

The Charge of the Flight Brigade  
--"Remember"--

1.  
Fifty leagues, fifty leagues,  
Fifty leagues upward,  
Up into black darkness and Death  
Flew the four hundred.  
"Forward, the Flight Brigade!  
"Make for their van!" she said:  
Into the vectors of Death  
Flew the four hundred.

2.  
"Forward, the Flight Brigade!"  
Was any pilot there dismay'd?  
For this time each knew  
No commander had blunder'd:  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's not to safely fly,  
Their's but to do and die:  
Into the vectors of Death  
Flew the four hundred.

3.  
Batt'ries to right of them,  
Batt'ries to left of them,  
Batt'ries in front of them  
Volley'd and sunder'd  
each airframe's thin shell,  
yet they kept course and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Flew the four hundred.

4.  
Flash'd all their lasers bright,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in flight,  
Toward the armada there,  
Charging invaders, while  
All the worlds wonder'd:  
Plunged through each counter-stroke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Fighter and dreadnought  
Reel'd when their weapons spoke,  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they regrouped, but not  
Not the four hundred.

5.

Batt'ries to right of them,  
Batt'ries to left of them,  
Batt'ries behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Each life to dearly sell,  
Each hull and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Held ope' the jaws of Death  
Fired down the mouth of Hell,  
'Til naught was left of them,  
Left of four hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild flight they made!  
All the worlds wondered.  
Honor the flight they made,  
Honor the Flight Brigade,  
Noble four hundred.

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