

Thomas Hardy, The Complete Poetical
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POEMS OF 1912-13*

Veteris vestigia flammae

THE GOING

Why did you give no hint that night
That quickly after the morrow's dawn,
And calmly, as if indifferent quite,
You would close your term here, up and be gone
Where I could not follow
With wing of swallow
To gain one glimpse of you ever anon!

5

Never to bid good-bye,
Or lip me the softest call,
Or utter a wish for a word, while I
Saw morning harden upon the wall,
Unmoved, unknowing
That your great going
Had place that moment, and altered all.

10

Why do you make me leave the house
And think for a breath it is you I see
At the end of the alley of bending boughs
Where so often at dusk you used to be;
Till in darkening dankness
The yawning blankness
Of the perspective sickens me!

15

20

You were she who abode
By those red-veined rocks far West,
You were the swan-necked one who rode
Along the beetling Beeny Crest,

25

THE GOING. 3 quite,] ~ *Hol.* 9 lip] give *SC*
16 And think for an instant it's you I see *Hol.*
dankness *Hol.*

11 wall,] ~ *Hol.*
19 Till in creeping

And, reining nigh me,
 Would muse and eye me,
 While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak,
 Did we not think of those days long dead, 30
 And ere your vanishing strive to seek
 That time's renewal? We might have said,
 'In this bright spring weather
 We'll visit together
 Those places that once we visited.' 35

Well, well! All's past amend,
 Unchangeable. It must go.
 I seem but a dead man held on end
 To sink down soon. . . . O you could not know
 That such swift fleeing 40
 No soul foreseeing—
 Not even I—would undo me so!

December 1912.

YOUR LAST DRIVE

Here by the moorway you returned,
 And saw the borough lights ahead
 That lit your face—all undiscerned
 To be in a week the face of the dead,
 And you told of the charm of that haloed view 5
 That never again would beam on you.

And on your left you passed the spot
 Where eight days later you were to lie,
 And be spoken of as one who was not;
 Beholding it with a heedless eye 10
 As alien from you, though under its tree
 You soon would halt everlastingly.

26 me,] ~ Hol.

33 this bright] the next Hol.

38 I seem] I am now Hol.

YOUR LAST DRIVE. 10 heedless] cursory SC

I drove not with you. . . . Yet had I sat
 At your side that eve I should not have seen
 That the countenance I was glancing at 15
 Had a last-time look in the flickering sheen,
 Nor have read the writing upon your face,
 'I go hence soon to my resting-place;

'You may miss me then. But I shall not know
 How many times you visit me there, 20
 Or what your thoughts are, or if you go
 There never at all. And I shall not care.
 Should you censure me I shall take no heed
 And even your praises no more shall need.'

True: never you'll know. And you will not mind. 25
 But shall I then slight you because of such?
 Dear ghost, in the past did you ever find
 The thought 'What profit,' move me much?
 Yet abides the fact, indeed, the same,—
 You are past love, praise, indifference, blame. 30

December 1912.

THE WALK

You did not walk with me
 Of late to the hill-top tree
 By the gated ways,
 As in earlier days;
 You were weak and lame, 5
 So you never came,
 And I went alone, and I did not mind,
 Not thinking of you as left behind.

24 no more shall] I shall not SC 28 <Me one whom consequence influenced
 much?> <The thought: "What profit?" move me much?> Hol.; Me one whom
 consequence influenced much? Hol., SC14 29 Yet the fact indeed remains
 the same, SC 30 are] <have> Hol.

THE WALK. 3-4

As in earlier days,
 By the gated ways: Hol.

I walked up there to-day
 Just in the former way: 10
 Surveyed around
 The familiar ground
 By myself again:
 What difference, then?
 Only that underlying sense 15
 Of the look of a room on returning thence.

RAIN ON A GRAVE

Clouds spout upon her
 Their waters amain
 In ruthless disdain,—
 Her who but lately
 Had shivered with pain 5
 As at touch of dishonour
 If there had lit on her
 So coldly, so straightly
 Such arrows of rain.

