UPON THE FRONTISPICE.

THROUGH a Triumphant Arch, see Albion plast't,
In Happy site, in Neptune's arms embrac'd,
In Power and Plenty; on his Gleamy Throne
Circled with Naures Girlands, being alone
Still'd th'Oceans* Island. On the Columns beene
(As Trophies rais'd) what Princes Time hath scene
Ambitious of her. In his yonger years,
Vast Earth-bre'd Giants wo'd her: but, who bears
In* Golden field the Lion passant red,
Æneas Nephew (Brute) them conquered.
Next, Laureat Casar, as a Phlire, brings,
On's shield, his Grandame *Venus: Him hir Kings
Withstood. At length, the Roman, by long sute,
Gain'd her (most Part) from th'ancient race of Brute.
Divor's't from Him, the Saxon* stately Horse,
Borne by sterne Hengist, wins her: but, through force
Garding the *Norman Leopards bost'd in Gules,
She chang'd hir Love to Him, whose Line yet rules.
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 recompense your Bank, with quantitie of soyle,
Beset with rankes of Swans; that, in their wonted pride,
Do prunre their snowie plumes upon your pleasant side.
And Walcham woos you still, and smiles with wonted cheere.
And Thames as at the first, so still doth hold you deere.
To much beloved Lee, this scarcely Sturt had spoke,
But goodly London signit their further purpose broke:
When Thames his either Banks, adorn'd with buildings faire,
The City to salute doth bid the Muse prepare.
Whose Turrets, Panes, and Spyres, when wisely 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 in it.
What God, or heavenly power was harbord in thy breast,
From whom with such successse thy labours should be best?
Built on a rising Bank, within a Vale to stand,
And for thy healthfull soyle, chose gravelly mixt with sand.
And where faire Thames his course into a Crescent casts
(That, forced by his Tydes, as still by her he hast,
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,
Those two extremer Winds from hurting it to let;
And only levell lies, upon the Rise and Set.
Of all this goodly Ile, where breathes most chearefull aire
And every way there-to the ways 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 Thames, near where Brute's City stands.
Nor any Haven lies to which is more resort,
Commodities to bring, as also to transport:
Our Kondome that enrich (through which we flourisht 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 vaile.
Which our plaine Fathers eart would have accounted sinne,
Before the costly Coach, and silken stock came in; 350
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 subly having learn'd to sooth the humorous foole,
Present their painted toyes unto this franticque gull; 370
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 exclames,
Sith every thing therin consisteth in extremates; 360
Lest she inforc't with wrongs, her limits should transcend,
Here of this present Song she briefly makes an end.

Tobacco.

322
The seventeenth Song.

* The Argument.
To Medway, Tames a suer goes;
But the Mole, as forth he flows.
Her Mother, Homesdale, holds her in:
She digs through Earth, the Tames to win.
Great Tames, as King of Rivers, sings
The Catalogue of 18 English Kings.
The Muse, from Southward soars,
The Surrian and Sussexian shores;
The Forrest and the Downes survives,
With Riddles running to those Seas;
This Song of hers then curtesh short,
For things to come, of much import.

At Length it came to passe, that Isis and her Tame
Of Medway understood, a Nymph of wondrous fame;
And much desirous were, their princely Tames shuld prove
If (to a wooer) he could win her Maiden-love;
That of so great descent, and of so large a Dower,
Might well settle 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,
Bent with embroidered Meads, of sundry suites of flowers,
His brest adorn'd with Swans, oft wafted with silver showres:
A traine of gallant Floods, at such a costly rate
As might become their care, and fitting his estate.

Attended and attay'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 befall, when 't was suspected least.
As still his goodly traine yet every house increast,
And from the Surrian shores cleere Wey came down to meet
His Greatnes, whom the Tames so grately doth greet,
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 pomp, 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 foresiowe
The way which so long, intended was to go,
With tripping up and down, he wandreth here and there;
And that he in her sight, transparent might appeare,
Applyes himselfe to Fords, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gratious in her sight.

Then Issy 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 ere he this had won the goodly heyre of Kent)
And sending to enquire, had newes return'd againe
(By such as they imployn'd, on purpose in his traine)
How this their only heyre, the Issy emperiall Flood,
Hadployed thus in love, neglectfull of his good.

