

ten by one of the York Volunteers, in which Brock is referred to, has very lately come into my possession. They were sung many years ago by an old lady, and written out from memory by her daughter, Mrs. Alphaeus Cox. Kept in an old trunk all these years, they are now read to the York Pioneers. There are twenty-one verses; I give eleven. *Lines written by Private Flumerfeldt, one of the York Volunteers, after their arrival at Little York from Detroit, August, 1812:

*Come all you brave Canadians,
I'd have you lend an ear
Unto a simple ditty
That will your spirits cheer.

At length our bold commander,
Sir Isaac Brock by name,
Took shipping at Niagara
And unto York he came.

He said: "My valiant heroes,
Will you go along with me
To fight those Yankee boys
In the west of Canada?"

"Oh, yes," we all replied,
We'll go along with you,
Our knapsacks on our backs,
And make no more ado."

Our firelocks then we shouldered,
And straight we marched away,
With firm determination
To show them British play.

Our town it is at our command,
Our garrison likewise."
They brought their arms and grounded
them
Right down before our eyes.

And they were all made prisoners
On board of ship they went.
And from the town of Sandwich
To Quebec they were sent.

We guarded them from Sandwich
Safe down into Fort George,
And then within the town of York
So safely we did lodge.