

Through whose murky folds the crimson tongues of
thundering cannon broke,
And the ensign sank and floated in the smoke-clouds
on the breeze,
As a wounded, fluttering sea-bird floats upon the
stormy seas.
While we looked upon it sinking, rising through the
sea of smoke,
Lo ! it shook, and bending downwards, as a tree be-
neath a stroke,
Hung one moment o'er the river, then precipitously
fell
Like proud Lucifer descending from high heaven into
hell.
As we saw it flutter downwards, till it reached the
eager wave,
Not Cape Diamond's loudest echo could have matched
the cheer we gave ;
Yet the English, still undaunted, sent an answering
echo back :
Though their flag had fallen conquered, still their fury
did not slack,
And with louder voice their cannon to our cannonade
replied,