

# At a Lunar Eclipse

*Thomas Hardy*  
(composed in the 1860s)



Thy shadow, Earth, from Pole to Central Sea,  
Now steals along upon the Moon's meek shine  
In even monochrome and curving line  
Of imperturbable serenity.

How shall I link such sun-cast symmetry  
With the torn troubled form I know as thine,  
That profile, placid as a brow divine,  
With continents of moil and misery?

And can immense Mortality but throw  
So small a shade, and Heaven's high human scheme  
Be hemmed within the coasts yon arc implies?

In such the stellar gauge of earthly show,  
Nation at war with nation, brains that teem,  
Heroes, and women fairer than the skies?