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COLORING BOOKLET

Featuring William Morris Prints from Marquette University Libraries’ Rare Books Collection

ATALANTA'S RACE.
The Argument.
ATALANTA, DAUGHTER OF KING SCHŒNEUS, NOT WILLING TO LOSE HER VIRGIN'S ESTATE, MADE IT A LAW TO ALL SUITORS THAT THEY SHOULD RUN A RACE WITH HER IN THE PUBLIC PLACE, AND IF THEY FAILED TO OVERCOME HER SHE SHOULD DIE UNREVENGED; & THUS MANY BRAVE MEN PERISHED. AT LAST CAME MILANION, THE SON OF AMPHIDAMAS, WHO, OUTRUNNING HER WITH THE HELP OF VENUS, GAINED THE VIRGIN & WEDDED HER.

THROUGH THICK Arcadian woods a hunter went, Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring day; But since his horn-tipped bow but seldom bent, Now at the noontide nought had happened to slay, Within a vale he called his hounds away, Hearkening the echoes of his lone voice cling About the cliffs & through the beech-trees ring.
But when they ended, still awhile he stood,
And but the sweet familiar thrush could hear,
And all the day-long noises of the wood,
And o'er the dry leaves of the vanished year
His hounds' feet pattering as they drew anear,
And heavy breathing from their heads slow hung,
To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then smiling did he turn to leave the place,
But with his first step some new fleeting thought
A shadow cast across his sun-burnt face;
I think the golden net that April brought
From some warm world his wavering soul had caught;
For, sunk in vague sweet longing, did he go
BETWIXT THE TREES WITH DOUBTFUL STEPS & SLOW.

Yet howsoever slow he went, at last
The trees grew sparser, & the wood was done;
Whereon one farewell backward look he cast,
Then, turning round to see what place was won,
With shaded eyes looked underneath the sun,
And o'er green meads and new-turned furrows brown
 Beheld the gleaming of King Schœneus' town.

So thitherward he turned, and on each side
The folk were busy on the teeming land,
And man & maid from the brown furrows cried,
Or midst the newly-blossomed vines did stand,
And as the rustic weapon pressed the hand
Thought of the nodding of the well-filled ear,
Or how the knife the heavy bunch should shear.


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