One who to shelter 10
 Her delicate head
 Would quicken and quicken
 Each tentative tread
 If drops chanced to pelt her
 That summertime spills 15
 In dust-paven rills
 When thunder-clouds thicken
 And birds close their bills.

10 way:] ~; *Hol.*, *WE*

RAIN ON A GRAVE. *Title* <Rain on her Grave> *Hol.*

2-3

<In ruthless disdain
 Their waters amain,—> *Hol.*

10 One] *She SC*

13 tentative] <gingerly> *Hol.*

Would that I lay there
 And she were housed here! 20
 Or better, together
 Were folded away there
 Exposed to one weather
 We both,—who would stray there
 When sunny the day there, 25
 Or evening was clear
 At the prime of the year.

Soon will be growing
 Green blades from her mound,
 And daisies be showing 30
 Like stars on the ground,
 Till she form part of them—
 Ay—the sweet heart of them,
 Loved beyond measure
 With a child's pleasure 35
 All her life's round.

Jan. 31, 1913.

'I FOUND HER OUT THERE'*

I found her out there
 On a slope few see,
 That falls westwardly
 To the salt-edged air,
 Where the ocean breaks 5
 On the purple strand,
 And the hurricane shakes
 The solid land.

22 Were folded] <We both slept> *Hol.* there] ~—*Hol.* 23 weather] ~,
Hol. 24 <Who often would <<stay>> stray there> *Hol.* both,—] ~—*Hol.*

'I FOUND HER OUT THERE'. 4 salt-edged] <sharp-edged> salt-edged *Hol.*; sharp-edged
SC14

I brought her here,
And have laid her to rest 10
In a noiseless nest
No sea beats near.
She will never be stirred
In her loamy cell
By the waves long heard 15
And loved so well.

So she does not sleep
By those haunted heights
The Atlantic smites 20
And the blind gales sweep,
Whence she often would gaze
At Dundagel's famed head,
While the dipping blaze
Dyed her face fire-red;

And would sigh at the tale 25
Of sunk Lyonesse,
As a wind-tugged tress
Flapped her cheek like a flail;
Or listen at whiles
With a thought-bound brow 30
To the murmuring miles
She is far from now.

Yet her shade, maybe,
Will creep underground
Till it catch the sound 35
Of that western sea
As it swells and sobs
Where she once domiciled,
And joy in its throbs
With the heart of a child. 40

December 1912

22 famed] far SC head,] ~ Hol.
34 creep Hol., SC15, CP, WE] glide SC14
Date SP

27 As] <While> As Hol.; While SC14
39 joy] joys CP19 only

WITHOUT CEREMONY

It was your way, my dear,
To vanish without a word
When callers, friends, or kin
Had left, and I hastened in
To rejoin you, as I inferred. 5

And when you'd a mind to career
Off anywhere—say to town—
You were all on a sudden gone
Before I had thought thereon,
Or noticed your trunks were down. 10

So, now that you disappear
For ever in that swift style,
Your meaning seems to me
Just as it used to be:
'Good-bye is not worth while!' 15

LAMENT

How she would have loved
A party to-day!—
Bright-hatted and gloved,
With table and tray 5
And chairs on the lawn
Her smiles would have shone
With welcomings. . . . But
She is shut, she is shut
From friendship's spell
In the jailing shell 10
Of her tiny cell.

WITHOUT CEREMONY. 2 vanish] <be gone> <have retired> be gone Hol.; be gone SC
12 <For all time in the same swift style,> Hol. 15 while!] ~." Hol.

LAMENT. 7 With] <With> <Out> Hol.

11 tiny] <clodded> Hol.

Or she would have reigned
 At a dinner to-night
 With ardours unfeigned,
 And a generous delight; 15
 All in her abode
 She'd have freely bestowed
 On her guests. . . . But alas,
 She is shut under grass
 Where no cups flow, 20
 Powerless to know
 That it might be so.

