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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PERSONAE \*\*\*

## PERSONAE

OF

## EZRA POUND

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

MCMIX

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*"Make-strong old dreams lest this our world lose heart."*

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**THIS BOOK IS FOR**

**MARY MOORE**

**OF TRENTON, IF SHE WANTS IT**

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## PERSONAE

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### Grace before Song

Lord God of heaven that with mercy dight  
Th' alternate prayer-wheel of the night and light  
Eternal hath to thee, and in whose sight  
Our days as rain drops in the sea surge fall,

As bright white drops upon a leaden sea  
Grant so my songs to this grey folk may be:

As drops that dream and gleam and falling catch the sun,  
Evan'scent mirrors every opal one  
Of such his splendour as their compass is,  
So, bold My Songs, seek ye such death as this.

---

### La Fraisine<sup>[1]</sup>

SCENE: *The Ash Wood of Malvern.*

For I was a gaunt, grave councillor  
Being in all things wise, and very old,  
But I have put aside this folly and the cold  
That old age weareth for a cloak.

I was quite strong—at least they said so—  
The young men at the sword-play;  
But I have put aside this folly, being gay  
In another fashion that more suiteth me.

I have curled mid the boles of the ash wood,  
I have hidden my face where the oak  
Spread his leaves over me, and the yoke  
Of the old ways of men have I cast aside.

By the still pool of Mar-nan-otha  
Have I found me a bride  
That was a dog-wood tree some syne.  
She hath called me from mine old ways  
She hath hushed my rancour of council,  
Bidding me praise

Naught but the wind that flutters in the leaves.

She hath drawn me from mine old ways,  
Till men say that I am mad;  
But I have seen the sorrow of men, and am glad,  
For I know that the wailing and bitterness are a folly.  
And I? I have put aside all folly and all grief.  
I wrapped my tears in an ellum leaf  
And left them under a stone  
And now men call me mad because I have thrown  
All folly from me, putting it aside

To leave the old barren ways of men,  
Because my bride  
Is a pool of the wood, and  
Though all men say that I am mad  
It is only that I am glad,  
Very glad, for my bride hath toward me a great love  
That is sweeter than the love of women  
That plague and burn and drive one away.

Aie-e! 'Tis true that I am gay  
Quite gay, for I have her alone here  
And no man troubleth us.

Once when I was among the young men....  
And they said I was quite strong, among the young men.  
Once there was a woman....  
.... but I forget.... she was....  
.... I hope she will not come again.

.... I do not remember....  
I think she hurt me once, but....  
That was very long ago.

I do not like to remember things any more.

I like one little band of winds that blow  
In the ash trees here:  
For we are quite alone  
Here mid the ash trees.

[1] Prefatory note at end of volume.

---

## Cino

*Italian Campagna 1309, the open road.*

Bah! I have sung women in three cities,  
But it is all the same;  
And I will sing of the sun.

Lips, words, and you snare them,  
Dreams, words, and they are as jewels,  
Strange spells of old deity,  
Ravens, nights, allurements:  
And they are not;  
Having become the souls of song.

Eyes, dreams, lips, and the night goes.  
Being upon the road once more,  
They are not.  
Forgetful in their towers of our tuning  
Once for Wind-runeing  
They dream us-toward and  
Sighing, say, "Would Cino,  
Passionate Cino, of the wrinkling eyes,  
Gay Cino, of quick laughter,  
Cino, of the dare, the jibe,  
Frail Cino, strongest of his tribe  
That tramp old ways beneath the sun-light,  
Would Cino of the Luth were here!"

Once, twice, a year—  
Vaguely thus word they:

"Cino?" "Oh, eh, Cino Polnesi  
The singer is't you mean?"  
"Ah yes, passed once our way,  
A saucy fellow, but....  
(Oh they are all one these vagabonds),  
Peste! 'tis his own songs?  
Or some other's that he sings?  
But *you*, My Lord, how with your city?"

But you "My Lord," God's pity!  
 And all I knew were out, My Lord, you  
 Were Lack-land Cino, e'en as I am,  
 O Sinistro.

I have sung women in three cities.  
 But it is all one.  
 I will sing of the sun.

.... eh?.... they mostly had grey eyes,  
 But it is all one, I will sing of the sun.

"Pollo Phoibee, old tin pan, you  
 Glory to Zeus' aegis-day,  
 Shield o' steel-blue, th' heaven o'er us  
 Hath for boss thy lustre gay!

'Pollo Phoibee, to our way-fare  
 Make thy laugh our wander-ried;  
 Bid thy 'fulgence bear away care.  
 Cloud and rain-tears pass they fleet!

Seeking e'er the new-laid rast-way  
 To the gardens of the sun....

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

I have sung women in three cities  
 But it is all one.

I will sing of the white birds  
 In the blue waters of heaven,  
 The clouds that are spray to its sea.

## **Na Audiart**

*Que be-m vols mal.*

NOTE: Any one who has read anything of the troubadours knows well the tale of Bertran of Born and My Lady Maent of Montaignac, and knows also the song he made when she would none of him, the song wherein he, seeking to find or make her equal, begs of each preeminent lady of Langue d'Oc some trait or some fair semblance: thus of Cembelins her "esgart amoros" to wit, her love-lit glance, of Aelis her speech free-running, of the Vicomptess of Chales her throat and her two hands, at Roacoart of Anhes her hair golden as Iseult's; and even in this fashion of Lady Audiart "although she would that ill come unto him" he sought and praised the lineaments of the torse. And all this to make "Una dompna soiseubuda" a borrowed lady or as the Italians translated it "Una donna ideale."

