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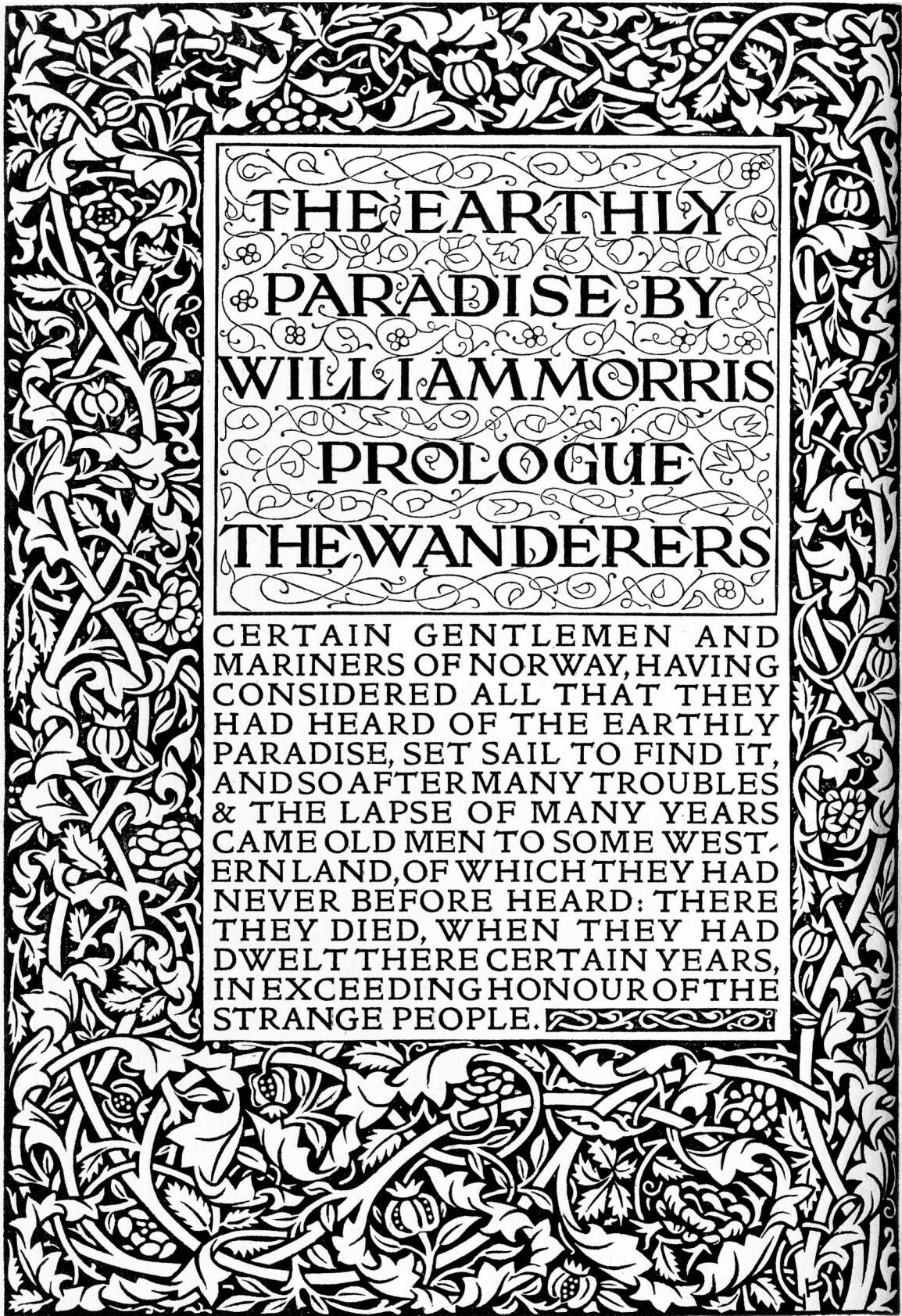


