THE HALL AND THE WOOD AND UNDER AN ELM TREE. MSS. BY WILLIAM MORRIS
Energy. (Worker
finish me by William Morris
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The Hall and the Wood

'Twas in the water-winding tide
When July days were done,
St. John of Greenhowes gan to ride
In the earliest of the Sun.

He left the white-walled town behind
He rode amongst the wheat.
The westland-gotten wind blew kind
Fors the acres sweet.

Then rose his heart and cleared his brow
And slow he rode the way.
As then it was, so is it now,
Not all hath worn away.

So came he to the long green lane
That leadeth to the Ford,
And saw the trentles by the wane
Shine bright as any sword.

The brown carles stayed twixt draught and draught,
And murmuring stood aloft
But one spake out when he had laughed;
'God bless the Greenwood Root!'

Then do the Ford and up he faced;
And to the happy hills,
And the mountain Dale by Summer Cleard;
That of the winter fills.

Thur saith he rode by Piers gate,
And smiled and said aloud
No more a day doles the Prior Wait;
White stands the tower and proud.
There leaned a knight on the gateway side
In armour white and wan
And after the heels of the horse he cried;
‘God save the hunted man!’

Then in prayer he quoth, ‘Amen amen!’
For he deemed the word was good;
But never a while he lingered there
Till he reached the Mother Wood.

He rode by ash, he rode by oak;
He rode the thicket round
And heard no woodman strike a stroke,
And no wandering wife he found.

He rode the wet, he rode the dry
He rode the grassy glade:
At wood and yet the sun was high,
And his heart was unafraid.

There on the bent his rein he drew,
And looked on field and field;
On all the merry fields he knew
Beneath the mountain’s old.

He gazed across to the good Green Howe
As he smelt the dank woodland air;
But his face grew pale from chin to brow
And he cried, ‘God save the Queen!’

For there along the winding way
Above the orchard’s green
Stood up the ancient galley grey
With men at roof between.
His naked blade in hand he had
On rough and smooth he rode
Till he stood where once his heart was glad
Amidst his old abode.

Across the hearth a tie beam lay
Unmoved a weary while.
The flame that clomb the ashlar grey
Had burned it red as tile.

The sparrows chittering on the floor
Fled at his entering in.
The swift flew past the empty door
His wings'd meal to win.

Red apples from the tall old tree
Brushed the walls rent were shed
Then a little lad, would he
Look'd down upon the lead.

There turned the cheeping Chaffinch now
And feared no birding Child;
Through the short-window thrust a bough
Of garden rose was wild.

He looked to right, he looked to left,
And down to the cold grey hearth
Where lay an axe with half burned heft
Amidst the achen hearth.

He caught it up and cast it wide
Against the gable wall.
Then to the dais did he stride
On beam and bench and all.
There yet amidst the high-seat stood
Where erst his sire had sat;
And the mighty board of eaten wood
The fire had stayed thereat.

Then through the red wrath of his eye
He saw a sheathed sword
Laid Stewart what wasted field of wine,
Amidst of the board.

But by the hilt a slughorn lay,
And there beside a scroll;
He caught it up and turned away
From the sea-land of the bowl.

Then with the sobbing grief he strove;
For he saw his name thereon;
And the heart within his breast upheave
As the pens tale now he soon.

O Rafe, my love of long ago!
Draw forth my father's blade,
And blow the horn for friends and foe;
And the good green wood to aid!

He turned and took the slughorn up,
And set it to his mouth,
And o'er that meadow of the cup
Below east and west and south.

He drew the sword from out the sheath
And shook the fallow brand;
And there a while with bated breath,
And hearkening ear did stand.
Him seemed the hom's voice he might hear—
Or the wind that blew her a'while.
Him seemed that footsteps drew a'near—
Or the boughs shook round the hall.

Him seemed he heard a voice he knew—
On a dream a'while a'ago.
Him seemed bright raiment & towards him drew—
Or bright the sunset shone.

She stood before him face to face,
With the sunbeam shone on her hand,
As on the gold of the Holy Place
The painted Angels stand.

With many a kiss she closed his eyes,
She kissed him cheek and chin.

Come in The painted Paradise
Are Earth's folk welcomed in.

There in the doun the green-coat to stood
O'er the bowe went up the cley;

O welcome Rase to the green wood
With us joy, life and cheer!

It was ill and bow by the high-seat stood,
And they cried above the brow.

Now welcome Rase to the good green wood
And welcome Kate the Rase.

White, white in the moon is the woodland plaist,
White is the woodland glade.
Forth went these twain from oak to ash
With light hearts to mafraid.
The summer moon high over the hill,
All silver-white to see.
And Sir Rafe's good men with bow and bill
They go by two and three.

Where lurks
In the fair green wood that hath no fear,
Where the Kings' path windeth not,
There dwell they, friends and fellows dear,
While summer days are hot.

And when the leaf from the oak-tree falls
And winds blow making and strong,
With the carols of the woodland moors and halls
They dwell and fear no wrong.

And there the merry Yule they make,
And see the winter worn
And fam are they for love's sake,
And the folk thereby are fam.

For the ploughing, ploughing carle and the shearing herd
Flee never for Sir Rafe:
No barefoot maiden walks aforesaid,
And she deems the thicket safe.

But fare ahead as dear do the Chapman ride,
Wide round the wood they go;
And the Judge and the Sergeant wander wide
Least they plead before the bow.

Well-learned and wise is Sir Rafe's good son,
And straight the arrows fly,
And they find the coat of many a lord,
And the crest that rides high.

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