

What can we know of the beginnings of vernacular love-poetry in Europe? In its ideas and images, what is universal, what is confined to a particular time and place? What part do popular traditions play, and what part learned? How are the medieval Latin ranges of thought and poetry related to the first flowering in the modern languages? These are among the questions that Mr Dronke explores in his book.

In the second volume, the full range of the Latin poetic evidence is illustrated by an anthology (with translation and commentary) of texts most of which have not been edited before. The texts and the study throw new light on the problem of *amour courtois*, on the European secular lyric, and the history of medieval Latin poetry.

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MEDIEVAL LATIN
AND THE
RISE OF EUROPEAN
LOVE-LYRIC

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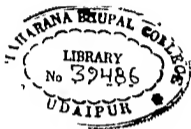
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VOLUME I
PROBLEMS AND
INTERPRETATIONS

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TO
URSULA

PREFACE

THE lyrical love-poetry that arose in medieval Europe has captured the imagination of many readers and tantalized scholars with the question of its origins. My book is not an attempt at a history of this poetry, but rather a number of attempts at poetic interpretation. I wish to illuminate certain modes of thought in medieval poetry, and certain kinds of language, particularly language of *amour courtois*. This inevitably involves asking afresh some of the wider questions: What can we know of the beginnings of vernacular love-poetry in Europe? In its ideas and images, what is universal, what is confined to a particular time and place? Where does originality end and mannerism begin? What part do popular traditions play, and what part learned? How are the medieval Latin ranges of thought and poetry related to the first flowering in the modern languages? I cannot hope to give a complete answer to such questions, only to explore them, and arrive by way of them at a fuller understanding of a number of particular poems.

I have touched only incidentally on problems of metrical and musical form in the lyric, problems which have been discussed outstandingly in the numerous essays of the late Hans Spanke. Spanke's detailed correlations of the stanza-forms and melodies of Provence, France, Germany, and Spain with those of the Latin tradition that grew up alongside the liturgy all over Europe provide the indispensable basis for understanding the development of medieval (and later) lyrical forms. This has not yet been widely enough recognized: the corpus of songs in the manuscripts of Saint-Martial, central to Spanke's discussion, remains largely unedited. When there is a full collected edition of these songs, whose importance Spanke was the first to see, our knowledge of medieval poetry and music will have won a revelation.

The comparison of Latin and vernacular lyrics, however, provides no simple solution to the problem of origins. If some of the first troubadours whose names we know found forms and melodies for songs at the monastery of Saint-Martial in Limoges, generations of monks before them must have known vernacular songs and at times adapted them. If the sequence seems the most clerical genre in medieval lyric, the secular titles of many of the earliest liturgical sequences indicate that a melody has been borrowed, that profane—and in some cases no doubt native—words have been replaced by sacred Latin ones. Even the bilingual lyrics (Latin-Provençal and Latin-German) of the tenth and eleventh centuries prove nothing about the priority either of Latin or of vernacular song. On the contrary, they indicate that these had existed together in medieval Europe from the first. Singers of the castle and the fairground, the church and the school had from the earliest times heard and been inspired by one another's songs; no class had a monopoly of invention. The Latin tradition, especially before the twelfth century, often preserves records of songs of which we have as yet no written examples in the vernaculars: dance-songs, love-dialogues, aubades, ballads, reverdies, lovers' greetings and meditations. At no time can these have been confined to the clerical and lettered world alone.

In my first chapter, on the unity of popular and courtly love-lyric, I have tried to distinguish the universal human elements in the poetry of *amour courtois*. Critics and scholars have assumed

- (i) that there was something new about the feeling of love expressed in the courtly poetry of twelfth-century Europe and later,
- (ii) that this feeling distinguished the Provençal troubadours, and other poets took the infection from them,
- (iii) that researches into the rise of European courtly poetry must concern themselves with the cause of this feeling.

After a study of texts drawn from diverse periods and cultures, I would propose instead:

- (i) that 'the new feeling' of *amour courtois* is at least as old as Egypt of the second millennium B.C., and might indeed occur at any time or place: that it is, as Professor Marrou suspected, 'un secteur du cœur, un des aspects éternels de l'homme';¹
- (ii) that the feeling of *amour courtois* is not confined to courtly or chivalric society, but is reflected even in the earliest recorded popular verse of Europe (which almost certainly had a long oral tradition behind it);
- (iii) that researches into European courtly poetry should therefore be concerned with the variety of sophisticated and learned *development* of *courtois* themes, not with seeking specific origins for the themes themselves. For if the mirage of the sudden new feeling is done away with, the particular problems of literary history undoubtedly remain.

In my second chapter I attempt to show how certain developments of *courtois* themes were made possible through the influence of Latin learning. I have confined myself to a brief characterization of three kinds of language, which I call mystical, noetic (deriving from Platonic and Aristotelian theories of knowledge), and Sapiential (deriving from the 'Solomonic' books of the Old Testament): all these, I believe, play a part in the increasing elaboration by the poets of a 'metaphysical' language of love.

The third chapter illustrates the uses of such language from a variety of literary contexts: in the songs of Raimbaut d'Orange, the first troubadour in Provence in whose work it has an extensive role; in the haphazard but none the less real

¹ *RMAL* iii (1947), 89. To be literal, one would have to replace 'éternel' by some more pedantic phrase, such as 'so widespread as to elude a purely genetic analysis'. The phrase 'the new feeling' is used by C. S. Lewis, *The Allegory of Love*, p. 12.

occurrence of similar language in early English love-poetry, especially in the Harley lyrics, in the Minnesinger Heinrich von Morungen, whose creative use of a range of 'metaphysical' images lends them a unique intensity and depth, and in the supersubtle, analytic extreme of the metaphysics of love in Italy, above all in the songs of Guido Cavalcanti.

The last two chapters are an attempt to see the Latin traditions of love-poetry in perspective to the developments of *courtis* themes in the medieval vernaculars. In the fourth chapter I discuss some anticipations of such developments, first in Roman poetry, then, more extensively, in Latin learned verse from the sixth to the twelfth centuries. The final chapter is a study of those Latin lyrics that seem to me most illuminating for the vernaculars. Here again the emphasis is mainly on the ideas and images of *amour courtois* the extent to which these occur in the Latin lyric has never yet been fully recognized. I have deliberately left comparisons with vernacular songs for the most part implicit—a truly comparative study would require another large volume. I hope, however, to have drawn together some of the most important Latin material towards such a study.

The poetry discussed in the last two chapters is necessarily limited in range, the wider literary context in which it arose is adumbrated by the collection of texts (mostly not printed before) which forms the second part of my book. Here the emphasis is on diversity, to show all who are interested in the medieval vernaculars the great range of genres, styles, techniques, and attitudes in the Latin love-poetry of the time, both what can be paralleled in other medieval literatures and what can not.

When I began writing this book I intended to conclude with no more than a brief appendix of less-known Latin texts. But soon I came to realize how inadequate any study involving the Latin poetry would be unless one went back to the manuscripts trying as far as possible to take account of all that had never been published, and where necessary, editing some of the

known texts afresh. For a long time each text seemed to raise more problems than it could ever help to solve; the difficulties that still remain in many poems of my collection are formidable. There may also be comparable textual difficulties, of which I have not known, in the vernacular poetry: here I have had recourse only to published versions. None the less (to borrow the words of W. P. Ker in his preface to *Epic and Romance*), even if in my presentation of the texts 'many things have been taken for granted too easily . . . it is hoped that something may be gained by a less minute and exacting consideration of the whole field, and by an attempt to bring the more distant and dissociated parts of the subject into relation with one another, in one view'.

★

I should like to give my warmest thanks to the many hospitable libraries whose manuscripts I have used; to Merton College, for the Fellowship through which I was able to begin this book; and above all to the scholars who have helped me in the course of my work. A number of particular debts are acknowledged at appropriate places in the book; here I would mention especially Professor Bruno Nardi, in conversation with whom many of the ideas towards this book took shape; Dr. F. J. E. Raby, who has kindly criticized it at several stages, and whose survey *Secular Latin Poetry* was an invaluable guide; and Professor Sir Roger Mynors, to whose generosity I owe numerous suggestions and corrections in my Latin texts (emendations which I owe to him I have marked [R. M.]). Mr. J. B. Trapp read and made valuable comments on both parts of the book in typescript; Dr. R. W. Hunt and Professor Bernhard Bischoff gave me their advice about a number of manuscripts; Dr. S. M. Stern helped me considerably with the Spanish and Arabic texts in chapter I; and other scholars were kind enough to advise me on languages which enter my argument at various points: Professor J. Černý on Egyptian, Dr. D. M. Lang on Georgian, Mr. S. J. Papastavrou on medieval

Greek, Dr D H Green and Mrs Olive Sayce on Middle High German the Reverend Kenneth Foster and Mr C G Hardie on Italian Mr R P Axton helped me generously with my list of abbreviations and with proofs My wife, Ursula, apart from giving me specialist advice on Icelandic and Middle English, was the constant inspiration and help in my writing from beginning to end

P D

January, 1963

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MEDIEVAL LATIN LOVE-POETRY

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I

THE UNITY OF POPULAR AND COURTLY LOVE-LYRIC

'POPULAR' and 'courtly'—the words are common currency wherever lyrics are discussed. The faces of these coins have almost been worn away, they are so much used. So it may be best to begin with a brief attempt at definition.

Popular poetry, it has often been remarked, is composed not by a people but for it. It is not, as the old Romantic view would have it, wholly anonymous, a direct expression of the *Volksgeist*. Any lyric that is memorable has something personal about it. But in the composition of popular poetry the poet loosens his personal bonds with his work in order to surrender it to the people: that is, to the whole of a society, without distinction of class. It is not the particular status of the poet that counts, but what he intends shall become of his poem. It is popular if the people come to make it their own. Then the author's signature is unimportant—others may feel entitled to make changes or adaptations, to add or to retouch.

As against this, there is a poetry which is composed for a select, specific audience. Here the poet is less elusive. In composing he uses a range of learning and literary art familiar to his audience. The audience share with their poet certain values, conventions, or artifices not universally recognized. The poetry that springs up in such a situation may be termed courtly poetry, and in medieval Europe the rise and development of such poetry coincides with the rise of the ecclesiastical and secular courts themselves.

What of the poetry of *amour courtois*? The very name 'courtly love poetry' seems to suggest beyond a doubt that this is a subdivision of courtly poetry. And such a view can be found

upheld by our histories of literature. All, it seems, are agreed that *amour courtois* was a new conception of love, a new feeling, which arose for the first time in a particular aristocratic, chivalric courtly society.

In 1936 Professor C. S. Lewis wrote in *The Allegory of Love* (pp. 2-4)

Every one has heard of courtly love and every one knows that it appears quite suddenly at the end of the eleventh century in Languedoc.

French poets in the eleventh century discovered or invented, or were the first to express, that romantic species of passion which English poets were still writing about in the nineteenth. Compared with this revolution the Renaissance is a mere ripple on the surface of literature.

In 1949 Ernst Robert Curtius in a lecture on 'The Medieval Bases of Western Thought', claimed that 'the passion and sorrow of love were an emotional discovery of the French troubadours and their successors'.¹ And most recently, in 1960, Professor Reto Bezzola still thinking in precisely these terms, asked

Pourquoi cette nouvelle poésie qui exprime une nouvelle conception de l'homme, qui donne une image absolument nouvelle de la femme, qui présente les rapports entre les êtres humains d'une manière absolument nouvelle surgit-elle juste en ce moment, au XI^e et au XII^e siècle ? Ce qui reste à expliquer presque entièrement, c'est la nouvelle conception de l'amour.²

I am convinced that this received opinion, this belief in a wholly new conception of love, is false. I am convinced that the question, why did this new feeling arise at such a place, at such a time in such a society, is a misleading one. For I should like to suggest that the feelings and conceptions of *amour courtois* are universally possible, possible in any time or place and on any level of society. They occur in popular as well as in learned or aristocratic love-poetry. Like Dante in the fourth book of the

¹ Curtius, p. 588.

² *Les origines et la formation de la littérature courtoise en occident* II. 242-249.

Convivio, I hold that here is a *gentilezza* which is not confined to any court or privileged class, but springs from an inherent virtù; that the feelings of *courtoisie* are elemental, not the product of a particular chivalric nurture. In the poets' terms, they allow even the most *vilain* to be *gentil*.

Admittedly Dante also wrote in the second book of the *Convivio* that *cortesia* derives from *corte*, for once virtù and *belli costumi* were in use there (though now, he says, the opposite is true). So we can, if we wish, postulate archaic courtly traditions behind all popular poetry; on the other hand, we can equally well postulate simple, primordial popular traditions behind all courtly poetry. Neither can ever be more than an hypothesis—and in the times when high and low ate together in the same hall, perhaps popular and courtly poetry were seldom far apart.

I should like to introduce the term 'the courtly experience' to designate something which cuts across the notions of popular and courtly poetry. The courtly experience¹ is the sensibility that gives birth to poetry that is *courtois*, to poetry of *amour courtois*. Such poetry may be either popular or courtly, according to the circumstances of its composition. The unity of popular and courtly love-poetry is manifest in the courtly experience, which finds expression in both.

I intend the phrase 'the courtly experience' as a coinage, yet a coinage not unrelated to the various things that scholars have understood by *amour courtois*. Of this indeed

Diverse folk diversely they demed;
As many heddes, as many wittes ther been.
They murmureden as dooth a swarm of been,
And maden skiles after hir fantasies,
Rehersynge of thise olde poetries. . . .²

¹ Though I use the word 'experience', this is not in order to decide how much of *amour courtois* was 'sincere', how much the poets 'experience' it, or to what extent they played the 'lel layk of luf' seriously or lightly. This clearly varies from poet to poet, from poem to poem. I speak of the courtly *experience* rather than, say, the courtly manner or fashion because, beyond manners and fashions, it can entail a whole way of looking at life.

² Chaucer, *The Squire's Tale*, 202 ff.

I should like to take as my basis the remarks of the incomparable medievalist of an earlier generation, Joseph Bedier, in which he defines *la poésie courtoise*

Ce qui lui est propre c'est d'avoir conçu l'amour comme un culte qui s'adresse à un objet excellent et se fonde, comme l'amour chrétien, sur l'infinie disproportion du mérite au désir — comme une école nécessaire d'honneur qui fait valoir l'amant et transforme les vilains en courtois, — comme un seravage volontaire qui recèle un pouvoir ennoblissant et fait consister dans la souffrance la dignité et la beauté de la passion.¹

Starting from this, it would be possible to emphasize a number of related pockets of ideas such as the insistence, so marked in Provence on the social qualities of the lady, and the ways in which the lover becomes socially acceptable (*acquies pretz*) through her or again the conventions of adulterous relationships the tradition of the *cas aliene servente*.² I shall not, however, be concerned with these except incidentally. I shall develop certain implications of Bédier's definition rather than others, however important those others may be in a particular sphere. Central for my purposes are those aspects that bear fruit in the greatest poetry of *amour courtois*.

First, 'le culte d'un objet excellent' such an attitude of the poet towards his beloved is the foundation of the courtly experience. From this arises the infinite disproportion between lover and loved one. Yet the entire love-worship of the beloved is based on the feeling that by loving such disproportion may be lessened, the infinite gulf bridged and a way towards union, however difficult and arduous, begun. It is based on the feeling that finite human love can at its highest have something

¹ *Les Fêtes de mai et les commencemens de la poésie lyrique au Moyen Age* *Revue des deux mondes* mai 1896 p. 172. As Moisé Lazar has recently stressed, this sense of *courtoisie* (which I have in mind whenever I use the term) must not be confused, as it so often is, with 'l'idéal éthique et social de la chevalerie' (*Les Éléments constitutifs de la courtoisie, Studi medievali e volgari* vi-vii (1959) 68). Cf. also p. 55 n. 2. Certain other notions which have been associated with *amour courtois* are discussed in the Excursus at the end of this chapter.

² v. *infra* pp. 45 ff.

infinitely more than human about it, that it is through a human beloved that the 'divine' concepts—Paradise, salvation, eternity—take on meaning, that divinity hedges the beloved and can be experienced through her. It is what leads to such expressions as: she whom I love is peerless throughout the world; one moment with her is worth Paradise to me; I would gladly go to Hell if she were there; her beauty is radiant as the sun; she mirrors the divine light to the world; she moves among other women like a goddess; she is worshipped by saints and angels; she herself is an angel, a goddess; she is the lover's remedy; she is his salvation.

Such feelings imply (and sometimes even prompt the explicit statement) that human and divine love are not in conflict with each other, but on the contrary can become identified. If the beloved reflects divine perfections to the world, she can be a mediatrix or *figura*¹ of them to her lover, and he can reach them in so far as he comes nearer to her through love-service.

This 'accord' is expressed most strikingly in a *conte* written just after 1200, *Le lai de l'oiselet*, where the bird, having the angelic power of knowledge which is traditionally attributed to birds, tells 'chevalier et clerc et lai', and all men and women who are in love,

Et por verité vos recort
Dieus et Amors sont d'un acort.

¹ I use the term 'figura' to suggest the equal and simultaneous reality of the figure and what is figured by it. Unlike theological allegorêsis, *figura* does not pluralize its 'levels' but unifies them. It tries to show a sensible and an intelligible reality in one, to body forth the intelligible in and through the sensible. To quote Erich Auerbach's essay 'Figura', which is a foundation for all future understanding of medieval allegorical and figurative techniques, in *figura* 'there is no choice between historical and hidden meaning; both are present. The figural structure preserves the historical [what I have called the sensible] event while interpreting it as revelation; and must preserve it in order to interpret it. . . . Is the *terrena Jerusalem* without historical reality because it is a *figura aeternae Jerusalem*?' (*Scenes from the Drama of European Literature* (New York, 1959), pp. 68-74.) Apart from the noun 'figura', I sometimes use the verb 'to figure', and (synonymously) 'to embody', or 'body forth'. I do not use 'symbolize', for I get the impression that in 'symbolism', as it is generally understood, the symbol is important more for what it symbolizes than for itself.

Dieus aime onor et cortoise
 Es fine Amors ne les het mie,
 Dieus het orgueil et Faussete,
 Et Amors les tient en vile,
 Dieus escoute bele priere,
 Amors ne la met pas arriere ¹

To believe in the accord of human and divine love—I should like to maintain that this is a profound way of looking which in one way or another characterizes most of the poetry of our concern and one of my chief aims will be to explore the poetic implications of this notion, treating it as something consistent, serious and worthy of respect ²

The second part of Bédier's definition—'qui fait valoir l'amant'—follows from the excellence of the beloved. If she is seen in terms of the courtly experience, then the way towards

¹ Ed. A. Paughilet, *Poètes et romanciers du Moyen Âge* (Paris, 1951) p. 501. 'And I recall to you the truth that God and Love are in accord. God loves honour and *cortoise* and indeed gracious Love does not hate them. God hates disdain and falacy, and Love holds them to be base, God listens to a gracious prayer—Love does not turn such away.

² In stressing the great importance and depth of this belief of poets in the unity of the two loves my view of the poetry diverges from that of Professor C. S. Lewis who claims that this erotic religion arises as a rival or a parody of the real religion and emphasises the antagonism of the two ideals. Where it is not a parody of the Church it may be in a sense her rival—a temporary escape, a truancy from the ardours of a religion that was believed into the delights of a religion that was merely imagined. (*Op cit.*, pp. 18-21.)

It follows also that my approach to *amour courtois* is completely incompatible with that of the late A. J. Denomy who sees it as an 'insidious and subtle influence—sinful and immoral. For him Courtly Love was immoral and heretical in that it regarded man as a purely natural creature. (*Heresy* pp. 19-27-55.) It is a great pity for medieval scholarship that so often in Father Denomy's far-reaching and ambitious writings on *amour courtois* (such as those in *Medieval Studies* 1944-53) religious prejudice precludes a genuine attempt at understanding. (The attitude of medieval orthodoxy to mystical notions of love is discussed in Chap. II pp. 93-94. It is not with these notions, however, that Father Denomy is concerned.)

Similarly all possibility of understanding the poetry is lost from the start by those who following Otto Rahn or Denis de Rougemont (*L'Amour et l'Occident* (Paris, 1939) pp. 78 ff.) see *amour courtois* as dualistic or cathartic in spirit, as setting a gulf between the human and the divine. *Dieus et Amors sont d'un acort*—let the bird of the *Las* be a warning!

union with her is the way of acquiring the virtù that she embodies, of realizing within oneself that 'habit of perfection' from which all actions of any moral value flow. Thus, in the poetry dominated by the courtly experience, God is never imagined as opposed to love—on the contrary he is continually seen as on the lovers' side, even if they feel the world is against them: they always pray to God to help them in their love.

The lover's progress in virtù follows from 'le culte d'un objet excellent'; but from the infinite disproportion between the lover's merit and his desire follows the third part of Bédier's definition—the way towards winning such a love is infinitely arduous, and would be impossible were it not for the lady's grace. The *value* of the way is intimately related to its difficulty; therefore the lady should not take pity too easily. In any case the lover must orient himself to an absolute love, if necessary a love unto death. Sometimes it must, as Chaucer's Pandarus pointed out to Troilus, remain an *amor de lonh*:

What! many a man hath love ful dere ybought
Twenty wynter that his lady wiste,
That nevere yet his lady mouth he kiste.

The love grounded in the courtly experience must always be 'ful dere ybought': its ennobling power lies in the cost to oneself, its beauty and value lie in the lover's giving all he has, in his enduring pain and sacrifice for love's sake, in looking constantly to a more-than-human love (often evoked by the image of the god Amor), without distraction, without calculation of success, even if necessary without hope of gaining his desire on earth.

The Courtly Experience in the Poetic Records

In recent years the most notable contributions to the study of popular love-poetry and the rise of the medieval European lyric have been those of the great German philologist Theodor Frings.¹ He has concerned himself chiefly with what a Carolingian

¹ *Minnesinger und Troubadours* (Deutsche Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin, Vorträge und Schriften, Heft 34, Berlin, 1949); *Die Anfänge der*

capitulary of 789 called *umilodas*—literally, it seems, 'friendly', songs for a lover (an ordinance forbidding nuns to compose such disgraceful songs)—and what were called *cantigas de amigo* in medieval Spain and Portugal¹ love-songs in which the woman speaks, or in which she is the dominant figure and tends to be the active lover rather than the passive loved one. Professor Frings has pointed out instances of such poems of women's love in the most diverse cultures—in ancient Egypt, in China, in Greece, Scandinavia, Serbia, Russia. To give one that he does not record, a perfect instance of the purest *umilod*, there are Sappho's lines (Diehl 114)

Γλυκη μάτερ οὐ τοι	Sweet mother, I can no longer
δυναμαι κρέκην τὸν ἴστον	work at the loom, stricken
πόθῳ δάμεισα παῖδος	with love-longing for a boy
βραδίναν δι' Ἀφροδίταν	by the slender Aphrodite

Frings shows how the moods and chains of experiences' (*Erlebnissetzen*) of the woman in love reverberate in *aubade*, *pastourelle*, and *chanson de toile*, and in numerous dance-songs of medieval Europe, including some by troubadours and Minnesinger—and it is this primordial, universal love-poetry of the people that he would see as the basis of the poetry of *amour courtois*.

While Professor Frings has done a great service by bringing this world of poetry to mind so vividly, casting his net so wide and placing his findings so effectively beside the *cantigas de amigo* of medieval Europe, it must be stressed without in any way belittling this achievement that these are not the stuff of *courtoisie*. While his search has thrown light on many things, it never really touches the courtly experience or the poetry that arises from it. So a new start is needed: what Frings has done to clarify the universal womanly experience that is the well-spring of *umilodas* and their descendants, I should like to attempt for

europäischen Liebes-Dichtung im 11 und 12 Jahrhundert (Bayrische Akademie der Wissenschaften Sitzb. München 1960)

¹ For the philological parallel between the Germanic and the Romance expression: Leo Spitzer *Comparative Literature* IV (1952), 9

the universal courtly experience, which is essentially a man's conception of love. It is to complement, not to eliminate, Frings's insight that I should like to show that the love-lyric has at least two archetypes, not one. And one of these deserves the name *amour courtois*.

1. *Egypt*

It is manifest in the oldest of all collections of love-songs, the ancient Egyptian.¹

In these songs there is the perception of the beloved's unique and divine radiance, cosmic in its power, descending from her upon the world. 'By her beauty the earth is illuminated' (S 47).

The one, beloved, unparalleled,
more beautiful than all the world—
look, she is like the Star-goddess²
before a beautiful year,
of radiant virtue, of lucent skin. . . .
To see her emerging from her dwelling
is to see her who is yonder, the One. (S 39)

The first and the last word of this song is 'the one'. Sir Alan Gardiner, in his edition of the Chester Beatty Papyrus (c. 1160 B.C.) in which this lyric occurs, explains that '“one” is used in the sense of “unique” At the end the key-word “one” recurs, now referring to the sole eye of heaven, the Sun.'³ The loved woman, in other words, is worshipped as a divine incarnation.

In another collection of songs, in Papyrus Harris 500 (c. 1300 B.C.), there is the medical imagery of love which becomes so

¹ I have used the German translations of Professor Siegfried Schott of Göttingen [S]: *Altägyptische Liebeslieder* (Zürich, 1950), but Professor Jaroslav Černý of Oxford has been so kind as to go through the texts with me word for word, and to supply the linguistic comments below.

² Literally 'the feminine star' (the Egyptian word for 'star' being of masculine gender)—here Sirius, who appears at the same time as the sun at the beginning of the Egyptian year.

³ *The Library of A. Chester Beatty* (London, 1931), p. 30.

frequent in later love-poetry. The beloved is the miraculous healer

I shall lie down at home
and pretend to be ill¹
Then my neighbours will come in to see [me],
and my beloved² will be with them
She will make the doctors unnecessary,
for she knows my malady (S 48)

It is in precisely this way that Criseyde comes to be the healer (the 'leche') of Troilus

For the beloved is the source of her lover's virtue, of his health and strength and goodness. She elevates him and is his 'salvation'

Her name is that which lifts me up
Her entry from outside is my salvation.
When I see her I am well again
when she opens her eyes, my body is young again,
when she speaks, I grow strong again
when I embrace her, she banishes evil from me

(Chester Beatty Papyrus, S 43)

Sir Alan Gardiner explains, 'the word for salvation is literally "health", "soundness", but a semi-religious turn is given to it by the playful writing [of the hieroglyph] with the Sacred Eye'³. It is in just such a 'semi-religious' way that the Latin *salus*, Provençal and Old French *salut*, *saluz*, Italian *salute*, and Middle High German *heil* are used of the beloved throughout the medieval love-lyric.

In Egypt as in medieval Europe, the beloved is sovereign to her lover—he wishes only the complete surrender (itself erotic) of subjection and service to her

Oh that I were the negro girl
who is her companion!⁴
Then I should catch sight
of the whole of her body

¹ Literally then I shall be ill as an incorrect fashion.

² Literally the sister' (the commonest synonym for the loved woman)

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 34.

Oh that I were the washerman of my beloved
even for only a month.

Then [. . .] to wash out the oil
that remains in her dress.

Oh that I were the ring
which is the companion [of her fingers.

Then she would care for me]
as something which gives her joy.

[Oh that I were] an old [dress] of the beloved. . . .¹

Variations of this image abound in ancient, medieval, and Renaissance love-poetry (*v. infra*, pp. 178 ff.). We think at once of Romeo: 'Oh that I were a glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek', 'I would I were thy bird'. The lover's utterance, his 'conceit', is at the same moment traditional, spontaneous, and universal.

Even some of the names of the Egyptian women—'Star of Mankind', 'Sole Liege-Lady', 'Loveliness of Truth', 'Queen in Eternity' (S 103)—reflect 'le culte d'un objet excellent'.

The songs, according to Professor Schott, are in all probability literary, not folk-songs, written down by poets conscious of their art, not simply collected together by scribes.

The opposite is the case with the popular love-songs of the Byzantine world in the Middle Ages. The kind of Greek in which they are couched, and the way in which they were collected and written down, leave no doubt that these were not literary compositions.² Yet in these brief songs too we find again and again the characteristic thoughts and feelings of *amour courtois*.

¹ From a sherd in the Cairo Museum, Ostraca (*Catalogue général*) 25218. S 66-67.

² In his recent *L'histoire de la littérature néo-grecque* (Uppsala, 1962), Börje Knös makes far-reaching claims for the essentially popular and archaic nature of these songs (pp. 15 ff., 168 ff.), though he also postulates Western influence on love-songs from the eleventh century onwards.

2 *Byzantium*

Two of the earliest, which according to their editor, Émile Legrand,¹ go back at least to the twelfth century, reflect the lover's complete self-surrender to one who has sovereignty of life and death over him

Primavera, lily of the spring
I am yours I have given you my body, soul, and being

Λουλουδιὸν ἀνοιξάντικον, ἐσρινέ μου κρίνε
Ὁ σὸς εἶμι, σοὶ εἶδωκα σῶμα, ψυχὴν καὶ εἶναι

Give me a kiss, sweet kiss, light of my eyes,
or let me die by you my love

Δός μοι φίλιν, γλυκο φίλιν, φῶς τῶν ἐμῶν ὀμμάτων,
Ἥ ἀφες με ἀγάπη μου, νὰ ξεψυχωῦ ἐμπρὸς σου

In the fifteenth-century collection in the manuscript of Vienna, many of whose songs go back to a far earlier date, images of heavenly love, or better of the earthly love that becomes heavenly, abound 'If one thinks of Paradise let it be by you, you have become a Paradise, and I long for you' (R 4) 'The angels of the heavens brought your beauty down' (R 7) Continually Christ is invoked to aid the lover in winning the beloved (R 24, 34 37, 43-44)

The more than human figure of the beloved emerges in a quatrain that is both simple and perfect (R 28)

Ουρανὸς εἶσαι, καρδιά μου,	Ο my heart, you are heaven,
καὶ τὰ μάτια σου φεγγάρι,	and your eyes are the moon,
καὶ τὰ φρυδιά σου βροχάρι,	and your eyebrows rainbows,
καὶ εἰσέψασιν τὸν νοῦν μου	and they have pierced my mind.

and in many other songs where she is seen as the angel, or as an angelic creation 'The lover identifies her duty to love with her duty towards God

¹ *Recueil de chansons populaires grecques* (Paris, 1874) [R] p. viii.

κὴ ἄν δὲ λυπᾶσαι τὸ κορμί, κἄν τὴν ψυχὴν λυπήσου, διατί ἐκεῖ μέλλει νὰ κριθῆ, κόρη, κ' ἡ ἔδική σου.	If you have no pity on my body, have pity on my soul, for yours too, my loved one, yours too will be judged.
Ἄναστενάζω, δὲν μ' ἀκοῦς· κλαίω, δὲν μὲ λυπᾶσαι· λέγω δὲν εἶσαι χριστιανή, μήτε θεὸ φοβάσαι.	I sigh and you do not hear me; I weep and you do not pity me— I say you are not a Christian and that you do not fear God. ¹

In her eyes flows a stream of immortality (C 42), she is the key of heaven (C 55), the daughter of the sun (C 53). The lover loves her in his heart, but lets nothing appear outside (ὄξω δὲν φανερόνει, C 58).

The lover prays to the god of love, promising complete submission to his will. Though in a different world, how close to Dante's cry, 'Amor, signor verace, Ecco l'ancella tua, fa che ti piace'. In the Byzantine song:

Amor, instruct me, tell me what I must do,
and if you grant me the grace, Amor, for which I pray,
I am your slave for ever, and shall do all you say.²

Ἔρωτα δὸς με λογισμὸν καὶ γνῶσι τί νὰ ποίσω,
κὴ ἄν μοῦ τὴν κάμη, Ἔρωτα, τὴν χάριν τὴν γυρεύω,
δοῦλός σου νὰ ἦμαι πάντοτε, καὶ εἴ τι μὲ ἴπης παραίνω.

Likewise in the famous 'Rhodian' songs Amor is 'uno signore di pauroso aspetto':

Amor, fearful lord, golden-winged,
I tremble at your presence, I fear your aspect,
and I fear your beautiful wings, lest they should slay me.³

¹ The first is from R 35, the second in Émile Legrand, *Chansons populaires grecques* (Paris, 1876) [C], *Distiques populaires*, 28. Cf. Werner 117 ('Compar nulla tibi'):

Numquid morte mea celi penetrabis amena,
Gaudia cum vite vere perdant homicide?

² R 17. Further off, both in time and in spirit, is Petronius's acquiescence, out of bitterness and confusion, 'Et sequor imperium, magne Cupido, tuum' (*Anthologia Latina*, 698). Cf. also Bernart de Ventadour (ed. Appel), iv. 1.

³ Ed. D. C. Hesselring and H. Pernot, *Bibliothèque grecque vulgaire*, t. x (Paris, 1913), ll. 513-15. The manuscript contains the songs in a fifteenth-

Ἔρως, εὐνόστα φοβερή, χρυσοφτερούς αὐφός,
 τρέμω τὴν ἐλικίτησαν σου, φοβοῦμαι τὴν θεωρίαν σου,
 καὶ τὰς ὠριὰς σου πτέρυγας μὴ μὲ ἀποκεφαλίσουν

In the enchanting *Song of the Hundred Words* that begins this collection the beloved is many times addressed in language of *amour courtois* 'Her gentleness inspires fear (10), the lover wants to be her slave (303-6) There are slanderers (51-59) and watchers (341-7), so the lover may never speak of his lady

Two of the short songs that follow later in the manuscript deserve to be quoted here. In one, the lover's sacrifice of himself to Love and his redemption by the beloved are metaphorically identified with the events of Holy Week

On Good Friday I was afraid of you, lady, and Saturday too
 I beg you have mercy on me as God has on the world.
 And as the Christians celebrate their Easter,
 Thus lady, shall I honour you as my rightful queen²

Παρασκευὴν σὲ σκιάστηκα κυρά, διὰ σαββάτου—
 παρακαλῶ σε, λίσσε με ὡς ὁ θεὸς τὸν κόσμον,
 κ' ἐκδέχουντος καὶ χριστιανοὶ τοῦ Πάσχα τὰς ἡμέρας,
 ἔτσι νὲ σὲ τιμῶ, κυρά, βασιλίτσαν δικήν μου

In the other (667-9), the lover imagines the moment of his death, addressing his beloved,

As soul, as heart I have you and I do not fear the angel
 the angel I shall see will be like you—
 I shall say your name and then breathe out my soul.

century version 'de] remanere et corrompue le texte original est certainement antérieur' (ibid., p. xxviii). Like the slightly younger Visconti manuscript, it testifies to a collector's folkloristic interest in traditional songs, but has been compiled in a more haphazard fashion.

¹ There are of course many other elements also such as the lover's mockery at the end of the poem.

² Ibid. 495-501. Note the liturgical echo in 'Κὶ τὰ λίσσε με

The metaphor of the Easter-night as the night of redemption in human love is unfolded on the grand scale in the imagery underlying Chaucer's portrayal of the union of Troilus and Criseyde (see my article "The Conclusion of *Troilus and Criseyde*" *M.E.* xxxiii (1964) 50 ff.)

ψυχὴν, καρδιὰν ἔσεν ἔχω, καὶ ἄγγελον δὲν φοβοῦμαι·
τὸν ἄγγελον τὸν θέλω δεῖ, ἔσένα θέλει μοιάζει,
καὶ τῶνομά σου θέλω πεί, καὶ θέλω ἔξεψυχιάσειν.

It is *her* immortality that the lover will win, and heaven is simply the fulfilment of his love in her and through her. The same motif recurs in the *Song of the Hundred Words* (229-31): the angel of death will be the beloved herself, in her immortal, life-giving aspect.

The angel does not take me as I am about to die—
it is through you I send forth my spirit, without sickness or pain,
and if you, beloved, wish it, then I shall not die.

καὶ δὲν μὲ παίρνει ὁ ἄγγελος ὡς μέλλει νάποθάνω,
ἀμμέ ψυχομαχῶ διὰ σέν, δίχρα ἀρρωστιὰν καὶ πόνον,
καὶ ἂν ἠθελήσῃς, λυγερή, ἐγὼ δὲν ἀποθαίνω.

The line 'The angel I shall see will be like you' strikingly recalls Guido Guinizelli's declaration—if God should at the moment of death accuse him of having spent on a human beloved the love that belongs to heaven by right, he would answer,

Tenne d'angel sembianza
che fosse del Tuo regno:
non mi fu fallo, s'in lei posi amanza.

She had the aspect of the angel coming from your kingdom: I was not wrong to set my love in her.

The superb flight of thought in the 'illustrious vernacular' and the simple, passionate affirmation in demotic Greek are not far from each other in the end.

3. Georgia

The literary songs of ancient Egypt and the popular ones of medieval Byzantium show traces of *amour courtois*. My third witness, the greatest monument in a Caucasian literature, goes further. Here there is a full exposition of *amour courtois* in all its beauty, establishing its value and meaning in the whole of life.

Following from this, *amour courtois* becomes, as it were, the dominant constructive principle of an entire romance, a poem of epic stature. This is Shotha Rusthaveli's *The Man in the Panther's Skin*¹ written probably between 1196 and 1207.

In an astonishing way Rusthaveli's poem transcends the boundaries between popular and courtly poetry. Though written in the first place for a sophisticated court, which centred upon the brilliant Queen Tamara, it became almost at once the heritage of a whole nation. Young men and women of every class learnt it wholly by heart. Any Georgian girl who did not know it was regarded as still too immature to marry: she was expected to pass it on to her children in turn.²

Rusthaveli is an enamoured devotee of his queen, whom he calls 'the king the sun Tamara' ('*mephisa mzis thamarisa*'), 'the god of the Georgians' ('*kharthweltha ghmrthisa*').³ To her

¹ *Hephius Tqasani* (Tiflis, 1953) [T]. The English translation by Marjory Scott Wardrop *The Man in the Panther's Skin* (London, 1912) [L] was revised by E. Orbelyan and S. Jordanushvili—*The Knight in the Tiger's Skin* (Moscow, 1938) [M]. The poem has some 6,500 lines, and is written in quatrains of 16 syllables rhyming a a a a.

² L, p. III. Ruth Neukomm and Kita Tschenkéli, *Hiramani* (Zurich, 1957) pp. 210 ff.

³ T st. 3. 1666. That Queen Tamara is called *mephe* (king) refers to her being the reigning sovereign and not queen consort. What of the term *ghmerthi* (god) in the epilogue stanza (T 1666 L, 1573 M, 1628)? It seems to have perplexed the revisers of Miss Wardrop's translation, who would have referred to Tamara's consort, David. For David, god of the Georgians, whom the sun serves in his course. I have put this story into verse. But this would be a flagrant contradiction of the prologue: the resplendent dedication to Tamara herself.

It may be possible to illuminate this stanza from another vantage-point. As is clear from Miss Wardrop's translation, it is Tamara herself who is called a god, *ghmerthi* (rather than *khalthmerthi* lady goddess). Is it not perhaps relevant that in Arabic love-poetry poets often addressed their lady as *sayidi* in Provençal as *midons*—not my lady but my lord? (Similarly Portuguese *la Edad Media* (Madrid, 1957) p. 64) and, more rarely OF *seignor*—cf. Jacques de Basieux, *Le dit des Fuz d'Amour*). Such usage seems to reflect everywhere the notion of the beloved's sovereignty: the lady's 'lordship' over her lover. The spontaneous nature of such an attitude is made clear by a modern parallel. Colette's sensitive portrayal of a boy of sixteen's initiation into love by a woman qui il nommait tout bas sa maîtresse et parfois son "maître

he dedicates his work, using the language of love-service. This could not have been due to Western influence—it is scarcely conceivable that Provence should have travelled into the Caucasus. Georgia makes her own Provence freshly and unaided, her own *cour d'amour* around her beautiful, much-worshipped queen.¹ And (herein utterly unlike troubadour society) Georgia throws open this royal road to love to her entire people. Shotha Rusthaveli had been its 'prime architect':

I speak of the supreme Love, species of divine essence,
(it is hard for human language to tell of it):
a celestial activity, lifting the soul on its pinions—
whoever aspires to it must endure many griefs.

That unique Love the wise cannot comprehend,
the tongue will tire, human ears will be exhausted.
I had better tell of mundaner ecstasies, which mortals can experience,
and yet they imitate that Love when, withholding, they languish
at a distance.

A lover is called 'madman' in Arabic,
for he loses his senses if desire is not fulfilled.
Some have nearness to God—they return from their height—
to some, again, it is natural to aspire to lovely women.

A lover must have beauty, beauty like the sun,
wisdom, humility, generosity, youth—and lots of time;
he must be eloquent, understanding, enduring and heroic—
no one can be a lover who is not all these.

Love is beautiful, hard to define:
true love is not lust, it is utterly different,
wide boundaries lie between the two.
Do not confuse them, I beg of you!

O toi que j'appelais "mon maître" . . . Si tu n'as tenu à moi que par l'orgueil des donateurs, tu aurais pitié de moi, pour la première fois, aujourd'hui. . . ' (*Le blé en herbe* (Paris, 1928), pp. 105, 156.)

¹ A few comments on the relation between Georgia and Western *courtoisie* have been made by Sir Maurice Bowra, *Inspiration and Poetry* (London, 1955), pp. 50 ff., and (in a somewhat garbled form) by R. H. Stevenson, in *Bedi Karthlisa (Le destin de la Géorgie)* (April, 1956), pp. 21-23.

The lover must be constant, not wanton impure, faithless
 parted from his beloved, he must sigh and sigh again
 His heart set on one, he must bear her anger or grief
 I hate insensitive love clutches, sloppy-sloshy kisses

Do not call it love, you lovers when men long for one today
 and tomorrow another unconcerned with grief at parting
 Such worthless playing at love is childishness
 The true lover bears the sorrow of a whole world.

Perfect love does not show its wounds, but hides them,
 the lover cherishes them alone, seeks always to be alone
 From far-off fainting dying, far-off branded aflame,
 he must face his loved one's anger, he must stand in awe of her

He must never betray the secret of his love,
 nor vulgarly groan, shaming his beloved.
 In nothing may he show his love, in no way disclose it
 For her he sees sorrow as joy, for her would be cast into flames

What prudent woman would trust him who tells his love?¹
 And to what end?—Lover and loved one suffer
 If he compromises her how can he glorify her?
 What need for any man to hurt his loved one's heart?²

What is magnificent about Rustaveli's 'definition of love'
 is its comprehensiveness. He distinguishes between divine and
 human love, and then unites them. The one is an 'imitation' of
 the other in so far as human beings can know the transcendent
 Idea of Love at all, it is by way of their own love-aspirations.
 These aspirations do not say to the passing moment 'Stay with
 me! You are so fair! but are an unceasing quest for a more-

¹ T M 20-29 L 27-29 8-14. I have translated from T with the help of both versions of Miss Wardrop's translation and with the benefit of advice on many points from Dr. D. M. Lang.

In 1910 Professor N. Marr (*Tekst i Razyskaniya* xii) raised some doubts as to the authenticity of stanzas T 20-22 23-29. More recently however they have been accepted and returned by the editors of M and T. As I indicate in my comments, I think there is a profound poetic unity in the thought of the ten stanzas quoted.

than-human perfection, 'that unique Love' which is only glimpsed imperfectly. Neither the aspirations of mystical nor of 'mundaner' lovers are fulfilled at all times. Both are in nature without finding their absolute in nature—they are oriented towards an *ek-stasis* which, in natural terms, is 'being beside oneself'.

Thus Rusthaveli goes on to give a *summa* of the human lover's task. From his metaphysics of love he derives a corresponding ethics. If the value and meaning of human love is not sufficient in itself, but lies in its glimpses of a more-than-human fulfilment, what sort of person should the lover strive to be in order to be open to these? What should be his attitude towards the beloved who brings these about for him? Rusthaveli answers in presenting his conception of *amour courtois*. In one sweep he passes from 'l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle' to standards of excellence in the behaviour of lovers. These, he shows, are no mere game or fashion: they carry the reflection of something greater.

4. Islam

Poetry of *amour courtois* was composed at many times and places in the Islamic world. It reaches a fiery grandeur in the fragments of the seventh-century poet Jamil al-'Udhri (†701-2),¹ fragments from poems for his beloved Bathnah, whom, as legend has it, he loved hopelessly for twenty years:

My spirit was bound to hers before we were created,
after our first drop of life, and in the cradle.
It grew as we grew, gaining strength,
and will not break its bond when we die,
but live on in every state of being
and visit us in the darkness of the tomb. (33.)

¹ v. F. Gabrieli, 'Gamil al-'Udhri, studio critico e raccolta dei frammenti', *Riv. Stud. Orient.* xvii (1938), 40 ff., 133 ff. My numbers follow Professor Gabrieli's numbering of the fragments.

O north wind can you not see I am
 delirious with love, visibly exhausted?
 Give me one breath of the scent of Bathnah
 and be kind and blow towards Jamil,
 and say to her little Bathnah, my soul is content
 with a little of you, or even less of that little (120)

Other ladies say 'Mere nothings from her content you,
 why don't you want to escape such nothingness?'
 But a mere nothing from her with whom I love to speak
 is sweeter to me than generosity from one I dislike
 (117 1-2)

Love is a predestining force, demanding absolute dedication
 from the lover. The lover has no rights and even the smallest
 favour is a grace. The source of this absolute of love is divine,
 and Jamil prays passionately to God for love's reward

Lord God make me dear to her and give me her love—
 it is you who give and refuse,
 if not give me patience even against my will.

Lord of heaven's stair, I burn with love for her' (73 11-12)

But after God the lady herself is the 'benign bestower of grace'
 (145 3)

At the end of the eighth century, at the court of Hārūn ar-Rashīd, Ibn al-Ahnaf (†813)¹ wrote a *Dīwān* expressing many moods of love and love-longing, its hopes and disappointments, intrigues, fulfilments, betrayals. Often he makes explicit the *courtly* conviction of the intrinsic value of love: 'Only those in love, filled with love-longing, are human beings, and there is nothing good in one who does not love' (294) 'There is no disgrace in loving see love is a noble virtue' (295)

The lover, with a passionate gesture, submits his entire life to his lady, who is exalted over him, to do with it whatever she will. He relies wholly on her mercy

¹ v. J. Hell, Al-'Abbas Ibn al-Ahnaf, *Islamica* II (1926) 271 ff. My numbers are page-references to Hell's article

Accept my love, I give it as a gift!
Then reward me with rejection—that is love!
This soul of mine is given to you;
the best gift demands no return. (282.)

I am your thrall, torment me if you will,
or whatever you will of me, do it, whatever it is! (302.)

Oh what a glance that tore my heart away,
its arrow left my body wounded.
If only my princess would send another such,
that I should have to lament those wounds once more.
Either my cure lies in this, or I die and find rest. (301.)

Many facets of *amour courtois* are reflected, from the elaborate stratagems to outwit slanderers and spies:

When my soul was already in despair, a letter came to me,
while the slanderers were not watching her.
A letter came, while I was surrounded by spies . . . (286.)

to the hyperboles of love-worship:

If a creature were adored because of its beauty,
my queen would become [heaven's] Lord. (283.)

At moments, again, the spirit of *amour courtois* shows itself in the poems of the Cordovan Ibn Zaidūn¹ (1003–70). It is one of the many aspects of his stormy love for the aristocratic poetess Wallāda, a love she often requited and as often betrayed.

In his masterpiece, the *Qasīda in Nūn*, Ibn Zaidūn sounds notes of lament and despair at his separation from Wallāda, through his own exile, passionate invocations to light and wind to bring her messages of his enduring love; she is evoked by images endowing her with more-than-human stature—she is

¹ v. Auguste Cour, *Ibn Zaidūn*, Constantine, 1920.

the intimate of sun and stars For a moment, while praising her, Ibn Zaidūn thinks of his own social inferiority, and at the same time of love's noblesse

It did not harm me not to be her equal in nobility,
 for in affection he reasons enough for equality
 I did not name you, out of respect and deference
 your high place makes this superfluous.
 For you are unparalleled you have no peer in any quality¹

These lines come among memories of the Paradise of love they have shared, and now lost And in a moving farewell the poet begs Wallāda to remain true to him, with great diffidence and indirectness he invites her to share his exile, hardly daring to ask her such a thing outright 'If not, the illusion will content me and the memory suffice'

The height of Ibn Zaidūn's conception of love the extent of his dedicated submission to his lady, can be seen from his celebrated lines to her

If you wished it, we could share something which does not die,
 a secret that would remain when all secrets are divulged,
 You who have sold your share in me, if life were offered
 for my share in you, I would not yield it
 May this suffice you if you burdened my heart
 with what other hearts cannot bear, mine would bear it
 Be disdainful—I'll endure it linger—I'll be patient, be proud—I'll
 abase myself,
 leave me—I'll follow, speak—I'll listen, command—I'll obey²

The fullest articulation of *amour courtois* in the Islamic world of which I know is in the romance of *Wīs and Rāmīn* It was composed about the middle of the eleventh century by the

¹ Cour no 26, 28-32 I have made use of Cour's translation (op. cit. pp 70 ff.) and also of Henri Pérès *La poésie andalouse en arabe classique* (Paris, 1953) pp 412-427 It should be noted that the third and fourth lines do not refer to secrecy in love but to the notion that it would be presumptuous to name Wallāda because her very perfections proclaim who she is.

² Cour no 4 (transl. p 25)

Persian poet Gorgāni, a court official of the Seleucid ruler Togrul Beg. Gorgāni claims to have based himself on an older, prose version of the story, written in Pahlevi. In the twelfth century Gorgāni's poem gave rise to a Georgian prose adaptation, which at the court of Queen Tamara achieved a renown almost equal to Rustaveli's romance. It is a creative translation in the best sense—though often verbally identical with the Persian poem, it is more concise than its luxuriant original, and at times also subtler, or more profound. Thus, for instance, in the Persian poem Rāmīn outlives his beloved Wīs by three years, and when he dies his courtiers carry him to a tomb next to Wīs's, and 'their souls rejoin, and contemplate each other in Paradise'. In the Georgian, Rāmīn simply says 'I, who am also a corpse, mourn this day'; that same day he enters Wīs's sepulchre, and never leaves it again.

Wīs and Rāmīn have come to the attention of Western scholars chiefly because of the astonishing parallels between their story and that of Tristan and Yseult.¹ I should like, on the other hand, to concentrate not on the incidents in the story but on the attitude to love that emerges here. Towards the beginning Wīs, already half in love with Rāmīn, debates with herself the relation between human and divine love. First she puts forward what is traditionally the pious view—²

If Rāmīn is lovable, Paradise and God's grace are even more so. And if Rāmīn should upbraid me, it doesn't matter—God will be merciful to me. If I should be damned in hell for love of Rāmīn, his love cannot reach me there.³ (109.)

¹ Most recently discussed by Franz Rolf Schröder, *GRM*, N.F. xi (1961), 1 ff. Cf. also p. 25, n. 2 below.

² In the passages translated I have tried to take into account both the Georgian (*Visramiani*, Tiflis, 1884, with reference to Sir Oliver Wardrop's translation, London, 1914) and the Persian, which I know only from Professor Henri Massé's recent translation, *Le roman de Wīs et Rāmīn*, Paris, 1959 [Ma]. Wherever there is a material difference between the two, I have kept the Georgian, italicized, in my translation (where the numbering refers to the Georgian and English editions), and cited Massé's translation of the Persian in a footnote.

³ Ma 140: 'alors de quel profit me sera mon amour?'

A little later, wholly overwhelmed by love, she accepts the exact opposite of this

I have given him my heart in such a way that no part of it remains mine any longer God's decree was fulfilled in me I love Rāmīn so much that I can never be cut off from him in all eternity If you ask me Do you prefer Paradise or Rāmīn? By the sun,¹ I'd choose Rāmīn! For to see him is Paradise to me (124-5)

In just this way Aucassin was to affirm his heaven in Nicolette.² Thus, the lovers' viewpoint, dominates the rest of the work, as, for instance, when Rāmīn sings of a garden of love in which

I saw a beautiful rose, unfading in summer and winter,³ a rose that gives consolation to one who is sad and greater joy to one in joy I consecrated my heart to her, to love her eternally Day and night I take joy in this The eye of the envious can cause no harm⁴ whatever a man deserves God gives to him. (166)

The Georgian, and more extensively the Persian, show a remarkable anticipation not only of Guillaume de Lorris's pattern of images, but of precisely that notion of *amour courtois* that they embody—the complete dedication to the Rose, a dedication that is the source of its own joy, in a place of love that seems perfect, but is menaced by the hostile, envious forces at its doors. Here it is the Rose, Wis herself, who, being one of the greatest *amoureuses* in any literature, incarnates the fullness of *amour courtois*, who at many moments in the work takes on a role similar to and even greater than, her lover Rāmīn's. Thus she invokes God (that *courtois* God who is always on the side of

¹ Ma 153-4 *mon cœur est brisé d'amour de telle sorte que nul homme ne sait en joindre les fragments, le destin a passé sur moi j'en jure par mon ame*

² Aucassin et Nicolette vi CE also *La châteline de Vergi*, 773 ff.

³ Ma 196 *la fleur du mois d'avril son parfum, sa couleur sont paradisques*

⁴ The last sentence of the Georgian is so concise that the Persian is needed to make the imagery clear. Ma 197 *nuist et jour je demeure au jardin cependant que celui qui me veut du mal reve au dehors, comme l'anneau qui est fixé sur une porte. Mais pourquoi l'envious doit-il porter envie puisqu'a chacun de nous Dieu donne ce qu'il faut?*

lovers)—I cite only one of her passionate prayers, one among many:

O Creator, without beginning, merciful, omnipotent, gentle! You are the strength of the abandoned, the help of the poor and the distraught! There is no one but you to whom I can confide my secret, you are my only friend. You know how my soul is stricken, you know how my tongue is chained—only from you can I seek what I need. Deliver my soul from the abyss! unburden my heart of separation! soften his cruel heart! Bring back to his mind his former love for me; *make him have pity on me.*¹ (312.)

Conversely, Rāmīn (who, like Tristan, seeks a remedy for his hopeless situation, in which he is constantly betraying his king, in a marriage of expedience with another woman) sees that his betrayal of human love entails his falseness to God's love, his 'deadly sin':

What answer can I give to God and to her, since I have given the heart that was her own to another? (320, Georgian only.)

Finally, *Wīs and Rāmīn* is a work imbued with one of the profoundest insights into the courtly experience—the notion that love is *coincidentia oppositorum*, that love unites within itself all contrary qualities, the whole of existence, earthly and heavenly. That the joy of love cannot exist without its sorrow—for the theologian proof positive of love's mutability—precisely this is for the wholly dedicated lover the proof of love's absoluteness. Because he surrenders to the beloved as his sovereign, she is to him all things, she is for good or ill the divine destiny towards which his existence is oriented. The love-themes of two of the greatest medieval Western romances, Gottfried's *Tristan* and Chaucer's *Troilus*, are conceived entirely against the background of this notion, love as *coincidentia oppositorum*;² in Rāmīn's prayers to Wīs we have a statement

¹ Ma 348: 'cela fait, à son cœur rends donc l'amour aimable.'

² Between the greatest Tristan romance and *Wīs and Rāmīn* there is this profounder resemblance on which no one has yet commented, a resemblance which underlies all the similarities of plot and characterization and gives these a deeper significance. Here in two major works a story of unique love, love that

worthy to put beside them

Man asks God for Paradise and its bliss, to me you are both earth and Paradise It will not afflict me if grief comes to me through your love no one finds joy without grief ¹ Now you are my resource—evil and good, sickness and medicine bitter and sweet, cold and fire, you are my desire and my misfortune my serenity and my anguish, my joy and my pain, my wealth and my poverty you are the cause of my life, you are eye heart, soul and fate sun and moon, heaven and earth—you are foe and friend Indeed you are Destiny¹—everything comes to me from you Do with me what you will you are sovereign over me² (341 367-8)

5 Mozarabic Spain

The earliest surviving love-poetry in a Romance vernacular is to be found among the now famous 'Mozarabic' *kharyas*, composed in the Spanish dialect of Moslem Spain, the first of which were found and interpreted by S M Stern in 1948 In all we now know of fifty-three *kharyas* containing Romance words, and an immense literature of discussion has already grown up about them.³ To summarize the points necessary for our purpose the *kharyas* occur as the final verses of Arabic and Hebrew *muwashshahs* The *muwashshah* is a strophic poem with a fixed rhyme-scheme which was introduced as an Arabic literary genre in Andalusia towards 900, and subsequently resists all obstacles and all other loyalties is given a philosophical dimension each aspect of the story illuminates the fact that it is not because of these circumstances or these that love's joy and sorrow are inseparable but because this is of the very nature of an absolute love Any future comparison of the two stories must, I am convinced, take this extraordinary achievement, the complete poetic fusion of a love-story with a metaphysics of love into account.

¹ Ma 374-5 'Le cœur demande à Dieu paradis et hours toi, ma lune' pour moi, tu es l'un et les autres Viens, pour que nous pensons ensemble à ce bas-monde'

² Ma 398 'O beaute! fais de moi tout ce qui te plura car tu es à mes yeux la maitresse et la reine Je me plains à toi car tu es feu dans mon cœur, je me plains à toi car tu régnes sur mon cœur tu lui es ennemie et amie à la fois car tout ce que tu dis est bon, venant de toi.'

³ v. Klaus Heger *Die bisher veröffentlichten Kharyas und ihre Deutungen* Tübingen, 1960 Heger's bibliography runs to nearly ten pages

imitated in Hebrew. (The extant texts are none of them earlier than the eleventh century.) How precisely the *muwashshah* evolved is controversial, but it probably owes something both to previous Romance and to previous Arabic poetry.¹ The poet bases the rhymes and metre of his *muwashshah* on his *kharja*, which is normally not, like the rest of the poem, in the classical language, but in a spoken dialect, Arabic or Romance, or both. Sometimes it seems he wrote the *kharja* himself, but many times the *kharja* existed separately before he wrote. The *kharjas* which seem to have existed separately are usually short *cantigas de amigo*. For these there is a wealth of parallel evidence from later European song that establishes their nature and the fact that they are (to adopt the illuminating expression of Menéndez Pidal and Dámaso Alonso) a 'poesía de tipo tradicional'. We now know that such poetry existed already in Spain in the ninth century, but there is no good reason to suppose that it began there and then. One of the most remarkable contributions to the question of 'beginnings' was a note by the historian von Grunebaum, who drew attention to the Ethiopian priest Iustus mentioned by Saint Valerius (c. 630-95) in his autobiography (*P.L.* 87, 443-4), a successful (or, to Valerius, infamous) jongleur, whose performances included love-songs sung to a lute. Von Grunebaum comments:

his success would be difficult to understand unless one assumes that he used the local *patois* or a language closely akin to it. The conclusion is hardly avoidable, the 'Romance' in or resembling what the Arabs were later to describe as the *tariqat al-Nasāra* [the style of the Christians] antedates the arrival of the Arabs on the Peninsula by some time. For there is nothing in the narrative of the injured saint which suggests that Iustus was the first *ioculator* of this kind.²

At the same time as Valerius was writing in Spain, and continually from the sixth to the ninth century, churchmen and church councils all over Europe cried out against a host of (apparently intractable) '*cantica turpia et luxuriosa*', '*puellarum*

¹ v. S. M. Stern, *Al-Andalus*, xiii (1948), 301.

² *Al-Andalus*, xxi (1956), 405.

cantica', 'illicebra cantica et lusus secularis' ¹ These protestations are precious evidence for the existence of flourishing traditions of vernacular love-song not preserved in writing, and it is only sensible to assume with scholars such as Alonso Frings, Menéndez Pidal, Roncaglia, and Spitzer that some of the *kharyas* give us at least a notion of what this 'primitiva litica europea' was like ²

The finest of the *kharyas* have a passionate concentration, an incandescent splendour that recalls the great expressions of love in archaic Greek poetry, above all in Sappho

Gatid vos, ay yermanellas
com contentu a meu male!
Sin al-habib non vivireyu—
advolarey demandare ³

¹ The most important texts are conveniently assembled in A. Viscardi *Le origini* (Storia letteraria d'Italia Milano 1939) pp 460 ff., from which I have taken my quotations

² v. Domingo Alonso *Rev Fil Esp* xxiii (1949) 297-349 Theodor Frings, PBB lxxiii (1951) 176-96 Ramón Menéndez Pidal, especially *Rev Fil Esp* xlii (1960) 279-354 Aurelio Roncaglia, *Cult Neolat* xi (1951), 213-49 Leo Spitzer *Comparative Literature* iv (1952) 1-22

³ The texts cited are based on the evidence set out in Stern's *Les chansons mozarabes* (Palermo 1953) [St] and in Heger op cit [H]. Consonants for which there is no manuscript authority are printed in italics. Dr Stern has shown great kindness in criticizing my attempts at interpreting the *kharyas*. He has suggested many improvements, I must, however, take the responsibility for all departures from his printed text

4 interp St Spitzer (cit H ad loc) adoblarey demandare (I'll redouble my desires)

18 interp St guay Deus—Lapa (cit H ad loc) MS gydi (St cuidas [?])

1 MS 'Iqrđi (rem Cantera, cit H ad loc)

25 MS qd mē f'wr fogor ledor—Coromunas (cit H ad loc), I would suggest fogor > fulgor not, like Coromunas, > focaris bastando (MS bñnd)—P D While the form *quedat* might be expected, cf. *queda* in García Gómez's reading of 34

41 interp García Gómez Quéredlo—MSS kđhl, kđl, fyryd lw kyryd lw, de mi vetare is not fully certain—MSS myt t ey tyra t r dmyb ry su (rw)—MSS r

8 Que no quero' is far from certain—MSS nqr k'd yfi f nkr dañoso—the rhymes require -oso, basta te fermoso—P D (from the two Yehuda Halevi MSS, St p 9 blc t hfrmfw)

Ah tell me, little sisters,
 how to hold my pain!
 I'll not live without my beloved—
 I shall fly to find him again. (4.)

Tan t'amaray, tan t'amaray,
 ḥabīb, tan t'amaray,
 enfermeron welyos, †guay Deus†,
 ya dolen tan male!

I shall love you so, love you so,
 beloved, love you so,
 my eyes languish, ah God,
 ah they hurt me so! (18.)

They are women's love songs, put in the mouth of the 'servantes-chanteuses' who sang the *muwashshahs*.¹ So at first view it might seem hopeless to listen in these earliest vernacular love-songs for notes of *amour courtois*. Yet there are at least certain reflections of it. Of love as a source of good, when the girl inviting her lover cries out

Ven, sidi, veni,
 el querer es tanto beni. . . .

Come, my lord, come! Love-longing is so great a good. . . . (1.)

Of terms of endearment that are almost words of adoration, and a love that is endangered by *gardadors*:

Alba quedad, meu fogor,
 alma de meu ledor,
 bastando li 'l-raqīb
 este noḥte, amor!

37 interp. P. D. (boquilla ḥamrā—García Gómez). I construe 'calar' (MS. k'wlr) in its original sense 'soltar'.

21 interp. St; third line—P. D., from the final collated text in St (p. 61): bnfš 'mnt ks'd mw lg'r (St ven . . . [ou vengas] a mib que sanad [?] meu legar).

9 interp. St; doled li 'l-ḥabīb—the MS. of Todros Abulafia has d'lyr 'lgryb (doler al-garīb), St 'ma douleur étrange est si grande'.

35 MS. kt'l (em. St); García Gómez—k1 tuelle; Que queray (MS. kkry)—P. D.

¹ S, p. xvi.

The Unity of Popular and Courtly Love-Lyric

The dawn seems to my beloved
 soul of my joy—
 long enough for the spy
 is this rapt, O my love (21)

I would interpret the sense as 'Let the rapt watch all night, we'll still have a time for love. Two other *khams* (29, 36) confirm that dawn was a better opportunity for the meeting of the lovers than the night itself.

Another *khams* (41) also usually evokes a mutual love in which the lovers are threatened with separation by the rapt.

Qu' ad'may
 filiolo al eno,
 ed el a r' bi'
 Quered'o
 de r' i v' stare
 su al-raq'idi

How I loved my absent lover, and he loved me! The man who watches him wants to keep him away from me

Twice the woman seems to ward off the lover's advances with a shaft of wit

Non me tangas, yā habibi!
 †Que no quero da'oso †
 Al-gulala rah'satu—
 basta te fermoso!

Do not touch me, my beloved!
 I don't want any trouble
 The bodice of my gown is frail—
 be content with beauty! (8)

I feel these lines are different from the giggling type of 'N'atouches pas a mon chaise, / sure chevalier, 'Whoop, do me no harm good man! Here by contrast the woman seems wholly mistress of the situation, she speaks with such composure. In her humorous Arabic line 'Don't crush my gown!

she determines how far the lover may go. But the most remarkable line is the fourth: that she should be able to say it presupposes that this *courtois* standard is one that other lovers in her world had been prepared to avow. She seems to say, 'Don't be greedy—find your reward in your lady's beauty, and don't think you have a right to more.'

Similarly in the following:

Si sabes, yā sīdī,
que no bebes así—
boquilla ḥamrā
debria calarsi!

You should know, my lord,
not to drink [kisses] like this—
my little red mouth
would have to free itself! (37.)

The rebuke is witty, but delivered with self-assurance, recalling the lover to more gentlemanly behaviour by the threat of withdrawal.

In a *kharja* where wit and ardour seem inseparable, the woman sees herself as able to restore her languishing lover to health by her presence:

Meu 'l-ḥabīb enfermo de meu amar.
Quen ad sanar?
Bi nafsi amante, que sed a meu legar!

My beloved languishes with love of me.
Who is there to cure him?
By my lover's soul, what thirst for my coming! (21.)

In two other *kharjas* there is, it seems to me, a deliberate ambiguity which reveals a truly *courtois* subtlety:

Vayse meu coraçon de mib—
ya rabb, si se me tornerad?
Tan mal me doled li 'l-ḥabīb,
enfermo yed—cuand sanarad?

My heart is going away from me—
 ah God, will he [it] return to me?
 It grieves me so for my beloved,
 he [it] is ill—when will he [it] be well? (9)

It has been debated¹ whether the last line refers to the woman's heart or to her lover—but is not the same twofold possibility present in the other lines also? 'Meu coraçon' is not merely the term of endearment for the lover so frequent in later Spanish tradition, the lines make clear that it expresses love's total dedication: her heart has become his even as he has become 'her heart'. The anguished prayer to God 'Will he return?' is at the same time asking 'Will my own heart return to me? Can I go on living without him who is my heart?' Her lover's absence and illness, and her own love-sickness and doubtful hope of cure form one inseparable destiny, and are poetically identified. Similarly in one of the shortest, but none the less most moving *kharijas*

Quitad me ma alma—
 que queray, ma alma?
 He is taking my soul from me—
 my soul what shall I long for? (35)

there is the realization that truly to call another person 'my soul' means to have totally given one's own soul in love. The second, vocative 'ma alma' is addressed both to herself and to her lover, or rather to herself in her lover—for her he has become ψυχή τῆς ψυχῆς.²

6 France and Germany

In France the *refrains* of the twelfth, thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries collected by Gennrich³ constitute an important body of 'poesia de tipo tradicional'. In type and tone they are 'popular' rather than aristocratic or learned—brief,

¹ Spitzer art. cit. pp. 8-9

² A.G. v. 153 this figure is discussed below p. 182

³ *Rondeaux, Virelais und Balladen* Bd. II (Göttingen, 1927), (Ges. f. rom. Lit., Bd. 47)

rhyming verses such as the *kharjas*, singable or danceable, emotionally direct, swift in thought, and simple—even if they are at times hard to grasp analytically, it is never difficult to 'get the feel of them'.

In these *refrains* the basic notions of *amour courtois* find expression as completely as in the most sophisticated songs. I should like to illustrate this, confining myself to the *refrains* assembled in a single work, the so-called 'Traduction d'Ovide',¹ which is partly translation, partly commentary, partly a free compilation of ideas about love. These ideas are given *auctoritates* in the form of dance-songs—we are told what is sung at caroles by *jouvenceaulx* and *jouvenelles*, by *mariées* and *amoureux*, by *les bons lechiëurs*, and even by *les hommes mariéz*. The songs carry a wide range of attitudes to love, from bawdy mirth to *courtoisie*.

In some, love is seen as the sovereign law of life—in all its joy and sorrow it is the principle of life that enters the lover and determines his existence from within. He cannot refuse this determining power—on the contrary, he welcomes it at all times:

Le doulx mal dont je me dueil
m'est en corps entré par mi sueil
pour demourer;
je ne puis ne ja ne vueil
sanz lui durer.

He recognizes that the bitter and sweet of love are inseparable, but that it is worth suffering the one in order to know the fullness of the other:

Bien doit souffrir les maulx d'Amours
qui en attent la joie.

Without love one can have no sense of value, no conception of the meaning of the good life. This applies to young and old

¹ Unpublished, but described by Gaston Paris, *Hist. litt. de France*, xxix. 472–85, who cites the majority of the *refrains*. They are given in full by Gennrich, *op. cit.*, pp. 212 ff., from whom I quote.

alike—the ones should be loving now, the others should have loved in their time

Nus ne set que bien est
se il n'aime ou se il n'a ame¹

For love is not only the key to the knowledge of what is 'bien'—theoretical knowledge is not enough—it is the only way to attain human excellence. The love which makes a man have worth must be wholly dedicated, must have no source or goal other than love: one must love 'by Love'—lovingly, not calculatingly.

Nus ne peut valoir,
se par Amours n'aime,
donc fait il bon amer

Love has the power to ennoble—let the lover be as basely born as you please, if he truly loves, this will gentle his condition.

Qu'il sera villain qui n'aime
mais se un villain aime
il devendra courtois

The finest love, the completion of the lover's *courtois* values and ideals, is a mutual love which preserves all the beauty and delicacy of a love-longing grounded in virtue. When each lover cannot subsist without the other, this need not mean a consuming enslavement: it can be a delectable, gracious balance of emotions, a 'play' full of beauty and goodness. Thus the girls 'sing at the dances, to ease their hearts' ('pour leur couraige reconforter')

Je ne puis plus durer sanz vous,
beaus cuers savoureux et doux,
et sanz moy durerés vous?

Moult est beaux et bons li gieu
quant amour vient d'ambedeux.

¹ This refrain is frequently found elsewhere (v. Genronch, p. 216)

The oldest manuscript containing a group of German love-songs is the renowned *Codex Buranus*. I have tried to show elsewhere that there is no evidence for dating this manuscript around 1300 (the received opinion of the last thirty-five years), and that everything points to its having been written in the first third of the thirteenth century.¹ Have we any firm evidence in this manuscript of a traditional type of German poetry, a poetry not confined to a cultivated milieu?

There is one truly astonishing piece of evidence, to be found in the *Ludus de Passione*, which begins on fol. 107^r of the manuscript.² The Passion play is remarkable for the abundance of its German verses, which, as Karl Young noted, 'seem to have been freely invented for the purpose of making the play more intelligible and vivacious for a general audience'.³ With a play of this kind there is no doubt that it addressed itself to the whole congregation, that is to all people without distinction, to the *populus* which in the final rubrics of so many of the plays is asked to participate, to conclude the action with a 'Te Deum'. Here the *populus* heard the enchanting song that the Magdalen sings as she buys her cosmetics from the Mercator:

Chramer, gip die varwe mier,
div min wengel roete,
da mit ich di iungen man
an ir danch der minnenliebe noete.

Merchant, give me the rouge for my cheeks, that I may compel young men, even despite themselves, to love.

¹ 'A Critical Note on Schumann's Dating of the Codex Buranus', *PBB* lxxxiv (1962), 173 ff.

² This gathering, as Schumann (*CB, Kommentar*, p. 62*) showed, must be approximately contemporary with the main part of the codex, because the two parts have no fewer than four hands in common, including hand 1, one of the two principal hands that wrote the greater part of the entire manuscript.

³ *The Drama of the Medieval Church* (Oxford, 1933), i. 535. My citations are from Young's edition of the play (*ibid.*, pp. 518 ff.), which keeps closer to the manuscript than Eduard Hartl's (*Altdeutsche Textbibliothek*, 41, Halle/Saale, 1952).