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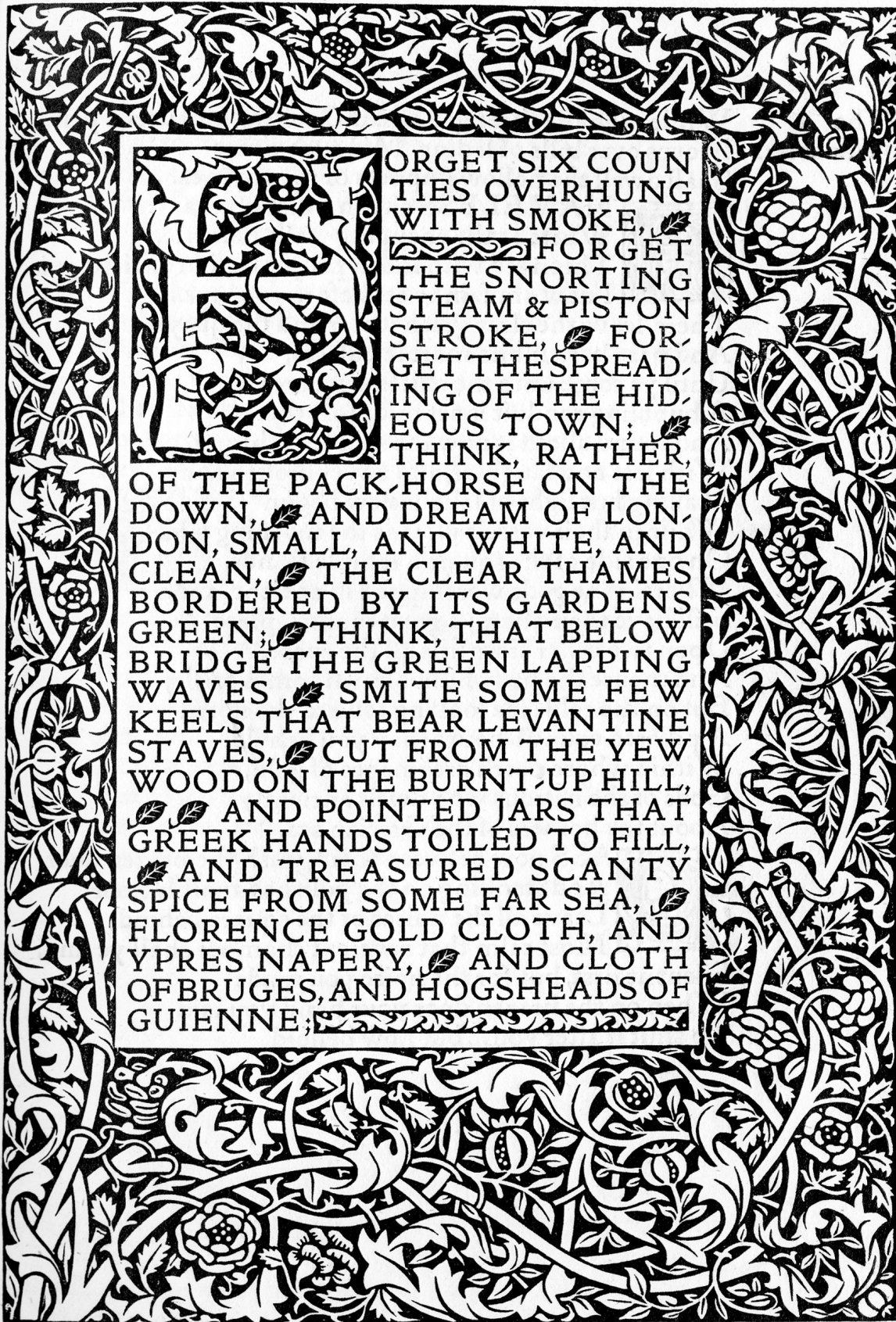
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From v. 1 of *The Earthly Paradise* by William Morris (1834-1896), published by Hammersmith, Kelmscott Press, 1896.

