

Charge of the Light Brigade, Lord Tennyson

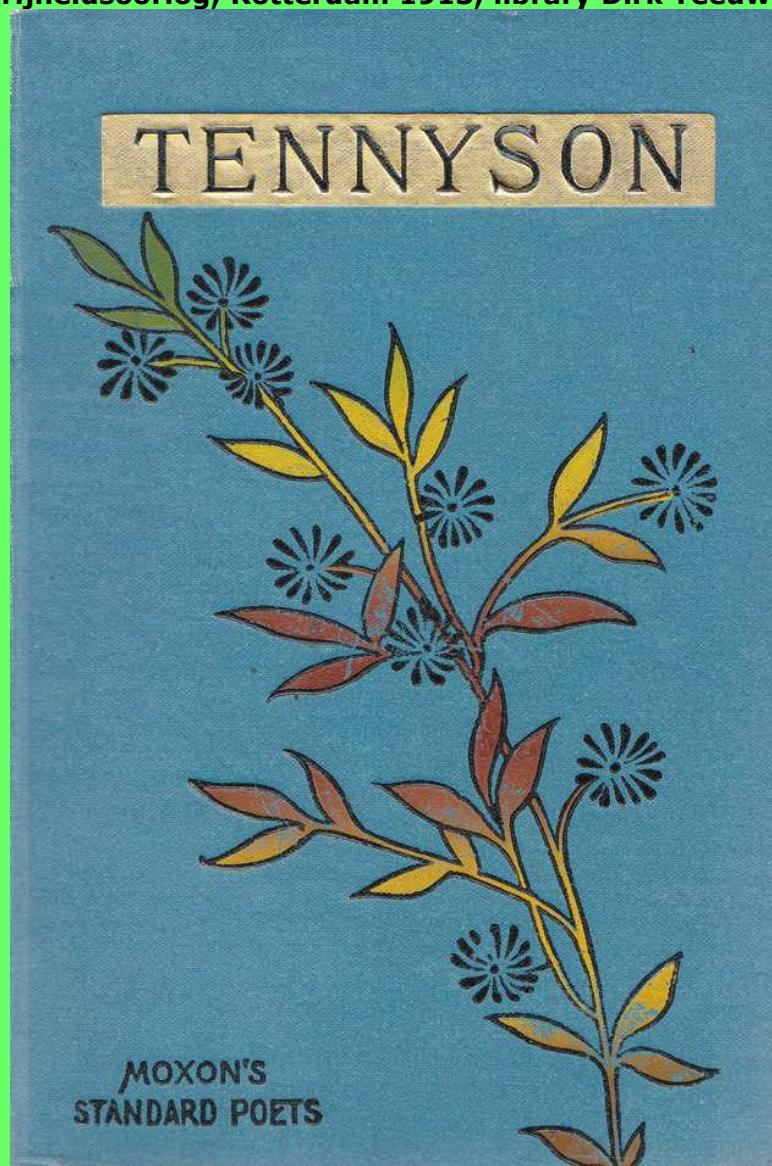
Crimean War 1854

From > Lord Tennyson: Poetical Works; London 1909, page 282.
Poem: Charge of the light Brigade,
Crimean War 1854



One poem, six verses totally

Illustrations by Butler, Neumann, Knötel; from >
Pfluger-Hartung, prof. dr. J. von: Geïllustreerde Geschiedenis van den
Vrijheidsoorlog; Rotterdam 1913, library Dirk Teeuwen



Library Dirk Teeuwen, Holland



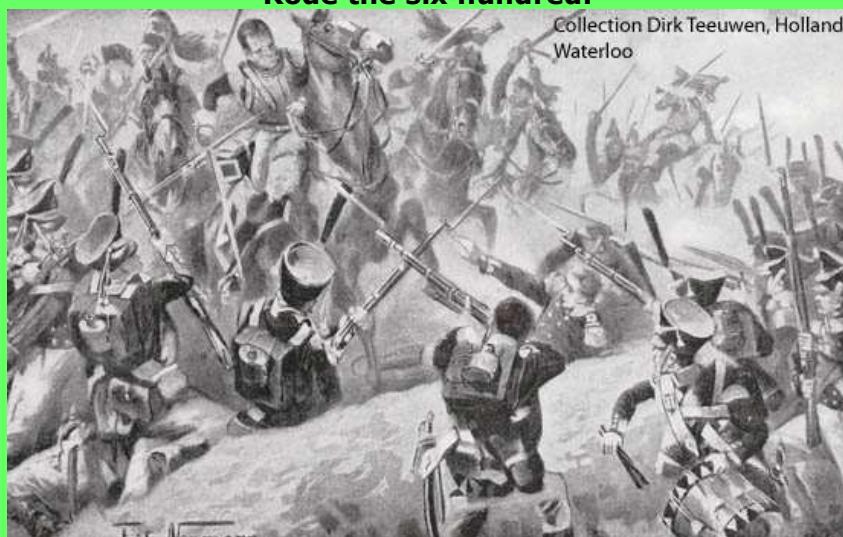
T. E. Butler 1861-1936, black and white(in Pfluger-Harttung) for the original

I

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.

