

## ❖ LITERATURE. ❖

### THE SPANISH ARMADA.

I.

"NOW glory be to the Lord in Heaven  
For his mercies on the sea !  
And glory be to the men of Devon—  
And all Englishmen" say we—  
And all Scotsmen and all Irish ;—  
For they fought for England too,  
And every Spaniard slew  
Who fell upon their coasts and isles from Orkney down  
Let the cannon beat the air, [to Clare.  
And the joyous trumpets blare,  
And the bells ring, ring to every town  
Our glorious victory to crown.

II.

For He blew, and they were scattered  
Off the sunny shores of Spain ;  
And in our griesly channel,  
Lo ! He woke the West again.  
But our sailors love a breeze,  
And the narrow stormy seas,  
And they hailed the black South-Wester  
As an angel of the Lord,  
Who the vials of His vengeance  
On the vaunting foe out-poured.

III.

What a battle of battle was this, with the wealth of the  
world,  
And the flower of its armies and ships on one little isle  
hurled,  
What marvel if it had been swept, from the hills to the  
shore,  
As though it went under the ice of the deluge once more ?  
But the wind rose up out of the West, the wind of the  
West,  
Who rouses the steed of the storm-wave with wild, white  
crest,  
Which the Englishman curbs and rides,  
Unblenched by its furious strides,  
When he homes to the isle of his birth,  
From the uttermost ends of the earth,  
And loves of all steeds the best  
The wind of the West  
The steed of the storm-wave roused from its summer rest.

IV.

The Englishmen, lying at bay under Cawsand Head,  
Leapt forth to bestride the storm at the foeman's side,  
And while the Spaniard reeled as his fierce steed sped,  
The hounds of the sea tore his flanks till the waves  
were dyed.

V.

Ye know the battle's tale—the Spaniards crowding sail,  
Invaders—but invaded by these ban-dogs of the gale ;  
To-day the battle raging—with the English scarce assailed,

And dogging on the morrow—when the English powder  
failed ;

But the Spanish crews were falling like dead leaves be-  
tween their decks,

And the half their hulls were battered till they leaked  
and logged like wrecks,

For the English shot came crashing through and through  
Their backs—as broad as turtles as they heeled and heeled  
to lee ;

And their cannon on the larboard swallowed choking  
draughts of sea,

And their cannon on the starboard tore the air with  
fruitless prayer,

As the shot above our topsails flew and flew ;

While the channel, neath their scuppers, changed its  
hue.

VI.

All day like lions roared the guns and like wild bulls the  
breeze,

But with light hearts the Englishmen bestrode the plung-  
ing seas,

And slashed and battered at the Dons until the dying  
light,

Strange fears in the strange waters raised and spurred  
the Dons to flight,

And our stout five who held their fleet before our powder  
failed,

As one by one our guns were starved, could only—be  
outsailed.

VII.

But a noble Capitana, as their galleons clashed together,  
Grinding sides and crossing topmasts in the cruel channel  
weather,

Lost her topmast and her bowsprit and lay crippled like  
a knight

From his arrow-stricken charger hurled to earth in some  
old fight.

Spur-entangled in his surcoat, crushed beneath his  
armour's weight,

Were it death or were it bondage, he could only bow to  
fate.

So the stately Capitana bowed—it chanced with small  
disgrace,

For she fell to great Sir Francis last returning from the  
chase.

VIII.

Safe within the roads of Calais, from the sea-dogs safe at  
last,

With shorn plumes and battered chargers had the haunted  
hunters passed.

Looking down his lordly galleons towering in long array,  
Was it wonder that the Spaniard to his puffed-up heart  
should say :

"Lo, the English—wolves and jackals—shall not dare to  
fight us here,

They shall look upon our glory and be smitten with a fear.