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A creative titan of the Victorian age, William Morris (1834–96) produced a prodigious variety of literary and artistic work in his lifetime. In addition to his achievements as a versatile designer at the forefront of the arts and crafts movement, Morris distinguished himself as a poet, translated Icelandic sagas and classical epics, wrote a series of influential prose romances, and gave lectures promoting his socialist principles. His collected works, originally published in 24 volumes between 1910 and 1915, were edited by his daughter Mary (May) Morris (1862–1938), whose introductions to each volume chart with insight and sympathy the development of her father's literary, aesthetic and political passions. Volume 1 contains Morris' early verse, including *The Defence of Guenevere* (1858), as well as prose contributions to the short-lived *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*.

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The Collected Works of William Morris

With introductions by his daughter May Morris

VOLUME 1:
THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE;
THE HOLLOW LAND

WILLIAM MORRIS

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Frontmatter
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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

William Morris,
From an early drawing by himself

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More information

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WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY HIS DAUGHTER MAY MORRIS

VOLUME I
THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE
THE HOLLOW LAND

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More information

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION page ix
Note to page xj xxxj
Bibliographical Note to "The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems" xxxvij
Bibliographical Note to "The Hollow Land and Other Contributions to the Oxford & Cambridge Magazine" xxxvij

THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE AND OTHER POEMS

THE Defence of Guenevere 1
King Arthur's Tomb 11
Sir Galahad: A Christmas Mystery 24
The Chapel in Lyoness 31
Sir Peter Harpdon's End 35
Rapunzel 62
Concerning Geffray Teste Noire 75
A Good Knight in Prison 82
Old Love 87
The Gilliflower of Gold 90
Shameful Death 92
The Eve of Crecy 94
The Judgment of God 96
The Little Tower 99
The Sailing of the Sword 102
Spell-Bound 104
The Wind 107
The Blue Closet 111
The Tune of Seven Towers 114
Golden Wings 116
The Haystack in the Floods 124
Two Red Roses across the Moon 129
Welland River 131
Riding together 135
Father John's War-Song 137
Sir Giles' War-Song 139
Near Avalon 140
Praise of My Lady 141
Summer Dawn 144
In Prison 145

THE HOLLOW LAND AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE

The Story of the Unknown Church 149
A Dream 159
Gertha's Lovers 176
Svend and His Brethren 226
Lindenborg Pool 245

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978-1-108-05115-6 - The Collected Works of William Morris: With Introductions by his Daughter May Morris: Volume 1: The Defence of Guenevere; The Hollow Land
William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

The Hollow Land 254
Golden Wings 291
Frank's Sealed Letter 309
" Men and Women " by Robert Browning 326
The Churches of North France: Shadows of Amiens 349
Death the Avenger and Death the Friend 367
Winter Weather 370

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of William Morris from an early drawing by himself frontispiece
Facsimile of a draft page of Golden Wings page xviij

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978-1-108-05115-6 - The Collected Works of William Morris: With Introductions by his Daughter May Morris: Volume 1: The Defence of Guenevere; The Hollow Land
William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

INTRODUCTION

THE notes that introduce the matter in these volumes do no more than gather together certain fragments and certain memories, and here and there recall what course my father's life was taking in other directions at the time of writing. The personal impressions thus recorded are intermittent, but sometimes the child's picture of "things as they seem" may help to bring the reality before older eyes. So I use what I find of these pictures that come and go like wavering reflections in a stream, hoping that the want of art in them will tell more in their favour than against them.

