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Wordsworth, Shelley, and Hardy: The Inheritance of Loss

Abstract

This article calls for a revaluation of Thomas Hardy's *Poems of 1912–13*, viewing them as in dialogue with William Wordsworth's Lucy poems and Percy Bysshe Shelley's Jane poems. Though *Poems of 1912–13* has been favoured with a great deal of criticism that aims to come to terms with its manifold influences, the Romantic influence upon Hardy's collection has not been considered in this light. This article considers how Hardy brings Wordsworth and Shelley's sequences into conversation with his elegies. Hardy reimagines both poets' sequences to create his poetry of mourning.

Thomas Hardy's *Poems of 1912–13* is the high watermark of his poetic achievement. The troubling and troubled poems in the collection push the boundaries of the elegy, reconfigure the relationship between the dead and the poet, and see the poet use his art as a means of trying to bring the dead to life through language. But Hardy was not working in a vacuum. *Poems of 1912–13* has been favoured with a great deal of criticism that aims to come to terms with its manifold influences. Donald Davie and Anne-Lise François offer compelling readings that focus upon Virgil's profound effect on Hardy's collection. Rod Edmond finds parallels with Coventry Patmore and the Victorian Domestic elegy, while Tim Armstrong chooses Christina Rossetti and Jean Ingelow as important voices that speak through Hardy's work.[1] Yet the significance of William Wordsworth's Lucy poems and Percy Bysshe Shelley's Jane poems as key influences on *Poems of 1912–13* has been downplayed in favour of more general discussion of Wordsworth and Shelley's influence upon Hardy's career.[2] This article considers how Wordsworth and Shelley informed and inflected Hardy's poetry, viewing Hardy as a subtle reader of their work.[3] Shelley works with and against Wordsworth's Lucy poems to write his Jane poems before Hardy

reimagines both poets' sequences to create his poetry of mourning. *Poems of 1912–13* involves a dialogue with the dead that extends far beyond Emma Gifford.

Hardy delighted in viewing himself as part of a poetic lineage, writing "[i]t bridges over the years to think that Gray might have seen Wordsworth in his cradle, and Wordsworth might have seen me in mine,"[4] and his decision to move from Gray to Wordsworth to himself bears witness to his sense of himself as a key link in the chain of determinedly English poetry. Peter J. Casagrande, taking in Hardy's entire career, notes that "Hardy knew Wordsworth well enough to imitate him closely and to borrow freely (either directly or allusively), even from out of the way places," but Casagrande does not focus upon how Hardy's intimacy with Wordsworth also allowed him to draw obliquely upon the Romantic poet's elegiac sequence. Nor does he consider the way in which Shelley's Jane poems were the buffer chosen to prevent any direct dialogue between the two poets' sequences. Harold Bloom views Shelley as Hardy's "prime precursor" where J. Hillis Miller goes as far as to read Hardy's work as "so inhabited by echoes of Shelley's work" that it is "almost [able to] be defined as from beginning to end a large-scale interpretation of Shelley."[5] Hardy's work, for these critics, is a poetic exegesis of his Romantic predecessors.

Lest this sound servile, Miller points to a "long dialogue" between the two poets.[6] Shelley himself was a poet engaged in conversations with his peers and the past, where his dialogues allow him to find his uniqueness through allusion. Michael O'Neill highlights this aspect of his work: "Shelleyan allusions are sites of transformation, spaces in which metamorphoses originate."[7] Hardy likewise aims to transform as much as draw upon Wordsworth and Shelley. Frances Ferguson,

following Harold Bloom, writes: "To be a poet, then, is to take on a fight that is, by definition, not to be won. For it is to contend with poetic ancestors whose invulnerability lies in their being dead."[8] But Hardy does not need to view influence as a fight. His experience of loss is his own. Wordsworth and Shelley are not his great originals but poets that offer models that he can adapt and reframe to meet his purpose in *Poems of 1912–13*. Though Martin Bidney shows some scepticism towards Harold Bloom's "defensiveness" when Bloom claims a deep kinship between Hardy and Shelley even as he admits "Poets need not *look* like their fathers,"[9] the intimacy between the two poets is difficult to deny. Wordsworth too, the poet whom Lionel Johnson felt most resembled Hardy,[10] is equally present in Hardy's *Poems of 1912–13*. Considering the Lucy poems and the Jane poems closely in the light of Hardy's elegies allows comparisons to be made that go beyond allusion hunting or any dull mechanic exercise. Hardy revolutionises poetry of loss and mourning and he does so by his rooted attention to how his Romantic predecessors performed their own interventions into the elegy and the elegiac.

In William Keach's view, Shelley's Jane poems are "haunted," specifically by Byron and Mary Shelley.[11] The haunting is at the level of the line, where Mary lurks as a shadowy presence and Byron as a textual touchstone, but they are not the only presences. Milton and Wordsworth, to name a couple, lie within these poems too, helping Shelley to shape and focus some of his highest lyric achievements. But it is Wordsworth's silent presence that shapes the poetry, and in particular, his Lucy poems. Wordsworth's Lucy poems were an influence upon *Adonais*,[12] and the Jane poems continue to engage with Wordsworth's example. That the Jane poems are lyrics is irrefutable, but what is more seldom noted is how Shelley pushes the Jane

poems into becoming a species of elegy where felt loss replaces the stark fact of death as the poetry's animus. Harold Bloom senses the elegiac quality of the Jane poems, noting that loss pervades the lines.[13] What is equally at play is Shelley's interest in absence and presence; here, Shelley lights upon the essence of Wordsworth's Lucy poems. Lyric, in Shelley's eyes, had been the site of some of Wordsworth's most important experimentation, and Shelley, though partly with contempt, christened Wordsworth "Simonides."[14] Shelley responded deeply to the Lucy poems, paying graceful tribute to their achievement in *The Witch of Atlas*. What Lucy was for Wordsworth within the poems, Shelley would respond to in the figure of Jane. For Wordsworth brought into plain sight the problem of elegiac address. Who is Lucy? How might we understand her? Why can we never quite catch sight of her? Shelley learns from Wordsworth and recalibrates his approach. In the Jane poems, we seem but only ever seem to know who Jane is in relation to Shelley, how Shelley feels, and what these poems might mean to the man's life. Cian Duffy isolates the key point from which all studies of these poems must proceed, namely, "the inability exactly to determine the relations between poetry and lived experience."[15] It is this inability that leads us to the problem of loss along with the question of the self and its relation to the other in poetry, particularly in the lyric and elegy. Shelley's Jane poems can be understood as his elegant though searching response to Wordsworth's Lucy poems.

