

# THE EGYPTIAN PILLAR

By · Eva · Gore · Booth ::

Being Number · Three of the

Tower Press Booklets---Second

Series

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MAUNSEL & CO., Ltd.,

96 Middle Abbey Street,

Dublin

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# The Tower Press Booklets.

## Second Series.

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UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

MAUNSEL & CO., Ltd.,  
96 Middle Abbey Street,  
Dublin . . . 1907

Nights of  
St. Patrick

*The soul has its Revelations, the heart its Mysteries.*

—THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

TO WHOM  
ADDRESSED

FR 6013

07

1907

MAIN

*To my Sister,*  
**CONSTANCE DE MARKIEVICZ,**  
*in remembrance of November 10th, 1906,*  
*and of some dreams we hold*  
*in common.*

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*One thought has been my whole life through the  
soul of every dream,  
It shines from the blue sky, it rustles in sheaves  
of corn,  
It laughs in the waves of the sea, it shakes in the  
flowing stream . . . .  
To think one thought I was born. . . . .*

*I know that I saw the world from a far and  
holy place,  
And dreamed e'er my life began of the deed I  
would do  
When I had moulded the clay to the likeness of a  
face,  
With eyes that the tears ran through.*

*Therefore it is that I have no choice in the world  
to-day,  
Therefore I have no will, I am but a Blind  
Man led  
By the secret hand and the unknown power that  
carved my heart out of clay,  
And numbers the tears that I shed.*

## ROSES

WHEN her twigs are bare  
In the grim air,  
And her leaves are shed,  
Is the Rose dead?

Does she dream, does she sleep,  
In her roots buried deep?  
Does she lie at rest  
With the earth on her breast?

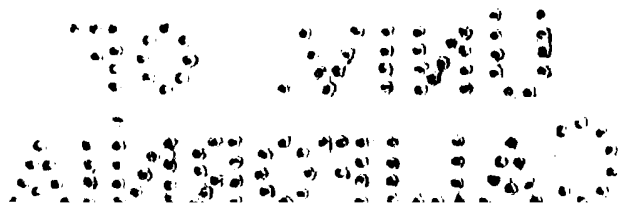
Ah no, the Rose goes—  
The spirit of the Rose  
Blooms, and is fair  
Elsewhere.

Behold, there is no birth  
From the earth to the earth,  
But the Roses, wise and dear,  
Live in heaven half the year.

No honey for the busy artist throng,  
No glittering texture dear unto the mind ;  
No shining web of many-coloured song  
Shalt thou here find.

In this dark valley shadows everywhere  
Whisper and mock at life's so radiant will ;  
Thus do I know the golden sun shines fair  
Behind the hill.

I bring you but a little magic shade . . .  
A dream found true when one awakeneth . .  
A shadow that the sun's dear light has made  
In the Valley of Death.



## FREEDOM

WE who are mourners make no moan  
For the Body lost in the grave,  
For the Soul is a shining wave  
And the Body is but a stone  
Dragged out in the under tow  
And tossed by the waves to and fro,  
And worn and tormented and cast  
Back again on the rocks at last.

Ah, the body lost in the grave  
Is freed from the tyrant soul,  
Delivered from wind and wave,  
Current and quicksand and shoal,  
Freed from the cruel sea . . . .  
But the spirit is never free . . . .  
There is no truce in that war  
Of the tides that clash near the shore.

Quietly under the green roof  
Does the worn-out body lie,  
With a shadow of strange reproof  
The soul wonders it could die—

Wonders that her slave is dead,  
Has no need of daily bread,  
Free as dust and free as air,  
With nothing in the world to bear. . . .

# IMMORTALITY

Is there nothing you care for or dream to  
remember

When the earth crumbles off from your  
sharp-edgéd will ?

Now through your life's last tormented  
December

Howls the ravenous wind round the desolate  
hill.

When you pass in great joy the storm-shaken  
portal,

Shall the welcoming Angels in unison cry :  
What flower have you brought of the spirit  
immortal

From the tenebrous earth to the æther-lit  
sky.

