

Reading Wyatt for the Style

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“The mystery of Wyatt,” wrote an anonymous reviewer for the *Times Literary Supplement* in 1929, “is simply whether he knew what he was doing or whether he did not.”¹ That mystery has dogged the poet at least since his great nineteenth-century editor, George F. Nott, diagnosed “an uncertainty and want of precision to his style.”² The rhythms of his longer line, which have proven so difficult for later readers to describe with confidence, are partly to blame; the editorial second-guessing about his meter began with Tottel’s *Songes and Sonettes* of 1557.³ But other elements of his craft have provoked the same frustration: his often tangled syntax, his ambiguous pronouns, and his spacious use of prepositions. Twentieth-century scruples about intentionality have not quashed this worry, and one of his most discerning recent critics remarks of his imitations, “It is impossible to know how deliberate Wyatt’s alterations of the original are, or to what extent they are a result of accidental touches or mistranslations.”⁴ Ambivalent

Thanks for advice and assistance to the speakers and audience at “How to Read. What to Do,” especially my respondent, Oren Izenberg, and also to Paul Alpers, Andrew Escobedo, and Jim Richardson.

1. Quoted in H. A. Mason, *Humanism and Poetry in the Early Tudor Period* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1959), 179.

2. George F. Nott, ed., *The Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and of Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder*, 2 vols. (London, 1815), 2:cliii.

3. Hyder Rollins discusses Tottel’s metrical “improvements” in his edition of *Tottel’s Miscellany*, rev. ed. (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1966), 2:75–77.

4. Elizabeth Heale, *Wyatt, Surrey, and Early Tudor Poetry* (London: Longman, 1998), 97. I take intentionality—as a hypothesis about others and as a literary effect—to be a perfectly good thing for literary critics to talk about; Richard Strier neatly dispenses with the cruder forms of anti-intentionalism, quoting William Empson: “It seems bizarre that ‘only in the criticism of imaginative literature, a thing delicately concerned

reproaches such as this—implying that good poetry offers signs of mastery that Wyatt somehow lacks—have been durable enough that they must have something interesting to tell us about the poems, and it will be the ambition of this essay to say what. I will try to do so by following Nott's suggestion and looking to Wyatt's uncertain and imprecise style.

But to invoke Wyatt's style to solve this problem is only to pour oil on the flames: for if any question is older and more troublesome than whether he had control of his art, it is what he wrote, what he didn't, and how to tell the difference.⁵ The best texts of his poems come from an album of fair copies he kept himself later in his life, the so-called Egerton manuscript.⁶ Others attributed to him (then and since) are scattered through miscellanies and commonplace books, side by side with countless other lyrics by fellow courtiers.⁷ These variously collated and compiled rondeaux, sonnets, ballads, and epigrams are often, as most modern readers wearily concede, very much the same. Any effort to pick out or certify a Wyatt poem by its style is hampered by the fact that he wrote in communities where the fashion for poems in the same forms, with the same diction, and on the same topics ensured a throng of fellow travelers. And in saying so we find—crucially, for the purposes of this essay—that two different, modern senses of that word “style” are in play. The first is style as the telltale mark of the individual maker, what we often think of as the strong poet's defining achievement: the style of Wyatt, whatever that is. The second is style as something like fashion, the charisma, in an object or a person, that excites imitative desire within a community of onlookers, overhearers, and potential makers. Neither of these senses of “style” was exactly

with human intimacy, we are told that we must give up all idea of knowing [a person's] intention'” (*Resistant Structures: Particularity, Radicalism, and Renaissance Texts* [Berkeley: University of California Press, 1995], 16).

5. Much scholarly blood has been spilled in the making of twentieth-century editions, establishing both the texts and the canon: Kenneth Muir and Patricia Thomson's *Collected Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt* (Liverpool University Press, 1969) has seen two scholarly monographs devoted to correcting its errors, H. A. Mason's *Editing Wyatt: An Examination of “Collected Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt,” Together with Suggestions for an Improved Edition* (Cambridge Quarterly, 1972) and Richard Harrier's *The Canon of Sir Thomas Wyatt's Poetry* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1975). R. A. Rebholz's excellent edition, *Sir Thomas Wyatt: The Complete Poems* (London: Penguin, 1978), addresses the canon problem by dividing the book into two parts, poems attributed to Wyatt in the sixteenth century and poems attributed after.

