

Northland Lyrics

To the cry of the regimental pipes
And the flop of the hitting lead.

They passed the level of sprawling shapes
And the valley of reeking death ;
They struck the rocks of the mountain pass
Where the smoke blew up like breath.
Little they thought of fame
Or the lifting of a name ;
They only thought of the mountain crest
And the circle of spitting flame.

Thank God I find in my laggard blood,
Deep down, the fire of the man,
And the heart that shakes with a mad delight
At the name of a Highland clan —
At the name of the lads who died
On the rocky mountain-side
And went to the hell of the heated guns
As a lover goes to his bride.

THE BUGLE-CALL.

The night loomed black with coming storm,
The narrow pass was iron-walled,
And through the dark profound and grim
A solitary bugle called.