

# The Charge of the Light Brigade

By Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809 - 1892)

1

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

2

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

3

- Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,
20. 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,
  25. 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,  
30. Charging an army, while  
    All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian
35. 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,
40. 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,
  45. 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

50. When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
    All the world wonder'd.  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
    55. Noble six hundred!