authenticity afforded no more consolation in art than in life. He was no friend to established conventions, after all, and his complex rendering of the tale's internecine conflicts may have reflected a partial identification with Paris's situation—as the ill-fated lover of a woman renowned for her beauty—as well as that of the cruelly spurned Ενονε.

Be that as it may, Morris's principal aim in this account of acute inward conflict, ambivalence and self-destruction was to find a stable equilibrium for his reader's sympathies. Енονε, neither vengeful nor self-sacrificially loving, is understandably embittered by Paris's abandonment and stoic indifference. Paris, in turn, achieves a kind of stubborn clarity and bleak integrity of purpose when he cries "Helen, Helen, Helen!" with his last breath. Like Alcestis, in a sense, Paris remains 'faithful' unto death. Unlike Alcestis, however, he cannot help the object(s) of his love, and his desolate integrity earns no earthly or heavenly reward.

Morris's painstaking equilibrium of long-stifled emotional interests also placed him among the more humane "liberals" in mid-Victorian debates about sexuality and fidelity. Tennyson or Arnold would certainly have judged Paris more severely, and Rossetti and Swinburne would probably have endorsed without reservation the forces of Paris's 'passion.'

In any event, Morris's concrete preoccupations with passionate love in extremis and attempts to balance intricate emotional claims in realistic ways took precedence in this tale over abstract pronouncements about the nature of 'ideal love.' The conflicts of thwarted ἔρως were more difficult to sustain in September than in June, and they offered little consolation or assurance of success, in life or in death.

See also Boos, 111-116; Calhoun, 183-85; Kirchhoff, 179-80; and Oberg, 58-59.

Manuscripts:
An early draft exists in B. L. Add. M. S. 45,299.

THE DEATH OF PARIS.

The Argument.
PARIS THE SON OF PRIAM WAS WOUNDED BY ONE OF THE POISONED ARROWS OF HERCULES THAT PHILOCTETES BORE TO THE SIEGE OF TROY; WHEREFORE HE HAD HIMSELF BORNE UP INTO IDA THAT HE MIGHT SEE THE NYMPH ΕΝΟΝΕ,WHOM HE ONCE HAD LOVED, BECAUSE SHE, WHO KNEW MANY SECRET THINGS, ALONE COULD HEAL HIM: BUT WHEN HE HAD SEEN HER AND SPOKEN WITH HER, SHE WOULD DEAL WITH THE MATTER IN NO WISE, WHEREFORE PARIS DIED OF THAT HURT.

In the last month of Troy's beleaguerment, 1
When both sides, waiting for some God's great hand,
But seldom o'er the meads 2 the war-shout sent,
Yet idle rage would sometimes drive a band
From town or tent about Troy-gate to stand

All armed, and there to bicker aimlessly;
And so at least the weary time wore by.

In such a fight, when wide the arrows flew,
And little glory fell to any there,
And nought there seemed for a stout man to do,
Rose Philoctetes from the ill-roofed lair 3

1In the last month of Troy's beleaguerment: Paris is alive at the end of Homer's Iliad, and helps his parents and siblings bury Hector. Quintus Smyrna's The Fall of Troy (possibly 4th century A. D.) continues the story from Hector's burial to the city's demolition and final departure of the Greeks for home. In Quintus's Book X, Paris is wounded, makes a futile appeal to Ενονε, and dies.
2meads: meadows.
3Rose Philoctetes from the ill-roofed lair: Philoctetes, son of Poes, led seven ships in the campaign against Troy, but his comrades abandoned him on the isle of Lemnos after he suffered a festering snake bite. According to an oracular pronouncement in Lepidiprius and Sophocles' Philoctetes, the Greeks had to
That hid his rage, and crept out into air,
And strung his bow, and slunk down to the fight,
Twixt rusty helms, and shields that once were bright.

And even as he reached the foremost rank,
A glimmer as of polished steel and gold
Amid the war-worn Trojan folk, that shrank
To right and left, his fierce eyes could behold;
He heard a shout, as if one man were bold
About the streams of Simoeis’ that day,
One heart still ready to play out the play.

Therewith he heard a mighty bowstring twang,
A shaft screamed out ‘twixt hostile band and band,
And close beside him fell, with clash and clang,
A well-tried warrior from the Cretan land,
And rolled in dust, clutching with desperate hand
At the gay feathers of the shaft that lay
Deep in his heart, well silenced from that day.

Then of the Greeks did man look upon man,
While Philoctetes from his quiver drew
A dreadful shaft, and through his fingers ran
The dull-red feathers; of strange steel and blue
The bars were, such as archer never knew,
But black as death the thin-forged bitter point,
That with the worm’s blood fate did erst anoint.

He shook the shaft, and notched it, and therewith
Forth from the Trojans ran that shout again,
Whistled the arrow, and a Greek did writhe
retrieve Heracles’s bow and arrows from Philoctetes to conquer Troy, and they persuaded the reluctant Philoctetes to rejoin them. After a physician healed his wound, he killed or wounded many Trojans, Paris among them.

4Simoeis: a river through the Trojan plain.
5well-tried warrior from the Cretan land: Morris has apparently conflated here the death-descriptions of Hylus of Crete and Cleodorus of Rhodes (two “famous men” in Quintus Smyrnaeus, The Fall of Troy, Book X.)
6the worm’s blood: Philoctetes used the venom of poisonous snakes to tip his arrows, and one of them bit him. See l. 11 in above.

The Death of Paris

Once more upon the earth in his last pain;
While the grey clouds, big with the threat of rain,
Parted a space, and on the Trojans shone,
And struck a glory from that shining one.

Then Philoctetes scowled, and cried: O Fate,
I give thee this; thy strong man gave to me.
Do with it as thou wilt! let small or great
E’en as thou wilt before its black point be!
Late grows the year, and stormy is the sea,
The oars lie rotten by the gunwales now
That nevermore a Grecian surf shall know.

He spake and drew the string with careless eyes,
And, as the shaft flew forth, he turned about
And tramped back slowly, noting in no wise
How from the Greeks uprose a joyous shout,
And from the Trojan host therewith brake out
Confused clamour, and folk cried the name
Of him wherethrough the weary struggle came.

Paris the son of Priam! then once more
O’erhead of leaguer and beleaguered town
Grey grew the sky, a cold sea-wind swept o’er
The ruined plain, and the small rain drove down,
While slowly underneath that chilling frown
Parted the hosts; sad Troy into its gates,
Greece to its tents, and waiting on the fates.

7I give thee this: In Quintus’s The Fall of Troy, Philoctetes shouts: ”Dog! I will give thee death, will speed thee down/ To the Unseen Land, who dares to brave me” (X, 226-27).
8leaguer: besieger.
The Classical Tale for September

EXT day the seaward-looking
gates none swung
Back on their hinges, whatso Greek might fare,65
With seeming-careless mien, and bow unstrung,
Anigh them; whatso rough-voiced
horn might dare
With well-known notes, the war-worn warders there;
Troy slept amid its nightmares through the day,
And dull with waking dreams the leaguer lay.

Yet in the streets did man say unto man;
Hector is dead, and Troilus is dead;
Æneas turneth toward the waters wan;9
In his fair house Antenor10 hides his head;
Fast from the tree of Troy the boughs are shred;
And now this Paris, now this joyous one,
Is the cry cried that bideth him begone?

But on the morrow’s dawn, ere yet the sun
Had shone athwart the mists of last night’s rain,
And shown the image of the Spotless One11
Unto the tents and hovels of the plain
Whose girth of war she long had made all vain,
From out a postern12 looking towards the north
A little band of silent men went forth.

And in their midst a litter did they bear
Whereon lay one with linen wrapped around,
Whose wan face turned unto the fresher air
As though a little pleasure he had found
Amidst of pain; some dreadful, torturing wound
The man endured belike, and as a balm
Was the fresh mom, with all its rest and calm,

9Æneas turneth towards the waters wan: Æneas’s destination "over the waters wan" is presumably Italy, a loose allusion to the founding of Rome.
10Antenor: a respected Trojan elder.
11the Spotless One: Artemis, goddess of the moon and hunt, favored the Trojans, as did fellow-divinities Aphrodite, Apollo, Ares and others.
12postern: a back gate or exit.
When as thou finkest still, e'en so I thought,
That all the world without thy love was nought.

Yea, he was borne forth such a prayer to make,
For she alone of all the world, they said,
The thirst of that dread poison now might slake,
For midst the ancient wise ones nurtured
On peaceful Ida, in the lore long dead,
Lost to the hurrying world, right wise she was,
Mighty to bring most wondrous things to pass.

Was the world worth the minute of that prayer
If yet her love, despised and cast aside,
Should so shine forth that she should heal him there?
He knew not and he recked not; fear and pride
'Neath Helen's kiss and Helen's tears had died,
And life was love, and love too strong that he
Shoule catch at Death to save him misery.

So, with soul drifting down the stream of love,
He let them bear him through the fresh fair morn,
From out Troy-gates; and no more now he strove
To battle with the wild dreams, newly born
From that past night of toil and pain forlorn;
No farewell did he mutter 'neath his breath
To failing Troy, no eyes he turned toward death.

Troy dwindled now behind them, and the way
That round about the feet of Ida wound,
They left; and up a narrow vale, that lay,
Grassy and soft betwixt the pine-woods bound,
Went they, and ever gained the higher ground,
For as a trench the little valley was
To catch the runnels that made green its grass.

Now ere that green vale narrowed to an end,
Blocked by a shaly slip burst bleak and bare

From the dark pine-wood's edge, as men who wend
Upon a well-known way, they turned them there;
And through the pine-wood's dusk began to fare
By blind ways, till all noise of bird and wind
Amid that odorous night was left behind.

And in meanwhile deepended the languid doze
That lay on Paris into slumber deep; 15
'O'er his unconscious heart, and eyes shut close,
The image of that very place 'gan creep,
And twelve years younger in his dreamful sleep,
Light-footed, through the awful wood he went,
With beating heart, on lovesome thoughts intent.

Dreaming, he went, till thinner and more thin,
And bright with growing day, the pine-wood grew,
Then to an open, rugged space did win;
Whence a close beech-wood was he passing through,
Whose every tall white stem full well he knew;
Then seemed to stay awhile for loving-shame,
When to the brow of the steep bank he came,

Where still the beech-trunks o'er the mast-strewn ground
Stood close, and slim and tall, but hid not quite
A level grassy space they did surround
On every side save one, that to the light
Of the clear western sky, cold now, but bright,
Was open, and the thought of the far sea,
Toward which a small brook tinkled merrily.

Himseemed he lingered there, then stepped adown
With troubled heart into the soft green place,
And up the eastmost of the beech-slopes brown
He turned about a lovesome, anxious face,
And stood to listen for a little space
If any came, but nought he seemed to hear
Save the brook's babble, and the beech-leaves' stir.

14 peaceful Ida: site of Paris's judgment, in a mountain range in southeast Troy known for its extensive views.
15 slumber deep: Dreams are vehicles of profound commentary in Morris's poetic universe.
And then he dreamed great longing o'er him came;  
Too great, too bitter of those days to be  
Long past, when love was born amidst of shame;  
He dreamed that, as he gazed full eagerly  
Into the green dusk between tree and tree,  
His trembling hand slid down, the horn to take  
Wherewith he erst was wont his herd to wake.

Trembling, he set it to his lips, and first  
Breathed gently through it; then strained hard to blow,  
For dumb, dumb was it grown, and no note burst  
From its smooth throat; and ill thoughts poisoned now  
The sweetness of his dream; he murmured low:  
Ah! dead and gone, and ne'er to come again;  
Ah, passed away! ah, longed for long in vain!

Lost love, sweet Helen, come again to me!  
Therewith he dreamed he fell upon the ground  
And hid his face, and wept out bitterly,  
But woke with fall and torturing tears, and found  
He lay upon his litter, and the sound  
Of feet departing from him did he hear,  
And rustling of the last year's leaves anear.

But in the self-same place he lay indeed,  
Weeping and sobbing, and scarce knowing why;  
His hand clutched hard the horn that erst did lead  
The dew-lapped neat* round Ida merrily;  
He strove to raise himself, he strove to cry  
That name of Helen once, but then withal  
Upon him did the load of memory fall.

Quiet he lay a space, while o'er him drew  
The dull, chill cloud of doubt and sordid fear,  
As now he thought of what he came to do,  
And what a dreadful minute drew anear;  
He shut his eyes, and now no more could hear

---

His litter-bearers' feet; as lone he felt  
As though amid the outer wastes he dwelt.

Amid that fear, most feeble, nought, and vain  
His life and love seemed; with a dreadful sigh  
He raised his arm, and soul's and body's pain  
Tore at his heart with new-born agony  
As a thin quavering note, a ghost-like cry  
Rang from the long unused lips of the horn,  
Spoiling the sweetness of the happy morn.

He let the horn fall down upon his breast  
And lie there, and his hand fell to his side;  
And there indeed his body seemed to rest,  
But restless was his soul, and wandered wide  
Through a dim maze of lusts unsatisfied;  
Thoughts half thought out, and words half said, and deeds  
Half done, unfruitful, like o'er-shadowed weeds.

His eyes were shut now, and his dream's hot tears  
Were dry upon his cheek; the sun grew high  
Had slain the wind, when smote upon his ears  
A sudden rustling in the beech-leaves dry;  
Then came a pause; then footsteps drew anigh  
O'er the deep grass; he shuddered, and in vain  
He strove to turn, despite his burning pain.

Then through his half-shut eyes he seemed to see  
A woman drawing near, and held his breath,  
And clutched at the white linen eagerly,  
And felt a greater fear than fear of death,  
A greater pain than that love threateneth,  
As soft low breathing o'er his head he heard,  
And thin fine linen raiment gently stirred.

Then spoke a sweet voice close, ah, close to him:  
Thou sleepest, Paris? would that I could sleep!  
On the hill-side do I lay limb to limb,  
And lie day-long watching the shadows creep  
And change, till day is gone, and night is deep,
Yet sleep not ever, wearied with the thought
Of all a little lapse of time has brought.

Sleep, though thou calledst me! yet 'midst thy dream
Hearken, the while I tell about my life,
The life I led, while 'midst the steely gleam
Thou wert made happy with the joyous strife;
Or in the soft arms of the Greek king's wife
Wouldst still moan out that day had come too soon,
Calling the dawn the glimmer of the moon.

Wake not, wake not, before the tale is told!
Not long to tell, the tale of those ten years!
A gnawing pain that never wrought old,
A pain that shall not be washed out by tears;
A dreary road the weary foot-sole wears,
Knowing no rest, but going to and fro,
Treading it harder 'neath the weight of woe.

No middle, no beginning, and no end;
No staying place, no thought of anything,
Bitter or sweet, with that one thought to blend;
No least joy left that I away might fling
And deem myself grown great; no hope to cling
About me; nought but dull, unresting pain,
That made all memory sick, all striving vain.

Thou, hast thou thought thereof, perchance anights,
In early dawn, and shuddered, and then said:
Alas, poor soul! yet hath she had delights,
For none are wholly hapless but the dead.
Liar! O liar! my woe upon thine head, "
My agony that nought can take away!
Awake, arise, O traitor, unto day!

17my woe upon thine head: Ovid's and Tennyson's CEnones directed their bitterness primarily against Helen; Morris softened her anger and focused on her pain and disappointment.
Then looked she toward the litter as she spake,
And slowly drew anigh it once again,
And from her worn tried heart there did outbreak
Wild sobs and weeping, shameless of its pain,
Till as the storm of passion 'gan to wane
She looked and saw the shuddering misery
Wherein her love of the old days did lie.

Still she wept on, but gentler now withal,
And passed on till above the bier she stood,
Watching the well-wrought linen rise and fall
Beneath his faltering breath, and still her blood
Ran fiery hot with thoughts of ill and good,
Pity and scorn, and love and hate, as she,
Half dead herself, gazed on his misery.

