

**THE ONE
AND THE MANY**

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The One and the Many by Eva Gore-Booth

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EVA GORE-BOOTH

**THE ONE
AND THE MANY**

The One and The Many

BY

EVA GORE-BOOTH



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1904

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

MAIN

*The Soul, being Winged,
governs the World*

(PORPHYRY)

295377

FROM sunlit meadows my tired gaze with-
drawn
Searches the blue sky, where with twilight
shades
And paling lights that vanish in the dawn,
The Wingèd Circle of the White Moon
fades.

In all fair things there dwells one lovely
form
That moulds the curved rainbow's fiery
wings,
And guides the whirling cycles of the storm,
And winds the stars' desires in golden rings.

I seek the Ancient Form Divine and dear,
The endless Arc of Light, the Perfect
Whole,
In the lost glory of a shadowed sphere,
The broken circle of a Wingless Soul.

Here among sunlit leaves, in lonely hours,
The Vision of the Silence comes and goes,
Touching the heart of pallid primrose
flowers,
Troubling the waters of the world's repose.

Thus did one muse for hours in a dim vale,
Till day passed dreaming the horizon line,
And twilight laid the spherèd dewdrops
pale
On the long grass and primrose blooms
divine.

Many are the colours of the Rainbow reflected in the Dewdrops that shiver on the grass, but there is only One Light, and the Sea is One.

Fragments of rhythms I heard in manifold twilight places :

The cry of a broken wave, a wild breath of the passing storm,

A flutter of deeds and dreams, and a lilt of vanishing faces,

A flash from the wings of the Thought that is somewhere a radiant Form.

THE ONE AND THE MANY

Errata

Page 4, line 2, for slips read lips
,, 88, ,, 8, for hills read bells

White hawthorn boughs make heaven of the
blue sky,
White daisies mob the green ways of the
ground,
White waves at twilight, breaking sigh on sigh,
Pass beyond sight or sound.

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ANPOFLIAO

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We who have seen the spirit of the spring
Die downward to the lowly life of grass,
Whilst the dark earth holds fast each soaring wing—
Dream that all dreams must pass.

Yet Beauty, robed in silence and white
Peace,
Leans from the stars and fills not any grave,
Nor ceases when the daisies fade and cease,
Nor breaks with the broken wave.

Deeper than twilight, whiter than the may,
Lo, she hath built her house of wind and
sun,
Her coloured robe may change from day to
day,
But the soul of Beauty is One.