

UPON THE FRONTISPICE.

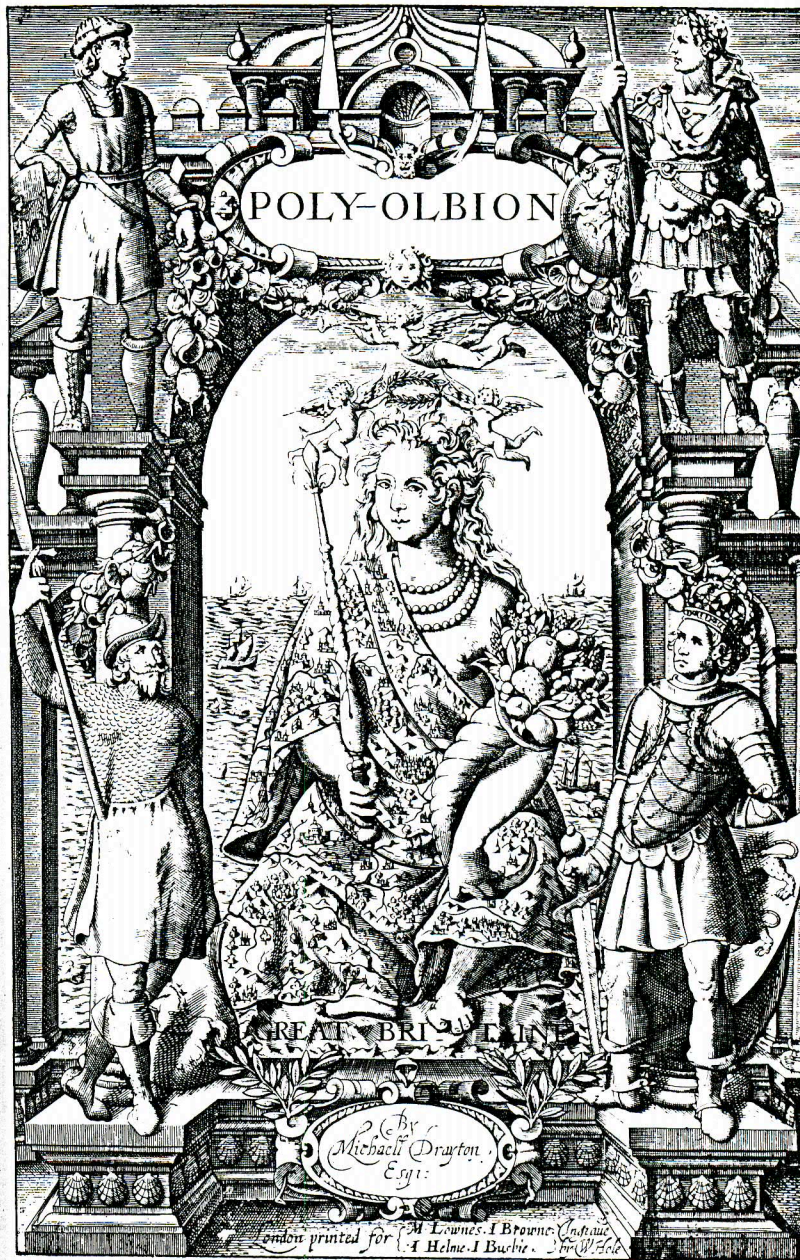
* *Insula Caruli*.
 a So *Flavilian* &
Upton anciently
 delivered. I just-
 ifie it not; yet,
 as well as others
 can his other at-
 tributed Arms,
 I might.

b Object not,
 that it should be
 the *Eagle*, be-
 cause it is now
 borne by the
 Emperors; and
 that some He-
 ralds ignorant-
 ly publish it, as
J. Casar's Coat,
Double beaded.

