$400

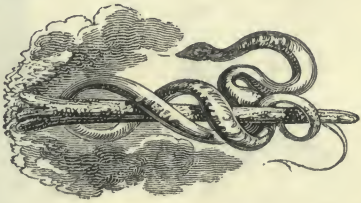

JE VIVE ET REPREND

THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

Sir Francis Drake.



BY

CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY.

KENT:
Printed at the private Press of Lee Priory;
BY JOHN WARWICK.

1819.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

HIS

HONORABLE LIFE'S

COMMENDATION,

AND HIS

TRAGICAL DEATH'S

LAMENTATION.

* * *

Conamur tenues grandia.

AT OXFORD,
PRINTED BY JOSEPH BARNES,
AND ARE TO BE SOLD IN PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, AT THE SIGN OF THE BIBLE.
1596.

TO

THE BEAUTIOUS AND VIRTUOUS

Lady Elizabeth,

LATE WIFE UNTO THE HIGHLY-RENOWNED

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

DECEASED.

DIVORCED by Death, but wedded still by love,
For Love by Death can never be divorced,
Lo, England's Dragon, thy true turtle-dove,
To seek his make is now again enforced.
Like as the sparrow from the Castrel's ire
Made his asylum in the wise-man's fist:
So he, and I his tonguesman, do require
Thy sanctuary, Envy to resist.
So may heroic Drake, whose worth gave wings
Unto my Muse, that ne'er before could fly,
And taught her tune these harsh discordant strings,
A note above her rural minstrelsy,
Live in himself, and I in him may live,
These eyes to both vitality shall give.

Your Ladyship's virtues' devoted,

CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY.

To the Author.

ONCE dead, and twice alive, thrice worthy DRAKE,
And worthy thou, by whom he lives again;
O would that thou, who him alive dost make,
A life unto thyself by him mightst gain!
But if thou canst not get this for thy pain,
Yet will I offer heart and pen to thee;
And if one fail, the other thine shall be.

Sure one will fail; the other thine shall be,
Admitting thee into her chiefest part;
Wishing that Art with Nature would agree
To join an able pen, with loving heart,
That to the world she might her mind impart:
So Heart imagine should, and Art indite,
And Art and Heart should both thy praises write.

But now let DRAKE, unto whose shrine thou singest
These lamentable accents on his tomb,
Retribute part to thee of that thou bringest,

And make thee famous, though himself be dumb.
So by thy praising shall thy praises come:
Then let thy swan-sweet verse sing to a DRAKE;
And that which makes him shall thee famous make.

RICHARD ROUS.[a]

[a] This family of ROUS appear to have been the patrons of FITZ-GEFFREY. There is extant *Death's Sermon unto the Living: delivered at the Funerals of the religious Lady Philipe, late Wife unto the Right Worshipful Sir Anthonie Rous of Halton in Cornwall, Kt. By Charles Fitz-geffrey. London, printed by W. Stansby, for John Parker.* 4to. 1620. It is dedicated to JOHN PYM, Esq. to whom he speaks of it, as "his dearest *mother's* funeral."---"I confess," says he, "mine ambition to divulge my observance of that House, to which I owe my best endeavours, that the world may see that my worthy Patron hath conferred his free favours on him, who is therefore not altogether unworthy, because not unthankful." He speaks also of Mr. Pym having lately lost a loving, holy, helpful wife.

Also the following Sermon by our Poet: *Elisha his Lamentation for his own, and all Israel's loss in Elijah. The subject of a Sermon preached at the Funerals of the Right Worshipful Sir Anthony Rous, late of Halton in Cornwall, Kt. By* CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY. *London, printed by W. Stansby, for J. Parker*, 1622. 4to. Dedicated to William Rous of Halton, Esq. his grandson: and the author speaks of the Sermon lying a year in his desk, since the funeral. "I hoped to have sent forth with him," says he, "that other star of our west, (M. Carew of Antony) whom God removed from us, but four days before

To C. F.

When to the banks of sweet Elysium
Came worthy Drake, to get his passage there,
The ferryman denied his Ghost to come
Before his exequies solemnized were.
But none to' adorn his funeral hearse did move:
And long he sat upon the hapless shore,
Until thy Muse, whose Pity still did move,
Help'd thee to rise, and him to rest no more:
And sent her mournful tears unto his Ghost,
And sweet tho' sad complaint, as exequies,
Passing him to those fields, which long he lost,
And won his soul the joy; thy pen the prize.
So still thy funerals shall adorn his name,
And still his funerals shall enlarge thy fame.

FRANCIS ROUS.

him."---"Better examples," he adds, "you can hardly find than your grandfather and father have left you. Your match unto a worthy House, the worthiest of the West (Sir Richard Robarts, Kt. and Bart.), cannot so much advance you," &c.

To the Author.

England's Ulysses, slain by mortal fates,
His body Tethys caught within her arms:
Jove placed his soul around the Heavenly States
Setting him free from Fortune-tossing harms,
From Scylla's gulfs, and Circe's deadly charms:
And both did choose a place to keep his prey,
Tethys her lap, but Jove her milkwhite way.

Yet shall his fame, his worth, his worthy deeds,
Eternized by thy verse, among us dwell:
And whatsoever after-age succeeds,
Unto posterity the same shall tell,
And make thy praises with his own excel:
Time, that doth all things else in time devour,
Shall never have thy name within her power.

Old Geffrey Chaucer, England's ancient Muse,
And minor of the times that did ensue,
Yielded to death, ne'er admits excuse;
But now in thee he seems to live anew

If grave Pythagoras' sage saws be true.
Then sith old Geffrey's spirit lives in thee,
Rightly thou named art FITZ-GEFFERY.

D. W.[b]

[b] In the second Edit. this poem is subscribed "DIAG. WH."

End of the Commendatory Verses to the First Edition.

Commendatory Verses, &c.

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

In 1596 another edition appeared as "newly printed, with additions." The additions consist of the remainder of the introductory matter.

To C. F.

Many great honours, many a virtuous prize
Drake won, unto his foe-men's great disease;
And many souls and ships did sacrifice
Unto the ireful Regent of the seas:
But Time's hard iron teeth have worn out these,
He wrought his virtues in the liquid main,
New waves still raising what he wrought in vain.

But well hast thou, fair friend, with stronger quill,
Incarved them in time-rebating brass,
That Fame might through the world resound them
still,
As far as DRAKE's large sepulchre doth pass,
That all might know how great his glory was:
Well hast thou raught from that infernal
lake,
The high deserts of now immortal DRAKE.

And well hast thou, by penning forth his story
In golden lines of æviternity,
Gain'd to thyself a like immortal glory:
O goodly meed to learning's votary,
O sacred force of tongue-tun'd melody!
Whose sugar'd words can force the dead to
rise,
The living save, and both immortalize.

THOMAS MYCHELBORNE.

Ad Dracum.

WEEP not, great Alexander worthy DRAKE,
Because Fame's herald, Homer, liv'd before thee.
Lo Homer liveth, thee alive to make;
Restor'd to life, to life for to restore thee,
And for thy virtues cause the world t' adore thee:
He living caus'd dead Orpheus' image sweet,
But Orpheus' image lives, and gives thee heat.

Matchless he calls thee: true, yet he hath match'd thee,
Suiting thy royal acts with royal verse:
By sea, by land, at every turn he watch'd thee,
What hast thou done that he doth not rehearse?
With all thy virtues, flowers t' adorn thy hearse!
And maugre Envy's guts, 'gainst tales untrue
Of lying Mercury, gives thy fame her due.

Featly and well his pen befits thy hand,
His Muse beseems thy Mars, thy mind his sprite
By thee his praise, by him thy praises stands

Thy fuel his flame, his glass thy face makes bright,
As colours actuated are by light:
Two names I find, I know not which to take,
Whether DRAKE'S FITZ-GEFFREY, or FITZ-GEFFREY'S DRAKE.

Worthies, proceed, let poets blaze your name;
Poet, proceed such worthies so to raise:
Mercury, spoil not our worthies of their fame;
Momus, detract not from our Poet's praise:
Reader, beware the fault of these rash days:
Suspend thy verdict, censure not in haste,
But ere thou judge the first, first read the last.

TY. CO.

To the Reader.

Courteous or captious Reader,

Whether, I know not, (because I hear thee not read, nor reading censure) of custom, rather than occasion, permit me to detain thine eyes awhile with the surveying of these few superfluous lines, ere thou farther defix them on this impolished poem. If any fault were committed, because in the first edition this was omitted, impute it rather to timidity in too little daring, than to temerity in too much presuming on thy clemency; choosing rather to omit something that might adorn, than commit any thing that might offend. But now more animated by the courtesies of the ingenuous, than amated with the cavils of the injurious, and also provoked, rather than persuaded by the printer to a second impression, I have imboldened myself to present it again to the eye of the world, presuming no farther than before on thy patience; save this epistle's admonitions, and some few other additions: these thine own sagacity will smell out quickly. The other I will here set

down (as I may) succinctly: First, I deprecate the note of improvident, not impudent audacity, in that I, who never slept in Parnassus with Hesiod, neither (with the satyrist) ever liquorished my chamfred lips with the pure crystaline Aganippe, should take on me (especially in this golden age of poetry) to bring owls to Athens, crocodiles to Nilus, and swans to Thames, whose Castalian banks are embordered with more muses than Helicon, more graces than Greece, more admirable conceited Poets, than the flourishing age of Augustus; and if I needs must be doing, that I should thus audaciously adventure at first on this lofty subject of that ever highly, but never sufficiently honoured and admired, S. F. Drake, of whom the best cannot write too loftily, nor the loftiest too worthily, nor the worthiest sufficiently; who better deserveth a Homer than Achilles, a Virgil than Æneas, an Ennius than the great African, and would not rather begin with a gnat, as Virgil did, or the battle of frogs, as Homer did, or with some amorous preludiate preambles as Ennius did; as the falcon doth

First flag awhile her flutt'ring wings beneath,
Till she herself for stronger flight can breath.

These suspicions of temerity I entreat the indifferent reader not to impute unto me; for I write not voluntarily, but fatally: neither did I seek occasion, but occasion sought me, and seeking, (when it could no other) found me: and finding, (when none beside would) enforced me to adventure on a matter so far beyond my feeble capacity.

Ecce tacent omnes Nævole dic aliquid.

Well could I wish (if in so wishing I did well) that this larum-bell of death and destruction had not so suddenly and sorrowfully sounded that shrill peal of horror and desolation in the hearts of all true hearted English, wherewith if now I had not awaked, I might have slept securely in the close cabinet of silence longer than Endimion or Epiminides. But now seeing necessity urgeth so extremely, that either I must seem culpable of presumption, or virtue lie drowned in the Lethe of oblivion, I (mindful of the Lacædemonian, who, when he had betrothed a wife of small stature, said merrily, 'of evils the least is to be chosen,') thought it best,

When better chooses were not to be had,
Of force to choose the seeming best of bad.

Further I admonish, or rather entreat thee, (courteous reader) not prejudicately to subscribe to the censures of the captious Zoilist, of whom I may truly say that a countryman of ours untruly said of that revered Erasmus, *Quantum gloriæ detraxerit aliis, tantum ad se accessisse putat.* He saith it wanteth method, and therefore is not compendious; it is obscure, and therefore tedious; full of fictions, and therefore ridiculous:

With such poor crimes as shew his spite is sound,
And yet bewray his matter wanteth ground.

But I cannot stand to make an apology, therefore I leave him to his folly, and my Muse to her fortune.

I have prefixed some few verses out of sundry late Latin Poets, (who have worthily mentioned this our worthy in their writings,) partly to supply the superfluity of vacant paper, partly to upbraid our Englishmen, whose negligence hath left him unremembered; and thus (kind and courteous) as the poorer of the Spartans brought

their young children unto their Jesche, (a public place among them, ordained to that purpose,) where the towardest were brought up, and the rest rejected and cast out: so I, an impotent parent to maintain my infant, present him to your public view; if he seem amiable, affect him; if he prove toward, protect him; if he dislike, reject him; so may you save that should be wasted, he wander as a vagabond, I grieve that I begat an outcast, and cease hereafter to bring forth any more such unprofitable imps.

C. F.

BROAD-GATES,
Nov. 17, 1596.

Nicholaus Elutherius in Triumphal. &c.

FORTUNATE Draco, nunquam tua fama fatisces,
Nunquam honor arescet, laurûs ceu Delia nunquam
Frondibus absistit proprium servare vigorem:
Æternùm vives exesa teredine pinus
Vt tandem penitus longinquo marceat ævo:
Tu pelagi Deus alter eris: Fas, maxima Tethys
Vnam Nereidum tibi despondere laboret.

Id. ibid. ad Sereniss. Regin. Angl.

