

It isn't the way of the British
To strike like the heathen hordes,
To torture the hapless captives
They take at the point of their swords.
That was never the way with Britain.
Her strength is the strength of ten;
For her sons in her far-flung warfare
Fight ever like gentlemen.

There were thirty or more of our gunners—
It seems now so long ago—
Were called to a post of peril,
In the path of the furious foe.
It was certain death, and they knew it;
But the valor in each heart burned.
"Good-by, good-by to you, fellows!"
They called—and never returned.

Again came the short, sharp summons;
And there dashed through the sulphurous
smoke,
With the same farewell to their comrades,
While a wreath of smile outbroke—
Thirty to follow the thirty;
And th: eager ranks closed in.
That is the way of the British.
That is the way they win.