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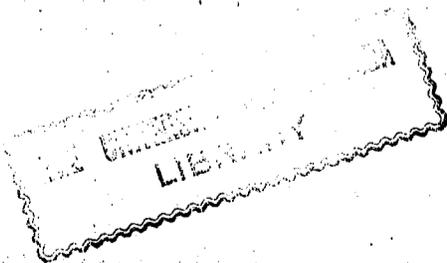
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NATURE DESCRIPTION IN THE WORKS OF
DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN,
THE FIRST SCOTTISH RENASCENCE POET.

BY

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Very good.



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Books consulted:-

Bernhard ten Brink: Geschichte der Englischen
Literatur.

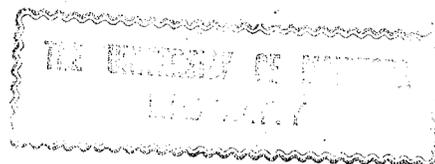
Veitch : The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry.

Moorman: The Interpretation of Nature in English
Literature from Beowulf to Chaucer.

Masson : The Life of William Drummond Of Hawthornden.

Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden, edited by
the Maitland Club.

From the very earliest times natural description has played an important part in literature, marking the development of the various peoples in their attitude towards Nature. Of this development three chief phases offer themselves for present consideration - one, as foundational, the other two as actual factors of the subject to be discussed. Before going further however it will be well to have a working definition of Nature. By Nature we are to understand - as it has been expressed- "all that belongs to the outer world of sense-perception, which is not man nor the immediate work of man." Now the primal attitude towards what is herein included would seem to have been one of awe, amounting often even to fear. Proof of this we have in the ancient Scandinavian and Teutonic sagas - or to go further back - still - to the Vedic hymns and Sanskrit epics. This awe led man to elevate those forces whose working he perceived but could in no way comprehend, into supernatural powers which as time passed took on the more definite form of Gods; hence our long series of Nature-myths. As yet there was no love - nor even any admiration - for the works of Nature. Man stood quite apart from all these incomprehensible phenomena - found in general that they opposed themselves to his efforts- because he observed them chiefly in their destructive activities. One thinks involuntarily of the great Anglo-Saxon epic, Beowulf, which marks the attitude of the old Teutonic tribes. It is not at all strange then to find that when poets begin to depict Nature for its own sake they confine their efforts chiefly to describing what stood under the immediate control of man. This attitude exists until a comparatively late ^{date} in literary history. The admirable and lovable in the world around consisted in gardens and park land-



scapes, not by any chance in the unhampered, unrestricted scenery of wood and field and mountain. Actual observation of natural circumstances and things was still to seek; conventional description after classical models, the order of the day. But with the coming of the Renaissance and its poets, we arrive at a new stage - that in which the poet identifies himself with Nature, finds a connection often between his moods and her manifestations, and pictures the inanimate world as feeling for him in his woes and joys; in fine realizes himself as related to these hitherto uncomprehended and avoided powers. In English poetry this stage is reached with the publication of Tottel's Miscellany in the year 1557 - more completely with the appearance of Spenser's Shepherds Calendar in 1579. In Scottish poetry, we note it first to any great extent in the writings of William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Before proceeding to examine the poems of Drummond in detail, it is advisable to consider the works of those Scotch poets who had before him succeeded in winning a place in literature. Almost the first to insert a piece of natural description in an historic poem was Thomas of Erceldoune, who lived probably in the latter half of the 13th century: this was an attempt at describing a May morning. In the first half of the 14th century, we have the epics of Archdeacon Barbour, notably the 'Bruce'. Barbour makes an interesting attempt to depict a particular place - Ben Cruachan and the pass of Brander - but gives the impression that he regards the mountain as something repellent, an attitude characteristic of the whole period. Landscape, however, he introduces never for its own sake, always with some ulterior end. Another series of epics which ^{appeared} about this time may be called the 'Gawayne epics.' The authorship of these has been much disputed but is generally attributed to Huchown of the Awle Ryale. In these poems landscape is kept in the background, but when introduced cannot be said to be very conventional. The scenes described are typically Scottish, and ,

although evidently of but secondary importance, are of a higher type than anything so far written. We may take as of special importance the poet's description of winter- here , as elsewhere in later poems, regarded from the standpoint of what Professor Veitch characterizes as shivering repugnance. Toward the end of the 15th century, we find another writer of epics- Henry the Minstrel, or, as he is commonly called, Blind Harry. The chief interest which attaches to him is that of his having been the first to attempt a systematic description of the seasons - description which strikes one as being a mere catalogue of events or sights with nothing behind it aside from mere animal enjoyment of the comfortable phases of the year, the whole being laden with multitudinous classical allusions. His landscapes too are distinctively Scottish, but have little life,- they may perhaps be but memories from the time before he had lost his sight. A distinguished poet of this same period brings with him to Scotland a Southron influence, namely that of his master Chaucer. This poet was James the First. He, like Chaucer, preferred the scenery of garden and park, and , although he holds close to his model, he shows an originality and a fine observation which redeem him from the charge of utter conventionality. This appears chiefly in his enumeration of birds and flowers and in the expression of some half understood affinity between Nature and humanity. An instance of this occurs in stanza CXVII of the 'King-is Quair', which, more Petrarchian than Chaucerian, runs thus:

And eke, in takin of this pitouse tale,
 Quhen so my teris dropen on the ground,
 In thaire nature the lytill birdis smale
 Styth thaire song, and murnyth for that sound,
 And all the lightis in the hevin round
 Of my grevance have suich compaciencie,
 That from the ground they hiden thaire presence.

With King James begins also the love-poetry of Scotland which reaches its height with Ramsay and Burns- poetry in which the

passion is inextricably associated with the Scotch scenery, the trysting-place under the hawthorn, by the burnside or the broomy knowes. Robert Henryson, 1425- 1498?- gives us like Blind Harry a description of the seasons and is the first Scottish poet who seems actually to realize- at least who attempts to give again- the richness and beauty of the familiar landscape of his own country, without deeming it necessary to adorn them by conventional devices. He rises indeed to a genuine aesthetic emotion higher far than the mere agreeableness of sensation. W William Dunbar (1450 - 1520) in many instances, -such as the poems, *Rorate coeli desuper*, or *Timor mortis conturbat me*, - affords us something deeper than the ordinary objective treatment of Nature. Dunbar shows a true insight into Nature and a sense of natural beauty. His landscape painting, however, though brilliant, is frequently conventional and general. One passage is well worth quoting:-

The day did up daw, and dew donkit the flouris;
 The morow myld wes et meik, and the mavis did sing,
 And all remuffit the myst, and the meid smellit;
 Silver schouris doune schuke, as the schene cristall,
 And berdis schoutit in schaw, with thair schill notis;
 The goldin glitterand gleme, so gladiit ther hertis,
 Thai maid a glorius gle amang the grene bewis.
 The soft souch of the swyr, and sounne of the stremys,
 The sueit savour of the sward, and singing of foulis,
 Myght confort ony creatur of the kyn of Adam;

A And kindill agane his curage thocht it wer cald sloknyt.
 Ap poet with wider range of vision and keener observation is Gawin Douglas (1474?-1522?). In the prologues to the books of his *Aeneid* translation, we find finished descriptions of the seasons, particularly realistic in the case of winter, -which would seem to have presented more interesting features than absolutely attractive ones to the Scottish writers. Evidently