At last she spake: This tale I told e'en now,
Know'st thou 'mid dreams what woman suffered this?
Canst thou not dream of the old days, and how
Full oft thy lips would say 'twixt kiss and kiss
That all of bliss was not enough of bliss
My loveliness and kindness to reward,
That for thy Love the sweetest life was hard.

Yea, Paris, have I not been kind to thee?
Did I not live thy wishes to fulfill?
Wert thou not happy when thou lovedst me?
What dream then did we have of change or ill?
Why must thou needs change? I am unchanged still;
I need no more than thee, what needest thou
But that we might be happy, yea e'en now?

He opened hollow eyes and looked on her,
And stretched a trembling hand out; ah, who knows
With what strange mingled look of hope and fear,
Of hate and love, their eyes met! Come so close
Once more, that everything they now might lose
Amid the flashing out of that old fire,
The short-lived uttermost of all desire.

He spake not, shame and other love there lay
Too heavy on him; but she spake again:
E'en now at the beginning of the day,
Weary with hope and fear and restless pain,
I said: Alas, I said, if all be vain
And he will have no pity, yet will I
Have pity: how shall kindness e'er pass by?

He drew his hand aback, and laid it now
Upon the swatheings of his wound, but she
Set her slim hand upon her knitted brow
And gazed on him with bright eyes eagerly;
Nor cruel looked her lips that once would be
So kind, so longed for: neither spake awhile,
Till in her face there shone a sweet strange smile.

She touched him not, but yet so near she came
That on his very face he felt her breath;
She whispered: Speak! thou wilt not speak for shame,
I will not grant for love, and grey-winged Death
Meanwhile above our folly hovereth;
Speak! was it not all false? is it not done?
Is not the dream dreamed out, the dull night gone?

Hearkenest thou, Paris? O look kind on me!
I hope no more indeed, but couldst thou turn
Kind eyes to me, then much for me and thee
Might love do yet. Doth not the old fire burn?
Doth not thine heart for words of old days yearn?
Canst thou not say: Alas, what wilt thou say,
Since I have put by hope for many a day?

Paris, I hope no more, yet while ago:
Take it not ill if I must need say this:
A while ago I cried: Ah! no, no, no!
It is no love at all, this love of his;
He loves her not, it was had the bliss
Of being the well-beloved; dead is his love,
For surely none but I his heart may move.
She wept still; but his eyes grew wild and strange
With that last word, and harder his face grew,
Though her tear-blinded eyes saw not the change.
Long beat about his heart false words and true,
A veil of strange thought he might not pierce through,
Of hope he might not name, clung round about
His wavering heart, perplexed with death and doubt.

Then trembling did he speak: I love thee still,
Surely I love thee. But a dreadful pain
Shot through his heart, and strange presage of ill,
As like the ceasing of the summer rain
Her tears stopped, and she drew aback again,
Silent a moment, till a bitter cry
Burst from her lips grown white with agony.

A look of pity came across his face
Despite his pain and horror, and her eyes
Saw it, and changed, and for a little space
Panting she stood, as one checked by surprise
Amidst of passion; then in tender wise,
Kneeling, she 'gan the bandages undo
That hid the place the bitter shaft tore through.

Then when the wound and his still face and white
Lay there before her, she 'gan tremble sore,
For images of hope and past delight,
Not to be named once, 'gan her heart flit o'er;
Blossomed the longing in her heart, and bore
A dreadful thought of uttermost despair,
That all if gained would be no longer fair.

In dull low words she spake: Yea, so it is,
That thou art near thy death, and this thy wound
I yet may heal, and give thee back what bliss
The ending of thy life may yet surround:
Mock not thyself with hope! the Trojan ground
Holds tombs, not houses now, all Gods are gone
From out your temples but cold Death alone.

Lo, if I heal thee, and thou goest again
Back unto Troy, and she, thy new love, sees
Thy lovesome body freed from all its pain,
And yet awhile amid the miseries
Of Troy ye twain lie loving, well at ease,
Yet midst of this, while she is asking thee
What kind soul made thee whole and well to be,
And thou art holding back my name with lies,
And thinking, maybe, Paris, of this face,
E'en then the Greekish flame shall sear your eyes,
The clatter of the Greeks fill all the place,
While she, my woe, the ruin of thy race,
Looking toward changed days, a new crown, shall stand,
Her fingers trembling in her husband's hand.

