

And the infantry close up, and again  
They a devastating fire pour,  
And the bicycle corps and quick-fire guns  
Added their fierce and incessant roar ;  
And from the crimson clouds his aerial ships  
Hurl their cruel and deadly rain,  
Shattering the foe in the lines below  
And rending the storm-swept plain.

A grand *coup de main* he had prepared—  
A thousand electric motor cars,  
With a hedge of spears on their outward shields  
That flashed like countless silver stars ;  
Each with a quick-fire gun, and a score of men  
Held with the reserves in the rear,—  
He sends with a rush all along the lines  
Those intrepid souls without fear.  
Forward in line at intervals they sweep  
With a resistless hedge of steel,  
And the writhing lines of the foe they reach—  
See ! see ! they in wild horror reel  
From the death rush of those wonderful cars  
That cut them to pieces there,  
And confusion enters those suffering lines,  
And a wave of sullen despair.

And Wolseley seizes the fateful moment,  
And rolls forward now the whole line—  
Seven leagues ! seven leagues of front !  
Irresistible and sublime.

“ All along their front let the cavalry charge !  
Crush now their faltering powers !  
Let the reserves sweep the foe from the field !  
Complete this day of days, which is ours.”