In these early poems and prose stories of my father's, real places seen are as vividly felt and described as the dream-places, and a great deal of his local colour is taken from the wide flat Essex country where he passed his childhood. The eldest boy in a large family, his early time went by in contented open-air activity in pleasant surroundings which throughout his life were keenly and affectionately remembered. The whimsical play-world of a numerous and united family does not interest anyone outside the circle, but certainly the doings and sayings of those boys and girls who lived happily on the edge of the Great Forest had an absorbing charm for William Morris's two young listeners in later years, and many times has the present writer dreamed herself into that young circle, playing at Indians on the island at Water House, or wandering through the twilight of the hornbeams in the Forest in search of adventure. Never through life did he lose the pleasure of those early memories or the vividness of them. With a few words simply and casually let fall in conversation, he would sometimes bring the young days before his listeners as in a sudden vision, beautiful and poignant like all the intimate things that have passed. It need hardly be said how deep an impression was made upon his writings by this harmony and contentment, this delight in the open country and in the noble woodland.

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

His school-life was spent at Marlborough, a choice both lucky and unlucky; unlucky in so far that he was there at the beginning of the school rebellion historic to old Marlburians, of which he used to give racy and graphic accounts to the younger generation; lucky, in that he was to spend some years of a sensitive boyhood in a legendary stretch of land, which, like the Essex country with its wide marshes and its forest, was to penetrate into his life and find expression later in his writings. In a pilgrimage to Marlborough and Savernake and the neighbourhood one lovely summer evening the present writer, going over all the old haunts she had often heard described, stood at last before a tablet inscribed with the familiar name, and woke out of a dream: for she had been wandering from place to place with a youthful companion, well-known though never seen, the shy boy who sat devouring his books in shady corners of the school-house, who roamed through Savernake Forest watching the squirrels at play (hundreds of them there); who toiled up the valley of the Grey Wethers and lingered in the great circle at Avebury, weaving stories of the remote people, and carried away from those schooldays something of more lasting value than the rough and ready teaching of the "boy farm," in his dreaming and wondering over the secret of the earth and over the story of the early world.

Leaving Marlborough prematurely, owing to the disorganized state of the school at the moment, William Morris read for about a year with a private tutor, Dr Guy of Forest School, Walthamstow, a man of whom I always formed a pleasant picture, owing to the warmly affectionate and appreciative terms in which my father spoke of him to us.

In 1853 he went up to Oxford; there, in the next few years, he makes his early friends—the friends of a lifetime—and the circle is formed, the record of whose work is a singularly bright page in the history of Victorian art and letters.

The Oxford days, in college and afterwards, are represented by the poems and prose pieces in this volume. It may be convenient for reference to give here briefly certain lead-

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

ing dates which are well-known. As I have already said, it was in 1853 that the young men created for themselves a delightful existence in the midst of an Oxford "languid and indifferent," as Burne-Jones says, far other than the Oxford they had expected to find. In 1855 William Morris wrote his first poem, "The Willow and the Red Cliff," and the event is pleasantly narrated in Mr Mackail's "Life."

"Here one morning, just after breakfast," says Burne-Jones, "he brought me in the first poem he ever made. After that no week went by without some poem." It was read to the set and created much excitement. Canon Dixon says: "I felt that it was something the like of which had never been heard before. It was a thing entirely new: founded on nothing previous . . ."

After the publication of "Guenevere," my father destroyed the manuscript of the early poems he had not wished to include, and this was probably among them. Four copies had been made however by Canon Dixon, and considering its quality and the interest attached to it I have decided to print this poem in the last volume of the series.

This year 1855 is a turning point in my father's history. In the course of a short tour in France with Burne-Jones and William Fulford, he and Burne-Jones came to a serious conclusion: to give up the Church, for which they had both been intended, and devote themselves to art; Burne-Jones would be a painter and Morris an architect. In a beautiful letter to his mother, my father gave her his reasons and his feelings on the matter, saying very simply: "You see I do not hope to be great at all in anything, but perhaps I may reasonably hope to be happy in my work." In January 1856 he was articled to George Edmund Street, and there in the office in Beaumont Street, Oxford, first met his life-long friend, Philip Webb, then Street's senior clerk. And in January also the first number of "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine" was published, the magazine living through twelve monthly numbers.