They heard her refrain

Seht mich an,
 junge man,
 lat mich ev gefallen¹

Look at me, young men, let me delight you¹

And then, suddenly, she sings of the value of love

Minned, tugentliche man,
 minnekliche vr̄wen¹
 Minne tuot ev hoech gemut
 vude lat evch in hohen eren schäuren

You men who have virtue, love women who are capable of love!
 Love makes you serenely joyful and allows you to be held in great honour

The notion 'hoech gemut', which I have paraphrased by 'serenely joyful', is at the very heart of Minnesang. In the earliest love-poetry, *Hoher Mut* is 'the psychological consequence of love and *êre*. Its meaning lies in the sphere of an inborn joy and a sense of heightened life carried by great self-awareness'¹ Ehrismann saw *Höhen Mut* as the equivalent of the Provençal *joï*²—I think rightly, if we recall such explications as Cercamon's of the *joy d'amor*—When winter comes, and the delights of the world around us vanish, says Cercamon, we must rejoice in the joy of love

Per joy d'amor nos devem esbaudir
 Aquest amor no pot hom tan servir
 Que nul autans no n doble l gazardos

¹ A. Arnold, *Studien über den Höhen Mut* (Leipzig, 1930), p. 9 with reference to 'Tugen minne dir ist güt' but ignoring the Magdalen's songs. The lines *Minned, tugentliche man* are briefly discussed by David Brett-Evans in his *Hofisch-ritterliche Elemente im deutschen Geistlichen Spiel des Mittelalters* (Lahr/Daden 1952) p. 35 who classifies them (for no apparent reason) as 'niedere Minne'.

² 'Die Grundlagen des ritterlichen Tugendsystems', *ZfdA* lvi (1919) 137 ff. A number of aspects of this famous article were attacked by Curtius (pp. 319 ff.) and defended once again by Eduard Neumann, in *Erbe der I. er-gangenen Festgabe für Karl Helm* (Tübingen, 1951) pp. 137 ff.

Que Pretz e Joys e tot quant es, e mays,
N'auran aisselh qu'en seran poderos.¹

No man can serve this love so much that he will not have its reward doubled a thousand times. For those who have its power will have from it Excellence and Joy, and all that is, and more.

Joi is a concept as important for troubadour love-poetry as *Hoher Mut* is for *Minnesang*. In both it is less a particular feeling than a quality of mind, an attitude to life and way of life (Arnold speaks of a 'Geisteshaltung', 'Ausschnitt einer bestimmten Weltanschauung'),² a permanent disposition, which is both cause and effect of love, and gives him who has it unlimited potentialities of virtue. The German word *vreude*, in the last stanza of 'Chramer, gip die varwe mier', seems to have the more general sense of 'worldly delight':

Wol dir werlt, daz du bist
also vreudenreiche!

Bless you, world, that you are so rich in joys!

But it is the *courtois* sense of joy that is implied in the last lines of the Magdalen's second song, addressed to the girls who accompany her on her visit to the merchant:

Wol dan, minneklichev chint,
schäwe wier chrame.
Chauf wier di varwe da,
di vns machen schoene vnde wolgetane.
Er muez sein sorgen vfi,
der da minnet mier den leip.

Come then, you girls who love, let us see his wares. Let us buy these colours that give us beauty and grace. *He who loves me must be free of cares.*

¹ *Les poésies de Cercamon* (ed. Jeanroy) (Paris, 1922), v. 1-2.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 74. The best statement on Prov. *joi*, to my mind, is still Jeanroy's in his dissertation *De nostratibus mediæ ævi poetis* (Paris, 1889), especially pp. 31 ff., 54 ff. Cf. also A. J. Denomy's beautifully documented 'Jois among the early Troubadours: its Meaning and possible Source', *Mediæval Studies*, xiii (1951), 177 ff.

All true lovers must have joy! The troubadours tell us this again and again! I would suggest that the comprehensiveness of the concept of joy, which includes the power to love well, can be seen once more in the merchant's words to the Magdalen, urging her to buy his rouge, in which 'wunehliche' is tantamount to 'lovable'

Dev eu machet reh. schoene vnt dar zuoe
 vil recht wunehliche

It will make you beautiful indeed, and what is more, absolutely joyful.

In a quatrain of the Magdalen's first song, and in a couplet of her second, we have a veritable epitome of *amour courtois*. And these lines occur in songs which were beyond any doubt 'for the people'. There is a remarkable similarity of tone between the quatrain and five celebrated lines earlier in the *Codex Buranus*

Taugen munne div ist güt,
 si chan geben hohen müt,
 der sol man sih ulizen!
 swer mit trawen der nit phiget,
 deme sol man daz wizen! (CB 175 a)

Secret love is good, it can bestow the serenity of joy—this is what one should strive for! If anyone does not dedicate himself to this devotedly he should be blamed!

Again the sovereign value of love, and its effect: Hoher Mut, an effect that is at the same time the ground of the lover's aspiration, and of his dedication of himself to his way of life. The adjective 'taugen' which qualifies love is yet another significant detail by which this love is characterized as *courtois*. While I cannot demonstrate that these lines, like the Magdalen's, were intended 'for the people', I should be loath to ascribe them to a different, 'exclusive' milieu unless there were strong evidence for this—and there is none whatever.

¹ A great many instances are assembled by Denomy art. cit.

7. Iceland

My next witness that *amour courtois* is possible in any age or place or milieu may seem a surprising one: it is in tenth-century Icelandic skaldic poetry. The love-verses of two of the greatest skaldic poets of that time, Kormákr and Hallfreðr, are preserved in the thirteenth-century sagas about them, which bear their names. These poets show in a striking way the unity of 'popular' and 'courtly' love-poetry. On the one hand they were brought up in a highly professional kind of rhetoric. They cultivated a *trobar clus*, a poetry which has all the signs of having been composed for an esoteric court circle, with a taste for conceits and immense formal complexity and dexterity. On the other hand the skaldic poets would have composed in this manner to any woman, whatever her social position. Even their most highly wrought stanzas were composed 'for the people', that is, they became the property of the people, and were remembered and handed down orally for generations.

Hallfreðr has a passionate stanza which is a declaration of unlimited love, of love unto death:

Lítt hirði ek, lautar
lundr hefr hætt til sprunda
viggs, þótt verðak hoggvin,
verra, í hondum svarra,
ef ek næða Sif slœ ðu
sofa karms meðal arma,
mákat ek láss við ljósa
lind ofrœkðar bindask.¹

I little care though I be killed in the woman's arms—I, sailor, have risked my life—if I might attain to sleep in the arms of this goddess of precious silks. I cannot withhold my overwhelming love for the radiant mistress of the keys.

The titles and attributes of goddesses are accepted skaldic kennings for the beloved woman, used almost as a matter of course for elevated rhetorical modes of address.

¹ *Hallfreðar Saga*, 22 (Íslensk Fornrit, viii. 184). Cf. the Homeric *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 153-4: 'I would gladly be plunged into the house of Hades, lady equal to goddesses, once I had entered your bed.'

Kormákr has a splendid range of images and expressions of *amour courtois*. Professor Sveinsson, in his edition of *Kormáks Saga*, saw in Kormákr 'the forerunner of the southern troubadours—in his sensibility and in the relation of this to his art there is a parallel between him and them'. To Kormákr his lady Steingerðr, 'is not only his beloved, she is also his goddess of poetry and the ideal image in his mind'.¹ When he first sees Steingerðr, he cries out 'My longing will never grow old as long as I live' (KS 2). He evokes her radiance in haunting images—beneath the bright heaven of her brows the hawk-keen moon of the lashes—and at once surmises the sorrow that such a fatal love can bring both lover and beloved 'the gleam of the moon of eyelids of the lady of the golden necklace will bring harm both to me and to her' (KS 3). He sets her value at the whole world:

Alls metk auðar þellu
Íslands þás mer grandar,
Hunalands ok handar
hugstarkr sem Danmarkar,
verð es Engla jarðar
Eir háðyrnis geira,
sól-Gunni metk svinna
sunds, og Íra grunlar (KS 8)

The precious one who afflicts me I value at the whole of Iceland as far as farthest Tartary, and Denmark too. She is worth the ground of England and of Ireland—she the wise lady of the golden sun of the ocean.²

The thought of his lady inspires Kormákr with courage—he is scarcely afraid of death when he thinks of her—and at the same time afflicts him with love-longing 'I have little fear of death, though shields be joined together—the rich guardian of the land will not reproach the poet, magnifier of reputation'.³

¹ *Íslensk Fornrit*, viii, p. lxxxix. *Kormáks Saga* [KS] *ibid.*, pp. 201 ff.

² The golden sun of the ocean—i.e. gold. For a fuller poetic exploitation of this kenning cf. KS 36 discussed below.

³ i.e. the king will not be able to reproach Kormákr with cowardice in battle.

while I remember the lady in the north. This sharp sickness troubles me, friend.' (KS 54).

In a magnificent image of the sea Kormákr evokes his immense desire for Steingerðr. In the second half of the stanza he turns on his rival Þorgils, proclaiming that his own sleepless suffering of love-longing is greater than his. The kenning he uses of Steingerðr, 'lady of the gleam of the sea', unifies the two halves of the stanza: she is the sea within him, the sea of his own love. There is the stormy grandeur, the turbulence bounded by an ebb and flow that determines its very existence, and lastly, the radiance:

Brim gnýr, brattir hamrar
blálands Haka strandar,
allt gjalfr eyja þjalfa
út líðr í stað víðis.
Mér kveðk heldr of Hildi
hrannbliks an þér miklu
svefnfátt; sörva Gefnar
sakna mank, ef ek vakna. (KS 56.)

The ocean roars, the waves like steep mountains on the sea-god's shore. All the uproar of the sea ebbs back into the deep. I declare I am far more sleepless than you for the lady of the gleam of the sea—I miss her whenever I wake.

Kormákr's love is an *amor de lonh* that finds its fulfilment in dreams:

Sýn berr mér í mína,
men-Gefn, of þat svefna,
nema fági dul drjúga
drengr, ofraðar lengi,
at axllimar yðrar,
auð-Frigg, muni liggja,
†hrund†, á heiðis landi
hlíðar mér of síðir.¹

¹ KS 62. Kormákr also expresses Steingerðr's beauty by the figure of *adynata* (v. F. R. Schröder, in *Edda, Skalden, Saga* (Heidelberg, 1952), pp. 108 ff., Curtius, pp. 95 ff.). Nature would have to reverse herself (stones float like grains of corn on water, and the earth sink . . .) before another lady as fair as

Again and again it comes to me clearly in sleep, unless I am dying myself deep in fantasies, that your arms, priceless goddess, lie in mine, rest on my plain where the hawk alights

8 *Greek Italy*

My final illustrations are from a range of songs of *amour courtois* edited nearly a century ago,¹ which have never, to my knowledge received literary attention before. They were composed in Calabria, in a Greek dialect in which Italian words are scattered. They are a perfect instance of a 'poesia de tipo tradicional' surviving through centuries, and, like all such poetry, difficult to date. Occasional historical allusions take us back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The evidence for the language itself goes back far earlier—an Italian-Vulgar Greek vocabulary recently discovered by Bernhard Buschoff, for instance, is in a tenth-century hand.²

In these songs there is a constantly recurring note of love-worship. The beloved is the radiant one, blessed among women. She reflects a more-than-earthly light, and sheds it in the world.

O lghemu, na mu pai mino na di

Poss ene òria tuti pu agapò

O lghemu, pu olo tò cosmo pradi,

Oria secundu tui ide tünd?

Ce o lghio mu 'pe — Mu canni antropi

Jati tui e pleon òria to diplò —

En'o lghio, agàpumu pu sè fiumuzi,

Ce ambò's tes addè an lghio ghualzi (xii)

Steingerör is born (AS 61). Unlike Professor Sveinsson Schröder conjectures (pp 133 ff) that the stanza containing this figure (a figure which he had just shown to occur in virtually every literature from the Egyptian onwards!) as well as Kormákr's other love-verse, was in fact not composed by Kormákr at all, but added to his saga in the thirteenth century, under troubadour influence. This conjecture is supported by not a shred of evidence—only by the prejudice that romantic love was invented by the troubadours.

¹ Giuseppe Moron, *Studi sui dialetti greci della terra d'Otranto* Lecce 1870

² Bernhard Buschoff, 'The Study of Foreign Languages in the Middle Ages', *Speculum*, xxxvi (1961) 217 ff. The vocabulary is written in a tenth-century hand on the final page of a manuscript in Monza, Bibl. Capic. e 14 (s. ix-x) [Now ed. Buschoff and Beck, *Medium Aevum Romanicum* 1963 pp 49-6.]

O my sun, do not go—stay to behold
how lovely is she I love!

O my sun, who traverse the universe,
have you seen any as lovely as she?

And the sun replied, 'She puts me to shame,
for she is twice as lovely as I.'

It is the sun, my love, makes you radiant,
and among other women you shine like the sun.

She is the 'hevenysh parfit creature' given to earth as a reminder
of heaven:

T'ise òria, t'ise òria ce òria, panta pai;
Es tus ajèrus e dichìssu e fama;
Ce vresi's ta hartia pu en iso mai
Essu 's ta paìsia ta dicàma:

Esèna se pingèfsa àngeli ce aj,
Pu embicane 's cossiglio ce se cama:
Ce se pingèfsa ce se caman' òria,
Ce se fica 's to cosmo ja memoria. (XIII)

You are beautiful, beautiful, [my song] always goes,
your fame has reached the four winds;
and in books we found that you never
belonged to these our lands:

You were painted by angels and saints,
who took counsel and created you,
painted you, made you beautiful,
and gave you to the world as a memory.

The lover gazes on his heavenly one with a never-tiring devo-
tion:

A se canònonne deca hronu panta,
En ecòrdonna mai se canonònta. (XIV, extr.)

If I beheld you constantly for ten years,
I would never weary of beholding you.

Love is the law of the v hole of nature, and of human hfe
 The pursuit of love cannot be evil, it is the essentially human
 aspiration, anyone who does not aspire to it can scarcely be
 deemed human at all

Tis en ehi cardian essu's to petto
 Tis en ehi fshu en agapà
 Ma cio po lu memoria ce talento
 An ehi muan agàpi e tti afilà
 En ene ingiuria dè mancu defetto,
 Ja ena pu tin agàpi colusà
 Tì arguli ce puddia pu en noune
 Es tuto cosmo estèune ce agapune (xxv)

He who has no heart within his breast,
 he who has no soul—does not love,
 but one who has memory and desire,
 if he has a love does not let it go

In this there 's no wrong no deficiency,
 for one who follows love,
 for trees and birds [even] without understanding
 dwell in this world and love.

In the longest and most elaborate of the love-songs (lxxxviii),
 the lover is at the point of death, no medicine is of any avail, he
 thinks of his lady's sovereignty (*signuria*) and says

So great is the love I bear you
 that even if you were in Turkey
 I'd come that we might see each other
 I'd depart without companion,
 in a little boat, over the water
 I'd come to see your lovely face
 which is unique in earth and Paradise
 So great is the love I bear you
 as I sound it and look upon it,
 that if you were in blackest Hell
 I'd come to Hell to be with you,
 so as to content your heart
 you who say I do not love you!

Again, the lover swears his constancy by *adynata*:¹ he will not abandon his beloved till the seas run dry and the dead awaken (LXXXIX, and similarly CXV). She is *adored* by him (CXXXVI, CLIII), she is his *dea* (LXXXVIII, CL). A lover enraptured by a girl whom he sees carrying a washtub full of linen cries out, 'Blessed are your hands and your arms!' ('Vloimmèna ta hèria ce i vrahìoni!' LXXXVI).

Secrecy is an important aspect of this love. One poet declares (CIX, extr.)

Ce na min iscuprèfso ambrò 's to jeno,
Difto ti e s'acapò ce ipào cammèno.

Not to reveal it in front of other people,
I make a show of not loving you, and go about consumed with
love.

There is, finally, a remarkable recognition of an ideal of love-service (CXXXVIII):

Isù to fseri, agàpi, is ti cardìa
Ti addin en agapò se non isèna;
E sse dulèi na piachi fantasia:
Canèan àscimo lo so 'ho pimèna?

Ivò ja 'sena imbènno is ti fodìa,
E chitèo ti diavàzo guai ce pena:
Ce su cumàndefso ce afi na camo;
Panta servo dicòssu os ti pesàno;

Ce su cumàndefso ce afi na po:
Panta servo discòssu os t'ime ivò!

You know, my love, within your heart,
that I love none but you.

There 's no need to imagine things:
have I ever said a harsh word to you?

For you I'd go into the fire,
not caring if I suffer woes and pain.
Give commands, and let me fulfil them:
I shall always serve you, till I die.

¹ v. p. 41, n. 1 above.

Give commands and let me tell you,
I shall serve you as long as I live!

Amour courtois to sum up and repeat, is no 'new feeling', but 'un secteur du cœur, un des aspects éternels de l'homme' Poetry of the courtly experience has always existed, and is not confined to a 'courtly' class. But now we must pass from what is common to what is varied and individual. What are the new elements in the medieval European lyrics of *amour courtois*? Clearly to answer this adequately would require an immense series of careful interpretations of all important texts—a series of works such as Carl von Kraus's *Untersuchungen zu Minnesangs Frühling* or Bruno Nardi's 'Filosofia dell'amore nei rimatori italiani del Duecento e in Dante', in his *Dante e la cultura medievale*—together with comprehensive comparative studies. I can only hope to make one small contribution, to single out a few important ways in which the language of love was enriched in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It was enriched by a range of thoughts and images Jewish and Christian, Hellenistic and Islamic, some of which were directly available to the poets, others latent in a Christian firmament which at times they scanned 'for metaphors, not metaphysics'.

EXCURSUS

Limitations of the Concept *amour courtois*

Amour courtois as Adultery

It has often been suggested that *amour courtois* is essentially adulterous or semi-adulterous.¹ When Gaston Paris introduced the term (which seems to occur only once in troubadour poetry —*cortez' amors* in Peire d'Alvernhe) he had in mind the situation

¹ A locus classicus is Lewis, *op. cit.* pp. 12 ff. who would make adultery one of the four marks of courtly love. Most recently Felix Schlösser *Andreas Capellanus* (Bonn, 1960) though agreeing in many respects with A. J. Denomy (*v. infra* p. 48) says that one must do justice to the opposition between marriage and love as the cardinal point in the system of courtly love (p. 172).

of Lancelot and Guenevra in Chrétien's *Chevalier de la charrette*; for others the love of Tristan and Yseult is the epitome of *amour courtois*. But does its adulterous nature follow from its *courtoisie*, or merely from the nature of certain stories? Is it not simply that in the world's repertoire of love-stories there always have been and always will be stories of illicit love? And in Chrétien, be it remembered, there is no hint of adultery in his five other romances, except in the second half of *Cligés*.

Others would see the adulterous nature of *amour courtois* established by Andreas Capellanus's 'quotation' of a letter of Marie de Champagne ruling love and marriage incompatible. This, however, is a clerical *jeu d'esprit*, not a guide to the interpretation of love-lyrics (see my observations on the *De Amore* in Chap. II, pp. 83 ff., and *M.Æ.* xxxii (1963), 56 ff.). As Marrou, in one of his luminous asides, says of Andreas, 'Nous ne sommes pas là au cœur de la tradition: c'est une doctrine pour exportation!'¹

Again, in the particular case of Provence, it is delightfully (and fatally) easy to read the *vidas* and *razos* composed by thirteenth- and fourteenth-century jongleurs back into the troubadour lyrics—which is precisely what the jongleurs wanted their audiences to do. Whether or not Queen Eleanor gave her favours to Bernart de Ventadour, it is undeniable that much of the lyrical poetry all over medieval Europe, but especially in Provence, was written to married women. At the same time anyone who has read extensively and without prejudice in the poetry will know that adultery plays no formative role in the lyrics of *amour courtois* themselves.

Moreover, one should beware of assuming from forms of address such as *midons*, *domna*, or *frouwe* that a married woman must be in question. Walther von der Vogelweide's enchanting

'Nemt, frouwe, disen kranz':
alsô sprach ich zeiner wol getânen maget . . .

can serve as a warning. Any *donzella* may be called 'Madonna'!

¹ Art. cit., *RMAL* iii (1947), 83.

The lyrics, like the romances, stress the need for secrecy, they mention *kauzenjadors* and *gardadors* (who, as emerges throughout this chapter, occur in love-songs of virtually every age and every milieu) There is the fear and anguish of love frustrated, by the woman's fear of losing her good name by circumstances, by the outside world. But this is not because love is always illicit! There is no indication in the *Roman de la Rose* that the girl is married, nor in the *Vita Nuova*, the extremest of all instances of *courtous* secrecy and the fear of discovery. The secrecy of *amour courtous* springs rather from the universal notion of love as a mystery not to be profaned by the outside world, not to be shared by any but lover and beloved. It is beautifully expressed in the *Carmina Burana* (77, st. 2)

nomen tamen Domine serva palliatum,
ut non sit in populo illud divulgatum
quod secretum gentibus extat et celatum

And this particular 'Domina' is a *virgo gloriosa* (st. 8)

Amour courtous as 'Platonic' Love

At the other extreme from the belief that all *amour courtous* was directed towards adultery is the equally widespread belief that the poets of *amour courtous* in particular the troubadours, sang of a quasi-platonic love which never desired full physical satisfaction at all. A *locus classicus* for this view is A. J. Denomy's essay 'En Amors'

Love must remain a desire in order that the end may be fulfilled. Once consummated desire weakens and consequently growth in virtue and worth lessens. On the contrary, everything that intensifies desire is not only legitimate and valid but is to be cultivated—thoughts of the physical and moral charms of the beloved, social intercourse with her, embraces, kisses, physical contact, anything short of physical consummation.¹

¹ *Medieval Studies* vii (1945) 176. Cf. also Leo Spitzer, *L' amour courtois de Jaufre Rudel et le sens de la poésie des troubadours*, Chapel Hill, 1944. Reto Bezzola, *op. cit.* 1. 74 and *passim*. Myrtha Lor-Borodine in *Mélanges offerts à*

There is no evidence for this whatsoever in the lyrics themselves. Mrs. D. R. Sutherland observes very sensibly:

On the question of pure love eschewing intercourse but allowing everything short of possession, it is true that the poets do not mention possession, but it is difficult to see how they could in a poetry meant for public recital in circles with pretensions to delicacy and refinement, and often in the presence of the *domina* herself; they ask for the favours it is decent to ask for publicly, and they go as far as decency allows.¹

Again, it has been a case of reading a notion culled from Andreas Capellanus (*De Amore*, I. 6) back into the lyrics, of attempting to twist his concept *amor purus* into the Provençal *fin' Amors*. It is a cleric who writes in the *Carmina Burana* (88, st. 8), playing on the theme of the *quinque lineae amoris* (*v. infra*, p. 488):

Volo tantum ludere,
id est: contemplari,
presens loqui, tangere,
tandem osculari;
quintum, quod est agere,
noli suspicari!

and a cleric who writes in a twelfth century Amicus-Amica dialogue (Firenze, Laurenziana Edil. 197, fol. 131r)²

Si maculem quod amem, res inhonesta foret.

But there is nothing like this among troubadour lyrics. *Concubitus sine actu* is a motif not uncommon in romances (as in Chrétien's *Roman de Perceval*, 1952 ff., or in the Anglo-Norman *Blonde d'Oxford*, 1131 ff.), and goes back at least as far as the Greek novel (cf. *Daphnis and Chloe*, II. 9-11). It has no particular connexion with *amour courtois*.

Alfred Jeanroy (Paris, 1929), esp. p. 225, and in her recent collection of essays *De l'amour profane à l'amour sacré*, Paris, 1961.

¹ 'The Language of the Troubadours', *French Studies*, x (1956), 212. Cf. Robert Briffault, *The Mothers* (London, 1927), iii. 477 ff.

² *v. Bibliography*, p. 553.

Amour courtois as a Borrowed Convention

Innumerable scholars have claimed that writing poetry of *amour courtois* is a convention that Provence and the rest of Europe borrowed from the Arabs.¹ Such a claim may involve a number of very different things. If it draws attention to the historical situation in Spain and Sicily, to the abundant evidence of a bilingual society, in which over a long period Moslem and Christian poets and singers met continually and naturally knew one another's songs, if it shows that elegant and sophisticated Arabic-Andalusian poetry at times carries themes of *amour courtois*; if seeing the recorded evidence of the passage of collections of stories, philosophical and scientific texts, even theological and mystical ones from the Arabs to the West, one infers as a matter of course that songs also made this passage, that oral transmission surely existed at every stage alongside written—all this I think is important and true. But the claim often means something quite different. If it means that *amour courtois* is a 'new feeling', that its notions and motifs and images occur so suddenly and mysteriously in Western Europe that they must have been borrowed, that basically the character of European secular songs is determined from outside, by another culture, at one particular point in time—then the whole of this chapter is evidence to the contrary.

Those who make a deterministic claim of this kind have often concentrated their attention on Guillaume IX, 'the first troubadour', whom the histories of literature present as the first poet of *amour courtois*. But as I have demonstrated elsewhere, a careful reading of Guillaume's songs shows that vernacular poetry of *amour courtois* existed well before him, and that he himself is far too individual, too brilliantly many-sided to adopt any of its conceptions uncritically.² Lévi-Provençal has argued plausibly that Guillaume knew some Arabic and used it with

¹ Bezzola, op. cit. II 153-203 gives an excellent bibliography of the *thème arabe*.

² *RFI* lxxii (1962) 327 ff.

devastating wit in his 'Farai un vers, pos mi sonelh'.¹ But the notion that he brought a poetry inspired by a new feeling of love back to France with him is absurd. His own strictures and parody of *amour courtois* show that this 'new feeling' was familiar when he composed; as indeed it is inconceivable when we read the first surviving Medieval Latin song of *amour courtois*, of about the year 900 (*infra*, pp. 264 ff.), that this should have been the very first, or that it had no vernacular counterparts. The notion that a new love-poetry had to be *imported* stems partly from a condescension towards the home product:

Et pourquoi cette société féodale aurait-elle répugné à emprunter à la civilisation hispano-arabe les cadres et les thèmes d'inspiration de ses premières ébauches poétiques, en quelque sorte l'alphabet de son lyrisme encore balbutiant? . . .²

partly from a deep ignorance of its nature:

Marcabru . . . paraît, avec Guillaume IX, le plus typique parmi les compositeurs de langue occitane.³

That a distinguished historian of Islam should select the two most untypical, least *courtois* of all the troubadours as 'le plus typique',⁴ that he should see Guillaume's sophisticated masterpieces as faltering first steps, suggests once more, as do all the theses about the origins of the new feeling, the new motifs, the new language of love, that the problems concerning the development of Western love-lyric have been very badly formulated.

¹ *v. Arabica*, i (1954), 208 ff. Heger (op. cit., pp. 197-8) summarizes further discussion of this point, which has not been accepted unanimously; I find it attractive, except for the words 'aital lati'. Earlier, A. R. Nykl (*The Dove's Neck-Ring* (Paris, 1931), p. cxiii) had remarked that these lines 'sound undoubtedly like an imitation of Arabic and Turkish', but was unable to give a coherent interpretation.

² E. Lévi-Provençal, *Islam d'Occident* (Paris, 1948), p. 304.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 301.

⁴ For the Romance medievalist, this will scarcely need arguing, but see Spanke's *Marcabrustudien* (Göttingen, Abh., 1940) and my article on Guillaume IX (cit., p. 50, n. 2).

Guillaume, Marcabru, Bernart de Ventadour, Peire Vidal, Bertran de Born Raimbaut d Orange—to mention only a few of the earliest and greatest—to imagine that such men had to crib their thoughts of love is to have not an inkling of their stature as poets, to argue as if these men's thoughts of love were basically alike is never to have read their poetry at all (except perhaps to vindicate a thesis)

The influence of Arabic on medieval Western love-poetry is often supported by claims of metrical influence. These have been most persuasively argued by Menéndez Pidal.¹ He sees this influence in the popular Arabic *zajal*, which was written in a stanza-form of which he also distinguishes six variants. All seven of this family of forms are paralleled in the European vernaculars.

But it is important to make some distinctions here. That Alfonso the Wise adopted for his *Cantigas de Santa Maria* forms that lay nearest to him, forms that had long been popular in a bilingual society, seems uncontested.² That French rondeaux and virelais which are often in stanza-forms similar, sometimes precisely similar to *zajal* forms, should be directly related to these seems far less probable. In a stanzaic song composed to

¹ *Poesía árabe y poesía europea*, *Bulletin Hispanique* xl (1938) 337 ff. and in a revised version in a book of the same title (Madrid, 1941). For points of detail I refer primarily to the first version, which includes full documentation (my numbers are page-references to this essay). Menéndez Pidal has amplified this thesis further in his *España eslabón entre la Cristiandad y el Islam*, Madrid 1956 and most recently in *La primitiva lírica europea* *Rev. Fil. Esp.* xlii (1960) 279 ff. Neither of these works however adds new evidence to the metrical question.

² This point is quite independent of the controversy as regards the musical transcription of the *Cantigas* (v. J. Ribera y Yartago *Cantigas de Santa María* II, Madrid, 1922. H. Angles, *La música de las Cantigas* Barcelona, 1943) on which I am not qualified to pass an opinion. I would only remark that it is important to distinguish two aspects of Ribera's work: his attempt to infer the nature of medieval Arabic music from the *Cantigas* with the help of earlier Arabic treatises on musical theory, and his attempt to show the influence that this music must have had on Western lyrical poetry. It is too easy to make a purely logical objection to this second idea—the possibility of such an influence cannot be denied out of hand. But for lack of any Arabic written music of the time it must, of course, remain speculative in the extreme.

accompany a dance the use of both 'vuelta' and 'estribillo'¹ is the most natural thing in the world. The frequently (often unconsciously) held assumption that such forms are too complex or too difficult to have evolved without the help of outside models seems to me a defiance of common sense.² What of Jacopone's *Laude*? Was he influenced in his choice of forms by the French dance-songs, or by Alfonso's collection of a decade or so earlier? I think Menéndez Pidal is nearest the mark when he speaks of Jacopone 'searching for popular metres and finding that of the *zajal* rooted in the heart of Italy' (366). So too, I would suggest, in France. Everywhere that men and women sang and danced, such measures and devices are rooted in the heart of the dance itself. There is no reason to limit their occurrence in time to the time of our earliest records of them. Menéndez Pidal seems to realize this, and yet is unaware of his inconsistency when he goes on to speak of a 'genetic relationship, whose most natural explanation is that Romance poetry imitated Arabic' (389), and says that 'the propagation of the *zajal* to the West could not have occurred much after the second third of the eleventh century' (395). But even if outside Spain the *zajal* forms should have been the result of an Arabic 'propagation', it is important to be clear where these forms occur: in the whole of Provençal poetry I know of only four songs that have any real resemblance to a *zajal* form.³ In the

¹ Menéndez Pidal's terms for the distinctive features of the *zajal*: the *vuelta* is the last line of the stanza, whose rhyme is common to each stanza and to the refrain, the *estribillo*.

² I find extremely significant in this connexion some remarks of Theo Stemmler (*Die englischen Liebesgedichte des Ms. Harley 2253* (Bonn, 1962), p. 161) about English carols, many of which have *zajal* forms (though Stemmler is unaware of this): 'The structure of English carols is on the whole extremely simple. Generally the rhyme-scheme is aaab BB; besides, in these simple carols, each line has the same number of stresses. These uncomplicated techniques of metre and rhyme meet the demands of the "carole" that is sung and danced, of the song for a round dance.'

³ In his discussion of Provençal songs Menéndez Pidal has spoilt his otherwise splendid array of material by some misleading statements and slipshod comparisons. It is not true that 'half of Guillaume's stanza-forms are like *zajals*, an eighth or a sixth part in Cercamon and Marcabru' (392); it is not true

Munesinger, in the Sicilian poets, in the *dolce stil nuovo* I know of none. In other words, the songs in *zajal*-like forms in European languages (if we except one or two of the French dance-songs and one or two Galician-Portuguese songs from the Vatican *Cancioneiro*) are never songs of *amour courtois*.

I repeat, these remarks are not to cast doubt on the idea that there were fruitful interchanges between Arabic and Romance poets in Spain or that some poets north of the Pyrenees could have had a certain amount of acquaintance with Arabic songs.¹ But to admit this does not for one moment entail that, in Levi-Provençal's words, the *causes* and *thèmes d'inspiration* of medieval European songs were borrowed. Their forms and rhetoric evolved through centuries in which cleric and jongleur and aristocratic amateur all made songs. Such songs, of which for long periods only fragments of evidence remain, were sung in the vernacular languages from their very beginnings. Cleric and jongleur and aristocratic amateur were not cut off from one another in everyday life, and so as a matter of course they

that Jaufré Rudel or Peire Vidal ever wrote stanzas of the form *a a a b c c c b* (384). One song only of Guillaume I (XI, ed. Jeanroy) has this form which is like that of the (apparently rare) simple *zajal* without *estribillo*. This form recurs twice in Marcabru (VI, XXXI, ed. Dejeanne), and once in the thirteenth century in Peire Cardenal (IV, ed. Lavand). What are its origins? Lavand (*loc. cit.*) plausibly suggests popular. While Guillaume could have derived it from a *zajal* he could as readily have derived it from the many hymns in octosyllabic quatrains rhyming *a a a b b b b c c c c* which go back to the sixth century. This could hardly have been difficult for him! Cercamon's *planh* on Guillaume's death, rhyming *a a a a b c c c c c b*—a form which, to my knowledge, corresponds to no *zajal* that ever was—is obviously his variation on Guillaume's stanza. That Guillaume's songs IV, VII, VIII (which rhyme *a a a b a b*) should be called *estrosas rejelescas* (386 ff.) is badly miscasting that *Al entrada del tens clar* (classified under *Pèrdida del estribillo*) should be so called (386) is indefensible.

¹ A detailed comparative study of the Arabic 'arts of love' (discussed by Hellmut Ritter in *Der Islam*, XXI (1933) 84 ff.) and those in the medieval West (discussed by Egidio Gorra, in *Fra drammi e poemi* (Milano 1900), pp. 201 ff.) should also be rewarding and may well bring interesting new literary connections to light. But the casual comparison of the two best known those by Ibn Hazm and Andreas Capellanus, can only give dangerously superficial results.

enriched one another's songs, borrowing melodies, themes, expressions from one another and varying these in turn. Certainly at all times some of their songs were love-songs, and some of these, at all times, songs of the courtly experience, which is 'un des aspects éternels de l'homme'.¹

Of course there are epigones, schools of poets, literary fashions. But a poetry that is alive and richly varied cannot be 'explained' deterministically. Thus too it is completely misleading to give a deterministic precedence to Medieval Latin over vernacular poetry, to assert, as Hennig Brinkmann did, that 'Medieval Latin poetry in the entire breadth of its scope is

¹ As is clear from the evidence in this chapter, the ideas of *amour courtois* are not the product of chivalric social conditions—though the language of *amour courtois* may take on chivalric overtones. *Amour courtois* is not 'closely modelled on the service which a feudal vassal owes to his lord' (Lewis, op. cit., p. 2)—though the universal range of metaphors of the lover 'serving' his lady and becoming her 'own man' may well in some circumstances have come to carry feudal connotations as well as erotic ones. Cf the classic essay of Paul Kluckhohn, 'Der Minnesang als Standesdichtung', now reprinted in *Der deutsche Minnesang* (Darmstadt, 1961) with an up-to-date bibliography, to which I would add the provocative article of D. Scheludko, 'Über den Frauenkult der Troubadours', *Neuphil. Mitt.* xxxv (1934), 1 ff., who went so far as to argue (with impressive documentation) as follows: 'Nowhere in the romances do we find a poet in love with his married patroness. The romances reflect every aspect of the life of their time, yet nowhere do they show us a troubadour of the kind Fauriel and Wechsler depicted. . . . The troubadours' cult of their lady in the accepted [chivalric] sense is a legend. Women were loved and cherished in the Middle Ages in a way not very different from today's. But the forms of poetic expression were different, and that is what is important, and sets new problems for research. We must stop trying to explain all the particular qualities of this lyrical poetry by the social conditions in which the poets found themselves . . . it is useless to bring in feudal relationships to explain its spirit . . . it is a problem of literary history.' After this I cannot resist adding one remarkable passage where a lover's relation to his lady is explicitly and extensively compared to a subject's relation to his lord: ironically, it occurs in a context not of chivalry but of medicine. Arnald of Villanova explains the title of his little medical treatise *De amore heroico* (*Opera* (Basel, 1585), col. 1527): *heroicis* means *dominalis*: 'not only because love befalls noble lords, but because it subjects a man, lording it over his heart and soul, or because the actions of lovers towards their beloved are like those of subjects towards their lord: in so far as these fear to offend their lord's majesty, and try to serve them in faithful subjection, to obtain their grace and favour, in the same way do heroic lovers feel towards their beloved.'

the foundation (*Grundlage*) of the literary wealth of the troubadours their variations on the theme of love, their poetic creativity in a wide range of genres', and that 'German Minnesang arises out of Latin epistles and rhythmic verses'.¹ Such assertions (like their contraries) caricature a complex total situation for the sake of a thesis. Brinkmann's parallels between Latin and vernacular love-poetry, in so far as they are accurate and significant, belong in this total situation, which is shared by *chevalier et clerc et lai*.² It is a garden in which roots can seldom be disentangled, and in which it is far more important to watch the growth of the flowers.

¹ *Entstehungsgeschichte des Minnesangs* (Halle, 1926) pp. 86, 162.

² It is fascinating to see how much the range of the accomplished lyrical poet's repertoire remains virtually unchanged over the centuries in Latin and in the vernaculars. The proportion of songs in any one genre and the manner of treatment vary of course—yet the basic range (the personal and the objective genres, the satirical amatory religious panegyric, elegiac, moral and topical themes of the lyric) remains a constant from the Cambridge Songs in the eleventh century to Marcabru, Walter of Chatillon, or Walther von der Vogelweide in the twelfth, to the young Dante the poet of the *Rime* to Machaut, even to courtier-clerics such as Dunbar in Scotland around 1500 or Gongora in Madrid a century later.

II

THE BACKGROUND OF IDEAS

WHAT, then, are the new elements in the lyrics of *amour courtois*? Perhaps it seemed, while in search of the courtly experience we put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, that we had found them all already. But this would be only a Puckish illusion. We did find again and again something of the emotional content of the European courtly lyric, but little as yet of its possibilities of intellectual content. To illustrate this by a comparison of extremes, take two images of how a lady inspires love. One from among the popular Byzantine songs already cited:

Oh my heart, you are heaven,
and your eyes are the moon,
and your eyebrows rainbows,
and they have pierced my mind.

Such a quatrain is indeed a song of love-worship, expressed in the directest and simplest way. This lover sees his beloved not as a mere object of pleasure but as an object of reverence. There is the intimation that the love she kindles in him carries the reflection of a cosmic, heavenly power. Compare with this Guido Guinizelli's famous lines in which he attempts to convey a similar experience:¹

Splende 'n la 'ntelligenzïa del cielo
Deo criator più che [n] nostr'occhi 'l sole:
ella intende suo fattor oltra 'l cielo,
e 'l ciel volgiando, a Lui obedir tole;
e con' segue, al primero,
del giusto Deo beato compimento,

¹ The fifth stanza of 'Al cor gentil rempaira sempre amore', perhaps the most influential love-song of the entire thirteenth century. Text from G. Contini, *Poeti del Duecento* (Milano-Napoli, 1960), ii. 460.

così dar dovria al vero,
 la bella donna, poi che [n] gli occhi splende
 del suo gentil, talento
 che mai di lei obedir non si disprende.

God the creator's light is reflected in the Intelligence of a sphere more than the sun in our eyes. She finds her 'intention' in her maker, beyond her sphere and, moving the sphere, strives to obey him. And as her blessed perfection follows instantly from the just God, so the lovely lady her light being reflected in the eyes of her devotee should in truth impart love-longing which never swerves from obeying her.

The feeling of the two passages is similar, the differences of expression are startling. This triple image, Creator and Intelligence, sun and mankind, lady and lover, this concept of 'intending', of drawing into a *telos*, finding oneself in a transcendent goal, this belief that wherever we look in the universe such a destined goal is divinely implanted, is the reflection of a surpassing radiance to which the irradiated can aspire only in complete surrender, this conviction that in the surrender itself fulfilment can be found—how did Guinizelli come to think in these terms? How did he, and to a certain extent love-poets throughout twelfth-century Europe, and more markedly his contemporaries in later thirteenth-century Europe, come to use language of such a kind? In trying to throw some light on this, I should like to think in terms of the influence of three kinds of language, which I shall call mystical, noetic (predominant in the passage just cited), and Sapiential.

My point of departure will be the language of mystics, the language in which theologians had, over the centuries, tried to write of divine love. It is easy to see at once to how great an extent such language is simply a transference of that used by human lovers. How could it be otherwise? How else could a transcendent love be in any way communicated? What other area of human experience would be more accessible or more relevant to it? Implicitly then, through the very need of communication, human and divine love are here in a sense reconciled.

Yet this kind of reconciliation of course entails its own opposite: for here the perception and affirmation in each metaphor of an analogy between the two experiences is continually completed by an awareness of their difference. Each reconciliation in a likeness must entail a complementary unlikeness—otherwise we should be dealing not with likenesses but with identities. The orthodox Christian scheme of values could not envisage such an identity between divine and human love: the one was an absolute value, the other a relative one, at best imperfect, at worst evil. An absolute and a relative value are in the strictest sense incompatible. Even if the Church saw marriage as a sacrament, and thus saw human love as in some measure sanctified, human love was always in the last resort bidden to make way for the love of God.

A fascinating witness, and a virtually unknown one, both on the nature of mystical language and on the condemnation of human love, as well as on the connexion between these two notions, is the Cistercian Gérard de Liège (mid-thirteenth century), who, apart from a treatise *De doctrina cordis*, wrote two small works on love. The first is *Septem remedia contra amorem illicitum*. Illicit love is *amor mulieris*, which Gérard calls *vilitas*, *corruptio*, and even less complimentary names; and its exposition is followed by *Quinque incitamenta ad deum amandum ardentem*, which, while unimpeachably pious and orthodox, displays an astounding familiarity with profane poetry. Gérard makes almost all his main points by the use of French love-songs,¹ of which he seems to have known many that escaped even their great bibliographer Gaston Raynaud. Here are a few instances of his method: he writes of the *anima illuminata a gratia*

Ipsa anima mansuetior fit ad correctionem, inde patientior ad adversitatem et laborem, inde sagatior ad cautelam, inde ardentior ad amorem, inde humilior pro conscientia, inde acceptior et magis placens pro verecundia, inde paratior ad obediendum, inde ad gratiarum

¹ Compare the 'Traduction d'Ovide' (*supra*, Chap. I, pp. 33 ff.).

actionem devotior ac sollicitior Et hec dicit Bernardus Unde talis
anima bene potest cantare quoddam carmen quod vulgo dicitur

Grevet mout li mal d'Amours,
muis en aurai,
Car plus sages en serai,
Et de foliser allours
me garderai.¹

Then of love's increase through suffering and of love's
'ever-fixed mark'

Fortiter diligebat David quando precabatur dominum, dicens
Proba me, domine, et tempta me Unde dicit Gregorius Electo-
rum desideria deprimuntur adversitate ut crescant sicut ignis flatu
premitur ut crescat, et unde quasi extingui cernitur, unde amplius
et verius inflammatur Unde illud

Quant plus me bat et destraint li salous,
tant ai ie muis en amours ma pensee

Ecce amor inseparabilis. Hec enim bene cantate poterat carmen
quoddam quod vulgo canitur

En quel liu ke mes cors soit,
mes cuers est a mes amours
et allours
estre ne doit.

Et se il sen departoit
mais am ne revenist,
car am
falut avoïr

¹ Text from Vat Reg. 75 in Domi Andre Wilmaris *Analecta Regimant*
pp. 217 ff. I have printed the French lines in verse-form. I have modified the
punctuation for the sake of clarity and I suggest one or two corrections in the
French. L. 1 W. mont L. 3 W. enserai, L. 4 W. defoliser. The soul becomes more
yielding to correction, and thus more patient in adversities and trials more
prudent in its caution, more ardent in love, humbler by virtue of its sensibility
more acceptable and pleasing by virtue of its modesty readier to obey and
more devoted and solicitous in giving thanks. And this is what Bernard says
Such a soul, therefore, can indeed sing a song which is heard everywhere.
The malady of love causes great grief, yet I shall be the better for it, for I shall
be wiser through it, and guard myself against dallying elsewhere.

Item dulciter et inseparabiliter deum amabat Augustinus, *damours li anguisseus*, quando dicebat: Certe ex quo te didici, bone Ihesu, semper manes in memoria mea.

Finally, of the qualities of mind and manner required of a lover (a lover of God, that is):

Item est amor sapiens . . . Deus enim Caritas est, dicit Iohannes, idest *amours*. Et ideo

ame ki viout amor,
et bien viout iestre amee,
par dedens et de fors
bien doit iestre aournee:
simple et coie par defors,
humle et bien ordenee,
par dedens
ardaument
par amours embrasec.¹

In the different parts of his treatise Gérard suggests now that the love-poets have borrowed from Augustine and the other Fathers, now that the songs are intuitively expressing the same truth about love as was to be found in Scripture or Patristic tradition. At times it is as if he were claiming that the 'real' meaning of profane love-songs was a divine one, at others as

¹ Ibid., pp. 218-19, 224-9. 'David loved greatly when he prayed to his Lord, saying: Prove me, Lord, and try me. . . Thus Gregory says, the desires of the elect are weighed down by adversity that they may grow, as a gust of wind keeps down a fire to make it grow; and when the fire is almost out it bursts into a fuller, truer flame. So too, "The more the jealous one beats me and confines me, the more my thoughts turn to love." . . .

'Love, you see, is unalterable. This is well expressed in a song that the people sing: "Wherever my body may be, my heart is with my love, and must not be elsewhere. And if my heart left there, my beloved would never return, for that would be his end." Or again Augustine, anguished in love, loved God sweetly and without alteration when he said, From the moment I learnt of you, dear Jesus, you have always dwelt in my memory.

'And again, love is wise . . . for God is Love, says John: that is, *amour*. So "the soul that hopes for love, and wishes to be well loved, must be well adorned within and without: simple and serene without, humble, and well-prepared, and kindled ardently by love within".'

if he thought them a parody of the language of divine love. Yet the notion of parody itself cuts two ways. If Gérard, like many homiletic writers, felt empowered to make such songs 'repayte home from worldly vanitee' and redirect them towards their true, divine goal, he was not afraid either to initiate a sacred parody, to take, for instance, the profane topos of the five degrees of love (*quinque lineae amoris*), and give it a mystical interpretation.

There are two points of importance: first, that if sacred and profane love are wholly divorced, as by Gérard, then, as nothing is found in the intellect which was not first found in the senses, their metaphors will be identical as much as if they were wholly united. For love-poet and theologian alike earth and heaven remain one single sphere of discourse, even if for a theologian there is a black hemisphere and a white. Those who admit some grey will require new concepts, new qualifications. But the theologian like Bernard, who is unafraid to use the sensual imagery of the Song of Songs because it need not even for one moment be understood in its foul human sense and the poet like Guinizelli, who sees this same imagery as reflecting the divine precisely because it shows human love with such fullness and splendour—these in one sense understand each other perfectly: the language they use is the same.

The second point is this: that a wealth not merely of love-language, but of precisely that kind of love-language which is most consonant with *amour courtois*, had accumulated over the centuries in the mystical and theological tradition itself. Thus is to me the most striking thing that emerges from Gérard's juxtapositions: the more deeply religious the language, the closer it is to the language of *courtoisie*. The virtues acquired by the soul illuminated by divine grace are exactly those which the lover acquires when his soul is irradiated by his lady's grace: they are truly a courtly lover's virtues. From this it is but a step to the notion that these are not two kinds of grace and two kinds of virtue, but one: that it is divine grace itself that the beloved

sheds upon her lover's soul. Likewise, the lover wishes his 'lord', *midons*, to test and prove him: in his trials the grandeur of his love is realized. Gérard's application is to a *chanson de mal mariée*, but how we could imagine out of the fullness of the courtly experience the lover's cry 'Proba mi, midons!'

If we turn to a mystic such as Richard of St. Victor (†1173), who in Dante's words 'was more than man in contemplation', we find a painstaking exploration of the imagery of love-longing. For him the goal of mystical knowledge is, as he often expresses it, 'to hammer out for ourselves (*excudere*) in some manner the form of the angelic likeness' (P.L. 196, 136d), 'to put on the angelic form, to cross beyond a particular worldly and even more than human condition' (140a). Yet the crossing beyond is also a transfiguration, 'to be transformed "into the same image from brightness into brightness"' (141c). Richard repeatedly stresses the arduousness and difficulty of this transformation: 'For if he be once admitted to the light-flowing glory of the angelic sublimity . . . how we can imagine him to press on with secret love-longing, with deep sighs, with unutterable moans!' (141b).

In the *Tractatus de quatuor gradibus violentae charitatis* Richard gives his psychologically fullest account of the progress of love. The first stage is the love which wounds, the second the love which binds. Let us consider this distinction as he makes it in his own words. In the first, the lover

desiderio ardet, fervet affectu, aestuat, anhelat, profunde ingemiscens et longa suspiria trahens. . . . Hic tamen gradus interpolationem recipit . . . sed iterum post modicam interpolationem aestuans, ardor ferventior redit, animumque iam fractum acrius incendit et vehementius urit . . . donec plene animum sibi subigat . . . ita ut hoc ei excidere aut aliud cogitare non possit, et iam de primo gradu ad secundum transit. Primum enim gradum diximus qui vulnerat, secundum qui ligat. Nonne vere et absque ulla contradictione animus ligatus est, quando hoc unum oblivisci, aut aliud meditari non potest? . . . dormiens somniat, hoc vigilans omni hora retractat. . . . Primi itaque gradus impetum in pravis desideriis non resistendo, sed

declinando, non tam reluctando quam fugiendo repellere debemus et possumus secundi autem gradus vehementia omnino non valet nec reluctando superari nec fugiendo declinari¹

Then Richard asks, can there be any love more violent than this, and answers that it is one thing to be *summum*, but another to be *solum*, and goes on to describe a third state in which passion is not only absolute but unique

*Solum est in quo [amator] reficitur, solum ex quo satiat. Nil dulcescit, nihil sapit nisi hoc uno condatur. Sed quis huius affectus tyrannidem digne describat?*²

Beyond this again is the state in which desire is so overwhelmingly great that it must remain for ever insatiable.

Hic gradus quia humanae possibilitatis metas semel excessit, crescendo, ut caeteri, terminum nescit, quia semper invenit quod adhuc concupiscere possit. Quidquid agat, quidquid sibi fiat, desiderium ardentis animae non satiat. Quid, quaeso, est quod cor hominis profundius penetret, acerbius cruciet, vehementius et agitet? Moribus irremediabilis et omnino despectabilis, ubi semper et remedium quaeritur, et nusquam invenitur, imo quidquid praesumitur ad remedium salutaris veretur in augmentum furoris. In hoc statu inter amantes saepe irae surgunt saepe rixas committunt, et cum verae inimicitiarum causae non suppetunt falsas, et saepe nec veras-

¹ The lover burns with love-longing inflamed by his passion. He is all aglow breathless moaning deeply and sighing long. Yet this degree of love admits of interruption but flaming up again after a brief pause, the ardour returns more violently fires the stricken spirit with a sharper more vehement flame until it fully subjugates the spirit so that it cannot banish it or think of anything else. At that moment it passes from the first degree to the second. For we called the first degree the wounding the second the binding. And is not the spirit bound, beyond a shadow of doubt, when it cannot forget this one thing or think of any other dreaming of it in sleep and brooding on it every hour of waking? Therefore as regards base desires, while we can and must repel the onslaughts of the first degree (not by resisting but by shunning, not so much by struggle as by flight) the violence of the second degree makes it quite impossible either to conquer or to flee. (1209c-1210c.)

² It is the only thing by which the lover is renewed or satisfied. Nothing has sweetness, nothing has savour unless it is seasoned by this alone. But who can adequately describe the tyranny of this state of mind? (1212a-b.)

miles fingunt. In hoc statu amor saepe in odium transit, dum mutuo desiderio nihil satisfacere possit . . . et modo mirabili, imo miserabili crescit ex desiderio odium, et ex odio desiderium. . . . Supra modum autem, imo supra naturam ignis convalescit in aqua, quia amoris incendium magis exaestuat ex alterutra contradictione, quam invalescere posset ex mutua pace.¹

Does Richard merely use the metaphors of human love, while keeping it, like Gérard de Liège, strictly divorced from the divine? Is the only 'real' meaning here the divine one? It seems not, for what could the lovers' feigned quarrels and the attempts to resist base desires mean within the divine context? At one point Richard makes an explicit comparison between the two loves:

In desideriis spiritualibus, quanto maior, tanto et melior. In desideriis carnalibus, quanto est maior, tanto est peior. . . . In humanis sane affectibus primus [gradus] potest esse bonus, secundus absque dubio est malus. (1214a.)

Human love, that is, can be good in the first degree, which is *amor insuperabilis*, 'quando mens desiderio suo resistere non potest', but not in the second degree, *amor inseparabilis*, 'quando illud oblivisci non potest' (1213d). It is right for human love to be constant, and even irresistible, but wrong for the lover to be bound by it alone, wrong, that is, to exclude all possibility of further transformation, into the divine. That Richard intends

¹ 'This degree, having once passed the bounds of human possibility, does not, like the others, know a limit to its increase, for ever and again it finds what is still to be desired. Nothing can satisfy the ardent soul, whatever it does or suffers. . . . What is there, I wonder, which can penetrate a man's heart more deeply, torment it more cruelly, goad it more violently? . . . A disease without remedy, utterly hopeless, in which a remedy is for ever being sought and nowhere found, or rather whatever is taken as a healing medicine brings only an increase of the delirium. . . . Often bursts of anger arise between lovers in this state, often they start quarrels, and when true grounds of antagonism are not there they invent false ones, often not even probable ones. In this condition love often turns into hate, since nothing can satisfy their longing for each other . . . and in a wondrous, or rather in a wretched way, out of desire springs hate, and out of hate desire. . . . Yet beyond measure, beyond nature even, fire gathers strength in water, in that the flame of love burns more fiercely through their opposition than it could through their being at peace.' (1212c-1213c.)

this as a possibility can be seen from another passage of immense subtlety 'In the first degree of love God enters the soul, and the soul returns to itself In the second it ascends above itself and is raised to God In the third the soul raised to God passes entirely into God In the fourth it goes out on God's behalf and descends below itself it goes out by compassion' (1217c-d)

The heavenward ascent into divine union is completed by a return to the earthly and human there is no trace of dualism here Yet is it not strange that the fourth state, in which compassion flows out of the fullness of union, should be identical with what Richard has previously called the insatiable state, the one in which desire is for ever tormented with unfulfilment? What does it mean, thus to identify the state of greatest fullness with the greatest emptiness? It suggests, I think, that in the insatiability itself, in the very act of seeing any and every love as less than absolute, lies the possibility of transformation into absolute love

In the great mystic who was Richard's near-contemporary, Saint Hildegard of Bingen (1098-1179) we find as it were a completion of his thoughts on love Though Hildegard is one of the most brilliant and original minds of the entire Middle Ages she has not often been given her due of recognition, as Richard has While, for instance, the writings of everyone from Augustine to Bernard have been ransacked for reminiscences of the language of *courtoisie*,¹ however tenuous and however far from the intentions of their authors these might be, no one to my knowledge who has dealt with the ideas of *amour courtois* shows any sign of having read Hildegard She, however, was as convinced as any of the love-poets of the unity of human and divine love, and recorded this conviction with freshness and with splendour, in a way that is unparalleled in theological writing before or since I am aware that in indicating this

¹ I have in mind the exponents of what has been called the 'Christian theory' of the origins of *amour courtois* represented most notably by the writings of Myrrha Lot-Borodine, Mario Casella, and Guido Errante

briefly here I am stressing only one aspect of an immensely fertile mind, isolating a few moments out of a system. Yet it is undeniable that the unity of love, its fulfilment divine-in-human and human-in-divine, is one of Hildegard's most important and recurrent themes.

It is God who gives being to a man's love in the form of a woman:

And God gave an embodiment to the man's love, and thus woman is the man's love. . . . Therefore there will be one single love, and thus, only thus, should it be in the love between man and woman.

She who embodies her lover's love is seen as a divine emanation:

Then I seemed to see a girl of surpassingly radiant beauty, with such dazzling brightness streaming from her face that I could not behold her fully. She wore a cloak whiter than snow, brighter than stars, her shoes were of pure gold. In her right hand she held sun and moon, and caressed them lovingly. On her breast she had an ivory tablet, on which appeared in shades of sapphire the image of a man. And all creation called this girl sovereign lady. The girl began to speak to the image on her breast: 'I was with you in the beginning, in the dawn of your strength and in the brightness of all that is holy, I bore you from the womb before the star of day.' And I heard a voice saying to me 'The girl whom you behold is Love; she has her dwelling in eternity.'

Beside this, before commenting, I shall put Hildegard's picture of the kind of man who is most apt for love:

[Such men] can have an honourable and fruitful association with women, but they can also withhold, and regard them with looks of affection and moderation. For the eyes of such men come admirably into accord [*sympthonizant*] with those of women, whereas the eyes of other men are [fixed] on them like arrows. And whereas the voices of the others seem to women like a raging storm, theirs are like the sound of a lute; where the thoughts of those others break out like hurricanes, these are known as sensitive lovers in all honour. Often too they endure many pains, when they hold back as much as in their power, but in them that bridled prudence dominates in which women are so well-versed, a wisdom which draws its beautiful

restraint from this feminine element [in them] For they possess a sensitive understanding.¹

The startling way in which the Psalmist's 'ante Luciferum genui te' is put in the mouth of the heavenly Beloved is explained by other passages, in which Hildegard often repeats that in love each lover is the creation, the *opus*, of the other. They are conjoined in such a way that each is the other's 'work of art', and could not exist without the other.

Vir itaque et femina sic admisti sunt, ut opus alterum per alterum est et neuter eorum absque altero esse potest.

Each can attain divinity ('plenum opus dei') through the other's love. This is fulfilled in the love-union, 'whereby the whole earth should become like a single garden of love'. For 'it is the

¹ Et deus fecit formam ad dilectionem viri et sic femina dilectio viri est. Et ideo una dilectio est et esse debet viri et feminae et non altera.' *Causae et Curae* ed. Kaiser (Leipzig, 1903) p. 136.

Vidi etiam quasi pulcherrimam puellam in tanto fulgore splendidae faciei fulgentem ut eam perfecte intueri non possem. Et pallum candidius nive et clarus utellis habebat. Calceamentis quoque velut de purissimo auro induebatur. Solem autem et lunam in manu dextra tenebat, et eos suaviter amplexabatur. In pectore etiam eius tabula eburnea erat, in qua species hominis saphyrum coloris apparebat et omnis creatura puellam hanc dominam nominabat. Sed et ipsa ad speciem quae in pectore suo apparuit, dicebat. Tecum principium in die virtutis tuae in splendoribus sanctorum, ex utero an e Luciferum genui te. Et audivi vocem mihi dicentem. Puella haec quam vides, Charitas est, quae in aeternitate tabernaculum habet.' *Epistola xxx, P. L.* 197 19.d-191a.

Cum mulieribus in honestate et fertilitate esse possunt et se etiam ab eis abstrahere valent et pulchritudo et sobria oculi eas inspicunt, quoniam, ubi oculi aliorum ad eas velut sagittae sunt, ibi oculi istorum ad ipsas honeste symphonizant, et ubi auditus aliorum quasi validissimus ventus ad ipsas sunt, ibi auditus istorum velut aeternum citharae habent, et ubi cogitationes aliorum quasi procella sunt ibi isti prudentes amatores in honorificentia vocantur. Saepes autem multas poenas sustinent, ubi in possibilitate sua se continent sed in eis est temperata prudentia, quam feminae ars habet, quae bonam continentiam ex feminea natura contrahit, et etiam intelligibilem intellectum habent.' *Causae et Curae* pp. 72-73. These passages can be found in a German translation in Heinrich Schuppers's beautiful Hildegard-anthology *Geheimnis der Liebe* (Olten 1937) pp. 33-34 169 39-60. Unfortunately this anthology does not give references to the Latin text. I am very much indebted to Professor Schuppers for locating several passages for me privately.

power of eternity itself that has created physical union and decreed that two human beings should become physically one'.¹

Together with this magnificent insight into mutual love, Hildegard tends more often, like the love-poets, to see specifically the woman's role as that of the angel and lodestar in the process of attaining the divine. In this Hildegard is of course influenced by the theological role of the Virgin Mary as mediatrix, and of Sapientia as a divine *telos*, but she invariably takes this conception beyond the framework of these figures to that of the *feminea forma*, the 'Ewig-weibliche' who is the embodiment of her devotee's love. The beloved is the source of perfection for her lover, and at the same time he can attain and bring to perfection the fountain of Sapientia, the fountain of utter joy, which she embodies for him:

Vir plures vires habet, quam mulier perficere possit. Mulier autem est fons Sapientiae et fons pleni gaudii, quas partes vir ad perfectum ducit. (*Liber Divinorum Operum*, P.L. 197, 167b.)

In so far as love is the source of virtù, it is at the same time perfecting the ideal nature of the beloved. What Bédier called 'le culte d'un objet excellent' and 'le pouvoir énnoblissant', these are seen to be interdependent:

O feminea forma, soror Sapientiae, quam gloriosa es! . . . ita quod omnes creaturae per te ornatae sunt, in meliorem partem quam in primo acciperent. (*Epistola VI*, *Præf. Spic. Sol.* VIII. 364.)

O figure of woman, sister of Sapientia, how glorious you are! . . . in such a way that all creation is adorned by you, made more perfect than before.

How could the human beloved take on this angelic or divine stature? The way towards union with a more than human beloved, a way such as in their own manner both Hildegard and the love-poets envisaged, how was this possible? As soon as this was seen as a 'metaphysical' problem, the lover's *quaestio* became akin to, or one might almost say one aspect of, the philosophical one, how can we who are earthbound attain

¹ P.L. 197, 885b-c; Schipperges, op. cit., pp. 65, 55.

the angelic or the divine existence? How can a human being know (or become united with) a supernatural one? In the language of metaphysics, how can he be said to know any of the pure forms, or separate substances, or intelligences, or angels as they were variously conceived? And there is one kind of answer to this question which, however much it may vary in its expressions and in the workings out of detail, is of the utmost importance for certain developments in the poetry. This answer might be put in a generalized form as follows —

There is a more than human, or divine principle of knowledge which illuminates us and operates in us, and in which we share in so far as we know anything beyond our sense-experience. While we have a soul like the animals, a vegetative and sensitive soul, we also have the potential knowledge of things as they really are, of things in their essential forms, not just as they appear to our senses. This potential knowledge is something that all men share, but it is actualized differently among men, and more fully in some and less fully in others, according as the divine principle works in them. To take up the brilliant metaphor of Dante, who brings all his genius to bear on this in his discussion of the origin of the soul in *Purgatorio* xxv, such knowledge is a product of two forces, and varies according to how they unite, as wine is produced both by the sun's warmth and by the moisture of the grape. The warmth of sunlight is the divine irradiating force, the moisture is our faculties of memory and imagination which condition, though they are not the same as our capacity to receive this irradiation. This capacity of ours was called the potential or possible intellect by the philosophers (*intellectus possibilis intellectus in potentia, nous dynamis*), the irradiating force was often called the agent or active intellect (*agens intellectus, intellectus activus nous poiētikos*).¹ But it also had other names: often it was called the Angel, sometimes it was called *Intelligentia*, sometimes *Sapientia* (to

¹ Though this second group of expressions does not occur in Dante compare Bruno Nardi's comments on *Purg.* xxv 76-78 in his *Studi di filosofia medievale* p. 57

her we shall return soon, as an image rather than a concept). This more than human, angelic or divine power always had that relation to the human mind which the beloved has to her lover in the courtly experience—to be above him, to shed her light upon him, thereby actualizing his innate potential virtù, to raise him towards herself and thereby to perfect him, granting him a share, as far as he is capable of it, in her immortal and blessed state, to allow him to apprehend the divine through her—this is the paradigm, whether the language is metaphysics or love. This, for instance, is how Albert the Great envisages the unification of the possible and active intellect (*mutatis mutandis* the unification of lover and beloved):

Intellectus devenit ergo ex lumine sui agentis in lumen Intelligentiæ, et ex illo extendit se ad intellectum Dei . . . in illo stat sicut in fine: et ideo, cum 'omnes homines natura scire desiderant', finis desiderii est stare in intellectu divino, quia ultra illum non ascendit aliquis nec ascendere potest. . . . Qui autem simplici primo et divino intellectui coniunctus est, divinus est et optimus in scientiis et virtutibus, ita quod, sicut dixit Homerus, non videtur viri mortalis filius esse, sed Dei. Et ideo dicit Hermes Trismegistus in libro *De Natura Dei Decorum*, quod homo nexus est Dei et mundi, quia per huiusmodi intellectum coniungitur Deo. . . . Anima stat igitur substantiata et formata in esse divino in esse perfecta: et hoc vocaverunt philosophi caducum alterius et immortalis vitæ, per quam vere probatur animæ humanæ immortalitas.¹

¹ *De Intellectu et Intelligibili*, II, 9-12. "Thus the intellect proceeds through the light of its active principle to the light of Intelligentia, and from there extends itself to the divine intellect . . . in which it stays as it were in its end. And thus, since "all men by nature desire to know", the end of desire is to dwell in the divine intellect, because beyond this none ascends or can ascend. . . . So whoever is conjoined to the first, simple, divine intellect is himself divine, and peerless in knowledge and perfections, so that, as Homer says, he seems to be the child not of mortal man but of God. Thus too Hermes Trismegistus, in the book *On the Nature of the God of Gods*, says that man is the coming-together of God and world, because by an intellect of this kind he is conjoined to God. . . . The soul therefore takes its place in the divine *esse*, given substance and form, perfected in its *esse*, and this is what the philosophers have called the heritage of another life, which is immortal, by which the immortality of the human soul is truly shown."

The whole of this line of thought, which in the thirteenth century culminates in the theories of men like Albert or Siger of Brabant springs originally out of an enigmatic passage on the active intellect in Aristotle's *De Anima* (iii 5) out of a few sentences that were perhaps the most discussed in the whole of medieval philosophy both in Islam and in Christendom. To attempt to see these as the first Western translators and commentators saw them—in the soul, as in the whole of nature there must be two factors passive potentiality, and an activating principle. Here the first is the mind's potentiality of knowing and of becoming one with what it knows, the second, which actually brings this knowledge about, which makes the soul become all the things that it knows potentially.

sicut habitus quidam est, ut lumen, quodam enim modo et lumen facit potentia colores actu colores. Et hic intellectus separatus immixtus et impassibilis substantia actu est. Semper enim honorabilius est agens patiente et principium materia. Idem autem secundum actum scientia rei. Separatus autem solum est hoc quod vere est, et hoc solum immortale et perpetuum est. Non reminiscimur autem quod hoc quidem impassibile sit, passivus autem intellectus corruptibilis est, et sine hoc nichil intelligit.

[The active intellect] is like a constant power, such as light, for light too in a sense makes colours that exist potentially into actual colours. And this intellect is separate unmixed and impassible, its whole nature is activity. For the active is always nobler than the passive the principle nobler than what it operates on. But knowledge made actual is identical with the thing it knows. But the active intellect is what it truly is only when separated, and this alone is immortal and perpetual. Yet it is not we who remember, for indeed it cannot become passive [and receive a particular person's memory], whereas the passive intellect is subject to decay, and all our understanding is conditioned by it.

This is how the lines on the *nous poietikos* appeared in the first Latin translation, made from the Greek by James of Venice in the mid-twelfth century, that survives in a hundred and

twenty manuscripts, and was revised in the following century by William of Moerbeke.¹

While it would be fascinating to trace the differences of interpretation and the complex of thoughts that arose out of this passage in late Antiquity (Alexander of Aphrodisias, Simplicius, Themistius, Philoponus), in Islam (Al-Kindi, Al-Farabi, Avempace, Avicenna, Avicbron, and Averroes), and then in the Latin Middle Ages (particularly Gundissalinus, Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas, Siger of Brabant, and John of Jandun), I can only highlight a few points that are immediately relevant to my problem. Alexander of Aphrodisias, for instance, whose writings were probably among those aimed at by a famous condemnation of the Church Council of Paris in 1210,² believed that our suprasensible knowledge came about by the *copulatio* of the possible and the active intellect. For Alexander the active intellect is the power which gives life to the whole of nature, and irradiates the material world with form and hence with intelligibility. He equates this intellect with God, and thus when the human mind is informed by the light of the divine intellect, and united with it, it knows all things in God, knows them in the pure forms, separated from matter, in which they exist in the divine knowledge.

From a different point of view, facing a different problem, the Byzantine Aristotelian commentator Themistius likewise envisaged the diversity of experience reduced to a unity of knowledge. The notion that knowledge is of universals, and the fact that a number of different individuals can understand the same universal truth, led him to see the human capacity, the possible intellect, as both one and many—one in its unification with the active intellect, and manifold in informing the minds of particular men.

¹ Cf. L. Munio-Paluello, 'Le texte du *De Anima* d'Aristote: la tradition latine avant 1500', in *Autour d'Aristote, recueil . . . offert à Mgr. A. Mansion* (Louvain, 1955), pp. 217 ff. James's Latin version is cited from Pedro Hispano, *Obras filosóficas* (ed. M. Alonso, Madrid 1952), iii. 320-1.

² v. G. Théry, *Autour du décret de 1210, II: Alexandre d'Aphrodise* (Kain, 1926), pp. 7 ff.

These two lines of thought, from Alexander and Themistius, merge in the Arabic philosopher Al-Farabi († 950), who sees the union of the intellects itself as a one-in-many as knower, the one active principle unites all the manifold objects of knowledge into itself, yet it preserves them in their manifoldness to know them in their essence is to preserve them in their essential individuality. In this unity the human mind can share. It is a real unity, not a dualism: there is no question here of turning away from the earthly, of putting off the corruptible in order to put on the incorruptible—nothing is rejected, all earthly experience is preserved. In the words of the Latin version of Al-Farabi's *De Intellectu et Intellecto* (a twelfth-century translation)

Substantia anime hominis uel homo cum eo per quod substantiatur, fit propinquus ad intelligenciam agentem et hic est finis ultimus, et uita alia scilicet quia ad ultimum acquiritur homini quiddam per quod substantiatur et acquiritur perfectio eius ultima, quod est ut agat in alteram [substantiam] aliam accionem per quam substantietur et hec est intencio de uita alia ipsam enim agere nichil aliud est quam inuenire suam essenciam

Ipsa enim essencia [intellectus in potentia] non fit intellectus in effectu nisi propter ea quae sunt intellecta in effectu quia intellecta fiunt forme illi ut ipsa sit ipsa eadem forma. Igitur intencio de hoc quod ipsa est intelligens in effectu et intellectus in effectu et intellectum in effectu una et eadem intencio est.¹

Man with that through which he is fulfilled, with his soul's essence, is drawn nearer to the active intellect, and this is his ultimate end—a new life. Man acquires at the last something whereby he is fulfilled—acquiring his ultimate perfection, which is to accomplish in another [being] a new action by which he may be fulfilled. This is the meaning of the 'new life'—for this is nothing other than to find his own essential nature.

The possible intellect becomes the active only by virtue of the things actually known, for these provide forms for it in such a way

¹ *AHD* iv 215 ff. The second paragraph (p. 118) occurs before the first (p. 123) in Al-Farabi's text, but I have transposed them for the sake of greater clarity.

that it actually becomes these forms. So it is the same thing to say that it actually knows, to call it active intellect, and to call it what is actively intellected.

This brings us directly back to the greatest preoccupation of many of the love-poets, the relation between human and divine love. The problem, taken metaphysically, is not only how the poet's beloved can have something divine about her, how earthly love can foreshadow or be an image of heavenly love. It is to envisage a genuine simultaneous fulfilment of both. And a solution lay here, in these abstruse speculations. There was only one way in which the two loves could be one and still be themselves—in a unity-in-diversity such as this unity of active and possible intellect. There there need be no separation of lover and beloved: they can be united *in* the divine union.

Thus Dante's Beatrice, to consider the most outstanding example of the poets' 'donna angelicata', in so far as she is the courtly lady ennobling her lover and raising him to her blessed self, is at the same time the Angel raising him with herself to God. The fulfilment of Dante's love for Beatrice is in the 'Rosa sempiterna', which often, in the poetry we shall consider, is the image of a union in which 'number in love was slain'. Through the divine light which radiates from its centre the Rose brings about the union not only of the saints and angels in the knowledge of God, but also of lover and beloved, by which they in their own way attain divinity. For Latin love-poetry it is *flos florum*, unifying all the flowers of knowledge and love, and thereby allowing each to come into its own fullest flowering.¹

In the Aristotelian tradition, such a quasi-mystical interpretation of the notions of intellection and union is to be found in Avicenna (especially in his visionary works, which were not translated from the Arabic), and in Avicennist writings, both Islamic and Christian. In Western Europe what scholars such as Henry Corbin and Roland de Vaux have called 'Avicennisme latin' seems to have begun with a treatise *De Anima* written in

¹ v. especially Chap. IV, Excursus; Chap. V, pp. 323 ff.

the second quarter of the twelfth century and ascribed to the great Spanish translator of Arabic, Dominicus Gundissalinus. In this we read

As there can be no seeing without external light, so too, without the light of the active intelligence (shining) into us, there can be no understanding of the truth of anything. When the rational soul is joined to forms in some manner of conjunction by the light of the active intelligence [*intelligentiae agentis*], it is arranged so that the forms themselves subsist in it, free of all contamination, adorning and making noble the soul, which is as it were their dwelling-place. Therefore the intellect has the power of multiplying conceptions [*intentiones*] that are one and of uniting those that are many.¹

In another, more widely influential current of twelfth-century Western thought, we find a concept that has certain affinities with the Avicennist *Intelligentia agens*. In Plato's *Timaeus*, in the twelfth century far the most widely read and commented on of Plato's works, it is the *Anima Mundi* which is the intermediary between unity and diversity, between the indivisible and the divisible, partaking of both and thus overcoming the dualism between them.² The *Anima Mundi* was also a Stoic conception, envisaged as the principle of life, and at the same time as *sapientia* or *prudentia*.

