APPENDIXES

DATA A

NEUTRAL TONES

1. We stood by a pond that winter day,
2. And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
3. And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
4. They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.
5. Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
6. Over tedious riddles of years ago;
7. And some words played between us to and fro
8. On which lost the more by our love.
9. The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
10. Alive enough to have strength to die;
11. And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
12. Like an ominous bird a-wing. . .
13. Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
14. And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
15. Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
16. And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

DATA B

A BACKWARD SPRING

1. The trees are afraid to put forth buds
2. And there is timidity in the grass
3. The plots lie gray where gouged by spuds
4. And whether next will pass
5. Free of sly sour winds is the fret of each bush
6. Of barberry waiting to bloom.
7. Yet the snowdrop’s face betrays no gloom
8. And the primrose pants in its heedless push
9. Though the myrtle asks if it’s worth the fight
10. This year with frost and rime
11. To venture one more time
12. On delicate leaves and buttons of white
13. From the selfsame bough as at last year’s prime
14. And never to ruminate on or remember
15. What happened to it in mid-december.

DATA C

LAST LOOK ROUND ST. MARTIN’S FAIR
1. The sun is like an open furnace door
2. Whose round revealed retort confines the roar
3. Of fires beyond terrene
4. The moon presents the luster-lacking face
5. Of a brass dial gone green
6. Whose hours no eye can trace
7. The unsold heathcroppers are driven home
8. To the shades of the great forest whence they come
9. By men with long cord-waistcoast in brown monochrome
10. The stars break out, and flicker in the breeze
11. It seems, that twitches the trees,
12. From its hot idol soon
13. The fickle unresting earth has turned to a fresh patron
14. The cold now brighter moon
15. The woman in red, at the nut-stall with the gun
16. Lights up, and still goes on
17. She’s redder in the flare lamp than the sun
18. Showed it ere it was gone.
19. Her hands are black with loading all the day
20. And yet she treats her labour as twere play
21. Tosses her ear rings and talks ribaldry
22. To the young men around as natural gaiety
23. And not a weary work she’d readily stay
24. And never again nut-shooting see
25. Though crying, "fire away!"

DATA D
AT DAY-CLOSE IN NOVEMBER

1. The ten hours' light is abating,
2. And a late bird flies across,
3. Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,
4. Give their black heads a toss.
5. Beech leaves, that yellow the noon-time,
6. Float past like specks in the eye;
7. I set every tree in my June time,
8. And now they obscure the sky.
9. And the children who ramble through here
10. Conceive that there never has been
11. A time when no tall trees grew here,
12. A time when none will be seen.

DATA E
SNOW IN THE SUBURBS

1. Every branch big with it,
2. Bent every twig with it;
3. Every fork like a white web-foot;
4. Every street and pavement mute:
5. Some flakes have lost their way, and grope back upward,
6. When Meeting those meandering down they turn and descend again.
7. The palings are glued together like a wall,
8. And there is no waft of wind with the fleecy fall.
9. A sparrow enters the tree,
10. Whereon immediately
11. A snow-lump thrice his own slight size
12. Descends on him and showers his head and eyes,
13. And overturns him, And near inurns him,
14. And lights on a nether twig, when its brush
15. Starts off a volley of other lodging lumps with a rush.
16. The steps are a blanched slope,
17. Up which, with feeble hope,
18. A black cat comes, wide-eyed and thin;
19. And we take him in.

DATA F
A SHEEP FAIR
1. The day arrives of the autumn fair
2. And torrents fall
3. Though sheep in throngs are gathered there
4. Ten thousand all
5. Sodden with hurdles round them reared
6. And, lot by lot, the pens are cleared
7. And the auctioneer wrings out his beard
8. And wipes his book, bedrenched and smeared
9. And rakes the rain from his face with the edge of his hand
10. As torrent fall
11. The wool of the ewe is like a sponge
12. With the daylong rain:
13. Jammed tight, to turn, or lie, or lunge
14. They strive in vain
15. Their horns are soft as finger-nails
16. Their shepherds reek against the rails
17. The tied dogs soak with tucked-in tails
18. The buyers’ hat-brims fill like pails
19. Which spill small cascades when they shift their stand
20. In the daylong rain.
DATA G

LAST WEEK IN OCTOBER

1. The trees are undressing, and fling in many places
2. On the gray road, the roof, the window-sill
3. Their radiant robes and ribbons and yellow laces a
4. A leaf each second so is flung at will
5. Here, there, another and another, still and still
6. A spider’s web has caught one while downcoming
7. That stays there dangling when the rest pass on
8. Like a suspended criminal hangs he, mumming
9. In golden garb, while one yet green, high yon
10. Trembles, as fearing such a fate for himself anon.

