

Hard spent and hard hit,
Teeth clenched and foaming bit,
Out of the battle-smoke,
Forward we go.

Bravely faced, bravely won,
Nobly died, nobly done,
Lifting the firm face,
Riding along:
Always to hillward,
Truth and God-will ward,
Never toward darkness,
Never toward wrong;
Not dumb cattle! men,
We are God's battlemen,
Waging His fierce fights
Under the night,
Under the smoke-mists,
Through the dim centuries,
Ride we, ride we,
Into His light.

Hold up the head, there!
Quicker the tread, there!
Eyes on the mountain heights!
Lift the old song!
"Bravely the right goes,
"Down with the dread foes,
"Evil and sorrow,
"Hate and old wrong!
"Doubt, but the battle-smoke,
"Dusk, but the morning's cloak,
"Care and despairing but
"Dreams of the night;
"Roll the grey mists up!
"Drain deep the dawn-cup!
"Ride we, ride we,
"Into His light!"

Old men and young men,
Cheering the faint ones,
Bearing the weak ones,
Chiding the strong;
Over the dead past,
Ice-cold, furnace-blast,
Riding along;
We are His valiant hearts,
Wending His journey dread,