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WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY
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POLY-OLBION.

THE NINTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse here Merioneth vaunts,
 And her proud Mountains highly chaunts.
 The Hills and Brooks, to bravery bent,
 Stand for precedence from descent :
 The Rivers for them shewing there 5
 The wonders of their Pimblemere.
 Proud Snowdon gloriously proceeds
 With Cambria's native Princes' deeds.
 The Muse then through Carnarvan makes,
 And Mon (now Anglesey) awakes 10
 To tell her ancient Druids' guise,
 And manner of their sacrifice.
 Her Rillets she together calls ;
 Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.*



OF all the *Cambrian* Shires their heads that bear so
 high,
 And farth'st survey their soils with an ambitious eye,
*Mervinia*¹ for her Hills, as for their matchless crowds,
 The nearest that are said to kiss the wand'ring clouds,
 Especial audience craves, offended with the throng, 5
 That she of all the rest neglected was so long :

¹ *Merionethshire.*

Alleging for herself, When, through the *Saxons'* pride,
 The God-like race of *Brute* to *Severne's* setting side
 Were cruelly inforc'd, her Mountains did relieve
 Those, whom devouring war else ev'rywhere did grieve. 10
 And when all *Wales* beside (by fortune or by might)
 Unto her ancient foe resign'd her ancient right,
 A constant Maiden still she only did remain,
 § The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain.
 And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar things ; 15
 So only she is rich, in Mountains, Meres, and Springs,
 And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste,
 As others by their Towns, and fruitful tillage, grac'd.
 And therefore, to recount her Rivers from their lins,*
 Abridging all delays, *Mervinia* thus begins : 20

¹Though *Dovy*, which doth far her neighboring Floods sur-
 mount

(Whose course, for hers alone *Mountgomery* doth account)
 Hath *Angell* for her own, and *Keriog* she doth clear,
 With *Towin*, *Gwedall* then, and *Dulas*, all as dear,
 Those tributary streams she is maintain'd withall ; 25
 Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall
 My Country calleth hers, with many another brook,
 That with their crystal eyes on the *Vergivian* look.
 To *Dovy* next, of which *Desunny* sea-ward drives,
Lingorrill goes alone : but plenteous *Avon* strives 30
 The first to be at sea ; and faster her to hie,
 Clear *Kessilgum* comes in, with *Hergum* by-and-by.
 So *Derry*, *Moothy* draws, and *Moothy* calleth *Caine*,
 Which in one channel meet, in going to the Main,
 As to their utmost pow'r to lend her all their aids : 35
 So *Atro* by the arm *Lanbeder* kindly leads.

* Meres or Pools, from whence Rivers spring.

¹ The Rivers as in order they fall into the *Irish* Sea.