

185 And pour'd tempestuous fire on hostile fleets. 205
 The sky, with loud continu'd thunder vex'd,
 Return'd th' incessant roar; th' affrighted flood,
 Deep trembling, shook beneath the dreadful rage
 Of bloody conflict; and, wide scorch'd with flame,
 190 Old ocean seem'd o'er all his waves to burn. 210
 The foes of BRITAIN bled at ev'ry charge,
 And bow'd their pride beneath the victor's stroke.
 Fir'd by his country's cause, thro' fields of death
 The great immortal MARLBOROUGH rode,
 195 O'er France triumphant, with his foaming steed
 Dy'd in her richest blood. In later days 216
 This spirit rag'd in Tournay's ‡ dreadful field,
 Before the roaring cannon unremov'd,
 When matchless CUMBERLAND, undaunted, led
 His troops like lions, ardent for the fray, 220
 Against unnumber'd foes; the hero rush'd,
 202 Resolute, as a tempest on the plain.

Before
 ‡ The battle of Fontenoy, fought for the relief of
 Tournay, remains an everlasting testimony of the most
 And unshaken courage, and contempt of danger. One co-
 lumn of 16000 British drove before them the best
 the French troops of France, tho' thrice their number; and had
 England, re- well nigh taken the French King and his son.
 Ruffel.