Quam vim animum esse dicunt mundi, eandemque esse mentem, sapientiamque perfectam, quem deum appellant, omniumque rerum

¹ *De Anima* ed. J. T. Muckle *Medieval Studies*, II (1940) 88-89. While for the concept *nous poietikos* Gundissalinus uses the terms *intellectus agens* and *intelligentia agens/actus* interchangeably, it should be noted that in the last pages of his treatise *intelligentia* is used to mean a special, more exalted human knowledge of God (*claritatem perfectae visionis*) achieved only rarely and briefly higher than human intellection and related to it as the sun is to the moon (*ibid.* pp. 98-103).

² For the account that follows I am much indebted to Tullio Gregory's admirable study *Anima Mundi. La filosofia di Guglielmo di Conches e la scuola di Chartres* (Firenze 1955). Professor Gregory lucidly assembles a great number of the texts relevant to the history of this concept, including most of those cited here.

quae sint ei subiectae, quasi prudentiam quandam, procurantem caelestia maxime, deinde in terra ea quae pertinent ad homines.¹

As in Plato, heaven and earth alike are permeated by its activity and thereby, *deinde*, unified. This is the doctrine alluded to in Stoic terms in the sixth book of the *Aeneid* (724 ff.), and in Platonic terms in Boethius's invocation 'O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas' (*Consolatio*, III, metre 9, 13-17), that was commented on again and again from the ninth century onwards.

For Plotinus and his followers the Anima Mundi belongs strictly to the divine world: it is united to the Nous in contemplation of the *noémata*, which through its activity become capable of transforming matter. United to the Nous, remaining undivided yet diffusing itself throughout the world, it is the ordering and unifying principle in a world of multiplicity.²

Thus Augustine is perplexed that this should be so and at the same time 'if I say there is but one soul, you will be perplexed that it should be happy in one man and wretched in another'. Therefore he cannot decide whether there is one soul or many, and he fears that 'if I say there is at the same time one and many, you will laugh'.³

This passage in Augustine is the cue for the ninth-century controversy about the unity or multiplicity of the Anima Mundi.⁴ On the one hand it seemed to Ratramnus of Corbie

¹ 'They say that this power is the Animus Mundi, the mind and perfect wisdom which they call God, and, as it were, a (principle of) prudence among all the things that are subject to it, looking after heavenly things first and foremost, and thence on earth after what pertains to mankind.' (Cicero, *Academicorum Posteriorum*, I. 7.)

² Scotus Eriugena identifies this power with a cosmic love: 'Primum igitur hanc amoris definitionem accipe: amor est connexio ac vinculum quo omnium rerum universitas ineffabili amicitia insolubilique unitate copulatur. Potest et sic definiri: amor est naturalis motus omnium rerum, quae in motu sunt, finis quietaque statio, ultra quam nullus creaturae motus.' (*De Divisione Naturae*, I. 74, P.L. 122, 519b)

³ 'Si dixerio unam esse animam, conturbaberis, quod in altero beata est, in altero misera . . . si unam simul et multas dicam esse, ridebis.' (*De Quantitate Animae*, P.L. 32, 1073.)

⁴ v. Ph. Delhaye, *Une controverse sur l'âme universelle au IX^e siècle*; Ratramne de Corbie, *Liber de Anima* (Analecta Mediaevalia Namurcensia, I-II, 1950-1).

that only the creation by God of a multiplicity of individual souls could be compatible with the notion of individual immortality, and theologically with that of divine rewards and punishments, on the other his opponent, the disciple of Macarius, as well as Odo of Tournai two centuries later,¹ believed that there was only one divine and unifying principle of illumination, and that God created only the *proprietas* of the soul in individuals.

Thus in the notion of the *Anima Mundi* we again find a possible answer or paradigm for the love-poet's preoccupation here too in a sense is the light-giving power which actuates and gives fullness of life to what without it was mere potentiality, which by its irradiation draws the mind into knowledge, and which thus forms the link between the human and the divine, in such a way that the human, in being united to it, is not rejected but transfigured. Once again fulfilment suggests a unity-in-diversity. This is not to overlook the distinctions between Aristotelian, Stoic, and Neoplatonic concepts, nor to reduce them to a confused unity. It is simply that any or all of these could have reinforced or given a new dimension to an experience and a notion dear to the love-poets.

At Chartres in the early twelfth century Guillaume de Conches tried to christianize the *Anima Mundi*, identifying it with the Holy Spirit. This was attacked as heresy by the Cistercian Guillaume de St Thierry (1085-1148), the closest friend of Saint Bernard. In his own writings, however, wholly different in spirit from the speculative ones of Chartres, we find expressed again and again what we might see as the last link in this chain of ideas: the explicit identification of intellection with love.

Cognitio vero Sponsae ad Sponsum et amor idem est, quoniam in hac re amor ipse intellectus est. Amor vero fruendus totus in luce est, quia fructus ipsa lux amantis est. Vehemens autem voluntas vel quasi ad absentem, desiderium est vel affecta circa praesentem amor est cum amanti id quod amat in intellectu praesto est. Amor quippe Dei ipse intellectus eius est.²

¹ v. Tullio Gregory *Platonismo medievale* (Firenze 1958) pp 31 ff

² The Bride's knowledge of the Bridegroom and her love of him are

Before emerging from this labyrinth we must still pause at one great statement about the active and possible intellect which, in a vulgarized, distorted form, was to have a surprising and far-reaching influence. This statement was made in the commentaries of Averroes of Cordova, one of the subtlest minds of the twelfth century, on Aristotle's *De Anima*, above all on the part from which I have quoted. Averroes saw the possible intellect¹ as 'neque corpus neque virtus in corpore', hence not subject to the limitations of quantity and space, hence universal and one for the whole of mankind. This did not mean anything as crude as 'panpsychism', 'quod omnes homines sint unus intelligens et unum intelligere' (this is how Thomas Aquinas, with polemical intent to destroy what he thought a heresy, represented it, especially in the *De Unitate Intellectus*)—on the contrary, our capacity to know is modified and conditioned in each individual by his own vegetative-sensitive soul. Nor, as Albert the Great and Siger of Brabant saw, and long after them the young Pico della Mirandola, in his challenge to the philosophers of his day, was the notion of the unity of the possible intellect incompatible with that of the immortality of the soul—though it did have a certain bearing on the interpretation of this immortality, to which I shall return. Both Albert and Siger assimilated and modified Averroes's arguments in all their intricate detail, attempting through this to come as close as possible to what Aristotle might have meant in his brief, identical, for here love itself is the intellect. . . . The love of the one enjoying love is entirely in the light, for the enjoyment itself is the lover's light. . . . A violent longing for someone who is absent is desire, but when it is felt for one who is present it is love, since to the lover what he loves is present in his intellect. And indeed God's love is nothing other than his intellect.' (*Expositio altera in Canticum*, P.L. 180, 491d-492d, 499c.) Cf. Dante, *Convivio*, III. 13: 'Amore è forma di filosofia; e però qui si chiama Anima di lei.'

¹ It should be pointed out that Averroes makes a triple distinction, between *intellectus recipiens*, *efficiens*, and *factum*, corresponding to such a triad in his way of construing *De Anima*, 430^a14 ff.—as is clear from some MSS. of Michael Scot's translation of this passage (*v.*, for instance, F. S. Crawford's edition of the *Commentarium Magnum*, Cambridge, Mass., 1953). Averroes's opinion is that the first two of these are eternal, the third only in so far as it is one and simple, not in so far as it is many, multiplied among human beings.

cryptic chapters. The whole of the Averroistic line of thought became invested with something of the aura, the *auctoritas* of Aristotle, the Philosopher *par excellence*. Not only among philosophers Averroes's commentaries, and new translations of Aristotle radiated to the West from the Arabized Sicilian court of Frederick II and Manfred, and were taken up in the 1260's with all the *éclat* of an Age of Enlightenment in the universities of Bologna and Paris.¹ In Paris there was Siger, a wholly serious Aristotelian thinker, but vulgarized versions of Aristotelian ideas penetrated far wider, especially into the Arts Faculty, and even, it seems, to the populace, becoming up to a point the cause of Reason against religious obscurantism. It was at these wider manifestations at least as much as at men like Siger that the Bishop of Paris, Étienne Tempier, struck in two condemnations of heresy, in 1270 and 1277.

On the second occasion, his list of 219 condemned propositions is a strange farrago of everything from the finer points of epistemology to expressions of a general disbelief in religion and advocations of free love. One of the Aristotelian ideas condemned was that of the eternity of the world, for to the general ear this seemed to deny that God could have created it. Closely linked with this was the notion of the eternity of all species, but especially of humanity. A most interesting witness to the prevalence of this notion in wider circles is Jean de Meun,² who precisely in the 1270's was a Master in the Arts Faculty in Paris and in the process of completing the *Roman de la Rose*.

In the condemnation the proposition about the eternity of the species runs 'Quod non fuit primus homo, nec erit ultimus

¹ Out of the immense literature on the subject of Latin Averroism I should like to single out as particularly relevant to my argument R. de Vaux, *La première entrée d'Averroès chez les latins*, *RSPT* xxii, 191 ff. M. Grabmann *Mittelalterliches Geistesleben* II, v vii iii viii, and *MSB* 1931 Heft 2 B. Nardi, *Stadi di filosofia medievale* (Varna, 1960) especially the essays iv v and viii.

² v F. W. Müller *Der Rosenroman und der lateinische Averroismus des 13. Jahrhunderts* (Frankfurt a.M. 1947) which shows some illuminating links, though it is often misleading and inaccurate.

inmo semper fuit et semper erit generatio hominis ex homine'
(9). In Siger,

Species humana a philosophis ponitur sempiterna et causata quia in
individuis humanae speciei unum generatur ante aliud in sempiter-
num.¹

Similarly, Jean de Meun speaks of the species as 'estre devin'—

Mais je sai bien, pas nou devin,
Continuer l'estre devin
A son poeir vouleir deüst
Quiconques a fame geüst,
E sei garder en son semblable,
Pour ce qu'il sont tuit corrompable,
Si que ja par succession
Ne fausist generacion;
Car, puis que pere e mere faillent,
Nature veaut que li fill saillent,
Pour recontinuer cete euvre
Si que par l'un l'autre recueuvre.
Pour c' i mist Nature delit,
Pour ce veaut que l'en s'i delit
Que cil ouvrier ne s'en foissent
E que cete euvre ne haïssent,
Car maint n'i traitraient ja trait
Se n'iert deliz qui les atrait.²

¹ The condemned propositions are in the *Chartularium Universitatis Parisiensis*, i. 544 ff.; the quotation from Siger in his *De Aeternitate Mundi*, 1, ed. P. Mandonnet, *Les philosophes belges*, vii. 131: 'The philosophers postulate that the human species is both eternal and caused, because among the individuals of the human species one has been generated before another from all eternity.'

² 'But I know well, I am not guessing, that whoever lies with a woman must, as far as he can, will to continue the divine being and preserve it in human semblance, so that the generation [of men] should never fail in its sequence, for they are all corruptible. Thus when father and mother die, Nature wills that the sons should leap in to continue this work, to make up the lost ground. Nature has therefore set delight in it and wills that this delight should be enjoyed, that her workers should not flee from this task or hate it. For many would never drink a draught here if there were not delight to attract them.'
(*Roman de la Rose*, 4403-20.)

For Jean (or for the priest Genius in his poem) this entailed the divinely ordained duty to preserve the species by unlimited sexuality. Similarly in the Bishop's condemnation a number of propositions of this kind are to be found

Quod continentia non est essentialiter virtus (163)

Quod perfecta abstinencia ab actu carnis corrumpit virtutem et speciem (169)

So too Chaucer's Wife of Bath basing herself in this first on Jovinian then on Jean de Meun, argues that the sexual organs were created

for office and for ese

Of engendrure ther we nat God displese

Why sholde men elles in hir bookes sette

That man shal yelde to his wyf hire dette?

Now wherwith sholde he make his paiement,

If he ne used his sely instrument?¹

Another of the Averroist notions that the divine providence did not extend to the contingent world which was thought of as mechanistically determined by the heavenly bodies entailed a scepticism about miracles ecstasies visions and dreams (Quod sermones theologorum fundati sunt in fabulis—152, 'Quod raptus et visiones non fiunt nisi per naturam'—33) which is to be seen abundantly in Jean de Meun (and later in Chaucer's creations such as Pandare, or Pertelote) as much as in a serious Averroist work such as Boethius of Dacia's *De Sompniis*²

Finally, the unity of the possible intellect, together with the Aristotelian conception of a goal of human happiness (contemplation) to be attained in this life and not in an after-life, seem in their most distorted form to have been taken to imply the denial of divine rewards and punishments hereafter, and thus to have suggested 'Carpe diem'—'Quod felicitas habetur in ista vita, et non in alia' (176), 'Quod Deus non potest dare perpetuam rem transmutabilem et corruptibilem' (25)

In conjunction with all the propositions that Tertupier condemned, he denounced a book which advocated 'Carpe diem'

¹ *The Wife of Bath's Prologue* 127-32

² Text in M. Grabmann *Mittelalterliches Geistesleben* II, 216 ff.

opportunitate non utitur concessa peccandi, quam cui delinquendi non est attributa potestas

[Labelius] tibi duplicem sententiam propinabit. Nam in prima parte praesentis libelli tuae simplici et iuveni annuere petentem volentes ac nostrae quidem in hac parte parcere nolentes inertuae artem amatoriam. In uteriq[ue] parte libelli tuae potius volentes utilitati consulere de amoris reprobatione tibi nulla ratione petenti, ut bona forte praesertim invito spontanea voluntate subiunximus et pleno tibi tractatu conscripsimus.¹

Like Jean de Meun, Andreas scatters in the various parts of his work the age-old *topoi* familiar to him: love as a malady, love as natural and divine, love as the source of virtue, woman as the source of evil and (in this unlike Jean) intersperses legends of 'dicts and sayings of great ladies I have known'.

Andreas and the world of Jean de Meun—I think they were coupled in the mind's eye of Etienne Tempier, and I think with at least a grain of truth. Yet generations of scholars who have said that Jean attacked *amo et courtois*, have at the same time tried to interpret Andreas's book as a devout exposition of *courtoisie* (Andreas's latest commentator, Felix Schösser, spends nearly four hundred pages trying to prove it was the 'Kodex der hofischen Liebe'²). One of the reasons for this astonishing

¹ Ed. Salvatore Battaglia (Roma, 1947), pp. 2, 362, 416.

to teach how lovers can subsist in love without being hurt, and at the same time how those who are not in love can get rid of the arrows of Venus that stick in their hearts.

'So you must not read this little book in order to use it to take up the lover's way of life. Rather that, refreshed by its teachings and informed about enticing women's minds to love, you may by refraining from this obtain an eternal reward, and thus deserve to glory in greater bliss with God. For God is better pleased with him who does not yield to the temptation sent him than with him who has never known temptation.'

This little book will furnish you with twofold information. In the first part, wishing to grant your simple, boyish request and not to spare myself out of idleness, I give you an Art of Love. In the second part, thinking rather of your profit, I have added of my own accord a dissertation on the rejection of love. Although you did not ask for this, it may do you some good despite yourself.'

² Andreas Capellanus (Bonn 1960) pp. 176 ff. and *passim*. But for a contrary view see Gustav Vinay *Studi med. xvii* (1951) 205 ff. and my discussion in *M.Æ.* xxxii (1963) 56 ff.

but almost universally held view of Andreas is, I suspect, that his treatise has been looked at in isolation. Popular as it was, it is only one of a large number of treatises *De Amore*, both Latin and vernacular, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There is also a tradition of *tensos* and *jeux-partis* on questions of love from Marcabru onwards. Many of the treatises were once ably discussed by Egidio Gorra in 'La teorica dell'amore' (*Fra drammi e poemi*, Milano, 1900), which does not seem to have been read—it is in no bibliography. To see Andreas's work in its true perspective, interpreting it in terms of the genre in which he wrote, would demand a full-length study. Yet even one glance should suffice to show the distance between Andreas's notions of love and those of the great poets of *amour courtois*. Chrétien or Bernart de Ventadour, if they compared his views with their own, would have found him an amiable rascal, nothing more; Guiraut de Bornelh or Reinmar, Guillaume de Lorris or Gottfried, had they met him, would scarcely have known what to say to him—what had their conception of love, a quality of mind, to do with his, a comedy of manners? Guido Guinizelli, or Dante, or Chaucer, could they have met him, would have seen him almost as their *advocatus diaboli*: how Andreas's insistence that jealousy is essential to love would have jarred against their own conception of *gentilezza*!

The condemnation of 1277, and those at whom it struck, seem a far cry from the pattern of ideas with which we began. Yet Tempier also included in his denunciation some subtle and serious philosophical tenets, such as this:

That the mind knows all other things through knowing itself, for all forms inhere in it. But this knowing is not due to our intellect in so far as it is ours, but in so far as it is the agent intellect. (115.)

The text of the condemnation shows us, in however garbled a fashion across all the polemic, all the vulgarization and distortion, that such a conception of knowledge was once linked with a conception of love.

There are perhaps two objections to the way I have proceeded which it may be useful to discuss at this point. It may seem surprising that many of the mystical and the philosophical works I have mentioned belong to the twelfth century, and others to the thirteenth, and that many of the earlier works mentioned likewise were not accessible until the later twelfth or thirteenth century. Should I not, it might be asked, in order to sketch a convincing background, limit myself to works that the earliest troubadours could have known?

The answer to this is that from the first troubadours whose works survive to the end of the thirteenth century there is an immense development—a deepening and subtilizing of thought in the love-poetry. The new ways of thought and expression came gradually, and while around 1100 there is very little love-poetry the content of which needs *special* explanation, very little to account for which we need go beyond the framework of my first chapter, by 1200 there is considerably more, and by 1300 we must know our philosophers and mystics, cosmologists and theologians at least as well as the poets whom we are studying did. To assume tacitly, like many of those who have sought after the origins of the ideas of *amour courtois*, an indiscriminate common source for the first troubadours and a poet such as Guido Cavalcanti, is as quixotic as to search for, shall we say, the ideas common to Herrick and Blake.

A second objection might be, can we really derive a conception of love—a background of ideas to the poetry of *amour courtois*, from the philosophers? At times undoubtedly the links between the poets of the *dolce stil nuovo* and the philosophers are by now well known, Cavalcanti himself was still known to Boccaccio as 'un de migliori loici che avesse il mondo ed ottimo filosofo naturale',¹ Dante's relation to Siger of Brabant has been made admirably clear.² Nevertheless, many

¹ *Decamerone* vi 9

² Bruno Nardi has touched on this in nearly all his major Dante studies, beginning with *Sigieri di Brabante nella Divina Commedia e le fonti della filosofia di Dante* (Spianate, 1912). Cf. also M. Grabmann in *Mittelalterliches Geistesleben* III, 180 ff.

of the earlier, twelfth-century poets, it could be argued (I think rightly), show no trace of a philosophical notion, they are concerned not with a concept but with an image of their beloved.

All that I have been discussing, however, was also expressed, and had been for centuries, by one of the most powerful and far-reaching images of the entire Christian tradition—the divine figure *Sapientia*, in the Byzantine world *Hagia Sophia*. With her we come perhaps closest of all to the secret springs of the love-poetry.

Let me recall some of the phrases used of her in the Sapiential books of the Old Testament, in passages which, through their presence in the liturgy, used for feasts of the Blessed Virgin, were part of the common, universal, medieval inheritance. In *Proverbs* viii *Sapientia* tells that the lord God possessed her at the beginning of his ways. She was present from all eternity. When heaven and earth, the fountains and abysses, sea and sky were made, she was with the creator, harmonizing everything. And she was full of delight each day, playing with him at all times, playing throughout the universe, and her special delight was to be with the sons of men.¹

In the Book of Wisdom (vii. 22 ff.) she is given a long series of commendations: 'Est enim in illa spiritus intelligentiae . . . omnem habens virtutem.' The climax is formed by the images of her radiance: she is the perfect emanation of the brightness of the omnipotent God, and thus nothing can come upon her to tarnish her. For she is the brightness of the eternal light, the unstained mirror of God's majesty, and image of his bounty. Following from these metaphors is one in which she figures

¹ Dominus possedit me in initio viarum suarum,
antequam quidquam faceret a principio.
Ab aeterno ordinata sum . . .
quando appendebat fundamenta terrae
cum eo eram, cuncta componens.
Et delectabar per singulos dies
ludens coram eo omni tempore,
ludens in orbe terrarum;
et deliciae meae esse cum filiis hominum.

unity-in-diversity since she is one, she can become all things,¹ and remaining in herself she makes all things new

Then the notion of love appears for the first time God cannot love anyone who does not dwell with Sapientia, for she is lovelier than the sun and surpasses every star Compared with light she is found to precede it Then Solomon says, 'I have loved her and longed for her from my youth, I longed to make her my bride I fell in love with her beauty' The lover of Sapientia longs to possess her as God possessed her from eternity Because of her he says, I shall have splendour and honour among men through her I shall have immortality Going into my house I shall lie with her, for association with her has no bitterness living with her has no weariness, for union with her is immortality²

Both Augustine and Origen emphasize that this union is a unity-in-diversity and Origen amplifies this into the notion of the union of Sophia and Logos, with a subtlety that derives from Plotinus Commenting on the opening words of St. John's Gospel, that the Logos was *en arché*, he explains that this means the Logos was 'in Sophia', the syzygy 'being thought of

¹ The Greek has *μία ἐν ὅσῳ πάντα ἐκείνη* For the interpretation of the Latin, compare, for instance Eckhart's Latin commentary 'ex hoc ipso quod est una, omnia potest Sciendum ergo quod quanto quid est simplicius et unicus, tanto est potencius et virtuosius, plura potens' (AHD iv 259) This is simply an application of the Scholastic adage 'quanto aliquid principium est simplicius, tanto se extendit ad plura' (Thomas Aquinas, *Quaestiones Disputatae de Veritate* v 2)

² Emanatio quaedam est claritatis omnipotentis Dei sincera et ideo nihil inquinatum in eam incurrit, candor est enim lucis aeternae et speculum sine macula Dei maiestatis et imago bonitatis illius Et cum sit una, omnia potest, et in se permanens omnia innovat

Neminem enim diligit Deus, nisi eum qui cum Sapientia inhabitat Est enim haec speciosior sole et super omnem dispositionem stellarum luci comparata, invenitur prior Hanc amavi, et exquisivi a juventute mea, et quaesivi sponsam mihi eam assumere et amator factus sum formae illius Habebo propter hanc claritatem ad turbas, et honorem apud seniores juvenis

Præterea habebō per hanc immortalitatem. Intrans in domum meam, conquiescam cum illa non enim habet amaritudinem conversatio illius, nec taedium convictus illius quoniam immortalitas est in cognatione Sapientiae

as Sophia according to its uniting the contemplation of universals and intelligibles, being taken as Logos according to its association of the things contemplated in order to make them intelligibles' (in *Joannem*, I. 22). This is the christianized equivalent of the Neoplatonic union of Nous and Anima Mundi, of the divine Mind with 'the soul at its divinest' (Plotinus, *Enn.* III. 5. 2). This became a favourite interpretation applied to the Song of Songs, which was often read as the mystic marriage of Nous and Anima Mundi. There are traces of this already in the fragmentary commentary of Hippolytus of Rome (†c. 235),¹ and it is common in Islam and in the medieval Jewish commentaries.² Moses Maimonides (1135-1204) has something of it in his *Doctor Perplexorum* (III. 51), which became known in a Latin translation, and it is interesting to note that one such Neoplatonic commentary on the Song of Songs was written by the young Immanuel of Rome, the Jewish poet who later became known to Dante's circle.³

At the beginnings of Christianity, Gnosticism was full of such fantasies of love-unions, of cosmic syzygies: Patêr-Phronêsis, Nous-Sophia, Logos-Dynamis.⁴ The human aspiration towards a 'mystic marriage' (*hieros gamos*) was seen as an imitation of, and participation in, the divine love-union. By such participation the human soul received the 'inaccessible light'. To quote Irenaeus (*Haeres.* I. 31), the soul was conceived as crying out to the angel towards which it aspired: 'O Angel, I am fulfilling your task; O Power above [me], I am accomplishing your action!' Some of the meaning of this image was passed on by way of the texts most widely known in the Middle Ages: Calcidius mentions the belief that the Anima Mundi is fertilized and perfected by the Sun (in *Timaeum*, 99),

¹ Ed G. Nathanael Bonwetsch, *Texte und Untersuchungen*, N.F. 8/2 (Leipzig, 1902).

² v. Georges Vajda, *L'amour de Dieu dans la théologie juive du Moyen Age* (Paris, 1957), pp. 144, 242; S. Salfeld, *Das Hohelied bei den jüdischen Erklärern des Mittelalters*, Berlin, 1879.

³ v. C. Roth, *MLR* XLVIII (1953), 25 ff

⁴ v. Max Pulver, *Erano-Jahrbuch*, X (1943), 253 ff., especially p. 273.

and in one of the most frequently annotated passages in Martianus Capella's *De Nuptiis Mercurii et Philologiae* Psyche, the human soul, is the daughter of Sol and of Endelechia (ἐντελέχεια), whose name was glossed 'absoluta perfectio' and 'anima mundi'.¹ Another remarkable reflection of the 'mystic marriage' is found in the best known of the Hermetic writings from late Antiquity the *Asclepius*

[Deus] ergo, solus ut omnia, utraque sexus fecunditate plenissimus semper voluntatis praegnans suae, parit semper quicquid voluerit procreare

—Utriusque sexus ergo deum dicis, o Trismegiste?

—Non deum solum, Asclepi sed omnia animalia et inanimata procreatione enim uterque plenus est sexus et eius utriusque conuicio aut, quod est uertus, unitas incomprehensibilis est, quem siue Cupidinem siue Venerem siue utrumque recte poteris nuncupare cui summa caritas laetitia, hilaritas, cupiditas amorque diuinus innatus est.²

The argument is, if the totality of existence comes from God, then both the distinction between man and woman and the possibility of their union must have their parallel in the divinity. The Creator, in order to beget the child creation, must be at the same time god and goddess. As the world is born out of this divine love-union, the human love-union is simply an emanation of the divine one, and is able to body forth once again all the qualities of its source.

¹ *De Nuptiis* 1.7, Scotus Erigena, *Annotationes in Marcianum* ed Cora E. Lutz (Cambridge, Mass. 1939) p. 10. Martin of Laon cited by Gerard Mathon, Jean Scot Erigène Chalcédaïus et le problème de l'âme universelle, in *L'homme et son destin* (Louvain-Paris 1960) p. 365.

² Thus God, who himself is all things infinitely full of the fecundity of both sexes, always pregnant with his own will always begets whatever he has wished to procreate.

—Then you say Trismegistus that God is of both sexes?

—Yes and not only God Asclepius, but all things animate and inanimate for both sexes are full of procreative power and their binding together or rather their unity which you can rightly name Cupido or Venus or both, is beyond understanding. the highest charity, joy mirth, desire and divine love inhere in it. *Asclepius* 20-21 (ed A. D. Nock and A. J. Festugière, *Corpus Hermeticum* (Paris 1945), II 321-2).

It would be an absorbing task to follow the metamorphoses of Sapientia: from Rhoda in the *Pastor Hermas*, whom her slave Hermas regards as a goddess and loves as a sister, and who nonetheless descends Beatrice-like from heaven to reproach him for evil desires, and then to instruct him;¹ to the Gnostic and Hermetic *virgo mundi* (κόρη κόσμου), 'the daughter of light, in whom the proud brightness of kings consists, whose garments are like the flowers of spring', she who in joy with her lover 'glorifies the Father of all things whose proud light they have received'; or again, to the story of Simon Magus, who saw his mistress Luna (in the Greek text Helena) as an incarnation of Sophia on earth; until we would come in the twelfth century to Noys, the goddess who, according to Bernard Silvestris, is 'bonum bonitatis divinae' and 'Dei intellectus'.² Yet for our present purpose it may be sufficient to mention only one other such metamorphosis: the Blessed Virgin in both popular and ecclesiastical tradition. Like the beloved of the *courtois* poets, she is endowed with some of the glory of Sapientia, when the Church applies to her the Sapiential texts that lovers apply to their own 'Madonna', their own 'quene of cortesy'. Yet in one of the oldest and greatest hymns to her she is not only a figure of Sapientia, but explicitly a figure with the

¹ The relation between the dreamer and the celestial lady who visits him is a complex one: he regards her with awe as much as with love, and she, being his mentor as well as his ideal, tends to reprove him, impatiently, or humorously, or even angrily, for his earthboundness and inability to grasp heavenly truths as swiftly as she. The dramatic possibilities inherent in the dialogues with a celestial 'reproachful beloved' are to some extent exploited in most medieval dream poems and love-visions. There are traces of the pattern in 'Si linguis angelicis' (CB 77, discussed below, p. 318), and it is transformed in a uniquely personal way in the relation between Dante and Beatrice in the *Commedia*. Outstanding too is the reproving maiden in the Middle English poem *Pearl*. The principal inspiration for the 'reproachful beloved' in medieval European literature is clearly Boethius' Philosophia. Boethius himself was probably inspired at least partly by Parmenides (whom he quotes in *Cons.* III. 12), whose goddess continually commands the dreamer's attentiveness and unswerving acceptance of all she says, and who warns him against dallying with false surmise (*Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker* (6th ed., 1951), I. 228 ff.).

² Hermas, *Pastor*, Visio i. 1; *Acta Thomae*, 6 (ed. M. Bonnet, pp. 109-10); *Recognitiones*, II. 12, P.G. I. 1254; *De Universitate Mundi*, I. 2, 152.

functions of the *nous pontikos*, envisaged with all its mystical connotations, and intimately associated with the language of love. This is in the *Hymnos Akathistos*, the canonical hymn to the Virgin of the entire Byzantine Church in the Middle Ages, written in Greek in the first quarter of the sixth century, and known in the West in a Latin translation at least from the ninth century, where later, especially from the end of the eleventh, it was to have a far-reaching influence, poetically and musically, on Latin hymnology.¹

Ave, affectio omnem amorem vincens
 Ave contraria in seipsa ducens
 Ave, Sapientie Dei susceptorium.
 Ave, providentie eius signum.
 Ave, philosophos insipientes ostendens
 Ave, qua stulti facti sunt fabularum poete
 Ave, princeps edite plasmationis²
 Ave, tributrix divine benignitatis³

¹ For detailed evidence of this see G. G. Meersseman, *Der Hymnos Akathistos im Abendland I* Spicilegium Friburgense 2 (1938) I quote from Meersseman's text, II 140 ff.

Hail, you state of love surpassing all love you who bring the contraries together you who contain the divine Sapientia and are a token of God's providence You who show that the philosophers lack wisdom you by whom the myth-makers are made foolish. Principle of the sublime creative power bestower of the divine bounty For you have renewed those who were bereft of their minds you have given understanding to those who strayed before you bridal bed of the immortal marriage

Kindling the incorruptible fire she leads to the divine path, always irradiating the mind with splendour and honoured with this cry

Hail, ray of the intelligible sun, splendour of the uncreated light lightning shedding light into souls.

² *Edite plasmationis* is the reading in the twelfth-century Brussels MS (n. 1420) corresponding to the Greek τῆς νοητῆς ἀναπλαστικῆς, which is found in all MSS except Ashburnham 64 (ed. E. Wellesz) which has τῆς ἀδὰμ ἀναπλαστικῆς. The earliest Latin MS (Bibl. Nat. lat. 18168) has *Eden replasmationis* the other variant given by Meersseman, *redempte plasmationes* makes no sense. Meersseman emends to *Adam replasmationis*. Possibly corr. *princeps redempte plasmationis* mutator of the redeemed [i.e. spiritual] creation.

³ The Greek text has the wonderful image χορηγῆς ἐκείνης ἀγαθότητος (as Christ is χορηγός—coryphée—in the Round Dance *Acta Joannis* 94 ff.)

Ave, tu enim regenerasti furatos mente.
Ave, tu intellectum dedisti errantibus prius.
Ave, thalamus nuptiarum incorruptibilium. . . .

Immaterialelem autem accendens ignem ducit ad iter divinum, semper splendore mentem illuminans, clamore autem honorificata isto:

Ave, radius intelligibilis solis.
Ave, splendor increati luminis.
Ave, fulgor animas inlustrans.

After this to attempt to state a general conclusion I cannot do better than quote a few sentences of the Islamic scholar Henry Corbin:

Cette Figure (l'Intelligence agente) s'impose à la façon impérieuse d'un symbole central, apparaissant à la vision mentale de l'homme sous l'aspect féminin complémentaire qui fait de son être un être total. . . . L'union qui conjoint l'intellect possible de l'âme humaine avec l'intelligence active comme *Dator formarum*, Ange de la Connaissance ou Sagesse-Sophia, est visualisée et vécue comme une union d'amour.¹

Corbin came to this conclusion by way of Islamic texts, and I have come to accept it by way of Western ones.

This current of thought was of course neither in Islam nor in Christendom the dominant one, the one that was identified with orthodoxy. I have already hinted at this in saying that for a Christian universe human love, which is mutable, and divine love, which is not, are strictly incompatible with each other. This is the first premiss which 'l'Ange de la Connaissance' would wish to negate, for her whole purpose is to unite, not separate, the human and divine. Her conception of love implies a notion of union which goes far beyond the dominant one of a Beatific Vision. It is not a question of seeing the divine but of becoming it—a notion allied to that of the *unio mystica* which both in Islam and in Christendom has always belonged to

¹ *Avicenne et le récit visionnaire* (Tehran, 1952), ii. 309.

a minority. It implies not the notion of personal immortality which is championed by authority in both religions—not the *survival* of the human personality, but on the contrary its complete surrender, in the love-service, winning through that love-service regeneration—not in one's self but in the beloved.

The mediation of the divine through love is necessarily individual and unique—the beloved embodies Revelation to her devotee, all he could know of the divine on earth is in and through her. Thus in this way the union which is supra-personal implies in its turn the winning of a new, personal individuation, an individual revealing of knowledge. It is easy to see with what apprehension this would have been regarded by a Church which thought of itself as the only mediatrix of revelation, the only true embodiment of the divine on earth. As the iconography shows, for the Church the figure *Ekklesia* was identical with *Sophia*—hence the antagonism, at times explicit and always inherent as a possibility, to other images of her. If each lover could find through his beloved the means of grace and salvation—what place did that leave for *Ekklesia*, if she regarded herself as the one and only valid dispenser of this same grace and salvation? *Ekklesia* was impersonal, she was everyone's way to heaven—whereas among the poets each had to win his own figure of *Sophia*, his own way to heaven, through his own personal love.

Behind such a way of 'mostrando la mia condizione sotto figura d'altre cose' lay, to quote from Erich Auerbach's exposition of the device *figura*¹ 'the idea that earthly life is thoroughly

¹ Erich Auerbach, *Figura, in Scenes from the Drama of European Literature* (New York, 1959) pp 11-76 especially p 72. Dante *Convivio* II 12.

I take the crucial sentence *E imaginava lei fatta come una donna gentile e non la poteva immaginare in atto alcuno se non misericordioso* (*ibid.*) to be an explicit reference to *Vita Nuova* 35. Allora vidi una gentile donna giovane e bella molto la quale da una finestra mi riguardava sì pietosamente, quanto a la vista, che tutta la pietra pareva in lei accolta. That is, Dante imagined *Filosofia* made like a particular noble lady, who had seemed to him to be wholly compassionate, and who had gazed at him from her window—and whose face had an expression and colouring similar to Beatrice's (*V.N.* 16). This noble lady became for him a *figura* of Philosophy.

real, with the reality of the flesh into which the Logos entered, but that with all its reality it is only *umbra* and *figura* of the authentic, future, ultimate truth, the real reality that will unveil and preserve the *figura*'. Thus the love-poets did not need to choose between writing to a girl of flesh and blood and writing to a more-than-human Donna. The one does not exclude the other, but necessarily presupposes her. Otherwise there could be no *figura*: only because and in so far as the beloved is conceived as alive and human can she figure something more. Only because and in so far as loving her is a truly human activity can this poetically figure a love akin to a more-than-human gnosis.

This point is an important one (and still a controversial one) if we apply it to a figure who draws together many of my threads of argument—Dante's Donna Gentile. In her, it will be seen, *agens intellectus* and Sophia are identified—they are fulfilled in the lady who is the source of every virtue for him who loves her. Following from what I have said, I would suggest also of La Donna Gentile that she does not exclude the Florentine girl who consoled Dante for Beatrice's death, but presupposes her: the beauty is that Dante is thus able to record what is both an earthly experience and a transcendent one.

La Donna Gentile, like the active intellect, is related to the intellects in the world above and to those below on earth, yet it is a relation not merely of intellection but of love:

Ogni Intelletto di là su la mira,
 e quella gente che qui s'innamora
 ne' lor pensieri la truovano ancora,
 quando Amor fa sentir de la sua pace.

Like the courtly lady, she bestows something of her nature, her virtue on those who love her, who are thus raised by her higher than they could be purely as human beings:

Suo esser tanto a Quei che lel dà piace,
 che 'nfonde sempre in lei la sua vertute,
 oltre 'l dimando di nostra natura

As the mediatrix of divine grace she receives this power, which is the power of salvation from God, and actualizes it in him whom she guides

La sua anima pura,
che riceve da lui questa salute
lo manifesta in quel ch'ella conduce

and the reason that she is this divine mediatrix and irradiating power is because she is the courtly lady who kindles the desires and sighs of love-longing

che 'n sue bellezze son cose vedute
che li occhi di color dov' ella luce
ne mandan messi al cor pien di desiri,
che prendon aere e diventan sospiri

Like the beloved in the Song of Songs ('quasi aurora consurgens pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata'), she manifests beauty to the man for whom she is the source of good, and terror, a destructive force, to one innately base. She reconciles the opposites: her burning brightness is animated by a gentle spirit.

Sua bieltà piove fiammelle di foco,
animate d'un spirito gentile
ch'è creatore d'ogni pensier bono,
e tonnon come trono
l'innati vizii che fanno altrui vile

Finally, like the Virgin in the Magnificat she is a mirror of humility, like Sapientia she humbles the self-willed, like Noys she is the thought of the Creator

Però qual donna sente sua bieltate
bismar per non parer queta e umile,
miri costei ch'è essempro d'umiltate!
Questa è colei ch'umilia ogni perverso
costei pensò chi mosse l'universo

(CONVIVIO III, Canzone Seconda)

In Dante's canzone, in short, we find a perfect fusion of the language of love with the three kinds of language we have been considering: mystical, noetic, and Sapiential. To recall Bédier once more,¹ the mystical language has led us to a deeper understanding of what the love-poets meant by 'la dignité et la beauté de la passion dans la souffrance', 'le pouvoir ennoblissant'; the noetic language has made more precise for us that way towards union with the beloved 'qui fait valoir l'amant'; the Sapiential language has shown us something of the hidden meanings that are possible in 'le culte d'un objet excellent'. Now to return to love-poetry—to explore the implications of this 'heigh matere' in the work of a few poets in Provence, England, Germany, and Italy.

¹ *v.* Chap. I, pp. 4 ff.

III

THE IDEAS AND THE POETS ILLUSTRATIONS

1 *Raimbaut d'Orange*

LET us begin with one of the troubadours, one of the most complex, the poet Raimbaut d'Orange (c. 1144-73). He belongs to the wonderfully varied generation of troubadours who began to write soon after the death of Guillaume IX. Like Guillaume he is a grand-seigneur of ducal rank, who can play the role of patron as well as poet. Like Guillaume too, Raimbaut cultivated a highly individual way of writing, he makes his own a style that is often far-fetched, agile, straining with sudden leaps of thought and mood, joyfully showing (and boasting) its metrical virtuosity. Raimbaut died young, probably before his thirtieth year, but his style was in many ways continued (though in a narrower world of emotions) by his disciple Arnaut Daniel. Further, Raimbaut's American editor, Professor Pattison,¹ points out the poet's influence on Bertrand de Born, as well as on his famous younger contemporaries Bernart de Ventadour and Guiraut de Bornelh.

Raimbaut's songs show a striking range of attitudes. Quite apart from two *serventes*, one on the decline of virtues, above all of Pretz and Jous, and one on Aragonese politics, and a *tenson* with Guiraut on whether esoteric poetry is permissible (with Raimbaut defending), his *consos* themselves are Protean. There is the broadest humour in one where he pretends to have been unmanned (28) and in another (20) in which he recommends harshness, boasting, and assault as successful methods of wooing.

¹ Walter T. Pattison, *The Life and Works of the Troubadour Raimbaut d'Orange* (Minneapolis, 1952). My numerical references to the poems follow this edition.

there is savage wit in a song (32) addressed to a jealous husband, My Lord Fool (Senhor En Fol), who keeps the poet's beloved away from him. For a moment the raillery is shot through with a different note:

Fol, per mon cap, en qu'es sa cresma meza,
Non a tan fort raubador sobre mar. . . .

Fool, by my head, on which her chrism is set, there 's no such robber on the seas as you—

as if through the lady's love the lover had received a sacramental grace. Similarly, in the jocular poem (24) which he calls 'no-say-que-s'es' (I-know-not-what), in which each stanza turns suddenly into prose, both the lady and God are quite unexpectedly addressed, implored with seeming seriousness:

Dona! Pus mon cor tenetz pres
Adossatz me ab dous l'amar.
Dieus, aiuda! In nomine patris et filii
et spiritus sancti! Aiso, que sera, domna?

Lady, since you hold my heart prisoner, sweeten my bitterness for me. God, help me! In nomine patris Lady, what will this be?

Again, in several poems Raimbaut feigns madness, as in 'Ar resplan la flors enversa' (39), in which he plays a brilliant variation on the figure of 'the world upside down'.¹

There are two poems (35, 36) in which a single word is thrown like a ball from line to line, from stanza to stanza. Here too are found images which seem to go beyond playfulness:

Rire dei ieu si·m fatz soven	I need to laugh, so I do often,
Que'l cor mi ri neis en dormen,	For my heart laughs in me even while sleeping,
E midonz ri·m tant dousamen	And <i>midonz</i> sheds laughter on me so sweetly
Que ris de Dieu m'es vis, so·m par,	That it seems to me God's laugh- ter that appears,
E si·m ten sos ris plus gauzen	And thus her laughter keeps me more in joy

¹ v. Curtius, chap. 5, sect. 7.

Que si m rizion catre cen	Than if for my sake laughed four hundred
Angel que m deuron gaug far	Angels who were to make me joy

In another poem (22) ironic amusement and the extravagances of passionate love are combined in a way for which I know no parallel in troubadour poetry — Raimbaut proclaims, I do not sing for money ('per aver'), I am intent on a different pleasure. Though he may not mention his beloved's name, his joy when anyone repeats one of his poems about her is such

c adonx cug tener
Dieu, o leis don me volh temer

that then I think I am possessing God, or her of whom I desire to stand in awe.

A stanza later, God is seen as a rival lover, who only just avoids the sin of taking Raimbaut's beloved away from him

Gran effort fas Dieus qar sofer	God makes a great effort, for he withholds
C'ab si no la 'npueja baizan ¹	And does not raise her to him with a kiss
Mas no m vol tolre ni tort far,	But he does not wish to take her from me, or do wrong
Ni s'eschar	Nor is it right
Qu'en esmai	That in great lament
For'ieu sai.	I [should remain] here below
Mas leis no pren, no m cal	But [as] he does not take her, I need not fear
temer	
Que ja aut' ill plassa tener	That it will ever be his pleasure to possess another

This lighthearted use of the imagery of the *mors osculi*¹ leads into some wholly facetious lines about the ennobling effects of love

¹ v. E. Wind *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance* (1958) pp. 131 ff.

Si ben en amar leis m'esmer,	I perfect myself so well in loving her,
Qu'ieu sai, que si pel mon s'esperan,	That I know, if this spreads through the world,
C'autras m'en faran faiturar.	Other ladies will try to bewitch me.

Raimbaut pretends to be terrified. What shall I do? he asks. Shall I then conceal my great good with its joyous truth ('mon gran ben ab jauzen ver')? Yes, he answers, if it is in my power. *Courtoisie* of course demands that he should conceal, yet in his remaining stanzas allusions creep in to the 'joyous evening' his lady has given him, ending with the sigh 'A! cal ser!'—'Ah, what an evening!' The same exhilaration pervades the hyperboles of the lover and the playful acting of the *vantador*.

In addition to all these, Raimbaut wrote many poems entirely from out of the courtly experience, and these are the most relevant to our inquiry. To begin with, what is the precise role which God and divine love play in Raimbaut's love-songs?

There are the pleas to God for success in love, as in one of his moments of feigned madness (16), when he prays:

Qe jai
Me posca, de so qe-il deman,
Et atrestan tost, Dieus, si-l plai,
Co fes vin d'aiga, devenir.

May God, if it please him, make me come to joy in that which I ask of her, as quickly as he made wine from water,

invoking the miracle of the changing of opposites in the human context as if this followed from the divine one. There is the implicit certainty that God will take the part of lovers, as when Raimbaut writes to his confidante, a friend of his lady's, whom he calls by the *senhal* Joglar (jongleur)

Joglar, vostr'enans
Voil, e Dieus lo vol mil aitans.¹

Joglar, I desire your success, and God desires it a thousand times [as much].

¹ Pattison, 14, st. 8.

In this poem Raimbaut even imagines a triumphant bargain he could make with God like Satan tempting Christ in the desert, he would offer God all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof in exchange not for adoration, but for the lady whom he himself adores, who is his source of truth

Ja Deus, qe ls jorz fes qaranta, Don mos sols es tornatz fillols, No m des a don ni a prest Mais re si leis mi salvava	May God, who fasted forty days, Through which my world be- came converted Give me as gift or loan Not another thing, if he keeps her for me,
Anz h lais el balans	Rather I leave him in the balance
Lo mon e mil tans	The world and a thousand times [as much]
Contra leis qe m tol totz enjans ¹	In exchange for her who takes away from me all falsity

Yet these are all thoughts which, as we have seen, might easily arise spontaneously out of the courtly experience. In one of his poems (17) however, in the midst of ironic self-praise, Raimbaut claims that he has a secret, true knowledge ('saber ver') concerning love, which he could impart to mankind. Let us take him at his word, to see if he could have been serious. Does his notion of love undergo more profound developments?

In one of his early poems Raimbaut declares

Dieus m'a pagat a ma guiza	God has rewarded me to my pleasure
Ben saup lo mel de la cera	He could well [distinguish] honey from wax,

¹ Faïson comments (p. 115) the only oddity is the possessive 'my'. Had the poet said 'our world' the expression would have been perfectly normal. But is it not possible that Raimbaut is using *mos* deliberately to suggest (like Satan in the implied parallel) that the world belongs to him, that he is in a position to offer it to God in a bargain?

Triar, e-l miels devezir	Tell them apart, and determine the better,
Lo iorn que-m fes lieys ayzir.	The day he caused her to be pre- pared for me. (3)

Again it is the miraculous event in which one of a pair of complementaries is singled out and has ascendancy over its opposite, here linked with the notion of an individual divine creation. The essential miracle is that God has created the lady especially for him, the poet, that she is his unique divine destiny. In another early poem the significance of this is extended:

Cel Dieus qi fes terr'e aiga,	May the God who made earth and water,
Caut e freig, gent clergu'e laiga, Afol sels qe desabrics;	Hot and cold, clergy and laity, Cast down those you do not protect;
C'ama voluntat veraiga, E ab cubertz fals presics Fan dan als drutz e destrics.	For he loves a true will, And by covert false speeches They do harm and damage to lovers. (4)

Behind the opposites is God the creator; but for her, the beloved, is claimed the function of Madonna, mediatrix of the divine will.

Whoso wol grace, and list the nought honouren,
Lo, his desir wol fle withouten wynges.¹

The lines that Dante applies to the Virgin and Chaucer to the heavenly Venus are foreshadowed here; whoever wishes for the divine protection must seek it through the beloved's protection—in winning hers, God's automatically follows. As for the *lauzenjadors*, in harming lovers and offending the courtly lady, they are offending God. Everyone

That blameth love, and halt of it despit . . .
[Shal] lyve in wo, there God yeve hem meschaunce,
And every lovere in his trouthe avaunce!²

¹ *Troilus and Criseyde*, III. 1262-3, from *Paradiso* XXXIII. 14-15.

² *Troilus and Criseyde*, III. 1374 ff.

There is one scheme of values, one *voluntas vera* on earth and in heaven and she being its touchstone, shows it in its earthly and heavenly aspects alike, and unites these in her own person

Thus in one of the late poems (30) she is not only Madonna, but a figure like the goddess Natura, God's representative in the world, and bearer of his sovereignty

Dieus retenc lo cel el tro	God retained heaven and the firmament
A sos ops ses compaigno,	For himself without companion
Ez es paraula certana,	This is a certain saying,
C'a mi donz lasset en partz	For he has sweetly left <i>midonz</i>
C'a seignoriu vas totz latz,	So that she has sovereignty on all sides,
Que l mons totz li deu servir	For all the world must serve her
E sos volers obezir	And obey her desires

E sapchatz

And know

Que totz hom que la remir	That each man who beholds her
S'enten en liex al partir	'Intends himself into' her at parting

The last lines do not simply mean that every man falls in love with her at the moment of his leave-taking. The verb *s'entendre* has philosophical overtones: this is well attested in Levy's *Supplement-Wörterbuch* (s v). Every man places his *intentio*, the *telos* of his being in her. 'Al partir' may even suggest, at parting from this life each man aspires to find his ultimate fulfilment in her. Thus like *Sapientia* she is one and many, an individual and a universal aspiration. It is precisely as the particular beloved, who bodies forth the divine individually for her lover, that she manifests the universal divine figure in whom all men see the goal of their existence. Conversely, the poet claims he can love all womankind in her, for all women are made in her image, and in so far as they share something of that, they can become figures of her. At this point loving her unfolds into *caritas*—the lover can love even his enemies in her. We can leap forward in thought to the *Vita Nuova*, where Dante found that

in Beatrice's presence 'nullo nemico mi rimanea, anzi mi giugnea una fiamma di caritade, la quale mi faceva perdonare a chiunque m'avesse offeso',¹ or again to Chaucer's Troilus, whom love empowered to 'esen hem that weren in destresse. . . . Benigne he was to ech in general.' In Raimbaut, however, the situation is different. His lady is angry with him, and he says with a twinkle:

Per vos am, dompn' ab cor vaire	Through you, lady with chang- ing heart, I love
Las autras tant co·l mons dura,	All other women, as long as the world lasts—
Car son en vostra figura,	For they are in your <i>figura</i> ;
Que per als no·n sui amaire!	For through nothing else am I their lover!—
Neis la gen	Even the people
Pauc valen,	Of little worth,
Mal volen,	Wishing ill,
Neis cels qe·us vezon soven!	Even those who see you often—
Mas non lor n'aus far vejaire.	But I do not dare to let them see that! (11)

In a song of about the same time as this one (13), the notion of a love uniquely and divinely destined is taken further in another direction:

Si sa grans merces m'acaba	If her great mercy fulfil for me
Mon car desir qu'ai tan vol- gut—	My dear desire that I've longed for so,
No·m pot tolre, ni lauzenga,	Not even slander can take away
L'amor que·i mes ab gran ver- tut	The love which with great power
Deus, quant m'ac asi elegut.	God placed there, when he chose me thus.

The two elements needed for the fulfilment of such a love are the lady's mercy and the divinely implanted love-longing; and she can shed this mercy because the capacity for love, the desire, is already innate. This paradigm of the fulfilment of love comes

¹ 'Not only had I no more enemies, but a flame of love entered me which made me forgive whoever had offended me.' (V.N. xi.)

surprisingly close to the 'noetic' paradigm discussed above, exemplified by Dante's image of the sun's light and the grape's moisture that together bring about the wine¹

In the next stanza Raimbaut unfolds his theme into that of a mutual love 'which voids all evil from us' (*que voja / De nos tot mal*) and does not cease with old age, then the notion of length of love is replaced by that of fullness—to hold the whole of love simultaneously in a syllable's span—

Mas per dig d una sillaba	But through the utterance of one syllable
Er mantenen reconogut	Will at once be recognized
Tot so qu'az Amor covenga	All that pertains to Love.

It is another way of suggesting the thought of the lines already cited—'adonx cug tener / Dieu, o lies don me volh tener'—in which the possession of God and the possession of the beloved are made virtually synonymous

Prayer to God, therefore, becomes prayer to the beloved, or to God in her. Twice (11 st 7, 23, ll 173 ff) Raimbaut uses the image of God's mercy shown to the penitent thief in order to pray not for the divine mercy towards himself (as was common in the religious lyrics) but for his lady's grace and pardon. And once (26) we see the notion of prayer, prayer to the lady and prayer to God, transformed from an analogy into an explicit identification

Mas Dieu que no fail en re	But God, who does not fail in anything,
Pregua lo hom de son be,	Is prayed to by man for his good,
E donx ben dei seu vos pre- guar	Therefore I should indeed pray to you
Si saubes tan Dieu predicar	If I were able to entreat God so much
Ben sai c ap se m'alberguera	I know well he would lodge me by him.
C'ades, cant seu cug orar,	For now, when I think of praying

¹ v Chap II pp 70 ff.

Dei pregar a Dieu, creisetz,	I must entreat God, believe me,
Que fos ab vos lai on etz	That he should be with you,
	there where you are,
Que d'als mos cors non consira.	For my heart cannot contem-
	plate anything else.

There is one poem of Raimbaut's (29), perhaps his most beautiful one, which draws many such images together, to make of them a marvellous fusion of *courtois* with 'divine' elements. It deserves to be quoted in full:

Ara·m so del tot conquis,	Now I am entirely vanquished,
Si que de pauc me sove,	So that I remember little,
C'oblidat n'ai gaug e ris	For I have forgotten joy and
	laughter
E plor e dol e feunia;	And weeping and grief and sad-
	ness;
E no·i faz semblan trop bel,	And I am not making too fair
	a pretence,
Ni crei—tant ai manentia—	Nor think—I have so great a
	treasure—
Que res, mas Dieus, me capdel.	That anything but God is ruling
	me.
Car ges per mon sen no cre,	For I do not think that through
	my mind
Ni per prec ni per gragel,	Or by prayers or by loud pro-
	testation
Qu'eu poges aver per re	I could in any way possess
Ni conquerer tal amia	Or win such a beloved
Si Dieus, a cui la grazis,	If God, whom I thank for her,
No·m n'ages mes en la via	Had not set me on the way
Et a leis bon cor assis.	And placed a good heart in her.
Preparai mais de novel	I shall pray more for the new
Que no suill de viel servis ;	Than I used to for the old favour;
Car dat m'a envolt sembel ¹	For God has given me as a veiled
	allurement

¹ In this difficult passage I follow Kurt Lewent's suggestion (*PMLA* lix. 606 ff.), retaining the MS. reading, rather than Pattison's emendation.

Lo plus d'aquo que l'queria	The greatest part of what I desired in him
E sai per que m' det tan be	And I know why he gave me so great a good
Car me conoc ses bauzia	For he knew me [to be] without falsehood
Vas leis qui m' retenc ab se	Towards her who kept me by her in memory
A leis tajnh amars tan fis,	To her is due such steadfast loving
Per que Deus l' autrejet me	That God granted her to me
C'ad home qui la trais	For to a man who would betray her
No volc dar la sejhoria, ¹	He did not wish to give her sovereignty,
Ni que ja l' fezes revel	Nor that such should make her his diversion
Qu'ilh non deu esser traya,	For she must not be betrayed,
Tan val—mais trop ho espeli	She is so precious—but I am disclosing too much
Car s'eu dic so que s'cove	For if I say of her what it behoves
De leis que mon cor sagel	That my heart should seal,
Totz lo mons sap, per ma fe,	All the world will know, by my faith
Cals es, car tota gen cria	Who she is, for everyone cries out
E sap et es pron devis,	And knows, and it is abundantly agreed,
Cals es la meiller que sial	Who is the best that may be!
Per qu'eu la laus et enquis	Because of this I praise her and sought her
Mon cor ai eu tan isnel	The heart I have is so impetuous
Que a penas m'en sofris	That I can scarcely withhold [my praise],
C'amors me pueg'el cervel	For love mounts into my brain

¹ i.e. the *sejhoria* that she possesses not (as Patuson suggests) suzerainty [over her]

Si que cor ai que lei dia	So that I have the heart to tell her [name]
A totz—tals talens m'en ve—;	To all—such desire comes upon me—
Mas Temers e Cortesia	But Temers and Cortesia
E dreg Ben-Amar m'en te.	And true Ben-Amar hold me back.
Que si·m volia ses ris,	For though she'd have me be without laughter,
Si ri mon cor de joy ple;	My heart laughs, filled with joy,
Qu'esser cug em paradís	So that I think I am in Paradise
Can de midons, c'aixi·m lia	When I hear <i>midons</i> —who binds me so
Que vas outra no·m apel,	That I do not beseech any other—
Auzi parlar ses folia,	Spoken of without unworthi- ness:
Sol c'om de leis me favel.	Indeed only when a man speaks to me of her.
Per que es molt gran merce	Therefore it is a very great grace to me
Qui·m mentau neis lo castel	Whoever names me even the castle
On jai. Mas no sai per que	Where she lies. But I do not know in what way
Es pros qui no·n a paria	[Anyone] has virtù who has not some relation
Ab leis, c'ans que·l fos aclis	To her, for before I was her thrall
No sai per que ren valia,	I do not know how I was worth anything,
Mas pel be c'ar n'ai, m'es vis.	Except for the good which now I have from her, it seems to me.
Que ges lanza ni cairel	For neither lance nor <i>quarel</i>
Non tem, ni brans assersis,	Do I fear, nor sword of steel,
Can bai ni mir son anel;	When I kiss or look at her ring,

E si n faz gran galardia
Ben o dej faire jasse,
E s om m o ten a fultia

No sap d amor co s mante

Muir a ogan ab coutel
Qui non tema ma fultia,

O ab peir' o ab cairel

Joglar Dieus que us setz tan be

E us creix vostre pretz quec dia

Vos capdel si co us cove.

And if I glory in this greatly,
Indeed I must do it always,
And if a man holds it foolishness
in me

He does not know of love, how
it subsists

Henceforth let him die by knife,
Whoever is not awed by my
madness

Or [die] by stone or quarrel.

Joglar, may God who accom-
plished such good in you
And increases your perfection
each day
Guide you as befits you

The poem glories in the fullness of love. Love has absolutely vanquished the poet's soul, leaving no place for the opposites, joy and sorrow, which are relative. The second line, 'Si que de pauc me sove', brings in the metaphor of memory, which Raimbaut had developed in an earlier poem (18), where each of the last four stanzas takes up the word *sovere* and hammers it in more deeply: 'Ever since my heart saw her, I remember nothing' 'I have not gone there to know if she ever remembered love' 'I do not ever remember her—know this—except once when I saw her and she held me' This last sentence, which ends that song, makes clear that Raimbaut is not using 'to remember' in the everyday sense—in the context it can hardly suggest that he is casual except when he is with her. I think that the force of Raimbaut's use of 'remember' is illuminated by the philosophical sense that I have already discussed¹ a sense that later Guido Cavalcanti was to use with great philosophical precision. When the human intellect is wholly united to the angelic one, memory, which belongs to the sensitive soul, is transcended. In the fullness of union (as against a momentary

¹ v Chap. II, pp. 70 ff.

augury of it) there can be no remembering: remembering needs something passive, while this is an activity spontaneous and unalloyed.

It seems to me that in the opening stanzas of 'Ara·m so del tot conquis' Raimbaut implies this: completely possessed by love, with nothing but the divine force operative in him and guiding him, he is beyond vicissitudes and opposites, and beyond remembering. The last line of stanza 3 ('leis qui·m retenc ab se') may seem to contradict this interpretation, for *retener* can well mean 'to keep in the memory'. Yet this would in fact be consistent, for there Raimbaut is speaking of the beginning of love, not of its fullness, of the time when lover and beloved each had an image of the other in the memory. But now they have passed beyond this. The precise way in which this comes about is told in the second stanza, where again a noetic image is implicit—not through any efforts of his own mind, not through his 'personality', but through the conjunction of God's illumination and her own, divinely implanted, disposition to love. Once again we are not far from Dante's metaphor of sun and grape and wine, and the explicit theory of knowledge that he presents through it.

Fulfilment in such a beloved figures what the soul desires in God (st. 3). Such a figure is granted by God as a reward for the *courtois* virtue of constancy (st. 3-4). But if granted by God, then it must have an objective validity, the whole of mankind must acknowledge the beloved as the divine way to perfection. The last five lines of stanza 5, reminiscent of Solomon's

Clara est, et quae nunquam marcescit, Sapientia; et facile videtur ab his qui diligunt eam, et invenitur ab his qui quaerunt illam. . . . Hanc amavi et exquisivi. (*Sap.* VI. 13; VIII. 2.)

make clear how much the aura of Sapientia is about her. This establishes the tension in the following stanzas between her individual and her universal aspect: in so far as she is the courtly lady, it is a great offence against *courtoisie* to tell the world all about her; in so far as she figures a greater one, if no one can

have excellence except by means of her (st 8), there is an irresistible need to make this known. These stanzas (6-8) show a superb counterbalancing of the Sapiential and the *courtois* elements, of all that befits a divine figura and all that befits a human beloved, suggesting details and possibilities of each, setting these off against one another and joining them in paradox. The impulse in the heart to the 'indiscretion' of telling of her to the world, which would be a symptom of the uncontrollable love-malady mounting to the brain,¹ is transformed into the inner fullness of joy, not visible to the world, in which the slightest impulse from outside, the merest mention of the beloved, or of anything to do with her, is enough to bring about Paradise within. It is a *folia*, a madness or hysteria, and at the same time ecstasy. One of its outward signs is a blithe feeling of invulnerability and power, which again Raimbaut sees in a double-edged way: while recognizing the boastfulness, he knows he must defend the objective truth of his *folia*: it is not merely the uncontrollable, but the God acting in him.

Thus the envoy to his confidante Joglar, 'Dieus vos capdel si co us cove', may well be doing more than merely wishing her success in his own love-mission, or declaring that God is on the side of lovers. It takes up the word *capdel* 'res, mas Dieus, me capdel' from the first stanza, and here Raimbaut wishes the same for her. Here, that is, 'may God guide you' seems to imply 'may you also feel the divine power of love ruling you within, as I have felt it'. The increase of *prez* becomes identified with divine grace.

2 *The Harley Lyrics*

With the medieval English love-lyrics we enter a world quite different from that of troubadour and trouvere. In one of the earliest surviving songs, written down in the thirteenth century, we see some of the characteristic qualities

¹ v. Bruno Nardi, *L'amore e i medici medievali* in *Studi in onore di Angelo Monteverdi* (Modena 1959) pp. 517 ff.

Hi may cume to mi lef
 bute by þe watere.
 Wanne me lust slepen
 þanne moti wakie.
 Wnder is þat hi liuie.¹

There are no songs of such a kind in Provence; in France the short dance-songs and *refrains* tend to be permutations of traditional phrases—they do not create an individual situation in a few lines, they do not have this stark plainness of language. In this one might think of the Mozarabic *kharijas*, of the same length as the English lines, highly charged emotionally, using colloquial words with passionate directness. But there is an important difference here too: in the *kharijas* we do not find a narrative situation within so brief a lyrical compass. This characteristic is found only in early German lyric, and it is with medieval German love-lyrics, not with Romance, that the English have the truest affinities.² Set beside the English lines one of Kürenberc's songs:

Aller wibe wünne diu gêt noch megetîn.
 als ich an si gesende den lieben boten mîn,
 jô wurbe ichz gerne selbe, wær ez ir schade niet.
 in weiz wiez ir gevalle: mir wart nie wîp alsô liep.

The joy of all women is still a maid.
 When I send her my dear messenger,

¹ Cit. from R. M. Wilson, *The Lost Literature of Medieval England* (London, 1952), p. 177. In the first line the MS. (in the Worcester Cathedral Library) has 'He'. I believe the reading should be 'Hi' (i e. I), as in the fifth line, and have emended. If the MS. reading is retained, a somewhat different poem would result: there would be two rival lovers, one of whom has access to the 'lef' (cf. the situation in the OE *Wulf and Eadwacer*). The lines would then be fragmentary.

² A comparative study of medieval English and German lyric, with their common ancestry of alliterative rhythms, would be an exhilarating and rewarding piece of work. It is worth recalling that an English monk in the later eleventh century copied some lyrics that were half in German into the Cambridge Songs MS., which at least from the twelfth century was at the monastery of St. Augustine in Canterbury—though it is difficult to know what weight to attach to this remarkable but isolated piece of evidence.

I d rather woo her myself if it did not harm her
 I don t know how she likes it I've never loved a woman
so (MF 10, 9)

What is so remarkable in both is the way in which a dramatic situation and a complex state of feelings are evoked in a few lines by words of the greatest forthrightness and simplicity.¹ There are swift, sometimes humorous transitions of thought

Ne saltou neuer leuedi,
 Tuynklen wyt pin eyen!
 Hic abbe ydon al myn youth,
 Ofte, ofte, ant ofte,
 Longe yloved ant yerne ybeden
 Ful dere it his a-bout
 Dore go pou stille,
 Go pou stille, -e,
 Yar hic abbe in þe boure
 Ydon al wyn uylle, -e.²

¹ Another striking illustration of this is in a song from B. M. Royal 8 D. xii, c. 1200 fol. 25^r (printed by Carleton Brown *English Lyrics of the XIIIth Century* p. xii)

[þe] þet hi can wites ful-wis,
 of worldles blisse nabbe ic nou
 for a lady þet is þis
 of alle þet in þure goð
 seþen furs þe heo was his
 iloken in castel wal of ston,
 nes ic hol ne bliþe swit,
 ne þrimunde mon.
 Lifð mon non bildeð me
 abiden and bliþe for to boe —
 Ned efer mi deað me longgeð
 I mai siggen wel by me
 herde þet wo honggeð

Though indeed I have much wisdom I have no joy in the world, because of a lady who is the crown of all who tread in bower. Since first she was his, locked within a castle wall of stone I have not been merry indeed, nor prospered. There lives no man who gives me heart to stay and be merry. Down to my death I long — I may surely say of myself that grief rides (lit. hangs) hard upon me.

² Wilson loc. cit. and *Leeds Studies in English* 19 44 ff. (cf. also *infra*, p. 353)

—from the witty reproof to the lady, to the repentant meditations, to the thought of how delightful the wicked escapades really were. At the end there seems to be a deliberate enigma: we are no longer sure if it is the 'converted' lover recalling his past, or if he has once again stolen out of a lady's chamber.

Kürenberc too evokes such a situation swiftly, graphically, and humorously, though with a different dénouement:

Jô stuont ich nehtint spâte vor dinem bette:
do getorste ich dich, frouwe, niwet wecken.
'Des gehazze iemer got den dinen lip!
jo enwas ich niht ein wilde berc', sô sprach daz wîp.

Late last night I stood before your bed,
and I did not dare to wake you, my lady.
'May God hate you for this for ever—
after all, I wasn't a wild bear!' the lady said.

(MF 8, 9)

So much for *amor de lonh*! Kürenberc seems to say. Both the German poet and the English show great sophistication—they are masters in the lyric, not beginners. But even the simplest songs have a conciseness and power to evoke a concrete reality that reflects the outstanding qualities of Germanic verse. In this such lines as

Euer is þe eie to þe wude leie,
þerinne is þet ich luuie.

have less resemblance to a French *refrain* than to the famous German song in the *Carmina Burana* (CB 149):

Gruonet der walt allenthalben.
wa ist min geselle also lange?
der ist geriten hinnen.
owi! wer sol mich minnen?

The woods are green all around;
where is my love all this while?
He has ridden away.
Ah, who will love me now?

Again, English and German songs share ways of repetition far simpler than those of *rondeau* or *virelai*. Compare in the *Carmina Burana* (1742)

Chume, chume, geselle min,
ih enbste harte din!
ih enbste harte din
chum chum geselle min!

Suozer roservarwer munt,
chum vnde mache mich gesunt!
chum vnde mache mich gesunt,
suozer roservarwer munt!

and in the Rawlinson lyrics¹

Al gold, Ionet, is þin her,
al gold, Ionet, is þin her
Sawe þin Iankyn, lemman dere!
sawe Iankyn, lemman dere!
sawe þin onlie dere!

In both the plea is filled with the courtly experience, with the conviction that the beloved can restore her lover to health, can be his salvation. More surprisingly, another song on the Rawlinson page, of similar form, expresses one of the subtlest notions of *amour courtois*

Of euerykune tre,
of euerykune tre,
þe hawþorn blowet suotes
of euerykune tre

My lemmon sse ssal boe
my lemmon sse ssal boe
þe fairest of euery kinne
my lemmon sse ssal boe!

It is not a simple comparison between the hawthorn, most perfect of trees, and the beloved, most perfect of women. She

¹ For the readings given here see my textual discussion, *The Rawlinson Lyrics*, *NQ*, N S VIII 7 (1961), 245 ff.

whom the poet has chosen as his beloved is 'þe fairest of euey kinne', she excels not only among all women but among all forms—in the learned language, she is *forma formarum*. With radiant simplicity this poet has said what Dante says of Beatrice:

Ella è quanto de ben pò far Natura;
per esemplo di lei bieltà si prova.

That such thoughts could find expression in a language that is homely, not elegant, is one of the most astonishing aspects of the Middle English love-lyric. I should like to show that not simply commonplaces of *amour courtois* but even some of the most 'metaphysical' language of love shows itself at times in these lyrics, in particular among those of the Harley MS. (B.M. Harley 2253).¹

The Harley lyrics are full of incongruities between an exalted and a down-to-earth language of love. The beloved's radiance surpasses that of the moon (7, 19)—at the same time 'hir lure lumes liht ase a launterne anyht'; she is 'feynes wipoute fere' (*phoenix unica*)—at the same time she is 'jolif as the jay'. It is language of this second kind that Chaucer brings to its culmination in *The Miller's Tale* in portraying his delectable Alisoun, and indeed it is her suitors, 'hende Nicholas' and Absalon, or their counterparts a century earlier, who wrote the Harley lyrics. Nicholas, who plays 'a gay sautrie', whose grab at Alisoun is accompanied by the words—

Ywis, but if ich have my wille,
For deerne love of thee, lemman, I spille . . .
Lemman, love me al atones,
Or I wol dyen, also God me save!

(note the *courtois* 'deerne love' and dying for love, the colloquial cliché 'also God me save' and the plain Anglo-Saxon 'I spille',

¹ My quotations are from the edition of G. L. Brook, *The Harley Lyrics* (2nd ed., Manchester, 1956), which, despite inadequacies of annotation and commentary, is the best available. The lyrics discussed are, in Brook's edition, 3, 4, 5, 7, 14.

and the way Nicholas asks, like an impetuous schoolboy, for everything at once by what are almost a threat and a command), Absalon who plays songs on a 'smal rubible', or a 'giterne', songs such as

Now, dere lady, if thy wille be,
I praye you that ye wole rewe on me

or again, muted and musically, 'with a scnyzoun',

What do ye, hony-comb, sweete Absoun
My faire bryd, my sweete cynamome?
Awaketh, lemman myn, and speketh to me!
Wel htel thynken ye upon my wo,
That for youre love I swete ther I go
No wonder is thogh that I swelte and swete,
I moorne as dooth a lamb after the tete
Ywis lemman I have swich love-longyng,
That like a turtel trewe is my moornyng
I may nat ete na moore than a mayde¹

—Absalon, who is content to keep up the fiction of the pining pleading, unrequited lover, whose plaint joins images from the farmyard with images from the Song of Songs, who in one alliterative phrase couples 'swelte' (which a courtly lover should do) and 'swete' (which he should certainly not), and who amplifies the perfectly decorous 'I may nat ete' by the indecorous 'na moore than a mayde'—both he and Nicholas give a measure of that range of love-talking in the Harley lyrics that cannot be found in the courts, of its anomalies, and hence its limitations and its special delights

We must not, therefore, expect to find a coherent poetic use of 'metaphysical' imagery in the Harley lyrics, and my purpose in the illustrations that follow is quite different from that in the other sections of this chapter. I shall not attempt a systematic detailed analysis of any of the Harley love-songs, but shall try to signal certain remarkable aspects of their thought and

¹ *The Miller's Tale* 3213 3277-8 3361-2 3597 ff (cf the lines from *Fortunatus*, cit. *infra*, p 204)

language which have hitherto been neglected, and which are all the more remarkable in that they occur in a world of 'Dörper-dichtung'.