DATA H

AT MIDDLE-FIELD GATE IN FEBRUARY

1. The bars are thick with drops that show
2. As they gather themselves from the fog
3. Like silver buttons ranged in a row
4. And as evenly spaced as if measured, although
5. They fall at the feeblest jog
6. They load the leafless hedge hard by
7. And the blades of last year’s grass
8. While the fallow ploughland turned up nigh
9. In raw rolls, clammy and clogging lie
10. Too clogging for feet to pass
11. How dry it was on a far-back day
12. When straws hung the hedge and around
13. When amid the sheaves in amorous play
14. In curtained bonnets and light array
15. Bloomed a bevy now underground!
DATA I

AN UNKINDLY MAY

1. A shepherd stands by a gate in a white smock-frock
2. He holds the gate ajar, intently counting his flock
3. The sour spring wind is blunting boisterous-wise
4. And bears on it dirty clouds across the skies
5. Plantation timbers creak like rusty cranes
6. And pigeons and rooks, disheveled by late rains
7. Are like gaunt vultures, sodden and unkempt
8. And song birds do not end what they attempt
9. The buds have tried to open, but quite failing
10. Have pinched themselves together in their quailing
11. The sun frowns whitely in eye-trying flaps
12. Through passing cloud-holes, mimicking audible taps
13. 'Nature, you're not commendable to-day!' I think. Better to-morrow! she seems to say
14. That shepherd still stands in that white smock-frock
15. Unnoting all things save the counting his flocks.

DATA J

SHORTENING DAYS AT THE HOMESTEAD

1. The first fire since the summer is lit, and is smoking into the room
2. The sun-rays thread it through, like woof-lines in a loom
3. Sparrows spurt from the hedge, whom misgivings appal
4. That winter did not leave last year for ever, after all
5. Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-haired
6. Stand pollard willows, their twigs just bared
7. Who is this coming with pondering pace
8. Black and ruddy, with white embossed
9. His eyes being black, and ruddy his face
10. And the marge of his hair like morning frost?
11. It's the cider-maker
12. And apple-tree-shaker
13. And behind him on wheels, in readiness
14. His mill, and tubs, and vat, and press.

DATA K

The Photograph

1. The flame crept up the portrait line by line
2. As it lay on the coals in the silence of night's profound,
3. And over the arm's incline,
4. And along the marge of the silkwork superfine,
5. And gnawed at the delicate bosom's defenceless round.
6. Then I vented a cry of hurt, and averted my eyes;
7. The spectacle was one that I could not bear,
8. To my deep and sad surprise;
9. But, compelled to heed, I again looked furtive-wise
10. Till the flame had eaten her breasts, and mouth, and hair. "Thank God, she is out of it now!" I said at last,
11. In a great relief of heart when the thing was done
12. That had set my soul aghast,
13. And nothing was left of the picture unsheathed from the past
14. But the ashen ghost of the card it had figured on.
15. She was a woman long hid amid packs of years,
16. She might have been living or dead; she was lost to my sight,
17. And the deed that had nigh drawn tears
18. Was done in a casual clearance of life's arrears;
19. But I felt as if I had put her to death that night! . . .
20. Well; she knew nothing thereof did she survive,
21. And suffered nothing if numbered among the dead;
22. Yet--yet--if on earth alive
23. Did she feel a smart, and with vague strange anguish strive?
24. If in heaven, did she smile at me sadly and shake her head?
DATA L

AT THE WORD "FAREWELL"

1. She looked like a bird from a cloud
2. On the clammy lawn,
3. Moving along, bare-browed
4. In the dim of dawn.
5. The candles alight in the room
6. For my parting meal
7. Made all things withoutdoors loom
8. Strange, ghostly, unreal.
9. The hour itself was a ghost,
10. And it seemed to me then
11. As of chances the chance furthermost
12. I should see her again.
13. I beheld not where all was so fleet
14. That a Plan of the past
15. Which had ruled us from birthtime to meet
16. Was in working at last:
17. No prelude did I there perceive
18. To a drame at all,
19. Or foreshadow what fortune might weave
20. From beginnings so small;
21. But I rose as if quicked by a spur
22. I was bound to obe,
23. And stepped through the casement to her
25. "I am leaving you . . . Farewell!" I said
26. As I followed her on
27. By an alley bare boughs overspread;
28. "I soon must be gone!"
29. Even then the scale might have been turned
30. Against love by a feather, but crimson one cheek of hers burned
31. When we came in together.

