



*the Memorable Ninety-two*

*Touville on the main triumphant would,  
To meet the gallant Ruytel in combat o'er the deep;  
He led his noble troops of heroes bold,  
To sink the English Admiral and his Fleet.  
Now every gallant mind to victory does aspire,  
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire,  
And mighty fate stood, looking on;  
Whilst the blood, all with blood,  
All the scuppers of the rising Sun.*

*Sulphur smoke, and fire disturbing the air,  
With thunder & wonder, affright the Gallic Shore,  
Their regulated bands, stood trembling near,  
To see their lofty streamers now no more.  
At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led  
To give the second blow, the fatal overthrow,  
Now death and horror, horror equal reigns;  
Now they cry, Run or die,  
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.*

*See they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands;  
One danger they grasp to shun a greater fate;  
In vain they cry'd for aid, till waving hands,  
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.  
For ever more adieu, thou ever day, thou, Sun;  
From thy untropt end thy Mincio's fate begun.  
Enough thou mighty god of war,  
Now we sing, blest be the King,  
Let us drink to every English ear.*

*For the German Duke*