Hardy was likewise fascinated by these questions. Anna Lise François suggests that "Hardy's sequence might productively be put in dialogue with a line of poems running from William Wordsworth's 'A slumber did my spirit seal',"[16] offering an important and under-explored way of thinking through Hardy's elegiac achievement. But Wordsworth's Lucy poems are not the only Romantic influence upon Hardy's

elegies. Shelley's Jane poems inflect Wordsworth's influence upon Hardy. Hardy encountered Wordsworth's Lucy poems and Shelley's Jane poems in Palgrave's *The Golden Treasury*. *The Golden Treasury* (an edition of 1861), given to Hardy in 1862 by Horace Moule, "[which] was an open sesame for the potential poet."[17] Despite Georgian anthologies containing Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats being referred to as an "annual scourge" by T. S. Eliot,[18] *The Golden Treasury* offered Hardy not only access to an array of poets, but a way of hearing those poets in dialogue, particularly Wordsworth and Shelley. A test case for how Wordsworth and Shelley's influence can be felt in Hardy's poetry comes with Hardy's response to the Romantic poets' poems to skylarks. Hardy might have noted that Wordsworth's "To the Skylark" and Shelley's "To a Skylark" are placed next to one another in that order (numbered 240 and 241),[19] as if we should see the younger poet responding to the older poet's celebration of the bird, despite the impossibility of that idea given that Wordsworth's poem was written in 1825.[20] Where Wordsworth imagines his "Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!" (1) as a being divided between earth and heaven,[21] Shelley emphasises the bird's unearthly nature and its song "from heaven, or near it" (3). Wordsworth celebrates "a flood / Of harmony" (15-16) while Shelley teases out the "harmonious madness" (103), characterising the bird's song as a form of gorgeous though chaotic spontaneity.

Hardy answers both with his "The Darkling Thrush," "a distinctly bedraggled heir of Shelley's skylark and Keats's nightingale,"[22] with Wordsworth's "To the Skylark" also lurking within his lines. Hardy's "Shelley's Skylark" is even more direct in its approach to Shelley specifically, though Wordsworth's skylark never escapes the poet's imagination. *The Golden Treasury* saw to that. Diana Hendry writes that "No

post-war lark could sing, like Shelley's, 'of rapture so divine', or, when the airways are so crowded, enjoy, like Wordsworth's lark, 'a privacy of glorious light'."[23] But Hardy's bird did not need the world wars of the twentieth century to disenchant it. Noting the points of agreement between Wordsworth and Shelley, Hardy sponsors Wordsworth's more grounded perspective upon the skylark, reading the bird as physical rather than metaphysical. Iris Tillman-Hill reads Hardy as performing something akin to an exorcism upon Shelley's influence.[24] But this is not the whole story. For Hardy, Shelley succeeds in making his skylark immortal by virtue of his poem, even though Hardy knows that "it only lived like another bird" (7). Despite this, Hardy makes space for other kinds of existence than the physical, not quite undercutting his predecessor, but leavening Shelley's aspiring lyric with a more doubting formula. In this, he moves closer to Wordsworth, who saw in the bird one of those "who soar, but never roam—" ("To the Skylark," 17). But Hardy remains fascinated by Shelley's inspiration, the bird that "That moved a poet to prophecies—"[25] and by the poet-prophet himself. The penultimate stanza of "Shelley's Skylark" ripples with tension between part-enchantment and sardonic mockery at any such glamour, before he affirms the bird's value in "endless time" (22) for inspiring "[e]cstatic heights in thought and rhyme" (24). Hardy cannot or chooses not to be "moved" to write "prophecies" (3) but nor will he remain happy with the double vision Wordsworth allowed with his divided skylark poised between heaven and earth. Hardy responds to both poets, noting their dialogue on these paired pages of *The Golden Treasury*, and he answers them by writing his later and carefully distinct poetry, in his own post-Romantic mode.

Respect tinged with healthy independence marks how the three poets interact. For a similar type of responsiveness marks Shelley's approach to the Lucy poems. Shelley aims to rework Wordsworth's Lucy in the spirit of respect. "My Witch indeed is not so sweet a creature / As Ruth or Lucy",[26] writes Shelley, gracefully gesturing to Wordsworth's superiority, though not quite accepting it in all sincerity. Shelley suggests an approach to Wordsworth that matches emulation with innovation, with the Lucy poems functioning as a model for what the younger poet might achieve. Yet Shelley loved nothing more than altering the works to which he alludes; what he does with the inspiration he receives from others forges the terms upon which he seeks to be unique. The Lucy poems grieve a mysterious dead woman or girl, but *Adonais*, indebted to the Lucy poems amongst many other sources,[27] makes plain the person to whom Shelley dedicates his work. The Jane poems, following the Lucy poems, form a sequence even as each poem has its own autonomy; they interact as well as standalone as discrete works. The same observation holds true for Hardy's *Poems of 1912–13.* With Wordsworth's Lucy Poems as a prototype, Shelley begins his poetic experimentation, and Hardy sustains a dialogue with both of his Romantic predecessors. Wordsworth, Shelley, and Hardy's sequences interlace, as poetic inheritors form suggestive connections with their forerunners, and each poet demands our attention to the ebb and flow of influence and independence.

The Lucy poems are the key exemplars for Shelley and Hardy's sequences to their chosen female addressees, in part, for their mystery. The precise nature of Wordsworth's achievement in the Lucy poems is not easy to define. The Lucy poems are poised between revelation and withholding, poetic artifice and austere pronouncement. They create a micro-genre of their own. Though "Wordsworth was a

key figure in the domestic elegiac poetry," Rod Edmond goes on to explain that "His elegiac pieces written under the pressure of personal loss and sorrow, 'Peele Castle', 'To the Daisy', and 'In Memory of my Brother', are less important in this respect than the Lucy poems."[28] For in the Lucy poems, we see Wordsworth's conscious manipulation of lyric's boundaries and tropes writ large. For Wordsworth makes his poems riddling without being playful, emotionally charged without hyperbole, and concentrated on self without any clear self being fashioned. Most importantly for Shelley and Hardy, the question of Lucy's status as fictive or factual, and her relationship with the lyric "I," becomes increasingly fraught. The Lucy poems, written in a sequence, belong as a group. James Taafe suggests that the group of elegies ought to be read together: "If one reads those poems in the order in which they appear in the first collected edition of March 1815 (a reading so far neglected by Wordsworth's commentators), he will discover a meaningful lyric progression."[29] Wordsworth grouped them separately; the 1815 edition of *Lyrical Ballads* organised the poems into the "Poems Founded on the Affections" ("Strange fits of passion I have known," "She dwelt amongst the untrodden ways," and "I travelled among unknown men") and "Poems of the Imagination" ("Three years she grew in sun and shower" and "A slumber did my spirit seal"). Shelley created his own group of poems to a specific female addressee with the Jane poems. Though he had previously written poems addressed to specific women, such as Harriet Westbrook, Sophia Stacey, and Claire Clairmont, the Jane poems are a new departure in terms of their use of Jane as subject. In the Jane poems, Shelley aims to play with ideas of self and other, reflecting on and extending the questions raised by Wordsworth's elegies, pushing them into the realm of the metapoetry in a way analogous to the Lucy poems.

The question of the lyric "I" and how it relates to the poems' subject and their readers is perhaps the most pressing problem of the Lucy poems. "Strange fits of passion have I known" exemplifies the issue. In this poem, Wordsworth fosters intimacy between the reader and his lyric "I," offering access to his experiences and emotions to those who he posits as capable of understanding a lover's intuitions.

