And now there's passive heed of call, Townshend the first to obey,

With the wind and rain benighting the deepening grey of day:

The bateaux soon are laden with Murray's men on board,

The Royals and the Grenadiers, with shame within them stirred:

Nor was there purpose of pursuit, no sign of dire retreat,

Only imprudence suffering check, with glory from the feat.

It seems the general's orders—Montcalm's and Wolfe's alike—

Were overlooked throughout the day from impulsiveness and pique—22

The Grenadiers, in hazard outrunning all restraint, The crossing of the ford above delayed by envy's plaint—

But the "might have been" ne'er amplifies the facts of history,

To turn the scale when the balance weighs the eclat of bravery.

The escapade was prelude to the issue of the war, But the testing of a purpose with victory still afar: The fame of Montcalm claims foresight, as companion to his skill,

While Wolfe's renown for prudence is a best in courage still:

Yea, such prelude, like the victory, gives us tableau of the twain,

As a brave man and a brave man, under heroic strain.