And she would have sought
 With a child's eager glance
 The shy snowdrops brought 25
 By the new year's advance,
 And peered in the rime
 Of Candlemas-time
 For crocuses . . . chanced
 It that she were not tranced 30
 From sights she loved best;
 Wholly possessed
 By an infinite rest!

And we are here staying
 Amid these stale things 35
 Who care not for gaying,
 And those junketings
 That used so to joy her,
 And never to cloy her
 As us they cloy! . . . But 40
 She is shut, she is shut

14 unfeigned,] ~ *Hol.* 18 guests . . .] <company . . .> *Hol.* 19 <She is shut, she is shut> *Hol.*
 23 And] <Ay,> *Hol.* 27 rime] <grass> *Hol.* 28 <Of mild Candlemas-time> *Hol.*
 29 chanced] <But> *Hol.* 30 <She is shut, she is shut> *Hol.*
 31 sights she loved] <sights loved> *Hol.* 34 we] <some> *Hol.* 40 <By frequency. . . . But> *Hol.*

From the cheer of them, dead
 To all done and said
 In her yew-arched bed.

THE HAUNTER*

He does not think that I haunt here nightly:
 How shall I let him know
 That whither his fancy sets him wandering
 I, too, alertly go?—
 Hover and hover a few feet from him 5
 Just as I used to do,
 But cannot answer the words he lifts me—
 Only listen thereto!

When I could answer he did not say them:
 When I could let him know 10
 How I would like to join in his journeys
 Seldom he wished to go.
 Now that he goes and wants me with him
 More than he used to do,
 Never he sees my faithful phantom 15
 Though he speaks thereto.

Yes, I companion him to places
 Only dreamers know,
 Where the shy hares print long paces,
 Where the night rooks go; 20
 Into old aisles where the past is all to him,
 Close as his shade can do,
 Always lacking the power to call to him,
 Near as I reach thereto!

42 them,] <it,> *Hol.* 44 her] a *SC* yew-arched] <yew-screened> yew-
 tastered *Hol.*

THE HAUNTER. 3 whither] <when> *Hol.* 7 the words he lifts me—] his words
 addressed me— *SC* 11 <That I would join in his <<boldest>> dreamiest
 journey> *Hol.* 12 <He did not wish to go.> *Hol.* 15 Never he sees]
 <He sees not> *Hol.* 17 companion] accompany *SC* 19 print long
 paces,] show their faces, *SC*14; limp long paces, *SC*15

What a good haunter I am, O tell him! 25
 Quickly make him know
 If he but sigh since my loss befell him
 Straight to his side I go.
 Tell him a faithful one is doing
 All that love can do 30
 Still that his path may be worth pursuing,
 And to bring peace thereto.

THE VOICE*

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
 Saying that now you are not as you were
 When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
 But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then, 5
 Standing as when I drew near to the town
 Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
 Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
 Travelling across the wet mead to me here, 10
 You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
 Heard no more again far or near?

25 him!] ~, *Hol.*, *SC* 29 And if it be that at night I am stronger, *SC14*
 30 Little harm day can do; *Hol.*; Go, too, by day I do: *SC14* 31 Please,
 then, keep him in gloom no longer, *SC14* 32 Even ghosts tend thereto! *SC14*

THE VOICE. 1 Woman much missed,] O woman weird, *Hol.* 4 day] <days> *Hol.*
 5 view you,] ~ *Hol.* 6 <Standing attent as I came to the town> *Hol.*
 7 would wait for] <long waited> *Hol.* 8 air-blue] hat and *Hol.*
 11 being ever] <being for ever> *Hol.* dissolved to wan wistlessness, *CP23*
 consigned to existlessness, *SC*; dissolved to existlessness, *CP19*, *WE*

Thus I; faltering forward,
 Leaves around me falling,
 Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward 15
 And the woman calling.

December 1912.