Though thou well dost wish me ill  
Audiart, Audiart,  
 Where thy bodice laces start  
 As ivy fingers clutching through  
 Its crevices,  
Audiart, Audiart,  
 Stately, tall and lovely tender  
 Who shall render  
Audiart, Audiart  
 Praises meet unto thy fashion?  
 Here a word kiss!  
Pass I on  
 Unto Lady "Miels-de-Ben,"  
 Having praised thy girdle's scope  
 How the stays ply back from it;  
 I breathe no hope  
 That thou shouldst....  
Nay no whit  
 Bespeak thyself for anything.  
 Just a word in thy praise, girl,  
 Just for the swirl  
 Thy satins make upon the stair,  
 'Cause never a flaw was there

Where thy torse and limbs are met:  
 Though thou hate me, read it set  
 In rose and gold.<sup>[2]</sup>  
 Or when the minstrel, tale half told,  
 Shall burst to liltng at the phrase  
                                   "Audiart, Audiart"....  
 Bertrans, master of his lays,  
 Bertrans of Aultaforte thy praise  
 Sets forth, and though thou hate me well,  
 Yea though thou wish me ill  
                                   Audiart, Audiart.  
 Thy loveliness is here writ till,  
                                   Audiart,  
 Oh, till thou come again.<sup>[3]</sup>  
 And being bent and wrinkled, in a form  
 That hath no perfect limning, when the warm  
 Youth dew is cold  
 Upon thy hands, and thy old soul  
 Scorning a new, wry'd casement  
 Churlish at seemed misplacement  
 Finds the earth as bitter  
 As now seems it sweet,  
 Being so young and fair  
 As then only in dreams,  
 Being then young and wry'd,  
 Broken of ancient pride,  
 Thou shalt then soften,  
 Knowing I know not how  
 Thou wert once she  
                                   Audiart, Audiart  
 For whose fairness one forgave  
                                   Audiart, Audiart  
 Que be-m vols mal.

[2] *I.e. in illumed manuscript.*

[3] *Reincarnate.*

### Villonaud for this Yule

Towards the Noel that morte saison  
 (*Christ make the shepherds' homage dear!*)  
 Then when the grey wolves everychone  
 Drink of the winds their chill small-beer  
 And lap o' the snows food's gueredon  
 Then makyth my heart his yule-tide cheer  
 (Skoal! with the dregs if the clear be gone!)  
 Wineing the ghosts of yester-year.

Ask ye what ghosts I dream upon?  
 (*What of the magians' scented gear?*)  
 The ghosts of dead loves everyone  
 That make the stark winds reek with fear  
 Lest love return with the foison sun  
 And slay the memories that me cheer  
 (Such as I drink to mine fashion)  
 Wineing the ghosts of yester-year.

Where are the joys my heart had won?  
 (*Saturn and Mars to Zeus drawn near!*)<sup>[4]</sup>  
 Where are the lips mine lay upon,  
 Aye! where are the glances feat and clear  
 That bade my heart his valour don?  
 I skoal to the eyes as grey-blown mere  
 (Who knows whose was that paragon?)  
 Wineing the ghosts of yester-year.

Prince: ask me not what I have done  
 Nor what God hath that can me cheer  
 But ye ask first where the winds are gone  
 Wineing the ghosts of yester-year.

[4] *Signum Nativitatis.*

---

## A Villonaud

### Ballad of the Gibbet

#### Or the song of the sixth companion

SCENE: "*En cest bourdel ou tenoms nostr estat.*"

It being remembered that there were six of us with Master Villon, when that expecting presently to be hanged he writ a ballad whereof ye know: whereof ye know:

*"Frères humains qui après nous vivez."*

Drink ye a skoal for the gallows tree!  
Francois and Margot and thee and me,  
Drink we the comrades merrily  
That said us, "Till then" for the gallows tree!

Fat Pierre with the hook gauche-main,  
Thomas Larron "Ear-the-less,"  
Tybalde and that armouress  
Who gave this poignard its premier stain  
Pinning the Guise that had been fain  
To make him a mate of the "Haulte Noblesse"  
And bade her be out with ill address  
As a fool that mocketh his drue's disdeign.

Drink we a skoal for the gallows tree!  
Francois and Margot and thee and me,  
Drink we to Marienne Ydole,  
That hell brenn not her o'er cruelly.

Drink we the lusty robbers twain,  
Black is the pitch o' their wedding-dress,<sup>[5]</sup>  
Lips shrunk back for the wind's caress  
As lips shrink back when we feel the strain  
Of love that loveth in hell's disdeign  
And sense the teeth through the lips that press  
'Gainst our lips for the soul's distress  
That striveth to ours across the pain.  
Drink we skoal to the gallows tree!  
Francois and Margot and thee and me,  
For Jehan and Raoul de Vallerie  
Whose frames have the night and its winds in fee.

Maturin, Guillaume, Jacques d'Allmain,  
Culdou lacking a coat to bless  
One lean moiety of his nakedness  
That plundered St. Hubert back o' the fane:  
Aie! the lean bare tree is widowed again  
For Michault le Borgne that would confess  
In "faith and troth" to a traitoress,  
"Which of his brothers had he slain?"

But drink we skoal to the gallows tree!  
Francois and Margot and thee and me:

These that we loved shall God love less  
And smite alway at their faibleness?

Skoal!! to the Gallows! and then pray we:  
God damn his hell out speedily  
And bring their souls to his "Haulte Citee."

[5] Certain gibbeted corpses used to be coated with tar as a preservative; thus one scarecrow served as warning for considerable time. See Hugo "L'Homme qui Rit."

" *And a cat's in the water-butt.*"—ROBERT BROWNING.

Aye you're a man that! ye old mesmerizer  
Tyin' your meanin' in seventy swadelin's,  
One must of needs be a hang'd early riser  
To catch you at worm turning. Holy Odd's bodykins!

"Cat's i' the water butt!" Thought's in your verse-barrel,  
Tell us this thing rather, then we'll believe you,  
You, Master Bob Browning, spite your apparel  
Jump to your sense and give praise as we'd lief do.

You wheeze as a head-cold long-tonsilled Calliope,  
But God! what a sight you ha' got o' our in'ards,  
Mad as a hatter but surely no Myope,  
Broad as all ocean and leanin' man-kin'ards.

Heart that was big as the bowels of Vesuvius,  
Words that were wing'd as her sparks in eruption,  
Eagled and thundered as Jupiter Pluvius,  
Sound in your wind past all signs o' corruption.

Here's to you, Old Hippety-hop o' the accents,  
True to the Truth's sake and crafty dissector,  
You grabbed at the gold sure; had no need to pack cents  
Into your versicles.

Clear sight's elector!

---

### Fifine Answers

" *Why is it that, disgraced they seem to relish life  
the more?*"—FIFINE AT THE FAIR, VII, 5.

Sharing his exile that hath borne the flame,  
Joining his freedom that hath drunk the shame  
And known the torture of the Skull-place hours  
Free and so bound, that mingled with the powers  
Of air and sea and light his soul's far reach  
Yet strictured did the body-lips beseech  
"To drink" "I thirst." And then the sponge of gall.

