The Collected Works of William Morris: Love is enough. Poems by the way

William Morris, May Morris
Artemis

drawn by William Morris
THE COLLECTED WORKS
OF WILLIAM MORRIS
WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY
HIS DAUGHTER MAY MORRIS

VOLUME IX
LOVE IS ENOUGH
POEMS BY THE WAY

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ILLUSTRATIONS
Artemis: design by William Morris for one of the figures in the Red House embroidered hangings frontispiece
Borders and initial letters for a projected edition of Love is Enough, drawn and engraved by William Morris (that on p. xxxv was designed by Edward Burne-Jones)
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LOVE IS ENOUGH appeared in November 1872, when we had already been settled for some time in a little unpretentious house in Turnham Green, since pulled down, with plenty of light and air and garden space, but the dwelling itself not distinguished or very roomy, though for the moment sufficient for the needs of so unworldly a family. Horrington House was on the high road to the West, and next door to a public-house—which sounds noisy, but really was not so except when the races at Hampton were on and the garden parties at Chiswick House; and from the inn, a house of call for market wagons, one got a breath of country life in the loads of market-stuff and the leisurely carters with their long whips, all of which was rather pleasant. Down Chiswick Lane opposite one smelt and felt the river, with its frontage of fine old houses and delightful gardens, and all round us in the springtime the air was fragrant with the blossoming orchards to the west and north. Bedford Park was not, and the “Duke’s Avenue” really was an avenue of noble trees leading up to the grounds of Chiswick House. Altogether the Chiswick of those days was a spacious and pleasant suburb, with a certain historic air of passed or passing magnificence.

A letter of the time tells how my father took the change:

“I wonder how you will feel at the changes in the house here: Janey’s room has already got the workmen’s benches in it: the big room is bare and painty; there is hammering and sawing and running up and down stairs going on; and all looks strange, and as yet somewhat wretched. It doesn’t touch me very much I must say though: for this long time past I have, as it were, carried my house on my back: but the
little Turnham Green house is really a pleasure to me;— may all that be a good omen!"

Our move brought us nearer the Burne-Jones's in Fulham, and the two families were able to meet more frequently. It was now that the constant visits of the two men developed into the Sunday morning breakfast at the Grange, and this weekly custom was broken only by my father's last illness. "Nothing," says Lady Burne-Jones, "ever interrupted the intimacy with Morris; that friendship was like one of the forces of nature. 'When we came to live at the Grange, and by this removal were so much further from Morris in Queen Square,' Edward's notes say, 'I wrote and proposed that he and Webb should come every Sunday, to bind us together, and I remember, but have lost, a letter he wrote in answer, more full of warm response to this than he often permitted himself.' This was the beginning of the Sunday meetings of which mention will often be made. At first they were in the evening, but when Morris left Queen Square and came to live nearer the Grange the plan was altered, and he used to breakfast with us every Sunday and spend the morning in the studio with Edward. Before he left they always either invited me to join them for a little while or else sallied forth from the studio to pay me a call; but it was their hour and power, and I did not proffer my company."

Usually, while Burne-Jones worked, my father read aloud; one time they went through Mommsen's History of Rome; and later on he read the whole of Chaucer's works, arranging where the illustrations should come in the Kelmscott Press book.

All my father's own writings were read and discussed at the Grange before they were seen by other eyes, but this was usually on a week-day—a morning, I think, when my father would arrive with the familiar little brown haversack over his shoulder, going on thence to work at Queen Square for the rest of the day.

I remember well the writing of Love is Enough, and how I used to listen with delight and awakening curiosity to

*Memorials, II, p. 5.

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the murmuring of those long swinging lines of the "Music."
The children were beginning to wake up to the reality of things, and the verse-making had begun to mean something, and was no longer an unquestioned part of the kaleidoscope show which grown-up activities are to the little child. Other things began to be real also; I became aware that my father was doing beautiful writing and painting pretty books, and the table in his study at Horrington House was a centre of attraction round which one wandered in absorbed admiration. It was a wonderfully interesting table to explore—with the eye, for of course one never dreamt of disarranging or touching a single paint-brush; there were sticks of Chinese ink of a special quality (which I was often allowed to grind when wanted), there was precious ultramarine in a slim cake, there was pale gold in shells, and gold-leaf in books, which we were shown standing in ceremonial attitude of respect and drawing in our breath, lest the fragile glitter should break asunder in the least disturbance of the air. And in passing, let me note one picture I retain of this time: we were shown how the gold was laid, and my father would pass the broad badger-hair brush used for taking up the leaf through his forest of thick curls in the orthodox way, before laying it gently on the leaf of gold. That made us laugh: then the brush, ever so slightly greased by this simple means, took even hold of the leaf and laid it delicately on the cushion where it was dexterously cut. I have seen the same process many times enough since, but never without my thoughts going back to the little house in Chiswick—the bare light room, the plain work-table; the splendid head bending over the gold, and the two young heads laid close, and the curly locks all mingling... Then there was the beautiful white vellum, and brushes crisp and delicate, and quill pens, from a goose-quill to a crow-quill, and finely tempered knives and elegant rules and compasses—the many objects that go to the equipment of this lovely art were there, all things to be admired for their own beauty and fitness, and for the use to which the busy hands put them.
The period of illumination was begun in Queen Square days with a collection of poems finished in 1870 for Mrs. Burne-Jones, and it lasted nearly through the years we spent at Horrington House; but as the business of the firm developed, and one experiment followed on the heels of another, his thoughts necessarily became diverted from this serene and contemplative art, surely the most restful occupation for leisure Sundays that a man of many activities could have found.

