

They fought in fear, or fled in foul disgrace,
As tim'rous deers, when angry lions chase.

Not satiate so, on ampler veng'ance bent,
Against Cape Breton, England's fleet is sent.
Behold, they come! off Louisbourg appear;
Their coming strikes with an amazing fear!
Pale tremor fills French forts, and troops, and
towns,

And scalping crews, for angry Britain frowns!
And like Briareus *, with an hundred hands,
She seiz'd on African, and Indian lands,
And pour'd around, her brave victorious bands! }
Onward they roll'd, like an o'erwhelming flood!
And delug'd Gallic lands, in Gallic blood!

The French invasion now, is fear'd no more,
Our troops prepar'd to tread the Gallic shore:
On ev'ry side, their angry blows they dealt,
St. Maloes first, their vengeful fury felt!

* A hundred handed giant, as the poets say.