

| You'll take my life but I'll take yours too | |
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| You'll fire your musket but I'll run you through | |
| So when you're waiting for the next attack | |
| You'd better (1) there's no turning back. | |
| The bugle sounds and the (2) begins | |
| But on (3) battlefield no one wins | |
| The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath | |
| As I plunge on into certain death. | |
| The horse he sweats (4) fear we (5) to run | ı |
| The (6) roar of the Russian guns | |
| And as we race towards the human wall | |
| The screams of pain as my comrades fall | |
| We hurdle bodies that lay on the ground | |
| And the Russians fire another round | |
| We get so near yet so far away | |
| We were meant to fight another day. | |
| We get so close near enough to fight | |
| When a Russian gets me in his sights | |
| He pulls the trigger and I (7) the blow | |
| A burst of rounds take my horse below. | |
| And as I lay there gazing at the sky | |
| My body's (8) and my throat is dry | |
| And as I lay (9) and alone | |
| Without a tear I draw my parting groan | |



- 1. stand
- 2. charge
- 3. this
- 4. with
- 5. break
- 6. mighty
- 7. feel
- 8. numb
- 9. forgotten

Fill in the gaps