

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

Send back the shout ! oh, who would yield,
 When banners bright are waving,
 One sabre's breadth of glory's field
 To tyrant bands enslaving ?
 Not one ! not one ! that warrior host,
 Aye, all would gladly perish,
 Ere they would mourn their freedom lost
 Or weep the fame they cherish !

There's music in the battle-cry,
 When proud war steeds are prancing,
 And blades more bright than beauty's eye
 On glistening helms are glancing.
 There's music in the cheer that rings
 Of victory proudly telling,
 That back the ebbing life-tide brings,
 From warrior-bosoms welling.

Then, on ! oh ! see, on falcon-wings
 Our storied pennon sweeping,
 While Conquest to its drapery clings,
 For us her vigil keeping.
 Then on ! ride on ! our sabres throw
 Their gleaming lightning o'er us,
 Oh ! sheathe them not, till foemen bow
 Their vanquished necks before us !

Ride on ! no truer cause than ours
 E'er warmed a hero's bosom,
 The glories won in proudest hours,
 'Twere worse than death to lose 'em.
 Then, on ! with life we ne'er shall yield,
 While banners bright are waving,
 One sabre's breadth of glory's field,
 To tyrant bands enslaving.