



“And were I as the moth is  
It might be better far 30  
For one whose marriage troth is  
Shattered as potsherds are!”

Then grinned the Ancient Briton  
From the tumulus treed with pine:  
“So, hearts are thwartly smitten 35  
In these days as in mine!”

*1914*

(From *The Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy*. London:  
Macmillan, 1930)