

Our brave defenders, penned like timid sheep,
 Should into English hands deliver up
 Their colours—colours whose folds, proud and free,
 Had for a century held their own against
 A world in arms, throughout a continent :
 Whose onward sweep, still bearing the impress
 Of the great epic contest of the past,
 During a hundred years from pole to line,
 Bore them in front of conquering battalions ;

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That night, with shame and grief a last adieu,
 Indignant at the odious compromise,
 Lévis, the truest knight of that dark time,
 Fire in his eyes, his hand upon his sword,
 Rose sudden, and without long argument
 Against the insult proudly made protest.
 Upon the plain were twenty thousand foes
 Encamped ; the ruins of an army, all
 He had, upon St. Helen's Isle ; no matter—
 Soldiers of France had often fought before
 With ten to one against them, and had won.
 If France uncaring leaves us to our fate,
 No matter still—we die when duty calls.
 His voice was for resistance to the death :
 Withdrawing to the island, there would he
 Stand firm and fight, a hero to the last.

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Yet Vaudreuil signed. Refusal to obey
 Were worse than death—were treason to his chief ;
 So thought our warrior irreproachable,—

And in the dark hours that precede the dawn,
 He to his soldiers stirring in the night
 Gave that command, 'The colours to the front !'
 To give them up ? Would he before the eyes