

Gazed on guns and limbers, tanks and tractors,
forming by the score,
A clanking, onward moving, modern caravan of war.

Climbing over mountain peaks and skirting Arab
towns,
Snaking onward, ever onward, over Palestinian
downs.

Pushing southward, ever southward, out of sunny
Palestine

For there was purpose in the hearts of these warriors
of the line.,

Nor heeding the hot challenge which sandy Sinai
flings

They swept on through the valley of the Pharoahs and
the Kings;

Then back onto the old road, the long road and the
weary.

Back to the desert with its prospect grim and dreary.

A journey taking six days had taken them but two.

When the tired columns made their halt by the
seaside of Matruh,

Where the queenly Cleopatra and her gorgeous
retinue

Awaited the Roman, Antony, and dalliance anew,

These weary columns halted and made themselves a
brew

And waited for the battle and the Germans to come
through.