Thou that I called love once, wilt thou die thus,
Ruined 'midst ruin, ruining, bereft
Of name and honour? O love, piteous
That but for this were all the hard things cleft
That lay 'twixt us and love; till nought be left
'Twixt thy lips and my lips! O hard that we
Were once so full of all felicity!

O love, O Paris, know'st thou this of me
That in these hills e'en such a name I have
As being akin to a divinity;
And lightly may I slay and lightly save;
Nor know I surely if the peaceful grave
Shall ever hide my body dead; behold,
Have ten long years of misery made me old?

Sadly she laughed, and rising wearily
Stood by him in the fresh and sunny morn;
The image of his youth and faith gone by
She seemed to be, for one short minute born
To make his shamed lost life seem more forlorn.
He shut his eyes and moaned, but once again
She knelt beside him, and the weary pain
Deepened upon her face. Hearken! she said, Death is anear thee; is then death so ill With me beside thee, since Troy is as dead, Ere many tides the Xanthus' mouth shall fill, And thou art reft of her that harmed me still, Whatso may change? shall I heal thee for this, That thou may'st die more mad for her last kiss?

She gazed at him with straining eyes; and he, Despite himself love touched his dying heart, And from his eyes desire flashed suddenly, And o'er his wan face the last blood did start As with soft love his close-shut lips 'gan part. She laughed out bitterly, and said: Why then Must I needs call thee falsest of all men, Seeing thou liest not to save thy life? Yet listen once again: fair is this place That knew not the beginning of the strife And recks not of its end; and this my face, This body thou wouldst day-long once embrace And deem thyself right happy, thine it is, Thine only, Paris, shouldst thou deem it bliss.

He looked into her eyes, and deemed he saw A strange and awful look a-gathering there, And sick scorn at her quivering fine lip draw; Yet trembling he stretched out his hand to her, Although self-loathing and strange hate did tear His heart that Death made cold, e'en as he said: Whatso thou wilt shall be remember'd;

Whatso thou wilt, O love, shall be forgot; It may be I shall love thee as of old.

18the Xanthus' mouth: The Xanthus River was named after the legendary sea-god Xanthus, who, enraged at Achilles's slaughter of the Trojans along "his" banks, attempted to drown him with a flood (Iliad XXI). Hector had his wounds bathed in the Xanthus after being rendered unconscious by Ajax (Iliad XIV: 400-440).

As thunder laughs she laughed: Nay, touch me not! Touch me not, fool! she cried. Thou grow'st a-cold, And I am Death, Death, Death! the tale is told Of all thy days! of all those joyous days, When thinking nought of me thou garnerest praise.

Turn back again, and think no more of me! I am thy Death! woe for thy happy days! For I must slay thee; ah, my misery! Woe for the God-like wisdom thou wouldst praise! Else I my love to life again might raise A minute, ah, a minute! and be glad While on my lips thy blessing lips I had!

Would God that it were yesterday again; Would God the red sun had died yester-eve, And I were no more hapless now than then! Would God that I could say, and not believe, As yesterday, that years past, hope did leave My cold heart, that I lived a death in life; Ah! then within my heart was yet a strife!

But now, but now, is all come to an end; Nay, speak not; think not of me! think of her Who made me this; and back unto her wend, Lest her lot, too, should be yet heavier! I will depart for fear thou diest here, Lest I should see thy woeful ghost forlorn Here wandering ever twixt the night and morn.

O heart grown wise, wilt thou not let me go? Will ye be never satisfied, O eyes, With gazing on my misery and my woes? O foolish, quivering heart, now grown so wise, What folly is it that from out thee cries To be all close to him once more, once more Ere yet the dark stream cleaveth shore from shore?

Her voice was a'wail now; with quivering hand At her white raiment did she clutch and tear
Unwitting, as she rose up and did stand
Bent over his wide eyes and pale face, where
No torturing hope was left, no pain, or fear;
For Death's cold rest was gathering fast on him,
And toward his heart crept over foot and limb.