Lo! this will I tell them, to their shining  
bowers

I bring but a light from the House of the  
Blind,

For earth hath great need of each one of her  
flowers,

Whilst last Summer's last roses have failed  
from my mind.

Yea, the dreams and the deeds and the sorrows  
of night

In the opal-cut splendour forgotten shall be,  
Yet clear in my mind burns a ray of starlight,  
In my soul flows immortal a wave of the  
sea.

My life, with its burden of toil and derision,  
Is lost as the leaves of the sycamore shed.  
Yet the verses' dark waters reflecting the  
Vision

Roll on evermore through the soul of the  
dead.



THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S  
END

HERE on dark waters falls the yellow leaf,  
Here many broken days and stormy hours  
intense,  
And moments of deep passion buried gleam;  
This is the Pool of Patience, Toil, and  
Grief,  
Ah Life, the river of song doth issue thence. . .  
These things are but the waters of the  
stream.

In the roof the swallow has built her nest,  
And the martins under the eaves,  
And all winged things have a chamber of rest  
In the shadow of swaying leaves.

The rabbit has dug for himself a hole,  
The green worm lies at the heart of the  
rose,  
And there is rest for the vagrant soul  
Wherever the shallowest river flows.

THE STREET CARPENTER  
At Clitheroe from the Market Square  
I saw rose-lit the mountain's gleam,  
I stood before the people there  
And spake as in a dream.

At Oldham of the many mills  
The weavers are of gentle mind ;  
At Haslingden one flouted me,  
At Burnley all the folk were kind,

At Ashton town the rain came down,  
The east wind pierced us through and  
through,  
But over little Clitheroe  
The sky was bright and blue.

At Clitheroe through the sunset hour  
My soul was very far away :  
I saw Ben Bulben's rose and fire  
Shining afar o'er Sligo Bay.

**At Clitheroe round the Market Square  
The hills go up, the hills go down,  
Just as they used to go about  
A mountain-guarded Irish town.**

**Oh, I have friends in Haslingden,  
And many a friend in Hyde,  
But 'tis at little Clitheroe  
That I would fain abide.**

# WOMEN'S TRADES ON THE EMBANKMENT

“Have Patience!”—The Prime Minister to the  
Franchise Deputation, May 19th, 1906.

**WHERE** the Egyptian pillar—old, so old—  
With mystery fronts the open English sky,  
Bearing the yoke of those who heap up gold,  
The sad-eyed workers pass in silence by.

**Heavily** hewing wood and drawing water,  
These have been patient since the world  
began—

**Patient** through centuries of toil and slaughter,  
For Patience is the ultimate soul of man.

**Patient** with endless lords and overseers,  
Since long-dead Israelites made bricks to  
please

**A King** whose heart was hardened to their  
tears,

What time they still besought him on their  
knees.

Their patience was the King's confederate,  
Their weakness helped his power unaware ;  
In vain men pray unto the rich and great,  
For only God-like spirits answer prayer.

Long has submission played a traitor's part—  
Oh human soul, no patience any more  
Shall break your wings and harden Pharaoh's  
heart,  
And keep you lingering on the Red Sea shore.

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

ROBBED and wounded, all the day  
The great cause by the roadside lay.  
The Rich and Mighty in their Pride  
Passed by on the other side.  
With smiling lips indifferent  
On their way the statesmen went.  
At evening in the sunset flame  
Out of the mill the winders came;  
She who with four great looms weaves  
Found Justice fallen amongst thieves,  
Stone-breakers resting from their toil  
Have poured out wine and oil.  
The miner hurrying from the mine  
Has seen a flash of light divine,  
And every tired labourer  
Has given a helping hand to her.  
The workman leaning on his spade,  
Or the tramp resting in the shade,  
The navvy who the roadway mends,  
These are our comrades, these our friends—  
Beggars, never yet in vain  
Have we stood in wind and rain

