Todd. But this proves nothing at all concerning its authorised allowance in Churches whatever it may do of *the fact* of its use there. It is undeniable that at a time when a licence was required to print *every* book from the Bible to "an old Play called Winter's Tale," the publishers of Sternhold conformed to the law: but it is no less clear that the party which licensed the *reprinting* of the Old Version of Psalms had no more thought of sanctioning its use in Churches, than they had of doing the same thing for "a very profitable Treatise made by M. J. Calvyne;" which at the same time was "set forth and *authorised* according to the Queene's Majesties Injunctions."

Thus much it appeared proper to say in this place on a question, which, while it is treated very fully, and with no less interest than ingenuity by Mr. Todd, cannot be said to be settled, or even to be left by that gentleman with strong presumptions in favour of his conclusions upon it.

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## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is an interesting fact, that not only is Henry the Eighth believed to have composed certain Anthems still extant, but Queen Elizabeth occasionally employed herself in the same manner,—“two little Anthems, or things in metre,” having been licensed to her printer in 1578; and in 1548, her Metrical Version of the 13th Psalm was published, (as we are told by the Rev. H. J. Todd), “in a work by Bale.” It appears, however, that Mr. Malone had a copy of the xivth Psalm in verse, by Elizabeth. This literary rarity occurs at the end of a book, evidently printed abroad, and of which but a single copy is known, entitled, “A godly medytacyon of the Christen sowle, &c. compyled in frenche, by Ladye Margarete, Quene of Naverre.” “The desire of shining as a poetess, was,” says Mr. Dyce,\* echoing the sentiments of Bishop Percy, “one of the weaknesses of his illustrious queen; and her vanity, no doubt, made her regard as tributes justly paid, the extravagant praises, which the courtiers, and writers of her age, lavished on her royal ditties.” In the present day an opposite feeling prevails—it is rather the fashion to speak slightly of the “Virgin Queen;” and unless it were a reproach to her Majesty to have written verses at all, it need be none that what she did write was spoken well of by others—from whatever motive; for after all, there is very

\* Specimens of British poetesses.

little evidence, if any, that Elizabeth felt any vanity on this ground. Her remains in metre are the speech of the chorus in the second act of *Hercules Cœtæus* of Seneca, in blank verse: verses written with charcoal on a shutter at Woodstock, while she was a prisoner there; a few verses called a Sonnet, preserved and praised by Puttenham,\* as a "sweet ditty of her Majesty's own making;" three stanzas signed with her name from a MS. in the Ashmolean Museum; an epitaph on the "Princess of Espinoye;" and the following Psalm, which is printed in Parke's edition of the Royal and Noble Authors† of Great Britain:—

## PSALM XIV.

Fooles, that true fayth yet never had,  
 Sayth in their hartes, there is no God!  
 Fylthy they are in their praecty'se  
 Of them not one is godly wyse.  
 From heaven th' Lorde on man did loke,  
 To know what wayes he undertoke:  
 All they were vague, and went a straye,  
 Not one he founde in the ryght waye;  
 In harte and tunge have they deceyte,  
 The lypes throwe fourth a poysened byte;  
 Their myndes are mad, their mouthes are wode,  
 And swift they be in shedyng blode:  
 So blynde they are, no truth they knowe,  
 No feare of God in them wyll growe.  
 How can that ernell sort be good?  
 Of God's dere foleke whych sucke the blood!  
 On hym ryghtly shall they not call:  
 Dyspayre wyll so their hartes appall.

\* Art of Poetry, in illustration of the figure called *Exargasia*, or gorgeous.

† D'Israeli says "I have been informed, on the best authority, that Elizabeth exercised her poetie pen more voluminously than we have hitherto known, for that there exists a Manuscript Volume of her Majesty's Poems in that rich repository of state-papers—the Hatfield Collection."—*Ancient Lit.* ii. 373.

At all tymes God is with the just,  
 Bycause they put in hym their trust,  
 Who shall therefor from Syon geue  
 That helthe whych hangeth on our bleve?  
 When God shall take from hys the smart,  
 Than wyll Jacob rejoyce in hart.

Prayse to God.

## ROBERT CROWLEY.

A considerable contributor to the metrical theology of the Sixteenth Century, was Robert Crowley, educated in Magdalene College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship in 1542. Warton, whose account is here adopted, says that in the reign of Edward the Sixth, he commenced printer and preacher in London. He lived in Ely-rents, in Holborn: "where," as Wood states, "he sold books, and at leisure times exercised the gift of preaching in the great city and elsewhere." In 1550, he printed the first edition of "Pierce Plowman's Vision," but with the ideas of a controversialist, and with the view of helping forward the Reformation by the revival of a book which exposes the absurdities of Popery in strong satire, and which at present is only valuable or useful, as it serves to gratify the harmless researches of those peaceable philosophers who study the progression of ancient literature. His pulpit and his "press, those two prolific sources of faction," happily, as Warton adds, "co-operated in propagating his principles of predestination: and his shop and his sermons were alike frequented. Possessed

of those talents which qualified him for captivating the attention and moving the passions of the multitude, under Queen Elizabeth he held many dignities in a Church, whose doctrines and polity his undiscerning zeal had a tendency to destroy." Such is the account of Crowley by one whose opinions on our national poetry are worth much more than his dicta on Church polity, or practical religion. Crowley translated into popular rhyme not only the Psalter, with the litany, and several Hymns, which he published together in 1549; but several other metrical compositions, all of which appear to have had the promotion of virtue and religion for their leading object. In 1558, Crowley wrote and printed a rhyming manual, entitled the "School of Vertue and of Good Nurture," being a translation into metre of many of the less exceptionable Latin Hymns anciently used by the Catholics, and still sometimes met with among Protestants. Warton, with his wonted prejudice, says these Hymns were only offensive because they were in Latin: they had, it seems, been the occasional recreation of Scholars in our Universities after dinner on festival days; and we are told that "at an Archiepiscopal Visitation of Merton College, in Oxford, in the year 1562, it was a matter of enquiry, whether the *superstitious* Hymns appointed to be sung in the Hall on holidays, were changed for the Psalms in metre: and one of the Fellows is accused of having attempted to prevent the singing of the metrical Te Deum in the refectory on All Saints' Day." "At length," says Wood, after mentioning the works of Crowley, "this most zealous person having lived to a fair age, mostly spent in continual action for the settlement and pro-



pagation of the Protestant religion, submitted to the stroke of death in 1588, and was buried in the chancel of the Church of St. Giles, near to Cripplegate, in London. Over his grave was this inscription a brass plate—*Here lieth the body of Robt. Crowley, Clerk, late Vicar of this Parish, who departed this life the 18th day of June, an. dom. 1588.*” Something we know of this Author from his poetical and polemical remains; but—to adopt the words of D’Israeli,\* “How Crowley contrived to fulfil his four-fold office of Printer, Bookseller, Poet, and Preacher, with eminent success, the scanty notices of his life disappoint our curiosity. We would gladly enter into the recesses of this man’s arduous life,—Did he partition the hours of the day? What habits harmonised such clashing pursuits? Was he a sage whose wisdom none of his followers have gathered? Was the shop of the studious man haunted by learned customers? When we think of the Printer’s press, and the Bookseller’s counter, we are tempted to enquire, where mused the Poet, and where stood the Preacher?” The rare black letter volume, from which I copy the following specimen of the version of the printer-poet, is in the Library of Brazen Nose College, Oxford; it is entitled, “The Psalter of David, newly translated into English metre in such sort that it maye the more decently, and with the more deleyte of the mynde, be reade and songe of al men. Whereunto is added a note of four partes, wyth other thynges as

\* In vol. ii. p. 154. of “Amenities of Literature,” the last series of a delightful succession of works, which may be said to have created as well as gratified a new taste in that large class of English readers, who had previously been deterred from seeking an acquaintance with our elder writers, either on account of their obsolete style, repulsive voluminousness, or almost inaccessible rarity.

shall appear in the Epistle to the Reader. Translated and Imprinted by Robert Crowley, in the yere of our Lord M.D.XLIX. the XX day of September." In the "Preface to the Christian Reader," the Author, after describing a Calendar of Lessons, the Musical Notes, and some other matters, thus proceeds:—"This I have done to move the to delyte in the readyng and hearyng of these Psalmes, wherein lyeth hyd the most precious treasure of the Christian Religion. And so far as my knowledge serves me, I have made open and playne that which in other translations is obscure and hard. Trustyng that some better learned, wyll hereat take occasion to add more lyght. In the meane time geue God the glorie for that he hath done in me, and praye that thou mayest always credite the infallible trueth of Goddes word. And if thou chance to confer this translation wyth the translations of the Bible and fynd that they disagree: do not forthwyth dislyke either of them, but first consult men of learnyng and judgement in the knowledge of tongues; and know that God hath revealed to his servant Leo Judas (whose translation I have followed) those thynges that were unknown to them that before translated the Psalter out of the Ebrue." To Crowley belongs the distinction of being the first individual in England to versify the entire Psalter—if rhymed lines like the following are entitled to the appellation of verse:—

## PSALM CXII.

The man is blessed that doeth feare  
the Lorde and doeth delyght:  
In hys holy commaundments,  
to walk therein upright.

For his sede shall be found myghtie in  
the earth every where:

And the nation of the good, shall  
luckyly prospere.

Grete plentye of goodes and  
riches shall in his house remayne :  
And his iustice shall continue for  
euer more certaine.

Lyght doth arise unto good men,  
when they syt in darekness :  
To the bounteouse and mercifull, that  
folowe ryghtuousness.

The good man heapeth benefites,  
and lendeth plentuously :  
And doeth all hys owne business, exceed-  
ynge equally.

For he shall never be moued, tyll  
tyme of tymes be paste :  
And for ever hys righteouness,  
& hys iustice shall laste.

And when he heareth heauey newes,  
fear shall hym nothyng prycke :  
Because his herte is stablished, and  
doeth to the Lorde stycke.

His herte, I saye, is stablished, so  
that he can not feare :  
Tyll upon all hys enimies, hys wysles  
doe appeare.

He geueth to the pore ech where,  
hys iustice shall byde aye :  
Hys power shall be set up on hygh  
with great glorie I saye.

That seyng thys the  
wyked may, be wrath and gnashe his teethe :  
And eke consume hym self and  
get nought that he desireth.\*

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\* This Psalm was probably written originally in lines of fourteen syllables, like Chapman's Homer, and as such, would certainly read better than dragging its broken limbs along as in this form : it is, however, printed here exactly as in Crowley's book.

## WILLIAM HUNNIS.

Hunnis\*, who was probably stimulated to engage in versifying some of the Psalms, from the éclat which had attended the experiment of Sternhold, was a gentleman of the Royal Chapel, under Edward the Sixth, and afterwards Chapel-Master to Queen Elizabeth. In 1550, he printed “Certayne Psalmes chosen out of the Psalter of David, and drawen forth into English metre.” In this Work he describes himself as “Servant to the Ryght Honourable Syr William Harberd Knight.” Under the quaint titles of “A Handful of Honeysuckles,” and “A Hive full of Honey,” he published various paraphrases of portions of Scripture History in metre: besides which he contributed to contemporary collections of poetry. The following paraphrase is from a Work in the British Museum, dedicated to Frances, Countess of Sussex, and entitled—

“Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soule for Sinne, comprehending those Seven Psalmes of the Princelie Prophet David, commonlie called Penitentiall: framed into a forme of familiar praiers, and reduced into meeter by William Hunnis, one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties honourable Chappell, and maister to the children of the same. 1583.

## PSALM VI.

*Domine ne in furore.—The First Part.*

1. O Lord when I myself behold,  
how wicked I have bin;  
And view the paths and waies I went  
wandering from sin to sin;

\* His contemporary Chapman, the prolific Dramatic Poet, and the translator of Homer, translated “The Seven Penitential Psalms” from Petrarch.

2. Againe, to thinke vpon thy power,  
thy iudgement, and thy might ;  
And how that nothing can be hid,  
or close kept from thy sight ;
3. Euen then (alas) I shake and quake,  
and tremble where I stand,  
For feare thou shouldst reuenged be,  
by power of wrathful hand.
4. The weight of sinne is verie great,  
for this to mind I call,  
That one proud thought made Angels (once)  
from heauen to slide and fall.
5. ADAM likewise, and EVE his wife,  
for breaking thy precept,  
From Paradise expelled were ;  
and death thereby hath crept
6. Vpon them both ; and on their seede,  
for ever to remaine ;  
But that by faith in Christ thy sonne,  
we hope to liue againe.
7. The earth not able was to beare,  
but quicke did swallow in,  
Coral, Dathan, and Abiron,  
by reason of their sin.
8. Also because king DAVID did  
his people number all,  
Thou Lord therefore, in three daies space,  
such grieuous plague letst fall ;
9. That seuentie thousand men forthwith,  
thereof dyde presentlie,  
Such was thy worke, such was thy wrath,  
thy mightie power to trie.
10. (Alas) my sins surmounteth theirs,  
mine cannot numbred bee,  
And from thy wrath, most mightie God,  
I knowe not where to flee.
11. If into heauen I might ascend,  
where Angels thine remaine,  
O Lord, thy wrath would thrust me forth  
downe to the earth againe.
12. And in the earth here is no place  
of refuge to be found,

Nor in the deepe, and water course,  
that passeth vnder ground.

13. Vouchsafe therefore, I thee beseech,  
on me some mercie take,  
And turne thy wrath from me awaie,  
for Jesus Christes sake.

*Versè 1.*  
*Domine ne*  
*in furore*  
*tuo arguas*  
*me, neq' in*  
*ira tua cor-*  
*ripias me.*

14. *Lord in thy wrath reprove me not,*  
*ne chast me in thine ire ;*

But with thy mercie shadowe me,  
I humblie thee desire.

15. I know it is my grieuous sinnes  
that doo thy wrath prouoke,  
But yet, ó Lord, in rigour thine  
forbeare thy heauie stroke ;

16. And rather with thy mercie sweete,  
behold my heauie plight,  
How weake and feeble I appeare  
before thy blessed sight.

17. For nature mine corrupted is,  
and wounded with the dart  
Of lust and foule concupiscence,  
throughout in eu'rie part.

18. I am in sinne conceiu'd, and borne  
the child of wrath and death,  
Hauing but here a little time  
to liue and drawe my breath.

19. I feele my selfe still apt and prone  
to wickednesse and vice,  
And drowned thus in sinne I lie,  
and haue no power to rise.

*Versè 2.*  
*Miserere*  
*mei domi-*  
*ne quoniam*  
*infirmus*  
*suum : sana*  
*me domine*  
*quoniam*  
*conturbata*  
*sunt omnia*  
*ossa mea*

20. *It is thy mercie, ó sweet Christ,*  
*that must my health restore :*  
*For all my bones are troubled much,*  
*and vexed verie sore.*

21. I am not able to withstand  
temptations such as bee,  
Wherefore good Lord, vouchsafe to heale  
my great infirmitie.

22. Good Christ, as thou to Peter didst,  
reach forth thy hand to me,  
When he upon the water went,  
there drowned like to be.

23. And as the Leaper censed was,  
by touching with thy hand ;  
And Peter's mother raised up  
from feuer whole to stand :
24. So let that hand of mercie thine  
make cleane the leprosie  
Of lothsome lust vpon me growne,  
through mine iniquitie.
25. Then shal there strength in me appere,  
through grace my chiefe reliefe,  
Thy death, ô Christ, the medicine is  
that helpeth all my grieffe.
26. *My soule is troubled verie sore,  
by reason of my sin :*  
*But Lord how long shall I abide  
thus sorrowfull therein ?*
27. I doubt not Lord, but thou which hast  
my stonie hart made soft,  
With willing mind thy grace to craue,  
from time to time so oft ;
28. Wilt not now stay, but forth proceed,  
my perfect health to make,  
Although a while thou doost deferre,  
yet is it for my sake.
29. For, Lord, thou knowst our nature such,  
if we great things obtaine,  
And in the getting of the same  
do feele no grieffe or paine :
30. We little doo esteeme thereof :  
but hardly brought to passe,  
A thousand times we doe esteeme  
much more then th' other was :
31. So Lord, if thou shouldst at the first  
grant my petition,  
The greatnes of offenses mine,  
I should not thinke vpon.
32. Wherefore my hope still bids me cry  
with faithfull hart in brest.  
As did the faithfull Cananite,  
whose daughter was possest.
33. At least if I still knock and call  
vpon thy holic name,

Verse 3.

*Et anima  
mea con-  
turbata est  
valde, sed  
tu domine  
responde mihi ?*

- At length thou wilt heare my request  
and grant to me the same :
34. As did the man three loaves of bread  
vnto his neighbour lend,  
Whose knocking long forst him to rise,  
and shew himselfe a frend.
35. Lord by the mouth of thy deare son,  
this promise didst thou make ;  
That if we knocke thou open wilt  
the doore euen for his sake.
36. Wherefore we erie, we knock, we call,  
And neuer cease will wee,  
Till thou doo turne to vs, ó Lord,  
that we may turne to thee.

*The Second Part.*

*Verse 4.*  
*Conuerte*  
*domine &*  
*eripe ani-*  
*mam meam,*  
*saluum me*  
*fac. propter*  
*misericor-*  
*diam tuam*

- Turne from thy wrath, ó Lord of hosts,*  
*and set my hart, at large :*  
*Oh saue me for thy mercies sake,*  
and all my sinnes discharge.
2. Not for the merits I haue done,  
ne for the works I wrought,  
But for thy endlesse mercie sake,  
and blood which hath vs bought.
3. The debt is great that I am in,  
not able for to paie,  
And how to recompense the same,  
none other can I saie ;
4. But goodnesse thine must me acquit,  
or else (alas) must I  
To prison, where no ransome may  
set me at libertie.
5. *For why in death, ó God of life,*  
*no man remembreth thee,*  
*And in the hell who giues thee thanks*  
*was none yet knowne to bee.*
6. The grieuous plagues and torments there  
so smarting be and strong,  
That no man can haue mind on thee,  
or thee confesse among.
7. No time is there or space, ne place  
repentance for to find ;

*Verse 5.*  
*Quoniam*  
*non est in*  
*morte qui*  
*memor sit*  
*tui, in in-*  
*ferno au-*  
*tem quis*  
*confitebi-*  
*tur tibi ?*



But burning paines, and torments sharpe  
to all be there assigned.

8. Remembring this while I am here,  
and doo this life possesse,  
To thee, ô Lord, in humble wise,  
I doo my faults confesse.

*Verse 6.*

*Laboravi*

*in gemitu*

*meo, lauabo*

*per singulas*

*noctes lec-*

*tum meum,*

*lachrymis*

*meis stratum*

*meum ri-*

*gabo.*

9. And with a spirit all sorrowfull  
I doo my sinnes lament,  
And sorie am euen from my soule,  
I did such waies frequent :
10. *And am with groning wearie made,*  
*through tast of manie feares,*  
*The night I spend my bed to wash,*  
*my couch to wet with teares.*

11. Not weeping to the sight of men,  
(as doth the hypocrite,)

But in my chamber scerettlie,  
where I my sinnes recite :

12. Not onlie with the teares of eies,  
but teares fet from alow,  
That is, from bottome of my hart,  
repentance great to show.

13. And as my bodie I haue made  
a servant vnto sin ;  
So will I now, by power of grace,  
delight no more therein :

14. But will the same on thee bestow,  
ô Lord, and freele giue,  
To serue thee Lord in righteousnesse,  
The daies I haue to liue.

15. For in this bed of flesh and bloud,  
and couch of sensuall life,  
The soules of all from Adam's fall,  
haue laine in wo and strife.

16. And this doth make our countenance  
or mind to changed bee,  
For inward griefe of this our couch  
of sensualitie.

17. For when we seeke therein to rest,  
and thinke some ease to find,  
It after turneth to our griefe,  
and anguish great of mind.

*Turbatus  
est a furo-  
re oculus  
meus, inue-  
teravi in-  
ter omnes  
inimicos  
meos.*

*Vers. B.  
Discedite  
a me om-  
nes, qui o-  
peramini  
iniquita-  
tem, quo-  
niam an-  
davit do-  
minus vo-  
cem fletus mei*

18. It is a serpent, faire in face  
appearing to the show ;  
But in his taile a sting lies hid  
of endless paine and wo.
19. *Mine eie, o Lord, is troubled sore,  
with extreme rage and paine :  
And I among mine enimies  
doo weake and old remaine.*
20. The wicked feend, mine enimie,  
still seeketh to devise  
Some matter of occasion,  
to lay before mine eies.
21. The world also doth draw me foorth  
to follow hir delight ;  
My flesh to sensualitie  
runnes on with maine and might ;
22. The companie of wicked sort  
entise me day by day :  
Thus I with them, and they with me,  
(alas) still run astray.
23. These enimies I neuer can  
be able to subdue,  
It must be thou, ô IESV sweete,  
most mightie and most true :
24. Thou Lord which hast destroyed deth,  
the diuell likewise suppress,  
Must giue me powre to ouercome,  
whereby to liue in rest.
25. Then vnderneath thy death and crosse  
I shall my sinnes displaie,  
And stronglie fight against my foes,  
and boldlie to them saie :
26. *Awaie from me that workers be  
of wickednesse and sinne :  
For why the Lord hath hard my voice,  
and scene my teares therein.*
27. You damned spirits, and liuers lewd,  
the members of the feend ;  
Awaie from me : for now your power  
is brought vnto an end.
28. Your prince and maister of this world,  
that hath me turnd and tost,

Is now cast out, and all his power,  
his might, and strength is lost.

29. Although you haue me held long time  
in prison and in thrall ;  
Yet are ye now cleane ouercome,  
by Christ most strong of all.

30. I that in darknesse erst was led,  
doo now behold the light ;

*Verse 9.*

*The Lord my praier sure hath heard,  
my sute is in his sight.*

*Exaudiuit*

*dominus*

*deprecati-*

*onem mea*

*dominus o-*

*rationem*

*meam sus-*

*cepit.*

31. To thee, ô Lord, for grace I praid,  
and thou heardst my request,  
And sentst abundant dewes thereof,  
vnto my quiet rest.

32. I praid likewise, that all my sinnes  
might cleane remitted bee,  
And thou hast granted my desire,  
and safe deliu'ed me.

*Verse 10.*

*Erubescant*

*& confun-*

*dentur ve-*

*hementer*

*omnes ini-*

*mici mei:*

*conuertan-*

*tur & eru-*

*bescant*

*valde, re-*

*lociter.*

33. *Wherefore let all mine enimies*  
*confounded be with shame*  
*And that right soone and suddentie,*  
ô Lord I craue the same.

34. I know that all mine enimies,  
shall vexed be right sore,  
And that thou wilt put them to flight,  
from henceforth euermore.

35. For what long time they haue possesst  
they lost in little space,  
Through operation of thy power,  
and working of thy grace.

36. With wrong they kept, which thou sweet Christ  
by bloud hast derelie bought,  
And thou a mightie Champion  
hast turnd their power to nought.

37. Lord, I therefore thy seruant poore  
most earnestlie doo praie,  
To guide my feete and steps aright  
in thy most holie waie.

38. And that the feend mine enimie,  
who seekes me to deuoure,  
May nener over my poore soule  
haue anie strength or powre :

39. But as by grace I am restord  
 to fauor thine againe ;  
 So with that grace defend me, Lord,  
 from euerlasting paine. *Amen.*

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### SIR THOMAS SMITH.

Among the MSS. in the British Museum, (Bibl. Reg. 17 A. xvii.,) there are Metrical Versions of about a dozen of the Psalms, along with some other rhymed compositions by the same hand ; the whole thus entitled :—“ Certaigne Psalmes or Songues of David. Translated into Englishhe meter, by Sir Thomas Smith, Knight, then prisoner in the Tower of London ; with other Prayers and Songues by him made to pas the tyme there. 1549.” This individual stands distinguished for his abilities, and for the rarer merit of uprightness and consistency of character, in the annals of the brief reigns of Edward VI. and Mary. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and worthy, says Tytler,\* “ to be the instructor of Ascham, and a fellow-labourer with Erasmus and Cheke.” Strype, who has left a life of Smith, says somewhat quaintly, when speaking of his establishment while he was Regius Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge, that “ he kept three servants, three gums, and three winter geldings : and this stood him in thirty pounds per annum, together with his own board.”† Sir Egerton Brydges has very properly asserted, that “ he was super-eminently distinguished as a scholar, civilian, statesman, historian, and diplo-

\* Tytler's *Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary*, vol. i. 105.

† Strype's *Life of Smith*, p. 28.

matist." From his faithful adherence to the Protector, Somerset, he became involved in the disgrace of that nobleman; and having undergone a deprivation of his office of Secretary of State, was sent for about a year to the Tower, from which he was released on paying a fine of three thousand pounds. During his confinement, it seems he composed and versified various pieces to beguile the tedium of solitude. The Psalms which he left behind him appear to be rendered closely; and although, as Sir Egerton truly remarks, they are "in an obsolete, and not very euphonious metre," yet as composed by so eminent a man, under the circumstances described, and at so early a date, a specimen can hardly fail to be read with interest. How different the meditations and memorials of a State prisoner in the time of Edward the Sixth, from what would be expected from a person of Sir Thomas Smith's station, who might happen to be confined in the Tower, in our day! In the original autograph, each verse is written as the first of the following transcript: to economise space, however, I have ventured to print the first and second, and the fourth and fifth lines of the other ten verses, unbroken, except by a dash, to indicate the divisions in the original.

## PSALM LIV.

*Exaudi Deus orationem meam.*

Do thou, O Lorde!  
 My prayer heare;  
 Thine help I do abide:  
 To my pcticion  
 Eneline thine care,  
 Do not thee from me hide.

Take heede to me,—My God, I say,  
 And heare me in my pain ;  
 How piteously—I moorn and pray,  
 And lamentably complain.

The enimie—Crieth on me so,  
 Th' ungodlie cometh on me so fast,  
 Thei minde to me—Great mischief to do,  
 Which maketh me agast.

For fear I tremble—Now, and quake,  
 As a ship that hath lost her helme :  
 An horrible dread—Maketh my heart ake,  
 And doth me overwhelme.

O that I had wings,—I said, lik a dove,  
 That I might flie to some nest,  
 And convey myself—By the skie above  
 To a place where I might rest.

Then wolde I hence—Set me away farr,  
 And for a tyme remain ;  
 And wilderness—wolde I make my barr  
 To save me from this pain.

T' avoide this blustering—Stormie winde,  
 I wolde make right great hast ;  
 And hide me where—Thei shulde not me finde,  
 Till the tempest were overpast.

In the even and morn,—And at noone-day,  
 I will moorn and complaine :  
 For he doth heare—My voice alway,  
 And ease me of my pain.

It is he that keepeth—My soul in peace,  
 From them that lieth in waite :  
 Thei lay many snares,—But he will me release,  
 And snatche away their baite.

Even God that sits—On high, I say,  
 And of heaven holdeth the crown,  
 Will heare men, when—To him I pray,  
 And bring myn enimies down.

For thei will not turne—And why? say yow :  
 For God thei do not feare.  
 To his great justice—Thei will not bow,  
 Nor his commandments heare.

---

## WILLIAM FORREST.

The “symple and unlearned Syr William Forrest preicste,” as he calls himself in his dedications, was Chaplain to Queen Mary, and a polemical Poet of some note in his day : he is said also to have been eminently skilled in music. Several of his poetical Works, some of them never yet printed, and which are described by Warton, are at present in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, and in the British Museum. In the latter repository, are fifty Psalms translated by him into English metre, in 1551, and dedicated to the Duke of Somerset : and hence, it has been remarked, that this circumstance, taken into the account with his Chaplaincy to the bigoted Queen, justifies the suspicion that our Author “could accommodate his faith to the reigning powers.”\* I am not aware at what time his death took place :

\* The integrity of his adhesion to the Papacy must not, however, be considered to be compromised, merely because he fell into the mistake in common with some of his brethren, of supposing that Metrical Psalmody in the vulgar tongue was compatible with the Romish policy. Warton mentions, as published in the brief reign of Mary, 1556, “A short Treatise in meter vpon the exxiv. [our 130th] Psalme of David, called *De profundis*. Compiled and set forth by Miles Huggarde, servaunte to the Queen’s Majestie ;” and “a famous butt of the Protestants” of his day. Hoggarde’s verses were probably not intended to be sung : but Boyle mentions that a Roman Catholic Version of the Psalms in Flemish verse, which was printed at Antwerp, by Simon Coeck, Anno. 1540, has the first line of a Song printed at the head of every Psalm,—*M<sup>r</sup> Crie’s Life of Knox*, i. 365.

his "Historye of Grysilde the Second, dulle meaning Queene Catherine, mother to our most dread soveraigne, Lady Queen Mary," appears to have been written in 1558. His name is not mentioned by Dr. Lingard, in the history of the reign of Queen Mary: and it is probable that the reascendancy of Protestant principles on the accession of Elizabeth, might drive him into obscurity. It will be seen how far Forrest has "Sternhold out Sternholded," in the subjoined Psalm, which is numbered xlvj. in the autograph, and is copied from a book in the British Museum, (MSS. Reg. 17. A. xxi.) entitled

Certayne Psalmes of Davyd in Meetre, added to maister Sternholdis, and oothers, by William Forreste, 1551.  
[dedicated to Edward, Duke of Somerset.]

