

Brock

By Fred Jacob

WATCHING amid the driving rain,
While still the storm cast darker shade
Upon the darkness, we could hear
The guns mock heaven's cannonade,
And send the warning call again
Down to the distant fort where Brock
Had waited long for this attack.
We knew that morn would bring the shock,
And we must bear the foeman back:
'Twas then we tasted fear—
The fear of men who had not known
The brunt of war. The dreaded thing
Loomed o'er us, leaderless, alone.
It was not peril that dismayed,
But of ourselves we stood afraid;
We knew not what the day might bring.

At dawn the rocky height which lay
Above us broke the fog and cloud,
That lifted like a sable shroud,
Caught by the dripping hand of day.
We saw old Queenston's wind-torn steep,
Whose summit held the sun's pale gleam;
We saw the foam-flecked river sweep
Against the boats that crossed the stream;
We saw our comrades guard the space
Above the landing-place.