Wherefore we wastrels that the grey road's call  
Doth master and make slaves and yet make free,  
Drink all of life and quaffing lustily  
Take bitter with the sweet without complain  
And sharers in his drink defy the pain  
That makes you fearful to unfurl your souls.

We claim no glory. If the tempest rolls  
About us we have fear, and then  
Having so small a stake grow bold again.  
We know not definitely even this  
But 'cause some vague half knowing half doth miss  
Our consciousness and leaves us feeling  
That somehow all is well, that sober, reeling  
From the last carouse, or in what measure  
Of so called right or so damned wrong our leisure  
Runs out uncounted sand beneath the sun,  
That, spite your carping, still the thing is done  
With some deep sanction, that, we know not how,  
Sans thought gives us this feeling; you allow  
That this not need we *know* our every thought  
Or see the work shop where each mask is wrought  
Wherefrom we view the world of box and pit,  
Careless of wear, just so the mask shall fit  
And serve our jape's turn for a night or two.

Call! eh bye! the little door at twelve!

I meet you there myself.

---

## In Tempore Senectutis

"For we are old  
And the earth passion dieth;  
We have watched him die a thousand times,  
When he wanes an old wind crieth,  
For we are old  
And passion hath died for us a thousand times  
But we grew never weary.

Memory faileth, as the lotus-loved chimes  
Sink into fluttering of wind,  
But we grow never weary  
For we are old.

The strange night-wonder of your eyes  
Dies not, though passion flieth  
Along the star fields of Arcturus  
And is no more unto our hands;  
My lips are cold  
And yet we twain are never weary,  
And the strange night-wonder is upon us,  
The leaves hold our wonder in their flutterings,  
The wind fills our mouths with strange words  
For our wonder that grows not old.

The moth-hour of our day is upon us  
Holding the dawn;  
There is strange Night-wonder in our eyes  
Because the Moth-Hour leadeth the dawn  
As a maiden, holding her fingers,  
The rosy, slender fingers of the dawn."

He saith: "Red spears bore the warrior dawn  
Of old  
Strange! Love, hast thou forgotten  
The red spears of the dawn,  
The pennants of the morning?"

She saith: "Nay, I remember, but now  
Cometh the Dawn, and the Moth-Hour  
Together with him; softly  
For we are old."

---

## Famam Librosque Cano

Your songs?  
Oh! The little mothers  
Will sing them in the twilight,  
And when the night  
Shrinketh the kiss of the dawn  
That loves and kills,  
What time the swallow fills  
Her note, the little rabbit folk  
That some call children,  
Such as are up and wide  
Will laugh your verses to each other,  
Pulling on their shoes for the day's business,  
Serious child business that the world  
Laughs at, and grows stale;  
Such is the tale  
—Part of it—of thy song-life

Mine?

A book is known by them that read  
That same. Thy public in my screed  
Is listed. Well! Some score years hence  
Behold mine audience,  
As we had seen him yesterday.

Scrawny, be-spectacled, out at heels,



Such an one as the world feels  
A sort of curse against its guzzling  
And its age-lasting wallow for red greed  
And yet; full speed  
Though it should run for its own getting,  
Will turn aside to sneer at  
'Cause he hath  
No coin, no will to snatch the aftermath  
Of Mammon.  
Such an one as women draw away from  
For the tobacco ashes scattered on his coat  
And sith his throat  
Show razor's unfamiliarity  
And three days' beard:

Such an one picking a ragged  
Backless copy from the stall,  
Too cheap for cataloguing,  
Loquitur,

"Ah-eh! the strange rare name....  
Ah-eh! He must be rare if even *I* have not....  
And lost mid-page  
Such age  
As his pardons the habit,  
He analyzes form and thought to see  
How I 'scaped immortality.

---

## Scriptor Ignotus

### Ferrara 1715

To K.R.H.

"When I see thee as some poor song-bird  
Battering its wings, against this cage we  
Today,  
Then would I speak comfort unto thee,  
From out the heights I dwell in, when  
That great sense of power is upon me  
And I see my greater soul-self bending  
Sibylwise with that great forty year epic  
That you know of, yet unwrit  
But as some child's toy 'tween my fingers,  
And see the sculptors of new ages carve me thus,  
And model with the music of my couplets in their hearts:

Surely if in the end the epic  
And the small kind deed are one;  
If to God the child's toy and the epic are the same,  
E'en so, did one make a child's toy,  
He might wright it well  
And cunningly, that the child might  
Keep it for his children's children  
And all have joy thereof.

Dear, an this dream come true,  
Then shall all men say of thee  
"She 'twas that played him power at life's morn,  
And at the twilight Evensong,  
And God's peace dwelt in the mingled chords  
She drew from out the shadows of the past,  
And old world melodies that else  
He had known only in his dreams  
Of Iseult and of Beatrice.

Dear, an this dream come true,  
I, who being poet only,  
Can give thee poor words only,  
Add this one poor other tribute,  
This thing men call immortality.  
A gift I give thee even as Ronsard gave it.

Seeing before time, one sweet face grown old,  
And seeing the old eyes grow bright  
From out the border of Her fire-lit wrinkles,  
As she should make boast unto her maids  
"Ronsard hath sung the beauty, *my* beauty,  
Of the days that I was fair."

So hath the boon been given, by the poets of old time  
(Dante to Beatrice,—an I profane not—)  
Yet with my lesser power shall I not strive  
To give it thee?

All ends of things are with Him  
From whom are all things in their essence.  
If my power be lesser  
Shall my striving be less keen?  
But rather more! if I would reach the goal,  
Take then the striving!  
"And if," for so the Florentine hath writ  
When having put all his heart  
Into his "Youth's Dear Book"  
He yet strove to do more honour  
To that lady dwelling in his inmost soul  
He would wax yet greater  
To make her earthly glory more.  
Though sight of hell and heaven were price thereof,  
If so it be His will, with whom  
Are all things and through whom  
Are all things good,  
Will I make for thee and for the beauty of thy music  
A new thing  
As hath not heretofore been writ.  
Take then my promise!

---

### **Praise of Ysolt**

In vain have I striven  
to teach my heart to bow;  
In vain have I said to him  
"There be many singers greater than thou."

