

Our brave comrades fast were yielding their last
agonizing breath ;

But the sight was not unusual, for this was the
Field of Death.

Of ourselves our minds were thinking, asking if
our turn was next ?

But the culverins' loud music made our thoughts
mad and perplexed.

On the sea the mortar vessels anchored not far
from the shore,

And the crash of thundering broadsides at the
ramparts now did roar.

The great steamers, passing slowly, fired their
mighty cannonade

Into batteries which, strongly, our grim enemies
had made.

Now the shot and shell were filling all the place
with flame and smoke,

Sky seemed quite alive with rockets, and the earth
as tho' it shook.

The red, roaring conflagration had broke out with-
in the fort,