So many stories written here
And none among them but doth bear
Its weight of trouble and of woe.
Well may you ask why it is so,
For surely neither sour nor dull
In such a world of fair things full
Should folk be.

Ah, my dear, indeed
My wisdom fails me at my need
To tell why tales that move the earth
Are seldom of content or mirth;
Yet think if it may come of this—
That lies fulfilled of ease and bliss
Came not for aught that we can give
And scorn the broken lives we live;
Unlike to us, they pass us by,
And dying laugh their history.
But those that struggled sore and failed
Had one thing left them that availed
When all things else were nought—En-lot
Whose sweet voice, crying as they strove
Begat sweet pity, and more love still
Waste places with sweet tales to tell;
Whereby we, living here, may learn
Our eyes toward very love to turn,
And all the pain it bringeth meet
As nothing strange amid the sweet;
Whereby we too may hope to be
Grains in the great world's memory
Of pain endured and nobleness
That life ill-understood doth bless.

Words evergrave and sad for you
May be; but rhyme will still be true
 upto my heart - most true herein

in wishing, dear hearts, you may win

A life of every ill so clear

That little tale for folk to hear

It may be; yet so full of love

That e'en these words your heart to may move

Years and years hence, when unto me

Life is a waste and windless sea.

' Written by William Morris in

Jenny and May's copy of The Earthly

Paradise.