They move me
 not; for plainly
 the *Eagle* was
 single at that
 time (unless you
 call it *Οικωναν*
Βασιληα *διδυ-*
μων, as *Pindar*

doth *Joves* Eagle) and but newly us'd among the *Romans* (first by *Marius*) as their *Standard*, not otherwise, untill afterward *Constantine* made it respect the two Empires: and since, it hath been borne on a Shield. I tooke *Venus* proper to him, for that the stamp of hir face (she being his Ancestor *Aemas* his mother) in his Coins is frequent; and can so maintaine it here fitter, then many of those invented Coats (without colour of reason) attributed to the old Heroes. As for matter of Armory, *Venus* being a Goddess may be as good Bearing, if not better then *Atlanta*, which, by expresse Authority of *Euripides*, was borne, in the *Theban* warre by *Parthenopeus*. c *Hengist* hath other Armes in some traditions, which are to be respected as Old wives fictions. His name expresses a *Horse*, and the Dukes of *Saxony* are said to have borne it anciently, before their Christianity, *Sable*: therefore, if you give him any, with most reason, let him have this. d The common Blazon of the *Norman* Armes justifies it. And, if you please, see for it to the XI. Canto.

THROUGH a *Triumphant Arch*, see *Albion* plas't,
 In *Happy* site, in *Neptunes* armes embras't,
 In *Power* and *Plenty*, on hir *Cleevy* Throne
 Circl'd with *Natures Ghirlands*, being alone
 Stil'd *th' Oceans* * *Island*. On the *Columnes* beene
 (As *Trophies* raiz'd) what *Princes* Time hath seene
 Ambitious of her. In hir yonger years,
 Vast Earth-bred *Giants* woo'd her: but, who bears
 In ^a *Golden field* the *Lion passant* red,
Aeneas Nephew (*Brute*) them conquered.
 Next, *Laureat Casar*, as a *Philtre*, brings,
 On's *shield*, his *Grandame* ^b *Venus*: Him hir *Kings*
 Withstood. At length, the *Roman*, by long sute,
 Gain'd her (most Part) from th' ancient race of *Brute*.
 Divors't from Him, the *Saxon* ^c *sable* Horse,
 Borne by sterne *Hengist*, wins her: but, through force
 Garding the ^d *Norman Leopards bath'd in Gules*,
 She chang'd hir Love to Him, whose Line yet rules.



Poly-Olbion
Song XVI
High woody
Banks.

Her Purlwes, and her Parks, her circuit full as large,
As some (perhaps) whose state requires a greater charge.
Whose * Holts that view the East, do wistly stand to look
Upon the winding course of *Lee's* delightfull Brook.
Where *Mimer* comming in, invites her Sister *Beane*,
Amongst the chalky Banks t' increase their Mistresse traine;
Whom by the dainty hand, obsequiously they lead
(By *Hartford* gliding on, through many a pleasant Mead.
And comming in hir course, to crosse the common Fare,
For kindnes she doth kisse that hospitable *Ware*.) 270
Yet scarsely comfort *Lee* (alasse!) so woe begonne,
Complaining in her course, thus to her selfe alone;
How should my beauty now give *Waltham* such delight,
Or I poore silly Brook take pleasure in her sight?
Antiquity (for that it stands so far from view,
And would her doating dreames should be believ'd for true)
Dare lowdly lie for *Colne*, that sometimes Ships did passe,
To *Verlam* by her Streame, when *Verlam* famous was;
But, by these later times, suspected but to faine,
She Planks and Anchors shews, her errour to maintaine; 280
Which were, indeede, of Boats, for pleasure there to rowe
Upon her (then a Lake) the *Roman* Pompe to showe,
When *Rome*, her forces here did every yeere supply,
And at old *Verlam* kept a warlike Colony.
But I distressed *Lee*, whose course doth plainly tell,
That what of *Colne* is said, of me none could refell,
Whom * *Alfred* but too wise (poore River) I may say
(When he the cruell *Danes*, did cunningly betray,
Which *Hartford* then besieg'd, whose Navy there abode,
And on my spacious brest, before the Castle road) 290
By vantage of my soyle, he did divide my Streame;
That they might ne're returne to *Neptunes* watry Realme.
And, since, distressed *Lee* I have been left forlorne,
A by-word to each Brook, and to the World a scorne.
When *Sturt*, a Nymph of hers (whose faith she oft had prov'd,
And whom, of all her traine, *Lee* most intirely lov'd)
Least so excessive greefe, her Mistresse might invade,
Thus (by faire gentle speech) to patience doth perswade:
Though you be not so great to others as before,
Yet not a jot for that dislike your selfe the more. 300

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See to the
XII. Song.