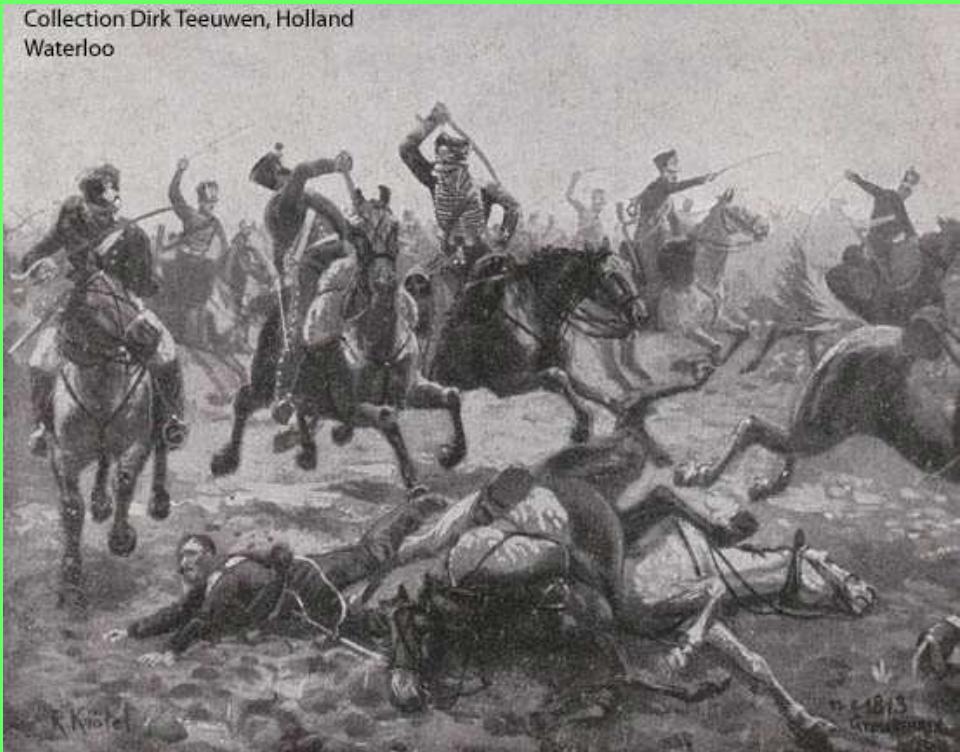
II

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



F. Neumann 1881-1919, black and white (in Pfluger-Harttung) for the original

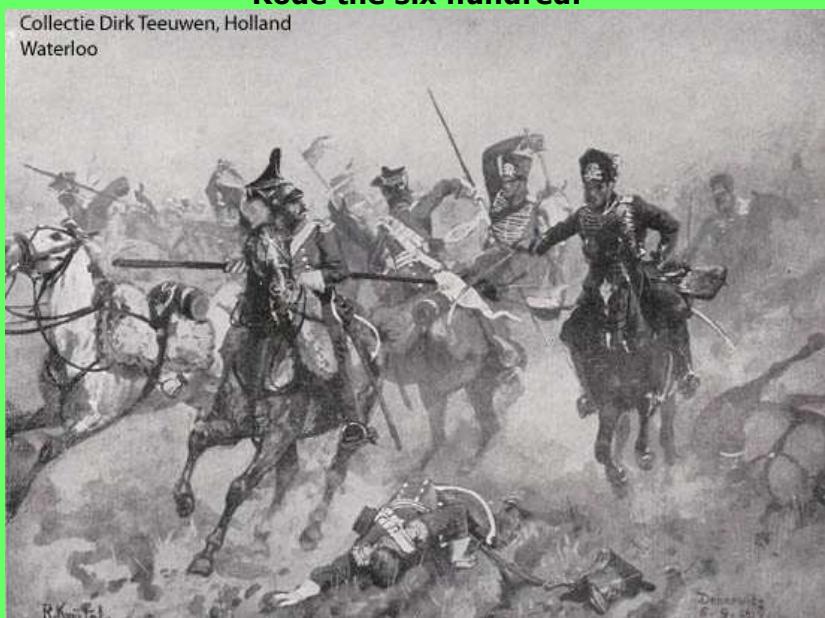
Collection Dirk Teeuwen, Holland
Waterloo



R. Knötel 1857-1914, black and white (in Pfluger-Harttung) for the original
III

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.

