

Thus they fought and endured, with patience and  
will,  
Defending themselves with courage and skill.

The soul of the hero was his in its grandeur,  
Leading his braves, the proud warrior  
Recked not of death, but scornful of danger  
Led the assault sublime in his valour.

He knows in this war 'tis death to the Redman  
If the fort be not taken and victory won,  
The Palefaces conquered and from his lands driven  
His race must decline and die one by one.

And here in the west he is shaking the power  
Of Britain—with strategy subtle and fine  
It looks like defeat for England each hour,  
But the tide turns at last, and turns just in time.  
That he was a great man goes without saying  
A great savage rather, with a great soul within  
An exterior rude, but a great mind displaying  
And he only lost where no man could win—  
For months in the fort, sore famine was pinching,  
Treachery, murder, and rapine was rife,—  
The garrison holding the post without flinching,  
Each day growing weaker in unequal strife,  
At length was descried ascending the river  
A schooner provisioned—the first of the fleet  
With munitions of war, sent by the giver  
England; compelling a sudden retreat  
The fort was relieved and Pontiac's star  
Set forever behind the clouds of defeat.