

***The Plains of Abraham***  
*an epic poem for Canada*

by

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*2000-present*

The double death in warlike strife • of red-haired Wolfe and dark Montcalm:  
Look to that tale, immortal angel • watching in the winter sky  
How once, in days gone by • with sturdy pride • they fought before Quebec  
Amid the bitter musket smoke • upon the Plains of Abraham  
And both were stripped of life • by Heaven's power • and hurled beneath the earth  
Where in the darkness rest the dead • unmindful of the mortal day.

For many weeks the siege had stood • about impregnable Quebec  
Though now the city lay in ashes • pounded by the rumbling guns  
For all the southern shore • and Point Lévi • and th' Isle of Orléans  
The English took; but to the north • atop the cliffs the French held fast:  
Those insurmountable defences • stood along St. Lawrence's banks  
The work of God; and cross the river • ever crashed the cannonballs  
And now the city lay in ashes; • fearless still the French held fast  
And in the thick of night • beneath the stars • they loosed the fireships  
Against the fleet that lay at anchor • belching sheets of sudden flame  
But all in vain, and soon enough • they settled for a stubborn siege.

The soldiers clad in red • the English troops • were routed from the field  
Beside the thundering waterfall • of tireless Montmorency  
And many trophy-scalps • the spoils of war • the northern nations took.  
So then the red-haired General Wolfe • grew angry at New France's folk:  
He burned the parishes' long fields • that stretched unto St. Lawrence's banks  
He wrecked the barns and homes • and broke the ploughs • and torched the winter crops  
Until at last his soldiers sacked • a sacred church, and slew its priest:  
Joachim's consecrated temple • echoed with his dying cry  
That Heaven should avenge his death • and smite the English general  
And thus it came to pass • as Heaven's power • afflicted General Wolfe:  
For weeks he lay asleep • and tossed and turned • as sickness burned his cheeks  
And so the army lost its hope; • the doctors said his fate was fixed.

But tell me this, immortal angel • watching in the winter sky:  
Which of the English brigadiers • was first to go to General Wolfe  
Before the 13<sup>th</sup> of September • shivering in the early morn?  
No one was first: they went together • gathering in the army's camp  
And they were three: the beardless Murray • reckless in the art of war  
And frowning Monckton followed him • accursed in lost Acadia  
And smiling Townshend led the way • unscrupulous in his deceit  
Who on the paper used to sketch • his caricatures, grim designs;  
They picked their way now through the army • shivering in the early morn;  
They passed into his tent • with silent step • and found him there in bed  
The red-haired General James Wolfe • the captain of the English king  
And there he lay asleep • and did not wake • for sickness burned his cheeks  
And there they sat beside his bed • upon the well-upholstered seats  
Yet no one dared to raise a hand • and stir him from enchanting sleep  
But there he lay like one deceased • unmindful of the mortal day.

Yet now there came a summer breeze • though tempered with the autumn chill  
As though indeed it blew • from distant lands • across the pathless woods:  
It brushed the red-haired General Wolfe • who opened up his pale green eyes  
And yet he did not speak: • on each in turn • he turned his restless gaze  
And terror filled the brigadiers • the captains of the English King  
And smiling Townshend's hands • were damp with sweat • as he addressed Wolfe thus:

*Dear General Wolfe, can it be true? • Have you awoken? Happy news!  
For weeks you've lain asleep • within this tent. • The army's mood is bleak  
For many fell beside the falls • of tireless Montmorency  
And many more are sick with fever; • many fear the winter frost;  
Some, liable to superstition • ponder if the wrath of God  
Has fallen since the soldiers sacked • that sacred church— the mood is bleak.  
But still there's none so sad • of all the troops • whose sadness can compare*

*To ours as we behold you thus • the captain of the English king  
And if you were to die • within this tent • our fate would then be fixed.  
Let us go back across the sea • and reach again the English shore  
Before you die, before the season • slays us with the winter frost;  
Some day, perhaps, we may come back • to fight before this citadel.*

Thus smiling Townshend spoke • within that tent • and then he held his peace  
And both the others raised their faces • muttering that they concurred;  
But now in answer came the voice • of that red-headed General Wolfe:

*My friends, I'm happy that you've come • but now I think your words unfit:  
I never shall renounce my vow • to seize impregnable Quebec;  
I know I shall not die • within this tent • although my fate be fixed.  
My friends, I've dreamed a dream: • with silent step • it passed beside this bed  
As here I slept and did not wake • and I beheld it while I slept  
And thus I saw it had the shape • the willfulness, the restless gaze  
The frowning face of General Braddock • whom the swift Langlade destroyed  
And here indeed he spoke • and damp with sweat • I did not seem to breathe:  
“Now listen to me, General Wolfe • from Heaven I have come to speak  
Indeed you lie in bed • and toss and turn • as sickness burns your cheeks;  
You'll nevermore behold your home • across the cold Atlantic sea  
For now it comes to pass • that by your deeds • the fort of Frontenac  
Shall fall at last with fearful slaughter • as was prophesied of old.  
But there is one more thing • I must reveal • endowed with second sight:  
You shall assemble all your men • and cross the great St. Lawrence' stream  
And I will guide you to a cove • that lies beneath a lofty cliff:  
L'Anse au Foulon that cove is called • which keeps a steep and secret path  
And at the top you'll find those fields • men call the Plains of Abraham  
Though by the blessed saints • of Heaven's realm • they're named the Fields of Grief  
And there you may fulfil your vow • to seize impregnable Quebec.”  
Just so the dream before me spoke • and then into the night it fled*

*And then there came a summer breeze • though tempered with the autumn chill;  
Which brushed across me: thus I woke • and opened up my pale green eyes.  
But come, my friends, we must embark • the army of the English king  
L'Anse au Foulon we shall approach • attacking ere the break of day  
And I will die before the season • switches to the winter frost  
For I am doomed, and as I slew • the sinless must I too be slain  
For that, I think, is what I dreamed • and dreams can be the will of God  
Yet though I die I'll keep my vow • and seize impregnable Quebec.*

Just so he spoke, the red-haired Wolfe • astounding those three brigadiers  
For now it seemed his limbs were strong • and vigorously now he breathed  
As up he rose from bed • though nonetheless • that sickness burned his cheeks.

