

To rising Winds the Red-cross Banners stream,
And the bright Arms of thronging Cohorts gleam;
The Sons of GAUL with Horror in their Eye
Thro' scatter'd Fogs the sudden Lustre spy;
These from their Posts in wild Confusion start,
These haste the fatal Tidings to impart,
The savage Bands awake their deathful Yell,
And the loud Shout with hideous Discord swell:
Yet e'er the Legions to close Combat ran
Some chosen Warriors press'd before the Van,
Where treach'rous Shrubs protect the secret Stand
In dreadful Ambush lurk th' insidious Band,
No vulgar Deaths attend their fatal Aim,
But Warrior Chiefs the Fav'rite Sons of Fame.

WOLFE in the Front of Danger led the Way,
And with stern Pleasure view'd the close Array,
On him their Eyes the latent Warriors bend
And leaden Deaths in hissing Show'rs descend;
His manly Arm receives the grisly Wound,
And the red Current streams upon the Ground: