

Opposite in the air alternate curl,  
 While each in turn, defiance seems to hurl;  
 Both match'd in strength, had *Gaul* the contest stood  
 The scuppers soon had ran with streams of blood---  
 But CONFLANS, under all his canvas spread,  
 In flight among the shoals to *Quiberon* led.  
 Fill fill, said HAWKE--make, make the main-masts  
 Orders, or line of battle none attend-- [bend  
 Each captain fight his ship as best he may--  
 Still bearing down-- *The good old English way!*

Nor more requir'd, all eager now to chase,  
 And *France* bears witness to her own disgrace;  
 Where thousands, from the crowded beach, excite  
 CONFLANS, with frantick gesture, to the fight:  
 Fruitless to fairs and angels they exclaim!  
 Yet, whom the thirst of *Glory*, fear of *Shame*,  
 Move not, *Despair* at last compell'd to face,  
 Where equal danger from the fight or chase  
 Threatens; while *Neptune's* bulls begin to roar---  
 And either fight they must, or run ashore.