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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY  
REVIEW.

EDITED BY

JOHN MORLEY.

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VOL. IX. NEW SERIES

JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 1, 1871.

(VOL. XV. OLD SERIES.)

LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.  
1871.

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## THE DARK WOOD.

UPON an eve I sat me down and wept,  
Because the world to me seemed nowise good ;  
Still autumn was it, and the meadows slept,  
The misty hills dreamed, and the silent wood  
Seemed listening to the sorrow of my mood :  
I knew not if the earth with me did grieve,  
Or if it mocked my grief that bitter eve.

Then 'twixt my tears a maiden did I see,  
Who drew anigh me o'er the leaf-strewn grass,  
Then stood and gazed upon me pitifully  
With grief-worn eyes, until my woe did pass.  
From me to her, and tearless now I was,  
And she, 'mid tears, was asking me of one  
She long had sought unaided and alone.

Him I knew not of, and she turned away  
Into the dark wood ; while my own great pain  
Still held me there, till dark had slain the day,  
And perished at the grey dawn's hand again.  
Then from the wood a voice cried, " Ah, in vain,  
In vain I seek thee, O thou bitter sweet !  
In what lone land are set thy longed-for feet ? "

Then I looked up, and, lo, a man there came  
From 'midst the trees, and stood regarding me ;  
And, once again, my tears were dried for shame ;  
But he cried out, " O mourner, where is she  
Whom I have sought o'er every land and sea ?  
I love her, and she loveth me, and still  
We meet no more than green hill meeteth hill."

With that he passed on sadly, and I knew  
That these had met, and missed, in the dark night,  
Blinded by blindness of the world untrue,  
That hideth love, and maketh wrong of right.  
Then 'midst my pity for their lost delight,  
Yet more with barren longing I grew weak ;  
Yet more I mourned that I had none to seek.

WILLIAM MORRIS.