But his answer cometh, as winds and as lutany.  
As a vague crying upon the night  
That leaveth me no rest, saying ever,  
"Song, a song."

Their echoes play upon each other in the twilight  
Seeking ever a song.  
Lo, I am worn with travail  
And the wandering of many roads hath made my eyes  
As dark red circles filled with dust.  
Yet there is a trembling upon me in the twilight,  
And little red elf words crying "A song,"  
Little grey elf words crying for a song,  
Little brown leaf words crying "A song,"  
Little green leaf words crying for a song.  
The words are as leaves, old brown leaves in the  
spring time  
Blowing they know not whither, seeking a song.

White words as snow flakes but they are cold  
Moss words, lip words, words of slow streams.

In vain have I striven  
to teach my soul to bow,  
In vain have I pled with him,  
"There be greater souls than thou."

For in the morn of my years there came a woman  
As moon light calling  
As the moon calleth the tides,  
"Song, a song."

Wherefore I made her a song and she went from me  
As the moon doth from the sea,  
But still came the leaf words, little brown elf words  
Saying "The soul sendeth us."  
                                  "A song, a song!"  
And in vain I cried unto them "I have no song  
For she I sang of hath gone from me."

But my soul sent a woman, a woman of the wonder folk,  
A woman as fire upon the pine woods  
                                  crying "Song, a song."  
As the flame crieth unto the sap.  
My song was ablaze with her and she went from me  
As flame leaveth the embers so went she unto new forests  
And the words were with me  
                                  crying ever "Song, a song."

And I "I have no song,"  
Till my soul sent a woman as the sun:  
Yea as the sun calleth to the seed,  
As the spring upon the bough  
So is she that cometh the song-drawer  
She that holdeth the wonder words within her eyes  
The words little elf words  
                                  that call ever unto me  
  "Song, a song."

ENVOI

In vain have I striven with my soul  
                                  to teach my soul to bow.  
What soul boweth  
                                  while in his heart art thou?

---

## Camaraderie

*"E tuttoque to fosse a la compagnia di molti, quanto  
                                  alla vista."*

Sometimes I feel thy cheek against my face  
Close-pressing, soft as is the South's first breath  
That all the subtle earth-things summoneth  
To spring in wood-land and in meadow space.

Yea sometimes in a bustling man-filled place  
Me seemeth some-wise thy hair wandereth  
Across mine eyes, as mist that halloweth  
The air awhile and giveth all things grace.

Or on still evenings when the rain falls close  
There comes a tremor in the drops, and fast  
My pulses run, knowing thy thought hath passed  
That beareth thee as doth the wind a rose.

---

## Masks

These tales of old disguisings, are they not  
Strange myths of souls that found themselves among  
Unwonted folk that spake a hostile tongue,  
Some soul from all the rest who'd not forgot  
The star-span acres of a former lot  
Where boundless mid the clouds his course he swung,  
Or carnate with his elder brothers sung  
E'er ballad makers lisp'd of Camelot?

Old singers half-forgetful of their tunes,  
Old painters colour-blind come back once more,  
Old poets skillless in the wind-heart runes,

Old wizards lacking in their wonder-lore:

All they that with strange sadness in their eyes  
Ponder in silence o'er earth's queynt devyse?

---

### **Tally-O**

What ho! the wind is up and eloquent.  
Through all the Winter's halls he crieth Spring.  
Now will I get me up unto mine own forests  
And behold their bourgeoning.

---

### **Ballad for Gloom**

For God, our God, is a gallant foe  
That playeth behind the veil.

I have loved my God as a child at heart  
That seeketh deep bosoms for rest,  
I have loved my God as maid to man  
But lo, this thing is best:

To love your God as a gallant foe  
  that plays behind the veil,  
To meet your God as the night winds meet  
  beyond Arcturus' pale.

I have played with God for a woman,  
I have staked with my God for truth,  
I have lost to my God as a man, clear eyed,  
  His dice be not of ruth.

For I am made as a naked blade  
  But hear ye this thing in sooth:

Who loseth to God as man to man  
  Shall win at the turn of the game.  
I have drawn my blade where the lightnings meet  
  But the ending is the same:  
Who loseth to God as the sword blades lose  
  Shall win at the end of the game.

For God, our God, is a gallant foe  
  that playeth behind the veil,  
Whom God deigns not to overthrow  
  Hath need of triple mail.

---

### **For E. Mc C**

*That was my counter-blade under Leonardo Terrone,  
  Master of Fence.*

Gone while your tastes were keen to you,  
Gone where the grey winds call to you,  
By that high fencer, even Death,  
Struck of the blade that no man parrieth;  
Such is your fence, one saith,  
  One that hath known you.  
Drew you your sword most gallantly  
Made you your pass most valiantly  
  'Gainst that grey fencer, even Death.

Gone as a gust of breath  
Faith! no man tarrieth,  
"Se il cor ti manca" but it failed thee not!  
"Non ti fidar" it is the sword that speaks

"*In me.*"<sup>[6]</sup>

Thou trusted'st in thyself and met the blade  
'Thout mask or gauntlet, and art laid  
As memorable broken blades that be  
Kept as bold trophies of old pageantry.  
As old Toledos past their days of war  
Are kept mnemonic of the strokes they bore,  
So art thou with us, being good to keep  
In our heart's sword-rack, though thy sword-arm sleep.

ENVOI

Struck of the blade that no man parrieth  
Pierced of the point that toucheth lastly all,  
'Gainst that grey fencer, even Death,  
Behold the shield! He shall not take thee all.

[6] Sword-rune "If thy heart fail thee trust not in me."

---

## At the Heart o' Me

A.D. 751

With ever one fear at the heart o' me  
Long by still sea-coasts  
    coursed my Grey-Falcon,  
And the twin delights  
    of shore and sea were mine,  
Sapphire and emerald with  
    fine pearls between.

Through the pale courses of  
    the land-caressing in-streams  
Glided my barge and  
    the kindly strange peoples  
Gave to me laugh for laugh,  
    and wine for my tales of wandering.  
And the cities gave me welcome  
    and the fields free passage,  
With ever one fear  
    at the heart o' me.