> Strange fits of passion I have known:
> And I will dare to tell,
> But in the lover's ear alone,
> What once to me befel.[30]

The poem opens with a clear sense that what is important is Wordsworth's fits of passions not Lucy herself by drawing attention to the "I". Wordsworth's "daring" to tell the reader of this fit is predicated on the need to tell a specific type of reader, namely, the lover. Guaranteeing for himself sympathy from a like-minded group of people, Wordsworth reaches out to those who might sympathise with and have experienced similar emotional terrain. We are asked to be Wordsworth's daring rather than dispassionate anonymous readers. Once this kind of intimacy has been established, Wordsworth takes us on his recollected moonlit ride, where he affirms Lucy's rose-like beauty and his pleasure in the familiar paths to her door. As he gazes at the moon, the reader follows the increasing prominence of the moon in the poem and connects Lucy and the moon together as per the unspoken identification between the two. Yet rather than seeming like strained symbolism, Wordsworth's poetic lightness of touch keeps it from descending into mawkish forced identification. Wordsworth marries the visionary with a real and psychologically attuned sense of the uncanny without committing to any certain attitude to his "strange fits of passion." The reader is primed to react with rather than against Wordsworth as the opening

lines set up a shadowy contract between him and us, lovers united by the poem's demands.

Where Wordsworth insists on speaking to "the lover's ear alone," Shelley closes his Jane poems, making them seem hermetically sealed against readers that are not the addressee. Often speaking directly to Jane, Shelley closes his "magic circle" ("To Jane—The Recollection," 3. 44) to outsiders, going further than Wordsworth to police the boundaries of his poetry. In "To ——(One word is too often profaned)," Shelley writes a poem poised between self-revelation and self-concealment that seems to speak directly to its addressee and to no other reader:

> One word is too often profaned
> For me to profane it,
> One feeling too falsely disdained
> For thee to disdain it.
> One hope is too like despair
> For prudence to smother,
> And Pity from thee more dear
> Than that from another.

(1-8)

Alternating between tetrameter and trimeter in cross-rhymed lines, Shelley makes the lines terse though roundabout, where "love" seems to hide in plain sight without being named. Jane is unnamed though addressed, where the reader turns voyeur, or uninvited guest. Though Jane is anonymous, Shelley draws attention to his own poetic identity. The distinctively Shelleyan coupling of hope and despair, in poems like *Alastor*, *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, or *Hellas*,[31] offers a neat textual clue to Shelley's

identity, wresting the lyric "I" away from "speaker" into "self," if poetic self rather than personal identity. Similarly, as in *Epipsychidion*, loving intimacy, for which the poem seems to yearn, is carefully undermined with the telling rhyme between "smother" and "another." The poem's emotional movement is also contrapuntal. Refusing to name "love," Shelley refuses to let his addressee "disdain it." The poem's interlocking rhymes allow no other voice to break in. They insist upon their rhetorical power, almost overwhelming Jane's will. For Jane herself becomes viewable only in relation to the lyric "I"'s emotional universe. Pity from Jane might be dearer than love from another woman, but it seems more extorted than felt in this controlled, and even coercive, stanza.

Jane's identity seems still more overpowered in the second stanza.

> I can give not what men call love,
>
> But wilt thou accept not
>
> The worship the heart lifts above
>
> And the Heavens reject not,
>
> The desire of the moth for the star,
>
> Of the night for the morrow,
>
> The devotion to something afar
>
> From the sphere of our sorrow?

(9-16)

Shelley tells Jane what he cannot give. "[W]hat men call Love" seems dangerously oblique. Potentially gesturing to the love as a debased coinage in comparison to what Shelley might offer, there is a puzzling indirectness about what Shelley's feeling includes, and more significantly, what it might exclude. Shelley would make love

ambiguous elsewhere. Writing to Claire Clairmont about Emilia Viviani in 1821, he writes "There is no reason that you should fear any mixture of that which you call *love*" (*Letters: PBS* 2: 257), as if fortifying himself against the word's meaning according to others. He had done so much earlier in his correspondence with Elizabeth Hitchener of 1811, where he wrote: "I will dare to say I *love,* nor do I risk the possibility of that degrading & contemptible interpretation of this sacred word, nor do I risk the supposition that the lump of organised matter which enshrines *thy* soul excites the love which that soul alone *dare* claim" (*Letters: PBS* 2: 150). Shelley seems to try to separate his definition of love from any carnal meaning. "One Word is Too Often Profaned" attempts a similar gambit. Promising "worship" that "the Heavens reject not," Shelley starts to transform Jane from woman into deity, suggestively rewriting her as something rather than someone beyond the bounds of typical human relationships. That "the Heavens reject not" Shelley's worship whispers the possibility that this non-love, this "worship," might be unsullied by sexual gratification. There is also the possibility that any sexual congress between the couple would transcend marriage vows and be no threat to any other romantic bonds, specifically and conveniently, Shelley's marriage and Jane's relationship. The sexual possibility seems closed off by Shelley comparing his feelings to "The desire of the moth for the star." The Juno and Ixion comparison, to which Shelley compared his feelings to Emilia Viviani,[32] is lost in favour of a sense of Jane as a deity in whom the speaker can repose his trust. Yet the final line, describing his feeling as "The devotion to something afar / From the sphere of our sorrow?" figures itself as the final clause of a long question, and it also speaks of shared sorrow. With whom is this sorrow shared? Shelley implicates Jane as both a sharer in this world and as a goddess beyond it.

This problem of Jane's nature, as a mortal or a goddess, a woman or an abstraction, might be alleviated by the poem's possible status as lines from a play, the *Unfinished Drama*.[33] While very little is known about the poem's compositional history, it seems to belong to the Jane poems sequence as another poem in which Shelley reflects upon and attempts "to define his relationship to Jane as that of patient, friend, listener, and adorer" where he views "Jane's voice as revealing the tone of a world beyond the mundane."[34] Floating between biographical and literary possibilities, Shelley poises his lyric between the personal "I" and the detached "speaker," forcing his reader to view the poem in different ways via competing vantage points. Paul Vatalaro writes of the disjuncture between impulses in the poem, where Shelley idealises Jane as beyond the mortal before consigning her back to "our shared sorrow."[35] This contradiction is also present in terms of how we might read Shelley's lyric "I." Alexander Freer notes that "[s]ymptomatically, many critics use the terms 'poet' and 'speaker' almost interchangeably, as if to avoid a forced choice between two dissatisfactory options,"[36] and here, Shelley seems to sense the problem and then magnify it. Self and other are inescapably difficult to define, and Shelley exacerbates rather than solves the problem. In 1839, Mary Shelley, when collecting a new edition of Shelley's poems, grouped the poem along with "Poems Written in 1821," and Nora Crook suggests that she was "perhaps hoping that it would pass as an expression of platonic sentiment directed at Emilia Viviani."[37] Shelley and Jane, as real people, trouble any interpretation of the poem as only literary. But we are not invited to consider the poem as a record documenting the poet's true feelings. Shelley forces us to think across several registers, from the musical, to the biographical, to the metapoetic.

Following Shelley, Hardy further disturbs the problem of the lyric "I." Rather than calm the emotional storms of his Romantic predecessors, Hardy wreaks further poetic havoc. Hardy makes us hear his repeated questioning, questions that are, by turn, sardonic, threatening, teasing, and wistful. An elegist to his fingertips, Hardy's sequence looks back to Wordsworth's sequence only to subvert it further by drawing upon Shelley's brand of lyrical experimentation. Jahan Ramazani reads Hardy as challenging the boundaries of the elegy as a genre in his *Poems of 1912–13*, writing "Although his Victorian and Romantic forebearers had begun subverting the restorative work of elegy, Hardy is more critical than they of the recuperative claims of the genre."[38] "Critical" might not be quite the right term. Wordsworth's Lucy poems, purged of the usual length and artifice of the elegiac genre, seem like a calculated update to the earlier generic rules of engagement. "A slumber did my spirit seal" ends with "Rocks, and stones, and trees" (8) rather than any promise of pretend paradise. Shelley's *Adonais* had almost exhausted the genre. Though Shelley's Jane poems are not elegies, the sequence dwells upon questions of loss, yearning, and unrequited feeling. Hardy inherits these complicated engagements with elegy and lyric with a pointedly twentieth-century sensibility.