Your case is not alone, nor is (at all) so strange;
Sith every thing on earth subjects it selfe to change.
Where rivers sometime ran, is firme and certaine ground:
And where before were Hills, now standing Lakes are found.
And that which most you urge, your beauty to dispoile,
Doth recompence your Bank, with quantitie of soyle,
Beset with ranks of Swans; that, in their wonted pride,
Do prune their snowy plumes upon your pleasant side.
And *Waltham* wooes you still, and smiles with wonted cheere:
And *Tames* as at the first, so still doth hold you deer. 310

To much beloved *Lee*, this scarcely *Sturt* had spoke,
But goodly *London* sight their further purpose broke:
When *Tames* his either Banks, adorn'd with buildings faire,
The City to salute doth bid the Muse prepare.
Whose Turrets, Fanes, and Spyres, when wistly she beholds,
Her wonder at the site, thus strangely she unfolds:
At thy great Builders wit, who's he but wonder may?
Nay: of his wisdom, thus, ensuing times shall say;
O more then mortall man, that did this Towne begin!
Whose knowledge found the plot, so fit to set it in. 320
What God, or heavenly power was harbourd in thy breast,
From whom with such successe thy labours should be blest?
Built on a rising Bank, within a Vale to stand,
And for thy healthfull soyle, chose gravell mixt with sand.
And where faire *Tames* his course into a Crescent casts
(That, forced by his Tydes, as still by her he hasts,
He might his surging waves into her bosome send)
Because too farre in length, his Towne should not extend.

And to the North and South, upon an equall reach,
Two Hills their even Banks do somewhat seeme to stretch, 330
Those * two extreamer Winds from hurting it to let;
And only levell lies, upon the Rise and Set.
Of all this goodly *Ile*, where breathes most cheerefull aire
And every way there-to the wayes most smooth and faire;
As in the fittest place, by man that could be thought,
To which by Land, or Sea, provision might be brought.
And such a Road for Ships scarce all the world commands,
As is the goodly *Tames*, neer where *Brute's* City stands.
Nor any Haven lies to which is more resort,
Commodities to bring, as also to transport: 340

Vol. IV y

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From
Poly-Olbion
Song XVI

(Middlesex and
Hartfordshire)

↓ London

° Lee, Sturt = Rivers in
Hartfordshire.

