

Mingled with the moans of dying, who were
 stretched upon the plain ;
And the furious foam-flecked chargers dashed
 within that dread array,
Falling fast beneath their riders, who were soon as
 dead as they.

Now the Cossacks with their lances wildly charged
 upon our troops,
Firing on us with their carbines, almost crushing
 all our hopes.
But again we heard the bugle ringing out the call
 “ Advance ! ”
Then right in their ranks we hurried, taking from
 them every chance.

But our hearts were almost sinking, as a man or
 horse went down
Underneath our crashing footsteps, finding graves
 on every mound.
We no time had now for grieving. Onward ! On-
 ward to the fight.
Burning magazines and tumbrils made the place a
 sea of light.