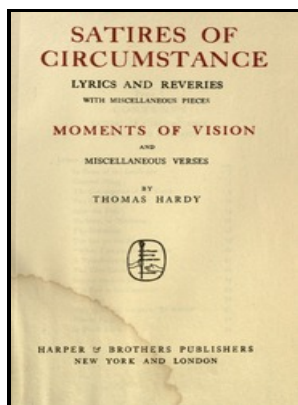


Satires of circumstance, lyrics and reveries with miscellaneous pieces.

Macmillan - Satires of circumstance, lyrics and reveries with miscellaneous pieces : Hardy, Thomas, 1840



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Satires of Circumstances: Lyrics and Reveries with Miscellaneous Pieces by Thomas Hardy

There they seem brooding on their pain, And will, while such a lane remain.

Satires of circumstance, lyrics and reveries with miscellaneous pieces

III O that far morning of a summer day When, down a terraced street whose pavements lay
Glassing the sunshine into my bent eyes, I walked and read with a quick glad surprise
New words, in classic guise,— IV The passionate pages of his earlier years, Fraught with hot sighs, sad laughs,
kisses, tears; Fresh-fluted notes, yet from a minstrel who Blew them not naïvely, but as one who knew Full well why thus he blew. Cannot a tired
pedestrian who has footed it afar Here on his way from northern parts, engrossed in humble marketings, Come in and rest awhile, although judicial
doings are Afoot by morning star? The eldest child of Thomas and Jemima, Hardy studied Latin, French, and architecture in school. Some fifty can
it be Since that adventure held us, and she played old wife to me? II Did my Heartmate but haunt here at times such as now, The song would be
joyous and cheerful the moon; But she will see never this gate, path, or bough, Nor I find a joy in the scene or the tune.

Satires of circumstance, lyrics and reveries with miscellaneous pieces. (1914 edition)

VI But some, alas, of those I threw Were past my search, destroyed for ever: They were your name and place; and never Did I regain those clues
to you.

Satires of circumstance, lyrics and reveries with miscellaneous pieces. (1914 edition)

You knew not that good lad, I fear, Though he came from your native place? The time arrived when it was meet That she should be a bride; The
satin shoes were on her feet, Her father was at her side.

Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries, with Miscellaneous Pieces by Hardy

The door swings softly ajar meanwhile, And a pupil of his in the Bible class, Who adores him as one without gloss or guile, Sees her idol stand with a satisfied smile And re-enact at the vestry-glass Each pulpit gesture in deft dumb-show That had moved the congregation so. II And by contagious throbs of thought Or latent knowledge that within me lay And had already stirred me, I was wrought To consciousness of sorrow even as they.

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