

Already levell'd at my Breast! that my
Glad Soul may take its Flight, amidst the Shouts
Of my victorious Countrymen! [Groans.—

Officer. Now Front to Front they close, and Man
to Man

They stand, and urge the steely Arguments
Against each others Breasts! Pikes, Bayonets,
And Halberts meet, and clash together!
Others with batt'ring Firelocks clubb'd, engage,
And pound to Death their rough Opponents! and
All around the glitt'ring Deaths, in Show'rs of
Steel descend!

Wolfe. I'll lay me back,—and rest awhile,
Perhaps this cooling Tremor may wear off.

[Lays back against a Soldier, (sitting for that Purpose :) as he falls back groans, — and lies as dead.

Officer. The Gallic Standard backward seems to
move!

And in a Disarray their Colours seem!
Near their pale Flags our Blood red Ensigns wave!
And in Conjunction mortal, spread the Plain!
They still recede! and ours as swift advance!
Our Wings, and main Corps, boldly cross their Lines!
They've beaten down the Oriflamme of France!
And now they trample it in Gallic Gore!
And like a rapid Inundation, they
Mix promiscuous with the hostile Ranks,
Repelling th' impetuous Torrent of
The Foes, gorging voracious Death with whole
Platoons!—

Surely towards *Quebec* our Forces rush!
And all their vet'ran Thousands swift retreat!
Oh now they scatter!—now they flee full Speed!—
Victory!—Victory!—by Heav'ns they run!—

[A Shout of Victory, and Indians yelling.

Wolfe,