Douglas's power to recognize the charms of Nature was perfect; what he lacked was ~~the~~ adequate power of expression. His poems have served as inspiration for many in the ^{14th} century. From this period onward till the time of Drummond of Hawthornden little addition was made to what had already been contributed by the various writers named. Sir David Lyndsay (1490 - 1551) cared little for Nature but of course found it necessary to describe occasionally. In such cases he shows ~~an~~ no originality but a higher degree of finish to his work than had up to this time been met with. Alexander Montgomerie's works (1535 - 1610) abound in classical imagery, which works restrainingly, but he has burst the fetters of conventionality so far as to go beyond park and garden and find pleasure in uncontrolled Nature. Alexander Scott seldom ventures to throw aside the traditions of the Chaucerians but shows advance toward that point of view where Nature is regarded with purely unselfish feelings of pleasure, the triumph of the aesthetic. The last of these poets to be mentioned is Alexander Hume (1560 - 1609) who certainly reaches the highest point so far attained as regards realism, extent of range and genuine appreciation of the picturesque. His chief poem, *The Day Estivall*, seems more properly to belong to the 18th than to the 16th century. No attempt, however, is made to do other than depict Nature from the Objective standpoint. The poets of the 15th and 16th centuries had fallen under the influence of the revival of learning, - but the true spirit of the Renaissance was still far from them.

What then is this true spirit of the Renaissance, and how did it manifest itself? As already mentioned its herald in England was Tottel's *Miscellany* (1557) which, however, by no means broke with old traditions. The first product of the new era was Spenser's *Shepherds Calendar* which appeared in 1579. Many causes had been at work to contribute to this new growth - the first perhaps being the conquest of Constantinople by the

6

Turks in 1453 and the consequent migration westward of the exponents of Greek learning. Shortly afterward came the discovery of America and the awakening of men's minds to the unknown mysterious New World, the rousing of curiosity in things and countries beyond their ken, the resulting desire to travel and the breaking down of barriers of insularity, - barriers which through the peril of the Spanish Armada were soon to be immensely strengthened in another way by the awakening of national consciousness. All these factors helped to remould the mind, to shake it out of the dream of exhausted possibilities into which it had fallen. Men were startled out of their apathetic repose and discovered a world hitherto unknown. So Englishmen came into closer relation with the continent and with continental literature. French and Italian letters began to exercise their influence, at first unmarked, then to take a firm hold on the poet's imagination. At first natural description remained objective as before, but the new tendencies showed themselves in allegory and symbolism, - in France used chiefly with satirical ends in view, in England applied to moral purposes. Then with closer study of the continental models was born the desire to imitate them, - above all the great master Petrarch, - and a consequent outburst of lyricism. Now the lyric necessitates self-revelation. The great change had begun. Poetry was no longer impersonal and naive but subjective and intense, - at first somewhat awkwardly and shamefacedly but soon with complete self-consciousness. Soon the poet began to seek about him for means of expressing his swelling emotions. What more natural than that he should turn to Nature for sympathy, - sometimes to find her all he could desire often to seem harshly repulsed. This was the age of chivalry, - Nature must aid him to find fresh and fitting descriptions of the charms of his mistress. More and more in all his moods he turned to Nature and sought to identify himself with her; hence the desire to be alone with her, to shun cities and crowds; the

the outcome of this feeling took form in the pastoral. The poet of the period was endowed with a passionate love of beauty which found expression in the most sensuous descriptions of natural and human loveliness; he had a vehement longing for the strong expression of his individuality, and gave it utterance in the sonnet sequences of which we have so many; he further delighted in a bold inquisitive intellect, in the fearless search for truth,— the ardent desire for life and the comprehension of life. But to all these positive tendencies there was inevitably a reaction and this we recognize in the deep melancholy which permeates the works of this golden age. All these unmistakable qualities, the tokens of the Renaissance spirit, we find now for the first time in the history of Scottish literature united in the works of William Drummond of Hawthornden. With him, then, we may say, a new era was beginning— that of a spiritual rebirth in Scotland's poetry.

William Drummond was born in 1585 at Hawthornden near Roslin, about seven miles from Edinburgh, his father being gentleman-usher to the young King James, with whose court the Drummonds were also connected through the mother's brother who was private secretary to the queen. Drummond was educated at the university of Edinburgh, and took his M. A. degree there in 1605. Immediately afterward he went abroad to study law, but paused on his way to visit London and the court. From 1605 till 1608 he seems to have been on the continent, alternating between Bourges and Paris. He returned to Scotland in 1609 when he would doubtless have commenced his career as an advocate if the death of his father had not left him laird of Hawthornden, freed from the necessity of spending his early life in what we can but suppose a somewhat distasteful employment. For the next three years he remained on his estate and gave himself up to quiet study. At the end of this period of rest, he appeared before the world as poet with the elegy, 'Teares on the Death of Moeliades',—Moeli-

ades was the promising young heir to the throne, Prince Henry. In the same year he travelled a little in Scotland, and during this tour began his friendship with Sir William Alexander, the only other Scottish poet of note in those days. This friendship which lasted till the death of Alexander- then Earl Stirling -in 1640, was certainly not without its happy consequences for his work. A less fortunate circumstance has, however, furnished us with some of his most admired poems; this was his engagement to a Miss Cunningham of Barnes, whom he loved passionately and whom he lost through death in 1615, on the eve of their marriage. In the next year he published a volume entitled Poems: Amourous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall: in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigalls. These poems were the fruit of his love and loss. In the following year he produced an extremely laudatory poem in honor of King James, just then visiting Scotland for the first time since his ascension of the English throne. This effusion was called "Forth Feasting" and one cannot refrain from admiring its art, even if one has not sufficient faith in human nature to agree with Prof. Masson in thinking that Drummond need not have been "even smilingly dishonest" as he wrote it. In the winter of 1618 - 19 Drummond had the honor of entertaining Ben Jonson for six weeks at Hawthornden, keeping some slight record of their conversations- a treasure indeed for literary posterity. In 1620 he seems to have been seriously ill, if one may judge from a couple of sonnets written then, as well as from letters to his friend Sir William Alexander. In 1623 appeared a fresh volume entitled, "Flowres of Sion," to which was appended a remarkable and admirable prose essay-"The Cypresse Grove." The contents had been in part published before under the title, "Urania, or Spiritual Songs." As the title indicates they were more or less of a religious nature - the product of a naturally philosophic mind rendered more than ordinarily thoughtful, not to say melancholy, by grief at the loss of his betrothed. During the following seven years his movements are uncertain

although the burden of evidence goes to show that he was on the continent. To our great surprise, we find that in 1627 he was granted a patent for some wonderful machines of war. Nothing more, however, is heard of these deadly things from that time on. In 1631 he was certainly again in Hawthornden, and the next year married - "unexpectedly" as we are told, - a certain Elizabeth Logan, said to have borne a remarkable likeness in appearance to the deceased Miss Cunningham. From this time until his death in 1649 he devoted himself more to politics than to literature - although we have a pastoral elegy, written on the occasion of the death of one, Sir Antonye Alexander, to which may be added a number of political satires. The entire latter part of his life, he devoted to the service of his king. It has been asserted, though on doubtful authority, that his death in 1649 was brought about by grief for his martyred master.