Altogether this was an eager and difficult time: the busi-

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

ness routine of an architect's office would always have been distasteful to a young man of my father's temperament;* his thoughts were turning more and more towards painting; in the autumn, on a short visit to North France and Belgium, he once more† had a sight of the work of Jan van Eyck and Memling, and he had this year made the personal acquaintance of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, already to him a great name. He must study drawing at any cost, and in a letter written in the summer, announces his intention of "trying to get six hours a day for drawing" without giving up architecture. But the office work had to go, and before the year ended he had definitely given it up for the new work.

One cannot help seeing, however, that he takes to the new path not altogether happily; there is, indeed, a distinct note of depression in this and in other letters now and later, which deal with the matter. "Rossetti says I ought to paint," he writes; "he says I shall be able; now as he is a very great man, and speaks with authority and not as the scribes, I *must* try. I don't hope much, I must say, yet will try my best —he gave me practical advice on the subject. . . . So I am going to try, not giving up the architecture, but trying if it is possible to get six hours a day for drawing besides office work. One won't get much enjoyment out of life at this rate I know well, but that don't matter. I have no right to ask for it at all events—love and work, these two things only. . . . I

* Mr Webb tells me that he was deputed to overlook the new pupil's work, and remarks that from the first they understood each other, and that he found this a pleasant and easy duty. He says that my father had an astonishing intuition for architecture; he knew for instance, in some mysterious way, just what constituted the difference in character between two French Gothic cathedrals; it was not reasoned out, but a thing deeply felt.

† His first journey abroad was in the Long Vacation of 1854, when he visited Belgium and North France with his sister Henrietta. It is not difficult to imagine what the journey meant to him—Memling and Van Eyck first seen; Rouen, Beauvais, Amiens, Chartres first seen.

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

can't enter into politico-social subjects with any interest, for on the whole I see that things are in a muddle, and I have no power or vocation to set them right in ever so little a degree. My work is the embodiment of dreams in one form or another. . . .

"Yet I shall have enough to do, if I actually master this art of painting: I dare scarcely think failure possible at times, and yet I know in my mind that my chances are slender; I am glad that I am compelled to try anyhow; I was slipping off into a kind of small (very small) Palace of Art . . . Ned and I are going to live together. I go to London early in August." I take these extracts as Mr Mackail gives them in the "Life;" the letter is one of the landmarks in my father's life, and each phrase is significant: first, the influence of Rossetti, to whom picture-painting was the one form of art; then the very passion of industry, and the not quite happy sense of duty that overcomes him in following the new career; the naive demand for work and love—"these two things only;" the dawning impossibility of detaching himself artist-fashion from all sympathy with subjects concerning the welfare of his fellows; finally the dream of his small Palace of Art and the vague foreshadowing of his future work—the letter is a whole chapter descriptive of a mind at work with doubts and dreams and hopes.

Then follow what are known in the Morris and Burne-Jones families as "Red Lion Square days:" days wonderful to hear tell of, days filled with Homeric laughter, strenuous work and the hundred fantastic experiments in furniture-making and decorating that gave rise to the establishment of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Company. Before this event, however, comes the first actual piece of decoration—unfortunately experimental this—in the Oxford Union, while all the year Morris is working at different crafts, showing the beginnings of his many-sided activities and the instinct for grasping technique with little effort and wonderful swiftness. In 1858 "The Defence of Guenevere" was published, and in April of the following year he married.

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

The story of how he built a beautiful home to receive his wife and his friends, of the happy, vivacious days the young circle spent among the blossoming orchards in a forgotten corner so near the rush and hurry of the city, all this has been told time and again, though I think the charm of the busy life, at once so gay and so full of seriousness, will never grow stale in the telling. Laughter sounded from the half-furnished rooms where the young people painted the walls with scenes from the Round Table histories; laughter sounded from the fragrant little garden as the host, victim of some ingenious practical joke, fulfilled the pleased expectation of his guests by conduct at once vigorous and picturesque under the torment; laughter over the apple-gathering, laughter over every new experiment, every fantastic failure of the young housekeepers; but amid the delight in mere existence and in the beauty of the earth, these young lives were ripening and developing in all seriousness, and their laughter was not the crackling of thorns under the pot. If I linger a little in touching upon the light-hearted exuberance of all these closely-bonded personalities, William Morris, D. G. Rossetti, Edward Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, Cormell Price, Philip Webb, Charles Faulkner, it is partly because the contemplation of work and play so interchangeable, so thoroughly enjoyed, is in itself stimulating to a more languid (and perhaps a less hard-working) generation. And though they one and all settled down to the responsibilities of London life very soon, the Red House days remain typical—an intensified illustration of much that William Morris felt and said later regarding the nature of human toil.

The present writer has retained certain dream-pictures of those days (by some mysterious process sharply printed on the baby-mind); though too intimate and tender for description here, they are strangely intense, and it is curious to note in passing how such pictures come to be impressed on an unconcerned tiny brain, and carried through the child-life till in later days the time comes for spirit and mind to seize on the import of them: then their beauty at last pierces the

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

heart, and they become a reality—dream and memory, to-day and yesterday—all strangely intermingled till the dreamer sometimes comes to feel that she too was a guest in the Red House days and shared in the laughter there. "We laughed because we were happy," says one who was there in reality, words almost profound in their simplicity.

Such are the landmarks of these years between the ages of twenty and twenty-five.

"The Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems" was published in 1858; the other pieces included in this present volume are taken from "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine." Though they appeared before the Guenevere volume, I naturally give first place to the Poems first collected and published under William Morris's own eye.

THE HOLLOW LAND

MY father's trustees published in 1903 the contributions to "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine" in the Kelmscott Press letter known as the Golden Type. No one felt more keenly than my father the wrong done to dead authors by gathering together every fragment of their writing regardless of quality, and in his lifetime he always refused to reprint his early prose. Yet in destroying that bundle of verse when "Guenevere" appeared, the young poet did a thing that his friends regretted very much at the moment and afterwards. His first poem already mentioned, apart from its value to-day in the changed perspective, deserved a different fate, and it is probable, considering that his style altered after the appearance of that first slim book, that we have lost poems of a fine intense quality, much undervalued by the impetuous author. The blemishes of this early work, both prose and poetry, are, in truth, not disfiguring or irritating, and are far outweighed by its beauty: a beauty strange and dreamlike, that scarcely finds a place in the work of a man of mature thought.

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

The writer practised in his craft of stringing words is impatient of his own early work which shows too clearly the defects as well as the ingenuous charm of youth; moreover, the task of the moment is naturally uppermost in his mind. His attitude towards life is changed, and I can imagine that it would be difficult for him to get outside himself and, forgetting the craftsmanship that displeases him, be touched by those qualities that touch and delight us. Hence, though we can understand this wholesale destruction, we regret that the impulse for it came so soon. In "The Story of the Unknown Church" the description on pages 149, 150 of the ancient abbey and the wall-girt town is as finely imagined as could well be; and the ensuing lines on the building among the waving trees, with the glimpse of the open country, brings to one's mind most vividly the setting of Chartres Cathedral, poised above "the great golden corn sea" of the Beauce, which spreads its endless leagues to a far horizon. In "Gertha's Lovers" one sees already that intimate knowledge of medieval warfare, with all its engines and weapons, which is noticeable all through the romances. My father writes of such things in an unconcerned way, pretty much as though he himself were in the daily habit of handling them.* He never looked upon himself as an archæologist, yet his knowledge of the everyday usages of past times was amazing; it was an instinct, a sort of second sight, I believe, brought in naturally as though the writer were recounting a bit of his own experiences. I know of no case in the Froissart poems or in the Arthur poems where such detail interferes with the dramatic intensity of the piece: on the contrary, this close description and vivid realization of the story's setting helps to place before our eyes his own wonderful prismatic vision.

