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A QUINZAINÉ FOR  
THIS YULE

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Being selected from a  
Venetian sketch-book  
—“San Trovaso”—



— BY —  
EZRA POUND

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EDUCATION



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MAIN

To  
The Aube of the West Dawn.

**B**EAUTY should never be presented explained. It is Marvel and Wonder, and in art we should find first these doors—Marvel and Wonder—and, coming through them, a slow understanding (slow even though it be a succession of lightning understandings and perceptions) as of a figure in mist, that still and ever gives to each one his own right of believing, each after his own creed and fashion.

Always the desire to know and to understand more deeply must precede any reception of beauty. Without holy curiosity and awe none find her, and woe to that artist whose work wears its "heart on its sleeve."

WESTON ST. LLEWYS.

## PRELUDE.

### Over the Ognisanti.

**H**IGH-DWELLING 'bove the people here,  
Being alone with beauty most the while,  
Lonely?

How can I be,  
Having mine own great thoughts for paladins  
Against all gloom and woe and every bitterness?

Also have I the swallows and the sunset  
And I see much life below me,  
In the garden, on the waters,  
And hither float the shades of songs they sing  
To sound of wrinkled mandolin, and splash of waters,  
Which shades of song re-echoed  
Within that sometime barreu hall, my heart,  
Are found as I transcribe them following.

## Night Litany.

**O** Dieu, purifiez nos cœurs !  
purifiez nos cœurs !

Yea the lines hast thou laid unto me  
in pleasant places,  
And the beauty of this thy Venice  
hast thou shewn unto me  
Until is its loveliness become unto me  
a thing of tears.

**O** God, what great kindness  
have we done in times past  
and forgotten it,  
That thou givest this wonder unto us,  
O God of waters ?

**O** God of the night  
What great sorrow  
Cometh unto us,  
That thou thus repayest us  
Before the time of its coming ?

**O** God of silence,  
Purifiez nos cœurs  
Purifiez nos cœurs  
For we have seen  
The glory of the shadow of the  
likeness of thine handmaid,  
Yea, the glory of the shadow  
of thy Beauty hath walked

Upon the shadow of the waters  
In this thy Venice.  
And before the holiness  
Of the shadow of thy handmaid  
Have I hidden mine eyes,  
O God of waters.

O God of silence,  
Purifiez nos coeurs,  
Purifiez nos coeurs,  
O God of waters,  
make clean our hearts within us  
And our lips to show forth thy praise,  
For I have seen the  
shadow of this thy Venice  
floating upon the waters,  
And thy stars  
have seen this thing out of their far courses  
have they seen this thing,  
O God of waters.  
Even as are thy stars  
Silent unto us in their far-coursing,  
Even so is mine heart  
become silent within me.

*(Fainter)*

Purifiez nos coeurs  
O God of the silence,  
Purifiez nos coeurs  
O God of waters.

## Purveyors General.

**P**RAISE to the lonely ones !  
Give praise out of your ease  
To them whom the farther seas  
Bore out from amongst you.

We, that through all the world  
Have wandered seeking new things  
And quaint tales, that your ease  
May gather such dreams as please  
you, the Home-stayers.

We, that through chaos have hurled  
Our souls riven and burning,  
Torn, mad, even as windy seas  
Have we been, that your ease  
Should keep bright amongst you :

That new tales and strange peoples  
Such as the further seas  
Wash on the shores of,  
That new mysteries and increase  
Of sunlight should be amongst you,  
you, the home-stayers.

Ever for these things, driven from you,  
Have we, drinking the utmost lees  
Of all the world's wine and sorrowing  
Gone forth from out your ease,  
                    And borrowing  
Out of all lands and realms  
                    of the infinite,  
New tales, new mysteries,  
New songs from out the breeze  
That maketh soft the far evenings,  
Have brought back these things  
                    Unto your ease,  
Yours unto whom peace is given.

## Aube of the West Dawn. Venetian June.

*From the Tale "How Malrin chose for his Lady the reflection  
of the Dawn and was thereafter true to her."*

**W**HEN svelte the dawn reflected in the west,  
As did the sky slip off her robes of night,  
I see to stand mine armouress confessed,  
Then doth my spirit know himself aright,  
And tremuious against her faint-flushed breast  
Doth cast him quivering, her bondsman quite.