The first of the English love-poems in the MS. is *Annot and John*. It is a *summa* of Annot's perfections. Like the 'lemman' in the Rawlinson lyric, she is *forma formarum*, 'þe fairest of euery kinne', and the song is a demonstration of this. Each stanza takes a particular *kinne*, and shows that all the qualities and all the powers of individuals in it are united in the beloved. In successive stanzas she is the jewel of jewels, flower of flowers, bird of birds; the power of every healing herb, the virtues of both heroines and heroes are found in her. She is 'funden fautleȝ in hire fyue wytteȝ': like the precious stones she is 'semly on syht', the flowers are emblematically the sense of smell, the birds of sound, the herbs of taste; and despite the obscurity of the final stanza, we can be sure that she who administers the love-remedy, she who like 'Cradoc in court' carved where others failed to, possesses the sovereign touch. (And we may recall that the five senses themselves, in a tradition that spans from Parmenides to Alanus, are the attendants of the goddess, Sophia-Prudentia.)

In the arrangement of the stanzas there is, I believe, design; the grouping of the individuals in each series, however, seems to be haphazard. The selection of stones and herbs is arbitrary, and arbitrary too are the sporadic attempts to associate specific virtues with a particular stone or herb. Lapidaries do not ascribe to the emerald a special power in the morning (8), nor do herbals associate nutmeg or mandrake with 'miht of þe mone' (31). On the other hand the solsecle, or marigold, *was* 'sought out to heal' (20). In the *Herbarium* of the pseudo-Apuleius, which was translated into Old English, it was used '1. Wiþ geswel 2. Wiþ carena sare 3. Wiþ toþ ecc 4. Wiþ blod ryne of nosum' (chap. 76). Yet according to the system in the poem, it is not likely that a physical balm is intended here, for these are grouped together in the fourth stanza, while the second is concerned with flowers. If we keep Brook's reading, *sauue*

(which is in fact an emendation), it would suggest salvation rather than healing—amplifying the previous line

Pat syht vpon pat semly to blis he is broht,
he is solsecle, to sauue ys forsoht.

Whoever looks upon that lovely one is brought to bliss (the word *blis* throughout the Harley lyrics having the associations of heavenly bliss)—she is the solsecle, she is sought out to give salvation

Returning to the MS reading, *synne*, we see that another emendation, *senne*, is possible. The lover looks upon his solsecle, seeking her out as his sun. There is an image comparable to this in Provençal

Totz temps, dompna vos anera seguen,
Co l girasol que l solleil sec ades

At all times, lady I shall follow you, like the sunflower that always follows the sun—

an image grounded in a thought that goes back at least as far as Proclus¹ Proclus spoke of the wonder of beholding

in heaven earthly things in their cause and celestially, and on earth heavenly things terrestrially. Why else do the heliotrope and the selenotrope move in harmony, following as far as lies in their power the courses of the world's lights? for the heliotrope moves in so far as it is yielding and if there were anyone who could hear how it beats the air as it turns, in this sound he would perceive it sending forth to its King a canticle such as a plant can sing

These two passages could illuminate the English lines. Here the lady's destiny would be, looking upwards at the Sol Intelligibilis, to become the receptacle of its light, passing it on as mediatrix to the world and in particular to her lover. The poet goes on to say of his beloved that she is joyfully blessed by

¹ The Provençal lines, by the Monk of Montaudon cit. from H J Chaytor, *The Troubadours and England* (Cambridge, 1923) p. 109. The Proclus passage translated from *Catalogue des manuscrits alchimiques grecques* (Bruxelles, 1928) vl. 148

Christ when she gives her favours in *derne dedis*, that is, in the complete secrecy implied by *courtoisie*:

blipe yblessed of Crist, þat baypeþ me mi bone
when derne dedis in day derne are done.

And twice at the end of the poem he says 'He haueþ me to hede'—this may mean 'she has me to care for' (OE *hēdan*), or possibly 'she is my sovereign' (*hede* in the sense of 'to be head of', 'to be sovereign of'—though the O.E.D. does not give an instance of this before c. 1400).

A more profound conception of the way in which the beloved is her lover's destiny can be seen in the next lyric in the collection, the well-known *Alysoun*. It begins with a formal nature opening:

Bytuene Mersh ant Aueril
when spray biginneþ to springe,
þe lutel foul hap hire wyl
on hyre lud to synge.¹

There is the traditional contrast: the birds and the whole of nature can join spontaneously in the divine plan of spring as the

¹ For *lud*, see the glossaries of Carleton Brown (op. cit.), K. Bøddeker, *Altenglische Dichtungen des MS. Harl. 2253* (Berlin, 1878), J. R. R. Tolkien, in *Fourteenth Century Verse and Prose* (Oxford, 1922), and Brook, op. cit. Editors of *Alysoun* have interpreted *lud* either as 'song' (Carleton Brown, from OE *leop*) or as 'language' (Bøddeker, Tolkien, Brook, from *leden*—OE *læden*, *leoden*—of which the O.E.D. attests a shortened form *leed*, meaning 'speech', c. 1300). They have not, however, realized that the specific usage of 'Latin' meaning 'the language of birds' was, before its appearance in English, a commonplace in the opening stanzas of love-lyrics, first in Provence, beginning with Guillaume IX:

Ab la dolchor del temps novel
Foillo li bosc, e li aucel
Chanton chascus en lor lati
Segon lo vers del novel chan . . .

then in France, as in the 'Lais de la Pastorele' (Bartsch, p. 205):

Oiseaus menans joie
Trop grant en lor latin,

and in Italy, as in Guido Cavalcanti's 'Fresca rosa novella':

e cantin[n]e gli augelli
ciascuno in suo latino

time of joyous love only men and women are too complicated—they introduce into the scheme of creation obstacles whereby love may remain unfulfilled

Ich libbe in loue-longinge
for semlokest of alle pynges,
he may me blisse bringe,
icham in hire baundoun

The thought 'I am in her power, I have surrendered myself to her' is carried over into the refrain

An henty hap ichabbe yhent,
ichot from heuene it is me sent

and suddenly, despite language that is almost comic in its homely, quacking sounds, we are confronted with one of the profoundest enigmas of *amour courtois*. To affirm in the same breath 'my destiny is in her hands' and 'I have taken hold of my destiny myself' and 'it has come to me from heaven' (that is, from God)—is this not self-contradictory? How is this possible? The greater part of my second chapter was centred on just this problem, to show a pattern of ideas whereby such a threefold statement is made possible—a pattern in which a lover can win the fulfilment of his own destiny in so far as he surrenders it to his beloved, and in which she is able to bring this about inasmuch as it is not she, but the heavenly one in her.

In the next of the Harley lyrics, 'Wif longyng y am lad', the concluding lines may again be deceptive in their simplicity

heuene y tolde al his
pat o nyht were hire gest

I would reckon the whole of heaven his who for one night might be her guest

Is the *al* there merely to fill out the line or, as I suspect, is the contrast between *all* and *one* deliberate? The *whole* of heaven in *one* night with the beloved it is the notion of *pleroma*—intensity as against mere length, quality as against mere

quantity—which seems to reflect the Boethian notion of eternity—holding endless life in one moment, *tota simul et perfecta possessio*.

Another striking line from this lyric, 'leuedy of alle londe', is echoed in the next love-poem, 'Mosti ryden by Rybbesdale':

Ase sonnebem hire bleo ys briht;
in vche londe heo leomeþ liht.

This image of the beloved's universal sovereignty, of her irradiating power over all lands, may seem at first to be diminished by the stanzas that follow: images of her brow radiant as the sun, brighter than the moon, dwindle into a formal portrait; yet in each of the three final stanzas the bounds of self-contained *descriptio* are surpassed by phrases which again give intimations of a celestial power.

Hyre tyttes aren anvnder bis
as apples tuo of parays,

that is, they confer immortality on him who can possess them—the garden being both the Hesperian and the Christian *paradisus voluptatis*.¹ The next stanza ends with the image (going back ultimately to Isidore, *Etym.* xvi. 4, 7) of the magic stone, the Dionysius, that turns water into wine. This stone is set in the beloved's girdle: she has the miraculous beneficent power that Christ showed at Cana, the power that Raimbaut d'Orange prayed to God to exert again to give him joy in love (*v. supra*, p. 101). It is appropriate, then, that the last stanza should end

He myhte sayen pat Crist hym sege
pat myhte nyhtes neh hyre leze,
heuene he heuede here.

To have heaven here on earth, here and now, is another reflection of the idea of eternity as the *pleroma* of a moment,

¹ *Genesis*, II. 8, &c. Some remarkable medieval treatments of the *Genesis* passages are discussed by Bruno Nardi, 'Il mito dell'Eden', *Saggi di filosofia dantesca* (Roma, 1930), pp. 347-74.

and this would indeed be equivalent to experiencing the Beatific Vision

I shall conclude with a comment on some lines in the most many-sided and perhaps the finest of the Harley lyrics, 'Blow, northerne wynd' In his excellent analysis, Leo Spitzer¹ showed the complex ways in which the idea of a *summa* of the beloved's perfections is worked out in every aspect of the poem, down to the last detail—from its syntactic and rhetorical devices to its figura to its fusion of genres ranging from refrain to allegory There is one point, however, which escaped his notice, at which this ordered scheme is broken out of and transcended in a remarkable manner In the second stanza, after commending the lady's locks, forehead, eyes, and eyebrows with perfect decorum, the poet suddenly ends with the cry

He þat reste him on þe rode
þat leflich lyf honoure!

May he who rested on the cross honour that beautiful being!

It is an imprecation, almost a command, directed to Christ, in a way which takes us back to the earliest surviving medieval Latin song of *amour courtois*²

Deus amet puellam,
claram et benivolam,
Deus amet puellam!

From one couplet to the next this refrain is echoed, this lover's demand 'Deus amet puellam!' through which he aspires to a heavenly sanction for his earthly love The phrase in the English lyric is perhaps even more daring—the customary 'honouring' of Christ by mankind is reversed, it is he who is asked to accord reverence to the poet's beloved (One might almost compare the religious context in the *Sawles Warde*, where God rises to hear the intercessions of the holy virgins, though he has listened seated to all the other heavenly supplicants) But the full effect of

¹ *Archivum Linguisticum* 11 (1951) 1-22

² See the full discussion in Chap. V pp. 264 ff

the lines depends on their juxtaposition with the simple, passionate refrain¹

Blow, northerne wynd,
sent pou me my suetyng!
Blow, norþerne wynd,
blou! blou! blou!

by which the words that summon the highest veneration of the beloved are fused with the words of elemental longing for her.

3. *Heinrich von Morungen*

In my next illustration I should like to concentrate on something more detailed and specific: not a varied group of poems or a varied group of expressions, but the intricate uses of a single, coherent set of images in the work of an outstanding poet.

In the songs of Heinrich von Morungen, who together with Reinmar and Walther von der Vogelweide dominated the great German lyrical flowering of the late twelfth century, and who wrote some of the subtlest love-poetry in medieval German, I shall confine myself to the images of light and sun and moon. I have already indicated many uses of such images in different literatures; now, to complement this, let us watch how Heinrich renews these images creatively, to say through them something profound which is his own.

The prevalence of images of light in Heinrich's poems, far more than in any other Minnesinger, has frequently been noted. To explain their occurrence, one is told how extensively Heinrich borrowed from the troubadours, and from the Latin tradition of hymns to the Virgin Mary. Parallels and debts have been noted in abundance.² Yet no one has made use of such materials for interpretation, no one has asked *why* Heinrich

¹ This may, in fact, have been a traditional song, complete in itself.

² See especially F. Michel, *Heinrich von Morungen und die Troubadours* (*Quellen und Forschungen*, vol. 38) (Strassburg, 1880); Carl von Kraus, *Untersuchungen zu MF* (Leipzig, 1939), pp. 449-78; Theodor Frings, 'Erforschung des Minnesangs', in *Forschungen und Fortschritte*, xxvi (1950), fasc. 1/2 and 3/4, especially c. 11 ff.

used such images—the tacit assumption always being that these are mere reminiscences in the songs, not their substance Theodor Frings would see in Heinrich's famous *alba*

something entirely new in that he brings together in a German frame the native form of the *Wachsel* the Provençal form of the *alba* at its peak the figurative language of Provençal love-service and of ecclesiastical veneration of Mary, *Wachsel alba*, canzone and hymn, Venantius Fortunatus Bernart de Ventadour and Guiraut de Borned¹

This is a little too impressionistic. Fortunatus did not write hymns to the Virgin,² nor, to my knowledge, is there any evidence that he influenced Heinrich But Frings's statement was solemnly quoted by the late Carl von Kraus in his last edition of Heinrich's text,³ where he added categorically (p. 86) that Fortunatus has 'a share in this song', and is thus well on the way to becoming dogma

Such a list of ingredients however, even if it were completely accurate would not really explain anything The most important questions—in what ways is this *alba* new? By being charged with sacred as well as secular imagery, does it say something different from other *albas*? What does it communicate that they do not? Is Heinrich merely adopting such imagery and placing it in a new 'frame', or is he transforming it? What is he saying by his images of light that other poets had not said?—these remain unanswered In attempting to make a small contribution towards answering them, I should like to assume two things that Heinrich did not adopt or use his images haphazardly, but developed them seriously and consistently

¹ Th. Frings, loc. cit.

² Unless it be *Quem terra pontus, aethera*, which 'is almost certainly the work of another poet (Raby CLP 91-92 with documentation) Already in 1881 Friedrich Leo in his edition of Fortunatus, relegated both this hymn and the long *In laudem sanctae Mariae* to the 'Carminum spuriorum appendix'

³ Heinrich von Morungen (München, 1950) All my quotations are from this edition (K) although my translations diverge at some points from von Kraus's modern German versions.

throughout his songs; and that he did so in order to express something he could not express any other way.

When Heinrich says in two stanzas of the same poem (K 22)

As the moon sheds light over the land
far and wide and radiantly by night,
so that its light encircles the whole world,
so she, the beautiful, is encircled by goodness. . . .

Her pure virtù is like the sun,
who makes the lowering clouds all light
when in May her radiance is so clear.

and in another (K 16)

I must always fix my gaze on her,
like the moon, that receives its light
from the light of the sun:
thus many times
the radiant glances of her eyes
come into my heart, as she passes before me.

But if the radiant light of her eyes is fled,
distress befalls me, that I must lament.¹

it does seem at first glance as if there is something haphazard here: in one the beloved's virtù is likened first to the moon then

¹ Also der mâne vil verre über lant
liuhtet des nahtes wol licht unde breit
sô daz sîn schîn al die welt umbevêt,
also ist mit güete umbevungen diu schône . . .

Ir tugent reine ist der sunnen gelîch,
diu trüebiu wolken tuot lichte gevar,
swenne in dem meien ir schîn ist sô klâr.

. . .

ich muoz iemer dem gelîche spên,
als der mâne, der sinen schîn
von des sunnen schîn enpfêt:
alsô kument mir dicke
ir wol lichten ougen blicke
in mîn herze, dâ si vor mir gêt.

Swindet ab ir lichten ougen schîn,
sô kumt mir diu nôt daz ich muoz klagen.

to the sun in the other the lover himself is the moon borrowing his light from the Sun-beloved I believe, however, that if we look further it will become clear that such metaphors were consciously and subtly reconciled in Heinrich's imagination The pattern of the first pair is determined by the double metaphor in the Song of Songs (vi 9) 'pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol' But Heinrich is not content with this simple equation the sun's excellence surrounds the moon's beauty with light, just as the moon surrounds the earth with light The ratio, as sun to moon, so moon to earth, is established, as well as a relationship of dependence it is only through the light of virtù that beauty can be seen as beautiful The sun is *Dator formarum*¹ And of course there is a third element implicit in the ratio as sun to moon, as moon to earth, so the beloved is to the world, and, above all, as the second quotation makes explicit, to her lover

Saint Ambrose, commenting on 'pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol', had seen Luna as a figure of Ekklesia 'haec est vera luna, quae de fraterni sui luce perpetua sibi lumen immortalitatis et gratiae mutuatur'² Already in apostolic times, Theophilus of Antioch (*ad Autolyum*, II 15) had seen 'the sun in figura of God, the moon of man (ὁ γὰρ ἥλιος ἐν τυτῶ θεοῦ ἐστίν ἡ δὲ σελήνη ἀνθρώπου)' But the dominant use of sun-moon imagery in the Middle Ages was as figura of God and the Virgin Mary, as in the beautiful song in the Laurenziana MS *XXIX*, I (fol 271*)

Ex luna solis emicat
 radius elucescens
 mundanus solem indicat
 luna nunquam decrescens
 Hic sol dum lune iungitur,
 neuter eclipsim patitur,
 sed est plus quam nitescens

From the moon shines forth the dawning ray of the sun, the moon that never wanes shows the sun to mankind When this sun is united to its moon, neither suffers eclipse, but each is more than radiant

¹ v Chap II, especially p 93

² *Hexametron* IV 8 32

Whatever the explicit symbolism, the pattern is the same: Luna, herself less than divine, is united to the divine Sol, and through this is able to mediate or incarnate the *radius solis* to the world. As *she* wins the perfection of light through God, mankind wins it through her. Thus Hildegard of Bingen in the West, and Jalāladdīn Rūmī in Islam: 'Woman is the ray of the divine light.'¹ The same figure can be both moon to the divine Sun, and sun to her devotee or lover, who in turn is moon to her. Thus in the Orphic hymn to Selênê, she is

αύξομένη καὶ λειπομένη, θηλὺς τε καὶ ἄρσην

waxing and waning, both female and male,²

and in Heinrich's German there is a special appropriateness when he thinks of the beloved as '*diu sunne*' and of himself as '*der mâne*'.

The lady bestows joy on her lover: as moon he is filled with her sunlight, as the Virgin was filled with the Sol Invictus. Now it is clear why Heinrich should have expressed this receiving of joy by images of the annunciation and incarnation:

Praised be the blissful message
whose sound went so sweetly through my ear,
and the swelling that makes well
that sank with joy into my heart,
out of which a bliss sprang up
that for sheer delight streamed forth
like a dew from my eyes.

Blessed be the sweet hour,
blessed the time, the sublime day,
when from her mouth went out the word
that lay so near my heart

¹ Hildegard, *v.* Chap. II, p. 67; Rūmī, cited by Henry Corbin, 'Sympathie et théopathie chez les Fidèles d'Amour en Islam', *Erano-Jahrbuch*, xxiv (1955), 249.

² *Orphei Hymni*, ed. Gulielmus Quandt (Berlin, 1955), p. 9.

that my body thrilled with the fright of joy,
and indeed for sheer bliss I do not know
what I can say of her¹

Every detail of phrase reinforces the central image. It is hardly necessary to labour the associations of ideas, the tradition that the Virgin conceived through the ear, the *suêre* transformed into joy in its descent and the Virgin's *graviditas*, full of healing power for mankind, the double significance of the coming of 'daz wort'. In connexion with 'daz mîn lip von froide erschrac' Frings rightly noted the 'Quae cum audisset, turbata est in sermone eius' of the annunciation scene, but the line itself is a literal translation of the 'venter meus intremuit' of the Song of Songs (v 4). Even the joyous dew-tears link with the primary metaphor for traditionally it is the moon that sheds them. The sun's light dries up the earth with heat says Ambrose, therefore the moon revives it in the small hours of the night, for the moon has an abundance of dew instilled in it (*Hexaemeron*, IV 7, 29).

Almost contemporaneously, though in a different world, in the Persian mystic Rûmî's annunciation poem, the angel is both the daybreak of divine sunlight and the new moon that takes shape in Mary's heart. The angel speaks

Je suis nouvelle lune et je suis Image dans le cœur
Quand une Image vient dans ton cœur et s'y établit,
En vain fuirais-tu, cette Image restera en toi

¹ K5

Wol dem wunnelichen mere,
daz so suoze durch mîn ore erklang,
und der sanfte tuonder swere
daz mit froiden in mîn herze sanc
dî von mir ein wunne entspranc
daz vor liebe alsam ein tou
mir ûz von den ougen dranc.

Selic si diu suezze stunde,
klic si diu zit, der werde tag,
do daz wort gie von ir munde
daz dem herzen mîn so nahen lac,
daz mîn lip von fröide erschrac
unde erweiz vor wunne joch
waz ich von ir sprechen mac

A moins qu'elle ne soit Image vaine et sans substance,
S'enfonçant et disparaissant comme une aurore mensongère.
Mais je suis pareil à la véritable aurore, je suis la lumière de
ton Seigneur,
Car aucune nuit ne rôde autour de mon jour.¹

Christian tradition linked the moon's *Stirb und Werde* with Easter symbolism. The moon with its borrowed light reflects the death and resurrection of the Sol Invictus, and Easter is the feast of the new moon. To quote Ambrose once more (not as a specific source for Heinrich, but as giving a firm authority to a traditional pattern of images):

minuitur luna, ut elementa repleat. hoc est ergo grande mysterium. donavit hoc ei qui omnibus donavit gratiam. exinanivit eam, ut repleat, qui etiam se exinanivit, ut omnis repleret. (*Hexaemeron*, iv. 8, 32.)

Thus Heinrich's Easter-images are a direct outcome of his imagery of light: most explicitly in

She is the radiance of bright May
and my Easter-day.

more subtly in

Ah could I but have such power over her
that she might stay with me, bound to me,
three whole days and nights!
Then I'd not lose my life and all my strength. . . .
For then I stand and watch for my lady
as the little birds watch for the day.²

¹ Tr. Henry Corbin, *op. cit.*, p. 259.

² K18: sist des lichten meien schin
 und min ôsterlicher tac.

K15: Hei wan müeste ich ir alsô gewaltic sîn
 daz si mir mit triuwen wêre bî
 ganzer tage dri / und etesliche naht!
 sô verlüre ich niht den lip und al die maht . . .
 wan ich danne stên / und warte der frouwen mîn
 rechte alsô des tages diu kleinen vogellin.

The lover enfolding his lady becomes metaphorically the tomb that enfolds Christ the Sun. But this is only love-fantasy; he is only waiting for the entry of the light, the sun's rising in him.

In one of Heinrich's masterpieces, 'Ich wêne nieman lebe der minen kumber weine' (K32), the sun shedding its light, the miraculous irradiation of *Venus caelestis* ('Vênus hêre'), and the miraculous apparition of Christ after his resurrection, coming through walls to his disciples, become a symbolic unity, an event whose effect spans from heaven (the lover's heart raised to the divine figura) to earth (the sunlight coming through a window)

So at once my bliss was kindled
that my heart stood high as the sun

When I am lonely she sheds light before my eyes,
then it seems to me
she is coming to me through the walls

I believe she whom I love is a heavenly Venus,
her power is so great
She takes from me pain, joy, all my senses
If she so wills

she passes through a little window
and looks at me as if she were the sun's light¹

Here the sun is seen as taking her lover beyond the opposites 'leide, froide'. To be capable of this ascent of his heart to the sun, however, the lover must accept the whole of the moon's

¹ K32

sa zehant enzunte sich min wunne
daz min muot stuont hê alsam diu sunne
swenne ich eine bin, si schint mir vor den ougen
sô bedunket mich
wie si gê dort her ze mir aldur die muren

Ich wene ist ein Venus hêre diech da minne
wan si kan sô vil.
si benunt mir leide frôide und al die sunne
swenne sô si wil
so get si dort her zuo einem vensterline
unde siht mich an reht als der sunnen schune

cycle, the joy and the sorrow, the moon's experience of deprivation in the sun's rising as well as of light in the sun's setting. She who as sun takes him beyond the course of the opposites, as moon embodies it:

in her blossoming like the full moon:
that was the eyes' bliss, the heart's death.¹

The moon must both in its lack of light and in its abundance submit to the sun's will and power. In Boethius' words (*Cons.* I, m. 5):

Ut nunc pleno lucida cornu
Totis fratris obvia flammis
Condat stellas luna minores,
Nunc obscuro pallida cornu
Phoebo propior lumina perdat,
Et qui primae tempore noctis
Agit argentes Hesperus ortus,
Solitas iterum mutet habenas
Phoebi pallens Lucifer ortu. . . .

Now to turn back to Heinrich:

I have chosen a woman as my sun. . . .
I have loved her since my childhood,
For I was born for her and to no other end. . . .
Where now is my bright morning-star?
Woe, what use to me that my sun has risen?—
She is too high for me and too distant
in the noon-day, and will stay there long.
Yet I would gladly experience the joyful evening
when she would descend to comfort me.²

¹ K29: geblüejet rechte alsam ein voller mâne.
 daz was der ougen wunne, des herzen tôt.

² K12: wan ich hab ein wip/für die sunnen mir erkorn . . .
 si ist mir liep gewest dâ her von kinde:
 wan ich wart durch sie/und durch anders niht geborn. . . .
 Wâ ist nu hin mîn liechter morgensterne?
 wê waz hilfet mich/dass mîn sunne ist ûf gegân?

For Heinrich as for Boethius the star that by night is the sun's emissary and the moon's companion is recalled and absorbed in the full light of day, inaccessible to the moon. In the sun's high heavenly aspect she is unattainable. It is only the sun's descent, the lady's condescension, that gives the moon its light and its regeneration, which is determined by her alone. But because of wicked tongues, the lover cannot often hope for the *coucher du soleil*.

Woe to the watchers, who have deprived the world
of such radiance in her that one sees her only seldom
as the bright sun that at nightfall sets¹

In the next stanza of this poem, Heinrich's image undergoes a final metamorphosis. The sun's dawning is no longer the deprivation of the lover's night, but the vision of a perfect, absolute love-union.

I must sorrow till the morning when the long night
dissolves, and I at last shall see her,
the much-cherished sun that dawns so blissfully
that my eye can well endure a lowering cloud.

sist mir ze hohs und ouch ein teil ze verne
gegen muttem tage / unde wil di lange stan
ich gelebte noch den leben abent gerne
daz si sich her nider / mir ze troste wolte lan

Compare with the second line Friedrich von Hausen (*MF* 50 11)

ich han von kinde an si verlan
daz hertze mir und al die sunne.

and Bernart de Ventadour (ed. Appel, 28 4)

Pois form andus efan
I am ades e la blan.

In the background is the Solomonic 'Hanc amavi et exquisivi a juventute mea' (*Sap* VIII 3)

¹ K19

wê der hnote, / du der werlt so lichten schin
an ir hat benomen / daz man si niht wan selten set,
so die liehten sunnen / du des abents under get
Ich muoz sorgen / wen du lange naht zerge
gegen dem morgen / daz ichs einst an gese
die vil lieben sunnen, / du so wunnenslichen taget,
daz mln ouge ein trûebez / wolken wol verlaget.

Only if we bear this in mind and see that Heinrich has two senses of 'dawn' can his *alba* (K6) make sense. It does not help to say that Heinrich uses sacred imagery: it is through the interplay of a transcendent and a particular 'alba' that Heinrich can make his *alba* say something unique. To begin with the lady's lines (st. 2):

Alas, shall he never
live daybreak here again?
If night could pass away,
that we need not lament
'alas, now it is day',
as he used to lament
when last he lay with me.
Then the day came.¹

The dawn that ends the love-night, that calls forth lament, is indeed not the same as the eternal daybreak, the radiance of the complete love-union in which lovers never need to lament again. But it is a *figura* of that daybreak, the beloved can figure it for her lover in the dawn here. Then it is no longer a hostile, outside force, but something which he 'betagt': not merely in the sense that he experiences it (*erleben*—Lexer, s.v., I. 234, citing this line), but almost that he brings it forth (*zu tage bringen, gebären, ibid.*)—the sun reborn for him

¹ K6:

Owê, /sol aber mir icmer mê
geliuhten dur die naht
noch wizer danne ein snê
ir lîp vil wol geslaht?
der trouc diu ougen mîn:
ich wânde, ez solde sîn
des liechten mânen schîn.
dô taget ez.

'Owê, /sol aber er immer mê
den morgen hie betagen?
als uns diu naht engê,
daz wir niht durfen klagen:
"owê, nu ist ez tac",
als er mit klage pflac
do'r jungest bî mir lac.
dô taget ez.'

and through him, the fruit of love's night, not its death, whereby he can light up 'den morgen hie' (*wie der tag darauf scheinen*, *ibid*) as she irradiated the night for him (st 1) Perhaps it is over-subtle to see such wide possibilities of meaning in two enigmatic lines, but the quality of Heinrich's mind is such that any, or all, of these may be latent. The lady's thought is 'shall I never through my love be able to show him the true *alba* again, that we need not lament the false *alba*, as he used to do. Then the day came. Such things are 'too flattering-sweet to be substantial'

In the first stanza it is as if the lover were bringing two disparate ideas together. To isolate the strands for a moment—there is the overt meaning 'Shall I never possess her radiant body again, that body which seemed to be made of pure moonlight? But day dispels such illusions.' There is also, I think, a hidden meaning: the illusion which makes the radiance of the beloved seem like moonlight is no mere illusion, but the intimation of a greater reality of love, of a dawn in which 'the long night' of imperfect, broken love 'dissolves'. In the effortless fusion of these meanings I would see the summit of Heinrich's images of light.

Alas, shall her body never again
stream its light through the night for me?
body whiter than snow,
formed so perfectly,
it deceived my eyes
I thought that it must be
the bright moon's radiance
Then the day came

4 *Guido Cavalcanti*

To conclude these illustrations I cannot do better than to offer some notes on the poetry of Guido Cavalcanti. For Guido can be seen to have brought a whole mode of poetry and thought, that mode which has been my chief concern, to its fullest ripening: giving to it consummate lyrical expression, and

drawing even its most cerebral constructions into a widened sphere of sensibility.

The *stilnovisti* saw him (and it can hardly surprise us) as their undisputed master. Of Dante's admiration for his 'primo amico', for Guido's 'altezza d'ingegno' (*Inf.* x. 59) as well as his formal excellence (*De vulg. eloq.* II. 12), it is hardly necessary to speak. Philosophers in his own lifetime (Magister Jacobus of Pistoia, and the medical theorist Dino del Garbo),¹ later Ficino and the whole Medici circle, saw the acuteness and range of Guido's mind in expounding the philosophy of love. In this they thought, as we perhaps still do today, first and foremost of his canzone 'Donna me prega'. Yet just this song, remarkable as it is, is not, as so many have imagined, the work of a *fedele d'amore*: this is no celebration of the courtly experience, but on the contrary a brilliant, largely hostile, critique of it. This has been so admirably well established by Bruno Nardi² that I need not here re-examine all the points of detail. What emerges from Nardi's commentary is that in 'Donna me prega'³ Guido tries to prove that we must regard the courtly experience pessimistically, and that he calls in Aristotelian-Averroist epistemology and ethics to aid his 'dimostramento'. Love is a passion of the sensitive soul, shaped not by the heavenly Venus but by a malignant influence from Mars, a darkness that obscures the operations of the intellect. Even if the form of the beloved is in the eternal, more-than-human possible intellect,⁴

¹ P. O. Kristeller, 'A Philosophical Treatise from Bologna Dedicated to Guido Cavalcanti', in *Medioevo e Rinascimento*, Studi in onore di Bruno Nardi (Firenze, 1955), I. 425 ff., and G. Favati, 'La glossa latina di Dino del Garbo a Donna me prega del Cavalcanti', *Annali della Scuola Normale Superiore di Pisa*, n.s. xxi. 70 ff.

² In *Dante e la cultura medievale* (2nd ed., Bari, 1949), especially pp. 26-34. V. also the essay 'L'averroismo del "primo amico" di Dante' (*ibid.*, pp. 93 ff.), and 'Noterella polemica sull'averroismo di Guido Cavalcanti', in *Rassegna di Filosofia*, III. 47-71.

³ *Guido Cavalcanti, Rime*, a cura di Guido Favati, Documenti di Filologia I (Napoli, 1957), xxxvii. All my quotations are from this edition (Favati).

⁴ At this point Marsilio Ficino (*in Conv.* VII. 1) attempts to equate Guido's thought with that of the *Symposium*, distinguishing between a love which is

this has nothing to do with the passion itself, which is a quality (*accidente*) of the sensitive soul, the *entelechia* of the human body. Such an 'accident' can be fatal, it can wrench reason and will from their true course, it can kill the essentially human (that is, for an Aristotelian the rational) life, leaving only that of 'brutish beasts/[When] men have lost their reason'. It can become a furious, helpless and hopeless desire to possess. *L'amour-passion* has no visible existence, in fact no existence at all separate from the soul in which it arises (*d'essere diviso*). Set in the half-darkness of the sensitive soul, which is irrational it expunges (*rade*) the intellect's light.

What, then, is to be said in love's favour? Only twice in his canzone does Guido suggest something different: once to speak of mutual love, of the looks that may spring up when lover and beloved are alike in their disposition to love, looks that make the pleasure (*piacere*) of love appear certain,¹ so that love bursts forth, no longer able to remain concealed. And in the last two lines before his coda Guido avows: beyond all deception, that love is *degno in fede*, has value by virtue of believing, for from love alone the reward (or mercy) is born.

These two passages give hints of two of Guido's most original themes, to which I shall return. For the rest, Nardi would wish to relate the predominant pessimism here to the poems written in the

voce sbigottita e deboletta
ch'esc[e] piangendo de lo cor dolente

contemplatio circa universalem totius humani generis pulchritudinem' and one which is a *bruta voluptas*. This goes far beyond Guido's own contrast between the radiance of thought in the possible intellect and the dark passion of love: the important point however is that unlike Ficino, Guido mentions contemplation only to dismiss it: there in the intellect, *l'amour-passion* has no power (in quella parte mai non à possanza) and the rest of his canzone is concerned with passionate love which he makes no attempt to platonize.

¹ Even here however Dino del Garbo (Favati, p. 376) takes 'che fa parere lo piacere' to mean that the pleasure is a mere appearance or illusion. In his commentary Certo begins the following sentence:

which, as has often been remarked, is one of Guido's characteristic notes.¹

However, apart from love-melancholy, and a gift for satire which emerges in his poetic correspondence with other poets of the group, Guido has left us memorable expressions of the joy of love. The first four poems in Favati's edition, which the editor (I think rightly) considers to be among Guido's earliest, are exultant, and their exultation is nourished by great sensibility and imaginative splendour.

The first, the famous 'Fresca rosa novella',² is notable as

¹ *Dante e la cultura medievale* (2nd ed.), p. 30. Nevertheless I feel that to speak of 'il pessimismo di cui è soffusa tutta la lirica del Cavalcanti' is an exaggeration. Among the fifty-two poems attributed to Guido in Favati's edition, I can find only seventeen in which a melancholy without lightening dominates (v-xiii, xv-xix, XXI, XXXI, XXXIV).

² Favati, 1:

Fresca rosa novella,
 piacente Primavera,
 per prata e per rivera
 gaiamente cantando
 5 vostro fin pregio mando a la verdura.

Lo vostro pregio fino
 in gio' si rinovelli
 da grandi e da zitelli
 per ciascuno cammino;
 10 e cantin[n]e gli augelli
 ciascuno in suo latino
 da sera e da matino
 su li verdi arbuscelli.
 Tutto lo mondo canti
 15 (po' che lo tempo vene)
 sì come si convene
 vostr'altezza pregiata:
 ché siete angelicata criatura.

Angelica sembianza
 20 in voi, donna, riposa.
 Dio, quanto avventurosa
 fue la mia disianza!
 Vostra cera gioiosa
 poi che passa e avanza
 25 natura e costumanza,
 ben è mirabil cosa.

much for its intellectual as for its *cantabile* structure. The beloved (*rosa novella* of hymnology,¹ *fin pregio* of *courtoisie*) is identified first with Korê, the incarnation of Spring in the world—it is her courtly qualities, her *alietza pregiata*, which are projected into the world's renewal and renewed in it, and the poet, by heralding his beloved, wins a share in this renewal also. *Courtoisie*, like *caritas*, has a sacramental aspect.² The poet's praise of this perfection like the lines themselves that link the stanzas, is sent out and then caught back again, reborn among creatures great and small, it is in turn received and heralded by the birds the *angelos* of heavenly love, so that the whole of creation is seen as what the pseudo-Dionysius called a *caelestis hierarchia* here a mutual giving and receiving of joy, a polyphony in which the poet, nature, animals, and birds take up the melody and pass it on. This is the world 'as it should be'

Fra lor le donne dea
 vi chiaman come sète
 tanto adorna parate,
 30 ch'eo non saccio contare
 e chi pona pensare oltra natura?

Oltra natura umana
 vostra fina piugenza
 fece Dio per essenza
 35 che voi foste sovrana
 per che vostra parvenza
 ver me non sia lontana
 or non mi sia villana
 la dolce provedenza!
 40 E se vi pare oltraggio
 ch'ad amar vi sia dato
 non sia da voi blasmato
 ché solo amor mi sforza,
 contra cui non val forra né misura.

¹ e.g. in the Laurenziana MS XXXI 1 (4 H xx. 227) *Salve puella*, / David
 filia, / *Rosa novella*. Cf. also CB 89 1b and CB 92 (*Phyllis and Flora*) 5b

² Cf. the fourteenth-century Middle English poem *Pearl* (457 ff)

Of courtaysye as saytg Saynt Poule,
 Al 3rn we membreg of Jesu Kryst
 So fare we alle wyth luf and lyste
 To kyng and quene by cortaysye

(*come si conviene*)—because, the lines continue, the beloved is both creature and angel. As Primavera she is the source of this transformation into the angelic, as *angelicata creatura* she personifies its goal: thus it is because of her that each aspect of creation can become *angelos* of love for all the others.

This is implied at the opening of the third stanza, whether we interpret, the angelic *aspectus* rests upon her, or, the angelic *ratio* lies in her (Contini, II. 492, glosses 'riposa' as 'abita'). Then for a moment the first note of *disianza*, the lover's plea to which the poem leads, is sounded—how could I dare to hope for such a one! But first Guido amplifies his Angel-image: she cannot be the source of nature's 'angelic' aspect¹ without at the same time transcending nature (once again, therefore, it is 'as it should be' that other ladies should call her goddess). But her divine or transcendent quality, though inferable from the effect of which she is cause, is inexpressible and, in itself, unthinkable. 'Nothing is found in the intellect which was not first found in the senses. . . .' We know the lady's transcendent power only in so far as the sensible world gives messages of it—these are the *angeliai* of the second stanza. Here, as much as in 'Donna me prega', an Aristotelian pattern has become poetry.

It is developed further by the use of a Scholastic concept. Why did God make her grace supernatural? 'That you might be sovereign by your essence.' This is not simply, in Aristotelian terms, to remove her from the realm of the contingent to the realm of necessary being; Scholastically, the necessity of angels and Intelligences is a derived one: it does not follow from their own essence but is imparted by God. Here, however, God has miraculously decreed that it should be otherwise: that she should manifest the divine attribute *aseitas*, from which the supreme mode of existence follows, existence by virtue of one's own essence. If this is so, what follows? The 'per che' of l. 36 draws the conclusion: if she is *sovrana per essenza*, not having,

¹ In ll. 24-25 it is of course possible to take *passa* and *avanza* as synonyms. There would be a subtler meaning, however, if *avanza* were interpreted causatively, in the sense of 'render superiore' (Manuzzi, *avanzare* 6).

like the Intelligences, to follow pre-ordained laws, then her acceptance of the poet's love rests entirely with her, the formal equivoque of *vostra parvenza* and *providenza* turns out to be a real equivalence. As much as he feels destined by Love to love her, she is, for good or ill, the destiny that God has made for him. Thus the whole course of the argument has imparted to the love-plea a passionate and irresistible force.

The theme of the beloved's simultaneously earthly and transcendent aspect is developed in the sonnet that follows, 'Avete 'n vo' li fior' e la verdura'. The radiance and beauty of the whole of nature are latent in her, and at the same time she outdoes in these qualities that piece of nature, the sun, which possesses them most fully. In Aristotelian terms, her *energeia* subsumes all the world's *dynamis* of beauty and of light, and, in fulfilling them, surpasses them. In these terms the fourth line clearly follows: she is that sun in beholding whom these potential perfections can be acquired. Without looking upon her it is impossible. Beyond a doubt the model for Guido's image is that of the *agens intellectus*, and the implicit argument that of *De Anima*, III 5.²

She is 'piu che creatura', to recall Dante's famous phrase

¹ Favati, II

Avete n vo li fior' e la verdura
e ciò che luce od è bello a vedere,
risplende piu che sol vostra figura
chi vo' non vede, ma' non pò valere

In questo mondo non à creatura
si piena di bieltà né di piacere
e chi d'amor si teme lu assicura
vostro bel vis' a tanto n sé volere.

Le donne che vi fanno compagnia
assa mu piaccion per lo vostro amore
ed i le prego per lor cortesia

che qual piu può piu vi faccia onore
ed aggia cara vostra signoria,
perché di tutte siete la migliore

² p Chap II p 72

about the Virgin, and thus her face, the beauty of which figures transcendent beauty, is able in the world to effect good for created mankind: in men who are afraid of love she brings about the certitude of wanting love, the will to have so great a thing in themselves; the women who attend her reflect her own *piacere* and have value in so far as they honour her. The more she actualizes their virtù, the greater their potentiality of honouring her, of reflecting her sovereignty in themselves, and this greater potentiality can be fulfilled in its turn: in fact, the nearer they actually come to Madonna's perfection, their perfectibility grows greater, not less. This paradox of Scholastic angelology, arising out of the ambiguities latent in Aristotle's *dynamis-energeia*, is hidden in the sonnet's final tercet, but so deftly hidden that the transformation into love-poetry is complete.

The next sonnet, 'Biltà di donna e di saccente core',¹ unfolds for eleven lines the topos that goes back as far as Sappho's Anaktoria:

Οἱ μὲν ἰππιῶν στρότον, οἱ δὲ πέσδων
οἱ δὲ νάων φαῖσ' ἐπι[ί] γᾶν μέλαι[ν]αν
[Ἐ]μμενοι κάλλιστον, ἔγω δὲ κῆν' ὄτ-
τω τις ἔραται . . .

¹ Favati, III:

Biltà di donna e di saccente core
e cavalieri armati che sien genti;
cantar d'augelli e ragionar d'amore;
adorni legni 'n mar forte corenti;

aria serena quand' apar l'albore
e bianca neve scender senza venti;
rivera d'acqua e prato d'ogni fiore;
oro e argento, azzuro 'n ornamenti:

ciò passa la beltate e la valenza
de la mia donna e 'l su' gentil coraggio
sì che rasembra vile a chi ciò guarda;

e tant' à piu d'ogn' altra canoscenza,
quanto lo ciel de la terra è maggio.
A simil di natura ben om tarda!

[τῶ]ς κε βολλοίμαν ἔρατον τε βᾶμα
 κάμερυχμα λάμπρον ἴδην προσώπω
 ἢ τα Λυδῶν ἄρματα κᾶν ἔπλοισι
 [παιδο]μάχεντας ¹

It is the summation of whatever has beauty and worth ('la beltate e la valenza') in the world, only to compare it unfavourably with the beloved's supreme possession of these. Then as climax in the final tercet, her Sapiential stature, implicit in I and II is stated outright

and her knowledge surpasses all other women's
 as much as heaven surpasses earth

Sonnet IV, 'Chi e questa che ven',² begins with a phrase from the Song of Songs (*Vetus Latina*, VIII 5) 'Quae est ista quae ascendit dealbata?' But here the image of the lady's radiance is

¹ Some there are who say that the fairest thing seen
 on the black earth is an array of horsemen,
 some men marching some would say ships but I say
 she whom one loves best

and whose lovely walk and the shining pallor
 of her face I would rather see before my
 eyes than Lydia's chariots in all their glory
 armoured for battle

(Tr Richmond Lattimore *Greek Lyrics* (Chicago 1955) pp 25-26)

² Favati IV (1)

Chi è questa che ven, ch ogn om la mira,
 che fa tremar di claritate l ìre
 e mena seco Amor sì che parlare
 null omo pote ma ciascun sospira?

O deo che sembra quando li occhi gira
 dicai Amor ch i nol savria contare
 cotanto d umiltà donna mi pare
 ch'ogn altra ver di lei i la chiam' ira

Non si ponia contar la sua piagenza,
 ch a le s inchun ogni gentil vertute
 e la beltate per sua des la mostra.

Non fu sì alta già la mente nostra
 e non si pose n noi tanta salute
 che propriamente n aviam canoscenza.

the Aristotelian one of the particles trembling in the air which are given form by light, for, like the active intellect, 'light too makes colours that exist potentially into actual colours.'¹ All men who behold her are illuminated by her.

If the beloved manifests such a light, then this is something that reaches beyond our understanding. The light of her eyes, even though it shows itself as a gentleness towards her lover, becomes something inexpressible: it is an absolute. She is not simply a *donna umile*, she is *donna d'umiltà*, the absolute embodiment of this power;² so it cannot be told by a *poeta amante*—it would have to be expressed by the correspondingly absolute Amor. As *donna d'umiltà* she is the perfection towards which every power of 'gentleness' approaches, finding its *intentio*, its nature and fulfilment, in her. Likewise Beauty shows her as the divine embodiment of beauty, the *intentio* of all the beauty in the world. Through the lady's irradiation of our intellect we have a figura of the absolutes of *claritate*, *umiltà*, and *beltate*—but (here we are led back yet again to Aristotle's chapter on the active intellect) it is the more-than-human power operative in us, not our own intellect, which has given us this. 'It is not we who remember . . .', and *propriamente*, of our own nature, we could not reach such a height:

Non fu sì alta già la mente nostra
e non si pose 'n noi tanta salute,
che propriamente n'aviam canoscenza.

The converse of this figura is shown in the sonnet 'La bella donna dove Amor si mostra'.³ In the lady Amor is revealed, is incarnate, one might say. She draws forth her lover's heart,

¹ *De Anima*, III. 5. V. Chap. II, pp. 72 ff.

² v. my separate discussion of *umile* and *umiltà* in the excursus which concludes this chapter.

³ Favati, XLIX (a):

La bella donna dove Amor si mostra,
ch'è tanto di valor pieno ed adorno,
tragge lo cor della persona vostra.
E prende vita in far con lei soggiorno,

which receives new life in dwelling with her. The next two lines explain this, in such a way as to give the conventional image a new dimension of meaning because her cloister is so sweetly sheltered that each unicorn in India senses it. The unicorn drawn to the maiden's lap at once evokes 'Him whom the heavens could not contain' of which it is a standard medieval image. The lover, drawn beyond himself, making his abode with the beloved, takes life from this because she can attract unicorns. That is, she can bear the divine and life-giving Amor in herself (l. 1), in her *chiostra*, just as the Virgin bore Christus-Amor. The *chiostra* is at the same time the lover's sexual goal and the divine *hortus conclusus*.

The sestet takes another topos and changes its import. The *donna* has all perfections in her except that Natura made her mortal. This one apparent defect becomes for Guido a perfection *quoad nos*: it is Natura's providence to have adequated her to our understanding. There must be a 'connaturality' between knower and known: if hers had been an immortal nature she could never have revealed the immortal Amor to us, she could never have become a *figura*.

The notion of *figura* plays an important role in another group of Guido's poems, and forms the climax of the great canzone 'Io non pensava che lo cor giammai'. There a whole succession of affective and mental acts, events and processes are given life and are unified as *figurae* of the poet's love-unto-death. It is a striking instance of the workings of that imagery 'drawn from the operations of the human mind, or from those actions by

perch' à sì dolce guardia la sua chiostra
che l' sente in India ciascun Iunicorno
e la vertude l' arma a fera giostra
vizio pos dar no i fa crudel ritorno

ch' ell' è per certo di sì gran valenza,
che già non manca in lei cosa da bene,
ma che Natura la creò mortale.

Poi mostra che n' è mio provedenza
e al vostro intendimento si conviene
far per conoscer quel ch' a lui sia tale

which they are expressed' which Shelley said was used by Dante 'more than any other poet, and with greater success' (*Preface to Prometheus Unbound*), and which indeed Dante felt compelled to justify, both for himself and for his *primo amico*, in *Vita Nuova*, xxv.

I did not think the heart would ever
have so great a torment in sighing
that from my soul would be born a lament
showing death to the eyes through the sense of sight.
I felt neither peace nor the slightest rest
since I met Amor and Madonna,
Amor saying to me 'You shall not escape,
for the power of this one is too great.'
My own virtù parted disconsolate
since it left my heart
in the battle there where Madonna was,
who came to strike with her eyes
in such a manner that Amor
scattered all my spirits into flight.

One cannot tell of this lady:
for she comes adorned with such beauties
that a mind here below does not grasp her
in such a way that our intellect may see her.
She is so peerless that, when I consider,
I feel my soul trembling within my heart,
as one that cannot endure
in the face of the great power revealed in her.
Her brightness pierces my eyes
in such a way that whoever sees me
says 'Do you not see the compassion
set in place of one who is dead
so as to ask for mercy?'
And Madonna has not perceived it yet!

When the thought comes upon me that I wish to tell
of her virtù to a noble heart,
I find myself so lacking in well-being
that I do not dare persist in this thought.

Amor, who has seen her beauties,
 frightens me so that my heart
 cannot endure hearing her coming,
 sighing he says 'I despair of you,
 because she drew from her sweet smile
 a sharp arrow
 which has passed beyond your heart and severed mine
 You know, when you came I said to you,
 since you have seen her
 it follows you must die'

Canzone, you know that among Amor's books
 I copied you when I saw Madonna,
 now be content for me to trust you
 and go to her in such a manner that she hear you.
 And I humbly pray that you guide to her
 the spirits fled from my heart
 which through the excessive greatness of her power
 would have been destroyed, if they had not turned back,
 and go forth alone, without company,
 and are full of fear
 But lead them a trusted way,
 then say to her when you are in her presence
 These are the figura
 of one who is dying full of fear'¹

¹ Favati, IX

Io non pensava che lo cor giammai
 avesse di sospir tormento tanto,
 che dell'anima mia nascesse pianto
 mostrando per lo viso agli occhi morte
 Non sento pace né riposo alquanto
 poscia ch'Amore e madonna trovat,
 lo qual mi disse "Tu non camperai,
 ché troppo è lo valor di costei forte
 La mia virtù si partio sconsolata
 poi che lasso lo core
 a la battaglia ove madonna è stata
 la qual degli occhi suoi venne a ferire
 in tal gusa, ch'Amore
 ruppe tutti miei spiriti a fuggire

Di questa donna non si può contare
 ché di tante bellezze adorna vene

At first there are the tentative, shadowy beginnings of personification—*cor, anima*, to a lesser extent *pianto, morte*. *Anima* is closely linked, as always in Guido, both with *cor* and with physical processes—poetically he uses the Averroist belief that

che mente di qua giù no la sostiene
sì che la veggia lo 'ntelletto nostro.
Tant' è gentil che, quand' eo penso bene,
l'anima sento per lo cor tremare,
sì come quella che non pò durare
davanti al gran valor ch'è in lei dimostro.
Per gli occhi fere la sua claritate
sì, che quale mi vede
dice: 'Non guardi tu questa pietate
ch'è posta in vece di persona morta
per dimandar merzede?'
E non si n'è madonna ancor accorta!

Quando 'l pensier me ven ch'i' voglia dire
a gentil core de la sua vertute,
i' trovo me di sì poca salute,
ch'i' non ardisco di star nel pensiero:
Amor, ch'à le bellezze sue vedute,
mi sbigottisce sì, che sofferire
non può lo cor sentendola venire,
ché sospirando dice: 'Io ti dispero,
però che trasse del su' dolce riso
una saetta aguta,
ch'à passato 'l tuo core e 'l mio diviso.
Tu sai, quando venisti, ch'io ti dissi
poi che l'avei veduta
per forza convenìa che tu morissi'.

Canzon, tu sai che de' libri d'Amore
io t'asemplai quando madonna vidi;
ora ti piaccia ch'io di te mi fidi
e vadi 'n guis' a lei, ch'ella t'ascolti;
e prego umilmente a lei tu guidi
li spiriti fuggiti del mio core,
che per soverchio de lo su' valore
eran distrutti, se non fosser volti,
e vanno soli, senza compagnia,
e son pien di paura.
Però li mena per fidata via
e poi le di', quando le se' presente:
'Questi sono in figura
d'un, che si more sbigottitamente'.

the soul which is the form of the human body is the vegetative-sensitive soul not the intellect, which is separate. Then the protagonists appear Amor ('uno signore di pauroso aspetto') and Madonna. They are beings fully alive, and in involving the poet's *virtù cor*, and *spiriti* in a psychomachia, they give these too a heightened existence.

The *spiriti* deserve a special comment. They appear throughout Guido's songs. But whether he sees them for the moment as faculties, senses, dispositions, impulses, thoughts, moods, or perceptions, they are always endowed poetically with a life of their own, they are seen as projected forces, in much the same way as Dante made dramatic the three principles of life in the human being *spirito vitale*, *spirito animale*, *spirito naturale* (V.N. II). But Guido also makes use of another sense of *spirito*, which Parodi in his *Indice Generale* to Dante defined as 'la imagine della donna che viene agli occhi, coi sentimenti che ispira', which is the foundation of Guido's sonnet xxxviii (see below, p. 154).

With the first stanza of the canzone the stage is set for a *battaglia*, but the second turns instead to a metaphysical statement. This is not haphazard: it leads us by degrees back to the main theme and shows us precisely what is at stake in the conflict. That she cannot be grasped by our memory (*mente*), so that our (sensitive) soul cannot provide the intellect with the phantasma which it needs in order to acquire knowledge, implies that this soul, manifest in the heart and trembling with the heart's own palpitations (not as Salutati² suggests, for fear of the heart), must die in the face of the lady's power. The lover, in order to receive the irradiation of Madonna, must surrender his own *anima*, which by dwelling with her will be new-made by her. (Once again *De Anima*, III 5, is the paradigm.) By the first eight lines of this stanza Guido shows that the notion of love-unto-death is far more than a mere subjective melancholy (by which he is often characterized, unjustly and superficially) rather it figures that self-surrender in order to

² *La poesia lirica del Duecento* (Torino 1951) p. 431

win regeneration which is part of the archetypal drama of love. And in so far as the *spiriti* become dramatic this is more than mere stylization or personification of feeling-states: each *spirito* points beyond itself and figures an *eidos* that is clearer and more universal than individual vagaries of feeling. The *spiriti* are not artificial schemata that we can laboriously retranslate into realism: rather, they have dwelt in a realistic world and sifted it: preserving the essential, the 'ideae', and leaving the accidents aside.

Thus the 'Pietà' conceit which concludes the stanza bears out the metaphysical self-surrender: the lover has naughted himself, so it is not his own piteous look but the absolute of Pity that takes his place, that *is* what he was, and intercedes for him.

The third stanza shows the lover deserted, completely without allies. There is no 'gentil core' in whom to confide; Amor, though on Madonna's side, confesses himself overpowered as much as the lover; *cor* cannot endure even hearing the lady's coming. But to see such lines aright in the face of so many descriptions of Guido's unrelieved melancholy and pessimism, we must not forget that 'the meaning of the torment is joy'. *Il su' dolce riso*: the beloved embodies and transmits a radiance and sweetness so great that they cannot be endured by a human heart, unless that heart is standing wholly outside itself, rapt in her. Such a *dolce riso* demands of *cor* and *anima* nothing less than unconditional surrender—it can only light upon a lover in whom no trace of selfishness or distraction remains.

The lover dedicates his all, heart, mind, and strength, the whole of what he has lived and lives through. And it is this that his song can figure. The Canzone itself, all the scattered *spiriti* bound with love in one volume, can embody the lover's totality, and thus, in being dedicated to the beloved, figure his total self-surrender.

Questi sono in figura
d'un che si more sbigottitamente.

Far from being merely his pet mannerism, Guido's envoys to

There where this lovely lady appears
is heard a voice that precedes her
and seems to sing her name as full of mercy
so sweetly that, if I wish to tell it,
I feel her power makes me tremble;
and sighs stir in the soul
saying: 'Look: if you gaze upon her
you will see her virtù risen into her heaven.'

In her eyes is a light (*lumen*, not *lux*: a light that is not an outgoing radiance but 'resplende in sé perpetual effetto'—XXVII. 26) full of spirits of love, and from the lover's heart a life of joy springs forth.

Guido brings these two thoughts together and deepens them by another, more learned image of *processio*. For Averroes, the divine Intellect is reflected in the Intelligence of the highest heaven and then by the Intelligence of each other heaven in turn. The last of these Intelligences, belonging to the heaven of the moon, which illuminates the human intellect and draws it into union, is the *agens intellectus*. This is the basis of Guido's *figura*, through which he shows the height of the *ek-stasis* of love. It is something which the human intellect cannot understand, an ascent from Intelligence to Intelligence, to the height of the *donna's* own heaven. The constant repetition of 'mi par' or 'par[e]', as throughout the *Vita Nuova*, stresses it as a vision: it is not really so, it only appears so to him; yet the appearances figure the *realissimum* which, to quote Auerbach once more, 'will unveil and preserve the *figura*'.

In his vision he sees a lady, beautiful beyond human understanding, proceed from the lips of his beloved ('delle sue labbia').¹ The 'spiritus' she breathes forth is her virtù, imagined with traditional iconography as a *figura* or replica of the person

¹ Philosophically it is inconceivable that the singular ('de la sua labbia, from her countenance'), which Favati has adopted, should be the right reading: the whole 'theory of spirits' is against it. Cf., for instance, Hildegard of Bingen's vision of Mater Ecclesia and her children 'qui ex ore eius exeunt, ipsa tamen integra permanente' (*Scivias*, II. 3, P.L. 197, 457). Thus I have no hesitation in adopting the reading *delle sue*, which is, moreover, well attested in the MSS.

in a subtler more spiritual and hence purer and more beautiful substance. It may be as well at this point to describe Guido's way of thought over-explicitly, so as to leave the vision in the poem free to show its subtlety and beauty unimpeded. The beloved as *illuminatrix* figures the active intellect, which reflects the next Intelligence that of the heaven of Mercury, an even subtler and more beautiful hypostasis which in turn brings us to the heavenly Venus star of the third heaven which is the highest point of the lover's vision. His salvation has appeared. As with St Paul (2 Cor xii 2), his visionary ascent cannot go beyond this heaven. As at the Baptism in the Jordan, a voice from above tells the name of the heavenly one, which to each lover is the name of his own beloved. It is an individual revelation, which he must not in any sense 'make common'. But if his whole being is concentrated on his lodestar, he will see that her virtù has ascended to its source and goal the heaven of Venus. Here the upward surge of *allegrezza* (l. 4) in the lover's heart coincides with the self-sufficing *lume* (l. 2) in the lady's eyes.

The intellectual *processio* in the ballata has its psychological parallel in Sonnet xxviii 'Pegli occhi fere un spirito sottile', where we see 'those images that yet / Fresh images beget, 'spirit after spirit'

Through the eyes a subtle spirit strikes
which makes a spirit arise in the memory
from which proceeds a spirit of loving,
which ennobles every other spirit.

A base spirit cannot know of it
it appears a spirit of such great virtù
It is the spirit which causes trembling,
which makes the lady compassionate

Then from this spirit proceeds
another sweet, mild spirit
followed by a spirit of mercy
and this spirit rains spirits down
because it has the key to every spirit
by virtue of a spirit that beholds it.

The first spirit is, to adopt Parodi's definition, the image of the lady that enters through the lover's eyes, together with the feelings it inspires. When this *spirito* in the eyes has begotten its counterpart, a phantasma in the memory, this begets the ennobling spirit of love. The spirit of love gives birth in the lady to that sweetness of disposition which can give rise to mercy. The spirit of mercy controls every aspect of love ('ciascuno spirito') and releases every love-impulse, 'as the gentle rain from heaven'. *Piove* is a favourite expression of Guido's for such spiritual descent, and goes back ultimately to 'Rorate caeli desuper, et nubes pluant iustum'.

The profoundness of the sonnet, however, is in the last line: why has the spirit of mercy the key to every spirit? that is, why does it dominate them all?

per forza d'uno spirito che 'l vede.

By virtue of a spirit that beholds it—that is, the first spirit, the image of the lady; because her light, piercing the lover's eyes and thereby his mind, brings about the entire chain of 'emanations'. The lady's mercy is born not only of the love felt for her, but of herself, or of the radiant reflection of herself in her lover's eyes. Thus this sonnet is about mutual love, about a chain of love-stirrings that passes through lover and beloved alike, so indissolubly linked in both that one can scarcely say it began here, or here. The sonnet has opened wider the scope of the courtly experience.

Another song of Guido's is a radiant celebration of mutual love. This occurs in a genre where it might scarcely have been expected, in Guido's *pastourelle* 'In un boschetto trova' pasturella' (XLVIA). Here is a shepherdess who gives her love spontaneously, and a lover who does not think her too quickly won, but answers her with the greatest *gentilezza*:

I asked her for the grace only to kiss
and to embrace her, if it should be her will.

Even more remarkable is Guido's reflection on the quality of

this shared love he felt so great a joy and sweetness in it that it seemed to him an epiphany of the god of love

It is so unusual for a poet to prize a *pastorella* and her love in this way that at least one recent scholar¹ has thought that Guido could not have been serious here, that he is speaking cynically and mockingly. This seems to me to be a complete misunderstanding. For in the ballata 'Era in penser d'amor' (xxx) Guido speaks to the two peasant lasses with precisely the same reverence

you bear the key
of every high and noble excellence,

and he makes them speak with the graceful, *courtois* language of the highest-born ladies. Here the seriousness of his attitude cannot be doubted, and there is no reason to doubt it in the *pastourelle*. Rather it seems that for Guido, as for Dante, *gentilezza* can be independent of birth and wealth,² and even more that he can recognize a beauty in the mutual pleasure of love which cuts across both social and literary conventions.

Mutual love, however, is also subjected to Guido's critique. The ballata xxxii establishes a contrast between two kinds of love: love-unto-death, which entails the need 'to draw life from death and joy from heaviness', and mutual love, 'Amor che nasce di simil piacere', whose power is vitiated in that, in the very moment of experiencing the love-service being rewarded, one no longer dares to love

Amor che nasce di simil piacere,
dentro lo cor si posa
formando di disio nova persona
ma fa la sua virtu in vizio cadere,
si ch'amar già non osa
qual sente come servir guaderdona

Love should not be too easy, its *gioia* should be won from out of its *pesanza*

¹ Reto R. Bezzola, 'Die Pastourelle Guido Cavalcanti', *Triumph*, II, 166

² Cf. *Convivio* IV, Canzone Terza Boethius, *Cons* III, metre 6

In another poem, a masterpiece, the ballata 'Se m'à del tutto obliato Merzede',¹ Guido thinks out the implications of this, seeing it as one of love's mysteries.

If Mercy has wholly forgotten me,
 faith nonetheless does not abandon my heart,
 rather it resolves freely to serve
 her pitiless heart.
 And whoever feels like me believes this;
 but who understands such a thing (no one, surely)—
 that Amor gives me a spirit in her semblance
 which, having taken shape, dies?
 That, when delight stirs me so
 that a sigh begins,
 it seems a love so perfect
 rains into my heart
 that I say 'Lady, I am all yours'?

In the deepest despair, the lover's faith remains, demanding from him a completely free love-service, without thought of reward. But the unbelievable paradox is this: that love's positive semblance is illusion, that its negative is grace. Every *spirito* of the beloved that Amor grants us, as soon as we think to possess it, is no longer; on the other hand, in the surrender that expects nothing, the overwhelming *piacer* and the *sospir* are inextricable, and the love born of them both is the raining

¹ Favati, xiv:

Se m'à del tutto obliato Merzede,
 già però fede il cor non abandona,
 anzi ragiona di servire a grato
 al dispietato core.
 E, qual s'è sente simil me, ciò crede;
 ma chi tal vede (certo non persona)
 ch'Amor mi dona un spirito 'n su' stato
 che, figurato, more?
 Che, quando lo piacer mi stringe tanto
 che lo sospir mi mova,
 par che nel cor mi piova
 un dolce amor sì bono
 ch'eo dico: 'Donna, tutto vostro sono'?

down release the reward, at the same moment as it is the sacrifice. This I believe is also expressed in the last two lines of 'Donna me prega', just before the poet's envoy, lines which, after Guido has so uncompromisingly shown love as darkness, still have about them a note of conviction and almost triumph

For d'ogne fraude dico, degno in fede,
che solo di costui nasce mercede

EXCURSUS

The Concept *umiltà*

When Guido applies the words *umile* and *umiltà* to his lady (Favati IV 7, XVII 6, XVIII 8, and XXX 6, to the two *foresette*), he does so in a sense that is quite distinct from that of the traditional theological virtue. In the language of *courtoisie* a lady's *umiltà* is not 'the virtue by which a man thinks himself less than he is, or by which he suppresses the impulses to pride' (OED), nor 'sottomissione', 'rispetto'. Rather it is an active virtue: it is the lady's power of mercy, her capacity to condescend to her lover and to show him grace. This sense has been virtually ignored by the Italian lexicographers.¹

¹ Tommaseo (Torino, 1929) gives one instance of *umile* translating Latin *placabilis* several of *umiliare* meaning *mitigare addolcire placare placarsi*, and two of *umiltà* meaning *benignità mitezza d'animo* (VI 326-7). He gives no instances, however, from the love-poetry of the Duecento. Manuzzi and the new Cambridge Italian Dictionary (1962) ignore the 'active' senses of *umile* and *umiltà* altogether. Gianfranco Contini has given some indications, though without detailed discussion. In his edition of Dante's *Rime* (2nd ed. Torino 1946) he glosses 'umiltate' (42 *Savere e cortesia*, 3) as 'benignità', 'umile' (29 *Voi che savete* 13 70 *Io non domando* 9) as 'benigna', and *umiliato* (75 *La gran virtù d'Amore* 7) as *mite*, *mansueto*. In his recent *Poets del Duecento* he glosses Cavalcanti's *umile* used of the lady as *benevola*, adding *il consueto francesismo* (II, 510). Contini would also see the *courtois* sense of *umiltà* in Cavalcanti's ballata XXXVI 15

e par che d'umiltà il su nome canti

which he glosses as *celebri come ispirato a benevolenza* (II, 521). I have made use of this suggestion in my English version.

As we saw above (p. 96), Dante's Donna Gentile is an 'esempio d'umiltate'—but thus in the sense associated with the Virgin Mary: 'Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae . . . Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles' (*Luc.* I. 49 ff.). Thus Beatrice, in the first version of Sonnet 18 of the *Vita Nuova*,

fu posta da l'altissimo Signore
nel ciel de l'umiltate, ov' è Maria.

that is, she was placed in the highest heaven—the exaltation that follows from the theological virtue *humilitas*, the opposite of the sin *superbia*.

For *amour courtois*, however, *superbia* had different overtones. If a lady shows Daunger or *sdegno*, this implies she is cruel and ungenerous towards her lover—so conversely 'humility' implies compassion and a readiness to generosity of feeling. This is an accepted sense of *umil* and *umilitat* in Provençal poetry. Raynouard gives

S'il forses tan son cor humilitatz
Que·m des un bais

(Gaucelm Faidit: Era coven)

if her heart forced humility on her to such an extent as to give me a kiss

or again

Dona, si us platz, aiatz humilitat
De mi.

(Arnaud de Marueil: Tot quant ieu)

Levy adds: 'und so sehr häufig'. Levy also shows *umil* used in this manner of a grand-seigneur ('herablassend, mild, gütig, gnädig'): Aimeric de Peguilhan describes the Marchese d'Este as

Humils als bos et als mals d'orguelh ples.

A similar phrase is used by Arnaud de Marueil (Raynouard, III. 587)—are both perhaps an echo of the famous Virgilian

'parcere subjectis et debellare superbos' (*Aen* vi 853)⁷¹ Further, both God and the Virgin are called *umil* in the specifically *courtois* sense. Guiraut de Borneil (*Levy*, viii 535) writes

Senher Deus drechurers, chars,
Umils respandens e clars

and an anonymous troubadour (*ibid*),

Certamens el volc dir
Que la Vierge humils
Car es tan senhorils,
Sos digz no mesprezes

Similarly in the Old French *Dis des trois jugemens*, *umblèce* clearly means 'a merciful disposition'

Por ce vous ai chier sire, plain d umblèce,
Esleu a juge,
Car vo bon cuer bien sçay

(A. Dinaux, *Trouvères jongleurs et ménestrels*, ii 51)

though Godefroy glosses it as 'humilité, modestie'

Dante also uses the special senses of *umile*, *umiltà*, as well as the 'Magnificat' sense already indicated. In the third canzone of the *Vita Nuova*, that which moved God to call Beatrice back to heaven

solo fue sua gran benignitate,
che luce de la sua umiltate
passò li cieli con tanta vertute,
che fe maravigliar l'eterno sire

It would be oversimplifying to say that *umiltate* is here synonymous with benignity rather benignity streams out from it, for *umiltate* is the radiant power to confer grace, to be benign

⁷¹ There is a similar antithesis in two lines of the *Chanson de Roland* (1162-3)

Vers Sarazins regardet fierement,
E vers Francis humeles e dolcement.

Mrs D. R. Sutherland (*French Studies* x, 1956 202) shows convincingly that 'the word *humeles* in the *Roland* means kindly graciously as their lord'. She suggests that this usage is feudal in origin, but does not cite any feudal context where it occurs before the fifteenth century.

Likewise in the first canzone of the *Convivio* the 'spiritel d'amor' tells Dante not to be afraid of the Donna Gentile:

Mira quant'ell'è pietosa e umile,

and in the ballata 'Per una ghirlandetta' I would interpret the 'angiolel d'amore umile' that flies above the lady's garland as an angel of generous love.

To return to Cavalcanti: in the sonnet 'Chi è questa che vèn' (iv), where *umiltà* is opposed to *ira*, the meaning is 'gentleness towards her lover':

cotanto d'umiltà donna mi pare,
ch'ogn'altra ver di lei i' la chiam' ira.

Likewise in 'S'io prego questa donna' (xvii), *umile*, contrasted with *crudeltate*, means 'capable of mercy':

Onde ti vien sì nova crudeltate?
Già risomigli, a chi ti vede, umile. . . .

In 'Era in penser d'amor' (xxx) the two *foresette* seem 'tanto soave / e tanto queta, cortese e umile' (compassionate) that he tells them his love-sorrows. One of them is 'pietosa, piena di mercede', and even the other, who at first had laughed at him, comes to show sympathy.

Guido's most interesting use of *umile* is in the sonnet 'Pegli occhi fere un spirito sottile' (xxviii). There the spirit of loving, which ennobles every other spirit, is at the same time

lo spiritel che fa la donna umile

the spirit which makes the lady able to love generously, to love with *gentilezza*. From it, the sonnet continues, proceeds another spirit,

che sieg[u]e un spiritello di mercede:

followed by a spirit of mercy.

The earliest instance of *umiltà* in the courtly sense that I have found is in Hrotsvitha's dedicatory letter 'ad quosdam

sapientes huius libri fautores' (ed Winterfeld (Berlin, 1902), p 107)

Vestrae igitur laudandae *humilitatis* magnitudinem satis admirari nequeo magnificaeque circa mei vilitatem benignitatis atque dilectionis plenitudinem condignarum recompensatione gratiarum remeteri non sufficio quia, cum philosophicis adprime studis enutriti et scientia longe excellentius sitis perfecti, mei opusculum vils mulierulae vestra admiratione dignum duxistis

Winterfeld noted this as an unusual use in his *Index Verborum* (p 346), glossing *humilitas* 'Herablassung' But I have not found parallels to this in Patristic usage—even in the commentaries on *Philippians*, II 8, where one might expect it to occur And Blaise's *Dictionnaire latin-français des auteurs chrétiens* (Paris, 1954), which goes up to the year 800, does not record any sense of *humilis*, *humilitas* other than the well-known Christian ones

IV

MEDIEVAL LATIN LEARNED VERSE

I. *From Antiquity*

BEFORE discussing the language of love in Medieval Latin poetry, it is worth trying to assess if there are any significant traces of the language or the sensibility of *amour courtois* among the Roman poets. I shall focus only on a few ways of expression that are relevant to my purpose, without being able to relate them here to a wider discussion of Roman love-poetry.

