

In the cornfields speckled poppies glow in a twilight, moving shadows,
From the High Wood the reaper walks,
a harvest to be gathered,
The skylark's solo fateful cry, the hares alert now scattered,
The pheasant raised by beating drums
in a field prepared for battle
The orders raised at crack of dawn,
the regiment made ready then stood the day beneath a sun,
impatient for their calling,
And now's the time and now's the hour
and now's the chance for glory
The clarion call, the bugles send
the lancers from Crucifix Corner
The melody of pounding hooves, their harnesses a jangling,
and up the line the squadrons move
a dark parade assembling
Light horse crossing heavy ground,
trembling trepidation,
the steaming flanks the nervous hearts require no more motivation,
They thread their way cross valley floors*
through shell holes and the fallen,*
impending threats their sabres drawn*
fleeting prayers by Crucifix Corner.
Where spent men rise and the wounded cheer at the sight of their salvation,
The hopes and prayers for the breakthrough
promised this conflict will soon be over
Leaping hedges, rusting broken wire,
through a maze of desperate trenches,
all around the world explodes
as the barrage gains momentum
Shells gouge dark the golden fields,
fresh graves formed in craters;
the shrapnel's jagged deadly thorns
tear troopers from their chargers
Through this wall of smoke and flame
this lethal iron curtain,
to gain the slope, the woods beyond,
where hunting will be certain