

## **VERNON Side**

### **SIR RICHARD VERNON**

No, by my soul, I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man,  
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
Making you ever better than his praise  
By still dispraising praise valued with you,  
And which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself,  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
As if he mast'rd there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.  
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.