

It's the daily work of the horses,  
And they answer the spur and rein,  
With quickened breath 'mid the toll of  
death  
In the mud and the holes and the rain.

There's a fresh-healed wound on the  
chestnut,  
The black mare's neck has a mark,  
The brown mule's new mate won't keep  
the same gait,  
As the one killed last night in the dark.

But they walk with the spirit of heroes,  
They dare not for medals or cross,  
But for duty alone, into perils unknown  
They go, never counting their loss.

There's a swift, painless death for the  
hopeless,  
With a grave in a shell-hole or field,  
There's a hospital base for the casualty  
case,  
And a vet. for those easily healed :

But there's never a shadow of glory,  
A cheer or a speech in their praise,  
As patient and true they carry us  
through  
With the limbers on shot-riven ways.