

## **Mike Batt**

# **"Ride To Agadir"**

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We rode in the morning  
Casablanca to the west  
On the Atlas mountain foothills  
Leading down to Marrakesh  
For Mohamed and Morocco  
We had taken up our guns

For the ashes of our fathers  
And the children of our sons  
For the ashes of our fathers  
And the children of our sons

In the dry winds of summer  
We were sharpening the blades  
We were riding to act upon  
The promise we had made  
With the fist and the dagger  
With the rifle and the lance

We will suffer no intrusion  
From the infidels of France  
We will suffer no intrusion  
From the infidels of France

We could wait no more  
In the burning sands  
On the ride to Agadir  
Like the dogs of war  
For the future of this land  
On the ride to Agadir

Though they were waiting  
And they were fifty to our ten  
They were easily outnumbered  
By a smaller force of men  
As the darkness was falling  
They were soon to realize

We were going to relieve them  
Of their godforsaken lives  
We were going to relieve them  
Of their godforsaken lives

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