



OF NOEL BRASSARD

BEFORE he died on D'Anjac's roll,
By thronged stockade and lonely hut
He marked them; never missed a soul;
And nicked them on his musket butt
Twenty and eight in all.

THAT is the story straight and plain.
Because one Englishman could pawn
His country's honor for mere gain,
More need we English should not fawn
On Truth to cloak his crime.