

Teeming wards of Hindustan,
Myriad hordes Mahometan
Floor with flame of silken stuffs the path by
 which you go;
By Bengal and Beluchistan,
By Bolan Pass and Badakshan,
An empire's manhood hails a man—
 "Bahadur, rung-ho!"

Cities glowing heavenward,
Faint with history's spikenard,
Kindle jewelled lamps to light the path by
 which you go.
Proud Cawnpore, your cradle's ward;
Delhi, darling to your sword,
In magic gold your memory guard
 With sombre-dreamed Lucknow.

Afghan pass and dune of Scinde,
Deccan wold and plain of Hind,
Lift their fierce lament about the path by which
 you go.
Himalaya stays the wind
And, mocking, bids it seek and find
One other of your hero-kind
 In its wide to-and-fro.

Bahadur, rung-ho!
Hastings, Outram, Nicholson,
With you in your tradition one,
Salute you silently along the path by which
 you go
To where you 'waits your soldier son,
His hand upon a couchant gun.
Then India turns her from the sun,
For you loved India so.

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Cowichan Station,
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