A number of books and essays have been written on 'Ovid and the troubadours' or 'Ovid in the Middle Ages'. The most recent and to my mind ablest of these is Franco Munari's *Ovid im Mittelalter* (Zürich, 1960). Munari, however, like his predecessors, tends to over-emphasize one particular aspect of Ovid's influence. When in a general statement (p. 10) he says that 'in twelfth-century society Ovid the lover and seducer, Ovid the man of the world, who lives hedonistically at the height of civilization, Ovid the master of poetic forms emerges in full splendour', he is really showing only certain facets of Ovid's significance. As the number and distribution of the manuscripts show, the Middle Ages, which drew so much of their love-wit from the *Ars Amatoria* and its sequel, and so much of their mythology from the *Metamorphoses*, knew the *Amores* and the *Heroides* almost equally well. And what they found in these was far more than the affairs of a seducer, man of the world or hedonist—for these two works displayed the greatest imaginable range in the love of men and women, from the lightest to the most tragic, from flirtation to the utmost bounds of passionate love. No shade of feeling, shallow or profound, is alien to them. Beside their human comprehensiveness and their dramatic imaginative insight into both lover and beloved, the

thoughts of love in Catullus, Propertius, and Tibullus seem egocentric and narrower in range. If Ovid showed the Middle Ages the complete 'Rota Veneris', how could it fail to include something of the courtly experience?

First its language. In the *Amores*, the lover speaks of his unconditional surrender to the god of love, asking only for mercy and pardon.

Loe I confesse, I am thy captiue I,
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie
What needst thou warre? I sue to thee for grace¹

At the opening of the next Elegy, his hope for a requited love is cut short and transformed into a plea for love without hope of reward—may the beloved allow him at least to offer her a long love-service, a love which is faithful and chaste—

I aske but right let hur that caught me late,
Either loue, or cause that I may neuer hate
I aske too much, would she but let me loue her!
Loue knowes with such like praiers I daily moue her
Accept him that wil serue thee all his youth,
Accept him that will loue with spotlesse truth²

There follow Elegies with an entirely different range of themes and expressions—the sophisticated humour of the fourth, the radiant physical joy of the fifth, building up the *discordia concors*

¹ Marlowe's translation (*The Works of Christopher Marlowe* (Oxford, 1910) FP 559 ff) *Amores* 1.2 19-21

En ego confiteor tua sum nova praeda, Cupido,
Porrigimus victas ad tua iura manus.
Nil opus est bello veniam pacemque rogamus

² *Ibid.* 1.3 1 ff.

Iura precor quae me nuper praedata puella est
Aut amet aut faciat cur ego semper amem
A nimum volui tantum patiat amor
Audierit nostras tot Cytherae preces.
Accipe per longos tibi qui deserviat annos
Accipe qui pura docuit amare fide

of the work as a whole. It is too complex to confine itself for long to the language of *courtoisie*, yet it must be stressed that from time to time this reappears. There is the notion of love as the source of virtù:

My selfe was dull, and faint, to sloth inclinde,
 Pleasure, and ease had mollifide my minde.
 A faire maides care expeld this sluggishnesse,
 And to her tentes wild me my selfe adresse.
 Since maist thou see me watch and night warres moue:
 He that will not growe slothfull let him loue.¹

perhaps not propounded as solemnly as at times in the Middle Ages, yet undeniably present.

Again, the whole of II. 17 is a variation on the theme of love-service, of the lady's 'Daunger', of her superiority over her lover and the possibility of her condescending. Let the world think what it will of love-service, or servitude:

Si quis erit, qui turpe putet servire puellae,
 Illo convincar iudice turpis ego.
 Sim licet infamis

if only she were as gentle (*mitis*) as she is beautiful. Let her take him on whatever conditions she please.

If the variety of the *Amores* is such that one is not easily convinced that this may be more than a way of talking, one among many, one can assuredly find traces of a truly *courtois* sensibility in the *Heroides*. Yet it is essential to walk warily: of the three heroes among the many heroines of love, it is Paris

¹ Ibid. I. 9, 41-46:

Ipse ego segnis eram discinctaque in otia natus;
 Mollierant animos lectus et umbra meos;
 Inpultit ignavum formonsae cura puellae
 Iussit et in castris aera merere suis.
 Inde vides agilem nocturnaue bella gerentem.
 Qui nolet fieri desidiosus, amet!

Already in a Euripidean fragment (889) love is called the greatest source of *areté*, and the lover shuns the *agrioi*, the churlish men who do not understand the joy of love.

who at first sight seems born into a world of *courtoisie*. Twice he declares that his love for Helen is an *amor de lonh*, that he loved her and dreamed of her before he had ever set eyes on her.

Te prius optavi, quam mihi nota fores
Ante tuos animo vidi, quam lumine, vultus
Prima fuit vultus nuntia fama tui

Te vigilans oculis, animo te nocte videbam,
Lumina cum placido victa sopore iacent
Quid facies praesens quae nondum visa placebas?
Ardebam, quamvis hinc procul ignis erat.¹

This is a motif which in the songs of troubadours (above all those of Jaufré Rudel) has struck scholars as so remarkable that it seemed necessary to 'explain its occurrence' by the influence of Arabic poetry. Professor Bezzola, discussing Lawrence Ecker's parallels between Arabic and troubadour poetry, wrote

Quant aux motifs semblables qui apparaissent dans les deux littératures, sur vingt-huit il y en a un seul, celui de l'amour pour une femme qu'on n'a jamais vue, qui pourrait prouver une influence de la poésie arabe sur les troubadours, si vraiment ce motif ne se retrouve dans aucune littérature indépendante d'eux.²

and this was quoted with approval by no less a scholar than Theodor Frings. To borrow Paris' words, *Ut vidi, obstupui!* Paris prostrates himself before his beloved.

Nunc mihi nil superest nisi te, formosa, precari,
Amplectique tuos, si patiare, pedes.³

He claims that when she walks through the Trojan towns the people will believe her a new goddess (331-2). Nevertheless, if

¹ I longed for you before I met you, my mind beheld your presence sooner than my eyes. Your renown was the first envoy of your face. My eyes saw you by day, my mind by night, when the eyes are overcome by serene sleep. You who thrilled while still unseen, what will your presence do? I burned, though the fire was far away! (*Her. XVI. 36-38. 99-102*)

² *Romania* LXVI (1942) 217 n. cited by Frings *PBB* LXXIII (1951) 176

³ Now nothing is left for me but to beseech you, lovely lady, and to embrace your feet, if you grant me this. (*Her. XVI. 269-70*)

we view the sixteenth Epistle as a whole, Paris has far too much humour, and selfishness, and self-assurance to be a true 'courtly lover'. On the other hand for Leander and for Acontius the lover's utter dedication is more than a word. It suffuses the whole of their Epistles with a glow of love-longing. Here too certain expressions stand out. Not only is Leander's exploit of crossing the waves his love-service, but it is in his dependence on Hero's love that he finds the source of his strength, of his worth as a man:

Cum vero possum cerni quoque, protinus addis
Spectatrix animos, ut valeamque facis.
Tunc etiam nando dominae placuisse laboro,
Atque oculis iacto brachia nostra tuis.¹

She is his goddess ('quam sequar, ipsa dea est'), but not quite in the same sense as in Paris's exuberant, hyperbolic praise of Helen. In her, heaven comes to earth:

Therefore I cherish the love in which I burn,
and follow you, a girl more fit for heaven,
indeed a heavenly one—but stay on earth,
or tell me by what way to reach the gods!²

She is his experience of the divine, whether by embodying it on earth or by taking him into her heaven.

Acontius in his declaration of love sees Cydippe as having absolute sovereignty over him, or better, he asks for the grace that she should be his sovereign:

Ante tuos flentem liceat consistere vultus,
Et liceat lacrimis addere verba suis,
Utque solent famuli, cum verbera saeva verentur,
Tendere submissas ad tua crura manus.
Ignoras tua iura; voca: cur arguor absens?
Iamdudum dominae more venire iube.

¹ 'Indeed when you can see me your watching gives me courage—you make me valiant. Then even in swimming I try to please my lady: it is for your glance that I move my arms.' (*Her.* XVIII. 93-96.)

² *Ibid.* 167-70.

Ipsa meos scindas licet imperiosa capillos,
 Oraque sint digitis livida facta tuis
 Omnia perpetiar tantum fortasse timebo
 Corpore laedatur ne manus ista meo
 Sed neque compedibus nec me compesce catenis,
 Servabor firmo vinctus amore tui
 Cum bene se, quantumque volet, satiaverit ira,
 Ipsa tibi dices Quam patienter amat!¹
 Ipsa tibi dices ubi videris omnia ferre
 Tam bene qui servit, serviat iste mihi!²

It is easy for lovers to see happy love as a source of virtù, much rarer for them to see love-suffering in this way. Here most of all one senses that Ovid did not merely play with the language of the courtly experience, but comprehended it and renewed its meaning.

There is little that is comparable in the other Latin elegists. Propertius in the second book of his *Elegies* has moments of love-worship. Here Cynthia is not only his inspiring muse, his *ingenium* (II 1, 3-4)—she is blessed by more than human gifts, graces that could not come through mortal birth. She is the glory of Roman women, destined for heaven. If she were shown to the lands where the sun sets, the lands where the sun rises, she would set both aflame (II 3, 25 ff). The poet sees in his love a source of strength—if Cynthia were to hear his prayer, grant him love's peace, he would brave Jupiter himself (II 13, 15-16). Once he declares the eternal constancy of his love under the metaphor of the 'reversal of nature', which is taken

¹ Allow me to appear before you weeping to add tears to my words and, like slaves who fear the cruel whip stretch suppliant hands to your knees. You don't realise your rights—call me why accuse me in my absence? Command me to come as a mistress commands. Even if in imperious rage you tear my hair and your fingers ravage my face I'll endure it all and only fear lest somewhere on my body you hurt your hand. But do not bind me by fetters or by chains—I'll remain bound by unchanging love of you. When your anger has had its fill, as much as it please you will say to yourself: How patiently he loves! You will say to yourself when you have seen me bear all things: Let him serve me this man who serves so well!'' (*Her. xx. 75-90*)

up so often in the Middle Ages and passes, at times by tradition, at times spontaneously, into modern literature.¹ He is Cynthia's in life and in death:

Errat, qui finem vesani quaerit amoris:
 Verus amor nullum novit habere modum.
 Terra prius falso partu deludet arantes,
 Et citius nigros Sol agitabit equos,
 Fluminaque ad caput incipient revocare liquores,
 Aridus et sicco gurgite piscis erit,
 Quam possim nostros alio transferre dolores:
 Huius ero vivus, mortuus huius ero.

The lines continue:

Quod mihi si secum tales concedere noctes
 Illa velit, vitae longus et annus erit.
 Si dabit haec multas, fiam immortalis in illis:
 Nocte una quivis vel deus esse potest.²

Here we have the notion of attaining immortality or divinity through the beloved, as in Catullus' 'Ille mi par esse deo videtur', and at the same time the device of climax, as in Rufinus' epigram in the Palatine Anthology (A.G. v. 94):

Happy the man who beholds you, thrice-blessed he who hears
 you,
 A demi-god he who kisses you, an immortal the man who
 weds you.

¹ *v.* Chap. I, p. 41, n. 1. The classical *adynata* have been usefully brought together by E. Dutoit, *Le thème de l'adynaton dans la poésie antique* (Paris, 1936). For the Latin (incl. medieval) *v.* also Hans Walther (*ZfdA* lxxv. 263 ff.).

² 'It is wrong to try to confine a boundless love—true love knows no measure. Sooner will the earth deceive ploughmen with false fruits, sooner the sun drive horses that are black, rivers flow backwards to their source and fish grow parched in a dried-up pool, than that I transfer my love-longing to another. I shall be hers in life, I shall be hers in death! So that if she would grant me nights with her such as this, even a year of life would be much. If she grants many, I'll become immortal—through even one such night any can be a god!' (II. 15, 29-40.)

There are many variations on this in the Middle Ages, both literary, as in the final stanza of Arundel 3

Sepe refero cursum liberum
 sinu tenero sic me superum
 addens numero,
 cunctis impero felix iterum
 si tetigero
 quem desidero sinum tenerum
 tactu libero!

and popular, as in the fifteenth-century Tuscan song

Il papa gli ha donato quarant'anni
 Di perdonanza a chi ti può guardare,
 Cento sessanta a chi ti tocca i panni
 Di pena e colpa, e chi ti può parlare
 E chi ti bacia, o cara, el tuo bel viso,
 In carne e in ossa ne va in paradiso!¹

It is a long way from the language of Propertius to that of the anonymous amatory inscriptions at Pompeii. These bear witness not to the literary activity of a poet's coterie, but to a passion that infected every second passer-by *inscribere aut scriphare*, not a solemn professional matter but a craze 'I am amazed, wall, that you haven't tumbled down having to put up with so much scribbling'² Many of these Pompeian

¹ I often recall freely exploring her tender breasts, making myself one of the gods by this but if I am allowed the bliss of touching those tender, longed-for breasts again, then I shall rule the universe!

² The Pope has given forty years' pardon to any who can behold you, a hundred and sixty free of torment and guilt to one who touches your clothes. As for the man who can speak with you, my dearest, and kiss your lovely face he goes flesh and blood to paradise! (*Se io potessi far fanciulla bella* text from L. R. Land, *Lyric Poetry of the Italian Renaissance* (1954) p. 254)

³ *Admutor pariens, te non cecidisse ruinas,
 qui tot scriptorum caedibus sustineas.*

Ernst Diehl, *Pompeianische Wandinschriften und Verwandtes* (Berlin, 1930) [D] 668 CIL iv 1904. For a general survey with rich bibliography, v. Marcello Gigante *La cultura letteraria a Pompei* in *Pompeiana* (Napoli, 1950) pp. 111 ff.

inscriptions are coarse, as one might expect. Others show tenderness, reverence, veneration:

Cestilia, queen of all Pompeii,
sweet spirit, farewell!

May you be blessed, little love,
may the Venus of Pompeii protect you.

Whoever has not seen the Venus of Apelles,
let him look at my love, for she is just as radiant.¹

Ever since Stendhal's *De l'amour* we have been told that the ancient world saw love as a sensual pleasure or else as a dangerous malady. It would never have understood *courtoisie*, or romantic love! But let us read some more:

No one is beautiful unless he has loved when young.

If there be any who reprove a lover, let him try
to tame the winds or make waters cease to flow!

Blessings on him who loves, let him who cannot love perish,
a double death on him who forbids love!²

¹ D 547, 31, 30; *CIL* iv. 2413h, 4007, 6842.

Cestilia regina Pompeianoru[m]
anima dulcis va[le].

Tu, pupa,
sic valeas,
sic habeas
Venere[m] Pompeianam
propytia[m].

Si quis non vidi[t] Venerem quam pin[xit] Apelles,
pupa[m] mea[m] aspiciat: talis et i[lla] nitet].

² D 583, 592, 593; *CIL* iv. 1883, 1649, 4091.

Nemo est bellus, nisi qui amavit mulie[r]em adulescentulus].

Such things were written down off-guard, so to speak—this gives their testimony a special value. Two other inscriptions, of more intellectual calibre, acknowledge that human love can be more than human.

[In love] the soul grows accustomed to receiving, to giving. If you abide by this way of life, Venus, dwelling with you, gives an increase of blessings.¹

Not only may this love be infused with divinity, but it can become the lover's own way to attain the divine. Under the words 'tu enim me doces' is inscribed the couplet

Amor dictates to me as I write, Cupid instructs me
Ah may I die if I aspire to godhead without you!²

How can we fail to think of the greatest poet who 'wrote as Amor dictated' (*Purgatorio* xxiv 52 ff)?

Among the poems in the *Appendix Vergiliana*, there is a wonderful expression of love in the *Lydia*

I envy you, fields, you lovely meadows,
lovelier in this, that my lovely girl
is yours—secretly she is sighing for my love
It is you she beholds, for you my Lydia plays,
it is you she speaks to, on whom her eyes smile,
while she softly rehearses my poems
and at the same time sings what she sang for my ear alone

Alliget huc auras si quis obiurgat amantes
et vetet assiduas currere fontis aquas

[Quis]quis amat valeat, pereat qui nescit amare
bis tanto pereat quisquis amare vetat

(Compare too the other quisquis amat prescriptions—D 584 594-7)

¹ CIL iv 8711

Anima est assuetata capere sibi debita [et] donare
Si morem firmas prospera Venus Syntrophos auget.

(Cf M Della Corte *Amore e amanti di Pompei antica* (Napoli 1958) p 59)

² D i CIL iv 1927-8

Scribenti mi dictat Amor monstratque Cupido
a peream sine te si deus esse velim.

I envy you, fields: you will learn to love!
 You happy beyond measure, blessed abundantly,
 you on whom she'll leave the print of her snowy foot—
 either having plucked a green grape with rosy fingers
 (the tendrils are not yet heavy with sweet wine)
 or else, amid the varied flowers, Love's currency,
 resting her limbs and crushing the tender grass—
 withdrawn, she will tell the secret of my love.
 The woods will take joy in it, the soft meadows
 and cool springs take joy, the birds will be silent,
 the streams will linger. Run on, flowing waters,
 till my beloved enchants you with plaintive notes!
 I envy you, fields: yours are the joys I lack,
 yours is the delight which once was mine.

But alas, my failing body wastes with grief,
 and warmth passes away as the chill of death enters,
 for my lady is not with me. In all the world
 no girl was wiser, none fairer, and, unless
 the myths are false, my girl alone (God save the mark)
 is worthy of Jove's coming in the form of bull or gold.
 Happy bull, sire and pride of a great herd,
 no heifer ever wished to sleep apart from you,
 leaving you to roar your grief vainly in the woods.
 And you, buck of the flock of goats, happy, always blessed,
 whether making for sheer hillsides over the rocks,
 or in the woods, sniffing at new pastures,
 or in the fields: your joyful darling wife is with you.
 And so with each male creature: his mate, attached to him,
 has never had to weep at love's separations.
 Why couldn't our nature too have been accommodating?
 Why do I so often suffer cruel grief? . . .¹

¹ Invideo vobis, agri formosaque prata,
 hoc formosa magis, mea quod formosa puella
 fest† vobis—tacite nostrum suspirat amorem;
 vos nunc illa videt, vobis mea Lydia ludit,
 vos nunc alloquitur, vos nunc arridet ocellis,
 et mea submissa meditaturn carmina voce,
 cantat et interea, mihi quae cantabat in aurem.
 Invideo vobis, agri: discetis amare.

The later part of the poem is more heavily laden with mythology. Yet it seems to me misleading to characterize the *Lydia* as 'learnedly erotic in the Alexandrian manner' (the only comment that Professor L. R. Palmer gives the poem in the *Oxford Classical Dictionary*¹). The play with myth is mere by-play—what is essential is the intimation of love as the living unity of the whole of nature. The opening takes us into a world in which romantic love is radiant, epitomized in the joy and beauty which Lydia and the fields and streams around her seem to

O fortunati nimium multumque beati
 in quibus illa pedis nivei vestigia ponet—
 aut roseis viridem digitis decerpserit uvam
 (dulci namque tumet nondum vitacula Baccho)
 aut inter varios, Veneris stipendia, flores
 membra reclinant teneramque illuserit herbam
 et secreta meos furtim narrabit amores
 Gaudebunt silvæ gaudebunt mollia prata
 et gelidi fontes, aviumque silentia fient,
 tardabunt rivi †labentes, currite, lymphæ, †
 dum mea iucundas exponat cura querelas
 Invideo vobis agri mea gaudia habetis
 et vobis nunc est mea quæ fuit ante voluptas.
 At male tabescunt morientia membra dolore
 et calor infuso decedit frigore mortis,
 quod mea non mecum domina est non ulla puella
 doctior in terris fuit aut formosior ac si
 fabula non vana est, tauro Iove digna vel auro
 (Iuppiter avertas aurem) mea sola puella est
 Felix taure pater magni gregis et decus, a te
 vaccula non unquam secreta cubilia captans
 frustra te patitur silvis mugire dolorem
 Et pater haedorum felix semperque beate
 sive petis montes praeruptos saxa pererrans
 sive tibi silvis nova pabula fastidire
 sive libet campus tecum tua lacta espella est.
 Et mas quodcumque est, illi sua femina iuncta
 interpellatos numquam ploravit amores
 Cur non et nobis facilis natura fuisset?
 cur ego crudelem patior tam saepe dolorem?

¹ P. 935. Augusto Rostagni more justly calls it un canto d'amore che forse non ha l'eguale nella poesia latina († *Virgilio minore*, 2nd ed. (Roma, 1961) p. 358).

reflect reciprocally.¹ If one contrasts a Hellenistic lover's plea, such as Leander's to Hero in Musaeus' poem—

Take me as suppliant, as husband if you will,
whom Eros hunted, struck with arrows for your sake,
as once swift Hermes of the gold wand conveyed
to King Iardanos' daughter daring Herakles—
yet it was Kypris, not shrewd Hermes, sent me here.
You know of Atalanta, maid of Arcady,
she who once fled the couch of loving Milanion,
to save her maidenhead. Aphrodite, provoked,
let him she had refused lie deep within her heart.
May you, beloved, yield, lest you rouse Kypris' wrath!²

the aliveness and freshness of the Latin poem stand out all the more. In the *Lydia*, too, the poet sensitively keeps the mythological materials subordinate to his argument. Love is something common to deities, men and beasts—why then should only mankind know love as pain? If men can share in the all-pervading cosmic love, why is their love not as uncomplicated as that of the world around them? This was to become the theme of the nature-opening in the medieval love-lyric, the medieval lover's most constant complaint.

A romanticism of a different kind can be seen in some of the lyrics in Petronius' *Satyricon*: it is almost oppressive in 'Qualis nox fuit illa' (79), which takes Plato's conceit of the kiss as a transfusion of the soul³ into

valete, curae
mortales. Ego sic perire coepi.

Farewell, mortal cares. Thus began my death.

where the glimpse of eternity strives against the senses' heaviness. There is a similar tension in *A.L.* 700 (though Ernout doubts the ascription to Petronius): Let us love not

¹ Cf. Chap. V, pp. 326 ff.

² Musaeus, *Hero and Leander*, 148-57.

³ *A.G.* V. 78 (for the Latin adaptation, v. Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae*, xix. 11, 3).

with the swift lust of the animals, but with eternity in our lips and eyes—'hoc non deficit incipitque semper' The nobleness of life is to do thus—'sic sic sine fine feriat' Shakespeare's Antony could indeed have interpreted!

In the two lyrics in the Circe episode (127, 131), which are images of 'dignus amore locus', the garden and the forest, the paradise where nature exists only for love, there is both the sense of hidden divinity and a profusion which again borders on the oppressive. Let us look more closely at a few lines of the surrounding prose. Circe offers Polyænos (Encolpius) her love, saying 'Deign only to accept my kiss', and he replies

On the contrary it is I who beg you, who implore you by your beauty not to scorn me, to receive a poor stranger among your worshippers. Only let me adore you, and I shall be your loyal devotee. I sat there in ecstasy and suddenly a shaft of light, a light more splendid than the sun's, burst upon my eyes. Dazzled, I asked my goddess her name.

Circe says in her answer

If the Fates bring us two together now, I shall know that heaven has intervened. Yes, I can feel it now, that strange insensible power of some god acting on us both, drawing us together.¹

Is the love-language here mere verbiage? Is it mockery? Even if it were, this itself would be worth our attention as the use of such language must depend on an accepted rhetorical (that is poetically natural) tradition. The text of the *Satyricon* is too fragmentary at this point to tell in what ways the Circe episode is 'satirical'. Is it a story of deception unmasked, or of a search for beauty, followed by humiliation? If the second, is

¹ Transl. William Arrowsmith (Michigan, 1959)

Immo inquam ego per formam tuam te rogo ne fastidias hominem peregrinum inter cultores admittere. Invenies religiosum, si te adorari perlibuit deae nomen quaerere. Itaque miranti et toto mihi caelo clarus nescio quid relucente

"Habebo tamen quod caelo imputem si nos fata coniunxerint. Immo iam nescio quid tacitis cogitationibus deus agit."

there not something moving about Encolpius offering to give up the boy Giton for Circe's sake? In any case the conceptions that are here involved are clear (in whatever precise way they may be involved): the lover for whom his lady's kiss is a sign for him to subject himself to her and worship her; the lady whose radiance is more than human, whose presence is experienced almost as a transfiguration; the love which can fill a human being with the divine.

In the Codex Salmasianus, there is the gentle romanticism of Pentadius' *De Adventu Veris* (A.L. 235), where the thoughts of spring, bitter-sweet—Echo's and Philomena's sorrows vying with the joys of the birds and the leaves—pass into 'If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy':

Tunc quoque dulce mori, tunc fila recurrere fusis,
Inter et amplexus tunc quoque dulce mori.

The verses are epanaleptic, showing the first extensive use of that lulling repeat which was to become fruitful in a remarkable way in twelfth-century Spain.¹

In the Parisian Codex 8093, in ten lines 'Ad Gallam', mutual love is unfolded in the metaphor of the two-in-one:

Vado, sed sine me, quia te sine; nec nisi tecum
Totus ero, pars cum sim altera, Galla, tui.²

The rest is simply a play of variations, much as later in Geoffrey of Vinsauf's *exemplum* (*Poetria Nova*, 538 ff.). Yet the schema can also come to carry great intensity or tenderness, as in the Tegernsee lyric 'Horula non hora'.³ It reaches its summit in Shakespeare's *The Phoenix and the Turtle*.

Again, in the Codex Salmasianus, at the end of a love-letter of the type established for the twelfth century by Matthew of Vendôme's *Epistolarium*, extravagant praise of the

¹ v. *infra*, pp. 257 ff.

² PLM v. 106. 'I go, but without myself, because without you; I'll not be whole without you, Galla, since I'm your other half.'

³ Text and translation *infra*, pp. 467-8.

beloved turns into a plea couched in the 'ideal' language of *amour courtois*. The lover begs for the remedy of a kiss,

Sed si hoc grande putas saltem concede precanti
 Ut iam defunctum tuveis ambire lacertis
 Dignens vitamque mihi post fata reducas.¹

Another love-poem later in the manuscript (A.L. 381) is a litany of blessings for the beloved

Felices illos qui te genuere parentes,
 Felicem solem qui te videt omnibus horis
 Felicem terram quam tu pede candida calcas,
 Felices fascias cingentes corpus amatae,
 Felices[que] toros quibus Dulcis nuda recumbis¹
 Ut visco capiuntur aves ut renibus apris,
 Sic ego nunc, Dulcis dico sum captus amore.
 Vidi nec tetigi video nec tangere possum.
 Totus in igne fui non sum consumptus et arsi.²

The repeated blessings have their perfect medieval counterparts in Heinrich von Morungen and in Boccaccio's *Filistrato*.³ But the images themselves of all the objects which can share the beloved's life, which can win the delights of love simply by serving her (as the lover may not)—these images take us back to the far older ones from Egypt (cited and discussed above, pp 10 ff.) They recur in Greek in the *Anacreonte* (xxii)

'I wish I were your mirror, that you might always gaze on me, I wish I were your dress, that you might always wear me I'd like to be water to wash your body, perfume to anoint you,

¹ A.L. 217 But if you think this favour (too) great, at least grant him who implores you that you deign to enfold him, now dead, in your snowy arms and bring him back to life after his destined hour.

² Happy the parents who gave you birth, happy the sun that sees you at every hour happy the earth that you tread white-footed, happy the breast-band that binds my loved one's body happy the couches, Dulcis, on which you lie naked. As birds are snared by lime, wild boars by nets, so Dulcis, am I caught in fatal love I saw and did not touch, I see and cannot touch I was all on fire burnt but not burnt away

³ In sô hde swebender wunne (discussed above pp 129 ff.) *Filistrato*, III. 83-85

lady, the breastband on your bosom and the pearl on your throat, and even your sandal, if you tread me underfoot.' One of the Egyptian imprecations:

Oh that I were the ring
 which is the companion [of her fingers.
 Then she would care for me]
 as something which gives her joy.

recurs in Ovid's *Amores*, where it carries the sense of erotic intimacy almost to the exclusion of that of love-service:

Blest ring thou in my mistress hand shalt lye.
 My selfe poore wretch mine owne gifts now enuie.
 O would that sodainly into my gift,
 I could my selfe by secret Magicke shift.
 Then would I wish thee touch my mistress pappe,
 And hide thy left hand vnderneath her lappe.¹

When the image is taken up once more in late Antiquity, in a poem copied in the eleventh-century Fleury manuscript Bodley 38:

I'd long to be your beloved golden ring,
 your tender hands reigning over my limbs.
 Bound to you for ever in effortless obedience,
 I'd surround your body at the same time.
 If you transfer my shape then to the wax,
 your lips will give sweet kisses to imprint it.²

¹ *Amores*, II. 15, 7-12:

Felix, a domina tractaberis, anule, nostra;
 Invideo donis iam miser ipse meis.
 O utinam fieri subito mea munera possem
 Artibus Aeacae Carpathiue senis!
 Tunc ego, si cupiam dominae tetigisse papillas
 Et laevam tunicis inseruisse manum

²

Nunc anulus cuperem fieri dilectus in auro
 Ut manibus teneris tu mea membra regas.
 Obsequio facili semper tibi vinctus haberer
 Circolo dum relego corpus idemque tuum.
 Si nostram in ceris cupias mutare figuram
 Applicatum labris oscula blanda dabis.

(from the MS., fol. 14^r; for the full text, v. CQ iv (1910), 264).

it is the *courtois* implications—the lady's sovereignty (*regas*) and the lover's service (*obsequio*)—that predominate

At this point it seems necessary to say a word about textual transmission. Statistics are easily given that, for instance, there survive two ninth- or tenth-century manuscripts of the *Amores*, one from the eleventh century, three or four from the late twelfth, and no fewer than sixteen from the thirteenth. Of Propertius, on the other hand, there survive only one manuscript of about 1200 and two of about 1300. There are nine extant manuscripts of the *Lydia* written between the ninth and twelfth centuries. The *Satyricon* was known to John of Salisbury and his circle. Many of the poems in the famous codices of the Dark Ages were also copied into later florilegia (Walther's *Italia* often give valuable information about this), taking their place among medieval pieces, themselves becoming 'medievalized':

Yet a statistical compilation, however extensive, would be misleading. What counts is the qualitative perception—that the Latin Middle Ages were permeated by an older language of love-worship, in which lovers prayed for their lady's love like devotees, in which the lady's returning of love seemed like the condescension of a goddess, in which love infused the lover with a heaven-sent power. And here, for the most part, it is best to stop. In such a complex it is seldom profitable to speculate on specific borrowings, where these are not plainly evident. Thus it would be absurd to claim that, say, Bernard de Ventadour or Reinmar, the Ripoll poet or Guido Guinizelli derived their language of love-worship from the *Heroides* or the *Lydia*, but it would be equally absurd to pretend that these poets would have written exactly as they did if such poetry had never existed. So we are brought back to the notion of

¹ A remarkable transformation occurred in the Valenciennes MS of Terence on the last page of which the lines *Eunuchus* II 3 1-6 are set to music and become a medieval love-lyric. The disguise was good enough to deceive Du Méril, who printed the words as a twelfth-century love-poem in *Poésies inédites du moyen âge* (Paris, 1854) p. 294.

'sketching in a background'. The neat and conclusive lists of classical borrowings which it is easy to compile in the case of imitations and rhetorical exercises are rarely applicable to the making of living poems. Here it is not a question of accepting an insubstantial 'background' through ignorance of something more solid, but of seeing that for poets the poetic past provides oxygen, rather than bricks.

EXCURSUS

Flos florum

A striking illustration of the complex processes by which an idea or image can pass through the centuries is afforded by the conceit which for brevity's sake I shall call 'flos florum'. At times this is a mannerism clearly transmitted by imitation, at others, involving changes of literary context, one suspects links which can no longer be made explicit, at others again a range of 'flos florum' expressions reappears, it would seem, quite spontaneously. It is an image of perfection often used of the beloved in medieval lyrics of *amour courtois*, but it is remarkable also for the variety of its manifestations—sacred and profane, from a casual *façon de parler* to a philosophical or mystical apprehension of perfect beauty in the paradox of the many and the one.

In Antiquity one poet more than all others played with such a paradox: Meleager of Gadara.

The garland Heliadora wears is fading,
but she herself sheds light, the garland's garland.

. . .

Already the snowdrop is in blossom, the narcissus
that loves the rain, the lily that lives on the hills.
And she, full of love, the freshest flower of flowers,
Zenophila, lovely rose of Peitho, is in bloom.

You meadows with radiant tresses, why do you laugh without cause?

This girl surpasses all your scented garlands

Is the rose Dionysius' garland, or he himself the garland's rose?
I think that in this rose the garland is surpassed.¹

The paradox lies in the relation between the beloved and nature, whose crown he or she is. When nature fades, the beloved can keep nature's beauty alive, when nature flowers, the beloved both surpasses nature's flowering and fulfils it. In another verse to Heliodora, τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος, she is ψυχὴ τῆς ψυχῆς.

Within my heart is the sweet-tongued Heliodora
whom Eros himself has formed as the soul of my soul.

(A G v 155)

The degree of subtlety and seriousness with which Meleager used this conceit can be best illustrated, I think, by quoting some other verses in which explicitly he reflects on another, kindred paradox of lovers—the beloved is one-in-all and all-in-one.

¹ A G v 143 144 142 (this last anonymous but probably by Meleager—
v H Beckby's note ad loc., p. 655)

Ὁ στέφανος περὶ κρατὶ μαραινέται Ἡλιοδώρας
αὐτῆ ἢ ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

Ἦδη λευκότεον θάλλη θάλλη δὲ φίλουβρος
νάρκισσος θάλλη δ' οὐρεσφόρτα κρίνοι.
ἦδη δ' ἂ φιλέραστος ἐν ἀνέσιν ὄριμον ἄνθος
Ζηνοφίλα Πειθοῦς ἄδου τήθηλε βόδον
λειμῶντι τί μάτησι κόμοις ἐπι φαιδρὰ γελᾶτε,
ἂ γὰρ παῖς κρέσσων ὀβριπνῶων στεφάνων

Τίς βόδον ὁ στέφανος Διονυσίου ἢ βόδον αὐτῶν
του στεφάνου δοκίμα λείπεται ὁ στέφανος

Meleager's ἐν ἀνέσιν ἄνθος is the first *flos florum* phrase I know of though the idea of the rose as *flos florum* occurs already in the *Anacreontea* (1117) βόδον ἂ φέριστον ἄνθος

When I gaze upon Theron, I see all things; but if I should
 behold all things save him, I should see nothing.

One thing alone I know is all-beautiful, one only my eye
 is greedy to see: Myiskos—I am blind to all else.
 It seems to me that he is all things. . . .¹

This thought is fused with that of the lover's absolute surrender to the beloved, and expressed once again by the 'crown of nature' image—because he is no longer his own, the lover finds his summer and his winter alike in the beloved:

In you, Myiskos, my life is anchored fast;
 in you remains alive whatever I have left of soul.
 Indeed, beloved, by your eyes, which speak
 even to the blind, by your radiant brow:
 if you cast a cloudy eye on me, it is stormy winter,
 if you look joyfully, sweet spring bursts into fullness.²

Thus I should like to relate these verses of Meleager to those in which he uses the *flos florum* conceit. The reason that the beloved can become all things to the lover is because the beloved is *flos florum*, uniting as well as surpassing all flowers, whatever is lovable. The reason that by knowing the beloved the lover knows all things is because he or she has become 'soul of his soul'.

¹ A.G. XII, 60, 106:

Ἦν ἐσίδω Θήρωνα, τὰ πάνθ' ὄρω ἦν δὲ τὰ πάντα
 βλέπω, τόνδε δὲ μὴ, τᾶμπαλιν οὐδὲν ὄρω

Ἐν καλὸν οἶδα τὸ πᾶν, ἐν μοι μόνον οἶδε τὸ λίχρον
 ὄμμα, Μυίσκον ὄραν· τᾶλλα δὲ τυφλὸς ἐγώ.
 πάντα δὲ κείνος ἐμοὶ φαντάζεται . . .

² Ibid. 159:

Ἐν σοὶ τάμά, Μυίσκα, βίου πρυμνήσι' ἀνήπτται·
 ἐν σοὶ καὶ ψυχῆς πνεῦμα τὸ λειφθὲν ἔτι.
 ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σά, κοῦρε, τὰ καὶ κωφοῖσι λαλεῦντα
 ὄμματα, καὶ μὰ τὸ σὸν φαίδρον ἐπισκύνιον,
 ἦν μοι συννεφεῖς ὄμμα βάλῃς ποτέ, χεῖμα δέδορκα·
 ἦν δ' Ἰλαρὸν βλέψης, ἡδὺ τέθηλεν ἔαρ.

The all-in-one, one-in-all aspect of the rose of Love (*rosa Cypridis*) is again brought out in a Latin epigram in the *Codex Salmasianus*, 'in praise of the hundred-petalled rose' ¹

I think the golden sun tinged her with his own dawn,
 or else that she preferred to be one of his rays
 Yet even if the Cyprian rose is dressed in hundred petals,
 all of Venus has flowed in all her blood
 She is the star of flowers, gracious day-star of the fields,
 her scent and colour deserve the praise of heaven

In a different context, the divine aspect of the flower becomes a Christian image. The earliest instance of this that I know is in the *Acts of John*, where John begins a prayer

O Jesus you who have woven this garland by your own weaving,
 you who have united these many flowers into the immortal flower
 of your countenance ²

The divine flower is the flower of flowers, uniting all their perfections and fulfilling them in a greater perfection. Thus Paulinus of Nola, in a verse letter to Ausonius, speaks of Christ as 'Sol aequitatis, fons bonorum, flos dei' ³ Synesius

¹ *AL* 366

Hanc puto de proprio tinxit Sol aureus ortu
 Aut unum ex radius maluit esse suis
 Sed si etiam centum folus rosa Cypridis extat
 Fluxit in hac omni sanguine tota Venus
 Haec florum sidus, haec Lucifer almus in agris
 Huic odor et color est dignus honore poli.

For the flower of love compare also Rufinus (*AG* v 62) ὁ πόσους κατέφαξε τὸ πρὶν θεοεικλὸν ἄνθος ('Oh how many men did your godlike flower once set ablaze!') and in the Latin *AL* 646 *De rosas nascentibus* 17 ff., and the famous line in Tiberianus (*PLM* iii. 264) 'Auriflore praeminebat forma Dionis rosa (the beauty of Dione showed itself in the rose the flower of gold) MS *Auro* H W Garrod's emendations, 'Auriflora praeminebat flamma which have been generally adopted since 1912 (v for instance, Curtius, p 196) seem to me quite unacceptable. Auriflora because it does not exist, flamma because it is unnecessary (and indeed unsubtle)

² *Acta Iohannis* 108 Ὁ τὸν στέφανον τοῦτον πλάξας τῆ σῆ πλοκῆ ἰησοῦ ὁ τὰ πολλὰ ταῦτα ἐλάτῃ εἰς τὸ ἀδιάπνευστόν σου ἄνθος τοῦ προσώπου ἑναρμόσιος

³ Ausonius ed. Peiper *Epist* xxix 49

imagines the eye of the mind, fixed on the form of the primal light, plucking flowers of light (ἀνθεα φωτός) from it in praise of God, giving back to him what is his own (*Hymni*, I. 135 ff.).

In the *Hymnos Akathistos*, the greatest hymn to the Virgin, the images of flowering suggest both the power of creative fulfilment and the power of gathering together: she is 'shoot of an immortal blossom', she 'makes the fields of sweetness flower again', she is 'flower of virginity, garland of strength . . . plant of wondrous fruits, tree with shady branches, under which many shelter'.¹ And the ninth-century Byzantine monk Joseph Hymnographus wrote of the Virgin in his *Mariale*

The divine rose appeared, and this day filled the (world to its) utmost bounds with fragrance.²

The Carolingian Latin translation of the *Akathistos* helped to bring on the great stream of flower and rose imagery devoted to the Virgin in the West. The earliest passage I have noticed that approaches the *flos florum* conceit is in Gondacrus of Reims' prose adaptation of (pseudo-)Fortunatus (c. 890):

Sweet and precious girl,
 who through the angel's message
 had gifts of beauty beyond all mankind,
 surpassing roses in your red and lilies in your white,
 new flower from the earth, whom heaven worships on high!³

¹ *Hymnos Akathistos*, 89 ff., 271 ff.

² P.G. 105, 990. τὸ ῥόδον τὸ θεῖον περηνέρωται, καὶ κατενωδίᾳ ἐπλήρωσε σήμερον τὰ πέρατα.

For κατενωδίᾳ (great fragrance) v. Sophocles, *Greek Lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine Periods*, s.v.

³ Dulcis et preciosa puella!
 Relatu angelico habens
 ultra omnes homines dona decoris!
 Vincens rosas rubore, lilia candore!
 Flos novus ex terra, quem polus colit arce!

(Text from G. Meersseman, *Der Hymnos Akathistos im Abendland I, Spicilegium Friburgense*, II. 142.)

But it is only in the twelfth century that expressions such as 'flos florum', rosa rosarum' become common currency in hymns. How common can be seen even from a glance at first lines in Chevalier (e.g. 2086, 6404, 6407, 6408, 23498, 26698, 26701, 26702, 26704, 37408, 37415). These phrases are reflected in vernacular religious lyrics: thus for Gautier de Coincy the Virgin is 'fresche rose / Flors de toz biens, flors de totes flors' and 'cele qui la rose est des roses', and for Alfonso in the *Cantigas* (x)

Rosa das rosas et fror das frores,
Dona das donas, sennor das sennores

In accordance with the much-loved sentence in Isaiah (xi 1), the flower is associated both with the Virgin and with Christ. Christ becomes *flos floris* in the Incarnation. One of the loveliest sequences preserved in the tenth- and eleventh-century manuscripts of Saint-Martial begins

Aureo
flore prime
matris Eve
florens rosa
processit sicut sol

From the golden
flower of the first
mother, Eve,
a flowering rose
proceeded like a sun.

Oritur
ut lucifer
inter astra—
decoravit
polorum sidera *

Rising
like the day-star
among the stars,
it lent beauty
to the lights of heaven.

As Mary is the golden flower, the immortal fulfilment, of Eve, so her son is that flower of light which, kindled in the flower of her virginity, blazes out as the *verus lucifer*. In the early twelfth-century German *Melker Marienlied*,² in a magnificent amplification of the Isaiah passage, the double flowering is seen as the marriage of earth and heaven.

* A H III 183

² Albert Waag, *Kleinere deutsche Gedichte des 11 und 12 Jhdts* (2 Auflage Halle 1916) xv

dâ vone scol ein bluome varen:
 diu bezeichint dich unde dîn barn,
 Sancta Maria.
 Dô gchît ime sô werde
 der himel zuo der erde. . . .

From it [the branch of Jesse] a flower shall come, signifying you and your child, Sancta Maria. There so gloriously heaven weds earth. . . .

At the climax of a more far-reaching figurative pattern, in a poem 'Ecce nectar roscum',¹ around the theme of *largece*, Walter of Châtillon likewise associates the rose with the Incarnation. The rose's substance, gold, is wisdom (7), its colour, red, is love (8). Mankind must share in both in order to have true *largece* (9). This is the moral meaning of the rose, but there is a higher meaning (12), in which the rose's wisdom and love are Christ (13-15), *flos roseus* (16), *larga largitas* (18):

pro multis . . . hostiam tradidit se unus.²

And the cardinal Petrus de Mora (†1213), in his little treatise *De Rosa*, once again elicits an elaborate mystical meaning:

Rosa intus, in medio sui, aureum quemdam habet colorem floridum. Sed Rosa nostra divinitatis aurum intra se continebat. . . . Divinitas autem aurum dicitur in Canticis: 'Caput dilecti mei sicut aurum optimum.' Et bene in medio, tamquam centrum in circumferentia, ponitur. . . . Propter quod etiam ait in Evangelio 'Ego quum exaltatus fuero, omnia traham ad me ipsum.' Nonne aurum divinitatis erat in medio circumferentiae et omnium populorum. . . .³

¹ Karl Strecker, *Moralisch-satirische Gedichte Walters von Châtillon* (Heidelberg, 1929), pp. 128 ff.

² The word *hostia*, with its associations both of victim and (sacramental) host, is a perfect choice to finally unfold the paradox *pro multis . . . unus*, already implicit in the theme of *sapientia*, simultaneously human and divine. The paradox goes back to Paul, 1 Cor. x. 17: 'Quoniam unus panis, unum corpus multi sumus, omnes qui de uno pane participamus.' In Jehan de Condé's *La messe des oisins* (ed. Scheler, Bruxelles, 1866-7) the climax of the mass consists in the elevation not of the host but of the Rose of Love.

³ Ed. J. B. Pitra, *Spicilegium Solesmense*, iii. 493.

The perfect, divine Rose is the centre of 'our Rose', and drawing all its petals from the circumference to the centre, makes them divine

Long before this, however, even before the *Hymnos Akathistos flos florum* had its place in secular poetry at the beginning of the Middle Ages. Not as a rich figura, but as a graceful rhetorical superlative. Venantius Fortunatus, in a panegyric on King Childebert, uses it with an eye to 'pan-grammatic' word-play

florum flos florens, florea flore fluens¹

Walafrid Strabo in his *De cultura hortorum* designates the rose *flos florum*, and his words *ut merito florum flos esse feratur*² suggest that this was established usage. The panegyric use is taken up again by Hildebert, for whom Queen Matilda is

rosa de radice rosae, de stella splendor³

¹ App v 10 (ed Leo MGH). Cf *infra*, p. 491. Cf also the panegyric on the priest Simon in *Ecclesiasticus* (t. 8) who is *quasi flos rosarum*.

While *flos* was widely used at all periods to mean the best of any kind (v TLL VI. 1 933-4) the *flos florum* type of construction is rare in classical Latin. As a form of superlative it was influenced by Hebrew (שִׁיר הַשִּׁירִים, Canticum Canticorum) and thus gained popularity in Christian literature (*sanctum sanctorum*, *vanitas vanitatum*, &c.). The Patristic *episcopus episcoporum* is found from Tertullian onwards (v TLL v 2 678-56 ff.). But the construction also occurs in colloquial Latin from the time of Plautus (*Curt* 388 'reliquarum reliquae' *Truc* 309 *victor victorum*—as well as semantically different uses such as *Truc* 25 'summa summarum' the sum and substance discussed by Enk ad loc.) Both Varro (*Ling* vii 27) and Macrobius (*Sat* i 9 14) record that the Salarian priests sang of Janus as *divum deus* and the phrase *deus deorum* occurs in the Vulgate (*Deut* x 17, &c.). Further instances are discussed by Westendorp Boerma, in his edition of the *Catalepton* (Assen, 1949) p. 215.

I am indebted to Dr W. Ehlers, general editor of the TLL, for his generous information and help on this point.

For meaning compare with the *flos florum* texts cited below Avianus *Aras* 12 (of Jupiter) *flos et flamma animae*. Martianus Capella, *De Nupt* 571 (of Pallas Athena) *tuque ignis flos es*. Symmachus, *Epist* i 8, 11 'flos siderum Dione'. Aulus Gellus, *Noctes Atticae* xix 11, 3 (v *supra* p. 175 and note 3) *dulcemque florem spiritus*.

² *Poetae* II 349.

³ P.L. 171, 1449.

In twelfth-century love-poetry, Serlo of Wilton's 'Flos floris flori'¹ is a conundrum that seems to echo Fortunatus. In the *Carmina Burana*, apart from casual uses of *flos florum* (such as CB 78, st. 4; 167. II, st. 3; 179, st. 3, where it means little more than 'fairest of maidens'; 97, st. 2, used of *amor*, or 170, st. 3, of the rose and the girl together), it is used with great fullness of meaning in 'Si linguis angelicis' (77, st. 6 ff.), which is discussed at length below (pp. 318 ff.).

The more-than-casual use of *flos florum* can also be illustrated from the vernaculars. At its deepest it carries the intimation that the beloved is at the same time earthly and heavenly, that she can unite in herself all the diverse beauty to be found in the world, that (at least for her lover) she is the source of all that beauty, because he sees it all through her. Thus in a sonnet of Bonagiunta Orbicciani:

The whole world subsists through the flower:
if there were no flower, there would be no fruit;
through the flower subsist love,
joys and delights—this is a great sovereignty.

And I have been made servant of the flower
with all my heart—I could do nothing more:
I have surrendered all my strength to her;
if the flower failed me, I should die.

I have flowered and go on flowering;
in the flower I have set all my delight;
indeed it is through the flower that I live.

The more I flower, the more my goal is in the flower—
if the flower failed me, I'd be dead—
I beseech your mercy, my lady, sweet-scented flower.²

¹ Text and translation *infra*, p. 505.

² Contini, I. 271:

Tutto lo mondo si mantien per fiore:
se fior non fosse, frutto non seria;
[e] per lo fiore si mantene amore,
gioie e alegrezze, ch'è gran signoria.

Bonagiunta's paradoxes mark a spontaneous return to the subtleties of Meleager, who, as Sainte-Beuve noted in a brilliant aside was 'd'avance petrarchesque' (*Portraits contemporains*, v 398)

Wittily the German Minnesinger Walsmuot von Mulnhausen plays on the paradox of the many and the one his Rose has all perfections and makes them one—

Lady lady, lady mine,
 you shall be the triad's one
 Empress of all excellence,
 you are three and you are one,
 you are the fourth whom I intend,¹
 you are like the brightness of the sun
 I feel I am dull of wit, so wise is she
 May the exalted one bear with me
 that I may lift up her praise
 praise her, the perfect-blossomed branch of May
 Rose rose blossom of rose,
 you are even better than good,
 you are lovable and serene,
 you are my comfort my expectation,
 my salvation my joy and nothing more

E de la fior son fatto servidore
 sì di bon core che piu non poria
 in fiore ho messo tutto 'l meo valore,
 sì fiore mi falisse, ben moria.

Eo son fiorito e vado piu fiorendo
 in fiore ho posto tutto il miu diporto
 per fiore ag[gi]o la vita certamente.

Com piu fiorisco piu in fior m'intendo
 se fior mi falla ben seria morto
 vostra mercé madonna, fior aulente

¹ A play on Walther von der Vogelweide 97 34. st. 4

ir sint dr!

den ich diene so hab ich zer vierden wan.

Walther says this not merely to keep his love secret and outwit his questioners but the three are the lady's *herze*, *sinn* and *lip* and the fourth is the unity of the three in the lady herself (v. Carl von Kraus, *Walther von der Vogelweide* (Berlin-Leipzig 1935) p. 366)

Your body enfolds all excellence:
 I never knew of anything so dear.
 Ah my lady, yes it is you I mean,
 for all your bounties' sake, kiss me,
 bright-eyed one, you of the red lips.¹

Finally I would cite two songs that are popular in tone. One of the many dance-songs about Bele Aaliz² runs

Belle Aliz mainz se leva,
 vesti son cors et para;
 en un vergier s'en entra,
 cinc florestes i trova:
 un chapelet fet en a
 de rose florie.

*Por Dél trahéz vos en la,
 vos qui n'amez mie!*

Bele Aaliz rose early, dressed and beautified herself, went into an orchard, found five blossoms there; she's made them into a coronet of flowering rose. By the Lord, be off from here, you who never love!

¹ DLD 1. 563:

Frouwe, frouwe, frouwe mîn,
 der drier solt du eine sîn.
 aller tugende ein keiserîn,
 du bist diu dri und bist diu ein,
 du bist diu vierde diech dâ mein,
 du bist gelich der sunnen schîn. —
 ich wæne ich bin vil tump, sost si vil wis.
 daz sol diu werde mir vertragen
 daz ich ir lop sol hōhe sagen,
 si wol gebluotez meienrîs.

Rōse, rōse, rōsenbluot
 du bist noch bezzer danne guot,
 du bist vil lieb und wolgemuot,
 du bist mîn trōst, mîn zuoversiht,
 mîn heil, mîn frōide und anders niht,
 din lîp hât ganzer tugende huot:
 mir enwart sō liebes nie niht kunt.
 ei, frouwe mîn, joch meine ich dich.
 durch alle tugende küße mich
 mit lichten ougen, rōter munt.

² Genrich, 1. 12.

In all their simplicity these lines too carry the poetic intuition that Bele Aaliz has made the manifold beauties of the *forestes* into one thing of beauty, and this, her *chapelet*, crowns her own beauty. Even more enchanting (and spontaneously profound) is a Spanish *villancico* from Juan Vázquez's collection of 1551:¹

Del rosál sale la rosa,
 ¡Oh qué hermosa!
 ¡Qué color saca tan fino!
 Aunque nace del espino,
 nac' entera y olorosa
 Nace de nuevo primor
 esta flor
 Huele tanto desd'el suelo
 que penetra hasta el cielo
 sa fuerza maravillosa.

From the rosebush comes the rose
 How beautiful she is!

How tender the colour she shows!
 She was never born from thorn
 she was perfect and scented at birth
 From a new perfection
 this flower was born.
 She moves so far from earth
 that her wondrous power
 pierces heaven.

2 *Love, Praise and Friendship*

There is a *courtoisie* of love, but also a *courtoisie* of commendation and even one of friendship. We must distinguish between these however hard it may be at times to draw boundaries. The panegyric tradition and the complexity of its entry and transformation in a Christian literary context, deserves a full-scale study, this would have to be so comprehensively grounded in the history and thought and literature

¹ *Antología de la poesía española poesía de tipo tradicional* ed. Alonso-Blecuá (Madrid 1956) p. 47

of late Antiquity that perhaps only Professor Marrou could write it as it should be written. I can do no more than put forward one or two brief texts as test cases, to see if they suggest an answer to certain literary questions.

Compare the language in which Venus praises the bride in two epithalamia, by the pagan Claudian, writing for the wedding of Honorius and Maria in the year 398, and by the Christian Venantius Fortunatus, for the wedding of Sigebert and Brunhilda in 566.

. . . regnum poteras hoc ore mereri.
 Quae propior sceptris facies? quis dignior aula
 Vultus erit? Non labra rosae, non colla prunae,
 Non crines aequant violac, non lumina flammae.
 Quam iuncto leviter sese discrimine confert
 Umbra supercilii! miscet quam iusta ruborem
 Temperies! nimio nec sanguine candor abundat.
 Aurorae vincis digitos, humerosque Dianae,
 Ipsam iam superas matrem. Si Bacchus amator
 Dotali potuit caelum signare Corona,
 Cur nullis virgo redimitur pulchrior astris?
 Iam tibi molitur stellantia sarta Bootes,
 Inque decus Mariae iam sidera parturit aether.
 O digno nectanda viro, tantique per orbem
 Consors imperii! Iam te venerabitur Ister;
 Nomen adorabunt populi; iam Rhenus, et Albis
 Serviet. . . .¹

¹ *De Nuptiis Honorii et Mariae*, 263-79:

'Your face alone would have won you a kingdom. What beauty more fit for a sceptre? What countenance could better grace a court? Roses cannot rival your lips or snow your neck, violets are less lovely than your hair, flames less bright than your eyes. How delicately your dark eyebrows meet! How perfectly blended the rose of your cheeks—not too much red for the white. Your fingers excel Dawn's, your shoulders those of Diana; you surpass even your own mother!

'If Bacchus could set in heaven the crown he gave his love, why are you, even fairer, not crowned by stars? Already Arcturus is making you garlands of stars, and heaven brings forth new stars in Maria's honour. You are betrothed to a man worthy of you, you who will share with him the ruling of the world—Ister will reverence you, peoples will adore your name, Rhine and Elbe will serve you.'

It scarcely needs pointing out that there is no trace of love-worship here. The images in which feminine beauty surpasses nature's beauty are hieratic, and pass almost imperceptibly into a statement (*ipsam iam superas matrem*) which is purely politic. Though it seems with the next phrase as if Claudian is about to give poetic force to the mythography of love, the wish to 'stellify' has a long politico-religious history behind it in Roman Imperial tradition, and it is this we are reminded of in the lines that follow. *Venerabitur, adorabunt, serviet*—what is uppermost is not the homage to a beautiful woman, but the thought of regions politically subject to Rome.

When Fortunatus came to write his epithalamium for the Frankish Sigebert and the Visigothic Brunhilda, Venus praises the bride thus:

Incipit inde Venus laudes memorare puellae
 o virgo miranda mihi placitura iugali,
 clarior aethera, Brunchildis, lampade fulgens,
 lumina gemmarum superasti lumine vultus,
 altera nata Venus regno dotata decoris,
 nullaque Nereidum de gurgite talis Hiberno
 Oceani sub fonte natat, non ulla Napaea
 pulchrior, ipsa suas subdunt tibi flumina nymphas
 lactea cui facies incocta rubore coruscat,
 liba iuxta rosas aurum si intermicet ostro,
 decertata tuis numquam se vultibus aequant
 sapphirus, alba, adamans, crystallae zmaragdus iaspis
 cedant cuncta novam genuit Hispania gemmam,
 digna fuit species, potuit quae flectere regem.¹

¹ *De domno Sigiberto rege et Brunchilde regina* (VI 1) 99-112. "Then Venus begins to proclaim the maiden's praises. Wondrous girl, about to grace your marriage. Brunhilda, you who shed light more radiantly than heaven's lamp. You have surpassed the light of gems by the light of your countenance. A newborn Venus endowed with the kingdom of beauty. No Nereid that swims in the Western Ocean, no nymph more beautiful—the streams themselves make their nymphs your subjects! Your milk-white face sparkles tinged with red, libes mingled with roses. If gold and purple were allied striving with you they'd never match your loveliness. Let sapphire, pearl, adamant, crystal, emerald, jasper count themselves defeated—Spain has brought forth a new gem, a beauty of worth that could allure a king."

The invariants are the images of light, the radiance of the eyes (like stars or gems), the colours red (rose, or crimson), white (lily, milk, or snow), gold, the comparisons with nymphs and goddesses.¹ The hieratic jewels, on the other hand, link the human bride with the heavenly one, *Jerusalem caelestis*, of the Apocalypse. Thus with Fortunatus these elements, lightly Christianized, are firmly established and, as we shall see, scarcely vary in the following centuries, wherever Christian *literati* continue to praise great women.

The *courtoisie* of friendship owes something both to the Christian assimilation of Cicero's *Laelius* and to the memorable personal expressions of an *amicitia* that merges with *caritas* among the early Church Fathers. For the first, the *locus classicus* is the close of Ambrose's *De Officiis* (III. 22), a chapter studded with Ciceronian allusions:

What is a friend if not a consort of love, to whom you can join and attach your spirit, mingling it so that out of two you would become one? One to whom you are united as to another self, from whom you fear nothing, from whom you yourself seek nothing dishonourable for the sake of advantage—for friendship is not calculating, but full of beauty, full of grace. It is virtue not gain. . . . What is more precious than friendship, which is common to angels and men? . . . God himself has changed us from slaves into friends.²

¹ Cf. Statius, *Silvae*, I. 2, 107 ff., *A.L.* 18, 27 ff., *A.L.* 742, 30 ff., Sidonius, XI. 72 ff.; and Camillo Morelli, 'L'epitalamio nella tarda poesia latina', *Studi ital.* xviii. 319-432. It is misleading to suggest, as D. S. Brewer does ('The Ideal of Feminine Beauty', *MLR* I [1955], 257), that 'the first formal description of a beautiful woman that seems to have survived is one written in the sixth century by Maximian'. Maximian's lines (*Elegiae*, I. 93 ff.) are in fact musings on feminine beauty in general terms (which have their later counterparts in mortality lyrics, or in Villon—'Corps femenin, qui tant es tendre . . .'), not a description of a (particular) beautiful woman at all.

The stock phrases (radiance, starry eyes, snow and roses in the cheeks) could as easily be applied to boys as to girls—cf. Aldhelm's verses to Æthelwald (*MGH Epist.* III. 246-7) or, in the most elaborate fashion, Geoffrey of Vinsauf's verses to a cleric at Ely (*Studi med. N.S.*, ix (1936), 38-40).

² *P.L.* 16, 182. 'Quid est enim amicus, nisi consors amoris, ad quem animum tuum adiungas atque applices, et ita misceas, ut unum velis fieri ex duobus, cui te tamquam alteri tibi committas, a quo nihil timeas, nihil ipse commodi tui

Also influential were the writings on monasticism of Ambrose's younger contemporary, John Cassian (c. 360-c. 430), among whose *Collationes* (imaginary conversations with the Desert Fathers) was a *De Amicitia*, Ciceronian in form, but explicitly stating the identity of the highest *amicitia* with *divine caritas*.

Among all the kinds of friendship there is one which is the indissoluble one of charity. This, I say, is not sundered by any chance. Not only can intervals of space or time not sever or destroy it but even death cannot tear it asunder. This is the true and unbroken love which ever increases in the twin perfection and virtue of friends.¹

The whole tradition of monastic letters and exchange of verses both among men and between men and women, is imbued with these conceptions. *Amor*, *dilectio*, and *caritas* are used synonymously within the context of Christian *amicitia*, and carry with them all the superlatives of endearment. I illustrate from some Merovingian epistles out of the circle of Saint Boniface. In one the writer, who is probably Lullus, greets a nun or anchoress 'Intimae dilectionis amore quamvis indignus'. He tells her that he thinks the end of the world is near 'Quam ob rem, carissima, licet longeuicule alta meritorum equalitate distam vicinus tamen circa tuam frequens memoriam cotidie

causa inonestum petas? Non enim vectigalis amicitia est sed plena decoris plena gratiae. Virtus est enim amicitia non quaestus. Quid amicitia pretiosius quae angelis communis et hominibus est? Ipse nos Deus amicos ex scrupulis fecit.

Gregory Nazianzen (c. 329-c. 389) says of himself and Basil

Τὰ πάντα μὲν ἔῃ κοινά, καὶ ψυχὴ μία,
 Δύοις εἶσοις σωμάτων εἰσάρατον.

We had all things in common, one soul overcoming the distinction of two bodies (PG 37 1045)

¹ PL. 49 1014-15. In his igitur cunctis [amicitiis] unum genus est insolubile caritatis. Haec inquam, est quae in nullis unquam casibus scinditur quum non solum dissociare vel delere locorum vel temporum intervalla non praevalet sed ne mors quidem ipsa divellet. Haec est vera et indrupta dilectio quae gemina amorum perfectione et virtute concrevit.

In the twelfth century the christianized *de amicitia* dialogue is revived in Aelred of Rievaulx's celebrated *De Spiritualis Amicitia*.

conor adesse.' (This in the context probably means, he remembers her daily in his prayers.) He asks her to pray for him, and writes her some hexameters, ending 'Crede mihi, quia te summo conplector amore'; these continue in rhymed couplets:

Vale Christo virguncula,
Christi nempe tiruncula,¹
mihi cara magnopere
atque gnara in opere,
tibi laudes contexero
atque grates ingemino.
Teque rogo cum tremore,
agna, Christi pro amore:
vota redde cum fervore
Altissimo in aethere.
Quae pepigimus pariter,
memorare vivaciter.²

The writer's avowals of his own unworthiness, of the lady's constant presence in his mind, his use of a phrase like 'te rogo cum tremore' might at first suggest that in such a letter there are the beginnings of a *courtoisie* of love. Again, it might seem as if Egburg's letter to Saint Boniface (716-20) revealed feelings more passionate than *caritas*:

I avow the bond of your love; when I tasted it in my inmost being a fragrance as of honeyed sweetness entered into my reins. And though for the time being, as it has happened, my sight is cheated of your presence, I shall always put my arms around you with a sister's embrace. Therefore, my beloved, once my brother, now father and brother alike in the Lord of Lords . . . believe me, *the tempest-tossed sailor does not long for his haven, the thirsty fields for their rain, the anxious mother waiting at the bend of the shore for her son, as much as I long to delight in seeing you.*³

¹ 'Christi tiruncula'—cf. Gottschalk's 'divine tiruncule' in 'Ut quid iubes, pusiolo' (*Poetae*, III, 732; see also B. Bischoff in *Medium Aevum Vivum* (Heidelberg, 1960), p. 68).

² *MGH Epist. Sel.* I (ed. Tangl), no. 140.

³ *Ibid.*, no. 13. 'Karitatis tuae copulam fateor; ast dum per interiorem hominem gustavi, quasi quiddam mellitae dulcedinis meis visceribus hic sapor

Henug Brinkmann saw in this 'a kind of sentimentality in which 'friendship easily changes into erotic sensations'¹ The psychological significance of such a letter is not easily arguable, its literary significance, however, is as the italicized sentence is taken practically word for word from St Jerome's letter to Rufinus (*Epist* III 2), and as the context of the two letters is remarkably similar, all interpretations must begin from the fact that Egburg's letter belongs essentially to a world of Christian literary *amicitia*² The extravagance of Alcuin's conceit in his letter to Arno, Bishop of Salzburg,

Satis suavi commemoratione vestram recolo, sanctissime pater, dilectionem et familiaritatem, optans, ut quandoque eveniat mihi tempus amabile, quo collum caritatis vestrae desideriorum meorum digitulis amplecter O, si mihi translatio Abacuc esset subito concessa, quam citatis manibus ruerem in amplexus paternitatis vestrae et quam compressis labris non solum oculos aures et os, sed etiam manuum vel pedum singulos digitorum articulos, non semel, sed multoties oscularer³

insidet Et licet materiam, ut nanta sum, ab aspectu corporali visualiter defraudata sum, sororis tamen semper amplexibus collum tuum constrinxero Quam ob rem, mi amande, iam olim frater nunc autem ambo pariter in Domino dominorum abba atque frater appellaris crede mihi, non sic tempestate iactatus portum nauta desiderat, non sic sitientia umbrae arva desiderant, non sic curvo litore anxia filium mater expectat, quam ut ego visibus vestris fruerer cupio

¹ *Geschichte der lateinischen Liebesdichtung im Mittelalter* (Halle 1925) pp 4-5

² I think it is possible that psychoanalytic investigation might disclose erotic elements in or behind many of the texts cited in this connexion. This possibility must not however, be confused with the stylistic questions which are my concern here

³ *MGH Epist* IV 36 It is exquisitely sweet to remember your love and intimacy holy father I wish the dear moment would come when I might embrace the shoulders of your love with the arms of my longing for you Oh, if only the translation of Habakkuk were suddenly granted to me, with what speedy hands I would rush into your fatherly embrace with what pressing lips I would kiss not only your eyes and ears and mouth, but each knuckle of each finger of each toe not once, but many, many times!

Jerome's conceit is still imitated in the twelfth century, in a love-letter from Tegernsee (*infra* p 480)

again derives directly from the same letter of Jerome to Rufinus from which Egburg had drawn her imagery of longing. The words italicized are verbal echoes. Jerome's expressions of friendship, exuberant, tender, or dramatic,¹ set an example to be imitated. The closing sentence of his letter to Rufinus

Caritas non potest comparari; dilectio pretium non habet; amicitia quae desinere potest, vera numquam fuit.—

establishes definitively the world of thought in which this particular *courtoisie* arose.

It is perhaps most intense and hardest to distinguish from a veritable *amour-passion* in the language of Saint Anselm's letters to Gondulf:

anima dilectissima animae meae

or

quocumque tu vadas, amor meus te prosequatur; et ubicumque ego remaneam, desiderium meum te complectatur.

or, in rhymed prose, playing on Peter's words to Christ (*Joh. XXI. 15*)

Te quippe silente, ego novi quia diligis me;
et me tacente, tu scis quia amo te.²

The superscriptions 'Dilecto dilectori, dilectus dilector', 'Suo suus, amico amicus' anticipate those of Abelard's and Héloïse's letters.³ And the Abelard-Héloïse correspondence itself,

¹ Compare the range of expression, for instance, in *Epist. xlv* (ad Asellam).

² *Epist. (P.L. 158)*, I. 4, 33. A similarly ardent note is heard in Peter Damian's letter to Empress Agnes (1067), to whom he was confessor (ed. A. Wilmart, *RB* xlv (1932), 125 ff.). He uses the lines from the Song of Songs, 'Revertere, revertere, Sunamitis, revertere ut intucamur te', as a kind of refrain throughout his letter (cf. *CB* 181). In her monograph *Kaiserin Agnes* (Leipzig-Berlin, 1933), Marie Luise Bulst-Thiele comments with great insight that the letter reveals 'eine Zuneigung, die des Erotischen nicht entbehrt, aber, da sie den andern bewußt und aufrichtig als "Seele" nicht als diesseitigen Menschen liebt, in die asketische Lebenshaltung einbezogen ist' (p. 106).

³ Similarly, Egburg's apostrophe (*loc. cit.*), 'mi amande, iam olim frater, nunc autem ambo pariter in Domino dominorum', seems to look forward to Abelard's 'soror in saeculo quondam chara, nunc in Christo charissima' (*P.L.* 178, 187c).

however much it mirrors an emotional life incomparably deeper and more manifold than is mirrored in any of the letters just cited, is grounded, as can be seen from almost any page, in Cicero and in the letters of Seneca and Jerome. It is precisely Christian monastic *amicitia* which provides the pretext (the only possible one) for the entire correspondence. It provides a cloak of form—yet even the form's highest individuality is not separable from this cloak.

The *courtoisie* of friendship has left memorable marks in poetry—certain verses in the correspondence between Ausonius and Paulinus in the fifth century,¹ Walafriid Strabo's *Ad amicum*² in the early ninth and half a century later Notker's verses to Salomo³ are among the outstanding instances of a tenderness which would hold souls joined in the face of physical separation and even of death.

In the poetry of Venantius Fortunatus we must distinguish certain strands of tradition in order to see his individuality in perspective. The *courtoisie* of commendation as well as that of friendship played an important role in his verse at all times of his life whoever the recipients of his poems might be. This becomes fully clear only from extensive reading in the eleven books of the *Carmina*, but I shall try to illustrate in brief compass

To Eufromius, Bishop of Tours

debeo multa quidem, sed suscipe pauca libenter
 sit veniale precor quod tuus edit amor
 gratia precellens sincero in pectore vernat
 non sic mella mihi quam tua verba placent
 si quis iniqua gemet, tristis hinc nemo recedit
 sed lacrimas removens lactificare facis⁴

The young courtier-cleric places himself as inferior, the prince of the church out of his graciousness condescends to him,

¹ *Ausonii Opuscula* ed Peiper (Lipsiae 1886) *Epist.* XXXIII-XXXIV, above all, Paulinus famous lines "Ego te per omne quod datum mortalibus (ibid., p. 292)

² *Poetae* II. 403

³ Ed W. von den Steinen (Bern, 1948) pp. 138 ff.

⁴ *Opera Poetica* (MGH ed. F. Leo) III 3

gives him more than he deserves or could hope to repay. The topoi of disparity, as well as that of honeyed speech, recur in poems to Radegunde and Agnes. Then there are motifs of affection. A brief greeting to a friend Hilarius (III. 16):

Pure light of my spirit, my ever-sweet Hilarius,
 whom my affection sees even when you are away,
 whose honourable love so fills my heart
 that parted from you I can say nothing free of care,
 with these brief verses I greet you and wish you well.
 I beseech you, hold dear what my fondness gives.

In a longer verse-epistle, meditating on love and friendship in absence, to Jovinus, a Gallo-Roman nobleman and provincial governor:

affectu studio voto tua brachia cingo
 atque per amplexum pectora, colla ligo.
 ingrederis mecum pariterque moveris amator,
 et quasi blanda loquens oscula libo labris.¹

More individual are the verses to the Deacon Anthimius (III. 29)

Suscipe versiculos, Anthimi, pignus amantis,
 quos tibi sincero pectore fundit amor . . .

which are an apology that he left Anthimius without a fond good-bye, not wishing to disturb his sleep.

Ever-present (in poems both to men and to women) is the imagery of light and radiance. As in the poem to Palatina, daughter of Bishop Gallus Magnus, wife of Duke Bodegils:

As the day-star gives a radiant visage to the air,
 and, more radiant, heralds day with joyous face,
 walking makes heaven fair and sends its lamp to earth
 and holds court in brightness among the stars,
 so, Palatina, shedding light with your lovely face,
 you surpass all women, more beautiful than they . . .²

¹ VII. 12, 89 ff.

² VII. 6, 1 ff.

This radiance extends not only to physical beauty ('*hinc nunc reparans nunc verecunda rosas*') but to qualities of mind ('*talis in ingenio qualis in ore nitore*') she is to be revered ('*reverenda*') for her modesty, the sweetness of her speech, her wisdom

How are these ranges of expression related to the poems for Radegunde and Agnes? Those in Book VIII are, as Meyer showed,¹ the only ones that Fortunatus himself published—the others, in Book XI and in the Paris MS lat 13048, were collected together by friends after the poet's death, and may not have been meant for publication at all. At any rate these are essentially private poetry, and reflect a unique relationship with two women, in which the poet is, inextricably, courteous and ardent admirer, pampered household pet, adoptive son and brother and spiritual adviser. If we except the more trivial and gourmand aspects of the poet's character that many of the private poems disclose, the relationship to Radegunde is almost that of Rilke to Fürstin Marie.

