

All eager for to join the dread affray,
 Their daring feats of valour to display.
 And 'mongst that little band was bold Denaut,*
 Which unto death or victory led the way;
 These first received the volley of the foe,
 And struck for Britain the most daring blow.

And dauntless Parker with his hardy crew,
 Marines of England, stubborn hearts of oak,
 Whose pride is danger, for with gallant Drew
 They wrapt the *Caroline* in flame and smoke,
 And sent her hissing past the Table Rock;—
 Down, down she goes, by bellowing torrents driven,
 That bellow on, regardless of the shock
 Which thus to hell-born sympathy was given,
 And stamp'd the power of British arms in heaven.

Then came M'Donell with his daring band,
 The tartan'd heroes never known to yield,
 Whose spirits rise like their own mountain's ground,
 Their homes, their country, and her laws to shield;—
 They come the sword and bayonet to wield,
 While through their veins quick rolls their father's blood,
 Oft shed before on many a far-famed field,
 And memory soars o'er mountain, vale, and flood,
 Where Lorn the chief of mighty chieftains stood.

And there was gallant Clarke† upon the ground,
 Leading his yeomen brave to battle on;
 And many an humble Briton there was found,
 Alike to all the gifts of fame unknown,
 Whose deeds of arms amidst the conflict shone—
 Even when some *honour'd* ones excuses plann'd,
 They stood the foremost of the fight alone.

* Erastus Denaut, Lieut. 1st R. G. M.

† Major D. Clarke, late Incorporated Militia of Upper Canada.