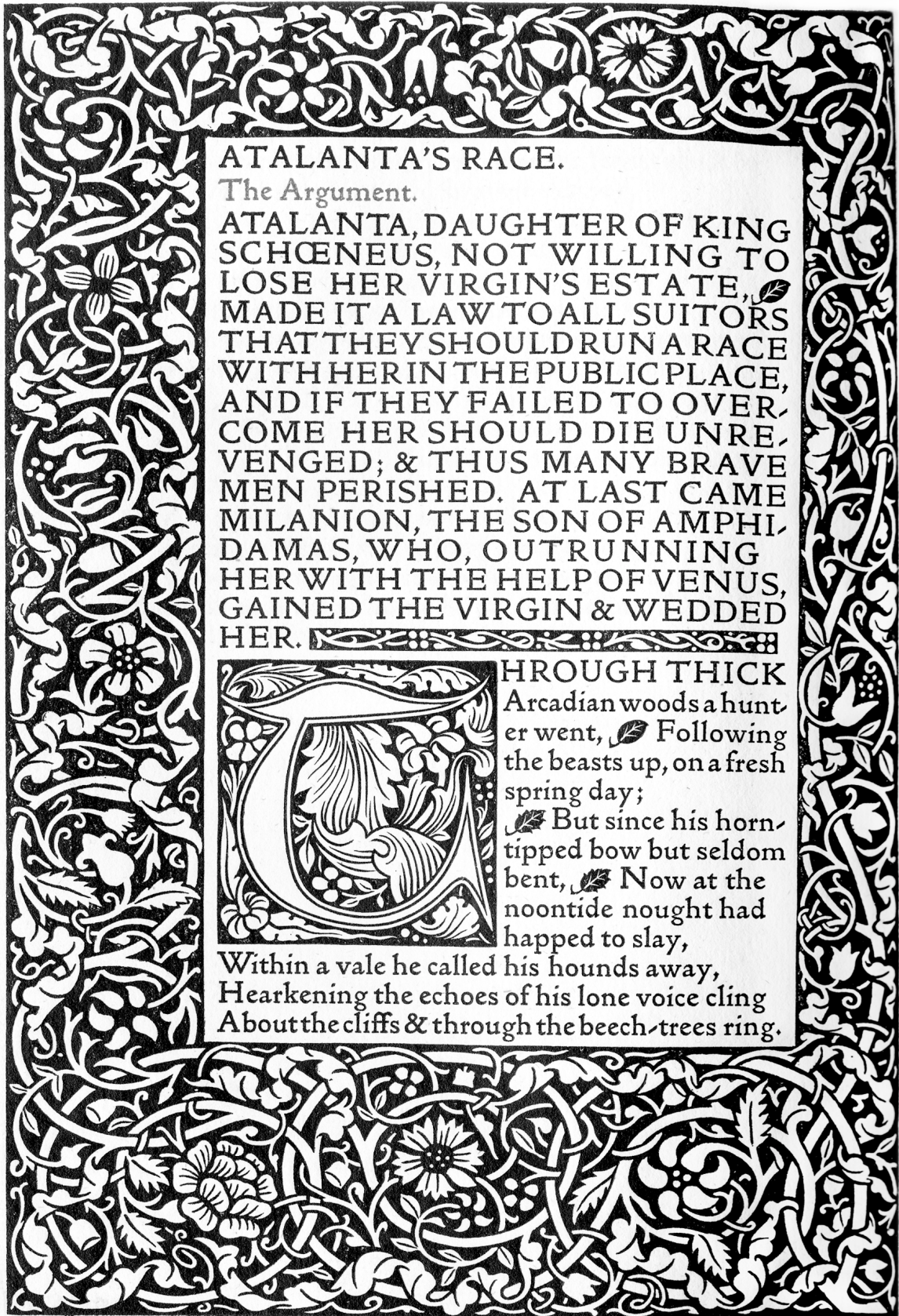




FORGET SIX COUNTIES OVERHUNG  
WITH SMOKE, FORGET  
THE SNORTING  
STEAM & PISTON  
STROKE, FORGET THE SPREADING  
OF THE HIDEOUS TOWN;  
THINK, RATHER,  
OF THE PACK-HORSE ON THE  
DOWN, AND DREAM OF LONDON,  
SMALL, AND WHITE, AND CLEAN,  
THE CLEAR THAMES BORDERED  
BY ITS GARDENS GREEN;  
THINK, THAT BELOW BRIDGE  
THE GREEN LAPPING WAVES  
SMITE SOME FEW KEELS THAT  
BEAR LEVANTINE STAVES,  
CUT FROM THE YEW WOOD  
ON THE BURNT-UP HILL,  
AND POINTED JARS THAT  
GREEK HANDS TOILED TO FILL,  
AND TREASURED SCANTY  
SPICE FROM SOME FAR SEA,  
FLORENCE GOLD CLOTH, AND  
YPRES NAPERY, AND CLOTH  
OF BRUGES, AND HOGSHEADS  
OF GUIENNE;