"The Voice," incantatory and interrogative, ricochets across a broad emotional spectrum. As had Shelley, Hardy addresses Emma to the exclusion of any other reader, insisting on direct address despite being doubly divided from her because of their estrangement and her death. The poem displays in miniature the "wavelike pulsation of recovery and loss" that J. Hillis Miller sees as uniting the entire sequence as Hardy faces down his newly vocal "voiceless ghost" ("After a Journey," 1).[39] Peter

Sacks draws attention to the poem as "hauntingly musical," noting "its antiphonal line lengths, its alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes (the latter echoing each other with a dying fall), its persistencies of assonance and alliteration, and its undulant yet altering rhythms."[40] Such careful artistry mirrors the complex emotional movement of the poem's lyric plot. The first half of the poem builds to a climax, where Hardy attempts to transport the absent woman into his presence:

> Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
> Saying that now you are not as you were
> When you had 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 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![41]

(1-8)

The first stanza does nothing to conceal its doubleness, with yearning, regret, and reproach all jostling for overall control of the lines. Rather than naming Emma, she is the "Woman," a woman irreducibly singular even as the poem is strangely unspecific. As Hardy speaks to Emma directly, as Shelley had to Jane, her name is not required. The later Emma, the woman she became once she had "changed," is also unwelcome; Hardy tries to conjure the woman she was when "our day was fair." "The Voice" exemplifies what Joseph Brodsky means when he praises *Poems of 1912–13*: "they are not in memory of his wife but in memory of his bride."[42] Yet what Hardy seems to desire is an acknowledgement from Emma that she should return to being the woman

she was before she altered, for her to admit that the change in her was negative. Hardy seeks a wife who chooses to become his bride all over again. Even imagining her murmuring such a promise electrifies the poem and it also inspires a suspicion in the poem. “Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,” longs to know that the words Hardy hears are real, coming from another source than the self. Hillis Miller views “writing [as] the act which raises the ghosts by turning dead signs into beseeching phantoms,”[43] but Hardy starts to see through his own act. He asks for proof almost roughly. Though “The Voice” might feel in “the main line of visionary quest in nineteenth-century literature,”[44] it is also tough-minded and retains a sceptical stance even as it longs to give into its wavering belief in Emma’s voice. Hardy reminds himself that he is, in Donald Davie’s words, a “self-proclaimed infidel and scientific humanist” even in the midst of his haunting.[45] Experience and belief clash and become the insoluble problem that sparks the collapse of the second two stanzas.

The poem descends into a spiral of cheated suffering even as the woman’s voice claims the final line of the poem. The poem had begun by speaking directly to Emma, but the second two stanzas see him question his own senses, unfixing the addressee from the addresser, and the dead from the living. “You” claims a dual status as present and absent, real and imaginary, contained within a difficult and liminal space:

> Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
> Travelling across 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 me falling,

Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,

And the woman calling.

(9-16)

Sound works against sense; though trying to shake himself free of his memories and powerful imaginings, the "s" sounds of the third stanza and the "f" sounds of the fourth stanza almost trap the speaker of the lines (the lyric "I" and each reader repeating the words) as though in quicksand. Speech feels as though it, like the "I," is "faltering forward," ever returned by the sound of the words to the previous mirroring sound as if to keep the "I" within the same space. Progression is arrested, and the poem ends where it begins by listening to the woman calling. Hardy wrote that "Art is a disproportioning—(*i.e*. distorting, throwing out of proportion)—of realities, to show more clearly the features that matter in those realities,"[46] and the distortion and disproportions in these lines make us know those "features that matter": what matters is "the woman calling" and the lyric "I"'s tortured response. Cycling between being the record of a literal haunting and an imaginary return of the dead, Hardy finds himself at a dead end, with his voice describing the sound of her voice, a voice his reader can never hear.

Wordsworth's Lucy poems do not offer a record of haunting. Lucy is dead and Wordsworth makes no suggestion that she has a spectral personal presence. Frances C. Ferguson writes that "the Lucy poems make quiet mockery of ideas of poetic representation which involve an imitation of reality; by continually denying Lucy any place in the present, Wordsworth seems to move toward a poetics in which

representation involves a recognition of Lucy's absence rather than a re-presencing in acknowledgment of her remembered presence."[47] The closest Wordsworth comes to any attempt to "re-presenc[e]" Lucy is in "I travelled among unknown men," from which Shelley quotes approvingly in a letter to Thomas Love Peacock of 15 May 1816 (*Letters: PBS* 1: 475). The opening two stanzas recount Wordsworth's travels and his pledge that he will not leave England "[a] second time" (7). The lines sponsor Geoffrey H. Hartman's sense that "[i]t is in the Lucy poems that the notion of spirit of place, and particularly English spirit of place, reaches its purest form,"[48] as England is elevated to the place of a beloved rather than being a geographical marker. Though Ferguson writes "[h]e had supposed that the unknown Lucy was to be found among unknown men, but he now realizes that this basic incomprehension of Lucy amounted to an all-too-effective fickle-ness,"[49] it seems less a "basic incomprehension" than a sudden realization of the importance of Lucy to the poet's life. With "[n]or, England! did I know till then / What love I bore to thee" (3-4), the lyric "I" affirms the moment of clarity with "till then," as if a *coup de foudre* overcame the speaker in that recollected moment. As though anticipating Freud's *Mourning and Melancholia*, Wordsworth's poem seems to replace Lucy with a love of England in an effort to "detach the libido" from the lost object.[50] Yet England seems less a substitute for than a part of Lucy that lives on after her death. Lucy is not lost and then replaced but continues to exist as England. But as in "The Voice," there is a complication around Lucy's identity when Wordsworth finally names her in the poem.

> Thy mornings shewed—thy nights concealed
>
> The bowers where Lucy played;
>
> And thine is, too, the last green field
>
> That Lucy's eyes surveyed!

(13-16)

David Perkins describes the Lucy poems as being written in a "half-private language of imagery,"[51] and such obscurity,[52] where Lucy is always "[h]alf-hidden from the Eye!" ("She dwelt among the untrodden ways," 6), continues in the final stanza. For why is Lucy playing? J. R. Watson, following Wordsworth's clue in "Strange fits of passion I have known," refers to the lyric "I" as the "travelled lover" in this poem.[53] But the image of Lucy playing makes her more girl than woman, as if Wordsworth, like Hardy, fixes her in a time at which he wishes to recall her with the lightest of touches. "The Voice" memorialises a bride where Wordsworth remembers a child in the final lines of his elegy. Though always only half-visible, Lucy is brought before us at different points in her life, shimmering somewhere beyond any fixed identity.

Hardy learns from Wordsworth that it is the elegist who decides how best to remember the dead. Laura Dabundo points out that "The question is not so much, then, whether Lucy is Dorothy or Mary or Annette or Anne but whether Lucy is at all,"[54] as Wordsworth makes his presence as vital as her absence. But for Hardy, Emma is not so tractable a figure as Lucy. In "After a Journey," Emma, now silent where she had spoken in "The Voice," still has the power to lead Hardy: "Hereto I come to view a voiceless ghost; / Whither, O whither will its whim now draw me?" (1-2). Wondering, wistful, and sardonic, these lines ripple with an alertness to Emma's ghostly presence that just about controls its frustration. This ghost calls the shots. It is Emma's presence that destabilises elegy; it is difficult, if not impossible, to mourn for what remains rather than that which is gone.

