

Impatient to revenge his fatal Shot,
His Right-hand doubly to his Left succeeds.

CLXXVI.

Thousands were there in darker Fame that dwell,
Whose Deeds some nobler Poem shall adorn :
And, though to me unknown, they, sure, fought well,
Whom *Rupert* led, and who were *British* born.

CLXXVII.

Of every fize an hundred fighting Sail :
So vast the Navy now at Anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd Waters fail,
And, with its Weight, it shoulders off the Tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now Anchors weigh'd, the Seamen shout so shrill,
That Heav'n and Earth, and the wide Ocean rings :
A Breeze from Westward waits their Sails to fill,
And rests, in those high Beds, his downy Wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary *Dutch* this gath'ring Storm foresaw,
And durst not bide it on the *English* Coast :
Behind their treach'rous Shallows they withdraw,
And there lay Snares to catch the *British* Host.

CLXXX.

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent Den does lie :
And feels, far off, the trembling of her Thread,
Whose filmy Cord should bind the struggling Fly.

CLXXXI.

Then, if, at last, she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her Loom :
She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,
And drags the little Wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The *Belgians* hop'd, that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut Keels upon the Sands might run :

Or,