In "Lindenborg Pool" is a remarkable piece of dramatic description of desolate forest waste, full of keen observation,

* He said once, in a moment of exasperation, a poor drawing of some medieval armour being in question: "No one can draw armour properly unless he can draw a knight with his feet on the hob, toasting a herring on the point of his sword."

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and giving an impression of intolerable dreariness. Many times I have heard "the reeds just taken by the wind, knocking against each other, the flat ones scraping all along the round ones," but never thought to describe them in this simple direct way. "The Hollow Land" gives, one after another, the broken pictures of a strange, beautiful dream, and should be known if only that the snatches of carols and the lovely song at the close might be read in their due place in the story. My plan has been to publish all these contributions to the magazine, except those that appear in "The Defence of Guenevere," so the modern tale of "Frank's Sealed Letter" has to be included. An early Victorian story by my father, with a cold proud heroine named Mabel, is certainly a literary curiosity. The papers on Browning's "Men and Women," on "The Churches of North France,"* and "Death the Avenger," etc., need no comment. One poet discussing the work of another is always interesting reading; moreover, the Browning poems are treated with a sweet seriousness and a certain direct simplicity in the attempt to straighten out some of the complicated personalities that it is scarcely possible to read without being touched; the writing seems to breathe the fresh fragrance of a June garden, and one could not wish these papers overlooked.

Four of the five poems that appeared in the magazine, "Riding Together," "The Chapel in Lyoness," "Summer Dawn," "Hands," were included in the "Guenevere" volume. "Hands" appears there as the song at the end of "Rapunzel."

* He himself writes of this article: "It has cost me more trouble than anything I have written yet; I ground at it the other night from nine o'clock till half past four a.m., when the lamp went out, and I had to creep upstairs to bed through the great dark house like a thief." He was writing from Water House, Walthamstow.

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(9)

No answer through the moonlit night
No answer ~~when the shaven~~ in the cold grey dawn,
No answer when the shaven lawn
Grew green and all the roses bright.

Her tired feet looked cold and thin,
Her lips were twitched, and wretched tears,
Some, as she lay, rolled past her ears,
Some fell from off her quivering chin.

Her long throat stretched to its full length
Rose up and fell right brokenly.
As though the unhappy heart was nigh
Striving to break with all its strength

And when she slipped from off the bed
Her cramped feet would not hold her, she
Sank down and crept on hand and knee
On the window sill she laid her head

There, with crooked arm upon the sill,
She looked out, muttering dismally
"There is no sail upon the sea
No pennon on the empty hill

FACSIMILE OF A DRAFT PAGE OF GOLDEN WINGS

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE AND OTHER POEMS

THE author had certainly designed a complete Arthur cycle, and we have fragments of other Arthurian subjects, such as "The Maying of Queen Guenevere," which gives the following picture of Mellyagraunce brooding on his castle-roof:

> The end of spring was now drawn near
> And all the leaves were grown full long;
> The apple twigs were stiff and strong,
> And one by one fell off from song
> This thrush and that thrush by daylight,
> Though lustily they sing near night.
> This time a-maying went the Queen,
> But Mellyagraunce across the green
> Fresh meadows where the blue dykes were
> Stared out and thought of Guenevere.
> "If I could get her once," he said,
> "Whatever men say, by God's head
> But I would hold her." Here he glanced
> Across his strong courts, for he chanced
> To be on a tower-roof that tide,
> And his banner-staff up beside
> His bended knee. "St. Mary, though,
> When I think well, I do not know
> Why I should give myself this pain
> About the Queen, and be so fain
> To have her by me; God to aid,
> I have seen many a comely maid—
> Ah! and well-born too—if I said:
> 'Fair lady, may I bear your glove?'
> Would turn round quick and look all love:
> While she laughs at me—laughs aloud" . . .

There is an interesting fragment from a poem on Iseult of Brittany which I am giving in the last volume of this series. There are also some fifteen verses of "Sir Palomydes'

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

Quest," and the following fragment of a descriptive opening of "Guenevere." As an isolated piece of colour and detail this last is too interesting to pass over, though the author discarded it for the abrupt and dramatic opening of the published poem. It is in the "Guenevere" measure, though it stands unbroken in the poet's first draft:

> That summer morning out in the green fields
> Along the Itchen, sat King Arthur's knights
> Long robed and solemn, their brave battle shields
>
> Hung in the canopies, to see such sights
> As might be seen that morning, and to hear
> Such strange grim words fiercer than many fights,
>
> That on that morn 'twixt anger and great fear
> Brave lips and beautiful might writhe to say.
> High up in wooden galleries anear
>
> That solemn court of judgment dames sat—gay
> With many coloured kirtles, yea, but some
> Were sick and white with much fear on that day;
>
> For now take notice, Launcelot was not come;
> The lordly minstrel Tristram, nigh to death
> From King Mark's glaive, sat brooding at his home;
>
> Gareth was riding fearful of men's breath
> Since he was Gawaine's brother; through the trees
> And over many a mountain and bare heath
>
> The questing beast, wings spread out to the breeze,
> Trailed Palomydes, wearied feet and sore,
> And ever Lawaine was at Launcelot's knees,
>
> So he was missed too; ever more and more
> Grew Gawaine's nets round Guenevere the Queen.
> Look round about what knights were there that wore
>
> Sir Launcelot's colours, the great snake of green
> That twisted on the quartered white and red—

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Frontmatter
More information

It is characteristic of my father's way of working that he should re-model a poem, sometimes on entirely different lines and in a different measure, discarding pages and pages of matter with the cheerful indifference of one to whom the production of these beautiful things appeared to be the spontaneous flow of a spring that is never dry. Correcting meant for him, more often than not, re-writing.

"The Defence of Guenevere" was received with indifference by the critics. In 1910 the young poets of "the fifties" take their due stand on the hill of Parnassus; in the Victorian mid-century they were smiled at by some of the critics. And yet they were, in truth, of their century, and stood for much that could only be voiced through them; they were inheritors of the romantic tradition, themselves covering fresh ground with youthful eagerness and power. But if some people smiled at the new music, men of letters did not fail to know that it rang true. Two figures, well known in London, stand out in the crowd, friendly and genial. They were the first critics to "discover" the new poet; my mother remembers how my father came to her one day in a great state of excitement, waving the paper containing the notice of "The Defence of Guenevere," and the excitement was no less over Dr Richard Garnett's cordial and discriminating review of the poems, some of which he welcomed as already known and admired. I have often heard my father speak with warm appreciation of the kindly treatment he received at the hands of these two men. I do not think the feeling of affectionate gratitude he had towards them in consequence ever weakened throughout his life. It is not a little thing for a shy and sensitive young man to have his first volume of poems treated with understanding and sympathy. That thoughtful critic "Shirley"* wrote on "Guenevere" a little later. He saw that the unwonted words employed in these chivalric poems, which were generally received as affectation, "were not mere

* Mr John Skelton in "Fraser's Magazine," June, 1860.

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

fantasy, that the employment of antique and formal words and habits is not formal or antiquarian only, but denotes a living insight into the thought and heart of the dead people whose life they shaped."

Mr Andrew Lang, writing on "The Poetry of William Morris" at a later date, remarks:

"If a critic may for a moment indicate his personal relations to the work received, I might say that I, and several of my contemporaries at college, knew 'The Defence of Guenevere' almost by heart, before the name of Mr Morris was renowned, and before he had published 'The Life and Death of Jason.' We found in the earlier book something which no other contemporary poet possessed in the same measure: an extraordinary power in the realm of fantasy; an unrivalled sense of what was most exquisite and rare in the life of the Middle Ages. We found Froissart's people alive again in Mr Morris's poems, and we knew better what thoughts and emotions lay in the secret of their hearts, than we could learn from the bright superficial pages of Froissart."

