

As demons fight, so fight the children of the desert
 plain,
 Their naked breasts defy our steel again and yet
 again ;
 But steady as the granite cliff that stems a raging
 sea,
 Above the van of battle looms our "Bayard"—
 Burnaby.

Broken! The square is pierced! But only for a
 moment, though,
 And shoulder-strap to shoulder-strap our brave lads
 meet the foe ;
 And on this day the Bedouin learns, in the Mahdi's
 shattered might,
 With what a god-like majesty the island legions fight.
 But, oh! the cost, the bitter cost! for ere the set of
 sun
 The bravest heart of Alba's isle its earthly course has
 run ;
 And Britain weeps sad, bitter tears whilst flushed with
 victory,
 For on Metemneh's blood-red sand lies noble Burnaby.

Avenged? Behold what hecatombs around the dead
 man lay
 (The royal paw is heaviest when the lion's brought to
 bay) ;
 And as the shades of even fall upon this day of strife
 That heap of slain exceedeth far the foes he slew in
 life.
 And when a sneering alien tongue shall speak of him
 with scorn,
 Or hint at our decaying might, the child as yet unborn
 Shall beard the dastard to his teeth, and tell exultingly
 How like the Israelite in death was "Samson"
 Burnaby.