

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

4 *The Brother*

O know you what I have done
To avenge our sister? She,
I thought, was wantoned with
By a man of levity:

And I lay in wait all day, 5
All day did I wait for him,
And dogged him to Bollard Head
When twilight dwindled dim,

And hurled him over the edge
And heard him fall below: 10
O would I were lying with him,
For the truth I did not know!

“O where’s my husband?” she asked,
As evening wore away:
“Best you had one, forsooth, 15
But never had you!” I say.

“Yes, but I have!” says she,
“My Love made it up with me,
And we churched it yesterday
And mean to live happily.” 20

And now I go in haste
To the Head, before she’s aware,
To join him in death for the wrong
I’ve done them both out there!

1928

(From *The Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy*.
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