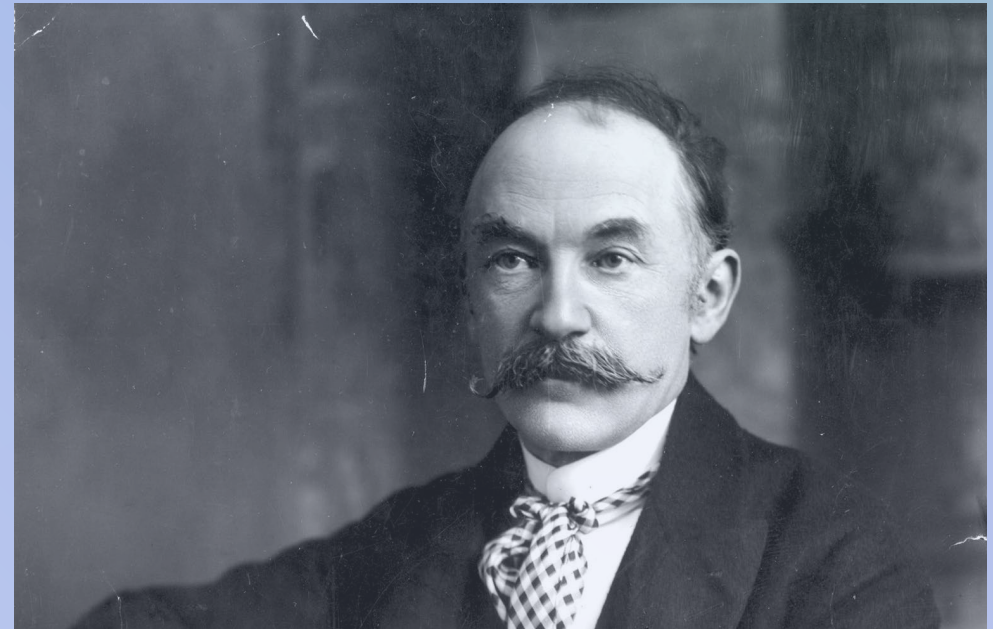
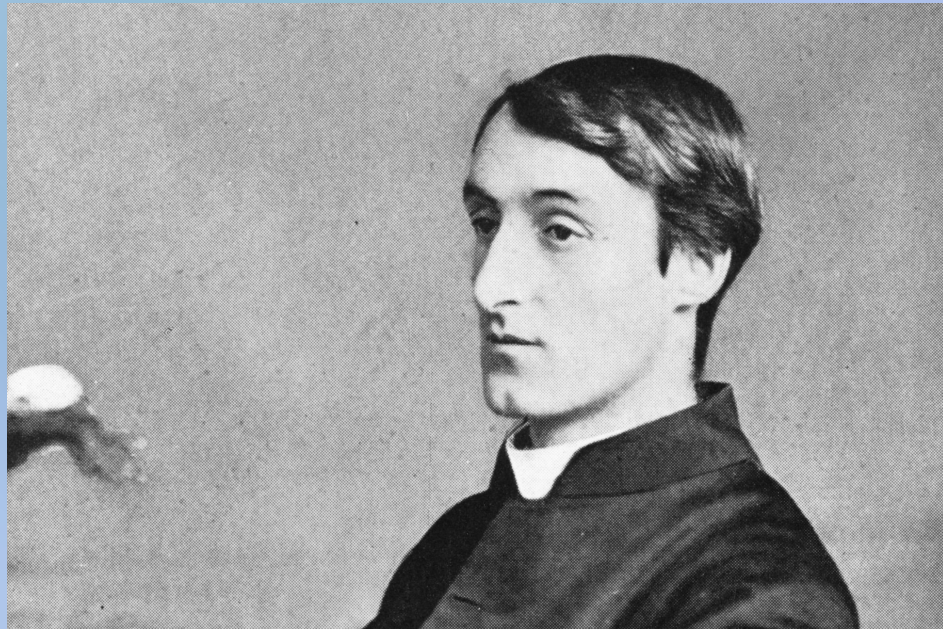


The Neologistic Imagination in Hardy and Hopkins

Veronica Alfano

G. M. Hopkins and Thomas Hardy



Hardy's coinages

- world-weaver (“Doom and She”)
- stuporing (“To a Well-Named Dwelling”)
- wistlessness (“The Voice”)
- outskeleton (“Rome: Building a New Street in the Ancient Quarter”)
- unblooms (“Hap”)
- unvision (“The Shadow on the Stone”)

Hardy, from “Overlooking the River Stour”

Planing up shavings of crystal spray
A moor-hen darted out
From the bank thereabout,
And through the **stream-shine** ripped his way;
Planing up shavings of crystal spray
A moor-hen darted out.

Closed were the kingcups; and the mead
Dripped in monotonous green,
Though the day's morning sheen
Had shown it golden and **honeybee'd**;
Closed were the kingcups; and the mead
Dripped in monotonous green.

And never I turned my head, alack,
While these things met my gaze
Through the pane's **drop-drenched** glaze,
To see the more behind my back
O never I turned, but let, alack,
These less things hold my gaze!

Hardy, from “The Voice”

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!

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?

Hopkins's coinages

- bellbright (“Epithalamion”)
- rash-fresh (“The Sea and the Skylark”)
- purple-of-thunder (“Henry Purcell”)
- dapple-dawn-drawn (“The Windhover”)
- very-violet-sweet (“Hurrahing in Harvest”)
- twindles (“Inversnaid”)
- **Selves** — goes itself; *myself* it speaks and spells (“As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame”)

Hopkins, from “The Starlight Night” and “I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day”

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the **circle-citadels** there! [...]
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.
Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

Hopkins's coinages, continued

- This to hoard unheard [...] leaves me a lonely **began** (“To seem the stranger lies my lot, my life”)
- lionlimb (“Carrion Comfort”)
- heaven-handling (“Carrion Comfort”)

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