

V.

The Heights they stormed, and on the foe
 Avenged their leader well ;
 Some hundreds in the tide below
 The foaming waters swell.

VI.

Hundreds are slain upon the spot,
 Fighting with sword in hand,
 And hundreds more, retreating, caught
 By the little Canadian band.

VII.

Across the line the invader fled,
 By British bayonets chased ;
 And left stores, captives, wounded, dead,
 Behind him in his haste.

VIII.

A stately monument now towers
 Upon the scene of strife,
 And all around is decked with flowers
 That mourn a noble life.

IX.

Wherever Canada's sons are found,
 None dare his virtues mock ;
 And they deem it "haunted, holy ground"
 Where bled Sir Isaac Brock.

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