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ON THE ITALIAN AND FRENCH SOURCES OF DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

IN the present paper I propose to deal with the sources of various poems of Drummond which have not yet been noticed in the different articles contributed by me on the subject in this Review and elsewhere.

Of the Italian poets Drummond's two favourites were undoubtedly Marino and Torquato Tasso. The debt of Drummond to Marino has already been amply demonstrated by Ward in his edition of the *Poems*; and additional examples of his dependence on the same author have been instanced by me in a recent article¹. On the other hand the extent of Drummond's predilection for Tasso is more considerable than has hitherto been believed. There is evidence that the Laird of Hawthornden was familiar with practically all the works of Tasso, whom in one of his poems (Ward II, 197) he apostrophises as 'Rome's greatest wonder, great Torquato Tasso.' In the catalogue of the books which he presented to the University of Edinburgh in 1627 figure *Il Rinaldo* and *La Gerusalemme liberata*; and in the lists of books read by him which he was wont to draw up we come across *l'Aminta* (read in the original and also in a French translation), the four parts of the *Rime* and the *Jerusalem* in English. Lastly he registers in the 'Table of my Italian Books, anno 1622,' *Le sette giornate del mondo creato*, the *Rime*, the tragedy *Il re Torrismondo*, and *La Gerusalemme conquistata*. This appears sufficient proof that Drummond was an assiduous student of Tasso's varied literary output. However that may be, he seems to have borrowed very little, if anything, outside the *Rime*. To the *Rime* the Scottish poet owes the piece, in a series of eight stanzas in *ottava rima*, entitled 'Thirsis in Dispraise of Beauty' (Ward I, 178), which comes dangerously near being a literal translation from beginning to end.

¹ 'The Italian and Spanish Sources of William Drummond of Hawthornden' (1911), in the *Miscellanea di studi critici e ricerche in onore di V. Crescini*.

The two compositions open as follows :

That which so much the doating world
doth prize,
Fond ladies' only care and sole delight,
Soon-fading beauty, which of hues doth
rise,
Is but an abject let of nature's might:
Most woful wretch, whom shining hair
and eyes
Lead to love's dungeon, traitor'd by a
sight
Most woful; for he might with greater
ease
Hell's portals enter, and pale death
appease.

As in delicious meads beneath the
flowers,
And the most wholesome herbs that
May can show,
In crystal curls the speckled serpent
lowers;
As in the apple, which most fair doth
grow,
The rotten worm is clos'd, which it
devours;
As in gilt cups, with Gnessian wine
which flow,
Oft poison pompously doth hide its
sours:
So lewdness, falsehood, mischief them
advance,
Clad with the pleasant rays of beauty's
glance.

The last stanza in each poem runs thus :

I shall not fear, thus though she stray
alone,
That others her pursue, entice, admire;
And though she sometime counterfeit
a groan,
I shall not think her heart feels un-
couth fire,
I shall not style her ruthless to my
moan,
Nor proud, disdainful, wayward to de-
sire:
Her thoughts with mine will hold
an equal line,
I shall be hers, and she shall all be
mine.

Questa, che tanta il cieco volgo apprezza,
Sol piacer delle donne, e sola cura,
Caduca, e fragilissima bellezza,
Un vil impedimento è di natura.
Misero amante, cui folle vaghezza
Dà in preda ad un' angelica figura,
Misero, ch' assai meglio entro alle
porte
Dell' Inferno placar potria la morte!

Come in bel prato tra' fioretti e l'erba
Giace sovente angue maligno ascoso;
Come in bel vaso d'ór vivanda acerba
Si cela, od empio succo, e velenoso:
Come in bel pomo spesso anco si
serba
Putrido verme, ond' egli è infetto, e
roso;
Così voglie, e pensier malvagi, ed
opre,
Sotto vel di bellezza altri ricopre.

Non temerò ch' ella sia da altri amata,
Ch' altri la segua, o pur ch' altri la
miri:
Non temerò s' ella alcun altro guata,
O se mesta talor par che sospiri:
Non chiamerolla ognor superba, in-
grata,
E perversa, e ritrosa a' miei desiri:
Saranno i suoi pensier conformi a'
miei:
Sarà mia tutta, ed io tutto di lei.

These *stanze* of Tasso (entitled 'Sopra la bellezza'), which may properly be described as belonging to the serio-comic *genre*, are

interesting because they probably supplied Donne with the matter for his second Elegy, 'Marry and love thy Flavia¹.'

From Tasso's *Rime* Drummond likewise took the octet of Sonnet XII of the *Second Part* of his *Poems* (Ward I, 121):

As, in a dusky and tempestuous night,
A star is wont to spread her locks of
gold,
And while her pleasant rays abroad are
roll'd,
Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her
sight;
Fair soul, in this black age so shin'd
thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee
behold,
Till ugly Death, depriving us of light,
In his grim misty arms thee did enfold.

Come in turbato Ciel lucida stella
Lampeggiar suol con chiome aurate,
e bionde,
Che mentre illustra questa parte e
quella,
Invida ed atra nube in sen l'asconde;
Cosi fra noi splendesti, anima bella,
Nel fosco orror, ch' intorno or si
diffonde;
Ma chiuse il tuo splendor Mort' empia
e fella,
Nè più tal lume in noi deriva altronde.

Occasionally a more indirect process of imitation is resorted to, as for example in the epitaph-sonnet which follows the *Tears on the Death of Mæliades*. In this case the four opening lines of the Italian poet's sonnet 'Al Sepolcro di Alfonso I' are expanded to eight lines:

Stay, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of princes, fairest frame
Time, nature, place, could show to
mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle to fame:
At least that part the earth of him
could claim
This marble holds, hard like the
Destinies:
For as to his brave spirit and glorious
name,
The one the world, the other fills the
skies.

Fermati, o tu, che passi: è qui sotterra
Il grand' Alfonso, io dico il mortal
velo,
Che 'l nome, e l' alma termine non
serra,
Ma l' un riempie il mondo, e l' altra
il Cielo.

The terminal couplet presents a condensation of the first quatrain of a second sonnet of Tasso on the same topic:

Then go and tell, from Gades into Ind,
Thou saw where earth's perfections
were confin'd.

Qui giace Alfonso, e piantò il sacro
alloro
Qui la Vittoria, e n' adombrò la
tomba:
E qui l' ale depose, e questa tromba
La Fama, onde il fe' noto all' Indo,
al Moro.

¹ The resemblance between the two pieces had already struck Drummond. In the 'Character of Several Authors,' appended to the abridgment of the *Conversations* with Ben Jonson, in the Folio edition of his Works (1711), Drummond remarks in reference to Donne: 'I think, if he would, he might easily be the best Epigrammatist we have found in English, of which I have not yet seen any come near the Ancients. Compare Song: *Marry and Love* etc. with Tasso's stanzas against beauty; one shall hardly know who hath the best.'

Again a madrigal, such as the one addressed 'To Thaumantia' (Ward I, 167), may prove on examination to have been transmuted from part of a sonnet. The ultimate source in this case is, of course, Catullus, but a comparison of the phraseology can leave no doubt who Drummond's model was:

Come, let us live and love,
And kiss, Thaumantia mine:
I shall the elm be, be to me the vine;
Come let us teach new billing to the
dove;
Nay, to augment our bliss,
Let souls even other kiss;
Let Love a workman be,
Undo, distemper, and his cunning prove,
Of kisses three make one, of one make
three, etc.

Viviamo, amiamci, o mia gradita Jelle,
Edra sfi tu, che il caro tronco ab-
braccia:
Baciamci; e i baci e le lusinghe taccia
Chi non ardisce annoverar le stelle.
Bacinsi insieme l'alme nostre anch' elle:
Fabro sia Amor, che le distempri e
sfaccia,
E che di due confuse una rifaccia,
Che per un spirto sol spiri, e favelle.
etc.

Much the same method is followed in the madrigal 'Upon a Glass' (Ward I, 160) which was manifestly suggested by the sonnet of Tasso entitled 'Porge la speechia alla sua Donna.'

Another Italian poet of the time to whose verse the Scottish poet went for inspiration is Luigi Groto, a prolific author in various branches of literature, generally known as Luigi Groto Cieco d' Adria, whose *Rime* (especially the madrigals), it may be noted in passing, were laid under heavy contribution by the brothers Davison in that part of *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody* which appears under their names.

From the blind poet of Adria, Drummond, who is known to have had a copy of his *Rime* on his shelves, undoubtedly adapted Sonnet VI:

Vaunt not, fair heavens, of your two
glorious lights
Which, though most bright, yet see not
when they shine,
And shining, cannot show their beams
divine
Both in one place, but part by days and
nights;
Earth, vaunt not of those treasures ye
enshrine,
Held only dear because hid from our
sights,
Your pure and burnish'd gold, your
diamonds fine,
Snow-passing ivory that the eye de-
lights;
Nor, seas, of those dear wares are in
you found,
Vaunt not, rich pearl, red coral, which
do stir
A fond desire in fools to plunge your
ground;

Di produr Perle Arabia non si vanti
Più, ne più 'l Gange, onde il Sol novo
ascende:
Nè il Tago più, che di fin' oro splende,
Nè di Alabastri pien d' Egeo si canti.
Nè Libia, ove l' Avorio han gli elefanti:
Nè l' Arcadia, che latte ogni hora
apprende,
Nè l' India, che il pregiato Hebano
rende,
Nè Pesto ove hanno ogn' hor rose
gli amanti.
Sola Hadria tutti questi honor giunti
habbia,
Che Perle, Sole, Oro, Alabastro,
Avorio,
Latte, Hebano produce insieme, e
Rose:
Onde le membra di colei compose,
Per cui languisco, e del languir mi
glorio:

Those all, more fair, are to be had in
her:
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns,
gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair are
to behold.

Denti, occhi, crin, sen, man, piè,
ciglia, e labbia¹.

Curiously enough one of Drummond's favourite books was *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*, from which there are copious extracts in his manuscripts. In fact one of his short pieces, entitled 'Constant Love' (Ward I, 175), is a condensation of a 'sonnet' from Thomas Watson's *Passionate Century of Love* ('Time wasteth years, and months, and days, and hours') which appears in the *Rhapsody* and with which Davison had taken many liberties. Watson himself, as he acknowledges, had conveyed the matter of his poem from Sonnet CXXXII of Serafino of Aquila, from whom, it may be noted, Drummond borrowed the trifle entitled 'The Cannon' (Ward I, 155).

Drummond's Sonnet XVII, which reproduces one of the favourite Italian sonnet-themes, would certainly not have received its present shape but for the following sonnet of the *Nuove Fiamme* (1561), a collection of sonnets, eclogues and elegies by Lodovico Paterno, of which the Laird of Hawthornden also possessed a copy:

With flaming horns the Bull now brings
the year,
Melt do the horrid mountains' helms of
snow,
The silver floods in pearly channels
flow,
The late-bare woods green anadems do
wear;
The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe,
Calls up the lazy morn her notes to
hear;
Those flow'rs are spread which names
of princes bear,
Some red, some azure, white and golden
grow;
Here lows a heifer, there bea-wailing
strays
A harmless lamb, not far a stag re-
bounds;
The shepherds sing to grazing flocks
sweet lays,
And all about the echoing air resounds.
Hills, dales, woods, floods, and every-
thing doth change,
But she in rigour, I in love am
strange.

Di zafiri, & di perle in novel anno
Si veste; ne piu neve appar ne'
monti;
Chine portan l' altere humide fronti
I fiumi, e 'n pace entro à suoi letti
stanno.
Sotto 'l tepido sole allegri vanno
Con le Ninfe i pastori; & sour' i
fonti
Puri; & ne' rami uccelli avezzi, &
pronti
Sfogan piangendo ogni passato af-
fanno.
Quinci vacche mugghir, quindi poi
gregge
S' odon balar; l' aura d' intorno
spira:
L' aria, l' acqua, & la terra è bella
in vista.
Sol meco Amor con piu severa legge
Opra sue forze, & la mia vita attrista
Sì, c' homai vengo à me medesimo
in ira².

¹ *Delle Rime di Lvigi Groto Cieco d' Hadria*. In Venetia, appresso Fabio, & Agostino Zoppini fratelli. 1587, p. 65.

² Cf. p. 95 of the 1568 Lyons edition of the *Nuove Fiamme*.

In Paterno, Drummond also found the opening lines of Sonnet x :

Fair Moon, who with thy cold and	Luna, che col tuo puro, & freddo argento
silver shine	Suoli à la maggior ombra il fosco
Makes sweet the horror of the dreadful	horrore, etc.
night, etc.	

The rest of the poem, as I have already shown (*Modern Language Review*, v, 44), is taken straight from Passerat, as is also the 'pyramid' in verse at the end of the *Tears on the Death of Mæliades* (Ward I, 15). The idea of the pyramid Drummond probably found in Tabourot or in the *Arte of English Poesie* attributed to Puttenham, but the matter of it is a close paraphrase of one of Passerat's sonnets (*Les Poésies Françaises de Jean Passerat*, ed. P. Blanchemain, II, 77). On the other hand the two pieces 'Phyllis, on the Death of her Sparrow' (Ward II, 158), and the pastoral song 'Phyllis and Damon' (Ward I, 141) figure in the Hawthornden manuscripts (vol. x) with the superscription 'Translation of the death of a sparrow, out of Passerat' and 'Song of Passerat' respectively. They must accordingly be deducted from Drummond's unacknowledged debt to Passerat.

The far-fetched sonnet addressed to a window (Ward I, 85), with its curious hyperboles, was manifestly suggested by the following lines of Claude de Buttet, one of the numerous provincial adherents of the Pléiade, who in 1560 published a sonnet sequence addressed to a fictitious mistress whom he chose to call Amalthée. Buttet won no great fame among his contemporaries, in spite of the fact that he appears to have enjoyed the friendship of Ronsard and that he is mentioned by Pasquier in his *Recherches de la France* for certain metrical innovations. It was probably through the medium of that part of Pasquier's *Recherches* which deals with contemporary French literature, of which there exists a careful précis in the Hawthornden manuscripts, that Drummond's attention was drawn to Buttet's verse. However, previously to Drummond's time Buttet was not unknown in Scotland, and we have it on record that his poetical works formed part of the library of Mary, Queen of Scots :

Thou window, once which served for a
sphere
To that dear planet of my heart, whose
light
Made often blush the glorious queen
of night,
While she in thee more beauteous did
appear,
What mourning weeds, alas ! now dost
thou wear !

Fenestre heureuse, où je vi que s'ornoit
Si gentement ma terrestre Déesse,
Entrelaçant avec sa longue tresse
Ses frisons d'or, lors que le jour
venoit.
D'un estomach découvert, qui donnoit
Un doux chateil, une douce liesse,
Tant me charmas au doux mal qui
me presse
Que du plaisir l'ame m'abandonnoit.

How loathsome to mine eyes is thy sad
sight!

How poorly look'st thou, with what
heavy cheer,

Since that sun set, which made thee
shine so bright!

Unhappy now thee close, for as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wast a paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulf thou art, whence clouds of sighs
arise;

But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly see my murder'd joys in
thee.

O quel grand bien me fis-tu recevoir
En ce jardin, mais paradis terrestre,
Où de mon duel le plaisir fut vein-
cueur!

Ainsi souvent te puissé-je revoir,
Maison d'amour, et toi, douce fenestre,
Qui lors me cheus pour jamais dans le
cueur¹!

The madrigal 'Apelles enamoured of Campaspe' (Ward I, 156) appears also to have been modelled on Sonnet xxiv of Buttet's *Amalthée*.

An examination of the Hawthornden manuscripts, which I had projected long ago, but which I was not able to carry out before last Easter, was not so fruitful as I had anticipated in revealing new sources, although it confirmed a large number of my previous results. In vol. viii of the manuscripts, under the rubric 'Madrigali del Sig. Vallerio Belli dedicati al Sig. Battista Guarini, 1599' occurs the following Italian madrigal which is obviously the model for 'The World a Game' in the *Flowers of Sion* (Ward II, 27):

This world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce
is Death;

His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while
we breathe.

Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting
die.

Questo mondo è una caccia, e caccia-
trice

La morte vincitrice:
I veltri suoi rapaci
Sono cure mordaci,
E morbi, e mal, da cui cacciati siamo:
E se talhor fuggiamo
Vecchiezza sua compagna
Ci prende ne la ragna.

From the *Parnasse Satirique* (from which there are several extracts in the Hawthornden manuscripts), or from some other French collection of the same kind, Drummond copied down in his commonplace book the coarse French piece which in its English form was first printed in the folio edition of his works under the heading 'The Statue of Alcides' (Ward II, 157).

Ward is in error when he says (II, 310) that the madrigal 'Venus armed' is an imitation of a Latin epigram by Sannazaro. A version

¹ *Œuvres Poétiques de M.-C. de Buttet...* par le Bibliophile Jacob (Paris, 1880), I, 120.

To practice new alarms
In Jove's great court above,
The wanton Queen of Love,
Of sleeping Mars put on the horrid
arms;
Where gazing in a glass
To see what thing she was,
To mock and scoff the blue-eyed maid
did move;
Who said, sweet Queen, thus should
you have been dight
When Vulcan took you napping with
your knight.

Cinte le spalle havea,
E de l' arme di Marte ornato il petto,
La bella Citherea:
Onde Pallade ciò prese à diletto,
E disse: o vaga Dea
Fur d' huopo l' arme, allhora,
Ch' aprì i furti d' Amor, chi 'l Mondo
infiora.
Cipria ciò udendo, ascose
I gigli del suo viso, in belle rose¹.

A perusal of Moro's verse also revealed the fact that the madrigal 'To a Swallow' (Ward II, 148) is transferred, still more literally, from the pages of the same author:

Fond Progne, chattering wretch,
That is Medea: there
Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
Will she keep thine, her own who could
not spare?
Learn from her frantic face
To seek some fitter place.
What other may'st thou hope for, what
desire,
Save Stygian spells, wounds, poison,
iron, fire?

Garrula Rondinella
 Quest' è Medea crudele, e ancor nol
 vedi?
 Se l' empia ai figli suoi fù fiera, e fella,
 Che fara a' tuoi c' ha in seno?
 Sciocca, da lei che chiedi?
 Foco, ferro, ò veleno?
 Mira al tuo scampo, mira,
 Ch' il suo petto crudele avampa d' ira.

Lastly a curious instance of Drummond's imitative habits, and generally of the difficulty of tracing some of his sources may be instanced. Under the heading 'Jodel in Dido' one reads (MSS. vol. x, 152) the following lines from Jodelle's *Didon*:

beaux teints

Qui tout ainsi qu'on voit la fumee azuree
Du soulfre, reblanchir la Rose coloree,
De moment en moment par l'extremse douleur.
Change avec un effroy sa rosine couleur².

Next follow three rough copies, with numerous erasures and emendations, of the madrigal which first appeared in Philipps' edition (1656) of

¹ *I Tre Giardini de' Madrigali del Costante, Academico Cospirante, Mauritio Moro, Vinetiano. In Venetia, MDCH, p. 134.*

² Acte iv.

Drummond's *Poems* in the following form (Ward II, 147), and which has re-appeared unaltered in subsequent editions down to the present day :

Look how in May the rose,
At sulphur's azure fumes,
In a short space her crimson blush doth lose,
And, all amaz'd, a pallid white assumes.
So time our best consumes,
Makes youth and beauty pass,
And what was pride turns horror in our glass.

In none of the three manuscript versions can I discern any justification for the reading adopted by Philipps in the first and last line. This is not an isolated case ; and I hope to be able to show, in the critical edition of Drummond's poems which I have in preparation, that a more thorough examination of the manuscripts is necessary, in many cases, in order to establish a trustworthy text.

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