

What ships bear down? the *Warspite*, first a-head,
 Where eager BENTLEY all his canvas spread:
 Leading the *British* Squadron, down he bears,
 And, as a true bred cock, the dunghill clears;
 Or tow'ring in his flight, a falcon springs,
 Soars in the sun, then pois'd on steady wings,
 Where'er he strikes, the game is sure to fall,
 So keen the *Heroe*, while the flying *Gaul*
 He charg'd, and thunders with his lower tier--
 Stout captain DENNIS, in the *Dorsetshire*;
 Next with the *French* his shot to interchange;
 Redoubted STORR, then brought up the *Revenge*:
 With a prest sail, close following in her wake,
 The gallant *Resolution*, fearless SPEKE
 Ne'er hauls his sheet, till from the flying rout,
 The *French* rear adm'ral he has singled out.

In action frequent, to the seamen dear,
 Next HOWE and KEPPEL charge; a stancher pair,
Britain ne'er flipt upon the *Gallic* coast,
 Each, fearless, on the quarter deck expos'd,

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