

The Forlorn Hope

Defiance downward to the valiant vale.

Aroused to pitch of fervour tense, they
tremble,

Scarce restrained to wait the free command
He speaks the final word : they proudly
march,

Adorned with raiment gay to please the eye,
Without encumbrance least, with deadly
arms,

With carbine, glancing bayonet and sword,
They march to music grand against the foe,
Their fellowmen to slay.

With head erect
And shining eye of pride, with throbbing
heart

Yet steady tread, they pass between the lines,
The serried ranks of loud-applauding men,
An army, waiting, when the breach is made,
All eager to support the dauntless few
That lead the fierce assault. A nation waits
To ring triumphant praise, yea, e'en the foe
Shall yield applause to selfish courage blind,
Like courage of the brute. The fatal wound