No marveile (at the newes) though * Once and Tame were sad,
More comfort of their sonne expecting to have had.
Nor blame them, in their looks so sorrow though they show'd:
Who fearing least he might thus manely 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 * Hemesdale, likewise beares
Th'affection of her childe, as ill as they do theirs:
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have content,
'Thave matchet her with a Flood, of farre more mean descent.
But Mole respects her words, as wise and idle dreames,
Compar'd with that high joy, to be below'd of Tames:
And head-long holds her course, his company to win.
But, Hemesdale raised Hills, to keep the struggler 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 his selfe a Path, by working day and night
(According to her name, to shew her nature right)
And underneath the Earth, for three miles space doth creep:
Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mothers keep,

Her foreintended course the wanton Nymph doth run;
As longing to imbrace old Tame and Issy son.
When Tame now understand, what paines the Mole did take,
How farre the loving Nymph adventur'd for his sake:
Although with Medway matchet, 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;
Up tow'rd s the place, where first his much-low'd Mole was seen,
§ He ever since doth flow, beyond delightfull Sheene.

Then Wandal commeth in, the Mole beloved mate,
Soamiable, faire, so pure, so delicate,
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrouses cleere:
And first unto her Lord, at Wandsworth doth appear,
That in the goodly Court, of thier great soveraigne Tames,
There might no other speech be had amongst the Streames,
But only of this Nymph, sweet Wandal, what she were;
Of her complection, grace, and how her selfe she bore.

But now this mighty Flood, upon his voyaige prest
(That found how with his strength, his beauties still increas,
From where, brave Winder stood on tip-toe to behold
The faire and goodly Tames, so farre as ere he could,
With Kingly house of Crown'd, of more then earthly pride,
Upon his other Banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderfull delight, doth his long course pursue,
Where Oitlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond he doth view,
Then Westminster the next great Tame doth entertaine;
That vaunts her Palace large, and her most sumptuous Fanes:
The Lands tribunall state that challenge for hers,
The crowning of our Kings, their famous sepultures.
Then goes he on along by more that beautiful Strand,
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the Land.
(For more then sumptuous Bowers, within so little space,
The All-beholding Sun scarce sees in all his race.)

And on by London leads, which like a Crescent lies,
Whose windows seem to mock the Star-befreckled skies;
Besides her rising Spyes, so thick themselves that show,
As doe the bristling reeds, within his Banks that growe.

There sees his crouded Wharves, and people-pestred shores,
His Bosome over-spread, with shoales of labouring ores.

# * Oitlands, the fact of the Mole's travels.
# * Winter, the name by which the Tame was known.
# * Hemesdale, the name of Mole's mother.

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* Composing by Fordham, so called of Feme there growing.

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Poly-Olbia
Song XVII

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Tames is a river of Wandle, &c. beyond Richmond.
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 Maud to Jeffrey bare) the first Plantagenet.
Who held strong wars with Wales, that his subjection spurned:
Which oftentimes he beat, and, beaten oft, return'd:
With his sterner Children next; who (will'st the strove t'advance
His right within this Isle) rays'd war on him in France.
With his hie fame in fight, what colde breast was not fir'd?
Through all the Westerne world, for wisedome most admyr'd.

Then Richard got the Rule, his most renowned sonne,
Whose courage, him the name of Care De Lion won.
With those first earthly Gods, had his brave Prince been borne,
His daring hand had from Alcides shoulders borne
The Nemean Lyon's hyde: who in the Holy-land
So dreadful was, as though from Jove and Neptunes hand,
The thundring three-fold Fire, and Trident he had left,
And him to rule their charge they only then had left.
Him Jove againe succeeds; who, having put-away
Yong Arthur (Richard's sonne) the Scepter took to sway.
Who, of the common wealth first havock having made,
§. His sacrilegious hands upon the Churches laid,
In crueltie and rape continuing out his rainge;
That his outrageous lust and courses to restraine,
§. The Baronage were for'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,
That to depose their Prince, th' revengefull people thought;
And from the Line of France young Louis to have brought,
To take on him our Rule: but, Henry got the Throne,
By his more forcefull friends: who, wise and puissant grovned,
§. 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,
Betwixt the Prince and Peeres, with equall power and pride.
He knew the worst of warre, matcht with the Barons strong:
Yet victory'd, and reign'd both happily and long.

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 awayd)
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.