PSALM XLVII.

*Omnes gentes.*

ffor vearye loove, that wee god owe,  
his ioyes to thynke vppon:  
Wee ought o'selfe to humble lowe,  
withe all Devotyon.

O all ye gentyls, clap yo<sup>r</sup> hands,  
and joyfullye nowe singe:  
vnto the god of seaye, and lands,  
in voyce of thanks geavinge,

ffor the highte lorde, is to be fearde,  
so myghtie is his powre:  
he is a kinge, and great Sheephearde,  
the earthes cheif governowre,

He hathe to vs (of his meere grace)  
the People heere subdude:  
And vnder foote (brought in lyke case)  
the Heathen People rude,

Emonge us hathe he chosen heere,  
his owne Inherytaunce:  
evin the beawtye (to hym moste deere)  
of Jacobs Alyaunce,



In a sweete noyse of cohords (y<sup>t</sup> mett)

god is gon upp on hye :

And in the voyce of the Trumpett,

he shal be knowne myghtye,

O, singe ye praysings, to o<sup>r</sup> god,

singe praysings most condigne :

singe p<sup>a</sup>ysings (ye are not forbode)

to this owre heavinlye kinge,

ffor of the earthe, whoale over all,

God is both lorde, and kinge :

Sing praysings thearfore, great, & small,

withe sweete vnderstandinge,

Over the gentyles, God shall reigne,

(as syttethe hym of due :) )

uppon his holye seate agayne,

god theare dothe contynue,

The Prynces of the people are,

withe Jacobs god, gathred :

ffor the stronge godds of earthelye care,

are greatlye exalted.\*

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## FRANCIS SEAGAR.

Among the rarest printed specimens of Versions of the Psalms in English metre, may be mentioned that of Segar. It is a small black letter volume, "Imprinted at London, by William Seres, at the signe of the Hedge Hogge, 1553." Inclosed by an ornamental wood-cut border, we have the following title:—"Certayne Psalmes select out of the Psalter of Dauid, and drawen into Englyshe

\* Bishop Heber has made this Psalm the foundation of one of the graceful effusions of his pious muse.

Metre, with Notes to every Psalm in iiij parts to Synge, by F. S." By way of Preface, there is a quaint rhyming "Epistle, to the Ryght Honourable Lorde Russell," to whom his Lordship's "humble orator, Francys Seagar, whysheth the favoure of God, increase of honoure, longe lyfe, and prosperous health of bodye and soule." As a literary curiosity, and, although somewhat prolix, not impertinent to the object of this Work, I cannot forbear transcribing this ancient rhyming Dedication.\*

When I had these Psalms finished  
And into metre brought :  
To whom I myght, them dedicate  
I strayght then me bethought.

Amongst all other, youre good lordshyp  
Came then into my mynde :  
As one that in, a greate number  
I could not meter fynde.

To whom I myght, them dedycate  
And it gyne and present :  
Trusting that your lordshyp therewyth  
Wyll not be dyscontent.

And partely knowing, your good lordshyp  
In such thinges to deleyte :  
As vertuous Songes, and ghostly psalms  
As here we shall recyte.

Although good Lord, I am not worthy  
For my degre and state :  
Unto the hands, of your lordeshyppe  
These for to dedycate.

Yet for as much, as they were sure  
The doinges, of a kyng :  
Dauid the same, whom god doth name  
A man hys harte lykinge.

\* Warton mentions, on the authority of Hollingshed, that Lucas Shepherd, of Colechester, turned several of the Psalms into metre, in 1554; but I am not aware that any portion of the work is known to exist at present.

The fame y'on, your lordeshyppe fruyts  
 Dyd much incorage me :  
 Which fame to tele, dyd feare expell  
 And boulder made me be.

Here for to stande, in praysing your  
 Good lordeshyppe to your face :  
 It myght seam rather, flatterye  
 Waving the tyme and place.

Which prayse, I thought, here best to couer  
 Wyth the vele of sylence :  
 Then it to utter, now out of tyme  
 In your lordshyppes presence.

But yf your lordeshyppe, shall it accept  
 And take them in good parte :  
 I shall thinke, it rewarde ynoughe  
 For my payne and desarte.

And yf it woulde, your lordshyppe please  
 Wyth the texte them conferre :  
 You shoulde thereby, then soone perceave  
 From it yf that I erre.

But where the text, in some places  
 Was doubtful and obscure :  
 I have sought help, of learned books  
 Because I woulde be sure.

I wyll no longer, your lordshyppe lette  
 From readinge of the same  
 Whyeh here is done, to Gods honoure  
 And the prayse of hys name.

Besechyng God, your lordeshyppe kepe  
 And in honoure increace :  
 Wyth the good lady, your verteous wyle  
 Longe here to lyve in peace.

The Psalms versified are nineteen in number, all  
 in the same metre,\* and were probably executed in

\* Namely, Pss. 88, 31, 51, 112, 130, 138, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144,\* 145,\*  
 146, 147, 149, 43,\* 64, 120, 70. Those marked with an asterisk are inac-  
 curately numbered in Seagar's Book.

rivalry of Sternhold, with whose style the reader may compare the subjoined Psalm: I transcribe it from the rare copy of Seagar, in the Cambridge University Library. At the end of the Psalms, there is in similar metre, "A Description of the Lyfe of Man, the Worlde, and the vanities thereof," printed uniformly; and bound up with the volume is Doctor Tye's curious Metrical Version of the Acts of the Apostles.

## PSALM CXL.

This Psalme the wayes, of the wycked  
 And the vngodly trayne:  
 Doth by theyre frutes iudge them to be  
 Most damnable and vayne.

*Enripe me.*

Delyver Lorde, me from the wayes  
 Of people here perverte:  
 And from suche men, do me preserue  
 As be of wycked heart.  
 Whych styll upon myschiefe do muse  
 And in theyr hartes imagen:  
 To styr by stryfe, and make debate  
 All day playing thys pagen.  
 Theyr toungs they whet, lyke to serpents  
 Theyr poysone out to poure:  
 Whych hydden is, under theyr lyps  
 Lyke unto the addoure.  
 From the hands of, the ungodlye  
 O Lorde do thou me save:  
 Whose whole deuyce, is to confound  
 And my doinges deprauce.  
 The proude thinking, for to preuale  
 Theyr snares abrode do laye:  
 And set theyr net, me in to get  
 To trap me in my waye.  
 Unto the Lord, I forthwyth spake  
 Saying my God thou art:  
 Lorde hear the voyce, of my request  
 And prayer of my harte.

O God my strength, and fortytude  
 That health to me dost sende  
 In the daye of my most daunger  
 Thou dydst me then defende.  
 O Lorde let not, the ungodly  
 Haue theyr desyre and wyll :  
 Lest they wyth pryde, be puffed up  
 Because they prosper styll.  
 Let such myschiefe, as they imagen  
 Theyr owne destrueyon be :  
 As theyr owne lyps, shall then pronounee  
 Seaking to compas me.  
 Let flaming fyre, them strayght consume  
 Wherin they byding payne :  
 As in a pyt, from whence I saye  
 Neuer to ryse agayne.  
 The man whose lyps, are ryfe in taulke  
 And can hys toung not gyde :  
 Shall not inioye, the earth no space  
 Theron for to abyde.  
 Myschiefe shall moue, the wyked man  
 Him to molest and noye :  
 And to pursue, untyll such tyme  
 He shall hyme elene dystroye.  
 The Lord doutless, the pore man's wrong  
 Reuenge wyll and redresse :  
 The cause of such, mayntayne he wyll  
 As here shall be helpless.  
 The ryghteous shall thereat reioyce  
 Praysing thyne holy name :  
 The iust wyth ioye, contynew shall  
 In thy syght without blame.

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### ARCHBISHOP PARKER.

Matthew Parker, born at Norwich in 1504, and educated at Cambridge, was elevated to the primacy

of the English Church in 1559, and died 1575. This memorable Prelate, "perhaps the most accomplished scholar that had yet filled the Archbishopric of Canterbury,"\* executed a Metrical Version of the entire Psalter, either, as Warton remarks, "for the private amusement and exercise of his religious exile, or that the people, whose predilection for Psalmody could not be suppressed, might at least be furnished with a rational and proper translation." This laudable undertaking was completed in 1557, before he became primate, and a few years afterwards, it was printed in octavo, without date, or translator's name, under the title of "The whole Psalter translated into English metre, which containeth an hundredth and fifty Psalms. The first Quinquagene. *Cum gratia et Privelegio Regiæ Majestatis per decemium.*" The two other *quinquagenes*, or sets of fifty Psalms, are indicated by half-titles. Parker's Work is interesting as the second complete Version of the Psalms in English metre, by one hand, known to exist in the language. It was completed about six years after the first edition of the *entire* Psalter, by Sternhold and his successors, was printed: but whether it was undertaken with any consciousness that others were engaged in a similar way, or afterwards printed with any reference to a comparison with the Version which obtained so firm an hold of the public taste, does not appear. As the Archbishop was a supporter of a settled order of worship in the Church, and as his Psalm Book, although anonymous, was arranged for singing, some

\* The Right Reverend Prelate whose Version of the Psalms is referred to in the above notice, must not be confounded with Dr. Samuel Parker, who was made Bishop of Oxford, by King James the Second—a man of altogether a different stamp.

diversity of opinion has existed, not only as to his object in composing such a Work, but as to whether or not any copy of it was really known to be extant. Some of our musical antiquaries have conjectured, that the Archbishop, who was skilled in music, and had formerly founded a Music-School, in his College of Stoke Clare, intended these Psalms, which are adapted to complicated tunes of four parts, probably constructed by himself, and here given in score, for the use of Cathedrals, at a time when compositions in counterpoint were uncommon in the Church, and when that part of our choir-service called the motet or anthem, which admits a more artificial display of harmony, and which is recommended and allowed in Queen Elizabeth's earliest ecclesiastical injunctions, was yet almost unknown, or but in a very imperfect state." As to the identification of the Archbishop's Version, it is now generally admitted that there are two copies of it in the Bodleian Library, one of which seems to have belonged to Bishop Barlow, and contains a MS. note, attributing the Work to a "John Keeper," of whom, however, little or nothing certain appears to be known : Dr. Tattershall indeed surmises, not unreasonably, that as John Keeper, formerly of Hart Hall, Oxford, published select Psalms of David set to music in four parts, in 1574, he might probably have given preference to this Version ; and the book being also scarce, and no other name being prefixed to it, who can wonder that the publisher should have obtained the credit of being the Author of the Work ? It has been stated that although the book was never published by the Author—and, indeed, so scarce was it considered at

one time, that Strype, the Archbishop's biographer, could not find a copy—yet, it appears, the learned Prelate allowed “dame Margaret,” his wife, to present copies to some of the nobility, by which means it has been preserved.\* It seems, however, as Todd has justly remarked, difficult to account for the notification on the title page of a royal privilege to be enjoyed for ten years, except on the ground of publication. Parker's Version does not want spirit: but like some others who have ventured on the same ground, he shews rather the ability of the Scholar, than the feeling of the Poet. As Warton says:—“His abilities were destined to other studies, and adapted to employments of a more Archiepiscopal nature.” The Volume contains a curious rhyming Preface, consisting of upwards of fifty verses like the following:—

“Herein because: all men's delight,  
 Bene diverse found in mind:  
 I turn'd the Psalms: all whole in sight,  
 In rhythms of divers kind.

And where at first: I secret meant,  
 But them myself to sing:  
 Yet friends requests: made me relent,  
 Thus them abroad to bring.

\* There is one of these copies in the Archiepiscopal Library, at Lambeth, which, as I am informed by the Rev. R. S. Maitland, contains an inscription apparently in the hand-writing of the donor—“*To the right vertuouse and honourable Ladye, the Countesse of Shrewsburye, ffrom your lovinge frende, Margaret Parker.*” I transcribed the specimen in the text from a copy of Parker's Version, in the Library of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, which repository contains, along with some other early specimens of typography,—“*Psalterium Brunonis*, (a commentary on the Psalms, by Bruno, a German Bishop of the eleventh century) *per Anthonium Koberger impressum*, 1497.” This, with other books, was the gift of Bishop Smyth, one of the founders of Brazen Nose.—*Vide Churton's Lives of Smyth and Sutton*, p. 348.



Us song should move : as sprite thereby,  
 Might tunes in concord sing :  
 God grant these Psalms : might edifie,  
 That is the chiefest thing.”\*

This is followed by Essays in prose from St. Athanasius, St. Basil, “On the Vertues of the Psalms,” and others. Each Psalm has a Collect, and Argument prefixed ; and the lines corresponding in rhyme in each verse, are ligulated as in the specimen below.

## PSALM CXXIX.

*The Collect.*

Grant to al such as feare thy name O Lord, perpetual prosperity in the state of their lyues : referring al their actes and dedes to the glorification of the same, through Christ.

*The Argument.*

As Syon next : to God she can,  
 In prayer meeke : her refuge make :  
 So Christe, his churche, and christen man,  
 In God theyr Lord ; may comfort  
 } In harte yet glad,  
 } For Christ's his sake.

1. Great grief they have against me wrought,  
 Yea oft and oft from day to day :  
 From my own youth ; they quarrels soughte,  
 Speake Israel : now truly may—  
 } So Christ his spouses  
 } May jointly say.
2. Yea oft I say : full many times,  
 Great trains at me in spite they lay :  
 From up my youth : for all their aimes :  
 They could not yet : my state betraye.  
 } So Christen man  
 } In like may praye.

\* Todd has printed more of these verses. In conformity with his general design, he infers the authority of Sternhold's Version, from the fact that Parker did not, when Archbishop, seek to supplant it by his own.

3. The plowers plowde : upon my backe,  
 Theyre errors mad : yet thoughte full gay :  
 My truth, so strong : they could not slaeke,  
 Their sorrows long : had short decay.  
 } So Christ his spouse  
 } May iointly say.
4. The Lord so iust : their cords hath cut,  
 Their wicked yokes : to ren astray,  
 In prison bound : they kept us shut,  
 Bot God them all : hath driven to hay.  
 } So Christen man,  
 } In like may praye.
5. Let them be shamde : confounded still,  
 And backward tornd : in theyr array,  
 All they which hate : sweete Sion Hill,  
 Or that woulde els : her quiet fraye.  
 } So Christ his churche,  
 } May iointly say.
6. Let them how grene : they seem to stand,  
 Be like in sighte : the withered haye :  
 On houses tops : pluckt up by hand,  
 That fadeth to nought : without delay.  
 } So Christen man  
 } in like may praye.
7. Whereof in vain : the mower's gripe,  
 When they to such : theyr hands do splay,  
 Nor gleaners can : fynd sheaves so rype,  
 That they to fyll : theyre bosomes maye.  
 } So Christ his churche,  
 } May iointly saye.
8. That none to them : good luck do wish,  
 Which walk in gate : by side the way :  
 On God's hye name : theyr works to blesse  
 But wisht them all : far well awaye.  
 } God graunt that ofte :  
 } This all we praye.
-

## ALEXANDER SCOTT.

“Fancy-painting Scott,” as he has been called by Langhorne, has long been regarded as at the head of the early minor poets of Scotland. The periods of his birth and of his death are uncertain: he was probably born before 1520, and was living—if, indeed, Montgomerie’s gratulatory epithet of “old Scott” really applies to him—in 1584. Of his life no other memorials exist than his poems furnish, and the oldest copy of which is extant in the celebrated MS. collection of early Scottish poetry, written by Bannatyne, in 1568. With the exception of Versions of the *First* and *Fifty-first* Psalms, and “Ane new zeir gift, to the Quene Mary, quhen scho come first hame, 1562,” and which consists of twenty-eight stanzas, and has considerable merit, the pieces are mostly on “the frennessy of luvē.” David Laing, who in 1821 printed an edition of the old poet, has thus characterised him:—“The productions of Scott may be classed among the most elegant Scottish poems of the sixteenth century. They are generally founded on subjects of an amatory kind, and discover a considerable degree of fancy and harmony. His lyric measures are chosen with sufficient skill, and his language, when compared with that of contemporary poets, will be found to possess an uncommon share of terseness and precision.”

## PSALM LI.

Lord God deliver me, allace!  
 For thy grit mercy, rewth, and grace,  
 Sore mornyng, gruffling on my face,  
     Rew on my miserie :

Als for the mvlitud and space  
 Off thy heich elemenss, heir my cace,  
 And my trespass expell and chace,  
     Lord God deliuer me.

Wesche me, and mak my sawle serene  
 From all iniquite that bene ;  
 Clenge me of cryme and mak me clene,  
     All vycis for to fle.

For my transgressioun haif I sene,  
 Quhilk tormentis me with tray and tene,  
 And ay my syn forgaue myne ene ;  
     Lord God deliver me.

Only to thé I did offend,  
 May none my miss bot thow amend,  
 As by thy sermondis thou art kend,  
     Ourecum all contrarie.

In filth, lo, I begin and end,  
 By sin maternall I am send,  
 With vyce I vaneiss and mon wend ;  
     Lord God deliver me.

Thou had to veritie sic zeill,  
 That of thy wisdom did reweill  
 In certane hid thingis for my weill,  
     And laid before myne é.  
 ffor quhen thy fowth of grace I feill,  
 I salbe clengit clene and steill,  
 And quhyttar than the snaw gret deill ;  
     Lord God deliver me.

Thow sall gif glaidness vnto heir,  
 Me in to Joy and mirthful cheir,  
 Quhen all my febill bonis efeir  
     Sall gif thé lovingis lie.

Heirfoir avart thy visage cleir,  
 So that my synnis cum not thé neir ;  
 Off my misdeids quhilk dois me deir  
     Lord God deliver me.

Creat w'in me and in found  
 Ane hart immaculat and mound,  
 Ane steidfast hairt renew and ground  
                     Within my breist to be.  
 Fleme me noht fra thy face fecound,  
 Bot lat thy Haly Spreit abound ;  
                     Lord God deliver me.\*

Restoir me to the exultatioun  
 I had in thé of my salvatioun,  
 And w' thy spreit of cheif probatioun  
                     'Vpstirre my hairt to thee.'  
 I sall to synnaris mak narratioun,  
 And wicket men in deviatioun,  
 I sall thame ken to consalatioun ;  
                     Lord God deliuer me.

Lord God deliuer me, and gyd  
 ffrom schedding blude, and homycyd ;  
 My tung sall preiss thé Just but pryd  
                     And peteful all thre :  
 Lowse thow my lippis that tyme and tyd  
 I may gif to thé lovingis wyd,  
 Till all that fermely list confyd ;  
                     Lord God deliuer me.

Knew I thow covet sacrificyiss,  
 Or offerand, and holocaust pryiss,  
 I sould thame gif, both thow dēnyiss  
                     Sic to ressaif in gre :  
 For thy oblation, Lord, it lyiss  
 In humill hairt, contreit alwyiss ;  
 Pēnens of spreit thow nolt despyiss ;  
                     Lord God deliuer me.

Sweit Lord, to Syon be suave,  
 And strenth the walles of thy conclave,  
 Jerusalem, thy holy grave,  
                     Quhilk makis ws ransome fre :

\* The line wanting in this stanza, does not appear in the MS.

This sacrifice than thow salt have  
 Of thy Just pepill, and ressave  
 Thair laill trew haitis w' all the lave ;  
 Good Lord deliuer me.\*

Gloir to the Fader he aboif,  
 Gloir to the Sone for our behoif,  
 Gloir to the Haly Spréit of loif,  
 In trenefald Vnitie ;  
 As wes, Is, Salbe ay, bot ruif,  
 Ane three, and thre in ane, to proif  
 Thy Godhead never may remvif:  
 Lord God deliver me.

finis q. SCOTT.

It will be perceived that in the foregoing Version Scott has dared his metrical ingenuity to a somewhat uncommon experiment—the necessity of finding for every stanza *six* rhymes of one corresponding sound. How different this from the case of some sacred versifiers, who have satisfied themselves with obtaining a couple of rhymes in four lines. The age and country of Scott, were certainly more favourable for the attempt than our own would be.

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### JOHN HALL, M.D.

Dr. Hall was a celebrated writer in his day on matters pertaining to anatomy and chirurgy. He was, however, still better known even among his cotemporaries, for his poetry which has indeed

\* In 1670, John Crosse, a Franciscan Friar and Popish Missionary, published in London a folio volume, entitled, "Synosura, or a Saving Star that leads to Eternity, discovered, amidst the Celestial Orbs of David's Psalms, by way of Paraphrase upon the *Miserere*." I do not know whether this is in verse or not. Crosse, however, did publish a volume of "Divine Poems."

embalmed his name and memory to posterity.\* His chief work, which was published in 1565, was entitled, "The Court of Virtue; containing many Holy or Spretual Songs, Sonnettes, Psalms, Ballets and Short Sentences, as well of Holy Scripture as others, with Music Notes." This Work, as Ritson remarks, appears from the Prologue, to have been written in contrast to one named the "The Court of Venus," which, from a fragment once in the possession of Mr. Douce, appears to have been a Collection of Love Songs. The Psalms versified are twelve in number, namely, 4, 25, 33, 34, 65, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 130, 137, and each is introduced by rhymes on the leading subject, and is headed by a title alluding to the contents; thus:—  
 "An example of a contemplative minde in the service of God, out of Psalm XXV." Again, "An example how that we should alwayes be thankful unto Almighty God for his benefits, out of the XXXIII Psalm of David." The following extract is from a copy of this rare book, in the Bodleian Library:—

¶ "An example of praier against idolatrous tyrātes, that set vp false worship, in the reproche of Gods true worshyp. Out of the cxv. Psalm." .

If vnto vs poore mortall men  
 No prayse is due of very ryght,  
 Howe are they mockte and blynded then,  
 How farre are they from perfect sight?

\* Some account of the professional works of our Author will be found in Hutchinson's *Biographia Medica*, i. 394. He is the person mentioned separately under this name by Watts, as having published the "Proverbs of Salamon," &c. He must not be confounded with John Hall, born in 1627, of whom there is an interesting notice in "Ameneties of Literature," (vol. iii. p. 343,) and specimens of whose verse are given by Ellis, a very different individual, in more senses than one.

That to a stocke or dead Image  
 Wil geue such laude as God should haue ?  
 How vayne is he, howe doth he rage  
 That doth Gods glorie so depraue ?

The whiche sinne and most vyle offence  
 David did so abhorre and hate,  
 That he a Psalme in Gods defence  
 Compiled hath, that each estate

May vnderstande howe farre awrye  
 They wandred be from righteousnes  
 The luyning God that doe denye  
 By an Image or false lykenes.

And therefore doth all men exhorte  
 To feare the lorde and in hym truste :  
 Whiche is a true and sure comforte  
 To all that in his hope are iust.

His harpe in hande he therefore tooke  
 And on his knees this noble kyng  
 (As it is in the Psalter booke)  
 This holy Psalme begun to synge.

Not vnto vs, Lord, not to vs.  
 &c. &c. &c. &c.

PSALM CXV.

*Non nobis, Domine.*

1.

Not unto us, Lord, not to us  
 But to thy holy name alwayse,  
 For thy mercy & truthe done thus,  
 Ascribed be all laude & prayse.

2.

These heathen folke that faythles be,  
 Why should they saye to us in spighte ?  
 Where is their God, let us hym see,  
 In whom these Christians have delyghte ?

3.

For their false gods, their chiefe & best,  
 Are nothyng but sylver and goulde :  
 The handes of men, both most and lest,  
 Have forged them out of the moulde.



4.

Yet have they for their idols made  
 Mouthes, wherew' they can speak nothing,  
 And eyes also wherof the trade,  
 Is to be blynde from all seyng.

5.

Suehe cares also in them are wrought  
 And heare nothing that one can tell :  
 And noses whiche are likewyse nought,  
 For they with them can nothyng smell.

6.

Vayne handes have they and fete also,  
 For with their handes they handle not :  
 Nor with their fete they can not goe,  
 Nor sounde no voice out of their throte.

7.

Wherefore suehe as doe idols make,  
 Doe their own works resemble just,  
 And they also that doe them take,  
 For gods, or have in them their truste.

8.

Let Israell then in the Lorde,  
 Set all their truste and confidence :  
 And Aaron's house thereto accorde,  
 For he is their most sure defence.

9.

All ye that feare the Lorde aright,  
 Truste in hym well, be not afrayde,  
 For he will surely shewe his myght  
 To succoure you & be your ayde.

10.

The Lord will not forget doubtless,  
 But have us in his mynde full well  
 The righteous houses he wyll bles,  
 Of Aaron & of Israell.

## 11.

Ye that do feare the lord therefore,  
 Are blessed, both the great and small,  
 The Lorde increase you more and more,  
 Both you and eke your children all.

## 12.

For sithe ye are his chosen sorte,  
 And have the Lord whole in your thought,  
 He wyll you blesse with greate comferte,  
 Both heaven and earth that made of nought.

## 13.

The Heavens & the Firmament,  
 Are his and at his holy wyll:  
 But the rounde earth he hath forth lente,  
 The sonnes of mortal men untyll. [unto.]

## 14.

The dead, o Lord, that are gone hence,  
 Can not in grave express thy wayes:  
 Nor such as downe are in sylence,  
 Can honor thee or give thee prayse.

## 15.

But we, O Lord, that be alyve,  
 Thy prayse wyll spreade & ramifye,  
 And in our hearts due thankes contryve.  
 Unto thy name eternally.

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 GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

The time and place of the birth of this old English poet are not known; he died in 1577. In common with Wyatt, Surrey, and Churchyard, before named, Gascoigne was addicted to the profession of arms; he was likewise a follower of the Court of Elizabeth,

having accompanied the Queen in one of her Progresses : he wrote a "Masque," which was performed before her Majesty. His poems, which are both numerous and of a miscellaneous character, were the occasion of abundant praise and blame during the Author's life time ; for as he himself says of them, " As there are many things morall, so there are also some verses more sauced with wantonness than with wisdom." In republishing his works in his "middle age," he accompanied them with voluminous prefaces, deprecating censure on the poetical levities of his youth : the leading preface is thus addressed : To the Reuerende Deuines unto whom these Posies shall happen to be presented, George Gascoigne Esquire (professing armes in defence of Gods Trueth) wisheth quiet in conscience, and all consolation in Christ Jesus." Gascoigne's Poems were, and in the original editions are, still among the rarest books sought for by collectors. In one instance a gentleman gave twenty-five pounds for a copy, and considered it a bargain. I believe it was that used by Chalmers in that voluminous collection, by means of which he has placed within reach of the general reader a mass of curious old English Poetry, which was previously locked up in most rare and expensive original volumes, or at best was only accessible, and that in few cases, in the form of costly reprints. The composition, on the merit of which alone Gascoigne owes the introduction of his name into these pages, is a spirited but diffuse paraphrase of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm, commonly called "*De Profundis*." It is, indeed, a noble piece of versification, unexcelled by any thing antecedent in our language, in

that respect. As an "Introduction" to it we have the following Sonnet, which illustrates the taste of the age for mixing the terms and imagery of the heathen poets with scriptural subjects:—

The skies gan scowle, oerecast with misty clowdes,  
 When (as I rode alone by London waye,  
 Cloakelesse, vnelad) thus did I sing and say :  
 Behold, quoth I, bright Titan how he shroudes  
 His head abacke, and yelds the raine his reach,  
 Till in his wrath, Dan Iove have soust the soile,  
 And washt me wretch that in his trauaile toile.

But holla (here) doth rudenesse me approach,  
 Since Iove is Lord and king of mighty power,  
 Which can commaund the Sunne to shew his face,  
 And (when him lyst) to giue the rain his place ;  
 Why do not I my very muses frame,  
 (Although I bee well soused in this showre,)  
 To write some verse in honour of his name ?

### PSALM CXXX.

#### GASCOIGNE'S DE PROFUNDIS.

From depth of doole wherein my soul doth dwell,  
 From heavy heart which harbours in my brest,  
 From troubled sprite which sildome taketh rest,  
 From hope of heauen, from dreade of darkesome hell,  
 O gracious God, to thee I crye and yell.  
 My God, my Lorde, my louely Lorde aloane,  
 To thee I call, to thee I make my moane,  
 And thou (good God) woulsafe in gree to take,  
 This woeful plaint,  
 Wherein I faint,  
 O heare me then for thy great mercies sake.

Oh bende thine eares attentively to heare,  
 Oh turne thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,  
 Oh hearken, Lorde, giue care for mine amaile,  
 O make in minde the burdens that I beare :  
 See how I sinke in sorrowes enery where,

Beholde and see what dollors I endure,  
 Giue ear and marke what plaintes I put in vre.\*  
 Bende wylling care : and pittie there withall,  
 My wayling voyee,  
 Which hath no choyce,  
 But euermore upon thy name to call.

If thou good Lorde shouldest take thy rod in haude,  
 If thou regard what sinnes are daylye done,  
 If thou take hold where we our workes begone,  
 If thou decree in Judgement for to stande,  
 And be extreame to see our seuses skande,  
 If thou take note of euery thinge amysse,  
 And wryte in rowles howe frayle our nature is,  
 O gloryous God, O King, O Prince of power,  
 What mortall wight  
 May then have light,  
 To fecl thy frowne, if thou have lyst to lowre ?

But thou art good, and hast of mereye store,  
 Thou not delyghtst to see a sinner fall,  
 Thou hearknest first, before we come to call,  
 Thine cares are set wyde open euermore,  
 Before we knoeke thou comest to the doore.  
 Thou art more prest to heare a sinner crye,  
 Then he is quicke to climbe to thee on hie.  
 Thy mighty name bee prayed then alwaye,  
 Let fayth and feare  
 True witnessse beare,  
 Howe fast they stand which on thy merey stayer.

I looke for thee (my louclye Lord) therefore,  
 For thee I wayte, for thee I tarrye styll,  
 Myne eyes doe long to gaze on thee my fyll.  
 For thee I watche, for thee I pryde and pore.  
 My soule for thee attendeth euermore.  
 My soule doth thyrst to take of thee a taste,  
 My soule desires with thee for to be plaste.

\* Vide Note, p. 119, ante. This useful old English word occurs—seemingly in the sense of “cour-e,” or “employ”—though the Editor explains it, “fortune, destiny,” in a curious letter from Sir Thomas More to Cardinal Wolsey, in the Original Letters published by Sir Henry Ellis, vol. i. p. 207.

And to thy worde (which can no man deceyue)  
 Myne onely trust,  
 My loue and lust,  
 In confidence continuallye shall cleaue.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,  
 Before the lyght be seene in lofthe skyes,  
 Before the sunne appear in pleasant wyse,  
 Before the watche (before the watche I saye)  
 My soule, my sense, my secrete thought, my sprite.  
 My wyll, my wish, my joye and my delight,  
 Unto the Lord that sittes in heauen on highe,  
 With hastye wing,  
 From me doeth fling,  
 And stryueth styll, vnto the Lorde to flye.

O Israel, O householde of the Lorde,  
 O Abraham's race, O broode of blessed seede,  
 O chosene sheepe that loue the Lord in deede :  
 O hungrye heartes, feed styll upon his worde,  
 And put your trust in him with one accorde ;  
 For he hathe mercye euermore at hande,  
 His fountaines flowe, his springs doe neuer stande.  
 And plenteously he loneth to redeeme  
 Such sinners all,  
 As on him call  
 And faithfully his mercies most esteeme.

He wyll redeeme our deadly drowping state,  
 He wyll bring home the sheepe that goe astraye,  
 He wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye :  
 He wyll appease our discorde and debate,  
 He wyll soone saue, though we repent us late,  
 He wyll be ours if we continewe his,  
 He wyll bring hale to joye and perfect blisse,  
 He wyll redeeme the flocke of his electe,  
 From all that is,  
 Or was amisse,  
 Since Abrahames heyres did first his Lawes reiect.

*Euer or neuer.\**

\* As a contrast to the sonorous paraphrase of Gascoigne, the reader will probably not be displeas'd with the following verses on the same theme, by the

## RICHARD STANYHURST.

Warton has some particulars concerning Stanyhurst, who followed Phaier, as the translator of a part of Virgil's *Æneid* into English verse. He was son to James Stanyhurst, a Master in Chancery, Recorder of Dublin, and Speaker of the Irish House of

late J. H. Wiffen—the only specimen of a metrical version of a Psalm, by a *Quaker Poet*, which I recollect.

## PSALM 130.

From the dark depths of sorrow's sea,  
My mournful spirit cries to Thee;  
If love's sad voice yet, yet be dear,  
Lord! to mine accents bow thine ear.

If stern thou wert to mark each sin,  
Lord! who should stand thy courts within?  
But there is pardon from thy shrine,  
That filial reverence might be thine.

I wait in spirit for the Lord,  
My heart easts aneavor on his word;  
It for his smile waits more than they  
Who toss'd with tempests watch for day.

Yea, more than they who tost forlorn,  
By tempests, watch for th' rosy morn,  
I wait the Lord's rejoicing ray,  
To turn my darkness into day.

In his sure love let Israel trust,  
For ransom from the darkling dust;  
For, strong to save, in power and will,  
With Him is plenteous mercy still!

Warton (*History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 97.) states that Dr. Christopher Carlile, a learned orientalist, translated the Psalms into English verse, in 1573. This is not quite correct. Warton's reference (MSS. MORE 206) is to "A paper book in 4to., finished in 1573," and now in the Cambridge University Library. It is, however, in *prose*, and is entitled "A new version of the Psalms of David, with marginal notes, by Christopher Carlile." The following is the beginning of the First Psalm:—"O the felicities of that man, who followeth not the counsell of the wicked; neither persisteth in the trade of revolt, nor sitteth in the assembly of the malicious," &c.

Commons in three Parliaments, and seems to have been born about 1544, in Dublin; he was admitted at University College, where having taken one degree, he became successively a student at Furnival's, and Lincoln's Inn. He was a learned, but pedantic writer, and left behind him many theological, philosophical, and historical Works. Camden compliments him as "*Eruditissimus ille nobilis Richardus Stanihurstus.*" His Virgil was printed in 1582, from a copy sent from Leyden, whither it seems the Author had fled on account of the religious troubles then prevalent in England. Anthony Wood, whose leaning to Romanism is frequently apparent, while he never fails to speak well of Protestant piety and learning, has a characteristic passage in reference to our Poet. "You may note," says the Oxford Antiquary, "that Dr. James Usher's mother, Margaret Stanyhurst, was sister to our Author, Ric. Stanyhurst; who being a zealous Romanist and Usher, (afterwards Primate of Ireland,) a zealous Protestant, passed several letters between them, concerning Religion, Stanyhurst endeavouring to his utmost to gain him to his opinion; but 'tis thought and verily believed by some, that Usher was too hard for his Uncle in controversial points relating to Divinity."\* At the end of his fragment of the *Æneid*, which is printed in a small black letter, we have the first four Psalms. He is said to have been caressed for his literature and politeness by several foreign princes, especially those of the Romish Church, in which he took orders, and died at an advanced age, at Brussels,

\* Usher had, however, the mortification to see his own mother converted to Popery—which was professed indeed, not only by her brother Stanyhurst, but by most of the family.



in 1618. There is a copy of his Work above mentioned—a thin 12mo. in the Bodleian; and from it I transcribe the curious Version of the Second Psalm, in English hexameters.

## PSALM II.

1. With frantique madnesse why frets the multitud heathen?  
And to vayne attemptings what furye sturs the pepil?
  2. All the worldly Regents, in clustred coompanye crowded,  
For toe tread and trample Christ with his holy godhead.
  3. Break we their hard fetters, we that be in christian household,  
Also from our persons pluck we their yryne yokes.
  4. He scornes their working that dwells in blessed *Olympus* :  
And at their brainsick trumperie folly stireth.
  5. Then shall he speake to those in his hard implacabil anger,  
And shall turmoyle them then with his heauye furye.
  6. I raigne and doe governe, as King, by the Lord his appointment,  
Of most holy *Sion*, his will eke heauenly preaching.
  7. Thee father hath spoken : thou art my deerly begotten :  
This day thy person for my great issue breeding.
  8. Too me frame thy praiers, eke of ethnicks the heyre will I  
make thee.  
Also toe thy seisin wyde places earthly give I.
  9. With the rod hard steeled thou shalt their villany trample.  
Lyke potters pypkin naughtye when sadlye breakinge.
  10. You that are earthly Regents, Judges terrestrial, hearken,  
With the loare of vertue warilye to be scholed.
  11. Too God your service with fearful dutye betake yee,  
With trembling gladness yeeld to that highnes honor.
  12. Lerne well your lessons, least that God ruffle in anger,  
And fro the ryght stragglng, with fury snateht we perish.
  13. When with swift posting his dangerous anger approcheth,  
They shall be blessed which in his heip be placed.
-

## ROBERT PONT.

In 1575, Bassandyne, the printer, whose name has been previously mentioned, published in Edinburgh "The CL. Psalmes of David, in English metre," with Prayers and other Formularies of the Church of Scotland. This version was probably the work of Robert Pont, who had something to do about the same time, with a Bible which issued from Bassandyne's press. Pont was one of the most renowned Scottish versifiers of the Psalms in the Sixteenth Century. He was Minister of St. Cuthbert's Kirk, highly esteemed by the Clergy, and was appointed a Lord of Session, dying in 1608, at the ripe age of 81. His wife was a daughter of the celebrated John Knox. That his talents as a versifier, as well as his powers as a preacher, were appreciated by his brethren of the Kirk, appears from the fact, that when in 1601, a motion of the General Assembly was passed "concerning our vulgar translation of the Bible, the Common Prayers, the Psalmes in meeter,—It was ordained that Mr. Robt. Pont should revise the Psalmes, and that his labours should be revised at the next assemblie." It does not appear, however, that Pont proceeded in the business; for when, about thirty years afterwards, the attempt was first made to supersede the Version which had been in use since the year 1564, by the Psalmody of King James, the General Assembly adopted a long string of "Reasons" for retaining the

old collection. After reciting the foregoing clause, they added “ bot as the motion above written proceeded from personal respecte, so it is to be supposed, that if that faithfull man who was both hollie and Learned, had fund onie just cause of alteration, neither he to whome the matter was recommended, nor the assemblie who sould have taken compt of his diligence would have suffred that matter to be buried in oblivion.” The entire paper of “ Reasons” is printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. iii, p. 180, where we have also the following lines, as a specimen of Pont's poetical talents :—

## PSALM LXXVI.

In Iurie land God is well knowne,  
 In Israel great is his name :  
 He chose out Salem for his owne,  
 His Tabernacle of great fame,  
 Therein to rayne: and Mount Sion  
 To make his habitation,  
 And residence within the same.

There did he break the bowmen's shafts,  
 Their fyrie darts so swyft of flight,  
 Their shields, their swords, and all their crafts  
 Of weir when they were boun to fight.  
 More excellent and more mightie,  
 Art thou therefore than Mountaines high,  
 Of ravenous wolves, without all right.

The stout hearted were made a pray,  
 A sudden sleep did them confound :  
 And all the strong men in that fraye  
 Their feble hands they haue not found.  
 At thy rebuke, O Iacob's God,  
 Horses with Chariots overtrod,  
 As with dead sleep were cast to ground.

Fearful art thou, (O Lord our guyde)  
 Yea, thou alone : and who is he  
 That in thy presenee may abyde,  
 If once thine anger kindled be !

Thou makest men from heaven to heare  
 Thy judgment's just : the earthe for feare  
 Stilled with silence then we se.

When thou, O Lord, beginst to rise,  
 Sentence to giue as Iudge of all :  
 And in the earth dost enterpryse,  
 To ridde the humble out of thrall :  
 Certes, the rage of mortall men,  
 Shall be thy prayse : the remnant then  
 Of their furie thou bindst withall.

Vow and performe your vowes therefore,  
 Vnto the Lord your God, all ye  
 That round about him dwell ; adore  
 This fearful one with offrings free.  
 Which may cut off at his vintage,  
 The breath of Princes in their rage,  
 To earthlie Kings fearful is he.

*The Conclusion.*

To God alone of Michtis most,  
 Be loud praise, gloir, and dignitie :  
 The Father, Sonne, and holie Ghost,  
 Three persons in Divinitie :  
 As ay has bene in tymes before,  
 Is now, and shal be euermore,  
 Throu sea and land in ilk degree.

---

J. C.

Contemporary it is presumed, with Robert Pont, but a much larger contributor to the old Scottish Psalmody, was an individual of whom time seems to have preserved no personal memorials beyond the initials of his name, "J. C." Fourteen Psalms, bearing this signature, exist as the pious productions of one who enjoyed the bard's prerogative of

exciting melody in the hearts, and of uttering God's high praises by the lips of others, when his own body had long been turned to dust, and his very name perished from among the living. As a specimen of his style may be given

## PSALM CX.

The Lord most high, vnto my Lord thus spake :  
 Sit thou now down, and rest at my right hand,  
 Vntil that I, thine enemies doe make,  
 A stoole to be whereon thy feete may stand.

The scepter of thy regal power and might  
 From Sion shall the Lord send and disclose ;  
 Be thou therefore the ruler in the sight,  
 And in the midst of all thy mortal foes.

Thy people shall come willingly to thee,  
 What time thine host in holy beauty shew :  
 The youth that of thy womb doe spring shall be  
 Compared like vnto the morning dew.

Thus God hath sworn, and it perform will he,  
 And not repent, nor any time it break :  
 Thou art a prince for euer vnto me,  
 After the form of King Melchisedek.

The Lord our God, who is at euery stound,  
 At thy right hand to be thine help and stay,  
 He princes proud, and statlie kings shall wound,  
 For love of thee, in his fierce wrathfull day.

He shall be judge among the heathen all,  
 He places voyde with carcasses shall fill,  
 And in his rage the heads eke smite he shall,  
 That ouer countries great doe worke their will.

Yea, he through hast for to pursue his foes,  
 Shall drink the broke that runneth in the way ;  
 And thus, when he confounded shall have those,  
 His head on high then shall he lift that day.

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

This gallant English General, who was born at Penshurst, in Kent, in 1554, and was slain at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586, is celebrated for his virtues, for his untimely fate, and for his works. The latter comprise "Pembroke's Arcadia," a sort of pastoral romance, not adapted to the business-like habits of the present generation: "A Defense of Poesie," which shews how zealously "our English Petrarch," as Raleigh calls him, could advocate in prose, the claims of the muse, of whose inspiration he has left reputable evidence in his "Sonnets," and in a Metrical Version of the Psalms, executed in concert with his illustrious Sister—"the subject of all verse." The title of this interesting version is "The Psalmes of David translated into Divers and Sundry Kindes of Verse, more rare and excellent for the method and varietie than ever yet hath been done in English. Begun by the noble and learned gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knt. And finished by the Right Honourable the Countess of Pembroke, his Sister." It is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding the existence of this curious work, had been repeatedly indicated during the last century by the publication of specimens, no edition of the entire version made its appearance till 1823. In that year, a small impression was printed for Triphook from a MS. said to have been "copied from the original by John Davies, of Hereford, (writing master to Prince

Henry); himself a poet of no mean attainments, and a cotemporary of Sir Philip Sidney. It exhibits a beautiful specimen of the calligraphy of the time. The first letters of every line are in gold ink, and it comprises specimens of all the hands in use, more particularly the Italian, then much in fashion at Court. From the pains bestowed it is by no means improbable that it was written for the Prince." There are known to be several MS. copies extant, and it is probable the original autograph of Sir Philip Sidney may be in the library at Wilton. The appropriation of the different portions of the work between the noble authors, rests on the testimony of Dr. Saml. Woodford, one of the old transcribers, who tells us that in the margin of the original MS., after Psalm xliii., were the words "hitherto Sir Ph. Sidney;" hence it is inferred that the remainder must be assigned to his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. It may not be uninteresting here to quote a short passage from the "Defense of Poesie," in which Sir Philip, speaking of a word which in ancient times was used as a synonym for the poetical and prophetic afflatus, says, "And may not I presume a little further to shew the reasonableness of this word *vates*, and say that holy David's Psalms are a divine poem? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great and learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name of *Psalms* will speak for me, which being interpreted is nothing but Songs: then that it is fully written in metre, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not fully found." The following verses will convey no unfavourable notion of the poetical skill of "the nectar-tongued Sydney."

## PSALM XXXVI.

1. Methinks amidst my heart I hear  
     What guilty wickedness doth say,  
     Which wicked folks do hold so dear :  
     Ev'n thus itself it doth display,  
     No fear of God doth once appear  
     Before his eyes that thus doth stray.
  2. For those same eyes his flatterers be,  
     Till his known ill doth hatred get :
  3. His words deceit,—iniquity  
     His deeds ;—yea, thoughts all good forget.
  4. A-bed on mischief museth he,  
     Abroad his steps be wrongly set.
  5. Lord, how the heavens thy mercy fills,  
     Thy truth above the clouds most high,
  6. Thy righteousness like hugest hills,  
     Thy judgments like the deeps do lie :
  7. Thy grace with safety man fulfils,  
     Yea, beasts (made safe) thy goodness try.  
     O Lord, how excellent a thing  
     Thy mercy is, which makes mankind  
     Trust in the shadow of thy wing :
  8. Who in thy house shall fatness find,  
     And drink, from out thy pleasure's spring,  
     Of pleasures, past the reach of mind.
  9. For why ? the well of life thou art,  
     And in thy light shall we see light ;
  10. O then extend thy loving heart  
     To them that know thee and thy might :  
     O then thy righteousness impart  
     To them that be in soul upright.
  11. Let not proud feet make me their thrall,  
     Let not ill hands discomfit me ;
  12. Lo, there I now foresee their fall  
     Who do ill works ; lo, I do see  
     They are cast down, and never shall  
     Have power again to raised be.
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## COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

It is an interesting circumstance in the history of our Metrical Psalmody, that more than two-thirds of the precious Version, usually mentioned as that by Sir Philip Sydney, can be attributed to his highly-accomplished sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke. The late N. Drake, M.D., in his pleasant Essays, entitled "Mornings in Spring," has an elaborate disquisition on the merits of the Sydney Psalms. As he remarks, the title page very justly makes mention of the sundry kinds of verse which the Work exhibits, for almost every species of metre of which our language is susceptible may be found in it; and many of these are executed with a dignity, harmony, and sweetness of versification, which, considering the era of their production, are truly admirable. It is, moreover, asserted with no less truth, that not only in these qualifications, but in the more essential ones of vigour and poetical spirit, Lady Pembroke has, in this translation, often risen superior to her brother. Besides the spirit of genuine poetry and the fervid feeling which pervade these compositions, the relation, no less than the rank and celebrity of these noble Authors, imparts to this memorial of their pious intercourse, a peculiar charm. "There is, in truth, something inexpressibly pleasing and interesting in picturing to ourselves this accomplished brother and sister, the beautiful, the brave, thus conjointly employed in the service

of their God, thus emulously endeavouring to do justice to the imperishable strains of Divine inspiration." The translation of the first forty-three Psalms is attributed to Sir Philip, the remainder to his sister.\* This will include, as of her Ladyship's Version, the celebrated One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, which, as it is much longer than any other, so it has been made the subject of more voluminous commentaries. In 1613, Cowper, Bishop of Galloway, published a folio Volume, entitled "The Holy Alphabet of Zion's Scholars; by way of Commentary on the cxix. Psalm." Dr. Manton wrote a series of 190 Sermons on the 119th Psalm, for which the bookseller offered him £60, a large sum for the period—being four times the amount paid for the MS. of Milton's Paradise Lost. Greenham, another Non-conformist, also wrote a large Work on this Psalm: and within the last few years, a popular Volume on the same subject, by the Rev. Thomas Bydges, has made its appearance. In Archbishop Parker's Psalter, we have the following quaint lines as a "Preface" to Psalm 119, the whole of which is rendered in similar couplets:—

Made is this Psalme by alphabete in octionaries folde,  
 All letters two and twentie set, as Hebrues them have tolde,  
 The verses all an hundred bee, threescore and iust sixtene,  
 Thus framde and knit for memorie and elegance some wene.  
 Here letters all so sortely bound do shew in mysterie,  
 Eternal health may sure be found in scripture totallie.  
 Verse yokt by eight, Christe's rising day doth figure them in  
 some,  
 Sweete Saboth rest not here I say, I mean of world to come.

\* The supposition once promulgated that her Ladyship derived some assistance in this Work from Dr. Babington, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, who was Chaplain in her family, seems to have been purely gratuitous.

Peruse this psalme so wide and brode, eche verse saue one is  
freight

As still in termes of law of God, most oft by voyces eyght.

Right statutes, olde precepts, decrees, cōmandemēts, word,  
and law,

Knowne iudgemēts, domes, and witnesses, al righteous wais thei  
draw.

Enuie no man God's worde to painte, in art by such deuise,

Read Hebrue tongue, the tonge so sainte, and causeless be not  
nise.

Vpfolde be here God's truthes discust, right sure vs all to teache,  
So lies of men all low be thrust, fall false in glosing speache.

The Archbishop's Version, although printed, was, it is believed, never published, and copies are, as already stated, extremely rare: in that from which I transcribe the foregoing lines, each of the twenty-two octagonal divisions of the 119th Psalm, have the lines beginning with the same letter, in alphabetical succession. The difficulty of finding sixteen words in the letter X, is overpassed by the device of a capital E in the margin, branching by circumflex to each line. Such laborious trifles, as Sir Egerton Brydges justly remarks, were countenanced, in that age, by some of the best writers. It will be seen that the Countess of Pembroke, although she has not carried her ingenuity so far as the Archbishop did, has, nevertheless, contrived to employ at the beginning of each section, a word commencing with that letter of the alphabet by which it is distinguished: she has also used a considerable variety of metres. It is on this account, and also that some of the verses contain terms and turns of expression indicative of the period in which they were written, rather than that the 119th Psalm exhibits a very

favourable specimen of her Ladyship's poetry, that I have selected it for transcription here.\*

## PSALM CXIX.

*Beati immaculati.*

A.

An undefiled course who leadeth,  
 And in Jehova's doctrine treadeth,  
     How blessed he !  
     How blest they be  
 Who still his testimonies keeping,  
 Doe seeke him self with hearty seeking.

For whom in walke God's way directeth,  
 Sure them no sinful blott infecteth  
     Of deede or worde :  
     For thou, O Lord,  
 Hast to be done thy lawes commanded,  
 Not only to be understanded.

O weare my steps so staid from swerving,  
 That I me to thy hests observing  
     Might wholly give :  
     Then would I live  
 With constant chere all channeces brooking,  
 To all thy precepts ever looking.

Then would I worshipp thee sincerely,  
 When what thy justice bids severely  
     Thou should'st me teach ;  
     I would noe breach  
 Make of thy law to me betaken,  
 O leave me not in whole forsaken.

\* I have a copy of a thin quarto book, very little known, entitled, "The sixith Psalm, Paraphrased in English Verse; by George Atwood, B. D., Archdeacon of Taunton." London, 1730. The whole is rendered in ten syllable couplets, and is of too heavy and monotonous a character to challenge a preference to the place occupied by the graceful and diversified production of Lady Pembroke's pen.

B.

By what correcting line  
 May a young man make streight his crooked way ?  
 By levell of thy love divine :  
 Sith then with soe good cause  
 My hart thee seekes, O Lord, I seeking pray  
 Let me not wander from thy lawes.

Thy speeches I have hid  
 Close locked up in caskett of my heart,  
 Fearing to do what they forbid :  
 But this cannott suffice :  
 Thou wisest Lord, who ever-blessed art,  
 Yet make me in thy statutes wise.

Then shall my lipps declare  
 The sacred lawes that from thy mouth proceed,  
 And teach all nations what they are ;  
 For what thou dost decree  
 To my conceit farre more delight doth breed,  
 Than worlds of wealth, if worlds might be.

Thy precepts therefore I  
 Will with continuall meditation make,  
 And to thy paths will have good eye,  
 The orders by thee sett  
 Shall cause me in them greatest pleasure take,  
 Nor once will I thy wordes forgett.

C.

Conferre, O Lord !  
 This benefitt on me,  
 That I may live and keepe thy word.  
 Open mine eyes,  
 They may the riches see,  
 Which in thy word enfolded lies.

A pilgrim right  
 On earth I wandring live,  
 O barre me not thy statute's light.  
 I wast and spill,  
 While still I longing grieve,  
 Grieve, longing for thy judgments still.

## PEMBROKE.

Thou proud and high  
 Dost low and lowly make :  
 Curst from thy rule who bend awry.

What shame they lay  
 On me then from me take ;  
 For I have kept thy will allway.

Let princes talk,  
 And talk their worst of me ;  
 In thy decrees my thoughts shall walk.  
 All my delight  
 Thy witnest will shall be,  
 My counsell to advise me right.

## D.

Dead as if I were,  
 My soul to dust doth cleave :  
 Lorde, keepe thy word, and doe not leave  
 Me here :

But quicken me a new.  
 When I did confesse  
 My sinfull waies to thee,  
 As then thine care thou didst to me  
 Adresse ;  
 So teach me now thy statutes true.

Make that I may know  
 And thoroughly understand  
 What waie to walk thou dost command.

Then show  
 Will I thy wonders all.  
 Very woe and grief  
 My soul doe melt and fry ;  
 Revive me, Lord, and send me thy  
 Relief :  
 And lett me on thy comfort fall.

From the lyer's trace,  
 From falshood's wreathed way,  
 O save me, Lord, and graunt I may  
 Embrace  
 The law thou dost command.  
 For the path aye right,

Where truth unfained goes  
 My tongue to tread hath gladly chose :  
                   My sight  
 Thy judgments doth as guides attend.

                  Since therefore, O Lord !  
 Still did I, still I doe  
 So neerly, deerly cleave unto  
                   Thy word :  
                   All shame from me avert.  
                   Then loe, then I  
 Will tread, yea running tread  
 The trace which thy commandments lead,  
                   When thy  
 Free grace hath fully freed my hart.

## E.

Explaine, O Lord, the way to me  
   That thy divine edicts enfold,  
     And I to end will runne it right.  
 O make my blinded eyes to see,  
   And I thy law will hold : yea hold  
     Thy law with all my hartes delight.

O be my guide, O guide me soe,  
   I thy commandments' path may pace ;  
     Wherein to walk my hart is faine.  
 O bend it then to things that show  
   True witness of thy might and grace,  
     And not to hungry thirst of gaine.

Avert mine eye, it may not view  
   Of vanity the falsed face :  
     And strength my treadings in thy trade.  
 Lett doings prove thy sayings true  
   To him that holds thy servants place,  
     And thee his awe, his feare hath made.

Thou then (my feare) remove the feare  
   Of coming blame from careful me :  
     For gracious are thy judgments still.  
 Behold, to me thy precepts deare,  
   Most deare, and most delightful be.  
     O let thy justice aid my will.

## F.

Franckly poure, O Lord, on me  
 Saving grace to sett me free :  
 That supported I may see  
 Promise truly kept by thee.

That to them who me defame,  
 Roundly I may answer frame ;  
 Who, because thy word and name  
 Are my trust, thus seek my shame.

Thy true word O doe not make  
 Utterly my mouth forsake :  
 Since I thus still waiting wake,  
 When thou wilt just vengeance take.

Then loe I thy doctrine pure,  
 Sure I hold, will hold more sure :  
 Nought from it shall me allure,  
 All the time my time shall dure.

Then as brought to widest way  
 From restraint of straitest stay,  
 All their thincking night and day,  
 On thy law my thoughts shall lay.

Yea then unto any king  
 Wittnesse will I any thing,  
 That from thee can wittnesse bring :  
 In my face no blush shall spring.

Then will I sett forth to sight  
 With what pleasure, what delight,  
 I embrace thy preceptes right,  
 Whereunto all love I plight.

Then will I, with either hand  
 Clasp the rules of thy command :  
 There my study still shall stand,  
 Striving them to understand.

## G.

Grave deeply in remembring mind  
 My trust, thy promise true :  
 This only joy in grief I find,  
 Thy words my life renew.



Though proudly scorned, yet from thy lore  
 I no way have declined,  
 I hold for comfort what of yore  
 Thy dooms, O Lord, defined.  
 I quake to view how people vile  
 Doe from thy doctryne swerve :  
 Thy just edicts ev'n in exile  
 Did me for music serve.  
 I keep thy learning and in night  
 Record Jehovah's stile,  
 Observing still thy precepts right  
 Loe this I have the while.

## II.

High Jehova once I say  
 For my choice and lott I take,  
 I will sure his words obey,  
 Hott and hartly sute I make.  
 Praying thus ev'n to thy face,  
 Pitty me for thy word's sake.  
 Every path, and every paece  
 Taught by thee, observing well,  
 To thy rule I frame my race,  
 Lest upon delaies I dwell,  
 But to keep contend with speed  
 What to me thy precepts tell.  
 By lewd robbers brought to need  
 From my losses of thy lawes  
 Never did neglect proceed.  
 Midnight's watch thy praises cause,  
 While that me from bed and rest  
 Thought of thy just judgments draws.  
 Fellowship and friendships hest,  
 With thy feavers all I hold,  
 Such as hold thy biddings best.  
 Lord, the earth can scarce unfold  
 What thou dost benignly give,  
 Let me then by thee be told  
 In thy learning how to live.

## I.

In all kindness, thou, O Lord,  
 Hast to me perform'd thy word :

This now resteth that I learne  
 From thy skill a skillfull taste ;  
 Good from evill to discernē,  
 On thy lawes whose trust is plac't.

Yet unhumbled I did stray,  
 Now I will thy words obay,  
 Thou that art soe highly good  
 Nothing can thy goodness reach,  
 Thou where floweth bounties flood  
 Willing me thy statutes teach.

What if proud men of me lie ?  
 I will on thy lawes rely,  
 Wallow they in their delights,  
 Fatt in body, fatt in mind :  
 I the pleasures of my sprites  
 Will unto thy doctrine bind.

Now I find the good of woe,  
 How thy hests it makes me know :  
 Of whose mouth the lectures true  
 Are above all wealth to me :  
 Millions then and mines adieu,  
 Gold and silver, drosse you be.

K.

Knitt and conformed by thy hand  
 Hath been every part of me :  
 Then make me well to understand,  
 Conceiving all thou dost command :  
 That when me thy fearers see  
 They for me may justly joy :  
 Seeing what I look't from thee  
 In thy word I now enjoy.

O Lord, thy judgments just I know,  
 When thy scourges scourged me,  
 Thou in that doing nought didst show  
 That might thy promise overthrow.  
 Let me then thy comfort see  
 Kindly sent as thou hast said,  
 Bring thy mercies life from thee,  
 On thy lawes my joyes are laid.

Let blame and shame the proud betide  
 Falsly who subverted me :  
 Whose meditation shall not slide  
 But fast in thy commandments bide,  
 So shall I thy fearers see  
 On my part who know thy will :  
 While I purely worship thee  
 Blott nor blush my face shall fill.

## L.

Looking and longing for deliverance  
 Upon thy promise, mightless is my mind,  
 Sightless myne eyes, which often I advaunce  
 Unto thy word,  
 Thus praying : when, O Lord,  
 When will it be I shall thy comfort find ?  
 I like a smoked bottle am become,  
 And yet the wine of thy commandments hold.  
 Ay me ! when shall I see the totall summe  
 Of all my woes ?  
 When wilt thou on my foes  
 Make wronged me thy just revenge behold ?  
 Their pride hath digged pitts me to ensnare,  
 Which with thy teachings how doth it agree ?  
 True or more truly, Truth thy precepts are :  
 By falshood they  
 Would make of me their pray :  
 Let truth, O Lord, from falshood rescue me.  
 Nigh quite consumed by them on earth I lye,  
 Yet from thy statutes never did I swerve.  
 Lord, of thy goodness quicken me, and I  
 Will still pursue  
 Thy testimonies true,  
 And all the biddings of thy lips observe.

## M.

Most plainly, Lord, the frame of sky  
 Doth shew thy word decayeth never :  
 And constant stay of earth descry  
 Thy word that staid it, staieth ever.

For by thy lawes they hold their standings,  
 Yea all things do thy service try;  
 But that I joy'd in thy commandings,  
 I had myself been sent to die.

Thy word that hath revived me  
 I will retaine, forgetting never.  
 Lett me thine owne be saved by thee,  
 Whose statutes are my studies ever.  
 I mark thy will the while their standings  
 The wicked take, my bane to be:  
 For I no close of thy commandings,  
 Of best things else an end I see.

## N.

Nought can enough declare  
 How I thy learning love,  
 Whereon all day my meditation lies.  
 By whose edicts I prove  
 Farre than my foes more wise,  
 For they a wisdom never failing are.

My teachers all of old  
 May now come learne of me,  
 Whose studies tend but to thy witness will;  
 Nay who most aged be,  
 Thought therefore most of skill,  
 In skill I passe, for I thy precepts hold.

I did refraine my feete  
 From every wicked way,  
 That they might firmly in thy statutes stand.  
 Nor ever did I stray  
 From what thy lawes command,  
 For I of thee have learned what is meete.

How pleasing to my tast!  
 How sweete thy speeches be!  
 Noe touch of honey soe affects my tongue.  
 From whose edicts in me  
 Hath such true wisdom sprung,  
 That all false waies quite out of love I cast.

O

O what a lanterne, what a lamp of light  
 Is thy pure word to me !  
 To cleere my pathes, and guide my goings right.  
 I sweare and sweare againe,  
 I of thy statutes will obserber be,  
 Thou justly dost ordaine.

The heavy weightes of grief oppresse me sore :

Lord, raise me by thy word,  
 As thou to me didst promise heretofore.  
 And this unforced praise,  
 I for an offering bring, accept, O Lord,  
 And show to me thy waies.

What if my life lye naked in my hand,  
 To every chaunce exposed,  
 Should I forgett what thou dost me command ?  
 No, no I will not stray

From thy edicts though round about enclosed,  
 With snares the wicked lay.

Thy testimonies as my heritage,

I have retained still :  
 And unto them my heart's delight engage.  
 My heart which still doth bend,  
 And only bend to do what thou dost will,  
 And do it to the end.

P.

People that inconstant be  
 Constant hatred have from me :  
 But thy doctrine changeless ever  
 Holds my love that changeth never.  
 For thou the closett where I hide  
 The shield whereby I safe abide :  
 My confidence expects thy promise just.  
 Hence, away, you cursed crew,  
 Gett you gone, that rid from you,  
 I at better ease and leisure  
 Maie performe my God's good pleasure :  
 O Lord, as thou thy word didst give,  
 Sustaine me soe that I may live,  
 Nor make me blush as frustrate of my trust.

P

Be my pillar, be my stay,  
 Safe then I shall swerve no way :  
 All my witt and understanding  
 Shall then work on thy commanding,  
 For under foote thou treadst them all,  
 Who swerving from thy precepts fall :  
 And vainly in their guile and treason trust.  
 Yea the wicked sort by thee  
 All as drosse abjected be :  
 Therefore what thy truth approveth,  
 That my love entirely loveth.  
 And such regard of thee I make,  
 For feare of thee my flesh doth quake,  
 And of thy lawes, thy lawes severely just.

Q.

Quitt and cleere from doing wrong,  
 O lett me not betraied be  
 Unto them, who ever strong  
 Doe wrongly seek to ruin me.  
 Nay, my Lord,  
 Baile thy servant on thy word :  
 And let not those that soare too high  
 By my low stoope, yet higher fly.

Eye doth faile while I not faile  
 With eye thy safety to pursue :  
 Looking when will once prevaile,  
 And take effect thy promise true.

All I crave

I at thy mercies' hand would have  
 And from thy wisdome, which I pray  
 May cause me know thy law and way.

Since thy servant still I stay,  
 My understanding, Lord, enlight.  
 So enlight it that I may

Thy ordinances know aright.

Now, O now

The time requires, O Lord, that thou  
 Thy lawes defence shouldst undertake,  
 For now thy law they sorely shake.

Hope whereof makes that more deere  
 I thy edicts and statutes hold,  
 Than if gold to me they were,  
 Yea than they were purest gold ;  
 Makes that right  
 Are all thy precepts in my sight ;  
 Makes that I hate each lying way,  
 That from their truth may cause me stray.

R.

Right wonderful thy testimonies be,  
 My hart to keepe to them I therefore bend :  
 Their very threshold gives men light,  
 And gives men sight,  
 That light to see :  
 Yea ev'n to babes doth understanding lend.  
 Opening my mouth, I dranek a greedy draught,  
 And did upon them my whole pleasure place.  
 Look then, O Lord, and pittie me  
 As erst I see,  
 Ordained and taught  
 By thee, for them whose harts thy name embrace.  
 Of all my goings make thy word the guide,  
 Nor lett injustice now upon me raigne :  
 From them that false accusers be,  
 Lord, sett me free :  
 Soe never slide  
 Shall I from what thy statutes do ordayne.  
 Shine on thy servant with thy face's beames,  
 And thoroughly me thy commandments teach ;  
 From fountains of whose watry eyes  
 Doe welling rise  
 Of teares, huge streames,  
 Viewing each where thy doctrines' daily breach.

S.

Sure, Lord, thy self art just,  
 Thy lawes as rightfull be :  
 What rightly bid thou dost  
 Is firmly bound by thee.  
 I flame with zeale to see

My foes thy word forgett :  
 Pure wordes, whereon by me  
 A servants love is sett.

Though bare, and though debast,  
 I yet thy rules retaine,  
 Whose doomes do endlesse last,  
 And doctrine true remayne.  
 In pressure and in paine  
 My joyes thy precepts give :  
 No date thy judgments daine,  
 O make me wise to lyue.

## T.

To thee my hartly plaint I send,  
 Lord, turne thine eare  
 My plaint to heare,  
 For to thy law my life I bend.  
 Since I have enoked thee  
 Lett me, Lord, thy succour see :  
 And what thy ordinaunces will  
 I will persist observing still.  
 My cry more early than the day  
 Doth daily rise,  
 Because mine eyes  
 Upon thy promise waiting stay.  
 Eyes, I say, which still prevent  
 Watches best to watching bent :  
 Esteeming it but pleasing paines  
 To muse on that thy word containes.  
 O in thy mercy hear my voice,  
 And as thy lawes  
 Afforde the cause  
 So make me, Lord, revyved rejoyce.  
 Lord, thou seest the graceless crew  
 Presse me neere, who me pursue,  
 As for the doctrine of thy law  
 They far from it themselves withdraw.  
 That, Lord, thou seest, and this I see,  
 Thou every where  
 To me art neere,  
 For true, may, truth thy precepts be.



Now, though not now first, I know  
 (For I knew it long ago,)
 That firmly founded once by thee,  
 Thy ordinance no end can see.

## v.

View how I am distressed  
 And lett me be released,  
 For look what me thy word hath bidden  
 Out of my mind hath never slidden.

Then be my causes deemer,  
 Be thou my soul's redeemer  
 And as good hope thy word doth give me,  
 Let with good help thy work relieve me.

Where wickedness is loved  
 There health is farre removed :  
 For since thy sole edicts containe it,  
 Who search not them how can they gaine it ?

Thy mercies are so many,  
 Their number is not any :  
 Then, as thou usest, Lord, to use me,  
 Revive me now, and not refuse me.

Exceeding is their number  
 That me pursue and cumber :  
 Yet what thy witness hath defined  
 From that my steps have not declined.

I saw, and grieved seeing  
 Their waies, who wayward being,  
 With guileful stubbornness withstanded  
 What by thy speeces was commanded.

Since therefore plaine is proved  
 That I thy lawes have loved :  
 Looke, Lord, and here thy bounty showing  
 Restore my life now feeble growing.

This in thy doctrine raigneth,  
 It nought but truth containeth :  
 This in thy justice brightly shineth,  
 Thy just edicts no date defineth.

w.

Wrong'd I was by men of might,  
 Hottly chased and hard assailed :  
 Little they my heart to fright,  
 But O much thy words prevailed :  
 Words to me of more delight  
 Than rich booty wonne by fight.

Fraud doe I with hate detest,  
 But with love embrace thy learnings,  
 Seaven times daily ere I rest,  
 Sing thy dooms and right discernings.  
 Whom who love with peace are blest,  
 Plentuous peace without unrest.

Doing what thy precepts will  
 I thy help have long expected :  
 My soul by thy doctrine still  
 Loved most, is most directed.  
 Thy edicts my deedes fulfill  
 Who survaist my good and ill.

y.

Yield me this favour, Lord,  
 My plaint may presse into thy sight,  
 And make me understand aright  
 According to thy word.

Admit to sight I say  
 The praier that to thee I send,  
 And unto me thy help extend,  
 Who on thy promise stay.

Then from my lipps shall flow  
 A holy hymn of praise to thee :  
 When I thy scholar taught shall be  
 By thee thy lawes to know.

Then shall my tongue declare  
 And teach againe what thou hast taught :  
 All whose decrees to trial brought  
 Most just, nay justice are.

O then reach out thine hand  
 And yield me aid I justly crave,  
 Since all things I forsaken have  
 And chosen thy command.

I looke, I long, O Lord,  
 To see at length thy saving grace :  
 And only doe my gladness place  
 In thy glad-making word.

I knowe my soul shall live,  
 And living thee due honour yield :  
 I know thy lawe shall be my shield,  
 And me all succour give.

As sheep from shepherd gone  
 So wander I : O seek thy sheep,  
 Who soe in mind thy precepts keep,  
 That I forgett not one.

With the exception of the lines previously given under the name of Queen Elizabeth, these compositions by the Countess of Pembroke afford the earliest example I have met with of the effort of a female hand to versify the Psalms—and a noble effort it is in more senses than one : indeed, the coronet of the illustrious Poetess sheds less lustre on these charming effusions of a genius sanctified by its themes, than the strains themselves in return reflect back upon its wearer.

It is somewhat unaccountable that this Version should be comparatively little known or regarded, even by the professed admirers of sacred poetry. The style cannot be said to be obsolete ; though there is, of course, one peculiarity in this, and indeed in all previous Versions of the Psalms—namely, the use of words, or forms of expression, which subsequent refinement has banished from our written language, and mostly also from the vernacular speech. But a reader of taste will hardly find

ground of dislike on this score. For whatever of smoothness or flexibility may have accrued to literature in consequence of the disuse of terms commonly of Saxon origin, and which were often, it must be admitted, more significant than euphonic, it will not be denied that the power and compass of the language generally, and for the purposes of lyric verse especially, when the lines are short, are thereby narrowed. This circumstance, added to the ordinarily restricted structure of our Hymns into three or four simple metres—*long, common, short, and sevens*—the rhythm being as unvarying as the syllabic quantities, has induced a monotony of style and tone, which, diluted still lower, as all interest in the subject too often is, by the most hopeless inanity of sentiment, no wonder that so many compositions, even when aided in their effect by the choir, are rather tolerated than admired : how much more must this be the case when they challenge the attention of readers of poetry ? Mediocre Versions of the Psalms have ordinarily this advantage—however flat and feeble, or stumbling and disjointed the stanza, it is seldom possible so entirely to destroy the cast of the original sentiment, but that some traces of its identity remain distinguishable.

But one of the most striking characteristics of the Sydney Psalms, as previously noticed, is the variety of forms of versification which they exhibit—there being few of the metres transmitted to us by the lyric Poets of antiquity, which have not been in this Work adapted to the demands of English translation : added to which, are various new forms of stanza.\*

\* Scarcely less remarkable than the immense variety of forms into which the stanzas are moulded, and of which the single Psalm given above, affords numerous specimens, is the fact that the Volume does not contain a single example of

And this peculiarity is, in most cases, managed with a degree of freedom and success, which, however the merit may be thrown away upon ordinary readers, evinces to those who can appreciate the value of the imitations from a knowledge of the original models, or from their own experiments in the same enterprise, how thoroughly the mind of the gallant Sir Philip and that of his accomplished sister, must have been harmonised by classical, as well as by Scriptural associations. Nor are these various and elegant forms of stanza mere inanimate verbiage—Greek and Roman statues of thought, with the coldness as well as purity of marble—they are often—to adopt a contemporary style of illustration, warm and tender in their expression, like Bathsheba in her grace and beauty: or rather like, what in truth, they are, the natural effusions of gentle and virtuous hearts, yielding to the influence of the noblest devotional sentiments, and moulded by the most perfect mastery of a style at once delicate, free, and comprehensive.

The Countess of Pembroke was otherwise known as an Authoress, she translated from the French, probably in conjunction with her brother,\* Philip

the common forms of *long*, *short*, and *common* measure; nor even of *sevens*—for strictly speaking, the four-line verses of this quantity, which occur above, are unique in their unisonant rhyme. Trochaic, or double-endings of lines, frequently occur, and are usually managed with admirable effect: the Version of Psalm xliv. is an example—it is, indeed, a very elegantly implicated stanza, the lines seem to turn each other round and meet, like partners in a dance. *e. g.*

“ If our God we had forsaken,  
 Or forgot what he assigned,  
 If ourselves we had betaken,  
 Gods to serve of other kind,  
 Should not be our doubling find,  
 Though conceal'd and closely lurking?  
 Since his eye of deepest mind,  
 Deeper sinks thou deepest working,” &c.

\* Parks' *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ii. 407, 1804.

Mornay's "Discourse of Life and Death," 1590, and also the Tragedy of "Antonia," same year. She died at an advanced age in London, Feb. 25, 1621.

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## JOHN AND ROBERT WEDDERBURN.

These two individuals, with their brother James, who was Author of a dramatic history of the "Beheading of John the Baptist," were the sons of a merchant of Dundee, and all exercised their poetic talents in favour of the principles of the Reformation in Scotland. John and Robert are considered the Authors of a Metrical Version of a number of the Psalms, which were commonly sung in the assemblies of the Protestants, until superseded by the Version of Sternhold and Hopkins. They have also been considered, but perhaps on insufficient grounds, as the chief Authors of "Ane Compendious Booke" containing numerous "Gude and Godly ballates, changed out of prophane sangs, for avoyding of sin, harlotrie," &c. published first in 1590. Some of the existing traces of the great, and in many respects violent change of the popular taste from profane songs to godly ballads and psalms, in the 16th century, are of a very striking character, and curiously indicate what—to borrow an expression from the geologists, may be termed the "transition period" of the national religion. In many cases tunes, with which, as we have seen, the people had been long familiar in their connection with secular ditties, were applied to Church hymns of the same

metre : in other instances, we find not only the old melody, but some portions of the old song, ludicrously mixed up with the new matter of a scriptural character. Our neighbours the Scotch, as they were strongly attached to their ancient melodies, and at the same time ardent for religious reform, carried this anomalous jumble of pious with humorous sentiment to a height which seems, to us at least, to border on profanity. A single example or two from the "godly ballates" will illustrate and confirm this statement. The first line, and the form of the following ludicrous effusion, were taken from a song which was very popular\* in the Court of Henry VIII. :—

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
 It is now perfite day ;  
 Jesus our King is gane in hunting ;  
 Quha likes to speed they may.  
 Ane cursit fox lay hid in rox  
 This lang and mony ane day,  
 Devouring sheep, whilk he might creep ;  
 Nane might him chase away.  
 It did him gude to laip the blude  
 Of young and tender lammis :  
 Nane could him miss, for all was his,  
 The young anis with their dammes.  
 The hunter is Christ, that hunts in haist ;  
 The hunds are Peter and Paul ;  
 The Paip is the fox ; Rome is the rox,  
 That rubbis us on the gall, &c.

The following is another strain, though not in better taste :—

\* Henry Chettle, in his allegory of "Kind-Hart's Dream," printed 1592, mentions "old Anthony Now now," an itinerant fiddler, as saluting him with a "hunts-up" on his "crowd," which, from the "continual sawing" of the musician, had but one string. Drayton and others allude to a popular air by the same appellation.

Johne, cum kis me now,  
 Johne, cum kis me now ;  
 Johne, cum kis me by and by,  
 And make no more adow.

The Lord thy God I am  
 That Johne dois thee call,  
 Johne represents man,  
 By grace celestial.

My prophets call, my preachers cry,  
 Johne, cum kis me now ;  
 Johne, cum kis me by and by,  
 And make no more adow, &c.

There is plenty more matter of the same sort—  
 but happily the “*Compendious Booke*” contains  
 something better, particularly several Carols on the  
 birth of Christ,\* and Versions of Psalms. The

\* Christmas Carols, which formed almost the only religious songs of the people in English, previous to the versifying of the Psalms, are among the most curious remains of our sacred lyrical poetry—if the appellation may be allowed in this case—whether they are of a date preceding, or immediately subsequent to the Reformation. In the earliest specimens extant, the taste of the Poet is often more questionable than his piety, or his orthodoxy, especially when, in conformity with the religious feeling of the age, the profoundest mysteries of “*God manifest in the flesh*,” were made the subjects of the most palpable illustration. In most instances, verses casually occur in the old Carols, which, catching their character at once from the season and the subject, display a delicacy and tenderness of tone, which more than compensate for quaintness of style. Sometimes the mirthful overpowers the sacred tone of these compositions. Curious examples of each kind may be seen in the “*Old Christmas Carols*,” published by the *Percy Society*: amongst the rest are several beginning somewhat in this manner:—

“*Nowel*. el el el el el el el el el el el el el.  
*Nowel* el ! bothe eld and z yng,  
*Nowel* el ! now now we syng,  
 In worchepe of our hevenc Kyng,  
 Al-myty God in Trinitie,” &c.

*Nowel*, a word once common, but no longer in use, even in our popular Songs or Hymns on the nativity of Christ, is thus explained by the Editor of the *Percy* specimens:—

“*The Anglo-Saxon Gule or Yule*, was an ancient Pagan festival, from which we derive the feasting and merriment still observed at the same season of the year. When the Anglo-Saxons were converted, the feasting and other observations were turned to another purpose, and were made to be considered a memorial of the nativity of our Saviour, the commemoration of which happened



former, although abounding with quaint conceits, exhibit occasional touches of tenderness and simplicity, which not to feel, would bespeak a heart refrigerated below even the zero of stern critical taste itself. To give a specimen :—

*Followis ane sang of the birth of Christ, with the tune of Bav lulalaw :—*

This day to yow is borne ane childe,  
Of Marie meike, and Virgine mylde ;  
That blissit barne, bining and kynde,  
Sall yow rejoyce baith heart and mynd.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is the Lord Christ, God and man,  
He will do for you quhat he can ;  
Himself your Sauour hee will bee,  
Fra sinne and hell to make zow free.

\* \* \* \* \*

And were the warld ten tymes so wyde,  
Cled ouer with gold and stanes of pride,  
Unworthy zit it were to thee,  
Under thy feit ane stule to bee.

\* \* \* \* \*

O my deir hert, zoung Jesus sweet,  
Prepare thy creddill in my spreit,\*  
And I sall roeke thee in my hert,  
And never mair from thee depart.

As a specimen of the Wedderburn Version—of which the dozen Psalms remaining are supposed to be only a part of a once greater number—may be given the following rugged stanzas, the reading of which, immediately after the smooth measures of

at the same time. The name of *Fule* still remained, and in some parts of our Island has been preserved to the present day ; but after the entry of the Normans a foreign appellation was introduced, *Noel*, or [*Nowel*] derived from the Latin *natalis* (the *dies natalis* of our Lord,) which soon became naturalised in our language and literature.”

\* This is a favourite idea in old Christmas Carols.

Lady Pembroke, seems like passing out of a beautiful valley into a rocky wilderness—but it is a wilderness where the God of the Psalmist is still present.

## PSALM LXXXIII.

God for thy grace thou keepe no more silence,  
 Postpone it not, bot haste thy vengeance  
 On hyocrites, humbly I thee exhort ;  
 For they rebells with rage doe resort,  
 And they whilke at thee haue mortal feid,  
 Contrare thy might hes lift up their head.  
 And till oppresse thy people doe pretend,  
 Under pretence and clokit holinesse ;  
 With subtill slight to slay vs they intend :  
 Confederat they are, baith mair and lesse,  
 Contrair thy testament, our hope and righteousnesse,  
 They say, they sall us rute from the ground,  
 That na mention of vs sall mair be found.  
 They now conspyre with cruell hart and fell,  
 With one consent, together in one band,  
 Whilke neuer before could grie among them sell,  
 Stryvand for state and height in euery land ;  
 Bot contrair thee, to gidder stiffe they stand,  
 And fast like burre they cleife bath ane and all,  
 To hold, O God, thy word and vs in thrall,  
 Ze Edomites idoll, with threefall croune,  
 The crop and rute of pride and tyrrannie ;  
 Ze Ismaelites, with scarlet hat and gowne,  
 Your bludie boist na syth can satisfie ;  
 Ye Moabites, with hornes twa full hie,  
 Outward like sheips, yee beir the beistes márke,  
 Inward like tykes, ye byte, but cannot barke.  
 Of Agarens, what tounge can tell the tryne,  
 With hurklit hude over a weill nourisht necke ?  
 Jabel and Amon, als fat as any swine,  
 Quhilke can not doe, bot drink, sing, jouk, and bek ;  
 The Amelekis, that leissings weill can cleke,  
 The Palestenis with dum doctours of Tyre,  
 Whilk dar not disput, but cryes, Fyre, fyre, fyre.

Assure in harnes is with them euer more,  
 Companzeoun hee is perpetuall  
 To Lots sonnes, for to maintaine their glore ;  
 Hee wates nocht ellis, for his conscience is thrall  
 To them whilke hes na hope celestiall,  
 Bot contrair God indurit hes their heartes,  
 Syne sylie princes blindly take their partes.

O God of glore, resist their cruelnesse,  
 As thou sumtime ouerthrew the Madionites,  
 And Sicera with his maliciousnesse,  
 And Jabene with his bludie hypocrites,  
 At Kyson flude, as weill the story dytes ;  
 They perished at Endor throw thy might,  
 Syne muke become, and filth for all their hight.

Their gouernours and their guides, gif sicklyke  
 As Oreb, Seb, Seba, and Zelmanie,  
 Their sinnes shawes they are a bludie byke ;  
 And zet they wald, throw their hypocrise,  
 Posses the Kirk of God throw tyranny,  
 And will cum to na counsell generall,  
 For feir they lose their pompe pontificall.

As wheill vnstable, and chaffe before the wind,  
 And as the wood consumed is with fire,  
 And as the flame burning where it can find  
 The faggot in the field with great impyre :  
 Siclyke persew them with thy grievous ire ;  
 Let thy tempest their wrothfulnes reuenge,  
 And let thy storme their pride in purteth change.

Confound them, Lord, that they may seik thy name,  
 Perturfe their mind with care continuall,  
 And let them perish and cum till vtter shame ;  
 Let them know thee for the God eternall,  
 Allanerly on thee alone to call,  
 And thee obey aboue all eirdly thing,  
 Maist mightiest, maist hiest in thy ring.

---

## ABRAHAM FRAUNCE.

“The Hexameter Verse I grant to be a gentleman of an ancient house (so is many an English beggar,) yet this clime of ours he cannot thrive in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in; he goes twitching and hopping like a man running upon quagmires, up the hill in one syllable and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that strictly smooth gait which he vaunts himself with among the Greeks and Latins.” Such is the sentence of Thomas Nash, upon the attempts which have been made to conform our inflexible English language to the metrical rhythmus of Homer and Virgil. That several of our earlier Poets—and some modern ones, should have allowed their admiration of the classical measures to beguile them into attempts at imitation, is perhaps much less surprising, than that so many failures should have been necessary to convince genius of the futility of the experiment. Of the abstract merits of the question affecting what is termed “English Hexameters,” and about which such conflicting opinions have been maintained, I profess no competency to judge. But the subject practically considered, is one upon which no genuine lover of English poetry need to exercise the same diffidence. The circumstance that no popular collection of our old poetry contains a single remembered specimen of hexameter verse—that there exists not so much as a tetrastic—perhaps not a line of such

construction in current living quotation—and, moreover, notwithstanding that Southey in his “*Vision of Judgement*,” the most recent and ingenious effort of this kind, has laboured so zealously to transfer the reproach of failure from the language to the Poets, he has himself not less than others signally failed, by producing a poem, which scores of ardent admirers of our standard Poets could hardly be said to be capable of reading at all; certainly not with pleasure. All this surely proves that the modulation of the hexameter verse, so fascinating to the ear of the scholar, in the languages of Homer and Virgil, cannot be successfully imitated by any collocation of the words which fall with such ease, sweetness, and effect, into the metres of Shakspear, Spenser, Milton, or Gray. Of the attempt of Stanihurst, to subject the English pronunciation to the rules of Latin prosody, some notice has been already taken: he followed the example of Sir Philip Sydney; and was himself succeeded by the individual named at the head of this notice. Southey, in the Preface to his “*Vision of Judgement*,”\* thus speaks of the three Poets and their verses:—“What in Sydney’s hands was uncouth and difficult, was made ridiculous by Stanihurst, whose translation of the four first books of the *Æneid* into hexameters is one of the most portentous compositions in any language. No satire could so effectually have exposed the measure to derision. The specimens which Abraham Fraunce produced were free from Stanihurst’s eccentricities, and were much less awkward and constrained than Sydney’s. But the mistaken principle upon which

\* Southey’s *Poetical Works*, 1838, vol. x., in which the reader, who is curious about English Hexameters, will find both remarks and specimens.

the metre was constructed was fatal, and would have proved so even if Fraunce had possessed greater powers of thought and of diction." Fraunce, "Sweet Master Fraunce," as he is called by Nash, and who certainly had some vogue as a Poet in his day, published, among other things, a volume in English hexameter verse, entitled, "The Countess of Pembroke's Ivy Church, and Emanuel," including a translation of Tasso's *Aminta*. This appeared in 1591; and it is at the end of it that we usually meet with the following Psalms rendered in English Hexameters—i. vi. viii. xxix. xxxviii. l. lxxiii. civ. I have not met with the date either of Fraunce's birth or of his death.