From the earliest days my father had an intimate knowledge of French and English mediaeval painted manuscripts, knowing the finest books in the Bodleian and the British Museum as though they belonged to him. Indeed, he would say laughing that they did belong to him because he enjoyed them so. Both he and Burne-Jones spent many happy hours in the manuscript room of the British Museum, and I should think no young man in London, outside the staff of the department, was so familiar with its treasures as my father was, or made such persistent use of the opportunities offered to students there.

Some of the Red House pocket-books contain notes on British Museum manuscripts and delightful sketches from them. In one, for instance, is a comparative list of the calendars from different well-known books, with descriptions of the subjects and comments on the quality of the work. This intimate feeling for the manuscripts often reveals itself in his literary work. Sometimes, when he has a town to describe in one of the poems, one is tempted to say that the visualization of it is made up of three elements: of the poet’s vision, of the memory of places actually seen, and of the picture of them by the mediaeval artist, who draws Troy-town with fortified walls and steep-roofed houses where ladies cluster at arched windows and mailed knights ride through the city gates. The unpublished manuscript of “The Hill of Venus” which has been mentioned, presents to our minds just such a dainty word-miniature of a town, with every detail clear-

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cut and full of sunshine. The notes of the drawings that Burne-Jones was to do for the illustrated "Earthly Paradise," as they appear on the early manuscript, seem to reflect something of the pleasure my father took in a favourite illuminated book. The incident chosen is planned and designed quite vividly in half-a-dozen homely words, and it is like a glimpse of some new fifteenth century French romance.

My father's first experiments in book decoration must have been quite early,* though I only know of one fragment remaining—the unfinished leaf of a fairy-tale written for Mrs. Alfred Baldwin when she was a child. The rather uneven writing is already, in this early trial-piece, finely formed and bears the test of a powerful glass, and the ornament, though somewhat eclectic, is inventive and beautiful—the personal touch is to be seen through the uncertain hand. For instance, between the columns of writing the broad mass of ornament tails off into foliage and grotesques in the early fourteenth century manner, and this is set off by numerous heads, queer, queer little heads with streaming hair, not at all "mediaeval" but reminding one of the unexplained dreamlike fragments of poems in the Guenevere time. One of Grimm's "Household Tales" was chosen, and he himself rendered it into his characteristic English. The division of words in the script is made with delightful unconcern; one sentence runs: "Above all thin/gs he loved/hunting." Another has: "Then the kni/ght saw/what had/happened/to those mi/ssing hunt/smen," the effect being unimagINably quaint. Mrs. Baldwin says, "I believe your father told me that this part of the 'Story of the Iron Man' from Grimm's Fairy Tales was his first attempt at illuminating."

No painted book was attempted till 1870, when the Earthly Paradise was off his mind. The study of Icelandic and the translations from it, though very absorbing, could not exhaust the superabundant energy of one whose recrea-

*In August 1856 Burne-Jones writes, "He is now illuminating Guendolen for Georgie." Mackail, 1, 108.
tion was a change of work. He turned to illuminating with enthusiasm, and produced in the next few years an amount of this close and exacting work that fairly astonishes one as the leisure-work of a single hand.

It was this new occupation that formed the beautiful handwriting which thence onwards scarcely changed. Till now his writing, hurried and careless in early days, shows no marked beauty in the Earthly Paradise manuscripts. But the practice of scribe's work in the early seventies formed it once and for all, and thereafter even his most hurried notes are never wanting in grace and ease. Mr. Cockerell remarks: “I think his ordinary handwriting improved markedly in the last ten years of his life. Compare Emery Walker's manuscript of the Roots of the Mountains with the far less beautiful manuscript of Sigurd. This improvement was partly due, I think, to the giving up of the formal book writing, as his ordinary writing became more rounded and flexible.”

The following is, I think, a complete list of the books that were projected—not all of which were finished.

