

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Sir John Denham**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2004

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Cooper's Hill (excerpts)

...

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys  
Where Thames amongst the wanton valleys strays;  
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons  
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life to meet eternity.  
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold  
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,  
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,  
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,  
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,  
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;  
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
Like mothers which their infants overlay;  
Nor, with a sudden and impetuous wave,  
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.  
No unexpected inundations spoil  
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,  
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows,  
First loves to do, then loves the good he does;  
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,  
But free and common as the sea or wind;  
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,  
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
Visits the world, and in his flying towers,  
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;  
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,  
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;  
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,  
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.  
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme!  
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

...

Sir John Denham