

THE ARMADA.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise ;

I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore
in vain,

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's
day,

There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay ;

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,¹

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 Edgecumbe's
lefty hall !

¹ Alderney.