An thou should'st grow weary  
    ere my returning,  
An "*they*" should call to thee  
    from out the borderland,  
What should avail me  
    booty of whale-ways?  
What should avail me  
    gold rings or the chain-mail?  
What should avail me  
    the many-twined bracelets?  
What should avail me,  
    O my beloved,  
Here in this "Middan-gard"<sup>[7]</sup>  
    what should avail me  
Out of the booty and  
    gain of my goings?

[7] Anglo Saxon "Earth".

---

## Xenia

And  
Unto thine eyes my heart  
Sendeth old dreams of the spring-time,  
Yea of wood-ways my rime  
Found thee and flowers in and of all streams

That sang low burthen, and of roses,  
That lost their dew-bowed petals for the dreams  
We scattered o'er them passing by.

---

### Occidit

Autumnal breaks the flame upon the sun-set herds.  
The sheep on Gilead as tawn hair gleam  
Neath Mithra's dower and his slow departing,  
While in the sky a thousand fleece of gold  
Bear, each his tribute, to the waning god.

Hung on the rafters of the effulgent west,  
Their tufted splendour shields his decadence,  
As in our southern lands brave tapestries  
Are hung king-greeting from the ponticells  
And drag the pageant from the earth to air,  
Wherein the storied figures live again,  
Wind-molden back unto their life's erst guise,  
All tremulous beneath the many-fingered breath  
That Aufidus<sup>[8]</sup> doth take to house his soul.

[8] The West wind.

---

### Search

I have heard a wee wind searching  
Through still forests for me;  
I have seen a wee wind searching  
O'er still sea.

Through woodlands dim have I taken my way;  
And o'er silent waters night and day  
Have I sought the wee wind.

---

### An Idyl for Glaucus

*Nel suo aspetto tal dentro mifei  
Qual si fe' Glauco nel gustar dell' erba  
Che il fe' consorto in mar degli altri dei.*  
PARADISO, I, 67-9.

*"As Glaucus tasting the grass that made  
him sea-fellow with the other gods."*

I

Whither he went I may not follow him. His eyes  
Were strange to-day. They always were,  
After their fashion, kindred of the sea.

To-day I found him. It is very long  
That I had sought among the nets, and when I asked  
The fishermen, they laughed at me.  
I sought long days amid the cliffs thinking to find  
The body-house of him, and then  
There at the blue cave-mouth my joy  
Grew pain for suddenness, to see him 'live.  
Whither he went I may not come, it seems  
He is become estranged from all the rest,  
And all the sea is now his wonder-house.  
And he may sink unto strange depths, he tells me of,  
That have no light as we it deem.  
E'en now he speaks strange words. I did not know  
One half the substance of his speech with me.

And then when I saw naught he sudden leaped  
And shot, a gleam of silver, down, away.  
And I have spent three days upon this rock  
And yet he comes no more.  
He did not even seem to know  
I watched him gliding through the vitreous deep.

## II

They chide me that the skein I used to spin  
Holds not my interest now,  
They mock me at the route, well, I have come again.  
Last night I saw three white forms move  
Out past the utmost wave that bears the white foam crest.  
I somehow knew that he was one of them.

Oimè, Oimè. I think each time they come  
Up from the sea heart to the realm of air  
They are more far-removed from the shore.  
When first I found him here, he slept  
E'en as he might after a long night's taking on the deep.  
And when he woke some whit the old kind smile  
Dwelt round his lips and held him near to me.  
But then strange gleams shot through the grey-deep eyes  
As though he saw beyond and saw not me.  
And when he moved to speak it troubled him.  
And then he plucked at grass and bade me eat.  
And then forgot me for the sea its charm  
And leapt him in the wave and so was gone.

## III

I wonder why he mocked me with the grass.  
I know not any more how long it is  
Since I have dwelt not in my mother's house.  
I know they think me mad, for all night long  
I haunt the sea-marge, thinking I may find  
Some day the herb he offered unto me.  
Perhaps he did not jest; they say some simples have  
More wide-spanned power than old wives draw from them.

Perhaps, found I this grass, he'd come again.  
Perhaps 'tis some strange charm to draw him here,  
'Thout which he may not leave his new-found crew  
That ride the two-foot coursers of the deep,  
And laugh in storms and break the fishers' nets.  
Oimè, Oimè!

## SONG.

### *Voices in the Wind.*

We have worn the blue and vair,  
And all the sea-caves  
Know us of old, and know our new-found mate.  
There's many a secret stair  
The sea-folk climb....

### *Out of the Wind.*

Oimè, Oimè!

I wonder why the wind, even the wind doth seem  
To mock me now, all night, all night, and  
Have I strayed among the cliffs here  
They say, some day I'll fall  
Down through the sea-bit fissures, and no more  
Know the warm cloak of sun, or bathe

The dew across my tired eyes to comfort them.  
They try to keep me hid within four walls.  
I will not stay!

Oimè!

And the wind saith; Oimè!

I am quite tired now. I know the grass  
Must grow somewhere along this Thracian coast,  
If only he would come some little while and find it me.

ENDETH THE LAMENT FOR GLAUCUS

---

### **In Durance**

I am homesick after mine own kind,  
Oh I know that there are folk about me, friendly faces,  
But I am homesick after mine own kind.

"These sell our pictures"! Oh well,  
They reach me not, touch me some edge or that,  
But reach me not and all my life's become  
One flame, that reacheth not beyond  
Mine heart's own hearth,  
Or hides among the ashes there for thee.  
"Thee"? Oh "thee" is who cometh first  
Out of mine own-soul-kin,  
For I am homesick after mine own kind  
And ordinary people touch me not.

Yea, I am homesick

After mine own kind that know, and feel  
And have some breath for beauty and the arts.

Aye, I am wistful for my kin of the spirit  
And have none about me save in the shadows  
When come *they*, surging of power, "DAEMON,"  
"Quasi KALOUN" S.T. says, Beauty is most that a  
"calling to the soul."  
Well then, so call they; the swirlers out of the mist  
of my soul,  
They that come mewards bearing old magic.

But for all that, I am home sick after mine own kind  
And would meet kindred e'en as I am,  
Flesh-shrouded bearing the secret.  
"All they that with strange sadness"  
Have the earth in mock'ry, and are kind to all,  
My fellows, aye I know the glory  
Of th' unbounded ones, but ye, that hide  
As I hide most the while  
And burst forth to the windows only whiles or whiles  
For love, or hope, or beauty or for power,  
Then smoulder, with the lids half closed  
And are untouched by echoes of the world.

