

For which the bravest dyed its wold with
blood—

Sleep, sleep, Montcalm—soldier of peaceful
name!

Tho' train'd to triumph for thy nation's fame—
Tho' Mars upturn'd thy urn with bursting
bomb,

How still thy slumber now in convent tomb!
And French and British stand to guard thy
grave,

And equal tribute pay unto the brave!

Britannia's banner flutters o'er the height,
Unfurled by Wolfe on that September night,
When he had scaled the crest with silent
breath,

And forward press'd to victory and death
On Abram's plains: where from his hero's blood
Beside old England's rose upsprung a Bud!

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We cast the anchor 'neath an angry sky,
Red-laced with lightning that appals the eye:
While fitfully the sultry wind sweeps by,