The Jane poems share this problem because Jane is not dead. Shelley's solution is to attempt to command the scene he writes, casting himself as an authorial Prospero enchanting his poetic island. "To Jane. The Invitation," casting itself into the future, sees Shelley's lyric "I" attempt to fix Jane, his subject, as a depersonalised goddess rather than as a real woman. Addressing her in courtly fashion as "Best and brightest" (1), she is invited, or even told, to "come away" with him. Curiously, the lyric "I" does not dwell on details of the escape in the first verse paragraph. Instead, Shelley fashions a golden world in Philip Sidney's mode, one that speaks to the pastoral tradition with its "fictionalised imitation of rural life" and sharing "its ends" that "are sometimes sentimental or romantic."[55] Ostensibly describing "this fair day" (2), we wait for the punch line, and for Jane to reappear:

> It kissed the forehead of the Earth,
> And smiled upon the silent sea,
> And bade the frozen streams be free,
> And waked to music all their fountains,
> And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
> And like a prophetess of May
> Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
> Making the wintry world appear
> Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

('To Jane. The Invitation', 11-20)

Though we might note "the scene's unobtrusive autobiographical symbolism,"[56] we also take in the genre, where the lyric's "language of the *poetic* inner life" that must also "possess a universal validity" meets the pastoral's ability to twinkle "like Bambi's glittering eyes."[57] Susan Wolfson links lines 62-68 of this poem to "Donne's

conceit in 'The Sun-Rising': 'She is all states, all princes, I',"[58] and here, Shelley prepares us for this gender reversal in which the lyric "I" is revealed as the landscape and Jane is the life-giving force. But Jane is strangely disembodied. Stephanie Burt writes that lyric "tends or aspires to replace the live, mortal, present body of one person present in one place at one time (the body of the poet or the body of the reader or the body of the singer or the body of somebody who has been addressed) with something else."[59] Shelley is no exception. Jane is refined out of physical existence and transfigured into a being that might be high and holy but is also silent and supportive, defined by what she does for the lyric "I" and not in her own right. But Shelley is ahead of any such complaints. The tetrameter flow of the lines, when coupled with the repeated "And," read as swept away in the flood of feeling. Shelley asks us not to read this as a calculated attempt to woo and win, but as a Wordsworthian "overflow of powerful feelings" that the poet has not had leisure to "recollect[ed] in tranquility."[60] The landscape is and is not real; Jane's light, comparable to the light that accompanies Dante's Beatrice in *Paradiso*, transforms the world upon which he looks even as Shelley transforms the woman to whom he writes.

Hardy looks with interest upon Shelley's idiosyncratic landscape in the Jane poems, weaving between Shelleyan artifice and Wordsworthian austerity in his own elegies. Where Wordsworth's "I travelled among unknown men" elevates England's significance, "Song", or "She dwelt among th' untrodden ways" draws a veil over specific place with its mention of "springs of Dove" (2) that might refer to a few locations across England. Hardly detailed in terms of identifying the surrounding landscape, Wordsworth's setting stays in the background. Hardy invests more layers of spatial significance into his elegies than Wordsworth, combining an incisive

objective eye with more personal burnished memories to varying degrees in each of his *Poems of 1912–13*. Though Edmond views this as evidence of Wordsworth not exerting too large an influence over Hardy, given the Romantic poet's relative lack of "geographical objectivity,"[61] rather, this reflects how Hardy is influenced by both Wordsworth and Shelley, among others; Hardy's reaction to this web of influences sponsors his poetic independence. It is his vision, inflected by visions of others, that shapes the work. Discussing the sequencing of Hardy's elegies, William W. Morgan notes that "[i]n place of the natural order, Hardy has constructed an artistic model for the experience, a model based upon the double nature of the experience as it exists in memory."[62] The heighted quality of nature in "Beeny Cliff" leans upon the Shelleyan example:

I.

O the opal and the sapphire of that wandering western sea,
And the woman riding high above with bright hair flapping free—
The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me.

II.

The pale mews plained below us, and the waves seemed far away
In a nether sky, engrossed in saying their ceaseless babbling say,
As we laughed light-heartedly aloft on that clear-sunned March day.

(1-6)

Immediately, the cliffs become jewels as Hardy takes total possession of the landscape. The rhymes, chiming perfectly with one another, await the final 'me', the self that imperiously commands the landscape, fixing Emma, in paradoxical fashion, as "free" even within these fixed lines. These triplets seem to strain towards the

condition of *terza rima*, with its propulsive onward force, but Hardy's decision to make each stanza self-contained and repetitive of a single rhyme casts a long shadow.

When Shelley engaged with the form in *The Triumph of Life*, he prioritised speed to embody fleet of foot mental processes, unbalancing the reader and destabilising the poem to win the poem's hallucinogenic mood.[63] Hardy repels that effect, choosing instead to prioritise "the unabashed *bravura* of alliteration and the elaborately cunning metre."[64] For all the beauty of the memory, it remains a memory of a time passed, a time that can be recaptured by the imagination, but never experienced in the future. Hardy saves his pomp to preserve this memory, not to extend it. Line three casts even love into the past tense. Despite Hardy's assertion of her love being "touchingly sure," he cannot sustain such positivity.[65] The comma that divides his love from hers on line three eerily admits to the estrangement that would come between them in the forty-year gap between the memory and the composition of the poem. Hardy makes us aware of the gulf between that perfected moment, their rupture, her death, and his writing. Stanza two attunes itself to Shelley's mode, alluding to the Romantic poet with 'nether sky', which owes to Shelley's *Laon and Cythna* and its "nether skies" (*CPPBS* 3: Canto I. 30: 269), and the 'ceaseless babbling' reminiscent of *Hymn to Mercury* and the lyre, which is shown "babbling in delightful mood / All things which make the spirit most elate."[66] Hardy and "the woman" harmonise with nature, reflecting the high colour and spirits of their surroundings. Shelley had made Jane a nature goddess, "Making the wintry world appear / Like one on whom thou smilest, dear" ("To Jane. The Invitation," 19-20), but Hardy can permit himself more than that: Hardy and Emma as a couple are the stuff of the myth now written by the older poet.

The final two stanzas of “Beeny Cliff” know that the end has been reached.

IV.

—Still in all its chasmal beauty bulks old Beeny to the sky,
And shall she and I not go there once again now March is nigh,
And the sweet things said in that March say anew there by and by?

V.

What if still in chasmal beauty looms that wild weird western shore,
The woman now is—elsewhere—whom the ambling pony bore,
And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will laugh there nevermore.

