The Charge of the Light Brigade, Alfred Tennyson, 1854

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

II
'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
    Some one had blunder'd: (IV, p.23)
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 left of them,
Cannon in front of them
    Volley'd and thunder'd; [...]
Storm'd at with shot and shell,   (III, p.20)
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 [...]
Then they rode back, but not
    Not the six hundred.
 [...]
        VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
    All the world wonder'd. [...]

Stormed at by shot and shell,
boldly we rode and well,
flashed through the valley of death,
volleyed and thundered
 – straight into Lily Briscoe and William Bankes.

Roger Fenton, *The Valley of the Shadow of Death* (1855).

Roger Fenton, *Survivors of the Charge of the Light Brigade* (1855).

Links

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S93lvQ4Ukg8

https://youtu.be/S93lvQ4Ukg8

The Castaway, William Cowper (1799)

Obscurest night involv'd the sky,
    Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
    Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
    Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
    With warmer wishes sent.
He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

[...].
He shouted: nor his friends had fail'd
    To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
    That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

[...]

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent pow'r,
 His destiny repell'd;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—Adieu!

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in ev'ry blast,
 Could catch the sound no more.
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.
[...]
I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone;
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

A mais obscura noite o céu envolveu, / As ondas do Atlântico rugiam, / Quando um infeliz da sorte como eu / Da embarcação fora de cabeça arrojado, / De amigos, de esperança, de todo despojado, / Sua casa flutuante para sempre abandonada.

Não poderia Albion orgulhar-se de um chefe mais valente / Do que aquele que com ele partiu,/ Nem jamais zarpou das costas de Albion nave / Com desejos mais cálidos enviada. / Ele amava a ambos, mas a ambos inutilmente / Nem a ele tornou a ver, nem a ela novamente.

Gritou: mas amigos não conseguiram / Controlar o curso da embarcação,/ Pois, tamanha era a fúria da tempestade / Que, inexorável necessidade, / Para trás deixaram o companheiro perdido, / E dispararam adiante, o vento em popa.

[...]

Não sobrevive pouco quem uma hora vive / No oceano, por esforço próprio; / E ele, assim, com poder incansável, / Arrostou o seu destino; / E, sempre, enquanto voavam os minutos, / Socorro pediu ou "Adeus!" gritou.

[...]

Até que ao fim, passada a trégua transitória, / Seus companheiros, que antes / Ouviram sua voz em cada estrondo, / Já não as puderam escutar. / Pois, então, pela fadiga derrotado, ele bebeu / A pesada onda e afundou.

[...]

Não sonho nem planejo / Em contraponto com seu destino,/ Dar a esse tema melancólico / Um fecho mais duradouro: / Mas a miséria se deleita em apontar / Sua semelhança com outro caso.

Nenhuma voz divina acalmou a tormenta, / Nenhuma luz propícia veio iluminar; / Quando, privados de todo auxílio efetivo, / **Perecemos, cada um sozinho:/ E eu, sob águas mais revoltas, / Despenhei-me em abismos mais profundos do que os dele**

Esta balada elegíaca se baseia em uma expedição inglesa comandada pelo almirante George Anson (1697 – 1762), que, *em Voyage around the World*, escreveu sobre queda fatal de um marinheiro lançado ao mar.

William Cowper (1731 – 1800), poeta da geração entre Alexander Pope e William Wordsworth. Período augustano.

links

https://youtu.be/4puuoetN4rA

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