

God save us! See! They're driven back from
before the mouth of hell!

For the defenders of the entrenchments, well-
counselled in their zeal,
Have waited, hardly breathing, their presence to
conceal,
Till the Grenadiers, outrun of fear, their ready
victims stand,
On the inner edge of danger, in range of death's
demand:
Mowed down like grass from the sting of hail, a
remnant turns to flee,
With all re-forming past control, even under
Monckton's eye.¹⁹

Ah! who will brave the danger now, though the
batteries all around—
From the ships near by, to the heights above—de-
fiance still propound?
Is there climbing for the vanguard, with its footing
now on land?
Is there chance for open contest, from the gorge-
slope to the strand?
The night is fast approaching, the wind bewinged
a gale,
The tide outruns its turning, the rain weaves
shredded pall.²⁰

Yet the bugle sounds defiance still, as Murray
forms his line,
And Townshend sends advance to cross the ford
below the chine,