When I the dawn reflected in the west,  
Fragile and maiden to my soul have pressed,  
Pray I, her mating hallowed in God's sight,  
That none asunder me with bale of might  
From her whose lips have bade mine own be blest,  
My bride, "The dawn reflected in the west."

I think from such perceptions as this arose the ancient myths of the demi-gods; As from such as that in "The Tree" (A Lume Spew), the myths of metamorphosis.



## To La Contessa Bianzafior (cent. xiv.)

(Defense at parting).

### I.

**A**ND all who read these lines shall love her then  
Whose laud is all their burthen, and whose praise  
Is in my heart forever, tho' my lays  
But stumble and grow startled dim again  
When I would bid them, mid the courts of men,  
Stand and take judgment. Whoso in new days  
Shall read this script, or wander in the ways  
My heart hath gone, shall praise her then.

Knowing this thing, "White Flower," I bid thy  
thought  
Turn toward what thing a singer's love should be ;  
Stood I within thy gates and went not on,  
One poor fool's love were all thy gueredon.  
I go—my song upon the winds set free—  
And lo !  
A thousand souls to thine are brought.

## II.

"**T**HIS fellow mak' th his might seem over strong!"

? Hath there a singer trod our dusty ways  
And left not twice this hoard to weep her praise,  
Whose name was made the glory of his song?

Hear ye, my peers! Judge ye, if I be wrong.  
Hath Lesbia more love than all Catullus' days  
Should've counted her of love? Tell me where strays  
Her poet now, what ivory gates among?

Think ye? Ye think it not; my vaunt o'er bold?  
Hath Deirdre, or Helen, or Beatrys,  
More love than to maid unsung there is?

Be not these other hearts, when his is cold,  
That seek thy soul with ardor manifold,  
A better thing than were the husk of his?

## III.

## IV.

## Partenza di Venezia.

**N**R'ER felt I parting from a woman loved  
As feel I now my going forth from thee,  
Yea, all thy waters cry out "Stay with me!"  
And laugh reflected flames up luringly.

O elf-tale land that I three months have known,  
Vice of dreams, if where the storm-wrack drave  
As some uncertain ghost upon the wave,  
For cloud thou hidest and then fitfully  
For light and half-light feign'st reality,  
If first we fear the dim dread of the unknown  
Then reassured for the calm clear tone  
"I am no spirit. Fear not me!"

As once the twelve storm-tossed on Galilee  
Put off their fear yet came not nigh  
Unto the holier mystery.  
So we bewildered, yet have trust in thee,  
And thus thou, Venice,  
show'st thy mastery.

## Lucifer Caditurus.

**B**y service clomb I heaven  
And the law that smites the spheres,  
Turning their courses even,  
Served me as I serve God.

And sha' all fears  
Of chaos or this hell the Mover dreams—  
Because *he knows* what is to me yet dim—  
Bid me to plod  
An huckster of the sapphire beams  
From star to star  
Giving to each his small embraced desire,  
Shall I not bear this light  
Unto what far  
Unheavened bourne shall meet my fire  
With some toward sympathy  
That wills not rule ?

By service clomb I heaven  
And the Law served me, even  
As I serve God ; but shall this empery  
Bid me restrict my course, or plod  
A furrow worker in a space-set sod  
Or turn the emeralds of the empyrean  
Because I dread some pale remorse  
Should gnaw the sinews of m' effulgent soul  
Deigned I to break His bonds  
That hold the law ?

## Sandalphon.

**A**ND these about me die,  
Because the pain of the infinite singing  
Slayeth them.  
Ye that have sung of the pain of the earth-ward's  
age-long crusading,  
Ye know somewhat the strain,  
the sad-sweet wonder-pain of such singing.  
And therefore ye know after what fashion  
This singing hath power destroying.

Yea, these about me, bearing such song in homage  
Unto the Mover of Circles,  
Die for the might of their praising,  
And the autumn of their marcescent wings  
Maketh ever new loam for my forest ;  
And these grey ash trees hold within them  
All the secrets of whatso things  
They dreamed before their praises,  
And in this grove my flowers,  
Fruit of prayerful powers,  
Have first their thought of life  
And then their being.



