

C.

That happy Sun, said he, will rise again,
 Who twice victorious did our Navy see :
 And I alone must view him rise in vain,
 Without one Ray of all his Star for me.

CI.

Yet, like an *English* Gen'ral will I die,
 And all the Ocean make my spacious Grave :
 Women and Cowards on the Land may lie :
 The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the Brave.

CII.

Reflless he pass'd the Remnant of the Night,
 'Till the fresh Air proclaim'd the Morning nigh :
 And burning Ships, the Martyrs of the Fight,
 With paler Fires beheld the Eastern Sky.

CIII.

But now, his Stores of Ammunition spent,
 His naked Valour is his only Guard :
 * Rare Thunders are from his dumb Cannon sent,
 And solitary Guns are scarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had Fortune Pow'r, he forc'd to stay,
 Nor longer durst with Virtue be at Strife :
 This, as a Ransom, *Albemarle* did pay,
 For all the Glories of so great a Life.

CV.

For now brave *Rupert* from afar appears,
 Whose waving Streamers the glad General knows :
 With full spread Sails his eager Navy steers,
 And ev'ry Ship in swift Proportion grows.

* *Third Day.*