For hours at the Factory Gate ;  
Never idly do we wait  
In the dark and empty street,  
Till the thronging shadows fleet  
Gather round us, grief, despair,  
Is no idle story there :  
Patient faces from the loom,  
Eyes dark with the whole world's gloom,  
Haunted faces, sorrowful eyes,  
Read the secret of the Wise,  
Look the round world through and through,  
Seeing naught but false or true,  
Seeing in the whole world wide  
But one side or the other side.  
Want and hunger linger near  
The Divine Fire burning clear.  
The cold sleet and the bitter wind  
Open the eyes of the blind.  
Gracious deeds are dreamed and done  
By those who seldom see the sun.  
Lips grow pitiful, drawn, and pale  
Where the darkness does not fail ;



But one dim street lamp braves the night. . .  
Yet in these souls burns a great light.  
Thus from the poor we beg our bread . . . .  
And Justice rises from the dead . . . .

## VAGRANTS

Oh, Little Human Words and delicate,  
You wander through the great world up  
and down ;  
Though rich men heed fine phrases of the  
great,  
Poor Words and wingless tramp from town  
to town.

He who loves Wisdom for her rich attire  
Will turn her ragged children from his door,  
And yet an empty chair beside the fire  
Kind hearts keep for these Vagrants  
evermore.

OTHERS there were who spake . with fire  
and art ;

I stammered, breaking down beneath the  
weight

Of that great stone that lies upon my heart  
When with one passion all my nerves  
vibrate.

Little I said, who had so much to say—

This is the memory that sears and stings,  
My soul was fire, my thoughts were clear  
as day,

Yet had my soul no wings.

No matter, when that force beyond control  
Sweeps on one side the cobwebs of the  
brain,

In broken stammers speaks the inmost soul . .  
Nor shall her passion smite the air in vain.

## THE THRIFTLESS DREAMER.

PSYCHE, the Queen, says truly the old tale,  
Into the heart of life's thick darkness fell,  
And she dwelt lonely in an obscure vale,  
Yet waited on by Powers Invisible.

Thus Ireland many blame and many praise,  
And she the while radiant in meadows  
green,  
And following silently her ancient ways,  
Is served by hosts of delicate hands unseen.

You whom the bitter hour maketh wise,  
In vain you urge on her your prosperous  
goal,  
She has her visions in her own eyes,  
She has her destinies in her own soul.

Down from her mountains still the old cart  
crawls  
As it crawled long ago laden with turf ;  
There are still gaps, thank God, in all our  
walls,  
On lonely shores still breaks the Atlantic surf.

Ye who would measure all things by a rule  
And cut the holy day in busy hours,  
There is one land you cannot put to school,  
And therefore shall she be one of the  
world's powers.

On through your anxious voices fret and jar,  
The soul pursues unmoved her silent course,  
You shall not shake her trust in her own star,  
Her unseen legions and embattled force.

For round her, driven from this dark world,  
wait

Mysterious powers and unseen ministers,  
And all the veiled Angels at the Gate  
Guard with their swords this thriftless dream  
of hers.



## ON THE EMBANKMENT

THE Rich, the Great, the Wise are here, the  
Living and the Dead,  
Where the Great Towers of Westminster  
hold the high heavens at bay,  
And the poor souls who have no hope take  
fame or power instead,  
Whilst many an obscure wingéd one goes  
smiling on her way.

This I know of the poor, 'tis when the Great  
Hopes fail  
That men have gained possession of material  
things ;  
But all the praise of all the crowds shall not  
prevail  
To make good to a human soul the loss of  
her wild wings.

## WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Down by Glencar Waterfall  
There's no winter left at all.

Every little flower that blows  
Cold and darkness overthrows.

Every little thrush that sings  
Quells the wild air with brave wings.

Every little stream that runs  
Holds the light of brighter suns.

But where men in office sit  
Winter holds the human wit.

In the dark and dreary town  
Summer's green is trampled down.

Frozen, frozen everywhere  
Are the springs of thought and prayer.

Rise with us and let us go  
To where the living waters flow.

Oh, whatever men may say  
Ours is the wide and open way

Oh, whatever men may dream:  
We have the blue air and the stream.

Men have got their towers and walls,  
We have cliffs and waterfalls.

Oh, whatever men may do  
Ours is the gold air and the blue.

Men have got their pomp and pride—  
All the green world is on our side.



