

## EDWARD III

### William Shakespeare

MARINER: My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'en the foil,  
And boasting Edward triumphs with success.  
These Iron hearted Navies,  
When last I was reporter to your grace,  
Both full of angry spleen, of hope, and fear,  
Hasting to meet each other in the face,  
At last conjoined; and by their Admiral  
Our Admiral encountered many shot:  
By this, the other, that beheld these twain  
Give earnest penny of a further wrack,  
Like fiery Dragons took their haughty flight;  
And, likewise meeting, from their smoky wombs  
Sent many grim Ambassadors of death.  
Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night,  
And darkness did as well enclose the quick  
As those that were but newly reft of life.  
No leisure served for friends to bid farewell;  
And, if it had, the hideous noise was such,  
As each to other seemed deaf and dumb.  
Purple the Sea, whose channel filled as fast  
With streaming gore, that from the maimed fell,  
As did her gushing moisture break into  
The crannied cleftures of the through shot planks.  
Here flew a head, dissevered from the trunk,  
There mangled arms and legs were tossed aloft,  
As when a whirl wind takes the Summer dust  
And scatters it in middle of the air.  
Then might ye see the reeling vessels split,  
And tottering sink into the ruthless flood,  
Until their lofty tops were seen no more.  
All shifts were tried, both for defence and hurt:  
And now the effect of valour and of force,  
Of resolution and of cowardice,  
Were lively pictured; how the one for fame,  
The other by compulsion laid about;  
Much did the Nonpareille, that brave ship;  
So did the black snake of Boulogne, than which  
A bonnier vessel never yet spread sail.  
But all in vain; both Sun, the Wind and tide,  
Revolted all unto our foe men's side,

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That we perforce were fain to give them way,  
And they are landed.--Thus my tale is done:  
We have untimely lost, and they have won.