## Note on Sandalphon.

**T**HE angel of prayer according to the Talmud stands unmoved among the angels of wind and fire, who die as their one song is finished, also as he gathers the prayers they turn to flowers in his hands.

Longfellow also treats of this, but as a legend rather than a reality.

## Fortunatus.

**R**ESISTLESS, unresisting, as some swift spear upon  
the flood

Follow'th the river's course and tarries not  
But hath the stream's might for its on-sped own,  
So towards my triumph, and so reads the will,  
'Gainst which I will not, or mine eyes grow dim,  
And dim they seem not, nor are willed to be.  
For beauty greet'th them through your London rain,  
That were of Adriatic beauty loved and won,  
And though I seek all exile, yet my heart  
Doth find new friends and all strange lands  
Love me and grow my kin, and bid me speed.



CAUGHT sometimes in the current of strange happiness, borne upon such winds as Dante beheld whirling the passion-pale shapes in the nether-gloom\*; so here in the inner sunlight, or above cool, dew-green pasture lands, and again in caves of the azure magic.

WESTON ST. LLEWMY

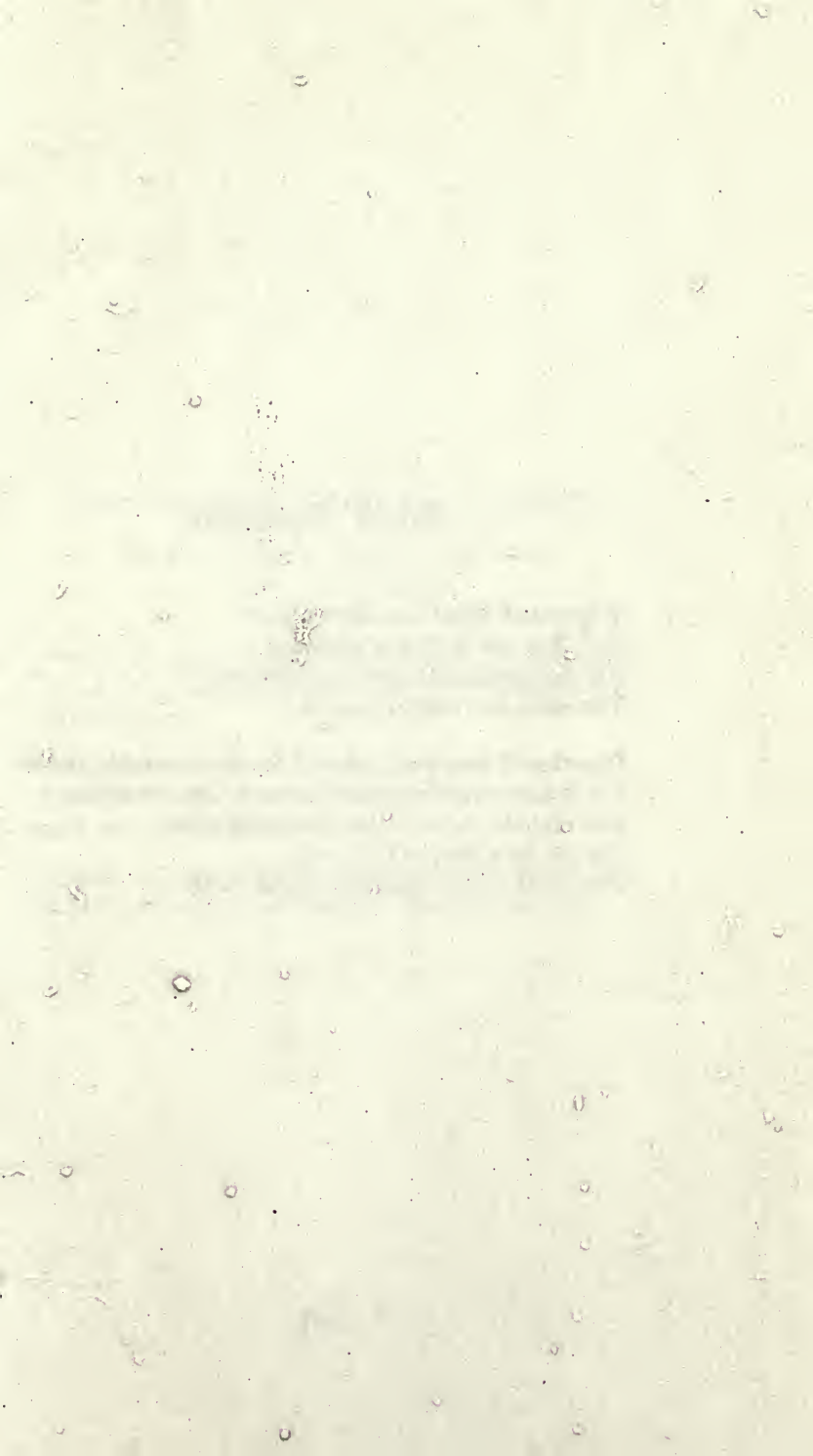
\* "*E paion sì al vento esser leggieri.*"

