

# Charge of the Light Brigade

by Alfred Tennyson

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.

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

Cannon to the right of them,  
Cannon to the left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed 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.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sab'ring the gunners there,  
Charging and army, while  
All the world wondered:  
Plunging in the battery smoke,  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not-  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,  
Cannon to the left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that fought so well,  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of the six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh, the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble Six Hundred!