DATA M

AT THE ALTAR-RAIL

1. 'My bride is not coming, alas!' says the groom,
2. And the telegram shakes in his hand. 'I own
3. It was hurried! We met at a dancing-room
4. When I went to the Cattle-Show alone,
5. And then, next night, where the Fountain leaps,
6. And the Street of the Quarter-Circle sweeps.
7. 'Ay, she won me to ask her to be my wife --
8. 'Twas foolish perhaps! -- to forsake the ways
9. Of the flaring town for a farmer's life.
10. She agreed. And we fixed it. Now she says:
11. "It's sweet of you, dear, to prepare me a nest,
12. But a swift, short, gay life suits me best.
13. What I really am you have never gleaned;
14. I had eaten the apple ere you were weaned."

DATA N

HAP

1. If but some vengeful god would call to me
2. From up the sky, and laugh:
3. "Thou suffering thing,
4. Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
5. That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"
6. Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
7. Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
8. Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
9. Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.
10. But not so.
11. How arrives it joy lies slain,
12. And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
   Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
13. And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
14. These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
15. Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

DATA O

Nature's Questioning
1. When look forth at dawning, pool,
2. Field, flock, and lonely tree,
3. All seem to look at me
4. Like chastened children sitting silent in a school;
5. Their faces dulled, constrained, and worn,
6. As though the master's ways
7. Through the long teaching days
8. Their first terrestrial zest had chilled and overborne.
9. And on them stirs, in lippings mere
10. (As if once clear in call,
11. But now scarce breathed at all)--
12. "We wonder, ever wonder, why we find us here!
13. "Has some Vast Imbecility,
14. Mighty to build and blend,
15. But impotent to tend,
16. Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?
17. "Or come we of an Automaton
18. Unconscious of our pains?...
19. Or are we live remains
20. Of Godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?
21. "Or is it that some high Plan betides,
22. As yet not understood,
23. Of Evil stormed by Good,
24. We the Forlorn Hope over which Achievement strides?"
25. Thus things around. No answerer I....
26. Meanwhile the winds, and rains,
27. And Earth's old glooms and pains
28. Are still the same, and gladdest Life Death neighbors nigh.

BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS HARDY

Thomas Hardy was born at Higher Bockhampton, a hamlet in the parish of Stinsford to the east of Dorchester in Dorset, England. His father (Thomas) worked as a stonemason and local builder. His mother Jemima was well-read and educated Thomas until he went to his first school at Bockhampton at age eight. For several years he attended a school run by a Mr Last. Here he learned Latin and demonstrated academic potential.[1] However, a family of Hardy's social position lacked the means for a university education, and his formal education ended at the age of 16 when he became apprenticed to John Hicks, a local architect. Hardy trained as an architect in Dorchester before moving to London in 1862; there he enrolled as a student at King’s College, London. He won prizes from the Royal Institute of British Architects and the Architectural Association. Hardy never felt at home in London. He was acutely conscious of class divisions and his social inferiority. However, he was interested in social reform and was familiar with the works of John Stuart Mill. He was also introduced to the works of Charles Fourier and Auguste Comte during this period by his Dorset friend Horace Moule. Five years later, concerned about his health, he returned to Dorset and decided to dedicate himself to writing.
In 1870, Hardy met and fell in love with Emma Lavinia Gifford, whom he married in 1874. Although he later became estranged from his wife, who died in 1912, her death had a traumatic effect on him. After her death, Hardy made a trip to Cornwall to revisit places linked with their courtship, and his Poems 1912–13 reflect upon her passing. In 1914, Hardy married his secretary Florence Emily Dugdale, who was 39 years his junior. However, he remained preoccupied with his first wife's death and tried to overcome his remorse by writing poetry.

Hardy became ill with pleurisy in December 1927 and died in January 1928, having dictated his final poem to his wife on his deathbed. His funeral was on 16 January at Westminster Abbey, and it proved a controversial occasion because Hardy and his family and friends had wished for his body to be interred at Stinsford in the same grave as his first wife, Emma. However, his executor, Sir Sydney Carlyle Cockerell, insisted that he be placed in the abbey's famous Poets' Corner. A compromise was reached whereby his heart was buried at Stinsford with Emma, and his ashes in Poets' Corner.

