

**POEMS, PART  
II, PP. 257-500**

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Poems, Part II, pp. 257-500 by Michael Draiton

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**MICHAELL DRAITON**

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POEMS :

BY

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MICHAELL DRAITON, ESQUIRE.

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PART II.

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1888.

*Incamp'd at Melans in wars hote alarmes,  
Fisht, &c.*

Neere vnto Melans, vpon the Riser of Scyne, was the appointed place of parley, betwene the two Kings of England and France, to which place, *Isabell* the Queene of France, and the Duke of Burgoyne, brought the yong Princesse *Katherine*, where King *Henry* first saw her.

*And on my temples set a double Crowne.*

*Henry* the fift and Queene *Katherine*, were taken as King and Queene of France, and during the life of *Charles* the French king, *Henry* was called King of England, and heire of France, and after the death of *Henry* the fift, *Henry* the sixt his sonne, then being very yong, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawfull King of England and France.

*At Troy in Champaine he did first enjoy.*

Troy in Champaine, was the place where that victorious king *Henry* the fift married the Princesse *Katherine*, in the presence of the chiefe nobilitie of the Realmes of England and France.

*Nor these great titles vainely will I bring,  
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.*

Few Queenes of England or France, were euer more princely alled then this Queene, as it hath bene noted by Historiographers.

*Nor thinke so Tudor that this loue of mine,  
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne, &c.*

Noting the difoynt of *Henry* her husband, from *John* Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of *Edward* the third, which Duke *John* was firnamed Gaunt, of the Cittie of Gaunt in Flanders, where he was borne.

*Nor stirre the English blood, the Sunne and Moone,  
Trepaine, &c.*

Alluding the greatnes of the English line, to *Phobus* and *Phoebe*, saiaed to be the children of *Latona*, whose heavenly kind might scorne to be ioyned with any earthly progenie; yet withall, boasting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this allusion followeth on the historie of the strife betwixt *Iuno* and the race of *Cadmus*, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The children of *Nobe* slaine, for which the wofull mother,

*Englands Heroicall Epistles.*

ther became a rocke, gushing forth continually a fountaine of teares.

*And Iohn and Longhanks issue, both affed,*

*Llewellyn or Lolin ap Iorweth, married Iane, daughter to king Iohn, a most beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme that she was hafe borne, Llewellyn ap Gryffith, married Ellenor, daughter to Simon Montfort, Earle of Leicester, and Cousin to Edward Longshanks, both which Llewellyns were Princes of Wales.*

*Of Camilot and all her Princesse,*

*A Nephewes roome, &c.*

Camlot, the antient Pallace of King *Arthur*, to which place all the Knights of that famous order yeerely repaired at Pentecost, according to the law of the Table, and most of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Country, as to this day is perceiued by their antient monuments.

*When bloody Rufus fought your utter sacke.*

Noting the ill successe which that *William Rufus* had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chiefe Nobilitie were flaine.

*And oft returnde with glorious victorie.*

Noting the diuers sundry incurfions that the Welchmen made into England, in the time of *Rufus, Iohn, Henry* the second, and *Longshanks*.

---

*to Owen Tudor to Queene  
Katherine.*

When first mine eyes beheld your princely  
And found from whence this friendly letter  
As in excesse of ioy my selfe forgot, (name,  
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not; (came,  
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceede,  
My

My dazeled eye, inuites my tongue to reede ;  
Mine eye should guide my tongue, amazed mist it,  
My lips which now should speake, are dombe, & kist it,  
And leaues the paper in my trembling hand,  
When all my fences so amazed stand ;  
Euen as a mother comming to her childe,  
Which from her presence hath been long exile,  
With tender armes his gentle necke doth straine,  
Now kissing him, now clipping him againe ;  
And yet excessiue ioy deludes her so,  
As still she doubts if this be hers or no :  
At length awak'ned from this pleasing dreame,  
When passion somewhat leaues to be extreame,  
My longing eyes, with their faire object meete,  
Where euery letter's pleasing, each word sweete.  
It was not *Henries* conquests nor his Court,  
That had the power to win me by report,  
Nor was his dreadfull terror-striking name,  
The cause that I from Wales to England came ;  
For Christian Rhodes, and our religious truth,  
To great atchieuements first had wonne my youth ;  
Before aduerture did my valour proue,  
Before I yet knew what it was to loue :  
Nor came I hether by some poore euent,  
But by th'eternall Destinies consent,  
Whose vncomprised wisedomes did fore-see,  
That you in marriage should be linck'd to mee.  
By our great *Merlin*, was it not fore-told,  
(Amongst his holy prophecies enrold)  
When first he did of *Tudors* name diuine,  
That Kings and Queenes should follow in our line,  
And



