

Cannot be every where I entreat
R e s o l u t i o n
snapt

Picked up arrowhead
hieroglyph

At this end of the carry

Their Plenipo

disc
lily root

dumps

Encampment
wood
canoes

Fires by night
c o v e r y

Tranquillity of a garrison

Traverse canon night siege Constant firing
Escalade

Parapet
Gabion

Parted with the Otterware

at the three Rivers, & are

Gone to have a Treaty

with the French at Oswego

& singing their war song

The French Hatchet

Messages

a very deep Rabbit

of which will not permit of

fitted to the paper, the Margins

Frames should be exactly

Places to walk out to
Cove

waterbug

mud

shrub

wavellet

cusck

grease

splint

drisk

neck

islet

battain

cedar

The Charge of the Light Brigade

LORD TENNYSON

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 tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's 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,
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.

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:
Plunged 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.

V

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.

VI

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,
Noble six hundred!