From v. 1 of *The Earthly Paradise* by William Morris (1834-1896), published by Hammersmith, Kelmscott Press, 1896.





## ATALANTA'S RACE.

The Argument.

ATALANTA, DAUGHTER OF KING SCHCENEUS, NOT WILLING TO LOSE HER VIRGIN'S ESTATE, MADE IT A LAW TO ALL SUITORS THAT THEY SHOULD RUN A RACE WITH HER IN THE PUBLIC PLACE, AND IF THEY FAILED TO OVERCOME HER SHOULD DIE UNREVENGED; & THUS MANY BRAVE MEN PERISHED. AT LAST CAME MILANION, THE SON OF AMPHDAMAS, WHO, OUTRUNNING HER WITH THE HELP OF VENUS, GAINED THE VIRGIN & WEDDED HER.



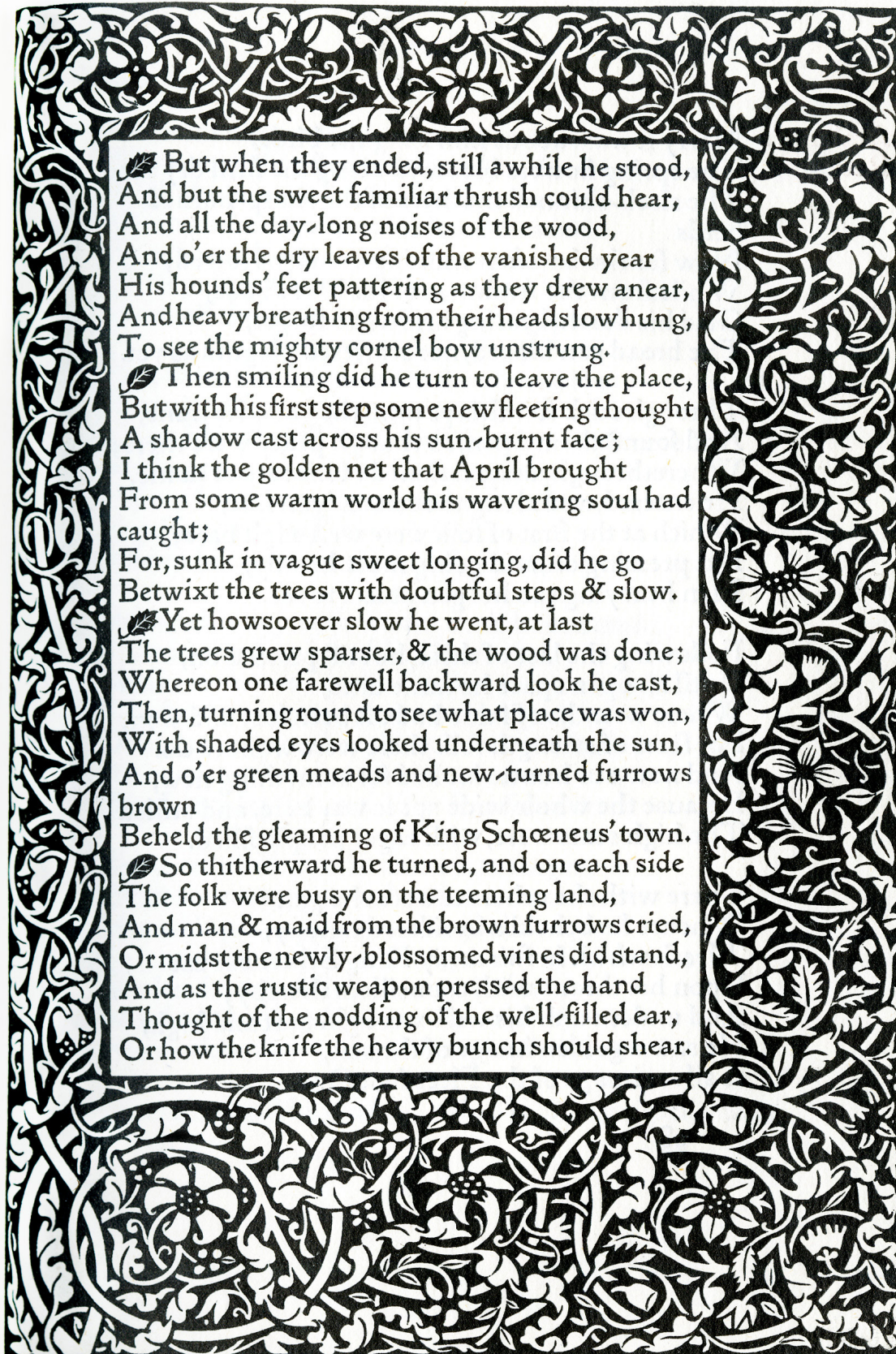
THROUGH THICK Arcadian woods a hunter went, Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring day;