Shortly after Hardy's death, the executors of his estate burnt his letters and notebooks. Twelve records survived, one of them containing notes and extracts of newspaper stories from the 1820s. Research into these provided insight into how Hardy kept track of them and how he used them in his later work. In the year of his death Mrs Hardy published The Early Life of Thomas Hardy, 1841–1891: compiled largely from contemporary notes, letters, diaries, and biographical memoranda, as well as from oral information in conversations extending over many years.

Hardy's work was admired by many authors including D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf. In his autobiography Goodbye to All That, Robert Graves recalls meeting Hardy in Dorset in the early 1920s. Hardy received him and his newly married wife warmly, and was encouraging about his work.

In 1910, Hardy was awarded the Order of Merit. Hardy's cottage at Bockhampton and Max Gate in Dorchester are owned by the National Trust.
Religious beliefs

Hardy's family were Anglican, but not especially devout. He was baptised at the age of five weeks and attended church, where his father and uncle contributed to music. However, he did not attend the local Church of England school, instead being sent to Mr Last's school, three miles away. As a young adult, he befriended Henry R. Bastow (a Plymouth Brethren man), who also worked as a pupil architect, and who was preparing for adult baptism in the Baptist Church, and Hardy flirted with conversion, but decided against it.[7] Bastow went to Australia and maintained a long correspondence with Hardy, but eventually Hardy tired of these exchanges and the correspondence ceased. This concluded Hardy's links with the Baptists.

Novels

Thomas Hardy's birthplace at Higher Bockhampton, where Under the Greenwood Tree and Far from the Madding Crowd were written

Hardy's first novel, The Poor Man and the Lady, finished by 1867, failed to find a publisher and Hardy destroyed the manuscript so only parts of the novel remain. He was encouraged to try again by his mentor and friend, Victorian poet and novelist George Meredith. Desperate Remedies (1871) and Under the Greenwood Tree (1872) were published anonymously. In 1873 A Pair of Blue Eyes, a story drawing on Hardy's courtship of his first wife, was published under his own name.

Hardy said that he first introduced Wessex in Far from the Madding Crowd (1874), his next novel. It was successful enough for Hardy to give up architectural work and pursue a literary career. Over the next twenty-five years Hardy produced ten more novels.

The Hardys moved from London to Yeovil and then to Sturminster Newton, where he wrote The Return of the Native (1878). In 1885, they moved for a last time, to Max Gate, a house outside Dorchester designed by Hardy and built by his brother. There he wrote The Mayor of Casterbridge (1886), The Woodlanders
(1887) and *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891), the last of which attracted criticism for its sympathetic portrayal of a "fallen woman" and was initially refused publication. Its subtitle, *A Pure Woman: Faithfully Presented*, was intended to raise the eyebrows of the Victorian middle-classes.

*Jude the Obscure*, published in 1895, met with even stronger negative outcries from the Victorian public for its frank treatment of sex, and was often referred to as "Jude the Obscene". Heavily criticised for its apparent attack on the institution of marriage through the presentation of such concepts as erotolepsy, the book caused further strain on Hardy's already difficult marriage because Emma Hardy was concerned that *Jude the Obscure* would be read as autobiographical. Some booksellers sold the novel in brown paper bags, and the Bishop of Wakefield is reputed to have burnt his copy.[6] In his postscript of 1912, Hardy humorously referred to this incident as part of the career of the book: "After these [hostile] verdicts from the press its next misfortune was to be burnt by a bishop — probably in his despair at not being able to burn me".[12]

Despite this criticism, Hardy had become a celebrity in English literature by the 1900s, with several highly successful novels behind him, yet he felt disgust at the public reception of two of his greatest works and gave up writing fiction altogether.

**Literary themes**

Although he wrote a great deal of poetry, most of it went unpublished until after 1898, thus Hardy is best remembered for the series of novels and short stories he wrote between 1871 and 1895. His novels are set in the imaginary world of Wessex, a large area of south and south-west England, using the name of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom that covered the area. Hardy was part of two worlds. He had a deep emotional bond with the rural way of life which he had known as a child, but he was also aware of the changes which were under way and the current social problems, from the innovations in agriculture — he captured the epoch just
before the Industrial Revolution changed the English countryside — to the unfairness and hypocrisy of Victorian sexual behaviour.