First he put on his woollen trousers • after that his linen shirt  
And then he found his leather boots • and pulled the silver buckles tight  
He clothed himself in red • within that tent • and donned his tricorne cap;  
He seized his sword from off its peg • and slipped it to its golden sheath  
The sword by which he'd made his vow • to seize impregnable Quebec  
And last he took the cane of oak • he once had borne at Louisbourg;  
And yet he did not speak: • on each in turn • he rested his green eyes  
And terror filled those brigadiers • who did not dare to meet that gaze;  
For in his pallid face • beneath his brows • there gleamed a ghastly light.  
As when the sun runs south • in winter months • and yet the snow is slow  
And clouds let fall a rain of ice • which thickens on the naked wood  
And one by one the branches drop • and some are smashed and some are snapped  
And from the broken limbs • across the plain • there gleams a ghastly light  
And men and women both lament • the ruin of the long-lived wood  
Just so the English brigadiers • lamented for the red-haired Wolfe  
As he alone went forth • with silent step • unto the army's camp.

He picked his way then through that army • marshalling the English troops;  
To every colonel he declared • the duties of his regiment  
And thus the English labored long • preparing for the field of war.  
At last the sun was sinking back • behind impregnable Quebec  
And regiments came forth • beneath the stars • from shady Etchemin;  
They soon embarked upon the boats • and drifted with the flowing tide;  
The great St. Lawrence softly gurgled • as they passed across the stream.  
And in the foremost of the boats • there sat the red-haired General Wolfe  
And there beside him sat young Jervis • loyal to the English crown  
Who later in the days that followed • triumphed at St. Vincent's cape.  
Now with an enigmatic glance • the red-haired Wolfe addressed him thus:

*My friend, no man can know what waits • upon the Plains of Abraham  
No man but me, for as I slew • the sinless must I too be slain.  
Now many men indeed • will follow me • unto the door of death  
For many hope to win great glory • 'mid the smoke and blood of war;  
Yet as the poet says • in simple words • of unforgotten rhyme:  
'The boast of arms, the pomp of power • and all that love or wealth e'er gave  
Awaits the fearsome hour • when paths of glory lead us to the grave  
Let not the proud with us find fault • if Memory no trophies raise  
Where through the fretted vault • the pealing anthem swells the note of praise;  
Can monument or marble bust • restore a mortal's fleeting breath?  
Can verse provoke the dust • or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?'  
Just this the poet says • for Heaven's power • inspired his design  
As Heaven now designs my death • amid the smoke and blood of war;  
Yet I had rather wrote those lines • than seize impregnable Quebec."*

Just so he spoke, the red-haired Wolfe • the captain of the English king  
And Jervis marveled at his mood: • he seemed to be some other man;  
But quickly that was changed • and now again • there gleamed the ghastly light.  
The great St. Lawrence softly gurgled • as they passed across the stream.

But now the boats approached the shore • and all the soldiers disembarked;  
L'Anse au Foulon that cove was called • which kept a steep and secret path;  
A few brave men went up ahead • and met the sentries at the top  
The sentries who held quiet watch • upon that steep and secret path  
And then indeed it seemed • that all was lost: • their fate would soon be fixed  
For now the sentries called aloud • they asked their names, and why they'd come;  
But some among the Highland Frasers • raised among the Scottish clans  
They answered in the tongue of France • they spoke it with a living voice:  
They said that they were troops of France • and loyal to the dark Montcalm  
And thus they went ahead • and up the path • that climbed the lofty cliff  
And when they reached the top • now damp with sweat • and gasping for their breath  
They slew the sentries with their swords • and beckoned to the men below.  
The soldiers clad in red • with silent step • were climbing all that night;  
And thus the English regiments • arrived upon the field of war.

Now at the morn there rose • towards the east • the soft pink palm of dawn  
And then those English regiments • were seen at last in tall Quebec.  
As when the nightly dew • at break of day • reflects the rising sun  
Before the hand of God • in Heaven's realm • will lift it far aloft  
And girls that walk to milk the cows • will marvel at the gleaming grass  
The dewy grass upon the Island • sprouting in the rich red earth:  
They dream of diadems and dandies • far across th' Atlantic sea;  
Just so the English bayonets • were sparkling in the morning light.

Now on the wall the sentry saw them • from impregnable Quebec  
The wall of chiseled stone • the sturdy work • of fearless Frontenac  
Unsmiling Louis Frontenac • who'd held his sway o'er all New France;  
So from the wall the sentry saw • the sparkle in the morning light  
And straightaway he mounted up • and took in hand the shining reins:  
His duty was to take the tidings • quickly to the dark Montcalm

And through the city's streets • at break of day • he cantered on the mare  
And there, indeed, upon the left • he passed the holy convent's door  
The sacred order of the sisters • founded by the blessed Marie  
And underneath the Porte St. Jean • he galloped like the northern wind:  
The archway cold and smooth • now echoed back • the clatter of the hoofs;  
Then down the slope he rode • until he came • unto St. Charles' stream  
And now he rode along the bridge • which cut across the current's flow  
The bridge of boats that joined the banks • of tall Quebec and bright Beauport  
For on the other side • upon the grass • were all the troops of France.  
As when, across the mountain meadows • where the rivers run with gold  
In spring the flowers rise • amid the rocks • in many subtle shades  
Pyrola, Larkspur, Potentilla • with the hardy Fireweed  
And hikers at the pass • will gaze below • upon a sea of pink  
Just so the sentry gazed • across the grass • upon the soldiers' tents.

