

Of many a link ; with mechanis'm join'd,  
Which speaks its author, the *Eternal mind!*

By frequent losses *France* reduc'd at length,  
Anxious to save the remnant of her strength,  
Which on the trembling mud, inglorious lay,  
JAPHETIEL, looking tow'rs the shoaly bay,  
Now favours ; while the day-spring, from on high,  
Look'd forth, and streak'd with light the eastern skie,  
Sure pledge of morn : yet o'er the *Bay* extends  
Dim twilight, undistinguish'd foes or friends,  
Under whose covert trembling for their fate,  
The *Schiel royal*, and the *Heros* wait.---  
Discover'd in the morning where they lie,  
Both slipt to nearest shoals for safety fly :  
A-ground and boarded, *France* beheld the flames,  
Uncheck'd, till *Neptune* thirsty *Vulcan* tames.

Full eye'd when *Day* on *Dover-cliff* appears,  
HAWKE weighs, and on the *Gallic* Squadron bears,  
Where yet at hand, unstruck, their colours flew---  
So springs the hunter, with his game in view ;

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