

THUS hath the vent'rous Muse, by Nature taught ;
 Tho' unexperienc'd in warlike Song,
 The Rage of Battle, and the Clash of Arms ;
 Thro' Fields of Slaughter, with unwearied Flight
 Pursued each matchless Chief : Such Chiefs of old, 425
 Did *Agincourt*, *Poitiers*, and *Cressy* boast ;
 When all the vast collected Strength of *France*
 Humbled itself to mighty *Edward's* Son ;
 Or struck with Terror, *British Henry* saw,
 Urging his Right, and with Destruction arm'd, 430
 Deep crimson all her Fields with native Blood.

To Thee, brave *Saunders* ! first and last, be due
 The humble Lay : Long, may the Laurels reap'd
 By thy victorious Hand, flourish around
 Thy Master's royal Brow. Remotest Times

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