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Author(s): L. E. Kastner

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THOMAS LODGE AS AN IMITATOR OF THE ITALIAN POETS.

THE extent of Lodge's indebtedness to the French poets of the sixteenth century, notably to Ronsard and Desportes, has already been pointed out—to a certain degree by Mr A. H. Bullen in the Introduction (pp. vii—xv) to his *Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances* (1890), and more particularly by Mr Sidney Lee in the Introduction (pp. lxiv ff.) to *Elizabethan Sonnets* (1904), and lastly, by myself in the *Athenaeum*, No. 4017 (October 22, 1904). In the present note, I propose to show that Lodge did not confine his attention to the French poets, but was almost as fond of making raids on Italian as on French ground. I will take the sonnet-cycle *Phillis*, on which Lodge's fame as a poet has hitherto mainly rested, to exemplify my contention, hoping some day to show that the romances also were inspired in part by Italian models.

To begin with, sonnet xvii of *Phillis* ('Ah fleeting weale, ah slie deluding sleepe') is a close rendering of Sannazaro's 'Ahi letizia fugace, ahi sonno lieve,' as will be seen at once by placing the two *en regard*:

Ah fleeting weale, ah slie deluding
sleepe,
That in one moment giuest me ioye and
paine:
How doe my hopes dissolue to teares in
vaine?
As wount the Snowes, fore angrie sunne
to weepe?
Ah noysome life that hath no weale
in keepe,
My forward grieffe hath forme and
working might,
My pleasures like the shaddowes take
their flight:

Ahi letizia fugace, ahi sonno lieve,
Che mi dai gioja e pena in un mo-
mento:
Come le mie speranze hai sparte al
vento,
E fatto ogni mia gloria al sol di neve?
Lasso, il mio viver sia nojoso e greve;
Sì profondo dolor nell' alma sento,
Ch'al mondo or non sarebbe uom sì
contento,
Se non fosse il mio ben stato sì breve.
Felice Endimion, che la sua Diva
Sognando sì gran tempo in braccio
tenne;

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<p>My pathe to blisse is tedious long and steepe. Twise happie thou Endemion that embracest, The liue-long night thy loue within thine armes; Where thou fond dreame my longed weale defacest, Whilest fleeting and vncertaine shaddes thou placest Before my eies with false deluding charmes. Ah instant sweetes which do my heart reuieue, How should I ioy if you were true aliue?</p>	<p>E più, se al destar poi non gli fu schiva. Che se d'un' ombra incerta e fuggitiva Tal dolcezza in un punto al cor mi venne; Qual sarebbe ora averla vera e viva?</p>
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As Lodge copied a good many of his sonnets from Desportes, himself an inveterate plagiarist from the Italians, it might be supposed that Lodge's immediate source was Desportes and not Sannazaro. In the present case, however, there can be no doubt, as the sonnet of Sannazaro quoted above is not one of those appropriated by Desportes from the author of the *Arcadia*¹.

Sonnet xxvi of *Phillis* ('Ile teach thee lovely Phillis, what loue is') is obviously an adaptation of Bembo's famous *Capitolo*: 'Amor e Donne care un vano e fello,' so frequently copied in the sixteenth century, while No. xxv ('I wage the combat with two mightie foes') is clearly suggested by Petrarch's 'Due gran nemiche insieme erano aggiunte.'

Several of the *Phillis* sonnets are filched from the *Rime volgari* of Lodovico Paschale, published at Venice in 1549. This rather obscure Venetian appears to have been a favourite of Lodge, who incorporated—with acknowledgements this time—one of his sonnets in *A Margarite of America* (1596). Mr Sidney Lee (*op. cit.*, p. lxxiii) has already supposed that some of the sonnets to *Phillis* come from that source, but as he gives no instances and the *Rime* of Paschale are extremely rare, I have thought it worth while to prove that three at least of Lodge's sonnets are drawn from the Italian poet.