## HAVE PITY

BECAUSE some seed, no man knows why,  
Has not got the heart to grow,  
I think the fountains have run dry,  
The Living Water ceased to flow.

Because that such a little Tower  
Is built with so much strain and toil,  
I think there's but a feeble power  
Hiding behind the broken soil.

Under the blue and beaming sky  
I watched a white bud fading brown;  
The lost and folded mystery  
Unborn unto the dust go down.

Unto the weak all weak things cried,  
And pity in the human breast—  
Ah, break not the hedge-sparrow's pride  
Nor rob the blue eggs from her nest.

All the world's weak and shackled will  
Would fain bring every seed to bear—  
Spare thou the Primrose on the Hill,  
The frail wind-shaken Tower spare.

**MEN** who are born to die whose dreams are  
soiled by the dust

Are yet most dear to their friends, and  
gentle lovers and kind ;

**But** only the gods in heaven are true enough  
to be just.

Alas that Justice dwells not in any human  
mind.

**That** star that fell from heaven, dethroned  
and lost long ago,

Thou shalt not find it hidden in the wisdom  
of the wise,

**Thou** shalt not see it glimmer in the deep  
heart of a foe,

And hardly shall it shine on thee from any  
comrade's eyes.

**We** who have followed the same star and  
fought for the same dream,

Are bound together for ever by the wild  
deed's bond and power.

Behold we have cast our nets into the same  
dark stream,  
We have climbed the same sheer cliff to seek  
the same blue flower.

# ON THE CLIFF

(At Dunraven.)

WHERE the waves in a moaning throng  
From darkness to darkness glide,  
And the everlasting song  
Is chanted by wind and tide,

In the wood on the cliff's face  
The gentle primroses flower,  
And by the sun and the wind's grace  
The daffodils have their hour. . . . .

All round me the tides moan—  
And my soul, to battle hurled,  
Is wounded and overthrown  
In the wars of the dark world.

But ever at evening,  
Through the great tide's ebb and flow,  
And the waves' moan and the spray's sting,  
Out of the world I go.

To the soul's secret place,  
Where in the golden air,

By the sun and the wind's grace,  
The primroses grow fair.

There to that flower-lit hill,  
Whither all joy has fled,  
By the sun and the wind's will,  
Come the holy dead.

Broken beauty, quenched light,  
Soul of truth, out-faced, denied,  
Violets blue and snowdrops white  
Grow on that lost hill-side.

# THE FLAMING SWORD

Oh, softly falls the shining leaf,  
There is no beauty without grief,  
And all our loving is one long regret,  
Seeing in the pageant of the sunset  
But shadows of those pure mysterious skies  
That hid the secret of the white sunrise.

Harsh streams of cold forgetfulness,  
Far from the great tide's strain and stress  
Silver at dawn, and when the day is done  
Gliding through the fires of the red sun—  
Shadows are these of that sharp flaming sword  
That hides from us the garden of the Lord.

The Hidden Eden in our dreams  
Beyond the shining barrier gleams,  
Thither it is that all our loves do go,  
There between the tide's ebb and the tide's  
flow

With silent footsteps doth the spirit glide,  
Amongst her secret comrades to abide.

Alas, the great sword flaming red  
Between the living and the dead ;  
Those who yet sojourn from eve till morn  
With the newly dead and the pale unborn,  
At noon with dazzled eyes disconsolate,  
Stand weeping by the barred and dreadful gate.

For all our heavy sorrows sink  
Deep down beneath the thoughts we think ;  
Thus can no comfortable sayings cure  
Grief for the separate, dead, obscure.  
One flash of secret Light may the gods give  
To all who in the wilderness must live.

Lord of the sunset's flash and shine,  
Lord of the hard dividing line,  
Between thy stars and our so barren heath;  
Till thou has thrust thy sword back in its  
sheath.

Till we can wholly know, or quite forget,  
Still all our love must be one long regret.

## , THE VISIONARY

"Constant use of will power extends the sphere of its action."—Eliphas Levi.

