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The last fight of
the Revenge at sea

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The last Fight of the Revenge at sea;

UNDER THE COMMAND OF
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE,

ON THE 10-11TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1591.

DESCRIBED BY

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

November, 1591.

GERVASE MARKHAM,

1595.

AND

JAN HUYGEN VAN 'LINSCHOTEN,

In *Dutch*, 1596; *English*, 1598; and *Latin*, 1599.

Than this [action at sea], what have we more! What can be greater!—
JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S. *Navigation and Commerce, their Original and Progress*, p. 74, Ed. 1674.

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SOUTHGATE, LONDON, N.

15 November, 1871.

No. 29.

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INTRODUCTION.

In the whole Spanish war, but one Queen's ship, the Revenge, and (if I recollect right) but one private man-of-war, Sir Richard Hawkins Dainty [after a three days' fight, 20-22 June 1594, sustained by 75 Englishmen against 1300 Spaniards] had ever struck their colours to the enemy. Rev. Canon Kingsley, *Westward Ho!* ii. 320, Ed. 1855.

RERhaps in all naval history there never was a more gallant fight than that of the *Revenge* off the Western Isles. Its fame is increasing with our greater general knowledge of those times. Mr. Kingsley has adduced it in his apotheosis of Elizabeth's sea kings in *Westward Ho!*; and Mr. Froude crowned his article in the *Westminster Review* for July 1852, on *England's Forgotten Worthies*, (since included by him in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*) with a sketch of this heroic struggle; while we have here collected as many contemporary notices as possible of this celebrated action at sea.

We will very briefly touch on its date, occasion, and necessity; leaving its details and results to our reprinted narratives.

2. Sir W. Raleigh dates the commencement of the Fight at 3 P.M. of the last of August, *i.e.* Old Style, or 10 September, New Style. Linschoten, writing in 1596, five years after the event, puts the arrival of the Armada on 13 September; but Sir Walter, writing in the following November of 1591, and with a fresh knowledge derived from the depositions of the survivors, is much more likely to be correct in this respect.

3. The Western Islands being the junction of the Portuguese fleets from the East Indies, and the Spanish fleets from the West Indies, had been, for years, a favourite cruising ground for English men-of-war and privateers. The wealth of both the Indies was now the heritage of Philip II. Although—by the blasts of the Almighty more than by the power of man—the great Fleet

of 1588, which was the Spanish inauguration of open war, had been shattered and broken: still money and money's worth might rebuild fresh Armadas for Spain, while the King held human life cheap indeed. There could therefore be no halting. England must fight on and strike hard if she would preserve the advantage she had then gained. In capturing or sinking the Indian supplies of gold, silver, and spices, she stopped the sources of Philip's power to hurt herself. So our glorious forefathers sank, destroyed, or brought home every Spanish ship they could approach: while Spain strove her utmost to protect her argosies, and to bring them safely into port.

What chances occurred in this contest. Five or six Portuguese carracks usually returned each year from Goa, laden, almost to sinking point, with the costly treasures of the East. Drake missed, by one day only, outside Lisbon bar, five of such prizes on 24 Aug. 1589. Linschoten also saw the entire quay of Angra, the chief village of Terceira, covered from November 1589 to March 1590, with chests of silver to the value of five millions of ducats, equal to one million pounds sterling, or in corresponding present value to four or five millions; all landed there at one time, together with a vast unregistered quantity of gold, pearls, and other precious stones, from two ships only, coming from the West Indies. What must the annual fleets have carried? A special fleet was sent from Spain for this treasure. In its return to San Lucar it was blown by the wind northwards towards Lisbon. Nevertheless the Admiral, Alvaro Flores de Quinones would have forced his way back to San Lucar, according to his orders; but the wind and the sailors' importunities were too strong for him. The fleet went to Lisbon, and was, with the treasure, saved. For off Cape Vincent lay 20 English ships waiting for them, a force that would infallibly have captured or sunk every one of them. A corresponding ill fortune too, befell many a Spanish ship, now lying at the bottom of the Atlantic.

These dangers and losses alarmed Philip II. and his council.

Whereupon [in September 1590] the king advised the fleet, lying in *Havana*, in the Spanish Indies ready to come for *Spain* that they should stay there all that yeare, till the next yeare, because of the great danger they might fall into by the Englishmen, which was no small charge, and hinderance to the Fleet, for that the ships that lie there doe consume themselves, and in a manner eat vp one another, by reason of the great number of people, together with the scarcetie of all things, so that many ships chose rather, one by one to adventure themselves alone, to get home, then to stay there: all which fell into the English mens hands, whereof diuers of the men were brought into *Tercera*, for that a whole day we could see nothing els, but spoiled men set on shore, some out of one ship, some out of another, that pittie it was to see, all of them cursing the Englishmen, and their owne fortunes, with those that had bin the causes to prouoke the Englishmen to fight, and complayning of the small remedie and order taken therein by the king of *Spaines* Officers. *Linschoten. p. 191. Ed. 1596.*

4. Sir W. Monson, who had done good service in the Azores

in 1589, was with his old commander the Earl of Cumberland off the coast of Spain in 1591. His account of this sea-fight is the most disparaging of all to Sir R. Grenville. It was first printed in *Megalopsychy*, 1682, fol., which is a hard and often unfair account of the naval war with Spain, 1587-1603. A.D. A transcript differing verbally from this text is now *Cott. MS. Titus. B. viii.*, and was reprinted in *Archæologia*. xxxiv. 296-349. We give the account entire from the 1682 text:—

Her Majesty understanding of the *Indian Fleets* Wintering in the *Havana*, and that Necessity would compell them home this Year 1591, she sent a Fleet to the Islands under the Command of the Lord *Thomas Howard*.

The King of *Spain* perceiving her Drift, and being sensible how much the safety of that Fleete concerned him, caused them to set out thence so late in the Year, that it endangered the Shipwrack of them all; chosing rather to hazard the perishing of Ships, Men and Goods, then their falling into our hands.

He had two Designs in bringing home this Fleete so late: One was, he thought the Lord *Thomas* would have consumed his Victuals, and have been forced Home: The other, that he might in the mean time furnish the great Fleet he was preparing, little inferior to that of 1588. In the first he found himself deceived: For my Lord was supplied both with Ships and Victuals out of *England*; and in the second, he was as much prevented: For my Lord of *Cumberland*, who then lay upon the Coast of *Spain*, had Intelligence of the *Spaniards* putting out to Sea, and advertised the Lord *Thomas* thereof, the very Night before they arrived at *Flores*, where my Lord lay.

The day after this Intelligence, the *Spanish Fleet* was discovered by my Lord *Thomas*, whom he knew by their Number and Greatness, to be the Ships of which he had warning; and by that means escaped the Danger that Sir *Richard Grenville*, his Vice-admiral rashly ran into. Upon View of the *Spaniards*, which were 55 Sail, the Lord *Thomas* warily, and like a discreet General, weighed Anchor, and made Signs to the rest of his Fleet to do the like, with a purpose to get the Wind of them; but Sir *Richard Grenville*, being a stubborn man, and imagining this Fleet to come from the *Indies*, and not to be the *Armado* of which they were informed, would by no means be persuaded by his Master, or Company, to cut his main Sail, to follow the Admiral; nay, so head-strong and rash he was, that he offered violence to those that counselled him thereto.

But the Old Saying, that a wilful man is the Cause of his own Woe, could not be more truly verified than in him. For when the *Armado* approached him, and he beheld the Greatness of the Ships, he begun to see and repent him of his Folly, and when it was too late, would have freed himself of them, but in vain: For he was left a Prey to the Enemy, every Ship striving to be the first [that] should board him.

This wilful Rashness of Sir *Richard* made the *Spaniards* triumph as much as if they had obtained a Signal Victory, it being the first Ship that ever they took of Her Majesties, and commended to them by some English Fugitives to be the very best she had; but their Joy continued not long. For they enjoyed her but five days before she was cast away with many *Spaniards* in her, upon the Islands of *Tercera*.

Commonly one Misfortune is accompanied with another: For the *Indian Fleet*, for which my Lord had waited the whole Summer, the day after this mishap, fell into the Company of the *Spanish Armado*: who, if they had staid but one day longer, or the *Indian Fleet* had come home but one day sooner, we had possess both them and many millions of Treasure which the Sea afterwards devoured: For from the tyme they met with the *Armado*, and before they could recover home, nigh an hundred of them suffered Shipwrack, besides the *Ascention* of *Sevil*, and the double Fly-boat, that were sunk by the side of the *Revenge*.

All which was occasioned by their Wintering in the *Indies* and the late Dis-ambogueing from thence: For the Worm which that Country, is subject to, weakens and consumes their Ships.

Notwithstanding their cross and perverse Fortune which happened by means of Sir *Richard Greenville*, the Lord *Thomas* would not be dismayed or discouraged; but kept the Sea so long as he had Victuals; and by such Ships as himself and the rest of the Fleet took, defrayed the better part of the Charge of the whole Action, *p.* 20. *pp.* 24-5.

In flat contradiction with this is a *confidential* letter written in London on 31 October 1591, by Thomas Phelippes the decipherer, who some years before had been employed by Sir F. Walsingham in the discovery of the Babington conspiracy. Writing to his friend Thomas Barnes, he says—

Can write no good news from hence; the loss of the *Revenge*, with Sir R. Grenfield is stale; they disguised it here with the sinking of so many of the King of Spain's ships and men; and besides she has since sunk in the sea, with many Spaniards that were in her; they condemn the Lord Thomas for a coward, and some say he is for the King of Spain. Supposes he has heard of the quarrel and offer of combat between the Lord Admiral and Sir Walter Raleigh. Seven prizes, part of the West India fleet, have been brought in by the merchants that went to second Lord Thomas. They report that the rest, with the King's ships of war, are drowned by a tempest, and only 26 arrived in Spain. *Cal. S. P., Eliz.*

Nelson at Copenhagen, when Sir Hyde Parker put up the signal of recal, put his telescope to his sightless eye. Being successful, the matter was passed over. Grenville in like case perishing, is blamed by Monson for not obeying the signal of his superior officer. Sir W. Raleigh's *Report* was written to soothe and extenuate everybody; but the common proportion arises, If the *Revenge* did so much hurt, what would the whole English squadron, crippled though it was, have done? if, seeing the *Revenge* once committed, however wrongly and contrary to orders, they had all borne down and made an united attack on the Spanish fleet? Even if driven off, they would have probably sunk or disabled all the Spanish ships. There was the chance of the Spaniards flying as in 1588. While victory would have given them, on the very next day, the Indian fleet, with its untold prize money, for which they had been so long waiting. Had the fiery Grenville been Admiral and Lord Thomas, Vice-admiral; such a course as this would undoubtedly have been taken.

5. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Observations, &c.*, posthumously published in 1622, shows that Grenville as Vice-admiral was necessarily the last to leave the island.

In the Fleete of her Maiestie, vnder the charge of my Father Sir *John Hawkins*, Anno 1590. vpon the coast of *Spaine*, the Vice-admirall being a head one morning, where his place was to be a Sterne, lost vs the taking of eight men of Warre, loaden with Munition, Victuals, and Provisions, for the supplie of the Souldiers in *Brittaine*: and although they were seaven or eight Leagues from the Shore, when our Vice-admirall began to fight with them, yet for that the rest of our Fleete were some foure, some fve Leagues, and

some more distant from them, when we beganne to giue chase : the *Spaniards* recovered into the Harbour of *Monge*, before our Admirall could come vp to giue direction, yet well beaten, with losse of aboue two hundred men, as they themselues confessed to me after.

In this poynt, at the Ile of *Flores*, Sir *Richard Greenfield* got eternall honour and reputation of great valour, and of an experimented Souldier, chusing rather to sacrifice his life, and to passe all danger whatsoever, then to fayle in his Obligation, by gathering together those which had remained a shore in that place, though with the hazard of his ship and companie; And rather we ought to imbrace an honourable death then to liue with infamie and dishonour, by fayling in dutie; and I account that he, and his Country got much honor in that occasion: for one ship, and of the second sort of her Maiesties, sustained the force of all the Fleete of *Spaine*, and gaue them to vnderstand, that they be impregnable, for having bought deerely the boording of her, divers and sundry times, and with many ioyntly, and with a continuall fight of 14. or 16. houres, at length leaving her without any Mast standing, and like a Logge in the Seas, shee made notwithstanding, a most honourable composition of life and libertie, for aboue two hundred and sixtie men,¹ as by the Pay-booke appeareth: which her Maiestie of her free grace commanded in recompence of their service, to be given to every one his six moneths wages. All which may worthily be written in our Chronicles in letters of Gold, in memory for all Posterities, some to beware, and others by that example in the like occasions, to imitate the true valour of our Nation in these Ages.

In point of Providence, which Captaine *Vavisor* in the foresight gaue also good prooffe of his valour, in casting about vpon the whole Fleete, notwithstanding the greatnesse and multitude of the Spanish *Armado*, to yeeld that succour which he was able; Although some doe say, and I consent with them, that the best valour is to obey, and to follow the head, seeme that good or bad which is commanded. fol. 9-11.

It is manifest, from all accounts, that the *Revenge* could have got away as soon as she was clear of *Flores*. Then comes the turning-point as to the necessity for the fight at all. It was a difference of judgment, probably arising out of a difference of character. *Moufan* seems to be quite in error in making *Grenville* to mistake the Armada for the Indian fleet. *Grenville* dared to outdare everything, and to force his single ship through the Spanish host. The worst that can be said of the fight is that it was the Balaclava charge of that Spanish War. Yet even here, its excessive loss to the Spaniards in ships and men would not justify the phrase, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. For it was war, and in frightful earnest: as the dreadful shrieks of the sinking Spanish crews drowning out of sight passed all remedy, rang above the cannons' roar amid the horrors of that September night.

6. The advisability of the conflict apart; words cannot sufficiently blazon forth the honour and glory of this great Sea-Fight. One hundred fighting Englishmen at bay with fifteen thousand Spaniards, Portugese, and Dutch. It is our naval Thermopylae. Lord Bacon, with his own beautiful style and imagery, thus magnifies it:—

¹ This evidently comprises the entire crew, sick and well. The action seems to have been fought by about a hundred Englishmen. The rest lay sick on the ballast.

In the yeare 1591. was that Memorable Fight, of an *English Ship* called the *Reuenge*, vnder the Command of Sir *Richard Grenuill*; Memorable (I say) euen beyond credit, and to the Height of some Heroicall Fable. And though it were a Defeat, yet it exceeded a Victory: Being like the Act of *Sampson*, that killed more Men at his Death, than he had done in the time of all his Life. This *Ship*, for the space of 15. hours, sate like a Stagge amongst Hounds, at the bay, and was seiged, and fought with, in turne, by 15. great Ships of Spaine; Part of a Nauy of 55. Ships in all; The rest like Abettors looking on a farre off. And amongst the 15. Ships that fought, the great *Sant Philippo* was one; A Ship of 1500. tonne; Prince of the twelue *Sea Apostles*; Which was right glad, when she was shifted off from the *Reuenge*. This braue ship the *Reuenge*, being manned only with 200. (Souldiers and Mariners,) whereof 80. lay sicke, yet neuerthelesse after a Fight maintained (as was said) of 15 hours and two Ships of the Enemy sunke by her side; Besides many more torne and battred, and great slaughter of Men; neuer came to be entred, but was taken by Composition; The Enemies themselues hauing in admiration the Vertue of the Commander, and the whole Tragedy of that Ship. *Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine*. [Written in 1624] included in *Certaine Miscellany Works*, Ed. by Dr. Rawley, p. 52-3. Ed. 1629.

7. The *Revenge* was apparently built about 1579; probably at Chatham, by Sir J. Hawkins. She was a notoriously unlucky ship. Sir R. Hawkins gives the following account of her mishaps:—

As was plainly seene in the *Revenge*, which was ever the vnfortunatest Ship, the late Queenes Maiestie had during her Raigne; for comming out of *Ireland*, with Sir *John Parrot*, shee was like to be cast away vpon the *Kentish Coast*. After in the Voyage of Sir *John Hawkins* my Father, Anno 1586, shee strucke aground comming into *Plymouth*, before her going to Sea: Vpon the coast of *Spaine*, shee left her Fleete, readie to sinke with a great Leake: At her returne into the Harbour of *Plymouth*, shee beate vpon *Winter Stone*; and after in the same Voyage, going out of *Portsmouth Haven*, shee ranne twice a-ground; and in the latter of them, lay twentie two houres beating vpon the shore, and at length with eight foote of water in hold, she was forced off, and presently ranne vpon the Oose: and was cause, that shee remained there (with other three Ships of her Maiesties) six moneths, till the Spring of the yeare; When comming about to be docked, entring the river of *Thames*, her old Leake breaking vpon her, had like to haue drowned all those which were in her. In Anno 1591. with a storme of wind and weather, riding at her Moorings in the river of *Rochester*, nothing but her bare Masts over head, shee was turned topse-turvie, her Kele vppermost: And the cost and losse shee wrought, I haue good cause to remember; in her last Voyage, in which shee was lost, when shee gaue *England* and *Spaine* iust cause to remember her. For the *Spaniards* themselues confesse, that three of their Ships sunke by her side, and was the death of aboue 1500. of their men, with the losse of a great part of their fleete, by a storme which suddainly tooke them the next day. What *English* died in her, many liuing, are witnesses: Amongst which was Sir *Richard Grenfeild*, a noble and valiant Gentleman, Vice-admirall in her of her Maiesties Fleete. So that well considered, shee was euen a Ship loaden, and full fraught with ill success. *Observations*, &c., fol. 2-3. Ed. 1622.

Yet the *Revenge* was the crack ship of its class in the British Navy; in which she was what we should now call a Second Rate. She was of 500 tons burden, with a crew of 250 men, and probably carrying from 30 to 40 guns of different sizes. Drake, whose skill in seamanship was unsurpassed, chose her to fight his

fight as Vice-admiral against the Armada of 1588, and it is a singular testimony to her excellent qualities, that despite all her ill luck, her model should have been selected, after the experience gained in that great conflict, by the first seaman of the time as the best type for future ships.

1588. Nov. [20.] Device by Lord Admiral Howard. Sir F. Drake, Sir W. Wynter, Sir John Hawkyns, Captain Wm. Borough, and others for the construction of four new ships to be built on the model of the *Revenge*, but exceeding her in burthen. The dimensions to be 100 feet by the keel, 35 feet in breadth, and 15 feet depth in the hold. *Cal. S. P. Eliz.*

8. Cornish men and Devonshire men may ever be proud of Sir Richard Grenville. Among all the Knights of the Sea that attended Queen Elizabeth, and who outvied the fabled deeds of the Knights of the Round Table, he held a high place. A long and active life devoted to his Queen and country was closed by the most glorious of deaths. The dying words of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, of Moore on the hill above Corunna, of Nelson at Trafalgar, do not surpass those of this fine old English gentleman, who spoke his own epitaph when he said—

Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind: for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, Queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier; that hath done his dutie as he was bound to do. p. 94.

