

Wolfe and Montcalm were no more,
Murray hemmed up in Quebec,
By brave Levis kept in check
Through the cruel winter months,
While the weary days did drag.
But with spring had come the ships,
Ships of war from over seas,
Flying proudly in the breeze
Britain's flag.

On the mighty river's deep,
Where the current swiftly flows,
Past Pointe aux Trembles' shores,
Six small ships of France's fleet
On the mighty river lay,
In the early days of May.
Six they were, but only one
Counted in the fight to come,
The Atalante, a sixteen gun,
Admiral of the sorry fleet,
Jean Vauquelin, mark the name,
Worthy of undying fame.
Nearby proudly rode the stream
Three ships of the British fleet,
Mighty monarchs of the deep,
With a hundred or more guns,
And their decks all cleared and trim.
Thus did the fight begin
With such odds.

Never seen was such a fight
On the land or on the sea,
As was seen that day of May
In the early morning light,