

Where on a Cliff QUEBEC's high Tow'rs arise,
Braving with warlike shew the neighb'ring Skies,
WOLFE all the various Arts of Combat tried,
And pour'd his Thunders on its rocky Side ;
But tho' unshaken stand the solid Walls
While ceaseless the resounding Tempest falls,
Victorious Hopes his dauntless Breast inspire,
Nor Danger can appal nor Labour tire ;
Armies from him receive the gen'rous Rage
And with new Strength increasing Toils engage ;
Where thro' the Ranks he turns his glowing Eyes
Again th' expiring Flames of Battle rise.

E'er the still Evening's dusky Shades prevail'd
Far up the Stream the crouded Vessels fail'd ;
There the bold Chief unfolds his mighty Plan,
And martial Fury spreads from Man to Man.
Till on her sable Pinions Night descends
And round the Bands her friendly Veil extends ;
Then swiftly borne by the retreating Tide
Unseen and silent o'er the Waves the glide,

And