Mourning Madrigals – poems by Thomas Hardy

**1. The voice**

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,

Saying [that]1 now you are not as you were

When you [had]2 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]3 you, then,

[ 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! ]1

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness

Travelling [across]4 the wet mead to me here,

You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,

Heard no more again far or near?

 Thus I; faltering forward,

 Leaves [around]5 me falling,

Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,

 And the woman calling.

**2. Something Tapped**

Something tapped on the pane of my room

 When there was never a trace

Of wind or rain, and I saw in the gloom

 My weary Beloved's face.

[ "O I am tired of waiting," she said,

 "Night, morn, noon, afternoon;

So cold it is in my lonely bed,

 And I thought you would join me soon!" ]1

I rose and neared the window-glass,

[ But vanished thence had she: ]1

Only a pallid moth, alas,

 Tapped at the pane for me.

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**3. At the Piano**

A woman was playing,

A man looking on;

And the mould of her face,

And her neck and her hair,

Which the rays fell upon

Of the two candles there,

Sent him mentally straying

[ In some fancy-place ]1

Where pain had no trace.

A cowled apparition

Came pushing between;

And her notes seemed to sigh;

And the lights to burn pale,

As a spell numbed the scene.

But the maid saw no bale,

And the man no monition

And Time laughed awry,

And the Phantom hid nigh.

**4. In paradisum deducant te angeli**

 (from the Requiem Mass)

In paradisum deducant te angeli,

in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres,

[et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Ierusalem]1.

Chorus angelorum te suscipiat,

et com Lazaro quondam paupere aeternam habeas requiem.2