



You hailed a boy from your garden-plot,  
And sent him along the way 30  
To the parish church; whence word was brought  
No marriage had been that day.

You mused, you said; till you heard anon  
That at that hour she died  
Whom once, instead of your living wife, 35  
You had meant to make your bride. . . .

You, dead man, dwelt in your new-built house  
With no great spirit or will,  
And after your soon decease your spouse  
Re-mated: she lives there still. 40

Which should be blamed, if either can,  
The teller does not know  
For your mismatch, O weird-wed man,  
Or what you thought was so.

*From an old draft (1925)*

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Macmillan, 1930)