

Of his old comrades work such deed of shame—
 Soil his escutcheon with so foul a blot?
 Heart-broken they await the dreaded word.
 Lévis comes forward; in his kindling eye,
 Reflecting the fierce blaze, his soldiers see,
 Despite his calm, a scalding tear. Toward
 The colours draped in black, with a slow step
 He marches, and while History's muse records
 His act, he with his arms crossed on his breast,
 Fronting the colours with such glory crowned,
 Stands looking on them long and fixedly.

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And striving to control his mighty grief,
 He bows upon the golden fleurs de lys,
 And in the agony of a last embrace
 Covers each flag with kisses of farewell.
 'Now burn them boys, before another hand
 Can give them up unto our English foes.'
 Then, sight sublime and strange, like a vast wave
 Sinking in silence, knelt that warrior band,
 And solemnly into the sacred fire,
 Which, amid sounds as of death rattle, shot
 Spirals of blood-red flame in eddying whirls
 Into the firmament, amid the rush
 Of glowing ashes, one by one were thrown,
 Under the hero's eye, grave as a saint's,
 The colours he had loved so long and well.
 Some few slight cracklings more, and all was done,
 From Montreal, Longueuil, and every point,
 The hostile posts believed that in the storm
 They heard loud shouts of triumph; 'twas the shout
 Of the proud vanquished, who in their despair
 Cried to night's answering echoes, 'Vive la France!''

Of recent years Fréchette has been finding appreciation in the English-speaking world, to which he has not been unresponsive.