

FROM "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

APOLOGY

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 sleeping region stay,
 Lulled by the singer of an empty day. 5

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
 At Christmas tide such wondrous things did shew,
 That through one window men beheld the spring, 10
 And through another saw the summer glow,
 And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
 While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
 Piped the drear wind of that December day.

—William Morris.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth,
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endueth.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Towards which time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

—John Milton.