A little while she stood, and spake no word,
But hung above him, with white heaving breast,
And moaning still as moans the grey-winged bird
In autumn-tide o'er his forgotten nest;
And then her hands about her throat she pressed,
As though to keep a cry back, then stooped down
And set her face to his, while spake her moan:

O love, O cherished more than I can tell,
Through years of woe, O love, my life and bane,
My joy and grief, farewell, farewell, farewell!
Forgetfulness of grief I yet may gain;
In some wise may come ending to my pain;
It may be yet the Gods will have me glad!
Yet, love, I would that thee and pain I had!

Alas! it may not be; it may not be;
Though the dead blossom of the late spring-tide
Shall hang a golden globe upon the tree
When through the vale the mists of autumn glide.
Yet would, O Love, with thee I might abide,
Now, now that restful death is drawing nigh:
Farewell, farewell, how good it is to die!

O strange, O strange, when on his lips once more
Her lips were laid! O strange that he must die
Now, when so clear a vision had come o'er
His failing heart, and keenest memory
Had shown him all his changing life past by;
And what he was, and what he might have been,

19 how good it is to die! Quintus's Ενεδων leaps onto Paris's funeral pyre, and Apollodorus's Ενεδων hangs herself. Morris here suggests an imminent but not necessarily violent death.

The Death of Paris

Yea, and should be, perchance, so clear were seen!

Yea, then were all things laid within the scale,
Pleasure and lust, love and desire of fame,
Kindness, and hope, and folly, all the tale
Told in a moment, as across him came
That sudden flash, bright as the lightning-flame,
Showing the wanderer on the waste how he
Has gone astray 'mid dark and misery.

Ah, and her face upon his dying face
That the sun warmed no more! that agony
Of dying love, wild with the tale of days
Long past, and strange with hope that might not be;
All was gone now, and what least part had he
In Love at all, and why was life all gone?
Why must he meet the eyes of death alone?

Alone, for she and ruth20 had left him there;
Alone, because the ending of the strife
He knew, well taught by death, drew surely near;
Alone, for all those years with pleasure rife
Should be a tale 'mid Helen's coming life;
And she and all the world should go its ways,
Midst other troubles, other happy days.

And yet how was it with him? As if death
Strove yet with struggling life and love in vain,
With eyes grown deadly bright and rattling breath,
He raised himself, while wide his blood did stain
The linnen fair, and seized the horn again,
And blew thereon a wild and shattering blast
Ere from his hand afar the thing he cast.

Then, as a man who in a failing fight
For a last onset gathers suddenly
All soul and strength, he faced the summer light,
And from his lips broke forth a mighty cry

20 ruth: pity or compassion.
Of Helen, Helen, Helen! yet the sky
Changed not above his cast-back golden head,
And merrily was the world though he was dead.

But now when every echo was as still
As were the lips of Paris, once more came
The litter-bearers down the beech-clad hill
And stood about him crying out his name,
Lamenting for his beauty and his fame,
His love, his kindness, and his merry heart,
That still would thrust ill days and thoughts apart.

Homeward they bore him through the dark woods' gloom
With heavy hearts presaging nothing good;
And when they entered Troy again, a tomb
For them and theirs it seemed. Long has it stood,
But now indeed the labour and the blood,
The love, the patience, and good-heart are vain;
The Greeks may have what yet is left to gain.

I cannot tell what crop may clothe the hills,
The merry hills Troy whitened long ago;
Belike the sheaves, wherewith the reaper fills
His yellow wain, no whit the weaker grow;
For that past harvest-tide of wrong and woe;
Belike the tale, wept over otherwhere,
Of those old days, is clean forgotten there.\(^{21}\)

\(^{21}\)sheaves: These lines echo and elaborate Ovid's "iam seges est, ubi Troia fuit" ("Now there is grain where once was Troy"), from *Heroides* I.53.

\(^{22}\)clean forgotten there. Heinrich Schliemann's excavations of Troy were carried out from 1870 to 1890. Morris was presumably aware of earlier speculations about its location.