Ignivomum opponis præcincta classe Draconem
Velivoli scitum salis, Oceaniq; viarum:
Leucothoe læto sequitur quem prospera vultu,
Frondibus Aoniis crines incincta decoros:
Enantem Thamesi cycni comitantur ovantes,
Cæruleus Triton concham intonat ore canoro.

Julius Riparius Tiburtinus.

Siccine Elisæ animus vobis, sic notus, Iberi,
Dracus erat? quoties illum maria invia nautis,
Ignotosque sinus, alioque sub orbe reposta
Et vix audaci audistis tentanda Columbo
Regna cita penetrasse rati? vestrosque colonos
Et clade ingenti & gaza mulctasse superba
Et tandem patriæ incolumen se reddere terræ?
Neu vos imperii species tueantur inanes
Quâ se Romuleis rex ille securibus audet
Vester, & Æmathiis cetras præferre sarissis;
In vestri advertis princeps penetralia regni
Littoraque & latos campos non agmine magno

Percurrens, cuncta est ferro populatus & igni,
Aggeribusque alias arces & milite fido
Munitas æquavit humo: non qua arte solebat
Portarum duros Macedo perfringere vectes,
Molirique seras & ferrea claustra Pelasgum,
Quaque solet vester populos superare Tyrannus,
Illius tantum vitiorum & nominis haeres,
Longe alius Draci mos est, tuaque æra, Philippe,
Non pace ignava sed fortibus appetit armis,
Datque auro leges, non leges sumit ab auro.

Huldricus Cassianus.

Qui regum regem te semper, Ibere, putasti,
  Anglica jam vinci posse virago docet,
Spe tua jam totum classis præceperat orbem,
  Sed novus hanc forti devorat arte Draco.
Aëre fama refert celso volitare Draconis.
  Nunc Draco te mediis mergit & urit aquis.
Hunc tibi flagrantem gelidis Neptunus in undis
  Texit & exitio fovit, Jbere, tuo,
Hispanus varios Leo terruit ante Leones,
  Nunc Hispane novo victe Dracone iaces.

D. G. G. L. E.

Dracone, quem Regina classi præficit,
  Anullus est peritior?
Seu nauticus sit edomandus impetus,
  Pedestris aut exercitus?
Nam seu volandum est palmulis, seu linteo,
  Nec linteo nec palmulis,

Potis est Draconis ulli navem consequi,
Nec vim Draconis fallere:
Testatur hoc sinus minoris Adriæ,
Testantur hoc & Cyclades:
Euxini Neptune & Tomitani salis
Neptune, tibi isthæc nota sunt.
Nosces Draconem, Hispane, nosces Anglicos
Animos, & invictas manus:
En fortis urget te Draco, tibi
En objicit robur virûm:
Te catenis illigabit, te Draco
Damnabit atro carcere,
Quæ tu minatus es Britannis vincula
Hæc ipse victus indues.

Joh. Tolmerus in Naumachia.

Drakius irrumpens horrendum fulminat armis;
Drakius insignis bello, quem expertus Iberus
Sæpius, atque Indus, domiti quem debita mundi
Alterius cœlo sublimem gloria tollit.

Th. Watsonus Londin. Amint. Gaud:
Epist. 5.

Jlle Dracus, lacero qui ditia pondera lignô
Imponit Thamesi.

Hæc ferè sunt quæ de Draco nostro
apud exoticos poetas
legimus.

THE

Life and Death

OF

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

1

DARK Night, the Sovereign of Cimmerian black,
Th' inhabitant of pitchy Acheron,
Mounted upon Alastor's snaky back,
From Tænarus, her black pavilion,
Rides through the world in sad progression;
Dew-dropping Mists, and Darkness' dusky bloom,
Attend, as heralds, to proclaim her room.

2

Blind Vesperugo, clothed in sable shade,
Night's cloudy harbinger, cold Hesperus,
Runs on before, to see that way be made,

And being authorized her Prodromus,
Rides on the vulture-bearing Caucasus,
Veiling the golden tapers of the light,
And bids Olympus entertain the night.

3

She bristling up her leaden-pated crest
Of feathers, broader than the Dragon's wings,
Whose space disjoins the Lycaonian beast
From Cynosure, whose praise the seaman sings,
That she as patroness directs his rings;
Enclaspeth with her winged eminence
The world's orbicular circumference.

4

Now only is she earth's high monarchess,
And tyrannizeth o'er this massy round;
For he, whose puissance quell'd her monstrousness,
Enchaining her beneath the weighty ground,
By death's fierce Heben trident hath his wound,
Repaying unto greedy destiny
The interest of his life-lent usury.

5

Drown'd in the day-star in th' Hesperian deeps,
The radiant Eos of white Albion:
Tithomus' love-lass, fair Aurora, weeps,

And day-reducing Phosphorus doth moan,
That he unto the other world is gone,
Denying them the traffic of his sight,
From whose fair lustre they derived their light.

6

See how Apollo tasks his wearied teams
Unto the occidental axletree,
Making the horizon mask in sable seams,
Abandoning the earth from mirth and glee,
Swearing it never more his lamps shall see;
But means, except the Fates his wrath appease,
To live immured among the' Antipodes.

7

As when he left th' Olympic starry rocks,
Living an exile long in Thessaly,
And near Amphrysus fed Admetus' flocks,
Only accompanied with Mercury:
Or when for Phäeton's sad tragedy,
Enraged with passionate woe he fell at odds
With thundering Jove, and all the minor Gods.

8

But now nor Clymene's audacious boy
Torn by the morning-breathing horses' rage;
Nor Amydæan Hyacinth's annoy

Cause this his grief, impatient of assuage;
These woes long since gave place to time and age.
The pains, that now exagitate his soul,
Time cannot tame, nor swan-white age controul.

9

He, from whose sun the sun derived his shine,
As doth his sister planet from his light
Whilom than crystal far more crystalline,
Now is oppress'd with Death's eternal night,
Exempt from intercourse of Phœbus' sight,
Who wails his loss, but solaced in this,
That his immortal soul survives in bliss.

10

The Gods' Pandora, heaven's bright firmament,
Fair Albion's bulwark, castle of defence,
The world's rare wonder, th' earth's rich ornament,
Heart's adamant, mind's sacred excellence,
Widom's grave Delphos, virtue's quintessence,
Right perfect workmanship of skilful nature,
Some semi-god, more than a mortal creature.

11

Great God of prowess, thunderbolt of war,
Bellona's darling, man of chivalry,
Bloody Enyos' champion, foemen's fear,

Fame's stately Pharus, map of dignity,
Jove's pearl, pearl's pride, pride's foe, foe's enemy,
Spain shaking fever-regent of war's thunder,
Undaunted DRAKE, a name importing wonder.

12

All this, yea thrice a thousand times and more
Than this untold, though angels' eloquence,
Though all the souls of poets heretofore,
And modern Muses made their residence
In mortal mould to pen his excellence;
More than all arts' arithmetic can sum,
Ah me! are now enclosed in DRAKE's rich tomb.

13

Tomb? ah no tomb, but Neptune's frothing waves!
Waves? ah, no waves, but billow-rolling seas!
Seas? ah no seas, but Honour's hallowed graves:
Graves? ah no graves, but bones' eternal ease:
Ease? ah no ease, but rest born to displease:
Whate'er it be, where worthy DRAKE doth lie;
That sacred shrine entombs a Deity.

14

If Deity in earth can be enroll'd,
Or may participate with brickle clay,
Or can be compass'd with so frail a mould,

Or be invested in so base array,
As transitory flesh born to decay;
Then wheresoe'er it be, that DRAKE doth lie,
That sacred shrine entombs a Deity.

15

If Deity may be a thing created,
The quaintest workmanship of skilful nature,
Or by a parliament of Gods enacted,
Or be appropriated to a creature,
Omnipotent Jove's richest architecture:
Then wheresoe'er it be that DRAKE doth lie,
That sacred shrine entombs a Deity.

16

But if man's soul his deity define,
Which is an essence metaphysical,
Immortal, heaven-infused, and divine;
And flesh be but a prison temporal,
That for a season holds the soul in thrall;
Then in DRAKE's tomb doth this his person lie,
But Heaven's bright shrine contains his Deity.

17

O who will lead me to that two-topt mountain,
The Heliconian Muses' laureate hill?
Who will conduct me to that sacred fountain,

Whence soul-infusing nectar doth distil,
That poet's sp'rites with winged furies fill;
Where naked Graces use to bathe and swim,
While Nymphs and Fairies dance about the brim?

18

Where no Actæon straggling through the fields
Defiles those Dians with polluted eyes;
No Pyreneus this chaste forest yields,
Whose sugar'd words and soothing flatteries
Join'd with constraint would cause them wantonize.
No such polluted peasants haunt these places;
For lust is sacrilege unto the Graces.

19

Phœbus' fair well springs, fountains crystal bright,
Oil of invention, Poets' paradise,
Impressions of conceit, sap of delight,
Soul's sweet emplastrum, unguent of the eyes,
Drops making men with Gods to sympathize,
Baths of the Muses, Hebe's sugar'd wine,
Pure Helicon, the very name divine.

20

Mount me, fair offspring of Mnemosyne,
Upon Bellerophon's wind-winged steed;
Lift up my leaden spirit, Euphrosyne,

Above the pitch of pastor's rural reed.
For he, that sings of matchless DRAKE, hath new
To have all Helicon within his brain,
Who in his heart did all heaven's worth contain.

21

No common theme is subject of my verse;
One Muse cannot suffice to pen this story:
He, that intends DRAKE's merits to rehearse,
And pen the process of his famous glory,
Should in his heart all Muses' spirit carry;
Yet all inferior to his worthiness,
Whose soul did all the Worthies' spirit possess.

22

Audacious infant, proud presumptuous boy,
That dares presume to name with faltering tongue
And voice untaught to tune an humble lay,
A name which thundering Zephyrus hath song,
And thousand echoes thro' the world have rong;
With Fame's triumphant trumpets often spread
From th' Arctic to th' Antarctic famoused.

23

None but old Atlas' heaven-upholding arms,
Or great Alcides' adamantine breast,
To whose exploits all poets sing alarms,

Should underprop the axle of the rest,
And wield the heaven that DRAKE's name hath
addrest;
Whose weight will bruise the shoulders of the
weak;
Let children cease of such exploits to speak!

24

Yet may we weep, although we cannot sing,
And with sad passions volley forth our fears,
While other accents in the air do ring,
Our anthems may detain the vulgar ears,
And what we want in words, supply in tears:
While Philomela tunes sweet melody,
Progne may weep her dismal tragedy.

25

Then you, sweet-singing Syrens of these times,
Dear darlings of the Delian Deity,
That with our Angels soul-enchanting rhymes,
Transport Parnassus into Britanny,
With learning's garland crowning poesy,
'Sdain not that our harsh plaints should beat
your ears;
Arts' want may stop our tongues, but not our
tears.

26

SPENCER, whose heart enharbours Homer's soul,
If Samian axioms be authentical:
DANIEL, who well may Maro's text controul
With proud *plus ultra* true note marginal,
And golden-mouthed DRAYTON musical,
Into whose soul sweet SIDNEY did infuse
The essence of his Phœnix-feathered muse.

27

Types of true honour, Phœbus' tripodes,
Hell-charming Orphêi, Syrens of the sense,
Wit's substance, Jove's brain-born Pallades,
Soul's manna, heaven's ambrosian influence,
True centers of renown's circumference:
The graceful Graces fair triplicity,
Of modern poets rarest trinary.

28

Imbathe your angel's feathers lofty quill
In fluent amber-dropping Castaly,
That liquid gold may from your pen distil,
Encarving characters of memory
In brazen-leav'd books of eternity:
Be DRAKE's worth royalized by your wits,
That DRAKE's high name may coronize your writs.

29

Let famous REDCROSS yield to famous DRAKE,
And good Sir GUION give to him his launce;
Let all the MORTIMERS surrender make
To one that higher did his fame advance;
Cease LANCASTER's and YORK's jars to enhance:
Sing all, and all too few to sing DRAKE's fame,
Your poems need no laurel, save his name.

30

Had he been born in Agamemnon's age,
When stout Achilles lance scourg'd Troy's proud towers;
When men 'gainst men, and gods 'gainst gods did rage,
Æneas, Achilles, nor Ulysses powers,
Had been so famous in this age of ours:
All poets would have written in his praise,
Their Æneads, Iliads, and Odysses.

31

But now, O shame! the virtuous are forgotten,
The heroes are contemn'd, and Nero's told
The ancient orders that are dead and rotten;
Gone is the purity of poets old,
And now eternity is bought and sold:

Free poesy is made a merchandise,
Only to flatter is to poetize.

