

**LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE
HOMES OF
ENGLISH AUTHORS,
VOL. VI, NO. 1-6**

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Little journeys to the homes of English authors, Vol. VI, No. 1-6 by Elbert Hubbard

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ELBERT HUBBARD

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Vol. VI.

JANUARY, 1900.

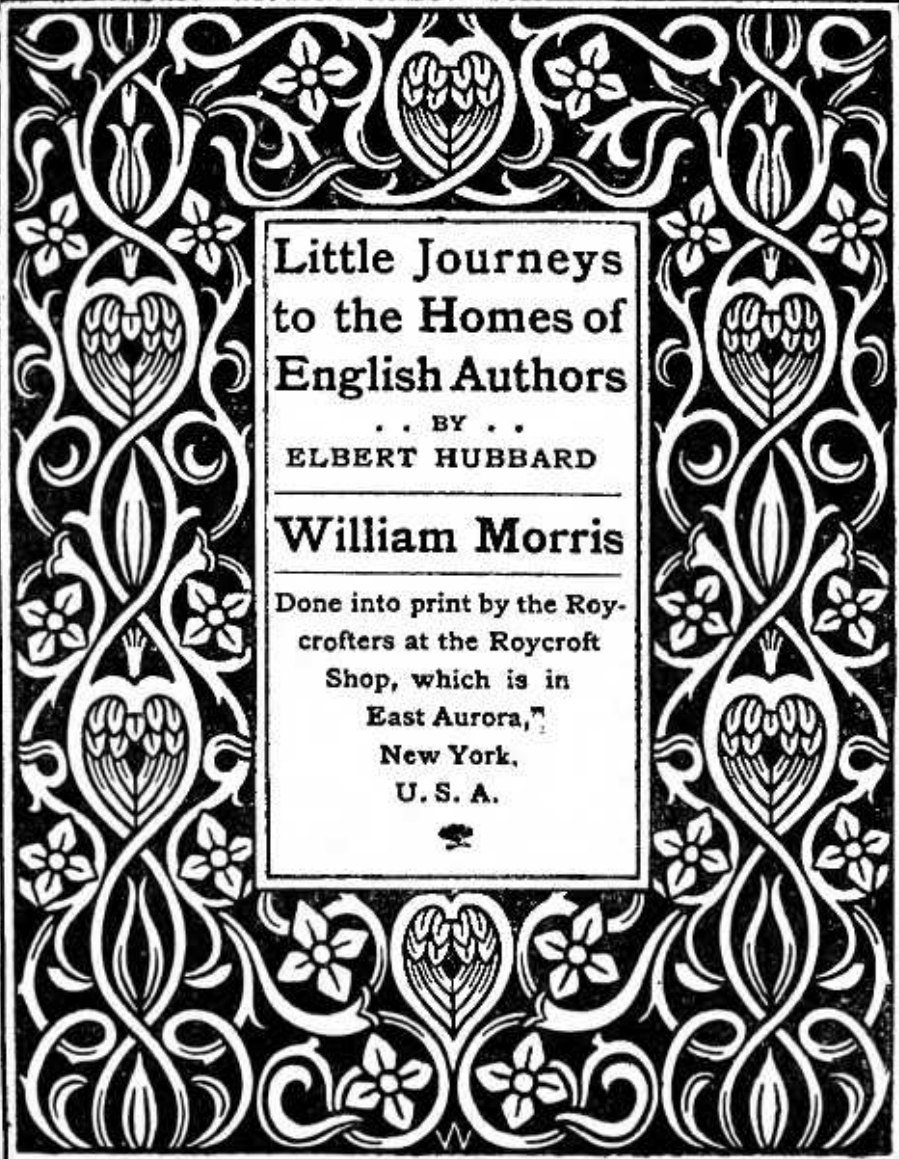
No. 1.

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

WILLIAM MORRIS







**Little Journeys
to the Homes of
English Authors**

. . BY . .
ELBERT HUBBARD

William Morris

Done into print by the Roy-
crofters at the Roycroft
Shop, which is in
East Aurora, N.
New York,
U. S. A.



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THE IDLE SINGER.

From "The Earthly Paradise."

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall we forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die,—
Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear,
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From a poor singer of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

WILLIAM MORRIS