6. The Egerton manuscript is transcribed in Harrier, *Canon*.

7. See, e.g., Ruth Hughley's edition of *The Arundel Harington Manuscript of Tudor Poetry* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1960).

available circa 1530. Nonetheless, the Tudor court makes an exceptionally interesting context in which to explore their interaction. It is no accident that they shelter for us under the same word.

So this will be an essay at an old question about Wyatt, how his style—which we often associate with an author’s command—could call his competence into question. But it is just as much an account of what we talk about when we talk about style, and how the peculiar range of our present-day concept might teach us something about how to read the poetry of the past.

I

We can begin with a particularly perplexing sonnet from the Egerton manuscript:

Though I myself be bridled of my mind
 Returning me backward by force express
 If thou seek honor to keep thy promise
 Who may thee hold my heart but thou thyself unbind
 Sigh then no more since no way man may find
 Thy virtue to let though that frowardness
 Of fortune me holdeth and yet as I may guess
 Though other be present thou art not all behind
 Suffice it then that thou be ready there
 At all hours still under the defense
 Of time truth and love to save thee from office
 Crying I burn in a lovely desire
 With my dear masters that may not follow
 Whereby his absence turneth him to sorrow.⁸

Rare is the reader, then or now, who could make good sense of this poem the first time through—at least while reading with any decent speed, let alone hearing it read aloud. Fortunately, the Petrarch sonnet on which Wyatt’s is loosely modeled, for anyone lucky enough to have it by his side, has some help to offer. That poem is addressed to a Roman aristocrat, Orso dell’Anguillara, who chafes at being kept from a tournament; the speaker assures him that his noble heart cannot be bound and will itself take the lists in his stead. Modern readers of Wyatt’s version more or less agree that he adapts the conceit to the

8. Harrier, *Canon*, 124. For convenience’s sake I have used the modern spelling of Rebholz’s edition (*Sir Thomas Wyatt*). To preserve some of the challenges of the manuscript, however, I have followed Egerton (as transcribed by Harrier) in omitting punctuation.

predicament of separated lovers. His speaker consoles not another man but his own heart; that heart is free to join the beloved, even though its master cannot. The last lines, in both poems, are spoken by the heart. With Petrarch's plot in mind it is easier to grope one's way through Wyatt's version, from quatrain to quatrain to sestet, with a rough sense of how the argument unfolds. Still, any scrupling about the syntax will quickly bring that progress to a halt.

Among many local difficulties, I want to focus here on a couple of prepositions—I will treat them as a synecdoche for the problem of signature style as it might reside in grammatical or syntactic or lexical idiosyncrasy. Take the first line, "Though I myself be bridled *of* my mind." Prepositional phrases supplement the core subject-and-verb grammar of a sentence by specifying some additional relation. Wyatt's "of"—one of the most ordinary and most versatile prepositions—is notably unspecific. Does "bridled of my mind" mean that the speaker's mind is bridled, making the line mean something like bridled with respect to my mind? In which case, someone or something else is doing the bridling. Or is it rather that he is bridled by his own mind, that he is restrained by reason?⁹ Is he in contest with outside forces—as "frowardness / Of fortune" will shortly suggest—or divided within himself? ("Of" creates similar problems in other Wyatt poems, too: "Thou has no faith of him that has none" suspends it between "in" and "from"; it is famously adrift in "They flee from me," when "I have leave to go of her goodness."¹⁰) A comparable difficulty arises near the end of the poem, in the phrase "*With* my dear masters." Assuming that "masters" is possessive, does "with" mean that I, the heart, am infused with my master's burning desire? as when we say "burn with love" or "sigh with sorrow." Or does this "with" mean something more like "alongside," "in solidarity with" my master—more as an ambassador than as a part of his body? (Such a question would not be trivial for a man like Wyatt, who probably learned most of his French and Italian poetry in the course of a controversial career as an ambassador in courts across Europe.)

If we are trying to interpret the sonnet—an important "if," where style is at stake—these choices are central, touching the problem of whether

9. The first corresponds to *OED*, s.v. "of," def. 7, as the word is used after adjectives (though I have been unable to find another instance of "bridled of" before 1550, "bridled by" is attested at least once, in Erasmus Sarcerius, *Com[m]on Places of Scripture*, trans. Richard Taverner [London, 1538], Aa4r). The second sense is captured by *OED*, s.v. "of," def. 14, "introducing the agent after a passive verb": by the end of the sixteenth century, this function had been largely assumed by "by."

