

Thomas Hardy Tess of the d'Urbervilles



CLASSIC FICTION

Read by **Anna Bentinck**



| 1 | Chantau 1 | 6.42 |
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| = | Chapter 1 | 6:42 |
| 2 | 'And shall we ever come into our own again?' | 5:47 |
| 3 | Chapter 2 | 6:02 |
| 4 | The young girls formed, indeed, the | 5:37 |
| 5 | Among these on-lookers were three | 6:11 |
| 6 | Chapter 3 | 5:21 |
| 7 | 'I'll rock the cradle for 'ee, mother,' said the daughter | 5:28 |
| 8 | The Compleat Fortune-Teller was an old thick volume | 5:37 |
| 9 | Chapter 4 | 5:32 |
| 10 | While this question was being discussed | 5:41 |
| 11 | It was eleven o'clock before the family | 5:35 |
| 12 | The renewed subject, which seemed to have | 4:41 |
| 13 | By this time the mail-cart man | 5:32 |
| 14 | Chapter 5 | 3:39 |
| 15 | Rising early next day | 5:37 |
| 16 | Everything on this snug property | 5:02 |
| 17 | This embodiment of a d'Urberville | 5:14 |
| 18 | They had spent some time wandering | 6:01 |
| 19 | Chapter 6 | 5:54 |
| 20 | Tess seemed for the moment | 6:13 |
| 21 | Chapter 7 | 5:24 |
| 22 | 'Not for less than a thousand pound!' | 6:29 |

| 23 | Chapter 8 | 6:09 |
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| 24 | He drew rein, and as they slowed | 5:53 |
| 25 | Chapter 9 | 5:04 |
| 26 | The birds that the two girls had brought in | 5:26 |
| 27 | He suited the action to the word, and | 4:14 |
| 28 | Chapter 10 | 3:53 |
| 29 | Approaching the hay-trussers | 5:17 |
| 30 | 'You shall catch it for this, my gentlemen' | 5:12 |
| 31 | ''Tis treacle,' said an observant matron. | 6:50 |
| 32 | Chapter 11 | 5:08 |
| 33 | 'Why, where be we?' | 5:05 |
| 34 | Having buttoned the overcoat | 4:37 |
| 35 | Chapter 12 | 5:14 |
| 36 | ''Tis quite true.' | 4:46 |
| 37 | He emitted a laboured breath | 5:31 |
| 38 | 'No,' said she | 6:16 |
| 39 | Chapter 13 | 4:14 |
| 40 | Parishioners dropped in by twos and threes | 4:00 |
| 41 | Chapter 14 | 6:09 |
| 42 | Her binding proceeds with clock-like monotony. | 6:32 |
| 43 | A resolution which had surprised | 5:14 |
| 44 | Tess had drifted into a frame of mind | 5:02 |

| 45 | The most impressed of them said | 4:58 |
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| 46 | · · | 3:28 |
| 47 | | |
| | | 3:42 |
| 48 | | 3:42 |
| 49 | Chapter 16 | 4:50 |
| 50 | The bird's-eye perspective before her | 4:59 |
| 51 | Tess Durbeyfield, then, in good heart | 4:31 |
| 52 | Chapter 17 | 4:47 |
| 53 | The milkers formed quite a little battalion | 4:46 |
| 54 | | 5:01 |
| 55 | | 5:30 |
| 56 | Chapter 18 | 4:41 |
| 57 | It had never occurred to the straightforward | 5:07 |
| 58 | So we find Angel Clare at six-and-twenty | 5:06 |
| 59 | The early mornings were still sufficiently cool | 5:16 |
| 60 | Chapter 19 | 5:37 |
| 61 | Tess was conscious of neither time nor space. | 5:08 |
| 62 | Tess, on her part, could not understand why | 5:09 |
| 63 | 'Tess, fie for such bitterness!' | 4:42 |
| 64 | Chapter 20 | 5:31 |
| 65 | The mixed, singular, luminous gloom | 4:47 |
| 66 | Chapter 21 | 5:42 |

