

I V. I

Now *Janus* with a future View  
The Glories of Her reign survey,  
Which shall o're *France* Her Arms display,  
And Kingdoms now Her own subdue.  
*Lewis* for oppression born,  
*Lewis* in his turn shall mourn,  
While his conquer'd happy Swains  
Shall hug their easy with'd for chains.  
Others enslave by Victory,  
Their Subjects as their Foes opprefs;  
*ANNA* conquers but to free,  
And governs but to bless.

They see with staring haggard Eyes,  
The rapid Torrent rowl, the foaming Billows rise.  
Amaz'd, agast, they turn, but find  
In *Mars*'s Arms a fiercer fate behind.  
Now his red Sword aloft impends;  
Now on their thinking Heads descends;  
Wild distract'd with their Fears,  
They rushing plunge and the sounding deeps,  
The Flood away the struggling Squadrons sweep.  
And Men and Arms and Horses whirling bears  
The frighted Dawns to the Sea retreats,  
The Dawns soon the lying Ocean meet,  
Flying the Thunder of Great *ANNA*'s Fleet.

Book one the Seas alters Her way,  
Flames o'er the trembling Ocean play,  
And Clouds of Smoke involve the day,  
A distant Europe hears the Canons roar,  
And *Woe* 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 *Vandul*'d triumph while they fly.

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