Oh ye, my fellows: with the seas between us some be,  
Purple and sapphire for the silver shafts  
Of sun and spray all shattered at the bows  
Of such a "Veltro" of the vasty deep  
As bore my tortoise house scant years agone:  
And some the hills hold off,  
The little hills to east us, though here we  
Have damp and plain to be our shutting in.

And yet my soul sings "Up!" and we are one.  
Yea thou, and Thou, and THOU, and all my kin  
To whom my breast and arms are ever warm,  
For that I love ye as the wind the trees  
That holds their blossoms and their leaves in cure  
And calls the utmost singing from the boughs  
That 'thout him, save the aspen, were as dumb  
Still shade, and bade no whisper speak the birds of how  
"Beyond, beyond, beyond, there lies...."



# Guillaume de Lorris Belated

## A Vision of Italy

Wisdom set apart from all desire,  
A hoary Nestor with youth's own glad eyes,  
Him met I at the style, and all benign  
He greeted me an equal and I knew,  
By this his lack of pomp, he was himself.

Slow-Smiling is companion unto him,  
And Mellow-Laughter serves, his trencherman.  
And I a thousand beauties there beheld.  
And he and they made merry endlessly.  
And love was rayed between them as a mist,  
And yet so fine and delicate a haze  
It did impede the eyes no whit,  
Unless it were to make the halo round each one  
Appear more myriad-jewelled marvellous,  
Than any pearled and ruby diadem the courts o' earth  
ha' known.

Slender as mist-wrought maids and hamadryads  
Did meseem these shapes that ministered,  
These formed harmonies with lake-deep eyes,  
And first the cities of north Italy  
I did behold,  
Each as a woman wonder-fair,  
And svelte Verona first I met at eve;  
And in the dark we kissed and then the way  
Bore us somehow apart.  
And yet my heart keeps tryst with her,  
So every year our thoughts are interwove  
As fingers were, such times as eyes see much, and tell.  
And she that loved the master years ago,  
That bears his signet in her "Signor Square,"  
"Che lo glorifico."<sup>[9]</sup>

She spread her arms,  
And in that deep embrace  
All thoughts of woe were perished  
And of pain and weariness and all the wrack  
Of light-contending thoughts and battled-gleams,  
(That our intelligence doth gain by strife against itself)  
Of things we have not yet the earned right to clearly see.  
And all, yea all that dust doth symbolize  
Was there forgot, and my enfranchised soul  
Grew as the liquid elements, and was infused  
With joy that is not light, nor might nor harmony,  
And yet hath part and quality of all these three,  
Whereto is added calm past earthly peace.

Thus with Verona's spirit, and all time  
Swept on beyond my ken, and as the sea  
Hath in no wise a form within itself,  
*Cioè*, as liquid hath no form save where it bounden is  
By some enshrouding chalice of hard things—  
As wine its graven goblet, and the sea  
Its wave-hewn basalt for a bordering,  
So had my thought and now my thought's remembrance  
No "*in*formation" of whatso there passed  
For this long space the dream-king's horny gate.

And when that age was done and the transfusion  
Of all my self through her and she through me,  
I did perceive that she enthroned two things:  
Verona, and a maid I knew on earth;  
And dulled some while from dream, and then become  
That lower thing, deductive intellect, I saw  
How all things are but symbols of all things,<sup>[10]</sup>  
And each of many, do we know  
But the equation governing.  
And in my rapture at this vision's scope

I saw no end or bourn to what things mean,  
So praised Pythagoras and once more raised  
By this said rapture to the house of Dream,  
Beheld Fenicè as a lotus-flower  
Drift through the purple of the wedded sea  
And grow a wraith and then a dark-eyed she,  
And knew her name was "All-forgetfulness,"  
And hailed her: "Princess of the Opiates,"  
And guessed her evil and her good thereby.

And then a maid of nine "Pavia" hight,  
Passed with a laugh that was all mystery,  
And when I turned to her  
She reached me one clear chalice of white wine,  
Pressed from the recent grapes that yet were hung  
Adown her shoulders, and were bound  
Right cunningly about her elfish brows;  
So hale a draught, the life of every grape  
Lurked without ferment in the amber cloud.  
And memory, this wine was, of all good.

And more I might have seen: Firenza, Goito,  
Or that proudest gate, Ligurian Genoa,  
Cornelia of Colombo of far sight,  
That, man and seer in one, had well been twain,  
And each a glory to his hills and sea;  
And past her a great band  
Bright garlanded or rich with purple skeins,  
And crimson mantles and queynt fineries  
That tarnished held but so the more  
Of dim allurement in their half-shown folds:  
So swept my vision o'er their filmy ranks,  
Then rose some opaque cloud,  
Whose name I have not yet discerned,  
And music as I heard it one clear night  
Within our earthly night's own mirroring,  
*Cioè*,—San Pietro by Adige,<sup>[11]</sup>  
Where altar candles blazed out as dim stars,  
And all the gloom was soft, and shadowy forms  
Made and sang God, within the far-off choir.  
And in a clear space high behind  
Them and the tabernacle of that place,  
Two tapers shew the master of the keys  
As some white power pouring forth itself.

And all the church rang low and murmured  
Thus in my dream of forms the music swayed.  
And I was lost in it and only woke  
When something like a mass bell rang, and then  
That white-foot wind, pale Dawn's annunciatrice.  
Me bore to earth again, but some strange peace  
I had not known so well before this swevyn  
Clung round my head and made me hate earth less.

[11] For notes on this poem see [end of volume](#).

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### In the Old Age of the Soul

I do not choose to dream; there cometh on me  
Some strange old lust for deeds.  
As to the nerveless hand of some old warrior  
The sword-hilt or the war-worn wonted helmet  
Brings momentary life and long-fled cunning,  
So to my soul grown old—  
Grown old with many a jousting, many a foray,  
Grown old with many a hither-coming and hence-going—  
Till now they send him dreams and no more deed;  
So doth he flame again with might for action,  
Forgetful of the council of the elders,  
Forgetful that who rules doth no more battle,  
Forgetful that such might no more cleaves to him  
So doth he flame again toward valiant doing.

---

## Alba Belingalis

Phoebus shineth ere his splendour flieth  
Aurora drives faint light athwart the land  
And the drowsy watcher crieth,  
"ARISE."