But since his horn-tipped bow but seldom bent, Now at the noontide nought had happened to slay,

Within a vale he called his hounds away,  
Harkening the echoes of his lone voice cling  
About the cliffs & through the beech-trees ring.

From v. 1 of *The Earthly Paradise* by William Morris (1834-1896), published by Hammersmith, Kelmscott Press, 1896.





But when they ended, still awhile he stood,  
And but the sweet familiar thrush could hear,  
And all the day-long noises of the wood,  
And o'er the dry leaves of the vanished year  
His hounds' feet pattering as they drew anear,  
And heavy breathing from their heads low hung,  
To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then smiling did he turn to leave the place,  
But with his first step some new fleeting thought  
A shadow cast across his sun-burnt face;  
I think the golden net that April brought  
From some warm world his wavering soul had  
caught;

For, sunk in vague sweet longing, did he go  
Betwixt the trees with doubtful steps & slow.

Yet howsoever slow he went, at last  
The trees grew sparser, & the wood was done;  
Whereon one farewell backward look he cast,  
Then, turning round to see what place was won,  
With shaded eyes looked underneath the sun,  
And o'er green meads and new-turned furrows  
brown

Beheld the gleaming of King Schœneus' town.

So thitherward he turned, and on each side  
The folk were busy on the teeming land,  
And man & maid from the brown furrows cried,  
Or midst the newly-blossomed vines did stand,  
And as the rustic weapon pressed the hand  
Thought of the nodding of the well-filled ear,  
Or how the knife the heavy bunch should shear.

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THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES  
THE FIRST PART: OF THE HOUSE OF CAPTIVITY.  
Chapter I. Catch at Utterhay.

**H**AS TELLS THE TALE, was a walled cheaping town hight Utterhay, which was builded in a bight of the land a little off the great highway which went from over the mountains to the sea.

**T**HE SAID TOWN was hard on the borders of a wood, which men held to be mighty great, or maybe measureless; though few indeed had entered it, & they that had, brought back tales wild & confused thereof.

**T**HEREIN WAS neither highway nor byway, nor woodreeve nor waywarden; never came chapman thence into Utterhay; no man of Utterhay was so poor or so bold that he durst raise the hunt therein; no outlaw durst flee thereto; no man of God had

such trust in the saints that he durst build him a cell in that wood.