He picked his way now through that army • looking for the dark Montcalm;  
The regiments had just awakened • shivering in the early morn;  
And soon the sentry found • amid the tents • the house of dark Montcalm  
For there he stood awake • before the gate • and spurned enchanting sleep  
The dark-haired Marquis of Montcalm • the captain of the King of France:  
He held his telescope aloft • and ceaselessly he scanned the stream;  
The British Fleet was there at anchor • threatening the Beauport shore  
And so he stood awake • before the gate • and spurned enchanting sleep.  
The sentry left his steed • and made his bow • and then addressed him thus:

*Monsieur, I come with urgent tidings • from impregnable Quebec  
Alas, there are some English soldiers • on the Plains of Abraham  
There many English bayonets • are sparkling in the morning light.*

So spoke the sentry, blameless man • and then indeed the dark Montcalm  
He gave a silent sigh • for in his heart • he missed his friend Lévis.

He picked his way then through the army • through the ranks of fighting men  
And straightaway he gave the signal • marshalling the troops of France  
And straightaway they found their places • veterans of five campaigns  
The regiments and volunteers • whose name must live for evermore.

Give us the list, immortal angel • watching in the winter sky:  
Say first who were the native nations • warriors of the silver age  
Who did not fail their friends • upon that day • before the door of death:  
Indeed there were the seven peoples • leagued against the English crown  
The Mohawks of grand Kanawake • right above the rapids' teeth;  
The Hurons from Lorette • from Wendake • the allies of Champlain;  
The eager Abenaki too • of Odanak and Wolinak  
Bright Odanak which rangers burnt • unmindful of St. Francis' wrath;  
There were Algonquins too • and Nipissings • and Mohawks from the hill—  
Kahnesatake was that hill • where three brave nations pooled their strength;  
Those were indeed the seven peoples • leagued against the English crown  
With Innu from the north • from distant lakes • who ruled the pathless woods;  
And from the west the merchant peoples • Council of the Triple Hearth  
Potawatomi and Ojibwe • with the righteous Ottawa:  
Their guide was swift Langlade • a crafty man • the reckless Braddock's bane;  
Such were indeed the native nations • warriors of the silver age  
And thus they kept their sacred promise • mindful of the days of yore;  
And many were the native princes • ranked beside the dark Montcalm  
And far indeed they'd come • o'er land and wave • unto the door of death.

And many were the regiments • of soldiers of the King of France  
And they had also left their homes • across the cold Atlantic sea:  
The regiment La Sarre was there • the scarlet and the black they bore  
And they were led by Sénezèrgues • the noblest of the brigadiers;  
And bold Béarn was there • that led the charge • across the bloody snow  
When later in the days that followed • battle came at cold Ste. Foy

And they were led by old d'Alquier • unshaken by the rumbling guns;  
And Languedoc in turn • in blue and white • Ft. William Henry's bane  
And they were led by tall Privat • a gentleman of stainless name;  
There next unbendable Guyenne • the veterans of Carillon  
And they were led by bold Fontbonne • who fell amid the foremost ranks;  
And Royal-Roussillon was there • the regiment of Mazarin  
They bore the fleur-de-lis • in gleaming gold • upon a cross of white  
And they were led by old Bernetz • a knight of the unconquered isle;  
Such were the regiments of France • which shivered in the early morn  
And with them stood that famous force • whose name must live for evermore  
The Compagnies de la Marine • men raised upon St. Lawrence' banks  
A thousand men with toques of blue • the masters of the pathless woods  
Canadian troops: and there among them • handsome as the rising sun  
Stood that relentless Boishébert • together with proud Beausoleil  
And they had brought Acadian rangers • with the Mi'kmaq sentinels;  
Such were the Troupes de la Marine • men raised upon St. Lawrence' banks.

But lastly now, immortal angel • watching in the winter sky  
Recall the fathers and their sons • the bold Canadian volunteers  
For they were there as well • not clothed in white • not bearing famous flags:  
The men of Trois-Rivières • a sturdy folk • who'd left the autumn crop;  
The men of Mary's town • of Montreal • with hunting muskets stout;  
The men of tall Quebec • who in their hearts • remembered Frontenac  
Unsmiling Louis Frontenac • who'd held his sway o'er all New France;  
Those were the fathers and their sons • the bold Canadian volunteers.

So now when all had found their places • by the town of bright Beauport  
Indeed the Marquis of Montcalm • now brought them to the field of war.  
As when, towards the west • where in the hills • the wild roses blow  
A warm wind from the rocky heights • descends to melt the crackling ice  
A winter wind, and yet to many • welcome as the breath of spring

And girls untie their braided hair • and on the grass the brothers box  
Just so the regiments of France • descended from the Beauport shore  
Behind the Marquis of Montcalm • the captain of the King of France;  
And in their midst the singers then • began to chant a cheerful song  
And they themselves had made the song • to glorify their generals  
The dark-haired Marquis of Montcalm • and Bourslamaque, and good Lévis  
And so they gladly sang • upon that day • before the citadel  
Of how the padre gave a speech • and cleansing absolution preached:  
His children could advance with pride • with Lord and Virgin on their side;  
How all were heroes on that day • or if there was a man to say  
The general had a tragic flaw • they'd break the dirty rascal's jaw:  
Just so they gladly sang • upon that day • before the citadel;  
And so the Marquis of Montcalm • now brought them to the field of war  
His handsome face was glad • for in his heart • he knew the hour had come  
When destiny would be decided • 'neath impregnable Quebec.