Now in this uneventful life what was there which could have been of importance in the production of the first Scottish Renaissance poet? First, he was born and educated in one of the most beautiful and romantic districts of Scotland - in a highly picturesque glen of the Esk valley. Second, he spent two or three years on the continent just at an age when he was most susceptible to impression, and what more likely to impress a live intellect than the Renaissance movement? Third, he returned to three years of quiet study in beautiful Hawthornden. As Prof. Masson says "To avoid writing poetry was the real difficulty." Fourth, he fell passionately in love, his love was returned, - but his mistress was reft from him by death. Without this last occurrence, sad as it was, all the favorable environment and preparation might have gone for naught. We can see what intellectual influences were at work upon him if we look at the list of books in his extraordinarily well-stocked library. Of the number, 11 were Hebrew; 35, Greek; and 164, Latin. The modern languages were represented by 61 in Italian, 8 in Spanish, 120

in French and 50 in English. Of these last fifty, we know that he possessed three plays of Shakespeare; *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love's Labor Lost*, and *the Midsummer Night's Dream*,— also *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece* and *the Passionate Pilgrim*. The works of Spenser and of Sir Philip Sidney also occupied a place. The last-named of the three great Elizabethans exercised certainly the greatest influence upon his literary activities. He tells us that between 1610 and 1612 he read numerous works, amongst which were many from Petrarch, Tasso and Ariosto, as well as from lesser lights such as Guarini, Sanazzaro, and Marino. The first three doubtless influenced him greatly but it was on the works of the three last that he modelled many of his own poems. In fact his verse was almost all cast in Italian Moulds and permeated by Italian Sentiments. The unhappy ending to his love-story led him to write sonnets as did Petrarch but his sonnet-form was that used by Shakespeare and Sidney. Not only in subject-matter but in method generally he was original, for as he himself tells us: he was "the first in the Isle that did e celebrate a mistress dead, and Englished the Madrigall." His "Englishing" of favorite Italian authors forms by no means a small part of his writings,— but even where he translates directly, he manages to give the work an individual flavor. Environment and preparation were complete. To these he brought a live intellect and an individuality which was worthy of the expression it sought.

Before entering on any closer examination of those elements in the natural description which show the impress of the Renaissance, it would be well to gain some definite idea of the general content of the poems. First in order comes then the elegy, "Teares on the Death of Moeliades." Here, Nature, represented as animate, is called upon to mourn the loss of the young prince, and the sorrow of the Scottish rivers, with their wailing nymphs, is shown us first,— then we are commanded to note the grief of meadows and forests,— and the climax of Nature's

mourning finds expression in the words:-

Stay, skie, thy turning course, and now become
 A stately arche, unto the earth his tombe;
 Ouer which ay the watrie Iris keepe,
 And sad Electra's sisters which still weepe.

The volume of Poems which appeared in 1616 consists of two parts,- the first tells of the torments of love not yet sure of being returned, the second reveals the sorrow of the poet on the loss of his betrothed. Here we see that the whole volume is subjectively conceived; we shall mark later how he flies to Nature in both phases of his trouble, during the unrest of his days of first love as well as under the black cloud of affliction which envelops him in his solitude. In "Urania, or Spiritual Poems" one may still note evidences of his grief but also how it has drawn him to philosophy and to religion for his comfort. He is herein revealed as one prepared to think for himself, able to reconcile the doctrines of his church with the principles of the Platonian philosophy in which he was a believer. This is exhibited still more clearly in that prose tractate, "The Cypresse Grove," with which we have at present nothing to do. What we find in the volume "Urania", we find to a yet greater extent in the later collection entitled, "Flowres of Sion". The poems of this book show greater maturity and an even bolder flight of thought than that revealed by his first efforts. We do not, of course forget that the Reformation had not been long established and that persecution had even then begun to make itself felt once more. The one single poem to be still discussed is the eulogy, "Forth Feasting". This is one those instances of mystic description where Nature is represented as animate in all its parts. The words are the words of the Forth, Proclaiming the desolation of Scotland during the absence of its liege lord, lauding to the skies the returned sovereign, and ending by imploring him once more to let Scotland find favor in his eyes so that he may stay and bless her by the sunshine of his royal presence.

There is abundance of classical allusion as in almost all the poems - a fruit of the early Renaissance. The spirit of this one, however, is that of the later revival, the outcome of the birth of that consciousness which led the poet to seek to know himself and to know Nature.

What now remains is to investigate the particular instances in which this peculiar spirit shows itself most clearly in regard to natural description. Such passages may be divided into three classes; those which contain subjective descriptions, those in which the depiction is purely objective, and lastly where it partakes of a scientific or pseudo-scientific character. The subjective descriptions may be subdivided into naive, sentimental and mystic; naive, where not only Nature is depicted, but the effect on him who gives himself up to impressions without troubling to think or reason - the purely animal satisfaction resulting from joy in spring or unanalyzed birdsong; the description is, however, sentimental when Nature is regarded as under the spell of some particular mood - either herself showing the influence - or producing the mood in the observer; in mystic descriptions the poet conceives Nature and natural objects as feeling with him - as having heart and soul - but deals less with their relation to himself than with their relation to each other. Of naive descriptions we shall find few in Drummond and few in which the standpoint is purely mystic. Sentimental views of Nature there ^{are} in abundance.

Purely naive, selfish satisfaction in his natural surroundings, he shows in Song I (Poems. Pt. I). He enters the valley and seeks the retired nook, thinking of nought but the day and its pleasures. We find few such instances of light-hearted carelessness again, - for here he saw his mistress and viewed Nature thereafter only under the influence of his passion.

It was my hap, O ! wofull hap ! to bide
 Where thickest shades me from all rayes did hide,
 Into a shut-up place, some Syluan's chamber,
 Whose seeling spred was with the lockes of amber

Of new-bloom'd sicamors, floore wrought with flowres
 More sweete and rich than those in princes' bowres.
 Here Adon blush'd and Clitia all amazed
 Lookt pale' with him who in the fountaine gazed,
 The amaranthus smyl'd, and that sweet boy
 Which sometime was the God of Delos' joy;
 The braue carnation, speckled pinke here shined,
 The violet her fainting head declined
 Beneath a drowsie chasbow- alle of gold
 The marigold her leaues did here Vnfold.

Now, while that rauish'd with delight and wonder,
 Halfe in a trance I lay those arches vnder,
 The season, silence, place, did all entise
 Eyes' heauie lids to bring night on their skies,
 Which softly hauing stollen themselves together,
 Like euening clouds, me plac'd I wote not whether.

Love called forth his poetic fire,- mere Nature seems never
 to have been sufficient, and even this example given must be
 but reminiscent. Still he has understood how to convey to us
 the impression of purely physical pleasure. One more fine ex-
 ample is a little madrigal, translated and altered for the bet-
 ter from Marino. This is the one entitled:- "Of Phillis."

In peticote of greene,
 Her haire about her eine,
 Phillis beneath an oake
 Sate milking her faire flocke:
 Among that strained moysture, rare delight !
 Her hand seem'd milke in milke, it was so white.

