

And the singing of the centuries¹⁵ is in our wistful
ear,
As the cataract keeps a-rhyming the story of the
year;
When its prehistoric routine was disturbed by
battle-storm,
Where its silvered wreathings wimple out, in rip-
ples retiform,
As if 'twere brooklet once again, before it runs
aglee,
Into the great St. Lawrence and its broadening
to the sea.

In its awe-inspiring presence, we can read the tale
anew,
How a counter rage of torrents across its torrent
flew;
Repentigny daring Townshend,¹⁶ from his shelter-
ings from above;
The *Centurion* issuing challenge,¹⁷ to De Lévis'
every move;
While Murray waits the signal, the lower ford to
ward,
As the Grenadiers intrepid rush over the spray-wet
sward.

Will they silence the approaches, and disarm the
near redoubt?
Is there field enough for two brigades, when be-
yond the ford they're brought?
Behold the Grenadiers advance,¹⁸ beyond the outer
breach,
Heedless of danger, out of rank, beyond precau-
tion's reach!
God grant they meet no dire mishap, in their reck-
less raid pell-mell!