

With Force immense, the chearful Sailor heaves
 The massive Anchor, whose sharp-pointed Fluke
 Tears up the hidden Soil ; or high aloft 365
 Suspended in mid Air, the Sail unfurls,
 And gives the loos'ned Canvas to the Wind :
 Obedient to the Helm, each stately Bark
 In pompous Order moves ; glides thro' the Wave,
 And with advancing Stem, draws near the Town. 370
 Fear, and Confusion now, thro' ev'ry Street
 Prevails ; and ev'ry Eye with timid Gaze,
 Each Motion of the *British* Fleet attends :
 Fast to the Breast, the trembling Mother hugs
 Her Infant-Babe ; or with firm Grasp entwin'd 375
 Around her Mate, Safety in vain expects ;
 Nor in his Eye reads ought but fell Dismay.
 Justice, the Tyrant's Scourge, now brandishes
 The fatal Blade, and ready at her Call
 Destruction waits : full in thy Front, *Quebec*, 380
 See *British* Saunders all his Thunder aims ;
 Behind thee, gallant *Townsend* draws the Sword,

The