NOTES RESPECTING SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE, Knt.

of Stow, co. Cornwall, and Bideford, co. Devon.

A short Latin account of Vice-Admiral Sir R. Grenville occurs, with his portrait at p. 81 of H. Holland's *Horologia*, London, 1620, fol. but there does not appear to be any contemporary Life of him. The following brief notes are, unless otherwise stated, taken from *Calendars of State Papers. Elizabeth* (Domestic), and *Colonial*.

The Grenville family were among the very foremost of the Cornish gentry. Lysons gives the following account of them.

"The manor of Kilkhampton [in the extreme north of Cornwall] is supposed to have belonged to the Grenville family, from nearly the time of the Conquest; Dugdale says, that they were seated here in the reign of William Rufus. Richard de Grenville, who came over with William the Conqueror, is said, in the pedigrees of the family, to have been a younger brother of Robert Fitzhaman, Earl of Carbill, Lord of Thurigny and Granville, in France and Normandy; and to have been lineally descended from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. It is on record, that Richard de Grenville held certain knight's fees at Bideford in Devonshire, in the reign of Henry II. We have not found any record of the Grenvilles' possessions at Kilkhampton, of an earlier date than the *quo warranto* roll before-mentioned [1301 A.D.], but it appears that it had at that time been long in the family: they continued to reside at Stowe, in this parish, for many generations, and frequently served the office of sheriff for the county. William Grenville or Grenfield, (as the name was at that early period generally written), son of Sir Theobald, became Archbishop of York, and distinguished himself as an able statesman; he died in 1315. Sir Richard Grenville, son of Roger (who was himself a captain in the navy, and lost his life, as Carew tells us, in the unfortunate *Mary Rose*,) was a celebrated military and naval commander in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He first distinguished himself [æt. 16] in the wars [in Hungary] under the Emperor Maximilian against the Turks, for which his name is recorded by several foreign writers." *Magna Britannia*. iii. *Cornwall*, p. 163, *Ed.* 1814.

Richard Carew of Anthony, notices Stow, at f. 118, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, finished on 23 April 1602.

- 1571.** R. Grenville of Stow represents Cornwall in Parliament.
- 1577 or 1578.** Having been High Sheriff for Cornwall he is knighted. See also S. Morgan's *Sphere of Gentry* iii. 90, *Ed.* 1661, under Richard Gri[n]field.
- 1581. OCT. 25.** Is, with other commissioners, at Radstow, examining John Piers, the pirate.
- 1582. MAY 5.** Is, with other commissioners, at Penryn, enquiring as touching the taking away of the Spanish ship out of Falmouth, by Sir J. Killigrew's servants.
- 1583. DEC. 27.** Writes from Redford as to the custody of the Castle and Island of Tintagel.
- 1584. MAY.** One of the commissioners for Dover Haven. He proposes the erection of a mole at Folkestone.
- JULY 13.** Captains Amadas and Barlowe, sent out with two ships by Sir W. Raleigh, take possession of Virginia.
- AUG. 6.** Sir R. Grenville writes from Penheale that he has been so busily engaged with the musters that he could not make collections for the relief of Namptwich [destroyed by fire].
- OCT. 17.** Sends from 'my poor house of Stow' a further sum of £20 for the relief of Namptwich.
- OCT.** Signs the national Association for the defence of the Queen.
- 1585. MAY 19.** Sir W. Raleigh's first colony, headed by Ralph Lane, for Virginia, sets out from Plymouth in 7 ships, under Sir R. Grenville. *Hakluyt. Eng. Voyages, &c.* p. 733, *Ed.* 1589.
- AUG. 12.** *Ralph Lane to Sec. Walsingham* [from Port Ferdinando, Virginia]. The General [Sir Ric. Grenville's] return to England cuts him off from reporting upon the peculiarities of the

country. Although they arrived there late in the year, wholly through the fault of him who intends to accuse others.

SEPT. 8. *Lane to Secretary Walsingham* [from the New Fort in Virginia]. Has thought good to advertise him concerning Sir R. Greenefeelde's [Grenville] complaints against sundry gentlemen of this service, and particularly against Mr. Candyshe [Thos. Cavendish afterwards the circumnavigator] their high marshal, Edw. Gorge, Francis Brooke, their treasurer, and Capt. Clerk. Certifies to their faithfulness and industry, and to the tyrannical conduct of Grenville from first to last, through whose great default the action had been made most painful and perilous. Refers him to an ample discourse of the whole voyage in the hands of the bearer, their treasurer, directed to Sir W. Raleigh, wherein Grenville's intolerable pride, insatiable ambition, and proceedings towards them all, and to Lane in particular, are set forth. Has had so much experience of Grenville as to desire to be freed from the place where he is to carry any authority in chief.

AUG. 31. Sir R. Grenville returning home takes 'a Spanish ship of 300 tunne richly loaden, boarding her with a boate made with boards of chests, which fell a sunder, and sunke at the shippes side assoone as euer he and his men were out of it.' Hakluyt, *idem*, p. 736.

OCT. 29. *Sir Rich. Grenville to Sec. Walsingham* [from Plymouth]. Acquaints him with the success of his voyage. Has performed the action directed, and discovered, taken possession of, and peopled a new country [Virginia], and stored it with cattle, fruits, and plants. The commodities that are found there are such as he was advertised of by his cousin Sir Walter Raleigh. In his way home captured, after some fighting, a Spanish ship, returning from St. Domingo, laden with ginger and sugar.

1586. APR. 27. The Justices of Cornwall report to the Council 'Sir R. Greynvile being about to depart to sea, has left his charge of 300 men to Geo. Greynvill.'

JUNE 19. Sir F. Drake and a large fleet bring home the first Virginian colony, arriving at Plymouth on 27 JULY.

JUNE Immediately after their departure, a ship of 100 tons arrives with supplies, but finding the colony gone, returns home.

JULY. About 14 or 15 days after the departure of this ship, Sir R. Grenville, with 3 ships, arrives in Virginia. He also returns.

"Not long after he fell in with the Isles of *Azores*, on some of which islands he landed, and spoyled the towns of such thinges as were worth cariage, where also he tooke diuers Spanyardes, with these and many other employtes done by him in this voyage, as well outwarde as homeward, he returned into England.—Hakluyt, *idem*, p. 748.

1587. MAR. Is appointed by the Queen to survey the maritime defences and review the trained bands in Devonshire and Cornwall.

1588. APR. 3. In a statistical return of the musters of England at this date, *Harl. MS.* 4228, f. 70, out of 1,500 trained men in Cornwall, Sir Richard comes first with 303 men, armed with 129 *shott*, 69 *corsletts*, 179 *bowes*, and 0 [nought] *billes*.

APR. While preparing another fleet at Bideford for Virginia, for Sir W. Raleigh, Grenville is stayed by the Queen.

JULY-AUG. In the Armada fight; he guards Cornwall and Devon.

SEPT. 14. The Queen tells him to stay all shipping upon the north coast of Devon and Cornwall, as some of the Spanish ships had been driven to sundry ports on the west coast of Ireland.

1591. AUG. 31. [SEPT. 10.] The fight in the *Revenge* begins.

SEPT. 3 or 4 [13 or 14.] Sir R. Grenville dies on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, and his body is buried in the sea. He leaves four sons and five daughters. He was the grandfather of the 'English Bayard,' Sir Bevill Grenville [b. 23 March 1595—killed at the battle of Lansdowne, near Bath, on 5 July 1643].

DEC. 9. A commission issued to Sir R. Beville and five others to inquire after the death of Sir R. Grenville, co. Cornwall.

The family were patrons of Bideford church; the only monument in which was that of Sir T. Grenville, Kt., *d.* 18 Mar. 1513.

The decease of our hero's widow is thus entered in the parish register:—
1623. Nov. 5. "The Ladie Mary Grenvile, daughter unto the Right honourable Sir John St. Leger, Knight, deceased, and wife to that famous Warriour Sir Richard Grenvile, Knight, also deceased, beinge in his life time the Spaniard's terror; She was buried in the Grenvile's Isle in the church of Bediford the fiftie daie of November, A.D. 1623." *Polwhele. History of Devon, p.* 425. *Ed.* 1797.

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A Report of the Truth of the Fight, &c.

I.—As a separate publication.

1. 1591. London. 1 vol. 4to: see title on opposite page.

II.—With other works.

2. 1599-1600. London. Richard Hakluyt's *English Voyages, Navigations,* 3 vols. fol. &c., where it is, at vol. ii. 169, reprinted with this addition to the title. 'Penned by the honourable Sir *Walter Raleigh,* knight.'
3. 1810-12. London. In this Reprint of Hakluyt's *Voyages,* under the edit-
5 vols. 4to. torship of R. H. EVANS, the tract will be found at ii. 662-71.
Ed. 1810.

∴ The authorship is fixed by Hakluyt's heading at No. 2. Curiously enough the tract is not included in either of the two editions of Raleigh's *Works* that have as yet appeared: viz. that of Dr. Birch in 1751, excluding, and the Oxford edition of 1829 including, the *History of the World.*

4. 1871. Nov. 15. London, 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints:* see title at *p.* 1.

The Tragedie of Sir Richard Grenvile, Knt.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1591. London. 1 vol. 4to: see title at *p.* 35.

II. With other works.

2. 1871. Nov. 15. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints:* see title at *p.* 1.

Jan Huygen van Linschoten's Travels, &c.

1. 1596-5-6. Amsterdam. Itinerario. Voyage ofte Schipvaert/ van Jan vol. fol. Huyghen van Lischoten naer Oost ofte Portugaels Indien &c.
The extract here printed occurs at *pp.* 156-7 of this edition.
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∴ There were several later continental editions in Latin, French, &c.

A REPORT

OF THE TRUTH OF

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And an Armada of the King

of Spaine.



LONDON

Printed for william Ponsonbie.

1591.

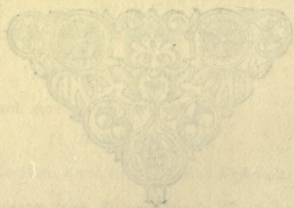
A REPORT
OF THE TRUTH OF
the fight about the Isles of

Azores, this last

Summer.

BETWIXT THE
Revenge, one of her Majesties
Ships,

And an Armada of the King
of Spain.



LONDON

Printed for William Tonson

1701.

A report of the truth of the fight about
the Isles of Açores, this last summer, betwixt
the Reuenge, one of her Maiesties Shippes,
and an Armada of the king
of Spaine.



Ecause the rumours are diuersly spred, as well in Englande as in the lowe countries and els where, of this late encounter between her maiesties ships and the Armada of *Spain*; and that the Spaniardes according to their vsuall maner, fill the world with their vaine glorious vaunts, making great apparance of victories: when on the contrary, themselues are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonoured; therby hoping to possesse the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports: It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth to ouercome falshood and vntruth; that the beginning, continuance and successe of this late honourable encounter of *Syr Richard Grinuile*, and other her maiesties Captaines, with the Armada of *Spaine*; should be truly set downe and published without parcialitie or false imaginations. And it is no maruell that the Spaniard should seeke by false and flandrous Pamphlets, aduises and Letters, to couer their owne losse, and to derogate from others their due honours especially in this fight beeing performed farre of; seeing they were not ashamed in the yeare 1588. when they purposed the inuasion of this land, to publish in sundrie languages in print, great victories in wordes, which they pleaded to haue obtained against this Realme, and spredde the same in a most false sort ouer all partes of *France, Italie*, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily mani-

feſted in verie deed to all Nations, how their Nauy which they termed inuincible, conſiſting of 240. ſaile of ſhips, not onely of their own kingdom, but ſtrengthened with the greateſt Argosies, *Portugall* Carac̄tes, Florentines and huge Hulkes of other countries: were by thirtie of her Maieſties owne ſhippes of warre, and a few of our owne Marchants, by the wiſe, valiant, and moſt aduantageous conduction of the L. *Charles Howard*, high Admirall of England, beaten and ſhuffeled together, euen from the Lizard in *Cornwall*: firſt to *Portland*, where they ſhamefully left *Don Pedro de Valdes*, with his mightie ſhippe: from *Portland* to *Cales*, where they loſt *Hugo de Moncado*, with the Gallias of which he was Captain, and from *Cales*, driuen with ſquibs from their anchors: were chaſed out of the fight of England, round about *Scotland* and *Ireland*. Where for the ſympathie of their barbarous religion, hoping to finde ſuccour and aſſiſtance: a great part of them were cruſht againſt the rocks, and thoſe other that landed, being verie manie in number, were notwithstanding broken, ſlaine, and taken, and ſo ſent from village to village coupled in halters to be ſhipped into Engla[n]d. Where her Maieſtie of her Princely and inuincible diſpoſition, diſdaining to put them to death, and ſcorning either to retaine or entertaine them: [they] were all ſent backe againe to their countries, to witneſſe and recount the worthy achievements of their inuincible and dreadfull Navy. Of which the number of ſouldiers, the fearefull burthen of their ſhippes, the commanders names of euerieſquadron, with all other their magafines of prouiſion, were put in print, as an Army and Nauy vnreſiſtible, and diſdaining preuention. With all which ſo great and terrible an oſtentation, they did not in all their ſailing rounde about England, ſo much as ſinke or take one ſhip, Barke, Pinnes, or Cockbote of ours: or euer burnt ſo much as one ſheepcote of this land. When as on the contrarie, Syr *Francis Drake*, with

only 800. souldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced *Santiago*, *Santo Domingo*, *Cartagena*, and the Fortes of *Florida*.

And after that, Syr *John Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of souldiers, to the gates of *Lisbone*, being aboute 40. English miles. Where the Earle of *Effex* himselfe and other valiant Gentlemen, braued the Cittie of *Lisbone*, encamped at the verie gates; from whence after many daies abode, finding neither promised partie, nor prouision to batter: made retrait by land, in despight of all their Garrisons, both of Horse and foote. In this fort I haue a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessarie comparison of theirs and our actions: the one couetous of honour without vaunt or ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affaires, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their owne dishonors, as they wil not only not blush to spread all maner of vntruthes: but euen for the least aduantage, be it but for the taking of one poore aduenturer of the English, will celebrate the victorie with benefiers in euerie town, alwaies spending more in faggots, then the purchase was worth they obtained. When as we neuer yet thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we haue taken eight or ten of their Indian shippes at one time, and twentie of the *Brafill* fleet. Such is the difference betweene true valure, and ostentation: and betweene honourable actions, and friuolous vaine glorious uaunts. But now to returne to my first purpose.

The *L. Thomas Howard*, with fixe of her Maiesties ships, fixe victualers of London, the barke *Raleigh*, and two or three Pinnasses riding at anchor nere vnto *Flores*, one of the Westerie Ilands of the *Azores*, the last of August in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captaine *Midleton*, of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which *Midleton* being in a verie good Sailer, had kept them companie three daies before, of

good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my *L. Thomas* of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the Fleet was in sight: many of our ships companies were on shore in the Island; some providing ballast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money, or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and romaging every thing out of order, very light for want of ballast. And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick, and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased: in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her maine sail. For had not twenty men beene taken out of a Barke of Sir *George Caryes*, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesties ships were these as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was Admirall, the *Revenge* Viceadmirall, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captaine *Crosse*, the *Lion* by *George Fenner*, the *Forefight* by *M. Thomas Vauisour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffield*. The *Forefight* and the *Crane* being but small ships; onely the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the Barke *Raleigh*, commanded by Captaine *Thin*, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the Island; were now so soon at hand, as our ships had scarce time to way their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their Cables, and set sayle. Sir *Richard Grinville* was the last waied, to recover the men that were upon the Island, which otherwise had beene lost. The *L. Thomas* with the rest very hardly recovered the winde, which Sir *Richard Grinville* not being able to do, was persuaded by the maister and others to cut his

maine faile, and cast about, and to trust to the failing of his shippe: for the squadron of Siuil were on his wether bow. But Sir *Richard* vtterly refused to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather chose to dye, then to dishonour him selfe, his countrie, and her Maiesties shippe, perfwading his companie that he would passe through the two Squadrons, in despight of them: and enforce those of *Siuill* to giue him way. Which he performed vpon diuerse of the formost, who as the Marriners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell vnder the lee of the *Reuenge*. But the other course had beene the better, and might right well haue beene answered in so great an impossibilitie of preuailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not bee perfwaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his failes in such sort, as the shippe could neither way nor feele the helme: so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and fise hundredth tuns. Who after laid the *Reuenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his failes, the ships that wer vnder his lee luffing vp, also laid him aborde: of which the next was the Admirall of the Biscaines, a verie mightie and puyfant shippe commanded by *Brittan Dona*. The said *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side, and eleuen peeces in euerie tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chafe, besides those of her Sterne portes.

