

**'HURRAH!' A BIT OF  
LOVING TALK  
WITH SOLDIERS**

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'Hurrah!' a Bit of Loving Talk with Soldiers by Samuel Gillespie Prout

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**SAMUEL GILLESPIE PROUT**

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WITH SOLDIERS**



# 'HURRAH!'

A BIT OF LOVING TALK WITH SOLDIERS.

BY

SAMUEL GILLESPIE PROUT,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER SAY 'DIZ,'" "WHOSE LOOK?" ETC.



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### THREE CHEERS.

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ISAIAH xlii. 11, xii. 6; PSALM xlvii. 5;  
DEUTERONOMY xxxii. 4.

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L

HURRAH for our grand, strong Rock !  
For the fortress old,  
That none can take, and none can turn,  
And a few of us can hold.  
It looks up to the sky thro' the cloud-rifts high  
For our Colours' fold.

And down where the mists creep coldly  
Around the foe,  
Its mighty roots strike boldly  
As deep below.  
No mine can reach, no battery breach  
Our Rock, we know.

Up with it again ! ye men on the Rock—  
A mighty cheer,  
That shall wake the voices of the hills  
Afar and near ;—

That the sullen foe in his camp below  
 Perchance shall hear ;—  
 The Rock ! the Rock ! our grand old Rock,  
 Where none may faint nor fear !

We were standing by our silent guns, on the mountain's  
 height,  
 And the arms piled by flashed back to the sky its early  
 light.  
 In our fortress' far, chill shadow, where the rock fell sheer  
 below,  
 Swayed the restless black ant-myriads of the toiling foe.  
 They had pushed their vain approaches all through the weary  
 night—  
 Yes, they looked a hand-breadth nearer, swarming into  
 sight,  
 Gazing, silent as their batteries, a stern pity in their smile,  
 Our fellows watched the enemy a little while ;  
 Marked their fresh guns in position, and where burst each  
 foolish shell,  
 Sent at our grey Rock-fortress, where never a shot could  
 tell.  
 Then a cheer of mocking triumph, as from one man's lips,  
 rang out—  
 No upturned face might our glasses trace—no, they could not  
 hear the shout ;  
 But the circling eagles poised above, and stilled their screams  
 to hear  
 From the fort that none could scale nor scathe, the joy of our  
 bursting cheer—  
 The Rock ! the Rock ! our grand old Rock,  
 Where none may faint nor fear !'

## II.

And in the swelling triumph  
 Was struck another chord,  
 At the thought of One then in our midst,  
 And the memory of His word :  
 For some of us were there, He led  
 In the close of a stormy day,  
 When the calm, high brotherhood of dead  
 Round the well-kept Colours lay ;  
 And over the field so sternly fought  
 The clouds of battle had grandly caught  
 A light of victory.  
 Then rang our Leader's word  
 Down the awful hollow ;  
 As He breasted that tide on its fire-swept side—  
 Thro' the scream, and the roar, and the rattle heard ;  
 His one word—' Follow !'  
 And He was there among us,  
 Whom we honoured and loved so well :  
 Himself a Rock in the battle's shock—  
 Must not our cheer that flung back fear,  
 Of our Captain tell ?

## III.

' Men ! silence ! our dear Leader  
 Comes up the rock alone :  
 Our loving cheer has reached His ear—  
 And—hush ! He lifts His own,  
 A memory of that dread battlefield  
 Where, they tell, He fought alone !'  
 And as one spoke, our Leader paused  
 Where we stood by our silent guns ;