"*Ombre portate dalla detta briga.*"



## Beddoesque.

—— and going heavenward leaves  
An opal spray to wake. a track that gleams  
With new-old runes and magic of past time  
Caught from the sea deep of the whole man-soul,  
The "mantra" of our craft, that to the sun,  
New brought and broken by the fearless keel,  
That were but part of all the sun-smit sea,  
Have for a space their individual being,  
And do seem as things apart from all Time's hoard,  
The great whole liquid jewel of God's truth.



## Greek Epigram.

**D**AY and night are never weary,  
Nor yet is God of creating  
For day and night their torch-bearers  
The aube and the crepuscule.

So, when I weary of praising the dawn and the sunset,  
Let me be no more counted among the immortals ;  
But number me amid the wearying ones,  
Let me be a man as the herd,  
And as the slave that is given in barter.

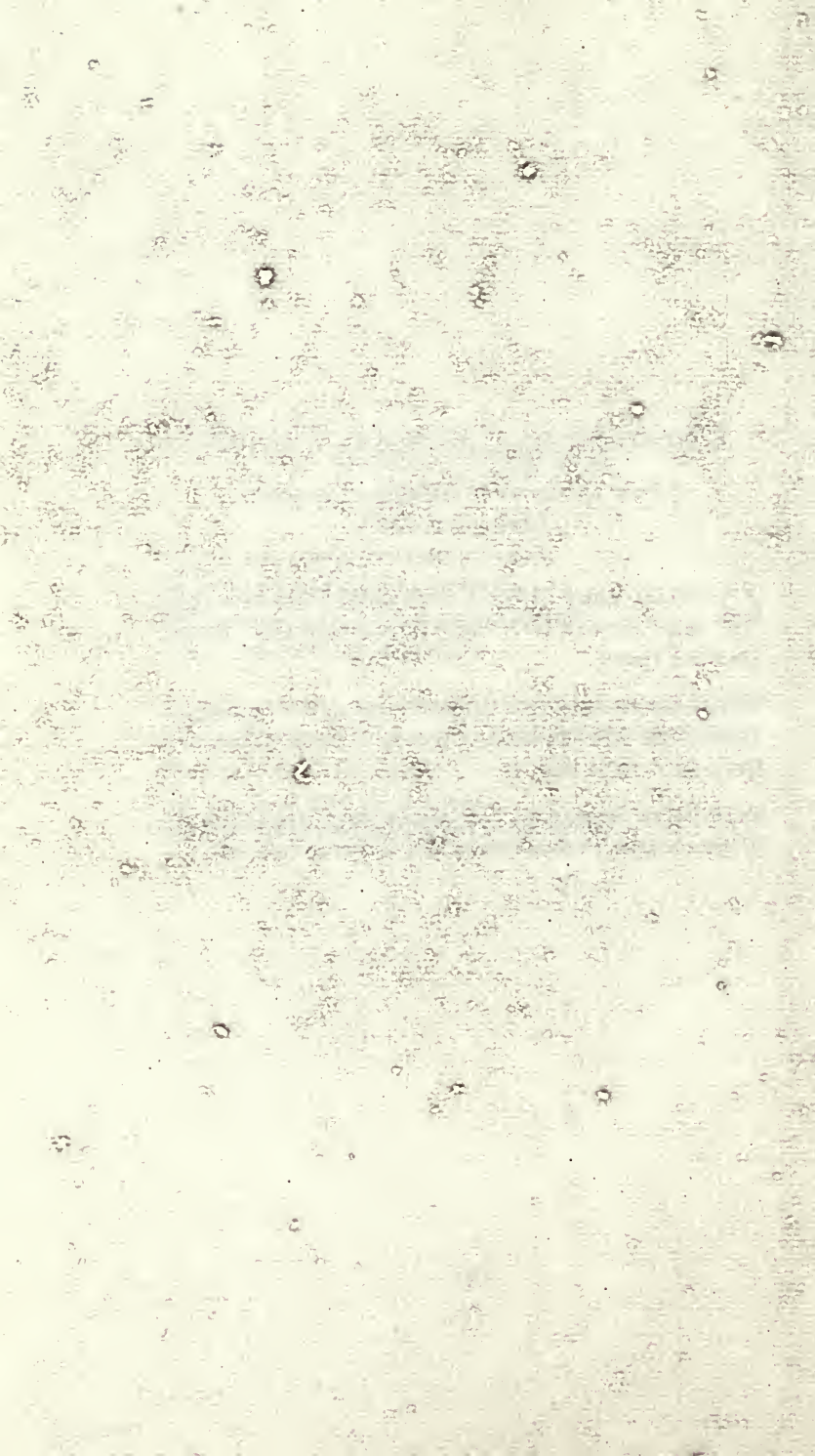
## Christophori Columbi Tumulus.