(10-15)

“The One remains” writes Shelley, “the many change and pass” (*Adonais*, *Major Works*, 52. 460),[67] just as Hardy knows that “old Beeny” stays constant while Emma and Hardy cannot return. But the memory of their being there is a form of One. Discussing the volume’s epigraph, “Veteris vestigia flammae” (“the signs/tracks/traces/ashes of an old flame”), Anne-Lise François writes of how “the Virgilian allusion serves to define the elegist’s task as an Orphic quest to retrace his tracks and recover the ghost of his dead love.”[68] But the Virgilian allusion also allows us to see the irrecoverable quality of what has been lost. Hardy can recapture “signs/tracks/traces/ashes” but never the flame. The question in the penultimate stanza is unhappily rhetorical. Elizabeth Helsinger notes that “As readers we are enlisted as intermediaries in a strange conversation across the silence not only of the grave but of a marriage,”[69] and here, we are enlisted to shake our heads, to know the impossibility of saying “sweet things” “anew.” Hardy implicates us in grief as we must, with Hardy, writhe with the knowledge of Emma’s not returning. The final two lines, “The

woman now is—elsewhere—whom the ambling pony bore, / And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will laugh there nevermore" (14-15) do not quite admit to Emma's death. She is "elsewhere," a hiccup in the meter thronged by dashes, and that she neither knows nor cares raises the specter of the unknowing and uncaring quality of Hardy's long marriage after such auspicious beginnings. The negatives build up but never quite efface what had been there, those twin ghosts of self and lover, "The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me" (3).

Triumph and loss blend in "Beeny Cliff" where death arrests the possibility of any new stories even as memory salvages some comfort for the present. Shelley experiments with similar boundaries between past, present, and future in the Jane poems. "When the Lamp is Shattered" sees Shelley write a lyric that feels like an elegy, with the lyric "I" grieving loss that is not death and trying to control what is beyond his grasp. James Bieri writes that "When the Lamp is Shattered" is "Shelley's most personal lament of emotional bereavement among his last lyrics, expressing an inability to respond or seek restored love."[70] Though the poem seems personal, it is also carefully distanced. Zachary Leader and Michael O'Neill suggest that the poem may have been written for a drama rather than as a pure lyric, yet they count it as one of the Jane poems.[71] Shelley's lyric "I" seems both distinct from and part of himself. The obscuring of the "I" takes place in a literal sense, as Shelley does not use the first-person pronoun in the poem, choosing instead to focus on the second person pronoun, and even that only appears fully in the final stanza. The first stanza sets the tone for this oblique yet affecting tone. Angela Leighton writes that "[i]t is typical of Shelley's language to give the effect of skating on a succession of similes,"[72] and her insight applies to the first stanza's string of images, where we pass through lamp,

light, cloud, rainbow, lute, and lips made defunct or finished in Shelley's minor key. Shelley builds from the more mechanical broken lamp to the personal "[l]oved accents" (8) as we trace loss in every line, where absence is inevitable after presence, and loss follows on from love.

Love chose "the frailest / For your cradle, your home, and your bier," and the final stanza grieves for the pain still to come:

> Its passions will rock thee
> As the storms rock the ravens on high—
> Bright Reason will mock thee,
> Like the sun from a wintry sky—
> From thy nest every rafter
> Will rot, and thine eagle home
> Leave thee naked to laughter,
> When leaves fall and cold winds come.

(25-32)

Enumerating the pain to come, Shelley's "I" addresses love as "thee," where passion and reason, those Shelleyan opposites, unite in their torment. In *Queen Mab*, Shelley made the "utopian insistence that 'Reason and passion' should 'cease to combat' (*Queen Mab*, viii, 231)."[73] "When the Lamp is Shattered" transforms that early hope into pained irony. Shelley draws upon Southey's *The Curse of Kehama* and its climactic curse. In "one of the finest and most-neglected passages of first-generation Romantic poetry,"[74] Southey's short trimeter lines sway with malicious enchantment. Southey's Kehama anatomises the suffering Ladurlad will undergo, with "And Water shall hear me, / And know thee and fly thee; / And the Winds shall not touch thee /

When they pass by thee."[75] The lyric "I" shifts the mode from epic storytelling to lyric self-accusation as he details the nature of his own anguish. But, as if to individuate such pain, Shelley returns to another poem of 1816, "To Laughter." Shelley, untouched by mocking scorn in the sonnet, closes the sestet with sympathy: "I, now alone, weep without shame to see / How many broken hearts lie bare to thee" (*CPPBS* 3: 71, ll. 13-14). "When the Lamp is Shattered" must admit that if before, Shelley had sympathised with "bare" "broken hearts," now, the lyric "I" is left "naked to laughter." Worse is still to come when the poem ends; readers are not invited to witness the future exposed self that is left shivering just outside the poem's boundaries.

Hardy does not betray himself to such complete loss despite the unalterable fact of Emma's death. "The Walk" makes us take in what was before we move to what is, forcing his reader to know the irremediable problem of the separation between life and death. "When the Lamp is Shattered," and its lyric self, did not have to deal with that breach, but its sense of complete loss is more palpable than Hardy ever renders it. For in "After a Journey," Hardy makes us conscious of how memory prevents any understanding of Emma as completely gone. Hardy displays his modern take on the Romantic ability to render and question vision within language.

> Yes: I have re-entered your olden haunts at last;
>
> Through the years, through the dead scenes I have tracked you;
>
> What have you now found to say of our past—
>
> Scanned across the dark space wherein I have lacked you?
>
> Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division?
>
> Things were not lastly as firstly well

With us twain, you tell?

But all's closed now, despite Time's derision.

(8-16)

Hardy, revisiting Emma's Cornish landscape, turns hunter, returning to her favoured places as if to recapture her in his poetry. The dark ambivalence of tone sees Hardy lurch between triumph and failure, attempting to put the dead woman on the spot to answer his question "What have you now found to say of our past—". Eric Griffiths is right to hear "'What is it *now*?'," [76] as this rhetorical question forgets itself and re-rehearses old arguments, earlier lives. Hardy admits to the "dark space" that existed even while Emma lived. Encapsulating their married life as "Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division," the pithy line knows its own over-simplicity. Shelley asked, "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" ("Ode to the West Wind," *Major Works*, 70) but Hardy does not even conjure these seasons, as if accepting the negative side of Shelley's conditional: winter, for Hardy and Emma, would never come, and thus there is no hope for spring. The stanza ends claiming "But all's closed now" as though Hardy were ready to draw a line under the poem. But it is not so. In the first stanza, Hardy wrote "Where you will next be there's no knowing," (5) and Emma reappears in stanza three, "leading me on" (17) to new reflections, places, and feeling. The poem ends with Hardy pitting himself against "Time's derision," (16) with "I am just the same as when / Our days were a joy, and our paths through flowers." (31-32) Along with the bite of bitter triumph in remaining "the same," the lines are inflected by the despair of knowing, to some extent, that such an assertion might be a pitiable lie. The complexity swirls through the lines as Hardy cannot escape from the ambiguities of feeling that his vision allows him. Even the vision is hauntingly incomplete as he shows his reader not Emma in any fullness, but as

somehow out of focus, "Facing round about me everywhere, / With your nut-coloured hair, / And gray eyes, and rose-flush coming and going." (6-8) Donald Davie is right: "it is a phantasmagoria," where reality and fantasy meet, blur, and blend in the space of the poem.[77] "After a Journey," withal its mobility, suffers because of the endless movement forced upon it by Emma's haunting. Wordsworth could bury Lucy; Shelley could woo and lose his carefully distanced Jane; Hardy is left with memories that threaten to overcome the ageing man.