And down the slope they went • until they came • unto St. Charles' stream  
They marched along the bridge of boats • that cut across the current's flow  
The bridge of boats that joined the banks • of tall Quebec and bright Beauport  
And there, indeed, upon a steed • was Governor Vaudreuil himself  
The Chevalier de Cavagnal • who held his sway o'er all New France  
And there he sat upon a steed • and signaled to the dark Montcalm  
And when the Marquis came • he made his bow • and then addressed him thus:

*My dearest Marquis of Montcalm • commander of our troops from France  
I see you've heard the news! • But listen now • before you rush to fight  
For I was born in this cold land • and raised upon St. Lawrence' banks  
And well I know that war is different • here across th' Atlantic sea;  
I beg you not to fight • the English troops • upon the open field  
But let us use our skill • in bloody war • amid the pathless woods:  
For many months we might harass them • firing on the English flanks*

*But if we meet the foe • upon the plain • well disciplined in war  
I tremble at the thought! • When I was young • we did not rush to fight.  
Monsieur, I beg you, heed my words • for I hold sway o'er all New France.*

Just so he spoke, and held his peace • the governor, Vaudreuil, himself  
But now in answer came the voice • of that brave Marquis of Montcalm:

*Monsieur, I'm glad that you have spoken • yet I think your words unfit:  
As for myself, I do not tremble • at the thought of deadly lead.  
Full well the regiments of France • can fight upon the field of war  
As well you know, for you were there • before the walls of Carillon:  
Behind the wall of wood • upon the hill • we ranged troops of France  
La Sarre, then Languedoc, Berry • and Roussillon, and then La Reine  
And bold Bearn was there • and at the right • unbendable Guyenne.  
The soldiers clad in red • at morn appeared • as countless as the trees  
And they were led by Abercrombie • reckless in the art of war;  
Yet by the time the sun sank back • his men lay dead upon the field  
For seven times that day • the English charged • across the open field  
But none won through, except the madmen • raised among the Scottish clans  
For there our soldiers stood • discharging guns • at less than forty yards  
And slaughter stood on every hand • before those walls of Carillon;  
Full well the regiments of France • fought thus upon that field of war.  
Yet still, Monsieur, I say • if all were lost • except the pathless woods  
I still would seek the foe • upon the plain • and rush into the fight  
Nor would I stoop to scalps • and spoils of war • amid the pathless woods  
For destiny must be decided • 'neath impregnable Quebec.*

Just so he spoke, the dark Montcalm • and thus indeed his fate was fixed.  
The Chevalier of Cavagnal • was filled with wrath and turned aside  
But dark Montcalm rode off • and joined the troops • across St. Charles' stream  
And up the slope he rode; • the marching ranks • now followed close behind:

Some took the route of Sillery • and some the route of cold Ste. Foy.  
And there away upon the right • they passed the peaceful Hospital:  
Within it were the wounded soldiers • nursed by gentle Augustines  
Together with that famous order • founded by the blessed Marie  
The sisters Ursuline • who made the vow • to be the brides of Christ  
For their own convent lay in ashes • pounded by the rumbling guns;  
So both were tending wounded soldiers • in that peaceful Hospital;  
And now, indeed, upon the right • were seven ladies clothed in black  
All sisters Ursuline • who made the vow • to be the brides of Christ  
And thus the Marquis of Montcalm • perceived them there upon the hill  
And straightaway he checked his horse • and left the marching regiments  
And soon he reached the little group • and handed off the shining reins;  
He took his cap from off his head • and gracefully he made his bow  
Before the convent's chief • advanced in age • a venerable dame:  
Seventy-four long years she'd spent • upon the great St. Lawrence' banks  
Unyielding was her will • and stern her glance • and potent her command  
And she by far surpassed the rest • for skill in every healing art  
The Ursuline Superior • Migeon de la Nativité;  
And so the Marquis of Montcalm • politely now addressed her thus:

*Madame de la Nativité • O you who rule the brides of Christ  
I beg you to provide your blessing • calling on the Virgin chaste:  
Often before indeed • by Heaven's power • the royal fleur-de-lis  
Has triumphed o'er the foe • before this town • the fort of Frontenac  
For in the days of Frontenac • who held his sway o'er all New France  
The fleet of Phips was smashed at anchor • pounded by the rumbling guns;  
And then again, I think • when you were young • you saw the second siege  
When Walker's fleet was sunk • in one great storm • at th' Isle of Orléans.  
Against this third attack • of English troops • I know we shall prevail  
For all these things have been foreseen • by that good Chevalier Lévis  
My second-in-command • a noble man • endowed with second sight:*

*Before I sent him forth • to Montreal • to watch the southern flank  
He prophesied two things to me • and carefully addressed me thus:  
“My dear Montcalm, I now foresee • that on the Plains of Abraham  
We’ll triumph o’er the foe • before this town • the fort of Frontenac  
And you, Montcalm, you shall not live • to see the English take Quebec.”  
So spoke the good Lévis • a noble man • endowed with second sight;  
So now, ma Mère, provide your blessing • ere I reach the field of war.*

Just so he spoke, and bowed his head • the dark-haired Marquis of Montcalm;  
He kneeled before that pious lady • shedding his three-cornered cap  
And now upon his curly locks • there seemed to be a golden light;  
But in her ancient eyes • the tears appeared • when she had heard him speak:  
She answered with a weary voice • for long had she been labouring  
In tending to the wounded soldiers • at the peaceful Hospital;  
So it was with a weary voice • that she indeed addressed him thus:

