The Charge of the Light Brigade
by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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:
Plung'd 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.

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