

## THE MOUNTAIN BOASTETH.

This stoutly I maintain  
'Gainst Forests, Valleys, Fields, Groves, Rivers, Pasture,  
Plain,  
And all their flatter kind (so much that do rely  
Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility)  
The Mountain is the King: and he it is alone  
Above the other soils that Nature doth inthroned.  
For Mountains be like Men of brave heroic mind,  
With eyes erect to heaven, of whence themselves they find;  
Whereas the lowly Vale, as earthly, like itself,  
Doth never further look than how to purchase self.  
And of their batfull sites, the Vales that boast them thus,  
Ne'er had been what they are, had it not been for us:  
For, from the rising banks that strongly mound them in,  
The Valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin:  
And almost not a Brook, if she her tanks do fill,  
But hath her plenteous spring from Mountain or from Hill.

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Besides, we are the marks, which looking from on high,  
The traveller beholds; and with a cheerful eye  
Doth thereby shape his course, and freshly does pursue  
The way which long before lay tedious in his view.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.