° Tames = Thames

° Fanes = temples

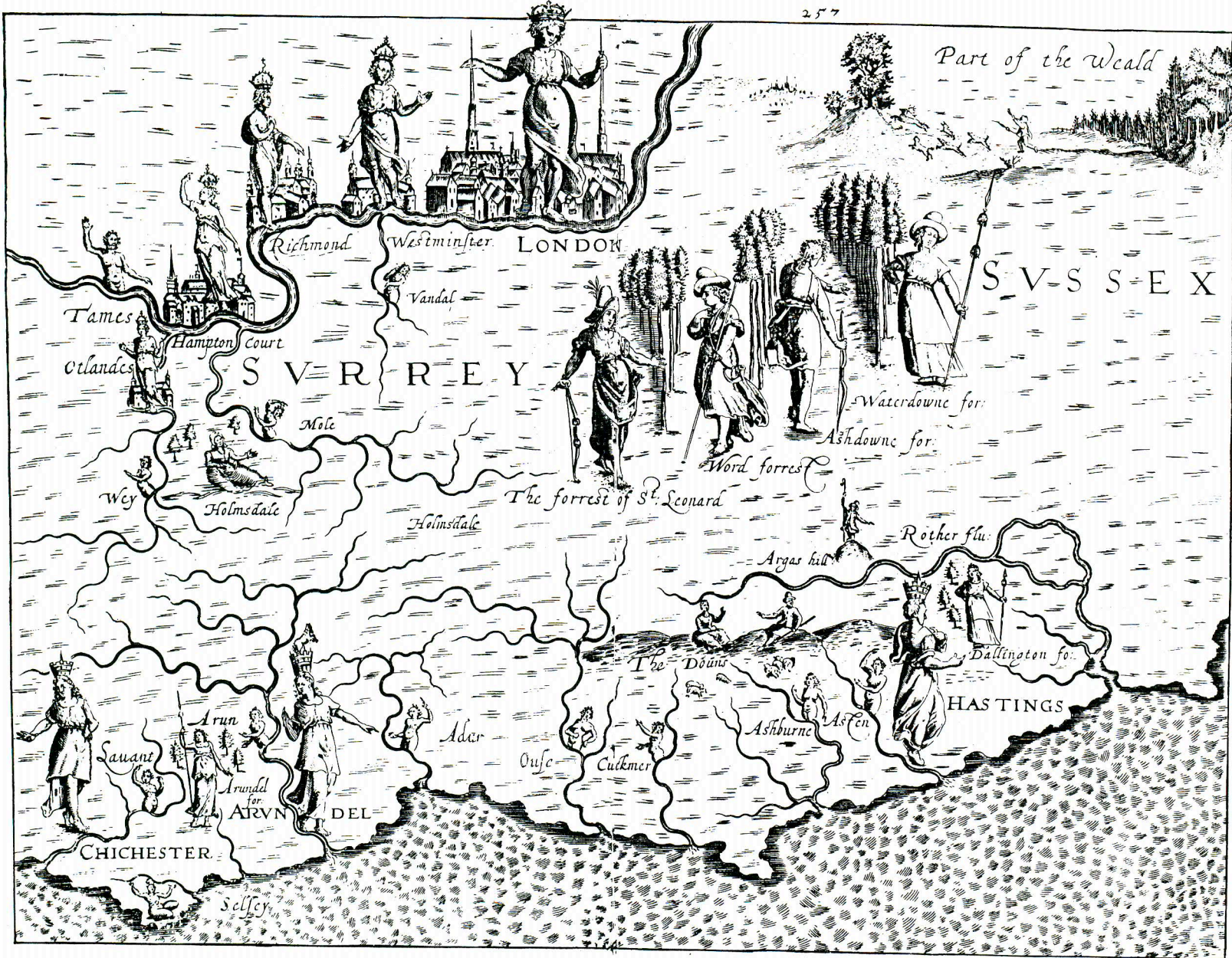
The goodly
situation of
London.

The North &
South winds.

° Brute was thought to be
the founder of London.

Poly-Olbion
Song XVI Our Kingdome that enrich (through which we flourish long)
E're idle Gentry up in such abundance sprong.
Now pestring all this Ile: whose disproportion drawes
The publique wealth so drie, and only is the cause
Our gold goes out so fast, for foolish foraine things,
Which upstart Gentry still into our Country brings;
Who their insatiate pride seek chiefly to maintaine
By that, which only serves to uses vile and vaine:
Which our plaine Fathers earst would have accounted sinne,
Before the costly Coach, and silken stock came in; 350
Tobacco. Before that *Indian* weed so strongly was imbrac't;
Wherin, such mighty summes we prodigally waste;
That Merchants long train'd up in Gayn's deceitfull schoole,
And subtly having learn'd to sooth the humorous foole,
Present their painted toyes unto this frantique gull,
Disparaging our Tinne, our Leather, Corne, and Wooll;
When Forrainers, with ours them warmly cloath and feed,
Transporting trash to us, of which we nere had need.
But whilst the angry Muse, thus on the Time exclaims,
Sith every thing therin consisteth in extreames; 360
Lest she inforc't with wrongs, her limits should transcend,
Here of this present Song she briefly makes an end.

gull = fool (ie, the idle gentleman)



Drayton, Poly-Olbion
 Map preceding
 Song XVII

Handwritten initials or mark in blue ink.

 The seventeenth Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

To Medway, Tames a suter goes;
But fancies Mole, as forth he flowes.
Her Mother, Homesdale, holds her in:
She digs through Earth, the Tames to win.
Great Tames, as King of Rivers, sings
The Catalogue of th' English Kings.
Thence the light Muse, to th' Southward soares,
The Surrian and Sussexian shores;
The Forrests and the Downes survaies,
With Rillets running to those Seas;
This Song of hers then cutteth short,
For things to come, of much import.