10. Rebholz, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 73, 117.

its speakers are divided (heart, mind, and I somehow at odds) or whether the heart's embassy is a true triumph over physical separation. But the prepositions are so spacious, so loose, that it seems almost as though they were splashed onto the sentences. Case by case they may make for the sorts of problems that a rigorous formalism delights in parsing, and there are critics prepared to grant that Wyatt is a master of such ambiguities.¹¹ More common among his readers, however, is the sort of queasy admiration one hears in Elizabeth Heale's praise of his "fertile semiosis," a surplus of meaning that calls the design into question.¹²

For this reason we might pause a moment before assessing these effects, characteristic as they are, to the "style" of Wyatt. For among that word's connotations are fluency, ease, self-control—to have a style would seem to promise some kind of self-assurance—and I have been pointing to moments when his command seems to falter. But then again, these moments are characteristic, especially of the translations. Other examples are easy enough to find. "She from myself now hath me in her grace": Does "from" mean "by my efforts," "according to my desires"?¹³ Or does it express self-alienation, how her grace draws me from myself? "And to my power always have I thee honoured."¹⁴ To my advantage? To the extent of my ability? "She fleeth as fast by gentle cruelty."¹⁵ On account of my cruelty? By means of her own? For A. C. Spearing, who is less tempted to doubt Wyatt's art, the ubiquity of such moments argues for the poet's control: "Such uncertainties of interpretation are so common in Wyatt's poems that he can reasonably be thought to have intended to create tensions between alternative meanings."¹⁶ But does the idea of discreet, alternative meanings, and the tension between them, get it quite right? My examples share a kind of freedom—or carelessness—with the relations that prepositions

11. For example, A. C. Spearing, as discussed below.

12. Heale, *Wyatt*, 97.

13. Thomas Wyatt, "If waker care, if sudden pale colour," in Rebholz, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 85.

14. Thomas Wyatt, "Because I have thee still kept from lies and blame," *ibid.*, 79.

15. Thomas Wyatt, "Such vain hope as wonted to mislead me," *ibid.*, 84.

16. A. C. Spearing, *Medieval to Renaissance in English Poetry* (Cambridge University Press, 1985), 305. Jonathan Crewe praises Wyatt's craft, developing an elaborate pun on the word's senses of strength and cunning and skill, in the first chapter of *Trials of Authorship: Anterior Forms and Poetic Reconstruction from Wyatt to Shakespeare* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1990). He does not, however, develop a formal vocabulary for addressing the problem.

are supposed to define. “From,” “by,” and “of” yoke together charged words and concepts, but the effect is often no more specific than a tense proximity on the page. This kind of obscurity is relatively rare in the lyrics surrounding those that get attributed to Wyatt in miscellaneous manuscripts like Devonshire and Blage; indeed it is rare when Wyatt is writing in shorter lines, in forms closer to song. It is certainly no signature of the neoclassical plain style cultivated by Surrey, whom contemporaries thought of as Wyatt’s heir. But it is common enough in the long-lined poems of Egerton that we might think of it as what Wyatt sounds like and as a way, therefore, of recognizing him—perhaps even of picking out which poems, in the mess of the other manuscripts, are really his.

Once again, the problem I am after here is an artifact of tension between two senses of “style”—style as signature and style as self-possession—for we seem to have a poet who can be identified by effects that strike readers as lapses of control. (Not that making such an identification is hard to imagine. Your blunders might well be the most recognizable thing about you: it’s just that we might then find we had to give an ironic inflection to anything we might say about your style.) One more example, the first four lines of another sonnet from Egerton:

There was never file half so well filed
 To file a file for every smith’s intent
 As I was made a filing instrument
 To frame other, while I was beguiled.¹⁷

From a distance, the rough sense is something like, “I have been made an unwitting instrument for the abuse of others.” If we try to sharpen our understanding, among the first difficulties is that prepositional phrase, “for every smith’s intent.” Does that mean, to serve any craftsman’s purpose—putting the speaker in league with the smith? Or does it mean, for use upon the intent of any smith—to shape the designs of others, themselves would-be file makers? As is so often true with Wyatt, the closer we look, or the slower we go, the more tangled up we get. Perhaps it is a brilliant effect, this confusion of filing and being filed. But the casual resistance of the syntax to the analytic intelligence is not that of a scripted series of revelations or a puzzle or a trap—to cite three figures we sometimes use to organize our response to multiple meanings. It is both blurrier and curiously potent. As it happens, “file” itself is a word long associated with the fashioning of style: after Wyatt’s

