

And again in defiance we bid them come on,
 For a host won't suffice for each Briton that fell.
 They offer us freedom, insulting the name,
 A freedom that justice beholds with a frown;
 But the freedom of Devils we still shall disclaim,
 While the Boys of the Rideau are true to the Crown.

We part from our homes and the scenes that we love,
 Relations and friends, we know not how long;
 But now in a nobler sphere we shall move,
 In defending our country from rapine and wrong.
 Let the hunters beware, for the lion is rais'd,
 And woe to the wretch that encounters his frown:
 By such villains his honour can ne'er be debased,
 For the Boys of the Rideau are true to the Crown.

Through the wild woods the soul-stirring pibroch
 resounds,
 And the banners of Albion over us wave,
 And the heart of each Briton exultingly bounds
 To be marshal'd again in the ranks of the brave.
 Commanded by veterans, what need we fear,
 Though adversity rises our spirits to drown,
 False friends may insult us, and cowards may jeer,
 For the Boys of the Rideau shall die for the Crown.

THE BATTLE.

Come all ye Aonian powers, assist me now
 The deeds of that eventful day to show,
 That bound the laurels on the victor's brow,
 And brought the eagle of ambition low,
 While *Sympathy* fell lifeless at the blow;
 And as we praise the loyal and the bold,
 O let the tear of generous pity flow
 For those who fell, whose names shall be extoll'd,
 While rule Britannia o'er the wave shall hold.