

Their sinews strain, their eyeballs swell.
As on they rush with purpose fell—
Wild, powder-blackened imps of hell,
Hot on the Dutchmen's spoor!
Hurled by a ravenous lust to kill
At the sight of the comrades, silent, still,
Prone on that blistering, lead-swept hill,
Full many a bleeding score.

The fight is fought;—the foeman flies;—
The fuming fury faints and dies;—
Sweet Mercy's angel swiftly hies
To spread her pinions o'er
The horrid field; as, to and fro,
Soothing each stricken friend and foe,
Britannia's thousands softly go;—
Bulldogs in fight—St. Bernards now;—
Honor them now the more.

Nay, honor the helpless, glorious dead;
Honor the men who fought and bled
For kin and country, hearth and bed—
The Briton and the Boer.
But a toast! a toast! a bumper toast
To the merciful men of a martial host—
The nation's pride, an empire's boast—
Britannia's Dogs of War!