

Meantime, the valiant hero of the fight
Upon his flank had foiled another foe,
Who now, retreating back in broken plight,
Dismayed the rest with vision of their woe.—
To see and seize, the leader is not slow ;
He rushes to his buglers, bids them fast
Withdraw into the woods, advance and blow—
“ As for your lives this effort were the last !—
Yea, blow as Britain’s throne depended on your blast ! ”

Away they ran, and, wheeling, sharply blew
The wide-mouthed din obedient to his word :
Afar to north and south the echoes flew ;
The Indian child was startled, and the bird
Affrighted from its peaceful nest ; it stirred
The sluggish waters of the swart Outarde.
Aghast, the Southron a great army heard,
And fled before the visionary sword,
As fled the Syrian host, deceived by Israel’s Lord.

Back ! cravens, back ! in ignominy fly !
Back to your homes, your country, and your slaves !
But thou art holy ground, and ne’er shall die
Thy virtue and thy fame while still Time saves
His best. And still shall states when conquest craves
From thee the salutary lesson learn,
The poet call thy heroes from their graves,
To thee the warrior point, the patriot turn,
Thou last of Freedom’s fields—Canadian Bannockburn !