The Scottish Sonneteers and the French Poets

Author(s): L. E. Kastner

Source: *The Modern Language Review*, Vol. 3, No. 1 (Oct., 1907), pp. 1-15

Published by: [Modern Humanities Research Association](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/3712882>

Accessed: 28/06/2014 17:40

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at
<http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Modern Humanities Research Association is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *The Modern Language Review*.

<http://www.jstor.org>

THE SCOTTISH SONNETEERS AND THE
FRENCH POETS.

I PROPOSE, in the following article, to show that the Scottish Sonneteers of the beginning of the seventeenth century, more particularly William Drummond of Hawthornden, were largely indebted to the French poets of the second half of the sixteenth century. In his excellent edition of the *Poems* of Drummond (1894) W. C. Ward has proved that the Scottish poet had levied heavy loans on the Italian poets—more particularly Marino. His ‘Notes’ contain more than fifty poems or fragments of poems by Petrarch, Tasso, Guarini and Marino, which Drummond borrowed more or less directly. Long before Ward proved his case, it had been generally admitted that Drummond owed a good deal to the Italian poets, though very few instances had actually been quoted. No one, I believe, has so far traced the influence of French poetry on Drummond, and yet the result of the present investigation, I venture to think, demonstrates clearly that it was almost as considerable as that exercised by the Italian poets, with this difference that it was exclusively confined, apparently, to one poet, namely Phillippe Desportes, the author of *Diane* and other sonnet-collections, and himself an inveterate plagiarist from the Italians and from the Spanish poet Montemayor. It is well known, now, what a large number of sonnets contained in the Elizabethan sonnet-cycles were filched from the author of *Diane*. The infatuation of contemporary English poets—to whom must now be added Drummond—for the conceits and hyperboles of this purely court poet is really remarkable, and not a little difficult to explain. One would naturally expect them to go to Ronsard and Du Bellay for their models rather than to the Abbé de Tiron. It is true that the chief of the Pléiade and his lieutenant were not neglected, but they never enjoyed a tithe of Desportes’ popularity. The fact remains, and is not a very flattering testimony to the taste of the poets concerned. Once it had been established that Drummond was largely indebted to the Italian poets, it was not unreasonable, in view especially

of certain particulars in his biography, to conclude that he had also borrowed from the French poets. We know that he sojourned for two or three years in France as a student of civil law, and that during his stay there he devoted more of his time to the study of French authors than to that of jurisprudence. In the lists of books read, which Drummond was wont to draw up, we notice, for the years 1607–9, the names of Rabelais, Ronsard, Du Bartas, Pontus de Tyard and of a few others, to mention only the French authors. And a glance at the catalogue of his complete library, which he bestowed upon his Alma Mater the University of Edinburgh, in 1627, reveals the interesting fact that out of a total of some 550 books and manuscripts, about 120 are written in the French language. These details show plainly that Drummond's reading in French was wide and varied, and that he must have had an excellent knowledge of the language and literature of France.

Although Drummond was steeped in the poetry of foreign models, it is necessary and only fair to point out that he rarely descends to plagiarisms in the strict sense of the word; he never copies in a servile manner, with the original at his side, as did Lodge or Daniel. He is rather a skilful adapter than a translator, and so dexterous and ingenious is the adaptation, in most cases, that it is no easy matter to trace it back to its first source. Drummond read his models carefully, assimilated them and then refashioned the substance according to his own mould. This is more especially noticeable in his adaptations from Desportes. Perhaps Drummond, who was a Scotchman and therefore 'canny' by nature, thought that this precaution was particularly advisable in the case of Desportes, whose 'poetical writings,' as Lodge informs us, rather naïvely in his *Margarite of America*, were 'ordinarily in every man's hands.' Be this as it may, his adaptations of the French poet's sonnets are invariably superior to the original, in their more glowing and sumptuous imagery, and in a more skilful staging of the incidents leading up to the culminating thought. The Scottish poet also displays, in his 'spiritual' pieces, a depth of philosophic thought which, absent in his French model, constitutes the most striking characteristic of his verse.