*My dearest Marquis of Montcalm • what blessing is it you would wish?  
It cannot be a easy thing • to call upon the Virgin chaste:  
How easily we rise • by Heaven’s power, • how easily we fall!  
For every soul must pass away • whenever its dark fate is fixed  
Or such was the philosophy • once uttered by the blessed Marie  
When she was first to speak • and mourn her friend • Madame de la Peltrie;  
For they were like two sisters here • across the cold Atlantic sea  
Instructors of the native nations • teachers of New France’s folk;  
Yet now her friend lay dead • within the earth • Madame de la Peltrie  
And so she truly saw • that Heaven’s power • decides our rise and fall  
And such was the philosophy • she uttered then, the blessed Marie;  
Nor is it here, she said • upon the earth • we taste eternal life.*

Just so she spoke, and held her peace • Migeon de la Nativité  
But in her ancient eyes • the tears appeared • when she beheld his face;  
She laid her hand upon his head • and called upon the Virgin chaste:

*Sweet mother Mary, you who bore • the only son of God to man  
As oft you have before • now once again • protect this mortal man  
To whom you granted victory • before the walls of Carillon:  
Protect the Marquis of Montcalm • amid the smoke and blood of war.*

Just so she spoke, and ceased to pray • Migeon de la Nativité  
And thus the Virgin heard her speak • but could not grant the boon she craved  
For many men were doomed to die • upon the Plains of Abraham  
But she herself let fall hot tears • in Heaven, while upon the earth  
There came a shower from the west • that fell upon the uncut hay.

So now the Marquis of Montcalm • the captain of the King of France  
He mounted up upon his steed • and took in hand the shining reins  
And off he rode, and now the sisters • sought the peaceful Hospital  
They reached its chapel's calm • and there again • they prayed for all New France:  
Their crystal voices rose and fell • melodiously, with pious breath  
And there the holy priest • with silent step • brought forth the wine and bread  
In blessed sacrifice to God • the vessels of the Word made flesh.  
But now the Marquis of Montcalm • led forth the fearless troops of France  
Some took the route of Sillery • and some the route of cold Ste. Foy;  
And thus the regiments of France • arrived upon the field of war.  
As when upon the empty prairie • under the unhindered sky  
The evening fades away • in summer months • when days are warm and long  
And soon the grand horizon glows • and silence settles on the plain  
And thus the lamps are lit • as one by one • the villages appear  
Just so those regiments • now one by one • appeared before Quebec.

And now the Marquis of Montcalm • was gazing at the English line:  
He rode along the gentle slope • before the ranks of fighting men  
And long he gazed, the dark Montcalm • and long he did not speak a word  
But then he turned at last • with sword in hand • before the troops of France  
And in a mighty voice he spoke • and thunderously addressed them thus:

*O soldiers of the King of France • and hardy Troupes de la Marine  
My children, look, behold the English • on the Plains of Abraham;  
The day has come at last • when by your deeds • before the door of death  
Now destiny shall be decided • 'neath impregnable Quebec:  
Shall heretics in red • from distant lands • now take the citadel?  
Or shall the victory be ours • as once it was at Carillon?  
Indeed, you see, their line is weak: • they've just now come across the stream;  
We shall attack at once • discharging guns • and charge at sixty yards;  
We'll triumph o'er the foe • before this town • the fort of Frontenac.*

So spoke the Marquis of Montcalm • and all the soldiers cheered his words  
And yet his fiery heart misgave him • as he gazed towards the foe:  
His regiments were brave, but few • and hungry from the stubborn siege;  
Yet now he shook his head • and once again • his fearlessness was fixed.  
He rode along the gentle slope • before the ranks of fighting men  
Until he turned at last • with sword in hand • and sunlight struck the blade  
And all those soldiers cheered their King • and cheered their noble general.

Then at a signal from the horn • the soldiers of the King of France  
Advanced towards the foe • across the plain • well disciplined in war  
And here and there on either hand • the bold Canadian volunteers  
And many allied native nations • fired upon the English flanks.  
As when the icy swell • upon the sea • will roll towards the rocks  
Amid the blinding storm • that drives the deep • against a wind-swept land

And unrelentingly it rises • raising its unbroken back  
Just so the regiments of France • advanced upon the English line;  
But from the soldiers clad in red • there came a storm of deadly lead:  
The red-haired Wolfe gave word • with sword in hand • to fire at forty yards  
And all the English regiments • now fired against the charging French.

Now tell me this, immortal angel • watching in the winter sky  
Which were those English regiments • that fired upon the charging French?  
Upon the left were Amherst's troops • and next to them Anstruther's men  
And after them the Highland Frasers • raised among the Scottish clans  
And swift Lascelles' in turn • and Kennedy's • and those of Phillip Bragg  
And next to them the Grenadiers • who'd failed upon a summer's day  
Beside the thundering waterfall • of tireless Montmorency  
And at the right were Otway's men • atop the great St. Lawrence' banks;  
Those were the English regiments • that fired upon the charging French:  
The front rank fired first • discharging guns • with double-shotted load  
And, when they turned, the second rank • another smashing volley sent.  
As when the thunder cracks • in Heaven's realm • to signal some great flood  
And then the pouring rain • for many weeks • must overwhelm the earth  
Until the whole Red River valley • surges to the northern lakes  
Annihilating bird and beast • and squandering the works of man  
Just so the muskets cracked • upon that day • before the troops of France.