HIS VISITOR

I come across from Mellstock while the moon wastes
 weaker
 To behold where I lived with you for twenty years and
 more:
 I shall go in the gray, at the passing of the mail-train,
 And need no setting open of the long familiar door
 As before. 5

The change I notice in my once own quarters!
 A formal-fashioned border where the daisies used to be,
 The rooms new painted, and the pictures altered,
 And other cups and saucers, and no cozy nook for tea
 As with me. 10

I discern the dim faces of the sleep-wrapt servants;
 They are not those who tended me through feeble hours
 and strong,
 But strangers quite, who never knew my rule here,
 Who never saw me painting, never heard my softling song
 Float along. 15

So I don't want to linger in this re-decked dwelling,
 I feel too uneasy at the contrasts I behold,

13 I;] <with me,> I, *Hol.*
 Date om. *Hol.*

HIS VISITOR. 6 change] <change in> *Hol.* own] old *Hol.* 7 formal-
 fashioned *CP23*] brilliant budded *SC*, *CP19*, *WE*

And I make again for Mellstock to return here never,
 And rejoin the roomy silence, and the mute and manifold
 Souls of old. 20

1913.

A CIRCULAR

As 'legal representative'
 I read a missive not my own,
 On new designs the senders give
 For clothes, in tints as shown.

Here figure blouses, gowns for tea, 5
 And presentation-trains of state,
 Charming ball-dresses, millinery,
 Warranted up to date.

And this gay-pictured, spring-time shout
 Of Fashion, hails what lady proud? 10
 Her who before last year ebbed out
 Was costumed in a shroud.

A DREAM OR NO*

Why go to Saint-Juliot? What's Juliot to me?
 Some strange necromancy
 But charmed me to fancy
 That much of my life claims the spot as its key.

18 to] <and> *Hol.* 19 and the mute and manifold] <and submissly
 re-enfold> where repose the manifold *Hol.* 20 <With the mould.> *Hol.*

A CIRCULAR. 2 own,] ~ *Hol.* 9 spring-time] spring-like *Hol.*
 11 ebbed] was *SC* 12 Was costumed in] <Only required> Was folded in *Hol.*

A DREAM OR NO. *Title* <The> A Dream Indeed? *Hol.*

1 <Why journey to Juliot?> <Why go to Saint-Juliot?> Why journey to Juliot? *Hol.*
 2 I've been but made fancy *SC14*; I was but made fancy *SC15* 3 By some
 necromancy *SC*

Yes. I have had dreams of that place in the West, 5
 And a maiden abiding
 Thereat as in hiding;
 Fair-eyed and white-shouldered, broad-browed and brown-
 tressed,

And of how, coastward bound on a night long ago,
 There lonely I found her, 10
 The sea-birds around her,
 And other than nigh things uncaring to know.

So sweet her life there (in my thought has it seemed)
 That quickly she drew me
 To take her unto me, 15
 And lodge her long years with me. Such have I dreamed.

But nought of that maid from Saint-Juliot I see;
 Can she ever have been here,
 And shed her life's sheen here,
 The woman I thought a long housemate with me? 20

Does there even a place like Saint-Juliot exist?
 Or a Vallency Valley
 With stream and leafed alley,
 Or Beeny, or Bos with its flounce flinging mist?

February 1913.

AFTER A JOURNEY

Hereto I come to view a voiceless ghost;
 Whither, O whither will its whim now draw me?

8 brown-tressed, *DCM3*] ~. *all other texts* 13 thought] <dreams> *Hol.*
 16 And . . . me.] <And long years abide with her.> And tarry long years with her. *Hol.*
 17 maid from Saint-Juliot] <woman of Juliot> *Hol.* 19 here,] ~? *Hol.*
 20 The] <That> *Hol.* 21 like Saint-Juliot exist?] <such as Juliot abide?> *Hol.*
 24 flounce flinging mist?] <thunderous tide?> *Hol.*
Date 1913 *Hol.*

AFTER A JOURNEY. 1 view a voiceless ghost;] interview a ghost; *SC*
 2 Whither,] ~ *Hol.*

Up the cliff, down, till I'm lonely, lost,
 And the unseen waters' ejaculations awe me.
 Where you will next be there's no knowing, 5
 Facing round about me everywhere,
 With your nut-coloured hair,
 And gray eyes, and rose-flush coming and going.