The Aeneids of Virgil (vellum), half finished, 1874-5.
The Odes of Horace (vellum), nearly finished, 1874.
A Book of Verse (paper), finished in August 1870.
*The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (vellum), finished October 1872.
Another Omar Khayyám (paper), finished 1872-3.
Eyrbyggia Saga (paper) finished. A double column folio with delicate ornament. April 1871.
Frithiof Saga (paper). A double column folio with delicate ornament. The ornament worked on up to the 18th column. Probably 1871.
Kormak Saga (paper) uniform with the last two. The ornament unfinished. Of the same period.
Volsunga Saga (paper), the writing nearly completed. Light ornament of branches and small initials; the first page has a decoration of ladies in a background of sprays, and a

*Given by Lady Burne-Jones to the British Museum.

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The Queen is led out of the forest whereas thou didst gain me respite, and went heavy of my disinheriting: and now will I render thee pardon therefor for I will bring thee out of this forest; but my little lords here shall thee leave with me, and I will guard them and nourish them till they grow great: and if ever they may recover their land, a God's name so be it! Heresby thou shalt not fall into the hands of King Claudes of the Waste Land.

When the Queen heard him she knew not what to do or deem: saying within herself that if she left the children she should see them never again; and on the other hand if she fell into the hands of her mortal foe she should have cause of shame and grief: whereas she deemed it better to take the lesser
highly finished picture by C. F. Murray, of Sigurd sitting on Fafnir.

*Henthorir Saga, the Banded Men, Howard the Halt (paper), complete. Lightly decorated. 1873-4.

Heimskringla (vellum), unfinished: an experiment in heavier painting, noticeable for numerous figures of ladies sketched in for painting, some rabbits by Philip Webb and a charming head by Murray of Odin, “one-eyed and seeming-ancient.”

Egil Skallagrimsson (paper), quarto unfinished. Light ornament to chapters.

Lancelot du Lac (paper), portion of a manuscript in a very beautiful Italian script which is here reproduced.

The six manuscripts that head the list are important for their brilliant and close decoration, culminating in the splendid Virgil; the beauty, crispness and freedom of its writing places this, even in its unfinished condition, among the notable manuscripts of the world. All of them show great variety of invention and handling, and this alone would give them a special value in the eyes of anyone familiar with the technique of the art. It is an ever-fresh wonder to contrast the Virgil with its golden letterings, its stately bold writing and the numerous Burne-Jones pictures, with the Horace—a delightful volume (I use the word carefully), instinct with joy, vivid and jewel-like. They are the work of one man’s brain, but the outcome of different moods, the one broad and serene, the other radiantly delicate. “A Book of Verse” is different from either, and marks the beginning of the book-decoration. The ornament is a tangle of swift delicate pen-work in brown with leafage and flowers lightly painted in thin colour, while among the greenery are highly-finished figure-subjects. The book, prepared in a few weeks for a special occasion (Mrs. Burne-Jones’s birthday) is a happy piece of work with a cer-

* Given by Lady Burne-Jones to the Fitzwilliam Museum.

† A printed facsimile of one of the simpler pages is given in volume xi of this edition.

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tain simplicity of sentiment about its gay fresh pages which makes a piquant contrast to the magnificence of the Œneid. It contains a large picture by Burne-Jones, and, on the title-page, an interesting medallion-portrait of my father by Fairfax Murray from the profile photograph of 1870. It gives his colouring at the time, possibly accentuated: the ruddy tone of the face, the dark brown hair and the lighter beard with almost golden lights here and there, and a glimpse of the blue shirt he always wore. The Rubáiyát on vellum is another jewel-like book, some of the pages decorated to the very edge, and the flowers rendered with singular truth and tenderness. You must imagine 12 leaves of delicate lambskin vellum, and a little page headed with gold letters all through, each page a mass of compact minute decoration in flowers and fruit and delicate figures. I do not think there is a single conventional or nameless flower in the small slim volume: the sweet-pea, honeysuckle, monkshood, columbine, whitethorn, blue borage are there, and a score of familiar blossoms. It is a flower-garden turned into a book, wonderfully natural, wonderfully harmonious, while the skill and subtlety of the workmanship are beyond criticism. The first page, the last double page, and a double page towards the end—the passage about the potter’s shop—have little figures and half-figures in gold and greyish-green leafage. The figures were painted by C. F. Murray from my father’s and Burne-Jones’s drawings. The colour of the book throughout is delicate and low in tone—blue and green and faint pink, etc., over brown pen-work, with an occasional page of stronger colour. There is a great deal of gold, simply handled. The ornament in the second Omar Khayyám, which contains six remarkably beautiful pictures by Burne-Jones, is rather similar to that in the Book of Verse.

Each of the other five books seems the outcome of a special mood and has its own charm; each one is fresh and new alike in the ornament and in the quality and arrangement of colour, and in the handling of the gold. It is perhaps superfluous to say that in none of them is there any borrowing from
the mediaeval art that so rejoiced and so stimulated this modern painter of books. His own store of invention seems inexhaustible, and during the few years that he pursued the work, he did so, ardently, swiftly, one book being projected and put in hand, sometimes, before the last was done.