After the *Reuenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boarded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that euening. But the great *San Philip* hauing receyued the lower tire of the *Reuenge*, discharged with crossebarshot, shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, vtterly misliking hir first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred,

but wee cannot report it for truth, vnlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the Marri-ners; in some fiae, in others eight hundreth. In ours there were none at all, beside the Marriners, but the seruants of the commanders and some fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only. After many enterchanged voleies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Reuenge*, and made diuers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketiers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, aud at all times beaten backe, into their owne shippes, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of *London*, hauing receiued some shot thorow her by the Armados, fell vnder the Lee of the *Reuenge*, and asked Syr *Richard* what he would command him, being but one of the victulers and of small force: Syr *Richard* bid him saue himselfe, and leaue him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both funke, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that sir *Richard* was verie dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and laie speechlesse for a time ere he recouered. But two of the *Reuenges* owne companie, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others: affirmed that he was neuer so wounded as that hee forsooke the vpper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirugion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Syr *Frances Godolphin*, of 4. other Marri-ners of the same shippe being returned, which examination, the said Syr *Frances* sent vnto maister *William Killigrue*, of her Maiesties priuie Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Reuenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others came in their places, she hauing neuer lesse then two mightie Gallions by her sides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fiteene feuerall Armados assailed her; and all so ill approued their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in fight but enemies, sauing one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Jacob Whiddon*, who houered all night to see the successe: but in the mornynge bearing with the *Reuenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many rauenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Reuenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundreth free from sicknes, and fourescore and ten sicke, laid in hold vpon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. By those hundred all was sustained, the voleis, bordings, and entrings of fiteene shippes of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaies supplied with souldiers brought from euerie squadron: all maner of Armes and powder at will. Vnto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the mastes all beaten ouer board, all her tackle cut a sunder, her vpper worke altogether rased, and in effect euened shee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left ouer head either for flight or defence. Syr *Richard* finding himselfe in this distresse, and vnable

anie longer to make resistance, hauing endured in this fiteene houres fight, the assault of fiteene feuerall Armadoes, all by tornnes aboorde him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillerie, besides manie assaults and entries. And that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemie, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; The *Reuenge* not able to moue one way or other, but as she was moued with the waues and billow of the sea: commanded the maister Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards: seeing in so manie houres fight, and with so great a Nauie they were not able to take her, hauing had fiteene houres time, fiteene thousand men, and fiftie and three faile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perswaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeele themselues vnto God, and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant resolute men, repulsed so manie enimies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne liues for a few houres, or a few daies. The maister Gunner readilie condescended and diuers others; but the Capitaine and the Maister were of an other opinion, and besought Sir *Richard* to haue care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being diuerse sufficient and valiant men yet liuing, and whose woundes were not mortall, they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable seruice hereafter. And (that where Sir *Richard* had alleaged that the Spaniards should neuer glorie to haue taken one shippe of her Maiesties, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended them selues) they answered, that the shippe had fixe foote water in hold, three shot vnder water which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needes

finke, and was besides so cruſht and bruſed, as ſhe could neuer be remoued out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in diſpute, and Sir *Richard* refuſing to hearken to any of thoſe reaſons: the maiſter of the *Reuenge* (while the Captaine wan vnto him the greater party) was conuoyde aborde the Generall *Don Alonſo Baſſan*. Who finding none ouer haſtie to enter the *Reuenge* againe, doubting leaſt S. *Richard* would haue blowne them vp and himſelfe, and perceiuiug by the report of the maiſter of the *Reuenge* his daungerous diſpoſition: yeelded that all all their liues ſhould be ſaued, the companie ſent for England, and the better ſorte to pay ſuch reaſonable ranſome as their eſtate would beare, and in the meane ſeaſon to be free from Gally or imprifonment. To this he ſo much the rather condeſcended as well as I haue ſaide, for feare of further loſſe and miſchiefe to them ſelues, as alſo for the deſire hee had to recouer Sir *Richard Grinuile*; whom for his notable valure he ſeemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this anſwere was returned, and that ſafetie of life was promiſed, the common ſort being now at the end of their perill, the moſt drew backe from Sir *Richard* and the maiſter Gunner, being no hard matter to diſwade men from death to life. The maiſter Gunner finding him ſelfe and Sir *Richard* thus preuented and maiſtered by the greater number, would haue ſlaine himſelfe with a ſword, had he not beene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall ſent manie boates aboard the *Reuenge*, and diuerſe of our men fearing Sir *Richards* diſpoſition, ſtole away aboard the Generall and other ſhippes. Sir *Richard* thus ouermatched, was ſent vnto by *Alonſo Baſſan* to remoue out of the *Reuenge*, the ſhippe being maruellous vnſauerie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a ſlaughter houſe. Sir *Richard* answered that he might do with his bodie what he liſt, for he eſteemed it not, and as

he was carried out of the shippe he fswounded, and reuiuing againe desired the companie to pray for him. The Generall vsed Sir *Richard* with all humanitie, and left nothing vnattempted that tended to his recouerie, highly commending his valour and worthines, and greatly bewailed the daunger wherein he was, beeing vnto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution fildome approued, to see one ship turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armados, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. All which and more, is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being feuered from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lyon* of London a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was *Don Alphonso Bassan*, brother to the Marqueffe of *Santa Cruce*. The Admirall of the *Biscaine* squadron, was *Britan Dona*. Of the squadron of *Siuil*, Marques of *Arumburch*. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commaunded by *Luis Cutino*. There were flaine and drowned in this fight, well neere two thousand of the enemies, and two especiall commanders *Don Luis de sant Iohn*, and *Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga*, as the Spanish Captain confeffeth, besides diuers others of speciall account, wherof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the Ascension of *Siuill*, were both suncke by the side of the *Reuenge*; one other recouered the rode of *Saint Michels*, and suncke also there; a fourth ranne her selfe with the shore to saue her men. Syr *Richard* died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the sea or on the lande wee know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and

of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outliued his owne honour.

For the rest of her Maiesties ships that entred not so far into the fight as the *Reuenge*, the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all, wherof two but smal ships; the *Reuenge* ingaged past recouerie: The Iland of *Flores* was on the one side, 53. faile of the Spanish, diuided into squadrons on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could containe. Almost the one halfe of our men sicke and not able to serue: the ships growne foule, vnroomaged, and scarcely able to beare anie faile for want of ballast, hauing beene fixe moneths at the sea before. If al the rest had entred, all had been lost. For the verie hugenes of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offered, would haue crusht them between them into shiuers. Of which the dishonour and losse to the Queene had been far greater then the spoile or harme that the enemy could any way haue receiued. Notwithstanding it is verie true, that the Lord *Thomas* would haue entred betweene the squadrons, but the rest wold not condescend; and the maister of his owne ship offered to leape into the sea, rather then to conduct that her Maiesties ship and the rest to be a prairie to the enemy, where there was no hope nor possibilitie either of defence or victorie. Which also in my opinion had il sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a Generall, to commit himselfe and his charge to an assured destruction, without hope or any likelihood of preuailing: therby to diminish the strength of her Maiesties Nauy, and to enrich the pride and glorie of the enemy. The Foresight of the Queenes commanded by M. *Th. Vauisor*, performed a verie great fight, and stayd two houres as neere the *Reuenge* as the wether wold permit him, not forsaking the fight, till hee was like to be encompassed by the squadrons, and with great difficultie cleared himselfe. The rest gaue diuers voleies of shot, and entred as far as the

place permitted and their own necessities, to keep the weather gage of the enemy, vntill they were parted by night. A few daies after the fight was ended, and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indy ships, there arose so great a storme from the West and Northwest, that all the fleet was dispersed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come vnto them as the rest of the Armada that attended their arriual, of which 14. saile together with the *Reuenge*, and in her 200. Spaniards, were cast away vpon the Isle of *S. Michaels*. So it pleased them to honor the buriall of that renowned ship the *Reuenge*, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great honour she achieved in her life time. On the rest of the Ilandes there were cast away in this storme, 15. or 16. more of the ships of war; and of a hundred and odde saile of the Indie fleet, expected this yeere in *Spaine*, what in this tempest, and what before in the bay of *Mexico*, and about the *Bermudas* there were 70. and odde consumed and lost, with those taken by our ships of London, besides one verie rich *Indian* shippe, which set her selfe on fire, beeing boarded by the *Pilgrim*, and five other taken by Maister *Wats* his ships of London, between the *Hauaua* and *Cape S. Antonio*. The 4. of this month of Nouember, we receiued letters from the *Tercera*, affirming yat there are 3000. bodies of men remaining in that Iland, saued out of the perished ships: and that by the Spaniards own confession, there are 10000. cast away in this storm, besides those that are perished betweene the Ilands and the maine. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for vs, and to defend the iustice of our cause, against the ambitious and bloody pretenses of the Spaniard, who seeking to deuour all nations, are themselues deuoured. A manifest testimonie how iniust and displeasing, their attempts are in the sight of God, who hath pleased to witnes by the successe of their affaires, his mislike of their bloody and iniurious designes, pur-

posed and practised against all Christian Princes, ouer whom they seeke vnlawfull and vngodly rule and Empery.

One day or two before this wrack hapned to the spanish fleet, when as some of our prifoners desired to be set on shore vpon the Ilands, hoping to be from thense transported into England, which libertie was formerly by the Generall promised: One *Morice Fitz John*, sonne of old *John of Desmond* a notable traitor, cousen german to the late Earle of *Desmond*, was sent to the English from ship to ship, to persuaue them to serue the King of *Spaine*. The arguments he vsed to induce them, were these. The increase of pay which he promised to bee trebled: aduancement to the better fort: and the exercife of the true Catholicke religion, and safetie of their soules to all. For the first, euen the beggerly and vnnaturall behaiour of those English and Irish rebels, that serued the King in that present action, was sufficient to answere that first argument of rich paie. For so poore and beggerly they were, as for want of apparel they stripped their poore country men prifoners out of their ragged garments, worne to nothing by six months seruice, and spared not to despoile them euen of their bloudie shirts, from their wounded bodies, and the very shooes from their feete; A notable testimonie of their rich entertainment and great wages. The second reason was hope of aduancement if they serued well, and would continue faithfull to the King. But what man can be so blockishly ignorant euer to expect place or honour from a forraine king, hauing no argument or perswasion then his owne disloyaltie; to bee vnnaturall to his owne countrie that bredde him; to his parents that begat him, and rebellious to his true prince, to whose obedience he is bound by othe, by nature, by religion. No, they are onely assured to be employed in all desperate enterprifes, to be held in scorne and disdaine euer among those whom they serue. And

that euer traitor was either trusted or aduanced I could neuer yet reade, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could haue lesse becomed the place of an Orator for such a purpose, then this *Morice of Desmond*. For the Earle his cosen being one of the greatest subiects in that kingdom of *Ireland*, hauing almost whole contries in his possession; so many goodly manners, Castles, and Lordships; the Count Palatine of *Kerry*, fiue hundred gentlemen of his owne name and familie to follow him, besides others. All which he possessed in peace for three or foure hundred yeares: was in lesse then three yeares after his adhering to the Spaniards and rebellion, beaten from all his holdes, not so many as ten gentlemen of his name left liuing, him selfe taken and beheaded by a souldiour of his owne nation, and his land giuen by a Parliament to her Maiestie, and possessed by the English. His other Cosen Sir *John of Desmond* taken by M. *John Zouch*, and his body hanged ouer the gates of his natiue citie to bee deuoured by Rauens: the third brother of Sir *James* hanged, drawne, and quartered in the same place. If he had withall vaunted of this successe of his owne house, no doubt the argument woulde haue moued much, and wrought great effect; which because he for that present forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalfe. For matter of religion it would require a particuler volume, if I should fet downe how irreligiously they couer their greedy and ambitious pretences, with that vayle of pietie. But sure I am, that there is no kingdom or common wealth in all Europe, but if they bee reformed, they then inuade it for religion sake: if it be, as they terme Catholike, they pretende title; as if the Kinges of *Castile* were the naturall heires of all the worlde: and so betweene both, no kingdom is vnfought. where they dare not with their owne forces to inuade, they basely entertaine the traitors and vacabondes of all nations; seeking by those and by their runnagate *Iesuits* to win partes,

and haue by that meane ruined many Noble houfes and others in this land, and haue extinguished both their liues and families. What good, honour, or fortune euer man yet by them achiued, is yet vnheard of, or vnwritten. And if our English Papistes do but looke into *Portugall*, against whom they haue no pretence of religion, how the Nobilitie are put to death, imprisoned, their rich men made a pray, and all fortes of people captiued; they shall find that the obedience euen of the Turke is easie and a libertie, in respect of the slauerie and tyrannie of *Spaine*. What they haue done in *Sicill*, in *Naples*, *Millayne*, and in the low countries; who hath there beene spared for religion at all? And it commeth to my remembrance of a certaine Burger of *Antwerpe*, whose house being entred by a companie of Spanish souldiers, when they first sacked the Citie, hee besought them to spare him and his goodes, being a good Catholike, and one of their own partie and faction. The Spaniardes answered, that they knew him to be of a good conscience for him selfe, but his money, plate, iewels, and goodes were all hereticall, and therefore good prize. So they abused and tormented the foolish Flemming, who hoped that an *Agnus Dei* had beene a sufficient Target against all force of that holie and charitable nation. Neither haue they at any time as they protest inuaded the kingdomes of the *Indies* and *Peru*, and els where, but onely led thereunto, rather, to reduce the people to Christianitie, then for either golde or emperie. When as in one onely Iland called *Hispaniola*, they haue wasted thirtie hundred thousand of the naturall people, besides manie millions els in other places of the *Indies*: a poore and harmelesse people created of God, and might haue beene won to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almost as manie as euer were perswaded thereunto. The Storie whereof is at large written by a Bishop of their owne nation called *Bartholome de las Casas*, and translated into English and manie other languages, intituled *The Spanishe*

cruelties. Who would therefore repose trust in such a nation of rauinous straungers, and especially in those Spaniardes which more greedily thirst after English bloud, then after the liues of anie other people of Europe; for the manie ouerthrowes and dishonours they haue receiued at our handes, whose weaknesse we haue discovered to the world, and whose forces at home, abroad, in *Europe*, in *India*, by sea and land; we haue euen with handfulls of men and shippes, ouerthrowne and dishonoured. Let not therefore anie English man of what religion foeuer, haue other other opinion of the Spaniards, but that those whom hee seeketh to winne of our nation, hee esteemeth base and traitorous, vnworthie persons, or vnconstant fooles: and that he vseth his pretence of religion, for no other purpose, but to bewitch vs from the obedience of our naturall prince; thereby hoping in time to bring vs to slauerie and subiection, and then none shall be vnto them so odious, and disdained as the traitours themselues, who haue solde their countrie to a straunger, and forsaken their faith and obedience contrarie to nature or religion; and contrarie to that humane and generall honour, not onely of Christians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, who haue alwaies sustained what labour foeuer, and embraced euen death it selfe, for their countrie, prince or common-wealth. To conclude, it hath euer to this day pleased God, to prosper and defend her Maiestie, to breake the purposes of malicious enimies, of foresworne traitours, and of iniust practises and inuasions. She hath euer bene honoured of the worthiest Kinges, serued by faithfull subiects, and shall by the fauour of God, resist, repell, and confound all whatfoeuer attempts against her sacred Person or kingdome. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their succeffe; and we her true and obedient vassalles guided by the shining light of her vertues, shall alwaies loue her, serue her, and obey her to the end of our liues.

FINIS.

A particuler note of the Indian fleet, expected to haue come into Spaine this present yere of 1591. with the number of ships that perished at the same: according to the examination of certaine Spanyards, lately taken and brought into England by the shippes of London.



The fleet of *Noua Hispania*, at their gathering together and setting forth, were 52. failes. The Admirall was of 600. tunns, and the Vice Admirall of the same burthen. Foure or fise of the ships were of 900. and 1000. tunnes a peece, some 500. and 400. and the least of 200. tunnes. Of this fleet 19. were cast away, and in them 2600. men by estimation, which was done along the coast of *Noua Hispania*, so that of the same fleet, there came to the *Hauana*, but three and thirtie failes.

The fleete of *Terra Firma*, were at their first departure from *Spain*, 50. failes, which were bound for *Nombre de Dios*, where they did discharge their lading, and thence returned to *Cartagena*, for their healths sake, vntill the time the treasure was readie they should take in, at the *Nombre de Dios*. But before this fleet departed, some were gone by one or two at a time, so that only 23. failes of this fleete arriued in the *Hauana*.

<i>At the Hauana there met</i>	}	33. failes of <i>Noua Hispania</i> .
		23. failes of <i>Terra Firma</i> .
		12. failes of <i>San Domingo</i> .
		9. failes of <i>Hundurass</i> .

In the whole 77. ships, which ioyned and fet failes together, at the *Hauana*, the 17. of Iuly, according to our account, and kept together vntill they came into the height of 35. degrees, which was about the tenth of August, where they found the winde at Southwest, chaunged sodenly to the North, so that the sea coming out of the Southwest, and the winde very violent at North, they were put all into great extremity, and then first lost the Generall of their fleet, with 500. men in her; and within three or foure daies after an other storme rising, there were five or six other of the biggest ships cast away with all their men, together with their vice Admirall.

And in the height of 48. degrees about the end of August, grew an other great storme, in which all the fleet sauing 48. failes were cast away: which 48. failes kept together, vntill they came in sight of the Ilands of *Coruo* and *Flores*, about the 5. or 6. of September, at which time a great storme seperated them; of which number 15. or 16. were after seene by these Spanyards to ride at anchor vnder the *Terçera*; and twelue or foureteene more to beare with the Iland of S. *Michaels*; what became of them after that these Spaniards were taken, cannot yet be certified; their opinion is, that verie few of the fleet are escaped, but are either drowned or taken. And it is otherwaies of late certified, that of this whole fleet that should haue come into *Spaine* this yeare, being 123. faile, there are as yet arriued but 25. This note was taken out

of the examination of certaine Spaniards, that were

brought into England by six of the ships

of London, which tooke feuen of

the aboue named Indian

fleet, neere the Ilands

of *Açores*.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N

Printed for William Ponsonbie.

1 5 9 1.

The last Fight of the Revenge at sea.

Gervase Markham.

The most honourable Tragedy of
Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, Kt.

1595.

[The ensuing poem was undoubtedly based on the preceding tract. Whatever may be its merits, it does certainly help us to realize the long duration of the Fight.

A succinct account of Gervase Markham is given by the Rev. D. F. Markham in his privately printed *History of the Markham Family*, London, 1854, from which we quote the following from the chapter devoted to the Markhams of Cotham in Nottinghamshire.

“GERVASE MARKHAM, the third son of Robert, born about the year 1566, was, like his brother Francis, both a soldier and a scholar. In the former capacity, after having been engaged in the wars on the European battle-ground of the Low Countries, he followed Essex into Ireland, and served under his command with credit, in company with his brothers Francis and Godfrey.

He is better known however in the literature of his day, and, though he never arrived at a very high pitch of fame, he was not only a voluminous, but a very popular writer.” p. 34.

“Gervase’s education was of the highest order, for he was not only esteemed a good classical scholar, but was perfect master of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. He was never at a loss for a subject for his pen, and none appears to have been ever rejected by him. Husbandry, housewifery, farriery, horsemanship, military tactics, hunting, hawking, fowling, fishing, archery, heraldry, poetry, romances, and the drama, all shared his attention, and exercised his genius and industry.” p. 38.

“ . . . The next most voluminous subject [to horsemanship] that engaged our author’s attention was husbandry, on which he published not less than seven or eight separate works, which, with his books on horses, were in the highest repute till the beginning of the present century, and passed through an incredible number of editions. It would be tedious here to enter into their various merits: it will be sufficient to mention their names: *The English Husbandman*, 1613; *The Country Farm*, 1616; *Cheap and Good Husbandry*, 13 editions; *A Farewell to Husbandry*, 10 editions; *The Way to get Wealth*, 14 editions; *The whole Art of Husbandry*; *The Enrichment of the Weald of Kent*, 5 editions; and *The English Housewife*.” p. 37.

The present work was thus registered for publication:

9 September 1595.

JAMES ROBARTES entred for his copie under the Wardens handes a booke intituled *The moste honourable Tragidie of Sir Richard Grinvyle Knihte* vj^d]

THE
Most Honorable Tra-
gedie of Sir Richard
Grinuile, Knight.

(:.)

*Bramo assai, poco spero,
nulla chieggio.*



At London,
Printed by I. Roberts,
for Richard Smith.

1595.

The Epistle.



To the Right Honorable
his singuler good Lord, *Charles*,
Lord Montioy.



HE zeale (most excellent Lord) which in my soule hath euer beene deuoted to your seruice, intangl'd with your honorable fauors to mine vnable deseruings, hath giuen fier to my hart, and wings to my youngling Muse, to raise her leaden humor aboute the ordinarie pitch of her dull Anthems, and sing of a subiect, the height of whose action, might, if I had might, make my verse most mightie, graunt then (renowned Lord) that thine eyes may lighten on my layes, and thy graces keepe from scandall my poore wydowed Orphan: pyttie renowned Grinuile, in his death-renowning hower, and excuse his rough Poet, whose fences are vnshapt, for more softer melodie, so shall hee liue happie, and I vnfaultie; both fatisfied.