~~ure¹ as showing a mood is given in Song I. (Poems. Pt. I.) where~~

As to sentimental descriptions,- a fine instance of Nat-
 ure's showing a mood is given in Song I. (Poems. Pt. I.) where
 he imagines his love is forever lost to him. He speaks as foll-
 ows:-

Mee thought I set me by a cypresse shade,

And night and day the hyacinthe there reade;
 And that bewailing nightingalles did borrow
 Plaints of my plaint, and sorrowes of my sorrow.

The rivers, the flowers, the forests, winds, rocks, hills and
 caves seem to him to feel for his woe of unrequited love.

To heare my plaints, faire river christalline,
 Thou in a silent slumber seemes to stay;
 Delicious flowrs, lillie and columbine,
 Yee bowe your heades when I my woes display;
 Forests, in you the mirtle, palme, and bay,
 Haue had compassion listning to my grones;
 The winds with sighes haue solemniz'd my mones
 'M
 'Mong leaues, which whisper'd what they could not say;
 The caues, the rocks, the hills, the Syluans' thrones,
 As if euen pitie did in them appeare,
 Haue at my sorrowes rent their ruethlesse stones;
 Each thing I find Hath sense except my deare,
 Who doth not think I love, or will not know
 My grieffe, perchance delighting in my woe.

How happy he might be in his mistress' favor, he shows us by
 a drastic example in the 23d Sonnet(Poems.Pt.I.).The very
 inanimate things feel her presence,- how much more then
 should he!

Here is the flowrie bed where shee did lie,
 With roses here shee stellified the ground,
 Shee fix'd her eyes on this yet smyling pond,-
 One there is who can understand his sorrowes,- the nightingale
 who mourns too an unrequited love.

Deare quirister, who from those shaddowes sends,
 Ere that the blushing dawne dare show her light,
 Such sad lamenting straines, that night attends,
 Become all eare, starres stay to hear thy plight;
 Tell me,(so may thou fortune milder trie,

And long, long sing,)for what thou thus complaines?
Sith, winter gone, the sunne in dapled skie
Now smiles on meadowes, mountaines, woods, and plaines.

The bird, as if my questions did her moue,
~~With happy day hee being wings - tabb - chse on the flis upre - laun -~~

But one happy day he realizes that the end of his probation
draws near and he calls on Nature to rejoice with him, - in his
his impatience adjuring the sun to rise.

Phoebus, arise
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,
That shee thy cariere may with roses spred;
The nightingalles thy comming each where sing;
Make an eternall spring,
Giue life to this darke world which lieth dead;
Spreade foorth thy golden haire
In larger lockes than thou wast wont before,
And, emperour like, decore
With diademe of pearle thy temples faire:
Chase hence the uglie night,
Which serues but to make deare thy glorious light.

The last few lines of the song show his happiness in the wond-
rous day which is to bless his enterprise.

The windes all silent are,
And Phoebus, in his chaire,
Ensaffroning sea and aire,
Makes vanish euery starre;
Night like a drunkard reeles
Beyond the hills to shunne his flaming wheelles;
The fields with flowrs are deckt in euery hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blew:
Here is the pleasant place,
And eu'ry thing, saue her, who all should grace.

16

His mistress is going ~~fr~~His from him for a space, and he prays
the Forth to deal gently with her boat, and sentimentally notes
the - to him - perfectly explicable cause of the high waves.

Flouds seeme to smile, loue o're the winds preuailes,

And yet hudge waues arise; the cause is this,

The ocean striues with Forth the boat to kisse.

Allphenomena of Nature are to be interpreted in terms of his
passion; so for instance the premature heats of spring find an
explanation in Madrigal VI. (Poems. Pt. I.) He questions:

On this cold world of ours,

Flowre of the seasons, season of the flowrs,

Sonne of the sunne, sweet spring,

Such hote and burning dayes why doest thou bring?

And the answer is:

Or rather is it usher of the yeare,

For that, last day, amongst thy flowrs alone,

Vnmask'd thou saw'st my faire?

And while thou on her gaz 'd shee did thee burne,

And in thy brother summer doth thee turne.

In Sonnet XLV. (Poems. Pt. I.) he bewails his love's long absence
and notes the sad appearance of those very spots which had been
so bright and joyous but a while gone when she had borne him
company.

Is this the rustling spring vs musicke made?

Deflourished mead, where is your heauenly hue?

Banke, where that arras did you late adorne,

How look ye, elme, all withered and forlorne?

Onely, sweet spring, nought altered seemes in you;

But while here chang'd each other thing appeares,

To sowre your streames take of mine eyes these teares.

The poems of Pt. II. are filled with more serious griefs—her ab-
sence is eternal— for him all Nature is changed. He questions
how it could have been that meadow and wood ever seemed fair to
him, and finds answer as follows:—

This world is made a hell?
 Depriu'd of all that in it did excell.
 O Pan, Pan, winter is fallen in our May,
 Turn'd is in night our day;

That zephyre euerie yeare
 So soone was heard to sigh in forrests heere,
 It was for her: that wrapt in gownes of greene,
 Meads were so earlie seene,
 That in the saddest months oft sung the mearles,
 It was for her; for her trees dropt foorth pearles.
 That prowde and statelie courts
 Did enuie those our shades and calme resorts,
 It was for her; and she is gone, O woe!
 Woods cut again do grow,
 Budde doth the rose and dazie, winter done,
~~The~~ But wee, once dead, no more doe see the sunne.
 The turtle-dove bereft of its mate draws him to fall beneath
 the tree on which it sits, and sigh out his grief,- but all in
 vain.

Poore turtle, thou bemones
 The losse of thy deare loue,
 And I for mine send foorth those smoking grones,
 Unhappy widow'd doue,
 While all about doe sing,
 I at the roote, thou on the branche aboue,
 Even wearie with our mones the gaudie spring.

Yet these our plaints wee doe not spend in vaine,
 Sith sighing zephyres answeere vs againe.

In all these cases one feels the sincerity of the grief expressed. But artificial forms are not lacking. In "Teares on the Death of Moeliades", we find the rivers deploring the loss of their future hope,

When Forth thy nurse
 Heard thou hadst left this round, from Phoebus beames

She sought to flie, but forced to returne
 By neighbor brookes, shee gaue herselfe to mourne;
 And as shee rushed her Cyclades among,
 Shee seem'd to plaine that heauen had done her wrong.
 With a hoarse plaint, Cleyd down her steepie rockes,
 And Tweed through her greene mountaines cled with flockes,
 Did wound the ocean, murmuring thy death.

and farther on in the same poem meadows, flowers, woods, the elements themselves wail for their monarch's son. In all these instances, as in almost all examples which one can choose, Nature is represented ^{as mourning} with the poet. An example in which the contrary is the case is found in "Forth Feasting", as follows:-

Thy life was kept till the three sisters spunne
 Their threedes of gold, and then it was begunne.
 With curled clouds when skies doe looke most faire,
 And no disordred blasts disturbe the aire;
 When lillies doe them decke in azure gownes,
 And new-borne roses blushe with golden crownes;

Here Nature rejoices; but of course we cannot forget the object of the poem, and must be just a little suspicious as to whether we have here the writer's true sentiments, - which in any case does not alter the character of the device. A most charming instance of this species of description is found in a little madrigal, called the "Unkindesse of Rora.", which runs as ~~Fellow~~ follows:-

Whilst sighing forth his wrongs,
 In sweet, though dolefull songs,
 Alexis seekes to charme his Rora's eares,
 The hills are heard to mone,
 To sigh each spring appeares;
 Trees, euen hard trees, through rine distill their teares,
 And soft growes euery stone,
 But teares, sighes, songs can not faire Rora moue;
 Prowde of his plaints, shee glories in his loue.