I have dwelt on these written and painted books because I think that though people know vaguely that my father had worked a little at illumination, they need to have before their eyes a list such as I have given to realize the amount of sheer physical labour he got through, in the matter of scribe's work alone: as to what he schemed out, no man's life could possibly be long enough to bring to a conclusion a tithe of the work of various kinds he would have liked to carry through. The Volsunga Saga, for instance, was almost completed, the writing of it; Egil Skallagrímsson, of which pages are written, is the longest of the biographical Sagas; he talks unconcernedly of making another Lancelot manuscript; the Eyþri-byggja Saga is a fat volume, and all those on the list are in a careful and deliberate script. Some of his own later manuscripts prepared for the printers are so beautiful that it seems a pity they should have had to undergo the chances of the printing-shop. My father used to say: "I am worse printed than any other author, and that is because my 'copy' is so clear that the compositors hand it over to the apprentices to set up."

It is a pretty thing to think of the illuminator's patient art blossoming under the hand of so impetuous and eager a man, showing a side of him not entirely recognized. My father was extraordinarily patient—with things if not with people always. There is the impatience of the trifler who hates his work, and that of the worker who hates trifling; it is needless to say which of them his was, and he had of course the balancing patience in dealing with things as means to an end—with lapses. I have watched his firm broad hand as it covered a gold square half an inch in size with wee flowers formed of five pin-point dots of white laid with the extreme point of a full brush. The least wavering would have meant xxiiij
a jog or a blot, but the blossoms grew with the ease and surety that one associates with a Chinese craftsman who has spent his life with a brush in his hand.

During the five or six years of illuminating my father spared no pains to procure the best materials or to pursue the best method for this almost lost art. The enthusiastic young painters of books of to-day must pardon my speaking of it as a "lost" art: I write of some thirty years ago, when many things were lost or strayed which have since been found again, to a great extent owing to the influence of this one man.

He took great pains to learn how to lay the gold, though he did not do it all with his own hand. The raised gold, of course, presented special technical difficulties. I can recall certain sheets of paper that lay about the study for years afterwards, covered with small squares of groundings and gold—his experiments according to various recipes from Theophilus and other old books or from present-day workers in gold. He chose his own method, and with much success, for in most of the books I have examined the gold remains fresh and brilliant and uncracked. The vellum was the other great difficulty; it was found that the only vellum that could be heard of that was not prepared with white lead and injurious to the colours and the gold was produced in Rome, so Fairfax Murray, who early in the seventies began to pass a good deal of his time in Italy, was deputed to secure what was wanted. He received the following letter in Rome:

Queen Square,
Feb: 18th, 1874.

My dear Murray

I hear from Mr. Jones that you have got to Rome, excuse me for saying "at last:" so I write to trouble you about a matter of my own: vellum to wit. I enclose a pattern of what I got thence before, and on the whole it is as you know very good: in the mediaeval books however the vellum is generally harder (on the smooth side) than this; so perhaps
you might fall in with some more of that quality which I prefer provided it is no thicker than mine and is “pure” that is not surfaced with white lead: my patterns are certainly from the thinnest skins I had, and are whiter than some, I should prefer them with a little more colour if gettable: I see on looking at my patterns that they are from the best of mine, and if some of the skins were thicker I shouldn’t mind because I could use them for bigger books. The size of my vellum is about 19 inches × 13 but so long as they are not much smaller that is not a matter of importance: will you be kind enough to see what you can do and let me know when you have found it out, and if you find anything different that you think will suit me send me patterns: and tell me what will be the cost of 100 skins of about that size, and I will send you the money straightway with many thanks for your trouble. I have much improved by the way both in my ornament and my writing in that line since I saw you, only I wish the devil I could do the pictures. A month or two ago I actually began having Colorossi here to draw from, and did some very disheartening studies from him, and at last gave it up after making myself a laughing-stock by sending [him] away about every other time. Have you done anything about the pottery by the way? I saw this morning the copy you have sent home of the Sienese picture and congratulate you on it, for it is very good.

Wardle asks me to enclose a slip to you in my letter which I do. We are commissioned now to do the next window to yours in Christ-Church at Oxford, and I wish you could paint it, but I suppose you wouldn’t care to even if you were in England. I hope you are well and will come home safe some time or other.

I am
Yours very truly
William Morris.