*(From the Latin of Hipolytus Capilupus,  
Early Cent. MDC.)*

**G**ENOAN, glory of Italy, Columbus thou sure light,  
Alas the urn takes even thee so soon out-blown,  
Its little space

Doth hold thee, whom Oceanus had not the might  
Within his folds to hold, altho' his broad embrace  
Doth hold all lands.

Bark-borne beyond his boundries unto Hind thou wast  
Where scarce Fames volant self the way had cast.



To T. H.

The Amphora.

**B**RING me this day some poet of the past,  
Some unknown shape amid the wonder lords !  
Yea of such wine as all time's store affords  
From rich amphorae that nor years can blast  
With might of theirs and blows down-rained fast,  
Falernian and Massic of the Roman hoards,  
I've drunk the best that any land accords,  
Yet dread the time that I shall drink the last.

Bring me this day from out the smoky room  
Some curved clay guardian of untasted wine,  
That holds the sun at heart. Search i' the gloom  
Boy, well, and mark you that the draught be good.  
Then as an answer to this jest of mine,  
Luck brought th' amphora, and the clasp was "HOOD."

## Histrion.

**N**O man hath dared to write this thing as yet,  
And yet I know, how that the souls of all men great  
At times pass through us,  
And we are melted into them, and are not  
Save reflexions of their souls.

Thus am I Dante for a space and am  
One Francois Villon, ballad-lord and thief  
Or am such holy ones I may not write,  
Lest blasphemy be writ against my name ;  
This for an instant and the flame is gone.

'Tis as in midmost us there glows a sphere  
Translucent, molten gold, that is the "I"  
And into this some form projects itself :  
Christus, or John, or eke the Florentine ;  
And as the clear space is not if a form's  
Imposed thereon,  
So cease we from all being for the time,  
And these, the Masters of the Soul, live on.



## Nel Biancheggiar.

**B**LUE-GREY, and white, and white-of-rose,  
The flowers of the West's fore-dawn unclose.  
I feel the dusky softness whirr  
of color, as upon a dulcimer  
"Her" dreaming fingers lay between the tunes,  
As when the living music swoons  
But dies not quite, because for love of us  
—knowing our state  
How that 'tis troublous—  
It will not die to leave us desolate.

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*With thanks to Marco Londonio for his delightful  
Italian paraphrase of these lines appearing in "La  
Bauta" for Aug. 9th.*

*December, 1908.*

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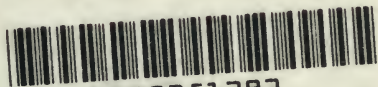
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