

The Light Brigade

Fred Eaglesmith

The first on the field
And the last one off
With a whiff of tobacco
And a soldiers cough
We stood our ground
When the rest of them ran
When our rifles were too hot
To hold in our hands

The Light Brigade
The Light Brigade
Through the smoke and the mud
With our blood we paid
The Light Brigade
The Light Brigade
We poured our powder
We stayed and we stayed
The Light Brigade

We trampled over
The wheat and the maize
And they wrapped our wounds
In grease and rags
We carried on through
The sun and the rain
We carried on through
The Light Brigade

I was a hero
When I got back here
They bought me whiskey
And they bought me beer
They put me on their shoulders
And they thanked me and they thanked me
Brother would you like to buy a book of matches