And Time shall in his ravage spare the strain, Be Thou distinguish'd, in the Patriot train!

Nor be the falling tear or sigh suppress,

When pity rises in a British breast---

Yet HAWKE prest on, where either way engag'd Twin-born of Neptune, Howe, and Keppel rag'd Dreadfull in battle: All to shatters rent, Keppel the These to the bottom sent—Eight hundred souls with all her guns and stores, Ingulph'd—Where Howe his shot incessant pours, Scarce seen for clouds of smoke and bick'ring slame, The Heros struck, and now to anchor came; Where, tho' exposed, a dismal wreck she lies, None can protect, nor Howe secure his prize.

Now chief to chief, and ship to ship, in sight Bear down-the blue slag this, and that the white Distinguish, at the main-mast head display'd, Both meet; as when in northern straits, embay'd Mountains of ice tilt-with concussion vast! Or as th' Arch-angel trump, in final blast,

Summon'd

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And