Yes: I have re-entered your olden haunts at last;
 Through the years, through the dead scenes I have
 tracked you; 10
 What have you now found to say of our past—
 Scanned across the dark space wherein I have lacked
 you?

Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division?
 Things were not lastly as firstly well
 With us twain, you tell? 15
 But all's closed now, despite Time's derision.

I see what you are doing: you are leading me on
 To the spots we knew when we haunted here together,
 The waterfall, above which the mist-bow shone
 At the then fair hour in the then fair weather, 20
 And the cave just under, with a voice still so hollow
 That it seems to call out to me from forty years ago,
 When you were all aglow,
 And not the thin ghost that I now frailly follow!

Ignorant of what there is flitting here to see, 25
 The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily,
 Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me,
 For the stars close their shutters and the dawn whitens
 hazily.

Trust me, I mind not, though Life lours,
 The bringing me here; nay, bring me here again! 30
 I am just the same as when
 Our days were a joy, and our paths through flowers.

Pentargan Bay.

4 ejaculations] soliloquies SC14 12 Scanned] Viewed SC 16 closed]
 soothed Hol. 25 see.] ~ Hol. 29 me.] ~ Hol. lours.] lowers, Hol.
 30 The bringing me] The bringing <of> me Hol.; The bringing of me SC14

A DEATH-DAY RECALLED*

Beeny did not quiver,
 Juliot grew not gray,
 Thin Valency's river
 Held its wonted way.
 Bos seemed not to utter 5
 Dimmest note of dirge,
 Targan mouth a mutter
 To its creamy surge.

Yet though these, unheeding,
 Listless, passed the hour 10
 Of her spirit's speeding,
 She had, in her flower,
 Sought and loved the places—
 Much and often pined
 For their lonely faces 15
 When in towns confined.

Why did not Valency
 In his purl deplore
 One whose haunts were whence he
 Drew his limpid store? 20
 Why did Bos not thunder,
 Targan apprehend
 Body and breath were sunder
 Of their former friend?

A DEATH-DAY RECALLED. Title <A Death-day> Hol. table of contents
 2 grew] <did> Hol. 6 Dimmest] Narrowest Hol. 10 Listless,]
 <Hintless,> Hol. 22 apprehend] ~, Hol. 23 <Soul and flesh were
 sunder> Hol. breath] cap. CP

BEENY CLIFF*

March 1870—March 1913

I

O the opal and the sapphire of that wandering western
 sea,
 And the woman riding high above with bright hair
 flapping free—
 The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me.

II

The pale mews plained below us, and the waves seemed
 far away
 In a nether sky, engrossed in saying their ceaseless
 babbling say, 5
 As we laughed light-heartedly aloft on that clear-sunned
 March day.

III

A little cloud then cloaked us, and there flew an irised
 rain,
 And the Atlantic dyed its levels with a dull misfeatured
 stain,
 And then the sun burst out again, and purples prinked
 the main.

IV

—Still in all its chasmal beauty bulks old Beeny to the
 sky, 10
 And shall she and I not go there once again now March
 is nigh,
 And the sweet things said in that March say anew there
 by and by?

BEENY CLIFF. 4 pale mews] <white mews> puffins *Hol.* 5 ceaseless] endless *Hol.*
 9 again,] <anew,> *Hol.*

V

What if still in chasmal beauty looms that wild weird
 western shore,
 The woman now is—elsewhere—whom the ambling pony
 bore,
 And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will laugh there
 nevermore. 15

AT CASTLE BOTEREL

As I drive to the junction of lane and highway,
 And the drizzle bedrenches the waggonette,
 I look behind at the fading byway,
 And see on its slope, now glistening wet,
 Distinctly yet 5

Myself and a girlish form benighted
 In dry March weather. We climb the road
 Beside a chaise. We had just alighted
 To ease the sturdy pony's load
 When he sighed and slowed. 10