P.S. You must ask for writing-vellum because they also make famous book-binders’ vellum at Rome.
The reference to his failure over the figures is an old quarrel my father had with himself. He was curiously diffident over his own power of figure-drawing. It depressed and worried him; unnecessarily, surely, when one recalls the broad simplicity of the cartoons for wall-paintings, etc., as for instance the beautiful and vivid drawing of Artemis, which is not the work of a muddler.*

C. Fairfax Murray, who has been and will be so often mentioned in these notes, was drawn within the area of my father's activities in 1870, and between '71 and '72 was for nine months working with the firm, in Great Ormond Street, where some of the glass-painting was done. One of the splendid windows† at Christ Church, Oxford, was carried out entirely by Murray. A young man of his powers, who worked with loyalty and understanding, was an invaluable acquisition to the firm at a time when the head could not possibly overlook all details of the painting-room personally, and my father missed him, as appears in this letter. He had, I fancy, hopes of more work from him in the future, if Italy had not made its imperative call on the young painter.

In musing over things gone by, and the change and jumble of lives, it seems strange to write of Fairfax Murray, the world-known collector of pictures and books, as a budding artist wandering into Italy for the first time and very naturally throwing his English work to the four winds; and I sometimes smile as I sit with our old playmate amongst his treasures and listen to stories of the days when he used to happen in among the family for a game with the children after a visit to the studio, with perhaps a sheet of one of the books in progress to be inspected and passed. One of the tales of his work-days there tells of a light-hearted attempt

"Your father told me that the reason he gave up figures was because he could not make his figures move. He said that he had a writer's imagination and not a painter's." S. C. Cockerell.

† In memory of F. G. Vyner, who was killed in Greece (April 1870) by the brigands with whom he was detained as a hostage.
at decoration of the Great Ormond Street premises on a public occasion: it happened that the Prince of Wales came to open a new wing at the Children's Hospital near by, and the firm added their share to the festal array of the street by hanging a cartoon of Samuel out of one of the windows, to the bottom whereof were tied ginger-beer bottles to weight it down—in those careless days of plenty, the cartoons were not stretched and framed, but kept casually in rolls, anyhow: no one thought of treasuring and framing such a necessary object as a working-drawing. Mr. Murray gives a picture of the house front as the frankly critical and amused public saw it that day—the head of the firm sitting unconcernedly smoking a pipe on the sill of the window itself, with his legs out; and he recalls, with a certain enjoyment even in these more sober days, how the expression on the faces of the Prince's suite changed as they drove by and cast a glance upward at the unconventional appearance of the window—a slight tremor of bewilderment passing over the official calm and disturbing it for a moment.

Murray's hand appears in nearly all the manuscripts that have figure subjects, sometimes done from Father's or Burne-Jones's sketches, and sometimes Murray's own invention. I quote the following account of the Book of Verse from the last page, as it is typical of the method of work on some of the books:

As to those who have had a hand in making this book, Edward Burne-Jones painted the picture on page 1: the other pictures were all painted by Charles F. Murray, but the minstrel figures on the title-page and the figures of Spring, Summer and Autumn on page 40, he did from my drawings.

As to the pattern-work, George Wardle drew in all the ornament on the first ten pages, and I coloured it; he also did all the coloured letters both big and little; the rest of the ornament I did, together with all the writing.
Also I made all the verses; but two poems, the "Ballad of Christine" and the "Son's Sorrow," I translated out of Icelandic.

William Morris
26 Queen Square, Bloomsbury,
London.
August 26th, 1870.

George Wardle was the artist and chemist who was for so many years my father's right-hand in the firm's work—among other notable things he made a series of water-colour drawings from mediaeval paintings in Norfolk churches, some of which are now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Another letter shows preoccupation about the vellum, and also gives a glimpse of the children which I may be pardoned for putting in.

Queen Sq.
March 9th, 1874

My dear Murray

Many thanks for your kindness in seeing to my vellum business at once. I am glad to find it is cheaper than I had expected: I think it would be better for you to secure all that the woman has got of both sizes; for I think the smaller size will be the same as the first little lot I had and as to the thickness: it might be a good deal thicker than what I sent you and yet not too thick even for smallish books: and for bigger ones thicker yet would be no harm: so please get all she has and order me 100 (one hundred) sheets of the May batch in addition: and then unless I live longer than I and the insurance offices think I fancy I shall have enough at all events till I go to Rome myself: which I hope won't be so very long after all. . . . By the way you must allow me without offence to pay for any vellum you want for yourself: since I shall consider myself the depot of that ware in England. Well as to the babes: Jenny is certainly big, has long coats now and looks like a quite grown up young lady:

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nevertheless she is not beyond a romp—to judge at any rate by the infernal row that she and Phil and Margery made in our house last Saturday. May is at Kelmscott now being painted. I think of the two she is the more grown up and writes quite like a young lady, Jenny rather appearing to dread the pen: nevertheless I think she too may be counted on for any amount of row whenever that is asked for. I didn’t forget to give your message to Jenny, and shall write it to May to-morrow.