Your Lordships eternally,

Ieruis Markham.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, Robert, Earle of Suffex.

Great Lord, to whom infinitiues of fame
 Flock like night starres about the filuer Moone,
 That giuest new fier to learnings late quencht flame,
 Sauing the Muse by stonie times vndoone,

Let me finde fauour in thine honord fight,
 Daring my rimes vnto thy sacred hand :
 And whilst their accents talke of valures might,
 Yeeld them some splendour from thy valures brand,

Thou in their lines, they in thine eyes shall see,
 Nothing but honors vncontrouled minde,
 Thou lending, they exacting still from thee,
 Substance, that might to mightines doth blinde,

And for his sake whose praise my Muse hath fought
 Fauour my worke, the image of thy thought.

I. M.



✻ To the right Honorable, Henrie
 Wriothesly, Earle of South-hampton,
and Baron of Titchfelde.

THou glorious Laurell of the Muses hill,
 Whose eyes doth crowne the moit victorius pen,
 Bright Lampe of Vertue, in whose sacred skill,
 Liues all the blisse of eares-inchaunting men,
 From grauer subiects of thy graue assayes,
 Bend thy coragious thoughts vnto these lines,
 The graue from whence mine humble Muse doth raise,
 True honors spirit in her rough deseignes ;
 And when the stubborne stroke of my harsh song,
 Shall seasonlesse glide through almightie eares,
 Vouchsafe to sweet it with thy blessed tong,
 VVhose wel tun'd sound stills musick in the sphears,
 So shall my tragick layes be blest by thee,
 And from thy lips suck they eternitie.


I. M.



To the honorable Knight, Sir
Edward VVingfield.

When *Alexander* read *Achilles* prayse,
 VVith honours enuie, and a loftie hart,
 He shed stout teares, in ruth of stonie dayes
 VVhich to his acts no Muficke could impart,
 So all my all, effence of what I am,
 Though our *Achilles* praise play in thine eye,
 Feare not records for thine inrouled name,
 VVhich shall out-liue immortall Poesie,
 A thousand Sirens in the worlds last age,
 Shall sing of thee, thy valure, and thy skill,
 And to their lines, lay Angells eares in gage,
 With foueraign charmes sent from a foueraigne quill ;
 Meane while, vouchsafe to grace my worke and me,
 Gracing the soule beloued of heauen and thee.

I. M.

 The argument of the
whole Tragedie.

SIR Richard *Grinuile*, lying at anchor neere vnto *Flores*, one of the westerlie Ilands of the *Azores*, the last of August in the after noone, had intelgence by one Captayne *Midelton* of the aproch of the Spanish *Armada*, beeing in number fiftie three saile of great ships, and fiteene thousand men to man them. Sir *Richard*, staying to recouer his men which were vpon the Iland, and disdayning to flie from his Countries enemy, not beeing able to recouer the winde, was instantlie inuironed with that hudge Nauie, betweene whom began a dreadfull fight, continuing the space of fiteene howers, in which conflict, Sir *Richard* funk the great *San Phillip* of *Spaine*, the *Ascension* of *Siuel*, the Admirall of the *Hulks*, and two other great *Armados*; about midnight Sir *Richard* receiued a wound through the bodie, and as he was in dresfing, was shot againe into the head, and his Surgion flaine. Sir *Richard* mayntained the fight, till he had not one corne of powder left, nor one whole pike, nor fortie lyuing men; which seeing, hee would haue funke his owne ship, but that was gaine-flood by the Maister thereof, who contrarie to his will came to composition with the *Spanyards*, and so saued those which were left aliue. Sir *Richard* dyed aboard the Admyrall of *Spayne*, about the fourth day after the battaile, and was mightlie bewaild of all men.



¶ The most Honourable
Tragedie of Sir Richard Grin-
uile, Knight.

✻ To the fayrest.



Heauenlie fier is crope into my braine,
A heate diuine and all celestially,
A burning furie spreads throug euery
vaine,
A turret-climbing thought maiesticall,
All these infuse a spirit-giuing raine,

Vnto my humble wits great festiuall.

Whose reede vnpleasing hermonie hath found,
Thus to transforme her into warlike found.

Of wonders, miracles, and famous chiuallrie,
Of Honours Image, and of Vertues iarres,
(Things past beliefe, yet pure in certaintie)
Of Death dead-slaine by Death, of glorious scarres,
Of mortall, made immortall Dietie,
And all containd in Valures stainelesse warres,
My homelie Muse stretching her oaten string,
Vnlearn't to thunder, mildlie meanes to sing.

Rest thee dread boy, the nights eternall Lord,
 Faire feathered *Cupid* thy *Licænas* ioy,
 Of thy tryumphant Chariot richlie stord,
 VVith bleeding hearts that breathing fighes destroy,
 Nor thee, nor of thy kingdome I record,
 Nor louers teares, nor loue, nor loues annoy.

Nor ought that in the vast world may be found.

Where tears in fighes, and fighes in tears are drown'd.

Fit subiects those for Poets golden quills,
 Such as haue trod the true *Pierian* race,
 VVhose sacred braines those numbers tun'd distills,
 VVhich giues conceit the child of heauen her grace.
 But now this flame that all my bodie fills,
 Is *Englands* weeping ioy, and *Spaynes* disgrace.

Fearefull alarums, and the wet worlds sacke,

Swells in my song, the Dirge for glories wracke.

To thee faire Nymph, my loue, my life, my gaze,
 My foules first mouer, essence of my blisse,
 Thought-chast *Diçlinna*, Natures onlie maze,
 Heauen of all what euer heauenlie is,
 More white then *Atlas* browe, or *Pelops* blaze,
 Compleat perfection which all creatures misse.

More louelie then was bright *Astioche*,

Or *Iunos* hand-mayd sacred *Diopè*.

To thee which neuer lifts thine eyes to heauen,
 But harts of Kings are showred in the same,
 Fairer then Sunne, Moone, Starres, or Planets seauen,
 True brand of Vertue, Honours liuing flame,
 O thou whom hate adors, whose praise is euen
 Matcht with the glories of the greatest name,

Thou like thy selfe, or better much by ods,

Nere made without a Parliament of Gods.

To thee this labour of my Sunne-burnt braine,
 Ill limn'd memorials of diuineſt rage,
 I offer as oblations to detain,
 Thy life-inſpiring fight, (my peaces gage)
 From thoſe celeftiall mirrors which remaine,
 Obiects made happie in thy lookes ſuffrage,
 Of *Grinuile*, armes and honors foueraigne,
 My ſower Muſe ſhapes this Neſtar ſeeking ſtraine.

Euen of that man and his almightie minde,
 Boundleſſe like heauen in magnanimitie,
 Conuerting all things of what euer kinde,
 VVithin his bodie held ſocietie,
 To glad-ſome ſtarres in cleereſt ſkyes aſſign'd,
 VVanting but onely true eternitie.
 Of him I ſing (*Faireſt*) but reade I pray.
 Thine eyes makes happy, all yat thine eyes furuay.

And with her thou great Soueraigne of the earth,
 Onelie immatchleſſe Monarcheſſe of harts,
 From whoſe faire eyes iſſued the Muſes birth,
 Murderd by Iron-age, and barb'rous darts,
 Yeeld from thy beams plentie to my wits dearth,
 That I may ſing valures almightie parts,
 And Chronicle thoſe tropeys to thy throne,
 VVhich from this Ile, and his great ſpyrit thone.

And thou deare *Soule*, the portraiture of Fame,
 For whom *Ioue* made a newe fourth Hirarchie,
 Of whoſe loſt drops millions of vertues came,
 Extold in heauen beyond the third degree,
 Now giue thy ſelſe a light in this ſelſe flame,
 That thou maiſt liue beyond poſteritie ;
 And whilſt I of th' vnconquered conqueſt write,
 Sit on my hand and teach me to indite.



The Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinuile.



That time of yeare when the inamored
Sunne [fiers,
Clad in the richest roabes of liuing
Courtied ye Virgin signe, great
Natures Nunne,
Which barrains earth of al what
earth desires

Euen in the month that from *Augustus* wonne,
His sacred name which vnto heauen aspires,
And on the last of his ten trebled days,
VVhen wearie labour new refresh affayes.

Then when the earth out-brau'd ye beautious Morne,
Boasting his cornie Mantle stird with aire,
Which like a golden Ocean did adorne,
His cold drie carcaffes, featurelesse, vnfaire,
Holding the naked shearers scithe in scorne,
Or ought that might his borrowed pride empaire,
The foule of vertue seeing earth so ritch,
VVith his deare prefence gilds the sea as mitch.

The sea, which then was heauie, sad, and still,
Dull, vnapplyed to sportiue wantonnesse,
As if her first-borne *Venus* had beene ill,
Or *Neptune* seene the *Sonne* his loue possesse,
Or greater cares, that greatest comforts kill,
Had crowned with griefe, the worlds wet wilderneffe,
Such was the still-foote *Thetis* filent paine,
VVhose flowing teares, ebbing fell backe againe.

Thetis, the mother of the pleafant fprings,
 Grandam of all the Riuers in the world,
 To whom earths veins their moiftning tribut brings,
 Now with a mad difturbed paffion hurld,
 About her caue (the worlds great treafure) flings :
 And with wreath'd armes, and long wet hairs vncurld,
 VVithin her felfe laments a loffe, vnloft,
 And mones her wrongs, before her ioyes be croft.

Thus whilst diuining forrowe ceaz'd her hart,
Grenuile (ô melt my fpyrit in that name,)
 As fings the Swan her funerall depart,
 And waues her wings, the enfignes of her fame,
 So he, with vertue sweetning bitter fmart,
 VVhich from the feas long toyling feruice came :
 For why, fixe Moones, and fo oft times the Sunne.
 VVas pafte, and had one halfe the fignes ore-runne,

Ere he the earth, our common Mother faw ;
 Now earlie greets black *Flores* banefull Ile,
 (*Flores*, from whence afflictions felfe doth draw
 The true memorialls of a weeping file ;)
 And with *Caifters* Querrifters which ftrow
 Defcant, that might Death of his darts beguile,
 He tunes faluting notes, sweeter then long,
 All which are made his laft liues funerall fong.

Skilleffe in deaths great Parliament he cals
 His fellowe mat's, and minions to his fame,
 Shewes them long lookt for land, and how it brauls,
 Repulfing backe the billowes as they came,
 Much he triumphes, and paffed grieve for-ftals
 VVith present ioy (forrow lights pleafures flame :)
 And whilst his hopes of *Happy-fortune* fings,
Misfortune by, controls them with her wings.

Defird reliefe, and euer welcome rest,
 The elements that forme the wearie man,
 Began to hold a counsaile in his brest,
 Painting his wants by sicknes pale and wan ;
 VVith other griefes, that others force opprest,
 Aduising stay, (as what is but they can,)
 VVhilst he that fate to come, and past, nere feard
 Concludes to stay till strength decayd repaired.

Then casts he Anchor hulling on the maine,
 And all his shyps poore Cittizens recounts,
 And hundred iust were free from sicknes paine,
 Fourescore and ten death their redresse accounts,
 So that of all both sicke and sound vnflaine,
 Vnto two hundred wanting ten amounts.
 A slender armie for so great a guide,
 But vertue is vnknowne till it be tride.

Those whom their harts enabled to attempt,
 He puts a shoare to make supplie for neede ;
 Those whom long sicknes taught of death contempt,
 He visits, and from *Ioues* great Booke doth reede
 The balme which mortall poyfen doth exempt ;
 Those whom new breathing health like sucklings feed,
 Hie to the sands, and sporting on the same,
 Finde libertie, the liues best liuing flame.

Looke how a troupe of Winter-prisoned Dames,
 Pent in th' inclosure of the walled townes,
 VVelcoms the Spring, Vsher to Somers flames,
 Making their pastimes in the flowrie downes,
 Whose beautious Arras wrought in natures frames,
 Through eyes admire, the hart with wonder crownes,
 So the wood-walled Cittizens at fea,
 VVelcome both Spring and Sommer in a day.

The warring byllowes, seas artillerie,
 VVith long held siege, had bruz'd their beaten keele,
 VVhich to repaire the most, most bufied be,
 Lab'ring to cure, what want in labours feele;
 All pleafd with toyle, clothing extremitie
 In Hopes best robes, that hang on Fortunes wheele
 But men, are men, in ignorance of Fate,
 To alter chaunce, exceedeth humaine state.

For when the Sun, towred in heauens head,
 Downe from the filuer mountaine of the skye,
 Bent his bright Chariot on the glaffie bed,
 Faire christall, gilded with his glorious eye,
 Fearing some vsurpation in his stead,
 Or leaft his Loue should too-long daliance spy
 Tweene him and *Virgo*, whose attractiue face,
 Had newly made him leaue the *Lyons* chafe.

In that fame myd-daies hower came sayling in,
 A thought-swift-flying Pynnase, taught by winde,
 T' outstrip in flight Times euer-flying wing;
 And being come where Vertue was inshrinde,
 First vaild his plumes, and wheeling in a ring,
 With Goat-like dauncing, stays where *Grinuile* shynd,
 The whyle his great Commaunder calls the name,
 VVhich is ador'd of all that speakes the fame.

The great commaunder of this little Barke,
 VVhich like an Eglet armes the Eagles side,
 VVas *Midleton*, the ayme of Honors marke,
 That more had prou'd then danger durst haue tride,
 Now seeing all good fortunes sun-shine darke,
 Thrife calls Sir *Richard*, who as oft replyde,
 Bidding him speake, and ring his newes aloude,
 Ill, not apald, nor good could make him proude

O then (quoth *Middleton*) thou foule of all
 VVhat euer boasts in magnanimitie,
 Thou, whom pure Vertue her best part doth call,
 Better then valure, stronger then dietie,
 VVhom men adore, and all the gods exhall
 Into the bookes of endlesse memorie,
 I bring thee tidings of a deadly fray,
 Begun in Heauen, to end vpon the Sea.

The glorious Senate of the Skyes was fet,
 And all the gods were royaliz'd in state,
 VVhen *Happy-fortune* and *Ill-fortune* met,
 Striuing who first should enter Heauens gate,
 The one made mad the others fame to let,
 Neither but stirr'd with rage to wonder at,
 Confusedly, as water-floods doe passe
 Their common bounds, such their rude entrance was.

The gods disturb'd, admire their strange aproch,
 Censuring their angers by their gloing eyes,
Ill-fortune was attended by *Reproch*,
Good-fortune, *Fame*, and *Vertue* stellefies ;
 One sweares the other doth her right incroch,
 VVhich is the elder house, none can deuise :
 The gods deuide, yet in the end agree
 The Fates shall iudge each others pedigree.

Good-fortune, drawes from heauen her hye descent,
 Making hie *Ioue* the roote of her large tree ;
 Shee shoves from him, how many god-heads went,
Archangells, *Angells*, heauens posteritie :
 From thence, she shoves the glorious thrid she lent,
 To *Monarks*, *Emperours*, and *Kyngs* in fee,
 Annexing as Colatteralls to her line,
 Honour, *Vertue*, *Valure*, and *Endles-time*.

Naithleffe, *Ill-fortune* will be elder borne,
 Shee faith, she springs from *Saturne*, *Ioues* wronged Sier,
 And heauen, and earth, and hell her coate haue borne,
 Fresh bleeding harts within a field of fier ;
 All that the world admires, she makes her scorne,
 VVho farthest seemes, is to *Ill-fortune* nier,
 And that iust prooue may her great praise commend,
 All that *Best-chaunce* begins, *Ill-chaunce* doth ende.

Thus they dispute, guilding their tongues report
 VVith instances, and argumentall fawes,
Ill-fortune, bids let all the worlde resort,
 And show within their Chronicles and lawes,
 The man whose liues-line neuer did consort,
 VVith sharpe affliction, deaths first grounded cause,
 Then will she yeeld, else, is shee victor still.
 VVorlds good is rare, perpetuall is their ill.

Euen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
 So doth *Good-fortune* catch *Ill-fortunes* prooue,
 Saying, she wil her in her selfe confound,
 Making her darts, Agents for her behoofe ;
 Bow but thine eies (quoth she) whence ha'ts abound,
 And I will show thee vnder heauens roofe [tunes.
 Th'vnconquered man whom no mischaunce impor-
 Crown of my kingdom, deaths man to misfortunes.

At this, the casments of the skye broke ope,
 Discouering all what's girdled in her frame,
 VVhilst *Happy-fortune* through her eyes large scope
 Like a Cosmographer comments on the same ;
 Three parts with praise she past and future hope,
 Then to the fourth, the VVeesterne world she came,
 And there, with her eyes festrawe paints a storie,
 Stranger then strange, more glorified then glorie.

See (sayd *Faire-fortune*, to her foule shapt *Foe*)
 How on the scourge that beates against the Ile
 Of *Flores*, whence they curst oblations growe,
 A winde-taught capring ship which ayre beguiles,
 (Making poore *Cephalus* for-lorne with woe,
 Curfe arte, which made arte framed faile such smiles)
 Richlie imbrodred with the Iems of warre,
 In thy dispight commaunds a luckey starre.

In that faire vessell liues my garlands flower,
Grinuile, my harts immortall arterie;
 Of him thy deitie had neuer power,
 Nor hath hee had of grieffe one simparchie;
 Successe attends him, all good hap doth shower
 A golden raine of perpetuitie
 Into his boosome, where mine Empire stands,
 Murdring the Agents of thy blacke commands.

Say, and say true, (for what but thou wilt say,)
 That euer *Grinuils* fortunes came before thee;
 Or euer prostrate at thine Altars lay,
 Or with one wreath of Cipresse did adore thee?
 Proue one blacke storme in all his Sommers day,
 Whose threatning clouds compeld him to implore thee
 Then wil I staine my milkwhite vaile with weeping
 And as thine handmaide dye in sorrowes keeping

As wounds the lightning, yet perferues the skinne,
 So did these words split *Lucklesse-fortunes* hart,
 Her smiling *Superficies*, lockt within
 A deepe exulcerated festring smart;
 Heere shee perceiu'd her first disgrace begin,
 And wordlesse from the heauens takes her depart.
 Yet as she flewe, her wings in flying cri'd
 On *Grinuile* shall my fame and power be trid

At her departure all the heauens were glad,
 Triumphant in *Ill-fortunes* banishment,
Apollo set new *Anthems* as *Ioue* bad,
 Which speare tunes made more then most excellent;
 No light in heauen but with new fier was clad,
 Making next *Ioue*, *Good-fortune* president,
 Enrowling in the Bookes of destenie,
 This memorable famous victorie.

Onely the *Fat's* fu'd for her backe repeale,
 (For they *Ill-fortune* lou'd exceeding well)
 Many her deedes and Tropheis they reueale,
 And all her liues blacke legend, weeping tell;
 Yet all they speake, cannot in heauen preuaile,
 Which feene, in spight they follow her to hell,
 And there inhoufed with their mother *Night*,
 All foure deuife, how heauen and earth to spight.

