

Well kept your gage ! Our name ye bravely bore  
Before the world on Afric's distant shore,  
To shine from Paardeberg's unfading day,  
Where Death stood scorn'd upon your dauntless way

What reck'd ye ? Nay ! ye onward rushed to dare  
The Transvaal's Lion in his cavern'd lair,  
And 'mid the storm of battle's hail and flame,  
Ye wreathed the Maple with the Flower of Fame.

In that brief hour for some, alas ! fulfill'd  
Life's dream, ere age their bounding pulse had chill'd  
In youth eternal, resting where they fell ;  
Fame's flower for them the "pale-hued asphodel."

Then from our coasts, like Centaurs springing forth,  
Leaped out the Riders of "the faithful North"  
To plant the Standard by their comrades' side,  
Upon the heights that Britain's power defied.