Before passing on to consider Drummond's relation to Desportes, I may be permitted to add a few further cases of borrowing from the Italians to those already instanced by Ward. In the *Poems*, Sonnet iv ('Fair is my yoke, though grievous be my pains') is obviously merely a variation of Petrarch's well-known 'Amor mi sprona in un tempo ed affrena.' Sonnet xv ('To hear my complaints, fair river crystalline') is a

loose adaptation of Sannazaro's 'Ecco ch' un' altra volta, o piagge apriche.' The same is true of No. XVI, which is here quoted with the Italian in parallel column, to shew how ingeniously Drummond frequently handles his foreign material:

Sweet brook, in whose clear crystal I mine eyes	Cari scogli, dilette e fide arene,
Have oft seen great in labour of their tears;	Che i miei duri lamenti udir solete;
Enamell'd bank, whose shining gravel bears	Antri, che notte e dì mi rispondete,
These sad characters of my miseries; High woods, whose mounting tops menace the spheres;	Quando de l' arder mio pietà vi viene: Folti boschetti, dolci valli amene,
Wild citizens, Amphions of the trees, You gloomy groves at hottest noons which freeze,	Fresche erbe, lieti fiori, ombre segrete; Strade, sol per mio ben riposte e quete,
Elysian shades, which Phœbus never clears;	D' amorosi sospir' già calde e piene: O solitari colli, o verde riva,
Vast solitary mountains, pleasant plains, Embroid' red meads that ocean-ways you reach;	Stanchi pur di veder gli affanni miei,
Hills, dales, springs, all that my sad cry constrains	Quando fia mai che riposato io viva?
To take part of my plaints, and learn woe's speech,	O per tal grazia un dì veggia colei
Will that remorseless fair e'er pity show?	Di cui vuol sempre Amor ch' io parli e scriva,
Of grace now answer if ye ought know. No.	Fermarsi al pianger mio quant' io vorrei?

Sonnet LII ('Fame, who with golden pens abroad dost range') is modelled on the first stanza of a canzone of Tasso of which the opening line is 'Fama, che i nomi gloriosi intorno.' In the spiritual poems the sonnet *For the Passion* ('If that the world doth in a maze remain'), in which Christ is likened to a pelican, was apparently suggested by the poem of Tasso in blank verse on the same subject. Lastly in the *Posthumous Poems*, there figures an Italian sonnet ('O chioime, parte de la treccia d' oro') entitled by Drummond 'Sonnet qu'un Poet Italien fit pour un bracelet de cheveux, qui luy avoit esté donné par sa Maistresse,' to which are appended three different translations by Drummond himself. Ward did not succeed in identifying the author of this Italian sonnet. After a good deal of search, I discovered that it was one of Tebaldeo's (*Opera d' Amore di Messer Antonio Tebaldeo*, Venezia, 1550, No. 106). These three translations of Tebaldeo's sonnet, especially the one bearing the superscription 'Paraphrastically Translated,' are most instructive; they shew how the Scottish poet could handle the foreign matter, knead and mould it, till it bore quite a different aspect and was well nigh unrecognisable.

We will now proceed to consider Drummond's dependence on Desportes. To start with the *Poems*, Sonnet XI ('Lamp of heaven's crystal hall that brings the hours') is manifestly suggested by the fourth sonnet of *Cleonice*, one of Desportes' various sonnet-collections ('D'une douleur poignante ayant l'ame blessée'). In writing Sonnet XIII ('O sacred blush, impurpling cheeks' pure skies') Drummond seems to have had in mind Desportes' 'Beaux nœux crespes et blonds nonchalamment épars' (*Œuvres*, ed. Michiels, p. 105). In Sonnet XX the Scottish poet paraphrases Sonnet XXXIII of the First Book of *Diane* (*Œuvres*, p. 26). Though the resemblance in particulars is slight, the substance is evidently borrowed:

All other beauties, howsoe'er they shine	Si tost qu'au plus matin ma Diane s'éveille
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,	(O Dieux! jugez mon heur!), je suis à son lever,
Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,	Et voy tout le plus beau qui se puisse trouver
Or hands like hers who comes the sun before;	Depuis les Indiens jusqu'où Phœbus sommeille.
Match'd with that heavenly hue, and shape divine,	Ce n'est rien que le teint de l'Aurore vermeille,
With those dear stars which my weak thoughts adore,	Ce n'est rien que de voir, aux longues nuicts d'hiver,
Look but like shadows, or if they be more,	Parmy le firmament mille feux arriver,
It is in that, that they are like to thine.	Et n'est vray que le ciel cache plus de merveille.
Who sees those eyes, their force and doth not prove,	Je la vois quelquefois, s'elle se veut mirer,
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,	Esperdûe, estonnée, et long-tans de- meurer
And finds not Venus' son intrench'd therein,	Admirant ses beautez, dont mesme elle est ravie:
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love.	Et cependant (chestif!) immobile et poureux,
To see thee had Narcissus had the grace,	Je pense au beau Narcis de soy-mesme amoureux,
He sure had died with wond'ring on thy face.	Craignant qu'un sort pareil mette fin à sa vie.

