

Bury that dead face!  
Strong heart, fill his place!  
Tenderly, manfully,  
Riding along!  
Eyes to the right, ahead!  
Grim be the way we tread,  
Sound down the silence, murk,  
Hope's golden horn!  
Sweet, sweet! silver clear!  
Challenging despair and fear,  
Though life be at its noap,  
Death is but the morning sleep,  
Ere day be born.

Close up amain, there!  
Curb on that rein, there!  
Eyes hillward and Godward,  
Forging ahead!  
Down the dread journey,  
Flashing the stern eye,  
Out on dim iron-peaks  
Lifetimes ahead!  
Searching the night-line,  
Murk's fading white line,  
For the dawn's message,  
For the day's red;  
Sinking old sorrows  
In nobler to-morrøws,  
Ringing the levin  
With earth's battle-song;  
Hugging the after  
Tears of old laughter,  
Hopeward and Godward,  
Riding along.

Eyes to the front, there!  
Iron 'gainst the brunt, there!  
Jarring the battle shock,  
Under the night;  
From earth's weird wonder,  
We thunder, we thunder,  
Out from the centuries'  
Battle and blight;  
Clear, clear, our bugles, clear,  
Challenging despair and fear,  
Ride we, ride we,  
Into His light.