

**CANZONI OF
EZRA POUND**

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Canzoni of Ezra Pound by Ezra Pound & James David Hart

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EZRA POUND & JAMES DAVID HART

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EZRA POUND**

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OF
EZRA POUND



LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET
MCMXI

1911

TO
OLIVIA AND DOROTHY SHAKESPEAR

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CANZONI

Canzon: The Yearly Slain

(WRITTEN IN REPLY TO MANNING'S "KORÈ.")

"Et huiusmodi stantiae usus est fere in omnibus canticionibus suis Arnaldus Danielis et nos eum seculi sumus."

DANTE, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, II. 10.

I

AH! red-leafed time hath driven out the rose
And crimson dew is fallen on the leaf
Ere ever yet the cold white wheat be sown
That hideth all earth's green and sere and red;
The Moon-flower's fallen and the branch is bare,
Holding no honey for the starry bees;
The Maiden turns to her dark lord's demesne.

II

Fairer than Enna's field when Ceres sows
The stars of hyacinth and puts off grief,
Fairer than petals on May morning blown
Through apple-orchards where the sun hath shed
His brighter petals down to make them fair;
Fairer than these the Poppy-crowned One flees,
And Joy goes weeping in her scarlet train.

I

B

III

The faint damp wind that, ere the even, blows
 Piling the west with many a tawny sheaf,
 Then when the last glad wavering hours are mown
 Sigheth and dies because the day is sped ;
 This wind is like her and the listless air
 Wherewith she goeth by beneath the trees,
 The trees that mock her with their scarlet stain.

IV

Love that is born of Time and comes and goes !
 Love that doth hold all noble hearts in fief !
 As red leaves follow where the wind hath flown,
 So all men follow Love when Love is dead.
 O Fate of Wind ! O Wind that cannot spare,
 But drivest out the Maid, and pourest lees
 Of all thy crimson on the wold again,

V

Korè my heart is, let it stand sans gloze !
 Love's pain is long, and lo, love's joy is brief !
 My heart erst alway sweet is bitter grown ;
 As crimson ruleth in the good green's stead,
 So grief hath taken all mine old joy's share
 And driven forth my solace and all ease
 Where pleasure bows to all-usurping pain.

VI

Crimson the hearth where one last ember glows !
 My heart's new winter hath no such relief,
 Nor thought of Spring whose blossom he hath known
 Hath turned him back where Spring is banishèd.
 Barren the heart and dead the fires there,