## PSALM LXXIII.

God, th' æternal God, noe doubt is good to the godly,  
 Giuing grace to the pure, and mercy to Israel holy;  
 And yet, alas, my feete, my faynt feete gan to be slyding,  
 And I was almost gone, and fall'n to a dangerous error.  
 For my soul did grudg, my hart consumed in anger,  
 And myne eyes disdayng'd, when I saw, that such men abounded,  
 With wealth, health, and joy, whose myndes with myschif  
 abounded.  
 Theyr body stowt and strong, theyr lymes stil lyuely apearung,  
 Neyther feare any panges of death, nor feele any sicknes:  
 Some still mourne, they laughe: some lyue unfortunate ever,  
 They for ioy doe triumphe, and taste aduersyty never,  
 Which makes them with pryde, with scornful pryde to be  
 chayned,  
 And with blood-thirsting disdaigne as a roabe to be cou'red.  
 Theyr fare is delicate, theyr flesh is dayntyly pampred,  
 Theyr eyes with fatness start out, theyr greedy deuowring  
 Gutts, with swylling; and, what fond fancy desyreth,  
 Or lewd lust lyketh, that fortune fryendly afordeth.  
 Themselves most synfull, cause others for to be synners  
 With theyr poysn'd breath, and vile contagious humours;  
 They check, scorne, controlle, looke, overlooke with a lordlyke

Imperious countenance; theyr mouth fowle blasphemy uttreth,  
 And frō the forlorne earth, to the heu'ns disdaignfully mounteth.  
 This surpassing pompe and pryde allureth a number  
 Ev'n of God's owne flocke; (flock weake and weary with  
 anguish)

Vnto the selfsame trade, which makes theyr glory the greater.  
 Tush, say they, can God frō the highest heu'ns to the lowest  
 Earth, vouchsaulf, thinck you, those prince-like eyes to be  
 bowing?

Tis but a vaine conceipt of fooles, to be fondly referring  
 Euery jesting trick and trifling toy to the Thunder,  
 For loe, these be the men whoe rule and reign with aboundance;  
 These, and who but these? why then, what meane I to lift up  
 Cleane handes, and pure hart to the heu'ns? what meane I to  
 offer

Praise and thanksgeuing to the Lord? what meane I to suffer  
 Such plagues with patience? yea, and almost had I spoken  
 Euen as they did speake, which thought noe God to be guyding.  
 But soe should I, alas, have iudged thy folk to be luckless,  
 Thy sons forsaken, thy saints vnworthliiy haples.

Thus did I thinck and muse, and search what might be the  
 matter,

But yet I could not, alas, conceaue soe hidden a woonder,  
 Vntil I left myself, and all my thoughts did abandon,  
 And to thy sacred place, to thy Sanctuary lastly repayred.  
 There did I see, ô Lord, these mens vnfortunate endings,  
 Endings mute, and fit for their vngodly beginnings.  
 Then did I see how they did stand in slippery places,  
 Lifted aloft that their downefalling might be the greater.  
 Lyving Lord, how soone is this theyr glory triumphant  
 Dasht, confounded, gone, drown'd, in distruction endless?  
 Their fame's soone outworne, theyr name's extinet in a moment,  
 Lyke to a dreame, that lyues by a sleep, & dyes with a slumber.  
 —Thus my soule did greeue, my hart did languish in anguish,  
 Soe blynde were myne eyes, my minde soe plunged in error  
 That noe more than a beast did I know this mystery sacred.  
 Yet, thou heldst my hande, and kepst my soule from the dungeon,  
 Thou didst guyde my feete, and me with glory receauedst,  
 For what in heau'n or in earth shal I love or woorthly wonder,  
 But my most good God, my Lord and mighty *Jehova*?  
 Though my flesh oft faint, my hart's oft drowned in horror,

God never fayleth, but will be my mighty protector.  
 Such as God forsake, and take to a slippery comfort,  
 Trust to a broken staffe, and taste of woorthy reuengement.  
 In my God. therefore, my trust is wholly reposed,  
 And his name wil I praise, and sing his glory renoumed.

---

## HENRY LOK.

Of this Author but little is known at present ; though he appears to have been in some way connected with the Court of Queen Elizabeth, to whom he dedicated some of his pieces, comprising two hundred sonnets, treating of Meditation, Humiliation, Prayer, Comfort, Joy, and Thanksgiving. His name occurs to a book in the Bodleian Library, entitled "Sundry Psalms of David, translated into verse, as briefly and significantly as the scope of the text will suffer." Besides this work, Lok, or Locke, as the name is sometimes written, published "Ecclesiastes, otherwise called the Preacher ; containing Salomon's Sermons, or Commentaries, (as may probably be collected), vpon the 49 Psalm of David, his father. Compendiously abridged, and also paraphrastically dilated in English poesie, according to the analogie of Scripture, and consent of the most approved writers thereof. Composed by H. L. Gentleman. Whereunto are annexed, sundrie Sonnets of Christian Passions, heretofore printed, and now corrected and augmented ; with other Affectionate Sonnets of a feeling conscience, of the same Author's. London ; printed by Rich. Field, 1597." 4to. This work is "extremely rare." The subjoined specimen is from



the Psalms above mentioned : it must be admitted to be a most feeble rendering of one of the finest, most pathetic, and evangelical of the Psalms.

PSALM XXVII.

The Lord he is my saving light, whom should I therefore feare ?  
 He makes my foes to fall, whose teeth would me in sunder teare.  
 Though hostes of men besiege my soule, my heart shall never  
 dread ;

So that within his Court and Sight, my life may still be led :  
 For in his Church from trouble free, he shall me keepe in holde :  
 In spight of foes his wondrous prayse, my song shall still unfold.  
 Have mercie (Lord) therefore on me, and heare me when I cry :  
 Thou bidst me looke with hope on thee, for help to thee I fly—  
 In wrath therefore hide not thy face, but be thou still my aide ;  
 Though parents fayle thou wilt assist, thy promise so hath said.  
 Teach me thy truth, and thy right path, least that the enemy,  
 Prevaile against my life, whose tongues entrap me treacherously.  
 My heart would faint for feare, unless my faith did build on thee ;  
 My hopes my God, and comforts strength, who will deliver me.

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MICHAEL COSOWARTH.

In the Harleian Collection of Books in the British Museum, there is a 4to. volume (No. 6906) containing a Version of some select Psalms, by this individual, of whom, I believe, nothing more is known. Prefixed to the work are complimentary verses by Richard Carey and Henry Locke, both styling themselves "cousin" to the Author. The specimen given below is not without merit : the last verse of the Psalm, however, does not appear to be included in it.

## PSALM XXX.

1. Sence thou hast not ô lord left me to lye  
a scorn to foes in my o'whelmed right,  
but hast exalted up my head on hye,  
of thee my songe shal be and of thy might.
1. When I cryd for thy all relevinge ayde  
thou didst restore to ioye my sade distresse ;
3. when at the grave my soule for entrance stayd  
frō grave thou didst returne my heavinesse.
4. O singe therefore due praises to the lord,  
you blessed saints, do you his praises singe,  
do you the holynesse w<sup>th</sup> thanks record  
w<sup>ch</sup> doth belong to this our heavenly kinge.
5. ffor he no long tyme doth his ire prolonge  
his frowninge wrath w<sup>th</sup>in a while is dead,  
when then, as if he'd done me wretch a wronge  
in's smilinge brow, glad life is pictured.  
  
This did my whyninge life endure awhile  
whilst the earth was buried w<sup>th</sup> an evnings shade,  
but when the mornings light began to smile  
my ioy did eō, and all my woe did fade.
6. And when things flowed to my full content  
and blind prosperitee on me attended,  
now shall these ioyes quoth I, w<sup>ch</sup> God hath sent,  
now shall these lastinge ioyes be never ended.
7. ffor thou, deere lord, ev'n thou of tender love  
and of that goodnesse w<sup>ch</sup> doth dwell in thee,  
as w<sup>th</sup> a mountaine w<sup>ch</sup> can never move,  
stande fast about the moovinge state of mee.
8. Therew<sup>th</sup> he turned his milder face aside  
and all w<sup>th</sup> turned thoughts besteed was I,  
and every thought a world of woes implied  
w<sup>ch</sup> strayed forth frō me this dolefull crye.
9. Ah lord, if to the ground downe suncke I were  
what price is in my bloud to proffett thee ?  
if thou disrobe me of th' earthes tyre I weare  
can thy great praises then be songue by mee ?

O can the mute and the untounged dust,  
 w<sup>ch</sup> in th' eternall house of death doth dwell,  
 Consumd w<sup>th</sup> wormes and ever eatinge rust,  
 ô can the dust of thy great gloryes tell?

10. O heare me then ô lord, ô lord mé heare  
 and send some mercyes, lord, some mercyes send ;  
 ô let thy saving health betymes appeare  
 and give my woes unto an happy end.
11. But thou hast turnd about my murninge songe,  
 new tuns of ioye have drowned up my sadnes,  
 and for the sacke w<sup>ch</sup> shrouded me so longe,  
 th' hast clothed my soule w<sup>th</sup> never weering gladnes.

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### RICHARD VERSTEGAN.

This learned individual, who is supposed to have been born in London, and to have died about 1635, is best known as an Antiquary, having been perhaps the first in this country to attempt that "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," concerning the manners, customs, sayings, and familiar memorials of our ancestors, of which, in our day, "Time's Telescope," the "Every Day," and "Year Books," form such popular and pleasing examples. Verstegan, however, who was a Roman Catholic, was addicted to piety, as well as to antiquities, and he published at Antwerp two or three works of a religious character; one of which was "Odes in Imitation of the VII Penitential Psalms, with Sundry other Poems and Ditties tending to devotion and piety," 8vo. 1601. In a Dedication "To the Vertuous Ladies and Gentlemen, Readers of these Ditties," the Author

states that they were written for his “owne private recreation”—but, adds he, “having by chaunce communicated them with a friend, I was not a little urged to affoord them the libertie of open view, but also perswaded to their further augmentation.” He thus concludes :—

The vaine conceits of loves delight  
 I leave to Ovid's arte ;  
 Of warres and bloody broyles to wryte  
 Is fit for Virgil's parte.  
 Of tragedies in doleful tales  
 Let Sophocles entreat ;  
 And how unstable fortune failes,  
 Al poets do repeat :  
 But unto our eternal King,  
 My verse and voyce I frame,  
 And of his Saintes I meane to sing,  
 In them to praise his name.  
 Yours, in his best endeavours,

R. V.

## PSALM XXXII.

O how much blest may they remaine,  
 That pardon for their guylt obtaine,  
 And whose great il and each offence  
 Lies hid in contryte penitence.

What happy state may hee be in,  
 To whom our Lord imputes no sin :  
 Whose conscience doth no guyle retaine,  
 That can himself beguyle againe.

I did my sinnes in sylence hold,  
 In grief whereof my bones grew old,  
 Meanwhyle my dayes in plaintes of paine,  
 Without redresse I spent in vaine.

But when, O Lord, thy heavy hand,  
 No day or night I could withstand.  
 But that in anguish overworne,  
 My conscience priekt as with a thorn.

So then, O Lord, I did begin  
To utter all my secret sin ;  
No longer list I ought conceale,  
But each injustice to reveale.

Against myself, I said, wil I  
My wrongs confesse, and faults defy,  
To thee, O Lord, O Lord to thee,  
That hast from all absolved me.

And since I thus thy mercies fynde,  
Let each of good and godly mynde,  
Approche to thee in happy tyme,  
To pray for pardon of his cryme.

For such as so do sink in sin,  
That stil they plunged lie therein,  
Unable are of thee to gain,  
What contryte sinners can obtaine.

O Lord, my refuge restes in thee,  
When troubles do envyron me,  
O free me then, my freedoms joy,  
From suche as seek me to annoy.

Great comforts, Lord, I do conceave  
Thou me thy servant wilt not leave,  
But wilt instruct and guyd me right,  
And kepe me ever in thy sight.

O ye that careless are of grace,  
Behold and see your brutish case,  
And be not as the horse and mule,  
That live devoyd of reason's rule.

And thou, O Lord, in mercies ryf,  
Voutsafe restraine their straying lyf,  
With bit and brydle make them stay,  
That unto thee wil not obey.

Since that for those of sinful trade,  
Ful many scourges there be made,  
Wel him, that doth in God repose,  
Whose mercies may his soul enclose.

Be therefore joyful in our Lord,  
 All that to righteousnesse accord,  
 Let each with gladnesse bear his parte,  
 That hath a pure and perfect harte.

All glory bee, O Lord, to thee,  
 And to thy Sonne in like degree ;  
 As also to the Holy Ghoste,  
 Perpetual and enduring moste.

*Amen.*

These are remarkably smooth and easily intelligible verses ; and the original is well followed in the rendering into metre and rhyme. We must recollect too that the writer was not a Poet, but an Antiquary.

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### FRANCIS DAVISON.

Francis Davison was the eldest of the four sons of William Davison, who was Secretary of State and Privy Counsellor to Queen Elizabeth—a man who, for wisdom and integrity, was behind none other of his time, and whose unmerited ill-treatment by his Sovereign, forms, next to her execution of Mary Queen of Scots, with which he was intimately connected, one of the darkest stains on her character. To N. H. Nicolas, Esq., who has so generously done justice to the memory of the ill-treated Secretary, we are indebted for nearly all we know of the Poet—and that is very little. He was born about 1575, became in due course a member of Gray's Inn, had the Queen's licence to travel for three years, and in 1602 published the "Poetical Rhapsodie," containing a collection of Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals,

Epigrams, Pastorals, Eclogues, and other Poems, many of which were written by himself and his brother Walter, but the greater part by miscellaneous Authors: as a collection of Elizabethan poetry, the Work has always been highly thought of, and has gone through repeated editions. It is not, however, in the Work above-named, that we find the Psalms attributed to Francis Davison. Among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, there is a copy of "Divers selected Psalms of David (in verse,) of a different composure from those used in the Church. By Fra. Davison, Esq., deceased, and other gentlemen."

In the first page of the MS. alluded to, which is in 8vo., 113 pages, and numbered 6920, occurs the following complimentary "Introduction to as many of the Psalms as are of Mr. Francis Davison's composure," by W. Bagnall:—

These Psalms, so full of holy meditation,  
Which David sung by heavenly inspiration,  
Our souls, by as divine an imitation,  
Ravish and bless anew in this translation.  
Cease not this holy work, but one by one,  
Chant o'er these heavenly hymns, which may be done  
In divine measures, as they are begun,  
Only by David's self, or *David's Son!*

It is supposed that Francis Davison was a dependent on the Court, and died about 1621. Speaking of the "Poetical Rhapsody," and in allusion to the uncertain fate of its accomplished compiler, a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, (Nov. 1817,) remarks:—"It is not easy to guess how it could have happened that a man of Francis Davison's talents and acquirements should have gone to his grave

without having left to posterity any other traces of his existence than this single literary present. The ardour of mind which is an inseparable ingredient of poetical power, is almost always accompanied by ambition, or at least a strong love of fame. It was not the world's insensibility to this production which blighted his hopes and destroyed his spirits: for this was certainly well received and very popular. In the present day, it is scarcely possible that such a man could have died utterly unnoticed." The "other gentlemen" referred to are Christopher Davison, brother of the foregoing; Joseph Bryan and Richard Gipps. The following verses by Francis Davison, shew a practised hand:—

## PSALM XIII.

Lord, how long, how long wilt thou  
 Quight forget and quight neglect me?  
 How long, with a frowning brow,  
 Wilt thou from thy sight reject me?

How long shall I seeke a way  
 Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,  
 Where my griev'd mind, night and day,  
 Is with thinking tried and vexed!

How long shall my scornful foe  
 (On my fall his greatness placing)  
 Build upon my overthrowe,  
 And be grac'd by my disgracing!

Heare, O Lord and God, my cries;  
 Mark my foe's unjust abusing;  
 And illuminate mine eies,  
 Heavenly beams in them infusing!

Lest my woes too great to bear,  
 And too infinite to number,  
 Rock me soone, 'twixt hope and fear,  
 Into Death's eternal slomber.



Lest my foes their boasting make,  
 Spight of right on him we trample!  
 And in pride of mischief take,  
 Heartned by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure  
 At thy mercie's sacred anchor,  
 And undaunted will endure  
 Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These blacke clowdes will overflowe,  
 Sun shine shall have his returning;  
 And my grief-dull'd heart, I knowe,  
 Into mirth shall change his mourning.

Therefore I'll rejoyce, and sing  
 Hymnes to God in sacred measure,  
 Who to happie passe will bring  
 My just hopes, at his good pleasure!

### CHRISTOPHER DAVISON.

This gentleman was the second son of Queen Elizabeth's persecuted Secretary, and, as well as his brother before mentioned, was a member of Gray's Inn; like him too, the time and place of his death are unknown. Nearly all that has been ascertained about him is, that in 1609 he presented a petition to Parliament relative to his claim to a situation of emolument which had been patented to his father,—and that he translated some of the Psalms, these being extant, as already mentioned, in the Harleian M.S. containing the versions by his brother Francis, and the two individuals whose name occur next in these notices.

## PSALM XV.

*Domine, quis habitabit ?*

1. Lord, in thy House, who shall for ever bide ?  
to whom shall Rest, in sacred Mount betide !
2. Ev'n unto him, that leades a life vnstained,  
doth good, and speakes the truth from heart unfayned.
3. Who with his Tongue deceipt hath never vsed,  
Nor neighbour hurt, nor slaunders, nor accus'd ;
4. Who loving good men, is from bad estranged,  
Who keepe his word (though to his losse) vnchanged.
5. To Vsvrie, who hath no Money lent,  
Nor taken Bribes against the Innocent.  
Who in this course doth constantly persever,\*  
in holy Hill (vnmou'd) shall dwell for ever.

## JOSEPH BRYAN AND RICHARD GIPPS.

I mention these two names together, as they occur in the MS. containing specimens of their verse, along with that of the brothers Davison, as noticed in the two preceding articles. Of Gipps, we know nothing more than that he has left versions of the 1st and 6th Psalms : and of Bryan, only that his name is prefixed to the Introduction to the Manuscript, of which he was probably the writer, and which contains the following, and a few other versions by himself :—

## PSALM CXLII.

1. From out the depth of Miserie, I erie  
to thee (ô Lord) and that most earnestlye,  
Praierys intermix'd with Sighes and Teares  
my Soule sends vp into thine Eares ;

\* This word is frequently so pronounced by Poets of our Author's time, and later.—Wither often uses it.

2. I pour out all my Moane  
before Thee, Thee alone,  
and for reliefe  
shew Thee my grieffe.
3. Lord, when my troubled Spirit could not rest  
for anguish of my mind, thou knewest best  
what way to help me, and didst see  
a path, through all, to set me free.  
Thy ffoes, and mine doe lay  
Suares for Me, in my way  
and privilie  
in Ambush lie.
4. I look'd on everie side, but I could see  
none y<sup>t</sup> would know, and much lesse succour Me ;  
My Frends revolted totally,  
on whom I vsed to rely ;
5. All waies to scape, by flight  
were stop'd, and shut vp quight,  
and none did care  
my Soule to spare.
6. Thus troubled ; laid in wayt for : desolate :  
enclosed round ; and thus disconsolate  
I eride to thee (ô Lord) and said,  
Thou art my Hope, my Help, my Aid,  
The Rock I build vpon,  
my Lot, my Portion,  
in this life, and  
a better Land.
7. O therefore heare my Praires attentively,  
for with contempt, and waight of misery  
My Soule doth cleave vnto y<sup>e</sup> dust,  
yet Thou (ô Lord) art all my trust.
8. O free Me by thy might  
from them, against whose spight,  
and violence  
I have no fence.
9. Lord, bring my Soule out of y<sup>e</sup> Streights & dread  
wherein my ffoes haue her imprisoned,  
Lord, loose her Bands, that for y<sup>e</sup> same  
I may give thancks to thy great Name,

And that the Righteous Men  
 may flock to Me agen,  
 and They, with Me  
 sing praise to Thee.

finis Jo. B.

The subjoined is the version of the Sixth Psalm,  
 by Gipps:—

PSALM VI.

1. Doe not correct me in thy wrath, ô God,  
 Nor in thy ffury, let me feele thy Rod.
  2. ffor I am weake, Lord pittie me therefore ;  
 Lord heale me, for my very Bones are sore.
  3. My Soule is troubled, and hath much dismai'd me,  
 but Lord, how long wilt thou forbear to aid me ?
  4. O turne againe, and me for pittie save,  
 and my poore Soule deliver from the Grave.
  5. Shall dead-mens Bones, to future Ages blaze thee ?  
 or hath the Graves wide mouth a Tongue to praise thee ?
  6. Each Night with mourning, I be-dew my Bed,  
 and with salt-teares, my Coweh is watered.
  7. My Sight growes dym : mine eies are sunck, to see  
 my ffoes reioyee, and work my Miseric.
  8. But now y<sup>e</sup> workers of Iniquite  
 the Lord hath heard my Crie : depart from me ;
  9. He heares my mournfull Lamentation  
 and will receive my Supplication ;
  10. He will confound my ffoes, and vex them all,  
 Shame and Confusion shall them be-fall.
-

## ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Alexander Montgomery—whose surname has been highly honoured in our times in the person of another bard of his country, was one of the most popular of the old Poets of Scotland. The exact periods of his birth and death are uncertain—it is probable he died about 1605. His leading compositions are “*The Cherry and the Slae*,” a prolix moral allegory, containing many beauties, and once popular; “*Flyting*,” a rhyming contest with Polwart, a brother versifier, remarkable for the coarseness of its wit; and a miscellaneous collection of spirited verses on all sorts of topics, including “*The Mindes Melodie*: Contayning certayne Psalmes of the Kinglie Prophete Daud, applyed to a new pleasant tune, verie comfortable to everie one that is rightlie acquainted therewith.” These devotional essays exhibit all the marks of a vigorous and tuneful mind—one which, entering into the spirit of the Psahnist, could clothe the majestic sentiments of the Hebrew Poet in a becoming garb of native expression: belonging to a somewhat earlier period, and to a country with its own peculiar dialect, these Scottish measures occasionally remind us of the manly tone of the fragments of Lord Bacon’s Version. That Montgomery’s talents in this line were appreciated in his day, and by the better portion of his countrymen, appears from the following clause of a record made in 1632, by the General

Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, when an attempt was made to supersede the old Psalms by the Version of King James :—“ If it had been found expedient to alter these Psalmes, Montgomerie and som uthers, principalls of English poesie in ther tymes, as they gave yr assayes of som Psalmes yet extant, so they offered to translate the whole book freilie without any price for yr paines, ather frae the publick state or privat mens purses.” In one of Montgomery’s Devotional Poems, entitled “ A Godly Prayer,” we meet with the following stanza, one of nine, all ending with the same burthen ; it is a prelude that augurs auspiciously for the hand about to touch the harp of David :—

“ Thy Spirit, my spirit to speik, with speed, inspire.  
 Help, Holy Ghost! and be MONTGOMERIE’S muse ;  
 Flie down on me in forked tongues of fyre,  
 As thou did, on thy ounge Apostills, vse ;  
 And with thy fyre me fervently infuse  
 To laud the Lord, and longer not delay.  
 My former foolish fictionns I refuse ;  
*Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.*”

All the Psalms—fourteen in number—are in the same measure : and in the subjoined specimen, the original mode of printing, the stanza has been changed, by giving the triplets, and the other short lines together, as is done by Dr. Irving in his valuable edition of Montgomery’s Poëms.

PSALM XLIII.

O Lord of grace, iudge thou my ease : from thy high place,  
 My cause reuenge against my deadlie foes.  
 From wicked traine of fraudful men that thee misken,  
 Saue me, O Lord, for I in thee rejoyse.  
 Thou art my God and aide, my strength and stay ;  
 Why go I then dismaide, in this array ?

Why shouldst thou mee reject from thee,  
 As pray to those that seek my soul to spill ?  
 Send out thy light, thy truth, and right ;  
 And guide my wayes unto thy holie hill :

Then will I to thine altar goe, not fearing foe,  
 With harp in hand, to sing thy praise for ever.  
 My God so deare, my joy and cheare, who dost me heare,  
 With readie help do now my soule deliver,  
 My soule, why dost thou freate thus in my breast,  
 With grudging grief ouer-set, not taking rest ?  
 In God most just, set all my trust ;  
 And call on him, with all thy stress and greefe.  
 I will alwayes him laude and praise :  
 He is my God, my help, my whole releefe.

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## HENRY AINSWORTH.

Among those of the Non-conforming Clergy who, in 1604, left this country, and went to reside in Amsterdam, was Mr. Ainsworth, a leader of the Brownists, or more rigid separatists. He is represented as a learned man, and appears to have been reduced to deep poverty in the land of his exile, "living," says Neal, "upon ninepence a week, and some boiled roots, and was reduced to the necessity of hiring himself as a porter to a bookseller, who first of all discovered his skill in the Hebrew language, and made it known to his countrymen." He seems to have been a fiery spirited controversialist, quarrelling with a brother Minister about points of discipline, until "at length the contest grew so hot, that Amsterdam could not hold them." His death was sudden, not without suspicion of violence: for it is

reported that "having found a diamond of great value in the streets of Amsterdam, he advertised it in print, and when the owner, who was a Jew, came to demand it, he offered him any acknowledgment he would desire; but Ainsworth, though poor, would accept of nothing but a conference with some of his Rabbies upon the prophecies of the Old Testament relating to the Messiah, which the other promised; but not having interest enough to obtain it, and Ainsworth being resolute, it is thought he was poisoned." Others say, that he obtained this conference, and so confounded the Jews, that from pique and malice, they in this manner put an end to his life. He died in 1622 or 1623, leaving, according to Neal, "an exemplary character for humility, sobriety, discretion, and unblameable virtue." His connexion, however, with the Brownists, one of the wildest of those fanatical sects, whose extravagancies under the appellation of "Fifth Monarchy Men," were so conspicuous during the Usurpation, exposed his memory to some share of the reproaches which attached to his party. Canne, a celebrated preacher among them, left this country at the Restoration, and became the head of the English Brownists at Amsterdam. The Work, from which the following specimen is taken, is entitled "The Booke of Psalmes: Englished both in Prose and Metre." It was printed at Amsterdam,\* and contains a Preface, "declaring the reason and use of the Book," from which, however, we learn little more than that the Author had "laboured by

\* The Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins continued to be used in the English Presbyterian Church at Amsterdam till 1743, when they were laid aside for Tate and Brady, and a collection of Hymns, by various Authors — *Gents. Mag. May, 1734.*



setting over into our tongue the Psalms in metre, as agreeable to the original Hebrew, as are other usual translations." The Version is accompanied with musical notes; and at the end there is a dense mass of learned annotations, which is highly spoken of by Doddridge. The only copy I have seen is in the Bodleian Library: and from it I transcribe the following Psalm, with its oddly hyphen-linked words just as I find them:—

## PSALM XXV.

1. Lift my soul Jehovah unto thee,
2. My God, in thee my trust I do repose.  
O let me not with-shame-abashed be :  
Shew-gladness over me, let not my foes.
3. Yea all that do expect-thee-earnestly,  
Shall not abashed be-with-shamefulness :  
*But* they shall be abashed-shamefully,  
That do in vain unfaithfully-transgress.
4. Thy ways Jehovah, make thou me discern :  
Thy paths, we learn-by-information.
5. Make me to tread in thy truth; and me learn :  
For thou, the God of my salvation :  
I earnestly-exspect thee, all the day.
6. Remember thy compassionate mercies ;  
And thy kind mercies, ô eternal-IAH :  
For, they *have been* even from eternities.
7. The sins of my youth and my trespasses,  
Remember not thou : *but* remember me  
Jehovah, for thy bounteful-goodness ;  
According to thy loving-kind-mercie.
8. God *is* Jehovah, righteous also :  
Therefore will he teach sinners in the way.
9. Hee will the meek, in judgment make to goe :  
And learn he will the lowly-meek his way.
10. Mercy and truth, Jehovah's paths all *are* :  
To them that keep his league and witnesses.