Flowres of Sion, furnishes us also with a few instances, some of which are taken from the Scriptures, - as the account of Nature's suffering with her Lord during the Passion.

Not to behold his great Creator's death

The sunne from sinfull eyes hath vail'd his light,
And faintly journeyes vp heauen's saphire path;
And, cutting from her browes her tresses bright,
The moone doth keepe her lord's sad obsequies,
Impearling with her teares this robe of night.

All staggering and lazie lowre the skies,

The earth and elemental stages shake

The long since dead from bursted graues arise.

The peace and solemn rejoicing of the Resurrection morn is also carefully depicted in a later "Hymne" in the same volume. One final example we may take from the "Pastorall Elegie" on the death of a certain Sir Antonye Alexander, as it affords an example of the pastoral style.

With thee, sweet youth, the glories of our fields
Vanish away, and what contentments yields;
The lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,
The springs their christall want, their verdure meads,
The yeares their early seasons, cheerfull dayes;
Hills gloomy stand now desolate of rayes,
Their amorous whispers zephires not us bring,
Nor do aire's quiristers salute the spring;
The freezing winds our gardens do defloure.

A couple of instances may also be given of Nature producing a mood in her observer. We find amongst the "Flowres of Sion" a short poem entitled, "Change should breed Change," where the coming of spring seems to have inspired Drummond with moral reflections.

New doth the sunne appeare,
The mountaines' snowes decay,

Crown'd with fraile flowres foorth comes the babye yeare.

My soule, time postes away,
 And thou yet in that frost
 Which flowre and fruit hath lost,
 As if all heere immortall were, dost stay² etc.

In this collection is a second sonnet "To a Nightingale", but one in which the sentiment is almost diametrically opposed to that in the one quoted previously where the bird appeals to him because her song seems to tell of love unrequited. He concludes thus:-

What soule can be so sicke, which by thy songs,
 Attir'd in sweetnesse, sweetly is not driuen
 Quite to forget earthe's turmoiles, spights, and wrongs,
 And lift a reuerend eye and thought to heauen?

Sweet artlesse songstarre, thou my mind dost raise
 To ayres of spheares, yes, and to angels' layes.

With regard to mystic descriptions, there are not many instances to refer to. The most notable is, of course, the early "Forth Feasting", Nature, represented as animate, calling on its various parts to rejoice at the coming of the King and bring him gifts, - that he may be prevailed upon to abide in the land of his birth so long desolate in his absence. A second passage is in the long poem entitled the "Shadow of the Iudgement", in "Flowres of Sion". Here we have a dismal description of that unhappy land, "the frostie Groen-land", which adding to its natural disadvantages, Drummond has portrayed as the gate of hell, and has endeavored to make all its features as weird and horrid as possible. His success is indubitable. It is a very Inferno.

To the wild land beneath to make a shade,
 A mountaine lifteth vp his crested head:
 His lockes are yce-sheekles, his browes are snow
 Yet from his burning bowelles deepe below,
 Cometes, farre-flaming pyramides are driuen,
 And pitchie meteores to the cope of heauen.

4

No summer heere the loulie grasse forth brings,
 Nor trees, no, not the deadlye cypresse springes.
 Caue-louing eccho, daughter of the aire,
 By humane voice was neuer wak'ned heere:
 Instead of night's blake birdes, and plainfull owle,
 Infernall furies heere doe yell and howle.
 A mouth yawnes in this hight so blacke obscure
 With vapours, that no eye can it endure:
 Great Aetna's cauernes neuer yet did make
 Such sable dampes, though they be hideous blacke;
 Sterne horroures heere eternally doe dwell,
 And this gulfe destine for a gate to hell.

A very favorite device of the poets of the period consisted in producing upheavals of Nature by the force of their passion or the intensity of their grief. Even in Drummond, who is on the whole moderate in the expression of his moods, we have a few examples of this figure. The first found is Sextain I. (Poems. Pt. I.) where he vouches for the lasting nature of his passion.

Turne to their springs againe first shall the floods
 Cleare shall the sunne the sad and gloomie night,
 To dance about the pole cease shall the starrs,
 The elements renew their ancient warres
 Shall first, and bee depriu'd of place and light,
 Ere I find rest in citie, fields, or woods.

Again (Poems. Pt. II.) we find the figure used to show the intensity of his Woe, - so great that earth seems turned to a hell. Amongst the madrigals and epigrams, one called "Daphnis' Vow" is an instance similar to the one just quoted.

When sunne doth bring the day
 From the Hesperian sea,
 Or moone her coache doth rolle
 Aboue the northern pole,
 When serpents shall not hisse,

And louers shall not kisse;
 Then may it be, but in no time till then,
 That Daphnis can forget his Orienne,

In "Flowres of Sion" the device seems more legitimately used when applied to the events conceived as following on the "Judgement". In this case we may assume that the poet was merely carrying into his song the biblical sayings on the subject.

These quotations will suffice to show how our poet deals with subjective Nature-description. Nothing of this sort is to be found in Scottish poems up to this time, if one excepts curious isolated instances such as that quoted from the "Kingis Quhair" which even their authors seem to have distrusted and abandoned.

And now the question is, whether Drummond as a Renaissance poet has accomplished anything remarkable in the field of objective description. In general, the answer may be given in the negative. Drummond does not seem to have been a great observer. His pictures of Nature are quite frequently conventional to the last degree, -but notwithstanding this, even where he seems to have remarked least details, he contrives to make us feel that his environment had a pleasing, in most instances a pacifying effect upon him. Two at least of his sonnets breathe a deep content with his surroundings at Hawthornden, and allow us to draw the conclusion that the solitude and peace of the place were solace to his pain. Curiously enough from beginning to end of his work, we find no traces of that garden ^{so dear} to the artistic souls of the Italians, of Chaucer, and his many imitators, of the Scottish poets who had preceded. Versed as he was in the entire poetic ^{literature} of that time and the last period, he would almost seem to have gone out of his way to avoid such description. We must confess that it is a relief, - and rejoice in another proof of the originality of Drummond, of his individuality, of his insistent standing alone.

In unconventional natural description we have, however,

here satisfactory beginnings. In Song I. (Poems. Pt. I.) we have a couple of lines which, as Prof. Veitch points out, perhaps for the first time in the history of Scottish poetry, contain any "loving, imaginative appreciation of mountain, forest, and flood". These lines are:-

Faire yoakes of ermelines, whose colour passe

The whitest snows on aged Grampius' face.

Again he gives us a very fine simile of a traveller in the mountains finding other heights ever rising before him as he proceeds. In a number of passages he refers to the snow on the mountain peaks. No one, hitherto, had regarded this feature of a mountain with any degree of aesthetic appreciation, - merely with aversion as a wintry sign. Drummond looks at it with another thought in mind, and speaks of "lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine." In Song I. (Poems. Pt. I.) he gives us a very pleasing account of the mountain valley through which Ora flows.