*Notes of the Chronicle historie.*

And that the Helme, (the *Tudors* antient Crest)  
Should with the golden Flower-delice be drest ;  
And that the Leeke, (our Countries chiefe renowne)  
Should grow with Roses in the English Crowne :  
As *Charles* faire daughter, you the Lilly weare,  
As *Henries* Queene the blushing Rose you beare ;  
By France's conquest, and by Englands oth,  
You are the true made dowager of both ;  
Both in your crowne, both in your cheeke together,  
*Ioyne Tethers* loue to yours, and yours to *Tether*.  
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,  
When it so long hath beene fore-told by Fate ;  
And by the all-disposing doome of heauen,  
Before our births, vnto one bed were giuen.  
No *Pallas* heere, nor *Iuno* is at all,  
When *I* to *Venus* giue the golden ball ;  
Nor when the Gracians wonder *I* enjoy,  
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy.  
And haue not strange euent's diuinde to vs,  
That in our loue we should be prosperous.  
When in your presence *I* was call'd to dance,  
In lofty trickes whilst *I* my selfe aduance ;  
And in my turne, my footing failde by hap,  
Was't not my chance to light into your lap ?  
Who would not iudge it Fortunes greatest grace,  
Sith he must fall, to fall in such a place ?  
His birth from heauen, your *Tudor* not deriues,  
Nor stands on tip-toes in superlatiues,  
Although the enuious English do deuife,  
A thousand ieafts of our hyperbolies ;  
Nor do *I* claime that plot by antient deedes,  
Where

Where *Phæbus* pastures his fire-breathing steedes ;  
Nor do I boast my god-made Grandfires scarres,  
Nor Giants trophies in the *Titans* warres ;  
Nor faine my birth (your princely eares to please)  
By three nights getting as was *Hercules*,  
Nor doe I forge my long descent to runne  
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sunne,  
And yet in *Wales* with them most famous be,  
Our learned *Bards* doe sing my pedigree,  
And boast my birth from great *Cadwallader*,  
From old *Cair-septon*, in mount *Palador*,  
And from *Eneons* line, the South-wales king  
By *Theodor* the *Tuders* name do bring.  
My royall mothers princely stocke began,  
From her great grandam faire *Gwenellian* ;  
By true descent from *Læolin* the great,  
As well from North-wales as faire *Powlands* seat ;  
Though for our princely genealogie,  
I doe not stand to make apologie ;  
Yet who with iudgements true vnpartiall eyes,  
Shall looke from whence our name at first did rise,  
Shall finde that Fortune is to vs in debt ;  
And why not *Tuder* as *Plantaginet* ?  
Not that terme *Croggen*, nicke-name of disgrace,  
Vfide as a by-word now in euery place,  
Shall blot our blood, or wrong a *Welchmans* name,  
Which was at first begot with Englands shame.  
Our valiant swords our right did still maintaine,  
Against that cruell, prowde, vsurping *Dane* ;  
And bucklde in so many dangerous fights,  
With *Norwayes*, *Swethens*, and with *Muscovits*,  
And

*Englands Heroicall Epistles.*

And kept our native language now thus long,  
And to this day yet neuer changde our tong,  
When they which now our Nation faine would tame,  
Subdude, have lost their country, and their name :  
Nor neuer could the Saxons swords prouoke  
Our Brittain neckes to beare their seruile yoke,  
Where *Cambriaes* pleasant Countries bounded bee,  
With swelling *Seuerne* , and the holy *Dee* ;  
And since great *Brutus* first arriu'd, haue stood,  
The onely remnant of the *Troian* blood.  
To every man is not allotted chaunce,  
To boast with *Henry* to haue conquerd Fraunce ;  
Yet if my fortunes thus may raised be,  
This may presage a farther good to me.  
And our *S. David*, in the *Brittaines* right,  
May ioyne with *George*, the fainted English knight,  
And old *Caer-marden*, *Merlins* famous towne,  
Not scorn'd by *London*, though of such renowne.  
Ah would to God, that houre my hopes attend,  
Were with my wish brought to desired end,  
Blame me not *Madame*, though I thus desire,  
When eyes with enuie doe my hap admire ;  
Till now your beauty in nights bosome slept,  
What eie durst stirre, where awfull *Henry* kept ?  
Who durst attempt to faile but neere the bay,  
Where that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay ?  
Thy beauty now is set a royall prize,  
And Kings repaire to cheapen merchandize.  
If thou but walke to take the breathing aire,  
*Orithia* makes me that I *Boreas* feare,  
If to the fire *Ioue* once in lightning came,

And