

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's  
Isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in  
chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe's lofty  
hall;  
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a  
post.  
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff  
comes;  
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the  
drums;  
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample  
space;  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.  
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient erown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed  
Picard field,  
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle  
shield.  
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely  
hunters lay.  
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter  
flowers, fair maids:  
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your  
blades:  
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;  
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.  
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy  
fold;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll  
of gold;