AT LENGTH it came to passe, that Isis and her Tame^o
Of Medway understood, a Nymph of wondrous fame;
And much desirous were, their princely Tames shuld prove
If (as a wooer) he could win her Maiden-love;
That of so great descent, and of so large a Dower,
Might well-allie their House, and much increase his power:
And striving to preferre their Sonne, the best they may,
Set forth the lusty Flood, in rich and brave array,
Bankt with imbrodered Meads, of sundry sutes of flowres,
His brest adorn'd with Swans, oft washt with silver showres:
A traine of gallant Floods, at such a costly rate
As might beseeme their care, and fitting his estate.

Attended and attyr'd magnificently thus,
They send him to the Court of great Oceanus,
The Worlds huge wealth to see; yet with a full intent,
To wooe the lovely Nymph, faire Medway, as he went.
Who to his Dame and Sire, his duty scarce had done,
And whil'st they sadly wept at parting of their Sonne,
See what the Tames befell, when t' was suspected least.

As still his goodly traine yet every houre increast,
And from the Surrian shores cleere Wey came down to meet
His Greatnes, whom the Tames so graciously doth greet,

^o Isis and Tame are the
"parent" rivers of the
Thames.

* Comming
by *Feribani*, so
called of *Ferne*
there grow-
ing.

That with the * *Fearne*-crown'd Flood he Minion-like doth play:
Yet is not this the Brook, entiseth him to stay.
But as they thus, in pompe, came sporting on the shole,
Gainst *Hampton-Court* he meets the soft and gentle *Mole*.
Whose eyes so pierc't his breast, that seeming to foreslowe
The way which he so long, intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wandreth here and there;
And that he in her sight, transparent might appeare, 30
Applies himselfe to Fords, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gracious in her sight.

Then *Isis* and the *Tame* from their conjoyned bed,
Desirous still to learne how *Tames* their son had sped
(For greatly they had hop't, his time had so been spent,
That he ere this had won the goodly heyre of *Kent*)
And sending to enquire, had newes return'd againe
(By such as they employ'd, on purpose in his traine)
How this their only heyre, the *Iles* emperiall Flood,
Had loytered thus in love, neglectfull of his good. 40

No marvaile (at the newes) though * *Ouse* and *Tame* were sad,
More comfort of their sonne expecting to have had.
Nor blame them, in their looks much sorrow though they show'd:
Who fearing least he might thus meanly be bestow'd,
And knowing danger still increased by delay,
Employ their utmost power, to hasten him away.
But *Tames* would hardly on: oft turning back to show,
From his much loved *Mole* how loth he was to go.

The mother of the *Mole*, old * *Homesdale*, likewise beares
Th' affection of her childe, as ill as they do theirs: 50
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been content,
T'have matcht her with a Flood, of farre more mean descent.
But *Mole* respects her words, as vaine and idle dreames,
Compar'd with that high joy, to be belov'd of *Tames*:
And head-long holds her course, his company to win.
But, *Homesdale* raised Hills, to keep the straggler in;
That of her daughters stay she need no more to doubt:
(Yet never was there help, but love could finde it out.)
§. *Mole* digs her selfe a Path, by working day and night
(According to her name, to shew her nature right) 60
And underneath the Earth, for three miles space doth creep:
Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mothers keep,

330

Isis.

A very woody
Vale in *Surry*.

Her foreintended course the wanton Nymph doth run;
As longing to imbrace old *Tame* and *Isis* son.

When *Tames* now understood, what paines the *Mole* did take,
How farre the loving Nymph adventur'd for his sake;
Although with *Medway* matcht, yet never could remove
The often quickning sparks of his more ancient love.
So that it comes to passe, when by great Natures guide
The *Ocean* doth returne, and thrusteth-in the Tide; 70
Up tow'rds the place, where first his much-lov'd *Mole* was seen,
§. He ever since doth flow, beyond delightfull *Sheene*.

