

While blackest darkness heralded the dawn,
The little fleet had left its anchor-ground ;
With not a lantern showing light or gleam,
It floated silently adown the stream.

XVIII.

Within the flagship, weakened by the pain
Of recent fever, Wolfe reclining lay.
Unfit to bear the war's fatigue and strain,
He yet was armed and ready for the fray.
Forgetful of *his* pain and suffering,
He thought but of his country and his king.

XIX.

His duty bade him fight, and he would fight ;
His country bade him win, and he would win
If bravery could put the foe to flight.
If courage and a sturdy heart within
Could win the day, he feared not the event ;
His men were veterans on victory bent.