32

Well worth Augustus' laurel-crowned times,
Pure halcyon hours, Saturnus' golden days;
When worthies patronised poets rhymes,
And poets rhymes did only worthies praise,
'Sdaining base Plutus' grooms with fame to raise:
When now, save mercenaries, few do write,
And be a poet is be a parasite.

33

But you (sweet souls) the Graces trinary,
Strain up your tunes with notes angelical
From heaven's fair house, O, Fame's trium-viri!
Fetch Orpheus' harp with strings harmonical,
And music from the spheres melodical:
And with sweet quires of swans, and nightingales,
Sing doleful ditties at Drake's funerals.

34

My Muse all mantled in Death's livery gown,
Shall mourn before his hearse in sad array,
With sable Cyparissus hanging down
Her mournful breast, whose boughs shall fan away

Titan's bright beams, bedarkening all the day:
And while with tears you sit melodying,
She shall weep with you, though she cannot sing.

35

Even as the lark, when winter's waste draws near,
Mounteth her basinetted head on high,
And through the air doth tune her trebles clear,
Quav'ring full quaintly forth her *tireli*,
Beyond the ken of any piercing eye:
While as the red-breast on an humble thorn
With weeping notes the summer's loss doth mourn.

36

Ye that attend on Cytherea's train,
And feed her silver-feather'd turtle doves,
Which in their golden-wired cage remain
Whether at Paphos' shrine, or Cnydus groves,
Whose liver-laps do swell with full vein'd loves:
While damsel ladies do imparadise
Your thoughts within the Eden of their eyes.

37

Whose muse is so inravish'd with the looks
Which from your mistress' ivory brows do fall,
As makes you fill the largest volum'd books

With soul-persuasive songs pathetical,
And mind-alluring speech methodical:
Tasking your pens to pen a woman's praise,
And she the actress of your own disease.

38

O let your muse make an apostrophe
From Venus' courts unto Bellona's camps;
Give but a glance on DRAKE's high dignity,
Imprest with magnanimity's true stamps;
And when your sense is lighted with these lamps,
Solemnize to the world his funerals,
In all your sonnets, and your madrigals.

39

Cease, fondlings, henceforth to idolatrize
With Venus, your Carpathean sea-born queen;
And to heroic DRAKE do sacrifice
Of expiation for your former sin,
Erect his statue whereas her's hath been:
Make DRAKE your saint, and make the shrine his hearse,
Yourselves the priests, the sacrifice your verse.

40

O you the quaint tragedians of our times,
Whose stately shanks embuskin'd by the Muses,

Draw all the world to wonder at your rhymes,
Whose sad Melpomene robs Euripides,
And wins the palm and price from Sophocles:
While Po and Seine are sick to think upon,
How Thames doth ebb and flow pure Helicon:

41

Who at your pleasures draw, or else let down
The flood-hatches of all spectators eyes;
Whose full-brain'd temples deckt with laurel crown
O'er worlds of hearts with words do tyrannize;
To whom all theatres sing plaudities:
While you with golden chains of well-tun'd songs,
Link all men's ears and tears unto your tongues.

42

Cease to eternize in your marble verse
The falls of fortune-tossed venerists;
And strain your tragic muses to rehearse
The high exploits of Jove-born martialists,
Where smoky gun-shot clouds the air with mists:
Where groves of spears pitch'd ready for to fight,
Damp up the element from eagle's flight.

43

What need you summon from the silent hell
The souls of Hector and of Priamus,
And thousand others that beneath us dwell,
Wafted long since through Styx to Erebus,
Or to the Elysian Tempe glorious?
Whose acts by ancients often have been told,
And all love novels, few like that is old.

44

Lo, here a modern subject for your wits,
But loftier than any heretofore
Eternized by former poets' writs;
Whose worth their sacred muses did adore,
And he scarce entered yet th' Elysian door;
Whom dead yet all men's thoughts alive do make:
For who would think that death could conquer DRAKE?

45

Here, poets, spend your wits' chief quintessence,
And bandy verses with the god of verse,
Embalm him with your wits best influence,
All intellectual powers his praise rehearse,
And with your poems beautify his hearse:

Fear neither Theon's tooth, nor critic looks,
DRAKE's only name shall patronize your books.

46

Be DRAKE's heroic deeds the argument,
His name the prologue of your tragedy,
The acts and scenes, his acts all excellent,
Himself chief actor of Spain's misery,
His lance the scorpion-scourge of Hesperie:
Fett'ring with golden chains their principates,
And leading captive Spain's chief potentates.

47

The Muses' hill shall be the theatre,
And all the world spectators of the shows,
A quire of angels shall the chorus bear,
The massacre shall be of England's foes,
And such as think to work Eliza's woes:
And when DRAKE's death ends the catastrophe,
Heaven shall clap hands and give the plaudite.

48

But, ah! our days are stampt in envy's mint,
And this our age cast in the iron mould,
Our hearts are hew'd out of Caucasean flint,
And two-leav'd plates of brass our breasts enfold;
Hate waxeth young, the world thus waxing old:

And best we like them that do love us least,
And least we love them whom we should like
best.

49

Impiety of times, virtue's chief hater,
The dying world's twice-infant waxen dotage,
Worth's canker-worm, desert's ingrate abater,
Hard iron ages, death-declining sottage,
Foul serpent-eating envy's loathsome cottage:
Poison-tooth'd viper, impiously that bites
The womb of those who are her favourites.

50

False touchstone, not discerning gold from brass,
False sooth-sayer, divining always lies;
False clock, not telling how the day doth pass;
False friend, forsaking in adversities;
False pilot, leading through extremities;
False in election, false in amity,
And only true in infidelity.

51

Such is the world as one that dotes with years,
Loathing things present, though of greater price,
Liking that which is past and not appears,
And says, the elder age was far more wise,

Of higher worth, and of more sound advice:
All that it sees, it thinks not worth the sight,
But what it wants, it craves with main and might.

52

Blear-eyed eld! not seeing dark from day;
Blind with affection, ignorant of truth,
Unwean'd from self-love, never at a stay,
Leaning upon the crabbed staff of ruth,
Untoward to forecast for that ensueth;
Injurious to those that most befriend it,
Obsequious to those that most offend it.

53

The ancient nobles are most noble deem'd,
And in Fame's calendar saints register'd,
While present worthies vassals are esteem'd,
Though worthier to be canonized
Than those that are in legendaries read:
Nor Hercules, nor Mars, were gods accounted,
Before they died and unto heaven were mounted.

54

What marvel then, though some base humourists,
Foul whelps of fierce Hyrcanean tiger's seeds;
Extenuate the worth of jovialists,

And such as merit heaven by famous deeds,
Returning base disdain for worthy meeds.
Owl-sighted eyes, that dazzled are with light,
But see acutely in the darksome night.

55

Some such there are, O shame, too great a sum!
Who would impeach the worth of worthy DRAKE,
With wrongful obloquies sinister doom,
And eagerly their serpent's tongues they shake,
And sith they cannot sting, a hissing make:
But he who made all Spain quake with his fame,
Shall quell such mush-rumps only with his name.

56

Monsters of Nature, Nile-bred crocodiles,
Sight-slaying basilisks, poison-swollen toads,
Fame-fretting cankers, shame's infectious biles,
Earth-gaping chasmas, that mishap abodes,
Presumptious giants waging war with gods:
Air-putrifying Harpies, loathsome brood,
Echidna's offspring, sworn foes to the good.

57

These serpents mouths with tongues and teeth are filled,

With tongues they sting, with teeth they fiercely bite;
By stinging, minds; by biting, hearts are killed;
The minds with grief, the hearts with deadly spite;
This spite kills joy, this grief doth slay delight:
Oh what fierce hell begot this monstrous kind,
Whose tongue, whose teeth, kills, slays, the heart, the mind.

58

Their breast, the harbour of an envious heart,
Their heart, the storehouse of a pois'ned hate,
Their hate, the quiver holding slander's dart;
That dart they shoot at men of highest state,
That state that soon is subject to debate:
And that debate breeding dissention,
Procures all commonwealth's destruction.

59

Their heads lay complots, strife how to procure,
Their hands do practise what their heads desire,
Their hearts approve what hands have put in ure;
Their minds in mischief with their hearts conspire;
Their souls consent to that their minds require:
Who will not say they are sprung from the devil,
Whose heads, hands, hearts, whose minds, whose souls are evil.

60

Celestial Goddess, eviternal flame,
Minerva's daughter by fair Maia's son,
Of all th' inhabitants of heaven's fair frame,
Most highly honoured since the world begun,
And shall be till the fatal glass be run;
Soul's sweet receipt, the health's restorative,
Heart's cordial, the mind's preservative.

61

Goddess of thought, Muse-animating spirit,
Altar of honour, temple of renown,
Shrine of devotion yielding art her merit,
Life's richest treasure, virtue's gorgeous gown,
Heaven's best habiliment, Ariadne's crown;
The Cynosura of the purest thought,
Fair Helice by whom the heart is taught:

62

Send honour down, O chief of goddesses!
Honour thy royal person's messenger,
To ravish Drake from earth's unworthiness;
As Jupiter once sent his armour-bearer
To transport Ganimede from Ida thither:
And as that boy was honoured of Jove,
So honour Drake, and let him be thy love.

63

Daughter of time, sincere posterity,
Always new born, yet no man knows thy birth,
The arbitress of pure sincerity,
Yet changeable (like Proteus) on the earth,
Sometime in plenty, sometime join'd with dearth.
Alway to come, yet alway present here,
Whom all run after, none come ever near.

64

Unpartial judge of all, save present state,
Truth's idioma of the things are past,
But still pursuing present things with hate,
And more injurious at the first than last,
Preserving others, while their own do waste:
True treasurer of all antiquity,
Whom all desire, yet never one could see,

65

Be thou religious to renowned Drake,
And place him in thy catalogue of saints:
Instead of Neptune god of sea him make,
Either to lose or bind the wind's restraints;
Let sea-men offer him their vows and plaints:
Envy lives with us while our lives survive,
But when we die, it is no more alive.

66

And you, eternal Jove's high progeny,
Whom at your birth the gods, your parents, blest,
To consecrate unto eternity
In never-dying registers of rest
Yourselves and others that deserve it best:
To whom they seal'd this charter at your birth,
Your souls should live in heaven, your fame's on earth.

67

Jove's dearest darlings, God's best favourites,
Saints paragons, of purest earth refin'd,
Scorn'd of the world, because heaven's chief delights,
Inheritors of Paradise by kind,
Which was to you before your birth assign'd:
The golden rings where honour's jewels shines,
Whose sun is fame, heaven zodiac, you the signs.

68

Imbathe your Phœnix quills in nectar streams
Of milken showers, that Juno's breasts did rain,
Let Drake's high excellence be all your themes,
Whereon to spend the chiefest of your brain,

His worth in honour's purest die engrain:
That after ages may him deify
In holy heaven's celestial hierarchy.

69

GRENVIL, a name that made Iberia tremble,
Whom Jove would make the Atlas of the west,
(So well he did his Hercules resemble)
Had not a weightier charge his mind possest,
For having plac'd him in Elysian rest,
In heaven's star-chamber held a parliament,
And made him prorex of his regiment.

70

Well hath his poet royaliz'd his acts,
And curiously describ'd his tragedy:
Quaintly he hath eternized his facts,
In lasting registers of memory,
Even co-eternal with eternity;
So that the world envy's his happy state,
That he should live when it is ruinate.

71

Some fiery Muse with heavenly heat enflam'd,
Mount DRAKE likewise above the azur'd sky;
Be not the eagle Jove's thunder-bearer nam'd,
Let DRAKE possess that glorious dignity,

Or rather let himself the thund'rer be,
And make the world his majesty to wonder,
For who more fit than DRAKE to rule the thunder.

72

He rul'd earth's thunder while he did survive,
Which when he list could make great Neptune quake,
Angry with Jove that any man alive
Should terrify and make his kingdom shake:
But when he heard it was renowned DRAKE,
He gave to him his trident and his mace,
As one more fit to rule that stormy place.

73

Spain trembled at the thunder of his name,
And when those giants proudly did rebel,
No thunder-bolt had needed but his fame,
Their haughty-minded forces for to quell;
And send them by whole myriads into hell:
That Charon curs'd their coming on so fast,
And knew not how so many could be past.

74

The proud Tartessian Caligula fears,
And hides his doating head for very horror,
If but DRAKE's name do thunder in his ears,

And lies astonish'd with an uncouth terror,
Exhaling forth his gasping breath with dolour,
While Drake (our new Alcides) vanquished
This Spanish Hydra's ever-growing head.

75

The Pyrenean cloudy-topped mountains,
At his approach, with mists their faces veil'd,
The hills shed tears, and made encrease of fountains,
Still fleeting down the clifts, and never fail'd,
When through the ocean waves his navy sail'd:
And if clear waters in the fleet were scant,
He made his foe-men's tears supply the want.

