

Hopeless of succour, or of timely aid,
 One view of frantic grief the scene display'd.
 When lo, a heavy drum startled the ear,
 A martial band—that seem'd approaching near ;
 The merry fife— the cymbal, and the horn,
 Breath'd their loud cadence, on the opening morn,
 Fear seiz'd the throng, each palsied heart was dead,
 And sorrow from that breathless terror fled :
 Had not the foe his cruel vengeance stay'd ?
 Or were they yet to greater ills betray'd ?
 Silent they stood, gazing with speechless dread,
 As 'ho' their stiff and frozen limbs were dead.

When, welcome, as the ray of early light,
 Britannia's colours met their eager sight ;
 A burst of joy rung through the woods around,
 And thanks, that mercy had their prayers crown'd.
 On they advance, with hopes to save the town,
 But every vestige had been toppled down.

Sheds, huts, and tents, kind Drummond's army spread,
 And to revenge their wrongs with promptness fled.

The foe had safely reach'd his native shore,
 Their there wild revellings and riots roar.
 Not long these drunken wassails spread their noise,
 Short was the tumult of their beastly joys :
 Britannia's vengeance reach'd the savage crew,
 And on Niagara's fort her veterans flew ;
 That fortress fell with one resistless storm ;
 Newark's bright flame made her defenders warm,