The poems in Book VIII, on the other hand, reveal almost nothing of this. The first, '*Ad domnam Radegundem*' (5), is formal and impersonal, the next, some verses sent with violets, a graceful but slightly pallid compliment. In another flower poem (7), to both Radegunde and Agnes, the note of the spiritual adviser can be heard, and even in the one after it

O regina potens, aurum cui et purpura vile est,
floribus ex parvis te veneratur amans

the *courtoisie* of such an opening should not be isolated from the tone of '*dives amore dei vitasti praemia mundi*' which pervades the greeting as a whole. Only in the last four lines, in the conceit of the flowers longing to see Radegunde before she enters her garden, and beautifying themselves more than usual for her sake, is there a hint of something different, of tenderness and joy.

¹ *Der Gelegenheitsdichter Venantius Fortunatus* (Berlin, 1901) especially pp. 27, 69, 112 ff.

The last two poems to Radegunde in this book turn on the fact of her complete seclusion in the time of Lent. While the first plays with familiar phrases of friendship in separation, the second is exuberant. Her return is the return of his joy, his Easter—but at the same moment his harvest-time, his fulfilment. Is it not possible to catch here, and in the paradox of the first poem in Book XI (XI. 2):

omnia conspicio simul: aethera flumina terram;
cum te non video, sunt mihi cuncta parum.¹

echoes of a lover's paradox, and do not these poems suggest a growing intimacy between Fortunatus and Radegunde? Nonetheless it is not, or not yet, that complete intimacy which is reflected in more 'trivial' verses, those concerned with the smallest day-to-day incidents and exchanges.

If Meyer is right,² the poems to the two women from the Paris manuscript all belong to the eleventh book of the *Carmina* (though this would then contain forty-eight poems, more than twice as many as most of the other books). The majority of these are brief *elegantiae*, arising out of affectionate neighbourliness in the minor details of the poet's and the nuns' daily life. They are verses thanking Radegunde and Agnes for gifts of food, flowers, or fruit, accompanying small gifts of his own, or sending greetings for a feast-day. The ladies also replied in verses (as the last poem, App. 31, shows), though these have not survived, and the impression remains that

¹ Cf. Meleager, *A.G.* XII. 60 (cit. *supra*, p. 183 and note). The love-poetry which Fortunatus had assimilated most fully was that of the *Heroides* (v. Wolfgang Schmid's essay in *Studien zur Textgeschichte und Textkritik* (Köln-Opladen, 1959), pp. 253 ff.). Schmid rightly calls the nun's love-letter to Christ in Fortunatus' long poem *De virginitate* (VIII. 3) 'ein christlicher Heroidenbrief', a deliberate counterpart, that is, to Ovid's *Epistles*.

Bezzola (*Origines*, I. 68) assumes from the concluding lines of XI. 2:

consultum nobis sanctisque sororibus hoc sit,
ut vultu releves quos in amore tenes.

that this poem is spoken in the person of one of the nuns; but this seems to me somewhat far-fetched.

² 'Über Handschriften der Gedichte Fortunats', *GGN* (1908), p. 102.

Fortunatus was the chief sender of verses and they of food. Food seems in fact to have been sent almost daily, as the monastic rule of Saint Caesarius, which Radegunde observed in all strictness, did not allow women to have their meals in company. Likewise many greetings had to take the place of visits, as the nuns' visiting hours were as strict as those in many a modern hospital. Among all these poems I shall observe more closely only what may lead to a fuller understanding of the particular quality of tenderness (and, in some sense of the word, love) shared by these three remarkable persons: a widowed queen, austere, but beautiful in all she thought and did, a young girl who grew up under her care and at twenty became her abbess, and a gentle, Epicurean court poet, capable of piety and of greatness, who made themselves a little haven, bourgeois and at the same time beautiful, in an age of chaos and brutality.

What did the world think of them? Only once (XI 6) Fortunatus gives a hint of murmuring tongues: but he insists, he loves Agnes in all purity as a sister, Radegunde as a mother, as if he and Agnes had been born her twins and each of them had at the same moment sucked one of her breasts. The mother and her two children will be united for ever in heaven (XI 7). At times one can sense an almost infantile dependence on Radegunde:

qualiter agnus amans genetricis ab ubere pulsus
 tristis et herbosis anxius errat agris
 (nunc fugit ad campos feriens balatibus auras
 nunc redit ad caulas, nec sine matre placet),
 sic me de vestris absentem suggero verbis

The image of the lamb unhappy away from its mother's teats has its counterpart in that of the mother chastising the child who has run away from home. A poem (App 24) asking Agnes to make excuses for his absence to Radegunde ends:

excusa, si forte potes, per sidera testor,
 me neque velle moras matris in aure feras

oret pro famulo: citius remeare parabo,
et cum praesentor, verbere, voce domet.

Even the gifts of food become almost symbolic of a child's dependence on its mother for food. As the nuns need Radegunde and Agnes to provide for them to eat, Fortunatus is dependent on both of them for the food of *pietas* and for heaven's banquet (xi. 8, 11, 15, 16, App. 30).

The dependence of a son can pass over into that of a serving worshipper:

If I were with you, I'd do whatever you bade me: though unskilled, perhaps I could please by small services. But if an honest shepherd, playing his pipe, had wooed my mother, I'd now exhaust myself each day attending to your commands—I would serve subject to my mistress' yoke. My fingers would balk at nothing, the hand writing these verses would readily draw water from a deep well . . . even if I were scorched with heat, it would be a glory to be with you in the kitchen, and wash the black pots in pure water from the lake.¹

But there is playfulness here too—Fortunatus knows that these are *impossibilia* (as Marchbanks, making similar protestations to Candida, does not). Do the tenderness, dependence, and idolization ever come to be equal to passionate love? Once at least it seems so for a moment:

Quamvis quod cuperem fugit me vespere facto,
te mihi non totam nox tulit ista tamen:
etsi non oculis, animo cernuntur amantes;
nam quo forma nequit, mens ibi nostra fuit.

¹ App. 22, 3 ff.:

si non essem [absens], facerem quodcumque iuberet:
obsequiis parvis forte placeret iners;
pectore devoto set rustica lingua dedisset
pastoris calamo matris in aure sonum,
imperiiis famulans tererem mea membra diurnis,
servirent dominae subdita colla suae;
nulla recusarent digiti, puteoque profundo
quae manus hoc scripsit prompta levaret aquas . . .
splendor erat tecum mea membra ardere coquina
et nigra de puro vasa lavare lacu.

For a moment we can imagine it is no longer Fortunatus speaking, but Petronius or a poet from the Latin Anthology
But the lines continue

quam locus ille pius qui numquam abruptit amantes
quo capiunt oculis quos sua vota petunt,
in medio posito bonitatis principe Christo,
cuius amore sacro corda ligata manent!¹
huc quoque sed plures [mea] carmina iussa per annos
hunc rapias tecum, quo tibi digna loquar!¹

And we are back in Patristic *amicitia*

An important aspect of Fortunatus' verses is their humour, arising out of friendship's familiarity. He can laugh at himself, as in XI 19, where in graphic detail we see the *abbé gourmand* and contemplating the delicacies the ladies have sent, mournful that he is under doctor's orders not to eat them, or in XI 21, the valetudinarian, excusing himself from an expected visit because the weather is poor, and covering this up by an elaborate flourish of Jeromian *courtoisie*. There is a vivid picture of Radegunde exhausting herself, sweating in doing the cooking for all the nuns, which troubles Fortunatus, who contrasts his own life, which is so idle, with hers. But at once he hits upon a solution: let her take turns with Agnes!¹ If the son cannot help his mother, at least the daughter can. Then there are the famous verses XI 14, on the mark that Agnes's fingers left in a dish of cream

¹ App 16

Though what I long for flees from me at nightfall,
this night did not take you from me utterly
lovers are seen by the mind, if not the eyes—
my mind was there where your shape cannot be
How blessed the place that never divides lovers
where their eyes find those they seek with their vows
with Christ, the prince of goodness in their midst,
their hearts remaining bound by his sacred love
Take my songs with you there which you commanded
over the years that I may speak you fair

I saw your fingers imprinted in your milky gift,
and the image of your hand remains here, taking off some cream.
Tell me, who ever could sculpt such tender fingers?

Was Daedalus your teacher in this art?

O admirable affection, whose image came to me
through the taking of the cream, though the lovely form had gone!
Vain hope, as the image broke on the thin surface—
not even in this was that small share to be given to me.

Are these, as Professor Bezzola claimed, 'de véritables vers d'amour'?¹ I think rather that there is a teasing quality in the conceit: it depends on treating Agnes's small *faux pas* as if it were an immense grace she had bestowed. The last couplet—

May you do this² for many long years, if God grant it,
and may your mother remain in the world as long—

combines the final humorous touch with a slightly formal salutation.

The range and nature of Fortunatus' friendship with the two nuns is perhaps epitomized in the couplet xi. 23a:

Blanda magistra suum verbis recreavit et escis
et satiat vario deliciante ioco.

Radegunde is the sweet mistress who delights her own poet, her man, by her conversations, by the food she sends him, and by her entrancing many-sided mirth.

These observations lead me to a somewhat different appraisal of the poems to Radegunde and Agnes from Professor Bezzola's. While his interpretations are often acute and always interesting, I cannot see in these poems 'un amour mystique pour la femme, incarnation de la pureté', 'l'exaltation érotico-religieuse dont il trouve les éléments dans le culte de la virginité perpétuelle de Marie' (i. 66). Such statements seem to me to confuse and conflate two things. On the one hand there is *courtoisie*, both of commendation and of friendship, with its

¹ Op. cit. i. 68.

² 'Haec facias' is somewhat obscure. 'May you send me your image'?

own traditions, on the other there is 'intimite d'âme' (ibid.) with two particular women. These are kept almost distinct in the poetry. The Radegunde of the intimate personal poems is not an incarnation of anything—she is an individual. Fortunatus' feelings towards her are many-sided—which 'amour mystique' cannot convey. The language of exaltation, on the other hand (even applied, as it sometimes is, to the two favourite women), is not 'érotico-religieuse' and has nothing to do with cults of the Theotokos in the early Church. It belongs to the twofold tradition of *courtoisie* which I have outlined. To the extent that Fortunatus' relationship to Radegunde and Agnes is personal and unique, it cannot be linked with the conventions of ancient, nor yet, as Bezzola would have it, of medieval *courtoisie*. The pious and humorous nun in her kitchen, gracious queen and harassed housekeeper, is as unlike the flattered princesses of late Antiquity as she is unlike the *Donna* of medieval love-lyric. For one thing we can see her more vividly—which is a tribute to what is best in Fortunatus' verse.

The danger of Bezzola's failure to make these distinctions becomes evident in his misreading of later poetry. Thus Sedulius Scottus in the mid-ninth century wrote two panegyrics to Empress Ermengard of the perfectly familiar type—

In facie niveum quoddam roseumque rubescit
 Quae superat Nymphas Luciferique decus,
 Cingitur auricomis flavus vertexque capillis,
 Crisoliti specimen circulat omne caput,
 Instar clarifici fulgens splendore iacinti
 Visibus irradiat gratia magna tuis¹

¹ *Poetae* III. 186

With snowy-rosy blushes on her face,
 fairer than any nymph, or morning-star
 in all its glory golden-haired her head
 as if encircled by a chrysolite
 and sparkling with a jacinth's radiance
 she sheds her grace on the beholder's sight.

Bezzola comments: 'Même chez Fortunat il n'existe pas de poésie d'un égal enthousiasme sur la beauté féminine' (I. 174). But this is only the language of Fortunatus to Brunhilda or Palatina, not to Radegunde and Agnes, the language of Fortunatus the professional courtier, not Fortunatus the poet. It is what Fortunatus shares with Claudian, and with the entire late Ancient panegyric tradition, a language which scarcely changes over a thousand years. There is nothing new here, nothing remarkable, nothing that has even the remotest connexion with love-poetry. Bezzola would see in these verses 'des accents plus chaleureux' (ibid.); they are as conventional as wedding-breakfast champagne—and as cold.

A century later Hrotsvitha of Gandesheim writes in the same manner of Edith, queen of Otto I:

Cuius praeclaro facies candore serena
 Regalis formae miro rutilabat honore;
 Ipsaque perfectae radiis fulgens bonitatis . . .
 Optima cunctarum, quae tunc fuerant, mulierum.¹

(Should one perhaps ask what warmth of feeling Edith inspired in the nun?!) But the most extensive use of the *courtoisie* of panegyric was made in the late eleventh century, at the time of the great upsurge of the schools in France. Then a generation of men of letters (among whom at least two, Hildebert and Marbod, were considerable poets) exercised their talents for composition in many directions, including the praises of queens and verse correspondence with learned women.

Because of her knowledge of Latin as well as her generous financial aid to the Church, Adela of Blois, the daughter of William the Conqueror, was an ideal subject for clerical

¹ *Gesta Ottonis*, 87 ff.

Her face serene in its surpassing brightness,
 she sparkled with her royal beauty's splendour,
 she herself shedding beams of perfect goodness, . . .
 peerless among the women of her time.

panegyrics Godefroy of Reims wrote an astonishing piece of flattery to both father and daughter¹— William had to make himself king for his daughter's sake, for such a 'femina precel-lens' must come of a royal race. To describe Adela's perfections Godefroy uses the figure of inexpressibility: however great what he writes of her, it cannot do her justice. The poet's hand and tongue fail: trying to tell of her courtesy and generosity. If you speak of her honour and glory, of the beauty of her face and the radiance of her eyes, you fail as much as if you had to portray Helena.

Hildeburt goes one better still, and for him Adela becomes chief goddess:

Whoever compares you to mortals is foolish, and sins

It is little praise, but to me you will be the highest of goddesses.²

How far even the most exalted and extravagant language of this kind is from love-worship can be gauged from Hildeburt's epitaph for the lady, the theme of which is: she was strong and faithful, because she overcame the womanliness in her nature ('femineis sexus immemor se femina vixit, in se femineat nil levitatis habens')³

Godefroy's pupil Baudri of Bourgueil wove around the figure of Adela an elaborate poetic *visio* of nearly seven hundred distichs.⁴ He begins with an Ovidian apostrophe to his work: telling it of the lady, noble and wise, lovely, yet inviolably chaste, whom it shall greet. He continues: 'I should have looked upon her, had I not blushed like a bumpkin — even to speak of it now makes me blush. men cannot

¹ Text ed. W. Wattenbach, *BSB* (1891), pp. 105 ff.

² *Notices et Extraits* xxviii 2 436

Desipit et peccat

est laud. parum

qui te mortalibus equat

sed eris mihi summa deorum

(from BN lat 14394 f. 321 fol. 160^r, with the heading *Ad A. comitissam Bat. Wilmar. RB 48 1936 37*)

³ P. L. 171 1304.

⁴ *Les œuvres poétiques de Baudri de Bourgueil* ed. P. Abrahams (Paris, 1926), 196 pp. 197 ff.

bear to see a goddess face to face. I scarcely saw her, yet I remember it as I remember dreams.' This is the transition into the dream-vision of her chamber, with its magnificent imaginary tapestries ('plus quod decuit quam quod erat cecini'), one of which so remarkably recalls the real one of Bayeux.

To see Baudri's real attitude to Adela, however, we must look beyond these flatteries to the poem's conclusion (1342 ff.):

Providing you amusement, Adela, by the sweat of my brow, I have painted you a gorgeous bower in my verse. But you must pay me back worthily for my fantasy—think what effort such fiction costs! . . . My manuscript comes to you naked, being the manuscript of a naked poet: give him a cope to cover him, and a tunic if you please.

Inextricable from his humorous clerical begging for alms (a tone which even Hildebert once used, writing to Adela¹) is a courtly flourish:

Adela, me videas aliquando fronte serena,
Si me reperies, id mihi sufficiet.

Ah, Adela, serene of brow, look but upon me awhile. Only behold me, that alone will suffice.

But the humour returns unmistakably in Baudri's other poem to Adela (197), a jocular reminder written when the cope was not forthcoming, in which the countess (whose fame will through Baudri's verse reach *ultima Thule*) and the cope are described in similarly exalted language.²

¹ *Epist.* III. 2 (P.L. 171, 284).

² Bezzola seems to think that Baudri wrote more than these two poems to Adela. Speaking of the long *visio* he says (II. 374-5): 'C'est la première fois que Baudri s'adresse à la comtesse. D'autres poésies dédiées à Adèle de Blois nous le montrent en relations presque amicales avec la princesse; tel, ce petit poème dans lequel il lui demande une chape et où il l'appelle presque familièrement par son prénom.'

This is a tissue of errors. There are only the two poems to Adela, and the first of these already has all the characteristics by which Bezzola wishes to distinguish the later one from it: the petition, the familiarity, the Christian name. The implied progress in intimacy over a number of poems is pure fantasy.

By ignoring everything except Baudri's most extravagant compliments, and failing to distinguish between the *courtoise* of panegyric and that of love, Bezzola concludes from these two poems 'voilà bien la femme capable de susciter les chants d'un desir inassouissable, comme ceux d'un Jaufré Rudel' (II 373) The confusion of such a sentence is my excuse for having dwelt at some length on panegyric verse I have cited and analysed a number of examples of it less for their intrinsic beauty or interest than to put such misreading out of the question in future

The other most favoured royal recipient of the praises of clerics was Matilda, queen of Henry I of England And perhaps the most accomplished poem in the whole genre of courtly compliment is one of Hildebert's to her¹ In its opening his flattery of the queen is combined with the figure of affected modesty, which in reality shows only his delight in his own virtuosity

He who is more fluent than Cicero speaking to men
is less well equipped when he comes before gods.

When Hildebert continues

I was awestruck at your majesty—as my ranging eyes
fathomed your presence, I thought it was a goddess

we need not take him too seriously his gambit is as old as
Odysseus' address to Nausicaa (*Odyssey*, VI 149 ff)

I kneel before you, royal lady are you goddess? are you mortal?
If you are one of the gods that rule wide heaven,
I would liken you to Artemis, daughter of great Zeus.

Hildebert's lines continue with the image that becomes familiar in the Latin as well as the vernacular love-lyrics, of the goddess Natura, more ruggardly in creating other girls but benignly lavish when she fashioned this one spending her all on Matilda and marvelling at her own handiwork Amid

¹ P.L. 171 1443 See also Walther Bulst, *Studien zu Marbods Carmina varia und Liber decem capitulorum*, GGN (1939) pp 236-7

such festive thoughts Hildebert slips in another—instead of the comparison with Diana (such as Baudri applied to Adela¹), he marvels that, though so beautiful, she is also chaste—despite the weakness of her sex. Even if a courtier may not talk like this, a bishop may. Yet it is as courtier that Hildebert takes his leave, again delighting in his own reputation as poet:

Let it not shame you, queen, that I sing your praises.
Allow me to call you my sovereign lady.

The piece has a panache which lifts it above formal courtesies.

More varied in its expressions is the verse correspondence of the eleventh-century poets with learned women. A focal point of such correspondence in France was the convent of Le Ronceray at Angers.² At such a convent there were not only nuns, but girls receiving a literary education, intending to return later into the world (so that a strict monastic rule did not come in question for them). It was in all probability to these girls that Marbod, as a young scholar and teacher at the cathedral school of Angers in the sixties and seventies of the eleventh century, addressed a series of amatory verses which, buried in the 1524 *editio princeps* of his work, were brought to light again in recent years by Walther Bulst.

Their forms are the common leonine hexameters or couplets, but they reflect a range of moods and situations comparable to those in a book of the *Amores*. We see the lover jealous, devoted, self-confident, reproachful, forgiving, cynical, or sentimental. In one poem, which is probably by Marbod's friend Gautier,³ a girl speaks, taunting her lover for all the gifts promised but never sent, and defending herself by attack: 'If you think I love you for your possessions you are a churl.'

¹ Op. cit. 196, 88.

² v. Walther Bulst, 'Liebesbriefgedichte Marbods', in *Liber Floridus* (St. Ottilien, 1950), especially pp. 300-1.

³ v. M. Delbouille, 'Un mystérieux ami de Marbode', *Le Moyen Âge* vi (1950-1), 237. As Delbouille points out, an occasional poem by a friend may have slipped into the Marbod canon. But allowing for this, I nevertheless agree with Bulst that there is no reason to doubt Marbod's authorship of the neglected poems in the *editio princeps*.

Seven of the eleven love-poems form a series in the *editio princeps*. To indicate the range of their themes in briefest outline

- 36 I rejoiced in your letter, because it showed that you care for me. You can give me life—or else death.
- 37 Let me be worthy of you. You suffer so much from your parents for my sake. You are my play and my sleep, my food and my drink.
- 38 Now that I know you love me, all my fear is gone.
- 39 Though I am innocent, you scourge me with your cruel accusations. What more could you do if I were guilty? How can I go on living like this?
- 40 Now you are sorry you have hurt me. I forgive you. Never say anything you do not mean, never pretend in love.
- 41 All girls torment their lovers. They feign jealousies to cover up their own guilt. What you torment me with is rather what you do.
- 42 When I read that you are weeping, I weep too. For you are a part of my mind. But my grief is greater than yours, because my love is greater.

As Bulst has observed acutely, these poems are not mere exercises in the imitation of Ovid. They stylize genuine relationships, in which poetic licence (and poetic *auctoritas*) allowed a range of expressions which actual circumstances did not. The most fascinating of Marbod's secular poems, however, is not a love-letter but a meditation on a song about love: *'Ad sonitum cithare solitus sum me recreare*.

A boy who looks like a young Eros sings and plays to him, evoking a lady's lament in a tragic romance. A knight, mortally wounded by a spear, is found dead by his beloved, who dies upon his body in a grief which is almost a climax of sexual passion in the same moment as it seems to mock that

¹ The motif of the young girl scolded or beaten by her parents (especially the mother) on account of her lover is most frequent in the *pastourelle* but also has its ancient literary counterpart in Maximian, *Elegia*, III.

passion's living fulfilment. It would be tempting to try to catch an echo here of Tristan's death, to see the lines

Inmoritur terre, loquitur que nolo referre.
 Est recitare metus gravis irritamina fletus,
 Os, oculos, vultum gelida iam morte sepultum,
 Singula commemorat —non sunt ea qualia norat—
 Oscula fusa super dat ei, non qualia nuper.
 Collige quid dicat dum vulnera sanguine siccat!
 Collige quid memoret dum vultibus eius inheret!¹

¹ Text in Bulst, *op. cit.*, p. 296 (with my own punctuation). 'She lies on the ground dying, saying things I will not relate. Uttering her fears aloud brings on grievous weeping; she calls to mind every feature: the mouth, the eyes, the face, which is already buried in icy death—they are not as she had known them—she covers them with kisses, not the kisses of old. Oh cherish what she says as she staunches his wounds! cherish her thoughts as she cleaves to his face!'

One interpretation that seems to me quite out of the question is Dom Wilmar's (*RB* li (1939), 175): 'n'est-ce pas clair pour tout lecteur instruit qu'il dépeint Andromaque devant le cadavre d'Hector, et qu'il se recommande, en outre, d'Homère, qui achevait son Iliade par cette rencontre émouvante?' I cannot see that the ritual lament of Andromache and Hecuba, accompanied by a chorus of women (*Iliad*, xxiv. 719 ff.), has anything in common with the love-death of Marbod's poem. Besides, how should Marbod have known this episode? It receives only the barest mention in the *Ilias Latina*, in Dares or in Dictys; only Aeneas' recollection of Andromache at Hector's cenotaph (*Aen.* iii. 300 ff.) shows an intensity in any way comparable with Homer's—but this has even less resemblance to Marbod's scene.

To someone familiar with later medieval religious lyric the image of the knight wounded to death and the maiden weeping over his body may suggest a *Pietà*:

And in that bed there lithe a knight,
 His woundes bleding day and night.

By that bede side kneleth a may,
 And she wepeth both night and day.

And by that bede side there stondesth a stone,
 Corpus Christi wreten there on.

(*Early English Lyrics*, ed. E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick, LXXXI; cf. *ibid.* LXXXIX).

Nonetheless, even if some of the language of Marbod's poem could have had these associations, it would be out of place to read a divine meaning into the poem. Wherever this does occur, the significance of the love is 'given away' at some point in the poem. It would be super-subtle to write a religious piece without any 'key' at all, and there is nothing in Marbod's other poetry to

as evoking the same passionate death as Thomas of Britain's lines

Embrace le, si s'estent,
 Baise la buche e la face
 E molt estrest a li l'enbrace,
 Cors a cors buche a buche estent,
 Sun esprit a tant rent,
 E murt dejuste lui issi
 Pur la dolor de sun amu¹

But this is mere speculation: there was assuredly more than one tragic romance of such a kind current in France before 1100. Yet how much Marbod's lines tell us of the circumstances in which such a romance could be performed! Tales of high love and death, sung for the *recreatio* of a courtier-prelate—were they in Latin, or in the vernacular, or both? While the eleventh-century song 'Foebus abierat'² shows how beautifully elemental romance-motifs could be transformed into Latin, it is evident that the motifs themselves are not learned. To say more than that, however, to be able to assess how great a role the tastes and skill of a clerical elite played in bringing the old love-stories to a fully literary shape, we should have to be able to go back beyond the earliest records.

A few years later Baudri of Bourgueil, who had likewise been a scholar at the cathedral school of Angers, offered the young women of Le Ronceray verses of the more traditional, edifying type. He constantly entreats them to send him verses in return—he is, at least *honoris causa*, their teacher in composition and insists that they practise. He also tries to win them over to the contemplative life, that they should never leave suggest that he would indulge in such mystification. Besides one must take into account the light, almost Epicurean tone of the setting.

Est cytharista meus non ipse puer Cythereus,
 Set puer ipse deo paulo minus a Cythereo

¹ *Tristan* ed. Barina Wind (Genève-Paris 1960) p. 162. She embraces him, les down close to him kisset his mouth and face and enfolds him straining body against body mouth against mouth then she gives up her spirit, and so dies of grief beside her lover.

² Text translation, and discussion *infra*, pp. 334-41.

the convent for a world of carnal delight. Such are the leit-motifs of his letters to Muriel (199), to Agnes (200, paraphrasing a letter of Jerome to Eustochium—*Epist.* 22), and the first letter to Constance. He teases another girl, Beatrice, for her dumbness (202–3)—she has never said a word to him, and written scarcely a line. He writes also to the convent's abbess, Emma, once (201) in pure Jeronian manner, once (225) that she should criticize his verses. Only in one poem, again to Constance (238), does the *courtoisie* of friendship seem to pass over momentarily into gallantry. But amid such protestations as 'To me you are greater and better than goddess or girl or any love', Baudri makes louder protestations of the chastity of his feelings towards Constance, and the pretext of his verses is to present her with an Augustinian view of the uses of pagan mythology. We also have Constance's reply (239), in the same number of distichs as Baudri's letter. After flattering Baudri beyond measure (he is Cicero, Homer, and Aristotle in one!) she continues in the purest *Heroides* vein.¹ In her reply, Jerome to Asella becomes Hypsipyle to Jason. She has cast herself flawlessly in such a role.—He is the most beautiful of men—but he is far from me. I fear to lose him. Do not play me false, for I am faithful. Come to see me. I would have come to you, but my cruel stepmother (*saeva noverca*—² perhaps Abbess Emma?!) prevents me. Come to me, I am sick with longing for you.

In the early twelfth century still another poet was to write verses to Le Ronceray—Abelard's pupil Hilarius. At least three of his poems (II, III, IV) are addressed to nuns at this convent,³ and one, his longest, is to the anchoress Eva, who

¹ Baudri himself wrote a *Paris Helenae* and a *Helena Paridi*—*Œuvres*, 42, 43. Did he also forge Constance's letter, as Schumann suggested (*Strecker* 1931, p. 162)? I think it unlikely. ² Cf. *Her.* VI. 126.

³ v. W. Bulst, *op. cit.*, p. 301; H. Spanke, *ZfSS* lvi (1932), 249–52. My references follow the numbering of Hilarius' poems in the two editions, that of J. J. Champollion-Figeac (*Paris*, 1838) and that of J. B. Fuller (*New York*, 1930). In my quotations I follow Champollion-Figeac, who keeps more closely to the manuscript.

also lived near Angers. There is a poem to a young high-born English girl Rosea, and there are four poems to beautiful boys. These last have been regarded as passionate, sensual love-poems, in contrast to the poems to women, which are straightforward panegyrics.¹ This view seems to me to need severe qualification. I think that a poem such as 'Ad puerum Andegavensem' (vii) is characterized by a learned delight in language which is theatrical and *pathétique*, together with a sense of humour.

Castitatis grave propositum
 Condennavit pulcrum Ipolitum,
 Pene Ioseph venit ad obitum
 Dum regine contensit libitum

Again, the tone of such stanzas as

Ut te vidi, mox Cupido
 Me percussit, sed diffido
 Nam me tenet mea Dido
 Cuius iram reformido (xii)

is learnedly jocular, not sensual, closest perhaps to the exhilarating satire of xiv

Papa captus hunc vel hanc decipit,
 Papa quid vult in lectum recipit,
 Papa nullum vel nullam excipit,
 Pape detur, nam Papa precipit
 Tort a qui ne li dunt²

¹ H Brinkmann *Liebesdichtung* p 96 (who speaks of the poems to boys as glowing with hot sensual passion) and H Spanke loc cit (a more cautious statement)

² Fair Hippolytus was ruined by his grave resolve of chastity, Joseph nearly met his death when he spurned the queen's pleasure

Cupid pierced me the moment I saw you yet I hesitate because my Dido rules me and I fear her wrath

His Holiness cheats of their conquests man and maid
 he takes whatever he wishes into bed
 His Holiness makes no exceptions lid or lass
 if he commands—'It's yours, Your Holiness!
 Shame on those who refuse!

There is humour, too, in the frequent Ganymede allusions (ix, x, xiii), and sly wit in the regretful 'sed' which joins two clauses of straight-faced panegyric:

Totus pulcher et decorus, nec est in te macula;
Sed vaccare castitati talis nequid formula. (ix)

Otherwise, the poems to nuns and those to boys have much in common. The topos 'Making you, Natura marvelled at her own handiwork'¹ is used indifferently of both (iii, v, ix, x). The recipient of the poems, whoever he or she is, is always the most beautiful and the most excellent: 'Ave, Bona, bona quidem et bonarum optima' (ii); 'Quae cunctarum es profecto puellarum gloria' (iii); 'Monialis ordinis et decus et gloria' (iv); 'Ave splendor puellarum, speciosa femina' (v); 'Puer pulcher et puer unice' (vii); 'Tibi nequid comparari quislibet mortalium' (ix); 'Ave splendor telluris Anglice, / Decus summum et decor unice' (x); 'Puer decens, decor floris' (xiii).

Such phrases evidently came by rote. They recur even in the two songs for the queen in Hilarius' play of Daniel.² Again, like Hildebert and Baudri, Hilarius, asking for alms, casts himself in the role of humble devotee:

Scribo tibi tuus ego, ne me pudet dicere,
Nec me tuum esse nego, quem emisti munere. (iii)

Ergo mea domina, ne contemnas carmina . . .
Elemosinariam mihi mittas ectiam
Pariter cum versibus. (iv)

Similarly the 'submission' to Rosea (v)

Corpus meum et res meas
iam tibi subicio;
Me defendas, et res eas,
mea sis protectio.

belongs to this context, and must not be drawn into the context of love-worship. From Claudian, with whom we

¹ Cf. *supra*, p. 212.

² Ed. Champollion-Figeac, pp. 47, 50-51.

began, to Hilarius, the *courtoisie* of literary flattery is never that of love. Osric can never become Florizel.

To sum up throughout the Latin Middle Ages, from the beginning there existed a language of *courtoisie*, both in the panegyric tradition and in the expression of friendship in its most exalted Christian sense. Among the poets whose work falls within these two traditions, Venantius Fortunatus is most remarkable in those of his poems which fall outside the traditions, poems whose tone of intimate, affectionate, humorous familiarity is absolutely distinctive.

Whatever the similarities of language, the *courtoisie* of love should not be confused with that of commendation or that of friendship. While these have their important place in the European pattern they scarcely found expression in lyrical form, and are thus unlikely to have had a particular influence on the medieval love-lyric. Spanke made this point decisively in 1936.

The Latin poems addressed to great ladies were not composed by Tropatores and were never sung. Their authors were men of letters not composers of songs, their style and their content has nothing in common with troubadour poetry.¹

With this I agree entirely, and would add only that the verses to Radegunde and Agnes have little in common with the poems to great ladies. If there are any augures for the future of secular lyric in Merovingian Gaul, they are not in the poems of Venantius Fortunatus any more than in the eccentric little *cantatellae* of Vergil the Grammarian, but in the enchanting lines written in a Merovingian hand in a margin of the Lyon Psalter

Dum *ivi* ambolare
et bene cogetare
audi*vi* avem adclature
et cessed myhy inde
dolere, suspi[rare]²

As I was walking
deep in thought,
I heard a bird chattering,
and at once ceased
all my grief and sighing

¹ *Beziehungen* p. 187. Spanke rightly excepts the *objective* troubadour genres, such as the *dirge* (*planh*) on the death of a great lord or lady. Cf. also F. J. E. Raby's excellent general statement in *The Classical Review* xlvii (1932) 143.

² *Poetae* iv. 2. 65. MS. Dum myhy.

3. *Convents and courtoisie*

The manuscript now known as München Clm 17142 is one of the strangest in the entire Middle Ages. Its first seventy leaves contain the story of the *Translatio Sancti Dionysii*, and it was because of this that the manuscript was acquired by the monastery of Saint Denis at Schefflarn, which was consecrated in 1160. The second half of the manuscript, another seventy leaves, is magnificent chaos. In it fragments of classical and patristic authors, fragments of commentaries sacred and profane, absurd etymologies, mythographic notes, proverbs, mnemonics, and a host of verses—political, satiric and panegyric, elegiac, didactic, misogynistic—follow each other helter-skelter, often mere shreds, scarcely two lines belonging together. In the midst of all this are scattered fifty love-letters and lovers' messages in verse, a great many of them fragmentary or copied out unintelligibly, some composed by men but more of them by women. Amid all the scholastic debris, a few glowing gems.

We owe our knowledge of this manuscript to Wilhelm Wattenbach,¹ who gave a careful description of it, with lavish quotations, in 1873. The earliest datable poem in the manuscript, as he showed, is a *planctus* on the death of Henry III (1056), the latest references are to the disturbances in the reign of Henry IV (probably 1076), and there is one which possibly alludes to the imprisonment of Manegold of Lautenbach (1098). Thus we can place the poems approximately in the third, perhaps also in the fourth, quarter of the eleventh century. They were copied into this manuscript early in the twelfth. It seems that a scholar had left a mass of notes, private papers, and private correspondence in no particular order, and that perhaps some decades after his death someone was set the task of copying them, and being indifferent to or ignorant

¹ Art. cit. *infra*, p. 443. The love-verses in the MS. are printed complete, with translations, in the second section of my anthology (*infra*, pp. 422 ff.). See also Bibliography, p. 565, and *Forschungen zur deutschen Geschichte*, xiii (1873), 393 ff.

of their contents, or unable to put them in any order, copied them exactly in the chaos in which he found them. This explanation, which is substantially Wattenbach's, seems to me the only possible one. Wattenbach also characterized the milieu in which these verses came to be written, setting it in Regensburg (though I do not feel this is wholly certain). In many ways things are the same as at Le Ronceray. There is a convent in which both the sisters and the young girls *en pension* can associate with the outside world. They are well-born young women, who receive visits from noblemen and from the higher clergy, and even royal visits. But their closest links are with a scholar from Liège who teaches them the liberal arts. It was no doubt easy to send the *magister* verses and to receive verses from him without interference or censorship by a superior: such verses were simply a part of one's education, and sending them was a custom hallowed by the Christian tradition of *amicitia*. In fantasy the scholar becomes a son of Mercury, the women daughters of Philology. He was able to introduce other clerics into their circle, but at least several of his pupils seem to have fallen in love with him and become jealous of one another.

As to the nature of the love-verses written in these circumstances Wattenbach was silent. I should like to show that they are truly remarkable. Of all the verses written to or by the women of Le Ronceray, only Marbod's have a comparable variety of tone. Yet as we saw, Marbod was there writing under the shadow of the *Amores*, the *discordia concors* of emotions is shaped in a literary way. What is so surprising in the German poems on the other hand, is their contrast between matter and manner, the ease with which, despite the often clumsy use of leonine form, despite the often outlandish grammar and syntax, all the nuances of feeling are expressed, the conversational immediacy of it all. Except for rare moments, this world is not Ovidian, nor is it a world where the conventions of praise or friendship reign, but one where complicated men and women—not, like Marbod, practised writers—men

and women whose loves are rendered more complicated by their obligations and their circumstances, express themselves as best they can. Their little verse communiqués are alive because they formed so intimate a part of their day-to-day lives.

At first some of the young women seem to regard their teacher with a mixture of awe and *Schwärmerei*:

Mens mea letatur, corpusque dolore levatur,
Idcirco quia me, doctor, dignaris amare. (VIII)

Héloïse too, perhaps half a century later, was overwhelmed that her teacher should condescend to love her. And can one not almost hear Gretchen addressing Faust 'Herr Doktor'?

It is probably for the teacher that one of the girls makes a tablet-holder (xviii), another (or perhaps the same) a cincture (xliii)—in each case the gift is offered as a pledge of love: 'Prospice re parva mea sit devotio quanta.' Another, who has a 'crush' on the teacher, who thinks that all he says is 'divine', complains to him, as she sends him verses to correct, that she is not his favourite (vi). It is perhaps the favourite herself who says in an outburst where apprehension and jealousy are mingled: 'I cannot bear to leave you so often, when all our girls are flocking to you' (xxi). There is a girl's petulant outburst against imagined rivals (xxxvii), and on the same page an appeal to the lover to protect her against the women who envy her happiness (xxxviii). Here again one feels that the beloved is overwhelmed by the attention that her lover has paid her. This is confirmed by some of the verses written by men, probably by friends of the *magister*, rather than by himself, which are full of a dominating self-assurance. Once (vii) the dominance seems to go with a feeling of guilt (though it is hard to catch the exact tone from three brief lines), several times a man seems to adopt a jocular, 'cock of the roost' manner, complacently accepting gifts (xiii, xlii), or bragging that he has loftier pursuits than love; why should he be hurt by love?—nuns and girls are easily tamed (xix). It is possible that xv is a more outrageous *gab* ('Prima tamen non

cs, quia duxerat antea bis tres'), but the use of the third person and the final insult ('supremaque vix placuisti') suggest to me that it is a girl who is 'cattily' passing on a greeting (Prepositus vetule mandat tibi fausta capelle'), adding her own spiteful embellishments. On the same page comes a passionate and tender invitation to a rendezvous at this same chapel (xiv), perhaps from the maligned provost himself. The would-be seducer's rueful reflection on his lack of success (i), pointed, like several other poems, by a fable, is surely humorous, yet it is not always easy to gauge the seriousness of the brief, often fragmentary verses, when they express a taunt (iv), or an accusation of cruelty (xlvii), or a suspicion that compliments are not what they seem (xli).

But there are quite a number of poems which show a conception of love very different from the ones already mentioned, and an astonishing concern with values and *mores* in love. One of the most characteristic of this group is xvii.

Hunc mihi Mercurius	florem dedit ingeniosus
Quo possim vicis	precibusque resistere fedis—
Ius igitur nullus	retinet de me quoque stultus,
Qui nostris longe	socus discordat ab ore
Quos incesta iuvant,	consortia nostra relinquunt—
In quorum numero	si converseris, abesto!
Vix admittuntur	qui rebus mille probantur,
Sed tamen hos modice	complectitur atque modeste
Denuque quis Virtus	nostrum vult credere pignus,
illos extrema	curat bene fingere luna,
Ut sermone bono	clam crescant atque perito,
Moribus egregius	sint undique rite politis.
Ergo quam venias	prius ad nos instrue pennas,
(Si quas imposuit	Ratio tibi, quando creavit).
Ne qua parte dolo	sis oblitus inveterato
Quem simulis morum	sibi iunxit fama bonorum,
Illi vestalis	chorus obtat dona salutis

Here the woman speaking (and by implication the others on whose behalf she speaks) assumes a role of dominance

Humorously but firmly she and her friends set themselves up as arbiters, not indeed of love itself, but of 'good form' in love. It is they who will decide whether the men who aspire to their company are socially adequate. As such, the lovers have no rights or claims whatever—their obligation is to cultivate the qualities which will make them acceptable. There is great insistence on *politesse*—no *bêtise* is allowed, nothing *risqué*. The only men acceptable are those already fully proven in worth, and even to them the lady will turn only with measure and discretion. Her behaviour, in fact, must be dictated by *Virtù*; through *Virtù* (which has a curious ambiguity here, being a personified superhuman principle, but also the lady's own *énergumène*), as if by magic, men gain qualities and manners which are *courtois*. Any trace of ill breeding that the admirers retain must be eradicated. To be 'presentable' (and hence acceptable as lover, or flirt) requires '*morum fama bonorum*', being renowned for *bonnes mœurs*. Only then can the lady desire for her lover the *dona salutis*, the physical and spiritual well-being, the *joie*, which her favour can bestow.

The humorously mocking tone is more pronounced in xxxi, a poem addressed to the scholar from Liège. With a show of indignation his favourite among the women tells him that a self-assured, conquering lover is out of the question:

Illos diligimus quos sculpsit provida Virtus,
Quosque Modestia se monuit spectare modeste.

Their society recognizes only lovers whom prudent *Virtù* has moulded. It is hard to find an exact equivalent for *Modestia*—discretion, measure, sensitiveness, *gentilezza*, deference, all play a part. There follows a contrast between the light, inconstant love of the Olympians, which is also the love celebrated in the *Amores*, and a love by which men are refined and brought to perfection. Ovidian love is facile and in the end destructive, the love here approved is ennobling. The lady unbends a little, pardons her lover's faults, because she thinks he has gained worth (*valuïsse*) through allowing reason

(*sana ratio*) to remedy what was amiss in his notion of love. But she cautions him no more relapses into Ovidian 'speciosa mendosa' goaded on by Cupid! 'A lady's grace will grant whatever is honourable—this she will give to one who always asks with due deference' She (and the other ladies for whom she speaks) is assured she compels admirers to accept her notions of graceful and refined behaviour, to accept her values in which love ennobles being 'moral vertue, grounded upon trouthe'. She shows lovers that they must be humble, not full of hope, that it is only the *gratia donnarum* which grants a favour—provided the lover has asked for it 'correctly', that is, as a suppliant.

These two poems show us beyond any doubt that a number of cultivated, witty and tender young women in an eleventh-century convent in south Germany imposed on the clerics who frequented their society the values of *amour courtois*.

In a longer poem, where a lady, not wishing to be seriously hurt by caring too much for her lover, taunts and reproaches him (xxxiv) all that she says implies the standards of *courtoisie* and his failure to live up to these: he thinks of expediency, not honour, he is inattentive, insincere, cowardly, casual—in short he is really a *villain* (this is what the word *sclavus* suggests to me).

Favours are refused as well as granted in accordance with *courtois* values. In the brief exchange (xx) where the lover appeals to his lady *de more*, by the standards of correct behaviour, that she should acknowledge a (formal) bond of love (*fedus*), she counters by an appeal to *Honestas*. Similar words (*honestum fedus*) occur in another refusal (xxv), where they are contrasted with a clandestine *fedus*. The one is taught by *Virtu*, the other is not. The lines strongly suggest that it was considered proper for a young lady to bestow favours only if in some acknowledged way her admirer had become 'her man'.

The words most frequently mentioned in the context of love are *virtus* and *probitas*. The first corresponds to *virtu*, the second to the notion of intrinsic worth (*valensa, proeza*) as

well as of honourable behaviour (which naturally flows from it). The lover is called *flos probitatis* (XL), and in a greeting (XXXII) the lady writes that God looks favourably on those *virtute probatos*; she and her friends rejoice *amore probato*, in a well-proven love (XLVIII); they have been taught by *Virtus* to look to an honourable attachment (IX). At the same time there is the fear of jangling tongues: a girl appeals to the Liégeois scholar against another's *presumptio garrula*. She is afraid, and yet the tone in which she speaks of the *lauzenjador* is contemptuous—he is a mean little man (*parvulus*), who can easily be humiliated by her lover (XLIV).¹

¹ Similar notions occur also in verses which do not in other ways show the values of *courtoisie*. Thus in II, where a girl sits by the river Volturmo and thinks of her lover far away, thinking 'Odi et amo', she dismisses those who oppose *joie* to their own *stoliditas*. In XXXVI the girl castigating her lover is appalled that he should have in some way associated *stoliditas* with her or her friends (the word may well carry the associations of *vilenie*). The brief verses of X and XI seem to be concerned with the lovers' fear of being discovered. And in V, despite the assumption of the man's superiority that seems to be implied by *dominandi*, there is also the ladies' insistence on *Virtus* and *precium honestum*.

A comparable relationship, in turns witty and earnest, gallant, tender, or aloof, between a scholar and the young women he teaches, is already to some extent reflected in Hermann of Reichenau's *Opusculum . . . ad Amiculas Suas*, written between 1044 and 1046 (ed. Dümmler, *ZfdA* xiii. 385 ff.). Basically this fragmentary cycle of verses, with its eccentric and brilliant choice of metres, is homiletic. Hermann's role is primarily that of spiritual director. But in the long prelude to the set piece *de contemptu mundi*, the dialogue between Hermann and his Muse and the sisters, this role is played off against others. The young women fear the lovely Muse as a rival and as the seducer of their beloved cleric:

Nosterne noster ille medullitus
 nobis inustus liup Herimannulus
 amandus ille saecla per omnia
 transmisit, o, te, pulchra puellula? . . .
 vultus venustas terret enim tui;
 tu forsan eius conscia lectuli
 complexa dulcis munia savii
 furare, noctis ausa silentia
 nobis negata sumere gaudia. (40 ff.)

And it is this which offers the pretext for a didactic passage, for the Muse's own strictures against unchastity. The Muse, it emerges, has also harboured jealous suspicions about the purity of the *amiculae* (253 ff.). Hermann

Some of the most delightful verses in the manuscript are those in which the 'lel layk of luf' is played gracefully and freely, in which gallantries and compliments are exchanged or parried while a certain amount of teasing on both sides makes for a light 'battle between the sexes'. The poems xxvii-xxx belong together, and probably formed part of a more extended skirmish. The last lines of xxvii, alluding to hot springs and to *ignis salutaris* (with the associations of ardour, inspiration, and a pure flame of virtue), are taken up by the scholar who, amid many compliments, writes humorously of the girl's 'ignitum vultum', and makes extravagant protests of unconditional surrender to her (as poet—and by implication as lover). The reply to this is lost, but in the scholar's next letter, the theme of poetic (and sexual) rivalry is sustained, and linked with the original image of the *unda calens* by Marsyas, whose sad end is attributed entirely to Minerva not Apollo—'men have always been vanquished in their struggle with women'. Elegantly and courteously she half accepts, half parries his gallantries, and returns 'dignus digna', at least by implication certainly Orpheus and Marsyas, with their unbridled spirits, deserved their misfortunes (but why should you, who are full of deference and *gentilezza*, receive injury at our hands?) Yet she does not say this—she leaves him to draw the conclusion, and adroitly changes the subject. The verses conclude with a graceful (and at the end serious) farewell to the scholar, who has to depart on a journey.

While the Regensburg verses show many different facets of love, and while some mirror a relationship which is anything but *courtois*, many others, the majority even, show us a little world in which a sophisticated conception of *amour courtois*

reproaches her for these and she at first justifying herself, comes to accept graciously that the *cara contio* is loved by her poet.

qui te mire colit, diligit, amplectitur ac fovet,
qui non ficto tuum semper honorem cupit intantum

has evolved. Its values seem to be dictated by the well-born young women in the convent, rather than by their teacher or their devotees. Here (in marked contrast to Le Ronceray) the dominant role of the women is unmistakable. They are not *précieuses ridicules*; rather, they have something of the humorous outspokenness of the heroines of Shakespeare's comedies. This presupposes a circle in which they were admired and cultivated for their wit, a circle which prized the graceful complication of flirtation and love.

I believe this is also true of another, slightly later milieu, in which the famous *Concilium Romarici Montis*¹ came to be written. Again, the convent at Remiremont (in Lorraine, along the upper reaches of the Moselle) was an aristocratic establishment—a girl had to have four noble ancestors on both her father's and her mother's side to be allowed to enter. The abbess was a reigning princess in her own right, elected by the convent and consecrated by the Pope, and thus proudly independent of her neighbouring bishops.² In the astonishing poem which tells of the nuns' 'Church Council' about love and the merits of knights and clerics as lovers, some basic problems of interpretation remain, to my mind, unsolved, despite the valuable work of Meyer and Raby and the related texts they have brought to bear. Was the poem written by a cleric with a gift for parody and satire, laughing at the independence and worldliness of the women in this convent? Or is this too simple? What are we to make of the extravagant praise of clerics? Is this to be taken at face value, or as the opposite of what it says, or in some more subtle way? Can we

¹ Ed. W. Meyer, *GGN* (1914), pp. 1 ff. According to Raby (*SLP* ii. 294) 'the poem belongs to the middle of the twelfth century'. Faral tried (I think unconvincingly) to show its dependence on the *Altercatio Phyllidis et Florae* (*Recherches sur les sources latines des contes et romans courtois du Moyen Âge* (Paris, 1913), pp. 215 ff.). In my view the date of the *Concilium* remains an open question, though from a stylistic standpoint it is unlikely to be earlier than 1100, and the Trier MS. of the poem is universally agreed to have been written before 1200. Neither the allusion to Remiremont in the Ripoll MS. nor the papal Bull of 1151 (v. Raby, *SLP* ii. 240, 296) is decisive for dating the poem.

² v. H. Naumann, *Frech und Fromm* (München, 1960), p. 10.

rule out that the poem was written by one of the women at Remiremont themselves, playfully mocking the noblemen—or else the clerics—of their acquaintance, or perhaps both?¹

Faced with such uncertainties, we cannot hope to assess the poem's attitude or define the scope of its wit. What is illuminating for our present purpose, however, is to note the qualities of mind which the ladies demand from their lovers (whether these qualities are named in jest, or partly or wholly seriously). For this, too, the rivalry between knight and cleric is immaterial²—my question is, what were the sought-after attributes? Not (as the women asked), who possesses them?

The approved lover, then, has *affabilitas, gratia, amabilitas, curialitas* (which is simply *courtoisie*), *probitas* (discussed above), *peritia et industria amandi* (*savoir-faire* together with ardour). He is not a deceiver or slanderer, he is generous with gifts and constant (72 ff). His love is *omni carens vicio* ('voyded of eche vileynye'), *utilis* (perhaps seemly, *comme-il-faut*), firm and stable (89-90). The divine *iuventutis gaudium* encompasses him and is directed by him (100 ff)—as in Provençal *Joi* and *Joven* suggest a wholly encompassing way of life.³ He is valiant, and serves his lady, so that she longs to favour him (115 ff—the Latin uses *servire* both of lover and beloved).

¹ Another important aspect of the poem which is not clear to me is the figure of the *cardinalis domina*. Is this the abbess presiding over the debate as a cardinal would over a council? Or does the phrase simply mean guiding sovereign lady? Is she then a supernatural figure, a Kore sent down by the god of love—

Amor deus omnium quotquot sunt amantium
me misit vos visere et vitam inquirere (52-53)

so that the poem has affinities with love-visions? Or is this an extended metaphor applied to the abbess herself?

² There was presumably always a certain amount of historical truth in this rivalry (even at times when we have no evidence of the kind afforded by the Latin and French debate-poems) as well as a certain amount of keeping the legend alive. 'The history (and legend) of town versus gown' in Oxford or Cambridge affords a good comparison—is, in fact, an extension of 'knight versus cleric' into the world of *fabliau*.

³ v. *supra*, p. 37 and note

His *probitas* and *bonitas* always impel his desires in accordance with the joy of love. He praises his lady in songs and verse; he is skilful in love's work, obliging (*habilis*) and gentle (*dulcis*). He must not be emotionally shallow, he must not chatter or be indiscreet (142 ff.). He must champion his lady's cause, carry it in her favour to the utmost of his power, and never reveal her secrets (196-8).¹

Such were the ideals discussed (with whatever seriousness) at Remiremont. Again, such ideals echo here and there in twelfth-century Latin love-letters, as in the famous one from the Tegernsee manuscript (Clm 19411), long known through *Minnesangs Frühling*:²

H. flori florum, redimito stemmate morum,
virtutum forme, virtutum denique norme

To H, flower of flowers, garlanded with courtesy, to him who is the pattern of perfections, indeed the very standard of virtù

A fervent meditation on Ciceronian *amicitia* is followed by a play on the notion of *fides*—in which the faith enjoined by the Bible and the (lover's) faith taught by the *seculares doctores* are identified. Thus constancy in love is praised as ennobling, as the condition of virtù:

If you depart from this, you sink into the depths, if you are severed from it, what is this but to stray from the destiny of the good? If you and constancy are one, you are radiant like a beam of Phoebus, by cultivating it you take up the bow of virtues, clinging to it you win a life of blessedness.

¹ If one were to attempt a similar compilation of the qualities discussed in the *Altercatio Phyllidis et Florae* (CB 92), a remarkable result would follow: there is scarcely a mention of intrinsic qualities or virtù, only of extrinsic ones. The lover must be well-off (st. 13), he must not be a gourmand (st. 15 ff.), neither too fat (st. 16) nor too lean (st. 25 ff.), not over-fond of sleep (st. 17), &c. While the *Altercatio* is a far more accomplished and in many ways subtler poem than the *Concilium*, Phyllis and Flora themselves do not have the finesse of the ladies of Remiremont. They have no ideals about the mind and character of an *amant courtois*.

² Pp. 318-20 (1944 edition).

Later it appears that the cleric had been too hard in his structures on knights, and mischievously the lady¹ undertakes their defence

Indeed it is through them, if I may say so, that the laws of *courtoisie* (*iura curialitatis*) are maintained. They are the source and fountainhead of honour (*honestatis*)

But she ends with promises of unswerving loyalty to her cleric.

It is dangerous to try to define the attitude to love in such a letter. Where does the literary exercise, the *thème*, end and conceptions of love begin? Where is the boundary between traditional *amicitia* (the letter's ostensible subject) and flirtation, perhaps even ardent love? Only the Regensburg verses, because of the amazing way in which they are preserved, seem to allow us to look 'behind the scenes'. Yet elsewhere too one often senses the complexity, the comedy of manners almost, in the relation between scholars and their cultivated convent pupils.

I shall take my final illustration of this from another twelfth-century Tegernsee manuscript (Cim 19488), where a cleric writes a poem (printed with translation below, pp 452-63) to some young cloistered women, using Ovid's *Metamorphoses* as the starting-point of a discussion of the nature of love. He was not concerned with the social aspect of love, but with the deeper questions implied by it: what is the ultimate value of human love? is it compatible with dedication to heavenly love?

In a somewhat cumbrous prologue the poet claims he wishes to remain anonymous lest the subject of his poem

¹ In *RF* lxxx (1960) 226 n. I wrote of this letter: 'It need not have been written by a *religieuse* or by a woman at all—having in mind virtuosic exercises such as the women's love-letters written by Boncompagno for his *Epistolarum* (v. *infra* pp 251 ff.)' While it now seems to me far likelier that this was an actual letter written by a woman like the group of letters in the same MS printed below (pp 472 ff.) I would still wish to stress that this does not warrant speaking of a *confession* (Spitzer's word)—that such a view ignores all the traditional elements in such letters which I discussed in Chap. IV. 2

should give offence—for who, he asks with tongue in cheek, has ever mentioned such things as love to you before? Then he goes on to state his central problem: the ancient poets write about gods and goddesses who not only make love promiscuously among themselves, unmindful of adultery or incest, but also seduce human beings. How are such things possible? Can the gods have sinned, or are these things lawful also for men? How can men be blamed if the divine virtù of love overcomes them too?

The answer begins: the ancient fable has a hidden meaning. The goddesses are figuratively women in a convent, and the gods are clerics. The myth is about yourselves and us. All of us become divine in so far as love reigns in us, in so far as every human excellence is dedicated to Amor. For a moment the tone changes: like the gods, you too have been tempted to abandon modesty often enough. But at once the poet overrides this exuberantly: when we are joined in love, this is a divine union. With the customary tilt of *clericus* at *miles* he adds, when you love a knight or we love a lady outside the convent, this is equivalent to the divine *mésalliances*, Jupiter's amours with mortals. Yet wherever there is love, what is above and what is below, matter and form, are transmuted into each other.

When a poet such as Ovid writes of these transmutations, he begins with the story of the cosmos. He shows the strife and concord of the elements, the laws by which the heavens are moved, how everything in nature is balanced and how, when the point of balance is forgotten, as by Phaethon, chaos is come again. But what relation is there between the scandalous behaviour of the gods and the myth of the *primordia rerum* which precedes? The one follows the other to show how nature, which once was pure, came to be corrupted. This section of the poem ends on a Macrobian note: when we look heavenwards our souls can still regain their former dwellings—but we can also bring the gods down to the depths.

Here we seem to have arrived at a negation of the original

thesis—but we must not think that the poet's first view was put forward only jocularly and that now he has stated his final, serious view. The poet has a surprise for us: it is not that the gods are degraded, rather there is a wisdom (*doctrina*) in divinity when it descends to earth. What is this wisdom? What in fact does the coition of divine beings tell us? It tells us everything *de rerum natura*! The corrupt state which was contrasted with a mythically pure one is now—*felix culpa*—identified with it. We need not cast up our eyes to find out about the celestial spheres, for they, like all else, are moved by precisely these 'degraded' gods.

Whatever comes to pass in this world under a cruel or kindly star, whatever has influence on these, from which we see every created form established, whatever you know and feel whatever is begotten and exists by virtue of these elements—all this men saw in the sexual unions of gods!

There follows a short epilogue: women celebrating the rites of love are drawn to inquire into the *ratio* of many things, so let these thoughts beguile the time. But the author, safe in his anonymity, wants neither praise nor blame for them.

This outline leaves many aspects of the poem problematic. How serious is it? Can one find a consistency behind the apparent contradictions? Is it, all things considered, an affirmation or a rejection of human love?

The paradoxes arise through the poet's constant making and breaking of analogies between the divine, the human, and the elemental. These are united because 'Mortales actus Iovis implet ad infima tractus'—yet there are contrasts too: concepts such as *deitas* and *amor* are full of ambiguities. In this *mystica fabula rerum* there is an affirmative view: we can attain divinity through human love—and a complementary negative: the gods in their amours reflect the corruption of human nature.

At si que nobis virtus dominatur amoris,
 Igne sui telli superavit numina celi

Abbatissarum genus, et grex omnis carum
 Sunt Pallas plane, tria virginis ora Diane,
 Iuno, Venus, Vesta, Thetis—observantia vestra
 Est expressa satis cultu tante deitatis.

On the one hand, to say that the only rites a convent needs are those of pagan goddesses is an irreverent, humorous suggestion. On the other, if there is a cosmic power of love which manifests itself throughout heaven and earth, its *cultus* may become the realization of all the divine attributes, figured by the various goddesses, in a human being. This ambiguity is sustained:

Cum deliramus, ea numina significamus!
 Militat in nobis hic sepius ardor amoris,
 Nos etiam superat, in nobis sepe triumphat!
 Cum rapit in peius nos ardor et inpetus eius,
 Virtus, maigestas, gradus altus honoris, honestas
 Miliciam Veneris et castra secuntur Amoris.

From one standpoint *delirare* is to deviate, from another to be taken out of oneself, to be possessed by love. 'Amor vincens omnia' is itself both a madness or disorder which throws one into a worse state, and, as the end of the poem shows, the supreme power of ordering in the cosmos, which 'triumphs in us'. It is not that the *courtois* virtues depart, but that they find new scope.

Suddenly a contrary view appears (80–87): the love which conquered the world is responsible for sullyng it. Now it is not called love, but *libido*, *improbitas*, its powers are metaphorically identified with Satan's. But immediately the poet continues:

Quando nos vobis pacto sociamur amoris,
 Hec sunt magnorum connubia sacra deorum!

. . . hic mutare videmus
 Materiam superum formas et corpora rerum.
 Iupiter in taurum fertur mutatus, et aurum:
 Ut mutaretur Amor hoc fecisse docetur;

Phyllis mutata sensit crudelia fata
 Sevus Amor fecit quod Phyllis amygdala gignat—
 Phyllis it in florem per Demophoontus amorem¹

Love is affirmed once more, it seems in a completely serious way it is the virtue in which, to use the liturgical phrase, 'terrenis caelestia, humanis divina iunguntur' This is the rejection of dualism the forms cannot remain in a pure platonic world of their own the intelligible world transfigures the sensible Even the cruelties suffered in love on the human plane are transmuted Phyllis's loss is turned through love into immortal gain As part of spring in nature she is again the source of love—the transformation that had begun from above now begins from below, from the sensible, and its process is thus reciprocal and complete.

Then the poet recalls the Ovidian description of the beginnings of the world The Phaethon fable again points the need for a perfect harmony between the earthly and the heavenly But then, in the attempt to rationalize Ovid, we get what seems the strongest case for the dualist view

Miror cur vates tot feda, tot improbitates
 Dicturus demum voluit primordia rerum,
 Celi vel terre, subtiliter ante referre.
 Iuxta Platonem Nature condicionem,
 Post res mutatas, rerum species variatas,
 Et mutatorum scelus, impia supra deorum
 Explicat—et quare? Vult nobis significare
 Quantum Natura, quondam sine crimine pura,
 Nunc degravata corrupta sit et victata

What happens to the incorrupt, platonic world picture? The species become mutable and thus brings on crime As soon as dualism is carried to an extreme, it refutes itself. Those who sever Creation and the Fall so completely that they cannot relate them end up, as here, by identifying them

Hec de virtute, de vera verba salute
 Quando tractamus ad sidera mente volamus
 Sic celum petimus non ut ferat Ossan Olympus

Hunc habitum mentis tum rursus ad impia sentis
 Prave mutari, scortari, luxuriari.
 Mortales actus Iovis implet ad infima tractus,
 Mens vitio victa pecca[t] virtute relictā.

If the intelligible and the sensible are kept apart, the elevation to the one and the degradation to the other become simply successive phases of one process. The gods are first pure forms, necessary, incorruptible beings and then, inexplicably, turn into not merely corruptible but corrupt ones. To use Spenser's distinction, they are then not merely subject to Mutability, but Mutability reigns in them.

With this antinomy unresolved, the poet offers an alternative, which provides a solution. If one begins with pure intelligences in one world and everything that is mutable in another, divorced from it, one ends by sullyng and negating both. One ends with the self-contradictory notion of corrupt divinities, with which the poem began. If, however, one begins with the apparent contradiction that the human and the divine, the earthly and the heavenly can merge, the result is the triumphant affirmation of both. Amor (not *improbitas*, but *divinitas*) 'nos etiam superat, in nobis sepe triumphat'. If divine Amor is divorced from another, allegedly lower love, which is said to be 'foedus', both will before long be seen with a tainted view; whereas if human and divine love are seen as united from the outset, both will remain simultaneously affirmable.

Est quod in illorum discas deitate deorum,
 Nec sine doctrina migrare feruntur ad ima . . .
 Quidquid in hoc mundo crudeli sive secundo
 Sidere versantur, et quicquid in hec operantur,
 Ex quibus omne genus rerum constare videmus,
 Quod sapis et sentis, quod ab his fit et est elementis—
 Hoc opus istorum coitum dixere deorum.

In a teleological universe the pure forms cannot be wholly separate. If they are eternal and transcendent, they are also

immanent they not merely influence mutable things, but dwell and move in them. And the things themselves, to quote Spenser,

are not changed from their first estate,
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length again
Do work their own perfection so by fate

That is, on earth they are not essentially different from their heavenly forms, but develop towards them as their *telos*, so that in so far as they realize their own (immanent) perfection, they are, in Aristotle's phrase, 'becoming as divine as possible', and attaining their transcendent forms. The gods are said to descend ('migrare feruntur ad ima'), but at the same time it is the sensible world, the power of the elements working in harmony, which realizes the forms and the activity of the heavenly sphere

Vis elementorum, concors operatio quorum
Rerum naturas dat, rebus habere figuras,
Et quid agat spera celestis.

The nature of things is the result both of the descent of the divine and the ascent of the earthly. The sun (that is, the planet and at the same time the god)

Rursus ad Arcturum scandens ver aere purum
Prestat et estatem, dat terre fertilitatem.

This spring and renewal of the earth bring on a renewal of human love ('quod sapit et sentit'), which is at the same time elemental and godlike. All this, the poet ends, is shown us by the myths of the love-unions of the gods. His poem is a magnificent affirmation of that unity between earthly and heavenly love in which the values of *courtoisie* are ultimately grounded. It is unique in its attempt to show philosophically how heavenly love transfigures earthly love.

4. Metrical Love-Poetry

A very large number of metrical love-poems survive, both in leonine and in classical measures. Many are little more than literary exercises, many are of no particular interest as poetry. I shall confine myself to those that seem to me remarkable in their language or their poetic impulse, and to those that reflect something of the courtly experience.

Among the authors of amatory *essais de style* the most brilliant is unquestionably the Englishman Serlo of Wilton, *grammaticus* in Paris in the mid-twelfth century until, in a conversion that became legendary, he entered the Cistercian order. There is one particular kind of punning leonine verse which Serlo either invented or made distinctively his own. In his greatest *tour de force* he sustains this for over a hundred lines, from the opening invocation to Aphrodite,

Cipre, timent dii te: tu fortior es Iove dite¹

through the many pleas to his lady, to the final triumph of his wooing:

Dii, mites estis! Iam finis, iam modus est his!

His moveo divos, his mites sentio, di, vos.

Valet thus. Dii, do. Redimi me vult mea Dido!

In the whole there are innumerable changes of tone and attitude, often varying from line to line, yet all is by no means haphazard. The first picture, of a man harassed by love, falling for every girl and in love only with love, passes almost imperceptibly into that of the devotee whose heart is set only on one, whom he loves hopelessly, for ever refused. When the prayer to Venus changes into prayers to the lady herself (19 ff.), Serlo uses every conceivable technique of persuasion—pleading, warning, boasting, worshipping. He moves from flippant assertiveness ('tua Palladis est mihi teda') through sensual expectation ('gustandus dat mihi se mel') to *courtois*

¹ *Infra*, pp 497 ff. All the poems of Serlo discussed here are edited and translated in my anthology, *infra*, pp. 493 ff.

conceptions of the power of love her love can make him the strongest and best of men, she is a goddess and can make her lover godlike. This sets off an Ovidian train of thought, justifying human love by the amours of the Olympians. Here the word-play is more purely burlesque than before.

Per iuga per sepes Iovis egit ad oscula se pes,
Europam sumisit dixitque 'Suus, mea, sum, sit!'

Many lines that follow are again of the *courtois* type—the lady is her lover's only source of joy or sorrow, life or death. Other lines are gaily pagan, and reproach her for her prudishness.

O faustum ter me si me societ tibi terme
O faustam te ter si non animus tibi teter!

Another passage, which is high comedy, with the lover swimming half-drowned in the Styx ends in the completely *courtois*. 'He who has lived beloved by you has lived well, he who has lived without you has scarcely lived at all.' Conversely the final, most ardent-seeming pleas of all end on a note of Epicurean enjoyment ('spe dapis et mense'), the expectation of the banquet of love that is celebrated in the concluding rhapsody.

In themselves puns are not incompatible with serious love-poetry—one need only recall the language of the 'banishment' scenes in the third act of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I',
And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more
Than the death-darting I of cockatrice
I am not I, if there be such an 'I'

Is this the function of the puns in Serlo's poem? Or is Serlo simply lampooning the conventional lover's complaint? I think rather that he is taking it into a realm where questions of seriousness scarcely arise where words, not ideas, reign supreme. Serlo is a virtuoso delighting in language for its

own sake, delighting in finding new similarities of sound, making many-sidedness of thought simply an extension of the many-sidedness of language. His love-verses belong not to the world of *Romeo and Juliet* but to that of *Love's Labour's Lost*. It is naïve to see Serlo as Hauréau did—'ce libertin', '[avec] l'esprit et les mœurs qu'on reprochait aux gens de sa nation', 'un poète dont les vers n'étaient pas moins libres que les mœurs'.¹ The seduction-scene 'Quadam nocte' is not 'obscénité'² but a brilliant attempt to out-Ovid Ovid, to surpass even *Amores*, I. 5, in graphic detail. And 'Pronus erat Veneri Naso, sed ego mage pronus', with its perfect expression of the 'Don Juan complex':

Spe tantum primi coitus amo, spe satiatus
Ultra quid sperem? Spe nichil ulterius.

is Serlo's extension of *Amores*, II. 4, not his autobiography. Unlike Hauréau, we need not believe a word of it! These superb Ovidian variations are as far from experience as the no less outrageous jests of the three (perfectly innocent) young ladies-in-waiting with Boyet (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. 1).

In this playful world libertine and courtly lover alike exist in and for the sake of the verbal conjuring. Thus the lines

Flos floris flori; Florem, flos, flore liquori . . .

have essentially no more of love-worship than the *Amores* variations of sensuality. Their real affinities lie with Berowne's

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile

or Holofernes's

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket.

Serlo's effortless mastery of rhythm and rhyme as well as metre enables him to metamorphose the classical hexameter

¹ Hauréau, i. 313, 303; *Notices et extraits*, xxxix. 2, 235.

² Hauréau, i. 323.

at his pleasure He can transform it into a light, dancing
measure

Te voco Naida,
sentio Taida,
scireque nolo¹

Et prece nequeo,
te mihi mulceo
munere solo

or into a neat balance of antitheses

Que probō, sperno,
que mihi cerno
novia, quero

Hunc gero morem,
qui timeo rem
quam fore spero

or, like his near-contemporaries Hugh Primas and the Arch-
Poet, into a source of comedy by the use of an absurd rhyme

Quid lex edixit de formosa?—Meretrix sit!¹¹

or again, into a deliberately uncouth, jagged instrument,
hammering on a single rhyme, suggesting the twisting of
mind and body as the 'poison' of love works its way

Thaidis in ceno
tenuit mea vota Celeno,
que quasi centeno
me polluit ydra veneno
Ictu me pleno
rapuit Venus, Huncque cateno¹
dixit 'Sit leno,
sit amoris coctus aeno

or he can lend it a lyrical echo, so that the half-lines reflect
each other, as the beloved is reflected in her lover's eyes

¹ A. C. Friend, "The Proverbs of Serlo of Wilton," *Medieval Studies*, xvii (1954) 200. Dr. Friend's admirable edition is fundamental for the understanding of proverbial diction in medieval literature.

Qui tenent omni te	vico ducunt oculi te,
Lumina spectant te	quicumque loci teneant te;
In me ducent te	que lumina fixa vident te.

In all these, and again in the epigrams, the explorations of love are subordinate to the virtuosity of the *grammaticus*.¹ Only perhaps fragments such as 'Crescunt difficili gaudia iurgio' and 'Proclivior usus in peiora datur' suggest 'songs of experience', and seem to come out of a deeper, searching concern with themes only played with elsewhere.

Like Serlo of Wilton, the Danish Saxo was a *grammaticus*, and like Serlo a virtuoso of language. In all else the two men stand in complete contrast. Saxo started no fashion, his language was never imitated. The poems with which he studs his narrative (following the example both of Martianus Capella and of a native convention in the telling of heroic legends) are, in Medieval Latin, unique. Unique not only in their range of subject-matter—the heroic lays of his country, which Saxo claims to have rendered faithfully ('tenoremque veris translationis passibus aemulatus metra metris reddenda curavi')²—but also, in relation to the metrical verse of their own time, unique in their accomplishment. There is a range of diction comparable with Walter of Châtillon's, and a mastery of

¹ This applies equally to an earlier poem, the well-known *Versus Eporedienses* of Wido (c. 1080), which has often been brought into discussions of the vernacular *pastourelle*. (Text in *ZfdA* xiv (1869), 245 ff.) In poetic technique, however, Wido, like Serlo, is as far from the lyric, vernacular or Latin, as can be. In his three hundred leonine verses a young prince proposes to a princess descended from Troy, offering her every delight and luxury of which Wido had ever heard or read—in the Song of Songs, in the Cyclops' proposal to Galatea (*Metam.* xiii. 789 ff.), in the Christian visions of paradise, in Pliny, Martianus Capella, and the encyclopedists. His 'paradise of dainty devices' occupies three-quarters of the poem, which ends not only in praises of the girl but in a rodomontade of self-praise. Wido's passion is not love at all, but learned and exotic language. The motifs of spring and love provide only a flimsy casket for a concoction which is delightful and unique. To speak of this long virtuoso piece as an early *pastourelle* (H. Brinkmann, *Liebesdichtung*, p. 78; E. Faral, *Romania*, xlix (1923), 204 ff.) only obscures this uniqueness.

