

No flashing falchions, ringing steel,  
Or clash of weapons fires their zeal;  
No foaming steed, no crimson wheel,  
    The panoply of war.

Not theirs to taste the frightful glee  
Of combat close-fought, knee to knee,  
When lives were lost "right merrilie"  
    On battlefields of yore.

Obedience swift and courage stern,  
Wild daring, caution, unconcern—  
All these they need who fain would learn  
    The modern warrior's lore.  
To skirt th' Eternal's trembling marge  
Whilst unseen foes, afar, discharge  
Swift darts that reckon not mail nor targe,  
    Ah, truly, this is war !

"Up! up! and charge!" Loud rings the hest;—  
Each Briton springs like hawk unjessed;—  
A fearsome flood, o'er ramp and crest,  
    Sweeps with a mighty roar!  
Sweeps with a roaring, thund'rous yell,  
Deep as the boom of a monster bell,  
Sounding the Transvaal's funeral knell !  
    Bay on, ye Dogs of War !