| 67 | Mhile the listeners were smiling | F 40 |
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| _ | While the listeners were smiling | 5:10 |
| 68 | · | 4:25 |
| 69 | | 4:38 |
| 70 | | 3:14 |
| 71 | | 5:49 |
| 72 | Marian had lowered herself upon his arm | 6:13 |
| 73 | Tess's heart ached. | 6:25 |
| 74 | Chapter 24 | 6:04 |
| 75 | Clare had studied the curves of those lips | 4:59 |
| 76 | Chapter 25 | 5:22 |
| 77 | To encounter her daily in the accustomed manner | 4:53 |
| 78 | | 4:59 |
| | Angel sat down, and the place | 4:55 |
| 80 | 'I suppose it is farming or nothing for you now' | 4:34 |
| 81 | | 5:22 |
| 82 | 'Mercy Chant is of a very good family.' | 5:28 |
| 83 | His mother made him sandwiches | 6:07 |
| 84 | Chapter 27 | 5:22 |
| 85 | 'I've got to go a-skimming,' she pleaded | 5:13 |
| 86 | You quite misapprehend my parents. | 5:17 |
| 87 | Chapter 28 | 6:32 |
| 88 | Although the early September weather was sultry | 3:34 |

| 89 | At last she got away, and did not stop | 3:27 |
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| 90 | Chapter 29 | 5:40 |
| 91 | It all turned on that release. | 4:59 |
| 92 | Clare had resolved never to kiss her until | 3:59 |
| 93 | Chapter 30 | 6:25 |
| 94 | 'Londoners will drink it at their breakfasts' | 6:46 |
| 95 | 'I like the other way rather best.' | 5:14 |
| 96 | Chapter 31 | 5:15 |
| 97 | They unaffectedly sought each other's company | 5:25 |
| 98 | Her affection for him was now the breath and life | 5:23 |
| 99 | 'But,' she timidly answered | 4:50 |
| 100 | 'Are you sure you don't dislike me for it?' | 3:24 |
| 101 | Chapter 32 | 5:02 |
| 102 | 'So that, seriously, dearest Tess,' he continued | 5:27 |
| 103 | Next, he wished to see a little of the working | 6:16 |
| 104 | Chapter 33 | 5:06 |
| 105 | 'Oh, nothing, dear,' he said from within. | 5:31 |
| 106 | Her perception that Angel's bearing towards her | 5:38 |
| 107 | Upheld by the momentum of the time | 5:42 |
| 108 | 'O my love, why do I love you so!' | 3:47 |
| 109 | Chapter 34 | 5:44 |
| 110 | 'That cock knew the weather was going to' | 5:28 |
| | | |

| Suddenly he said with enthusiasm | 5:49 |
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| Angel, suddenly recollecting that Tess | 6:02 |
| 'O yes! I am sure that – ' | 4:24 |
| Chapter 35 | 6:42 |
| 'Sit down, sit down,' he said gently. | 6:35 |
| Behold, when thy face is made bare | 4:04 |
| They wandered on again in silence. | 3:41 |
| Having nothing more to fear | 3:53 |
| Chapter 36 | 5:14 |
| 'My position – is this,' he said abruptly. | 5:16 |
| 'Well, since you say no, I won't' | 4:57 |
| He spoke such things as these and more | 5:49 |
| Her eyelids, weighted with trouble | 4:42 |
| 'Quite sure. We ought to part | 4:00 |
| Chapter 37 | 5:11 |
| Ah! Now she knew what he was dreaming of | 5:08 |
| It suddenly occurred to her to try persuasion | 5:03 |
| To make the call as unobtrusive as possible | 5:04 |
| 'Until you come to me I must not try to come to you?' | 3:06 |
| Chapter 38 | 6:38 |
| 'Well, well; what's done can't be undone!' | 6:48 |
| Chapter 39 | 5:51 |
| | Angel, suddenly recollecting that Tess 'O yes! I am sure that – ' Chapter 35 'Sit down, sit down,' he said gently. Behold, when thy face is made bare They wandered on again in silence. Having nothing more to fear Chapter 36 'My position – is this,' he said abruptly. 'Well, since you say no, I won't' He spoke such things as these and more Her eyelids, weighted with trouble 'Quite sure. We ought to part Chapter 37 Ah! Now she knew what he was dreaming of It suddenly occurred to her to try persuasion To make the call as unobtrusive as possible 'Until you come to me I must not try to come to you?' Chapter 38 'Well, well; what's done can't be undone!' |

