

XXVIII.

At length they reach the summit unattacked,
Then form, and silent march upon the plain.
And now they learn the foe has seen their act,
For onward towards them comes his shining train.
The day has broke, the sun now brightly shines,
And each can plainly see the other's lines.

XXIX.

Then from the French battalions comes the fire
Of musketry, and bullets hissing loud
Pierce through the English ranks, yet but inspire
The veterans to vengeance, and their blood
Boils in their veins. Yet silently they still
March on, awaiting their commander's will.

XXX.

At length is heard the general's command
To fire. A fearful volley from their ranks
Then belches forth, and, sweeping o'er the land,
The bullets carry ruin to the Franks.
In deep dismay the Frenchmen hesitate
One moment; then, with valour desperate,