

Part, with their anchors slipt, e'er break of day,  
BEAUFREMONT leading, now had clear'd the Bay :  
Part, just emerg'd inglorious from the mud,  
Heave out their guns, and, with the tide at flood,  
From nearest rivulets protection seek---  
*Penrez* and *Crosie* urge the shallow *Creek*--  
*Villaine* shrinks backward to his scanty urn !  
*France* shows the *Loire*, where yet her strength  
    may turn---  
HAWKE thund'ring on their rear---all urge in vain !  
All crowding up, lie bulg'd in the *Villaine*.

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*The E N D.*