

Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
Their num'rous Grofs might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But, with a Fore-wind pushing them above,
And swelling Tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind Flats our warlike Squadrons move,
And, with spread Sails, to welcome Battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It seem'd as there the *British Neptune* stood,
With all his Hosts of Waters at Command,
Beneath them to submit th' officious Flood ;
(u) And, with his Trident, shov'd them off the Sand.

CLXXXV.

To the pale Foes they suddenly draw near,
And summon them to unexpected Fight :
They start like Murderers, when Ghosts appear,
And draw their Curtains in the dead of Night.

CLXXXVI.

* Now Van to Van the foremost Squadrons meet,
The midmost Battles hastning up behind :
Who view, far off, the Storm of falling Sleet,
And hear their Thunder rattling in the Wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverse Admirals appear ;
The two bold Champions of each Country's Right:
Their Eyes describe the Lists as they come near,
And draw the Lines of Death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The Distance judg'd for Shot of ev'ry size,
The Linstocks touch, the pond'rous Ball expires :
The vig'rous Sea-man every Port-hole plies,
And adds his Heart to every Gun he fires.

(u) ————levat ipse Tridenti,
Et vastas aperit Syrtis, &c. Virg.

* Second Battle.