

Their brief respite the French had used, to build  
within their fort,  
An earth-wall pierc'd with loop-holes,—some two  
score musket-port.  
When, therefore, to th' attack the foe with fury  
press once more,  
From out these breaches volleys dart, and o'er them  
Death-hail pour.  
Again and yet again they come—that dreadful  
savage band,  
And still unflinching, man to man, the brave de-  
fenders stand!  
By day, by night, the Indians like angry hornets  
swarm  
Around that redoubt,—all in vain! its walls they  
cannot storm!  
But see! upon th' horizon the allies fierce appear,  
And now the Hurons craven turn, and flee, o'ercome  
by Fear!  
The French, with cries of "*Vive la France,*" still  
bravely hold their ground,  
And for three days the Iroquois in vain the fort  
surround!

. . . . .

But now at last Might doth prevail,—the Foe have  
won the day!  
The patriots die: but Canada is saved to white  
man's sway!