| 133 | 'We had your brief note three weeks ago' | 5:55 |
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| 134 | "Who can find a virtuous woman?" | 6:23 |
| 135 | Chapter 40 | 5:35 |
| 136 | Hearing a footstep below, he rose | 5:04 |
| 137 | 'I am going to Brazil alone, Izz,' said he. | 5:04 |
| 138 | 'Well, but, Izz, we'll part friends, anyhow?' | 3:21 |
| 139 | Chapter 41 | 4:53 |
| 140 | Her reluctance to communicate with her | 5:18 |
| 141 | Among the difficulties of her lonely position | 4:39 |
| 142 | In the midst of these whimsical fancies | 4:31 |
| 143 | Chapter 42 | 4:35 |
| 144 | Towards the second evening she reached | 4:19 |
| 145 | She pulled off in disgust a bandage | 4:50 |
| 146 | Chapter 43 | 5:28 |
| 147 | So the two forces were at work here | 5:36 |
| 148 | Then one day a peculiar quality invaded the air | 5:57 |
| 149 | Putting on their gloves, all set to work | 5:40 |
| 150 | After this they continued for some long time | 5:47 |
| 151 | Chapter 44 | 5:00 |
| 152 | It was a year ago, all but a day | 5:49 |
| 153 | The second peal had been louder, and still | 5:17 |
| 154 | 'Some imposter who wished to come into the town' | 5:39 |

| 155 | 'The people are gone to afternoon service, I suppose?' | 4:24 |
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| 156 | Chapter 45 | 5:00 |
| 157 | As soon as she could reflect, it appalled her | 4:46 |
| 158 | 'I have done nothing!' | 5:32 |
| 159 | Tess, who had been quite unconscious of her action | 5:19 |
| 160 | Tess, half frightened, gave way to his importunity | 4:50 |
| 161 | Chapter 46 | 5:35 |
| 162 | Tess still did no more than listen | 4:42 |
| 163 | 'Do not ask what I do not wish to tell!' | 5:34 |
| 164 | 'If so be you make an agreement to work for me' | 4:53 |
| 165 | 'But I have. Though I don't believe in anything | 4:55 |
| 166 | 'What, you have really arranged to preach, and – ' | 5:29 |
| 167 | Chapter 47 | 5:13 |
| 168 | The old men on the rising straw-rick talked of the | 5:25 |
| 169 | Tess continued to eat her modest dinner | 5:25 |
| 170 | 'Well, never mind,' he resumed. | 5:57 |
| 171 | Chapter 48 | 5:21 |
| 172 | The time for the rat-catching arrived | 5:54 |
| 173 | Angel, I live entirely for you. | 5:22 |
| 174 | Chapter 49 | 5:05 |
| 175 | Angel's original intention had not been emigration | 4:52 |
| 176 | He thought of Tess as she had appeared on the day | 4:26 |