What we did as we climbed, and what we talked of
 Matters not much, nor to what it led,—
 Something that life will not be balked of
 Without rude reason till hope is dead,
 And feeling fled. 15

It filled but a minute. But was there ever
 A time of such quality, since or before,
 In that hill's story? To one mind never,
 Though it has been climbed, foot-swift, foot-sore,
 By thousands more. 20

13 What if] <Nay. Though> What if *Hol.*; Nay. Though *SC14* shore,] ~<,>! *Hol.*
 15 laugh there] see it *SC*

AT CASTLE BOTEREL. 14 rude reason] <good reason> sore pressure *Hol.*
 15 feeling] <spirit> <fancy> *Hol.* 18 To one mind never,] <One mind says
 never,> <One mind thinks never,> *Hol.* 19 foot-swift, foot-sore,] <of late and
 yore> <in sun, rain, hoar> *Hol.*

Primaeval rocks form the road's steep border,
 And much have they faced there, first and last,
 Of the transitory in Earth's long order;
 But what they record in colour and cast
 Is—that we two passed. 25

And to me, though Time's unflinching rigour,
 In mindless rote, has ruled from sight
 The substance now, one phantom figure
 Remains on the slope, as when that night
 Saw us alight. 30

I look and see it there, shrinking, shrinking,
 I look back at it amid the rain
 For the very last time; for my sand is sinking,
 And I shall traverse old love's domain
 Never again. 35

March 1913.

PLACES

Nobody says: Ah, that is the place
 Where chanced, in the hollow of years ago,
 What none of the Three Towns cared to know—
 The birth of a little girl of grace—
 The sweetest the house saw, first or last; 5
 Yet it was so
 On that day long past.

Nobody thinks: There, there she lay
 In a room by the Hoe, like the bud of a flower,
 And listened, just after the bedtime hour, 10
 To the stammering chimes that used to play
 The quaint Old Hundred-and-Thirteenth tune
 In Saint Andrew's tower
 Night, morn, and noon.

28 phantom] <shadowy> Hol.
 Place <Boscastle: Cornwall.> Hol.

PLACES. 10 hour,] ~ Hol.

Nobody calls to mind that here 15
 Upon Boterel Hill, where the waggoners skid,
 With cheeks whose airy flush outbid
 Fresh fruit in bloom, and free of fear,
 She cantered down, as if she must fall
 (Though she never did), 20
 To the charm of all.

Nay: one there is to whom these things,
 That nobody else's mind calls back,
 Have a savour that scenes in being lack,
 And a presence more than the actual brings; 25
 To whom to-day is beneaped and stale,
 And its urgent clack
 But a vapid tale.

Plymouth, March 1913.

THE PHANTOM HORSEWOMAN

I

Queer are the ways of a man I know:
 He comes and stands
 In a careworn craze,
 And looks at the sands
 And the seaward haze, 5
 With moveless hands
 And face and gaze,
 Then turns to go . . .
 And what does he see when he gazes so?

II

They say he sees as an instant thing 10
 More clear than to-day,
 A sweet soft scene
 That was once in play

16 waggoners] carters SC. 19 fall] ~, Hol. 20 did,] ~) Hol.
 22 things,] ~ Hol. 23 back,] ~ Hol. 26 stale,] ~ Hol.

THE PHANTOM HORSEWOMAN. 4 sands] ~, Hol.

By that briny green;
 Yes, notes alway 15
 Warm, real, and keen,
 What his back years bring—
 A phantom of his own figuring.

III

Of this vision of his they might say more:
 Not only there 20
 Does he see this sight,
 But everywhere
 In his brain—day, night,
 As if on the air
 It were drawn rose bright— 25
 Yea, far from that shore
 Does he carry this vision of heretofore:

IV

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,
 He withers daily,
 Time touches her not, 30
 But she still rides gaily
 In his rapt thought
 On that shagged and shaly
 Atlantic spot,
 And as when first eyed 35
 Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

1913.