76

Oft did the surges, plough'd up by his ship,
Seem to o'erwhelm the Cassiterides;
While the Cantabrian-ocean sea-nymphs skip,
Together with the fair Nerëides,
And all the lovely Oceanitides,
Dancing about to have a sight of Drake,
Or of his ship a lovely kiss to take.

77

As oft as near the Gades both he sail'd,
And by Cape-Sacer's sky-topp'd promontory,
Their heads, like dappers, under waves they veil'd

Th' Herculean main itself seem'd to be sorry,
Grieving it should such ponderous forces carry;
For though it could bear him who bear the sky,
It could not DRAKE, for DRAKE was more than he.

78

The Baleares wish'd themselves unknown,
Or join'd in league unto the British main,
Dreading they should by DRAKE be overthrown,
And ravish'd from their neighbour-bordering Spain,
Whose weakened powers itself could not maintain:
They wish'd some God would metamorphose them
To sea-nymphs, that they might be safe from him.

79

Toledo's towers and Compostella's saint
Kept not Hesperia secure from dread;
The towers declin'd, the Saint with fear was faint:
Faint Saint, for fear that durst not shew his head,
Dreading least greater dangers followed:
Alas! what could such fearful saints prevail,
That such great Joves as DRAKE meant to assail?

80

Iberus, river in Cantabria,
Oft wish'd he had still kept him underground,
His head-spring near to Juliobrica
Thrice hid himself, and could no where be found,
Thrice overwhelming, all the land was drowned,
For hearing that the conquering DRAKE came by,
Poor coward river knew not where to fly.

81

What profited th' Herculean Calpe now,
That Titan in the occidental line,
Trav'lling unto th' Antipodes below,
Deign'd to salute him with his radiant shine,
As to the other world he doth decline?
One means to dispossess him of his might,
Who dispossessed Titan of his light.

82

Tagus, thy gold could not redeem thy fear,
Nor all thy sands thy grief could countervail:
DRAKE comes, and leads with him the gods to war,
With victory displayed on his sail;
What can thy gold and water now avail?
Thy precious water shall his thirst allay,
Thy gold shall serve to give his soldiers pay.

83

Spain annually prepar'd a royal fleet,
To sweep the seas unto the Indian coast,
That coming home they might our Dragon meet,
And pay him tribute at their proper cost;
England, thou hadst the gain, and Spain the lost:
Had he surviv'd, Tempe had been our land,
And Thames had stream'd with Tagus' golden sand.

84

Such as the Hyperborean Dragon was,
That bare th' enchanting daughter of the sun
On scaled crest of triple-plated brass,
When through Campania's coast he us'd to run,
And ceas'd not ranging till his course were done;
But with irrefragable force and might,
Made obstant lets give way unto his flight.

85

Such was our Dragon, when he list to soar,
And circuit Amphitrite's wat'ry bower;
The rampant lion, and the tusked boar,
The ravenous tiger born still to devour,
To bar him passage never had the power:

Whole herds and hosts could never make him stay,
His only sight suffic'd to make him way.

86

Forth of his nostrils burning flakes of fire
As from an oven's gaping mouth, did flame,
Wherewith he wasted in his raging ire
All that oppos'd themselves against the same;
All the sea-monsters trembled at his name:
And when it pleased him progress through the sea,
His fame was herald to proclaim him way.

87

O what an heavenly sight it were to view,
And with the eye survey him on the main,
Encount'ring with a proud Tartessian crew,
The choicest martialists of war-like Spain,
And swarthy Moors and Indian slavish train:
Mantling all Tethy's with their argosies,
With high-topt masts included in the skies.

88

Their gallies freighted full with men of war,
Whose oars ploughed furrows in the swelling waves,

Than tower'd whales or dolphins, larger far,
Of size sufficient to be giants graves,
Row'd with an hundred Indian captive slaves:
Made glossy Nereus groan, and seem to shrink,
Who often wish'd to see their navy sink.

89

Sea-castles, which they Galeazos nam'd,
Guarded, like bulwarks, all the mighty fleet,
Whose masts of seven conjoined oaks were fram'd,
By skilful architecture made to meet,
Whose tops might seem the element to greet:
Hoised aloft, their sails display'd on high,
As though they meant to veil the shining sky.

90

Who so beholding from the bordering shore,
Had view'd their navy floating on the main,
Would swear they were no ships that Neptune bore,
But woods of cedars growing on a plain,
Whose tops, above the region of the rain,
Were damp'd with circumfused clouds from sight,
Which no transpiercing eye could ken aright.

91

Neptune encircled in his watery arms
His silver shining darling Albion,
And in his bosom shielded her from harms,
That might endanger his chief paragon,
Fearing of nothing, save his lovely one:
And like as Perseus kept Andromeda,
So kept he her from monsters of the sea.

92

Now had our Dragon rous'd him from his cave,
Against his foe-men bending forth his flight,
All the sea-surges passage to him gave,
Until he had his enemies in sight,
'Gainst whom he bended all his force and might:
And in[a] approach the adversary deem'd
That all heaven's host to march against them seem'd.

93

Who so had ever seen in Arcady
The Molorchean Lion, through the field
Whole herds of beasts pursuing eagerly,
That none escape but such as meekly yield,
Until desire of prey be largely fill'd:

[a] At his, 2d Ed.

He might have judged how our Dragon rag'd,
Till full revenge his thirst had quite assuag'd.

94

On some he breath'd a fatal burning fire,
That blew them up in ashes to the sky;
Others aghast, dreading his wrathful ire,
Duck'd down their fearful heads immediately
Under the waves, to save themselves thereby.
So that their fleet invincible by fame,
Christ'ning anew he gave another name.

95

As on Ulysses Circe did bestow
A bladder, where the winds embowelled were,
That at his pleasure he might let them blow,
Or keep them in when danger did appear,
So Drake about him still the winds did bear:
And if misfortune forc'd some ships to fall,
Jove into sea-nymphs did transform them all.

96

If fates had fram'd him in the giants age,
When Terra's high descent made heaven to tremble,
And Titan's brood against the gods did rage,
Whose trumpets, that did thunder's noise resemble,
Whole myriads of monsters did assemble:

Whose coal-black ensigns in the sky display'd,
Out bearded Jove and made the gods dismay'd.

97

When Phlægra's fields, and proud Pellene's coast,
Swarmed with troops of ghastly giants bands;
Where sturdy Typhon, general of the host,
Summon'd his kinsmen with the hundred hands,
To come and fight with Jupiter for lands:
Under the conduct of great Briareûs,
With Gyas, Cæus, and Halcyoneûs.

98

Their pond'rous weight did make their mother groan,
Dreading she should be pressed down to hell;
Their father Titan seem'd himself to moan,
As oft as from their mouths and nostrils fell,
(Broad like Abyssus' gulf where devils do dwell)
Forth issued mighty clouds of misty smoke,
Whose dusky fogs his fiery beams did choke.

99

Ossa they pressed down with Pelion's weight,
And on them both impos'd Olympus' hill;
Upon whose crooked top, by strength made straight,
Black pitch'd pavillions all the space did spill,
The which before the subtile air did fill:

Which being exiled from his proper place,
Wandered, and could not find a vacant space.

100

Porphyrio, Crius, and Enceladus,
With Ephialtes, and Polybotes,
Pallas, Lapetus, Clytius, Eurytus,
Gration, Agrius, and Argyropes,
With millions mo, as big and large as these,
Followed the colours of Typhæus' bands,
Swearing to batter heaven with their hands.

101

They wore no harness to defend their breast,
But marched naked against their foe men's face;
They thought their skin was armour of the best,
To shield them woundless in the eager chase;
Such was the proof thereof in every place,
As scarce a thunderbolt could enter in,
But was rebated with the very skin.

102

Typhon whose ribs resembled cedar trees,
A quiver full of mountains by his side
Instead of darts did bear, and at his knees
Two dragons heads in knotted joints were tied,
Which in their mouths two fiery tongues did hide:

Against whose sting no plaister could prevail,
Nor Moly nor Dictamnum once could heal.

103

Instead of trumpet, Briareus did roar,
And strain'd his high resounding voice aloud,
Whose ugly note a bass so ghastly bore,
As when amid the air some uncouth cloud
Meets with another, and together croud
With such a deadly sounding fearful voice,
As heaven and earth do tremble at the noise.

104

Heaven hid his head and seem'd to fly for fear,
The dastard Gods betook themselves to flight,
And unto Egypt forth-with made repair,
Not daring to encounter them by might,
But trusting more to flight than unto fight:
Near unto Nilus (hoping so to 'scape)
Each one of them resum'd a diverse shape.

105

Jove, like a ram, did wear both horns and wool,
(A livery which of late he gave to many)
Hence Ammon yet doth bear a horned scull;
Juno because a cow unknown to any,
To save her from the giant's tyranny:

Men to themselves their wives enjoyed now,
While he did play the sheep and she the cow.

106

Swift-footed Mercury his talars changed
Into the serpent slaying Ibis wing;
Venus, turn'd to a fish, the seas now ranged,
Supposing that which first her life did bring,
Should save her life again from perishing:
Phæbe did play the cat, Phœbus the crow,
Bacchus disguised like a goat did go.

107

O had victorious DRAKE among them then
In heaven (as now he is) been deified,
They needed not have dreaded mortal men,
Nor, for a world of giants, have denied
Their god heads, and like cowards, in caves abide:
DRAKE should have pierc'd them with his burning darts,
Though all their thunder could not wound their hearts.

108

Not to a fearful ram, or feeble cow,
But to a dragon DRAKE himself should turn;
From whose fierce nostrils flakes of fire should flow,

That in a moment all their tents should burn,
And headlong from their mountains overturn
Their big bon'd carcases to Orcus' evils,
And bid them there wage battle with the devils.

109

O where is now the cunning Tarentine
Archytas, far renowned for his skill,
That could arts purest quintessence refine,
And in fair practique's limbeck at his will
The purest juice of theorique's flow'rs distil,
And by proportion geometrical,
Make wooden doves to fly, and not to fall.

110

Where is that cunning man of Syracuse,
The first inventor of our globes and spheres,
So deeply skill'd in mathematics use,
As that whole armies only one man fears,
Whose skilful stratagems their might impairs:
And what a thousand could not do by fight,
One could atchieve by art's celestial might.

111

Such as were they, such was our worthy Drake,
Whose head a storehouse was of policies,
That (like his valour) forc'd his foes to quake,

Making their hulks to caper in the skies,
And quiver in the air their argosies:
So by a proper sleight he knew full well
To send their ships to heaven, their souls to hell.

112

Sometime, when number virtue did surprise,
(As virtue sometime is surpris'd by number)
His policy could soon a way devise,
To fly their forces that might bring him under,
And how he could escape it made them wonder:
For of their Indian gold he made him wings,
And (like a phœnix) safely from them flings.

113

Think how the eagle, armourer to Jove,
Espying Ganymede on Ida's plains,
Intended to convey him to his love,
Which being noted by the Phrygian trains,
And other sturdy rutters, Trojan swains,
They flock together with confused cries,
To rescue from the bird his lovely prize.

114

An hundred iron pointed darts they fling,
An hundred stones fly whistling by his ears,

An hundred deadly dinted staves they bring,
Yet neither darts, nor stones, nor staves, he fears;
But through the air his plumed crest he rears:
And in derision safely 'scapes away,
Presenting unto Jove his long lov'd prey.

115

So DRAKE (divine Eliza's champion)
Seizing upon a prey of Indian gold,
Meaning to ship it home to Albion,
Ballasts his bark with treasures manifold,
Which when the griev'd Iberians do behold,
They swarm in troops to take his prize away,
And to disrobe him of his gained prey.

116

A thousand hell-mouth'd cannons deadly shot,
A thousand rattling muskets hail-stones fly,
Yet thousand deadly cannons hurt him not,
Nor thousand rattling muskets reck'neth he,
But still rebeats them all as eagerly;
And maugre all their beards, brings home the spoil,
'Riching Eliza, and Eliza's soil.

117

Those peerless peers, that through the world have spread

Their predecessors virtues, and their own,
And both with honour have ennobeled;
Who to nobility's chief point are grown,
The sage attendants on Eliza's crown:
Desir'd to venture on the foe with DRAKE,
And with his fortunes good or ill partake.

118

When forth they march'd against their eager foe,
Hope and Revenge did bear them out to war;
Guarded with Non-perille did they go,
While Bonadventure still their ensign bear,
And cowardice by Dreadnought 'bandon'd far;
Swift-sure their race, though swift yet alway sure,
And good Fore-sight to Hope-well did allure.

119

Watchful Advise did march in equipage,
Together with her sister Providence;
Relief with Aid, and Aid with high Courage,
Courage was guided with Experience,
And both did guide and guard their high pretence,
Where all such worthy virtues captains were,
What coward would not be a conqueror.