Where Ora with a wood is crown'd about

And seemes forget the way how to come out,

A place there is, where a delicious fountaine

Springs from the swelling paps of a proud mountaine,

Whose falling streames the quiet caues do wound,

And make the ecchoes shrill resound that sound.

Here he gives some account of the forest, but it is a very classic wood, as in most cases throughout his works: he seldom refers to any ordinary species of trees, but places myrtle, bay, laurel, and palm indiscriminately throughout Scotland. In the same way his flowers are almost all classic ones; hyacinth, narcissus, anemone, sprung from the blood of princes aeons dead. Quite in the same fashion, he makes use of a list of classic rivers, and in fact usually refers to the various countries by mentioning the rivers which flow through them. Of these Gange Ganges seems his favorite; though Rhine, Tagus, Seine, Tanais are often named. In several places he gives an enumeration of the

Scottish rivers with descriptive epithets.

Stone-rolling Taye, Tine tortoyse-like that flows,
 The pearlie Done, the Deas, the fertile Spay,
 Wild Neuerne which doth see our longest day,
 Nesse smoking sulphure, Leau with mountaines crown'd,
 Strange Loumond for his floting isles renown'd,
 The Irish Rian, Ken, the siluer Aire,
 The snake Dun, the Ore with rushie haire,
 The chrystall-streaming Nid, lowd-bellowing Clyd,
 Tweed, which no more our kingdomes shall diuide,
 Ranke-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streames,
 The Eskes, the Solway where they loose their names:
 To eu'rie one proclaim our ioyes and feasts
 Our triumphes, bid all come, and bee our guests.

A second example is Sonnet XIV. (Poems. Pt. I.) where he enumerates all the famous rivers of the world, merely to compare these - to their extreme disadvantage to Ora where his Mistress stays. Ora itself he describes more particularly in Song I. (Poems. Pt. I already several times referred to.

When I,
 By Ora's flowrie bancks alone did wander,
 Ora that sports her like to old Meander;
 A floud more worthie fame and lastigg praise
 Than that which Phaeton's fall so high did raise,
 Into whose mooning glasse the milk-white lillies
 Doe dress their tresses and the daffadillies.

Another sonnet mentioned previously is addressed to the Forth and affords some very happy phrasing.

Marine descriptions are chiefly notable by absence. Although he had been abroad once or twice, yet he seems not to have been sufficiently impressed by the sea to have thought of using it in his poems. Generally it is to the awful and mysterious inhabitants of the deep that he refers and with aversion. Instances are: "Proteus' monstrous people in the deep," and a

reference in Song II. (Poems. Pt. II) to a dweller in the deep^s. Once only he calls the sea the "† glasse of the heauens" and speaks of it as "greene", only, however that he may have an opportunity of praising the color of his mistress' eyes. Except in this instance, the heavens are referred to as a "sapphire sphere", and the whole celestial system is dealt with according to the theories of the Ptolemaic philosophy. In Sonnet XII. (Poems. Pt. I) we have a fine picture of the moon.

Faire Moone, who with thy cold and siluer shine
 Makes sweet the horroure of the dreadfull night,
 Delighting the weake eye with smiles diuine,
~~and~~ Which Phebvs dazells with his too much light.

and in the next one we find the sun treated of as a skilful
~~in-a~~ † artificer in gold and precious metals, - a pleasant figure.

Goldsmith of all the starres, with siluer bright
 Who moone enamells, Apelles of the flowrs.

Frequently he calculates time by suns or moons as was the fashion of the period. We can find many descriptions of times and seasons, chiefly, of course, of night and spring. A few will serve. First one of night:-

Now while the night her sable vaile hath spred,
 And silently her restie coach doth rolle,
 Rousing with her from Tethys' azure bed
 Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole;
 While sleepe in triumph, closed hath all eyes,
 And birds and beastes a silence sweet doe keepe,
 And Proteus monstrous people in the deepe,
 The winds and waues, husht vp, to rest entise;
 I wake, muse, weepe.

Noon, he paints in Song I. (Poems. Pt. I)

When sunne in midst of day
 In highest top of Heauen his coach did stay,
 When most the grasshoppers are heard in meadowes,
 When loftie pines haue small or els no shadowes.

and morning in the famous song "Phoebus arise," and again in Song II $\frac{1}{2}$ (Poems. Pt. II)

It autumnne was, and on our hemispheare
 Faire Ericyne began bright to appeare;
 Night westward did her gemmie world decline,
 And hide her lights, that greater lights might shine;
 The crested bird had giuen alarum twise
 To lazie mortalls, to unlocke their eyes,
 The owle had left to plaine, and from each thorne
 The wing'd musicians did salute the morne.

In each case, full of classic allusions as the poems are, they give us the conviction that Drummond was appreciative and that he had passed far beyond the mere feeling of physical exhilaration or of lazy well-being, which evoked the songs of preceding poets. He has an aesthetic joy in the varying phases of Nature. What has he to say on the dearly-loved theme of spring? Again we must turn to the much-quoted Song I (Poems. Pt. I).

It was the time when to our northerne pole
 The brightest of lampe of heauen beginnes to rolle;
 When earth more wanton in new robes appeareth,
 And scorning skies her flowrs in raine-bowes beareth,
 On ~~whibht~~ which the aire moist saphires doth bequeath,
 Which quake to feele the kissing zephire's breath;
 When birds from shadie groues their loue foorth warble,
 And sea like heauen, heauen lookes like smoothest marble.

A more distinctive picture is that in Sonnet XVII which is however no mere objective description, but a complaint against the rigor of his mistress.

With flaming hornes the Bull now brings the yeare,
 Melt doe the horride moutaines' helmes of snow,
 The siluer flouds in pearlie channells flow,
 The late- bare woods greene anadeams doe weare;

The nightingall, forgetting winter's woe,
 Calls vp the lazie morne her notes to heare;
 Those flowrs are spred which names of princes beare,
 Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow;
 Here lowes a heifer, there bea-wailing strayes
 A harmlesse lambe, not farre a stag rebounds,
 The sheepe-herdes sing to grazing flockes sweet layes,
 And all about the ecchoing aire resounds.

He later on paints spring once more, but in far sadder spirit
 for his mistress is in her grave.

The zephires curle the greene lockes of the plaine,
 The cloudes for joy in pearles weepe down their showrs.
 Thou turn'st, sweet youth, but, ah! my pleasant howres
 And happie dayes with thee come not againe.

Objective descriptions of natural occurrences or phenomena are
 scarcely to be found. One only on the approach of rain may be
 given. It runs as follows:-

See, Chloris, how the cloudes
 Tilt in the azure lists,
 And how with Stygian mists
 Each horned hill his giant forehead shroudes;
 Loue thundreth in the aire,
 The aire, growne great with raine,
 Now seemes to bring Deucalion's dayes againe.