Then first of all the French to fall • was one François-Clément Boucher:  
He fell before the rest • with sword in hand • a brave Canadian man  
Commanding, like his father had • a Compagnie de la Marine  
And he was born beneath the Mountain • final lord of La Perrière;  
The bullet struck him in the belly • twisting his intestines out  
And all in vain he clutched the spot • and knew he was not long for death;

And next to fall was Jean-Baptiste • amid the troops of Roussillon  
The one they called Larose: • at twenty-three • he tumbled in the ranks  
And nevermore beheld his home • across the cold Atlantic sea  
The village of Étain • in rich Lorraine • where generations dwelt  
His father's name was Jean Adam • his mother born as Anne Thuot;  
But now a bullet found their son • and robbed him of his precious life:  
It struck him in the face • and did not stop • but mushroomed in his head  
And all about his bloody body • pieces of the skull were strewn;

And after him François Reclat • amid the troops of Languedoc  
Who never lacked a witty word • for Basserode's bright company  
He fell as well, and many heard him • screaming on the field of war:  
As grapeshot smashed his legs • he tumbled down • and fell upon his face  
But no one had the time to bear him • back towards the Hospital;

And then the lord of Sénezèrgues • the noblest of the Brigadiers  
Who led the regiment La Sarre • before the walls of Carillon  
Who by the thundering waterfall • once drove them back in headlong rout—  
A bullet pierced his lung: • he tumbled back • from off his rearing steed  
And darkness came across his gaze • he slipped into the arms of death.

And many more were killed or wounded • stricken with the deadly lead  
Nor would a life suffice • with ceaseless care • to study every name  
Not if our muscles were of steel • not if we had ten thousand tongues  
And tongue for every man that fought • before impregnable Quebec  
Though you must know, immortal angel • witness of the day itself  
The stories of the men that died • upon the Plains of Abraham.

But now the Troupes de la Marine • men raised upon St. Lawrence' banks  
And many regiments of France • yet drove against the English line:  
They battled with the bayonet • and sought to slay their foes with steel

And here and there amid the grass • the bold Canadian volunteers  
And many allied native nations • fired upon the English flanks.

Then many soldiers clad in red • were stricken with the deadly lead  
And first to fall was William Fairfax • loyal to the English crown  
Lieutenant of the 28th • the regiment of Phillip Bragg  
And he was born in old Virginia • second of his father's sons  
But he was seven when his brother • fighting 'gainst the fleet of France  
Was slain upon the seas • in distant lands • and broke his parent's heart;  
But now a bullet found young William • mushrooming inside his chest  
And with a scream his soul escaped • and fled into that unseen world;

And then James Thompson fell • a steady man • respected by the troops  
A sergeant of the Highland Frasers • raised among the Scottish clans:  
A bullet struck his neck • and lodged within • the collar-bone was smashed  
His first and final wound: • with sword in hand • he'd sought a swift escape  
Upon Culloden's field • in '45 • when all was lost at last  
But now they bore him from the field • and back towards the wooden ships;

And then Guy Carleton was struck • a gentleman of stainless name  
Commander of the 60th • that shielded the left English flank  
Who later in the days that followed • held his sway o'er all New France:  
A spent shot touched his head • and scraped his scalp • and ricocheted away;

And Captain Thomas Ross was struck • a man of bright Calrossie's glen  
For through the fearless Highland Frasers • now there crashed a cannonball:  
It tore away his leg • he screamed in pain • and wept for ruined life  
And mightily he cursed • that summer's day • on th' Isle of Orléans  
The day that he declined that duel • shamed by that Lieutenant Nairn;  
But darkness came across his gaze • he slipped into the arms of death;

And then a bitter musket-ball • pierced General Monckton's sturdy flesh:  
It struck him in the chest: • he tumbled back • from off his rearing steed  
And from afar, amid the smoke • the red-haired Wolfe perceived his fall;  
He hastened to his side • and breathed a sigh • and then addressed him thus:

*My friend, alas, you bleed • and scream in pain • upon the field of war;  
How often have you battled bravely • loyal to the English crown!  
But soon enough we'll both set sail • and reach again the English shore.*

Just so Wolfe spoke, though well he knew • that he himself was doomed to die;  
And looking up he gazed about • surveying all that battlefield  
And through the bitter musket smoke • he saw the issue yet in doubt;  
He took his stand upon a knoll • amid the smoke and blood of war  
And many trembled at that sight • upon the Plains of Abraham  
For like some god did Wolfe seem then • some demon with demented power:  
His face was paler than the moon • his hair as red as blazing fire  
And in his pallid face • beneath his brows • there gleamed a ghastly light.  
Now in a piercing voice he spoke • and potently addressed them thus:

*O soldiers of the English King • hear now the words of General Wolfe:  
Affix your bayonets of steel • and drive the French in headlong rout;  
Indeed their line is weak • and we must charge • and drive them from the field.*

Just so he spoke, and then addressed • the Grenadiers of Louisbourg:

*O grenadiers, the hour has come: • you may atone for your mistake  
Beside the thundering waterfall • of tireless Montmorency:  
I'll take you to the city gate • and fight amid the foremost ranks.*

Just so indeed he spoke; • beneath his brows • there gleamed a ghastly light.  
Thus at a signal from the horn • the soldiers of the English king

Affixed their bayonets of steel • and charged against the troops of France  
And Wolfe led forth the Grenadiers • against the regiment Guyenne.  
As when the melting snows descend • to swell a shiny mountain brook  
They tumble from the rocky heights • in icy torrents long congealed  
Amid those lofty peaks • for much they wish • to reach the western sea  
Just so the English regiments • advanced upon the stricken French  
And out in front the lofty caps • of Grenadiers of Louisbourg  
Picked up some ray of light • with gleaming gold • reflecting in the sun  
And at their head the red-haired Wolfe • put terror in his foes' proud hearts;

But then with patient marksmanship • some bold Canadian volunteer—  
His name forever lost • since Heaven's power • concealed him in the smoke—  
He sent a musket-ball at Wolfe • and struck him by the right-hand wrist;  
The red-haired Wolfe was not dismayed • and strode towards the troops of France;  
He brandished still the cane of oak • that he was used to wield in war  
And all the grenadiers behind him • cheered their noble general;  
But swiftly Wolfe once more was struck • upon the right-hand shoulder blade:  
His hat was knocked from off his head • but still he strode towards the foe  
Until the thirdmost bullet came • which struck him right amid the chest:  
The bullet pierced his lung • and lodged within • and stuck inside his heart;  
He staggered like a drunken man • and kneeled upon the uncut hay  
And there before the grenadiers • he fell amid the foremost ranks.  
As when a frigate flies • before a storm • upon the th' Atlantic sea  
With every stich of canvas furled • as fatefully the timbers moan  
And from afar the captain seeks • for Halifax, the friend of fleets  
Yet with a roar of shattered timber • now the lofty foremast falls:  
It wavers at the top • and pitches back • and splashes on the sea  
Just so, indeed, the red-haired Wolfe • now fell amid the foremost ranks.