120

The soldiers followed eager for the fight,
Known to the foe by face, not by the back,
Skilful in fight, but ignorant in flight,
Swift in assault, but in retiring slack;
Never returning but with foe-men's wrack:
Who would not be a soldier in that band,
Which, ere it fought, held victory in hand?

121

Art tamed Tigers made way with their paws,
The Unicorn's sharp horn the foe did gore,
The ravenous Bear with blood imbru'd his jaws,
The Lions with their tails did hurt them sore,
And cut them short for coming once a shore:
And he that went out white against his foe,
Returns home red, for blood imbru'd him so.

122

A silver Greyhound led a golden Hind,
Now reconciled to his utter foe:
A Roe-buck, that did bear a lion's mind,
Together with Diana still did go,
And dreaded not her darts and murdering bow:
The Phœnix in his fleet her nest did make,
And Hercules himself attended Drake.

123

God's-gift he had, and God his gift did speed,
No misadventure cross'd where God did guide,
Where God did save, none other salve did need,
He sped the journey, he did give the tide,
He saved the fleet from foes insulting pride:
How could the enterprize ill issue have,
Where God himself did guide, did speed, did save?

124

Fortune herself was present in the fleet,
But stood not on her fickle rolling wheel;
Constant stability ballassed her feet,
And being constant knew not how to reel,
But ruled the rudder and directed the keel:
How could mischance unto that ship betide,
Where Fortune was the pilot and the guide?

125

Guarded with these associates royal train,
Forth marched valiant Drake to martial arms;
And makes an earthquake through the coasts of Spain,
When as his thund'ring drum resounds alarms,
And roaring trumpets volley forth their harms:

Hope and Revenge to war conducted DRAKE,
And Victory and Triumph brought him back.

126

Such were magnanimous DRAKE's accomplices,
Not of the vulgar, base, inglorious sort,
But such did follow wars as ruled in peace,
Whose very names their fortunes did import:
Such rare adherents did to DRAKE resort,
As he that but their ominous names once heard,
Did either vanquish'd yield, or fly afraid.

127

Neither in wars his worth was only known,
Although his worth was chiefly known in wars,
But all as well at home in peace was shown,
In moderating public wealth's affairs,
As quieting his foes tumultuous jars:
And as the Laurel crown'd him conqueror,
So did the Olive shew him counsellor.

128

Like as abroad with unresisted arms
He tam'd his foes proud insultations,
Even so at home with lenity he charms
His jarring friends discordant passions,
Rescuing the poor from proud vexations:

So all his life he made a warfare long
Abroad 'gainst enemies, at home 'gainst wrong.

129

In war he strove (and striving still did gain)
To vanquish all with never daunted might:
In peace he sought (and seeking did obtain)
All to excel in equity and right,
A Justicer in peace, in war a Knight:
Though hard it were for him that might take ease,
Scipio to be in war, Cato in peace.

130

The mighty son of more than mighty Jove,
Heaven bearing Hercules, most famoused
For twelve achievements, and disaster love
Of Deianira being captived,
After so many monsters vanquished,
Having subdu'd all monsters, saving one,
(Woman) ordain'd to master him alone:

131

Heaven-honour'd poets in eternal verse,
Among his many brave achievements done,
As not the last, nor least act do rehearse
His fair fame (though by filthy service won),

Making th' Augæan ox-stall shine as sun;
(Which more than thirty years uncleans'd had been)
By forcing of Alpheus' river in.

132

Equal with Hercules in all save vice,
Drake of his country hath deserved grace,
Who by his industry and quaint devise,
Enforc'd a river leave his former place,
Teaching his streams to run an uncouth race:
How could a simple current him withstand,
Who all the mighty ocean did command?

133

Now Plymouth (great in nothing save renown,
And therein greater far, because of Drake)
Seems to disdain the title of a town,
And looks that men for city should her take;
So proud her patron's favour doth her make:
As those whom princes patronage extoll'd,
Forget themselves, and what they were of old.

134

Her now bright face, once loathsomely defiled,
He purg'd and cleansed with a wholesome river;
Her whom her sister-cities late reviled,

Upbraiding her with unsavoury savour,
DRAKE of this obloquy doth now deliver:
That if all poets' pens conceal'd his name,
The waters glide should still record the same.

135

Now Fame, the queen of immortality,
Summons my Muse from home achieved praise,
(Abandoning all partiality,
A fatal sin to poets now a days)
Her leaden-winged crest aloft to raise,
And soar, in famous DRAKE's memorial,
About the compass of this earthly ball.

136

Honour enmoves her to attempt the flight,
And wave her feathers, (unneath taught to fly)
But faint despair doth urge her feeble might,
(That durst not yet her home-bred nest out-pry)
About the world to soar audaciously:
Honour replies, that if she chance to fail,
The brave attempt the shame shall countervail.

137

Bound on an high adventure, she intends
To tell the world that all the world can tell,
How all the triple earth's unbounded ends,

And lands where no inhabitants do dwell,
Where dark obscurity still keeps his cell,
Whereas the sun dares scarce appearance make,
Have heard and seen the fame of famous DRAKE.

138

Whose heaven-affecting thoughts could not remain
Confin'd within the confines of the earth,
But still contended higher to attain,
Since that the stars portended at his birth,
His praises plenty ne'er should feel a dearth,
But grow to that high exaltation,
Of all the world's peregrination.

139

A Golden-Hind, led by his art and might,
Bare him about the earth's sea-walled round,
With unresisted Roe out running flight,
While Fame (the harbinger) a trump did sound,
That heaven and earth with echo's did abound;
Echo's of DRAKE's high praise, praise of his name,
Name royaliz'd by worth, worth rais'd by fame.

140

Heart-stealing HOMER, marrow of the Muses,
Chief grace of Greece, best pearl of poetry,
Drowner of souls with art's overwhelming sluices,

Embellished with Phæbus' lunary,
Deck'd with the Graces rich embroidery,
Sweet honeysuckle, whence all poets sp'rits
Suck the sweet honey of divine delights:

141

Cease to solemnize Anticleas' son,
That famous Ithacensian rover's praise,
(Who great Achilles arms from Ajax won)
His hard adventures, and his weary ways,
His wandering pilgrimages through the seas:
His dangerous travels, and his ten years toils,
Discovering new-found lands, and uncouth soils.

142

First how he bare himself ten years at Troy,
And slew by skill the two Dardanian spies,
How from his foes he ravished with joy,
Their tall Palladium by quaint policies,
(Where Priam's heart and hope and help relies;)
Then, how he spent ten other years at sea,
Before to Ithaca he found the way:

143

Raise forth his name out of the Odysses,
Be he no more the subject of thy verse;
But let thy Muse record Drake's worthiness,

And in Ulysses' lieu his fame rehearse,
That far beyond Ulysses' fame did pierce,
Searching the confines of this earthy round,
And provinces, that erst were never found.

144

Tell how he bare the round world in a ship,
A ship which round about the world he bear,
Whose sail did winged Eurus' flight outstrip,
Storming tempestuous Boreas' stormy dare,
Descrying uncooth coasts, and countries rare,
And people which no eye had ever seen,
Save day's fair golden Eye, and night's bright Queen.

145

Tell how he hath escaped warily
Loud-barking Sylla's ever howling dogs;
And seal'd his ears and lips up charily,
'Gainst Syrens' songs, and Circe's poison'd drugs,
That metamorphose men to ugly hogs:
Nor Syrens' songs, nor Circe's drugs he fears,
Virtue had lock'd his lips, art seal'd his ears.

146

Tell how he passed Charybdis' whirlpool waves,
Whereas two mighty roaring channels meet,

To swallow ships, and make their womb their graves,
And cause their high-top masts the gravel greet;
Tell how Caphareûs could not hurt his fleet:
Neither the straits nor quicksands him amated,
Nor waves nor winds his valour once abated.

147

HOMER, tell how; but ah, how canst thou tell,
HOMER, how DRAKE to purchase glory wonted,
Since that sweet sp'rit that in thy soul did dwell,
And that sweet soul, sweet above all soul's counted,
Long since to soul's sweet paradise is mounted;
Where thou with DRAKE to saints dost sing DRAKE's praise,
Here we bewail his loss, our deep disease.

148

O thou, so high renowned for thy art,
In memorizing base achievements done,
By one that bear a fearful hare's faint heart,
While subtile fox's head his credit won;
O had thy Muse once shin'd with DRAKE's bright sun,
Or had thy golden verse his praise recounted,
HOMER himself had HOMER far surmounted.

149

Thy glory, DRAKE, would more have glorified,
His travel eased thee, that eased it,
In him thyself thou hadst historified,
His fame would raise thy Muse, that raised it,
His name would praise thy verse, that praised it,
That after ages should a question make,
Whether DRAKE grac'd HOMER more, or HOMER DRAKE.

150

Mark how a civet-smelling damask rose,
In laurel-leaved garland quaintly placed,
Yields beauty to the bay, where best it shows,
And neither by the other is defaced,
But graceth that where with itself is graced:
So each the other should more famous make,
DRAKE HOMER should adorn, and HOMER DRAKE.

151

The fiery-sparkling precious chrysolite,
Spangled with gold, doth most transplendent shine:
The pearl grac'd by the ring, the ring by it,
The one the other's beauty doth refine,
And both together beauties doth combine:

The jewel decks the golden hair that wears it,
Honour decks learning that with honour rears it.

152

Valour and art are both the sons of Jove,
Both brethren by the father, not the mother,
Both peers without compare, both like in love,
But art doth seem to be the elder brother,
Because he first gave life unto the other;
Who afterward gave life to him again,
Thus each by other doth his life retain.

153

Art is nobility's true register,
Nobility art's champion still is said;
Learning is fortitude's right calendar,
And fortitude is learning's saint and aid:
Thus if the balances 'twixt both be weigh'd,
Honour shields learning from all injury,
And learning honour from black infamy.

154

Why should Ulysses be opposed to DRAKE?
DRAKE, that Ulysses' worth excell'd so far,
As Hyperion's golden chariots slack,
Surmounts his silver sister's two-wheel'd car;
Or as her planet doth the smallest star:

DRAKE did Ulysses' worth exceed so far,
As sun exceeds the moon, the moon each star.

155

Ulysses was constrain'd to go to Troy,
DRAKE unconstrain'd, except constrain'd by fame;
Ulysses feigning fury feign would stay,
A heavenly fury DRAKE's mind did inflame,
To purchase glory to Eliza's name;
He mad among his friends, mild with his foes;
But DRAKE was mild to them, and mad with those.

156

Both left their ladies, fair, and chaste, (a wonder:)
O who could leave a lady chaste and fair?
But fortune for a while their loves did sunder;
That sundered love could never love impair,
Ulysses left a lady with an heir:
DRAKE left a lady bounteous, fair, and wise,
For whose sweet love the gods would leave the skies.

157

Ulysses did the innocent betray,
And in extremes forsook his aged friend;
No such defaults did ever DRAKE bewray:

This difference between them both I find,
Wherein great DRAKE Ulysses came behind;
Ulysses HOMER had to pen his story,
DRAKE hath no HOMER to emblaze his glory.

158

Envy herself is forc'd to say the truth,
(And yet the truth doth envy seldom say)
Since Brute train'd hither first the Trojan youth,
(If ever Brute train'd hither youth of Troy)
The small remainder of the Greeks destroy,
Nobly descended from a virtuous line:
Noble descents make virtue more divine.

159

How still the silver rocks of Albion,
Lighten'd translucent lustre from the shore,
(Like to the carbuncles that shine upon
The fair sun's golden palace ivory door)
Whose radiant splendor, and whose beauties lore,
Upon the world's extremest walls reflect,
Dazzling the eyes that gaze on such aspect:

160

How that their lofty minds could not be bounded
Within the cancels that the world do bound;

How that the deepest seas they search'd and sounded,
Beyond all lands that ever have been found;
Making the farmost seas our praise resound;
And nations which not fame herself had seen,
To carol England's fame, and fame's rare Queen:

161

How they have travers'd sundry foreign lands,
Lands all environ'd with the swelling seas,
Seas ignorant of ends, devoid of bands,
Bands that might yield some harbour to their ease,
Ease to refresh them in their weary ways:
Lands, bands, seas, ways, their minds amated not,
By lands, bands, seas, ways, they honour got.

162

Unto the confines of Assyria
Honour led princely Edward, (Henry's son,
The third that did the English sceptre sway)
Whose brave achievements both in Acra done,
And Galilee when Nazareth was won,
Enrols in ancient records of renown,
The tributory fame to England's crown.

163

Rich heart of lion, RICHARD Lion-heart,
Twice match'd by name, but never in renown:
Two more in RICHARD's title bear a part,
But none, save he (that wore the English crown)
The name of Lion-heart, claim'd as his own:
His heart was richest, that a Lion's was,
Save her rich heart, whose heart all hearts doth pass.

164

Tancred can tell, and all Sicilia,
But most Messina, his great victories,
The coasts of Palestine, and Syria,
And Cyprus captivated Emperor's eyes,
Saw him attir'd in triumph's jollities:
And on the Pagans, in defence of Sion,
His lance bear witness, that he was a Lion.

165

Clio herself (I fear) would be offended,
And whip me down with laurel from her mount,
If WILLIAM Peregrine be not commended,
If I should not that pilgrim's praise recount
In verse, who did in verse so far surmount:

Since thou wert that I am not, but would be,
How can I not (sweet Poet) write of thee?

166

Brave LONG-SWORD in the coasts of Asia,
Display'd the ensign of the English fame;
And near Nile-bord'ring Alexandria,
Engrav'd with steeled sword fair Albion's name
In characters, which valour's art did frame;
Where 'gainst the Saracens (who Christ defied)
He boldly dying fought, and fighting died.

167

Renowned MADOCKE, Prince's son of Wales,
Brave Cambro britton uncontroll'd by might,
Blown by successful fortune's prosperous gales,
In discontentment (most victorious Knight)
Left his rich princedom, left to him by right,
Between his brethren in dissention:
A crown 'twixt brethren breeds contention.

168

Before COLUMBUS ere set foot in Inde,
He did discover Nov' Hispania;
Before VESPUCIUS liv'd did MADOCKE find
The world, call'd after him America;
He saw the famous Terra Florida:

Little regarding all their gain and store,
Honour he gain'd, and MADOCKE sought no more.

169

What coast or country knows not MANDEVIL,
His pilgrimage of three and thirty years,
A vowed votary to honour still,
Unequaliz'd by valour's chiefest peers?
Whose travels legend whosoever hears,
May doubt (if men for merits sainted be)
Which should be Alban's saint, Albane or he.

170

Courageous CABOT, brave Venetian born,
Foster'd with honour-breathing English air,
Victorious HENRY's name the more t' adorn,
And to emblazon Troynovant the Fair,
Unto the farmost climates made repair;
And by the southern and septentrion,
Measur'd the fame of famous Albion.

171

Light-less, and name-less Prima-Vista lay,
Till from his eyes it borrowed name and light,
Flora did never Florida array.
Roses, not lilies, shew'd their shining sp'rit,

Till it was ros'd and lilied with his sight:
Thrice happy sight, that verdant spring composes,
By shewing lands with lilies and with roses.

172

By Labrador's high promontory cape,
Beyond the isles of Cuba, CABOT sail'd,
Discovering Baccalaos' uncouth shape,
The mighty silver-river not conceal'd,
His tributary sands to him reveal'd;
Nor 'sdained it to be a tributor
Unto the ocean's mighty emperor.

173

Honour of England, brave SEBASTIAN,
Mirror of Britain magnanimity,
Although by birth a right Venetian,
Yet for thy valour, art, and constancy,
Due unto England from thy infancy:
Venice, thou claim'dst his birth, England his art,
Now judge thyself which hath the better part.

174

WYNDHAM, although thy rash temerity,
Hastening for endless gain, gain'd hasten'd end;
And though improvident celerity

Too soon accelerated death did send;
Yet since so far thy valour did extend,
And death for rashness made full satisfaction,
Why should not fame advance thy valorous action?

175

When valour's fire enflam'd young Isadas,
Rashly to venture battle unregarded;
His rashness by a mulct corrected was,
But with a crown his valour was rewarded,
Because his prowess had the Sparians guarded:
For if by rashness valour have got honour,
We blame the rashness, but reward the valour.

176

Then WYNDHAM, though thy high-resolved thought,
A hare-brain'd hardiment had ill prevented;
Yet since so dear thou hast[b] this rashness bought,
Which at the fatal rate of death was rented,
Let envy with misfortune be contented:
Hadst thou Ulysses' head to Hector's heart,
The world a braver peer could not impart.

177

With like misfortune (though unlike advice)

[b] Thou hast so dear, 2d Edit.

Did fame-ennobled WILLOUGHBY intend
A famous action's hapless enterprize:
Arzina saw his lamentable end,
Which her eternal winter's frost did send:
Though freezing cold benumb'd his vital flame,
Heat shall not hurt, nor cold consume his fame.

178

Fortune not alway good, nor alway ill,
Willing to shew her mercy with her power,
Feasted on others' falls (as seem'd) her fill,
Smiled with a mild aspect on CHAUNCELOUR,
Making herself his daily oratour:
Hereby (quoth she) the world shall know my powers,
How fortune sometime laughs as well as lowers.

179

Forthwith for him a bark herself she fram'd,
Enchanting it with an almighty charm;
Which she the blissful Bon-adventure nam'd,
Which wind, nor wave, nor heat, nor cold could harm,
While her omnipotence the same did arm:
Guiding it safely to Muscovia,
Safely reducing it from Russia.

180

Bold with success, and proud on fortune's favour,
Again his lofty sails he doth advance,
Allur'd by silver's soul-attractive savour:
But fortune (like the moon in change and chance,
That never twice doth shew like countenance)
At Pettislego drench'd him in the seas:
Thus most she hurts, when most she seems to please.

181

O tempt not fortune, she will not be tempted,
Her thunder follows when her lightning's done:
Her dangers are fore-seen, but not prevented;
When she doth frown, think she will smile anon?
And when she smiles, think not her frowns are gone:
What doth her laughter but her lowers importune?
Misfortune follows him that tempteth fortune.

182

Ask the Wingandicoa savages,
They can relate of GRINVILE and his deeds;
The isles of Flores, and Azores, these
Extol his valour and victorious meeds;

While Spain's grip'd heart fresh streams of anguish bleeds:
His worth with all the world his praise made even,
But he scour'd earth, and therefore went to heaven.

183

What time out sliding thought so far could fly,
As did heroic CAVENDISH drive his sails?
The great Magores kingdom did he see,
Where freezing Boreas rings his northern peals,
'Gainst whose benumbing blast no heat avails:
His prowess hath been known to Mallaca,
And to her neighbour-bordering Bengala.

184

Knighted by honour in deserts fair failed,
Death-scorning GILBERT, chronicled by fame,
To England's Monarchess did force to yield
The savage land (that New-found now we name),
Making wild people mild, submiss, and tame:
O, were men's lives unto their praises tied!
Then, noble GILBERT, never hadst thou died.

185

But cursed fates did cross brave CHIDLIE's thought,

(O that brave thoughts by fates still cross'd should be!)
Nothing but worth his hungry humour sought,
Nothing but honour's nectar thirsted he,
When death untimely did exact his fee:
But CHIDLIE, that which death took from thy days,
Honour shall add to thine immortal praise.

186

If searching labyrinths inextricable,
By hard adventures, and ambiguous ways,
To purchase glory and renown be able,
And meritorious of eternal praise;
Then FROBISHER out-lives the Sybils days:
What death took from his life, this gives his name,
Death hath no dart to slay deserved fame.

187

Out of the concave caverns of the earth,
Her golden-oared entrails he descried,
Exiling famine, poverty, and dearth,
These precious bowels having once espied,
Where massy gold ingorged did abide:
He recompensed nature's injury,
That gives earth gold, and leaves men poverty.

188

Rich China, and fair Met' Incognita,
Admired his valour, and extoll'd his fame;
Cathaia, and the great America,
The dangerous straits that yet do bear his name,
Are monumental annals of the same:
Annals, wherein posterity shall read,
How fame the living salves, revives the dead.

189

Now drop my pen in ink of dreary tears,
A name, of late, of laughter and of joy!
But now (O death, the agent of our fears!)
A name of dolour, and of dire annoy,
The sad memorial of the fates destroy;
HAWKINS, (O, now my heart, cleave thou asunder!)
In naming him (me seems) I name a wonder.

190

Epitome of gods, heaven's counterfeit,
Fame's pyramis, honour's imagery,
High throne, wherein all virtues made their seat,
True prospective of immortality,
Fair mirror of celestial majesty:

White palm, whose silver boughs enharbour'd rest,
Snow-feather'd swan, and Nestor of the west.

191

Nestor in wisdom, art, and policy,
Nestor in knowledge, skill, and prudency,
Nestor in counsel, and in gravity,[c]
Nestor in wit, foresight, and modesty,
Nestor in might, and magnanimity:
O would he had (as he had Nestor's hairs)
Enjoyed Nestor's age, and Nestor's years!

192

A mortal man more than a man of late,
(If mortal man more than a man may be)
Since his life's calendar is out of date,
And death's new year exacts his custom'd fee,
No more a man nor mortal now is he:
No more a man, because of death bereaven,
Mortal no more, because a saint in heaven.

193

Clifford, a name that still was ominous,
Prefiguring an high-resolved mind,
Victorious, vent'rous, virtuous, valorous,

[c] The second and third lines are transposed in 2d Edit.

Eternal adjuncts to that noble kind,
By Nature's secret influence assign'd:
Who can deny that names are ominous?
For CLIFFORD's name hath still been valorous.

194

O had he perish'd in his enterprize,
(As did th' inventor of that brazen beast)
Who first the fatal engine did devise,
The dismal gun, the actor of unrest,
Whose thunderbolts do pierce the strongest breast:
O had he perish'd in his mother's womb,
And that which gave him life, had been his tomb.

195

Nectar-tongued SYDNEY, England's Mars, and Muse,
Heroic DEVEREUX had never sent
The royal blood to earth's unworthy use;
Nor FROBISHER his breath at Brest had spent;
We should not WINGFIELD's loss so much lament:
Such worthies might have sav'd their vital breath,
By one accursed vassal's worthy death.

196

Then might victorious CLIFFORD yet survive,
And with renown invested BASCARVILL,

Regreet fair Albion's shining shore alive;
No Spaniard had triumphed in his ill,
Nor boasted he so brave a knight did kill:
If, but by one, whose worth his worth could stain,
He had not been slain! He had not been slain!

197

Sleep you securely, O thrice blessed bones,
The sacred relics of so fair a saint,
In your rich tomb enchas'd with precious stones,
Till honour shall your destiny prevent,
And fame revive the breath that fates have spent:
And if no HOMER will display your name,
Accept a Cherilus to do the same.

198

Live, O live ever, ever-living spirits,
Where ever live the spirits of virtuous livers,
Heaven have your souls, the earth your fame inherits;
But when earth's massy apple turns to shivers,
And fire conjoins that nature now dissevers,
That holds your souls shall then your fames contain;
For earth shall end, your praise shall still remain.

199

What though you left your bodies far from home,
And some on seas, some died on the sand,
Loosing the honour of your father's tomb,
Which many seek, few have, none understand;
Heaven is as near from sea, as from the land:
What though your country's tomb you could not have?
You sought your country's good, not country's grave,

200

More than most blest (if more than most may be)
Spirits of more than most renowned wights;
But if of more than most be no degree,
As much as most you are, victorious Knights,
Earth's admiration, and the heaven's delights:
And as in worth you were superlatives,
So shall you be in fame infinitives.

201

Now is the consummation of your grief,
The fates have set full period to your pain;
He, who on earth was all your heart's relief,
Whose absence you in heaven itself did plain,
(If plaints attach them that in heaven remain:)

In heaven is now associate of your joy,
Your glad, our grief, your pleasure, our annoy.

202

You, whose exploits the world itself admired,
Admire the strange exploits of peerless DRAKE.
And you, whom neither lands nor seas have tired,
Have tired your tongues, when they rehearsal make,
What hard adventures he did undertake:
Then if that such Atlantes are too weak,
What marvel if this weight our shoulders break?

203

O, you once matchless monarchs of the seas,
But now advanced to an higher place,
Invested viceroy's, and high satrapes,
In that fair palace near the milken race;
O think not that his praise doth your's deface:
If he be justly prais'd, you justly graced,
Your graces by his praise are not defaced.

204

What though his worth above your's is extoll'd?
Yet thereby is not your's extenuated:
What though your neighbour's jewels dearer sold,
Than for the price whereat your gem is rated?

What thereby is your diamond abated?
Wherefore to give both him and you your due,
I say he was the best, the next were you.

205

Like as some travel-tired passenger,
By silent-sliding Thames rose shadow'd side,
(Poor care accloyed pilgrim traveller)
Sits down to view the sight-reviving slide,
The wanton bubbling waters gentle glide;
Smiling to see the rivers quav'ring flanks,
Dally upon the daisy disappeared banks.

206

Thus while he feasteth both his eyes and ears
With native music, sweeter than a man's;
Like to a shower of silver snow, appears
A flight of alabaster-feather'd swans:
Whose number while his sense amazing scans,
Forth with another flight his mind doth cumber,
And thus doth number bring him out of number.

