

## Fill in the gaps

You'll take my life but I'll take yours too 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ (3)\_\_\_\_ 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 towards the human wall The screams of pain as my comrades fall We (6)\_\_\_\_\_ bodies that lay on the ground And the Russians fire another round We get so near yet so far away We were (7)\_\_\_\_\_ to (8)\_\_\_\_\_ another day. We get so close near enough to fight When a Russian gets 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 there gazing at the sky My body's numb and my (9)\_\_\_\_\_ is dry And as I lay (10)\_\_\_\_\_ and alone Without a tear I draw my parting groan



- 1. waiting
- 2. bugle
- 3. sounds
- 4. horse
- 5. sweats
- 6. hurdle
- 7. meant
- 8. fight
- 9. throat
- 10. forgotten

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