Sonnet XXIV, except for the concluding lines in which the motive is changed, is also an adaptation, this time from one of the religious compositions of Desportes (*Œuvres*, p. 509):

In mind's pure glass when I myself behold,	Quand, miroir de moy-mesme, en moy je me regarde,
And vively see how my best days are spent,	Je voy comme le tans m'est sans fruit escoulé,
What clouds of care above my head are roll'd,	Tandis que, de jeunesse et d'amour affolé,
What coming harms which I can not prevent:	Ce monde en ses destours m'amuse et me retarde.

My begun course I, wearied, do repent,	La beauté de mes ans, comme un songe fuyarde,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told;	Me laisse en s'envolant le poil entre- meslé,
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controll'd	Le teint palle et flestri, le cœur triste et gelé,
All the best reasons reason could in- vent, etc.	Qui pour tous beaux pensers la repen- tance garde, etc.

Another of the religious sonnets of Desportes (*Œuvres*, p. 507) is paraphrased in Sonnet xxxii of the *Poems*:

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,	Si j'ay moins de pouvoir, plus j'ay de cognoissance,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,	Si ma vie est un but immobile aux malheurs,
If my spright with itself holds lasting strife,	Si mon feu se nourrist dans les flots de mes pleurs,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;	Si la fin d'un travail d'un autre est la naissance,
If this vain world be but a sable stage	Si rien qu'en des tombeaux nuit et jour je ne pense,
Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars,	Si je n'aime que l'ombre et les noires couleurs,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weak- ness age,	Si le jour me desplaist, si mes fières douleurs
If knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in wars;	Au repos de la nuit croissent leur violence,
If time can close the hundred mouths of fame,	Si sans sçavoir pourquoy je ne fais que pleurer,
And make, what long since past, like that to be,	Si du monde inconstant l'on ne peut s'asseurer,
If virtue only be an idle name,	Si c'est un océan de misère et de peines,
If I, when I was born, was born to die;	Si je n'espère ailleurs ny salut ny secours,
Why seek I to prolong these loath- some days?	O mort! n'arreste plus, romps le fil de mes jours,
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.	Et meurtris quant et moy tant de morts inhumaines?

Sonnet xxxvi is modelled, with certain modifications in the phra-
seology, on the twelfth sonnet of *Les Amours d'Hippolyte* (*Œuvres*,
p. 120):

Who hath not seen into her saffron bed	Celuy qui n'a point veu le printans gracieux,
The morning's goddess mildly her repose,	Quand il estale au ciel sa richesse prisee,
Or her, of whose pure blood first sprang the rose,	Remplissant l'air d'odeurs, les herbes de rosée,
Lull'd in a slumber by a myrtle shade;	Les cœurs d'affections et de larmes les yeux.
Who hath not seen that sleeping white and red	Celuy qui n'a point veu par un tans furieux
Makes Phœbe look so pale, which she did close	La tourmente cesser et la mer apaisée,
In that Ionian hill, to ease her woes,	Et qui ne sçait, quand l'âme est du corps divisée,

Which only lives by nectar kisses fed ;	Comme on peut s'esjouyr de la clarté des cieux.
Come but and see my lady sweetly sleep,	Qu'il s'arreste pour voir la celeste lumière
The sighing rubies of those heavenly lips,	Des yeux de ma déesse, une Venus première ;
The Cupids which breast's golden apples keep,	Mais que dy-je ? ah ! mon Dieu ! qu'il ne s'arreste pas :
Those eyes which shine in midst of their eclipse,	S'il s'arreste à la voir, pour une saison neuve,
And he them all shall see, perhaps, and prove	Un tans calme ; une vie, il pourroit faire espreuve
She waking but persuades, now forceth love.	De glaçons, de tempeste et de mille trespas.

Of the pieces in the *Second Part of the Poems*, the opening lines of Sonnet IX are borrowed from a sonnet of *Diane* (*Œuvres*, p. 15) :

Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,	Voicy du gay printans l'heureux advéne- ment,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs :	Qui fait que l'hyver morne à regret se retire :
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,	Déjà la petite herbe, au gré du doux zéphyre,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.	Navré de son amour, branle tout douce- ment.