In the Guenevere volume certain alterations were made by the author in a copy of the first edition, made, I should think, at the time of the Ellis reprint in 1875, but not used except for a small erratum (p. 89, line 11, for *than* read *for*).

In "The Chapel in Lyoness" (p. 31 in this present edition) he substitutes "a rose lay by my face" for "a rose lay on my face."

The further corrections I give consecutively and print the alterations in italics, for convenience in reading:

SIR GALAHAD
All day long and every day
Till *dreams and* madness pass'd away
I watched Ozana as he lay
        Within the gilded screen.

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

I sung, my singing moved him not;
I held my peace; my heart grew hot,
About the quest and Launcelot
Far away, I ween.

So I went a little space
From out the chapel, bathed my face
Amid the stream that runs apace
By the churchyard wall.

There in my rest I plucked a rose
Where neath the lime a garden blows
And winds run through the trembling rows
Of lilies slim and tall.

I bore him water for his drouth,
I laid the flower beside his mouth,
He smiled, turned round towards the south,
Held up a golden tress.

The light smote on it from the west:
He drew the covering from his breast,
Against his heart that hair he prest;
Death *draws anigh to* bless.

Next, in Sir Bors' speech, the two first verses are cancelled and these three take their place; the verse following is altered, as below:

SIR BORS
The western door wide open lay
About the time when we grew sad,
And close beside the door there lay
The red crossed shield of Galahad.

I entered, and despite of fear,
My sword lay quiet in its sheath,
Across the rood-screen gilded clear
I heard the sound of deep-drawn breath.

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

I said: "If all be found and lost?"
And pushed the doors and raised my head,
And o'er the marble threshold crossed
And saw the seeker nowise dead.

I heard Ozana murmur low,
The King of many hopes he seemed,
But Galahad stooped and kissed his brow,
And triumph in his eyen gleamed.

After Ozana dies, the next verse is altered to:

SIR BORS
Galahad *gazeth* dreamily
On wondrous things his eyes *may* see
Amidst the air 'twixt him and me—
On his soul, Lord, have mercy.

In "Sir Peter Harpdon's End" there are two alterations. On page 43, in the scene between Sir Peter and Sir Lambert outside the castle, one passage in Sir Peter's longest speech is thus altered:

Now
Why should I not do this thing that I think,
For even when I come to count the gains,
I have them my side: men will talk *of us*
'Twixt talk of Hector dead so long agone;
Will talk of us long dead, and how we clung
To what we loved; perchance of how one died
Hoping for naught, doing some desperate deed . . .

In the French camp before the castle, page 48, in Sir Peter's speech, line 2 from the bottom, for *then* read *for;* page 49, line 3, for

Fear not death so,

read

Nor fear—so; for I can tilt right well—
Let me not say, "I could". . .

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

I think I am right in this reading; the correction is a little ambiguous, but my father often made a word with a vowel-sound of the same value as in *fear* to stand for two syllables.

I have followed the first edition here, except in the case of obvious misprints. The question of the author's later corrections brings me to a point which I have considered carefully, and about which there may well be difference of opinion.* I have been guided by what my father did when the question arose of a corrected poem by Keats. "I shall never forget your father's rage," writes Mr Cockerell, "when he found a late version of 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' in the proofs of the Kelmscott Press Keats, and with what alacrity the sheet was cancelled and reprinted." I do not mean it to be inferred that he was a fanatic on this point, but he had a certain feeling about the first-published form of other men's work, if not about that of his own; I am bound to confess that if the alteration made by Keats had been in his judgement an improvement to the poem, I feel sure he would have let it stand.

Two alterations were made by my father for the Kelmscott Press edition of "Guenevere," in spite of which I have ventured to keep to the original reading; in "King Arthur's Tomb" the fourth verse from the end was originally:

Banner and sword and shield, you dare not pray to die,†

* My father was not willing to have "Guenevere" republished, but was finally persuaded by Mr Ellis, and, as I have said, began to make some corrections in an interleaved copy. But he thought better of it; the alterations were not used and the volume comes out at last with all its early imperfections; not only that, but, as Mr Forman points out, the slip of *errata* being missing in the copy used, the 1875 edition appears with the old printers' errors that had been noted for correction in 1858.

