IN

IMITATION OF OUR OLD POETS.

ON OURE LADYES CHIRCH. 1769.

IN auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King
Of all the borders of the ſea did reigne,
Whos cutting CELES, * as the Bardyes ſynge,
Cut ſtrakyng furrowes in the foamie mayne,
Sancte Warbur caſt aſide his Earles eſtate,
As great as good, and eke as good as great.
Tho bleſt with what us men accounts as ſtore,
Saw ſomething further, and ſaw ſomething more.

Where

* CELES, moſt probably from the antient word *Ceolis*; which, in the Saxon, is *ſhips*. From whence *Ceolæ*, we find in Brompton, are uſed for large ſhips.

Where ſmokyng Waſker ſcours the claiey bank,
And gilded fiſhes wanton in the ſunne,
Emyttynge to the feelds a dewie dank,
As in the twyning path-waye he doth runne;
Here ſtoode a houſe, that in the ryver ſmyle
Since valorous Urſa firſt wonne Bryttayn Iſle;
The ſtones in one as firm as rock unite,
And it defyde the greateſt Warriours myghte;
Around about the lofty elemens hie
Proud as their Planter reerde their greenie creſt,
Bent out their heads, when e'er the wynds came bie.
In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudes keſt
Attendynge Squires dreſte in trickynge brighte,
To each tenth Squier an attendynge Knyghte,
The hallie hung with pendaunts to the flore,
A coat of nobil armes upon the doore;
Horſes and dogges to hunt the fallowe deere,
Of paſtures many, wide extent of wode,
Faulkonnes in Mewes, and little birds to teir,
The Sparrow Hawke, and many Hawkies gode.

Juſt in the prime of life, whan others court
Some ſwottie Nymph, to gain their tender hand,
Greet with the Kynge and *trerdie* greet with the
Court
And as aforeſed mickle much of land.

FINIS.

HECCAR