I didn’t understand your last paragraph about Webb: I told him however and perhaps he did. I dine with him at a tavern this evening to meet the master, Stanhope and Wallis,* and wish you were with us. Stanhope by the way don’t care about Rome. What sort of impression has it made upon you? Thanks about the shirts: I told my wife about them. I am with best wishes

Yours very truly
William Morris.

I conclude this account of the illuminating with the following letter which is specially full of the work of the moment and projects for future work. The “unpublished Icelandic stories” are the Henthorir Saga, etc., a charming manuscript he gave to Mrs. Burne-Jones. I have a few vellum leaves of a Northern tale, which are trial pieces for a “tiny book” and I think the one he mentions: a darling little manuscript it would have been.

Queen Sq.
March 26/74

My dear Murray

The vellum came to hand in good condition last Monday week: ... it is just the same as the last, and the smaller size is as I expected the same size as what I had the first time from Rome: this small thin vellum would be very

*Spencer Stanhope, an old friend of the circle, and Henry Wallis, who painted the “Death of Chatterton.”
useful if I were to do a tiny book as I have a mind to do: so
will you order me 50 sheets of it out of the May lot in addi-
tion to what I asked for before...

As to what I am doing in my scribe's capacity—I wrote a
book (on paper confound it) of about 250 pp. translations of
unpublished Icelandic stories with pretty letters to each
chapter, which looked well on the whole, I finished this early
in February. Now I am at work at an Odes of Horace,
which will make about 100 pp. of vellum octavo of the big
sheets: the odes are short so there is nearly an ornamental
letter to every page, which makes it a heavyish piece of work:
however I have written about half and done 20 letters. To
say the truth I have a mind to try and sell a book if I could
find a customer. I work much neater now, and have got I
think more style in the ornament, and have taken rather to
the Italian work of about 1450 for a type—this kind of
ting in some of the master's pictures with it which he has
given me leave to do: for believe the oddity of a poet illumi-
nating his own poem might make it saleable: perhaps you
would give me some help in the matter. I was 40 years old
last Monday, and we kept that solemnity and May's birth-
day together yesterday: I staying at home and working hard
at illuminating. I have promised to take Jenny and May
abroad this summer, but I don't suppose we shall get further
than Belgium: money not being plenty at present: however
evend that will be amusing...

I am yours affectionately
William Morris.

* He draws here hurriedly an A on light scroll-work.

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Amidst the details of business, the designing, illuminating and verse-making, my father once more, before settling down into the frame of mind which led to the long, steady work of Sigurd and the Virgil, tried his hand at the modern story—this time a novel. It was abandoned, not for lack of time, but avowedly given up as a failure. “Nothing but landscape and sentiment,” he says of it.

It is not my task to make any critical notes on the poems that pass through my hands, but one cannot help considering how it was that Love is Enough has never been among those poems by which my father is known, though some of the lyrics are among his best known pieces. Written to-day, I think it would have been eagerly received, but the masque and mystery were not familiar forms in its day, and the alliterative verse can have interested only a small circle. Students of verse-making speak with enthusiasm of the highly skilful handling of the poem’s metrical scheme, which was experimental and far from simple. It is the most elaborate scheme the poet ever worked on, and shows his most sensitive touch.

He himself spoke of it later on in a curious detached sort of way. Talking of early English poetry with a friend one day, he said: “You know, I wrote an alliterative poem myself once on a time”—almost as though it had been written by someone else, written on another planet. Work finished was done with: he did not linger over it or nurse it; the work before him at the moment was the thing that lived and mattered.

Rossetti thought very highly of Love is Enough. He wrote about it to W. B. Scott in 1871, in a letter from Kelmscott in the later autumn (2nd October):

“Morris has been here twice since his return* for a few days at first and just now for a week again. He is now back in London, and this place will be empty of all inmates by the end of this week, I think. Morris has set to work with a will on a sort of masque called ‘Love is Enough’ which he means

*From the first Iceland journey.
to print as a moderate quarto, with woodcuts by Ned Jones and borders by himself, some of which he has done really very beautifully. The poem is, I think, at a higher point of execution perhaps than anything he has done—having a passionate lyric quality such as one found in his earliest work, and of course much more mature balance in carrying out. It will be a very fine work.”

In the volume of the essays and drafts of Love is Enough which have been preserved, one finds that the passages most worked on are, the scene in the palace-garden between Pharamond and Master Oliver, when the King tells of his dreaming and they decide to search the world, and the scene where Pharamond and Azalais, here called Bertha, discover each other. Under the roof of Bertha’s father, the unknown king works at smithying and loves the girl in secret. The whole scene is pitched in a lower key here than in the finished poem, the homely village life being dwelt on with many details. Watching the working out of the published poem, one finds with what care and tenderness the poet, in these two central passages, transported the personages into a more radiant, a more poetic atmosphere—Love being originally conceived not as the choragus but as a personage in the play—cutting descriptions, discarding incidents that might strike a note of commonplace, however pretty in themselves, until at last the charming but rather discursive piece of narrative is remoulded into drama close-knit and passionate.