In the first case (*Phillis*, No. II), the translation is fairly literal, in spite of a few changes in the proper names:

¹ On Desportes' plagiarisms from the Italian poets cf. Francesco Flaminio, *Studi di storia letteraria italiana e straniera*, Livorno, 1895, pp. 347—379, 433—439, who most appropriately describes Desportes as 'un poeta italiano camuffato alla francese.'

You sacred Sea-nymphes pleasantly
disporting,
Amidst this wat'ry world, where now
I saile:

If euer loue, or louers sad reporting,
Had power sweet teares from your faire
eyes to haile:

And you more gentle-hearted then the
rest,
Vnder the Northren Noon-stede sweetly
streaming:

Lend those moyst riches of your christall
crest,

To quench the flames from my hearts
Ætna steaming.

And thou kinde Triton in thy trumpet
relish,

The ruthfull accents of my discontent:
That midst this treauell desolate and
hellish,

Some gentle winde that listens my
lament

May prattle in the north in Phillis
eares,

Where Phillis wants Damon consumes
in teares.

Ninfe del' mar che con soave errore
Solcate l'onda placida e tranquilla
Se mai d'amor sentiste in voi favilla
Pietà vi mova il mio crudel dolore,
Et voi c'havete più benigno il core
Vaga Arethusa e gratiosa Scilla
Del' vostro humor spargete qualche
stilla

Ne'l vivo incendio del' mio fiero ardore,
Et tu Triton nella tua cava tromba
Queste parole con tal forza inspira
Che la mia donna intenda l'alto grido,
Il tuo, fidel; là dove il mar ribomba
E'l vento frema e non si scerne il lido
Di se non cura, e sol per te sospira.

In the second case (*Phyllis*, No. VI) Lodge's rendering follows the Italian model more closely:

It is not death which wretched men
call dying,
But that is very death which I endure:
When my coy looking Nymph (hir grace
enuying,) By fatall frownes my damage doth
procure.

It is not life which we for life ap-
proue,
But that is life when on hir woul-soft
pappes,
I seale sweet kisses, which do batten
loue:
And doubling them do treble my good
happes.

Tis neither loue the sonne, nor loue
the mother,
Which louers praise and pray to; but
that loue is,
Which she in eye and I in heart do
smother,

Then muse not tho I glory in my misse.
Since she who holdes my heart, and me
in durance,
Hath life, death, loue and all in hir
procureance.

Morte non è quel che morir s'appella
Ma quella è vera morte ch'io supporto
Quando Madonna di pietà rubella
A me rivolge il guardo acerbo e torto,
Il viver non è vita, vita è quella
Ch'io provo, se talhor, per mio conforto
La Donna mia ch'è più d'ogn' altra
bella,
Mi sia cortese d'un bel guardo accorto,
Amor non è quel ch'è d'amanti Duce
Amor è quel che da begl' occhi viene
Che m'han acceso il cor con la sua luce,
S'io dunque godo, in stracci affanni, e
pene
Maraviglia non è, ch'à ciò m'induce
Chi Morte, Vita, Amor, ne gl'occhi
tiene.

In the last case (*Phyllis*, No. XVIII), the English poet is still more literal:

As where two raging venomes are
vnited,
(Which of themselues disseuered life
would seuer;)

The sickly wretch of sicknesse is
acquited,
Which else should die, or pine in torments
euer,

So fire, and frost, that holde my heart
in seasure,

Restore those ruines which themselues
haue wrought,

Where if a part they both had had their
pleasure,

The earth long since, hir fatall claime
had cought.

Thus two vnited deathes, keepe me
from dying,

I burne in Ice, and quake amidst the fire:
No hope midst these exteames or fauour
spyinge,

Thus loue makes me a Martir in his yre.

So that both colde and heate do rather
feed,

My ceaslesse paines, then any comfort
breede.