At that the regiment Guyenne • took heart amid the smoke of war  
And dreadful battle now ensued • about the form of General Wolfe.

As when the forest of the north • will echo with the call of wolves  
Of snarling beasts in rival packs • that struggle for a single prize  
A treat of juicy meat: • with tooth and claw • they battle to the last  
Just so the regiment Guyenne • did battle with the grenadiers  
Amid the bitter musket smoke • about the form of General Wolfe.

At last they dragged him to the rear • Lieutenant Brown and Henderson;  
They knelt beside his form • so damp with blood • and gently propped his head  
Lieutenant Brown now raised a hand • and sadly then addressed him thus:

*Dear General Wolfe, you bleed • upon the earth • though yet you shall not die;  
Should we not go and fetch a surgeon • skilled in every healing art?*

The red-haired Wolfe just shut his eyes • and with a groan he answered thus:

*My friend, you see there is no need • for all is finished now with me.*

But as he spoke a man came up • a trusty friend and aide-de-camp;  
He cried, *They run! My lord, they run! • The French, they run in headlong rout!*  
At that the red-haired Wolfe was stirred • and opened up his pale green eyes  
And in a clear and gentle voice • with dying breath addressed him thus:

*My friend, indeed the words you speak • are laden with the power of Fate:  
For here I lie in blood • upon the earth • and lose my precious life  
Because this victory is mine • the highest prize for mortal men:  
For I was doomed, and as I slew • the sinless now I too am slain;  
But as I die I keep my vow • and seize impregnable Quebec.*

Just so the red-haired Wolfe addressed them • ere his noble spirit fled  
And then his fiery head collapsed; • in tears the soldiers closed his eyes;  
And one among the Highland Frasers • raised among the Scottish clans

Donald MacLeod, he wrapped his cloak • about the form of General Wolfe  
And thus they bore him from the field • and back towards the wooden ships.

But now the regiments of France • were driven back in headlong rout.  
As when the testy St. John River • rushing into Fundy's Bay  
Swirls and seethes and swiftly splashes • right across the rapids' teeth  
But soon enough it changes course • reversing its uncertain flow  
And once again it sloshes inland • back across the rapids' teeth  
Just so the regiments of France • reversed their route and sought Quebec  
For soldiers clad in red • the English troops • pursued them in the smoke;  
And often then a soldier saw • the best of friends go tumbling down  
A man he'd known for many winters • stricken with the deadly lead  
But no one had a chance to bear him • back towards the Hospital  
For slaughter stood on every hand • amid the smoke and blood of war.

Now last of all there stood alone • the regiment of Roussillon  
Unwilling yet to yield their ground • succumbing to the force of fear;  
They bore the fleur-de-lis • in gleaming gold • upon a cross of white;  
Amid them rode the dark Montcalm • the captain of the King of France:  
He bade them hold their ground • with sturdy pride • and guard the swift retreat;  
But as he sat amid the smoke • and cried aloud to God for aid  
Some soldier of the 47th • serving under swift Lascelles  
He saw you there, my dear Montcalm • and marveled at your coat and clothes  
And then dispatched a musket-ball • and struck you with the deadly lead:  
The bullet pierced the flank • and passed within • and mushroomed in the flesh:  
Indeed, the dark red blood flowed forth • and spilled across his coat and clothes  
And then another pierced his thigh • and lodged within his sturdy flesh;  
He slumped upon his horse • and groaned in pain • and covered his dark eyes;  
And thus indeed a panic seized • the regiment of Roussillon:  
With hopelessness at heart they fled • towards impregnable Quebec  
Before those English regiments • and swept the dark Montcalm along.

As when amid the northern ice • where days and nights are months apart  
The slim Beluga swims at bay • encircled by the grinding floes  
And then the ice-white bear • with silent step • will stun her with a blow  
Into the freezing wind he drags her • hungry from his weeks of dearth  
Just so the dark Montcalm • was dragged along • until they reached Quebec.

The wall of chiseled stone • the sturdy work • of fearless Frontenac  
Protected them at last • and soon enough • they passed St. Lewis' gate  
Inside, the women of the city • crowded in the well-paved streets  
To get the news of what had happened • on the Plains of Abraham;  
But when they saw the dark Montcalm • as blood had soaked his coat and clothes  
They screamed, and called his famous name • and ceaseless lamentation rose;  
But you, Montcalm, sat up • despite the pain • and now addressed them thus:

*Dear ladies, please, you see it's nothing; • do not fret on my account.*

And yet they saw how he was wounded • stricken with the deadly lead;  
So then the women of the city • stretched him on a folded cloth  
And through the city's streets • as evening fell • they bore the dark Montcalm;  
They reached the order of the sisters • founded by the blessed Marie  
The sisters Ursuline • who made the vow • to be the brides of Christ  
Though now the convent lay in ashes • pounded by the rumbling guns  
And there inside they laid him down • and wept to watch his noble face  
And some ran off to fetch a doctor • skilled in every healing art.

