

Northland Lyrics

Thank God that the men in the East and West
Cheer at the tale they tell.

The Ghoorkas lay in the slaughter place,
Save a few that had battled through —
Their brown, brave faces raised to the steep
Where the flags of the marksmen flew —
Their great souls cheering still
(Souls that no ball could kill)
Into the ears of the few, who crouched
Under the crooked hill.

The English went as maids to a dance
Or hounds to the huntsman's call,
And the English lay in the valley-lap
And smeared their blood on the wall.
Oh the blood that knows no shame,
And the valour clear of blame —
Thank God that the world is girt about
With the gold of an English name.

Then the men of the Gordon Highlanders
With their bagpipes shrilling free —
The lads of the heather pasture-sides,
The lads of the unclad knee,
Charged — where their friends lay dead —
Over the green and the red