11. For thy name JAH: thou mercifully-spare—  
Wilt mine iniquity: for much it-is.
12. Who *is* the man, that doth Jehovah fear?  
Him will he teach, in way *that* he shall-chuse.
13. His soul, in good shall lodging persevere:  
His seed the land for-heritage-shall-use.
14. The secret of Jehovah, *he doth grant*  
To them that him with fear doe-reverance:  
Also his testamental-covenant  
To make them for to have intelligenee.
15. Mine eyes alway, vnto Jehovah *be*:  
For from the net my feet he will restore,
16. Unto me turn, and gracious be to mee:  
For I alone *am*, and afflicted-poor.
17. Distress of my heart enlarged be;  
Bring thou me forth from my vexations.
18. My trouble, and my molestation see:  
And pardon all my aberrations.
19. Behold my foes for multiplide are thay:  
And doe, with hate most violent, hate me.
20. Keep thou my soul, and rid me free-away:  
Sham'd be I not, for I doe hope in thee.
21. Keep me let righteousness in perfection:  
For: I do thee exspect—with earnestnesse.
22. O God, give Israel redemption:  
From all his straight-afflicting anguishes.

In the Library of the Inner Temple, there is a MS. 12mo. Volume of the Psalms, in various metres, from the First to the Eightieth. There is no title page, nor any information concerning the Author, or the date of the Work: but the corrections of the Poet appear, and the writing seems to belong to the early part of the 17th century. To each Psalm is prefixed an argument, and subjoined a prayer in prose. By the kindness of the late Rev. Robert

Watts, the Librarian, I have before me Psalm 24,  
which commences thus:—

Arg.m.

Of Christ to come	}	In sprite this psalme doth preach
In kingdom down		
How God will be	}	The            this do teache
In temple fre		

1. The Lord of blyss the earthe is hys  
     wth al the garnyshing  
     The world so round : he hath it found<sup>made</sup>  
     and al that dwel therin.
  
2. <sup>b</sup>*This erth* <sup>a</sup>*he cast*, on seas so fast  
     as ovyr them to stand  
     And flodds he made, for <sup>b</sup>*corne* & <sup>a</sup>*blade*  
     and eke to part the land, &c.

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HENRY DOD.

In the Cambridge University Library, there is a little book containing Metrical Versions of certain Psalms, by “H. D.” These are the initials of Henry Dod: for in another Work, we are told by this individual himself, that “having translated ix of the Singing Psalms, which were of the most difficult tunes, into easie meter fitting our common tunes, for use in myne own family, anno 1603, som godly learned friends,” induced him to give them to the press, and they were published, *cum privelegio*. Seventeen years afterward, namely, in 1620, appeared, with the

*royal privelege*, “ Al the Psalmes of David, with certene Songes and Canticles of Moses, Debora, and others, not formerly extant for Song,” &c. The book is dedicated to Mr. John Brewen, of Stapleford, and to the brother and nephew of the Author. In the Preface, he says, “ whereas it hath pleased our Sovereaign Lord the King to vouchsafe unto us so good a reformation of the Psalms in Prose, verie manie well disposed persons, have greatly desired to have the said book of Psalms reformed in meeter also : the rather, for that so manie of the people are so vnskilful in those tunes of the Psalms wherein is anie difficultie, that their pastors are enforced to omit the Psalms of such tunes, which is a grievance vnto them. Whereupon sundrie godly preachers in the countrie agreed together to procure a reformation of all ; and to move him thereto, that had formerly translated the said ix Psalms priveleged by the King.” Of this Author, or of the success of his Version, which is miserably poor, I have met with no further information, beyond the significant assertion of Wither in his “ Scholler’s Purgatory,” 1625, that “ Dod the silkman’s late ridiculous translation of the Psalms was, by authority, worthily condemned to the fire.” Why Dod’s version should have been selected for such a fate, supposing the assertion of Wither to be correct, does not appear. It was certainly no very uncommon thing, during the seventeenth century, to burn offensive books by the hands of the common hangman ; such exhibitions were witnessed both in Oxford and London. Dod’s Work is very scarce : I transcribe my specimen from a copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which contains the following note, in the

hand-writing of Hearne, the Antiquary :—" Feb. 18. 1723-4. This book I procured to-day, out of Dr. Charlette's study. The Dr. had it of Mr. Bagford, who used to speak of it as a wonderful curiosity, particularly about the Act of Parliament in meter at the end of it, done on purpose to be sung in Churches, that the conspiracy might be better remembered. Mr. Bagford and I had once a great deal of discourse—for near two hours—as we were walking in the Bodleian gallery about this book." The composition at the end of Dod's Psalms, here referred to, and which must have been a curiosity, even in the Author's day, —is the Act of Parliament enjoining a Public Thanksgiving on the Fifth of November, " Composed into easie meeter, a song meete for young and old, thereby to retrain in minde our safetic from the gunpowder treason." It has been remarked, that this is probably the only poem in the English language which begins with the word " whereas !" As a specimen of this doggrel, here is the first of the *twenty-one* stanzas :—

" Whereas Almighty God hath in  
 All ages shew'd his power  
 And mercie in miraculous  
 Standing our Saviour :  
 And gracious deliverer  
 Of Church and children dear :  
 Protecting safely Kings and States  
 Who right religious are." &c.

The reader will now be prepared to appreciate an extract from Dod's Version of the Psalter, which if it be superior to the foregoing in a single degree, that circumstance must be attributed rather to the inextinguishable beauty of the sacred text, as com-

pared with the phraseology of an Act of Parliament, than to the skill of the versifier of either.

## PSALM CXXVII.

The vertue of Gods blessing. 2. The vaine conceipt of worldlings. 6. Children are Gods gift.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vaine that build it : except the Lord keep the citie, the watchman waketh but in vaine.</p> | <p>1. Except the Lord the house doe build, the builders worke in vaine.<br/>Except the Lord the citie keepe, the watchman wakes in vain.</p> |
| <p>2. It is vaine for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eate the bread of sorrowes : for so he giueth his beloved sleepe.</p>              | <p>2. It's vaine for your to rise betyme : to sitt vp late, to eate the bread of greefes : for so he giues, to his beloved sleepe.</p>       |
| <p>3. Loe children are a heritage of the Lord : and the fruit of the wombe is his reward.</p>   | <p>3. Loe, children are a heritage, proceeding of the Lord : And fruit descended of the wombe is onely his reward.</p>                       |
| <p>4. As arrowes are in the hand of a mighty man : So are children of the youth.</p>  | <p>4. As arrowes strong are in the hand of anie myghtie man, So youth well taught lyke helpfull are, growne up of yong children.</p>         |
| <p>5. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them, they shall not be ashamed : but they shall speake with the enemies in the gate.</p>     | <p>5. O happie is that man that hath his quiuer full of those, They shall not be asham'd to speake in gate with al their foes.</p>           |

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 KING JAMES I.

The identification of the name of one of the Sovereigns of Great Britain, with the execution of a Metrical Version of the Psalms, forms a curious incident in our literary history : and it comes espe-

cially within the scope of these pages, not only to record the fact, but to examine the evidence on which it rests. The resistance made by the General Assembly, to the authoritative introduction of the Psalms of King James into the Kirk of Scotland, in 1632, has been mentioned in the Introduction to this Work. How lively an interest his Majesty took in the matter of Psalmody, at an earlier period, may be seen from the following extract from Spotswood, relative to a meeting of the General Assembly, in 1601. The entry of the motion on the subject in the Assembly's books stands thus:—"Anent ye Translation of ye Psalmes in meeter. It is ordainet that the same [i. e. the old version] be revisit be Mr. Robt. Pont, Minister at St. Cuthbert's Kirk, and his travels be revisit at the next Assm'lie.' Nothing, however, appears to have been done. Spotswood says:—"After this, a proposition was made for a new translation of the Bible, and the correcting of the Psalms in metre: his Majesty did urge it earnestly, and with many reasons did persuade the undertaking of the work, shewing the necessitie and the profit of it, and what glory the performing thereof should bring to this Church: speaking of the necessity, he did mention sundry escapes in the common translation, and made it seem that he was no less conversant in the Scriptures than they whose profession it was; and when he came to speak of the Psalms, did recite whole verses of the same, shewing both the faults of the metre and the discrepance from the text. It was the joy of all that were present to hear it, and bred not little admiration in the whole Assembly, who approving the motion, did recommend the translation

to such of their brethren as were most skilled in the languages, and the revising of the Psalms particularly to Mr. Robert Pont; but nothing was done in the one or the other: yet did not the King let this his intention fall to the ground, but after his happy coming to the Crown of England, set the most learned Divines of that Church a work for the translation of the Bible; which, with great pain and singular profit of the Church, they perfected. The revising of the Psalms he made his own labour, and at such hours as he might spare from the public cares, he went through a number of them."

The authorised translation of the Scriptures now in use, was the result of a resolution of the famous Hampton Court Conference, at which James presided: and the sentiments with which the translators regarded the royal encouragement of this noble Work, may be seen in their address to the King, prefixed to our common English Bibles—and which address forms the best-merited and most enduring record of the piety and learning of the "High and mighty Prince," whose claims to the character of a Poet now demand our notice.

That James had long entertained a design to translate the Book of Psalms, appears from the Preface to "His Majesties' Poetical Exercises at Vacant Hours," published in 1591. With reference to the contents of this volume, the Royal Author thus addresses the reader:—"Rough and unpolished as they are, I offer them unto thee: which being well accepted, will move me to haste the presenting unto thee of my Apocalyps, and also such number of the Psalms as I have perfited, and encourage me to the ending of the rest." King



James died in 1625; and Bishop Williams, in the fulsome sermon which he preached on his death, and afterwards published with the title of "Great Britains Salomon," says, in allusion to the Work above-mentioned :—" This translation he was in hand with, when God called him to sing Psalms with the angels. He intended to have finished and dedicated it to the only saint of his devotion—the Church of Great Britain and that of Ireland. This Work was staid in the one and thirty Psalm."

This dedication of the fruits of royal study to the Church, which we are told the death of the learned King prevented, was, in some sort, accomplished by the filial piety of his son, who, there may be reasons for supposing, would not, had he been consulted, have recommended to the preacher the mentioning of the exact Psalm at which his father's hand stayed in his translation. Be that as it may, a volume, entitled "The Psalms of King David, translated by King James," and comprising a Metrical Version of the entire Psalter, was published at Oxford, in 8vo., 1631. It was reprinted with corrections, in London, by Thomas Harper, 1636. This edition is a folio, in black letter, and prefixed to some of the Psalms is a musical score: a copy of it, bound up with the Prayer Book, from the press of Robert Young, Edinburgh, "Printer to the King's most excellent Majesty, 1637, *cum Privelegio*," may be seen in the British Museum. The book is somewhat rare; and Harris, the Author of a volume on the Life and Writings of James, had not seen it; for he says, "in Lord Anglesey's Catalogue, I find King James' Translation of the Psalms to be sung after the old tunes, 1651; and I am assured by a learned friend,

from one who has seen it, that such a translation was published in his name, though I have not been so fortunate as to meet with it." It is probable the figures in this passage are a misprint of 1631, this being the date of the octavo edition before me; which was published with the following recommendation, prefixed to an engraved title page, representing full-length portraits of King David and King James holding up between them the Psalter—  
 "CHARLES R. Haucing caused this Translation of the Psalmes (whereof our late deare Father was Author) to be perused, and it being found to be exactly and truly done, we doe hereby authorise the same to be Imprinted according to the patent graunted thereupon: and doe allow them to be song in all the Churches of our Dominions, recommending them to all our good subjects for that effect." With such a declaration and licence, in such an age, a Psalm Book, composed by a King, and put forth "Cum Privelegio Maiestatis," might have been expected to have been received into that Church of which his Majesty was the recognised head in England: but this does not appear to have been otherwise than very partially the case: and how resolutely it was rejected in Scotland we have already seen.

Such is a brief account of the publication: but how stands the question as to the evidences of royal authorship? In the British Museum, there is a Manuscript\* in the handwriting of King James, comprising versions, more or less perfect of thirty-one Psalms: it is evidently the authority for the remark of Bishop Williams already noticed. The

\* MSS. Reg. 18, B. xvi.

numbers are not consecutive—though the Bishop appears to have taken it for granted that they were so. The autograph contains translations of Psalms i. to xxi. inclusive, with the exception of the viiith; also xix. xlvii. c.\* civ. cxxv. cxxviii. cxxxi. cxxxii. cxlviii. and cl., thirty in all.

Fair copies of the first two Psalms are affixed, in a sort of Court writing, with corrections, seemingly by his Majesty's hand: and at the foot of some others, which appear cancelled as copied, he has written, "It is insert in the blew buik." The following specimens are from the royal autograph, and the printed work:—

## PSALM XXIX.

Ye princes sonnes yeild to the lorde  
 yeild him all force & gloire  
 & yeild to him the honoure deu  
 unto his name thair foire  
  
 inelyne & bou youre selfis adoune  
 adore iehoua great  
 qwho sittis most gloriously upon  
 his throne and holy seat

\* This Psalm is unfinished, and affords a curious illustration of his Majesty's mode of composition and of finding rhymes: he appears to have been aiming at a Sonnet, and the series of terminations of fragments of lines remind us of the French method of *Bouts rimés*.

"Indwellers of the earth reioice in God  
 with glaidnes him adore  
 With singing eum in his sicht abroad  
 & now iehova thairfore  
 to be the God of glorie  
 quho creat us to be  
 his people flok & storo  
 us ways ourselves maid wo  
 Crossed out [beleve not that no more]  
 Then all agree to praise & chant his name  
 with musike sweet and schill  
 And so we will at his portes do the samo  
 & in his temple still  
 Chant him & bless iehovas name with praiso  
 Qwhose merey & truth all ages laistes allwayes."

the noyee of god on watteris ringis  
 & makis a woundrouse sound  
 strong gloriouse god-doth thunder his noyee  
 on watteris that abound

the noyee of god cummis semely furth  
 his noyee cummis furth with micht  
 iehouas noyee the cedres breakis  
 euin liban cedres uicht

& makis thaim as a calfe to skipp  
 trudge liban Sirion eik  
 lyke to the faune of unicornis  
 will leape qwhen he doth speik

his noyee makis uildernessis murue  
 & quenclis flammes of fyre  
 euen the desertis of Kades large  
 may not abyde his yre

iehouas uoice makis hyndes to calve  
 & bareis the forrestis grene  
 bot in his temple all his gloire  
 he shouis & makis be sene

iehoua sate in the deluge  
 & sittis a king for aye  
 he also to his people giuis  
 the force thay haue alluaye

the same iehoua great doth blesse  
 his people uell belouid  
 with great tranquillitie & peace  
 pray it be not remonid.

fnis. D. R. S.

PSALM XXIX.

1. Give freely to the Lord, all ye that doe excell in might :  
 give glory to the Lord, and strength, as due to him of right.
2. Give him the glory of his name, and (humbly bowd) afford,  
 in beauty of true holinesse, due honour to the Lord.
3. The Lords voice on the waters is, the God of glory blest  
 doth thunder, and the Lord doth too, on many waters rest.
4. The Lords voyee powerfull is, and doth in majestic exceed.
5. It Cedars breaks, the Lord breaks them that Lebanon doth  
 breed.

6. He makes them likewise like a Calfe to skip, though firm they stood :  
even Lebanon and Schirion too, like Unicorns yong brood.
7. The Lords voyce parts the flames of fire, and doth the desart shake;
8. The wilderness of Kadesh oft to shake the Lord doth make.
9. The Lord his voyce makes hinds to calve, and makes the forrests bare :  
and in his Temple every one, his glory doth declare.
10. The Lord doth sit upon the floods, the Lord for ever raignes.
11. The Lord will give his people strength, and blesse with peace their pains.

It will be difficult to perceive any other resemblance between the foregoing Versions, than that which would result from the labour of two different individuals, who should render the same Psalm into verse quite independently of each other ; any supposition that the difference could have been created during the process of transcription from the rough draft to the “blew buik,” by the same Author, would be absurd. It remains, therefore, that we resort to the true solution of the difficulty. Brown, in his Introduction to the authorised Scotch Version, says, “King James VI. revised a great number of the Psalms, and left the rest to the care of William Alexander of Menstrie, Earl of Stirling.” Boyd, indeed, attributes the Version to the old Scottish Poet, without naming the King at all. “Within these few days,” says he, “came to my hand the judgment [on his own Version] of an old reverend Pastour, who hath suffered much for the cause of Christ: when *the Lord of Stirling’s* Psalms were to be brought in by the Bishops, among nine reasons partly from poetical terms, partly from obscurity, this was one:—‘The Papists cast in the teeth of the

Professors in France, that they sing the Psalms translated in meeter by *Clement Marot*, a Courtly Gentleman,' &c. I can well testifie this to be of truth, for I frequently did hear such scornful givings in that land where I had mine abode neer the space of 16 yeers."

It need scarcely be more than mentioned here, that James I. was the Author of various pieces in prose and verse, besides these Apocryphal Psalms—the entire works of his Majesty, with such exception, having been published in folio by the Bishop of Winchester. That these were entirely the production of the King's own pen has scarcely been either denied or doubted. He can hardly, however, be acquitted in the matter before us, of having endeavoured, on whatever conditions, to appropriate the credit of poetical skill far superior to his own. He has been called a pedant, not without reason, it is admitted; but the reproach has been often taken up against him by many, who have had but a small share of his undoubted learning. His fondness for the adulation as for the reputation of literature was not less apparent; no British Sovereign, with the exception of Queen Elizabeth, having received more of the incense of compliment from genius than King James. As an appropriate close to this perhaps somewhat overlong notice, may be given a quotation from the "silver-tongued Sylvester," who, in his translation of the "Divine Weeks and Works" of Du Bartas, which he has dedicated to King James I. in various fantastic forms of flattery, thus alludes in "The Fourth Day," to

" King-David's TROPHIES, and triumphant reign :  
His heavenly Harp-SKILL (in King James renewd)."

" And so behold, towards the farthest North,  
 Ah see, I see vpon the banks of FORTH  
 (Whose force-full stream runs smoothly serpentine)  
 A valiant, learned, and religious King,  
 Whose sacred Art retuneth excellent  
 This rarely sweet celestial Instrument :  
 And David's Truthman, rightly doth resound  
 (At the Worlds end) his eloquence renown'd.  
*Dombarton's Clyde* stands still to hear his voice.  
 Stone-rowling *Tay* seems thereat to rejoice :  
 The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Loumond-Lake*,  
 After his sound their lusty gambols shake :  
 The (Trees-brood) Bar-geese mid th' *Hebridian* waue,  
 Vnto his Tune their far-flown wings doo waue,  
 And I myself with my pied plaid a-slope  
 With Tune-skild foot after his Harp doo hop."\*

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## THE EARL OF STIRLING.

The name of the Earl of Stirling, however long and justly renowned in the rank of Scottish Poets, has not been directly identified with versifiers of the Psalms by general biographers. It is equally a fact, that there is no direct and authoritative proof in his published poems, of his having laboured in this department of our literature : nevertheless, the evidence from other sources, is so conclusive, that no doubt can reasonably remain of the noble Poet having had at least a large hand in the Work usually attributed to King James.

\* It is probably to this passage that Bishop Hall refers, when he says :—  
 " Our worthy friend, Mr. Sylvester, hath shewed me how happily he hath sometimes turned from his *Bartas*, to the sweet Singer of Israel."—*Letter to Cholmondeley*.

William Alexander, commonly called, of Menstrie, from the place of his nativity and residence, was born in 1580. At an early age, he became a lover, a poet, and an accomplished gentleman—his learning recommending him at the Court, and to the favour of James I. He subsequently published a collection of Sonnets, and three dramatic pieces of a severe and philosophical character. The next production of his muse was “Dooms Day,” a sacred Poem which was much applauded by his contemporaries. The favour which the philosophical Poet had found in the estimation of King James, was continued by Charles the First, who created him one of the first Knights Baronet of Nova Scotia, of which Colony, and the other British Plantations, he had printed a “Discourse.” In 1626, having held some previous offices, Sir William was appointed Secretary of State for Scotland; and four years afterwards, created a Peer of that kingdom, by the title of Viscount Stirling. After filling his various high offices with “universal reputation,” he died in 1640, having three years before published a new edition of his principal Works, namely:—1. The *Four Monarchic Tragedies*; 2. *Doomsday*; 3. The *Parænesis*, or Instruction to *Prince Henry*; and 4, The first book of *Jonathan*, an Heroic Poem. Sir John Davis, of Hereford, panegyrising our Author in the style of the times, applauds him as having made himself in his writings, especially his tragedies, “a Sovereign even over Monarchs; and thinks Alexander the Great had not gained more glory with his sword, than this Alexander had acquired with his pen.” Drayton calls him “My Alexander,” and Drummond corresponded with him as a friend. Although none



of his poems are much read at present, they nevertheless merit, in many respects, the character which has been given to them, of "brave and lofty—so like his mind was his muse." It remains to adduce the evidence, additional to the hints already given, upon which this notice of the Earl of Stirling finds a place in these pages. In this matter, I am under obligations not only to the printed information, but to the personal kindness of the Rev. Dr. Lee, the present distinguished Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

In a pamphlet written by Dr. Lee, and privately printed at Edinburgh, in 1826, the Author after referring to the "Licence" granted Dec. 28, 1627, to Sir William Alexander, to print the Psalms of King David, translated by King James, for the space of 31 years, says:—"It is well known that he (Sir W. A.) was translator of most of the Psalms, in the collection ascribed to King James; and that the alterations made in those Psalms, in the successive editions subsequent to the death of the King, metamorphosed them so completely as to have made them quite a new book."\* Dr. Lee then refers particularly to the edition printed in London by Thomas Harper, in 1636; and to some other circumstances, as grounds for the foregoing conclusion. But, as he justly remarks, in the letter with which he kindly favoured me on the subject—"There is no occasion for entering into detail, as it is expressly

\* Additional Memorial on Printing and Importing Bibles, containing remarks on the answers of Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart., and J. Bruce, Esq., to the Petition of George Buchan, Esq., and others; with a continuation of the Appendix to the former Memorial, for the use of Council only. By John Lee, D.D. LL.D. F.R.S.E., a Member of the Edinburgh Bible Society." Edin. 8vo. 1826.

asserted by the Bishop of Lincoln, who preached the Funeral Sermon, that the King was in hand with the translation of the Church Psalms, which he *intended* to have *finished*—but that ‘the Work was stayed in the one and thirty Psalm.’ According to the testimony of a man much in King James’s confidence, it thus appears, that the greatest number which could be claimed for the King, was about one-fifth of the whole; and even this fifth part bore very little resemblance to what was afterwards printed.” How little was this resemblance the reader has already seen.

Dr. Lee adverts to the account previously given of the meeting of the General Assembly, held at Burntisland, in 1601, when, according to Spotswood, King James took so striking a part in the discussions relative to New Versions of the Scriptures, and the Psalms in metre, determining, as we have seen, to make the revision of the latter, “his own labour; and at such hours as he might spare from the public cares, went through a number of them, commending the rest to a faithful and learned servant, who hath therein answered his Majesty’s expectation.”

It is evident that King James had set his heart on the completion of a Version of the Psalms, which, in furtherance of his views to a uniformity of Church Service in both Kingdoms, might supersede those which were then in use. The “faithful and learned servant” alluded to by the historian as thus associated with his Majesty, was Sir William Alexander, who, in a letter to William Drummond, of Hawthornden, the celebrated Poet, 18th April, 1620, says:—“Brother, I received your last letter, with the Psalm you sent, which I think very well

done ; I had done the same long before it came ; but He [King James] prefers his own to all else ; tho' perchance, when you see it, you will think it the worst of the three. No man must meddle with that subject, and, therefore, I advise you to take no more pains therein."\* Drummond took the advice.

As already stated, James did not live to see the Psalms finished, the pseudo Royal Version having been first printed under the sanction of his son and successor to the British Throne, Charles the First. It appears from an article in the Miscellanies of the Bannatyne Club, with which I have been favoured, that various letters on the subject of this translation of the Psalms are found to be contained in Sir William Alexander's "Register of Letters." They evince the great anxiety of Charles I. to have his father's Version received in all the Churches of his dominions. The earliest letter is the following, addressed to "The Archbishop of St. Andrewis"—the royal epistle is a curious document in its way :—

"Whereas it pleased our late dear father of famous and eternall memorie, considering how imperfect the Psalmes in Meetter presentlie vsed ar, out of his zeal to the glorie of God, and for the good of all the Churches within his dominions, To translate them of new, Therfor, as we have geven commandment to our trustie and weilbeloved Sr. William Alex<sup>r</sup>. Knycht to consider and rewev the meeter and poesie thairof, So our plesour is, that yow and some of the most learned divynes in that our Kingdom confer them with the originall text, and with the most exact translations, and thairefter certifie back your opinions vnto us concerning the same, whether it be fitting that they be published and sung in churches, instead of the old translation, or not ; To the intent that we may neglect nothing so much importing the memorie of our said late father ; and far

\* Drummond's Works, Edin. 1711. folio. p. 151.

less if yow find that it may tend to the advancement of the glorie of God: and so recomending the samyne to your earnest care, We bid, &c. -Windsore, 25th August, 1626."

There are extant other letters on the subject, addressed to the English Archbishops, and the Bishops of Scotland and of Ireland. It would appear that some of the Divines at least, not only undertook the collation of the work as required, but concurred in approving it; for under date of Dec. 1634, the King writes to the Privy Council of Scotland, expressing his "being now fully resolved of the exactness" of the translation, and informing them, "It is our pleasure (seeing we have already given ordours for ane Impression of that translation), that yow give present ordour in such manner as is requisite that no other Psalmes of any edition whatsoever be either printed hereafter within that our Kingdome, or imported thither, either bound by themselves or otherways, from any forrayne parts." Here no penalty is mentioned; but in a similar injunction under the same date, to the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, it is added, "that no Psalmes bookes in meeter of the old translation be printed or brought in, under the pane of confiscation of ther bookes and punishment of ther persons." The Royal injunction and the Royal Version were both disregarded.\* Well does the Bannatyne Editor remark, that, "had this object been successful, the exclusive

\* Whether those scruples of the Scottish people against the English Liturgy, which were ultimately embodied in so fearful a form of resistance in the "Solemn League and Covenant," might have been conciliated by address, or overpowered by authority, had the happy moment for either course been adopted, is not for me to enquire or decide. Lawson, in his life of Archbishop Laud, contends for the latter conclusion. Whichever difference there may be in the reasoning on the subject, the irrational violence of the first overt act of resistance on the part of the congregation of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, on Sunday, July 22, 1637, admits of no dispute.

privilege granted to Sir W. Alexander, for the space of thirty-one years, of printing this Version, would have proved very lucrative."

From the foregoing evidence, it appears abundantly conclusive that the entire execution of the Version which was published in the name of King James, beyond thirty-one Psalms, devolved upon Sir William Alexander, who likewise revised and greatly altered even what his Majesty had done. Of the amount and value of this latter service sufficient proof has been given: yet I cannot forbear adding from the Bannatyne transcript, the following comparison of the first stanza of Psalm cxlviii. in the Manuscript, with that of the Printed Edition:—

1. Sing laude vnto the Lord  
Heavens Indwelliri's, I say  
To do the same accord  
In places hie and stay
2. And so alwayse—ye Angellis all  
Great hostes and tall—Jehoua prayse.

MS.

1. From heavens harmonious sounds  
give praise vnto the Lord:  
And in the parts most high,  
to him due praise afford.
2. And praise him most—you Angells pure:  
His praise procure—all you his hoast.

Edit. Oxford. 1631.

The London edition of 1626, exhibits still further alterations, sufficient to prove that the Version underwent at least a third revisal, by some one; but whether this was the work of the Earl of Stirling cannot be ascertained. He seems at least to have continued to interest himself in the Work.\* In a

\* Bannatyne Miscel. p. 249.

letter, addressed to the Bishop of Rosse, he complains of Young, the printer of the Service-Book, as “the greatest knave” that ever he dealt with, and says, “I hope my Sonne will take such a course with your advice concerning the Psalmes as shall be fitt, to whom I referre the same. 17 Feb. 1636.”

The following Psalm is a fair specimen of the version which, after what has been said, must be attributed to the Earl of Stirling. The lines, it will be seen, contain fourteen syllables each, a graceful and fluent measure much in use with some of our elder Poets, and often differing from the half-rhymed modern common metre, chiefly in the form of printing the verse, and the place of the pause, as will be apparent from the manner in which I have broken into four lines, the closing couplet of the original :—

PSALM LXIII.

1. O God, thou art my God, and shalt be early sought by me ;  
my soul doth thirst, my flesh doth long in dry parch'd  
lands for thee.
2. The greatnesse of thy mighty power, and glory so to see,  
as in thy Sanctuary earst thou hast been seen by me.
3. Because thy loving kindnesse, Lord, then life is far more  
worth,  
my lips shall alwaies be employed, to sound thy praises forth.
4. Thus I will bless thee evermore, while as I life enjoy,  
in thy most holy name I will lift up my hands with ioy.
5. My soule shall as with marrow, and with fatnesse pleased be,  
and then my mouth with ioyful lips, shall give due praise  
to thee.
6. When layd upon my bed I still remember thee aright,  
and meditate on thee, even in the watches of the night.
7. Because that unto me a helpe thou hast been heretofore,  
still in the shadow of thy wings, I will rejoyce therefore.