The next sonnet (No. x) is also adapted, for the most part, from yet another sonnet of *Diane* (*Œuvres*, p. 20) :

What doth it serve to see Sun's burning face,	Las ! que me sert de voir ces belles plaines
And skies enamell'd with both the Indies' gold,	Pleines de fruits, d'arbrisseaux et de fleurs,
Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd, And all the glory of that starry place ?	De voir ces prez bigarrez de couleurs, Et l'argent vif des bruyantes fontaines ?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,	C'est autant d'eau pour reverdir mes peines,
The mountains' pride, the meadows' flow'ry grace,	D'huile à ma braise, à mes larmes d'hu- meurs,
The stately comeliness of forests old, The sport of floods, which would them- selves embrace ? etc.	Ne voyant point celle pour qui je meurs, Cent fois le jour, de cent morts in- humaines, Las ! que me sert d'estre loin de ses yeux Pour mon salut, si je porte en tous lieux De ses regards les sagettes meurtrières ? etc.

But it is in the *Flowers of Sion or Spiritual Poems* (1623) that the dependence of Drummond on Desportes is most conspicuous. The sonnets contained in this collection, several of which had already appeared with certain alterations under the title of *Urania*, have hitherto been held to constitute Drummond's most original work in that form of composition. In his Introductory Memoir, Ward says ' Nearly all

the pieces of this volume [*The Flowers of Sion*] appear to be original: a very few translations from the Italian of Marino are in perfect consent with the prevailing tone of the book.' This view is no longer tenable; at least six of the sonnets of the *Flowers of Sion* are either adaptations or paraphrases from the French poet's works, mostly from the *Sonnets Spirituels*, which form part of his *Œuvres Chrétiennes*. The opening sonnet is a free adaptation of the second sonnet in Desportes' collection:

Triumphant arches, statues crown'd with bays,	Si la course annuelle en serpent re- tournée
Proud obelisks, tombs of the vastest frame,	Devance un trait volant par le ciel emporté,
Colosses, brazen Atlases of fame,	Si la plus longue vie est moins qu'une journée,
Fanes vainly builded to vain idols' praise;	Une heure, une minute, envers l'éternité;
States, which insatiate minds in blood do raise,	Que songes-tu, mon âme, en la terre enchaînée?
From the cross-stars unto the Arctic team,	Quel appast tient ici ton desir arrêté?
Alas! and what we write to keep our name,	Faveur, thrésors, grandeurs, ne sont que vanité,
Like spiders' cauls are made the sport of days:	Trompans des fols mortels la race in- fortunée.
All only constant is in constant change,	Puis que l'heur souverain ailleurs se doit chercher,
What done is, is undone, and when un- done,	Il faut de ces gluaux ton plumage arracher
Into some other figure doth it range;	Et voler dans le ciel d'une légère traicte.
Thus moves the restless world beneath the moon:	Là se trouve le bien affranchi de souci,
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,	La foy, l'amour sans feinte et la beauté parfaicte
Thee raise, and steps not reach'd by nature trace.	Qu'à clos yeux, sans profit, tu vas cherchant ici.

The amplification in the enumeration of the things that are the sport of time and mark the instability of mortal glory was probably suggested by an Italian sonnet of Castiglione:

Superbi colli, e voi sacre ruine,
Che 'l nome sol di Roma ancor tenete,
Ahi che reliquie miserande avete
Di tant' anime eccelse e pellegrine!
Colossi archi teatri opre divine
Trionfal pompe gloriose e liete,
In poco cenar pur converse siete,
E fatte al vulgo vil favola al fine etc.

The sonnet entitled *No Trust in Time* is again an adaptation from Desportes (*Œuvres*, p. 507):

Look how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,	La vie est une fleur espineuse et poi- gnante,
---	---

The morning's darling late, the summer's
 queen,
 Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh
 and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows low the
 head:
 Right so my life, contentments being
 dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen,

With swifter speed declines than erst it
 spread,
 And, blasted, scarce now shows what it
 hath been.
 As doth the pilgrim therefore, whom the
 night
 By darkness would imprison on his way,

Think on thy home, my soul, and think
 aright
 Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting
 day:
 Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy
 morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be
 born.

Belle au lever du jour, seiche en son
 occident;
 C'est moins que de la neige en l'esté
 plus ardent,
 C'est une nef rompue au fort de la
 tourmente.

L'heur du monde n'est rien qu'une
 roue inconstante,
 D'un labeur éternel montant et descen-
 dant;

Honneur, plaisir, profict, les esprits des-
 bordant,
 Tout est vent, songe et nue et folie
 évidente.

