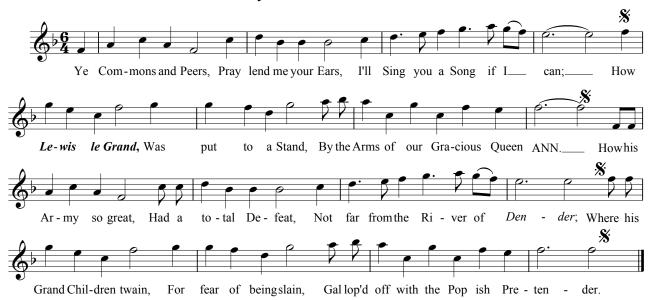
## A Ballad on the Battle of Audenard. Set by Mr. Leveridge.



To a Steeple on High,
The Battle to Spy,
Up Mounted these clever young Men;
And when from the Spire
They saw so much Fire,
They cleverly came down again.

Then a Horse-back they got,
All upon the same spot,
By advice of their Cousin *Vendosme*;
O Lord! cry'd out he
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Wou'd your Brother and you were at Home.

Just so did he say
When without more delay,
Away the young Gentry fled;
Whose Heels for that Work
Were much lighter than Cork,
But their Hearts were more heavy than Lead.

Not so did behave The young *Hannover* brave In this bloody Field I assure ye; When his War-Horse was shot, Yet he matter'd it not, But charg'd still on Foot like a Fury.

When Death flew about Aloud he call'd out, Ho! you Chevalier of St. GEORGE; If you'll never stand By Sea nor by Land, Pretender, that Title you forge.

Thus boldly he stood, As became that high Blood, Which runs in his Veins so blue; This Gallant young Man Being kin to Queen ANN, Fought as were she a Man, she wou'd do. What a Racket was here, (I think 'twas last Year) For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*; When by letting 'em Win, We have drawn the Putts in To lose all they are worth this Campaign.

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*,
To the Monsieur we lent,
With Interest he soon shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may Sing,
With her sorrowful King
De *Profundis*, instead of *Te Deum*.

From their Dream of Success, They'll awaken we guess At the sound of Great *Marlborough's* Drums; They may think if they will Of *Almanza* still, But 'tis *Blenheim* wherever he comes.

O Lewis perplex'd, What General's next? Thou hast hitherto chang'd 'em in vain; He has beat 'em all round, If no new ones are found, He shall Beat the old over again.

We'll let *Tallard* out
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improv'd let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* Ale,
At every Meal,
And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

As Losers at Play, Their Dice throw away, While the Winner he still Wins on; Let who will Command, Thou hadst better Disband, For Old Bully thy Doctors are gone.