

Against the windmill bound the whizzing balls,
 And shatter'd stones fall crumbling from the walls;
 The stubborn building now begins to shake,
 Whose harden'd tenants now with terror quake.

The evening shades begin to veil the sky,
 While to their strong-hold now the wretches fly;
 Driven by our troops, who march upon the ground,
 And seize the sheltering buildings all around.
 With one wild shout these gallant hearts conspire,
 And set these dwellings all at once on fire,
 Where many a wounded wretch in tortures lie,—
 O, Righteous heaven, was man born thus to die!

Now from the roofs the belching flames arise,
 And clouds of smoke ascend the glaring skies,
 Beneath whose crimson scud St. Lawrence gleams,
 And Nature wrapt in conflagration seems.
 The waves, astounded at the cannon's roar,
 Like wild steeds dash upon the rugged shore;
 Pent up, the ruffians now to madness driven,
 With fearful oaths assail'd the throne of heaven.

But 'mongst the rest there was a manly youth,
 Within whose breast still lived the germ of truth
 And justice, who unwittingly had been
 Ensnared by villains in that scheme of sin.
 Him, when a child, his mother taught to pray,
 Who mourn'd for him who now was far away;
 He now addressed that throne of mercy, where
 The wretch who needs most, is most welcome there.

Thus he began,—“ O thou Eternal One,
 Whose will throughout immensity is done,
 O with compassion view our dreadful state,
 And shield us from our dire impending fate.