

The Spaniards parley.

The Spaniards with their great Ordinance lay continually playing vpon vs, and now and then parled and inuited vs to *surrender* our selues a *Buena Querra*. The Captaine of our shippe, in whose direction and guide, our liues, our honour, and welfare now remained; seeing many of our people wounded and slaine, and that few were left to sustaine, and maintaine the fight, or to resist the entry of the enemy (if he should againe board with vs) and that our contraries offered vs good pertido: came vnto me accompanied with some others, and began to relate the state of our shippe, and how that many were hurt, and slaine, and scarce any men appeared to trauesse the Artillery, or to oppose themselues for defence, if the enemy should board with vs againe: And how that the Admirall offered vs life and liberty, and to receiue vs a *Buena querra*, and to send vs into our owne countrey. Saying, that if I thought it so meete, he and the rest were of opinion that we should put out a flagge of truce, and make some good composition. The great losse of blood had weakned me much. The torment of my wounds newly receiued, made me faint, and I laboured for life, within short space expecting I should giue vp the ghost.

But this parly peared through my heart, and wounded my soule; words failed me wherewith to expresse it, and none can conceiue it, but he which findeth himselfe in the like agonie: yet griefe and rage ministred force, and caused me to breake forth into this reprehension and execution following.

Great is the Crosse, which Almighty God hath suffered to come vpon me; That assaulted by our professed enemies, and by them wounded (as you see) in body, lying gasping for breath,) those whom I reputed for my friends to fight with me, those which I relied on as my brethren to defend me in all occasions; Those whom I haue nourished, cherished, fostered and loued as my children, to succour me, helpe me, and to sustaine my reputation in all extremities, are they who first draw their swords against me; are they which wound my heart, in giuing me vp into mine enemies hands, whence proceedeth this ingratitude? whence this faintnesse of heart? whence this madnesse? is the cause you fight for, vniust? is the honour and loue of your Prince and Countrey buried in the dust? your sweete liues, are they become loathsome vnto you? will you exchange your liberty for thraldome, will you consent, to see that, which you haue sweat for, and procured with so great labour and aduenture, at the dispose of your enemies? can you content your selues to suffer my blood spilt before your eyes? and my life bereft me in your presence? with the blood and liues
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