

UPON THE HEIGHTS AT QUEENSTON.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES.

UPON the heights at Queenston,
One dark October day,
Invading foes were marshalled
In battle's dread array ;
Brave Brock looked up the rugged steep,
And planned a bold attack,
"No foreign flag shall float" said he,
"Above the Union Jack !"

His loyal-hearted soldiers
Were ready, every one,
Their foes were thrice their number—
But duty must be done.
They started up the fire-swept hill
With loud resounding cheers,
While Brock's inspiring voice rang out—
"Push on York Volunteers !"

But soon a fatal bullet
Pierced through his manly breast,
And loving friends, to help him,
Around the hero pressed ;
"Push on," he said, "do not mind me,"
And ere the setting sun,
Canadians held the Queenston Heights—
The victory was won.

Each true Canadian patriot
Laments the death of Brock.
Our country told its sorrow
In monumental rock ;
And if a foe should e'er invade
Our land in future years,
His dying words will guide us still—
"Push on brave volunteers !"