

## III.

And the brave old half five hundred !  
 Their's should in truth be fame ;  
 Borne down the savage Richelieu,  
 On what emprise they came !  
 Your hearts are great enough, O few :  
 Only your numbers fail,  
 New France asks more for conquerors  
 All glorious though your tale.

## IV.

It was a brave old battle  
 That surged around the fort,  
 When D'Hosta fell in charging,  
 And 'twas deadly strife and short ;  
 When in the very quarters  
 They contested face and hand,  
 And many a goodly fellow  
 Crimsoned yon La Prairie sand.

## V.

And those were brave old orders  
 The colonel gave to meet  
 That forest force with trees entrenched  
 Opposing the retreat :  
 " DeCalliere's strength's behind us  
 And in front your Richelieu ;  
 We must go straightforth at them ;  
 There is nothing else to do."

## VI.

And then the brave old story comes,  
 Of Schuyler and Valrennes  
 When " Fight," the British colonel called,  
 Encouraging his men,  
 " For the Protestant Religion  
 And the honor of our King !"—  
 " Sir, I am here to answer you !"  
 Valrennes cried, forthstepping.