In this volume are found the opening pages of the poem, written flowingly and little altered on three sheets of note-paper together with first notes and essays, the writing being very close and on both sides of the paper as usual at this time with early drafts. Of the two first pieces of “Music,” the first has some erasures, but on the whole it goes swiftly, and the second comes quite freshly from the pen—a very scrawl xxxij
BORDERS DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MORRIS FOR “LOVE IS ENOUGH.”
hurriedly giving voice to the poet's thought. The rest of the fragment is unaltered in the published book, save that in it the lines all run together without description or division or naming of the personages.

There is something deeply moving in such first essays when they are found, conceived in the form we know. The poem confronts us, full blown, and we are as near as we can get to the poet's mystery. For the rest, I turn over these pages—rejected passages, episodes conceived and laid aside, with a lingering regret. As ever, there is something intangible, unsatisfying, but lovely in the artist's trials and notes—sketches, are they not? of what the soul really saw before reason gets to work on the material. They are not meant for our eyes: the finished work, logical and firmly based, is our possession—but there it is, our ineradicable yearning after the chance sight of things from the vague place that feeds the poet and painter, after the flickering will-o’-the-wisp glimpses that seem—not the reflection, perhaps, but the shadow, of their soul. Among the passages in this volume that I leave regretfully are snatches of introspective phrases such as the following, which is given not for the quality of the verse, but for its passing expression of the poet's own outlook on "the world that he loved." Master Oliver says to Pharamond:

For I know thee no dreamer in this world that thou lovest,
No soft dealer with pleasures unearned and half cared-for;
But keen-eyed to see what thy heart would be seeking,
And eager to seek the one thing that thou needest.
OVE IS ENOUGH is here followed by the volume first published in the Kelmscott Press as Poems by the Way (October 1891). It is aptly described by its title. The pieces in it were collected from various sources and are of very different periods and moods; some are lyrics from discarded unfinished narrative poems of quite early times; some were written "by the way," as a distraction in the midst of more important productions, while some, in later days, were "made to order" for Socialist needs, and one or two turned out in that easy way the poet had at times, literally to lengthen the volume.

In getting the book together he was very much helped by Mr. Murray, who had preserved a number of unpublished poems of early date (a few of which are included), and who also had kept a record of those that had appeared separately in periodicals from time to time.

I put down a few notes of where and when the poems first appeared; not that I have anything very new to state about them, but it is convenient to have the list in this volume, and I believe I have traced home a few among those of which the sources are not quite obvious. The first poem, "From the Upland to the Sea," is a song from the unpublished Earthly Paradise story of "Orpheus." "Echoes of Love's House" and "Spring's Bedfellow" were first written on both sides of one foolscap leaf. The copies that went to the printers are in a beautiful Italian hand, similar to that of the facsimile of Lancelot in this volume, and are dated respectively March 10th and March 8th 1873. "Error and Loss" appeared in the Fortnightly for February 1, 1871, as "The Dark Wood;" under the title of "Missing" it is written out in the Book of Verse belonging to Lady Burne-Jones, where many of the poems that make up the volume are found.

"The Hall and the Wood" was written for the English
Illustrated Magazine (February 1890) at the request of Emery Walker, who was then one of the editors.

"The Day of Days" appears in Time for 1890 (p. 1178). "To the Muse of the North" was written first as an introduction to the Grettir Saga.

"Of the Three Seekers" was written in 1872, and was printed in To-day, January 1884. Just now and then—but too seldom—the poet carefully signed a set of verses, and this is inscribed "W. M., Kelmscott, Aug. 5th 1872." In a draft copy, which presents considerable variations, some of them of importance, it is called "Three Houses."

"Love's Gleaning-tide," published in the Athenæum April 1874 (p. 492), he rescued from the fragment of a poem in dramatic form, written about 1872.

"The Message of the March Wind" came out in the second number of the Commonweal, March 1885, and "A Death Song," written for a special occasion, was first printed in a four page sheet with a drawing by Walter Crane and music by Malcolm Lawson. It then appeared in the Commonweal, November 23, 1889 (No. 202).

"The Raven and the King's Daughter" is signed W. M. August 1872. This and the other Northern ballads and translations are all of the early seventies. "Meeting in Winter" is also from "Orpheus." It was charmingly illustrated in the Book of Verse and printed in the English Illustrated for March 1884.

"The God of the Poor" (quite an early piece of writing, smoothed and altered in the
reprint) "was written about the same time as the First Prologue for the Earthly Paradise (that in four line verses) and was written in the same MS. book. It was not published till some years later when Mr. Morris was solicited to send something to the Fortnightly (August 1868) and found this to his hand."