*Ref*

O'er cliff and ocean the white dawn appeareth  
It passeth vigil and the shadows cleareth.

They be careless of the gates, delaying,  
Whom the ambush glides to hinder,  
Whom I warn and cry to, praying,  
"ARISE."

*Ref*

O'er cliff and ocean the white dawn appeareth  
It passeth vigil and the shadows cleareth.

Forth from out Arcturus, North Wind bloweth  
The stars of heaven sheathe their glory  
And sun-driven forth-goeth  
Settentrion.

*Ref.*

O'er sea mist, and mountain is the dawn display'd  
It passeth watch and maketh night afraid.

From a tenth-century MS.

---

## From Syria

The song of Peire Bremon "Lo Tort" that he made for his Lady in Provença: he being in Syria a crusader.

In April when I see all through  
Mead and garden new flowers blow,  
And streams with ice-bands broken flow,  
Eke hear the birds their singing do;  
When spring's grass-perfume floateth by  
Then 'tis sweet song and birdlet's cry  
Do make mine old joy come anew.

Such time was wont my thought of old  
To wander in the ways of love.  
Burnishing arms and clang thereof,  
And honour-services manifold  
Be now my need. Whoso combine  
Such works, love is his bread and wine,  
Wherefore should his fight the more be bold.

Song bear I, who tears should bring  
Sith ire of love mak'th me annoy,  
With song think I to make me joy.  
Yet ne'er have I heard said this thing:  
"He sings who sorrow's guise should wear."  
Natheless I will not despair  
That sometime I'll have cause to sing.

I should not to despair give way  
That some while I'll my lady see.  
I trust well He that lowered me  
Hath power again to make me gay.  
But if e'er I come to my Love's land  
And turn again to Syrian strand,  
God keep me there for a fool, alway!

God for a miracle well should  
Hold my coming from her away,  
And hold me in His grace alway  
That I left her, for holy-rood.  
An I lose her, no joy for me,  
Pardi, hath the wide world in fee.  
Nor could He mend it, if He would.

Well did she know sweet wiles to take  
My heart, when thence I took my way.  
'Thout sighing, pass I ne'er a day  
For that sweet semblance she did make  
To me, saying all in sorrow:  
"Sweet friend, and what of me to-morrow?"  
"Love mine, why wilt me so forsake?"

#### ENVOI

Beyond sea be thou sped, my song,  
And, by God, to my Lady say  
That in desirous, grief-filled way  
My nights and my days are full long.  
And command thou William the Long-Seer  
To tell thee to my Lady dear,  
That comfort be her thoughts among.

The only bit of Peire Bremon's work that has come down to us, and through its being printed with the songs of Giraut of Bornelh he is like to lose credit for even this.—E.P.

---

### From the Saddle

#### D'AUBIGNE TO DIANE

Wearied by wind and wave death goes  
With gin and snare right near alway  
Unto my sight. Behind me bay  
As hounds the tempests of my foes.  
Ever on ward against such woes,  
Pistols my pillow's service pay,  
Yet Love makes me the poet play.  
Thou know'st the rime demands repose,  
So if my line disclose distress,  
The soldier and my restlessness  
And teen, Pardon, dear Lady mine,  
For since mid war I bear love's pain  
'Tis meet my verse, as I, show sign  
Of powder, gun-match and sulphur stain.

---

### Marvoil

A poor clerk I, "Arnaut the less" they call me,  
And because I have small mind to sit  
Day long, long day cooped on a stool  
A-jumblin' o' figures for Maitre Jacques Polin,  
I ha' taken to rambling the South here.

The Vicomte of Beziers's not such a bad lot.  
I made rimes to his lady this three year:  
Vers and canzone, till that damn'd son of Aragon,  
Alfonso the half-bald, took to hanging  
*His* helmet at Beziers.  
Then came what might come, to wit: three men and one woman,  
Beziers off at Mont-Ausier, I and his lady  
Singing the stars in the turrets of Beziers,  
And one lean Aragonese cursing the seneschal  
To the end that you see, friends:

Aragon cursing in Aragon, Beziers busy at Beziers—

Bored to an inch of extinction,  
Tibors all tongue and temper at Mont-Ausier,  
Me! in this damn'd inn of Avignon,  
Stringing long verse for the Burlatz;  
All for one half-bald, knock-knee'd king of the Aragonese,  
Alfonso, Quatro, poke-nose.

And if when I am dead  
They take the trouble to tear out this wall here,  
They'll know more of Arnaut of Marvoil  
Than half his canzoni say of him.  
As for will and testament I leave none,  
Save this: "Vers and canzone to the Countess of Beziers  
In return for the first kiss she gave me."  
May her eyes and her cheek be fair  
To all men except the King of Aragon,  
And may I come speedily to Beziers  
Whither my desire and my dream have preceded me.  
O hole in the wall here! be thou my jongleur  
As ne'er had I other, and when the wind blows,  
Sing thou the grace of the Lady of Beziers,  
For even as thou art hollow before I fill thee with  
    this parchment,  
So is my heart hollow when she filleth not mine eyes,  
And so were my mind hollow, did she not fill utterly  
    my thought.

Wherefore, O hole in the wall here,  
When the wind blows sigh thou for my sorrow  
That I have not the Countess of Beziers  
Close in my arms here.  
Even as thou shalt soon have this parchment.

O hole in the wall here, be thou my jongleur,  
And though thou sighest my sorrow in the wind,  
Keep yet my secret in thy breast here;  
Even as I keep her image in my heart here.

*Mihi pergamena deest.*

---

## **Revolt**

### **Against the crepuscular spirit in modern poetry**

I would shake off the lethargy of this our time,  
    and give  
For shadows—shapes of power  
For dreams—men.

"It is better to dream than do"?  
    Aye! and, No!

Aye! if we dream great deeds, strong men,  
Hearts hot, thoughts mighty.

No! if we dream pale flowers,  
Slow-moving pageantry of hours that languidly  
Drop as o'er-ripened fruit from fallow trees.  
If so we live and die not life but dreams,  
Great God, grant life in dreams,  
Not dalliance, but life!

Let us be men that dream,  
Not cowards, dabblers, waiters  
For dead Time to reawaken and grant balm  
For ills unnamed.

