

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 bowed we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still
 And myself here awaked, as it seems, to the better mind;
 It is better to fight for the good, than to sail at the ill
 I have felt for my native land, I am one with my kin
 I embrace the purpose of God & the doom assigned*



MAUD
AND
OTHER
POEMS

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

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).