

Fill in the gaps

| You'll take my life but I'll take yours too |
|---|
| You'll (1) your musket but I'll run you through |
| So when you're (2) for the (3) 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 plunge on into certain death. |
| The (4) he (5) with fear we break to run |
| The mighty roar of the Russian guns |
| And as we race (6) the human wall |
| The screams of pain as my comrades fall |
| We (7) 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 (8) me in his sights |
| He pulls the trigger and I feel the blow |
| A burst of rounds take my horse below. |
| And as I lay (9) gazing at the sky |
| My body's numb and my throat is dry |
| And as I lay forgotten and alone |
| Without a tear I draw my parting groan |



1. fire

- 2. waiting
- 3. next
- 4. horse
- 5. sweats
- 6. towards
- 7. hurdle
- 8. gets
- 9. there

Fill in the gaps