

# The Charge of the Light Brigade

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1854)

1.

Half a league, half a league,  
 Half a league onward,  
 All in the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.  
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!  
 "Charge for the guns!" he said:  
 Into the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.

2.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
 Was there a man dismay'd?  
 Not tho' the soldier knew  
 Someone had blunder'd:  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs not to reason why,  
 Theirs but to do and die:  
 Into the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.

3.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them  
 Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 Boldly they rode and well,  
 Into the jaws of Death,  
 Into the mouth of Hell  
 Rode the six hundred.

4.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
 Sabring the gunners there,  
 Charging an army, while  
 All the world wonder'd:  
 Plunged in the battery-smoke  
 Right thro' the line they broke;  
 Cossack and Russian  
 Reel'd from the sabre stroke  
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
 Then they rode back, but not  
 Not the six hundred.

5.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them  
 Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came thro' the jaws of Death  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
 Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?  
 O the wild charge they made!  
 All the world wondered.  
 Honor the charge they made,  
 Honor the Light Brigade,  
 Noble six hundred.