

All glory be to righteous Heaven !
The God of Battles surely fights
Upon our side ! the foe is driven
From Queenston Heights.

But ne'er shall gallant Brock again
For King and Country draw his blade ;
Upon the field his soldiers gain
Behold their leader's corpse is laid.
No more in plaudits of the brave
His honest soldier heart delights,
He wins his glory and his grave
On Queenston Heights.

No more on Queenston Heights are heard
The bugle call or soldier's cheer,
But hum of bee and song of bird
Break sweetly on the listening ear.
No tokens of the war remain,
No frowning fort the landscape blights,
And only peace and beauty reign
On Queenston Heights.

But, though the years have flown apace,
Still lives the memory of the dead ;
A stately column marks the place
Where gallant Brock his life-blood shed.
The land he bled and died to save,
His faith and valour thus requites,
And guards her hero's honoured grave
On Queenston Heights.

Oh ! men of British blood and race,
If e'er your loyalty should fail :
If sunk in sloth, you dare not face
The perils of the rising gale ;
If the firm faith your fathers knew,
No more your love or zeal excites,
Draw near, and light the flame anew
On Queenston Heights.

NEW YORK.

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