

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and close as when the Fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy Navy wastes away :
So sick'n waining Moons too near the Sun,
And blunt their Crescents on the Edge of Day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal Terms to fight,
Their Ships like wasted Patrimonies show ;
Where the thin scatt'ring Trees admit the Light,
And shun each other's Shadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest
Two giant Ships, the Pride of all the Main ;
Which, with his one, so vigorously he press'd,
And flew so home, they could not rise again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay,
In vain upon the passing Winds they call :
The passing Winds through their torn Canvass play,
And flapping Sails on heartless Sailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd Sides receive a gloomy Light,
Dreadful as Day let into Shades below :
Without, grim Death rides barefac'd in their Sight,
And urges ent'ring Billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire Shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the Board the Prince's Main-mast bore ;
All three, now helpless, by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain
A Course, 'till tir'd before the Dog she lay :

E 4.

Who,