By then the sun was sinking back • behind impregnable Quebec;  
A doctor came and looked • and breathed a sigh • and opened up a vein  
But soon he clutched his eyes • beneath his brows • and then addressed them thus:

*Alas, mesdames, he cannot live • and no man's skill in healing art  
Can save him now: he bleeds so much • and slips into the arms of death.*

At that, my dear Montcalm, you stirred • and opened up your tired eyes;  
You struggled for the strength to speak • and with a smile addressed them thus:

*Monsieur, I do not need your word • I know I am not long for death;  
And so the good Lévis • a noble man • endowed with second sight  
Was quite correct: I shall not live • to see the English take Quebec  
And that is for the best: • now Wolfe can come • and when he comes he'll find  
He cannot send me home in shame • across the cold Atlantic sea  
For here I think I'll stay • where I have fought • so far from Candiag  
My handsome house at Candiag • which people indicate and say,  
"Behold the handsome house • of those Montcalms • that find their tombs in war."  
Just so the people speak • as they pass by; • and soon enough they'll know  
Another Marquis of Montcalm • has fallen in the foremost ranks.  
But listen, friends, to this • for I declare • before this door of death  
That ere I sent him forth • to Montreal • the Chevalier Lévis  
Foresaw another thing besides: • that on the Plains of Abraham  
We should yet triumph o'er the foe • before impregnable Quebec  
So spoke the good Lévis • a noble man • endowed with second sight  
And that you may announce • to General Wolfe • whenever he may come.*

Just so he spoke, and held his peace; • he was mistaken: General Wolfe  
By then was stripped of life • by Heaven's power • and in that unseen world  
Was waiting for the dark Montcalm • the captain of the King of France  
Where in the darkness rest the dead • unmindful of the mortal day.  
But now the Marquis of Montcalm • reclined upon the folded cloth;  
He closed his tired eyes • and breathed a sigh • and then his spirit fled  
And all about his bloody body • ceaseless lamentation rose.

Now at the morn there rose • towards the east • the soft pink palm of dawn  
As through the convent's ruined halls • they bore the Marquis of Montcalm  
A silent company together • citizens of tall Quebec  
And officers and soldiers too • and bold Canadian volunteers  
And soon they reached the holy chapel • where the golden altar stood  
Before the English soldiers came • across the cold Atlantic sea;  
Now it was burned and desolate • and pounded by the rumbling guns:  
The windows lay in shards • the wood was ripped • the roof had fallen in  
And in the chapel's floor • on either hand • were gashes from the bombs  
For so from Pointe-Lévi that church • was pounded by the rumbling guns;

There in the chapel's floor • within the earth • before the place of Christ  
They laid the Marquis of Montcalm • the captain of the King of France  
And there the holy priest • with silent step • brought forth the wine and bread  
In blessed sacrifice to God • the vessels of the Word made flesh;  
And there the convent's chief • advanced in age • that venerable dame  
She looked upon the dark Montcalm • as he was lying in his grave  
The Ursuline Superior • Migeon de la Nativité  
And in her ancient eyes • the tears appeared • when she beheld him dead.  
She was the first to speak • and breathe a sigh • and mourn his noble deeds  
And it was with a weary voice • that she indeed addressed him thus:

*How can I say, my child, Montcalm • just how my heart is filled with grief?  
For now you lie in blood • within the earth • and all the land is lost.  
I mourn you as a mother mourns • her own son slain; the city mourns  
Not for your loss of life • by Heaven's power • but for life's loss of you  
For you lie dead, and who can care • your name must live for evermore?  
Some future day, I now foresee • the boys along St. Lawrence' banks  
Shall sit together for the tale • a grandfather sees fit to tell  
An old man then, although today • a young Canadian volunteer*

*Who now like many of the soldiers • flees into the pathless woods  
And now his heart is torn • for only this: • today his friends were slain  
His friends who hearkened to his call • to travel down to save Quebec  
Although in Montreal • in distant lands • they dwelt in pleasing peace;  
But nevermore those lads shall greet • their grateful mothers, coming home  
For they, like you, Montcalm, have fallen • on the Plains of Abraham  
And so his heart is torn • for only this: • today his friends were slain;  
But still someday, I now foresee • the boys along St. Lawrence' banks  
Shall sit together for his tale: • how once, in ancient days, he saw  
The famous Marquis of Montcalm • before the ranks of fighting men  
Until he turned at last • with sword in hand • and sunlight struck the blade  
And then indeed those lads took heart • and cheered their noble general;  
Just so, some day, my child, Montcalm • remembering the days of old  
We'll sit together for your tale • and relish what is best in life;  
Today there can be no respite • no check, no ceasing from lament  
For here you lie in blood • within the earth • and all the land is lost.*

Just so she spoke, and gave a wail • Migeon de la Nativité;  
But then they laid the earth and stone • and covered up the dead Montcalm  
And all about his noble grave • a ceaseless lamentation rose:  
Their crystal voices rose and fell • most mournfully, with pious breath  
The sisters Ursuline • who made the vow • to be the brides of Christ  
While officers and soldiers wept • with bold Canadian volunteers.  
As when the dark November gale • will tear the surface of the lake  
The lake which the Ojibwe name • the mightiest of inland seas  
And thus the waves arise • beneath the stars • and open like the grave  
Just so their hearts were torn • within that town • the fort of Frontenac.  
But when their eyes could weep no more • they went to man the rumbling guns  
And tend the many wounded soldiers • stricken with the deadly lead;  
Just so they buried dark Montcalm • the captain of the King of France.

Thus once, in days gone by • with sturdy pride • they fought before Quebec  
Amid the bitter musket smoke • upon the Plains of Abraham  
When you beheld, immortal angel • watching in the winter sky  
The double death in warlike strife • of red-haired Wolfe and dark Montcalm.