| 177 | To perfect the ballads was now her whimsical desire. | 3:47 |
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| 178 | Chapter 50 | 5:57 |
| 179 | She liked doing it after the confinement | 5:27 |
| 180 | 'A jester might say this is just like Paradise' | 5:53 |
| 181 | Chapter 51 | 6:17 |
| 182 | 'Didn't you see me?' | 6:22 |
| 183 | Tess remained where she was a long while | 5:53 |
| 184 | Chapter 52 | 6:18 |
| 185 | The distance was great – too great | 6:04 |
| 186 | In the interim Tess, left with the children | 5:43 |
| 187 | Chapter 53 | 5:48 |
| 188 | He soon retired to bed; and the next morning | 5:58 |
| 189 | Chapter 54 | 5:22 |
| 190 | Some man, apparently the sexton, had observed | 4:47 |
| 191 | Chapter 55 | 5:58 |
| 192 | Tess appeared on the threshold | 5:36 |
| 193 | Chapter 56 | 5:15 |
| 194 | She need not have done so, however | 4:38 |
| 195 | Chapter 57 | 5:45 |
| 196 | By degrees he was inclined to believe | 5:12 |
| 197 | 'I think we may as well steer in a general way' | 5:01 |
| 198 | Chapter 58 | 5:30 |

| 202 | Chapter 59 | 5:21 |
|-----|--|------|
| | He kissed her to avoid a reply | 4:16 |
| 200 | 'A very Temple of the Winds,' he said. | 5:16 |
| 199 | Not more than a minute had elapsed | 5:11 |

Total time: 17:42:17

Thomas Hardy Tess of the d'Urbervilles

Please be aware that elements of the plot are discussed in these notes

Tess of the D'Urbervilles was Thomas Hardy's penultimate novel, and like its successor Jude the Obscure was greeted with such opprobrium by the moralists of his time that his frustration eventually decided him to abandon the form altogether and concentrate on poetry. The principal reason for the mixed reception of both novels was their treatment of sex and marriage, topics pretty much guaranteed to drive late Victorian critics to apoplectic rants (the Bishop of Wakefield actually burned a copy of Tess: one critic of Jude threw it across the room in righteous indignation) unless the image was of a happy, sanctified union as a reward for socially acceptable honour, or stoic determination in the face of evident villainy. For Hardy, life was more profoundly complicated than that, more contingent, more driven by a combination of personality and fate. He dismissed the conventional ideas of virtue as held by his contemporary critics,

insisting upon a more humane valuation of an individual's worth, and a far less dogmatic reading of what was right and wrong. But this radical morality, and its translation on the page into literary theory, is not what makes *Tess* such a popular novel (such a combination rarely does) – it is the brilliant balancing of complex ideas, living characters, tragic plot and fully realised landscape, all expressed by an author with a great deal to say and fully-exercised literary muscles to say it with.

The story is so powerful that it can seem counter-intuitive to imagine *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as a novel of ideas. The innocent heroine is seduced, betrayed and abandoned; there follow desperate and heartbreaking consequences; love found then lost; brief, sublime happiness; and then final, climactic tragedy. But this dark romance is far more than a gothic love-story. It begins when an antiquarian mentions to a feckless drunkard (Durbeyfield) that he may in fact be a member of the aristocracy, a family whose lineage was thought to have died out. The

drunkard sees this as a means of justifying his constitutional laziness and thus forces his family into further indigence. Meanwhile, the adoption of an ancient name (D'Urberville) is seen by another family as a means of giving them some spurious respectability to cover their arriviste credentials. The two families are thus brought together by ancient history and new money, by the British infatuation with status as an indicator of nature, and between them they contrive to destroy the life of an innocent (well, sort of innocent, More on that later). At the same time, there runs through the story the gradual erosion of traditional farming life through industrialisation. Then there are arguments over old-fashioned theology and fanatical evangelism, as well as traditional liberal Anglicanism and the new rationalism, influenced by Darwinian theories of evolution. These themes - family, farming, faith - all reflect the idea of the old in its perpetual struggle with the new, and all are presented as possessing as many vices as virtues. That is just one of many themes throughout the novel; and they all find expression not just in pedagogic narratorial asides but in the settings, the situations, the plotlines, the brilliantly evocative tableaux, the style of the book itself and, perhaps most fully of all, in the characters.