Las! c'est dont je me plains, moy qui
 voy commencer
 Ma teste à se mesler, et mes jours se
 passer,

Dont j'ay mis les plus beaux en ces
 vaines fumées;

Et le fruit que je cueille, en que je
 voy sortir

Des heures de ma vie, hélas! si mal
 semées,

C'est honte, ennuy, regret, dommage et
 repentir.

Another of Desportes—the third of the *Sonnets Spirituels*—afforded
 the substance for the following sonnet of the *Flowers of Sion*:

Too long I followed have on fond desire,
 And too long panted on deluding streams,
 Too long refreshment sought in burning
 fire,
 Run after joys which to my soul were
 blames.
 Ah! when I had what most I did
 admire,
 And prov'd of life's delights the last
 extremes,
 I found all but a rose hedg'd with a
 briar,
 A nought, a thought, a show of golden
 dreams.
 Henceforth on thee, mine only good,
 I think,
 For only thou canst grant what I do
 crave;
 Thy nails my pens shall be, thy blood
 mine ink,
 Thy winding sheet my paper, study
 grave;
 And till that soul from body parted
 be,
 No hope I have, but only only thee.

Puis que le miel d'amour, si comblé
 d'amertume,
 N'altère plus mon cœur comme il fit
 autrefois;

Puis que du monde faux je mesprise les
 lois,
 Monstrons qu'un feu plus saint main-
 tenant nous allume.

Seigneur, d'un de tes cloux je veux
 faire ma plume,
 Mon encre de ton sang, mon papier de
 ta croix,

Mon subject de ta gloire, et les chants
 de ma voix
 De ta mort, qui la mort éternelle con-
 sume.

Le feu de ton amour, dans mon âme
 eslané,
 Soit la sainte fureur dont je seray
 poussé,
 Et non d'un Apollon l'ombrageuse folie.

Cet amour par la foy mon esprit
 ravira,
 Et, s'il te plaist, Seigneur, au ciel l'éle-
 vera

Tout vif, comme saint Paul ou le pro-
 phete Élie.

The sonnet *Amazement at the Incarnation of God* is translated from the seventh sonnet of Desportes' *Sonnets Spirituels* (*Œuvres*, p. 504), which the French poet himself had imitated from the Italian of Francesco Coppetta de' Beccuti (*Locar sovra gl' abissi i fondamenti*). It might be supposed at first sight that the Scottish poet's model was also Coppetta, but a glance at the three compositions shows at once that he was not following the Italian prototype:

To spread the azure canopy of heaven,	Sur des abysmes creux les fondemens poser
And make it twinkle with those spangs of gold,	De la terre pesante, immobile et féconde,
To stay this weighty mass of earth so even,	Semer d'astres le ciel, d'un mot créer le monde,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold;	La mer, les vens, la foudre à son gré maîtriser,
To give strange motions to the planets seven,	De contrarietez tant d'accords com- poser,
Or Jove to make so meek, or Mars so bold,	La matière difforme orner de forme ronde,
To temper what is moist, dry, hot and cold,	Et par ta prévoyance, en merveilles pro- fonde,
Of all their jars that sweet accords are given,	Voir tout, conduire tout, et de tout dis- poser,
Lord, to thy wisdom nought is, nor thy might;	Seigneur, c'est peu de chose à ta majesté haute;
But that thou shouldst, thy glory laid aside,	Mais que toy, créateur, il t'ait pleu pour la faute
Come meanly in mortality to bide,	De ceux qui t'offensoient en croix estre pendu,
And die for those deserved eternal plight,	Jusqu'à si haut secret mon vol ne peut s'étendre;
A wonder is so far above our wit,	Les anges ny le ciel ne le sçauroyent comprendre;
That angels stand amaz'd to muse on it.	Apprens-le-nous, Seigneur, qui l'as seul entendu!

Another imitation from Desportes is the sonnet *For the Magdalene*; it renders with certain modifications the fifteenth sonnet of the *Sonnets Spirituels*:

These eyes, dear Lord, once brandons of desire,	De foy, d'espoir, d'amour et de douleur comblée,
Frail scouts betraying what they had to keep,	Celle que les pécheurs doivent tous imiter,
Which their own heart, then others set on fire,	O Seigneur! vint ce jour à tes piés se jetter,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep:	Peu craignant le mespris de toute une assemblée.
These locks, of blushing deeds the fair attire,	Ses yeux, sources de feu, d'où l'Amour à l'embrée
Smooth-frizzled waves, sad shelves which shadow deep,	Souloit dedans les cœurs tant de traits blueter,
Soul-stinging serpents in guilt curls which creep,	Changez en source d'eau, ne font que dégouter

To touch thy sacred feet do now aspire.	L'amertume et l'ennuy de son âme troublée.
In seas of care behold a sinking bark,	De ses pleurs, ô Seigneur! tes piés elle arrosa,
By winds of sharp remorse unto thee driven,	Les parfuma d'odeurs, les seicha, les baïsa,
O! let me not expos'd be ruin's mark;	De sa nouvelle amour monstrant la véhémence.
My faults confest, Lord, say they are forgiven.	O bien-heureuse femme! ô Dieu tous- jours clément!
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian fair,	O pleur! ô cœur heureux! qui n'eut pas seulement
His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.	Pardon de son erreur, mais en eut ré- compense.