Hardy critiques certain social constraints that hindered the lives of those living in the 19th century. Considered a Victorian Realist writer, Hardy examines the social constraints that are part of the Victorian status quo, suggesting these rules hinder the lives of all involved and ultimately lead to unhappiness. In *Two on a Tower*, Hardy seeks to take a stand against these rules and sets up a story against the backdrop of social structure by creating a story of love that crosses the boundaries of class. The reader is forced to consider disposing of the conventions set up for love. Nineteenth-century society enforces these conventions, and societal pressure ensures conformity. Swithin St Cleeve's idealism pits him against contemporary social constraints. He is a self-willed individual set up against the coercive strictures of social rules and mores.

Hardy's stories take into consideration the events of life and their effects. Fate plays a significant role as the thematic basis for many of his novels. Characters are constantly encountering crossroads, which are symbolic of a point of opportunity and transition. *Far From the Madding Crowd* tells a tale of lives that are constructed by chance. “Had Bathsheba not sent the valentine, had Fanny not missed her wedding, for example, the story would have taken an entirely different path.”[13] Once things have been put into motion, they will play out. Hardy's characters are in the grips of an overwhelming fate.

Hardy paints a vivid picture of rural life in the 19th century, with all its joys and suffering, as a fatalistic world full of superstition and injustice. His heroes and heroines are often alienated from society and are rarely readmitted. He tends to emphasise the impersonal and, generally, negative powers of fate over the mainly working class people he represents in his novels. Hardy exhibits in his books elemental passion, deep instinct, and the human will struggling against fatal and ill-comprehended laws, a victim also of unforeseeable change. *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, for example, ends with:
In particular, Hardy's novel *Jude the Obscure* is full of the sense of crisis of the later Victorian period (as witnessed in Matthew Arnold's 'Dover Beach'). It describes the tragedy of two new social types, Jude Fawley, a working man who attempts to educate himself, and his lover and cousin, Sue Bridehead, who represents the 'new woman' of the 1890s.[14]

His mastery, as both an author and poet, lies in the creation of natural surroundings making discoveries through close observation and acute sensitiveness. He notices the smallest and most delicate details, yet he can also paint vast landscapes of his own Wessex in melancholy or noble moods.[15] (His eye for poignant detail — such as the spreading bloodstain on the ceiling at the end of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and little Jude's suicide note — often came from clippings from newspaper reports of real events).

**Poetry**

In 1898 Hardy published his first volume of poetry, *Wessex Poems*, a collection of poems written over 30 years. Hardy claimed poetry as his first love, and published collections until his death in 1928. Although not as well received by his contemporaries as his novels, Hardy's poetry has been applauded considerably in recent years, in part because of the influence on Philip Larkin. However, critically it is still not regarded as highly as his prose.

Most of his poems deal with themes of disappointment in love and life, and mankind's long struggle against indifference to human suffering. Some, like "The Darkling Thrush" and "An August Midnight", appear as poems about writing poetry, because the nature mentioned in them gives Hardy the inspiration to write those. A vein of regret tinges his often seemingly banal themes. His compositions range in style from the three-volume epic closet drama *The Dynasts* to smaller, and often hopeful or even cheerful ballads of the moment such as the little-known "The Children and Sir Nameless", a comic poem inspired by the tombs of the Martyns, builders of Athelhampton. A particularly strong theme in the *Wessex Poems* is the long shadow that the Napoleonic Wars cast over the nineteenth
century, for example, in "The Sergeant's Song" and "Leipzig", and the way those memories wind through the English landscape and its inhabitants.

A few of Hardy's poems, such as "The Blinded Bird" (a melancholy polemic against the sport of vinkenzetting), display his love of the natural world and his firm stance against animal cruelty, exhibited in his antivivisectionist views and his membership in the RSPCA.[16]

Composers who have set Hardy's text to music include Gerald Finzi, who produced six song-cycles for poems by Hardy, Benjamin Britten, who based his song-cycle Winter Words on Hardy's poetry, Ralph Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst. Holst also based one of his last orchestral works, Egdon Heath, on Hardy's work. Composer Lee Hoiby's setting of "The Darkling Thrush" became the basis of the multimedia opera Darkling and Timothy Takach, a graduate of St. Olaf, has also put "The Darkling Thrush" into arrangement for a four-part mixed choir.