Hence sprang the loues of *Ioue*, the *Sonnes* exile,
 The flame of *Mars* and *Venus* in a net;
Iunos forsaken bed; *Saturns* compile
 Of frantike discontentment, which beset
 All heauen with armes; *Diana* hence had while
 To court her sleeping boy; whilst *Thetis* let
Phæbus imbrace her in her *Neptunes* stead,
 Who made complaints, breach of his bridall bed.

Yet not content with these disparagments,
 Much greater mischiefes issues from their minds,
Grinuile, thy mountaine honour it augments
 Within their breasts, a Meteor like the winds,
 Which thrall'd in earth, a reeling issue rents
 With violent motion; and their wills combinds
 To belch their hat's, vow'd murders of thy fame,
 Which to effect, thus they begin the fame.

Fast to *Iberia* flies vntoward chaunce,
Iberia, which we vulgar Christen *Spaine*,
 Vpon whose Sunne-burnt continent doth daunce
 VVesterne *Ducallidon*, the greatest maine,
 Thither shee packs, *Error* doth their aduance
 Her coale-blacke stander in the hands of paine;
 And as escapt from rauishment or bale,
 With false teares, thus shee tunes a falser tale.

Great Empire (said shee) blessed in thy birth,
 Beautious created for-head of this round,
 That with thy smiles first lent to heauen mirth,
 And bout thy temples all perfections woond,
 Lodgd in th'immagin'd corners of the earth;
 Thou whom our centers Monarchesse art crownd,
 Attend my fuite, baptisd in mournefull teares,
 VVho but ere while triumphed on the spheares.

Nor for my selfe more then thine owne decay
 Which blindfold pleasure clouds as they arise,
 Be gracious, and retort the domefull daye,
 VVhich thee and me to shame would sacrifice.
 Loe, on the great west-walling boisterous sea,
 VVhich doth imbrace thy gold-enclosing eyes.
 Of many failes one man, of one poore Ile,
 That will my fame, and all thy faire defile.

His numberlesse great infinits of fame,
 Haue shut against me heauens great christall dore,
 The clouds, which once my feets dust had to name,
 Hang ore my forehead, threatning euermore
 Death to my praise, life to my infant shame,
 Whilst I with sighes mediate a new restore.
 And in my selfe behold my pleasures past,
 Swimming amongst the ioyes I cannot tast.

Th' ambrosian Nectar-filled banqueting,
 No more shall I communicate, or see,
 Triumphes in heauen, *Ioues* masks, and reuelling,
 Are cleene exempt, both from my ioyes and me.
 The reason, for my loue to thee I bring,
 Trimming the locks with Iems of dietie,
 Making the gods a dread a fatall day,
 VVorfe then the Giants warre or Centaurs fray.

Poore goddesse, rob'd of all eternall power,
 VVhose broken Statues, and down razed Fan's,
 Neuer warm'd altars, euer forgotten hower
 VVhere any memorie of praise is tane,
 VVitnes my fall from great *Olympus* tower ;
 Prostrate, implore blame for receiued bane,
 And dyre reuenge gainst heauens impietie,
 VVhich els in shame will make thee follow mee.

Behold these robes, maps of my fortunes world,
 Torne, and distaind with eye-scornd beggerie ;
 These rags deuide the Zones, wherein is hurld
 My liues distemperate, hote cold miserie ;
 These teares are points, the scale these hairs vncurld,
 My hands the compasse, woe the emperie :
 And these my plaints, true and auriculer,
 Are to my Globe the perpendiculer.

Looke how I am, such art thou like to be
 If armes preuent not heauens intendiment,
Grinuile, which now surfeits with dignitie,
 Burd'ning the Sea with my disparagement ;
 Chiding the wanton winds if greedelie
 They kisse his failes ; or els too slowlie vent,
 Like *Ioue*, which bad the day be and it was,
 So bids he Conquest warre ; she brings to passe.

The sole incouragement he giues his power,
 Is Prophet-like prefaging of thy death,
 Courage he cries, euen in the dying hower,
 And with his words, recalls departing breath ;
 O (fayes he to his Mat's) you are my glories tower,
 Impregnable, wall'd with vnuanquisht faith,

You are the hands and agents of my trust,
 I but the hart reuoluing what we must.

Liue Saints, til we haue ript the wombe of *Spayne*,
 And wounded *Error* in the armes of hell,
 Crustring the triple Myter in disdaine,
 Which on ye seauenfold mounted Witch doth dwel,
 Angells rewards for such disignes remaine,
 And on heauens face men shall your stories tell ;

At this they shoute ; as eager of the pray,
 as Ants in winter of a funne-shine day.

Thus like triumphant *Cæsar* drawne in Rome,
 By winged *Valure*, and vnconquered *Chaunce*,
 He plowes the Sea (ô were it made his tombe)
 VVhilst *Happy-fortune* pypes vnto his daunce.

Yet may thy power alternat heauens doome,
 So pleafeth thee thy forward will t'aduance,

And cheare ye finews of thy mighty arme,
 VVhose out-strecht force shall quell his proud alarme,

Then giue newe fuell to his honours fier,
 Least slight regard wealth-winning *Error* flay,
 And so old *Saturns* happie world retyer,
 Making *Trueths* dungion brighter then the day ;
 VVas neuer woe could wound thy kingdom nyer,
 Or of thy borrowed beautie make display,

Because this vow in heauens booke doth remaine,
 That *Errors* death shall confumate thy raigne.

Now, for my god-heads remnant liues in thee,
 VVhose loft successe breeds mine eternall end,
 Take for thine ayde, afflicting *Miserie*,
Woe, mine attendant, and *Dispayre* my freend,
 All three my greatest great *Triumuerie*,
 Blood-bath'd *Carnifici*, which will protend
 A murdring defolation to that will,
 VVhich me in thee, and thee in mee would kill.

Here, with her fixed Comet-blazing eyes,
 The damned *Augurs* of vntimely death,
 Shee ends her tale, whilst from her harts caue flies
 A storme of winds, no gentle sighing breath,
 All which, like euill spirits in disguise,
 Enter *Iberias* eares, and to her fayth,
 That all the substance of this damned storie,
 VVas zealous true, coyned for her *Spanish* glorie.

Sworne to beleeeue, for ill, in ill affies,
Spayne then enamour'd with the *Romane* trull,
 Calls all her forces, more then Atomies,
 And tells *Ill-fortunes* storie to the full ;
 Many Parenthifes shee doth deuise,
 And frost-relenting words doth choycely cull,
 Bewitching those whom oft shee had deceiued,
 VVith such like Hemlock as her selfe receiued.

The first and greatest one, commaunding all
 The foule of mischiefes old created mother,
 VVas *Don Alphonso Bassan*, proud in brall,
 The Marques *Sancta Cruces* onely brother:
 Him shee coniures by typ's emperiall,
 And all that falshoods seeming trueth could couer,
 To vndertake this hie (she termed it) act,
 VVhich craues a curse of all that reads the fact.

Her selfe (shee said) and all the flowers of *Spayne*,
 Should vnder his, as heauens Ensigne warre:
 Thus from her harts foule dunghill flyes amaine
 Groffe vapours, metamorphosd to a starre;
 Her words in fumes like prodogies retaine
 His hart, by her tongues witchcraft bound so farre,
 As what shee will, that will hee vnder-take,
 Be it to warre with heauen for her sake.

The seeming Nectar of her poysoning speech,
 So well shee saw surprife his licoras fence,
 That for to reare her ill beyonds ill's reach,
 VVith selfe-like tropes, decks self-like eloquence,
 Making in *Britain Dona* such a breach,
 That her arm'd wits, conqu'ring his best wits fence;
 He vows with *Bassan* to defende the broile,
 VVhich men of praise, and earth of fame shal spoile.

To him shee giues the *Biscaynnoys* for guard,
 Mechanicall Artificers for death,
 And those which of affliction neuer hard,
 Shee tempers with the hammer of her breath:
 To euery act shee giues huge lyp-reward,
 Lauish of oathes, as falshood of her faith;
 And for the ground of her pretended right,
 T'is hate, which enuies vertue in a Knight.

These two to her fast bound in vassailage,
 Vnto the Marques *Arumburch* shee flyes,
 Him shee prouokes, him shee finds apt to rage,
 Imprisoning Pitties teares in flintie eyes;
 To him the power of *Siuill* for a gage
 Shee doth bequeath; bidding his prowesse ryse,
 And clense his Countries face from widowes tears,
 To which he posts, like lightning from the sphears.

Laſtly, to make vp miſchiefes perfect ſquare,
 To *Luis Cutino* ſhee takes her flight,
 Him ſhee commaunds, he to her homage ſware
 To guide a Nauie to this damned fight,
 Of Hulks and Fly-boats, ſuch as durſt to dare.
 Shee giues him ſoueraigne rule, and publique right,
 And then vniting all foure powers in one,
 Sends them to ſea, to calme *Misfortunes* mone.

And now behold (diuine for valiancie)
 Like flying Caſtells ſayle they to this ſtrand,
 Fiftie three faile, ſtrong in artillarie,
 Beſt men of warre knowne in the *Spaniſh* land ;
 Fifteene Armados, Kings of ſoueraigntie,
 VVhich led the leſſer with a mightie hand :
 And theſe in foure battalions hither flie,
 VVith whom three dayes I faild in companie.

Then gentle *Grinuile*, *Thetis* parramoure,
 Dearer then *Venus*, Daughter of the flood,
 Set failes to wind, let not neglect deuoure
 Thy gracious fortunes and thine Angell goode,
 Cut through the maine, compell thy keele to ſcoure,
 No man his ill too timelie hath with-floode
 And when *Beſt-chaunce* ſhal haue repaired thy fortune,
 Time for this flight may iuſt reuenge importune.

Here *Midelton* did end the paſſing peale
 VVhich gaued the warning to a diſmall end,
 And as his words laſt knell began to faile,
 The damned Nauie did a glimmering fend,
 By which *Sir Richard* might their power reueale,
 VVhich ſeeming conquerleſſe, did conqueſts lend :
 At whoſe appearance *Midelton* did cry,
 See where they come, for fame and pittie flie.

This certaine story, of too certaine ill,
 Did not extinguish, but gaue honor fier,
 Th' amazing prodigie, (bane of my quill,)
 Bred not astonishment, but a strong desier,
 By which this heauen-adopted Knights strong will,
 Then hiest height of Fame, flew much more hier :
 And from the boundlesse greatnes of his minde,
 Sends back this answer through his lips refin'd.

Thanks hardie *Middleton* for thy dilate,
 Perswasive preface to auoyde my death,
 But if thou wed my fortunes with my state,
 This sauing health shall suffocate my breath,
 To flye from them that holds my God in hate,
 My Mistres, Countrey, me, and my sworne fayth,
 VVere to pull of the load from *Typhons* back,
 And crush my selfe, with shame and seruile wrack.

Nor if my hart degenerate should yeeld,
 To entertaine an amorus thought of life,
 And so transport mine honour to the field,
 VVhere seeming valure dies by cowards knife,
 Yet zeale and conscience shall new forces build,
 And others foules, with my soule holdeth strife ;
 For halfe my men, and all that draw sound breath,
 Are gone on shore, for foode to conquer death.

If I forsake them, certaine is their end,
 If I obtaine them, doubtfull is our fall,
 Vpon my flight, shame and their sacks depend,
 Vpon my stay, hope of good hap doth call,
 Equall to me, the meanest I commend ;
 Nor will I loose, but by the losse of all :
 They are the sinewes of my life and fame,
 Dismembred bodies perish cripple-lame.

This fayd, he fendes a cock-boate to the shore.
 To fummon backe his men vnto their ship,
 Who com'd a board, began with some vprore
 To way their Anchors, and with care to dip
 Their hie reuolues in doubt, and euermore,
 To paint deaths visage with a trembling lip,
 Till he that was all feareleffe, and feare flew,
 VVith Neſtard words from them all dangers drew.

VVhen *Midelton* ſaw *Grinuills* hie reuolue,
 Paſt hope, paſt thought, paſt reach of all aspire,
 Once more to moue him flie he doth reſolue,
 And to that purpoſe tips his tongue with fier ;
 Fier of ſweete words, that eaſelie might diſſolue
 And moiſten flint, though ſteeld in ſtiſſe attire,
 Had not deſier of wonder, praife, and fame,
 Extinkt the ſparks, and ſtill keepe dead the flame.

Greater, and better then inarked he,
 VVhich in the worlds huge deluge did furuiue,
 O let thy wings of magnanimitie,
 Not vainlie flatter, *Honour* to acchiue,
 Gainſt all conceit impoſſibilitie,
 By which thou murderſt *Vertue*, keepe aliue,
 Nor in thy ſeeking of diuinitie,
 Kill not heauens fame by baſe mortallitie.

O *Grinuile* thou haſt red Philoſophy,
 Nature and Arte hath made thee excellent,
 And what thou read'ſt, hath grafted this in thee,
 That to attempt hie dangers euident
 VVithout conſtraint or neede, is infamie,
 And honor turnes to raſhnes in th'euent ;
 And who ſo darrs, not caring how he darrs,
 Sells vertues name, to purchaſe fooliſh ſtarrs.

Deere Knight, thou art not forst to hazard fame,
 Heauens haue lent thee meanes to scape thine ill,
 If thou abide, as true as is thy name,
 So truly shall thy fault, thy death fulfill:
 And as to loue the life for vertues flame,
 Is the iust act of a true noble will,
 So to contemne it, and her helps exclude,
 Is basenes, rashnes, and no *Fortitude*.

He that compar'd mans bodie to an hoast,
 Sayd that ye hands were scouts, discovering harmes,
 The feete, were horsemen, thundring on the coast,
 The brest, and stomacke, footmen, huge in swarmes.
 But for the head, in foueraigntie did boast,
 It Captayne was, director of alarms,
 VVhose rashnes, if it hazarded an ill,
 Not hee alone but all the hoast did spill.

Rash *Ifadas*, the *Lacedemon* Lord,
 That naked fought against the *Theban* power,
 Although they crown'd his valure by accord,
 Yet was hee find for rashnes in that hower:
 And those which most his carelesse praise affoord,
 Did most condemne what follie did deuoure;
 For in attempting, prowesse is not ment,
 But wiselie doing what we doe attempt.

Then sith t'is valure to abandon fight,
 And base to darre, where no hope is to winne,
 (Renowned man, of all renoune the light)
 Hoyst vp thy sailes, delay attractks thy sinne,
 Flie from ill-boding starres with all thy might,
 Vnto thy hart let praise and pittie in.

This sayd, and more desirous much to crie,
 Sir *Richard* stayd him, with this rich replie.

Captayne, I praise thy warlike eloquence,
 And sober Axioms of Philosophie,
 But now's no time for schoole points difference,
 When Deaths blacke Ensigne threatens miserie;
 Yet for thy words found of such consequence,
 Making flight praise, and fight pale obloquie,
 Once ere I die, Ile cleanse my wits from rust,
 And proue my flying base, my stay most iust.

Whence shall I flie? from refuge of my fame,
 From whom? euen from my Countries mortall foe,
 VVhither? but to the dungeon of my shame,
 VVhy shall I flie? for feare of happie woe,
 VVhat end of flight? to saue vild life by blame,
 VVho ist that flies? *Grinuile*? Captayne no,
 T'is *England* flies, faire Ile of happines,
 And true diuine *Elizas* holynes.

Shall then my lifes regard taynt that choyce faire?
 First will I perrish in this liquid round,
 Neuer shall Sunne-burnt *Spanyards* tongue endear
Iberian eares with what shall me confound,
 The life I haue, I for my Mistris beare,
 Curst were that life, should it her scepter wound,
 And trebble cursed be that damned thought,
 Which in my minde hath any fayntnes wrought.

Now, for Philosophie defends thy theame,
 Euen selfe Philosophie shall arme my stile,
 Rich buskin'd *Seneca*, that did declaime,
 And first in *Rome* our tragicke pompe compile,
 Saith, *Fortitude* is that which in extreme
 And certaine hazard all base feares exile:
 It guides, faith he, the noble mind from farre,
 Through frost, and fier, to conquer honors warre.

Honie-tongd *Tullie*, Mermaid of our eares,
 Affirmes no force, can force true *Fortitude*,
 It with our bodies, no communion beares,
 The foule and spyrit, sole doth it include ;
 It is that part of honestie which reares
 The hart to heauen, and euer doth obtrude
 Faint feare, and doubt, still taking his delight
 In perrills, which exceed all perrills might.

Patience, Perseuerance, Greatnes, and Strong Trust,
 These pages are to *Fortitude* their King,
Patience that suffers, and esteemeth iust
 VVhat euer woe, for vertue fortunes bring ;
Perseuerance, holds constant what we must,
Greatnes, that still effects the greatest thing,
 And armed *Trust*, which neuer can dispaire,
 But hopes good hap ; how euer fatall deare.

The Roman *Sergius*, hauing lost his hand,
 Slew with one hand foure in a single fight,
 A thing all reason euer did with-stand,
 But that bright *Fortitude* spred forth her light.
Pompey, by storme held from th' *Italian* land,
 And all his failours quaking in his fight,
 First hoisted saile, and cry'd amidst the strife,
 There's neede I goe, no neede to faue my life

Agis that guilt the *Lacedemon* freete,
 Intending one day battaile with his foes,
 By counsaile was repeld, as thing vnmeete,
 The enemy being ten to one in shoes ;
 But he reply'd, Tis needfull that his feete
 VVhich many leads, should leade to many bloes :
 And one being good, an Armie is for ten
 Foes to religion, and known naughty men.

To him that told *Dienecus*, his foes
 Couer'd the Sun with darts and armed speares,
 Hee made reply, Thy newes is ioy in woes,
 Wee'le in the shadow fight, and conquer feares.
 And from the *Polands* words my humor floes,
 I care for naught but falling of the Spheares.

Thunder afrights the Infants in the schooles,
 And threatnings are the conquerers of fooles.

As these, my case is not so desperate,
 And yet, then these, my darre shall be no lesse :
 If this in them, for fame was wondred at,
 Then this in mee, shall my desiers expresse ;
 Neuer shall *Greece*, nor *Rome*, nor Heathen state,
 with shining honor, *Albions* shine depresse, [bounds,
 Though their great circuits yeelds their acts large
 Yet shall they neuer darr for deeper wounds.

And thus resolu'd, deere *Midelton* depart,
 Seeke for thy safetie in some better soyle,
 Thy stay will be no succour in my smart,
 Thy losse will make them boast of better spoyle.
 And be assur'd before my last breath part,
 Ile make the Sunne, for pittie backe recoyle,
 And clothe the sea within a scarlet pale,
 Iudge of their death which shall my life exhale.

