

*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.