

The BRITISH muse, majestic and divine.  
 Gallant they issue forth ; their polish'd arms,  
 Fierce with the rising light, reflect around 364  
 The darted gleam, and o'er the champain blaze.  
 High on the lifted standard, rich with gold,  
 The rushing lion seems to flame with rage,  
 And threaten fell destruction, whilst aloud,  
 Sonorous metal, blowing with the voice  
 Of battle, leads the ranged warriors on, 370  
 Elate, and seems to rouse the distant hills.  
 They, in a lengthen'd column, solid, deep,  
 Like that which drove, o'er Tournay's raging plain,  
 The num'rous troops of France, in flying rout,  
 And still shall drive these proud invaders back ;  
 Terrific march, led by their royal LORD, 376  
 And CUMBERLAND the hero of the field.  
 On either wing the cavalry, arrang'd  
 In glorious order, move ; while from the host,  
 Full of heroic fire, and braver far 380  
 Than youthful Ammon's on the Granic shore,  
 The clang of arms, the thunder of the steed,  
 The shouts of warriors, and the trumpet's voice,  
 Re-eccho