Qual duo Veneni uniti l'huom tal' ora
Soglion d'affanno trar, è di tormento,
Che se fusser disgiunti in un momento
Ogn' un di lor cagion di morte fora,
Tal, se mi strugge il foco; mi ristora
Quel freddo ghiaccio che ne'l petto
sento,

Ch'ognun per se m'havria di vita spento
Ma fan due morti unite ch'io non mora,
Ardo ne'l ghiaccio e tremo in mezzo
'l foco

Tra duo contrarij mi tormenta Amore
Ne veder posso il fin di questo gioco,
Ne se ne'l ghiaccio son a tutte l'hore,
Ne s'ardo puo schemarsi molto o poco
Anzi più cresce ogn' hor il mio dolore.

Another favourite Italian poet of Lodge's was Lodovico Dolce, more famous in his day as a playwright and commentator than as a lyric poet. Lodge borrowed from him for his *Margarite* several sonnets and one lyric piece (a sestina, probably the earliest in English literature) which he describes as 'written in imitation of Dolce, the Italian poet.' Thus it might be supposed that Lodge utilized Dolce as well as Paschale. An examination of those of his sonnets (some four score) which I have come across in the various Italian anthologies of the sixteenth century, has not confirmed that supposition, however, but as I was unable to lay my hands on the collected *Rime* of Dolce in any of the English libraries I consulted, it will be as well not to be too affirmative. Vincenzo Martelli, who is also quoted by Lodge in *A Margarite of America*, did not contribute the matter for any of the sonnets to *Phyllis*, but a far greater poet than any of these, namely Lodovico Ariosto, served as the model for as many as five of the sonnets to *Phyllis*. Leaving aside No. XXI ('Ye heraultes of my heart, mine ardent groanes'), already identified, I will content myself with printing the four following sonnets of Lodge, together with their originals in Ariosto. This course, better than any words, I venture to think, will enable the reader to appreciate the close dependence of Lodge on the author of *Orlando Furioso*:

Phillis, xx.

Some praise the lookes, and others
 praise the lockes,
 Of their faire Queenes, in loue with
 curious wordes:
 Some laud the breast where loue his
 treasure locks,
 All like the eie that life and loue
 affordes.

But none of these fraile beauties and
 vnstable
 Shall make my pen ryot in pompous
 stile:
 More greater giftes shall my graue muse
 enable,
 Whereat seuerer browes shall neuer
 smile.

I praise hir honny-sweeter eloquence,
 Which from the fountaine of true wisdom
 floweth:
 Hir modest meane that matcheth
 exelence,
 Hir matchlesse faith which from hir
 vertue groweth:
 And could my stile hir happie vertues
 equale,
 Time had no power hir glories to
 enthrall.

Phillis, xxii.

Faire art thou Phillis, I so faire (sweet
 mayd)
 As nor the sunne, nor I haue seene
 more faire,
 For in thy cheekes sweet roses are
 embayde,
 And golde more pure than gold doth
 guilde thy haire.

Sweet Bees haue hie'd their hony on
 thy tongue,
 And Hebe spic't hir Nectar with thy
 breath:
 About thy necke do all the graces
 thronge,
 And lay such baites as might entangle
 death.

In such a breast what heart would not
 be thrall?
 From such sweet armes who would not
 wish embraces?
 At thy faire handes who wonders not
 at all,
 Wounder it selfe through ignorance
 embases?
 Yet naithesle the wonderful giftes
 you call these,
 My faith is farre more wonderfull than
 all these.

Sonetto xv.

Altri loderà il viso, altri le chiome
 Della sua donna, altri l'avorio bianco,
 Onde formò Natura il petto e'l fianco,
 Altri darà a' begli occhi eterno nome.
 Me non bellezza corruttibil, come
 Un ingegnodivino, ha mosso unquanco;
 Un animo così libero e franco,
 Come non senta le corporee some;
 Una chiara eloquenza che deriva
 Da un fonte di sapere; una onestade
 Di cortesi atti, e leggiadria non schiva.
 Chè s'in me fosse l'arte alla bontade
 Della materia ugal, ne farei viva
 Statua che dureria più d'una etade.

Sonetto xxv.

