

The Admission

They mustered us up with a royal din,
In wearisome weeks of drought.
Ere ever half of the crops were in,
Or the half of the sheds cut out.

'Twas down with the saddle and spurs and whip
The swagman dropped his swag.
And we hurried us off to the outbound ship
To fight for the English flag.

The English flag – it is ours in sooth
We stand by it wrong or right.
But deep in our hearts is the honest truth
We fought for the sake of a fight.

And the English flag may flutter and wave
Where the World-wide Oceans toss,
But the flag the Australian dies to save
Is the flag of the Southern Cross.

If ever they want us to stand the brunt
Of a hard-fought, grim campaign,
We will carry our own flag up to the front
When we go to the wars again.

AB Patterson 1902

ODE to the Fallen

They shall grow not old as we who are left Grow Old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the Sun,
And in the morning,
We will remember them.

Laurence Binyon 1914



Printing of this Order of Service kindly sponsored by Military History Tours (Australia) Pty Ltd
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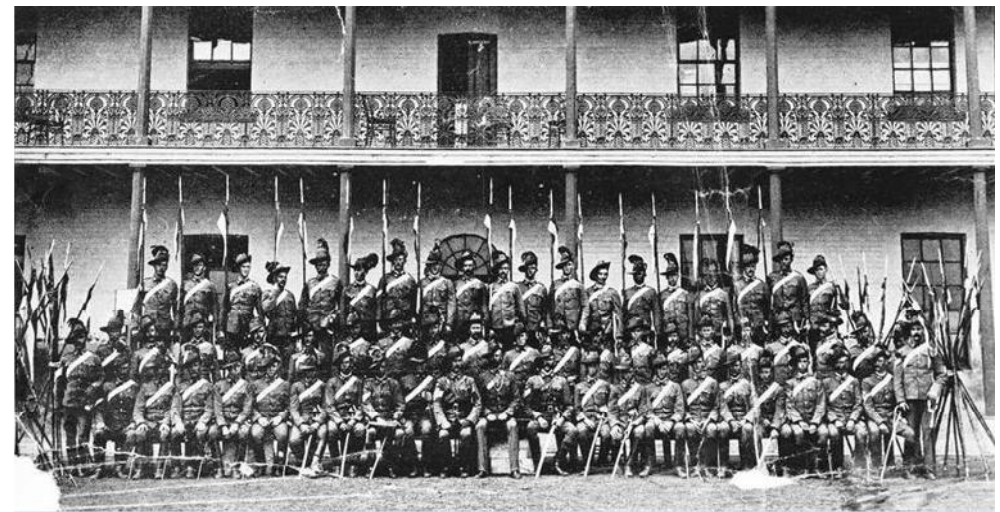
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Patrons: Major General WE Glenny AO RFD ED (Retd); Colonel JB Arnott ED (Retd)



Order of Service

of a commemoration for those who served in the Second Anglo-Boer War in
South Africa 1899 – 1902



Lancer Barracks – Parramatta NSW 12:00 Sunday 29 May 2011

Welcome and introduction –*Lieutenant Colonel John Howells RFD (Ret'd)*

The Vision

Trumpets of the lancer Corps
Sound a loud Reveille!
Sound it over Sydney Shore,
Send the message far and wide,
Down the Richmond River side;
Boot and saddle! Mount and Ride!
Sound a loud Reveille!

Whither go ye, Lancers gay,
With your bold reveille?
O'er the ocean far away
From your sunny southern home,
Over leagues of trackless foam
In a foreign land to roam,
With your bold reveille?

When we hear our brethren call,
(Sound a clear reveille)
Then we answer, one and all,
Answer that the world may see,
Of the English stock are we,
At their side we still will be,
Sound a bold reveille.

English troops are buried deep.
(Sound a soft reveille)
In this foreign land asleep,
Underneath Majuba Hill,
Lying sleeping very still,
Nevermore those squadrons will
Answer to reveille.

Onward without fear or doubt,
(Sound a bold reveille)
'Till that shame is blotted out!
While our Empire's bounds are wide,
Britons all stand side by side,
Hear the bold reveille.

AB (Banjo) Patterson on the SS Kent 25 November 1899

The Fight

The Boers were down on Kimberley with siege and Maxim gun;
The Boers were down on Kimberley, their numbers ten to one!
Defenceless in an open plain the Diamond City stood.
They built them forts from bags of sand, they fought from roof and wall,
They heliographed a message to the south 'Help! or the town must fall!'
And down our ranks the order ran to march at dawn of day,
For French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

He made no march along the line; he made no front attack
Upon those Magersfontein heights that drove the Scotchmen back;
But eastward over pathless plains by open veldt and vley,
Across the front of Cronje's force his troopers held their way.
The springbuck, feeding on the flats where Modder River runs,
Were startled by his horses' hoofs, the rumble of his guns.
The Dutchman's spies that watched his march from every rocky wall
Rode back in haste: 'He marches east! He threatens Jacobsdal!'
Then north he wheeled as wheels the hawk and showed to their dismay,
That French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

His column was five thousand strong -- all mounted men -- and guns:
From far New Zealand's flax and fern, from cold Canadian snows,
From Queensland plains, where hot as fire the summer sunshine glows;
And in the front the Lancers rode that New South Wales had sent:
With easy stride across the plain their long, lean Walers went.
Unknown, untried, those squadrons were, but proudly out they drew
Beside the English regiments that fought at Waterloo.
From every coast, from every clime, they met in proud array,
To go with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

We reached the drift at fall of night, and camped across the ford.
Next day from all the hills around the Dutchman's cannons roared.
A narrow pass between the hills, with guns on either side;
The boldest man might well turn pale before that pass he tried,
For if the first attack should fail then every hope was gone:
But French looked once, and only once, and then he said, 'Push on!'
The gunners plied their guns amain; the hail of shrapnel flew;
With rifle fire and lancer charge their squadrons back we threw;
And through the pass between the hills we swept in furious fray,
And French was through to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

Ay, French was through to Kimberley! And ere the day was done
We saw the Diamond City stand, lit by the evening sun:
Ay! we that saw that stirring march are proud that we can say
We went with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

AB Patterson at Kimberly February 1900