

Still ringing in thy ears the woeful words  
Of him who sang in simple strains of sweetness  
Lot of the lowly and the pomp of power,  
'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'  
Immortal Wolfe! Would that thy ashes too  
Might rest beneath Canadian soil  
With those of thy great adversary.  
England guards the sacred dust  
In modest sepulchre lowly stored,  
Still all sufficient for such a hero,  
Who needs no brass to blazon forth his deeds,  
His monument an empire, his fame undying,  
His glory ours to guard.

VI.

Honors for the other heroes,  
For steadfast Saunders and his seamen  
Seconding the general's zeal,  
For Bourslamaque and Bougainville,  
Friends of their leader and gallant soldiers,  
For Murray, Moncton and Townshend too,  
For lion hearted Levis, who on the field of Ste. Foye  
Redressed the conflict's balance,  
And for valorous Vauquelin, who fighting to the last  
Refused to strike his colors, a special paean of praise,  
Praise for them all and highest praise  
For those nameless by fame,  
Who fell within the ranks.

VII.

Where fell the mighty dead  
Heirs of their valor and their glory gather  
Their memory to honor,  
Hushed all contention, healed all division,