

## Briar Rose Tile Panels

For The Briar Rose.

A poem by William Morris

The Briarwood.

The fateful slumber floats and flows

About the tangle of the rose;

But lo! the fated hand and heart

To rend the slumberous curse apart!

The Council Room.

The threat of war, the hope of peace,

The Kingdom's peril and increase

Sleep on, and bide the latter day,

When fate shall take her chain away.

The Garden Court.

The maiden pleasance of the land

Knoweth no stir of voice or hand,

No cup the sleeping waters fill,

The restless shuttle lieth still.

The Rosebower.

Here lies the hoarded love, the key

To all the treasure that shall be;

Come fated hand the gift to take,

And smite this sleeping world awake.

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*Each life is formed by its unique image, an image that is the essence of that life and calls it to a destiny. As the force of fate, this image acts as a personal daimon, an accompanying guide who remembers your calling. ~James Hillman*

### **The Signature Myth of Edward Burne-Jones**

Burne-Jones revisited the theme of Briar Rose over half his lifetime. These Briar Rose art tile panels based on the series by paintings Edward Burne-Jones. In addition to paintings, Jones also designed a series of nine two-tile Sleeping Beauty panels for a bedroom fireplace at 'The Hill', the home of painter Myles Birket Foster in the early days of Morris, Marshall, and Faulkner.

Morris and Co. designs often were created for one medium and then adapted and modified for another. Ten years after the initial fireplace tiles, he began a series of three small but haunting paintings, and then four larger works that he worked on intermittently from 1870 to 1890. The series was displayed with verses by William Morris:

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### Scene 1: The Briar Rose: The Briar Wood

In the original study for *The Briar Wood* some of the knights appear to be more feminine than masculine. Burne-Jones modelled the knights from women: Jane Morris, Georgiana (his wife), and Maria Zambaco, the Greek beauty who later became his paramour.



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~William Morris



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### Scene 2: The Briar Rose: The Council Chamber



The threat of war, the hope of peace  
The Kingdom's peril and increase.  
Sleep on, and bide the latter day  
When fate shall take her chains away.  
~William Morris

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### Scene 3: The Briar Rose: The Garden Court



The maiden pleasance of the land  
Knoweth no stir of voice or hand,  
No cup the sleeping waters fill,  
The restless shuttle lieth still.  
~William Morris

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### Scene 4: The Briar Rose: The Rose Bower



Here lies the hoarded love the key  
To all the treasure that shall be.  
Come, fated hand, the gift to take  
And smite the sleeping world awake.  
~William Morris