

XXXI.

They turn again, restrengthened, to the fight.

But fruitless all the bravery they show ;
Repulsed anew, ere long they take to flight,
Pursued by English bullets as they go.
And from the time the battle first begun,
But fifteen minutes passed till it was won.

XXXII.

But deadly was the devastation wrought

On either side, and dearly was the day
Of glory by the English army bought.

Thrice bullet-pierced their young commander lay.
He lived to hear the cry of victory,
Then yielded up his spirit willingly.

XXXIII.

Good reason had the conquerors to mourn ;

Yet had the vanquished greater cause than they.
The day was lost, and sadly had they borne
Their leader from the battle-field away.
Beloved Montcalm, the generous and brave,
Upon that field had found a bloody grave.