

*A BALLAD on the Battle of AUDENARD.*  
Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Ye Com-mons and Peers, Pray lend me your Ears, I'll Sing you a Song if I can; How

*Le-wis le Grand*, Was put to a Stand, By the Arms of our Gra-cious Queen ANN. How his

Ar-my so great, Had a to-tal De-feat, Not far from the Ri-ver of *Den-der*; Where his

Grand Chil-dren twain, For fear of being slain, Gallop'd off with the Pop-ish Pre-ten-der.

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*,  
Would 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 would 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.