

And on the Fort of *Ville-Marie* each fondly  
looks his last.  
Soft was the balmy air of spring in that fair  
month of May,  
The wild flowers bloomed, the spring birds  
sang on many a budding spray,  
When loud and high a thrilling cry dispelled  
the magic charm,  
And scouts came hurrying from the woods to  
bid their comrades arm.  
And bark canoes skimmed lightly down the  
torrent of the *Sault*,  
Manned by three hundred dusky forms, the  
long-expected foe.  
Eight days of varied horrors passed, what  
boots it now to tell  
How the pale tenants of the fort heroically  
fell?  
Hunger and thirst and sleeplessness, Death's  
ghastly aids, at length.  
Marred and defaced their comely forms, and  
quelled their giant strength.  
The end draws nigh,—they yearn to die—one  
glorious rally more  
For the sake of *Ville-Marie*, and all will soon  
be o'er.  
Sure of the martyr's golden crown, they shrink  
not from the Cross ;