As far, then, as objective description is concerned,
 Drummond has brought few innovations, but these few are highly
 suggestive for the changing attitude towards Nature. In the ~~fir~~
 first place, he has completely discarded the trim garden with
 its careful artificiality, - in this matter breaking through the
 tradition of the Italian as well as the English masters. The
 "flowery mead" still remains, eminently classic as to its plants
 as also does the wood, - but here again a new era seems to have
 dawned. Hitherto only in ~~the~~ the rarest instances has a wood been

spoken of with anything but awe, - often even seems to be regarded as a place of terror. Spenser had shown pleasure in the shady forest vale, and Drummond goes one step farther; he not only shows his delight in the wooded valley, but he has eliminated the fear-inspiring forest altogether. When we consider this reflecting also on ^{the} more modern conception of the charms of the mountain and its snowy crown, of which he is the first appreciator, we must see that the whole manner of looking at Nature has altered. Take too the passages where he describes night - the time of horrors, as the older poets saw it, - now evidently become a time of peace and rest although even now we note that the poet is not altogether free of the old bias. Little of actual observation as Drummond gives us, his new and individual way of dealing with even the conventional throws a strong light on the revolution in the minds of the post-Renaissance poets.

There still remains a third species of description, which may be designated as scientific, - inasmuch as it refers to actual astronomical theories or to the writer's personal system of philosophy. All the poets of the period seem to have been well up in astronomy. Edmund Spenser even takes delight in exhibiting his knowledge of that science. Drummond does not by any means enter into such minute details, - but still he furnishes us with a goodly number of passages from which we may conclude that he too had devoted some time to the study of the stars. In one of his letters he professes distrust of astrologers but this does not prevent him from using the theory of stellar influence when it suits his purpose. In his eleventh sonnet he refers to the change in seasons as the result of the sun's variations.

Life of all lifes, death-giuer by thy flight

To southerne pole from these six signes of ours -

Likewise in Song I. he begins with a couplet which is to the same effect. Once he mentions the moon's effect on the tides, and he constantly refers to the various planets, as for instance in Song II $\frac{1}{2}$ (Poems. Pt. II) pp - speaking of Venus as morning-star.

Again he refers in Sonnet III¹/₂ (Urania) to the wondrous powers of the Creator in having given each planet an individual character

To giue strange motions to the planets seuen,
 And Ioue to make so meeke, and Mars so bold;
 To temper what is moist, drie, hote, and cold,
 Of all their iarres that sweet accords are giuen,
 Lord, to thy wit is nought, nought to thy might¹/₂

an idea which he expands to considerable length in the "Hymne of the Fairest Faire". Astrological allusions one finds quite frequently, - as for instance in the "Forth Feasting", which may be taken as indicating Drummond's own distrust of this Pseudo-science. Still the influence of the stars is a useful conceit and he does not scorn it; Sonnets XXXI, XXXIII, XXXVI all contain such lines.

2 "What cruell starre into this world mee broughte?"

"Where slaue-born man playes to the scoffing starres."

"I'll seeke no more reliefe,

Nor longer entertain this loathsome breath,

~~In-Sonnet LIII yeeld-unte-my-starre."~~

But yeeld vnto my starre."

In Sonnet LIII. he speaks, - as later in the dismal description of "frostie Groen-land", - of the arctic nights, like to the midnight in his soul.

This is all conventional enough, but when we turn to his more philosophical poems, we find a breadth of thought and a daring intellectual unconventionality which could only be in the case of one whose mind had been opened by his travels, his reading, and his uncompromising desire for truth in whatever form. On the whole, his philosophy is that of Plato - and we can find it in its purest form in the prose essay "The Cypresse Grove". He has however given us many instances of his beliefs in the poems themselves. The first instance is that fine sonnet, beginning "That learned Graecian---". Here he deals with Plato's doctrine of ideas and his teaching that in former existences we all have

seen these ideas. Before birth into this mortal frame, he is assured he has known his love.

That learned Graecian, who did so excell
 In knowledge passing sense, that hee is nam'd
 Of all the after-worlds diuine, doth tell
 That at the time when first our soules are framed,
 Ere in these mansions blinde they come to dwell,
 They liue bright rayes of that eternall light,
 And others see, know, loue, in heauen's great hight,
 Not toylde with ought to reason doth rebell.
 Most true it is, for straight at the first sight
 My minde mee told, that in some other place
 It elsewhere saw the idea of that face,
 And lou'd a loue of heauenly pure delight:
 No wonder now I feele so faire a flame,
 Sith I her lou'd ere on this earth shee came.

Many Platonic theories are strewn through his poems,- for example that of the celestial fire, which is vivific but does not consume. His ideas of the universe, ^{are} we find given in numbers of places,-first perhaps in Sonnet V. (Poems.Pt.I), again in the "Hymne of the Fairest Faire", and in "The Shadow of Ivdgement". Often we find him speaking of that attitude of mind which is not content to accept dry dogmas but will for its own sake investigate and ascertain. In his laudation of James the First this is one of the points he makes,

Thou sought'st to know this All's eternall source
 Of euer-turning heauens the restlesse course,
 Their fixed eyes, their lights which wand'ring runne,
 Whence moone her siluer hath, his gold the sunne,
 If destine bee or no, if planets can
 By fierce aspects force the free will of man:

and again in Sonnet VI (Flowrs OF Sion) he rebukes those who are thoughtless, who are content with mere existence. In the fine Song II (Poems.Pt.II) he deals philosophically with death and

finally his lost love adjures him, ^{since his} whose mind is not that of the vulgar, unthinking throng, to leave mere things of the world and meditate on that which is higher. His religion as revealed by the "Spiritual Poems" shows a breadth remarkable for that period. Like Shelley in later times, he "beyond all the narrow limits of dogmas, gives voice to the spirit of Christ's teachings, the ultimate spirit of all religion; namely that God is Love." Hence this absolute tolerance. Taint of sectarianism - except what was political, - we find nowhere in his works. His ideal was that of the Renaissance, - freedom of thought.

The figures of speech - similes in particular, - are not extremely frequent, and those which he uses are mostly classic ones - comparisons with phoenix, the turtle-dove, the pelican, the basilisk, and so on. Ordinary animals or birds do not seem to have appealed to him as being of sufficient dignity to introduce into verse. One or two instances ^{we have} none of any great importance. The phoenix is referred to often, - Sonnet IV. (Poems. PT. I) for instance -

That, like Arabia's bird, my wasted heart,

Made quick by death, more liuely still remains.

or in the "Hymne of the REsurrection",

Such, when a huge of dayes haue on her runne

In a farre forest in the pearlie east,

And shee herselfe hath burnt and spicie nest

The lonlie bird, with youthfull pennes and combe,

Doth soare from out her cradle and her tombe.

In Poems, Pt. II. the "widowed turtle" is used in a simile, as well as elsewhere, -

Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complaine.

In one of his madrigals, he compares himself to a worm, making out of its own web a prison for itself.

A Dedale of my death,

Now I resemble that subtile worme on earth,

Which, prone to its owne euill, can take no rest;

For with strange thoughts possest,
 I feede on fading leaues of-h-
 Of hope which mee deceaues,
 And thousand webs doth warpe within my brest:
 And thus an end unto myselfe I weaue
 A fast-shut prison, no, but euen a graue.

Another madrigal or two he devotes to the bee, who stung his love. Once he notices the instability of spiders' webs, and compares it to that of man's work in the universe. (Urania. Son. I.)

States which ambitious mindes with blood doe raise,
 From frozen Tanais to sunne-gilded Gange,
 Giganticke frames, held wonders rarely strange,
 Like spiders' webbes, are made the sport of dayes.

