

Face to face they discharg'd, unsheath'd to engage!
And hew'd thro' the French with Achillean * rage!

Derry down, down, down derry down.

VI.

Gallant Erskine, the bold! he headed this band!
Who follow'd like death! at the warrior's com-
mand.

The French turn'd their backs, broke, scatter'd,
and fled!

The Taylors rush'd on, over mountains of dead!

Derry down, down, down derry down.

VII.

Poor Lewis, must surely be in a sad plight!

When his swaggering heroes, our Taylors can't
fight!

If before them o'erpow'r'd, in pannic they flee!

How dreadful! must Great Britain's heroes all be!

Derry down, down, down derry down.

* In the battle, after the death of Patroclus, Achilles gave no quarter; and even destroy'd the twelve prisoners he took in fight, as a sacrifice to the manes of his dear Patroclus! and as the Taylors made such slaughter, and gave no quarter! they might be said to hew thro' the ranks with Achillean rage!