



The fallow deer at the lonely house

One without looks in tonight
Through the curtain-chink
From the sheet of glistening white ;
One without looks in tonight
As we sit and think
By the fender-brink.

We do not discern those eyes
Watching in the snow ;
Lit by lamps of rosy dyes
We do not discern those eyes
Wondering, aglow,
Fourfooted, tiptoe.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)