As Bastard William first, by Conquest hither came,
And brought the Norman Rule, upon the English name:
So with a tedious warre, and almost endless toyles,
Throughout his troubled raigne, here held his hate-get spoyleys.
Deceasing at the last, through his unsettled State,
§. Left (with his ill-get Crown) unnaturall debate.
For, dying at his home, his eldest sonne abroad
(Who, in the Holy-warre, his person ther bestow'd)
His second Rufus next usurpt the wronged raigne:
And by a fatal dart, in his Neast Pons slaine,
Whilst in his proper right religious Robert slept,
Through craft into the Throne, the younger Beau-clerk crept.
From whom his Scepter, then, whil's Robert strove to wrest,
The other (of his power that amply was possesst)
With him in battell joy'd: and, in that dreadful 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 cruel 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.
For, as of light, and life, he that sad Lord bereft;
So his, to whom the Land, he purposed to have left,
The rageing Sea's devour'd, as hitherward they saidd.
When, in this Line direct, the Conquerors issue faileth,
Twenty Henries Daughter Maud, the Almayne Emperours Bride
(Which after to the Earle of Anjou was aff'red)
And Stephen Earle of Blois, the Conquerors Sisters son,
A fierce and cruel warre immediately begun;
Who with their several powers, arrived here from France,
By force of hostile Armes, their Titles to advance.
But, Stephen, what by coyne, and what by forraigne strength,
Through Worlds of danger gain'd the glorious goale at length.
This land kept in awe, and did her power extend
Afflicted France to syde, her owne as to defend;
Against th' Iberian rule, the Fleming's 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 Virginia Queen:
In *Forcing* against Spaine, her English ensignes spred;
Took *Gales*, when from her syde the brav'd Iberia fled.
Most flourishing in State; that, all our Kings among,
Scarce any rul'd so well: but *two*, that raign'd so long.

Here suddenly 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,
Toward's those Sea-bording shores of ours, that point at France;
The harder *Surrain* Heaths, and the *Suscension Downe*.
Which with so great increase though Nature do not crowne,
As many other Shires, of this environd Ise:
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 flower;
The Earth as soon puts on her gaudy Summers suite;
The Woods as soon in green, and orchards great with fruit.
To Sea-ward, from the seat where first our Song begun,
Exhal'd to the South by the ascending sunne,
*Forwer* stately Wood Nymphs stand on the *Susception ground*,
Great *Anderniscold* sometime: who, when she did abound,
In circuit and in growth, all other quite supprest:
But in her wane of pride, as she in strength decreas'd,
Her Nymphs assum'd them names, each one to her delight.
As, *Watter-dene*, so call'd of her depressed site:
And *Ash-Downe*, of those Trees that most in her do growe,
Set higher to the Downes, as th'other standeth lowe.
*Saint Leonard*, of the seat by which she next is plac't,
And *Wobard* that with the like delighteth to be graci't.
These Forrests as I say, the daughters of the *Wald*
(That in their heavie breasts, had long their griefs concealedge)
Foreseeing, their decay each hour so fast came on,
Under the axes stroak, fetcht many a grievous grone,

When as the anviles weight, and hammers dreadfull sound,
Even rent the hollow Woods, and shook the queasy ground.
So that the trembling Nymphs, opprest through goutly feare,
Ran maddening to the Downes, with loose dishev'ld hayre.
The *Syke* that about the neighbourly woods did dwell,
Both in the tuffy Frith and in the mossy Fell,
Forsook their gloomy Bowres, and wandred farre abroad,
Expeld their quiet seats, and place of their abode,
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, which 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.

But now, alas, our selves we have not to sustain,
Nor can our tops suffice to shield our Roots from raine.
*Joyes 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 publie good, base private gaine takes holde,
And we poore woeful Woods, to ruine lastely solde.
This uttered they with griefe: and more they would have spoke,
But that the envious Downes, int open laughter broke;
As joying in those wants, which Nature them had given,
Sith to as great distresses the Forrests should be driven.
Like him that long time hath another states envy'd,
And sees a following Ebb, unto his former Tide:
The more he is depret, 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 unpitied Woods,
And so much grace thy Downes, as through their Dales they creep,
Their glories to convey unto the *Celtick* deep).
It very hardly tooke, much murmuring at their pride.
Cleeve *Lavant*, that doth keep the *Southampsonian* side.
Poly-Olbion
Song XVII
(Dividing it well-neere from the Sussexian lands
That Selsey doth survey, and Solentis troubled sands)
To Chichester their wrongs impatiently doth tell:
§. And Arun (which doth name the beautious Arundell)
As on her course she came, it to her Forrest tolde.
Which, netted with the newes, had not the power to hold:
But breaking into rage, wish't Tempests them might rive;
And on their barren scalps, still fiint and chauke might thrive,
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 scornful grace,
So touchy waxt therewith, and was so squeamish grownes,
That her old name she scorn'd should publiquely be knowne.
Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,
The lately passed times denominate, the New.
So Cummer with the rest put to her utmost might:
As Ashburne undertakes to doe the Forrests right
(At Penssey, where she powres her soft and gentler Flood)
And Atten 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 echoing it against 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 arm.

New-Haven.