
T H E
CONQUEST of QUEBEC.

FAREWELL ye Naiads who your Tresses lave
Where Isis rolls her unpolluted Wave,
Far off to Regions unexplored I fly,
To savage Nations and a frozen Sky,
Where the LAURENTIAN Stream his copious Stores
In whitening Torrents to th' ATLANTIC pours,
Where never Echo his steep Banks along
Heard the sweet Accents of a Muse's Song,
But Shouts of barb'rous Diffonance resound,
And Blood of Warriors bathes the reeking Ground.

A

Long