**Works**

**Prose**

Hardy divided his novels and collected short stories into three classes:

**Novels of Character and Environment**

- *The Poor Man and the Lady* (1867, unpublished and lost)
- *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872)
- *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874)
- *The Return of the Native* (1878)
- *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886)
- *The Woodlanders* (1887)
- *Wessex Tales* (1888, a collection of short stories)
- *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891)
- *Life's Little Ironies* (1894, a collection of short stories)
- *Jude the Obscure* (1895)

**Romances and Fantasies**
Novels of Ingenuity

- Desperate Remedies (1871)
- The Hand of Ethelberta (1876)
- A Laodicean (1881)

Hardy also produced a number of minor tales and a collaborative novel, The Spectre of the Real (1894). An additional short-story collection, beyond the ones mentioned above, is A Changed Man and Other Tales (1913). His works have been collected as the 24-volume Wessex Edition (1912–1913) and the 37-volume Mellstock Edition (1919–1920). His largely self-written biography appears under his second wife's name in two volumes from 1928–1930, as The Early Life of Thomas Hardy, 1840–1891 and The Later Years of Thomas Hardy, 1892–1928, now published in a critical one-volume edition as The Life and Work of Thomas Hardy, edited by Michael Millgate (1984).

Short stories (with date of first publication)

- "How I Built Myself A House" (1865)
- "Destiny and a Blue Cloak" (1874)
- "The Thieves Who Couldn't Stop Sneezing" (1877)
- "The Duchess of Hamptonshire" (1878)
- "The Distracted Preacher" (1879)
- "Fellow-Townsmen" (1880)
- "The Honourable Laura" (1881)
- "The Winters And The Palmleys" (1891)
- "For Conscience' Sake" (1891)
- "Incident in Mr. Crookhill's Life" (1891)
- "The Doctor's Legend" (1891)
- "Andrey Satchel and the Parson and Clerk" (1891)
- "The History of the Hardcomes" (1891)
• "What The Shepherd Saw" (1881)
• "A Tradition of Eighteen Hundred and Four" (1882)
• "The Three Strangers" (1883)
• "The Romantic Adventures Of A Milkmaid" (1883)
• "Interlopers At The Knap" (1884)
• "A Mere Interlude" (1885) (republished in Penguin Great Loves series)
• "A Tryst At An Ancient Earthwork" (1885)
• "Alicia's Diary" (1887)
• "The Waiting Supper" (1887-88)
• "The Withered Arm" (1888)
• "A Tragedy Of Two Ambitions" (1888)
• "The First Countess of Wessex" (1889)
• "Anna, Lady Baxby" (1890)
• "The Lady Icenway" (1890)
• "Lady Mottisfont" (1890)
• "The Lady Penelope" (1890)
• "The Marchioness of Stonehenge" (1890)
• "Squire Petrick's Lady" (1890)
• "Barbara Of The House Of Grebe" (1890)
• "The Melancholy Hussar of The German Legion" (1890)
• "Absent-Mindedness in a Parish Choir" (1891)
• "Netty Sargent's Copyhold" (1891)
• "On The Western Circuit" (1891)
• "A Few Crusted Characters: Introduction" (1891)
• "The Superstitious Man's Story" (1891)
• "Tony Kytes, the Arch-Deceiver" (1891)
• "To Please His Wife" (1891)
• "The Son's Veto" (1891)
• "Old Andrey's Experience as a Musician" (1891)
• "Our Exploits At West Poley" (1892-93)
• "Master John Horseleigh, Knight" (1893)
• "The Fiddler of the Reels" (1893)
• "An Imaginative Woman" (1894)
• "The Spectre of the Real" (1894)
• "A Committee-Man of 'The Terror'" (1896)
• "The Duke's Reappearance" (1896)
• "The Grave By The Handpost" (1897)
• "A Changed Man" (1900)
• "Enter a Dragoon" (1900)
- "Blue Jimmy: The Horse Stealer" (1911)
- "Old Mrs. Chundle" (1929)
- "The Unconquerable" (1992)

**Poetry**

- *The Photograph* (1890)
- *Wessex Poems and Other Verses* (1898)
- *Poems of the Past and Present* (1901)
- *The Man He Killed* (1902)
- *The Dynasts* (verse drama)
  - *The Dynasts, Part 1* (1904)
  - *The Dynasts, Part 2* (1906)
  - *The Dynasts, Part 3* (1908)
- *Time's Laughingstocks and Other Verses* (1909)
- *Satires of Circumstance* (1914)
- *Moments of Vision* (1917)
- *Collected Poems* (1919, part of the Mellstock Edition of his novels and poems)
- *Late Lyrics and Earlier with Many Other Verses* (1922)
- *Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles* (1925)
- *Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres* (1928, published posthumously)

**Drama**

- *The Dynasts* (verse drama)
  - *The Dynasts, Part 1* (1904)
  - *The Dynasts, Part 2* (1906)
  - *The Dynasts, Part 3* (1908)