8. My soul with care most earnestly doth follow after thee ;  
 for thy right hand (a pillar strong) upholdeth alwaies me.
9. But those that to destroy my soule, and bent to seek it so,  
 into the very lower parts of all the earth shall goe,
10. They by the cruell sword at last, shall violently fall ;  
 and unto subtile foxes they shall be a portion all.
11. Yet shall the King in God rejoyce,  
 And all by him that sweare  
 Shall glory, and their mouths be stop'd,  
 That lying not forbear.

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### LORD BACON.

It appears to be but little known, and probably is least so among that class of readers who are best acquainted with the leading prose compositions of the Author, that the great Lord Bacon himself paraphrased several of the Psalms : and moreover, that this poetical experiment of his Lordship's, reflects no discredit on that reputation for profound ethical disquisition which must always accompany his name. The metrical paraphrases of Bacon, so far as they have fallen under the inspection of the writer of this notice, are not at all adapted to be sung : but as poetical essays, embodying important and divinely inspired sentiments, the transfusion of which into rhyme has so frequently engaged geniuses of every grade, they can scarcely be read without interest by any one—nor by persons interested in this species of composition, without wishing—if not that the same hand had completed the series, at least that these pious remains of the philosophic Author had been more numerous. In some of the Psalms, par-

ticularly where the heroic measure is adapted, the lines occasionally move with a Miltonic stateliness; while the specimens generally exhibit in a high degree that rare excellence of paraphrastic verse—an amalgamation of the sentiments of the original work with the diction of the translator. The “fine gold” of David is so thoroughly melted down with the “refined silver” of Bacon, that the mixture shews nothing of “alloy,” but a metal, greater indeed in bulk, and differing in colour from either of its component elements, yet exhibiting, at the same time, a lustre wholly derived from the most precious of them. It is too often otherwise with metrical renderers even of sacred poetry: their compositions are perhaps cast in a beautiful mould; but so little has the spirit of the artist been able to fuse the exotic materials, that almost every particle of the original “shekel of the sanctuary,” might sometimes be picked out of the “brass, lead, or iron,” with which it has been mixed—not amalgamated. The following is Lord Bacon’s paraphrase of

## PSALM XC.

O Lord thou art our home, to whom we fly,  
 And so hast always been from age to age:  
 Before the hills did intercept the eye,  
 Or that the frame was up of earthly stage,  
 One God thou wert, and art, and still shalt be;  
 The line of time it doth not measure thee.

Both death and life obey thy holy lore,  
 And visit in their turns as they are sent;  
 A thousand years with thee they are no more  
 Than yesterday, which, ere it is, is spent:  
 Or as a watch by night, that course doth keep,  
 And goes and comes unwares to them that sleep.\*

\* There are not in the whole range of English poetry two finer or statelier stanzas than these, either in style or sentiment. The first is absolutely perfect.



Thou carry'st man away as with a tide :

Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high :  
Much like a mocking dream that will not bide,

But flies before the sight of waking eye ;  
Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain,  
To see the Summer come about again.

At morning fair, it musters on the ground ;

At ev'n it is cut down, and laid along :  
And though it spared were, and favour found,  
The weather should perform the mower's wrong :  
Thus hast thou hang'd our life on brittle pins,  
To let us know it will not bear our sins.

Thou bury'st not within oblivion's tomb

Our trespasses, but enterest them aright ;  
Ev'n those that are conceived in darkness' womb,  
To thee appear, as done by broad daylight :  
As a tale told, which sometimes men attend,  
And sometimes not, our life steals to an end.

The life of man is threescore years and ten,

Or if that he be strong, perhaps fourscore ;  
Yet all things are but labour to him then,  
New sorrows still come on, pleasures no more.  
Why should there be such turmoil and such strife,  
To spin in length this feeble line of life ?

But who considers duly of thine ire ?

Or doth the thoughts thereof wisely embrace ?  
For thou, O God, art a consuming fire :  
Frail man, how can he stand before thy face ?  
If thy displeasure thou dost not refrain,  
A moment brings all back to dust again.

Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,

Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply ;  
For that which guides man best in all his ways  
Is meditation of mortality.

This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,  
Teach us to consecrate to hour of death.

Return unto us, Lord, and balance now,

With days of joy, our days of misery ;  
Help us right soon, our knees to thee we bow,  
Depending wholly on thy clemency :

Then shall thy servants both with heart and voice,  
All the days of their strife in thee rejoice.

Begin thy work, O Lord, in this our age  
Show it unto thy servants that now live ;  
But to our children raise it many a stage,  
That all the world to thee may glory give.  
Our handy work likewise, as fruitful tree,  
Let it, O Lord, blessed, not blasted be.

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### SIR EDWIN SANDYS.

There is considerable doubt as to which of two individuals, both bearing the above designation, the following work is to be attributed:—" Sacred Hymns: consisting of Fifti Select Psalms of David and others, paraphrastically turned into English verse. And by Robert Tailour set to be sung in five parts, as also to the Viole, and Lute or Orph-arion. Published for the use of such as delight in the exercise of Music in hir [*sic*] original honour." London, 1615. 4to. pp. 316. The foregoing is a transcript of the title-page of the work in the Library at Lambeth: it is ascribed to "Sir E. S." in a MS. note by Bishop Percy—neither these initials, nor the name at full, so far as I am aware, being found printed in any of the copies. The question is, whether the paraphrast, who has been content to leave his claim in such a state of uncertainty, was Sir Edwin Sandys, the second son of the venerable Archbishop of York, or another individual of both his names, but of whom much less is known, who lived at Latimers, in Buckinghamshire. Sir Edwin Sandys, the son of the Prelate, was an elder brother of the accomplished

traveller and Poet, who is the subject of an ensuing notice : like him too, he had visited foreign countries, was a man of parts, and an Author : but there appears no evidence that he courted the muses, except in so far as his claim to the " Sacred Hymns," can be admitted as such. It will be seen from the following specimen, that the question of Authorship can derive little interest from the merit of the work. Sir Edwin died in 1629, leaving five sons, all of whom, except one, it is said, adhered to the Parliament during the civil wars, though their father had been favoured and knighted by James I.

## PSALM CXXVIII.

O Blessed they, whose humble harts  
True fear of powër\* divine endues :  
Religious soule, that ne're departs  
From way which blisful life renues.

O Blessed man ! thy ioys abound :  
Thyn house thy cheerful hands shall rear :  
And labours iust, with blessing ound,  
Shall feeding fruit still plentëous fear.

Thy wife, a vine on wall dissprede,  
In fruitful love hast ioious met :  
Thy children sweet in vertu bred,  
Fair olive plants, thy boord beset.

So thus God's fear thus gracèd shall be :  
From Sion deer thee God shall bless :  
And quiet home shall plenti see ;  
And life contented long possess.

That all thy days delighted ey  
Jerusalem's great weal may vieu :  
And wasting life itself espy  
In children's children to renue.

\* The circumflex is used throughout the version, for getting rid of superfluous syllables. It may be mentioned that the musical portion comprehends twelve tunes, to one or other of which every Psalm is assigned by a table.

O thankful then Gods love adore ;  
 Stil rightçous life with care maintain :  
 So happi long maist thou endure ;  
 So peace to Israël long remain.

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### JOHN VICARS.

Vicars was an enthusiastic Calvinistic writer, who was born in London in 1582, and died in 1652. "In the beginning of the civil wars," says the Oxford Historian, "he shewed himself a forward man for the Presbyterian cause, hated all people that loved obedience, and did asright many of the weaker sort and others, from having any agreement with the King's party, by continually inculcating into their heads strange stories of the wrath of God against the Cavaliers." He was a learned man, and published a variety of books, including a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, the *Parliamentary Chronicle*, "Decapla in Psalmos," or specimens of Psalms in twenty languages. Most of his Works are characterised by those quaint titles, and by that violence of expression, in which the polemical writers of the beginning of the seventeenth century too commonly indulged. As a specimen, the following is the title of one of Vicars's pieces :—"Colmanstreet Conclave visited ; and that grand Imposter, the Schismatic's Cheater-in-Chief, (who hath long slyly lurked therein), truly and duly discovered ; containing a most palpable and plain display of Mr. John Goodwin's self-conviction, (under his own hand-writing), and of the notorious heresies, errors,

malice, pride, and hypocrisy, of this most huge Garagantua in falsely pretended piety, to the lamentable misleading of his too-credulous soul-murdered proselytes of Coleman-street, and elsewhere; collected principally out of his own big-braggadocio, wave-like, swelling and swaggering writings, full fraught with six-footed terms, and fleshly rhetorical phrases, far more than solid and sacred truths, and may fitly serue, (if it be the Lord's will) like Belshazzzer's hand-writing on the wall of his conscience, to strike terror and shame into his own soul and shameless face, and to undeceive his most miserably cheated and enchanted, or bewitched followers. Lond. 1648.\* The object of this infamous publication, the Rev. John Goodwin, was a man as much superior in theological learning, solid piety, and Christian temper to Vicars, as the latter was pre-eminent in vituperation and self-conceit. The notoriety acquired by our fiery polemic has secured for him the unenvied distinction of a place in "Hudibras." Butler, addressing his Muse, says:

"Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,  
Didst inspire Wither, Prynne, and Vicars;  
And teach them, though it were in spight  
Of Nature, and their stars, to write," &c.

His name also occurs in the political ballads of the interregnum: in one published 1647, we are told that

Dub-dapper Sydroch Sympson now  
Like unto Simia flickers;  
A deep and dread revenge doth vow  
On the Schoolmaster Vicars.

\* The crime of the individual, in chastisement of whom the Work bearing this bombastical title was written, was that of preaching and writing against Calvinism, and tasting Sack Posset! The reader who wishes to know more of him may consult the "Life of John Goodwin," by the Rev. Thomas Jackson.

Simpson was an Independent, Vicars a Presbyterian ; he was " Schoolmaster " of Christ's Hospital, London.

Vicars did not confine his satirical vein to prose ; nor was his verse always displayed in biting moods ; for besides other things, he published, in 1631, " England's Hallilujah for Gods Gracious Benediction ; with some Psalms of David in verse." These Psalms are specified in the note ;\* some of them are, after the fashion of the age, applied to contemporaneous events. Psalm 123 is " Paraphrased by way of thanksgiving for the great deliverances from the Papist Powder Plot.

King David against the Philistims ; (*sic*)  
King James against the Antichristians."

The following is a characteristic specimen of our Author's versification :—

PSALM CV.

1.

O laud the Lord with Invocation,  
Amidst his holy Congregation  
Shew forth his works, set forth his Fame,  
Sing praise, sing praise unto his name,  
And let the Heart, and Tongue and Voice,  
Of them that love the Lord rejoice.

2.

O seeke the Lord our God eternall,  
O seeke and search his Power supernall ;  
O seeke and sue to come in sight  
Of his most lovely Beauty bright ;  
Of his most amiable Face,  
Full of refulgent heavenly grace.

\* Ps. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15, 23, 31, 52, 53, 55, 56, 101, 103, 105, 107.

## 3.

Keepe still in due commemoration,  
 Recount with true gratification,  
     The wondrous works which God had done ;  
     By famous faets his Honour wonne ;  
 Let not his judgments just depart,  
 From your most mindful, thankful heart.

## 4.

Ye sacred sonnes regenerated,  
 Ye saint-like seed, first propagated,  
     From Abraham, God's servant deare,  
     Which him in Faith doth love & feare,  
 Ye sons of Jacob, his delight,  
 Extol the Lord's majesticke might.

## 5.

For Hee which safely us preserveth,  
 He only, of us best deserveth,  
     To be our Lord & Sovereigne blest,  
     Having apparently exprest  
 His Judgment's just, his Equity,  
 Which all the World can testifie.

## 6.

What he hath promised and protested  
 To all that in his Promise rested,  
     Even to his saints a thousand fold,  
     Which on Him with Faith's Hand lay hold,  
 Unto his everlasting praise,  
 His word he hath made good always.

## 7.

E'en that blest promise once compacted,  
 That cov'nant good, once precontracted,  
     To Abraham and Isaac's seed,  
     And so to Jacob's sons decreed,  
 And unto Israel stablisht sure,  
 To time's last period to endure.

## 8.

When in these words the Lord affirmed,  
 And (thus) to Those, his Truth confirmed ;—

Behold, I Canaan, freely give,  
 To you, and yours, therein to live ;  
 This lot of your inheritance  
 My name and Fame (there) to advance.

## 9.

And tho' the number of that nation,  
 Was yet of slender valuation,  
 Did, yet, but very small appear :  
 When (thus) his love esteemed them deare,  
 And that, beside their number small,  
 They in the Land were strangers all.

## 10.

Walking from Nation unto Nation,  
 Without all settled Habitation,  
 Now here, now there, conducted still,  
 By their all prudent Pilots will ;  
 Who suffered no man wrong to take,  
 But plag'd great Princes for their sake.

## 11.

And where they came, thus charg'd, appointed,  
 Let none offend my deare anointed,  
 Nor use my prophets spightfullie !  
 For these are precious in mine eye ;  
 Fierce Famine (then) the Lorde ore-laide,  
 Whereby their staffe of Bread decaide.

## 12.

But God, good Joseph, then ordained,  
 By whom (fore-sent) they were sustained,  
 Tho' thither, he a Slave was sould ;  
 Tho' Foes in fetters Him did hold,  
 Untill, in Heaven's appointed time,  
 God heard his cause, cleared him of crime.

## 13.

Pharao him found a Faithful Liver,  
 And him from Prison did deliver,  
 The Egyptian King was to him kinde :  
 And in him did such Wisdom finde,  
 That of his Kingdom and whole State,  
 He made him, Lord, Prince, Potentate.



## 14.

That all his Peeres might be instructed,  
 And to his Lore and lure conducted,  
 His Senators by Joseph taught :  
 Then Jacob was to Egypt brought,  
 F th' Land of Ham (then) Isaell  
 Did as a Harbour'd stranger dwell.

## 15.

His flocke, his flocke (there) fructified,  
 And to great numbers multiplied,  
 And then their foes did farre transcend :  
 Which only did their foes offend,  
 Which turned their Love to hatred great,  
 Their smiles to Guiles and slie deceit.

## 16.

Mild Moses then, the Lord elected,  
 And holy Aaron much respected,  
 Both whom to Ægypt soone he sent,  
 There to declare his great intent,  
 And in the Land of Ham, to shoue,  
 His signs and wonders to their woe.

## 17.

Darknesse, strange darknesse, his commission  
 Did them obey, with expedition,  
 And overspread all Egypt's land :  
 And by Heaven's all-ore-ruling Hand,  
 Their waters all, gore blood became,  
 And slew all Fishes in the same.

## 18.

With croaking Froggs he them infested,  
 The Land and Lodgings where they rested,  
 Not sparing Pharao's chamber neate :  
 He sent huge swarms noisome & greate,  
 Of crawling Lice and stinging Flies,  
 'Mongst their heard-hearted enemies.

## 19.

Instead of raine, Haile-stones he rained,  
 And with fierce flames of fire them bained,

And thereby totallie ore-threw  
 Vines, fig-trees, yea, all trees that grew ;  
 Their Caterpillers did abound,  
 Great Grashoppers their fruits confound.

20.

Their first-born Babes, he deadly wounded,  
 And strongest of their Land confounded,  
 Yea, ev'n the prime of all their strength,  
 And led his servants forth at length,  
 All fraught with gold or silver store,  
 Not one was feeble, faint, or poore.

21.

The Ægyptians' hearts were then revived,  
 Being of their presence (thus) deprived,  
 Such feare of them had broke their Hearte,  
 And as they thus did thence depart,  
 A Cloud by day hid them from Heate,  
 Their guide by night, a fire most great.

22.

At their request, He, Quailes down-rained,  
 With Manna sweet, their state sustained,  
 Whiles, through the Wildernesse they went,  
 And then the rigid rocke he rent,  
 From whence did floods of water flow,  
 To quench their thirst, as they did goe.

23.

For, as he ever was delighted,  
 With mindfulnessse of promise plighted,  
 So (then) the Lord did mind the same,  
 And to his everlasting fame,  
 He brought them forth with mirth and joy,  
 Whence they had lived in dire annoy.

24.

Yea, such to them was his good pleasure,  
 That all the Labours, Lands, and Treasure  
 Of heathen folke, his flock did take,  
 That they might not his Lawes forsake ;  
 But faithfully observe his Lore,  
 Oh, let us praise the Lord therefore.

## REV. GEORGE HERBERT.

This ingenious and pure-minded man, who exemplified the important character of a Parish Priest in all its beautiful simplicity at Bemerton, in Wiltshire, and whose pious demeanour won for him the appellation of "the Divine Herbert," was a Poet of some reputation in his day. His collected Poems are entitled "The Temple," and, as Montgomery remarks, "amidst innumerable conceits and quaintnesses, have a sufficient proportion of natural and beautiful thoughts, simply or elegantly expressed, to redeem them from oblivion. His piety is unquestionable, but his taste so perverted, that devotion itself is turned into masquerade throughout his writings." The exactness of this sentence alone, will prevent the admirer of Herbert's Poems from wishing it had been less rigorously just. Seven Psalms in Playford's Music Book, are attributed to Herbert, who died in 1632: they are wholly free from those peculiarities which characterise his more original compositions.

## PSALM V.

Lord, to my words encline thine ear,  
my meditation weigh:  
My King, my God, vouchsafe to hear  
my cry, to thee I pray.  
Thou in the morn shalt hear my mone,  
for in the morn will I  
Direct my prayers to thy Throne,  
and thither lift mine eye.

Thou art a God whose puritie  
 cannot in sins delight :  
 No evil, Lord, shall dwell with thee,  
 nor fools stand in thy sight.  
 Thou hat'st those that unjustly do,  
 thou slay'st the men that lie :  
 The bloody man, the false one too,  
 shall be abhorr'd by thee.  
 But in th' abundance of thy grace,  
 will I to thee draw near :  
 And toward thy most Holy place  
 will worship thee in fear.  
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
 because of all my foes :  
 And to my dym and sinful eyes,  
 thy perfect way disclose.  
 For wickedness their insides are,  
 their mouths no truth retain.  
 Their throat an open Sepulcher,  
 their flattering tongues do fain.  
 Destroy them, Lord, and by their own  
 bad counsels let them fall :  
 In height of their transgression,  
 ô Lord, reject them all.  
 Because against thy Majesty,  
 they vainly have rebell'd :  
 But let all those that trust in thee  
 with perfect joy be fill'd.  
 Yea, shout for joy for evermore  
 protected still by thee :  
 Let them that do thy name adore,  
 in that still joyful be.  
 For God doth righteous men esteem,  
 and them for ever bless :  
 His favour shall encompass them,  
 a shield in their distress.

The name of John Saltmarsh has sometimes been mentioned in connexion with early attempts at versifying the Psalms : how slight his claim must be to this distinction will be seen from the lines

quoted below. In the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a small volume, which was printed there in 1636, with the title, "Poemata Sacra Latine et Anglice Scripta." Prefixed is a Dedication to Hen. Smith, Master of Magdalen College, signed "John Saltmarsh." The book consists of Part I. Epigrams on Subjects from the Old Testament:—e. g. *In Cainum Fratricidum—In Gideonis roscidum vellus—Creatio ex nihilo.* Part II. Poems on some of the Holy Raptures of David. With a Dedication in verse by Sir Thomas Metham. Part III. The Picture of God in Man. The poems in Part II. comprise ten "Meditations," for which single verses from the Psalms are used as the text or motto. The following stanzas are curious, as illustrating that quaint and operose style of soliloquising, on sacred themes, which characterised many of the religious writers of the seventeenth century.

## MEDITAT. IX.

"He healeth the broken-hearted, and bindeth up their wounds."

Psalm 147, 3.

My heart, O Lord, is broke (nor is't a fiction)  
 In pieces (Lord) and parcels in my breast,  
 Slit with thy pow'rful thunder of affliction :  
 O heal it, Lord ; till then I take no rest.

Ah, like poore tradesmen with full shops of wares,  
 Who cannot pay for all that they have took :  
 So is my heart a shop of many cares ;  
 And I not able to discharge, I broke.

Binde up my wounds, O Lord : oh thou couldst finde  
 The linen thou shook'st from thee in thy grave ;  
 And with those clothes, Lord, thou mayst gently binde  
 And spread me plaisters too : both which I crave.

Yet while thou bind'st my wounds up, oh I see  
 Thine fresh and bleeding, yawning more than mine.  
 Lord let thy wounds lie open still to me,  
 To heal my wounds, I'll lay them close to thine.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find anything  
 in print more fantastically feeble than the subjoined  
 lines :—

MEDITAT. XI.

“The Lord looseth the prisoners.”—Psalm 156.

My soul's the pris'ner, Lord, and it doth lie  
 Shackl'd with fetters of mortalitie :  
 The prison is myself; in walls I rest  
 Dawbed with flesh; bones stead of barres : at best  
 I'm such a wretch : yet I have leave to see  
 Through this dark cell, nature hath glaz'd for me,  
 A pair of windows, thorough which I look,  
 And often cast my eyes upon that book  
 By which I must be sav'd. Lord, without doubt  
 I could soon break the prison doore, and out ;  
 But I'm afraid that my escape may draw  
 Upon my soul a sad eternall law.  
 Thou keep'st the keys my God ; and thou, I hope,  
 Wilt either with the key of sieknesse ope,  
 Or of some other fate : yet let thy keys  
 Gingle and make a noise to warn me, these  
 Prepare : shake palsies, then my pris'n, as when  
 The earthquakes which unfetter'd Peter ; then  
 I shall lesse fear. Thus all shut in a room  
 Imprison'd live, waiting the dreadfull doom.

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GEORGE SANDYS.

In 1636, this worthy man, whose travels in the  
 East are much better known than his poetry, pub-  
 lished a small folio volume, containing, besides a

Metrical Version of the Book of Job, and other Scripture pieces, "A Paraphrase vpon the Psalmes of David; set to new Tunes for Private Devotion: and a thorow Base for voice, or Instrument." The Work was reprinted, in the same size, 1638. The Music is by Henry Lawes, of the Chapel Royal; that same

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song"

won for the musician the honour of a complimentary Sonnet from Milton. These tunes were for a single voice with a bass, and were intended for private devotion.\* The Psalms, as rendered by Sandys, are justly

\* Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," iv. 50., published in 1776, says, the 72nd Psalm tune, by Lawes, "is now, and beyond the memory of men now living, has been played by the Chimes of the Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry, London." Although I did not imagine, considering the wear and tear of such machinery, that the ancient Chime-barrel had continued to revolve through another sixty years, I was anxious to learn, if possible, when it finally ceased those tunable rounds, which, for more than a century, at the hours of 4, 8, and 12 o'clock, had cheered the resident population of the Metropolis, in the vicinity of the Church above named, with the solemn music of the friend of Milton. I felt the more interest in this subject, because I had been told by an eminent musical antiquary and professor, that there was not at the present time, a single set of Chimes playing in London. Accordingly, I addressed (February, 1842) a letter of enquiry to Mr. Leach, the Churchwarden of St. Lawrence, from whose courteous communications in reply, I learn, first, that the Chimes of the Metropolitan Churches of St. Clement's, Strand, Cripplegate, and Shore-ditch, *still play*, as did some others within the last twenty years. Second, that no person, with whom my informant has conversed, recollects ever to have heard the Chimes of St. Lawrence. It is, indeed, somewhat remarkable, that, in the Churchwardens' accounts, which Mr. Leach has kindly taken the trouble to look over, from the minutes of the first vestry meeting held in 1678, on the re-edification of the Church after the Fire of London, until the year 1743, the Chimes appear never to be mentioned. About the latter date, the Clock and the Chimes, are repeatedly noticed—a Mr. Langley Bradley, having tendered to repair both, and "change the tune" of the latter, so as to play the 113th Psalm, for £35, agreeing also to "look after the same" for £8 *per annum*. In 1752, the services of the musical horologist were accepted: but if he really "changed the tune" of the Chimes, it would be difficult to reconcile such a fact to the statement of Hawkins. Be that as it may, we must believe that some tune was then played on the bells, as the artist claimed payment for his work, although the result was so little satisfactory, that after a year's trial, "it was the opinion of the vestry that Mr. Bradley had not done the Clock and Chimes any apparent service." The last allusion to the Chimes in the parish books, appears to be

declared by Montgomery to be “incomparably the most poetical in the English language—and yet they are scarcely known.” They once, however, not only enjoyed a considerable degree of reputation, but have been complimented by contemporary Authors beyond any other version. They formed the solace of the unfortunate Charles the First, while he was a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle: indeed, the volume which was at first published *Cum Privelegio Regiæ Majestatis*, was dedicated to his Majesty, as “the best of men, and most excellent of Princes; by the grace of God King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland: Lord of the Foure Seas;\* of Virginia, the vast territories adioyning, and dispersed Islands of the westerne Ocean: the zealous defendor of the Christian Faith.” Lord Falkland, in a commendatory Poem, after extolling some other of the literary merits of Sandys, says, in reference to his sacred metres:—

“ ——— yet now thou hast  
 Diverted to a purer path thy quill,  
 And changed Parnassus mount to Sion's hill:  
 So that blest David might almost desire  
 To hear his harp thus echoed by thy Lyre.”

The allusion in the third of the foregoing lines is, to the translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*, the latter being a

under 1758—at which period it would seem they still played, though probably out of order: so that whatever the tone, it seems unlikely that they should have continued to play through a further space of eighteen years, to the publication of Hawkins' book.

\* Charles was tenacious of this title to the dominion of the Seas: and the intelligent reader will recollect the importance which the King attached to Selden's book, “*Mare Clausum, seu de Dominio Maris*,” published in 1636: and which learnedly asserted the right of the Crown of England to the dominion of the British Seas.



specimen of nervous rhyme which not only induced Dryden to pronounce its Author "the best versifier of the age," but to acknowledge that had Sandys completed the work, he should not have attempted it.

The pious Richard Baxter, speaking of our Author says:—"His Scripture poems are an elegant and excellent paraphrase; but especially his Job, whom he hath restored to the original glory. O that he had turned the Psalms into metre fitted to the usual tunes! It did me good, when Mrs. Wyat invited me to see Boxley Abbey, in Kent,\* to see upon the old stone wall in the garden a Summer House, with this inscription in great golden letters, that 'IN THAT PLACE, MR. G. SANDYS, AFTER HIS TRAVELS OVER THE WORLD, RETIRED HIMSELF FOR HIS POETRY AND CONTEMPLATIONS:' and none are fitter to retire to God than such as are tired with seeing all the vanities on Earth." It would be impossible to select a Psalm from Sandys, which should not contain something of the manly vigour, or the touching simplicity of one who had visited the "Holy Land," with the feelings of a Poet and of a Christian. Mr. Conder, who reiterates Montgomery's testimony that Sandys' Version of the Psalms "discovers more true poetic feeling than any in the language," adds, that he "has rendered this sublime ode (Ps. xxix.) with spirit and energy in trochaic couplets: one of the most beautiful of our lyric measures, and susceptible of wonderful variety of effect." I cannot forbear giving the following quotation from Sandys' Version of Psalm lxxv.; the

\* Boxley Abbey, near Maidstone, noted in the history of the Reformation for its famous "Rood of Grace," was granted at the dissolution to Sir Thomas Wyat, the poet.

lines have the redolence of genuine poetry—sweet and fresh as an English cowslip-scattered meadow on a fine May morning :—

“ He raine upon Earth’s bosome powres ;  
 His swelling clouds abound with showres :  
 And so prepares the lusty soile  
 To recompense the Reapers’ toile,  
 Mellows the glebe with fatning juyee,  
 Whose furrowes hopeful blades produce :  
 With plenty crownes the smiling yeares,  
 Shed from the influence of the spheares :  
 The desert with sweet claver fills ;  
 And richly shades the joyful hills,  
 Flocks cover all the higher plaine,  
 The rancker valleyes cloth’d with graine.  
 These in abundaunce solacing  
 Without a tongue thy praises sing.”

Dr. Burney, a good judge of its rythmical execution, is said to have preferred the whole Version to every other : it is certainly the most *readable* of the whole series of English Versions ; and affords a striking illustration of a circumstance which sometimes occurs among the writers of Hymns, of a man, whose life cannot be said to have been devoted to poetry, writing under the influence of a pious ardour on sacred themes, with a degree of success, often emulated with difficulty, if not in vain, by acknowledged masters of the Lyre. Sandys died in 1643, at Boxley Abbey, the residence of his niece, Lady Wyat, and was buried in the Chancel of the Parish Church there—“ near to the door on the South Side, but hath no remembrance at all over his grave ;” though, according to Cibber, the following entry was made in the Parish Register :—  
 “ Georgius Sandys, Poetarum Anglorum, sui Sæculi

Princeps, sepultus fuit Martii 7. Stilo Anglico, Anno. Dom. 1643."

