

| 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 (1) for the next attack |
| You'd better stand there's no turning back. |
| The bugle sounds and the charge begins |
| But on this battlefield no one wins |
| The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath |
| As I (2) on into certain death. |
| The horse he (3) (4) fear we (5) to run |
| The (6) (7) of the Russian guns |
| And as we race towards the human wall |
| The screams of pain as my (8) fall |
| We (9) (10) that lay on the ground |
| And the Russians fire (11) round |
| We get so (12) yet so far away |
| We (13) (14) to fight another day. |
| We get so (15) (16) enough to fight |
| When a Russian (17) me in his sights |
| He pulls the trigger and I (18) the blow |
| A burst of rounds (19) my horse below. |
| And as I lay there gazing at the sky |
| My body's (20) and my throat is dry |
| And as I lay (21) and alone |
| Without a (22) I (23) my parting (24) |



- 1. waiting
- 2. plunge
- 3. sweats
- 4. with
- 5. break
- 6. mighty
- 7. roar
- 8. comrades
- 9. hurdle
- 10. bodies
- 11. another
- 12. near
- 13. were
- 14. meant
- 15. close
- 16. near
- 17. gets
- 18. feel
- 19. take
- 20. numb
- 21. forgotten
- 22. tear
- 23. draw
- 24. groan

Fill in the gaps