This ship which now intombs my ielialous soule,
 Honestlie enuious of aspiring laude,
 Is cald *Reuenge*, the scourge which doth controule,
 The recreants that *Errors* right applaud,
 Shall like her selfe, by name and fame enroule
 My spyrits acts, by no *Misfortune* aw'd,
 VVithin eternall Bookes of happie deeds,
 Vpon whose notes, immortall Vertue reeds.

Say if I perrish, t'was mine honours will,
 My Countries loue, religion, and my Queene,
 And if that enuie glorie in mine ill,
 Say that I dyed, conqu'ring, vnconquered feene.
 Say fiftie three strong shyps could not fulfill,
 Gainst one poore mayden vessell their foule teene,
 But that in spight of death, or miserie,
 She fought, and foyld, and scapt captiuitie.

Replie not *Midelton*, mine eares are clofd,
 Hie in heauens for-head are my vowes ingrau'd,
 I see the banefull Nauie now disclofd,
 Begon betime, Fate hath thy fortune fau'd;
 To me good starres were neuer yet oppofd,
 Glorie hath crownd me when I glorie crau'd,
 Farwel, and say how euer be my chaunce,
 My death at honours wedding learnt to daunce.

This sayd, away failes *Midelton* with speede,
 Sad, heauie, dull, and most disconsolate,
 Shedding stout manlie teares at valures deed,
 Greeuing the ruine of so great estate;
 But *Grinuile*, whose hope euer did exceede,
 Making all death in daungers fortunate,
 Gan to provide to quell this great vprore,
 Then which the like was neuer heard before..

His fights fet vp; and all things fit prepard,
 Low on the ballast did he couch his sick,
 Being fourfcoore ten, in Deaths pale mantle snar'd,
 whose want to war did most their strong harts prick.
 The hundred, whose more founder breaths declard,
 Their soules to enter Deaths gates should not flick,
 Hee with diuine words of immortall glorie,
 Makes them the wondred actors of this storie.

Nothing be left vnfaid that tongue could fay,
 To breede contempt of death, or hate or thrall,
 Honors reward, fame for a famous day,
 VVonder of ears, that men halfe gods shall call ;
 And contrarie, a hopelesse certaine way,
 Into a Tyrants damned fists to fall,
 VVhere all defame, base thoughts, and infamie,
 Shall crowne with shame their heads eternally.

In this great thunder of his valiant speech,
 From whence the eares-eyes honors lightning felt,
 The *Spanish* Nauie came within the reach
 Of Cannon shot, which equallie was delt
 On eyther side, each other to impeach ;
 VVhose volleys made the pittying skyes to melt,
 Yet with their noyfe, in *Grinuills* heart did frame,
 Greater defier, to conquer greater fame.

And now the funne was past his middle way,
 Leaning more louely to his Lemans bed,
 And the noones third hower had attacht the day,
 VVhen fiftie three gainst one were basely led ;
 All harts were fierd ; and now the deadlie fray,
 Began tumultuouflic to ouer-spread
 The sea with fier, the Element with smoake
 Which gods, and monsters from their sleepe awoake,

In foure great battailes marcht the *Spanish* hoast,
 The first of *Siuill*, led in two great squares,
 Both which with courage, more then can be most,
 Sir *Richard* forst to giue him way with cares ;
 And as the Sea-men terme it in our coast,
 They sprang their luffe, and vnder lee declares,
 Their manie forces feebled by this one,
 Whose thoughts, faue him, are rightly due to none.

And now he stands amidst the thickest throngs,
 Valld round with wooden Castels on the waue,
 Fiftie three Tygers greedie in their wrongs,
 Besiedge the princie Lion in his caue :
 Nothing sees *Grinuile* which to hope belongs,
 All things are fled that any hap could faue ;
 Bright day is darkned by incurtaind light,
 And nothing visits them but Canons night.

Then vp to heauen he lifts his loftie hart,
 And cryes, old *Salon*, I am happy made.
 All earthie thoughts cleane from his spirits part,
Vertue and *Valure* all his fences lade,
 His foes too fewe, too strong he holds his part,
 Now doth he wish for millions to inuade,
 For beeing conquerer, he would conquer all,
 Or conquerd, with immortall honour fall.

Neuer fell hayle thicker then bullets flew,
 Neuer show'rd drops faster then showring blowes,
 Liu'd all the *Woorthies*, all yet neuer knew
 So great resolue in so great certaine woes ;
 Had *Fame* told *Cæsar* what of this was true,
 His Senate-murdred spirite would haue rose,
 And with faire honors enuie wondred then,
 Curfing mortalitie in mighty men.

VVhilst thus affliction turmoyle in this brall,
 And *Grinuile* still imployd his Actor death,
 The great *San-phillip*, which all *Spayne* did call
 Th' vnuanquisht ship, *Iberias* soule and faith,
 Whose mountaine hugenes more was tearmed then tall,
 Being twice a thousand tuns as rumor faith,
 Came rushing in, becalming *Grinuiles* failes,
 Whose courage grew, the more his fortunes failes.

Hotlie on eyther fide was lightning fent,
 And steeled thunder bolts dinge men to hell,
 Vnweldie *Phillip*, backt with millions lent,
 VVorse cracks of thunder then on *Phaeton* fell,
 That with the dayes fier fiered the Element ;
 And why? because within her ribs did dwell,
 More store of shot and great artillarie,
 Then might haue feru'd the worlds great victorie.

Three tire of Cannon lodg'd on eyther fide,
 And in each tire, eleuen stronglie lay,
 Eyght in her chafe, that shot forth right did bide,
 And in her sterne, twice eight that howerlie play ;
 Shee lesse great shot, in infinets did hide,
 All which were Agents for a difmall day.
 But poore *Reuenge*, lesse rich, and not so great,
 Aunfwered her cuffe for cuffe, and threat for threat.

Anon they graple eyther to the other,
 As doth the ban-dogge with the Martins skinne,
 And then the wombe of *Phillip* did vncouer,
 Eight hundred Souldiers, which the fight beginne :
 These board Sir *Richard*, and with thronging smother
 The day, the ayre, the time, and neuer linne,
 But by their entrance did instruct eight more,
 To doe the like, on each fide foure, and foure.

Thus in one moment was our Knight affaild,
 With one huge *Argosie*, and eight great ships,
 But all in vaine, their powers naught prevailld,
 For the *Reuenge*, her Canon loud-dogs flips,
 VVhose bruizing teeth, so much the *Phillip* quaild,
 That foundring in the greedie maine, he dips
 His damned bodie in his watrie tombe,
 Wrapt with dishonour in the Oceans wombe.

The other eight, fighting, were likewise foild,
 And driuen perforce vnto a vild retraite,
 None durst abide, but all with shame recoild,
 VVhilst *Valures* selfe, set *Grinuile* in her seate ;
 Onely *Don Luis Saint Iohn*, seeing spoild,
 His Countries honour by this strange defeate,
 Single encountred *Grinuile* in the fight,
 Who quicklie sent his soule to endlesse night.

George de Prunaria, a Spanish Knight,
 Euer held valiant in dispight of fate,
 Seconded *Luis*, and with mortall might,
 VVrit on Sir *Richards* target souldiers hate,
 Till *Grinuile*, wakned with his loud rung fight,
 Dispatcht his soules course vnto *Plutos* gate ;
 And after these two, sent in post all those
 Which came within his mercie or his blowes.

By this, the funne had spred his golden locks,
 Vpon the pale green carpet of the sea,
 And opned wide the scarlet dore which locks,
 The easfull euening from the labouring day ;
 Now Night began to leape from iron Rocks,
 And whip her rustie wagon through the way,
 VVhilst all the *Spanish* host stooode maz'd in fight.
 None darring to assayle a second fight.

VVhen *Don Alfonso*, Generall of the warre,
 Saw all his Nauie with one ship controld,
 He toare his hayre, and loudlie cryd from farre,
 For honour *Spanyards*, and for shame be bold ;
 Awaken Vertue, say her slumbers marre
Iberias auncient valure, and infold
 Her wondred puiffance, and her glorious deeds,
 In cowards habit, and ignoble weeds.

Fie, that the spyrit of a fingle man,
 Should contradict innumerable wills,
 Fie, that infinitiues of forces can,
 Nor may effect what one conceit fulfill; ;
 VVoe to the wombe, ceaselesse the teats I ban,
 That cherrisht life, which all our liues ioyes kills ;
 VVoe to our felues, our fortunes, and our minds,
 Agaft and fcarrd, with whistling of the winds.

See how he triumphes in difpight of death,
Promethean like, laden with liuing fier,
 And in his glorie spits difdainfull breath,
 Loathing the basenes of our backe retire ;
 Euen now me thinke in our difgrace he faith,
 Foes to your fames, why make you Fate a lyer,
 When heauen and she haue giuen into your hand,
 VVhat all the world can neuer back demand?

Say that the God of *Warre*; Father of *Chiualrie*,
 The *Worthies*, *Heroes*, all fam'd Conquerours,
Centours, *Gyants*, victorious *Victorie*,
 VVere all this *Grinuils* hart-fworne paramours,
 Yet should we fightlesse let our shyps force flie ;
 Well might we crush his keele with rocklike powers,
 And him with them ore-whelme into the maine,
 Courage then harts, fetch honour backe againe.

Heere shame, the fretting canker of the mind,
 That fiers the face with fuell from the hart,
 Fearing his weapons weakenes, eft affignd
 To desperate hardines his confounding dart,
 And now the *Spanyards* made through words stone blind,
 Desperate by shame, ashamd dispaire should part,
 like damned scritchowles, chimes to dead mens hours,
 Make vowes to fight, till fight all liues deuours.

And now the tragicke sceane of death begins,
 Act of the night, deeds of the ouglie darke,
 VVhen Furies brands gaue light to furious fins,
 And gastlie filence gaping wounds did marke ;
 Sing sadle then my Muse (teares pittie wins)
 Yet mount thy wings beyond the mornings Larke,
 And wanting thunder, with thy lightnings might,
 Split eares that heares the dole of this sad night.

The fier of *Spaynes* pride, quencht by *Grinuils* sword,
Alfonso rekindles with his tong,
 And sets a batelesse edge, ground by his word
 Vpon their blunt harts feebled by the strong,
 Loe animated now, they all accord,
 To die, or ende deaths conflict held so long ;
 And thus resolud, too greedelie affay
 His death, like hounds that hold the Hart at bay.

Blacker then night, more terrible then hell,
 Louder then thunder, sharper then *Phæbus* steele,
 Vnder whose wounds the ouglie *Python* fell,
 Were bullets mantles, clowding the haplesse keele,
 The slaughtered cryes, the words the cannons tell,
 And those which make euen rocky Mountains reele,
 And thicker then in funne are Atomies,
 Flew bullets, fier, and slaughtered dead mens cries.

At this remorles Dirgie for the dead,
 The filuer Moone, dread Soueraigne of the deepe,
 That with the floods fills vp her horned head
 And by her waine the wayning ebbs doth keepe :
 Taught by the Fat's how destenie was led,
 Bidds all the starres pull in their beames and weepe :
 For twas vnfit, chaste hallowed eyes should see
 Honour confounded by impietie.

Then to the night she giues all foueraigne power,
 Th'eternall mourner for the dayes diuorce,
 Who drowned in her owne harts killing shower,
 Viewes others torments with a sad remorse.
 This flintie Princeffe, ayme cryes to the hower,
 On which to looke, kinde eies no force could force.
 And yet the fight, her dull hart so offended,
 That from her fight a foggie dewe descended.

Now on our Knight, raines yron, fword, and fiers,
 Iron wrapt in fmoke, fword bath'd in smoking blood,
 Fiers, furies king, in blood and fmoke aspiers
 The confumation of all liuing good ;
 Yet *Grinuile*, with like Agents like expires
 His foe-mens dat's, and euermore withstood.
 Th'affaults of death, and ruins of the warre,
 Hoping the splendour of some luckie starre.

On eyther fide him, ftill two *Gallions* lay,
 VVhich with continuall boardings nurft the fight,
 Two great *Armados*, howrelie plow'd their way,
 And by affaulte, made knowne repelleffe might.
 Thofe which could not come neere vnto the fray,
 Aloofe difcharg'd their volleys gainft our Knight.
 And when yat one fhrunk back, beat with difgrace,
 An other instantly fupply'd the place.

So that their refting, reftleffe him containd,
 And theyr fupplies, deny'd him to fupply :
 The *Hydra* of their mightines ordaind
 New fpoile for death, when old did wounded lie :
 But hee, *Herculian*-like one ftate retaind,
 One to triumph, or one for all to die.
 Heauen had onelie lent him but one hart,
 That hart onethought, that thought no feare offmart.

And now the night grew neere her middle line,
 Youthfully lustie in her strongest age,
 VVhen one of *Spaynes* great *Gallions* did repine,
 That one should many vnto death ingage,
 And therefore with her force, halfe held diuine,
 At once euaporates her mortall rage,
 Till powerfull *Grinuile*, yeelding power a toombe
 Splyt her, and funck her in the falt waues tombe

VVhen *Cutino*, the Hulks great Admirall,
 Saw that huge Veffell drencht within the furge,
 Enuie and flame tyered vpon his gall,
 And for reuenge a thousand meanes doth vrge :
 But *Grinuile*, perfect in destructions fall,
 His mischiefes with like miseries doth scourge,
 And renting with a shot his wooden tower,
 Made *Neptunes* liquid armes his all deuouer.

These two ore-whelm'd, *Siuills Ascention* came,
 A famous ship, well man'd, and strongly drest,
Vindicta from her Cannons mouthes doth flame,
 And more then any, our dread Knight oprest :
 Much hurt shee did, many shee wounded lame,
 And *Valurs* felse, her valiant acts confest.
 Yet in the end, (for warre of none takes keepe)
 Grinuile funck her within the watry deepe.

An other great *Armado*, brufd and beat,
 Sunck neere *S. Michaels* road, with thought to scape,
 And one that by her men more choicely fet,
 Beeing craz'd, and widow'd of her comly shape,
 Ran gainst the shore, to pay *Ill-chaunce* her debt,
 VVho defolate for defolations gape :
 Yet these confounded, were not mist at all.
 For new supplies made new the aged brall.

This while on *Grinuile* ceazed no amaze,
 No wonder, dread, nor base astonishment,
 But true resolute, and valours sacred blaze,
 The crowne of heauen, and starrie ornament
 Deckt his diuine part, and from thence did raze
 Affects of earth, or earths intendiment.

And in this broyle, as cheerefull was his fight,
 As *Ioues*, imbracing *Danae* by night.

Looke howe a wanton Bridegroome in the morne,
 Bufile labours to make glad the day,
 And at the noone, with wings of courage borne,
 Recourts his bride with dauncing and with play,
 Vntill the night which holds meane blisse in scorne,
 By action kills imaginations sway,

And then, euen then, gluts and confounds his thought,
 With all the sweets, conceit or Nature wrought,

Euen so our Knight the bridegroome vnto *Fame*,
 Toild in his battailes morning with vnrest,
 At noone triumph'd, and daunst, and made his game,
 That vertue by no death could be deprest;
 But when the night of his loues longings came,
 Euen then his intellectuall soule confest

All other ioyes imaginarie were

Honour vnconquerd, heauen and earth held deare.

The bellowing shotte which wakened dead mens f wounds,
 As *Dorian* musick, sweetned his cares,
 Ryuers of blood, issuing from fountaine wounds,
 Hee pytties, but augments not with his teares,
 The flaming fier which mercilesse abounds,
 Hee not so much as masking torches feares,

The dolefull Eccho of the foules halfe dying,
 Quicken his courage in their banefull crying.

VVhen foule *Misfortune* houering on a Rock,
 (The stonie girdle of the *Floreat* Ile,)
 Had seene this conflict, and the fearefull shock,
 VVhich all the *Spanysh* mischeifes did compile,
 And saw how conquest licklie was to mock
 The hope of *Spayne*, and fauster her exile,
 Immortall she, came downe her selfe to fight,
 And doe what else no mortall creature might.

And as she flew the midnights waking starre,
 Sad *Casiopea*, with a heauie cheare
 Pusht forth her forehead, to make known from farre,
 VVhat time the dryrie dole of earth drew neare,
 But when shee saw *Misfortune* arm'd in warre,
 VVith teares she blinds her eyes, and clouds ye ayre,
 And asks the gods, why *Fortune* fights with man?
 They say, to doe, what else no creature can.

O why should such immortall enuie dwell,
 In the inclosures of eternall mould?
 Let Gods with Gods, and men with men rebell,
 Vnequall warres t'vnequall shame is fould;
 But for this damned deede came shee from hell,
 And *Ioue* is sworne, to doe what dest'nie would,
 VVeepe then my pen, the tell-tale of our woe,
 And curse the fount from whence our sorrows flow.

Now, now, *Misfortune* fronts our Knight in armes,
 And casts her venome through the *Spanysh* hoast,
 Shee salues the dead, and all the lyuing warmes
 With vitall enuie, brought from *Plutos* coast;
 Yet all in vaine, all works not *Grinuils* harmes;
 VVhich seene, shee smiles, and yet with rage imboft
 Saith to her selfe, since men are all too weake,
 Behold a goddesse shall thy lifes twine breake.

VVith that shee taks a Musket in her hand,
 Raft from a dying Souldiour newlie flaine,
 And ayming where th' vnconquered Knight did stand,
 Dischargd it through his bodie, and in twaine
 Deuids the euer holie nuptiall band,
 Which twixt his soule, and worlds part shold remaine,
 Had not his hart, stronger then *Fortunes* will,
 Held life perforce to scorne *Misfortunes* ill.

The bubling wound from whence his blood distild,
 Mourn'd to let fall the hallowed drops to ground,
 And like a iealous loue by riual illd,
 Sucks in the sacred moisture through the wound;
 But he, which felt deaths fatall doome fulfilld,
 Grew fiercer valiant, and did all confound,
 VVas not a *Spanyard* durst abord him rest,
 After he felt his deaths wound in his brest.

Hundreds on hundreds, dead on the maymed fall,
 Maymed on founde, found in them selues lye flaine,
 Blest was the first that to his ship could crall,
 For wounded, he wounds multitudes againe;
 No sacrifice, but sacrifice of all,
 Could stay his swords oblations vnto paine,
 Nor in *Phillippie*, fell for *Cæsars* death,
 Soules thicker then for *Grinuils* wasting breath.

The *Nemian* Lyon, *Aramanthian* Bore,
 The *Hircamian* Tyger, nor the *Cholcean* Bulls,
 Neuer extended rage with such vprore,
 Nor in their breasts mad monstrous furie lulls;
 Now might they learne, that euer learnt before,
 Wrath at our Knight, which all wrath difanulls,
 For slauish death, his hands commaunded more,
 Then Lyon, Tyger, Bull, or angrie Bore.

