

# The Vanguard.

Out of the grey light,  
Into the daylight,  
We are his battlemen  
Riding along;  
Century-laden,  
To some dim aidenn,  
Hope in our vanguard,  
Courage, our song.  
"Check up the curb there!"  
"Firm in the stirrup, there!"  
"Steady! men, steady!"  
"Riding along!"

Out of the grim light,  
Into the dim light,  
Under the morning airs,  
Where the pale stars  
Fade with the dying  
Murk of night flying,  
Into the smoke-mists,  
Over earth's bars—  
Where the dim sorrows  
Of long-dead to-morrows  
Sink into ashes,  
Crumble to night—  
Cheerfully, gravely,  
Manfully, bravely,  
Ride we, ride we,  
Into His light.

There was an Inn, we  
Rang to begin, we  
Thundered its rafters  
With generous song—  
There a low mound, we  
Left a brave comrade,  
Worn of the journey,  
Riding along.

There was a battle fought,  
Fiercely the blades rang,  
Horseman and charger  
Grappled the foe—