

Fill in the gaps

You'll take my life but I'll take yours too		
You'll fire your (1) b	but I'll run you through	
So when you're waiting for the next attack		
You'd better stand there's no turning back.		
The bugle sounds and the charge begins		
But on this (2)	no one wins	
The smell of acrid (3)	and (4)	breath
As I plunge on into certain death.		
The horse he sweats (5)	_ fear we (6)	_ to run
The mighty 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 (7) me in his sights		
He pulls the (8) and I feel the blow		
A burst of rounds take my horse below.		
And as I lay there (9) at the sky		
My body's numb and my throat is dry		
And as I lay (10) and alone		
Without a tear I draw my parting groan		



- 1. musket
- 2. battlefield
- 3. smoke
- 4. horses
- 5. with
- 6. break
- 7. gets
- 8. trigger
- 9. gazing
- 10. forgotten

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