

Thus anguish with redoubl'd smart return'd,  
 And sadness rous'd by BRITAIN's mighty wrongs :  
 Her proudest fortress yielded up to France, 165  
 Her other left defenceless for the war.  
 145 Her western empire spoil'd and deeply gor'd  
 With many a cruel inroad, by the sword  
 Of savage Indian, and more savage Gaul :  
 Kingdoms laid waste, and Indian empires lost 170  
 Tamely, without the drawing of a sword.  
 150 These mighty fleets with triple thunder arm'd,  
 Our bulwark to repel invading war,  
 Erst wont to pour terrific on our foes,  
 Unerring fate like tempest wasting round, 175  
 Rend'ring the horrent conflict more abhor'd,  
 With sulph'rous snares, and fierce devouring flame,  
 Strong as the blast of whirlwinds, and destruction  
 From roving mortars bursting overhead ;  
 These fleets, which to equip, consum'd the wealth  
 Of half the realm, and half her forests spoil'd 181  
 Of native oak, to build their stately pride ;  
 These fleets sent forth all furnish'd for the war,  
 To gain us glory, and repell the stroke

Thus

Of