POEMS OF
MICHAEL DRAYTON
edited
with an introduction
by
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MICHAEL DRAYTON

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To the Virginian Voyage

You brave heroique minds,
Worthy your countries name,
    That honour still pursue,
    Goe, and subdue,
Whilst loyt'ring hinds
Lurke here at home, with shame.

Britans, you stay too long,
Quickly aboord bestow you,
    And with a merry gale
    Swell your stretch'd sayle,
With vowes as strong,
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steere,
West and by south forth keepe,
    Rocks, lee-shores, nor sholes,
    When Eolus scowles,
You need not feare,
So absolute the deepe.

And cheerefully at sea,
Success'e you still intice,
    To get the pearle and gold,
    And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's onely paradise.
Where nature hath in store,
Fowle, venison, and fish,
And the fruitfull'st soyle,
Without your toyle,
Three harvests more,
All greater then you wish.  
And the ambitious vine
Crownes with his purple masse,
The Cedar reaching hie
To kisse the sky,
The Cypresse, pine
And use-full Sassafras.

To whose, the golden age
Still natures lawes doth give,
No other cares that tend,
But them to defend
From winters age,
That long there doth not live.

When as the lushious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flowes,
The cleere wind throwes,
Your hearts to swell
Approching the deare strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given,)
O you the happy'st men,
Be frolike then,
Let cannons roare,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions farre
Such heroes bring yee forth,