

THE CHARGE

Blow, bugler brave! ring out the notes,
The British bugle blow.
While gallant scarlet warriors
File onward row on row.

Roll out the drum! bold drummer lad,
Like thunder make it sound.
The cavalry all clad in grey,
Are dashing o'er the ground.

But what is yonder great black cloud
Lying darkly 'neath the sun?
That is the Russian Army, lad,
All gathered like as one.

The battle rages fierce and strong
What is it now we see?
Great men in black are running fast,
'Tis for their lives they flee.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Russian wolves
Are stricken down like sheep.
We Britons sing and laugh with joy,
The Russians do but weep.