

A1/1946

J152

October.

O love, turn from the unchanging sea, dead gaze
 Down these grey slopes upon the year grown old,
 Andying mid the autumn-scented haze
 That hangs above the hollow in the wold,
 Where the wind-bitten, ancient elms unfold
 Worn church, long barn, orchard and red-roofed
 Wrought in dead days for men a long while (stead
dead.

Come down O love; may not our hands still meet
~~Since~~ ^{Since} still we live today, forgetting June,
 Forgetting May, deeming October sweet?
 - Hark! hark! hearken! through the afternoon
 The grey tower sings a ~~strange~~ ^{strange} old tinkling tune;
 Sweet, sweet and sad the toiling years last breath
 Too satiate of life to strive with death! X

And we too - will it not be soft and kind,
 The rest from life, from patience and from pain?
 The rest from bliss we know not when we find,
 The rest from love that near the end can gain?
 - Hark how the time swells, that ere while ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~wane~~
 Look up love! ah cling close and never move!
 How can I have enough of life and love?

X I think I shall have to alter this couplet, there
 is something too like it in Tennyson -
 try this time,
 Over the last days that the year may live,
 Too ~~sate~~ ^{sate} of life with Death to strive.

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J 152 'October' from 'The Earthly Paradise'
 - fair copy draft by William Morris
 in letter to Georgiana Burne-Jones
 (n.d. but c. 1869)

about him which nearly drove
me mad when I am in an irritable
humour: but I behaved very well,
though I felt rather crushed among
so many clever people, and didn't
say much: Brown I thought a trifle
too genteel for a bachelor party, I
prefer ~~his~~ company when the Westland
Charleston element is absent - I am
in short a narrow and moribund
bore - and, being so, will not bore
you any longer - Good bye, and
stand as long as you can

Your most loving friend

W.M.

over page for October. Show it to Ned
if he is with you.

? Oct. 1869