Then *Wandal* commeth in, the *Moles* beloved mate,
So amiable, faire, so pure, so delicate,
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous cleer:
And first unto her Lord, at *Wandsworth* doth appeare,
That in the goodly Court, of their great soveraigne *Tames*,
There might no other speech be had amongst the Streames,
But only of this Nymph, sweet *Wandal*, what she wore;
Of her complection, grace, and how her selfe she bore. 80

But now this mighty Flood, upon his voiage prest
(That found how with his strength, his beauties still increast,
From where, brave *Windsor* stood on tip-toe to behold
The faire and goodly *Tames*, so farre as ere he could,
With Kingly houses Crown'd, of more then earthly pride,
Upon his either Banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderfull delight, doth his long course pursue,
Where *Otlands*, *Hampton Court*, and *Richmond* he doth view,
Then *Westminster* the next great *Tames* doth entertaine;
That vaunts her Palace large, and her most sumptuous Fane: 90
The Lands tribunall seate that challengeth for hers,
The crowning of our Kings, their famous sepulchers.
Then goes he on along by that more beautious Strand,
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the Land.
(So many sumptuous Bowres, within so little space,
The All-beholding Sun scarce sees in all his race.)
And on by *London* leads, which like a Cresent lies,
Whose windowes seem to mock the Star-befreckled skies;
Besides her rising Spyes, so thick themselves that show, 100
As doe the bristling reeds, within his Banks that growe.
There sees his crowd'd Wharfes, and people-pestred shores,
His Bosome over-spread, with shoales of labouring ores:

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Poly-Olbion
Song XVII

Tames ebbes &
flowes beyond
Richmond.

London lying
like a halfe
Moon.

15

With that most costly Bridge, that doth him most renowne,
By which he cleerely puts all other Rivers downe.

Thus furnished with all that appertain'd to State,
Desired by the Floods (his Greatnes which awayt)
That as the rest before, so somewhat he would sing,
Both worthy of their praise, and of himselfe their King;
A Catalogue of those, the Scepter heer that swayd,
The Princely *Tames* recites, and thus his Song he laid; 110

As *Bastard William* first, by Conquest hither came,
And brought the *Norman Rule*, upon the English name:
So with a tedious warre, and almost endlesse toyles,
Throughout his troubled raigne, here held his hard-got spoyles.
Deceasing at the last, through his unsetled State,

§. Left (with his ill-got Crown) unnaturall debate.
For, dying at his home, his eldest sonne abroad
(Who, in the Holy-warre, his person then bestow'd)
His second *Rufus* next usurpt the wronged raigne:

And by a fatall dart, in his *New Forrest* slaine, 120
Whilst in his proper right religious *Robert* slept,
Through craft into the Throne, the younger *Beau-cleark* crept.
From whom his Scepter, then, whil'st *Robert* strove to wrest,
The other (of his power that amply was possess)

With him in battell joynd: and, in that dreadfull day
(Where Fortune shew'd her selfe all humane power to sway)
Duke *Robert* went to wrack; and taken in the flight,
§. Was by that cruell King deprived of his sight,
And in close prison put; where miserably he dy'd:

But *Henries* whole intent was by just heaven deny'd. 130
For, as of light, and life, he that sad Lord bereft;
So his, to whom the Land, he purpos'd to have left,
The * raging Seas devowr'd, as hitherward they saild.

When, in this Line direct, the *Conquerors* issue faild,
Twixt *Henries* Daughter *Mauld*, the *Almayne* Emperours Bride
(Which after to the Earle of *Anjou* was affi'd)

And *Stephen* Earle of *Bloys*, the *Conquerors* Sisters son,
A fierce and cruell war immediately begun;
Who with their severall powers, arriv'd here from *France*,
By force of hostile Armes, their Titles to advance. 140

But, *Stephen*, what by coyne, and what by forraine strength,
Through Worlds of danger gain'd the glorious goale at length.

But, left without an heyre, the *Empresse* issue next,
No Title else on foote; upon so faire pretext,
The second *Henry* soon upon the Throne was set,
(Which *Mauld* to *Jeffrey* bare) the first *Plantaginet*.
Who held strong wars with *Wales*, that his subjection spurn'd:
Which oftentimes he beat; and, beaten oft, return'd:
With his sterne Children vext: who (whil'st he strove t'advance
His right within this *Ile*) rays'd war on him in *France*. 150
With his hie fame in fight, what colde brest was not fir'd?
Through all the Westerne world, for wisdom most admyr'd.

