

You'll take my life but I'll take yours too

- You'll fire (1)\_\_\_\_\_ musket but I'll run you through
- So when you're waiting for the next attack
- You'd better (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (3)\_\_\_\_\_ certain death.
- The horse he (4)\_\_\_\_\_ with fear we break to run
- The mighty (5)\_\_\_\_\_ of the Russian guns
- And as we race towards the human wall
- The screams of pain as my comrades fall
- We hurdle bodies (6)\_\_\_\_\_ lay on the ground
- And the Russians fire another round
- We get so near yet so far away
- We were (7)\_\_\_\_\_ to fight another day.
- We get so close near enough to fight
- When a (8)\_\_\_\_\_ gets me in his sights
- He pulls the trigger and I feel the blow
- A burst of (9)\_\_\_\_\_ take my horse below.
- And as I lay there gazing 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. your
- 2. stand
- 3. into
- 4. sweats
- 5. roar
- 6. that
- 7. meant
- 8. Russian
- 9. rounds
- 10. forgotten

## Fill in the gaps