

And when in charging, they shall come in arms length of  
the foe,

Let each at once his bag discharge in clouds of sooty snow;  
Then through our opening columns, retreating at a run,  
Our own good swords shall soon complete the work so  
well begun."

Then simultaneous up the slope, the Anti lines advance,  
Each rustic warrior burning to break a maiden lance :  
But Jove, propitious to the cause on which the Sov'reign  
smiles,

Æolus, keeper of the winds, with honeyed speech beguiles,  
To call back to its caverns, the west wind sighing low,  
And pour forth Eurus from his caves upon the Anti foe.  
So, when with expectation large, according to command,  
The sweeps, their bag of soots discharge upon the Union  
band,

Caught up by Eurus, it rolls back in one huge ebon cloud,  
And instant wraps brave Annand's lines within its sombre  
shroud.

The moment, thus propitious, the Doctor hastes to seize,  
And "charge for Queen and Union" swells forth upon  
the breeze.

Down on the dust choked columns, they thunder to attack,  
But find no foe behind the cloud, for each has turned his  
back :

Horse and foot, indiscriminate, are mixed in headlong  
flight,

While gallant Stairs leads on the van and Christmas heads  
the right.

And Annand's gallant charger, his spavin all forgot,  
Flies like an arrow, from the bow of some strong archer  
shot ;