

They come. The first by mighty shields  
• Of plank were hidden all,  
And chosen by the lot's award  
Have sworn to win or fall.  
Horrid the front their lines present;  
In vain, no bullet outward sent,  
May pierce those mantles through.  
Reeling from thirst and many a wound,  
The band of heroes held their ground,  
And fought and prayed in turn around,  
While death fast nearer drew.  
The foemen reach the palisade,  
And furiously with gleaming blade  
Have hewed the piles away.  
A breach is made!—the demons gain  
An entrance!—the defenders spring  
To guard it, and the foremost foes  
In death are weltering.  
Brave Daulac falls; like madmen now  
Rush the survivors on the foe;  
With fury fired they cleave and thrust,  
And many a red man bites the dust:  
No heart betrays his country's trust;  
But one by one they fell  
Beneath the shafts that poured like rain,  
Till all lay dead upon the plain  
Amid their slaughterers' yell.

The fight was o'er, the work was done,  
And slowly sank the evening sun,