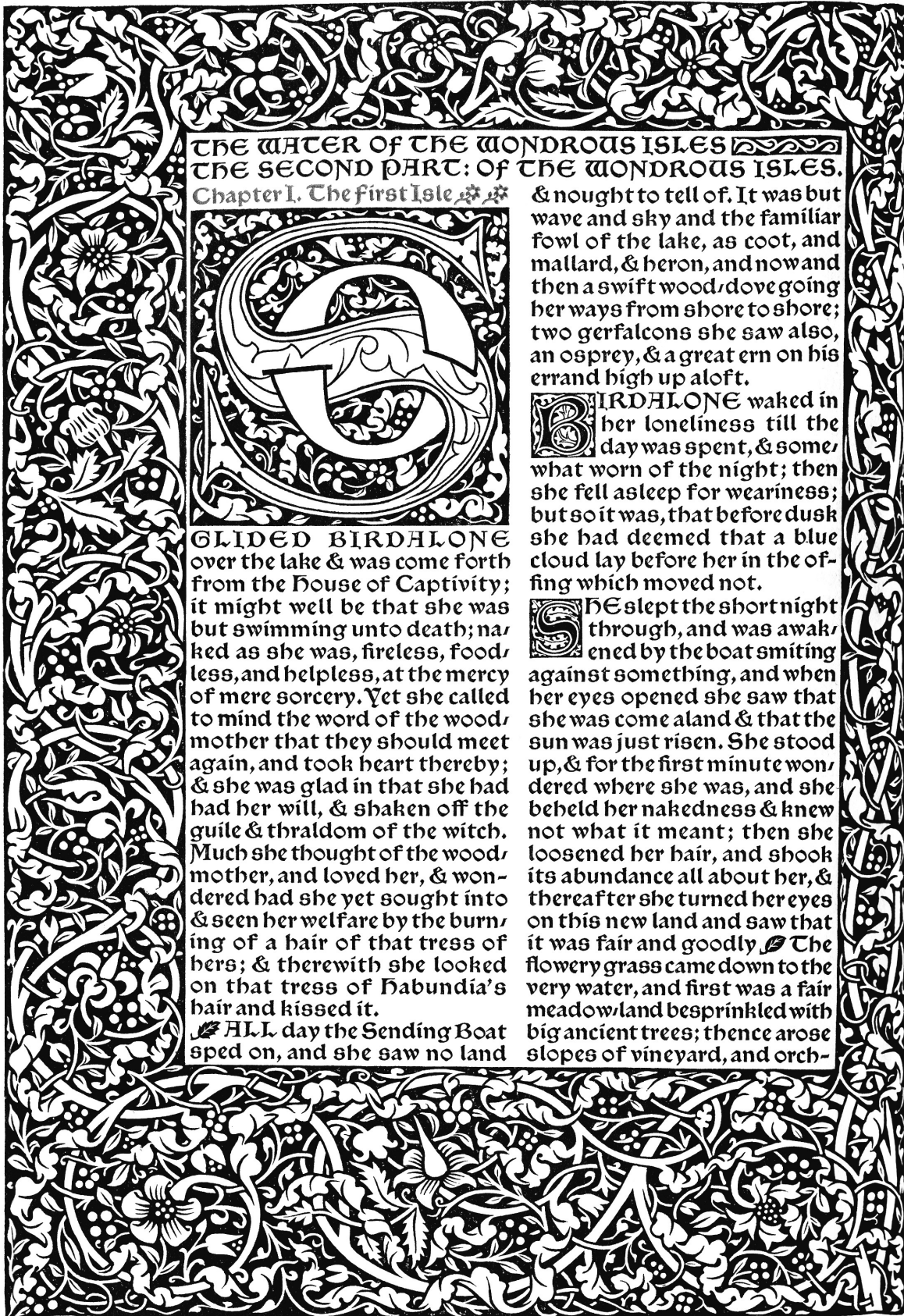
**F**OR all men deemed it more than perilous; & some said that there walked the worst of the dead; othersome that the Goddesses of the Gentiles haunted there; others again that it was the faery rather, but they full of malice and guile. But most commonly it was deemed that the devils swarmed amidst of its thickets, and that wheresoever a man sought to, who was once environed by it, ever it was the Gate of Hell whereto he came. And the said wood was called Evilshaw.