LAS too short seemed to those ancient men
The little span of threescore years and ten,
Too hard, too bitter, the dull years of life,
Beset at best with many a care and strife,
To bear withal Love's torment, and the toils

Wherewith the days of youth and joy he spoils;
Since e'en so God makes equal Eld and Youth,
Tormenting Youth with lies and Eld with truth;
Well-nigh they blamed the singer too, that he
Must needs draw pleasure from men's misery;
Nathless a little even they must feel
How time and tale a long-past woe will heal,
And make a melody of grief, and give
Joy to the world that whoso dies shall live.
Moreover, good it was for them to note
The slim hand set unto the changing throat,
The lids down-drooped to hide the passionate eyes,
Whereeto the sweet thoughts all unbend would rise;
The bright-checked shame, the conscious mouth, as love
Within the half-hid gentle breast 'gan move,
Like a swift-opening flower beneath the sun;
The sigh and half-frown as the tale was done,
And thoughts uncertain, hard to grasp, did flit
' Twixt the beginning and the end of it,
And to their ancient eyes it well might seem
Lay tale in tale, as dream within a dream;
Untold now the beginning, and the end,
Not to be heard by those whose feet should wend
Long ere that tide through the dim ways of death.
But now the sun grew dull, the south wind's breath
Ruffled the stream, and spake within the trees
Of rain beyond the hills; the images
The tale wrought, changed with the changed deadening day,
Till dim they grew and vanished quite away.
OW when September drew unto
its end,
Unto the self-same place those
men did wend
Where last they feasted; and the
autumn day
Was so alike to that one passed
away,
That, but for silence of the
close stripped bare,
And absence of the merry folk and fair,
Whose feet the deep grass, making haste to grow
Before the winter, minded nothing now;
But for the thinned and straightened boughs, well freed
Of golden fruit; the vine-stocks that did need
No pruning more, ere eager man and maid
Brown fingers on the dusty bunches laid;
But for these matters, they might even deem
That they had slept awhile and dreamed a dream,
And woke up weary in the self-same place.
AND now as each man saw his fellow's face
They 'gan to smile, beholding this same thought
Each in the other's eyes: Or all is nought
Whereof I think, at last a wanderer said,
Or of my tale shall ye be well apaid;
Meet it is for this silent company
Sitting here musing, well content to see
The shadows changing, as the sun goes by:
A dream it is, friends, and no history
Of men who ever lived; so blame me nought
If wondrous things together there are brought,
Strange to our waking world; yet as in dreams
Of known things still we dream, whatever gleams
Of unknown things still we dream, strange, so here
Our dreamland story holdeth such things dear
And such things loathed, as we do; else, indeed,
Were all its marvels nought to help our need.

The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon:
The Medieval Tale for September

Narrative:

In the complex frame of "The Land East of the Sun," a certain Gregory, star-gazer and servant to King Magnus of Norway, dreams that a "gold-clad... other self" tells Magnus's court about the shepherd John, an unjustly despised younger son who found love in a realm "east of the sun and west of the moon."

In this twice-removed inner tale, John's father has found his fields mysteriously trodden during the night, and when his older brothers sleep through their attempts to guard the fields, John offers his services, in the hope that "I shall not see/ Men-folk belike, but faerie," (l. 251-52). Seven swan-maidens do indeed appear, shed their feathers and dance before him, and John rather fecklessly seizes one of the maiden's swan-vestments. She offers him a distinguished life or seclusion with her in exchange for their return. He makes the obvious erotic choice, and the rest of the plot works out the consequences.

John and the swan-maiden live happily together for several years, but she finally informs him that he must return home. In parting she gives him a ring which permits him to seek a message from her each twilight, but adds that he must never summon her, lest "both of us [be] undone," (l. 1061). His family greets John with wary respect when he returns, but he breaks the taboo when he accidentally encounters his amorous sister-in-law Thorgerd in the mist one night, and cries out for his swan-lover. She appears soon afterwards in the family hall and spends a last night with him, and departs with the ring before dawn.

After a brief dissolve of the inner frame, John wanders in search of his lost love throughout northern Europe, and pauses at one point in the monastery of St. Alban's, where he tells his story and hears those of others. At length, he makes the eerie observation that he is becoming invisible, and senses that he may