

To Isabel Konody

If poets whom you know are not all fools
 Methinks my songs but march amid
 the rout.
 Unless ice burns + burning fire cools
 No bard could look on you + not speak out.
 It can not be that I would praise
 the making of the songs that give you praise
 On that such fools as are your dearest
 Have just one bathos through the
 foison days.

~~These~~
 Let me take my place amid the
 pack,
 If I so pack my songs with
 your rare worth
 there were no quality they then should
 But they were bettered by that
 happy death.

Thus all my days were coin'd of
 richest pleasure,
 And no ~~black~~ dark thought should
 soil my sunny leisure.

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Autograph letter initialled to Mrs Isabel Konody, letter undated, envelope dated April 21 [19]09, "I can't find an old poem fit to gratify your modest ambition so I have made a new one which I hope you will grace with acceptance. I have made it an Elizabethan Sonnet because in that form alone is the thought governed with sufficient elegance of confection to be in fitting harmony with Mrs Konody whose abject slave I Subscribe my self herewith, E.P."; 2pp.; and Autograph poem, starting "If poets whom you know are not all fools, Methinks my songs but march amid the rout", 14 lines, one page; and envelope addressed to Mrs Konody, 20 Hampton Court, High Street, Kensington