

Within each breach intrepid Brock is laid,  
A tomb according with the mighty dead,  
Whose soul, devoted to his country's cause,  
In deeds of glory sought her first applause.  
Enrolled with Abercrombie, Wolfe and Moore,  
No lapse of time his merits shall obscure ;  
Fresh shall they burn in each Canadian heart,  
And all their pure and living fires impart.

A youthful friend rests by the hero's side,  
Their mutual love death sought not to divide ;  
The muse that gives her Brock to deathless fame,  
Shall in the wreath entwine Macdonell's name.



### THE DEATH OF BROCK.

Upon the heights of Queenston  
One dark October day,  
Invading foes were marshalled  
In battle's dark array.  
Brave Brock looked up the rugged steep,  
And planned a bold attack ;  
" No foreign flag must float," said he,  
" Above the Union Jack."

His loyal-hearted soldiers  
Were ready every one,  
Their foes were thrice their number,  
But duty must be done.  
They started up the fire swept hill  
With loud-resounding cheers,  
While Brock's inspiring voice rang out,  
" Push on, York Volunteers."

But soon a fatal bullet  
Pierced through his manly breast,  
And loving friends to help him  
Around the hero pressed.  
" Push on," he said, " don't mind me ;"  
And ere the day was done,  
Canadians held the Queenston Heights.  
And victory was won.

Each true Canadian patriot  
Laments the death of Brock ;  
Our Country told its sorrow  
In monumental rock ;