

By hidden marksmen rained.
So they set the fort on fire,
By day and night they never tire
Of assaulting, so persistent
Is Pontiac, to subdue
The English and their fort resistant.
Gladyn's men are brave and true,
But day by day they lesser grew
Under the attacks incessant
Of Pontiac's fierce myrmidons.
But still above the fort there flew
Old England's flag, still the guns
Thundered at the foe, and still
They fought right on with hearty will.

When you corner your Briton
He fights on, and fights on
And sells his life dearly.
He accepts his fate, merely
As a matter of duty,—
And so there is beauty
In his resolute sacrifice.
Visions of home may sometimes arise
'Midst it all—the blood and the smoke,
The explosion of shell—the swift battle stroke,
The charge of the bayonet—the deadly sap
The surprise and the sortie, defeated mayhap,
And his eyes for a moment tears may bedim.
For in the hearts of such soldiers, intrepid and grim
There's a pathos most feeling—a something within
As soft as a woman's heart, yet under fire
Heroes no braver, courage no higher.
Let Lucknow bear witness
And Rorke's Drift to this,
Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking, all
Resisting, though famine and death may appal,
So here is this fort hemmed in by the foe,
Meeting them, dealing them blow upon blow,
Threatened by famine—each day a disaster—
Stronger the foe—their strength ebbing faster.
Yet they flinched not, but bravely stood to their
post,
Of every advantage making the most.
Praying the meanwhile for succor to come—
That help might arrive 'ere next morrow's sun,—