Tess the book is dominated by Tess the person. She is Angel's Arcadian ideal of innocent womanhood, his willing pupil and helpmate; Alec's passionate victim; honest friend of the milkmaids; and hardworking provider for her family. But she is not just a passive. She also exists outside others' imaginations, as a woman of deep and abiding love, sensual and sensuous, dutiful yet independent and concerned with her relationship to God and the Church. Hardy is ambiguously coy about his Tess. He admitted that he was effectively in love with her himself (and in later life became more than a little infatuated with an actress. portraving her), and implied that there was even more to her than the readers of his book could discover. But despite declaring that she had one, he would not indicate precisely what her theology was, fudging the occasions when she could describe it. More significantly, there is the issue of will, desire and consent with regard to her involvement with Alec and (to a lesser extent) Angel. This is not to suggest that she is anything other than a victim of Alec D'Urberville; but there is a degree of ambivalence about her desire for him. She does not leave him immediately after her rape, for example, and her eventual acquiescence to return to him cannot be satisfactorily explained entirely by necessity. She finds herself at one and the same time asking why she should be the victim of such cruelty on the part of Fate, and demonstrating an independence of mind and action. This rich layering of personality is not confined to the heroine. Angel - bookish, tender, literate, guietly rebelling against the religion of his father – turns out to be conventional cruel and morally trite in his condemnation of Tess for not being the perfect innocent of his imagining. But he too - like Tess and Alec – is afforded the chance to change, to realise the moral and ethical value of his profoundest emotions and truer nature, irrespective of how it offends the ludicrous and suffocating strictures of the world that saw Tess - a victim of a man's desire - as effectively a harlot.

Nature, both in human terms and in terms of the landscape, has the same significance in *Tess* as the narrator or any of the characters. The Wessex that Hardy created is essentially Devon and Dorset, but it is so comprehensively recreated on the page that it has an almost tangible reality of its own. The lush pastures at milking, the desperate bleakness of the turnip fields, the veiled eroticism of the milking parlour or the misted forests are created

with striking and vivid delicacy. Into these landscapes come events and characters that both propel and mirror events: the strange landmark suggesting either a holy place or a murder; the biblical messages written on buildings and by the roadside; carrying milkmaids across streams; sleepwalking to a tomb; falling asleep in Stonehenge. These startling and dramatic creations are all prefigurations of the tragedy of Tess's life, and also part of Hardy's continuing work in linking all the issues that make up the story predestination, free will, organised religion, paganism, social and emotional freedom, the class system, sexual hypocrisy, money, love, lust, idealism, Paulinism, pragmatism, beauty, fate, farming, faith, family and many others

In creating arguably his greatest and most affecting tragedy, Hardy mixes his objective, ironic convictions concerning the tragedy of Tess's fate with a passionate involvement with her, something readers have continued to do since the book was first published – except perhaps the Bishop of Wakefield.

Notes by Roy McMillan



Anna Bentinck trained at The Arts Educational School and has made over 800 broadcasts for BBC radio. Animation voices include the series *64 Zoo Lane*, and on TV she has played Mary Dickens in *Charles Dickens* and Mary Rutherford in the *Marie Curie* series. Her many audio books range from *Lyra's Oxford* by Philip Pullman and *A Little Death* by Laura Wilson to *Queen Victoria* by Evelyn Anthony. She has also recorded *Five Children* and *It*, *The Phoenix and the Carpet*, *Our Island Story* and *The Story of the Amulet* for Naxos AudioBooks.

Cover picture: Lionel P Smythe, A country girl gleans after the oat harvest Courtesy Mary Evans Picture Library

Thomas Hardy Tess of the d'Urbervilles

Read by Anna Bentinck

Tess of the D'Urbervilles tells the story of Tess Durbeyfield, forced by her family's poverty to claim kinship with the wealthy D'Urbervilles. Violated by the son, Alec, her hopes of rebuilding her life with the gentle and bookish Angel Clare founder when he learns of her past.

Set among the lush pastures and bleak uplands of Hardy's imagined Wessex, and filled with unforgettable images of tenderness and tragedy, the story examines conventional morality through Tess herself, one of the best-loved characters in English literature.

Socially critical and emotionally complex, Tess of the D'Urbervilles is Hardy's masterpiece.