Then *Richard* got the Rule, his most renowned sonne,
Whose courage, him the name of *Cure De Lion* won.
With those first earthly Gods, had this brave Prince been borne,
His daring hand had from *Alcides* shoulders torne
The *Nemean Lyon's* hyde: who in the Holy-land
So dreadfull was, as though from *Jove* and *Neptunes* hand,
The thundring three-forkt Fire, and Trident he had reft,
And him to rule their charge they only then had left. 160

Him *John* againe succeeds; who, having put-away
Yong *Arthur* (*Richards* sonne) the Scepter took to sway.
Who, of the common-wealth first havock having made,
§. His sacrilegious hands upon the Churches laid,
In cruelty and rape continuing out his raigne;
That his outrageous lust and courses to restraine,
§. The Baronage were forc't defensive Armes to raise,
Their daughters to redeeme, that he by force would seise.

Which the first Civill warre in *England* here begun.
And for his sake such hate his sonne young *Henry* won, 170
That to depose their Prince, th'revengefull people thought;
And from the Line of *France* yong *Lewes* to have brought,
To take on him our Rule: but, *Henry* got the Throne,
By his more forcefull friends: who, wise and puissant growne,
§. The generall Charter seiz'd: that into slavery drew
The freest borne *English* blood. Of which such discord grew,
And in the Barons breasts so rough combustions rais'd,
With much expence of blood as long was not appeaz'd,
By strong and tedious gusts held up on either side, 179
Betwixt the Prince and Peeres, with equall power and pride.

He knew the worst of warre, matcht with the Barons strong;
Yet victor liv'd, and raign'd both happily and long.

Poly-Olbion
Song XVII

This Iland kept in awe, and did her power extend
 Afflicted *France* to ayde, her owne as to defend;
 Against th' *Iberian* rule, the *Flemmings* sure defence:
 Rude *Ireland's* deadly scourge; who sent her Navies hence
 Unto the either *Inde*, and to that shore so greene,
Virginia which we call, of her a Virgin Queen:
 In *Portugall* gainst *Spaine*, her English ensignes spred;
 Took *Cales*, when from her ayde the brav'd *Iberia* fled. 350
 Most flourishing in State: that, all our Kings among,
 Scarse any rul'd so well: but * two, that raign'd so long.

Henry III. and
 Edward III.
 the one raign-
 ed 56. the
 other. 50.

Here suddainly he staid: and with his kingly Song,
 Whil'st yet on every side the City loudly rong,
 He with the Eddy turn'd, a space to look about:
 The Tide, retiring soon, did strongly thrust him out.
 And soon the pliant Muse, doth her brave wing advance,
 Tow'rds those Sea-bordring shores of ours, that point at *France*;
 The harder *Surrian* Heath, and the *Sussexian* Downe.
 Which with so great increase though Nature do not crowne,
 As many other Shires, of this environ'd *Ile*: 361

*The Sun in
Aries.

Yet on the * Weathers head, when as the sunne doth smile,
 Nurst by the *Southern* Winds, that soft and gently blowe,
 Here doth the lusty sap as soon begin to flowe;
 The Earth as soon puts on her gaudy Summers sute;
 The Woods as soon in green, and orchards great with fruit.

To Sea-ward, from the seat where first our Song begun,
 Exhaled to the South by the ascending sunne,
 Fower stately Wood Nymphs stand on the *Sussexian* ground,
 Great * *Andredsweld's* sometime: who, when she did abound,
 In circuit and in growth, all other quite supprest: 371
 But in her wane of pride, as she in strength decreast,
 Her Nymphs assum'd them names, each one to her delight.
 As, *Water-downe*, so call'd of her depressed site:

A Forrest, con-
 taining most
 part of *Kent*,
Sussex, and
Surrey.

