

**THE EARTHLY  
PARADISE: A POEM.  
PART II. TENTH EDITION**

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The Earthly Paradise: A Poem. Part II. Tenth Edition by William Morris

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**WILLIAM MORRIS**

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PARADISE: A POEM.  
PART II. TENTH EDITION**



THE  
EARTHLY PARADISE

A POEM.



BY

WILLIAM MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON.

PART II.

TENTH EDITION.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.  
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THE  
EARTHLY PARADISE.

MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST.

## M A Y.

O LOVE, this morn when the sweet nightingale  
Had so long finished all he had to say,  
That thou hadst slept, and sleep had told his tale ;  
And midst a peaceful dream had stolen away  
In fragrant dawning of the first of May,  
Didst thou see aught? didst thou hear voices sing  
Ere to the risen sun the bells 'gan ring?

For then methought the Lord of Love went by  
To take possession of his flowery throne,  
Ringed round with maids, and youths, and minstrelsy ;  
A little while I sighed to find him gone,  
A little while the dawning was alone,  
And the light gathered ; then I held my breath,  
And shuddered at the sight of Eld and Death.

Alas ! Love passed me in the twilight dun,  
His music hushed the wakening ousel's song ;  
But on these twain shone out the golden sun,  
And o'er their heads the brown bird's tune was strong,  
As shivering, twixt the trees they stole along ;  
None noted aught their noiseless passing by,  
The world had quite forgotten it must die.



NOW must these men be glad a little while  
That they had lived to see May once more  
smile

Upon the earth ; wherefore, as men who know  
How fast the bad days and the good days go,  
They gathered at the feast : the fair abode  
Wherein they sat, o'erlooked, across the road  
Unhedged green meads, which willowy streams passed  
through,

And on that morn, before the fresh May dew  
Had dried upon the sunniest spot of grass,  
From bush to bush did youths and maidens pass  
In raiment meet for May apparelled,  
Gathering the milk-white blossoms and the red ;  
And now, with noon long past, and that bright day  
Growing awcary, on the sunny way  
They wandered, crowned with flowers, and loitering,  
And weary, yet were fresh enough to sing  
The carols of the morn, and pensive, still  
Had cast away their doubt of death and ill,  
And flushed with love, no more grew red with shame.

So to the elders as they sat, there came,  
With scent of flowers, the murmur of that folk  
Wherethrough from time to time a song outbroke,  
Till scarce they thought about the story due ;

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Yet, when anigh to sun-setting it grew,  
A book upon the board an elder laid,  
And turning from the open window said,  
"Too fair a tale the lovely time doth ask,  
For this of mine to be an easy task,  
Yet in what words soever this is writ,  
As for the matter, I dare say of it  
That it is lovely as the lovely May ;  
Pass then the manner, since the learned say  
No written record was there of the tale,  
Ere we from our fair land of Greece set sail ;  
How this may be I know not, this I know  
That such-like tales the wind would seem to blow  
From place to place, e'en as the feathery seed  
Is borne across the sea to help the need  
Of barren isles ; so, sirs, from seed thus sown,  
This flower, a gift from other lands has grown.

THE  
STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

ARGUMENT.

PSYCHE, a king's daughter, by her exceeding beauty caused the people to forget Venus; therefore the goddess would fain have destroyed her: nevertheless she became the bride of Love, yet in an unhappy moment lost him by her own fault, and wandering through the world suffered many evils at the hands of Venus, for whom she must accomplish fearful tasks. But the gods and all nature helped her, and in process of time she was reunited to Love, forgiven by Venus, and made immortal by the Father of gods and men.

**I**N the Greek land of old there was a King  
Happy in battle, rich in everything;  
Most rich in this, that he a daughter had  
Whose beauty made the longing city glad.  
She was so fair, that strangers from the sea  
Just landed, in the temples thought that she  
Was Venus visible to mortal eyes,  
New come from Cyprus for a world's surprise.  
She was so beautiful that had she stood  
On windy Ida by the oaken wood,