

Re-echo martial to the distant sky, 384

And shake on ev'ry side the trembling ground.

But whence this boding silence thro' the deep,

And silver radiance half involving round;

These brass-hoof'd coursers, bounding from the ^{waves!}

It is the mighty goddess of our isles,

Known by her radiant arms, celestial proof; 390

The beamy corslet, and the polish'd helm,

The brandish'd sword and golden buckler blaze.

Arising from the chambers of the main,

She leaves the hoary council of the deep,

And hastens to inspire her gen'rous sons. 395

Swift o'er the untouch'd flood her chariot flies,

Follow'd by Fame who crowns th' immortal dame:

Before her victory and freedom lead;

Behind a joyous train, with eager haste,

Pursue the triumph to the wond'ring shore: 400

The bending hosts confess the power divine,

The winds are hush'd, and each suspended wave

Hangs listening on the margin of the deep.

" Princes, and leaders of the BRITISH host!

" Ye patriots, for endanger'd freedom arm'd! 405

" Ye