

PV Log: (circle one) **Poem** / **Movie** / **Picture** / **Lyric**Date 12/13/13Title "The Charge of the Light Brigade"Author / Director / Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Context (Where Found / Viewed / Read?)

Suggested to me by my dad, read on Shmoop.com

Content / CD / Summary / Precis (Say? "Plot? Setting/Situation? Key lines/phrases scenes, etc? )

This poem is a big battle. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is just that: it is the charge of the light brigade into a battle they will surely lose. The brigade enters the "valley of death" and is surrounded by cannon fire in all directions. Heroes fall, but the brigade moves on. It keeps fighting despite the terrible odds. They get beat up pretty bad, but they beat up their opponents a little as well.

Content / CM / Meaning? / Theme(s)?

The theme of this poem is bravery and nobility. This light brigade is bound to get slaughtered, and they are riding to their death, but they do not care. They move in with courage and strength, and they put up a good fight. Many heroes lose their lives, but is it for a good cause? Is war ever a good cause? The heroes died nobly for their country, but in God's eyes, fighting in a war would be immoral.

Form (Diction? Construction Terms? Symbolism?)

Descriptive words of death plague this poem. Phrases like "valley of death," "jaws of death," and "mouth of hell" describe how the brigade is sure to die and how they know they should go in with courage since there is a slim chance they come out alive.

Commentary (What do you want to say? Why like? Questions? Synthesis / Allusions-Connections / Relevance to personal experience, to literature, 20Q's? etc.)? "Poetic" Traits?

I like this poem because of the fortitude the soldiers going into this battle have in them. Courage, bravery, and fortitude are very poetic traits. War is not poetic, however, and I find it interesting that people participating in such an unpoetic practice can exemplify poetic traits at the same time. Either way, the descriptive phrases used in this poem help bring it to life.

## The Charge of the Light Brigade

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 dismayed?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Someone had blundered.  
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.

III

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of hell  
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air  
Sab'ring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered.  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' 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.

V  
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
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 six hundred.

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