

**POEMS BY THE  
WAY, PP. 1-195**

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Poems by the Way, pp. 1-195 by William Morris

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**WILLIAM MORRIS**

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WAY, PP. 1-195**



*Helen Stuy Compton.*

POEMS BY THE WAY.

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WRITTEN BY WILLIAM  
MORRIS

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HERE BEGIN POEMS BY THE WAY.  
WRITTEN BY WILLIAM MORRIS.  
AND FIRST IS THE POEM CALLED  
FROM THE UPLAND TO THE SEA.

**S**HALL we wake one morn of spring,  
Glad at heart of everything,  
Yet pensive with the thought of eve?  
Then the white house shall we leave,  
Pass the wind-flowers and the bays,  
Through the garth, and go our ways,  
Wandering down among the meads  
Till our very joyance needs  
Rest at last; till we shall come  
To that Sun-god's lonely home,  
Lonely on the hill-side grey,  
Whence the sheep have gone away;  
Lonely till the feast-time is,  
When with prayer and praise of bliss,  
Thither comes the country side.  
There awhile shall we abide,  
Sitting low down in the porch  
By that image with the torch:  
Thy one white hand laid upon  
The black pillar that was won  
From the far-off Indian mine;  
And my hand nigh touching thine,  
But not touching; and thy gown

From the  
Upland to  
the Sea.

Fair with spring-flowers cast adown  
From thy bosom and thy brow.  
There the south-west wind shall blow  
Through thine hair to reach my cheek,  
As thou sittest, nor mayst speak,  
Nor mayst move the hand I kiss  
For the very depth of bliss ;  
Nay, nor turn thine eyes to me.  
Then desire of the great sea  
Nigh enow, but all unheard,  
In the hearts of us is stirred,  
And we rise, we twain at last,  
And the daffodils downcast,  
Feel thy feet and we are gone  
From the lonely Sun-Crowned one.  
Then the meads fade at our back,  
And the spring day 'gins to lack  
That fresh hope that once it had ;  
But we twain grow yet more glad,  
And apart no more may go  
When the grassy slope and low  
Dieth in the shingly sand :  
Then we wander hand in hand  
By the edges of the sea,  
And I weary more for thee  
Than if far apart we were,  
With a space of desert drear  
'Twixt thy lips and mine, O love !  
Ah, my joy, my joy thereof !