Hap¹

If but some vengeful god would call to me From up the sky, and laugh: 'Thou suffering thing, Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy, That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!'

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die, Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited; Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

anger

allotted, given

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,

And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan.... These purblind Doomsters² had as readily strown Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

1866

1898

1. I.e., chance (as also "Casualty," line 11).

The Darkling¹ Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate²
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems³ scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh⁶
Had sought their household fires.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

near

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,4
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew

And I was unaware.

1900, 1901

Twining stems of shrubs.

^{1.} In the dark.

^{2.} Gate leading to a small wood or thicket.

Leaning out (of its coffin); i.e., the 19th century was dead. This poem was dated December 31, 1900.

Channel Firing¹

That night your great guns, unawares, Shook all our coffins as we lay, And broke the chancel² window-squares, We thought it was the Judgement-day

And sat upright. While drearisome Arose the howl of wakened hounds: The mouse let fall the altar-crumb, The worms drew back into the mounds,

The glebe cow³ drooled. Till God called, 'No;
It's gunnery practise out at sea
Just as before you went below;
The world is as it used to be:

'All nations striving strong to make Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters⁴ They do no more for Christès⁵ sake Than you who are helpless in such matters.

That this is not the judgement-hour For some of them's a blessed thing, For if it were they'd have to scour Hell's floor for so much threatening. . . .

'Ha, ha. It will be warmer when I blow the trumpet (if indeed I ever do; for you are men, And rest eternal sorely need).'

So down we lay again. 'I wonder,
Will the world ever saner be,'
Said one, 'than when He sent us under
In our indifferent century!'

And many a skeleton shook his head.

'Instead of preaching forty year,'

My neighbour Parson Thirdly said, 'I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer.'

Again the guns disturbed the hour, Roaring their readiness to avenge, As far inland as Stourton Tower, And Camelot, and starlit Stonehenge.

1914

1914

in April 1914, when Anglo-German ry was growing steadily more acute; the to gunnery practice in the English Four months later (August 4), World ke out.

church nearest to the altar.

I.e., cow on a small plot of land belonging to a church (a "glebe" is a small field).
 Cf. the Mad Hatter in Lewis Carroll's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1865).

5. The archaic spelling and pronunciation suggest a ballad note of doom.

6. The sound of guns preparing for war across the Channel reaches Alfred's ("Stourton") Tower (near Stourton in Dorset), commemorating King Alfred's defeat of a Danish invasion in 878; also the site of King Arthur's court at Camelot (supposedly near Glastonbury) and the famous prehistoric stone circle of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain.