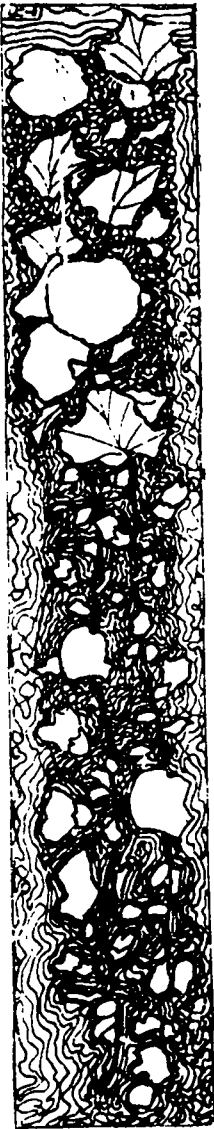


MORRIS' "EARTHLY PARADISE."



AND this a paradise? O, rare demesne
Where envious Death leers from the
flowered nook,
Or 'mid the trees doth chill us with his look
Of stealthy eyes close-glittered through the
green ;
Where 'neath Love's smiling mask there still is
seen
Despair's dumb face ; while ever, like a brook
Poisoned, the black thought creepeth through
the book,
Hid, though it be, beneath so fair a screen !
O, mocking singer, is life such as this ?
A blindfold struggle and no good to gain
Till Death make nought the blow, and nought
the kiss,
And greater Love but bring the greater pain ?
"Yea, ever as yon maid," forsooth, he saith,
"Has Nature shaped so sweet to glut the
greedy Death."

Cy. Prime.

TAROT