

Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the
fight may be fierce and long,
And they 'll think our little garrison is more
than a hundred strong."

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she roused
the Norman blood
That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent
it like a flood
Through every heart around her, and they
fought the red Iroquois
As fought in the old-time battles the soldiers
of Carignan.

And they say the black clouds gathered, and a
tempest swept the sky,
And the roar of the thunder mingled with the
forest tiger's cry,
But still the garrison fought on, while the light-
ning's jagged spear
Tore a hole in the night's dark curtain, and
showed them a foeman near.

And the sun rose up in the morning, and the
color of blood was he,
Gazing down from the heavens on the little
company