

Of France ambitious, watchful to enslave; 185 And  
 Have, O opprobrious ! dastardly return'd, The  
 Not rich with conquest, but with foul disgrace, Retra  
 Worsted and foil'd in ev'ry enterprize ; Deep  
 While round, all Europe brands the British flag, Of b  
 Their terror once, with cowardice and flight. 190 Old

BRITAIN, where is that martial genius fled ? The  
 That virtuous thirst for glory and renown, And  
 Which us'd to burn in ev'ry soldier's breast, Fir'd  
 And challeng'd victory in ev'ry field ? The  
 Is all that ardor and heroic fire. 195 O'er  
 Extinguish'd quite ? that fire which us'd to blaze, Dy'd  
 And thunder dreadful thro' the fields of fight, This  
 When liberty the glorious cause provok'd, Before  
 And arm'd her chosen heroes for the war ? When

Behold great RUSSEL † crown'd with naval fame, His t  
 And glorious wreaths of conquest on the deep : Again  
 Ambition noble, and his country's love, 202 Resist  
 Like inspiration, fir'd the warrior's breast ;  
 'Midst the dire wreck of sulph'rous war he rush'd, †

And  
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 well

† The memorable 29th May 1692, when the French fleet, then ready to make a descent upon England, received a total defeat from the gallant admiral Russel.