² *Saxonis Gesta Danorum (Praefatio, 1. 3)*, ed. Olrik-Ræder (Havniae, 1931), p. 4.

classical metres comparable with Hermann of Reichenau's And with the poetry of Saxo's lay of love and death, the story of Hagbard and Signe, Serlonian play is left far behind. Here indeed Romeo and Juliet come to mind inescapably

The background is a conflict of families, wantonly stirred up and fanned to flame by a rejected suitor of Signe and a malevolent blind counsellor. What is important for us, however, is the precise way in which Saxo conceives and treats of love here. It begins suddenly and secretly. Unbeknown to Signe's family, Hagbard is able to visit her alone, and at once wins from her a promise of love. Among her ladies-in-waiting Signe cannot hold back her feelings, and speaks of Hagbard under a *senhal*, the assumed name Hakon. She contrasts her former suitor's good looks but ignoble mind with the qualities of spirit that she prizes in a lover. Looks are unimportant and transitory compared with honour, strength, an ardent mind, radiant beauty of heart, bright valour, and virtù (*probitas, vigor, mens ardua, corde micans species, armis claritas, virtus*).¹ One who can judge manners accurately, she says, will praise beauty only for the mind that it reveals. While the comparison of the prowess of warriors is found elsewhere in Norse literature,² the range of qualities here demanded of a lover are of *courtois* as much as of heroic temper.

Signe's *senhal* is penetrated, and the murderous intrigue against her lover begins. In a comic episode Hagbard enters Signe's rooms disguised as a woman. There are reasons for thinking that this scene did not belong to the original story,³ though the moment of burlesque may also have heightened the intensity of the lovers' meeting by its contrast. The bliss of their love is lit up by the surmise of death *inter mutuae voluptatis colloquia*

¹ VII. VII. 4 (p. 193)

² Compare in particular Gudrun's debate with Brynhildr *Völsunga Saga*, ch. xxv

³ v. Paul Herrmann *Die Heldensage des Saxo Grammaticus* (Leipzig 1922), p. 492

Dic ergo, Venus unica,
quam voti speciem feres,
complexu solito carens!

'Tell me, my only love, what kind of vow will ours be when I can no longer embrace you?' Signe answers

Believe me, dearest, I shall die with you,
if fate brings you an early death—
I'll not prolong my life one moment
if death compels you to a grave.
If your eyes shut for ever, if you become
a victim of the fury of our laws,
however your life's breath is stopped—by sickness,
by sword, on sea or land—
I renounce every fire of wantonness,
I give myself to the same end,
that we who have been bound by the same love
may be engulfed by the same pain.
Facing death's suffering, I shall not leave
him I found worthy of my love,
who first reaped the kisses of my mouth,
who took my tender flower.
Never was any promise sure as this,
if ever woman's lips kept faith!¹

¹ vii. vii. 10 (pp. 195-6):

Me crede tecum, care, velle commori,
si sors exitii praetulerit vicem,
nec ulla vitae prorogare tempora,
cum te mors tumulo tristis adegerit.
Nam si supremam forte lucem clauseris,
lictorum rabido subditus ausui,
quocumque leto praefocetur halitus,
morbo seu gladio, gurgite vel solo,
omnis petulcae labis ignes abdicō
et me consimili devoveo neci,
ut, quos idem foedus tori revinxerat,
idem supplicii contineat modus.
Nec hunc, necis sensura poenas, deseram,
quem dignum Venere constitui mea,

When Hagbard is condemned to be hanged, he tests his absolute loyalty (by having his cloak hoisted on the gallows first) and sees Signe and her devoted girls run before him into death. Her renunciation of *petulcae labis ignes* is fulfilled in the burning of the room where they had loved. Hagbard then greets death with passionate joy. Signe is his in life and in death—

For the hope is sure—love will be regenerated
and death have its own delights
Both worlds are good in a twofold world we'll celebrate
one rest, one faith, one love¹

The verses of Hagbard and Signe belong almost to the summits of medieval love-poetry. What they lack in concision and subtlety is made up by a dignity which is lucent and moving. If we put beside them, for instance, the declamations of Pyramus and Thisbe in Matthew of Vendôme,² what poverty of insight these pseudo-Ovidian showpieces reveal by comparison.

The relation between the theme of a love-death and *amour courtois* is not a simple one. While there are many stories of tragic love in world literature, the stress can as easily be laid on the pathetic *circumstances* of the story as on the attitudes of the lovers themselves and the particular quality of their love. And here it is noteworthy that while in the prose of his narrative Saxo gives all the circumstantial detail of the story with

qui prima nostri carpsit oris oscula
et floris teneri primitias tuht.
Nullum puto votum futurum certius
si quid feminea vox fidei gerit

¹ VII VII 16 (p. 198)

cum restaurandae Veneris spes certa supersit
et amoris delicias mox habitura suas.
Axis uterque iuvat gemino celebrabitur orbe
una animi requies par in amore fides

² v Paul Lehmann, *Pseudo-antike Literatur des Mittelalters* (Leipzig 1927) pp. 31 ff.

great fullness, and mentions Hagbard's and Signe's love itself only in three bare sentences, which give away nothing of the essential nature of that love, in the poems it is entirely otherwise. There we see the qualities of worship, of a surrender which is absolute and which gives to a love that is illicit by the world's standards its own purity; we see even the conception of love as a redemptive force that spans across the worlds of life and death and unites them, and of a transcendent peace which is the reward for a human love that has been kept perfect. It is these elements in the poems that transform a story of love that ends unhappily into one imbued with the courtly experience.

Far more than ever before, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries saw the compilation of 'modern' Latin verse miscellanies.¹ Often entire codices were devoted to these. By verse miscellanies I mean collections of verse not intended for singing, written predominantly in metrical rather than rhythmic forms. Such verses are mostly in elegiac couplets or hexameters, whether leonine or classical (the most widely copied poems of all seem to have been those of Hildebert and Marbod). The miscellanies contain (i) addresses, epistles, panegyrics, epitaphs—verses addressed to God or to saints, to members of the nobility or the clergy, to lover or beloved; (ii) narratives, often with dialogue—variations on themes from Antiquity, legends of saints, and fabliaux; (iii) meditations and exhortations—moral, religious, satirical, or amatory; (iv) many brief verses such as proverbs, mnemonics, word-plays, and epigrams. As in the lyrical manuscripts, sacred and profane verse exist side by side. Love-poetry occurs in each group of genres, but is perhaps commonest in the first, which contains a large share of love-letters, addresses to and praises of the beloved.

An outstanding example from this group occurs in one of the richest of the verse miscellanies, which was compiled by

¹ Those that include love-poetry are listed below in the Bibliography.

a number of hands in the twelfth century, probably in the monastery of Saint Arnulph at Metz, and copied in the thirteenth in a manuscript now at Reims¹

Immortal flowers—violets, fresh crocuses,
 lilies of spring and tender roses joined—
 in all their beauty, all their scent they cannot thrill me
 as you, Flora thrill me in the kisses you give
 Of course the flowers help the outward senses,
 but you kindle both my senses and my heart.
 To me, Flora, your scent is not the light scent of mere flowers—
 you have the fragrance of the blossoms of sweet love
 Happy the man who embraces you, and in a sigh drains
 such a perfume from your half-parted lips!
 When, his body pressed close to your young body,
 he culls the honey hidden in your golden cells,
 harsh cares can devour his heart no longer,
 sickness and pain can bring no anxiety
 Though winter with its cold halt coursing rivers,
 here the delights of spring flow all around
 What more should he desire? He could find nothing
 Fortuna can add nothing to the good that's his²

¹ v Wilhelm Wattenbach, *NA* xvii 351 xviii 493

² *NA* xvii. 374

Ambrosie flores, violeque crocique recentes,
 Vernaque cum teneris lilia mixta rosas,
 Non tantum forma nec odore placere videntur,
 Quantum, Flora, michi suavia dando places
 Nempe iuvant flores hos sensus exteriore
 Tu vero sensus cordaque nostra fovet
 Nec tu, Flora levem spiras michi floris odorem,
 Ipsius at flores dulcis amoris oles
 Felix qui talem, qui te complexus odorem
 Sugit ab ore gemens semipatente tuo
 Quid? cum virgineo cum pectore pectora iungit,
 Et libat flavis condita mella favis
 Non illum dure mordentes pectora cure,
 Non labor aut morbus sollicitare queunt
 Quamvis bruma gelu labentia fumina iustat,
 Affluit hic vernis undique deliciis
 Ultra quid cupiat? nil iam reperire valebit,
 Hus Fortuna bonis addere nulla potest.

The subtlety lies in the ways in which the images of spring and love are linked. The delights of spring and those of the beloved are alike and yet unlike; it is only through her, and through being in love with her, that the lover is able to see nature's beauty as beautiful. By being herself more beautiful, the beloved makes other beauty meaningful for him; in this Flora, as her name implies, embodies the Korê who in spring gives nature its beauty and joy. This twofold relation of the woman loved to the beauty of the world, which she both re-creates and transcends, makes possible the paradox that is at the centre of the poem: while in loving her the lover wins a surmise of immortality, of a state of bliss beyond nature's and Fortuna's vicissitudes, the images by which this is conveyed are those of nature itself, both in its fullness—the golden honey-cells—and in its eternal promise, the spring. Again we sense the contrast between what is immune from change and what is not: winter makes an eternal spring impossible—only perfect love need have no winter. But the end of the poem is still intimately bound up with its beginning: *Ambrosie flores. . .* Flowers, in a sense, are immortal: it is through Flora the goddess that they eternally renew themselves, and are thus beyond Fortuna's reach, just as it is through Flora the beloved that they have meaning for the lover and, even in their transience, become images of changeless love.

Few of the other lovers' addresses are so joyful, or so deftly carved out of one piece. More often an attitude of love-worship is combined with one of hopeless love-sickness; as in this letter from another twelfth-century miscellany, now in Zürich, copied by a German cleric possibly at Schaffhausen:

Omnia postpono,	te pectore diligo toto,
Tu mundanarum	fons vivus deliciarum.
Te colo, te cupio,	peto te, lassatus anhelò,
Ad te suspiro	moribundus, teque requiro.
Concite succurre	ruituro, dicque: 'resurge,
Nunc ego sanabo	morbum, mestumque levabo,
Tantum convaleas	sospes, letus quoque vivas!'

Verum precellis nectar me iudice mellis,
 Est potus nullus tanta dulcedine fultus—
 Qui non vilescat illi quem semper inescat¹
 Omnis factura Christi—sol, sidera, luna,
 Colles et montes, valles, mare, flumina, fontes,
 Tempestas, pluvie, nubes ventique, procelle,
 Cauma, pruina gelu, glacies, nix, fulgura, rupes,
 Prata, nemus frondes, arbustum, gramina, flores—
 Exclamando vale! mecum predulce sonate
 Non precor extremum, sed quod perduret in evum.
 Missa tibi soli multis ostendere noli²

These lines show a remarkable use of 'divine' language. The beloved is given words which echo the miracles of Christ; the drink which she can give, which 'sustains for ever', suggests almost the *calix salutis*, and the call to all creation is that of the three children in the furnace (*Dan* III 57-88)—but not to proclaim 'Benedicite Domino'—it is to greet a woman who is loved. For in her the lover could find not simply physical fulfilment (*extremum Veneris lineae*)² but love's everlastingness, all that would for him substantiate the sacred language which would otherwise be mere hyperbole.

The poem has also many of the *courtis* phrases common to the majority of the amatory letters and addresses in the miscellanies. The worshipping, imploring lover, placing himself at a lady's mercy and pleading to be rescued by her miraculously, from the point of death, is as common a figure

¹ Werner 120 (p. 48) I renounce all else, I love you with all my heart, you living fountain of the world's delights, I worship you desire you, seek you, breathlessly follow you, sigh for you to the point of death and miss you. Come help one who is broken, say to him 'Arise, I shall now heal your sickness, lighten your grief if only you recover unharmed, and live in joy! I think you sweeter than honey's true nectar there is no drink so sweet—let it not spoil for him whom it sustains for ever. O you, all Christ's creation—sun, stars, moon, hills and mountains, valleys, seas, rivers, fountains, tempest, showers, clouds, winds, storms, heat, hoar-frost, cold, ice, snow and lightnings, rocks, fields, grove foliage, orchard, grasses, flowers—shout 'hail' with me oh greet her tenderly! I beseech you not for love's limits, but love's eternity. Do not show others what I have sent to you alone.

² *Monachus* (SLP II 310) 18

in these as in vernacular love-lyrics. The attitude of the lover, the qualities of the lady, and the perils that surround love itself are basically those of *amour courtois*. Characteristic are such declarations as, in the Reims miscellany, 'Never was lady so noble in her countenance or her smile, nor so lovely, so gentle, so joyous. Therefore I praised you beyond all women and loved you. But foolish and deceitful men are spying on our sweet love, trying to lessen it and destroy it. . . .'¹ Or again, in the Zürich miscellany, the poem which opens with commendations, 'Glory, flower, mirror, light and honour of womankind, only hope of my life . . .' and closes with warning pleas: 'Let not the crafty adulterer prevent our joys. Remember your lover, my fair one. Remember, my beloved, not to scatter these words to the winds. Farewell—no other man worships you more than I.'²

The love-declarations in *artes dictandi*, such as Matthew of Vendôme's in his *Epistolarium*, or the anonymous ones in the Glasgow manuscript (copied c. 1225),³ have no poetic dimension beyond the stylistic devices they are meant to illustrate. I know of one astonishing exception to this, in the *Epistolarium* of Boncompagno, perhaps the greatest of the teachers of rhetoric. It is in prose, a woman's letter calling her lover back. It deserves to be quoted in full (and not only because it is unpublished):⁴

Like a turtle-dove on a dry branch I moan incessantly, troubling the water I drink with my tears. I talk to myself sobbing, and sigh grievously—for I do not know where he is, he whom my soul loves, or rather, with whose body my soul is one.

¹ NA xviii. 522. 'Fidus anicus here . . .'

² Werner 49 (p. 23).

³ MSB ii (1872), 561 ff.; *Studi medievali*, n.s. ix (1936), 18 ff.

⁴ The text is edited below, pp. 483 ff. Some comparable expressions occur already in one of the Salic formulae, 'Indiculum ad sponsam':

Ego quando iaceo,
tu mihi es in animo.
Et quando dormio,
semper de te somnio. . . .

He indeed holds my life's keys, without him I think living a mere death for it is the spirit of love that quickens my heart—without him I am nothing, and as long as I live he cannot cease

I caught him by my will and ineffable longing, and hold him secretly, shut in my memory helped a little by hope, I press him between my breasts like a bundle of myrrh, with arms of utterly desiring love

For hope is a kind of imaginary refuge kindling new life for those in calamity—the soul in its doubts often awaits a happy outcome, and it does not repress the body, though it cannot know when release will come

Listen you daughters of the Greeks, young girls of the kingdom of Tyre perhaps you think it is you who are holding my beloved, my desired one, in your arms?

But you are wrong! Whenever I am asleep he comes through the door of the inner room, his left hand touches my head, his right my reins and breast and with pressing lips he kisses me He carries me in his arms into a blossoming apple-orchard where rivulets flow gently, where nightingales and many other birds make melody, where all perfumes are In so delectable a paradise we long take joy in embracing and in the talk we love best And this ineffable joy comes upon me every time I sleep

Then why should I want to call him back, when so wondrously he does not cease to visit me?—above all when I have the knowledge which without me cannot live or die

While this letter weaves together a number of literary strands—the woman in love sees herself now as the celestial bride of Solomon, now as the daughter of Apollonius, now as a mistress of *féerie*—it adds much that is unparalleled The poetic insight into the deepest physical aspects of a woman's love, and the dramatic power with which she defends her dreaming to imaginary rivals, make this letter a masterpiece Though some phrases may be repetitious or diffuse, I think there is nothing casual about the writing here I am sure it is deliberate that the object of the third paragraph is ambiguous, and refers as much to the *spiritus amoris* as to the lover himself—this makes the difference between a common image of the

Song of Songs kind and the spectacular one here. It points forward to the profound insight of the last line—it is not the lover who cannot live or die without her, but the *scientia*, the knowledge of love that she has gained in a state of half-existence, through her suffering and her dreaming. It is through this knowledge that she has become a dwelling-place for the *spiritus amoris*, and without her all this love would be nothing, lost to the world.

In Boncompagno epistle has begun to shade into narrative (the second of my four groups of genres). This is more marked in a girl's love-letter in the Zürich manuscript, *Ad fugitivum* (Werner, 116): 'I pray to the living God that he send you back to me. . . . Then I was a jewel, a flower, the lily of the field. Then nothing in the world could equal me. But I am all I was then—except a maid, which I cannot be again; and for this I weep constantly.' At the same time the narrative situation is not clarified: are we to imagine her in a convent, or at home? In the last five lines she writes that she is beaten on account of her lover (by the nuns? by her parents?), but that the loss of her good name is the greatest pain. There the letter breaks off abruptly, perhaps unfinished. The lack of circumstantial detail, the exclamations and repetitions throughout, suggest verses written passionately, hastily, compulsively, quite the opposite of a literary exercise.¹

Among the Latin love-dialogues, the subtlest is perhaps that in the manuscript of Ripoll.² This is the well-known MS. 74 of the Arxiu de la Corona d'Aragó, into which in the later twelfth century a cleric wrote twenty-three pieces of verse (including twelve *rhythmici*), most of which are probably

¹ Compare my discussion of the Regensburg verses in Chap. IV. 3. Again, there is a tragic realism in certain details of 'Plangit nonna fletibus' ('Tunica teterima, interula fetida stamine composita . . . atque lens perferitur, scalpens carnes'—*v. infra*, pp. 357 ff.) which precludes that this song was 'pure entertainment'. But neither was it purely a *cri de cœur*. The musical notes over the lines show at least that it was meant for performance.

² Text in *SLP* ii. 243 ff. Further discussion of the MS. *infra*, Chap. V, pp. 286 ff., Bibliography, pp. 547-8.

his own. There are two panegyrics on bishops, and one on the Countess of Flanders, there is a proverbial misogynistic piece and a proverbial didactic one, and the rest of the verses are amatory. The outstanding poem in the collection is undoubtedly the dialogue between the lover and beloved, 'Conqueror et doleo de te, mea dulcis amica.' It is a difficult poem so it may be helpful to begin with a stanza-by-stanza analysis.

The lover's first lines are compounded of admiration and reproach—it is unfair that his lady should be as beautiful as the goddess of love, and yet not learn the rule (*norma*) of love. Her reply shows that she has her own conception of this rule: he should be virtuous as well as loving—this is the difference between love and wantonness. He then appeals to Ovid: a lover cannot always 'be good'—does she really know what love means? And she: 'I love you more than you could ever imagine'—do my looks not speak it out? He complains once more that she has not shown him the favours of one who loves: 'I have felt your breasts under your dress—but anyone in a crowd might press so close, yet you would not give me your body's intimacy—I should have to take that by force.' In her reply we see that he is as 'inexperienced' in her notions of love as she in his—is he so stupid, she asks, that he cannot see her fear of being too quickly won and then despised? She is sad if he ventures no further because of a rebuff. This is the best indication of encouragement that the woman gives: but her lover is too young to see it as that, and sulks. Instead such ways are right for the beginnings of love when lovers do not yet know each other—but if a lady likes her lover's behaviour (*mores*), then surely she gives in. She takes up his word *mores* and answers once more, this time it is a firmer rebuke, though still she does not exclude all hope. It is your fault, she says: 'Your behaviour to me changes so that I cannot make it out. You are young, and in love with love—am I not right not to surrender everything at once?'

¹ Cf. CB 77 st. 24 (*infra*, pp. 321 n. 329)

This outline of the dialogue may help to give some impression of its sophistication and of its human insight. But the poem has an edge to it which is hard to define—it is perhaps best brought into relief by a comparison with the finest of the lyrical love-dialogues, the sequence 'Estatís florigero tempore' (CB 70). There at first the lover soliloquizes, wondering 'Will my arguments persuade her to condescend to bless me with her company (*ut dignetur suo nos beare consortio*)?' (st. 2). He must dare to tell her of the blind flame of his mind (st. 3). Only she can make his half-aliveness whole. She replies, 'Love has no certainties: the lover must be constant and, together with all other virtues, patient.' With the first hint that gives away her own feelings she says, 'My love does not embrace stolen, fragile joys' (st. 5c). He answers, 'Only you can quench the fire which is my torment and my glory.' She, in asking (st. 7b) 'Why should I endure danger for something as uncertain as love?' reveals that her family already reproaches her on his account (so that she must have betrayed her feelings to them at least, if not to him). 'We must give the world no chance for scandal', she continues. The lover replies with an exultant vow of secrecy (st. 11). She weighs love against chastity, and freely submits to love (st. 12). He offers a hymn to Love and its effects: 'Are you not blessed,¹ secret yoke of Love? There is nothing so free, so sweet, so good. . . . The thefts of love are holy ones'—and once more, serenely, she expresses her total surrender.

Here the psychology is largely that of *amour courtois*. The lover's hope for condescension, which he sees as the bestowing of blessedness, his putting himself entirely at the lady's mercy, the lady's insistence on love as a school of virtue, the recognition by both of the need for absolute secrecy, the delicacy with which the lady comes to approach the giving of her love, the praise of secret love as the fount of goodness and *pietas*, which comes about because of, not despite, its stolen, secret quality—

¹ I translate the MS. reading, *Non benedixeris*; Schumann emends to 'bene dixeris'.

all these elements go to make this song a celebration as well as an analysis of the ways of *courtoisie*

In the lyric the lover and his lady share this attitude to love on her lover, while he counters with appeals to Ovid. It is almost a *tension* between Ovid and *courtoisie*. Almost, but not quite—for there is a tension in the poem between what these lovers say and what they feel. The young man makes love by the book, he mistakes *Schulweisheit* for experience. Though he claims that he will teach her love (*me doctore*, st. 1), he has not even an idea of what is passing in his lady's mind (sts 4, 6). It is she who is teaching him—not only love, but modesty, manners, sense. In this she is *domina*—but her innate generosity takes her beyond this role: she is trying to help her lover more than she ought: more 'than those that have more cunning to be strange'—she confesses it with radiant frankness. It is only his bookish obsession with techniques of seduction that prevents him from seeing this. Behind the dialogue lies an interplay of minds which is even more fascinating than the words themselves.

A beautiful instance of (iii) a meditation on the qualities of love is Arnulf of Lisieux's 'Occurrunt blando sibi lumina vestra favore', found in a late twelfth-century English miscellany at Bern¹ and in another from Amiens. The theme is mutual love, it is a reflection, filled with wonder, serene and without reproach, on 'Either was the other's mine'. In the lovers' exchange of looks the poet perceives the exchange of souls and comes to understand that only through love's pain these find their cure.

Finally, there are (iv) many brief epigrammatic and proverbial verses about love, what may seem surprising is that some of these too should be filled with the spirit of *amour courtois*. Thus in the Bury St Edmunds miscellany (B.M. Add 24199), such verses as

¹ Text in H. Hagen *Carmina Medii Aevi Maximam Partem Inedita* (Bernae 1877) pp. 194-5. For the MSS, v. Bibliography pp. 550-574.

O utinam tactu reddam data basia nutu!
 Grata magis nutu tua sunt quam cetera tactu,
 Grator es visu quam sit mihi quelibet usu.¹

(verses that may well be contemporary with Hildebert and Marbod), or among the *Carmina Burana*, in the occasional hexameters which, as Spanke first observed, sum up a whole group of lyrics:

Non est crimen amor, quia, si scelus esset amare,
 Nollet amore Deus etiam divina ligare.²

Examples could easily be multiplied. There remains, however, a fundamental question regarding the metrical love-poetry as such, in whatever genre: is there any path which leads from the metrical love-poetry to the lyrical?

When in the Ripoll manuscript some verses *Ad Amicam*³ begin

Dulcis amica mei, valeas per secula multa:
 Sis semper felix, dulcis amica mei.

it seems at first that these are no more than epanaleptic couplets, such as occur occasionally in Ovid, and whose use throughout a whole poem goes back at least as far as the third century (Pentadius' *De fortuna* and *De adventu veris*, A.L. 234,

¹ MS. fol. 81r. (Printed by A. Boutemy, *Latomus*, ii. 52.) 'Would that my lips could repay the kisses your eyes send me! Your looks caress me more than could any other woman's lips; just to see you is more delight than to possess any other.' (L. 3, MS. es, Boutemy et.)

² CB 121a (found in several MSS. not recorded by Schumann, e.g. Oxford Rawlinson G. 109, p. 72). 'Love is no sin, for if it were, God would not bind even the divine by love.'

³ d'Olwer p. 45. 'My sweet beloved, may you be blessed many ages, may you be happy always, my sweet beloved. My sweet beloved, your beauty exceeds that of girls as the moon exceeds the stars . . . I am consumed with great ardour, kindled by your fire . . . I am consumed with love for you, your love inflames me . . . Believe me, I shall die of grief unless you give me life . . . If you would give me life, you would wish as I wish . . . If you ask what I wish, I'd wish love's play, not love's goal . . . it is enough to touch your breasts and kiss you, my sweet beloved.'

235) But the Ripoll lines continue (I print them so as to throw the differences into relief)

Dulcis amica mei,
 superat tua forma puellas
 luna velut stellas,
dulcis amica mei

Dulcis amica mei,
 nimis fervoribus angor
 igne tuo tangor,
dulcis amica mei

Dulcis amica mei,
 pro te nimis angor amore,
 me tuus ardet amor,
dulcis amica mei

Dulcis amica mei,
 moriar, mihi crede, dolore
 ni mihi des vitam,
dulcis amica mei

Dulcis amica mei,
 vitam mihi si dare velles,
 quod volo tu velles,
dulcis amica mei

Dulcis amica mei,
 si quis quid volo, vellem
 tactum, non factum,
dulcis amica mei

Dulcis amica mei,
 satis est tractare papillam
 hoscula iungendo,
dulcis amica mei

The last verses return to the point of departure, the epanaleptic couplets of late Antiquity, and play on the topos of the *quinque lineae amoris*¹ But between the first and last

¹ *infra* pp 488-9

couplets a new music enters the form. Not only is the first repeat retained throughout, so that it becomes a refrain, but the rhymes and verbal echoes from couplet to couplet bind the whole together. Metrical verse has here caught something of the melody of the *cantigas de amigo*:

Enas verdes ervas
Vi anda' las cervas,
Meu amigo.

Enos verdes prados
Vi os cervos bravos,
Meu amigo.

E con sabor d'elas
Lavei mias garcetas,
Meu amigo.

E con sabor d'elos
Lavei meus cabelos,
Meu amigo.

Des que los lavei
D'ouro los liei,
Meu amigo.

Des que las lavara
D'ouro las liara,
Meu amigo.

D'ouro los liei
E vos asperci,
Meu amigo.

D'ouro las liara
E vos asperara,
*Meu amigo.*¹

¹ Text from J. J. Nunes, *Cantigas d'Amigo* (Coimbra, 1926), ii. 376. 'In the green grass I saw the roes pass, my beloved. In the green fields I saw the brave harts, my beloved. Delighting in them, I washed my braided hair, my beloved. Delighting in them, I washed my locks, my beloved. When I washed them, I bound them with gold, my beloved. When I had washed them, I had bound them with gold, my beloved. I bound them with gold, and waited for you, my beloved. I had bound them with gold and had waited for you, my beloved.'

Similarly in France and Germany, metrical and leonine verse could be so transformed that it resembled the most 'artless' vernacular songs with refrains. Thus one of the love-poems in the Zurich miscellany opens

Omne felici
 te Musa salutat amici
 Te mea Musa canit,
 tibi soli ludere gestit,
 Ludere cum gestit
 te mea Musa canit
 Te cantare paro
 laudans te carmine raro,
 Ludere si cupiat,
 te mea Musa canat
 Es nam digna coli,
 quia nescis cedere soli,
 Ergo si sapiat,
 te mea Musa canat.
 Non puto mortalis
 quod vivat femina talis
 Hanc tu iure canis,
 si, mea Musa sapias¹

or again, in the Reims miscellany, where the hexameters burst into refrains

Virgo decora michi
 cum sis nova causa doloris,
Virgo decora michi
 sis consolamen amoris

¹ Werner 48 (p. 22) 'Your lover's Muse greets you with happy augury. My Muse sings of you, she delights to play for you alone. When she delights to play my Muse sings of you, I strive to sing of you, praising you in a rare song—if she wishes to play let my Muse sing of you, for it is right to worship you, you who surpass the sun: therefore if she is wise my Muse will sing of you. I think no mortal woman is such as you—you are right to sing of her, if you are wise my Muse.'

Virgo decora michi
facilis precor esto precanti,
Virgo decora michi
peto des medicamen amanti.

Regia res, miserere mei,
michi compaciendo,
Regia res, miserere mei,
mala nostra videndo.

Regia res, miserere mei,
quem sola peruris,
Regia res, miserere mei,
qui defluo curis. . . .¹

The characteristic device of so many southern *cantigas de amigo*, *leixa-pren*, is in the twelfth century recommended in a northern *Ars Rigmatizandi*, with a Latin illustration:

Cetus iuvenum legetur,
turba cuncta gratuletur,
grata virgo reformetur.

Reformetur virgo grata,
miris vestibus ornata,
flores legat nunc per prata.

Nunc per prata legat flores
et amatos gerat mores,
stulti cedant amatores.

Amatores cedant stulti. . . .²

But it may seem more surprising that even Latin metrical verse should reflect elements of popular song, age-old and universal ways of alternating lines for a soloist with lines that everybody knew. In the late thirteenth-century *Laurenziana*

¹ NA xviii, 521.

² Cod. Admont 759, fols. 189^r-199^v, printed by Giovanni Mari, *I trattati*, p. 33.

manuscript (*v infra*, pp 553-4) the old liturgical morning hymn is set with alternate refrains

Iam lucis orto sidere
fulget dies
 Deum precamur supplices
fulget dies ista
 Ut in diurnis actibus
fulget dies
 Nos servet a nocentibus
fulget dies ista

The same practice is known from Santiago, from a hymn in the Office of Saint James, at least a century earlier¹ But this is also the form of one of the most famous Galician *cantigas de amigo*

Eu velida non dormia,
lelia doura,
 E meu amigo venia,
edoi lelia doura
 Non dormia e cuidava,
lelia doura,
 E meu amigo chegava,
edoi lelia doura ²

And in the Spanish of Gonzalo de Berceo it enters the religious context once more From the *plainte de jeune fille* for her lover we pass to the lament of the Virgin for Christ, with its renowned watchmen's song

Velat aljama de los judíos
¡eya ¡clar!
 Que non vos furten el Fijo de Dios—
¡eya ¡clar!

¹ *v H Spanke Beziehungen*, pp 112 ff

² J J Nunes *op cit* II 213 (Pedro Eanes Solaz, mid-thirteenth century)
 My lovely body could not sleep *lelia doura*, and my true-love came to me
edoi lelia doura I could not sleep so full of thoughts, *lelia doura*, but then my
 true-love came near, *edoi lelia doura*.

Ca furtárvoslo querrán,
¡eya velar!
 Andrés e Peidro et Johan,
*¡eya velar!*¹

But though this rhythmic pattern, or something very near it, can be traced in liturgical Latin to the beginnings of the Mozarabic period, and probably existed even earlier:

Clamemus omnes una voce:
Domine miserere.
 Amara nobis est vita nostra.
Domine miserere.
 Delicta dele, pacem concede,
*Domine miserere . . .*²

how could we ever be sure that such things *began* in Latin and were not borrowed from traditional songs of the people (and then returned)? As far back as we can go, church and court and people exist side by side, and in a thousand ways, mostly incalculable, their poetry and songs are shared.

¹ *Duelo de la Virgen*, 178 ff. 'Watch, you band of Jews, ah keep watch! that they do not steal the Son of God from you—ah keep watch! For they'll try to steal him from you, ah keep watch! Andrew and Peter and John, ah keep watch!'

² From the *Breviarium Mozarabicum*—v. Wilhelm Meyer, 'Spanisches zur Geschichte der ältesten mittellateinischen Rhythmik', *Gesammelte Abhandlungen*, iii (Berlin, 1936), 187–266, especially pp. 213, 245 (the passage cited above).

THE MEDIEVAL LATIN LOVE-LYRIC

I *Deus amet puellam*

THE first lyric in medieval Europe which is wholly *courtois*, as I understand the term, occurs isolated in an early tenth-century theological manuscript from the monastery of Saint Peter and Saint Paul in Erfurt¹. There, on a page between Augustine's sermon on the Proverbs of Solomon and Jerome's *Ad Susannam* we find the astonishing lines

Deus amet puellam,
claram et benivolam,
Deus amet puellam¹

Quae sit mente nobilis
ac amico fidelis,
Deus amet puellam¹

Constans gemmis similis
atque claris metallis,
Deus amet puellam¹

Candidior nivis,
dulcior est et favis,
Deus amet puellam¹

Cedunt illi rosae
simul atque liliae,
Deus amet puellam¹

Cedunt flores cuncti,
amant illam sancti—
Deus amet puellam¹

¹ v Bibliography, *infra*, p. 581

Pollet nempe terris
luna velut in caelis,
Deus amet puellam!

Solis quippae radios
vincit illa fervidos.
Deus amet puellam!

Unde rogo, puella,
velis scire talia—
Deus amet puellam!

Quae fit illi dignitas
cui manet caritas!
Deus amet puellam!

Quae fit illi gloria
quae non extat perfida!
Deus amet puellam!

Stringe tuum animum,
iunge tuum amicum,
Deus amet puellam!

Qui tibi noctu dulcia
dare poscit oscula,
Deus amet puellam!

Molles et amplexus,
veros et affectus.
Deus amet puellam!

Vale, vale, puella,
omnium dulcissima,
Deus amet puellam!

Vale iam per evum,
Christus sit et tecum.
Deus amet puellam!

Omnes dicant Amen
Qui in caelo poscunt requiem!
Deus amet puellam!¹

¹ Text from *Poetae*, v. 2, 553; I have made several changes in the punctuation.

For the opening words which become the refrain, I know no parallel in Carolingian poetry. The first-mentioned qualities of her whom God is entreated to love are familiar from later vernacular lyric. The beloved is radiant (*clara* is a universal of love-praise) and she is gracious, *benivolentia*. *Benivolentia* is the generosity of disposition appropriate to a sovereign lady (compare Provençal expressions such as 'Que m sia, dona, bevolent' [Raynouard, s v fol 13], and the figure *Benivolence* in the *Roman de la Rose*). It is the disposition to bestow grace or favour or goodness. She is or should be, of noble nature, *niente nobilis* (OFr *de grant nobilitet* occurs already in the *Vie de Saint Alexis*—but compare too OE *mōð geðungen*, and the whole range of Romance concepts such as *pretz*, *valor*, *virtù*, *gentilezza*). She is faithful to him who loves her (OFr *a son ami*, *a son faoill*, Prov *tan fizels amans*)¹. Thus, the third of the qualities of mind, is brought back to the all-encompassing quality, radiance, with which the praises began, in a simile that opens almost proverbially ('as true as steel as iron to adamant') and then (*caudior niis*) echoes an image of Christ's transfiguration. The hyperboles that follow are obvious ones, again with Biblical associations—both *dulcor faiis* and the use of rose and lily as a summation of the beauty of all flowers have their counterparts, for instance, in *Ecclesiasticus* (XXIV 27, XXIX 17-19). But suddenly these comparisons are cut short and crowned by the startling phrase

amant illam sancti—

which takes us back to the meaning of the refrain and to the heart of the whole poem. While similar expressions had been used of saints and martyrs at least from Prudentius,² their use of a human beloved is astonishing, and points forward straight to 'Madonna è disata in sommo cielo' (*Vita Nuova*, XIX) and to the saints who sing to Beatrice 'Veni, sponsa, de Libano' (*Purgatorio* XXX). This is amplified in the two following stanzas

¹ Godefroy s v *feel*, Raynouard, s v *fizel* 6

² e.g. *Peristeph* III 201 ff (Eulalia) XIV 92 ff (Agnes)

the *puella*, loved by the saints, is now seen as equal to, and even greater than, the celestial bride, *pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol*. She prevails on earth as the moon does in heaven, and surpasses the burning rays of the sun. This is the climax of the commendations of the beloved. With 'Unde rogo, puella' the second half of the song begins, in which the poet's prayer to God for her is intertwined with his own prayer to her. Because she has such perfections, he asks that she should acknowledge the perfection of love, its *dignitas*, its *gloria*, its ennobling power. What *pretz* is hers in whom love (*caritas*, with all its connotations of divine love) dwells! What glory is hers who is not inconstant in love! Whatever excellence and glory she has already, she can surpass them through loving faithfully. Once again she is addressed directly, and it is the lover who is now in the third person: 'Love is a source of glory, so bend your mind to love, and come to him who loves you.' Then follows the concluding blessing (or perhaps valediction),¹ 'may you be happy now and always, may Christ be with you'; and the song comes full circle with its amazing final stanza: 'May all who seek peace in heaven say Amen to my prayer.'

The *puella* is one of the blessed already on earth, she has sovereignty on earth as if she were a heavenly body come down, a terrestrial moon, her radiance is as if divine. Therefore, if love is the source of excellence, and she is loved and loves, it is through her that men acquire 'Pretz e Joys e tot quant es, e may',² through her that they can become worthy of heaven. By joining in the poet's prayer 'May Christ be with you, may

¹ At first sight it seems as if 'Vale' might refer to the girl's death, and the whole poem be read as an elegy. The *amicus* would then presumably be the divine Lover. A careful reading, however, shows that this is far-fetched. The constant use of the present tense indicates that the loved *puella* is very much alive on earth (*pollet nempe terris*). Moreover, the poet certainly seems to be in her presence when he goes on to address her, and his address is a personal one, so that in the context *amicus* can only be a self-reference. The triple 'Vale' is thus best taken simply as 'And God I pray to prosper thee', or possibly as an epistolary farewell—though less probably, as in every other respect this is a song and not a verse-letter.

² Cercamon, 'Puois nostre temps' (v, ed. Jeanroy); v. *supra*, p. 37.

God love you', they themselves are coming nearer to God, for, like Sapientia's, her radiance transcends all nature 'Neminem enim diligit Deus, nisi eum qui cum Sapientia inhabitat Est enim haec speciosior sole, et super omnem dispositionem stellarum'¹

A song in which human love is conceived in this way is unique in the context of Carolingian and Ottonian poetry Yet it did not come into existence in a void The form has, to my knowledge, no exact counterpart in earlier rhythmic verse, but pairs of rhythmic lines with refrain had been used at St Gall (e.g. *Poetae*, iv 2, pp 491, 507, 512, 575), not to mention the *Planctus de obitu Caroli*, or Gottschalk's more complex refrain stanzas² Perhaps the most interesting parallel formally is Sigloard of Reims's *planctus*³ on the death of his archbishop, Fulco (†900), consisting of thirty-six short rhymed couplets, ending

In requie sit anima
Nunc et per cuncta saecula.

'Amen, amen, fiat ita'
Dicat omnis ecclesia.

The language of 'Deus amet puellam' has its obvious Solomonic background In the Carolingian period such language began to be freely adapted and amplified in verse, verse paraphrases of the Song of Songs became a well-established genre A notable early instance is 'Audite cuncti canticum almuficum', written in a ninth-century hand in the final leaves of the seventh-century manuscript of Gregory of Tours (Paris, B N lat 17655), containing such stanzas as

O speciosa inter mulieribus,
Cuius sponsus reges regum subdidit,
O flos camporum, virginum nobilitas,
O decus mundi et lunae preclarior,
Ut sol electa, stellarum pulchrior

¹ *Sap* vii. 28-29 cf the discussion in Chap II, pp 87 ff

² *Poetae*, I 435 ff. III. 707 ff.

³ *Ibid*, iv 2 174-5

Similis auro erit tua facies,
Argento vero cum distinctionibus:
Miraculorum sancti vernant opera
Gratiarumque tui replent oculi,
Anima digna deoque coniungitur.¹

The culmination of this genre is the famous 'Quis est hic qui pulsat ad ostium',² found in an eleventh-century miscellany in the Beneventan script (Casinensis, III, p. 409), where it is entitled 'Rhythmus de b[eata] Maria virg[ine]'.³

Who is it who knocks at the gate,
breaking the night's dream?
He calls me: 'O loveliest of women,
sister, bride, most radiant of gems,
5 rise quickly, open to me, sweetest one!

I am the son of the highest king,
the first and last,
I who have come from heaven into this dark
to free the souls of prisoners.
10 For this I suffered death and many wrongs.'

At once I rose from my bed,
ran to lift the latch,
that my whole house be open to my lover,
and my mind see in all fullness
15 him whom I most longed to see.

But he had already gone!
He had left the gate!
What could I do then, in my misery?
Weeping I followed the young man,
20 whose hands had formed mankind.

¹ *Poetae*, IV, 2, 620 ff., st. 27, 36. 'You who are lovely among all women, whose bridegroom conquered the kings of kings, o flower of the fields, noblest of womankind, o glory of the world, brighter than the moon, precious as the sun, lovelier than stars. . . . Your face will be like gold, like true silver precious carved, your blessed eyes thrive in working wonders and make every grace abound, your peerless soul is joined to God.'

² *CLP*, pp. 254-5.

The watchmen in the city found me,
 laid violent hands on me,
 they stripped me and they gave me a new cloak,
 for me they sang a new canticle
 25 to lead me into the palace of the king

The passionateness, the excitement and swiftness which the words convey before all else are bound up with the way in which this song follows its original verbally, more than any other song in the genre. Above all it concentrates on the magnificent sexual fantasy of the bride in *Cant. v. 2-7*. There is no trace of theological allegorisation here, and even theological statement is confined to a few lines. These lines (6-10, 20, 25) are sufficient to establish a certain framework, as it were a Christian Eros-Psyche pattern: the beloved attempts to see her divine lover totally (*plenissime*) in the world of darkness, he disappears, beside herself with grief she tries to follow, she is tormented—yet her torment and stripping are only the necessary prelude to her triumphant entry as the bride in heaven. The lover here is explicitly Christ, redeemer and creator. The beloved, according to the title, is the Blessed Virgin. This is a common enough traditional identification,¹ almost as common as those in which the bride is *Anima* or *Ekklesia*. But in theological tradition the love of Christ for Mary is invariably 'allegorized' so thoroughly that not a hint of sexual passion is allowed to remain, that the ancient Near Eastern religious archetype which some of the Alexandrian Fathers still recognized, the love between the son of God and his bride-mother, is wholly concealed. In 'Quis est hic qui pulsat ad ostium' this archetype, revealed once more in a new way, still brings a moving, physical-divine meaning into play. Admittedly what is involved here, the drama of the virgin-mother, has no direct relation to the courtly experience, admittedly this song, like 'Deus amet puellam', is in many ways unparalleled. But the width and depth and complexity that

¹ v. Friedrich Ohly *Hohelied-Studien* (Wiesbaden 1958), Sachregister z. v. *marialogische Exegese*

both these songs in their own ways surmise in the meaning of love must not be underestimated. The Song of Songs had always been familiar; but now for the first time poets were using it to make more fully articulate some of the heights of human emotion.

2. The Cambridge Songs

There is every likelihood that the renowned *Iam dulcis amica venito* was sung as a sacred conductus at Saint-Martial or Saint-Martin in the same decades¹ as it was performed as a sophisticated love-song for the entertainment of an ecclesiastical court or cathedral school. The difference between the sacred and profane versions² lies above all in the last two stanzas of the Vienna manuscript: 'Karissima, noli tardare. . . Quid iuvat differre, electa', in which the lover concludes his wooing with all the worldly skill and self-confidence of Paris pursuing Helen (cf. *Her.* xvi. 309 ff.). Here the echoes are Ovidian ('sine te non potero vivere') and Vergilian ('in me non est aliqua mora') more than Biblical ('noli tardare, electa')—whereas the last stanza of the sacred version in the Paris manuscript, 'Iam nix glaciesque liquescit . . .' is almost literally from the Song of Songs. But the remarkable fusion of classical and Solomonic language³ throughout is not enough to account for the song's

¹ Or slightly later, if we follow Jacques Chailley, who has studied the Saint-Martial MSS. most recently and most carefully, and who does not accept the traditional dating of B. N. lat. 1118 (988-96) for the section of the MS. containing *Iam dulcis amica venito*, a section which 'ne doit pas être antérieur à la fin du xi^e siècle' (*L'école musicale de Saint Martial de Limoges* (Paris, 1960), pp. 92 ff.).

² The text as it is usually printed (e.g. *SLP* I. 303-4), with eleven stanzas, is a composite. It is based primarily on the Vienna MS., which contains stanzas 1-8, 10, and 11. The Paris MS., from Saint-Martial, has 1-5, 8, and 9; the Cambridge Songs MS. 1-3, 5, 4, 8, 8a, 6, 10, 7.

³ Echoes are conveniently assembled by Strecker (*Die Cambridger Lieder* (Berlin, 1926), pp. 69 ff.). One which escaped him is the phrase 'docta puella', which probably derives from Propertius (cf. I. 7, 11; II. 11, 6; II. 13, 6), and suggests that the author of this poem may have found a special affinity with the poet who was among those read most rarely in the Middle Ages. I think st. 2-5 also contain echoes of Horace, *Carm.* iv. i, 21 ff.

uniqueness It is above all a uniqueness of spirit—the sense of beauty and enjoyment, both of a perfect room and of a shy, awakening girl, the two impulses blending humorously and tenderly

intra in cubiculum meum
ornaments cunctis onustum
Ibi sunt sedilia strata
atque velis domus ornata,
floresque in domo sparguntur
herbeque fragrantis miscentur

Nine hundred years later this mood and these words inspire another poet

Des meubles luisants
Polis par les ans,
Décoreraient notre chambre
Les plus rares fleurs
Mêlant leurs odeurs
Aux vagues senteurs de l'ambre¹

Only these two dare to be interior decorator and lover at the same moment! But the Latin poet protests lest his beloved be overawed, all this has no importance, it is no mere Epicurean display, it is there only to help to win her love

Non me iuvat tantum convivium
quantum post dulce colloquium,
nec rerum tantarum ubertas
ut dilecta familiaritas

Such a banquet cannot concern me
as much as talk of love after it,
such abundance of things does not matter
as much as love's intimacy²

¹ *Les Fleurs du Mal* Invitation au voyage Baudelaire probably knew *iam dulcis amica venit* from Du Metil's *Poésies populaires latines du moyen âge* (Paris 1847) Compare too his own Medieval Latin poem in *Les Fleurs du Mal* *Franciscæ meæ ludæ*

² I cannot accept the usual interpretation of this stanza (v Raby *SLP* 1 303 n) which ascribes it to the girl. Not only is its language quite unlike the

Thus also Baudelaire continues

La splendeur orientale,
 Tout y parlerait
 A l'âme en secret
 Sa douce langue natale.

So come now, *soror electa!*—For the most serious moment, the climax of his plea, the lover reverts directly to the words of the most famous of all invitations to love. Then, with touching directness, the beloved answers: 'Ego fui sola in silva. . . .' The contrast between his language and hers, the worldly and the innocent, shows poetic genius. So too does the way in which, shyly and delicately, she at last admits that she has felt the stirrings of love: she has not yet the courage to say it quite in her own words, she too uses the more universal words evoking love which all Christians knew, and when, with her last line, she finally speaks of love outright, 'Ardet amor cordis in antro', it is still as if she were speaking impersonally. But this is enough to make her lover press on, pleading with new urgency and a new note of triumph, the joyous fulfilment of that mood of lavishness, audacity, and romanticism which had inspired everything he said.

The lover's invitation mentioned instrumental music, and a 'clever girl' who would sing, accompanying herself on the lyre. What kind of songs did this *docta puella* sing? The manuscript of the Cambridge Songs, where *Iam dulcis amica venito* also survives, though in a mutilated and somewhat garbled

girl's in her stanza 'Ego fui sola in silva' (see below), but it would make nonsense of the meaning if the girl were to ask for love quite unashamedly and then, on being invited once more, demur out of shyness. If she had spoken thus in her first words, the lover would hardly have continued trying to persuade her! E. P. Vuolo's attempt (*Cult. Neolat.* x (1950), 5 ff.) to give the stanza 'Ego fui sola in silva' to the man is far-fetched. Nor can I find the highly ingenious interpretation of von den Steinen (*ZfdA* lxx. 281 ff.), in which the girl becomes the more active lover, satisfying. To give the girl the 'Non me iuvat' stanza and to see 'Ego fui sola in silva' as her renewed expression of the same desires ('I love to be in a secret place in the woods') is to strain the perfects (*fui, dilexi*) unduly—a difficulty that von den Steinen himself recognizes (p. 285).

form, suggests some possible answers. Gay and provocative songs, such as

Veni, dilectissime,
et a et o,
gratam me invisere,
et a et o et a et o¹

In languore pereo,
et a et o—
Venerem desidero,
et a et o et a et o¹

Si cum clave veneris,
et a et o,
mox intrare poteris,
et a et o et a et o¹

so close in spirit to the contemporary vernacular women's love-songs as preserved among the Mozarabic *kharyas*²

Ven, sidi, veni!
el querer es tanto bieni
d'est al-zamēn
Ven filyo d'Ibn al-Dayyan!¹

Come, my lord, come!
love-longing is so great a good
at this time
Come, son of Ibn Dayyan!

Another characteristic note in the *kharyas* the lament of the woman abandoned by her lover, the recognition of spring in the world outside and the dearth of spring in her heart—

Venid la Pasca, ayun sin ellu,
¡com' caned meu coraçon por ellu!
Easter comes, ever without him,
how my heart burns for him!¹

¹ CC 49 (largely illegible in the MS)

² See my discussion in Chap. I pp. 26 ff

is expressed in Latin in the best-known song of the Cambridge collection, *Levis exurgit zephyrus* (CC 40). Here a poet or poetess¹ has transformed a *winnileod* with extraordinary artistry. The thoughts of spring are stylized and expanded to three stanzas, balancing three stanzas of interior monologue. These take their departure from the most perfect words that had ever told of a lover's state of mind and body—

lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
 flamma demanat, sonitu suopte
 tintinant aures, gemina teguntur
 lumina nocte.²

and say it again (st. 4-5) as if it had never been said before. Then the last stanza,

Tu saltim, veris gratia,
 exaudi et considera
 frondes, flores et gramina—
 nam mea languet anima.

makes us suddenly aware of the absent lover, who is now addressed in thought; it recalls once more the spring outside and the anguish within, and in the last line, 'nam mea languet anima', culminates Sappho's and Catullus' words of love-longing by those of Solomon's bride.

Another woman's love-song occurs in the Cambridge manuscript as an interpolation:

Nam languens	Languishing
amore tuo	for love of you
consurrexi	I arose
diluculo,	at dawn
perrexi-	and made my way

¹ *Pace* Dr. Raby (SLP i. 305), a poetess need not be ruled out. As I showed in Chap. IV. 3, a number of young learned women wrote love-verses in the eleventh century. Of course none of them wrote anything quite like this. . . . But did any man write anything quite like this?

² Catullus 51, from Sappho 2. 'My tongue is numbed, a subtle flame trickles through my limbs, my ears are jangled from within, my eyes are covered with twofold night.'

que pedes nuda	bare-footed
per nives et	across the snows
[per] frigora	and cold,
atque maria	and searched
rimabar mesta,	the desolate seas
si forte ventivola	to see if I could find
vela cernerem	sails flying in the wind,
aut frontem navis	or catch sight of the prow
conspicerem	of a ship

These lines come between two stanzas of the *Modus Liebinc*, the *fabliau* of the snow-child (CC 14). It is easy to imagine how this might have happened in the German musical manuscript from which the English collection copied its words: these lines may well have been written in the margin because they could be sung to the same tune as this pair of stanzas in the sequence, or perhaps because they had themselves provided this tune. It would have been easy enough for the English copyist to mistake them for a stanza to be inserted here too: a woman is speaking and the occurrence of 'nives' here as in the sequence may have given an impression of continuity. It is less easy to be sure that the lines themselves are not fragmentary. Are they perhaps out of a lyrical narrative? Could she who is speaking be Alcione waiting for Ceyx, or Phyllis for Demophoon—or for that matter Yseult watching for Tristan? Or is it a complete song, a Latin *wimleod*? I am inclined to think so—there are some remarkable parallels to the Latin stanza among *ritornelli* traditionally sung by Tuscan women.¹

M'affaccio alla finestra e vedo l'onde,
 E vedo le miserie che son grande,
 E chiamo l'amor mio, non mi risponde

¹ Cited from L. R. Lind, *Lyric Poetry of the Italian Renaissance* (1954) pp. 44-48. I look out of the window and see the waves and see misfortunes which are great, and I call out to my love—he does not answer!

I look out of the window and watch the sea and watch the little ships coming to me: my love's one is long delayed!

I want to go down to the shore to see if I meet my love there and if I meet him I'll comfort him.

M'affaccio alla finestra e vedo il mare,
 E vedo le barchette a me venire;
 Quella del mio amor fa un gran tardare!

Alla marina me ne voglio andare,
 Per veder se v'incontro lo mio amore;
 E se l'incontro, lo vo' consolare.

And possibly also an older parallel among the *kharjas*:

Ya coraḡon, que queris bon amar,
 el querer
 lasca welyos de mar?

Oh heart, you who want to love well,
 does love-longing
 take the eyes away from the sea?¹

It is clear at least that some of the love-songs in the eleventh-century Cambridge manuscript drew inspiration from a living tradition of *cantigas de amigo*. Did the collection contain no songs born out of the courtly experience? The two remaining love-lyrics are largely illegible; in one of them (CC 39) little survives but the couplet

Nosti flores [carpere],
 sarta pulchra texere. . . .

which seems to point in the direction of a Latin *romance* or *pastourelle*. But the other, 'Suavissima nunna' (CC 28), even in its fragmentary state can be seen to use words and ideas characteristic of *amour courtois*.

3. *Suavissima nunna*

In its symmetrical dialogue form 'Suavissima nunna'² seems to look back to the Theocritean dialogue of the lover and

¹ The three *kharjas* cited above are 1, 5, and 43. For the texts of 1 and 5 I accept Cantera's suggestions (v. Heger *ad loc.*); 43 MS. 'lfr' r ls wlš dm'r. Stern suggested both *d'amar* and *de mar* (the former would seem awkward because of *amar* in the first line). The range of 'cantigas marineras' among *cantigas de amigo* is discussed by E. Asensio, *op. cit.* (p. 16, n 3), pp. 42 ff.

² Text, reconstruction, and translation *infra*, pp. 353 ff.

shepherdess' and forward to the wide range of medieval love-debates and love-dialogues, above all the German *Wechsel*, for which it is the oldest evidence. Interpretation must of course be confined to those words which can be read or probably guessed in the badly mutilated text—there is enough, I think, to infer with some accuracy the movement and character of the song as a whole.

It is usually called 'Kleriker und Nonne' but while the first stanza and the seventh show that the girl is a nun, there is no evidence whatever that her lover is a cleric. In the first stanza *fert* is almost certainly to be completed with some form of *vertrüben*—the nun is associated not only with the springtime world but with one of the words at the heart of *Minne*. Her reply in the second stanza shows that the first was a lover's claim on her love. Her reply contains a hint both of rebuke and of a desire to hear more—it is, one might say, a coquettish reply. But it gives away something else: that she refers to herself as *unicam* (a reading of which there can be no possible doubt) shows that she had already promised herself to the man. They are already bound by love, she is his 'only lady'—but he wants something more which is not right.

Yet when the lover speaks again he couches his desire in terms of *courtoisie*, of love-service *coro minus minna*, put my love to test—and again woods and the song of birds evoke the time for love. She rejects the associations of the nightingale's song, feigning indifference to it, and calls to mind her having been betrothed to Christ.

The next stanza, in which only the words 'O beautiful I tell you abode of [my] soul heaven' emerge, seems to have contained a more extravagant declaration of love. And her reply, which probably begins 'But the rewards of the angels' and certainly ends with the word 'to betray', opening with a disjunction from his last speech, suggests that he too had

¹ v. W. Thier, 'Liebesgespräch und Pastourelle' in *Studien zur Textgeschichte und Textkritik* (G. Jachmann gewidmet) (Köln-Opladen 1959) pp. 279 ff.

mentioned angels in his declaration. He may have said that to win her love would be an angelic, heavenly reward, to which she counters 'But the rewards of the angels [should mean something quite different to you].' The last word, *ver[r]adan*, has two possibilities—is she saying that by such declarations of love for her he is betraying God, or that he may betray her one day? The renewed plea that follows, 'Put my [love] to test', indicates that she had said the second. The lover promises her more than love—an abundance of . . . in the world: the word can only be one for honour, reputation, *pretz*. Does this not affect the whole imaginary situation of the poem? Is it naïve to ask, what kind of worldly advantage could a cleric conceivably offer a nun by a clandestine love-affair with her? The only kind of lover who could give a nun *werelt[ero] genuoc* even in compromising her would be a grand-seigneur powerful enough to persuade the Church to let her leave the convent and marry him. An actual event only a little later than this poem may illuminate this. There is a letter¹ written in 1093 by Saint Anselm

¹ v. A. Wilmart, 'Une lettre inédite de S. Anselme à une moniale inconstante', *Rev. Bén.* xl (1928), 319 ff. Compare too the abduction by Athelwold, brother of King Alfred, of a nun of Wimborne in 901, and by Swegen, son of Godwine, of Eadgyfu abbess of Leominster, in 1046 (whom he afterwards wished to marry, but permission was refused)—*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, ed. Earle-Plummer (1892), i. 92, 164 (see also notes to these annals, providing further references, especially to the provisions in the Laws for such cases, *ibid.* ii. 115, 226). Note also the brilliant little scene in the *Ancrene Wisse* in which the courtship of a young anchoress is enacted (ed. Tolkien, EETS 1962, pp. 51–52; transl. M. Salu, *The Ancrene Riwele* (London, 1954), p. 42): 'No seduction is so vile as that which is in the form of a self-righteous defence, as who should say: "I would rather die than intend any unchastity to you" (swearing great oaths), "but even if I had sworn not to, I would not be able to prevent myself from loving you. Is anyone in worse case than I? It robs me of many nights' sleep. And now I have told you. Yet even if I go mad, you shall hear no more of how things are with me." She forgives him because his words are so plausible. She talks of other things. But "The eyes are ever on the woodland glade"; the thoughts are always on what he has already said; and even after he has gone, she will go on thinking about those words, often, when she should be giving all her attention to other things. Then he will look out for an opening, at which he breaks the promise he has made, swears it is too much for him—and so the evil grows, ever longer, ever worse.'

much is clear: the lover manages to turn her mention of Christ (whom she mentions only to oppose her lover's too great claim on her love) to his own advantage in furthering the claim of human love. Human love, he is saying in effect, has its values and obligations which cannot be waived by appeal to another, Christian *triuve*, and which in the last resort even Christ is forced to sanction. For in love loyalty is loyalty, in heaven as on earth.

4. From Eleventh- to Twelfth-Century Lyric

Is it partly the fewness of surviving tenth- and eleventh-century Latin love-lyrics that tempts one to treasure each as a unique composition? Perhaps; and yet the songs I have mentioned are not only remarkably different from one another but in many ways different from almost anything to be found in the twelfth century. In the great wealth of twelfth-century Latin lyrics there occur a few women's songs, a few love-debates in lyrical form, and of course many Solomonic echoes. But (though the unique always remains a possibility) the multitude of love-lyrics by twelfth-century clerics show, to a large extent, a common manner and idiom.

To the eleventh century belong two other remarkable lyrics, which are printed and discussed below—the ballad-like 'Foebus abierat' (which is truly comparable to only one twelfth-century song, though echoed by two others), and the tantalizing fragment of a Latin *alba*.¹ Again, there is a pair of

¹ v. *infra*, pp. 334 ff., 352. It seems likely, however, that some of the love-songs in twelfth- or even thirteenth-century MSS. were composed earlier, in the later eleventh century. The musical development throughout the eleventh century, with the increasing emancipation of music from the liturgy, had made conditions extremely favourable for the composition of Latin secular songs. The scholars who, according to a well-known passage in William of Malmesbury (*P.L.* 179, 1372), thronged around Matilda, the wife of Henry I of England, and 'found their happiness in delighting her with a new composition' ('felicemque se putabat qui carminis novitate aures mulceret dominae'), assuredly had secular songs in their repertoire. Schumann's erroneous late dating of the *Codex Buranus* (v. *supra*, p. 35) has for a long time sustained the totally misleading impression that in secular song Latin was always just a little in the

Tunc accedens propius
ardeo miserius,
cremor infelicius,
uror vehementius—
quanto canit pulchrius,
tanto michi peius.

Tam dilecta lectio
quo legatur nescio;
ex hoc participio
declinare cupio;
sine magisterio
scitur haec coniunctio!¹

When I crossed the Danube, full of uncertainties, making an escape from teaching, fleeing from my studies, studying from on deck,

I saw some girls playing, I began to watch their play and, watching, to strain towards them, straining rather with love, with the greatest haste I hastened headlong into love.

A beautiful woman led their carols, guiding the rest through the ruins with her hand. Turning my eyes to her, I prayed to the gods:

O spirits of the gods alive in heaven, you who are thought in your divinity to know physical love, grant that I come to know this sudden vision!

Then, coming nearer, I burned more wretched, flamed more unhappily, more violently afire. The lovelier her song, the worse it was for me.

I do not know where so lovable a lesson may be learnt; this is the participle I long to conjugate, this the conjunction known without a grammar!

It is graceful, the rhymes are light, the lines go trippingly on the tongue. But though the *grammaticus* is here escaping from his books and his work, in his song he can hardly belie his occupation. From the fourth line to the twelfth there are the elaborate verbal echoes; the vision of the girls at play and of their beautiful coryphée, even if not directly inspired by

¹ SLP ii. 318.

Nausicaa,¹ has something deliberately, perhaps playfully, antique about it.² So has the prayer addressed, not to the Christian God, but to *deorum spiritus*. The Olympians must sympathize—they know what physical, human love is like. Then again a grammatical word-play will they help him to pass from *visus* to *cognitus*? But the hints of myth and grammar are only subterfuges: the poet prays, so he says, to the *numina*, yet his eyes are not turned heavenwards but to the girl with whom he has fallen in love, he prays for her love because he feels there is a bond between the divine and *amor carnis*. It is not that the gods cast off divinity when they love mortals—human love itself can be known in a divine way (*divinitus*). This, Gautier's essential thought has nothing to do with conventional mythology or grammar, but is rather an intimation of the courtly experience. The fifth stanza seems a mere play with synonyms, and the last again conjures with grammatical terms in the manner of many twelfth-century Latin songs.³ But these stanzas also carry the poet's thoughts of love. The nearer his ship comes to the shore where his loved dancer plays, the more her beauty wounds him. The nearer he sees her, the crueler that he cannot do more than see her. As he watches her and loves her while she, intent on leading the dancers, does not even know his love, the play on his grammar is not merely wit but shows in a flash how compared with love his own life's work palls and seems ridiculous. Like Aristotle in the *Lai* he seems to realize, 'Molt as mal emploie m'estuide'.⁴ Here is a grammar that is worth learning, and this learning is effortless, *sine magisterio*. The word

¹ The *Odysseus* episode is known to the Latin Middle Ages through Hyginus *Fab.* cxxv.

² What are the *compagum fragmina* on the banks of the Danube? Ruins of an old church (cf H. Spanke 'Tanzmusik in der Kirche des Mittelalters' *Neophil. Mit.* xxxi (1930) 143 ff) or of a pre-Christian monument, which local custom had made a centre of dances and seasonal festivities? (Cf the widespread dances around Trojaburgen — v J. de Vries, *Allgerm. Eelgionsgeschichte* (1956) 1: 474-7.)

³ v Paul Lehmann, *Die Parodie im Mittelalter* (München 1922), pp 151 ff.

⁴ Henri d'Andely *Le lai d'Aristote* (*Poètes et romanciers du Moyen Âge* (Paris, 1952) p 489).

magisterium takes us back to the first stanza, and perhaps also reminds us that the wit remains uppermost: the *grammaticus* after all is on holiday, and this, as the superscription in the manuscript tells, is a *rithmus iocularis*. Its artifices are obvious, but they are flaunted for the sake of the essential subtlety behind them.

5. The Latin Lyric and courtoisie

One of my chief purposes in the rest of this chapter is to show as clearly as possible something which goes against the general opinion of historians of medieval literature: to demonstrate that a substantial proportion of twelfth- and thirteenth-century Latin love-lyrics can truly be called songs of *amour courtois*, and show affinities that must be far more than casual to their counterparts in the European vernaculars.¹ It is possible to assess to some extent the debt of, say, German or Italian *courtois* lyric to Provençal; it is not possible even to aim at such an assessment of what the Latin lyric lends or borrows. The Latin lyric is omnipresent, and everywhere contemporaneous with the vernacular. Often they enrich each other—it is scarcely possible to say more. (This may seem an easy decision, but I assure the reader it is not a light one.) The lyrics where a specific borrowing this way or that can be established are, and always will be, only isolated ones among thousands. For the rest, to attempt to be more 'exact' would be inexact. Here exactness is simply to look closely at what there is—to bear in mind that there is an elemental attitude to love which is *courtois*, that there are conventions of expression which overlap as much as the lives of cleric and courtier and common singer overlap (which is a great deal), and that there is an imponderable: poetic imagination—and then again to return and look closely at what there is.

¹ That this is not received opinion is, I think, because the Latin lyrics have seldom been discussed with the aim of observing their poetic language, and scarcely ever by those who have the fullest poetic understanding of medieval Romance and Germanic lyric.

Twelfth-century Latin love-lyrics are full of images of a lady who is radiant and hedged with divinity, worshipped by a lover who is subject to her. In the twelfth-century songs written on the blank pages of a tenth-century manuscript, a *Liber glossarum*, at Ripoll¹

Sidus clarum
puellarum,
flos et decus omnium,
rosa veris,
quae videris
clarior quam lilium²

Bright star of women flower and glory of all, rose of spring who seem more radiant than the lily your look and smile subjected me to love. As fire flames in dry wood, so my mind burns for you, my goddess. Tell me, who can there be so stern, so guiltlessly pure, whom your perfections could not subjugate? Your forehead and smooth throat and angelic face show mankind that you are heavenly, not earthly. You surpass goddesses in beauty, heavenly habitants and earthly in kind. So my utmost prayer to you, beauty of the world, is that you be a source of love, not grief, in this heart.

Here every description of physical beauty is at the same time a perception of a heavenly attribute.

Si laudare possem florem
iuventutis et honorem,
laudes darem Guiberti
quae est flos totius regni.³

If I could praise the flower and honour of youth, I'd praise Gilberte, the flower of all the realm. The burning-bright orb of her eyes shows the radiance of angels and manifests that this girl is a heavenly one. Her nose, her teeth, her lips her waist are formed so perfectly that they move mortals and gods to love.

¹ v. Lluís Nicolau d'Oliver 'L'escola poètica de Ripoll en els segles x-xiii' *Institut d'Estudis Catalans* vi (1923) 3 ff.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 43-44. SLP II. 240-1.

³ d'Oliver p. 50.

The lady's beauty, her embodiment of divinity, and her virtù (*mores*) are inseparable: beauty is an expression of virtù:

Her hair, unlike the hair of mortals, manifests goddess Cytherea to us all. . . . What more can I say? It is not difficult: her virtù is no other than her beauty, but accords with it as snow with whiteness.¹

The stanza-forms are, for their time, simple, even crude, the language that of an extremely limited convention. What is important is how fully established such a convention had become in the secular songs of the clerics. In the same generation as these songs were composed at Ripoll, a cleric in the monastery of St. Emmeram wrote into a manuscript chiefly of ascetic writings

Virgo Flora,
tam decora,
tam venusta facie,
suo risu,
suo visu
me beavit hodie. . . .²

It is in the same stanza-form as one used several times at Ripoll, consisting in fact of an accentual version, with internal rhyme, of the old fifteen-syllabled trochaic measure, the metre of the *Pervigilium Veneris*. The mood of love-worship too is the same as in the Ripoll songs, but note the effect of the lady's salutation, the blessedness conferred by her smile, and the metaphysical image of her perfection in the last stanza, which is incomplete:

Tantum gerit
quantum querit
species potentie. . . .

Literally, she accomplishes as much of potentiality as her *species* seeks [to accomplish]; though in the world, she actualizes her essence (or her beauty—*species* is ambiguous) completely, in the way that only the 'separate substances' (without matter, and therefore without potentiality) can do. She has about her something of the Aristotelian Intelligences (st. 5), something of

¹ d'Olwer, pp. 51-52 ('Noster cetus').

² Text and translation *infra*, pp. 362-3.

Sophia (st 2-3), something of Korê (st 1) Again, in another love-lyric which I would place at the height of the twelfth-century flowering, though preserved in a late thirteenth-century collection compiled by a cleric at Basel¹

The Western world has never had her peer,
 she leaves the human mind bereft of sense,
 when nature's course was changed then she appeared,
 she mirrored glances of the living God

One did not have to be a poet of genius in the twelfth century to find such expressions and images easily when writing a song of love-worship

6 *Songs at Saint-Martial*

Such a song by a poet of genius does exist however, in one of the conductus-manuscripts of Saint-Martial (Paris, B N lat. 3719, fol 42^{r-v}) It has often been printed (though never discussed, either textually or poetically¹) In the MS it reads as follows

De ramis cadunt folia,
 nam visor totus perit,
 tam calor liquit omnia
 et habuit,
 nam signa celsi ultima
 sol pecuit

¹ Ed. Jakob Werner *GN* (1908) pp 449 ff The lines quoted are

Parem pars occidentis non habuit,
 sensus humane mentis obstupuit
 mutatis elementis, apparuit
 vultus dei viventis replenduit.

It would be facile and inaccurate to assume that such language in the Latin songs simply derives from the tradition of hymns to the Virgin Mary which grew up alongside them Occasionally a love-song is transformed into a song to the Virgin (cf *vista* pp 518-19) occasionally love-lyrics and hymns may interchange some phrase of worship but there are surprisingly few exact parallels (even within the work of poets known to have written in both genres, like Walter of Chatillon) and scarcely any that do not go back to a common source in the Biblical love-worship of Sophia. In both secular and religious lyric the divine girl is 'veste Sophiæ decorata' to borrow a striking phrase from CB 107

Iam nocet frigus teneris
 et avis bruma leditur,
 et Filomena ceteris
 conqueritur
 quod illis ignis eteris¹
 adimitur.

Nec limpha caret alveus
 nec prata virent erbida:
 sol nostra fugit aureus
 confinia:
 est inde dies niveus,
 nox frigida.

Modo frigescit quicquid est,
 sed solus ego caleo,
 immo sic michi cordi est
 quod ardeo—
 hic ignis tamen virgo est
 qua *lugeo*.²

Nutritur ignis osculo
 et leni tactu virginis:
 in suo lucet oculo
 lux luminis,
 nec est in toto seculo
 plus numinis.³

Ignis grecus extinguitur
 cum vino iam accertimo,
 sed iste non extinguitur
 [ini]serrimo,
 immo fomento alitur
 uber[ri]mo.

The leaves fall from the boughs, for all that is green has died; warmth has now left all things and gone away; for the sun has reached the last of the heavenly signs.

¹ Cf. *Fasti* 1. 473.

² MS. *qua lugeo*. But despite Isidore, *Etym.* xvii. 5, 16, metre and syntax seem to preclude the abl. of *lugeos*. Corr. *lugeo*?

³ MS. *numins*.

Now the cold harms tender things the birds suffer from winter,
and Philomena laments to the rest that the celestial fire is taken from
them

The river-bed is not bereft of water, the grassy meadows are no
longer green the golden sun flies from our lands—thus there is
snowy day and icy night

Now all that is grows cold, I alone burn, more than that, I
cherish being aflame—yet this fire is a girl for whom I languish

The fire is fed by the kiss and soft touch of a girl in her eyes
sparkles the light of light, nor is there in all the world more of
divinity

Greek fire is quenched even by the bitterest wine, but this fire is
never quenched, even in the saddest lover, rather it is sustained in
a most fruitful kindling

The verse-form is that of three songs by Guillaume IX,¹
with which this song may well be contemporary although the
Saint-Martial manuscript itself was completed only in 1210, at
least one of its secular *conductus* can be dated latest 1130.² In
content 'De ramis cadunt folia' is far from anything that
Guillaume composed, yet it shares with Guillaume's most
passionate songs (above all 'Ab la dolchor del temps novel')
the power of making a lyric an intense coherent whole

The imagery is knit together remarkably. It moves around
the concepts of heat and cold which are both inner and outer
states, as are fire and light. The image of the sun, recurring in
each of the first three stanzas, has a wonderful comprehensive-
ness—it is the cold winter sun at the zodiac's end, the golden sun
of summer, and the *ignis eteris* which is a force of warmth and
life in all creatures. As *ignis* the sun is both lover and beloved
the girl, who manifests the divine *lux luminis* to her lover in
every look and gesture of love, is at the same time the fire

¹ iv, v, vii in Jeanroy's edition. Cf. also Marcabru, xxxiii (ed. Dejeanne),
for both form and rhyme-scheme. The Latin song has also been compared (by
H. Naumann, *Frech und Fromm* (München, 1900) p. 195) with the form of four
hymns by Abelard (A.H. xlviii 240-3)—but there I can see no resemblance.

