

A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which  
all the world should know.  
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes this  
record of the past,  
It stirs our blood, and fires our souls, as with  
a clarion blast.  
What, though beside the foaming flood un-  
tomb'd their ashes lie,—  
All earth becomes the monument of men who  
nobly die.  
Daulac, the Captain of the Fort, in manhood's  
fiery prime  
Hath sworn by some immortal deed to make  
his name sublime,  
And sixteen soldiers of the Cross, his com-  
rades true and tried,  
Have pledged their faith for life or death, all  
kneeling side by side.  
And this their oath, on flood or field, to chal-  
lenge face to face  
The ruthless hordes of Iroquois,—the scourges  
of their race.  
No quarter to accept nor grant, and loyal to  
the grave.  
To die like martyrs for the land they'd shed  
their blood to save.  
And now these self-devoted youths from  
weeping friends have passed,