

Dalling, and Ince, who fought for Britain's weal.
 Each foldier signaliz'd, each daring tar!
 (The light'nings! and the thunderbolts of war!)
 Thro' glory's paths, I ardently pursue!
 But only write, what they alone can do.
 Like radiant Sol, when at meridian height,
 The heroes blaze with self-refulgent light.
 I sing how Wolfe, the faithless foe engag'd!
 How, where he led, the battle fiercely rag'd!
 The havoc of his war! the mould'ring walls!
 Quebec's, Cape Breton's fate; the conquer'd
 Gauls!

His warlike deeds, no doubt, you'll all approve,
 Whom vanquish'd foes admire! and conq'ring
 Britons love!

By bloody toils, he earn'd, on hostile ground,
 That honour great; with which his mem'ry's
 crown'd!

In Britain's cause, (amid the martial strife,)
 He fought! he conquer'd! and resign'd his life!
 So Sampson flung proud Dagon's temple down!
 Gain'd glorious death! and conquest! and renown!

W A R :