

XXII.

And who will blame him if his thought recurred,

At such a time, to England and the maid
Beloved, to whom he gave his plighted word

Ere parting? Who will wonder at the shade
Of sorrow darkling on his troubled brow,
As he reflects on what may not be now?

XXIII.

A vision bright, of home and happiness,

Of calm domestic joy, before him lies.

One moment gazes he—his hands hard press

His forehead, and the hardy soldier sighs—
One moment only, then he turns away,
Prepared to lead his army to the fray.

XXIV.

Below the city, anchored by the shore,

The fleet is floating ; and in silent speed,
The soldiers land, Wolfe leading in the fore.

And, if of urging there were any need,
His fearless mien and proud determination
Would banish every thought of hesitation.