4.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims

Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,

And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and

shames,

Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;

And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!

Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep

For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,

Yet God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;

And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done

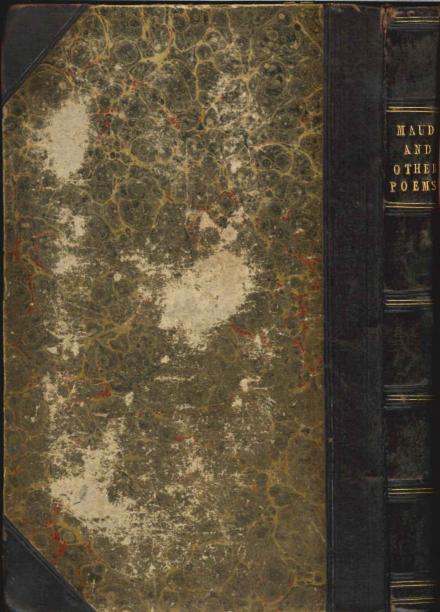
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,

And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress,
flames

The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

5

Let it flame or fade, & the war go down like a wind, we have broved we have beents in a cause, we are nother still lind myself here awaked, as it reems, to the tetter mind; It is better to fight for the good, then to rail at the rile I have felt for my native land, I am one with my him I embrace the purpose of God & the down afrigoid



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, MS final stanza of *Maud*, 1856.

Let it flame or fade, & the war go down like a wind, We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind; It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill

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Transcription from:

Kendall, Lyle H., Jr. A Descriptive Catalogue of the W.L. Lewis Collection—Part One. Fort Worth: Texas Christian University Press, 1970.

I have felt for my native land, I am one with my ki[nd] I embrace the the purpose of God & the doom assign'd

Notes: 1. Apparently Tennyson wrote these lines for Dempster (see the foregoing two items)—as stanza 5, section XXVIII of Maud (page 109 of the Lewis copy of the first edition)—and added them to later editions.

2. With 2 substantive and several accidental variations from the Lewis MS lines, this is the final stanza of *Maud* in Vol. IV of *Works*, ed. Hallam, Lord Tennyson (London: Macmillan, 1908).