And *Ash-Downe*, of those Trees that most in her do growe,
 Set higher to the Downes, as th'other standeth lowe.
Saint Leonards, of the seat by which she next is plac't,
 And *Whord* that with the like delighteth to be grac't.
 These Forrests as I say, the daughters of the *Weald*
 (That in their heavie breasts, had long their greefs conceal'd)
 Foreseeing, their decay each howre so fast came on, 381
 Under the axes stroak, fetcht many a grievous grone,

338

Poly-Olbion
Song XVII

When as the anviles weight, and hammers dreadfull sound,
 Even rent the hollow Woods, and shook the queachy ground.
 So that the trembling Nymphs, opprest through gastly feare,
 Ran madding to the Downes, with loose dishev'd hayre.
 The *Sylvans* that about the neighbouring woods did dwell,
 Both in the tufty Frith and in the mossy Fell,
 Forsook their gloomy Bowres, and wandred farre abroad,
 Expeld their quiet seats, and place of their abode, 390
 When labouring carts they saw to hold their dayly trade,
 Where they in summer wont to sport them in the shade.
 Could we, say they, suppose, that any would us cherish,
 Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to perish?
 Or to our daily want to minister supply?
 These yron times breed none, that minde posteritie.
 Tis but in vaine to tell, what we before have been,
 Or changes of the world, that we in time have seen;
 When, not devising how to spend our wealth with waste,
 We to the savage swine, let fall our larding mast. 400
 But now, alas, our selves we have not to sustaine,
 Nor can our tops suffice to shield our Roots from raine.
Joves Oke, the warlike Ash, veyn'd Elme, the softer Beech,
 Short Hazell, Maple plaine, light Aspe, the bending Wych,
 Tough Holly, and smooth Birch, must altogether burne:
 What should the Builder serve, supplies the Forgers turne;
 When under publike good, base private gaine takes holde,
 And we poore woefull Woods, to ruine lastly solde.

This uttered they with griefe: and more they would have spoke,
 But that the envious Downes, int'open laughter broke; 410
 As joying in those wants, which Nature them had given,
 Sith to as great distresse the Forrests should be driven.
 Like him that long time hath anothers state envy'd,
 And sees a following Ebbe, unto his former Tide;
 The more he is deprest, and bruiz'd with fortunes might,
 The larger Reane his foe doth give to his despight:
 So did the envious Downes; but that againe the Floods
 (Their fountaines that derive, from those unpittied Woods,
 And so much grace thy Downes, as through their Dales they creep,
 Their glories to convey unto the *Cellick* deep) 420
 It very hardly tooke, much murmuring at their pride.
 Cleere *Lavant*, that doth keep the *Southamptonian* side

339

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Poly-Olbion
Song XVII

(Dividing it well-neere from the *Sussexian* lands
That *Selsey* doth survay, and *Solents* troubled sands)
To *Chichester* their wrongs impatiently doth tell:
§. And *Arun* (which doth name the beautiful *Arundell*)
As on her course she came, it to her Forrest tolde.
Which, nettled with the newes, had not the power to hold:
But breaking into rage, wisht Tempests them might rive;
And on their barren scalps, still flint and chauke might thrive, 430
The brave and nobler Woods which basely thus upbraid.
§. And *Adur* comming on, to *Shoreham* softly said,
The Downes did very ill, poore Woods so to debase.
But now, the *Ouse*, a Nymph of very scornfull grace,
So touchy waxt therewith, and was so squeamish growne,
That her old name she scorn'd should publicly be knowne.
Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,
The lately passed times denominate, the New.
So *Cucmer* with the rest put to her utmost might:
As *Ashburne* undertakes to doe the Forrests right 440
(At *Pemsey*, where she powres her soft and gentler Flood)
And *Asten* once distain'd with native English blood:
(Whose Soyle, when yet but wet with any little raine,
§. Doth blush; as put in mind of those there sadly slaine,
When *Hastings* harbour gave unto the *Norman* powers,
Whose name and honors now are denizend for ours)
That boding ominous Brook, it through the Forrests rung:
Which ecchoing it againe the mighty *Weald* along,
Great stirre was like to grow; but that the Muse did charme
Their furies, and her selfe for nobler things did arme. 450

New-Haven.

