

**MAUD, AND OTHER
POEMS. [1855]**

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Maud, and Other Poems. [1855] by Alfred Tennyson

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ALFRED TENNYSON

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POEMS. [1855]**

MAUD,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L.,
POET LAUREATE.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
MCCCCLV.

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M. A U D.

I.

1.

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little
wood,

Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-
red heath,

The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of
blood,

And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers
'Death.'

2.

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was
found,
His who had given me life — O father! O God!
was it well? —
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinted into
the ground:
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he
fell.

3.

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a great
speculation had fail'd,
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever
wann'd with despair,
And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken
worldling wail'd,
And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove
thro' the air.

4.

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were
stirr'd
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a
whisper'd fright,
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on
my heart as I heard
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the
shuddering night.

5.

Villany somewhere! whose? One says, we are
villains all.
Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be
maintain'd:
But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and
the Hall,
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us
flaccid and drain'd.

6.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we
have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its
own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or
worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his
own hearthstone?

7.

But these are the days of advance, the works of the
men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a
tradesman's ware or his word?
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that
of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the
sword.