

(From the *Sixpenny Chronicle*)

THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

Young Broome, the young hero of the day,
With his plumed hat and plumed plume,
Hear you to your ranks again?
See the pointed cannon ready,
To give forth the lightning flash,
And the blitting bayonets, steady
To receive your sounding dash?

Forward! Comrades, wherever mock us—
Mother then such words of fear—
Let old Balaklava's echo ring!
Waken with our blood-red cheer!
Grits and such a gallant side!

While to that dread charge they go,
And their war-steeds hear them prouder.
Then the new the savage foar!

Nought you hear but strokes ringing,
As into a center springing,
Furiously see the light!

He already comes are reeling;

Neath the whistling bullet's stroke;

But to their brave steeds, impelling,

They, too, sweep into the smoke!

Cavalry! The sabre's fly before me—
Chief over the whirling grape—
Now the clashing iron's bridle of them,
And the hot coals of like hell!

Charge the guns in front! No sooner

Said, than lo, the fire is down—
These lie every Russian gunner,

Sabred, left, stony the ground!

Light Dragoons, Hussars, and Lancers,

Rush on to your ranks again,

Ye have spurned our noble prancers

And have drenched your swords in vain!

No reserves! No time for choosing;

Where the horses are closing

Fiercely, fast, into the smoke!

Cavalry! The sabre's fly before me—

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