Madonna, sete bella, e bella tanto,
 Ch'io non veggio di voi cosa più bella;
 Miri la fronte, o l'una e l'altra stella,
 Che mi scorgon la via col lume santo:
 Miri la bocca, a cui sola do vanto,
 Che dolce ha il riso e dolce ha la favella;
 E l'aureo crine, onde Amor fece quella
 Rete che mi fu tesa d'ogni canto:
 O di terso alabastro il collo e'l seno,
 O braccio o mano: e quanto finalmente
 Di voi si mira, e quanto se ne crede:
 Tutto è mirabil certo: nondimeno
 Non starò ch'io non dica arditamente,
 Che più mirabil molto è la mia fede.

Phillis, xxvii.

Faire eyes whilest fearefull I your faire
admire,
By vnexpressed sweetnes that I gaine,
My memory of sorrow doth expire,
And faulcon like I tower ioyes heauens
amaïne :

But when yoursonnes in Oceans of their
glory,
Shut vppe their day-bright shine, I dye
for thought :

So passe my ioyes as doth a new plaid
storie,
And one poore sigh breaths all delight
to nought.

So to my selfe I liue not, but for you,
For you I liue, and you I loue, but none
else :

Oh then faire eyes whose light I liue to
viewe,

Or poore forlorne despis'd to liue alone
els,

Looke sweete since from the pith of
contemplation,

Loue gathereth life, and liuing, breed-
eth passion.

Phillis, xxviii.

Not causelesse were you christned
(gentle flowers)
The one of faith, the other fancies pride,
For she who guides both faith and fancies
power,

In your faire coloures wrapes hir luory
side :

As one of you hath whitenes without
staine,

So spotlesse is my loue and neuer
tainted :

And as the other shadoweth faith
again,

Such is my lasse, with no fond chaunge
acquainted :

And as nor tirant sonne nor winter
weather,

May euer chaunge sweet Amaranthus
hew :

So she tho loue and fortune ioyne
together,

Will neuer leaue to bee both faire and
true :

And should I leaue thee then thou
prettie elfe ?

Nay first let Damon quite forget him-
selfe.

Sonetto xvii.

Occhi miei belli, mentre ch'io vi miro,
Per dolcezza ineffabil ch'io ne sento,
Vola, come falcon ch'ha seco il vento,
La memoria da me d'ogni martiro :

E tosto che da voi le luci giro,
Amaricato resto in tal tormento,
Che s'ebbi mai piacer, non lo ram-
mento ;

Ne va il ricordo col primier sospiro.

Non sarei di vedervi già sì vago,
S'io sentissi giovar, come la vista,
L'aver di voi nel cor sempre l'immago.

Invidia è ben, se'l guardar mio v'at-
trista ;

E tanto più che quell' ond'io m'appago,
Nulla a voi perde, ed a me tanto
acquista.

Sonetto vi.

Non senza causa il giglio e l'amaranto,
L'uno di fede, e l'altro fior d'amore,
Del bel leggiadro lor vago colore,
Vergine illustre, v'orna il vostro manto.

Candido e puro l'un mostra altrettanto
In voi candore e purità di core ;

All' animo sublime l'altro fiore
Di costanza real dà il pregio e il vanto.

Com' egli al sole e al verno, fuor d'usanza
D'ogni altro germe, ancor che forza il
sciolga

Dal natio umor, sempre vermiglio
resta :

Così vostr' alta intezione onesta,
Perchè Fortuna la sua ruota volga

Come a lei par, non può mutar sem-
bianza.

If we add the above cases of plagiarism from the Italian poets to the numerous loans that Lodge has levied on Ronsard and Desportes, we come to the conclusion that of the thirty-eight poems of sonnet character contained in *Phyllis*, twenty-four are filched from foreign sources, so that—leaving the few miscellaneous pieces and the annexed dreary and obscure *Complaint of Elstred* out of account—*Phyllis* is little more than an exercise in translation from the French and the Italian, and one of the most impudent cases of literary ‘larceny,’ to use Puttenham’s term, in the history of literature. In all probability time will disclose the source of the remaining fourteen sonnets.

L. E. KASTNER.