

Ezra Pound Papers
YCAL MSS 43
Box 80, folder 3549

Series IV. Manuscripts

Cavalcanti, Guido
Sonnets: autograph ms. / [1910]

Sonnet V.

Lady, my most noble eyes, the first who used
To look upon thy face, the power-fraught,
Were, lady, those by whom I was accused
In that harsh place where Amors' ^{holders' courts} rights are wrought.
And there before him was their proof adduced,
And judgment wrote me down
"Bonds ~~on~~ ^{to} thee"
Tho' still I stay grief's prisoner unloosed,
And fear holds lien upon the heart o' me.
For the which charges, & without respite
They dragged me to a place where
of such as love, & whom love
Tortureth
cried out all pitying, as I met their
right.
"How art thou servent unto such
a lord
Thou'lt have none, ^{other} one save only
Death."

who is she coming ~~into~~ ~~drawings~~ ^{drawing} all
men's eyes

And makes the air one trembling
whisper clarity

Till none can speak, but each
sighs piteously

When she leads down
her trodden ways.

Oh god, she says she's like when
her glance strays.

Let Adam tell, & is no fit speech
for me.

mistress he seems
+ seems
yet he is one of such great modesty

That every other woman were
named "wrath" ~~contaminated~~

~~That what a name each she
dare oblige!~~

No one ever
knew, or could never tell the charm she hath.

~~For all the noble powers~~

Heard her do all the noble powers
(indeed)

That is the being beauty's godhead manifest.

Our daring men before held such high quest.

But you! there is not in you ^{so} ~~such~~ grace ^{so fine}

That we can understand her rightly.

X

Alas my spirits that ye come to find me
So painful poor, my-laid in wet clothes,
Cryd send no one ~~advised~~
yet with ~~deft~~ distress

~~But I am~~ Full of my misery, to say
what wrong bid me

Alas, yes see how sore my head is
wounded
by glass, by fair delight, by ^{my} ^{low}
weakness.

For, now I pray ~~at~~ ye. Now
ye will ^{his} ^{my} weakness,

Seem him power droffen,

And now a spirit that is noble & hard
appeared to that heart with no great valiance

Not all ~~his virtues~~
No heads, virtues, ~~as less~~
turn in sudden flight.

For, now I pray you, that speak aright.
To my soul sad, which saith, of amon dalliance
Thus was I & shall be ~~as~~ ^{as} ^{long} ^{as} ^{nam} ^{may} ^{it}.

XI

If mercy were the friend of my desires,
 Or mercy's source of movement were the heart,
 Then ~~but~~ ^{by} this fair word, ^{my} show such ~~part~~ ^{part}
 and power of healing, as my pain requires,
 From torturing delight my sighs commence,
 Born of the mind where love is situate,
 go errand forth, to reach some quiet vale,
 to find out one to give them audience.

My word returns to it yet in galliard mode,
 So all my harsh tears & my deep bitterness
 were turned to exultation & to joy,
 Wait not unto the ~~heart~~ ^{head} such annoy
 And to the mournful soul such rank distress.
 That none doth design salute
 I am on the road.