In another of the *Flowers of Sion* Drummond adapted one of Desportes' love-poems—No. LXXIII of *Les Amours d'Hippolyte*—to the service of religion. The paraphrase, at the beginning, is a very close one:

As when it happ'neth that some lovely town	Comme quand il advient qu'une place est forcée
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,	Par un cruel assaut du soldat furieux,
Who there by sword and flame himself instals,	Tout est mis au pillage, on voit en mille lieux
And, cruel, it in tears and blood doth drown;	Feux sur feux allumez, mort sur mort amassée.
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,	Mais si ne peut sa gloire estre tant rabaissée,
His spite yet so cannot her all throw down,	Qu'un arc, une colonne, un portail glorieux
But that some statue, arch, fane of renown	N'eschappent la fureur du feu victo- rieux,
Yet lurks unmain'd within her weeping walls:	Et ne restent entiers quand la flamme est passée.
So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wrack,	Ainsi durant les maux que j'ay tant supportez,
That time, the world, and death could bring combin'd,	A la honte d'Amour et de vos cruantez,
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,	Depuis que par vos yeux mon âme est retenuë;
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:	En dépit du malheur contre moy conjuré
From this so high transcending rap- ture springs,	Mon cœur inviolable est toujours de- meuré,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.	Et ma foy jusqu'icy ferme s'est main- tenue.

To the above loans levied on Desportes by Drummond may be added yet one more from the *Posthumous Poems*; the fourth sonnet of those addressed to Galatea is likewise a paraphrase from the French of the author of *Diane* (*Œuvres*, p. 25):

If it be love to wake out all the night, And watchful eyes drive out in dewy moans,	Si c'est aimer que porter bas la vue, Que parler bas, que soupirer souvent,
---	--

And when the sun brings to the world his light,	Que s'égarer solitaire en rêvant,
To waste the day in tears and bitter groans;	Brûlé d'un feu qui point ne diminue;
If it be love to dim weak reason's beam	* Si c'est aimer que de peindre en la nue,
With clouds of strange desire, and make the mind	Semer sur l'eau, jeter ses cris au vaut,
In hellish agonies a heav'n to dream, Still seeking comforts where but griefs we find;	Chercher la nuit par le soleil levant, Et le soleil quant la nuit est venue;
If it be love to stain with wanton thought	Si c'est aimer que de ne s'aimer pas,
A spotless chastity, and make it try More furious flames than his whose cunning wrought	Hair sa vie, embrasser son trespas, Tous les amours sont campez en mon ame;
That brazen bull where he entomb'd did fry;	Mais nonobstant, si me puis-je louer
Then sure is love the causer of such woes,	Qu'il n'est prison, ny torture, ny flame,
Be ye our lovers, or our mortal foes?	Qui mes désirs me sçeust fair avouer.

In spite of his acquaintance with the works of the other French poets of the second half of the sixteenth century, Drummond does not appear to have been directly influenced by them. In the *Miscellanies* there is a piece bearing the title *Phyllis, on the Death of her Sparrow*. A poem with the same title, but bearing no direct resemblance to it, occurs in the *Jeux Rustiques* of Du Bellay of which the Scottish poet is known to have possessed a copy. Thus we may legitimately conjecture that he got the idea from the French poet, though he may of course have had in mind Catullus rather than Du Bellay.

Drummond of Hawthornden was not the only Scottish poet of the time who borrowed from the French poets. His friend and contemporary William Alexander of Menstrie, later Earl of Stirling, though to a lesser degree, is likewise indebted to foreign models. He had travelled extensively on the continent in his youth as tutor to the Earl of Argyle, and was well acquainted with foreign literatures. In 1604 he published, under the title of *Aurora*, a series of sonnets, madrigals, sestinas and elegies to a lady whom he had loved and lost. Although Alexander's sonnets are obviously merely a Petrarchan mosaic, he mingles his colours and materials so cunningly that it is always difficult to trace them back to their original source. He appears to have acted on a deliberate plan in order to escape detection, yet anyone who is at all well acquainted with the Italian and French Petrarchists, can see at once that the sonnets of *Aurora* are only patchwork made up of conceits culled here and there from the Italian and French poets, and skilfully put together. In spite of the precautions taken by Alexander, I think

I have succeeded in detecting a certain number of more or less direct imitations from Ronsard and Du Bellay.

