

**J**ANUS, did ever to thy wond'ring eyes,  
 So bright a Scene of Triumphs rise?  
 Did ever *Greece* or *Rome* such Lawrels wear  
 As Crown'd the last Auspicious Year?  
 When first at *Blenheim* *ANNE* her Ensigns spread,  
 And *Marlbrough* to the field the shouting Squadrons led.  
 In vain the Hills and Streams oppose,  
 In vain the hollow Ground in faithless hillocks rose:  
 To the rough *Danube's* winding shore  
 His shatter'd Foes the Conqu'ring Hero bore.

## I I.

THEY see with staring haggard Eyes,  
 The rapid Torrent rowl, the foaming Billows rise.  
 Amaz'd, agast, they turn, but find  
 In *Marlbrough's* Arms a surer fate behind.  
 Now his red Sword aloft impends,  
 Now on their shrinking Heads descends;  
 Wild distracted with their Fears,  
 They jostling, plunge amid the founding deeps,  
 The Flood away the struggling Squadrons sweeps,  
 And Men and Arms and Horses whirling bears.  
 The frighted *Danube* to the Sea retreats,  
 The *Danube* soon the flying Ocean meets,  
 Flying the Thunder of Great *ANNA's* Fleets.

## I I I.

ROOK o're the Seas asserts Her sway,  
 Flames o're the trembling Ocean play,  
 And Clouds of Smoke involve the day;  
 Affrighted *Europe* hears the Canons roar,  
 And *Afric* echoes from it's distant Shore.  
 The *French* unequal in the fight,  
 In force superior take their flight;  
 Factions in vain the Hero's worth decry,  
 In vain the Vanquish'd triumph while they fly.

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