"The Two Sides of the River" and "On the Edge of the Wilderness" were first published in the Fortnightly Review respectively October 1868 and April 1869. "The Two Sides of the River" is from the draft of "The Man Who Never Laughed Again" that was rejected. It is the first poem in the Book of Verse, and is graced by a beautiful moonlight picture by Burne-Jones. "Love Fulfilled" is the next poem in that volume, with a delicate little miniature by C. F. Murray. The lovely lyric from the fourth book of Jason is printed as "A Garden by the Sea." It was a favourite with the poet himself; he has it in the Book of Verse with a picture of dream-like charm by Mr. Murray and then takes it up again in these later days, having made changes in some of the lines, which should be noted. "The Folk-mote by the River" is a late poem, as is also "Thunder in the Garden."

"Mother and Son" and "The Half of Life Gone" are reprinted from the Commonweal (1885, vol. 1, p. 44, and January 18, 1886, p. 4). They are the only two portions of the continuation of the "Message of the March Wind" that he thought worth rescuing from magazine-oblivion.

"The Voice of Toil" appeared in Justice April 5, 1884, and is there headed "Chants for Socialists, No. II." "The Day is Coming," printed in wrapper for the Democratic Federation as "Chants for Socialists, No. I," is referred to by Justice, March 29, 1884, as just out.

"Earth the Healer, Earth the Keeper," and "The Folk-mote by the River" are recent. "Pain and Time Strive Not" and "The End of May" are in Earthly Paradise writ-

* C. Fairfax Murray.

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ing and on the paper used then—about 1870; "Love's Reward" a year or two later.

"Drawing near the Light" appeared without a title in the Commonweal, April 21, 1888.

"All for the Cause" appeared in Justice, April 19, 1884.

"Mine and Thine," which also appeared in the Commonweal, March 2, 1889 (No. 164, p. 67), was written down after a lecture my father gave on the "Fourteenth Century" at the little meeting-hall at Kelmscott House. This was done during the discussion after the lecture—a pretty and profitable way of passing the time!

Some of the verses written for pictures, tapestries and embroidery were printed in various exhibition catalogues, etc., and "The Seasons" appeared in the Academy, February 1, 1871, with a variant of the verse for Winter:

Ah! shall Winter mend your case?
Set your teeth the wind to face;
Beat the snow, tread down the frost!
All is gained when all is lost.

In the volume containing all these poems Mr. Ellis, to whom they belonged, placed together two copies of "Hafbur and Signy;" one—"translated from the Danish (by poor little me)—is signed Feb. 3rd 1870, the second winds up "that's all: Feb. 4th 1870. W. M."

"Goldilocks and Goldilocks" dropped off the end of his pen in this way: during the printing of Poems by the Way Emery Walker went in to my father's study and heard that the volume was all set up and only made so many pages; it was too thin, and Father a little bothered; he thought they "could not charge two guineas for that." They parted and Walker came in to dinner the same night, and afterwards my father said: "Now I'll read you what I've written to fill out the book," and forthwith chanted this pretty fairy-poem of nearly 700 lines to his wondering and amused crony.

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This inscription has a little history: it is in a copy of the Morte Darthur (Southey's edition). The book was bought by my father on a visit to Birmingham, and bound at Oxford. It is the copy of the romance first read by the two friends. Burne-Jones had read from it in the bookseller's shop but was not himself capitalist enough to be able to possess it. When my father acquired a large paper copy of the same edition, he gave this one to Emery Walker, adding his name, thirty years afterwards.

The Lancelot du Lac from which the facsimile is taken is from a copy my father had begun to make of his translation of the French romance. The translation itself, of which Lady Burne-Jones possesses two thick volumes, was unfinished.

The figure of Artemis reproduced in this volume is an early drawing of my father's, and is one of the series of renowned ladies that were being embroidered for the dining-room at Red House.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

POEMS BY THE WAY
First edition, Kelmscott Press, September 24, 1891.
Crown octavo edition, December 1891, Reeves & Turner,
with 100 large paper copies in post quarto; reprinted
April 1892.
Transferred to Longmans, Green & Co. June 1896.

LOVE IS ENOUGH
First edition, square crown octavo, November 1872, Ellis &
White; with 25 copies on Whatman paper and 4 copies
on writing vellum in demy octavo.
Reprinted twice by Roberts of Boston, U.S.A., in 1873.
Transferred to Reeves & Turner 1885.
Transferred to Longmans, Green & Co. June 1896.

POEMS BY THE WAY AND LOVE IS ENOUGH
IN ONE VOLUME
First printed in crown octavo, June 1896; Longmans, Green
& Co.
Reprinted February 1898, May 1902, June 1907.
Volume IX of the Collected Works of William Morris
October 1911.

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