None of these instances, however, - except perhaps this last - are taken from any of the daily events which make up our life. One must come to the conclusion that Drummond was no observer of detail. Appreciation for the whole he certainly had.

What has been said with regard to the use of animal-similes might apply almost as well to the flower and plant similes. ~~Either~~ Either the figure is quite general as:-

I know fraile beauty like the purple flowre
 Which one momn oft birth and death affords.

or, the figure is quite conventional as in the "Teares on the Dea Death of Moeliades" where the promising prince is compared to a half-opened rose:

So falles by northerne blaste a virgine rose
 At halfe that doth her bashfull bosome close.

We have also a number of passages where the dependence of true love reminds him of the oak and the ivy, or in one instance, of elm and the ivy. On one occasion, he breaks away from tradition and says:-

Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleasure,
 And I remaine like marigold of sunne
 Depriu'd, that dies by shadow of some mountain.

Again when treating of the Resurrection, he draws on Nature for a phenomenon to illustrate his idea, and we have the following:

So a small seede that in the earth lies hidde,
 And dies, reuiuing, burstes her cloddie side,
 Adorn'd with yellow lockes ,of new is borne,
 And doth become a mother great with corne,
 Of graines brings hundreths with it, which when old
 Enrich the furrowes with a sea of gold.

In the same volume of "Spiritual Songs" there is the classic example of the "apples of ashes", here used to designate the value of flattery.

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
 But full of smoke within which vse to grow
 Neere that strange lake, where God powr'd from the skie
 Huge showres of flames, worse flames to ouerthrow.

He, on several occasions, inveighs severely against the hypocrisy of courts. Had he forgotten his own "Forth Feasting"?

Less conventional are those figures in which the heavens and stars are called to the poet's help to elucidate his thought. We need but point to that beautiful sonnet, in which he laments the loss of his mistress, - his light in life.

As in a duskie and tempestuous night,
 A starre is wont to sprede her lockes of gold,
 And ~~with~~ while her pleasant rayes abroad are roll'd,
 Some spitefull cloude doth rob us of her sight;
 Faire soule, in this blacke age so shin'd thou bright,
 And made all eyes with wonder thee beholde,
 Till vglie Death, depriuing vs of light,
 In his grimme mistie armes thee did enfolde-

A less sincere comparison, perhaps, is in "Teares on the Death of Moeliades".

So Phoebus mounting the meridian's hight,
 Choak'd by pale Phoebe, faints vnto our sight.

Astonish'd Nature sullen stands to see
 The life of all this all so chang'd to bee;
 In gloomie gownes the starres about deplore,
 The sea with murmuring moutaines beates the shore,
 Blacke darknesse reeles or'e all, in thousand showres
 The weeping aire on earth her sorrow powres,
 That, in a palsey, quakes to finde so soone
 Her louer set, and night burst foorth ere noone.

This might perhaps be classified as one of those upheavals of Nature whereby the poets sought to indicate the depths of their woe. But the description is intended as a realistic one of an eclipse which affords a convenient device for the expression of the poet's loyalty. A more ordinary conceit is used to indicate the glory of the King, ("Forth Feasting")

As into silent night, when neare the beare
 The virgine huntresse shines at full most cleare,
 And striues to match her brother's golden light,
 The hoast of starrs doth vanish in her sight,
 Arcturus dies, cool'd is the lyon's ire,
 Po burns no more with Phaetonal fire,
 Orion faints to see his armes grow blacke,
 And that his blazing sword hee now doth lacke:
 So Europe's lights, all bright in their degree,
 Loose all their lustre paragon'd with thee.

Once before that sonnet (Poems, Pt. I, No. XI) has been referred to where the sun is depicted as a cunning artificer in precious metals. There are, besides such fine examples, numerous instances in which the lover compares his sweetheart's eyes to planets, comets, suns, - and where time is marked by the revolution of sun and moon. Drummond's similes are rather rare - but in most cases artistic, and seldom give the impression of being far-fetched. He is always dignified and understands to the full the value of restraint in poetry. Drummond's failure to observe details has certainly lost us a great deal; for when he does use a natural occurrence or phenomenon in a figure, he does it with a touch all his own.

O sacred blush, impurpling cheekes' pure skies,
 With crimson wings which spred thee like the morne¹
 or again in the entire Sonnet IV. (Flowres of Sion), or in that
 other, where he compares his thoughts to pearls.

With open shells in seas, on heavenly dew
 A shining oyster lusciously doth feed,
 And then the birth of that aethereall seed
 Showes, when conceiv'd, if skies looke dark or blew:
 So do my thoughts, coelestiall twins, of you,
 At whose aspect they first begin and breed,
 When they come forth to light, demonstrate true,
 If ye then smil'd, or lowr'd in mourning weed.
 Pearls then are orient-fram'd, and faire in forme,
 If heavens in their conceptions do look cleare;
 But if they thunder or do threat a storme,
 They sadly darke and clouded do appeare:

Right so my thoughts and so my notes do change,

Sweet if ye smile, and hoarse if ye look strange.

One of the most beautiful is that which treats of the pilgrim
 in the mountains, once referred to already,-

Ah! as a pilgrime who doth the Alpes passe,
 Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter's glasse,
 The ayrie Caucasus, the Apennine,
 Pyrenes' cliftes where sunne doth neuer shine,
 When hee some ~~hill~~ heapes of hilles hath ouerwent,
 Beginneth to thinke on rest, his iourney spent,
 Till, mounting some tall mountaine, hee doe finde
 More hights before him than hee left behinde.

His saddened life, he ~~speks~~- speaks of in another place,
 Once did this world to mee seeme sweete and faire,
 While senses light minde's prospectiue ~~keeps~~ kept blind,
 Now like imagin'd landskip in the aire,
 And weeping raine-bowes, her best ioyes I finde;

He further compares it frequently to a flash of lightning,-
so soon it is gone. Of all his figures of life, however, none
can approach that madrigal, worthy of a place in any literature.

This life which, seemes so faire,
Is like a bubble blowen vp in the aire,
By sporting childrens' breath,
Who chase it euery-where,
And striue who can most motion it bequeath:
And though it sometime seeme of its owne might,
Like to an eye of gold, to be fix'd there,
And firme to houer in that emptie hight,
That only is because it is so light,
But in that pompe it doth not long appeare;
For euen when most admir'd, it is a thought,
As swell'd from nothing, doth dissolue in nought.

Here then, in technique although he falls short of many of
his contemporaries, he seems to have adorned even the ancient &
faded figures when he touched them,- imbued them indeed with the
soul of the artist. Drummond had the love of beauty, one part of
the Renaissance poet's equipment: he had too that seriousness and
desire for asserting his individuality which was a new feature
not only ^{to} poet but ^{to} philosopher, without inclination to be a teach-
er or reformer, but in his own soul assured and calm. This "met-
a-physical mood" as it has been called, is perhaps the most char-
acteristic thing about him,- permeating his entire work, which
reveals what ^{Prof. Masson} aptly designates ^{as} a "combination of poetic sensuous-
ness, with a tender and rather elevated thoughtfulness",- a
thoughtfulness mingled with grace - nowhere more beautifully and
simply shown than in the epitaph he would have:-

Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk: may roses shade the place.