

So she works for us, and we work for her,
And together we swing from ridge to spur,
And our trail lies plain to the shuddering skies
In the sanguine stream of our sacrifice;
For we stride the length of the lonely land,
And we scatter death with an open hand
To the foe as they crouch in their dugouts deep—
Be they wide awake, be they fast asleep,
Still we search them out and we mark them well
And we leave their fate to the screaming shell
That our big gun speeds on its hellish way—
Till over the town the dawn breaks grey,
And the darkness drives from the far hill-crest;
Then we leave the gun for a well-earned rest.

