

IMPROMPTU.

*To a lady, on seeing her weep when she heard the account read of
the death of her friend Major-General Sir Isaac Brock,
who fell near Queenstown, North America.*

I must not bid thee cease to weep,
Our mutual loss so great,
While my own eyes in tears I steep,
For Brock's untimely fate.

His soldiers—all—will doubtless rue,
Their loss of such a man ;—
Whose early fall, there proves how true,
He dauntless led the van.

I think I see each Indian Chief
In silence droop his head !
Expressive of his heartfelt grief
For friend, and soldier, dead !

Now, hear them whoop ! and see them run
To where the hero lies,
Resolv'd to vent their rage upon
Great Britain's enemies.

Dumfries, Nov. 30th, 1812.

*Written in consequence of having seen a piece of poetry in the
Dumfries and Galloway Courier, signed Drumfrisiowskikoff.*

Friend Drumfrisiowskikoff doubtless must know
Though *Boney* miss'd *glory*, he's *covered* with snow ;
And that no brave conscript needs now a pelisse,—
All covered with feathers—they'll fly like wild geese.
Derry down, down, &c.