

THE ARMS OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW.*

By Dr. ROBERT MAYNE, first Professor of Physick in the
University of Glasgow, from 1637 to 1646.

The Salmond which a Fish is of the Sea,
The Oak which springs from Earth that loftie Tree.

The Bird on it which in the Air doth flee,
O GLASGOW does presage all Things to thee!
To which the Sea or Air, or fertile Earth
Do either give their Nourishment or Birth.

The Bell that doth to Publick Worship call,
Says HEAVEN will give most lastings Things of all.
The Ring the Token of the Marriage is,
Of Things in Heav'n and Earth both thee to bless.

FURTHER.

Glasgow to thee thy neighbouring Towns gives
Place,

Above them lifts thy Head with comely grace.
Scarce in the spacious Earth can any see,
A City that's more beautiful than thee.
Towards the Setting Sun thou'rt built, and finds
The temperate breathings of the Wester Winds.
To thee, the Winter Storms not hurtful are,
Nor scroaching Heats of the Canicular.
More pure than Amber is the River Clyde,

Whose gentle streams do by thy Borders glide.
And here a Thousand Sails receives Commands,
To Traffick for thee into Forreign Lands.
A Bridge of polished Stone doth here vouchsafe,
To Travellers ov'r Clyde a Passage safe.
Thy Orchyards full of fragrant Fruits and Budds,
Comes nothing short of the Corcyrian Woods.
And blustering Roses grows upon thy Field,
In Plenty great all Things thy Soil doth yield.
Thy Pasture's cloth'd with Flocks, thy Ground with
 Corn,
Thy Water's stocked with Fish, thy Fields adorn'd.
Thy Building's great and glorious all do's see,
More fair within than they are outwardlie.
Thy Temples with the best of Stone are fair,
It's workmanship exceeds which is most rare.
But thee, O Glasgow! we may justly deem
Heaven's Favourite, and ever in Esteem.
All in the Earth, or Ocean or Air,
They joyn'd to build thee with a propitious Star.