

A Happy Memorable BALLAD, *On the Fight near Audenard, between the Duke of Marlborough, of Great-Britain; and the Duke of Vendosme, of France. As also the strange and wonderful Manner how the Princes of the Blood Royal of France, were found in a Wood.*
In allusion to the Unhappy Memorable Song commonly call'd CHEVY-CHACE.



God Pros - per long our Gra - cious Queen, Our Lives and Safe - ties all: A
 To drive the French with Sword and Gun, Brave Marl-borough took his Way; Ah!

wo - ful Fight of late their did Near Au - de - nar be - fall.
 woe the Time that France be - held The Figh - ting of that Day.

The Valiant Duke to Heaven had swore,
Vendosme shou'd pay full dear,
 For *Ghent* and *Bruges*, e'er his Fame
 Should reach his Master's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thousand bold,
 And chosen Men of Might;
 He with the *French* began to wage
 A sharp and bloody Fight.

The Gallant *Britains* swiftly ran,
 The *French* away to Chase;
 On *Wednesday* they began to fight,
 When Day-light did decrease.

And long before high-Night, they had
 Ten Thousand *Frenchmen* slain;
 And all the Rivers Crimson flow'd,
 As they were dy'd in grain.

The *Britains* thro' the Woods pursu'd,
 The nimble *French* to take;
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
 And every Tree did shake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,
 In hopes *Vendosme* to meet;
 When lo! the Prince of *Carignan*
 Fell at his Grace's Feet.

Oh! Gentle Duke forbear, forbear,
 Into that Wood to shoot;
 If ever pity mov'd your Grace,
 But turn your Eyes and look:

See where the Royal Line of *France*,
 Great *Lewis's* Heirs do lie;
 And sure a Sight more pitious was
 Ne'er seen by Mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but must relent,
 Like Wax before the Sun:
 To see their Glory at an end,
 E'er yet it was begun.

Whenas our General found your Grace,
 Wou'd needs begin to Fight:
 As thinking it wou'd please the Boys,
 To see so fine a Sight.

He straightway sent them to the Top
 Of yonder Church's Spire;
 Where they might see, and yet be safe
 From Swords and Guns, and Fire.

But first he took them by the Hand,
 And kiss'd them e'er they went;
 Whilst Tears stood in their little Eyes,
 As if they knew th' Event.

Then said, he would with Speed return,
 Soon as the Fight was done;
 But when he saw his Men give Ground,
 Away he basely run,

And left these Children all alone,
 As Babes wanting Relief;
 And long they wandred up and down,
 No Hopes to cheer their Grief.

Thus Hand in Hand they walk'd, 'till
 At last this Wood they spy'd;
 And when they saw the Night grow dark,
 They here lay down and cry'd.

At this the Duke was inly mov'd,
 His Breast soft Pity beat;
 And so he straightway ordered
 His Men for to Retreat.

And now, but that my Pen is blunt,
 I might with ease relate;
 How Fifteen Thousand *French* were took,
 Besides what found their Fate.

Nor should the Prince of *Hannover*
 In silence be forgot;
 Who like a Lyon fought on Foot,
 After his Horse was shot.

And what strange Chance likewise befel,
 Unto these Children dear:
 But that your Patience is too much
 Already tir'd, I fear.

And so God Bless the Queen and Duke,
 And send a lasting Peace:
 That Wars and fowl Debate henceforth
 In all the World may cease.