

And they swift unfold and sweep o'er the plain,  
Resistlessly forward everywhere,  
A fiery mass of heroic chivalry,  
So glorious and so fair.

Like destroying angels they fall on the foe,  
Rending, destroying all amain,  
And they reel back in despair, still struggling there,  
But ever and ever in vain.  
And the cavalry charged in mighty mass,  
And the earth rocked beneath their tread,  
And they shore whole lines into mere fragments,  
And the fragments in terror fled.

The infantry volleyed, and swept the guns,  
And charged through the flame and smoke,  
And rent and ruined those wavering lines  
As through and through them they broke.

Thus Albion and her allies rolled on,  
Till from every position driven,  
Bleeding and torn, ruined, and all forlorn,  
The foe were cast to the four winds of heaven.

Oh, mourn ! oh, pity ! and weep, all the world ;  
At the close of that awful day  
Two million of fearless, heroic dead  
Were hidden forever away !

And the sinister skies were cleared again,  
And the phantoms that fell on the sea,  
And the fierce crimson clouds faded away,  
And heaven's blue shone again o'er me.  
I heard a song, as of seraphic choirs,  
And it floated down from above,  
A most wonderful song of ecstasy,  
Of rejoicing and infinite love.