The affection which I felt for the memory of Sandys, led me to inquire whether any tradition or monument of him existed at Boxley—and I regret to learn from the information of the Minister and Churchwarden, there is neither. I was anxious to learn whether there were to be seen any remains of the "Summer House, upon the old stone wall." Lady Maria Finch, the present venerable occupant of the mansion called Boxley Abbey, and a descendent of the Wyats, kindly pointed out to my informant what she supposed to have been the most probable situation of the pious Poet's study: but it was merely a conjecture, and not founded on any tradition, for although her Ladyship is now seventy-five years of age, and has lived nearly half of that time at the Abbey, besides spending her youth only about two miles distant, she could give no other information. Moreover, I am informed by the Rev. J. D. Robertson, that the very Register containing the aforesaid mortuary memorandum is lost! Thus it appears that at Boxley—a place which may surely be said to have been honoured by the residence and by the burial of this distinguished poet and traveller, there exists neither a grave-stone, nor a traditional recollection to recall his name. If it were in my power to indulge in any effort beyond the futile munificence of wishes, a tablet with an inscription, combining in substance the sentence of the Summer House, and the record of the Register, should bear the name of George Sandys in Boxley Church. His body, however, rests in English ground, as he anticipated in some touching lines of a poem,

inscribed DEO OPT. MAX, at the conclusion of the Psalms. Referring to the surprising works of Creation, which he had seen in his travels in different countries, and thanking God for the goodness which had accompanied him, the Poet proceeds :—

“ Thy wonders in the deep have I beheld ;  
 Yet all by those on Judah’s hills excell’d ;  
 There, where the Virgin’s Son his doctrine taught,  
 His miracles and our redemption wrought ;  
 Where I, by Thee inspired, his praises sung  
 And on his sepulchre my offering hung.  
 Which way soe’er I turn my face or feet,  
 I see thy glory, and thy mercy meet.—  
 Thou broughtst me home in safety—that this earth  
 Might bury me, which fed me from my birth :  
 Blest with a healthful age, a quiet mind,  
 Content with little ; to this work design’d,  
 Which I, at length, have finish’d by thy aid,  
 And now my vows have at thy altar paid.”

I copy the following Psalm, not as being perhaps the most complimentary to the skill of Sandys, but as best adapted for my purpose : it illustrates rather his solidity of execution in the heroic couplet, than his taste in the lyric measures : the original composition, however, as it is of an historical character, and of considerable length, seems more suitably rendered for reading in this form, than for singing in some others : it is noted in the book to be sung to the tune of the 72nd Psalm, before mentioned :—

PSALM CVI.

With gratefull hearts Jehovah’s praise resound ;  
 In goodness great ; whose Mercy hath no bound.  
 What language can expresse his mighty deeds,  
 Or utter his due praise, which words exceeds !  
 Thrice blessed they, who his commands observe,  
 Nor ever from the tract of Justice swerve.

Great God, O with benevolent aspect  
 (Even with the love thou bear'st to thine Elect)  
 Behold and succour ; That my ravish'd Eyes  
 May see a period of their miseries,  
 Who Thee adore : that I may give a voice  
 To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoyce.  
 We as our Fathers, have thy grace exil'd,  
 Revolted, and our Souls with Sin defil'd.  
 They of thy Miracles in Egypt wrought,  
 So full of Fear and Wonder, never thought ;  
 Thy mercies, than their hairens in number, more ;  
 But murmured on the Erythrean shore.  
 Yet for his Honour saved them from the Foe,  
 That all the World his wondrous Power might know.  
 There the commanded Sea asunder rent,  
 While Israel through his dusty Channel went :  
 Whom He from Pharoa and his Army saves ;  
 The swift-returning Floods their fatall graves.  
 Then they his word believed and sung his praise ; Part 2  
 Yet soon forgot : and wanderd from his Waies,  
 Who long for flesh to pamper their excesse,  
 And tempt him in the barren wilderness ;  
 He grants their wish, and with a flight of Fowles  
 Sent meager Death into their hungry Soules.  
 They, Moses' gentle Government oppose ;  
 And envy Aaron, whom the Lord had chose.  
 The yawning Earth then in her silent womb  
 Did Dathan and Abiram's Troops intomb.  
 A swiftly-spreading Fire among them burnes,  
 And those Conspirators to Ashes turnes.  
 Yet they, the slaves of Sin, in Horeb made  
 A Calfe of Gold, and to an Idol prai'd.  
 The Lord, their glory, thus exchanged they  
 For th' image of a Beast that feeds on Hay ;  
 Forgot their Saviour, all his Wonders shown  
 In Zoan, and the plains by Nile o'erflown ;  
 The Wonders acted by his powerful Hand,  
 Where the Red-Sea obey'd his stern Command.  
 God had pronoun'd their ruine : Moses then,  
 His Servant Moses, and the best of Men,  
 Stood in the breach, which their rebellion made ;  
 And by his Prayer, the hand of Vengeance staid.

Yea they this fruitfull Paradise despis'd,  
 Nor his so oft confirmed Promise priz'd :  
 But mutined against their faithful Guide,  
 And basely wish'd they had in Egypt died.  
 For this the Lord advanced his dreadful Hand,  
 To overthrow them on th' Arabian Sand ;  
 To scatter their rebellious seed among  
 Their foes ; exposed to Poverty and Wrong.  
 Besides ; Baal-Peor they adored, and fed  
 On sacrifices offered to the Dead.  
 Thus their impieties the Lord incense,  
 Who smote them with devouring Pestilence.  
 But when with noble anger Phinces slew  
 The bold Offenders, He his Plagues withdrew.  
 This was reputed for a righteous Deed,  
 Which should for ever consecrate his Seed.  
 So they at Meribah his Anger moved ;  
 The sacred Prophet for their sakes reproved :  
 Their cries his Saint-like sufference provoke,  
 Who rashly in his Soule's distemper spoke,  
 Nor ever entered the affected\* Land.  
 They, still rebellious to divine Command,  
 Preserved those Nations by his Wrath subdued ;  
 Mixt with the Heathen, and their Sins pursued.  
 Their cursed Idols serve with Rites profane,  
 (Snares to their Soule) and from no crime abstaine.

Their Sons and Virgin Daughters sacrifice  
 To Divels ; and looke on with tearlesse eyes.  
 Defil'd the land with innocent blood which, sprung  
 From their owne loines, on flaming Altars flung.  
 Vnto Adulterate Deities they praid,  
 And worshipped those Gods their hands had made.  
 These crying sins exasperate the Lord ;  
 Who now his owne inheritance abhorr'd :  
 Given up unto the Heathen for a Prey ;  
 Slaves to their Foes ; who hate them most, obey ;  
 Deliver'd oft ; as oft his Wrath provoke,  
 And with increasing sins renew their yoke.  
 Yet he compassionates their miseries,  
 And with soft pity hears their mournful Cries :

\* Desired.

His former Promise calls to mind, relents ;  
 And in his Mercy of his Wrath repents.  
 In salvage hearts unknowne Compassion bred,  
 By whom but lately into thralldom led.  
 Great God of gods, thy Votaries protect,  
 And from among the Barbarous re-collect :  
 That we to Thee may dedicate our Daies,  
 And joyntly triumph in thy glorious Praise.  
 Blest, O for ever blest, be Israels King :  
 All you his People, Hallelu-jah Sing.  
 Amen, Amen.

---

 R. B.

There is something very puzzling in the use of initials instead of the names of Authors in published books, a practice very common in the seventeenth century—but probably adopted by different persons from widely dissimilar motives. The work now to be noticed, and of which there are copies in the Libraries at Lambeth and Sion College, is entitled “The Psalmes of David the King and Prophet and of other holy Prophets, paraphrased in English: conferred with the Hebrew veritie, set forth by B. Ariàs Montanus, together with the Latin, Greek Septuagint, and Chaldee Paraphrase. By R. B. London, printed by Robert Young, for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at his shop under St. Martin’s Church, neere Ludgate.” 1638. 12mo. pp. 300. The Rev. S. R. Maitland, the Librarian at Lambeth, to whose kindness I am indebted for the foregoing, adds, “there is another (an engraved) title-page, not so full. W. M. sculp. Three heads

at the top, each in an oval, are inscribed respectively, David, Moses, Asaph : three also at the bottom, of which the two outermost are inscribed Heman and Æthan : that in the middle represents a person with short hair, beard and ruff, and without name ; but on the ledge under the portrait ‘ *Quanquam ó.* ’ ” Something like this, so far as regards the five medallions, may be seen in other Psalters ; the sixth head is evidently intended as a portrait of the Poet. My respected Correspondent proceeds—“ Perhaps some clue may be afforded to the Author, by one of the inscriptions, on what would otherwise be a blank page at the end of the book, in which he speaks of having begun the work under the auspices of his tutor, Bishop Andrews, and dedicates it to his memory :—

MEMORIE

*Reverendss<sup>i</sup>. P. Honoratiss<sup>i</sup>. D. L. Andrewes nuper  
D. Espisc. Winton. Dom. & Tutoris mei Colendiss<sup>i</sup>  
cujus auspiciis inchoatum hoc opus, ego R. B.  
observantiss. Dd. c.’ ”*

The book formerly belonged to Bishop Percy, and on one of the leaves, apparently in his writing, is the following :—“ Query—Is not this the translation of Mr. Burnaby ? See Luke Milburne’s Preface to his Version”—in that Preface we are merely told by the Author that he had “ seen Mr. Burnaby’s Book.” Lowndes, however, though without assigning any reason for the opinion, says the book ought rather to be attributed to Richard Brathwayte. The printed Lives of Bishop Andrews do not throw any light upon the name, in connection with the Latin inscription, above cited. It may be added that while there seems no ground at all for denying the claim



of Burnaby, there are several reasons against ascribing the work to Brathwayte. In Wood's *Athenæ*, edited by Dr. Bliss, there is a list of several pieces by Rich. Brathwayte; but the Version of the Psalms is not among them.\* In Sion College Library, as I was kindly informed by the late Rev. Robert Watts, is a copy of Brathwayte's "Survey of History," 4to. 1638, to which is prefixed an engraved frontispiece, containing in an oval what must be supposed to be a portrait of the Author: there is likewise a small portrait in the title-page of the Psalms, by R. B.,† but they differ considerably. In the frontispiece to the "Survey," the Author is represented with a low forehead: in that to the Psalms he has a very high one: the dress is also different. The two works are of the same date, 1638, but the portrait in that first named, has a scolloped falling lace band;

\* Brathwayt, who flourished during the period of the Commonwealth, was a somewhat popular and prolific writer of pastorals, dramas, and satires—the latter appear to have won for him the largest amount of notoriety among his cotemporaries. His works are in some degree characterised by the quaint titles of the age: from one of them, "A Strappado for the Devil," Campbell has published a specimen. He spent his later years in respectable retirement near Richmond, in Yorkshire, and died there in 1673, at the advanced age of 85.

† These initials, and the mystery attached to their meaning, remind us of a statement made by Wood. Robert Hegge having written and left behind him the Legend of St. Cuthbert, with the Antiquities of the Church of Durham, a fair copy of it, under the Author's name, came into the possession of Thomas Lord Fairfax, and was, by him, placed as a precious rarity in his Library of MSS. "At length," says Wood, "one who writes himself R. B., Esq., (sometimes of the retinue of the said Lord, as I have been informed), published it in London, 1663, in 8vo., in a very bad letter, and worse paper, not without some derogation to the memory of the Author by concealing his name, and putting the two first letters of his own, with the writing a prologue to it." It would have been an easy solution of a literary enigma, to have supposed the R. B. mentioned in the text and in this note were the same, and that the Version of the Psalms published by the former was the last work of Fairfax elsewhere mentioned, and which might have been copied surreptitiously by one having access to his Lordship's Library, as was the case with Hegge's MS. But the hallucination has hardly been indulged for a moment in the first perusal of the folio edition of the "Athenæ," before it is dispersed by Dr. Bliss, who tells us these letters had been transposed!

that in the second has a stiff plaited ruff: it may be added, the names of both printers and publishers in the two works altogether differ—as they do indeed entirely from those in the title of “A Spiritual Spicerie—by Ri. Brathwaite, Esq.” 1638. But whatever value may attach to the last-named ground of doubt, the improbability of the same Author having in the same year given to the world three different works, of not inconsiderable size, employed in each case entirely different printers and publishers, and who must at the same time have represented the same individual under aspects so greatly unlike, does become very strong indeed. After all, *who* and *what* was R. Burnaby? I have not met with the name except in the instances above mentioned; it does not occur either in the Bodleian or the British Museum Catalogues, with the exception that the latter refers to a person of this name, as the Author of some medical receipts in MS. Sloane, 1643. J. O. Halliwell, Esq., to whose kindness I am indebted for this reference to the name, adds, “There was a R[obert] B[aillie], who wrote some religious tracts about 1640.” There does not, however, appear to be any sufficient ground for identifying either of these persons with the Author of the Version, of which the following is a specimen:—

PSALM CL.

1. O Praise God in his Holinesse,  
his firmament of might :
2. His powers, his greatnesse numberlesse,  
with boundlesse praise recite.
3. His praise let sound of Trumpet ring,  
praise him with Lute and Lyre :
4. Praise him with Tymbrel, Flute, and String,  
with Organ fill the Quire.

5. Praise him with Cymbals sounding shrill,  
 his praises great record :  
 Let loudest-sounding Cymbals fill :  
 Let all breath praise the Lord.\*

\* This Psalm concludes the series recognised as canonical, in our authorised translation, and by Commentators in general. There is, however, an apocryphal composition, on the killing of Goliath by David, which, although not found either in the Hebrew, the Chaldee, or the Vulgate MSS., is given as Psalm cli. in the Syriac, and most of the Greek Versions: it occurs also in the Arabic, the Anglo-Saxon, and the Greek Liturgies. St. Athanasius regards it as canonical: nor does Dr. Adam Clarke directly repel this conclusion. The following is an almost literal Version of this, so called 151st Psalm:—

Among my brethren, I was least,  
 And of my father's stock,  
 I was the youngest in his house—  
 The shepherd of his flock.  
 Rare instruments of music oft,  
 My hands, well-practised, made ;  
 And on the sacred psaltery,  
 My skilful fingers play'd.  
 But who of me shall speak to God,  
 And tell him all my care ?  
 The Lord himself, lo, even now,  
 Doth hearken to my prayer.  
 He sent his messenger, and took  
 Me from the shepherd's toil ;  
 And on my head, sweet unction ! pour'd  
 His own anointing oil.  
 My brethren, beautiful and tall,  
 Held theirs a happy lot ;  
 But in them, and their comeliness,  
 The Lord delighted not.  
 To meet the boasting alien chief,  
 I went forth on their part ;  
 He cursed me by his idols, and  
 Despised me from his heart.  
 But having slain, I with his sword,  
 Cut of his head at once,  
 And took away the foul reproach  
 Of Israel's daunted sons.

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## HENRY WOTTON.

I copy the following pleasing version of the 104th Psalm,\* from the “*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.*” 1651. Wotton is one of those venerable characters which we contemplate with satisfaction amidst the host of debauched, frivolous, or factious individuals who infested the Court of James I. Employed and distinguished as he was by his Sovereign, he mingled piety and philosophy with the pursuits of the politician in the happiest manner: and it has been a circumstance no less fortunate for his memory, that his accomplishments have been recorded by the congenial hand of Isaac Walton. He wrote various Works relating to History, Philosophy, Architecture, and Morality; and died Provost of Eton College, in the Chapel of which he was interred in 1639. By his will, he ordered this epitaph to be placed over

\* This Psalm has always been, as might be expected from its subject and character, a favourite theme for metrical experiment. A Paraphrase of it by David Murray was published at Edinburgh, in 1615. The version which I have given from Wotton is pronounced by Lord Aston to be “the finest specimen he had met with among our earlier Authors.” The Rev. John Wesley goes still farther in his praise of the noble Paraphrase by Blacklock, which he quotes as “perhaps one of the finest pieces of poetry in the English language”—and so it is. It consists, however, of thirty stanzas, the closing one of which may be given as a specimen of the measure:—

“When full of thee my Soul excursive flies  
Through Earth, Air, Ocean, or thy regal Skies;  
From World to World, new wonders still I find,  
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind!  
To thee, my Soul shall endless Praises pay.  
Join! Men and Angels! join th’ exalted Lay.”

There is likewise a very spirited version by the late Dr. W. Vincent, the learned Dean of Westminster.

his grave, “ *Hic jacet hujus sententiae primus author, Disputandi pruritus, Ecclesiarum scabies. Nomen aliis quere.*” Alas! not to Wotton’s age was confined the application of his posthumous sentiment, that *a fondness for dispute is the plague of the Church!*

## PSALM CIV.

My soul exalt the Lord with *Hymns of Praise* :

O Lord my God, how boundless is thy *might!*  
 Whose *Throne of State* is cloath’d with glorious *Rays,*  
 And round about hast robed *Thyself with Light,*  
 Who like a *Curtain* hast the *Heavens* display’d,  
 And in the watry *Roofs* thy *Chambers* laid.

Whose *Chariots* are the thickned *Clouds* above,

Who walk’st upon the winged *winds* below,  
 At whose *command* the *Airy Spirits* move,  
 And fiery *meteors* their obedience show.  
 Who on this *Base* the *Earth* didst firmly found,  
 And mad’st the *deep* to circumvent it round.

The *Waves* that rise would drown the highest *Hill,*

But at thy *Check* they flie, and when they hear  
 Thy *thundering Voice,* they post to do thy *Will,*  
 And bound their furies in their proper *Sphere* :  
 Where surging *Floods,* and valing *Ebbs* can tell,  
 That none beyond thy *Marks* must sink or swell.

Who hath dispos’d, but *thou,* the winding way

Where *springs* down from their steepy crags do beat,  
 At which both fostered *Beasts* their *Thirsts* allay,  
 And the wild *Asses* come to quench their heat ;  
 Where *Birds* resort, and in their kind, thy *praise*  
 Among the *Branches* chant in warbling *lays.*

The *Mounts* are watered from thy dwelling *place,*

The *Barns* and *Meads* are fill’d for *Man* and *Beast* ;  
*Wine* glads the *Heart,* and *Oyl* adorns the *Face,*  
 And *bread* the staff whercon our strength doth rest ;  
 Nor *shrubs* alone feel thy sufficing hand,  
 But even the *Cedars* that so proudly stand.

So have the *Fowls* their sundry *seats* to breed ;  
 The ranging *Stork* in stately *Becches* dwells ;  
 The climbing *Goats* on *Hills* securely feed ;  
 The mining *Concys* shroud in rocky cells :  
 Nor can the heavenly *Lights* their course forget,  
 The *Moon* her turns, or *Sun* his times to set.

Thou mak'st the *Night* to over-vail the *Day* ;  
 Then savage beasts creep from the silent *Wood*,  
 Then *Lion's* whelps lie roaring for their prey,  
 And at thy powerful *Hand* demand their *Food* :  
 Who when at *Morn* they all recouch again,  
 Then toying *Man* till *Eve* pursues his pain.

O *Lord*, when on thy various works we look,  
 How richly furnish'd is the *Earth* we tread !  
 Where, in the fair Contents of *Nature's* Book,  
 We may the *Wonders* of thy *Wisdom* read :  
 Nor *Earth* alone, but lo, the *Sea* so wide,  
 Where great and small, a world of *Creatures* glide.

There go the *Ships* that furrow out their way ;  
 Yea, thereof *Whales* enormous sights we see,  
 Which yet have scope among the rest to play,  
 And *all* do wait for their support on *Thee* :  
 Who hast assigned each *thing* his proper food,  
 And in due season dost dispense *Thy* good.

They gather when *Thy* gifts thou dost divide ;  
 Their stores abound, if *Thou* thy hand enlarge ;  
 Confused they are, when *Thou* thy beams dost hide ;  
 In dust resolved, if *Thou* their breath discharge.  
 Again, when *Thou* of *Life* renewst the seeds,  
 The withered *Fields* revest their cheerful weeds.

Be ever gloried here *Thy* Sovereign Name,  
 That *thou* mayst smile on *all* which *thou* hast made ;  
 Whose frown alone can shake this earthly frame,  
 And at whose touch the *Hills* in smook shall vade.  
 For me, may (while I breathe) both *harp* and *voice*,  
 In sweet indictment of *thy* *Hymns* rejoice.

Let *Sinners* fail, let all Profaneness cease ;  
 His Praise, (my Soul) His Praise shall be *thy* Peace.

## EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

Henry Clifford, the fifth and last Earl of Cumberland, was born in 1591, and died at York, in December, 1643. In the disensions which arose between Charles the First and his Parliament, the Earl is said to have “distinguished himself more by his fidelity to the King’s cause, than by his activity or skill:” his character will be found in Clarendon’s History, where he is called “a man of great honour and integrity;” and Dr. Bliss has introduced a brief memoir of him into his edition of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*.\* His claim to a place in the Work just mentioned, and likewise to be thus named in these pages, is founded on a MS. which was bequeathed to the Bodleian Library, by Dr. Rich. Rawlinson, and is entitled, “Poetical Translations of some Psalms, and the Song of Solomon, with other divine Poems. By that noble and religious Soule now sainted in heaven, the right honourable Henry Earle of Cumberland, Lord Clifford, Vipont, Brumflet, and Vessey, Lord of Westmoreland and of the Honour of Skipton.” This Manuscript, which is in quarto, and contains 38 leaves, has never been printed; it comprises 1. Sixteen Psalms in metre, † of Psalm 121 there are two Versions, one “turned into verse for my daughter Dungarvon now with child.” 2. David’s Lamentation over Saul and

\* *Athenæ Oxon* iii. vol. 80.

† Namely, 1, 8, 3, 38, 51, 65, 73, 93, 103, 104, 107, 113, 114, 121, 125, 131.

Jonathan, 2 *Sam. i.* 19. 3. The Song of Solomon in meeter. In 8 Chapters. 4. An Historical Meditation vpon the Birth, Life, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ. 5. Meditations vpon the Holy Dayes of our Calendar.

It would be unreasonable to expect strains of an exalted order in the private meditations even of so illustrious a cavalier : but there is surely a peculiar gratification in getting a peep into the religious retirement, not to say into the very heart of such a Nobleman at such a crisis. The following lines are, in fact, rugged enough, and yet they indicate something more than a mere literary sympathy between the spirit of the writer and the sentiments of the Psalmist.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Lord! chide me not in the tempestuous day  
 Of thy fierce wrath : o! cast me not away  
 In thy displeasure, least I fall at once!  
 Thy galling shafts lye quivered in my bones :  
 Prest by thy heawy hand I gaspe for breath :  
 Thine anger breeds diseases more than death :  
 My flesh is mangled, and my bones within  
 Consume and melt, for anguish of my sinne.  
 My crying simms above my head appeare  
 (Too heawy a weight, alas! for me to beare)  
 My mortall wounds gangrene and putrify  
 And all because I haue done foolishly!  
 Such misery and trouble I endure  
 As all day long I beg, and find no cure.  
 Lord! thou hast heard the ground of my complaint,  
 And while I prayed thine eyes have seen me faint ;  
 My heart to beate, and all my strength quite gone ;  
 Mine eyes (with weeping) blind as any stone :  
 My friends, my neighbours, kined, stand at gaze  
 While I in fires of persecution blaze ;  
 And those that sought my life in ambush lay



Cursing and lying, railing all the day,  
 But I was stupid as the deaf and dumb,  
 From whose shut doors no sharp reproofes do come !  
 And yet I hope, though I thus silent be,  
 Thou Lord wilt plague and answer them for me.  
 Lord, I have praid that this malicious traine  
 May never flowte me (in thine anger slaine)  
 Those, those I meane, that were delighted all  
 To see me slip, and hope to see me fall.  
 But o my sinne that now tormenteth more  
 My Soule, thou all the paines my body bore,  
 And now stands staring in my blushing face ;  
 But Lord I will confess and beg thy grace.  
 And yet my haters liue in height and power,  
 Not to be numbred, that would me deuoure :  
 All those that for my good repaid me ill  
 Detest me more, submitted to thy will.  
 Lord ! leaue me not, but make me thine abode,  
 Oh haste to helpe, my Saviour, oh my God !

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### WILLIAM SLATYER.

Of this individual, Anthony Wood (Athen. Ox.  
 II. p. 111.) records the following particulars:—  
 “He was born in Somersetshire, matriculated in the  
 University of Oxford as a gentleman’s son of that  
 county, and a member of St. Mary-hall, in Lent  
 term 1600, aged 13. Whence translating himself  
 to Brazenose College, in 1607, he took his degree  
 in Arts ; the next year he was made Fellow of the  
 College, proceeded in that faculty 1611, entered  
 into holy orders, was soon after beneficed, and in  
 1623 took the degrees in Divinity, being then in  
 good esteem for his knowledge in English history,

and his excellent vein in Latin and English poetry. I know not anything else of him, only that he, giving way to fate at Otterden, in Kent, where he was then beneficed, in the month of October or November, 1647, was there buried, leaving behind him a widow named Sarah." Wood appears to have been misinformed both as to the month and year of Slatyer's decease, and the name of his relict—their grave-stones, with somewhat curious inscriptions, are still to be seen in Otterden Church. From these we learn that "*Grævel. Slatyer, Ob. XIII. Feb. MDCXLVI. æt LIX.*," and that he married *Margaret*, daughter of *Luke Angel*, and widow of *Henry Potens*: her monument presents a specimen of those punning epitaphs which we sometimes meet with above referred to:—

"An Angel in her birth with Slatyer ends her dayes;  
A Margarite wrapt in Earth till Xt our bodies rayes:  
To live with Angels blest this more than Angel dies:  
Thus Pottin sleeping rests; her Margaret Slatyer lies."

In 1621 Slatyer published in folio, a "*History of Great Britaine, in English and Latin verse*;" and in 1643, appeared in 12mo. "*The Psalmes of David, in 4 Languages and in 4 Parts; Set to y<sup>e</sup> Tunes of our Church. By W. S.*" These four languages, are the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English: the whole book is printed from engraved copper plates, and was reprinted in 1652. It comprises, however, only the first 22 Psalmes. He likewise published "*Psalmes, or Songs of Zion, turned into the language and set to the tunes of a Strange Land, by W. S. Intended for Christmas Carols, and fitted to divers of the most noted and common tunes, every where in this land familiarly used and knowne.*"

“Of the times,” says a late writer, “I can say nothing; but the tongue is strange enough. For instance, a part of the 6th and 7th verses of the 52nd Psalm,—‘the righteous also shall see, and fear, and shall laugh at him: Lo! this is the man that made not God his strength; but trusted in the abundance of his riches!’ is thus versified:—

The righteous shall his sorrow sear,  
 And laugh at him and say, behold!  
 What has become of this here man,  
 That on his riches was so bold!”\*

The occurrence of a single unfortunate expletive at the end of the third of the foregoing lines certainly produces a ludicrous effect: but after all, as there is nothing else so bad in the book, it seems almost as unfair to impale Slatyer’s reputation on one stanza, as it has sometimes been thought disingenuous to suspend the reputation of Sternhold on another, namely, “The Lord descended from above,” &c., Ps. xviii.

Upon a copy of this book in the British Museum, some one has written the names of certain tunes to which the Author intended his verses to be sung: for instance, Ps. 6 to the old tune of Jane Shore; Ps. 19, to Bar. Foster’s Dream; Ps. 43, to Crimson Velvet; Ps. 47, to Garden Green; Ps. 84, to the fairest Nymph of the Valley, &c. The annexed specimen conveys a much less favourable notion of the Author’s talent as a versifier than some other Psalms which I might have copied:—

PSALM CI.

Mercy I will and iudgement sing,  
 to thee O Lord most holy:  
 And unto thee, O Lord, will bring  
 my song, and praier wholly,

\* Neele’s Lectures on English Poetry.

Wisely I shall in perfect way,  
 untill thou come in brightnesse,  
 Do right, and in my house alway  
 walk in my heart's uprightnesse.  
 No wicked thing mine eies shall see,  
 deeds hate I of back-sliders,  
 A froward heart shall part from me,  
 and slanderous lewd deriders :  
 A priuie whisperer I'll not brooke,  
 'gainst neighbour to annoy him,  
 The proud heart, high and haughty looke,  
 I cannot but destroy him.  
 Vnto the meek mine eies are bent ;  
 who in the land are faithfull  
 Shall serve and dwell within my tent,  
 who's profit, not deceitfull.  
 The lyar shall my eie not pitie,  
 I'll spoil the wicked wholly,  
 And cut off sinners from the Citie  
 of God the Lord most holy.

END OF VOLUME I.

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