**N**EVERTHELESS the cheaping town throve not ill; for whatso evil things haunted Evilshaw, never came they into Utterhay in such guise that men knew them, neither wotted they of any hurt that they had of the Devils of Evilshaw.

**N**OW IN the said cheaping town, on a day, it was market and high noon, and in the market place was much people thronging; and amidst of them went a woman, tall, and strong of aspect, of some thirty winters by seem-

From *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* by William Morris (1834-1896), published by Hammersmith, Kelmscott Press, 1897.





THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES  
THE SECOND PART: OF THE WONDROUS ISLES.  
Chapter I. The first Isle. ❀ ❀



GLIDED BIRDALONE over the lake & was come forth from the House of Captivity; it might well be that she was but swimming unto death; naked as she was, fireless, foodless, and helpless, at the mercy of mere sorcery. Yet she called to mind the word of the woodmother that they should meet again, and took heart thereby; & she was glad in that she had had her will, & shaken off the guile & thraldom of the witch. Much she thought of the woodmother, and loved her, & wondered had she yet sought into & seen her welfare by the burning of a hair of that tress of hers; & therewith she looked on that tress of Habundia's hair and kissed it.

❀ ALL day the Sending Boat sped on, and she saw no land


& nought to tell of. It was but wave and sky and the familiar fowl of the lake, as coot, and mallard, & heron, and now and then a swift wood-dove going her ways from shore to shore; two gerfalcons she saw also, an osprey, & a great ern on his errand high up aloft.

BIRDALONE waked in her loneliness till the day was spent, & some-what worn of the night; then she fell asleep for weariness; but so it was, that before dusk she had deemed that a blue cloud lay before her in the offing which moved not.

SHE slept the short night through, and was awakened by the boat smiting against something, and when her eyes opened she saw that she was come aland & that the sun was just risen. She stood up, & for the first minute wondered where she was, and she beheld her nakedness & knew not what it meant; then she loosened her hair, and shook its abundance all about her, & thereafter she turned her eyes on this new land and saw that it was fair and goodly. The flowery grass came down to the very water, and first was a fair meadowland besprinkled with big ancient trees; thence arose slopes of vineyard, and orch-

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ard and garden; and, looking down on all, was a great White House, carven and glorious. A little air of wind had awakened with the sunrise, and bore the garden sweetness down to her; & warm it was after the chill of the wide water. No other land could she see when she looked lakeward thence.

**S**HE stepped ashore, & stood ankle-deep in the sweet grass, & looked about her for a while, and saw no shape of man astir. She was yet weary, and stiff with abiding so long amongst the hard ribs of the boat, so she laid herself down on the grass, and its softness solaced her; and presently she fell asleep again.

Chapter II. Birdalone falleth in with new friends.

**W**HEN SHE next awoke, the sun was not yet high, and the morning young, yet she stood upon her feet much refreshed by that short slumber. She turned toward the hill & the gay house, & saw one coming over the meadow to her, a woman to wit, in a shining golden gown, and as she drew nigh Birdalone could see that she was young & fair, tall, white-skinned and hazel-eyed, with long red hair dancing all about her as she trip-

ped lightly & merrily over the greensward.

**N**OW SHE comes up to Birdalone with wonder in her eyes, and greets her kindly, & asked her of her name, and Birdalone told it all simply; & the new-comer said: What errand hast thou hither, that thou art come thus naked and alone in this ill-omened ferry? Birdalone trembled at her words, though she spake kindly to her, and she said: It is a long story, but fate drave me thereto, and misery, and I knew not whither I was bound. But is there no welcome for me in this lovely land? I lack not deftness wholly; & I will be a servant of servants, and ask no better if it must be so.

Said the new-comer: Unto that mayst thou come; but sore will be thy servitude. I fear me thy welcome here may be but evil. Said Birdalone: Wilt thou not tell me how so?

Quoth that lady: We know thy ferry here, that it is the craft wherein cometh hither now & again the sister of our lady the Queen, into whose realm thou art now come, and who liveth up in the white palace yonder, & whom we serve. And meseems thou wilt not have come hither by her leave, or thou wouldst be in other guise than this; so that belike

Part II. Of  
the Wondrous Isles