

CL.

Each Day brings fresh Supplies of Arms and Men,
And Ships which all last Winter were abroad ;
And such as fitted since the Fight had been,
Or new from Stocks, were fallen into the Road.

CLI.

* The goodly *London* in her gallant Trim,
The *Phoenix* Daughter of the vanish'd old,
Like a rich Bride does to the Ocean swim,
And on her Shadow rides in floating Gold.

CLII.

Her Flag aloft spread ruffling to the Wind,
And sanguine Streamers seem the Flood to fire :
The Weaver, charm'd with what his Loom design'd,
Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy Decks ; her Guns of mighty Strength,
Whose low-laid Mouths each mounting Billow laves :
Deep in her Draught, and warlike in her Length,
She seems a Sea-wasp flying on the Waves.

CLIV.

This martial Present, piously design'd,
The Loyal City gave their best-lov'd King :
And with a Bounty ample as the Wind,
Built, fitted and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV.

† By viewing Nature, Nature's Hand-maid, Art
Makes mighty things from small Beginnings grow :
Thus Fishes first to Shipping did impart,
Their Tail the Rudder, and their Head the Prow.

* Loyal London described.

† Digression concerning Shipping and Navigation.

CLVI.