207

So sitting by the Tempe sunling side
Of honey-dropping Aganippe's fount,
I had espied (or seemed I had espied)
A troop of virtues swarming down the mount,

Whose number while I studied to recount,
Down from the mountain ever issued more:
Thus I forgot what I had told before.

208

Higher than heaven, further than east or west,
Beyond both Poles, and utmost Thules' bands,
Our lofty Dragon did advance his breast,
Exacting tribute of the strangest lands,
Won by his words, or conquer'd by his hands:
His hands and words such power impulsive bear,
These tamed the wild, they made the strong to fear.

209

A glorious splendour of a lucky star,
Lighten'd upon his birth a golden smile,
Portending valour, and success in war,
A thought which no dishonour should defile;
All cross aspects his wisdom did beguile,
For whatsoever stars seem to importune,
Wisdom predominates both fate and fortune.

210

The Spartans once exil'd Archilochus,
The author of Lycambe's tragedy,

Because he said it was commodious,
Rather to cast away his shield and fly,
Than boldly to resist and bravely die:
O, if such cowardice DRAKE's mind had stained,
His valour never had such honour gained.

211

Look how th' industrious Bee in fragrant May,
When Flora gilts the earth with golden flowers,
Envelop'd in her sweet perfum'd array,
Doth leave his honey lim'd delicious bowers,
More richly wrought than Princes stately towers;
Waving his silken wings amid the air,
And to the verdant gardens make repair.

212

First falls he on a branch of sugar'd thyme,
Then from the mariagold he sucks the sweet,
And then the mint, and then the rose doth clime,
Then on the budding rosemary doth light,
Till with sweet treasure having charg'd his feet,
Late in the evening home he turns again;
Thus profit is the guerdon of his pain:

213

So in the May-tide of his summer-age,
Valour unmov'd the mind of vent'rous DRAKE,

To lay his life with winds and waves in gage,
And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,
Leaving his country for his country's sake:
Loathing the life that cowardice doth stain,
Preferring death, if death might honour gain,

214

At Cuba silver, at Coquimbo gold;
At China cloth, and precious silks he found;
Pearl at the pearled isles he did behold;
Rich cochinealo hoarded did abound
Embosom'd in Tichamachalcos' ground;
Thus his industrious labour still did raise
The public profit, and his private praise.

215

As Nilus, with his inundation,
Upon all Egypt fertile fatness showers:
Or as Euphrates on the Chaldee nation,
An overflowing flood of plenty pours,
And graceth all the continent with flowers:
So Drake his country fill'd with store and plenty,
And filling it, himself was almost empty.

216

Where, as the night can never find a place,
The sun's eternal shining to assuage;

Where, as the sun durst never shew his face,
For fear of icy winter's choaking rage;
Nations unknown unto the antique age:
There hath he been, and made eternal light,
Where, but for him, had been eternal night.

217

Plung'd in the ocean of perplexities,
With waves of death, and winds of black despair,
Amid the Scyllas of uncertainties,
With surges of sad death, and dreary fear,
Which to the skies their billows oft did rear:
Scorn fortune, DRAKE by fortune's rage was born,
The more she rag'd, the more he did her scorn.

218

Where dismal dread, and agonizing death
Hovers about them with their hellish wings,
Still threatening to intoxicate their breath,
And stop the conduits of the vital springs,
That nutrimental spirits to them brings:
Even as the jaws of death did valour bear him,
That death himself might know DRAKE did not fear him.

219

Huge mountain islands of congealed ice,

Floating (like Delos) on the stormy main,
Could not deter him from his enterprize,
Nor blood congealing winter's freezing pain,
Enforce him, coward like, turn back again:
Valour in greatest danger shines most bright,
As full-fac'd Phœbe in the darkest night.

220

He that hath been where none but he hath been,
Leaving the world behind him as he went;
He that hath seen that none but he hath seen,
Searching if any other world unkent
Lay yet within the ocean's bosom pent:
Even he was DRAKE; O could I say he is!
No music would revive the soul like this.

221

He that did pass the straits of Magellane,
And saw the famous island Magadore:
He that unto the isle of Mayo came,
Where winter yieldeth grapes in plenteous store:
He that the isle of Fogo pass'd before,
A second Ætna, where continual smoke
Of brimstone-burning vaults, the air doth choke.

222

He that at Brava saw perpetual spring,

Gracing the trees with never fading green,
Like laurel branches ever flourishing:
He that at Taurapaza's port had been:
He that the rich Molucca's isles had seen:
He that a new-found Albion descried,
And safely home again his bark did guide.

223

He was (O would he might have been for ever!)
Victorious DRAKE, for more he could not be:
So much he was, till destiny did dissever
His soul and body, (O great cruelty!)
Leaving this to the sea, that to the sky,
But England, nothing, that first gave him breath:
Save everlasting dolour for his death.

224

O would we still had lack'd this legacy,
And heaven had been contented with his fame!
O would the seas had miss'd this treasury!
O would the earth had joy'd his living name,
And England ever had enjoy'd the same!
But now the seas and heaven joy in their treasure,
But earth's and England's woe exceeds all measure.

225

O heavens, why take you that which late you gave?
O seas, why hold you him that once held you?
O earth, how hast thou miss'd that thou didst crave!
O England, how art thou bereft thy due!
O unto whom wilt thou for comfort sue?
To earth? why that's partaker of thy moan:
To heaven? ah, they withhold that is thine own!

226

O now descend my ever mourning Muse,
Down from the by-cliff of thy sister's mount;
Forsake Cytheron, nor frequent the use
Of th' amber weeping Pegase-hoof-made fount;
Now prune thy wings, aloft thou mayst not mount,
Sigh forth the humble model of thy woe,
For joy ascends, but sorrow sings below.

227

Now change thy winter-scorning laurel boughs,
That made thy temples swell with mounting brain;
And with sad cypress all begirt thy brows,
The dreary ensigns of ensuing pain,
Sad presentations of a tragic vein;

In whose broad leaves spectators eyes may see
The deep-grav'd characters of extacy.

228

Now leave Parnassus' heaven-aspiring mountain,
For sad Avernus' hell-depressed plains:
Leave Aganippe's honey-bubbling fountain,
Whereby the Muses' chorus still remains,
And to the waters warble forth their strains:
Leave Aganippe for the Stygian lake,
And for the fiends the Muses' songs forsake.

229

Instead of Helicon's green varnish'd grove,
Walk in the silent shade of Erebus;
Instead of Ida (where the ladies strove
Before the brain-sick son of Priamus)
Frequent the blooming walks of Tænarus:
Where sable Ebon for the springing bay,
Change joy's accoutrements for grief's array.

230

Sorrow, be thou my muse, sadness my song,
And death the subject that I versify,
The destiny's despite, and fortune's wrong,
Is that which now I must historify,
In silent cell of sad melancholy:

My ebon pen shall pour out inky tears,
That he may weep that reads, he sigh that hears.

231

Why do I crave the fiends and furies aid,
To cause them weep that cannot choose but moan?
What need I strive to make men more dismay'd?
Why should I bid them do that all have done?
Say but great DRAKE is dead, who will not groan?
For he that heareth that, and sheds not tears,
Who will not say he nursed was of bears?

232

O you whose adamantine harden'd hearts
Delight in nothing but in tragedies;
Who sit and smile at tortur'd wretches smarts,
Making your ears sweet music with their cries,
Sucking the tears distilling from their cries;
Singing when all the world doth weep, save you,
Applauding that which all beside do rue.

233

Come here and read (O that no eye might read it!)
The end of him whom all did love or fear:
Hear what is said, (O that no tongue had said it!)
His death, in whom all virtues numbered were;
And if you this can either read or hear,

Not suffering tears from iron eyes to glide;
Boast you can do that none can do beside.

234

But you mild spirits that have wept out all,
When first you heard, that hardly you believ'd;
Fear not the sound, that have sustain'd the fall,
And having borne the sore that most you griev'd,
Shun not the salve whereby you are reliev'd,
For having once sustain'd the bullet's wound,
What need you fear the cannon's harmless sound?

235

Then tell, my Muse, (if thou canst tell for tears)
When, how, and where he died, and tell no more;
This is enough, yea too much to rehearse:
O would so much had not been told before,
Nor should hereafter (to our grief and sore)
Be truly told! O had not fate denied
That he, who ever lives, had never died!

236

Then had not love and sorrow yet constrain'd
My outcast eaglet Muse to look so high
As Titan's beams, which now unneath sustain'd,
Bewray unto the world with dazzled eye
A base degenerate imp of poetry:

Nor critics censure should upbraid me so,
Thus to presume to fly that scarce can go.

237

But that which Jove and destiny hath done,
Men may lament, but never disannul;
And they that check me for presumption,
(When love constrain'd me write, though I were dull,)
Blaming presumption, must praise love at full:
And easily the fault may be redressed,
Where love and duty only have transgressed.

238

Now was the month that old Sextilis name,
Chang'd by the Roman Senate's sage decree;
And glorying so to innovate the same,
To have himself new christen'd did agree,
Proud that Augustus' godfather should be:
While Ceres clad him in a mantle fair
Of bearded corn, still quavering with the air.

239

When as a royal fleet with joyful minds,
(O how mishap is nearest still to joy!)
Daring their hopes and lives to sea and winds,
Two trustless treasurers full of annoy,

Did toward the western Indes their course employ;
Whose guide to DRAKE and HAWKINS was assign'd;
When they went forth, O who would stay behind?

240

Whether to win from Spain that was not Spain's,
Or to acquit us of sustained wrongs,
Or intercept their Indian hoped gains,
Thereby to weaken them, and make us strong;
Here to discuss, to me doth not belong:
Yet if grief may say truth by nature's laws,
Ill was the effect, how good soe'er the cause.

241

Now are they on the seas, resolv'd to prove
The mercy of a mercy-wanting wave;
England behind them lies, their lies their love:
Before them and about them air they have,
And sometime foggy mists their sight bereave:
Beneath them seas, above them skies they find:
Seas full of waves, skies threat'ning storms and wind.

242

O, Neptune, never like thyself in shew,
Inconstant, variable, mutable,
How dost thou, Proteus-like, thy form renew?
O, whereto is thy change imputable?
O, whereunto art thou best suitable?
Rightly the moon predominateth thee,
For thou art all as changeable as she.

243

Thus still ambiguous 'twixt fear and hope,
Fear in the storms, and hope in calmer tide:
Passing Saint Michael's promontory top,
At length the Bay of Portingale they spied,
Where not determining long time t' abide,
Again they venture on their dangers source,
And to the grand Canaries bend their course.

244

Now pass in silence, O my drooping pen,
So many famous towns and ports pass'd by,
Some took, some burnt, some unassaulted then,
As that Port Rico, place of misery,
Where (O!) great HAWKINS and brave CLIFFORD lie:

The taking of the city Hatch conceal,
Nor many other brave attempts reveal.

245

Only two base ignoble places tell,
Famous for nothing but for death and dread:
Where (O!) that which my Muse laments befell,
The stages where our tragedy was play'd,
Th' one Scudo, th' other Portobella said:
Both to be rased out of memory,
But for memorial of this tragedy.

246

O, wherefore should so many famous places,
Worthy eternal memory and fame,
Be here conceal'd, unworthy such disgraces,
And these two should be registered by name,
Though meritorious of eternal blame?
But some are sometime named to their shames,
And therefore must I tell these places names?

247

Whether of both was in the greatest fault
I know not, nor I care not much to know:
Far deeper passions now my mind assault:
Thus much I know, (O that I knew not so!)
Both jointly join'd to aggravate our woe;

Since he on whom his country's hope relied,
At Scudo sicken'd, at Port'bella died.

248

Accursed isle, whose life impois'ning air
Intoxicates his sanctified breath!
But most accursed port, that did impair
That flesh compacted of the purest earth,
And made the same a sacrifice to death!
O let them languish in eternal night,
That did extinguish earth's fair shining light!

249

O let these places be earth's dismal hell,
Th' inhabitants eternal tortur'd ghosts,
The snaky-hair'd Furies loathsome cell,
Swarming with fiends and damned spirits hosts,
And palpable thick fogs infect the coasts:
And be this never ending purgatory,
A place of penance for Drake's woful story.

250

O soul, exhale out of thy deepest centre,
The sorrow sobbing sighs of extacy:
O let thy voice heaven's territories enter.
Breath forth into the air's concavity,
The dismal accents of thy tragedy:

Call heaven and earth to witness of thy woe,
How that thy grief doth heaven and earth o'er-
flow.

251

O let our clamours to the skies repair,
O let our smoak-exhaling breaths enfold
A mighty cloud of sighs amid the air,
Like vapours in the element enroll'd,
By Sol's attractive power expelling cold:
Till being dissolv'd, they shall on earth again
Pour down a deluge of tear-showering rain.