Hardy, "supremely an elegist," was not unusual in terms of being "often in conflict with the tools of his trade."[78] Conflict is a hallmark of the Romantic and post-Romantic tradition as defined by Wordsworth and Shelley. Wordsworth refuses to deliver consolation or transcendence in the Lucy poems, and Shelley's Jane poems might command the poetry upon which he works but the poet must accept the stark fact that he cannot control Jane's desires. Hardy's attention to Wordsworth and Shelley's sequences reveals him as a careful reader whose response to the Wordsworth-Shelley dialogue enables him to become a unique artist. Harold Bloom views Shelley as "a hidden form" in Hardy's poetry.[79] But Wordsworth and Shelley are hiding in plain sight in the *Poems of 1912–13*. Eschewing obvious direct allusion and unnecessary invocation, Hardy conjures his Romantic predecessors' sequences in his own sequence, where the past, his with Emma, and the earlier works of Wordsworth and Shelley, shine out in their new mutated forms in Hardy's elegies. Hardy, joining with his Romantic ancestors, reveals the importance of O'Neill's judgment upon Hardy and others, that "Having a self is not, for them, a passport to poetic success. But it is a necessary condition of their work." Wordsworth, Shelley, and Hardy seek for the "richer experiential dimensions" via their emphasis upon the

lyric "I".[80] Wordsworth, Shelley, and Hardy, each bereaved in his sequence, seem isolated. Yet Hardy, seeking and finding allies via poetic influence, is alienated from and connected to the dead, haunted but half in love with his haunting, and unique though influenced. Hardy is the inheritor of loss even as he makes his loss the centre and circumference of his *Poems of 1912–13.*

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[1] Donald Davie, "Hardy's Virgilian Purples," *Arion: A Journal of Humanities and the Classics* 1, no. 3 (1973/1974): 505–26; Anne-Lise François, '"Not Thinking of You as Left Behind": Virgil and the Missing of Love in Hardy's "Poems of 1912–13"', *ELH* 75, no. 1 (Spring 2008): 63–88; Rod Edmond, "Death Sequences: Patmore, Hardy, and the New Domestic Elegy," *Victorian Poetry* 19, no. 2 (Summer 1981): 151–65; Tim Armstrong, *Haunted Hardy: Poetry, History, Memory* (Houndmills: Palgrave, 2000), 134–72.

[2] Peter J. Casagrande offers an excellent broad view of Wordsworth's influence upon Hardy, Michael Squires reads *The Woodlanders* as indebted to Wordsworth, and Paul Zietlow considers how Hardy subverts Wordsworth's view of nature in "The Ruined Maid." See Peter J. Casagrande, "Hardy's Wordsworth: A Record and a Commentary", *English Literature in Transition* 20, no. 4 (1977): 210–37; Michael Squires, *The Pastoral Novel; Studies in George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, and D. H. Lawrence* (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1974); Paul Zietlow, *Moments of Vision: The Poetry of Thomas Hardy* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1974).

[3] J. Hillis Miller, *The Linguistic Moment: From Wordsworth to Stevens* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1985), 115.

[4] Florence Emily Hardy, *Florence Emily Hardy, The Life of Thomas Hardy 1840-1928* (London: Macmillan, 1962), 386.

[5] Hillis Miller, *The Linguistic Moment*, 118.

[6] Hillis Miller, *The Linguistic Moment*, 118.

[7] Michael O'Neill, *Shelleyan Reimaginings and Influence: New Relations* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2019), 1.

[8] Frances Ferguson, "Romantic Studies," in *Redrawing the Boundaries: The Transformation of English and American Literary Studies*, ed. Stephen Greenblatt and Giles Gunn (New York: Modern Language Association of America, 1992), 113.

[9] Martin Bidney, "War of the Winds: Shelley, Hardy, and Harold Bloom," *Victorian Poetry* 41, no. 2 (Summer 2003): 230; Harold Bloom, *A Map of Misreading* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1975), 220.

[10] Lionel Johnson, *The Art of Thomas Hardy* (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1923), 167.

[11] William Keach, *Shelley's Style* (New York: Methuen, 1984), 208.

[12] Daniel Westwood, "'These Common Woes I Feel': The Elegist and the Reader in Wordsworth and Shelley," *English* 69, no. 264 (Spring 2020): 45–66.

[13] See *The Oxford Anthology of English Literature: Romantic Poetry*

and Prose, ed. Harold Bloom and Lionel Trilling (New York: Oxford University Press, 1973), 400.
[14] Percy Bysshe Shelley, *The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. Frederick L. Jones, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964), 2: 26. Hereafter *Letters: PBS* with volume and page number supplied.
[15] Cian Duffy, "Percy Shelley's 'Unfinished Drama' and the Problem of the Jane Williams Poems," *European Romantic Review* 26, no. 5 (2015): 626.
[16] Anne-Lise François, '"Not Thinking of You as Left Behind": Virgil and the Missing of Love in Hardy's "Poems of 1912–13"', *ELH* 75, no. 1 (Spring 2008): 65.
[17] Dennis Taylor, "Hardy's Copy of 'The Golden Treasury'," *Victorian Poetry* 37, no. 2 (Summer 1999): 165.
[18] T. S. Eliot, "Observations," *The Egoist* 5 (March 1918), in *The Complete Prose of T. S. Eliot: The Critical Edition: Apprentice Years, 1905–1918, Volume 1*, ed. Jewel Spears Brooker and Ronald Schuchard (Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2014), 679.
[19] Dennis Taylor notes that "Palgrave's grouping together of Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale', Shelley's 'To a Skylark', Wordsworth's 'To the Cuckoo', 'To the Skylark', and 'The Green Linnet', set up the echoes in Hardy's mind which would eventually result in 'The Darkling Thrush'." Taylor, 168.
[20] Stewart C. Wilcox claims, "[i]n his own turn, Shelley apparently influenced Wordsworth's 'To a Skylark' of 1825, and the myrtle hedges and field of skylarks at Casa Ricci Hardy's little poem, 'Shelley's Skylark'." See Stewart C. Wilcox, "The Sources, Symbolism, and Unity of Shelley's 'Skylark'," *Studies in Philology* 46, no. 4 (October 1949): 563.
[21] William Wordsworth, "To the Skylark," *The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*, selected and arranged by Francis Turner Palgrave, updated by John Press, 6th ed. ([1964] Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002). Wordsworth's "To the Skylark" and Shelley's "To a Skylark" will be quoted from this edition.
[22] Michael O'Neill and Madeleine Callaghan, *Twentieth-Century British and Irish Poetry*, Blackwell Guides to Criticism (Oxford: Blackwell, 2011), 16.
[23] Diana Hendry, "Up with the Lark(s)," *Critical Survey* 4, no. 1 (1992): 67.
[24] Iris Tillman-Hill, "Hardy's Skylark and Shelley's," *Victorian Poetry* 10, no. 1 (Spring 1972): 79.
[25] Thomas Hardy, "Shelley's Skylark," in *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy: With a Portrait* (London: Macmillan, 1930), ll. 1–4.
[26] Percy Bysshe Shelley, *The Witch of Atlas* V. 33–34, *Percy Bysshe Shelley: The Major Works*, ed. Zachary Leader and Michael O'Neill (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2003). Shelley's poetry and prose will be quoted from this edition unless otherwise specified.
[27] See Westwood, 45–66.
[28] Rod Edmond, "Death Sequences: Patmore, Hardy, and the New Domestic Elegy," *Victorian Poetry* 19, no. 2 (Summer 1981): 162.
[29] James G. Taaffe, "Poet and Lover in Wordsworth's Lucy Poems," *The Modern Language Review* 61, no. 2 (April 1966): 175.
[30] 'Strange fits of passion I have known', ll. 1-4, quoted from *William Wordsworth: The Major Works, including* The Prelude, ed. Stephen Gill, Oxford World's Classics (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011). Wordsworth's poetry and prose will be quoted from this edition.

