

**THE
AGATE LAMP**

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The Agate Lamp by Eva Gore-Booth

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EVA GORE-BOOTH

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AGATE LAMP**

"The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from those regions which
Are holy land."

E. A. POE.

C'est un phare allumé sur mille citadelles,
Un appel de chasseurs perdus dans les grands bois.

BAUDELAIRE

THE AGATE LAMP

BY
EVA GORE-BOOTH

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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Knights of St. Patrick

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How is it doomed to end ?
Shall I, when I come again,
Watch the old sun in a new eclipse,
Breathe the same air with different lips,
Think the same thoughts with a different
 brain,
With a new heart love the same old friend ?

How shall I hold the thread ?—
The brittle thread of the past,
On through the terrible maze—
The labyrinth of lost days—
A pilgrim through tireless centuries vast,
Where one dreams with the living and sleeps
 with the dead ?

What is there that will not change
That I can recognise ?

■

TO VINU
AMROTLIAO²

The sun, and the wind, and the April rain,
And the wild sea's shining plain—
The ancient joy in the world's young eyes—
The blue hills' dim eternal range?

Ah! there are other things

That shall not fade—

The painter's dream, the poet's thought,
The calm-browed Muse in marble wrought—
Pan's pipes out of dry reeds at twilight
made—

And Orpheus' lute, and Niké's wind-blown
wings.

THE AGATE LAMP

LEONARDO DA VINCI

He in his deepest mind
That inner harmony divined
That lit the soul of John,
And in the glad eyes shone
Of Dionysos, and dwelt
Where Angel Gabriel knelt
Under the dark cypress spires ;
And thrilled with flameless fires
Of Secret Wisdom's rays
The Giaconda's smiling gaze ;
Curving with delicate care
The pearls in Beatrice d'Esté's hair ;

4 THE AGATE LAMP

Hiding behind the veil
Of eyelids long and pale,
In the strange gentle vision dim
Of the unknown Christ who smiled on
him.

His was no vain dream
Of the things that seem,
Of date and name.

He overcame
The Outer False with the Inner True,
And overthrew
The empty show and thin deceits of sex,
Pale nightmares of this barren world that
vex

The soul of man, shaken by every breeze
Too faint to stir the silver olive trees
Or lift the Dryad's smallest straying tress
Frozen in her clear marble loveliness.