**DEAR** life has cast me forth from her gay throng.

Unto her pipings I could never dance,  
Nor learn the music of her simplest song—  
I was a traitor to her brave romance.

A traitor to her flag of gold and blue  
I sought for wisdom silently apart,  
What was there left for such an one to do,  
But trust the stranger voices in her heart?

He who would search the silence dwells alone.  
From far-off towers in the inner air  
Floats down the sudden cry of the Unknown,  
The lonely Eastern Voice that calls to  
prayer.

I dream a dream of comrades, but not here  
Of fellowship, not now, that life denies  
These songs that I in truth alone hold dear  
When I am dead shall fall under strange  
eyes.



And some brave spirit, smiling and serene,  
Where I trod blindly choked with dust  
shall say :

“She sought her whole life through the Light  
Unseen ;  
Stumbling and lost she still held on her  
way ”

Ah, gentle comrade of the coming time,  
For you there is no danger in that road ;  
Casting aside the broken staffs of rhyme  
You enter easily the gods' abode.

From that rash mountainous and sheer ascent  
You gaze down on the weakness of the will,  
The darkness of the feeble lost intent,  
The blind soul groping on the perilous hill.

You shall not scorn dark seas or wind-swept  
caves,

You Dweller on the Rainbow Towers of  
Light,

While through your being thrills in stormy  
waves

The call of the Abyss unto the Height

Few flowers but fair on the high mountains  
grow,

Whilst to the Rich belongs the sunny day,  
And Wise men walk where living waters flow,  
The Poor are the best comrades either way.

You shall not scorn the feeble voice that  
cries

In the world's wilderness . . . for his  
reward

The rough-voiced pioneer whom men despise  
Doth yet prepare the way for a new Lord.

With toil one groped along the path you tread,  
Your gay robe shining in the sun and wind,  
Yet shall the Living join hands with the Dead,  
The Seer find a Comrade in the Blind.

So might one boast : "Lo, I have climbed  
the crest

Of the high hill and stood on that sheer  
peak

Whereon the golden eagle builds her nest"—  
This is the giant labour of the weak.

The Mighty Spirit of the secret place,  
The little coward soul afraid to climb,  
Shall meet upon the mountains face to face,  
As Moses met with God in the old time.

In Light you pass unto your star-lit goal,  
Yet my harsh purposes and baffled feet  
And little foolish songs cry to your soul,  
And surely in the end we two shall meet.

# THE PASSAGE OF THE STAR.

“Since thou knowest, pass on, O Osiris.”—Book of the Dead.

[*Outside the door that leads into the Hall of Double Maati, the Palace of Justice and Truth, where “the soul is separated from every sin which he hath done and may behold the faces of the gods.” Here wait the dead Kings of Upper and Lower Egypt amid a great throng of souls who must pass the ordeal of Knowledge before they can gain the true life of Osiris.*

## VOICES IN THE PYRAMID

ROUND Heaven's Gate the gods have set no guard,

Nor round the pathway of the Wingéd Sun  
Unto the Just no door is ever barred,  
Nor shrine of Amen Ra the Hidden One.

Ye who would put your shining dreams to proof,

Ye who have lost your kinship with the ground

Beneath the gleaming Lintel in the Roof,  
Your way lies open to the Life Profound.

Lo, king and peasant, beg the Key of Life  
From Sekhet. All men born would pass  
the gate

That leads beyond rough ecstasies of strife  
To the far meadows of the Discarnate.

Safe doth the key lie on the goddess' knees,  
No stranger treadeth down the growing  
wheat,

The cold hands of the Inner Mysteries  
Guard all our meadows from barbarian feet.

The open secret of the Mystic Door  
Deep in the passage of the star lies hid ;  
Oh, Amen Ra be praised for evermore,  
Thou lonely Dweller in the Pyramid.

*[A dead Pharaoh comes forward out  
of the darkness, and tries to pass  
the Hidden Lintel.]*

#### THE PHARAOH

Strange, whilst I lived I had both wine and oil  
And the year's spoil of corn well harvested,  
But now I have naught but wanderings and  
much toil ;  
All doors are shut to me now I am dead.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE THRESHOLD.  
Speak thou my name.