THE SPELL OF THE ROSE

'I mean to build a hall anon,
 And shape two turrets there,
 And a broad newelled stair,
 And a cool well for crystal water;
 Yes; I will build a hall anon, 5
 Plant roses love shall feed upon,
 And apple trees and pear.'

He set to build the manor-hall,
 And shaped the turrets there,
 And the broad newelled stair, 10
 And the cool well for crystal water;
 He built for me that manor-hall,
 And planted many trees withal,
 But no rose anywhere.

And as he planted never a rose 15
 That bears the flower of love,
 Though other flowers throve
 Some heart-bane moved our souls to sever
 Since he had planted never a rose;
 And misconceits raised horrid shows, 20
 And agonies came thereof.

'I'll mend these miseries,' then said I,
 And so, at dead of night,
 I went and, screened from sight,
 That nought should keep our souls in severance, 25
 I set a rose-bush. 'This', said I,
 'May end divisions dire and wry,
 And long-drawn days of blight.'

But I was called from earth—yea, called 30
 Before my rose-bush grew;
 And would that now I knew
 What feels he of the tree I planted,
 And whether, after I was called
 To be a ghost, he, as of old,
 Gave me his heart anew! 35

Perhaps now blooms that queen of trees
 I set but saw not grow,
 And he, beside its glow—

THE SPELL OF THE ROSE. 11 water;] ~: Hol.
 wind SC 24 went] ~(<,>) Hol.
 was called; yea, ghosted—called Hol.
 ~ Hol. 38 glow—] ~, Hol.

18 Some heart-bane] A frost-
 25 severance,] ~ Hol. 29 But—I
 32 planted,] ~(!) Hol. 34 ghost,]

13 was once DCM3] once was all other texts 27 heretofore:] ~; Hol.
 Date om. SC

Eyes couched of the mis-vision that blurred me—
 Ay, there beside that queen of trees 40
 He sees me as I was, though sees
 Too late to tell me so!

ST. LAUNCE'S REVISITED

Slip back, Time!
 Yet again I am nearing
 Castle and keep, uprearing
 Gray, as in my prime.

At the inn 5
 Smiling nigh, why is it
 Not as on my visit.
 When hope and I were twin?

Groom and jade
 Whom I found here, moulder; 10
 Strange the tavern-holder,
 Strange the tap-maid.

Here I hired
 Horse and man for bearing
 Me on my wayfaring 15
 To the door desired.

Evening gloomed
 As I journeyed forward
 To the faces shoreward,
 Till their dwelling loomed. 20

If again
 Towards the Atlantic sea there
 I should speed, they'd be there
 Surely now as then? . . .

Date <1913> Hol.

ST. LAUNCE'S REVISITED. Title <At St. Launce's> Hol.

2 <I again am nearing> Hol. 6 nigh,] close, SC
 the tavern-holder, Hol. 14 man] <fly> Hol.

11 Strange <is>
 16 door] goal Hol.

Why waste thought,
 When I know them vanished 25
 Under earth; yea, banished
 Ever into nought!

WHERE THE PICNIC WAS

Where we made the fire
 In the summer time
 Of branch and briar
 On the hill to the sea,
 I slowly climb 5
 Through winter mire,
 And scan and trace
 The forsaken place
 Quite readily.

Now a cold wind blows, 10
 And the grass is gray,
 But the spot still shows
 As a burnt circle—aye,
 And stick-ends, charred,
 Still strew the sward 15
 Whereon I stand,
 Last relic of the band
 Who came that day!

Yes, I am here 20
 Just as last year,
 And the sea breathes brine
 From its strange straight line
 Up hither, the same
 As when we four came.

28 nought!] ~<!>. Hol.; ~. SC
 Date <1913> Hol.

WHERE THE PICNIC WAS. 4 sea, CP, WE, DCM4] ~ Hol., SC, SP

6 mire,] ~ Hol.

SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

—But two have wandered far
From this grassy rise
Into urban roar
Where no picnics are,
And one—has shut her eyes
For evermore.

25

30