² *locus et lentia* —v *msa* p. 292

that burns in his veins, both the joyous warmth which is his cause of life and the tormenting heat of his desire. Without qualification the lover welcomes and cherishes this fire—it is his source of light, his principle of knowledge and of being. Unlike the destructive *ignis græcus*, this fire cannot be destroyed, but always creates anew: the fullness of love's joy begets love, as the pain of love-longing begets love. In this *fomentum uberrimum* the radiance and the fiery fierceness are inseparable.

The words *viror*, *calor*, *frigus*, *bruma*, *virent*, *niveus*, *frigida*, *frigescit*, *caleo*, *ardeo* in the first four stanzas enter as if in a dance around this cluster of images, deriving their force from the unity of man with nature and lending their force to the contrast between them. Thus in the fourth stanza the first contrast, between the world's cold and the lover's heat, is twice modified (once by *immo*, once by *tamen*): the lover says: 'I am the exception in nature—but I love to be so. Yet it is not I but she I love who brings this about.' The ground of the unlikeness is, in a sense, withdrawn, for the lover's fire is not a physical warmth, but the inner presence of his beloved. It is, and is not, he—the beloved embodies love, and thus, within him, is his own love. In the natural world itself contrasts are also made: the birds are now bereft of their heaven-sent warmth, but the river-bed is not bereft—its fullest life is in the cold, filled by its stream. Thus, like the birds, the river is both like and unlike the lover's heart. Syntactically, *caret* links the thought with *adimitur* of the previous line, while *nec* points forward to the following. But again behind the syntactic parallel there is the contrast of the idea: in nature water now finds fulfilment, while earth is unfulfilled, and the two, like the lover's own state of hot-in-cold, are once more an inevitable conjunction. The unity of the lyric is such that even a small trick of syntax can serve to bring to mind the dominant theme.

Among the other secular songs in this manuscript is the sequence 'Iocus et leticia', a dirge on the death of Countess Dolça of Provence (†1127-30). It is not a love-lyric, but

contains a perfect summary in Latin of all the qualities that make up *cortis* and are attributed to a lady who is loved

- 1a Iocus et leticia,
fides, amicitia,
largitas et gracia,
curarum solacia
et amoris gaudia,
omnia cum Dulcia
sunt sepulta.¹

In Provençal these would be *Joc ed alegria, fezelhat ed amistat, largueza e gracia, solatz e joy d'amor*—all attributes at the heart of *cortis*

Because she had such perfections, Dulcia knew the truth about love, she must have been an arbiter of *pretz* and *gentileza* whereas other ladies, being less perfect, could judge of love less well

- 1b Fata nostre patrie
perierunt hodie
in occasu Dulcie
nam que restant alie
(casus est leticie)
scelerum sunt conscie
et amoris dubie
dicunt multa

Dulcia was *umil* in the sense discussed earlier (pp. 158 ff), of being able to condescend to those who look to her for grace or favour. Yet she did not bestow grace indiscriminately, only on those who are not *vilan* but *cortes*

¹ BN lat 3719 fol. 87^v Spanke gives a text (*Beziehungen* p. 188) though with four misreadings in st. 1b. In st. 1a a line is clearly missing. It is Spanke's merit to have identified Dulcia as the mother of Raimon Berengar IV and thus dated the song. In the light of the abundant evidence of how extensively Saint-Martial collected songs from outside Limousin (cf. Chailley op. cit.) Spanke's reservation—the lack of a direct link between Dolça and Limoges—can be discounted.

2a Nobilis et umilis,
 amans et amabilis,
 in promissis stabilis,
 facie mirabilis
 et factis laudabilis,
 rudibus difficilis
 et facetis facilis
 tamen erat.

The distinction between the *rudes* and *faceti*, however, is one of virtù, not social standing, as the lines that follow show:

2b Pauperum et divitum,
 clericorum, militum
 gaudium est perditum. . . .

The rest of the song moves from secular to religious thoughts—it is a prayer for Dulcia's soul and an assurance that she has reached heaven.

A third song in this manuscript, 'Ecce letantur omnia',¹ is closest to troubadour love-lyric. Its form has parallels in Guillaume, Cercamon, Marcabru, and Jaufre Rudel.² The situation of its opening stanza, in which the lover has lost his lady's grace 'through the malice of certain men', the *lauzenjadors*, is unusual among Latin lyrics. In the second stanza a classical motif (Amor with his golden lance) seems to join with a troubadour one, the lover's confidence, in the fullness of love, that chains cannot hold him (cf. *supra*, p. 112). The third states one of the universal truths of the courtly experience: the lady is the sole source of her lover's joy and sorrow. These are inseparable, so love is never free from anxiety. In the elaboration of this, in the three stanzas that follow, the poetic technique

¹ Text and translation *infra*, pp. 380–2.

² Form and rhyme-scheme in Marcabru, xxxix (ed Dejeanne); form only in Guillaume, ix and x; Cercamon, i, iii, and vi; Jaufre, vi (in the Jeanroy editions). The rhyme-scheme of the fourth stanza is problematic. St. 5–7 have constant rhymes (–e, –co), like st. 1–3 (–a, –co). It is noteworthy that only the first three lines of the fourth stanza (19–21) fall wholly outside this pattern and make this stanza formally unlike the rest. Did they belong to the original lyric? I venture to doubt it.

changes completely. Until now the form had been entirely that of a Provençal canzone, the rhymes unchanged over three stanzas. Then with the change of rhymes comes the scholastic amplification of the paradoxes of love, in the manner that Walter of Chatillon (Saint-Omer 25) brought to perfection. The traditional *tot-quot* hyperboles of both classical and medieval Latin are used to point the contrast between sorrowful and joyful unrequited and requited love. It looks as if the moment of *amour courtois* has given place to a neat clerical exercise. Only one phrase in these stanzas, which seems to allude to an unconditional love, a love 'transmuted out of sensual delight', might suggest otherwise. And the last line of the sixth stanza, 'quam semper mente video', prepares for a final affirmation of *courtoisie*.

It is no wonder that my love for a woman can cause me to be slandered, for beneath heaven's throne is none who can surpass her in beauty, her to whom I owe myself.

It brings together the opening theme of the *lauzenjadors*, and the concepts of the lover's worship and of his total surrender, finding himself in his beloved. It welds these into a single complex thought, with a splendid finality that many a troubadour might have envied.

7 *The Qualities of Love*

What of the conception of love itself, and of love's effects? Do the Latin lyrics ever directly attribute to love an ennobling power? There is an outright statement in a song¹ in the great Laurenziana manuscript, whose music was composed chiefly at Notre Dame in the later twelfth century. The poet reflects: I enjoyed a life of love, but now I think of reputation (st. 1). It is good to know love well, the better to avoid its evils (st. 2). But let us not disparage love itself (st. 3).

Love (let us not condemn it) can indeed deserve indulgence or grace for it makes an imperfect lover courteous and gentle,

¹ Text and translation *infra* pp. 394-6

it makes him fear whatever he thinks base, and, furthermore, for an important reason: lest perchance he overstep gracious behaviour in plucking the fruit of love.

Again, in a more conventional form, in two stanzas of illustration in an *Ars Rigmatizandi*, that survive in seven manuscripts (ed. G. Mari, *I trattati*, p. 25):

Cunctis pulcrior puella
clara fulgens velut stella
sua clara de persona
dedit mihi tota bona,
unde multum gaudeo.
Vilis eram, nunc sum fortis,
iam contemno minas mortis. . . .

There are also allusions to love's ennobling power in the songs of Walter of Châtillon. One of these is casual and playful:

Si te miles equitat,
amor me nobilitat.

—if your 'rider' is a knight, I too have nobility through love.¹ But the very swiftness with which the thought is used, humorously to get the better of the argument, shows how familiar the thought itself must have been. Another of Walter's songs² is nothing if not a celebration of love's virtù:

When the lily fades in autumn's cold, though my body is cold I feel flames within; foolishly, but deliberately, I counter the logicians: I affirm two contraries together.

Jove's ill-tempered cold alters the world's appearance—no appearance can change my well-tempered heat. Let the north wind turn all the air to ice, I shall not change my affirmation.

Violets and blueberry-flowers lack their crystal dew, lilies fade and die, I alone remain in flower, I alone remain immutable, as long as Niobe, who is mine, does not change.

When I gaze on those two starlike eyes, those blossoming lips fit for gods to kiss, when again and again my lips unite with hers, I seem to have surpassed the treasures of ancient kings.

¹ Saint-Omer 23, st. 6.

² Ibid. 21 ('Autumnali frigore').

In duty bound I subject myself to Love's yoke, though some may—justly—think this a dishonour Yet it is fine to live like this Therefore, though I serve in love, that I should be foolish thus seems wisdom to me

Each of the first three stanzas ends with a taunt against logic: what is impossible in logic and in nature is paradoxically possible in love. It is impossible to affirm two contraries together (st 1) to affirm an invariable, necessary proposition of a contingent human being (st 2), to affirm immutability of a mortal (st 3). Such violations of logic are a favourite figure of Walter's in his religious lyrics. Let Natura lament, for her laws tumble down when the creator is made creature.¹ The Incarnation flouts logic and nature, divine wisdom 'potest omnia que posse voluit'.² It is this transcendent logic of divine love: this wisdom which is foolishness to the unbeliever, which is here adapted and brought to bear on human love. The way this love enriches cannot be assessed in terms of the greatest human treasures: for it transcends them. Some may think that for a lover to be Love's subject, to be the servant of his lady rather than the master, is a dishonour: that to depend for one's whole well-being on a woman's faith is weak and slavish. *Et merito*—in their own terms they are quite right.³ But the lover has his own conception of human excellence—he will persevere, glorying in his foolishness.

In the refrain of a Latin *vitelai* contemporary with Walter's song, written into an eleventh-century troparium from Barcelona and found again among the *Carmina Burana* (CB² 85), there is a more stringent affirmation, attempting to universalize the lover's way of life for all mankind: it is not simply that those who lack the power to love in springtime are insensible, but they cannot help growing more worthless as human beings, for no one can have human excellence without love—

¹ Saint-Omer 10 st 3

² Cf *Amores* II 17 1-2

³ *Ibid* 7 st 1

Dulcis amor!
 Qui te caret hoc tempore
 fit vilior.

And in a few rhyming lines in a poetic miscellany from Halberstadt, a small, crudely written litany of the virtues of the loved lady, there is a striking fusion of the lady's own qualities with the graces she can bestow through love:

She is the joy of all the world, the solace of her man, the increaser of joy, the flight of sadness, the preserver of honour, the gentleness of love, the angel's glance,¹ the brightness of the stars, the example of honour, the exaltation of the heart, the consolation for all bitterness.²

Again, there are many instances where the lover feels he can reach immortality, even divinity, through love, lines such as

Hominem transgredior
 et superum
 sublimari glorior
 ad numerum,
 sinum tractans tenerum. . . .³

¹ 'Angelicus intuitus'—even if this is only a casual phrase, it is worth recalling the background of ideas (*v.* Chap. II, especially pp. 71 ff.) which in the last resort made possible even its casual use.

² Est tocius mundi gaudium,
 viri solacium,
 augmentatrix leticie,
 fuga tristicie,
 honestatis conservacio,
 amoris mitigacio,
 angelicus
 intuitus,
 splendor siderum,
 honoris exemplum,
 cordis elevacio,
 omnis amaritatis consolacio.

(*AfKdV* xxxv (1878), 315; MS. *amentitatis*)

³ CB 83, st. 4. 'Caressing her tender breast, I surpass human life and glory in being raised to the company of gods.' Cf. Chap. IV. 1, pp. 169-70; also Marcus Valerius, *Bucolica*, (ed. F. Munari), I. 56 ff.

But this is the hyperbole of joyful, requited love. While it may seem close to the notion of love as the source of virtù, love as the ennobling power, this notion is, as Bédier saw, more significantly linked with another, 'qui voit dans la souffrance même la dignité et la beauté de la passion'. Yet this also is found in conjunction with the thought of immortality through love.

Unam quidem postulo
 tantum michi dari,
 cuius quidem osculo
 potest mors vitari
 Huic amoris vinculo
 cupio ligari,
 dulce est, hoc iaculo
 velle vulnerari!¹

And alone, in similar language, though with greater inspiration, in the passionate 'Estas in exilium' (CB 69), reflecting in the formal freedom of a *descort* a design that ranges from ardent strength to softness and languor.

Amare
 crucior,
 morior
 vulnere, quo gloriatur
 Eia, si me sanare
 uno vellet osculo,
 que cor felici iaculo
 gaudet vulnerare!
 Leta frons tam nivea,
 lux oculorum aurea
 cesaries subrubea,
 manus vincentes lilia
 me trahunt in suspiria

Bitterly
 tormented I
 die
 of the wound in which I glory
 If she would only heal me
 with a single kiss,
 she who loves to wound my
 heart
 with a dart of bliss!
 Her joyous brow like snow,
 the golden light of her eyes,
 her hair's red glow,
 the hands surpassing lilies
 lead me to sighs

¹ CB 139 st. 4. I ask for one lady alone to be mine, her through whose kiss death can be overcome. I long to be bound to her by the chain of love, sweet is the desire to be wounded by this dart.

Ridco	Yet I exult
cum video	to see
cuncta tam elegantia,	so much magnificence,
tam regia,	so queenly,
tam suavia,	so gentle,
tam dulcia.	so sweet.

Generosity of spirit (Prov. *largueza*, OFr *largece*, MLat *largitas*) is another quality deemed essential to love both in vernacular and Latin *courtois* lyric. In one of Walter of Châtillon's songs it becomes the specific *virtus* of love itself;¹

Whoever does not entreat his lady at the time the rose is reborn slights the roses and detracts from them. If he does not behave generously, the rose is deprived of her nature (*derosatur*).

We who are summoned to love's sport by the season's delight, let us not calculate! An end to avarice, in whose presence virtue cannot be!

The ideal of love-service is emphasized in the song 'Rosam et candens lilium' (SLP ii. 317), which was composed before 1200 (*v. infra*, p. 566):

Because my salvation is in your hands, blessed one, I freely give you my dedicated service, which is your due. For I long for you alone, from you I take that pure hope from which I would not swerve. . . .

Finally, there is the insistence on secrecy in love, guarding against loss of reputation. This is most strikingly expressed in a song 'Dum rutilans Pegasei', which in all probability belongs to the twelfth-century burgeoning of Latin lyric, though preserved only in the later fourteenth-century Arundel collection:²

For us winter was bright spring, darkened by no cloud. Destiny wholly favoured us, but now the north wind blasts us. When Envy became poisonous with his ominous hiss, the serene spring of our destiny stood condemned in Fama's shout.

¹ Saint-Omer 24, st. 3-4. Cf. also Saint-Omer 19, st. 3.

² Ed. Wilhelm Meyer, *GA xi* (1909), 1. For 'Dum rutilans Pegasei', see also SLP ii. 249.

May love live on in thought, though not divulged in deed. I shall live as yours—oh live as mine, but let us not be rashly hasty Even now Cytherea will let us see each other, converse and play May love's union join us with equal bond

8 *The Codex Buranus*

Of the 119 leaves of the *Codex Buranus* which remain to us, half are filled with love-songs. Nowhere else among surviving Latin manuscripts can such a remarkable number be found. Remarkable too is that although the manuscript contains plays with sacred themes and a few lyrics showing deep religious feeling, there is not a song in the entire collection as it survives which could strictly be called a religious lyric. There are no melodies—only a few songs have neums over them (this was intended for all the songs, but never finished). Other Latin lyrical manuscripts, notably the magnificent *Laurenziana XXIX 1*¹ may well be considered greater, because of their music—yet no other is so rich in secular lyrical poetry.

The love-lyrics are introduced by a heading 'Incipiunt iubili'. They begin with sequences, *lais*, and *descorts*, art-songs, that is for solo performance, though quite a few also have refrains in which the audience could join. There are simple themes of spring and love, often with playful mythological imagery and once the spring-song is enclosed in an allusive narrative setting 'This is what Phrison (the hero of some early romance, who is mentioned also by the troubadour Guiraut de Cabreira) sang to the king's daughter' (57). There is a series of long *cantilenae* (60-73), some with stanzas strung loosely together for the sake of music, others constructed with great beauty and care. I shall discuss one of each kind in some detail. They show the widest variety of poetic tone: 'Olim sudor Hercules' (63), light and elegant in its learning and its rejection of love, and 'Quocumque more' (65) a deliberately obscure song of homosexual love (each followed by a dozen didactic hexameters explaining their mythology), 'A globo veteri' (67),

¹ v Bibliography *infra* pp 553-4

a sequence showing by metaphysical argument that the poet's lady is 'quanto di ben può far Natura'; 'Saturni sidus lividum' (68), a *descort* in praise of physical love, *beati spes* (*la speranza dei beati*); the passionate 'Estas in exilium' (69—*v. supra*, p. 298); the tender love-dialogue 'Estatu florifero tempore' (70—*v. supra*, pp. 255 ff.), culminating in the girl's moving cry

'Dulcissime!
Totam subdo tibi me.'

This is followed by a song 'Axe Phebus aureo' (71), about the torments of an inexorable, never satisfied love; by 'Grates ago Veneri' (72), a radiantly joyful description of how the lover wins his lass, in which a masterly lyrical form mirrors every aspect of love-play, struggle, and finally languor:

Et subridens tremulis
semiclausis oculis,
veluti sub anxio
suspirio
sopita.¹

Then again a sequence, 'Clauso Cronos et serato' (73), in which spring-song, mythography, and prayer to Venus are elegantly combined.

The *iubili* are interrupted by two longer poems: the brilliant burlesque of the temple of Venus, 'Dum caupona verterem' (76); and the love-vision 'Si linguis angelicis' (77), which I discuss at length below. Then follow songs in strophes which remain identical throughout a lyric. Two (83, 84), which also occur together in Queen Christina's manuscript (Vat. Reg. lat. 344), are sophisticated songs of a lover's conquests; others are *pastourelles*, one of which (89) turns into an anti-clerical satire. On the next page comes a straight moral-satirical piece, 'Sacerdotes mementote' (91); there are some ten such dispersed among the love-songs from now on. It is followed by the renowned

¹ 'And smiling with tremulous, half-closed eyes, she drowsed as if beneath (the weight of) an anxious sigh.'

debate of Phyllis and Flora (92), by a group of *planctus* (97-102) with classical themes, and again by love-songs. Here too the sheer poetic variety is remarkable—has this ever been sufficiently noticed, even among the best-known songs? To call to mind only a few—the ‘lightning before death’ mood of ‘*Sic mea fata*’ (116), the two songs of a lover’s farewell (119, 120)—the gentle ‘*Dulce solum*’, and ‘*Humor [v] Rumor] letalis*, filled with both the fierceness and the luminousness of *Miser Catulle desinas ineptire*, the graphic ‘*Huc usque me miseram*’ (126), where the lament of the girl with child is truly seen as tragedy, on a page following Walter of Châtillon’s last and perhaps greatest song, ‘*Versa est in luctum*’. After a small but remarkably varied group of didactic and satirical pieces (127-34) comes the last group of love-songs (135-86), which nearly all have German stanzas following them (usually formally identical with a stanza of the Latin). There is an extensive literature on these, dealing chiefly with whether the Latin stanzas are based on the German, or the German on the Latin.¹ Now the debt goes this way, now that way, but for the most part we cannot tell and the arguments from internal evidence generally remain unconvincing except to the arguer. Sometimes a poet may have composed both the Latin and the German—sometimes a German stanza can be seen as a continuation of a Latin song. What is important, however, is this—these songs are for the most part dance-songs. We know that men and women loved dancing to songs, and that clerics (and specially *clericuli*) took part in such dances, which even, in bad weather or at night, took place inside the churches, as papal Bulls protest.² The girls answered the Latin stanzas of the clerics with German ones, and everyone would sing the refrains, both Latin and German. Many of the German stanzas clearly show women speaking, and in one of the most famous (167a) it is the girls who begin

¹ v. *CB I* I xiff 1 2 xiff. The most important contributions to this question are those of R. M. Meyer Wallensköld, Burdach and Spanke.

² v. Hans Spanke, *Der Codex Buranus als Liederbuch* *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* xii (1931) 241 ff., ‘Tanzmusik in der Kirche des Mittelalters’ (v. *supra* p. 284 n. 2).

dancing and (if I interpret rightly) provoke the men to come and join them:

Swaz hie gat umbe,
daz sint alle megede;
die wellent an man
allen disen sumer gan!

All those who circle here are girls: they want to go all summer without a man!

This is followed by the song to the May-bride, 'Annualis mea' (168), and by 'Hebet sydus' (169—*v. infra*, pp. 313 ff.), both among the glories of the Latin lyric; by 'Veni, veni, venias' (174) and 'Stetit puella' (177), with their incredible fusion of a simple and a sophisticated language of love; these in turn by the playful lover's *gab* 'Volo virum vivere viriliter' (178), and the jubilant *carole* 'Tempus est iocundum' (179), in which soloists (at least one man and one woman) as well as the company of dancers play a part. Then 'O mi dilectissima' (180), a song full of a lover's adoration and ardent longing, with so deep a sense of exultation that the beloved replies, in the famous refrain,

Mandaliet! mandaliet!
min gescelle chömet niet!

Song of joy! song of joy!
My love does not lament!¹

Mythology returns in two more learned songs of love-praise (181, 182). Then comes the mischievous 'Si puer cum puellula / moraretur in cellula', whose German counterpart, in the same

¹ This interpretation was upheld by Vogt and most recently by Schumann, who commented acutely (CB I. 2, 302): 'Die ganz unhöfischen Wendungen *manda* und *kömen* für die so überaus wichtigen Begriffe "Freude" und "Trauern" stützen sich gegenseitig.' I cannot accept the interpretation of Wilhelm Brauns ('Zur Heimatfrage der CB', *ZfdA* lxxiii, 1935, 182 ff.), construing 'manda' as a Latin imperative, telling a messenger to send the song—this would make a cry of the sheer joy of love (which the poetic context demands) sound rather like a 'note de la Direction'! In 1960 Frings (*art. cit. supra*, p. 7, n. 1) suggested changing to *sumet niet* ('does not delay').

stanza-form is a woman's *alba*, full of serenity, her thoughts of love perfect in their *courtoisie*

Ich seh den morgensterne brechen—
 nu helt, la dich niht gerne sehen!¹
 Vil liebe dest mun rat
 Swer tovgenlichen minnet,
 wie tugentlich daz stat
 da frivnschaft hute hat¹

I see the day-star breaking forth—now, brave lover, be sure you are not seen! Dear love, take my advice What virtue lies in a secret love, over which friendship keeps watch!

There follow two ballads of a girl who is deceived, in alternate Latin and German. One (184) is lively and crude, the other, (185) more like a *plante de jeune fille*, told with a naïvete that hides considerable human subtlety (as when the girl, who is at first offended by the rough way the lad makes a grab at her suddenly realizes that this stems from his own lack of assurance—'Er graif mir an den wizen lip, / non absque timore') The love-songs conclude with the solemn, meditative leonine verses 'Suscipe flos, florem', the lover's prayer to Korê

If we call to mind the contents of some of the greatest vernacular manuscripts of love-lyrics—the Heidelberger Liederhandschriften, the Chansonnier de Saint-Germain-des-Prés, the Barberini Canzoniere, the Cancionero Vaticano—we may think that certain songs in these surpass any thing in the *Codex Buranus*, but where in any one of them can we find such diversity in what the lyrics say and how they say it?

9 'Siquem Pieridum' and *Dum Diane vitrea*

From this diversity let us focus on one or two songs which illuminate the courtly experience

'Siquem Pieridum ditavit contio' (61) is a long, often obscure, *lai* somewhat haphazard both in form and content. One

leitmotif at least, however, can be traced through its thirty stanzas—the sovereignty of the lady who is loved.

She whom beyond all women I obey can nourish me with life or the pain of death—but it is towards death that she, my inner glory, so inclines. . . . The contour of a girl's face rules me with a smile, so now the moth of grief is driven out, pain is rent away, trembling dies down. She on whom such radiance and wondrous love (*caritas*) and fecund bounty smile for ever and on every side, indeed it is she I long for. Let no one wonder at the sublimity of so great a lord (*ducis tante*), of her who, when I offered to serve her with all my strength, made me wiser than before, raining her bounty down.

The words 'I await your messenger' (st. 5) introduce a long lover's plea, which again concludes with the recognition of the lady's sovereignty, returning from petition to praise:

When her salutation lights upon me, giving promise of love's vow, I count myself blessed. I could not find a better, sweeter one than her I have chosen for my rule of life,¹ if she consents to help me. I would love and long for the gift of a word from her more than to win the crown of the joyous world. But first must be exalted her radiant smile, by which Jove is revealed to me and is made gracious.

Finally one stanza near the close of the song speaks of the fear of being separated through envious tongues:

O my *dux*, let my eyes look upon you for ever! O my rule of life, let sullyng envy not cast you away from me!

The theme of the beloved's sovereignty is of course present in other ways elsewhere among the *Carmina Burana*, as in 'O comes amoris, dolor' (111)—'her name inspires such awe that I cannot even dare to name her'—or again in 'Quam pulchra nitet facie' (155):

What light she streams from her lovely face,
she who draws forth the inmost heart!
She it is for whose beauty's sake
every lover sheds tears and sighs.

¹ I construe 'mee legi' with 'elegi'—cf. st. 15, 'mea lex'.

She descends from a royal race
 many the joys
 that she can give, or take.¹

Only *Siquem Pieridum*², however, with its *dux tanta, mea dux*, has something akin to the expressions of sovereignty such as *midons seignor senhor*, used of the lady in Romance love-poetry.³ With these in the Latin song goes a wealth of associated ideas which are purest *courtoisie*—obedience to the lady (*obedio*), the power of her smile (*me risu regit*), which dispels even the trembling awe that the lover feels in her presence. As she is smiled on by divine love (*mira caritas*), she can mediate wisdom and *largitas*, raining them down on the lover who stands beneath her. Thus in a profound sense her smile figures the 'risus Iovis', through her something divine is revealed to the lover. This is why, as in the *Vita Nuova*, the lover counts himself blessed even by a salutation or a smile from her. It is not that he has no real, physical love-longing for her, but that her power as *revelatrix* is so great that even in a look or word she can give more joy than could any purely physical fulfilment.

*Siquem Pieridum*² is followed in the manuscript by the most celebrated of Latin secular lyrics 'Dum Diane vitrea'. For all its fame I venture to say it has never been understood, or edited with any understanding of its meaning. If in fact this song is one of the summits of medieval lyric, it is so largely because it reaches out into new areas of meaning because it transmutes into a mode of lyrical imagination thoughts that before were alien to it, creating out of these a new unity, a new and compelling lyrical design. Yet no one has attempted to see this design in the whole—everyone has praised the opening stanzas of this song, and no one has seen their profound unity with the rest—no one since Schmeller in 1847 has even bothered to

¹ In its language and its exclamatory opening this song looks forward to the *dolce mi non a*—it has a particularly striking affinity with Cavalcanti's 'Chi è questa che vien' (discussed above, pp. 144 ff.)

² v. supra p. 16 n. 3

print the complete poem!¹ Even the meaning of the opening stanzas themselves has been destroyed by a wild emendation which all editors have taken over from Schmeller. Below I give the complete manuscript text with a minimum of correction. My line-arrangement is to indicate the possible melodic structure.

Clm 4660, fol. 23^{r-v}:

- (1) Dum Diane vitrea
 sero lampas oritur,
 et a fratris rosea
 luce dum succenditur,
 dulcis aura Zephiri 5
 spirans omnes etheri
 nubes tollit—
 sic emollit
 vi[s] chordarum pectora,
 et inmutat 10
 cor, quod nutat
 ad amoris pignora.
- (2) Letum iubar Hesperii
 gratiorem
 dat humorem 15
 roris soporiferi
 mortalium generi.
- (3) O quam felix est antidotum soporis,
 quod curarum tempestates sedat et doloris!
 Dum surrepit clausis oculorum poris, 20
 ipsum gaudio equiperat dulcedini amoris.
- (4) Orpheus in mente[m]
 trahit inpellentem
 ventum lenem, segetes maturas,
 murmura rivorum per harenas puras, 25
 circulares ambitus molendinorum,
 qui furantur somno lumen oculorum.

¹ While it is possible to find the stanzas excluded by Schumann in his textual notes, here as elsewhere it is impossible to see from the text what is the original and what is editorial conjecture. The MS. readings are often so inaccessibly buried in Schumann's notes that I think a new text is essential.

- (5) Post blanda Veneris conmercia
lassatur cerebri substantia,
hinc caligant nira novitate 10
oculi nantes in palpebrarum rate
Hic quam felix transitus amoris ad soporem—
sed suavior regressus ad amorem¹
- (6) Ex alvo leta fumus evaporat,
qui capitis tres cellulas irrorat, 15
hic infumat oculos
ad soporem pendulos
et palpebras sua fumositate
replet, ne visus exspacietur late,
unde ligant oculos virtutes animales, 20
que sunt magis vice ministeriales
- (7) Fronde sub arboris amena
dum querens canit Philomena,
suave est quiescere,
suavius ludere 25
in gramine cum virgine spetiosa.
Si variarum
odor herbarum
spiraverit si dederit thorum rosa,
dulciter soporis alimonia 30
post Veneris defessa conmercia
dum lassus instillatur
captatur
- (8) O in quantis
animus amantis
variatur 35
vacillantis!
Ut vaga ratis per equora,
dum caret anchora,
fluctuat inter spem metumque dubia
sic Veneris milicia 40

6 MS spirant 16 MS saporiferi 22 Orpheus—sic MS All eds.
Morpheus There is no justification for this change Morpheus does not, to my knowledge, occur in the medieval Latin lyric and the emendation would destroy the poetic links between sleep and the *115 chordarum* that are hunted at in the first stanza and developed fully in the fourth—The subtle connexion² between the themes of music (*emollit pectora*) and sleep (*curarum tempestates*

sedat), both linked to love (*mutat ad amoris pignora; equiperat dulcedini amoris*), are finally drawn together when music (*Orpheus*) conjures up the images of calm which bring on a sleep that is both the end of love and the spur to love (see discussion below) 39 MS. *me visus*

(1) As Zephyr's sweet breath takes every cloud from the sky when Diana's crystal lamp rises at dusk, kindled by her brother's rose light, so the power of music lightens the minds of men, and transforms the heart, that it inclines to the vows of love.

(2) Hesperos' joyful beam sheds a sweet rain of slumbrous dew upon mankind.

(3) Oh how happy is the remedy of sleep, calming the storms of cares and grief! When it steals under the closed eyelids, it is equal in joy to the sweetness of love.

(4) Orpheus draws into the beating mind a gentle wind, ripe cornfields, murmurs of streams across pure sands, mill-wheels turning, which steal away the light of the eyes in sleep.

(5) After the tender interchanges of love, the matter of the brain is languorous. Thus in a new and wondrous wise the eyes grow dark, swimming on a float of eyelids. Ah how happy the passage from love to sleep—but even sweeter the return to love!

(6) From the joyous reins a smoke evaporates, condensing in the three cells of the brain. It mists the eyes, inclining to drowsiness, and fills the eyelids with its smokiness, lest sight should range afar. So the animal spirits, which specially in this show themselves our servants, bind the eyes.

(7) Under the gracious boughs of a tree, while Philomena sings lamenting, it is sweet to rest, sweeter still to play in the grass with a lovely girl. If the scent of many herbs perfumes the air, if the rose offers a bed, the nourishment of sleep is sweetly won, showered upon the languorous after love's play has faded.

(8) Oh in how many ways a lover's spirit is filled with uncertainties! Like an anchorless raft drifting across the ocean, those in Love's company fluctuate, wavering between hope and fear.

The philosophical-medical language, as in a song such as Cavalcanti's 'Donna me prega', is essential to the whole, as much to the well known as to the neglected stanzas. Since Nardi's work on 'L'amore e i medici medievali',¹ no one will

¹ *Studi in onore di Angelo Monteverdi* (Modena, 1959), pp 517 ff.

question the importance of technical medical concepts for certain kinds of medieval love-lyric. But the question remains: is their use poetically acceptable? Or is it, to quote Schumann on 'Dum Dianæ vitrea' pedantic exposition, nothing but the versification of an extract from some physiological textbook or other? Does it 'utterly disrupt the wonderful, genuinely poetic mood' of the first four stanzas (justifying the cutting of the rest)? Or does it in every stanza play a brilliant part in the creation of mood?

Let us begin with the theory of sleep in the sixth stanza, illuminating it with the help of a contemporary 'pedantic exposition' from Hildegard of Bingen's *Causae et Curae*

When the marrow is exhausted and enfeebled in wakefulness, the powers of the soul soon bring forth from the marrow a most sweet and enchanting fume (ventum) which passing through the veins of the neck is wafted through the whole of the human brain, passes over to the temples and the veins of the head, and thus lowers a man's vital breath. The marrow often, in its own warmth, stirs the blood out of its superfluity to erotic delight. But because the soul is fixed in the body, it often harmonises with it in sleeping as well as in waking though unwillingly, and arouses diverse movements in it, for as air in water turns a mill-wheel round and makes it grind, so the soul moves the body both of the waking and the sleeping man to diverse activities. As the moon is the light of the night, so the soul is the light of the sleeping body. When the sleeper's body is at the right temperature very often he sees something true because the soul's knowledge is then at peace, as the moon sends forth its splendour radiantly and fully when it abides in the night without turmoil of clouds and winds.¹

¹ CB 1: 2: 22. The cutting of stanzas 5-8 is indefensible not only on poetic grounds but also on grounds of textual criticism: stanza 6 as Schumann himself recognized, is echoed in the parody *Dum domus lapidea* (Schmeller 176) —but so too is stanza 8 (caret anchora becoming 'carens cura'). Stanza 7 is imitated in the twelfth-century *Hyemale tempus vale* (MARS iv 62) st 8-9 and in CB 140 st. 4 and 8 echoes again in CB 108 st. 22. CB 68 borrows from st 3, 4 and 5. The song then was sufficiently famous in its present form to be imitated and parodied. This itself makes far-fetched the notion that more than half of what we have was mere *Zudichtung*.

² Nam medulla vigilis attenuata et debilitata, mox vires animae suavissimum et dulcissimum ventum ex medulla produciunt, qui venas colli et totam

Is it not wonderful that this 'pedantic' statement of the matter should use as illustrations the very same 'genuinely poetic' images as the lyric does? That the 'physiological textbook' is 'disrupted' by poetry as much as the poem by physiology? What is the secret of the union of these two elements? How do poetic mood and argument enrich each other in the poem?

The mood is serenity, the argument begins as a comparison of the serenity of love with that of sleep. Many other comparisons are drawn into this all-encompassing one. As Zephyr's breath serves the moon, making the sky serene so that she can show her radiance, so the breath of music serves mankind, making the mind serene, so that the heart can show the radiance of love. While love is like a serene shower of moonlight, sleep is like a rain of light from the evening star. While love demands serenity, sleep can bestow it—so their joys complement each other. Diana and Hesperos rise together.

In the fourth stanza these images are unified in an even more remarkable way. Orpheus, who figures the power of music, *vis chordarum*, can bring serenity into the 'beating mind' as the gentle wind can bring it into nature. He himself, the metaphor states, brings this wind into the mind. But in the mind this *ventus* becomes the *fumus* of sleep; in sleep the mind, being at peace, can know true images of serenity. The basic simile is as in Hildegard: as the breeze brings the mill-wheel to its action, the mind in sleep brings the body to a *scientia in quiete* (which itself is like serene moonlight). But here the similes all become

cervicem hominis perflat, et qui ad tempora transit et venas capitis occupat, et qui ita vitalem flantem flatum hominis deprimat. . . . Unde etiam ipsa [medulla] tunc multotiens in eodem ardore sanguinem ex superfluitate sua ad delectationem movet. . . . Sed quod anima corpori infixata est, ei tam dormienti quam vigilantis quamvis invita multotiens consentit et diversos motus in eo movet; quia sicut aer in aqua rotam molendini circumfert et illud molere facit, sic etiam corpus et dormientis et vigilantis hominis ad diversa opera movet. . . . ut luna lux noctis est, ita etiam et anima lux dormientis corporis est. Cum enim corpus dormientis hominis in recta temperie est. . . . tunc saepissime vera videt, quia scientia animae eius tunc in quiete est, velut luna splendorem suum clare et pleniter emittit, cum in nocte absque turbine nubium et ventorum est.' (Ed. Kaiser, Leipzig, 1903, pp. 81-83.)

metaphor—the images of knowledge and the knowledge conveyed through the images are poetically identified

Serenity is the bond between sleep and love. How can this serenity be best communicated? For this poet the answer is, by conveying in the most accurate terms of detail available to him how each grows out of the other: 'Post blanda Veneris commercia lassatur cerebra substantia'

Sleep is something that sets the animal spirit at rest, and increases its substance—and with this increase it helps against that enfeeblement of it which comes from various kinds of activity, from being exhausted, or from the act of love.

Thus Avicenna: 'The *virtus animalis* is what Dante was to define in the first chapter of the *Vita Nuova* 'the spirit which dwells in that high chamber into which all the sensitive spirits bring their perceptions, and which here is the helper' binding the eyes in sleep. The fifth stanza concludes by showing the design of the two that follow. After the sixth, the passage from love to sleep, the complementary seventh shows how from sleep love rises again. The imagery likewise, complementing what has gone before, returns from physiology to the outer world. Like the elements of the human body, the natural world, tree and nightingale, the scent of grass and roses, can conspire to bring about serenity. Until now love and sleep, the poem's two great paradigms of serenity, have been kept distinct—now, in the love-sleep, they are finally joined.

To convey to us a notion of serenely perfect love, the poet has brought together, and allowed to flow into each other, images drawn from the operations of nature and from those of the mind, from the operations of nature mirrored in the mind itself, from the body, partaking of both mind and nature, from the outer and inner waking and sleeping worlds. Such comprehensiveness is no pedantry or caprice: he needs all of this to

¹ Canon 1 III 2 9. Cf. also Haly Abbas *Liber Primus Practice* cap. x.

² The plural in the Latin emphasizes the plurality of the impulses rather than the single principle operative in them (cf. Cavalcanti's 'this spirit rains spirits down' and the discussion in Chap. III 4, pp. 154 ff.).

reveal by every means in his power what joyous, serene love is like, because he knows that in practice love for the most part is not joyous or serene. The last image, the lover as 'the Orphan of the Hurricane', by its moving contrast adds to the splendour of the vision. The poet is deeply aware of the anxieties that surround the way to love; he has no need to evade them, for he knows how much greater is the achievement of love than the hardships of the achieving.

In genre this poem belongs to the great free-ranging lyrical *cantilena*e, or rather, to those that, seeming to range freely, find in their freedom a greater unity: poems such as Milton's *Lycidas*, or Leopardi's *A Silvia*, or Rilke's *Duineser Elegien*. That several generations of medievalists should have wished to truncate a poem of this stature in the name of aesthetics or textual criticism is 'the moste wonder that evere I say'!

10. *Hebet sydus*

'Dum Diane vitrea' is too many-sided and too individual to be characterized adequately as a song of *amour courtois*; another of the greatest of the *Burana* lyrics, 'Hebet sydus', begins as a song of *amour courtois* but concludes in a wholly individual way:

Clm 4660, fol. 68 ^r :	
Hebet sydus leti visus	The star of joyous face is dulled
cordis nubilo,	under the heart's cloud,
tepet oris mei risus—	the laughter from my lips grows
	cold—
carens iubilo	bereft of her, my song of joy,
iure mereo:	I must lament:
occultatur nam propinqua,	5 she who was near me is hidden
	now,
cordis vigor floret in qua	in whom my heart's strength
	flowers,
totus hereo.	(in whom) all of me dwells.
In Amoris hec chorea	In the dance of Love she shines
cunctis prenitet,	10 beyond the rest,
cuius nomen a Phebea	she whose name is radiant
luce renitet	with Phoebus' light,

et pro speculo servit solo—illam colo, eam volo nutu solo in hoc seculo ¹		who serves as mirror for the earth—I worship her, I long only to look on her in this world ¹
Tempus queror tam diurne solitudinis, qui furabar, vi nocturne aptitudinis oris basia	15	I lament my day to day loneliness, I who with the strength of night's compliantness stole many a kiss
a quo stillat cyramomum— et rimatur cordis domum dulcis cassia ¹	20	from lips dewy with cinnamon— and still her scent of cassia pierces my heart's home ¹
Tabet illa tamen caret spe solacii, iuvenilis flos exaret— tanti spaci intercisio annulletur, ut segura adiunctivis prestat iura hec divisio ¹	25	Yet she, without a hope of solace, wastes away, the flower of her youth grows dry— if only this great gulf of space were done away with, that this parting might grant rights which are secure to those who are joined!
19 MS quo 26 MS spes	30	

The tram of thought is at first a familiar one, though the poet uses images of remarkable beauty and simplicity. In separation the lover sees his beloved as his one source of life and light. In the second stanza her radiance is universalized: she mirrors heavenly light to the world. Thinking of her in this way the lover feels a surge of adoration, a longing for the sheer radiance of her presence that goes beyond sexual longing. Yet in her absence it is physical love which comes to be the dominant thought, moments of love are remembered with mingled exhilaration and anguish. They are conveyed in a more exotic, sensuous imagery than that of light with strong echoes from the Song of Songs and one from the Psalms.¹

¹ Cant IV 11, 14, Ps XLIV 8

The truly astonishing stanza is the last one. It presents a completely individual situation. This lover is not content to hope that his lady feels the pangs of separation as he does, he speaks for her as if he and she were one single mind. It would be impossible to say of the lady 'iuvenilis flos exaret' in a context of love-worship: this is possible only in a situation where truth is more important than *courtoisie*. The concluding lines tell us, if we read them attentively, just what this situation is: lover and beloved are already 'joined'—that is, betrothed or wedded—but their right to be together is not yet secured. They hope that their present separation will lead to their permanent and secure union—till now, as the third stanza says, they have enjoyed only stolen love.

It is tantalizing that the song which tells us so much about these lovers does not tell us more. There are, however, some lines we have not yet discussed—the only lines, in fact, that have attracted the attention of scholars in the past:

In Amoris hec chorea
cunctis prenitet,
cuius nomen a Phebea
luce renitet. . . .

Already in 1891 Ehrental interpreted these lines as a word-play on *Helios*, and concluded, simply on the basis of this conjecture, that the subject of this song is no less than Abelard's Héloïse.¹ It need scarcely be pointed out that Héloïse is not the only girl's name (or even the most obvious) that could be said to 'shine with Phoebus' light'—what of Phoebe, Diana, Cynthia, Celia, not to mention vernacular names? Ehrental's identification has often been combated. The reason I mention it here is because it has never yet been related to what the poem says: supposing that the girl were Héloïse, what would the last stanza mean?

Abelard and Héloïse, joined in a secret marriage, were then separated from each other far more than when, living under the same roof, they had been able to steal hours of love. Héloïse,

¹ *Studien zu den Liedern der Vaganten* (Beilage zum Jahresbericht des Kgl. Gymn. in Bromberg), pp. 5 ff.

tormented by her uncle with whom she continued to live, was wasting with grief, so that Abelard, afraid for her, removed her to the convent of Argenteuil, which of course involved their complete separation. The purpose of this separation was to allow Abelard time to make arrangements that they could properly live together.¹

Could the last stanza of 'Hebet sydus' be about this actual situation? How far is the interpretation of the name rendered more probable by the fact that the extraordinary situation of these lovers after their marriage, which we know from the *Historia Calamitatum*, could be seen, without forcing the interpretation, as reflected in the poem?

To attempt to answer this, we must begin from the text as it stands to repeat the lines read 'cuius nomen a Phebea luce renitet'. This at once invalidates Unger's argument,² who, by emending *nomen* to *lumen*, tried to eliminate any possibility of a word-play on a name (In this he was followed uncritically by Schumann who still retains *lumen* in his text.) The alleged parallel from *Mitam* iv 347 ff is far too tenuous to justify such an emendation. A more serious problem, it seems to me, arises out of Ehrental's own remarks: while it is significant that Abelard made a word-play on Héloïse's name in one of his letters, is it not also significant that this word-play is not on *Helios* but on *Heloim*?³ The most extensive objections, however, to linking this song with Abelard and Heloise were made by Spanke (*ZfrP* lxx. 198).

Certainly the author played on the name of his girl, which must be related to 'shining', or perhaps 'sun'. But there are a number of such names in Middle High German, and the scholar who composed this song was addressing a German girl. Like the author of *CB* 151, he borrowed his stanza-form from a well-known song of Walther von der Vogelweide or Leuthold [cf 151a 169a]. Such stanzas did not exist in Abelard's time: the rhymes and diction likewise stand in sharp contrast to all we have of Abelard.

¹ *Historia Calamitatum* Chaps vii and viii (see especially *P L.* 178 133 ff)

² *De Ovidiana in Carminibus Lurantis quae dicuntur imitatione* (Strasbourg 1914)

³ *P L.* 178, 207d

If, as I have tried to show,¹ the *Codex Buranus* was written not around 1300 but in the early thirteenth century, it seems every bit as likely that the German stanzas were modelled on the Latin as the other way about. Then there is no particular reason why the girl, or her name, should be German. Again, if the great majority of the *Carmina Burana* are twelfth- not thirteenth-century lyrics, there is no reason why these forms should not have existed in Abelard's time. Certainly Abelard himself evolved lyrical forms more complex and sophisticated than that of 'Hebet sydus', a number of which he seems to have used only once. On the other hand, two- and three-syllabled rich rhymes (though already used both by Hildebert and Marbod—*v. P.L.* 171, 1411 ff., 1651) scarcely ever occur in the *Liber Hymnorum* or in the *Planctus*. In this Spanke's observation remains important. Yet in Abelard's poetry there is also an important parallel to 'Hebet sydus' in a fundamental aspect of poetic technique: in at least one of his *planctus* Abelard chose a theme as far as I know unprecedented in religious lyric, the lament of Dinah over Sichem, a choice in which the personal, autobiographical element is unmistakable. In the *Historia Calamitatum* and the letters both Abelard and Héloïse continually show their awareness that their personal drama had to be played out on a world stage (*noverunt omnes . . . ut omnibus patet . . .*), and that they had accepted this from the outset. What is remarkable, unique even, about 'Hebet sydus' is not the play on a name (which could be anything), but that three stanzas of a song of love-worship conclude with a stanza of a wholly different kind. From a brilliant use of established images we pass to a stanza that is virtually imageless, a stanza of extreme literalness which speaks of a particular personal predicament. Only the fact that this predicament seems so like that described in the *Historia Calamitatum*, and that Abelard, who felt the world's eyes upon him in all he did, was not afraid to mirror his private life in poetry, seems to me to speak with some force for Ehrental's identification. More important,

¹ *v. supra*, p. 35, n. 1.

however, is to see the arresting beauty of 'Hebet sydus', to see that its poetic effect is essentially different from that of any other song in the *Carmina Burana*—and to recognize that *this* is something independent of biographical speculation

11 *Si linguis angelicis*

The rhetorician Boncompagno (†1240), who taught at Bologna, wrote a treatise *Rota Veneris*, the language and conceptions of which are not far from the world of the Latin love-lyric. Venus appeared to him in a vision and bade him write a treatise on the language of love 'Astounded by this, I swiftly took up my pen and began this work, which I wanted to call the Wheel of Love, because human beings, whatever their sex and condition, are bound together by the bond of love, as if revolved circularly in a wheel and at all times they are much afraid, because at every moment perfect love begets a constant fear'

All mankind is one in love, all aspects of love are linked. This is the basic assumption of a poem such as 'Si linguis angelicis'. It is grounded in a unity of experience which can affirm divine love and every nuance of human love without setting up dichotomies—all are involved together in the 'Rota Veneris'. As Boncompagno adapts 'Perfect love casteth out fear' to his own purpose, not to belittle its divine meaning but to give his human one a further dimension, so too this poem sets a sacred line, 'If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels', at the head of what is ostensibly only an account of a love-adventure, an extended *chanson d'aventure*. The poet makes constant liturgical allusions—yet these are not in any way parodistic or blasphemous—they are there not to establish an incongruity but to overcome one. The poet attempts to convey an earthly experience and a transcendent one simultaneously—not because the one prefigures or symbolizes the other, but because he truly sees the two as one. His love for the girl the Rose, is his knowledge of heavenly love in this life, his union with her is his

¹ *Rota Veneris* ed F Baethgen (Roma 1927) p 9 cf also Baethgen's study of the work in *Deutsche Vierteljahrschrift f. Litwiss* v (1927) 37 ff.

experience of Paradise and eternity. He perceives these and her physical reality and loveliness in the same moment, a moment in which divinity is incarnate in the girl.

Of such a moment it can truly be said that the tongues of men and angels would not be adequate to express it.¹ The palm,

¹ Clm 4660, fols. 31^v-33^v:

- 1 Si linguis angelicis loquar et humanis,
non valeret exprimi palma, nec inanis,
per quam recte preferor cunctis Christianis,
tamen invidentibus emulis prophanis.
- 2 Pange, lingua, igitur causas et causatum!
Nomen tamen domine conserva palliatum,
ut non sit in populo illud divulgatum
quod secretum gentibus extat et celatum.
- 3 In virgulto florido stabam et ameno,
vertens hec in pectore: quid facturus ero?
Dubito quod semina in harena sero—
mundi florem diligens, ecce, iam despero!
- 4 Si despero merito, nullus admiretur,
nam per quandam vetulam Rosa prohibetur
ut non amet aliquem atque non ametur—
quam Pluto subripere, flagito, dignetur!
- 5 Cumque meo animo verterem predicta,
optans anum raperet fulminis sagitta,
ecce! retrospectans lacte post relicta,
audias quid viderim, dum moraret icta.—
- 6 Vidi florem floridum, vidi florum florem,
vidi rosam madii cunctis pulchriorem,
vidi stellam splendidam cunctis clariorem,
per quam ego degeram semper in amorem!
- 7 Cum vidissem itaque quod semper optavi,
tunc ineffabiliter mecum exultavi,
surgensque velociter ad hanc properavi
hisque retro poplite flexo salutavi:
- 8 'Ave, formosissima gemma preciosa!
ave decus virginum, virgo gloriosa!
ave lumen luminum, ave mundi rosa,
Blanziflör et Helena, Venus generosa!'
- 9 Tunc respondit inquit stella matutina:
'Ille qui terrestria regit et divina,
dans in herba violas et rosas in spina,
tibi salus, gloria sit et medicina!'

again a Pauline metaphor, is for more than having won the girl's preference over rival lovers—this lover has had a revelation of blessedness which Christendom has never had (1, 3), he has been initiated into a mystery which the 'profane' cannot grasp. Where the Christian mystery consists of an incarnation

[Footnote 1 continued from p. 319]

- 10 Cui dixi 'Dulcissima cor michi fatetur
quod meus fest animus ut per te salvetur—
nam [hoc] quondam didici, sicut perhibetur
quod ille qui percutit melius medetur
- 11 Mea sic ledentia iam fuisse tela
dixi? Nego sed tamen posta querela
vulnus atque vulneris causas nunc revela—
vis te sanem postmodum gracili medela'
- 12 Vulnere cur detegam que sunt manifesta?
Estas quinta perit properat en sexta
quod te in tripudio quadam die festa
vidi—cunctis speculum eris et fenestra!
- 13 Cum vidissem naque cepi tunc mirari,
dicens ecce muber digna venerari!
Hec excedit virgines cunctas absque pari,
hec est clara facie hec est vultus clari!
- 14 Visus tuus splendidus erat et amenus
tamquam aer lucidus nitens et serenus
unde dixi sepius deus deus meus
estne illa Helena vel est diu Venus?
- 15 Aurea munice coma dependebat
tamquam massa nivea gula candescebat
pectus erat gracile, cunctis innuebat
quod super aromata cuncta redolebat
- 16 In iocunda facie stelle radiabant,
eboris materiam dentes vendicabant
plus quam dicam spectem membra gemmabant—
quidni si hec omnium mentem alligabant?
- 17 Forma tua fulgida tunc me catenavit,
michi mentem animum et cor immutavit,
tibi loqui spiritus ilico speravit
posse spem veruntamen numquam roboravit
- 18 'Ergo meus animus recte vulneratur
ecce [vita] graviter michi novercatur!
Quis unquam quis aliquo tantum molestat
quam qui sperat aliquid et spe defraudatur?

that happened long ago, this mystery is an incarnation, an embodiment of the divine, that the lover can perceive and aspire to here and now. Like the Christian mystery, this involves total dedication and sacrifice, 'love unto death', before regeneration is possible. Thus the poet begins 'Pange,

[Footnote 1 continued from p. 320]

- 19 'Telum semper pectore clausum portitavi,
 milies et milies inde suspiravi,
 dicens: rerum conditor, quid in te peccavi?—
 omnium amantium pondera portavi.
- 20 'Fugit a me bibere, cibus et dormire,
 medicinam nequeo malis invenire.
 Christe, non me desinas taliter perire,
 sed dignare misero digne subvenire!
- 21 'Has et plures numero pertuli iacturas,
 nec ullum solacium munit meas curas,
 ni quod sepe sepius per noctes obscuras
 per ymaginarias tecum sum figuras.
- 22 'Rosa, videns igitur quam sim vulneratus,
 quod et quantos tulerim per te cruciatus,
 [nunc], si placet, itaque fac ut sim sanatus—
 per te sim incolomis et vivificatus!
- 23 'Quod quidem si feceris, in te gloriabor,
 tamquam cedrus Libani florens exaltabo[r].
 Sed si, quod non vereor, in te defraudabor,
 paciør naufragium et periclitabor.'
- 24 Inquit Rosa fulgida: 'Multa subportasti,
 nec ignota penitus michi revelasti;
 sed que pro te tulerim numquam sompniasti—
 plura sunt que sustuli quam que recitasti!
- 25 'Sed ommitto penitus recitationem,
 volens talem sumere satisfactionem
 que prestabit gaudium et sanationem,
 et medelam conferet melle dulciorem.
- 26 'Dicas ergo, iuvenis, quod in mente geris—
 an argentum postulas per quod tu diteris,
 preciosos lapides, an quod tu ameris?
 nam si esse poterit dabo quicquid queris!'
- 27 'Non est id quod postulo lapis nec argentum,
 immo prebens omnibus maius nutrimentum,
 dans impossibilibus facilem eventum,
 et quod mestis gaudium donat luculentum!'

lingua', using the opening words of Fortunatus's hymn, which tells how suffering is transformed into joy in the divine context. Nor is the divine context absent here, this is why the lady's name must stay hidden (2, 2-4)—not simply for reasons of human discretion, that a well-bred lover must not be a *vantador*, but because the unique blessedness that the beloved can

[Footnote 1 continued from p. 317]

- | | | |
|----|--|---|
| 28 | Quicquid velis talia
suis tamen precibus
ergo quicquid habeo
sumens id quod appetis | nequeo prescire,
opto consentire
sedulus inquire—
potes invenire! |
| 29 | Quid plus? Collo virginis
mille dedi basia
atque sepe sepius
Certe certe istud est | brachia lactavi
mille reportavi,
ducens affirmavi
id quod anhelavi! |
| 30 | Quis ignorat ammodo
Dolor et suspiria
paradisi gaudia
cuncteque deliciae | cuncta que secuntur?
procul repelluntur
nobis inducuntur
simul apponuntur! |
| 31 | Hic amplectus gaudium
hic mecum et domine
hic amantiam brachium
hic est meum igitur | est centuplicatum
pullulat optatum
est a me portatum,
nomen exaltatum |
| 32 | Quisquis amat itaque
nec diffidat illico
illi nempe aliqua
quia penarum gloriam | mei recordetur
licet amaretur—
dies ostendetur
post adipiscetur |
| 33 | Ex amaris equidem
non sine laboribus
dulce mel qui appetunt
spere[re] ergo melius | grata generantur,
maxima parantur,
sepe stimulantur—
qui plus amarantur! |
-
- | | | | | |
|----|------|-----------------------------|----------|------------------------------------|
| 3 | 1 MS | virgultu | 18, 2 MS | eccē graviter |
| 4 | 4 MS | plucio | 21, 2 MS | solarium |
| 5 | 3 MS | laeta | 21, 4 MS | ymaginarum |
| 7 | 4 MS | floxu | 22, 2 MS | quantas |
| 8 | 3 MS | mundaluminum
(em Peiper) | 23 4 MS | pacior |
| 9 | 1 MS | respondens | 31, 4 MS | mecum (c expunged
and restored) |
| 11 | 1 MS | ut | 33 1 MS | amara (em Schumann) |
| 13 | 3 MS | extendit | 33 2 MS | labooribus |
| 17 | 3 MS | spiriter | | |

give him would be degraded if it became the general gossip of the 'uninitiated'.

The lover's story begins in the fantasy of a love-vision. He sees his beloved in a *locus amoenus*,¹ accompanied and jealously guarded by an old duenna. She is Rosa, *flos mundi*, the culmination of all that flowers in the grove. The incident that follows further enriches the meaning of this setting: the lover's humorous and seemingly casual use of Pluto's name—'If only Pluto would spirit the old hag away, if only she were struck by lightning'—and the delightful immediacy with which his prayer is answered—he looks back, and there she lies, his 'obedient stone'—suggest a further subtlety. The girl is the Korê of the flowering grove, her duenna, who prevents her from loving, is as it were the agent of jealous Pluto (as well as possibly the girl's 'Daunger'—for here in brief compass we have essentially that vision of the Rose, and of the obstacles to be overcome to win her, that Guillaume de Lorris was to develop).² But heaven gives a sign that love should be made free in this springtime world, that Korê may shake off her Hecatesque guardian, whom a lightning-flash sends (at least for the time being) to the underworld, and of whom we hear nothing more.

Then the lover sees the Rose fully for the first time. She is *flos florum* (6, 1) not only in the simple, superlative sense that she is 'the fairest or the freshest yong floure', but, as we shall soon see, because for her lover she embodies the divine totality of beauty and life, what Dante was to call 'la rosa sempiterna'. The nature of the Rose is conveyed, here as so often,³ by images

¹ v. Curtius, pp. 195 ff.

² It is difficult to say anything very precise about the date of either poem. Stylistically 'Si linguis angelicis' probably belongs, like the *Altercatio Phyllidis et Florae*, to the first rather than second half of the twelfth century (on the latter cf. Raby, *SLP* ii. 191). The nature of certain errors in the text of 'Si linguis angelicis' (e.g. 4, 4 *plicio*) suggests it had been copied more than once before the Codex Buranus was compiled in the 1220's. Guillaume de Lorris died probably between 1225 and 1240 (v. *Le Roman de la Rose*, ed. Langlois, I. 2). It is likely, then, that more than one generation separates the Latin poem from the French.

³ v. Chap. IV, Excursus, pp. 181 ff.

of light. The balanced phrases 'rosam madu cunctis pulchriorem', 'stellam splendidam cunctis clariorem' (6, 2-3), suggest the equivalence of two titles of praise. Again, in the ninth stanza she is given the Marian title 'stella matutina', the morning-star has the 'divine' associations both of the 'lucifer matutinus qui nescit occasum' and of the celestial Venus, Venus generosa, the name given to the beloved in stanza 8. Through her the poet had felt the stirrings of an eternal love (6, 4), and with a sense of ineffable joy he kneels to her now (7), both as his beloved and his goddess. His salutation is central to the whole poem: this is what the girl he loves is for him.

She is 'formosissima gemina preciosa'—a phrase which probably has the magical associations of the divine lapis, the gem whose incarnation in the world of matter, and resurrection from matter, the alchemists saw figured in their experiments.¹ Like the lapis, she both fulfils and transcends the beauty of the world—she is both *decus virginum* and *virgo gloriosa* (a phrase suggesting one exalted beyond the world, queen of heaven, and in fact used traditionally of the Virgin Mary). She is 'light of lights' (*lumen luminum*)²—a metaphor that suggests not the divine Creator, 'lumen indeficiens, conditor omnium luminum', nor the divine Logos, *lumen de lumine*, but rather a term analogous to *forma formarum*: it evokes the creative beauty manifest in the world (in *natura naturata*), rather than the creative power (*naturans*). *Lumen luminum* is balanced by *mundi rosa*: the source of beauty by its crowning effect. She is Blanche-fleur and Helen, the heroine of East and West, of the new world and the old, the Christian and the pagan, and finally *Venus generosa*, the celestial Venus who binds the world with cosmic

¹ The earliest Western textual evidence is in the *Tractatus aureus* and Ramon Lull's *Coiscillus* (v. C. G. Jung 'Evidence for the Religious Interpretation of the Lapis', *Psychology and Alchemy* English ed. (1953) pp. 343 ff.)

² I think there can be no hesitation about Peiper's and Schumann's correction from *mundi luminum*—an easy mistake for a copyist. Schmeiler's suggestion, *mundi luminar*, would give a clumsy repetition quite unlike the author of this poem and presupposes a form (*luminar* for *luminare*) which is not attested in the dictionaries.

love, and who as day-star (8, 1) is, like Logos or Sophia, mediatrix of divine light to the world. (In Bernardus Silvestris the Logos is actually made into a feminine divine being.)

This hymn of love-worship, however, is prompted by a particular girl as she stands before her lover, by the loveliest Rose in the grove of love. She, *decus virginum*, inspires such thoughts in her lover and makes them real for him; but for the moment she is a mere slip of a girl, a little embarrassed by such an extravagant greeting, such wild compliments, replying to them as best she can.

Her reply (9, 2-4) is in a way simply an extended 'God give you good day', yet it is also a half-rejection of the implications of the lover's salutation. I have nothing of the goddess about me, she seems to be saying. The divine being is he who rules earth and heaven, who balances all opposites, who allots violet and rose their places, harmonizing the rival claimants to the perfection of 'flos florum'. I am just one rose among many, and have my limited place in the grove ordained for me by him. It is he who can give you all you need, 'salus, gloria et medicina', well-being on earth and in heaven.

The word 'medicina' initiates a whole series of metaphors to do with medicine and healing, the connotations of which reach into every aspect of the poem. The notion of love as a malady is as old as the Greek physicians, and Avicenna gives detailed information about its treatment in medical terms.¹ At the same time, Christ is the surgeon and healer of souls, who gives the 'medelam percipiendam' in the sacrament. May he make you well, she says. The phrase is ambiguous—she could mean 'May he give you salvation' (*salus* in the heavenly sense), or again 'May he cure you of your infatuation!'

But the poet replies that his salvation must come through her. It is she who has inflicted the wound of love, so it is best cured by her. This well-known topos (*sicut perhibetur*) which, apart from its erotic use, is used by the mystics to show the operation

¹ See the excellent discussion by Nardi in 'L'amore e i medici medievali' (cit. *supra*, p. 309 n).

of divine love in the soul, again unifies the human and divine experience

Assuming surprised incredulity—'How could I have wounded you so?'—and at the same time giving the first intimation of hope, of a 'gracious remedy', she draws out his full declaration of love (11) I have loved you now for six summers, he replies. When I saw you dance one holiday, you were a mirror and window for all who saw you.

From the beginnings of Christian *figura speculum* and *fenestra* are images for the angels. 'The mirror reflects the divine light to the world, the window allows the world to look into the beyond. The two images complement each other, and together express the twofold nature of the 'divine girl' 'In se permanens, omnia innovat.' Her perfection is something formed (*rosa*), and something that forms (*lumen*), that creates new beauty and love in her lover. By being for him a mirror of divine perfection she is making him more perfect, guiding his aspirations. The seemingly passive image of the mirror is inseparably bound up with the active one of light (as in the imagery of Hagia Sophia, *candor lucis aeternae et speculum sine macula Dei maiestatis*),² it is her serene, surpassing radiance which inspires the lover to veneration (13-14). Is she Helen or Venus? he thinks. The loveliest of women, or the goddess incarnate? Helena signifies the true, innocent Helen of Egypt, whose story was known through Servius ('adhuc virum nesciens, adhuc verecunda', says the *Altercatio Ganymedis et Helinae*). Her wanton counterpart in Troy is an *umbra* merely, with none of that fullness of light which makes the true Helen invulnerable.

The many images of light conclude in what I would call the paradox of creative beauty: love sees the beauty of the beloved not only as surpassing all the beauty in nature but as providing the exemplar and the source of nature's beauty. The stars stream their light not from heaven but from her jocund face.

¹ v. for instance Pseudo-Dionysius, *De cael hier* III 2, *De div nom.* IV 22, Gregory of Nyssa, *In Cant* II 9 (ed. W. Jaeger, vi. 140 ff.)

² v. Chap II pp. 87 ff.

(16, 1), the whiteness of her teeth sets a standard for the whiteness of ivory. Such a paradox comes gracefully in the contemporary lyric 'Ver prope florigerum':¹

Si declines iuxta fines
fontis euntis
vallibus declivibus,
reddetur herba graciosior,
fons purior,
mens lectior.

and is elaborated to perfection in the Renaissance by Andrew Marvell:

'Tis *She* that to these Gardens gave
That wondrous Beauty which they have;
She streightness on the Woods bestows;
To *Her* the Meadow sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the River be
So chrystal-pure but only *She*;
She yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,
Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are.
Therefore what first *She* on them spent,
They gratefully again present.²

How could such beauty, which sets nature in its dependence, fail to captivate the mind of man (16, 4)? The phrase is remarkable both for the word *alligabant* (obliged, made beholden), which seems almost to claim objective and universal validity for the lover's own homage, and for the singular *mentem*—not the minds, but the mind of all, as if all human intellection were unified in its subjection to a sovereign beauty and love. (Poetically 'mentem omnium' could almost be the equivalent of the unified 'intellectus in potentia'.³)

Then the lover begins his *planctus*, telling of his hopeless-seeming love. She had captured and bound the three faculties of his soul, 'mentem, animum et cor', and the highest faculty,

¹ Text and translation *infra*, pp. 374 ff.

² Upon *Appleton House*, to my Lord *Fairfax*, st. 87-88.

³ *v.* Chap. II, pp. 70 ff.

spiritus, which does not belong to the human nature as such, had not the power to reach her. The power to know a 'heavenly creature' is actualized only by divine irradiation (whether, in philosophical language, by the *Anima Mundi* or 'agens intellectus' or, in poetic, by the radiant beloved herself). It is a matter of grace, not merit. How is this irradiation to come? The lover prays for it, addressing himself first to God the Creator (19) then to Christ (20). His passionate prayer, 'How have I sinned against you?' echoes the liturgical 'Quid feci tibi, aut in quo contristavi te?' which is Christ's reproach to mankind, and when the lover goes on 'I have borne the burdens of all lovers' it brings to mind Christ's bearing the sins of all men. To mention these echoes explicitly makes them seem far more stark and crude than they are in the poem itself where they flow without difficulty in the strong undercurrent of metaphors of love as dedication and sacrifice—the lover's 'dark night' (21, 3) is necessary to prepare him for his illumination, his 'cruciatu' is only the beginning of his redemption through love (22). He prays to Christ to heal him, affirming that he shows all the symptoms of the malady of love—he cannot eat or drink or sleep, no medicine can help him. Yet his help does not come, or not directly, from Christ—it must come through her who is his unique, physically real manifestation of the divine on earth, the Rose who embodies all that he can know of the 'rosa sempiterna'. In the 'noctes obscuras' in which he had loved her without hope, he could only be with her 'per ymaginarias figuras', now he can pray to her in person. She has the power to love him with a love that heals, regenerates, even sanctifies. She can be his glory and his paradise if she consents, and does not wreck his life (23, 4), he will be her 'saint'—this is what the poet's allusion to the liturgical antiphon *Pro Confessore* implies ('Justus ut palma florebit, sicut cedrus Libani multiplicabitur plantatus in domo Domini, in atris domus Dei nostri.')

The girl, *Rosa fulgida*, now answers, and her reply is not only moving and lovely in a human way but takes us further into

her mystery. 'I knew how much you endured', she says, 'but you never even dreamt how much I endured for you' (24). She had suffered in waiting till he had passed from mere enthusiasm for her to seeing that she could be his one-and-only source of virtù. But she is too proud to dwell on this (25, 1); now, she says, she is ready to make amends, to administer the physic, the love-philtre.

But not yet—something quite different happens. She begins to probe his love, the girl teases and tantalizes him. Taking up his first image of her, the 'lapis preciosus' (26, 3), she pretends to have mistaken the metaphorical for the literal meaning. 'Is it riches you are looking for?' she asks. 'Is it precious stones, or is it love?'

Why does the poem take this unexpected turn? I think the clue is in the words *medela* and *mel* (25, 4) themselves, and the development of their implications in the gnomic final stanza: 'What is lovable is begotten from what is bitter, the greatest things are not brought about without pains, those who seek sweet honey are often stung—then let those who are galled most hope best!' Medicines are bitter, honey is sweet. But love is bitter-sweet (*γλυκύπικρον*, as Sappho first said: a notion elaborated by Proclus and others in the neoplatonic tradition).¹ At the very last, the sweetness of the girl's surrender is accompanied by a sting. The lover counters her teasing with riddles of his own: 'What I ask is that which easily resolves impossibilities, which gives sparkling joy to those in sorrow.' She, keeping the conversation on a level of witty ambiguities, indicates that she has yielded (28). The next two stanzas, which tell of the joy of their love, each begin with an Ovidian mannerism (*Quid plus? Quis ignorat . . .?*)—yet they go on to give this joy an exalted, even a holy significance. This is the goal of their aspirations and their paradise, a paradise which is the transfiguration of a blessed moment—*cuncteque deliciae simul*—an eternity envisaged in terms of *pleroma* (*gaudium centuplicatum*)

¹ v. Edgar Wind, *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance* (London 1958), pp. 135 ff.

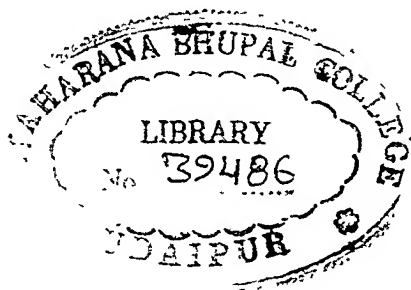
not length 'Cuncte delicia simul seems to echo the famous Boethian definition of eternity, 'tota simul et perfecta possessio' At the same time this joy is the source of the lover's human excellence—'through this my name is exalted'—of his admission to the rank of lover The 'bravium', which like the 'palma' of the opening stanza recalls Saint Paul's context of aspiration to heaven is not a sign of boastful conquest but of having won the mystery of a love in which heaven transfigures earth

The poem concludes with two stanzas of exhortation to whoever loves—let him not despair, despite all the bitterness of love-longing for the suffering will be followed by glory This is the unique quality of love, that it can transform the greatest sorrow into the greatest joy, *dans impossibilibus faciem et entum* In Ficino's words 'Love is a voluntary death As death it is bitter, but as voluntary it is sweet' This intimation is latent in every aspect of the poem, the whole encounter of the two lovers is a dramatic exemplification of this

In its high cult of the beloved, in its awe before the mystery of love, implying an initiated élite of lovers, in its extreme faith that love-longing and the lady together can realize a sublime ideal in the lover in its hyperboles of grief no less than in its exultation, in its humour in the midst of seriousness, and its play on the profound paradoxes of love, 'Si linguis angebas' draws together some of the poetically most notable attitudes of the twelfth-century *courtois* love-lyric. At the same time it sets these in the context of a love-vision that foreshadows the *Roman de la Rose* It bridges Latin and vernacular love-poetry in its content, lyric and narrative in its form. In many ways I am tempted to see this poem almost as an emblem of the twelfth- and thirteenth-century European poetry of *amour courtois* I say this very tentatively because of the great dangers it could entail. What is important is not to give the impression that *amour courtois* has one common denominator, not (changing the metaphor) to use 'amour courtois' like a guillotine to trim this

¹ *De amore* II 8 Opera p 1327 (Wind, loc cit)

or cut out that for the sake of a theory; but to come to see more precisely the kinds of sensibility, the kinds of meanings and images given to love by poets learned and unlearned—and to see where, however far from each other in age or place, they meet on common ground.



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