† Note, in the next verse, "Never, never again; not even when I die," the same (conscious or unconscious) lengthening of the line with strangely intensifying effect.

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

which he altered to

Banner and sword and shield, you dare not die.

In "Summer Dawn," the old line,

Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn,

was first changed to

They pray through long glooming for daylight new born

and ultimately appears as

They pray the long gloom through for daylight new born.

As we all know, the alteration was made under friendly pressure and my father was unconvinced of sin. "No one but a Scotchman makes any difference between dawn and morn," he said, leaving the rhyme a few lines higher up, moreover.

The following is a scene for "Sir Peter Harpdon's End," omitted from the poem, as my father thought it weighted it too much. Swinburne considered it so good that he tried to persuade him to leave it in.

SIR PETER HARPDON'S END

In the Castle on the walls.

JOHN CURZON
And yet their hammering is grown fainter now;
An hour might be something, Sir.

SIR PETER
No fear
But they'll be ready by the daylight, John.
Far better let this matter have its way;
Don't think of it, your heart grows heavy so.

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

JOHN CURZON
    Sir, truly? Well, I know not, just as if
I were a builder and knew what would strain
And yet not break, or perhaps might not break.
Just so, you see, Sir, do I hold this; as for death
It makes my heart jump when I say the word,
But otherwise my thoughts keep off from it
Without much driving.

SIR PETER
                                        John, where were you born?
You never told me yet, whose son were you.

JOHN CURZON
    At Goring by the Thames, a pleasant place:
So many sluices on from lock to lock,
All manner of slim trees—'tis now ten years
Since I was there, and I was young that time,
For I look older than I am, fair Sir.
My father holds a little manor there,
He's alive still: I mind once—pardon me,
I trouble you.

SIR PETER
                    No, Curzon, on my word.

JOHN CURZON
    I mind once when my sister Anne was wed—
And she has children now: Why, what's to-day?
Tenth of November—we shall mind it long
Hereafter when we sit at home in peace—
The tenth to-day then, or to-morrow—which is it?
I never could keep these things in my mind—
Is poor Anne's birthday—hope it is to-day,
I shouldn't like them to be holding feast
While—God, Sir Peter, those men are in shot.
I'll fetch some archers, hold you still the while

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William Morris
Frontmatter
More information

The Green Tower men will be the least tired out
And John of Waltham draws the stronger bow.
No noise, Sir, I'll be back soon. *He goes.*

SIR PETER

That man now,
His thoughts go back in such a simple way,
Without much pain, I think, while mine—I feel
As if I were shut up in [a] close room
Steaming and stifling with no hope to reach
The free air outside—O if I had lived
To think of all the many happy days
I should have had, the pleasant quiet things,
Counted as little then, but each one now
Like lost salvation—Say I see her head
Turned round to smile at cheery word of mine;
I see her in the dance her gown held up
To free her feet, going to take my hand,
I see her in some crowded place bend down,
She is so tall, lay her hand flat upon
My breast beneath my chin as who should say,
Come here and talk apart: I see her pale,
Her mouth half open, looking on in fear
As the great tilt-yard fills; I see her, say,
Beside me on the dais; by my hearth
And in my bed who should have been my wife;
Day after day I see the French draw on;
Hold after hold falls as this one will fall,
Knight after knight hangs gibbeted like me,
Pennon on pennon do they drain us out
And I not there to let them. Lambert too,
I know what things he'll say—ah well, God grant
That he gets slain by these same arrows here
That come up now. *Enter John Curzon.*
So, Curzon; little noise,
Wind the big perriere that they call Torte Bouche.
I think we shall just reach them there: see now,

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