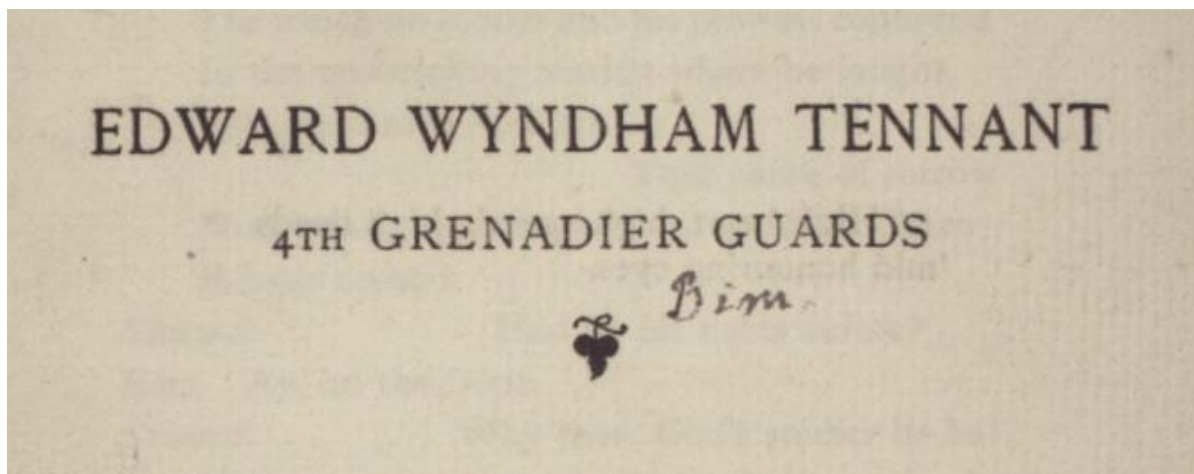


**Printed memorial to Lieutenant Edward Wyndham Tennant,  
circa October 1916, including portrait by John Singer Sargent, 1915,  
and letter by Tennant to his mother, 20 September 1916**

National Records of Scotland, Balfour Papers, GD433/2/357/83,  
pages 1, 8-11, Courtesy of Mr Michael Brander





*A LETTER.*

20 September 1916.

*France.*

*T*O-NIGHT we go up to the last trenches we were in, and to-morrow or the next day we go over the top. Our Brigade has suffered less than either of the other two Brigades in Friday's biff of the 15th, so we shall be in the forefront of this battle. I am full of hope and trust, and I pray that I may be worthy of my fighting ancestors; the one I know best is Sir Henry Wyndham whose bust is in the hall at 44 Belgrave Square, and there is another picture of him on the stairs at 34 Queen Anne's Gate.

We shall probably attack over about 1200 yards, but we shall have such artillery support as will probably smash the line we are going for; and even if the artillery doesn't come up to our hopes (which

*is very unlikely) the spirit of the Brigade of Guards will carry all resistance before it.*

*O darling Moth, the pride of being in so great a regiment! the thought that all the old men "late Grenadier Guards" who sit in London clubs, are thinking and hoping about what we are doing here now!*

*I have never been prouder of anything, except your love for me, than I am of being a Grenadier. That line of Harry's rings through my mind: "High heart, high speech, high deeds, 'mid honouring eyes." I went to a service on the side of a hill this morning, and I took the Holy Communion afterwards, which always seems to help one along, doesn't it?*

*I slept like a top last night and dreamed that someone I know very well, but I can't remember who it was, came and told me how much I had grown.*

*I feel rather like saying "if it be possible let this cup pass from me," but the triumphant finish, "nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou willest" steels my heart, and sends me into this battle with a heart of triple bronze.*

*I always carry 4 photies of you when I go into*



*action, one in my note-case, two in that little leather book, and one around my neck. And I have kept my medal of the Blessed Virgin.*

*Brutus' farewell to Cassius sounds in my heart:  
"If not, farewell; and if we meet again, we shall smile."*

*Your love for me and my love for you have made my life one of the happiest that has ever been.*

*This is a great day for me.*

*God bless you and give you Peace.*

*Now all my blessings go with you always, and with all we love.*

*Eternal love  
from BIM.*