[31] See, for example, *Alastor*, 639 or *Hellas*, 39. For the complete range of Shelley's use of "hope," see *A Lexical Concordance to the Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, compiled and arranged F. S. Ellis (London: Bernard Quadrich, 1892; rpt. Johnson Reprint Company 1967), 335–36.
[32] See *Letters: PBS* 2: 434.
[33] Percy Bysshe Shelley, *The Complete Poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. Neil Fraistat, Nora Crook, Stuart Curran, Michael J. Neth, and Michael O'Neill (4 vols. to date; Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2021), 7: 355. Hereafter *CPPBS* with volume and page number supplied.
[34] *CPPBS* 7: 522.
[35] Paul Vatalaro, *Shelley's Music: Fantasy, Authority, and the Object Voice* (Farnham: Ashgate, 2009), 123.
[36] Alexander Freer, "Percy Shelley's Touch; or, Lyric Depersonalization," *Modern Philology* 117, no. 1 (2019): 95.
[37] *CPPBS* 7: 522.
[38] Jahan Ramazani, "Hardy's Elegies for an Era: 'By the Century's Deathbed'," *Victorian Poetry* 29, no. 2 (Summer 1991): 133.
[39] J. Hillis Miller, *Thomas Hardy: Distance and Desire* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1970), 249.
[40] Peter M. Sacks, *The English Elegy: Studies in the Genre from Spenser to Yeats* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1987), 248.
[41] Thomas Hardy, "The Voice," *Thomas Hardy: Selected Poems*, ed. Tim Armstrong (London: Longman, 1993), ll. 1-8. Hardy's poetry will be quoted from this edition unless otherwise indicated.
[42] Joseph Brodsky, "The Past, The Loved One, and the Muse," *TLS* (October 26–November 1, 1990): 1160.
[43] J. Hillis Miller, *Tropes, Parables, and Performatives: Essays on Twentieth-century Literature* (London: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1990), 209
[44] Kerry McSweeney, "Hardy's 'Poems of 1912–13': A Presence More than the Actual," *Victorian Poetry* 33, no. 2 (Summer 1995): 202.
[45] Donald Davie, "Hardy's Virgilian Purples," *Arion: A Journal of Humanities and the Classics* 1, no. 3 (1973/1974): 525.
[46] Quoted in *Thomas Hardy: Selected Poems*, 352.
[47] Frances C. Ferguson, "The Lucy Poems: Wordsworth's Quest for a Poetic Object," *ELH* 40, no. 4 (Winter 1973): 533.
[48] Geoffrey H. Hartman, *The Unremarkable Wordsworth*, foreword by Donald G. Marshall, Theory and History 34 (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 6.
[49] Ferguson, "The Lucy Poems," 542.
[50] Sigmund Freud, "Mourning and Melancholia," *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, *Volume XIV (1914–1916): 'On the History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement', 'Papers on Metapsychology', and Other Works*, trans. James Strachey in collaboration with Anna Freud, assisted by Alix Strachey and Alan Tyson (London: The Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis, 1957), 243–58.
[51] David Perkins, *Wordsworth and the Poetry of Sincerity* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1964), 193.
[52] Anahid Nersessian notes Lucy's obscurity in *The Calamity Form: On Poetry and Social Life* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2020), 64.

[53] J. R. Watson, "Lucy and the Earth-Mother," *Essays in Criticism* 27, no. 3 (1977): 199.
[54] Laura Dabundo, "The Voice of the Mute: Wordsworth and the Ideology of Romantic Silences," *Christianity and Literature* 43, no. 1 (Autumn 1993): 32.
[55] J. E. Congleton and T. V. F. Brogan, "Pastoral," *The Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, ed. by Alex Preminger, et al. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1993) ProQuest <https://www.proquest.com/encyclopedias-reference-works/pastoral/docview/2137909010/se-2?accountid=13828> [Accessed 26 July 2021].
[56] Keach, 209.
[57] G. W. F. Hegel, *Aesthetics: Lectures on Fine Art*, trans. T. M. Knox, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1975), 2: 1113; Timothy Morton, *Ecology without Nature: Rethinking Environmental Aesthetics* (Harvard: Harvard University Press, 2009), 121.
[58] Susan J. Wolfson, *Formal Charges: The Shaping of Poetry in British Romanticism* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1997), 216.
[59] Stephen (Stephanie) Burt, "What Is This Thing Called Lyric?" *Modern Philology* 113, no. 3 (February 2016): 439.
[60] Wordsworth, "Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1802)," in *William Wordsworth: The Major Works*, 611.
[61] Edmond, 163.
[62] William W. Morgan, "Form, Tradition, and Consolation in Hardy's 'Poems of 1912–13'," *PMLA* 89, no. 3 (May 1974): 497.
[63] Keach, 187–93.
[64] Davie, "Hardy's Virgilian Purples," 506.
[65] Michael O'Neill, "'Now I Climb Alone': Poetic Subjectivity in Thomas Hardy, Edward Thomas and Stephen Spender," in *Literary and Cultural Alternatives to Modernism: Unsettling Presences*, ed. Kostas Boyiopoulos, Anthony Patterson, Mark Sandy (New York: Routledge, 2019), 52.
[66] Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Hymn to Mercury* 82. ll. 649-50, in *The Poems of Shelley, 1819–1820, Volume 3*, ed. Jack Donovan, Cian Duffy, Kelvin Everest, and Michael Rossington, with the assistance of Laura Barlow (London: Longman, 2011).
[67] Linda M. Austin notes Hardy's use of Shelley's *Adonais* in "Reading Depression in Hardy's 'Poems of 1912–13'," *Victorian Poetry* 36, no. 1 (Spring 1998): 9.
[68] François, 66. Translation by François, 63.
[69] Elizabeth Helsinger, "Conversing in Verse," *ELH* 84, no. 4 (Winter 2017), 999.
[70] James Bieri, *Percy Bysshe Shelley: A Biography* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2008), 614.
[71] As do the editors of *CPPBS*, who write that the poem will "appear in *CPPBS* VI with other poems written for Jane Williams" (*CPPBS* 7: 335).
[72] Angela Leighton, "Love, Writing and Scepticism in *Epipsychidion*," in *The New Shelley: Later Twentieth-Century Views*, ed. G. Kim Blank (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1991), 230.
[73] Cian Duffy, *Shelley and the Revolutionary Sublime* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005), 8.
[74] Michael O'Neill, *Shelleyan Reimaginings and Influence: New Relations* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2019), 143.
[75] Robert Southey, *The Curse of Kehama*, in *Robert Southey: Poetical Works 1793-1810, Volume Four*, ed. Daniel Sanjiv Roberts, gen. ed. Lynda Pratt, 5 vols. (London: Pickering and Chatto, 2004), 4: Book 2, ll. 154–157.

[76] Eric Griffiths, *The Printed Voice of Victorian Poetry* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989), 230–31.
[77] Donald Davie, *Thomas Hardy and British Poetry* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1973), 58.
[78] Ramazani, 133.
[79] Bloom, *A Map of Misreading*, 26.
[80] O'Neill, 'Now I Climb Alone', 54 and 59.