

80 POEMS on several Occasions.

Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the Plain,
Past Pow'r to kill, as she to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd Tongue he faintly licks his Prey ;
His warm Breath blows her Flix up as she lies ;
She, trembling, creeps upon the Ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching Eyes.

CXXXIII.

The Prince unjustly does his Stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his Fortune on ;
For what they to his Courage did refuse,
By mortal Valour never must be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky Hour the wise *Batavian* takes,
And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home :
Proud to have so got off with equal Stakes,
(q) Where 'twas a Triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The General's Force as kept alive by Flight,
Now not oppos'd, no longer can pursue :
Lasting 'till Heav'n had done his Courage Right ;
When he had conquer'd, he his Weakness knew.

CXXXVI.

He casts a Frown on the departing Foe,
And sighs to see him quit the watry Field :
His stern fix'd Eyes no Satisfaction show,
For all the Glories which the Fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,
He stands confess'd e'en by the boastful *Dutch* :

(q) From Horace, Quos opimus fallere & effugere est triumphus.