THE EARTH SPIRITS  
Lo, this is that dark hour  
That leads each mighty soul to his reward.

THE DEAD PHARAOH  
Behold, oh hidden gate, thy name is Power,  
Thou art the Pathway of the Flaming  
Sword.

VOICES OF DEAD KINGS IN THE PYRAMID  
An answer from the clay that fears the fire . .  
An answer from the dust that dreads the  
wind . . . .  
Oh thou lost music of a broken lyre,  
Dear art thou to the exile's heavy mind . . .

*[The Dead Pharaoh is surrounded by  
a throng of ghostly Kings. An old  
woman, bearing a heavy jar of water  
on her shoulders, comes slowly down  
the passage, and stands before the  
Hidden Lintel.]*

THE LEFT LINTEL OF THE DOOR  
Speak thou my name.

**SPIRITS OF THE WATER.**

I hold the light's lost rays  
As the cold dewdrop holds the mirrored flame,  
The stars shine on the Burden of many  
days.

**THE OLD WOMAN.**

The Lamp lit in the Window is thy name.

**THE RIGHT LINTEL OF THE DOOR**

My name, tell me my name.

**SPIRITS OF THE AIR**

This was the smile  
Of Isis and the circle of her eyes,  
And starlight on green waters of the Nile  
Lighting the homeward journey of the Wise.

**THE OLD WOMAN**

Thou art the Light of Light in darkness spilt,  
The strange divided glory of the sun,  
The Rainbow's Arch of the seven colours  
built,  
The way of the Many unto the One.

*[The old woman draws nearer. Light  
shines from the Hidden Lintel.]*

THE CHALLENGE OF THE THRESHOLD  
Tell me my name, or else thou shalt not cross  
This stone.

SPIRITS OF THE FIRE  
The secret of the House of Flame  
Is Justice and the swing of gain and loss.

*A long silence.*

THE OLD WOMAN  
Behold, the Weight in the Right Place, that  
is thy name. . . . .

*[The Hidden Lintel opens to her. She passes over the threshold, and disappears into the Hall of Right and Truth. The Dead Pharaoh, surrounded by the spirits of his ancestors, moves away into the darkness, lamenting. From a very long way off the chant of the Israelites is heard. They have passed over the Red Sea in safety.]*

CHORUS  
Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lift  
up ye everlasting doors, and the King of  
Glory shall come in. . . . . Who is the  
King of Glory . . . . .



## MAN AND WOMAN

WHEN Solomon of old

Shewed all his stuffs of silver shéen  
And walls inlaid with gold

To Sheba's Queen,  
Her very spirit sank in her

Such treasure of white ivory  
And crystal bowls and scented fir  
And marble did she see.

And loud she praised the great King's store  
Of carven wood and-flashing stone,  
Where cedar was as sycamore  
Before the lion-guarded throne.

And all his words were very wise,  
And his great temple passing fair,  
And humble were her soft replies  
Treading his ivory stair.

But when she came to her own place  
She smiled to think of him,  
And all the glory and the grace  
Of his wise words grew dim.

Behold she sent a slave  
With gifts unto the King;

**She bade her goldsmiths cut and grave**

**For him an agate ring.**

**"This too will pass"—the Queen's reply  
From her dark jewel shone.**

**Thus did she answer with a sigh  
The wise King Solomon.**

## RETROSPECT

WHEN I was young the world looked old  
And all the mountains hard and gray,  
I shivered in the winter's cold ;  
The very sunshine was not gay  
When I was young.

When I was old the world seemed young ;  
On primroses the spheréd dew  
Shone with a sudden radiance flung  
From miles of gold and miles of blue  
When I was old.

I feared the world when I was young,  
I loved the world when I was old ;  
But now in vain her songs are sung,  
Her strangest stories leave me cold  
As tales twice told.

Now I am dead the vernal earth  
Seems very small and very far,  
And every soul in death or birth  
Too great for such a narrow star,  
Now I am dead.

For broken is the golden bowl,  
And old and young are reconciled,  
All things are frailer than the soul,  
And life seems but a faery child  
Now I am dead.

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