Sonnet III of *Aurora* is clearly suggested by No. LXXIV of *l'Olive* :

That subtile Greeke who for t'advantage his art, Shap'd beautie's goddess with so sweet a grace, And with a learned pensill limn'd her face ; Till all the world admir'd the workman's part.	Si le pinceau pouuoit montrer aux yeulx Ce que le ciel, les Dieux, et la Nature Ont peint en vous, plus viuante peinture Ne virent onq'de Grece les ayeulx.
Of such whom Fame did most accom- plish'd call The naked snowes he seuerally per- ceiued, Then drew th' idæa which his soul con- ceiued, Of that which was most exquisite in all :	Toy donq'amant, dont l'œil trop curieux Prent seulement des beautez nourriture, Fiche ta veüe en cete portraiture, Dont la beauté plairoit aux plus beaux Dieux.
But had thy forme his fancie first possest, If worldly knowledge could so high attaine, Thou mightst haue spar'd the curious painter's paine, And satisfide him more then all the rest.	Mais si la viue et immortelle image Ne te deplait, seule qui le dommage De maladie, ou du temps ne doit craindre :
O if he had all thy perfections noted, The painter with his picture straight had doted.	Voy ses ecriz, oy son diuin sçauoir, Qui mieulx au vif l'esprit te fera voir, Que le visage Appelle n'eust sçeu peindre.

Sonnet xxxv is a free paraphrase of No. xxviii of the same French collection:

When I behold that face for which I pin'd, And did my selfe so long in vaine annoy, My tounge not able to vnfold my ioy,	Ce que ie sen', la langue ne refuse Vous decourir, quand suis de vous absent, Mais tout soudain que près de moy vous sent, Elle deuient et muette et confuse.
A wond'ring silence onely showes my mind : But when againe thou dost extend thy rigour, And wilt not daigne to grace me with thy sight, Thou kil'st my comfort, and so spoil'st my might, That scarce my corps retaines the vitall vigour.	Ainsi, l'esper me promet, et m'abuse : Moins pres ie suis, quand plus ie suis présent : Ce qui me nuist, c'est ce qui m'est plaisent : Ie quier' cela, que trouuer ie recuse.
Thy presence thus a great contentment brings, And is my soules inestimable treasure :	Ioyeux la nuit, le iour triste ie suis : I'ay en dormant ce qu'en veillant poursuis :

But ô, I drowne in th'ocean of dis-	Mon bien est faulx, mon mal est
pleasure,	véritable.
When I in absence thinke vpon those	D'vne me plain', et deffault n'est en
things.	elle:
Thus would to God that I had seene	Fay' donc q'Amour, pour m'estre
thee neuer,	charitable,
Or would to God that I might see thee	Breue ma vie, ou ma nuit éternelle.
euer.	

The next sonnet of *Aurora* (No. xxxvi) affords an interesting clue. Not only is the substance manifestly taken from the third sonnet of *l'Olive*, but Alexander commits the indiscretion of apostrophising by name the French poet's native river! By omitting to change the name he gives his whole case away:

Loyr! witnesse thou what was my	Loyre fameux, qui ta petite source
spotlesse part,	
Whil'st thou amaz'd to see thy Nymphes	Enflés de maintz gros fleuves et
so faire,	ruysseaux,
As loth to part thence where they did	Et qui de loing coules tes cleres eaux
repaire,	
Still murm'ring did thy complaints t' each	En l'Océan d'vne assez viue course:
stone impart:	
Then did mine eyes betake them to	Ton chef royal hardiment bien hault
my hart,	pousse,
As scorning to behold all those, though	Et apparoy entre tous les plus beaux,
rare,	
And gaz'd vpon her beauties image	Comme vn thaureau sur les menuz
there,	troupeaux,
Whose eyes haue furnish'd Cupid many	Quoy que le Pau enuieux s'en cour-
a dart:	rousse,
And as deuoted only vnto her,	Commande doncq'aux gentiles Naiades
They did disdaine for to bestow their	Sortir dehors leurs beaux palais
light,	humides
For to be entertain'd with any sight,	Auecques toy leur fleuve paternel,
Saue onely that which made them first	Pour saluer de ioyeuses aubades
to erre.	
Then, famous riuier, through the ocean	Celle qui t'a, et tes filles liquides,
glide,	
And tell my loue how constant I abide.	Déifié de ce bruyt éternel.