Had *Pompey* in *Pharfalia* helū his thought,
Cæsar had neuer wept vpon his head,
 Had *Anthonie* at *Actiome* like him fought,
Augustus teares had neuer drownd him dead,
 Had braue *Renaldo*, *Grinuiles* puiffance bought,
Angelica from France had neuer fled,
 Nor madded *Rowland* with inconstancie,
 But rather flayne him wanting victorie,

Before a storme flewe neuer Doues so fast,
 As *Spanyards* from the furie of his fist,
 The stout *Reuenge*, about whose forlorne wast,
 Whilome so many in their moods persist,
 Now all alone, none but the scourge imbrast,
 Her foes from handie combats cleane desist ;
 Yet still incircling her within their powers,
 From farre sent shot, as thick as winters showers.

Anger, and *Enuie*, enemies to *Life*,
 Strong smouldring *Heate* and noisom stink of *Smoke*,
 With ouer-labouring *Toyle*, *Deaths* ouglie wife,
 These all accord with *Grinuiles* wounded stroke,
 To end his liues date by their ciuell strife,
 And him vnto a blessed state inyoke,
 But he repeld them whilst repell he might,
 Till fainting power, was tane from power to fight.

Then downe he sat, and beat his manlie brest,
 Not mourning death, but want of meanes to die ;
 Those which furuiu'd coragiouslie he blest,
 Making them gods for god-like victorie ;
 Not full twice twentie soules alieue did rest,
 Of which the most were mangled cruellie, [show,
 Yet still, whilst words could speake, or signes could
 From death he maks eternall life to grow.

The Maister-gunner, which beheld his eyes.
 Dart fier gainst death triumphant in his face,
 Came to sustaine him, and with courage cryes,
 How fares my Knight? worlds glory, martiall grace?
 Thine honour, former honours ouer-flyes,
 And vnto *Heauen* and *Vertue* bids the bace ;
 Cheere then thy soule, & if deaths wounding pain it,
 Abr'ams faire bofome lyes to entertaine it.

Maister, he faves, euen heers the opned dore,
 Through which my spirit bridgroom like must ride,
 (And then he bar'd his wounded brest all gore)
 To court the blessed virgine Lambe his bride,
 Whose innocence the worlds afflictions bore,
 Streaming diuine blood from his sliced side,
 And to that heauen my soule with courage flyes,
 Because vnconquerd, conquering it dyes.

But yet, replied the Maister once againe,
 Great vertue of our vertues, striue with Fate,
 Yeeld not a minute vnto death, retaine
 Life like thy glorie, made to wonder at,
 This wounds recouerie well may entertaine
 A double triumph to thy conquering state,
 And make thee liue immortall Angell blest,
 Pleaseth thee suffer it be searcht and drest.

Descend then gentle *Grinuile* downe below,
 Into my Cabin for a breathing space,
 In thee there let thy Surgion stanch our woe,
 Giuing recuer to thee, our wounded case,
 Our breaths, from thy breaths fountaine gently flow,
 If it be dried, our currents loose their grace :
 Then both for vs, and thee, and for the best,
 Descend, to haue thy wound bound vp and drest.

Maister, reply'd the Knight, since last the funne
 Lookt from the hiest period of the sky,
 Giuing a signall of the dayes mid noone,
 Vnto this hower of midnight, valiantly,
 From of this vpper deck I haue not runne,
 But fought, and freed, and welcomd victorie,
 Then now to giue new couert to mine head,
 VVere to reuiue our foes halfe conquered.

Thus with contrarie arguments they warre,
 Diuers in their opinions and their speech,
 One seeking means, th' other a will to darre,
 Yet both one end, and one desire reach :
 Both to keepe honour liuing, plyant are,
 Hee by his fame, and he by skilfull leach,
 At length, the Maister winnes, and hath procurd
 The Knight discend, to haue his woundings curd.

Downe when he was, and had display'd the port
 Through which his life was marching vp to heauen,
 Albe the mortall taint all cuers retort,
 Yet was his Surgion not of hope bereuen,
 But giues him valiant speech of lifes resort,
 Sayes, longer dayes his longer fame shall euen,
 And for the meanes of his recouerie,
 He finds both arte and possibilitie.

Misfortune hearing this pefage of life,
 (For what but chimes within immortall eares)
 VVithin her selfe kindles a home-bred strife,
 And for those words ye Surgions doomes day swears
 VVith that, her charg'd peece (*Atropos* keene knife,)
 Againe she takes, and leueld with dispairs,
 Sent a shrill bullet through the Surgions head,
 which thence, through *Grinuils* temples like was led.

Downe fel the Surgion, hope and helpe was reft,
 His death gaue manumition to his foule,
Misfortune fmyld, and euen then fhee left
 The mournfull Ocean, mourner for this dole ;
 Away fhee flies, for all was now bereft,
 Both hope and helpe, for life to win deaths gole ;
 Yet *Grinuile* vnamaz'd, with constant faith,
 Laughing difpisd the fecond ftroke of death.

What foole (faith he) ads to the Sea a drop,
 Lends *Etna* sparks, or angry ftormes his wind ?
 VVho burnes the roote when lightning fiers the top ?
 VVho vnto hell, can worfe then hell combind ?
 Pale hungry Death, thy greedy longings ftop,
 Hope of long life is banefull to my mind :
 Yet hate not life, but lothe captiuitie,
 Where refts no truft to purchafe victorie.

Then vp he came with feeble pace againe, ing,
 Strength from his blood, blood from his wounds defcend-
 Saies, here I liu'd, and here wil I fustaine,
 The worft of Deaths worft, by my fame defending,
 And then he fell to warre with might and maine,
 Valure on death moft valiantly depending,
 And thus continued aye coragiously,
 Vntill the day chaft fhadowes from the sky.

But when the mornings dewie locks drunke vp
 A miftie moyfture from the Oceans face,
 Then might he fee the fource of forrowes cup,
 Plainly prefigur'd in that hatefull place :
 And all the miferies that mortals fup
 From their great Grandfire *Adams* band, difgrace ;
 For all that did incircle him, was his foe,
 And that incircled, modell of true woe.

His mafts were broken, and his tackle torne,
 His vpper worke hew'd downe into the Sea,
 Naught of his fhip aboute the fourge was borne,
 But euen leueld with the Ocean lay,
 Onely the fhips foundation (yet that worne)
 Remaind a trophy in that mighty fray;
 Nothing at all aboute the head remained,
 Either for couert, or that force maintained.

Powder for fhott, was fpent and wafte cleane,
 Scarce feene a corne to charge a peece withall,
 All her pykes broken, halfe of his beft men flaine,
 The reft fore wounded, on Deaths Agents call,
 On th'other fide, her foe in ranks remaine,
 Difplaying multitudes, and ftore of all
 VVhat euer might auaille for victorie,
 Had they not wanted harts true valiancie.

When *Grinuile* faw his desperate drierie cafe,
 Meerely difpoyled of all fuccef-full thought,
 Hee calls before him all within the place,
 The Maifter, Maifter-gunner, and them taught
 Rules of true hardiment to purchafe grace;
 Showes them the end their trauailes toile had bought,
 How fweet it is, fwift *Fame* to ouer-goe,
 How vile to diue in captiue ouerthrow.

Gallants (he faith) fince three a clock laft noone,
 Vntill this morning, fifteene howers by courfe,
 We haue maintaind ftoute warre, and ftill vndoone
 Our foes affaults, and driue them to the worfe,
 Fifteene *Armados* boardings haue not wonne
 Content or eafe, but beene repeld by force,
 Eight hundred Cannon fhott againft our fide,
 Haue not our harts in coward colours died.

Not fiteene thousand men araungd in fight,
 And fiteene howers lent them to atchiue,
 VVith fifty three great ships of boundlesse might,
 Haue had or meanes or prowesse to contriue
 The fall of one, which mayden vertue dight,
 Kept in despight of *Spanish* force aliuie.

Then list to mee you imps of memorie,
 Borne to affume to immortalitie.

Sith loosing, we vnloft keepe strong our praise,
 And make our glories, gaynours by our ends,
 Let not the hope of howers (for tedious dayes
 Vnto our liues no longer circuite lends)
 Confound our wondred actions and affayes,
 VVhereon the sweete of mortall eares depends,
 But as we liue by wills victorious,
 So let vs die victours of them and vs.

VVee that haue mercileffe cut Mercies wings,
 And muffeld pittie in deaths mistie vale,
 Let vs implore no mercie ; pittiyings,
 But from our God, deere fauour to exhale
 Oure foules to heauen, where all the Angells rings
 Renowne of vs, and our deepe tragick tale ;
 Let vs that cannot liue, yet liue to dye,
 Vnthrald by men, fit tropheys for the skye.

And thus resolu'd since other meane is rest,
 Sweet Maister-gunner, split our keele in twaine,
 We cannot liue, whom hope of life hath left,
 Dying, our deaths more glorious liues retaine,
 Let not our ship, of shame and foile bereft,
 Vnto our foe-men for a prize remaine ;
 Sinke her, and sinking with the *Greeke* wee'le cry,
 Best not to be, or beeing soone to dye.

Scarfe had his words tane wings from his deare tong,
 But the stout Maister-gunner, euer ritch
 In heauenlie valure and repulſing wrong,
 Proud that his hands by action might inritch
 His name and nation with a worthie ſong,
 Tow'rd his hart higher then Eagles pitch,
 And instantlie indeuours to effect
Grinuils deſier, by ending Deaths defect.

But th' other Maister, and the other Mat's,
 Difented from the honour of their minds,
 And humbly praid the Knight to rue their ſtat's,
 VVhom miſerie to no ſuch miſcheife binds ;
 To him th' aleadge great reaſons, and dilat's
 Their foes amazements, whom their valures blinds,
 And maks more eager t'entertaine a truce,
 Then they to offer words for warres excuſe.

They ſhow him diuers gallant men of might,
 VVhoſe wounds not mortall, hope gawe of recuer,
 For their ſaks fue they to diorce this night
 Of deſperate chaunce, calld vnto Deaths black lure,
 Their lengthned liues, their countries care might right,
 And to their Prince they might good hopes affure.
 Then quod the Captaine, (deere Knight) do not ſpill,
 The liues whom gods and Fat's ſeeke not to kill.

And where thou ſayſt the *Spanyards* ſhall not braue,
 T' haue tane one ſhip due to our virgin Queene,
 O know, that they, nor all the world can ſaue,
 This wounded Barke, whoſe like no age hath ſeene,
 Sixefoote ſhee leaks in hold, three ſhot beneath the waue,
 All whoſe repaire ſo inſufficient beene,
 That when the Sea ſhall angrie worke begin,
 Shee cannot chuſe but finke and dye therein.

Befides, the wounds and brufings which ſhe beares,
 Are ſuch, ſo manie, ſo incurable,
 As to remoue her from this place of feares,
 No force, no wit, no meane, nor man is able ;
 Then ſince that peace prostrate to vs repaires,
 Vnleſſe our felues, our felues make miserable,
Herculeen Knight, for pittie, pittie lend,
 No fame conſiſts in wilfull desperat end.

Theſe words with emphasis and action ſpent,
 Mou'd not Sir *Richard*, but inrag'd him more,
 To bow or yeeld, his heart would neare relent,
 Hee ſtill impunges all thought of lifes reſtore ;
 The Maister-gunner euer doth conſent
 To act his wiſh, ſwearing in beds of gore
 Death is moſt louelie, ſweete and amiable,
 But captiu'd life for foulenes admirable.

The Captayne, ſeeing words could take no place,
 Turnes backe from them vnto the liuing few,
 Expounds what pittie is, what victors grace ;
 Bids them them felues, them felues in kindnes rew,
 Peace if they pleaſe, will kindlie them imbrace,
 And they may liue, from whom warres glory grew ;
 But if they will to desperate end conſent,
 Their guilty foules too late ſhall mourne repent.

The ſillie men, who fought but liuing ioyes,
 Cryes to the Captaine for an honord truce,
 Life they deſire, yet no life that deſtroyes
 Their wonne renownes, but ſuch as might excuſe
 Their woes, their wounds, and al what els anoyes
 Beautie of laude, for other they reſuſe ;
 All which the Captaine ſwears they ſhal obtaine,
 Becauſe their foes, in doubtfull ſtates remaine.

O when Sir *Richard* saw them start aside,
 More chaynd to life then to a gloriuſ graue,
 And thoſe whom hee ſo oft in dangers tryde,
 Now trembling ſeeke their hatefull liues to faue.
 Sorrow and rage, ſhame, and his honors pride,
 Choking his foule, madly compeld him rauē,
 Vntill his rage with vigor did confound
 His heaueie hart, and left him in a ſwound.

The Maifter-gunner, likewiſe ſeeing Fate
 Bridle his fortune, and his will to die,
 With his ſharpe ſword fought to ſet ope the gate,
 By which his foule might from his body flie,
 Had not his freends perforce preferu'd his ſtate,
 And lockt him in his Cabbin, ſafe to lie,
 Whilſt others ſwarm'd where hapleſſe *Grinuile* lay,
 By cryes recalling life, late runne away.

In this too reſtleſſe turmoile of vnreſt,
 The poore *Reuenges* Maifter ſtole awaye,
 And to the *Spaniſh* Admirall adreſt
 The dolefull tidings of this mournfull day,
 (The *Spaniſh* Admirall who then opreſt,
 Houering with dōubt, not daring t'end the fray,)
 And pleads for truce, with ſouldiour-like ſubmiſſion,
 Anexing to his words a ſtraight condition.

Alfonſo, willing to giue end to armes,
 For well he knew *Grinuile* would neuer yeild,
 Albe his power ſtoode like vnnubred ſwarmes,
 Yet daring not on ſtricter tearmes to build,
 Hee offers all what may alay their harmes
 Safetie of liues, nor any thrall to weild,
 Free from the Gallie, priſonment, or paine,
 And ſafe returne vnto their foyle againe.

To this he yeelds, as well for his own sake,
 Whom desperate hazard might indamage fore,
 As for defier the famous Knight to take,
 Whom in his hart he seemed to deplore,
 And for his valure halfe a God did make,
 Extolling him all other men before,
 Admiring with an honourable hart,
 His valure, wifdome, and his Souldiours Art.

VVith peacefull newes the Maister backe returns,
 And rings it in the liuing remnants eares,
 They all reioyce, but *Grinuile* deadly mourns,
 He frets, he fighs, he sorrowes and despaires,
 Hee cryes, this truce, their fame and blisse adiourns,
 Hee rents his locks, and all his garments teares,
 He vowes his hands shall rent the ship in twaine
 Rather then he will *Spanish* yoke sustaine.

The few referu'd, that life esteem'd too well,
 Knowing his words were warrants for his deede,
 Vnkindly left him in that monstros hell,
 And fled vnto *Alfonso* with greate speede.
 To him their Chieftaines mightines they tell,
 And how much valure on his foule doth feede,
 That if preuention, not his actions dim,
 Twill be too late to faue the shyp or him.

Baffan made proude, vnconquering t'ouer-come,
 Swore the braue Knight nor ship he would not lose,
 Should all the world in a petition come :
 And therefore of his gallants, fortie chose
 To board Sir *Richard*, charging them be dombe
 From threatning words, from anger, and from bloes,
 But with all kindnes, honor, and admire
 To bring him thence, to further *Fames* desire.

Sooner they boarded not the crazed Barke,
 But they beheld where speechlesse *Grinuile* lay,
 All smeard in blood, and clouded in the darke
 Contagious curtaine of Deaths tragick day;
 They wept for pittie, and yet filent marke
 VVhether his lungs sent liuing breath away,
 VVhich when they fawe in ayrie blasts to flie,
 They striu'd who first should stanch his misery.

Anon came life, and lift his eye-lids vp,
 Whilst they with teares denounce their Generals wil,
 VVhose honord minde fought to retort the cup
 Of Deaths sad poyson, well instruckt to kill:
 Tells him what fame and grace his eyes might sup
 From *Bassans* kindnes, and his Surgions skill,
 Both how he lou'd him, and admir'd his fame,
 To which he fought to lend a liuing flame.

Aye mee (quoth *Grinuile*) simple men, I know
 My bodie to your Generall is a pray,
 Take it, and as you please my lymes bestow,
 For I respect it not, tis earth and clay:
 But for my minde that mightier much doth grow,
 To heauen it shall, despight of *Spanish* sway.

 This said, ore-come with anguish and with paine,
 He fwounded, and did neuer speake againe.

They tooke him vp, and to theyr Generall brought
 His mangled carkasse, but vnmaimed minde,
 Three dayes hee breath'd, yet neuer spake he ought,
 Albe his foes were humble, sad, and kinde;
 The fourth, came downe the Lambe that all foules bought,
 And his pure part, from worfer parts reind,
 Bearing his spirite vp to the loftie skyes,
 Leauing his body, wonder to wonders eyes.



Hat became of the *Reuenge* after Sir
Richards death, diuers report di-
 uerfly, but the most probable and
 sufficient prooffe sayth, that within
 fewe dayes after the Knights death,
 there arose a great storme from the
 West and North-west. that all the Fleet was disperced,
 aswell the *Indian* Fleet, which were then come vnto
 them, as all the rest of the *Armada*, which attended
 their ariuall; of vvhich fourteene sayle, together with
 the *Reuenge*, and in her two hundred *Spanyards*, were
 cast away vppon the Ile of *S. Michaels*; so it pleased
 them to honour the buri all of that renowned Ship the
Reuenge, not suffering her to perrish alone, for the great
 honour shee at chiued in her life time.



The last Fight of the REVENGE at sea.

[THE FIGHT AND CYCLONE AT THE AZORES.]

BY

Jan Huygen van Linschoten.

Linschoten, a native of Enckhuysen, a town in the north of Holland, standing on the shore of Zuyder Zee, being 'much addicted to see and traualle into strange Countries:' left the Texel on 6 DECEMBER 1576 in a ship (one of a fleet of 80) for San LUCAR DE BARAMEDA, where he arrived on 25 DECEMBER; and at SEVILLE on 1 JANUARY 1577, where he found one of his brothers: the other had followed the court to Madrid.

Henry II., the King of Portugal, dying, left by will the crown of Portugal to his nephew, Philip II. of Spain. One of Linschoten's brothers journeying towards Portugal dies at Salamanca. Having learnt Spanish, Jan went, in the service of a Dutch gentleman, into Portugal, and meeting his other brother at Badajos, they came to LISBON on 26 SEPTEMBER 1580. There, quitting his then service, he placed himself with a merchant, with whom he stayed for some two years.

At length he obtained a place in the suite of 40 persons of the friar Don Vincente de Fonseca, who had just accepted the Archbishopric of all the Indies from the king, for a term of four or five years. Linschoten's brother was also Pilot of the *San Salvador*, in which ship the Archbishop and his suite sailed. The fleet left Lisbon on Good Friday, 8 APRIL 1583, and separating off Madera on 15 APRIL, Linschoten's ship sighted the Indian coast on 20 SEPTEMBER following: the Archbishop making a triumphal entry into GOA on the 30th of that month. In this city, Linschoten principally resided during his stay in the East.

The Archbishop and the Viceroy having quarrelled, the former left India in JANUARY 1587 to make his complaints to the King, having dismissed all his servants, his Steward excepted, and Linschoten whom he made general Clerk, throughout all India, of the *La santa Crusada*, a fund to collect money to redeem European captives in Barbary.