252

Now dusky clouds have overcast the sun,
That lately bright translucent splendour shed
In radiant rays, that from his beams did run
Into earth's eyes, with darkness dazeled,
Since first these clouds his face incurtained:
A dark eclipse obscures his shining light,
That lately made clear day in darkest night.

253

Behold the lofty cedar's stately top,
Whilom attir'd in summer's rich array,
That in the skies his proud head did enwrap;
Now are his green silk leaves gone to decay,

His tufted boughs and branches fallen away:
And since his nutrimental sap is perish'd,
He falling breaks the trees he lately cherish'd.

254

He that the bravest champion was accounted,
Boldly t' encounter with the proudest foe;
Now from his stately courser is dismounted,
And hath by death receiv'd an overthrow,
Unto the world's unconsolable woe:
The tournament turn'd to lamenting fears,
And all the triumphs into ruthful tears.

255

A sacred temple edified to Fame,
Where honour annually did sacrifice
An holy hecatombe to her name,
Now, levell'd with the earth, everted lies:
This only comfort have the votaries;
That though the temple thus be overblown,
The sacred saint shall ne'er be overthrown.

256

The vulture anguish on my maw,
Sorrow hath seized on my grieved heart,
There doth he without intermission gnaw,
From hence the other never can depart,

But still begins, and never ends my smart:
And thus poor I, 'twixt sorrow and 'twixt anguish,
Do neither live nor die, but alway languish.

257

Aye me! what shall I do this grief t' allay?
Shall I with feigned smiles my smart conceal?
Ah, no! like fire it will itself bewray:
Or shall I sue to heaven his back repeal?
Ah, no! such suits with heaven can ne'er prevail:
What therefore shall I do this grief t' allay?
Still grieve till death take grief and life away?

258

O death, inhous'd in hell's profundities,
Now exercise on me thy tyranny,
Anatomize me into atomies,
Set period to my full fallen extacy,
Prolong no longer this long tragedy:
O Death, some ease unto my sorrow send,
For death, they say, doth grief and sorrow end.

259

What say they? Death doth grief and sorrow end?
O, how they are deceiv'd in saying so!
Death only did this grief and sorrow send:

Death was the only agent of our woe:
Death was our dreary, and our dismal foe:
For had not death himself subdued DRAKE,
The world beside could not him captive make.

260

This only comfort is unto us left,
(O simple comfort in so great distress!)
That no proud Spaniard hath his life bereft:
No man may boast he caused our wretchedness,
Nor triumph he subdued earth's worthiness:
But only death our treasure have bereaven,
And that was due to earth he gave to heaven.

261

To heaven? ah! why is heaven covetous?
Why are the gods (O pardon grief) so greedy,
To ravish from the earth the precious,
And leave to us th' unworthy, base, and needy?
O heavens! what can our harms and losses stead ye?
Ah Jove! if thou be'st rightly termed a giver,
Why dost thou take from earth that should relieve her?

262

An high disdain enrag'd the Macedon,
And gall did grate against his eager breast,

Dreading his father all the world had won,
And measur'd with his sword from east to west,
And he should languish in ignoble rest:
Wherefore he often wish'd two worlds had been,
One for his father, one for him to win.

263

As great as ALEXANDER in renown,
In virtue greater far than ever he,
Great DRAKE on nature sometime seem'd to frown,
That but one world, and that all known should be;
Wherefore he sought some other world to see:
Until at length to heaven he did attain,
And finding heaven, scorn'd to return again.

264

As one that vows a solemn pilgrimage
To some canoniz'd saint's religious shrine,
Doth leave his solitary hermitage,
And with a new incensed zeal divine,
Unto devotion doth his mind incline:
Passing the way and day in meditation,
Beguiling both with holy contemplation:

265

At length with often-tired tedious race,
Alway invoking saints successive aid,

Arriveth at the sanctified place,
Where, after all his orison are said,
And due oblations to his saint are paid:
Ravish'd in spirit with devoted zeal,
Becomes a priest, and will not home repeal.

266

So Drake, the pilgrim of the world, intending
A vowed voyage unto honour's shrine,
At length his pilgrimage in heaven had ending,
Where ravish'd with the joys more than divine,
That in temple of the gods do shine:
There did a never-dying life renew,
Bidding base earth and all the world adieu.

267

Intending for to work his country's pleasure,
O cruel chance! he wrought his country's pain,
And minding to augment fair England's treasure,
(Alas!) he drowned in the ocean main
The richest treasure England did contain;
Save one rare jewel, whose rich price is such,
As none can either prize, or praise too much.

268

What treasure was it then that Drake hath lost?
It was not silver, silver yields to gold:

It was not gold, pearl is of greater cost:
Nor pearl for precious stones are dearer sold:
Yet precious stones this treasure did not hold:
O no! it was himself, more worth alone
Than silver, gold, or pearl, or precious stone.

269

O dire mischance! O lamentable loss!
Impoverishing the riches of our isle!
O wherefore should sinister destiny cross,
And with her frown incurtain fortune's smiles?
O now I see she smiles but to beguile!
O Fortune, alway to deserts unkind,
That England lost, not all the world can find!

270

O let us lose our sight with shedding tears,
And with eternal weeping lose our eyes;
Lose breath with sighs, lose mind with dreary fears;
Lose sense with terror, and lose voice with cries,
Still meditating on our miseries:
Since we have found his loss, he lost his breath;
Since we have lost his help, he found his death.

271

But O, why do we break our hearts with grief,
And to the senseless air sigh forth our groans?
Sith all in vain, heaven's send us no relief,
But stop their ears against our piteous moans:
Our sighs as soon may penetrate the stones,
As heaven's hard ears: O therefore do we 'plain,
And therefore weep, because we weep in vain.

272

We weep in vain, because for him we weep,
Since he with saints in thought surmounting joy,
At Jove's great festival doth revel keep,
Where neither scarcity doth him annoy,
Nor loath'd satiety his mind accloy:
O, since that he from us is gone to bliss,
We do lament our own mishap, not his.

273

The fairest plot in all th' Elysian field,
By Jove's command is unto him assign'd:
And heaven's eternal summer-house doth yield
A paradise unto his soul refin'd,
For sacred contemplation of the mind:
And as of men to gods he was the nearest,
So now to Jove of gods he is the dearest.

274

And if his death be rightfully respected,
Some joy it hath to mitigate our woe,
For that which for our country is effected,
Is good, though death with these effects doth go,
And well he dies, that dies 'gainst country's foe:
Therefore though death unto him did betide,
(O joyful end!) DRAKE for his country died.

275

DRAKE for his country died; O joyful end!
This joyful end began his country's woe:
His glorious death his country did defend,
And yet his death did grieve his country so,
As floods of sorrow do her overflow:
Well did he die that for his country died,
Had not his country's death to his been tried.

276

This end began our woe, ended our pleasure;
This end did end our weal, began our pain;
This end began our loss, ended our treasure;
This end did end our mirth, began our 'plain;
This end began our grief, ended our gain:
This end did end relief, began annoy;
O then no joyful end, but end of joy!

277

Spain, clap thy hands, while we our hands do wring,
And while we weep, laugh thou at our distress;
While we do sob and sigh, sit thou and sing;
Smile thou, while we lament with heaviness;
While we our grief, do thou thy joy express:
Since he who made us triumph, and thee quake,
Hath ceas'd to live, O most victorious DRAKE.

278

Proud Spain, although our dragon be bereft us,
We rampant lions have enow for thee;
Magnanimous ESSEX (heaven's delight) is left us,
And, O long may the heaven's let him be!
Great CUMBERLAND and HOWARD yet have we;
And, O long may we have them, and enjoy
These worthies to our wealth, and thine annoy.

279

These yet survive (O may they so for ever!)
To make eternal thunder in thine ears
With their heart-daunting names, and (like a fever)
To make thee tremble all distraught with fears,

274

And if his death be rightfully respected,
Some joy it hath to mitigate our woe,
For that which for our country is effected,
Is good, though death with these effects doth go,
And well he dies, that dies 'gainst country's foe:
Therefore though death unto him did betide,
(O joyful end!) DRAKE for his country died.

275

DRAKE for his country died; O joyful end!
This joyful end began his country's woe:
His glorious death his country did defend,
And yet his death did grieve his country so,
As floods of sorrow do her overflow:
Well did he die that for his country died,
Had not his country's death to his been tried.

276

This end began our woe, ended our pleasure;
This end did end our weal, began our pain;
This end began our loss, ended our treasure;
This end did end our mirth, began our 'plain;
This end began our grief, ended our gain:
This end did end relief, began annoy;
O then no joyful end, but end of joy!

277

Spain, clap thy hands, while we our hands do wring,
And while we weep, laugh thou at our distress;
While we do sob and sigh, sit thou and sing;
Smile thou, while we lament with heaviness;
While we our grief, do thou thy joy express:
Since he who made us triumph, and thee quake,
Hath ceas'd to live, O most victorious DRAKE.

278

Proud Spain, although our dragon be bereft us,
We rampant lions have enow for thee;
Magnanimous ESSEX (heaven's delight) is left us,
And, O long may the heaven's let him be!
Great CUMBERLAND and HOWARD yet have we;
And, O long may we have them, and enjoy
These worthies to our wealth, and thine annoy.

279

These yet survive (O may they so for ever!)
To make eternal thunder in thine ears
With their heart-daunting names, and (like a fever)
To make thee tremble all distraught with fears,

When thou th' alarum of their trumpets hears:
ELIZA lives, and while ELIZA reigns,
One England need not fear an hundred Spain's.

280

And that dear body held in Neptune's womb,
By Jove shall be translated to the sky;
The sea no more, heaven then shall be his tomb,
Where he a new-made star eternally
Shall shine transparent to spectator's eye,
A fearful comet in the sight of Spain,
But shall to us a radiant light remain.

281

He who alive to them a dragon was,
Shall be a dragon unto them again;
For with his death his terror shall not pass,
But still amid the air he shall remain
A dreadful meteor in the eye of Spain:
And, as a fiery dragon, shall portend
England's success, and Spain's disastrous end.

282

Known to the heavens by honour long before,
Now by the presence of th' immortal soul,
O, new made saint, (for now a man no more)

Admit my tender infant Muse t' enrol
Thy name in honour's everlasting scroll:
What though thy praises cannot live by me,
Yet may I hope to live by praising thee.

283

And may thy praises live awhile by me,
Though praising thus I do but stain thy praise,
And I awhile may live by praising thee,
Until some heavenly muse begin to raise
Thy fame from grave to live eternal days:
If ominous birds beguile not with their song,
I augurize this shall be done e'er long.

284

Phœbus himself shall chronicle thy fame,
And of a radiant sunbeam make the pen;
The ink, the milk whence *via lactea* came,
Th' empyrean heaven, the volume shall be then,
To register this miracle of men:
The sun and moon, the letters capital;
The stars, the commas and the periods all.

285

Jove's silver footstool shall be library,
That shall these acts and monuments contain,

When thou th' alarum of their trumpets hears:
ELIZA lives, and while ELIZA reigns,
One England need not fear an hundred Spain's.

280

And that dear body held in Neptune's womb,
By Jove shall be translated to the sky;
The sea no more, heaven then shall be his tomb,
Where he a new-made star eternally
Shall shine transparent to spectator's eye,
A fearful comet in the sight of Spain,
But shall to us a radiant light remain.

281

He who alive to them a dragon was,
Shall be a dragon unto them again;
For with his death his terror shall not pass,
But still amid the air he shall remain
A dreadful meteor in the eye of Spain:
And, as a fiery dragon, shall portend
England's success, and Spain's disastrous end.

282

Known to the heavens by honour long before,'
Now by the presence of th' immortal soul,
O, new made saint, (for now a man no more)

Admit my tender infant Muse t' enrol
Thy name in honour's everlasting scroll:
What though thy praises cannot live by me,
Yet may I hope to live by praising thee.

283

And may thy praises live awhile by me,
Though praising thus I do but stain thy praise,
And I awhile may live by praising thee,
Until some heavenly muse begin to raise
Thy fame from grave to live eternal days:
If ominous birds beguile not with their song,
I augurize this shall be done e'er long.

284

Phœbus himself shall chronicle thy fame,
And of a radiant sunbeam make the pen;
The ink, the milk whence *via lactea* came,
Th' empyrean heaven, the volume shall be then,
To register this miracle of men:
The sun and moon, the letters capital;
The stars, the commas and the periods all.

285

Jove's silver footstool shall be library,
That shall these acts and monuments contain,

Which that they may to after ages tarry,
And as a true memorial still remain,
Eternity is th' adamantine chain.
And that the heavens still on DRAKE's praise may look,
The gods shall read, and saints peruse the book.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Digne scripserit?

FINIS.

Printed by John Warwick,
At the Private Press of LEE PRIORY, Kent.

MN 4