Other sonnets of *Aurora* betray a careful study of Ronsard's *Amours*. No. xvii ('I saw six gallant nymphs, I saw but one') is a reflex of 'Je vey ma nymphe entre cent damoiselles'—No. cxiii of *Amours* I. No. xxv ('Cleare mouing cristall, pure as the Sunne beames') is a loose rendering of No. lxxv ('Je parangonne à vos yeux ce crystal') of the French sonnet-cycle. The opening lines of Sonnet xliii are also borrowed from Ronsard (*Amours*, No. xvi). The same applies to Sonnets xciv and xcix which present a paraphrase of the opening lines of Sonnet xii of *Amours* II and of Sonnet cli of *Amours* I respectively. Sonnet lxviii ('I hope, I feare, resolv'd, and yet I doubt'), judging by the phraseology, is founded on Ronsard's 'J'espère et crain, je me tais

et supplie' (*Amours* XII), and not directly on Petrarch's 'Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra.'

From Desportes, Alexander does not seem to have borrowed much; Sonnet LXXXV ('Some yet not borne surveying lines of mine') and Sonnet CII ('When as that lovely tent of beautie dies') read like reminiscences of Sonnet LXII of the *Amours de Cleonice* ('Je verray par les ans, vengeurs de mon martire'), and of the famous sonnet of Ronsard to Hélène de Surgères ('Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle'). In Sonnet LI there can be little doubt that we have a paraphrase of some stanzas in *Diane* (*Œuvres*, p. 83), entitled *Songe*:

I dream'd, the nymph that ore my fancie raignes,	Celle que j'aime tant, lasse d'estre cruelle,
Came to a part whereas I paus'd alone;	Est venuë en songeant la nuit me consoler:
Then said, 'What needs you in such sort to mone?	Ses yeux estoient rians, doux estoit son parler
Haue I not power to recompense your paines?	Et mille et mille amours voloient à l'entour d'elle.
Lo, I coniure you by that loyall loue,	Pressé de ma douleur, j'ay pris la hardiesse
Which you professe, to cast those griefes apart,	De me plaindre à hauts cris de son cœur endurcy,
It's long, deare loue, since that you had my hart,	Et d'un œil larmoyant luy demander mercy,
Yet I was coy your constancie to proue,	Et que mort ou pitié mist fin à ma tristesse.
But hauing had a prooffe, I'le now be free:	Ouvrant ce beau coral qui les baisers attire,
I am the eccho that your sighes re- sounds,	Me dist ce doux propos: Cesse de sourir,
Your woes are mine, I suffer in your wounds,	Et de tes yeux meurtris tant de larmes tirer,
Your passions all they sympathize in me':	Celle qui t'a blessé peut guarir ton martire.
Thus whilst for kindnesse both began to weepe,	O douce illusion! ô plaisante merveille!
My happinesse euanish'd with the sleepe.	Mais combien peu durable est l'heur d'un amoureux.
	Voulant baiser ses yeux, hélas! moy malheureux!
	Peu à peu doucement je sens que je m'éveille, etc.

For the sake of completeness, it may be recalled that seven of Alexander Montgomerie's sonnets have been proved to be almost literal translations from the *Amours* of Ronsard. The credit of this interesting discovery belongs to O. Hoffmann (*Englische Studien*, xx).

To these Scottish sonneteers, as well as to more than one of their English brethren, may be applied, not inaptly, now that the day of

reckoning has come, the following lines from the fifteenth sonnet of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* :

You that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rhymes running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long deceased woes,
With newborn sighs and denizen'd wit do sing:
You take wrong ways! Those far-fet helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch;
And sure at length, stolen goods do come to light.

Although the perfection and beauty of the sonnets of Drummond—by far the greatest of the poets concerned—are unquestionable, even he can lay no claim to originality in that poetic form. He is impregnated with Italian sentiment and Petrarchan conceits; there is hardly an idea or simile in his sonnets that could not be paralleled in Petrarch or in his Italian and French disciples. The same is true of the sonnets of William Alexander and of those of Montgomerie, neither of whom approach Drummond in poetic expression. In whatever way we look at the matter, the methods of these Scottish poets do betray a 'want of inward touch,' and must in future affect considerably the estimate of their poetic talent.

L. E. KASTNER.