On 16 SEPTEMBER 1588 Linschoten learnt that the Archbishop had died on 4 AUGUST 1587, between the Azores and Portugal. Determining to return home: he obtained the situation of Factor of the Pepper on board the *Santa Cruz*, which left for Goa on 23 NOVEMBER 1588, and sighted Flores on the 22 JULY 1589; whence they were chased by 3 English ships to Terceira, where they were astounded to hear the following news:—

"That the men of the Island were all in armes, as hauing receiued aduise from *Portingall*, that Sir *Francis Drake* was in a readnes, and would come vnto those Islands. They likewise brought vs newes of the ouerthrow of the Spanish fleet before England, and that the English men had been before the gates of *Lisbone*: whereupon the King gaue vs commandement that we should put into the Island of *Tercera*, and there lie vnder the safetie of the Castle vntill we receiued further aduise what wee should doe or whether we should saile: for that they thought it too dangerous for vs to goe to *Lisbone*. Those newes put our fleet in great feare, and made vs looke upon each other not knowing what to say." p. 179. Ed. 1598.

Linschoten, continuing his diary while on shore at Terceira, gives us the account here reprinted of the Fight off Flores, 70 miles distant:—

At length, in DECEMBER 1591, he was able to leave the Western Isles in a *Flushing*, and safely arrived at Lisbon on 2 JANUARY 1592. On 22 JULY following, he left Sentuval in a fleet of Dutch ships, and finally reached his home at Enckhuysen on 3 SEPTEMBER 1592: 'where I founde my mother, brother and sister all living, and in good health, it being 12 years, 9½ months after my departure from thence.'

[THE FIGHT AND CYCLONE AT THE AZORES.]



He 25. of August [1591], ye kings *Armada* comming out of *Farol* ariued in *Tercera*, being in all 30. shippes : Biskaies, Portingals and Spaniards, and 10. Dutch flieboats, yat were arested in *Lisbone* to ferue ye king, besides other smal shippes *Pataxos*, yat came to ferue as messengers from place to place, and to discouer the seas. This nauie came to stay for, and conuoy the shippes that shold come from the Spanish *Indies*, and the flie-boates were apointed in their returne home, to take in the goods yat were saued in ye lost shippes yat came from *Malacca*, and to conuoy it to *Lisbon*.

The 13. of September the saide Armado ariued at the Island of *Coruo*, where the Englishmen with about sixteene shippes as then lay, staying for the Spanish Fleete : whereof some or the most parte were come, and there the English were in good hope to haue taken them. But when they perceyued the kings Army to be strong, the Admirall being the Lorde *Thomas Howard*, commaunded his Fleete not to fall vpon them, nor any of them once to seperate their shippes from him, vnlesse he gaue commission so to doe : notwithstanding the Vice Admirall Sir *Rychard Greenfield*, being in the shipp called the *Reuenge* went into the Spanish fleete, and shot among them, doing them great hurte, and thinking the rest of the company would haue followed : which they did not, but left him there, and sayled away : the cause why could not be knowne : which the Spaniardes perceiuing, with seuen or eight shippes they barded her, but she withstood them all,

fighting with them at the least 12. houres together, and funke two of them, one being a newe double Flie boat of 1200. tunnes, and Admirall of the Flie boates, the other a Biscaine: But in the ende by reason of the number that came vpon her she was taken, but to their great losse: for they had lost in fighting, and by drowning about 400. men, and of the English were slaine about a hundred, Sir *Rychard Greenfield* himselfe being wounded in his braine, whereof afterwardes hee dyed.

He was borne into the ship called the *Saint Paule*, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet *Don Alonso de Barfan*: there his woundes were drest by the Spanish Surgeons, but *Don Alonso* himselfe would neither see him, nor speake with him: all the rest of the Captaines and Gentlemen went to visite hym, and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondring at his courage, and stout hart, for that he shewed not any signe of faintnes nor changing of colour. But feeling the hower of death to approach, hee spake these wordes in Spanish, and said: Here die I *Richard Greenfield*, with a ioyfull and quiet mind, for that I haue ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, yat hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion, and honor, whereby my soule most ioyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall alwaies leaue behinde it an euerlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his dutie, as he was bound to doe. When he had finished these or such other like words, hee gaue vp the Ghost, with great and stout courage, and no man could perceiue any true signe of heauinesse in him.

This Sir *Richard Greenfield* was a great and a rich Gentleman in *England*, and had great yearely reuenues of his owne inheritance: but he was a man very vnquiet in his minde, and greatly affected to warre: in so much as of his owne priuate motion hee offered his seruice to the Queene, he had performed many valiant actes, and was greatlie feared in these Islands, and knowne of euery man, but of nature very feure,

fo that his owne people hated him for his Mercenes, and spake verie hardly of him: for when they first entred into the Fleete or Armado, they had their great sayle in a readinesse, and might possiblie enough haue sayled away: for it was one of the best ships for sayle in England, and the Master perceiuing that the other shippes had left them, and followed not after, commanded the great sayle to be cut, that they might make away: but Sir *Richard Greenefield* threatned both him, and all the rest that were in the ship, that if any man laid hand vpon it, he would cause him to be hanged, and so by that occasion they were compelled to fight, and in the end were taken.

He was of so hard a complection, that as he continued among the Spanish Captaines while they were at dinner or supper with him, he would caroufe three or foure glasses of wine, and in a brauerie take the glasses betweene his teeth and crash them in peeces and swallow them downe, so that often times the blood ran out of his mouth without any harme at all vnto him, and this was told me by diuers credible persons that many times stoode and behelde him.

The English men that were left in the ship, as the captaine of the souldiers, the Master and others were disperfed into diuers of the Spanish ships that had taken them, where there had almost a new fight arisen betweene the Biscaines and the Portingales: while ech of them would haue the honour to haue first borded her, so that there grew a great noise and quarrell among them, one taking the chiefe ancient, and the other the flagge, and the Captaine and euerie one held his owne.

The ships that had borded her were altogether out of order, and broken, and many of their men hurt, whereby they were compelled to come into the Island of *Tercera*, there to reparaire themselves: where being ariued, I and my chamber fellow, to heare some newes went aboard on[e] of the ships being a great

Biscaine, and one of the twelue Apostles, whose Captaine was called *Bertandono*, that had bin Generall of the *Biscaynes* in the fleete that went for England [*i.e.* in 1588]. Hee seeing vs called vs vp into the gallerie, where with great curtesie hee receiued vs, beeing as then set at dinner with the English Captaine that fate by him, and had on a sute of blacke veluet, but he could not tell vs any thing, for that he could speake no other language, but English and Latine, which *Bertandano* also could a little speake.

The English Captaine got licence of the gouernour that hee might come on land with his weapon by his side, and was in our lodging with the Englishman that was kept prisoner in the Iland, being of that ship wherof the saylers got away, as I said before. The Gouernour of *Tercera* bad him to dinner, and shewed him great curtesie. The Master likewise with licence of *Bartandano* came on land, and was in our lodging, and had at the least ten or twelue woundes, as well in his head, as on his body, whereof after that being at sea, betweene *Lisbone* and the Ilands he died. The Captaine wrote a letter, wherein he declared all the manner of the fight, and left it with the English Marchant that lay in our lodging, to send it to the Lord Admiral of England. This English Captaine comming vnto *Lisbone*, was there well receiued, and not any hurt done vnto him, but with good conuoy sent to *Sentuuall*, and from thence sayled vnto England, with all the rest of the Englishmen that were taken prisoners.

The Spanish armie [*i.e.* Armado] staid at the Iland of *Coruo* till the last of September, to assemble the rest of the fleet together; which in the end were to the number of 140. saile of ships, partly comming from *India*, and partly of the Army [*i.e.* Armado], and being altogether ready vnto saile in *Tercera* in good company, there sodainely rose so hard and cruell a storme, that those of the Iland did affirme, that in mans memorie there was neuer any such seen or heard

of before: for it seemed the sea would haue swallowed vp the Islands, the water mounting higher than the Cliffes, which are so high that it amaseth a man to beholde them: but the sea reached aboue them, and liuing fishes were throwne vpon the land. This storme continued not only a day or two with one wind but seauen or eight dayes continually, the wind turning round about, in all places of the compasse, at the least twice or thrice during that time, and all alike, with a continuall storme and tempest most terrible to behold, euen to vs that were on shore, much more then to such as were at sea: so that only on the coastes and Cliffes of the Iland of *Tercera*, there were aboue twelue ships cast away, and not only vpon the one side, but round about it in euery corner, wherby nothing els was heard but complayning, crying, lamenting, and telling here is a shippe broken in peeces against the Cliffes, and there another, and all the men drowned: so that for the space of 20. dayes after the storme, they did nothing els but fish for dead men, that continually came driuing on the shore.

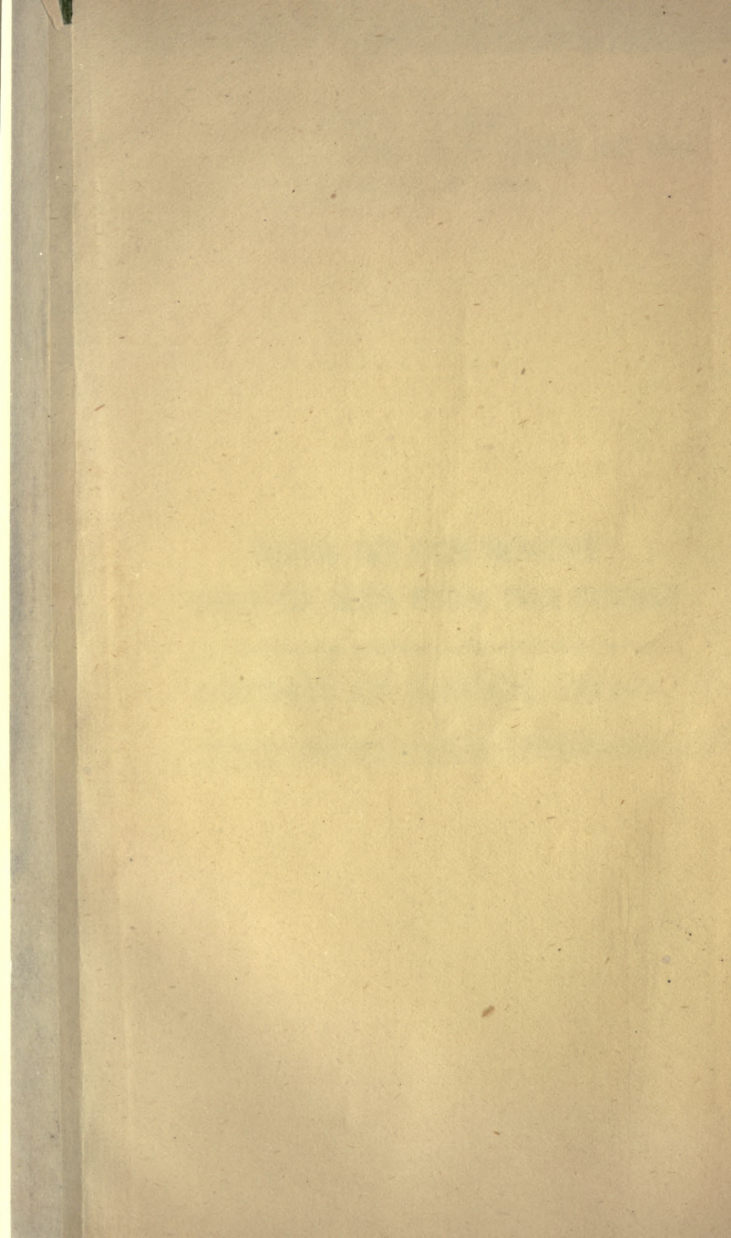
Among the rest was the English ship called the *Reuenge*, that was cast away vpon a Cliffe nere to the Iland of *Tercera*, where it brake in a hundred peeces and sunke to the ground, hauing in her 70. men gallegos, Biscaines, and others, with some of the captiue Englishmen, whereof but one was saued that got vp vpon the Cliffes aliue, and had his body and head all wounded, and hee being on shore brought vs the newes, desiring to be shriuened, and thervpon presently died. The *Reuenge* had in her diuers faire brasse peeces, that were all sunke in the sea, which they of the Iland were in good hope to waigh vp againe.

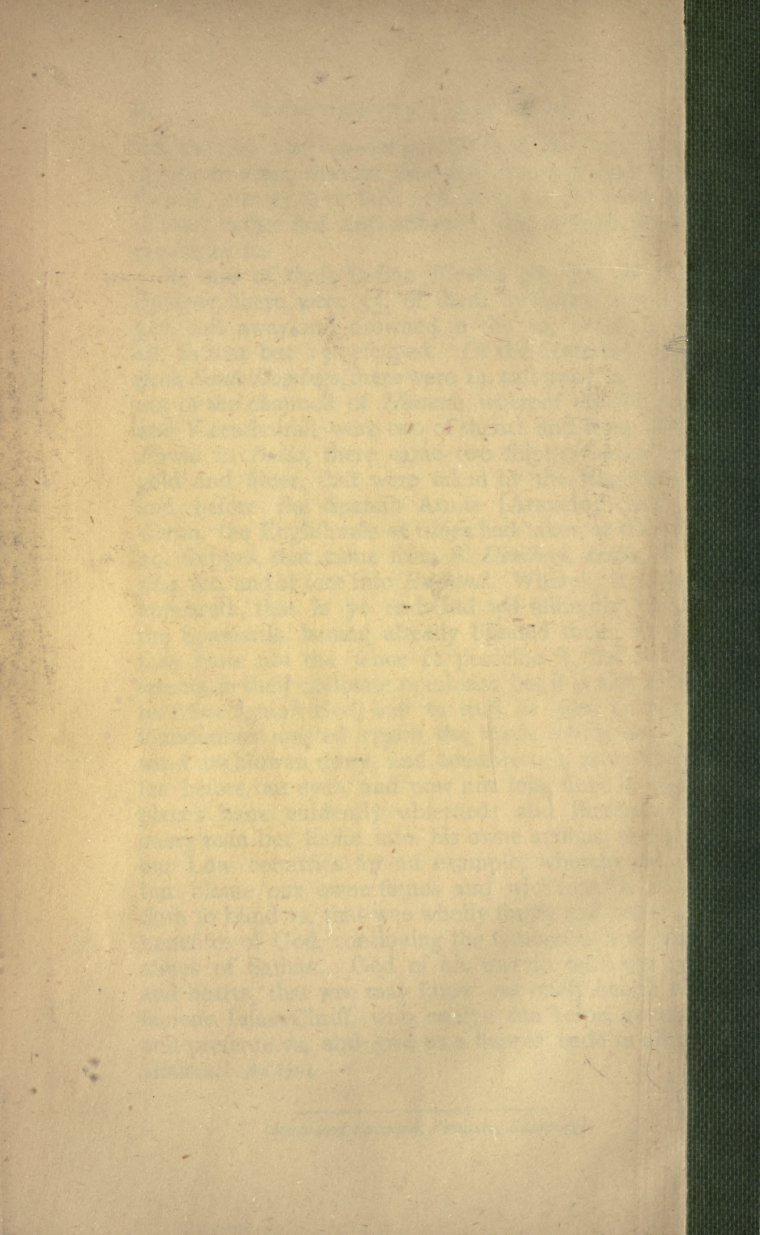
On the other Islandes the losse was no lesse then in *Tercera*: for on the Iland of *Saint George* there were two ships cast away: on the Iland of *Pico* two shippes: on the Iland *Gratiosa* three ships, and besides those

there came euerie where round about diuers peeces of broken ships, and other things fleeting towards the Islands, wherewith the sea was all couered most pittifull to behold. On the Island of *S. Michaell*, there were foure ships cast away, and betweene *Tercera* and *S. Michaels*, three more were funke, which were seene and heard to crie out, wherof not one man was saued. The rest put into sea without Masts, all torne and rent: so that of the whole Fleete and Armado, being 140. ships in al, there were but 32. or 33. ariued in *Spaine* and *Portingall*, yea and those few with so great miserie, paine and labor, that not two of them ariued there together, but this day one, and tomorrow another, next day the third, and so one after the other to ye number aforesaid. All the rest were cast away vpon the Islands, and ouerwhelmed in the sea: whereby may bee considered what great losse and hinderance they receaued at that time: for by many mens iudgements it was esteemed to be much more then was left by their armie [*i.e.* Armado] that came for England, and it may well bee thought, and presumed, that it was no other than a iust plague purposely sent by God vpon the *Spaniards*, and that it might truely bee said, the taking of the *Reuenge* was iustlie reuenged vpon them, and not by the might or force of man, but by the power of God, as some of them openly said in the Isle of *Tercera*, that they beleued verily God would consume them, and that hee tooke part with Lutheranes and Heretickes: saying further yat so soone as they had throwne the dead bodie of the Viceadmirall Sir *Richard Greenfield* ouer borde, they verily thought that as he had a deuilish faith and religion, and therefore ye deuils loued him, so hee presently funke into the bottome of the sea, and downe into Hell, where he rayfed vp all the deuilles to the reuenge of his death: and that they brought so great stormes and tormentes vpon the *Spaniards*, because they onely maintained the Catholike and Romish religion: such

and the like blasphemies against God, they ceased not openly to vtter, without that any man reprobued them therein, nor for their false opinions, but the most part of them rather said and affirmed, that of truth it must needs be so.

As one of those Indian Fleetes put out of *Noua Spaigna*, there were 35. of them by storme and tempest cast away and drowned in the sea, being 50. in all, so that but 15. escaped. Of the fleete that came from *Santo Domingo*, there were 14. cast away, comming out of the channell of *Hauana*, whereof the Admirall and Viceadmirall were two of them: and from *Terra Firma* in *India*, there came two shippes laden with gold and siluer, that were taken by the Englishmen. and before the Spanish Armie [Armado] came to *Coruo*, the Englishmen at times had taken at the least 20. shippes, that came from *S. Domingo*, *India*, *Brafilia*, &c. and al sent into *England*. Whereby it plainly appeareth, that in ye end God wil assuredly plague the Spaniards, hauing already blinded them, so that they haue not the sence to perceiue it, but still to remain in their obstinate opinions: but it is lost labour to striue against God, and to trust in man, as being foundations erected vpon the sands, which with the wind are blowen down, and ouerthrowen, as weedayly see before our eyes, and now not long since in many places haue euidently obserued: and therefore let euery man but looke into his owne actions, and take our Low countries for an example, wherein we can but blame our owne finnes and wickednesse, which doth so blind vs, that wee wholly forget and reiect the benefites of God, continuing the seruantes and yoke-slaves of Sathan. God of his mercie open our eyes and hearts, that wee may know our onely health and fauour Iesus Christ, who onely can helpe, gouerne, and preferue vs, and give us a happie ende in all our affaires. fol. 192-4.





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Arber, Edward
The last fight of the
Revenge at sea

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