Collectie Dirk Teeuwen, Holland
Waterloo



R. Knötel 1857-1914, black and white (in Pfluger-Harttung) for the original
Dirk Teeuwen, Holland

IV

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 through 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.



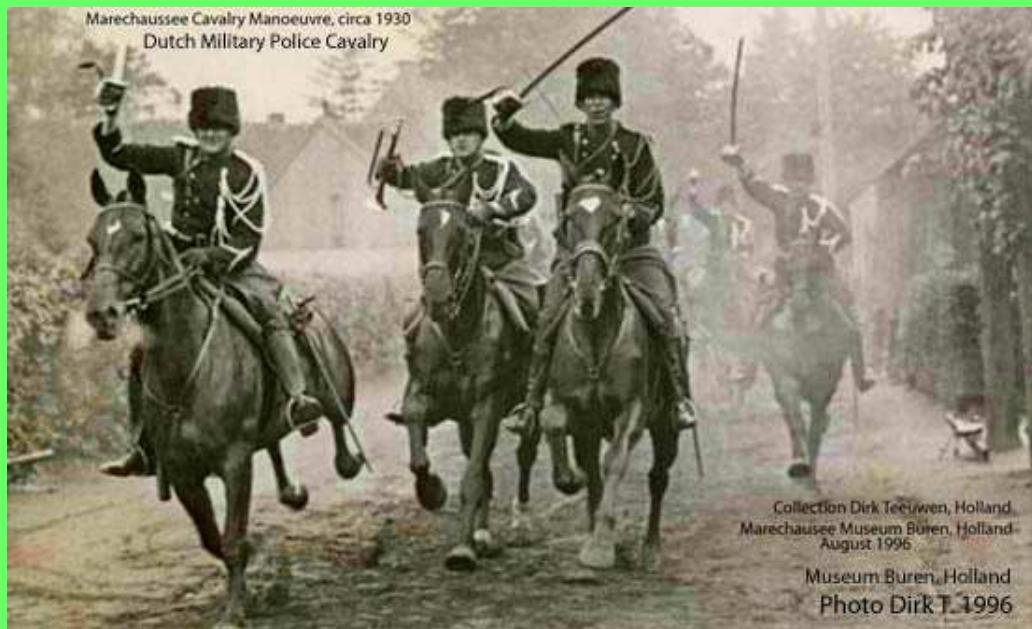
V

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

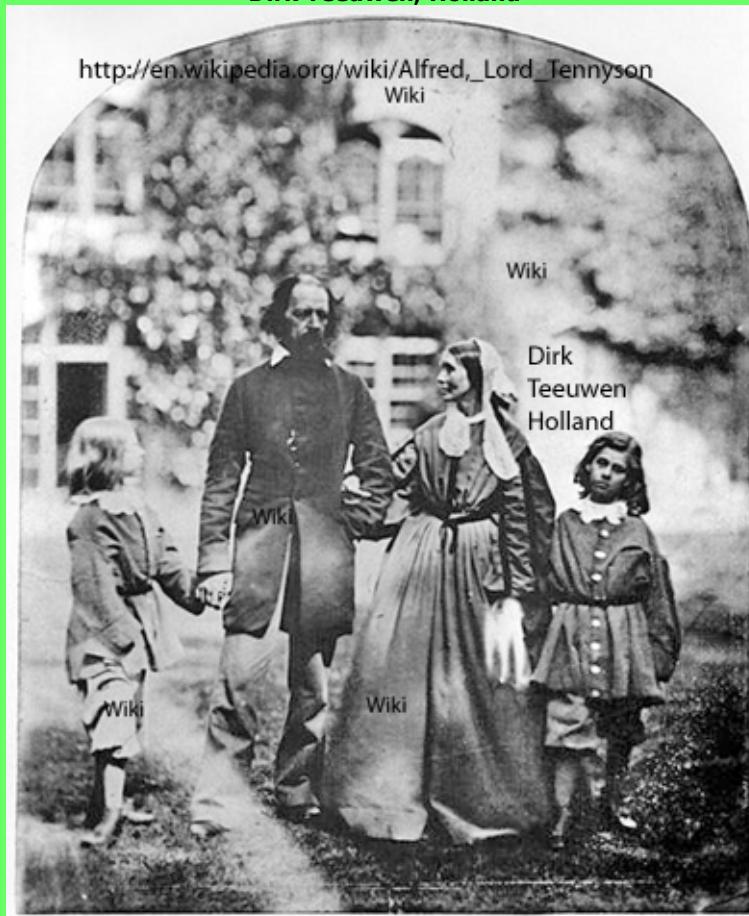
VI

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

Dirk Teeuwen, Holland



Dirk Teeuwen, Holland



**Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) and family, with wife Emily (1813-1896)
and two sons, Hallam and Lionel. Lionel died in 1886.**
Photo, circa 1862

Ending