

Like inspiration, on the host her speech 450  
 Descended ; every warrior fiercer grasp'd  
 His glittering arms, and tow'rd the Gallic shore  
 Disdainful frown'd, whilst the consenting shout,  
 From multitudes, re-eccho'd to the sky.  
 The noise was like the roaring of the main, 455  
 Or mighty waters, when th' infuriate tide  
 Gives dreadful presage of some future storm.  
 Thus on fam'd Asia's shores the Grecian youth,  
 Fir'd by the hoary monarch of the deep,  
 Their fainting courage and their strength renew'd,  
 Gave bold defiance to the troops of Troy, 461  
 And look'd vindictive on these hostile tow'rs,  
 Perfidious, and to quick destruction doom'd.

F I N I S.