

MacDonnell on the Heights

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Too thin the line that charged the Heights
And scrambled in the clay
Too thin the Eastern Township Scot
Who showed them all the way
And perhaps had you not fallen
You might be what Brock became
But not one in ten thousand knows your name

To say the name, MacDonnell
It would bring no bugle call
But the Redcoats stayed beside you
When they saw the General fall
Twas MacDonnell raised the banner then
And set the Heights aflame
But not one in ten thousand knows your name

You brought the field all standing
With your courage and your luck
But unknown to most, you're lying there
Beside old General Brock
So you know what it is to scale the Heights
And fall just short of fame
And have not one in ten thousand know your name

At Queenston now, the General on his tower stands alone
And there's lichen on 'MacDonnell' carved upon that weathered stone
In a corner of the monument to glory you could claim
But not one in ten thousand knows your name