Great God, if we be damn'd to be not men but only dreams,  
Then let us be such dreams the world shall tremble at  
And know we be its rulers though but dreams!  
Then let us be such shadows as the world shall tremble at

And know we be its masters though but shadow!

Great God, if men are grown but pale sick phantoms  
That must live only in these mists and tempered lights  
And tremble for dim hours that knock o'er loud  
Or tread too violent in passing them;

Great God, if these thy sons are grown such thin ephemera,  
I bid thee grapple chaos and beget  
Some new titanic spawn to pile the hills and stir  
This earth again.

---

### **And Thus in Nineveh**

"Aye! I am a poet and upon my tomb  
Shall maidens scatter rose leaves  
And men myrtles, ere the night  
Slays day with her dark sword.

"Lo! this thing is not mine  
Nor thine to hinder,  
For the custom is full old,  
And here in Nineveh have I beheld  
Many a singer pass and take his place  
In those dim halls where no man troubleth  
His sleep or song.  
And many a one hath sung his songs

More craftily, more subtle-souled than I;  
And many a one now doth surpass  
My wave-worn beauty with his wind of flowers,  
Yet am I poet, and upon my tomb  
Shall all men scatter rose leaves  
Ere the night slay light  
With her blue sword.

"It is not, Raama, that my song rings highest  
Or more sweet in tone than any, but that I  
Am here a Poet, that doth drink of life  
As lesser men drink wine."

---

### **The White Stag**

I ha' seen them mid the clouds on the heather.  
Lo! they pause not for love nor for sorrow,  
Yet their eyes are as the eyes of a maid to her lover,  
When the white hart breaks his cover  
And the white wind breaks the morn.

*" 'Tis the white stagy Fame, we're a-hunting,  
Bid the world's hounds come to horn!"*

---

### **Piccadilly**

*Beautiful, tragical faces,  
Ye that were whole, and are so sunken;  
And, O ye vile, ye that might have been loved,  
That are so sodden and drunken,  
Who hath forgotten you?*

*O wistful, fragile faces, few out of many!*

*The gross, the coarse, the brazen,  
God knows I cannot pity them, perhaps, as I should do,  
But, oh, ye delicate, wistful faces,  
Who hath forgotten you?*

## NOTES

### NOTE PRECEDENT TO "LA FRAISNE"

"When the soul is exhausted of fire, then doth the spirit return unto its primal nature and there is upon it a peace great and of the woodland

*"magna pax et silvestris."*

Then becometh it kin to the faun and the dryad, a woodland-dweller amid the rocks and streams

*"consociis faunis dryadisque inter saxa sylvarum."*

Janus of Basel.<sup>[1]</sup>

Also has Mr. Yeats in his "Celtic Twilight" treated of such, and I because in such a mood, feeling myself divided between myself corporal and a self aetherial "a dweller by streams and in woodland," eternal because simple in elements

*"Aeternus quia simplex naturae."*

Being freed of the weight of a soul "capable of salvation or damnation," a grievous striving thing that after much straining was mercifully taken from me; as had one passed saying as one in the Book of the Dead,

"I, lo I, am the assembler of souls," and had taken it with him leaving me thus *simplex naturae*, even so at peace and transsient as a wood pool I made it.

The Legend thus: "Miraut de Garzelas, after the pains he bore a-loving Riels of Calidorn and that to none avail, ran mad in the forest.

"Yea even as Peire Vidal ran as a wolf for her of Penautier though some say that twas folly or as Garulf Bisclavret so ran truly, till the King brought him respite (See 'Lais' Marie de France), so was he ever by the Ash Tree."

Hear ye his speaking: (low, slowly he speaketh it, as one drawn apart, reflecting) (égaré).

- [1] Referendum for contrast. "Daemonalitas" of the Rev. Father Sinistrari of Ameno (1600 circ.) "A treatise wherein is shown that there are in existence on earth rational creatures besides man, endowed like him with a body and soul, that are born and die like him, redeemed by our Lord Jesus Christ, and capable of receiving salvation or damnation." Latin and English text, pub. Liseux, Paris, 1879.

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### NOTES ON NEW POEMS

#### VISION OF ITALY.

1. "*che lo glorifico*." In the Piazza dei Signori, you will find an inscription which translates thus:

"It is here Can Grande della Scala gave welcome to Dante Alighieri, the *same which glorified him*, dedicating to him that third his song eternal."

"C.G. vi accolse D.A. che lo  
glorifico dedicandogli la terza,  
delle eterne sue cantiche."

2. Ref. Richard of St. Victor. "On the preparation of the soul for contemplation," where he distinguishes between cogitation, meditation, and contemplation.

In cogitation the thought or attention flits aimlessly about the subject.

In meditation it circles round it, that is, it views it systematically, from all sides, gaining perspective.

In contemplation it radiates from a centre, that is, as light from the sun it reaches out in an infinite number of ways to things that are related to or dependent on it.

The words above are my own, as I have not the Benjamin Minor by me.

Following St. Victor's figure of radiation: Poetry in its acme is expression from contemplation.

3. San Pietro Incarnato. There are several rows of houses intervening between it and the river.

#### ALBA BELINGALIS

MS. in Latin, with refrain,

"L alba par umet mar atras el poy  
Pas abigil miraclar Tenebris."

It was and may still be the oldest fragment of Provençal known.

MARVOIL

The Personae are:

Arnaut of Marvoil, a troubadour, date 1170-1200.

The Countess (in her own right) of Burlatz, and of Beziers, being the wife of

The Vicomte of Beziers.

Alfonso IV of Aragon.

Tibors of Mont-Ausier. For fuller mention of her see the "razos" on Bertran of Born. She is contemporary with the other persons, but I have no strict warrant for dragging her name into this particular affair.

Marco Londonio's Italian version of "Nel Biancheggjar":

Nel biancheggjar di delicata rosa  
Risplendono i colori  
D' occidentali fiori  
Prima che l'alba, in esultanza ascosa

Voglia bacciarli. Ed aleggiar io sento  
Qual su dolce liuto  
Nel lor linguaggio muto  
Fiorir di gioia e tocco di tormento

Cosi un' arcano senso di languore,  
Le sue sognanti dita  
Fanno scordar la vita  
Spirando in verso tutto pien d'amore....

Senza morir: chè sanno i suoni alati,  
Vedendo il nostro stato,  
Ch' è dal dolor turbato,  
Di lasciarci, morendo, desolati.

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