17. Rebholz, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 87.

death John Leland, Henry VIII's self-proclaimed court antiquary, celebrated the *lima Viati*, Wyatt's file, for refining our rude English.¹⁸

I have gone to work on these nodes of characteristic confusion with the tools of new criticism, tools that still shine with use today. But what I really want to suggest is that these tools may be too sharp for the occasion. Parsing ambiguities is one way of bringing such problems to attention—I will have recourse to it again—but to say that a given preposition means either *x* or *y*, or both *x* and *y*, let alone trying to specify the relation between the alternatives, risks obscuring something more impressionistic or evasive or reckless in their disposition on the page. Whatever that effect is, it is what has tempted so many readers to wonder whether Wyatt is in control. In order to find another way to talk about the problem, let me step back and consider another sense of “style”—its association with fashion, with the public charisma of objects and of people. Wyatt's earlier poems circulated, after all, among a courtly audience with little apparent interest in the project of exegesis. Let us say, for the sake of argument, that a poem there might be not so much read as worn, like a new coat. What difference should that make to the project of reading Wyatt's poems for the style?

II

We might begin by saying that the recognition of style is something that happens fast, when we are charmed by the cut of that coat or by its wearer's particularly elegant, economical repertoire of gesture, or when we say, ah ha! that must be Donne, or Brahms, or Cezanne. That these cases are related—a feel for the charisma of an object (or a person) and recognition of its origins or its kind—I will argue shortly. Most important for now is the idea that such reactions typically happen without our needing to think much about them: as one critic puts it, style is something we perceive but do not observe.¹⁹ (Better still might be to say, perceive before we observe.) Of course, we can give reasons for our response post hoc, and where recognition is at stake such reasons are the business of stylistics, identifying the features that define the style of periods, schools, and individuals. My attempt to characterize what is odd about Wyatt's use of prepositions is a relatively unsystematic version of such a project. More statistically rigorous are

18. John Leland, *Naeniae in Mortem Thomae Viati Equitis Incomparabilis* (London, 1542), A4v.

19. Louis T. Milic, *Stylists on Style: A Handbook with Selections for Analysis* (New York: Scribner, 1969), 1.

the measurements of stylometrics, which count designated features of prosody, syntax, morphology, even letter frequency in order to establish the fingerprint of particular authors (or scribes or compositors). But what such specifications actually have to do with the initial impression is a very tricky question. Do they explain how we respond, how we know when that rough line is Wyatt, or Donne? Do their discriminations pick out the same features that inform our intuitions? What does such analysis have to do with the charisma of that first encounter? I want to focus on something that happens before we analyze, before we interpret. One might call it mere style.

Another premise: our response to style is essentially imitative. Or better still, we will speak of an object in terms of its style when our impulse to imitate is engaged. Again, I am trying to get at those moments when the word comes to our lips, when we are moved to speak of someone's or something's style. Asked to reflect on that reaction, we might say, "I have seen things done like that" or "I could do that" or at least "that could be done" or "I could imagine someone wanting to do something like that." In saying or thinking or feeling along these lines, we are appreciating something about the object that could be extended to other instances or occasions. When recognition is at stake—when I hear a new piece of music that sounds like Brahms—the family resemblance is between what I hear now and what I have heard before (as though Brahms were imitating himself). But even when I do not recognize the piece as belonging to a familiar clan, I might still be impressed by something about it that could be imitated, that suggests or solicits the possibility of more like it.²⁰ This is the charisma of the object, its appeal to imitation.²¹ To say that responding to the style of the object means perceiving its charisma is not to claim that you will necessarily want to imitate it yourself. There are plenty of styles that we may deplore: the candy-colored capitalism of Saturday cartoons, for example, or the uniformed, spit-shined dash of fascism.

20. Most theorists of style assert that a singular, unprecedented object cannot have a style: that object requires, the argument runs, some fellow objects to define the continuity of manner, the community by which we recognize style; so says Kendall Walton ("Style and the Products and Processes of Art," in *The Concept of Style*, ed. Berel Lang, rev. ed. [Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1987], 87). I think we might well use the word of an object new to us if we imagined making things after it.

21. I use the word "charisma" here with some reservations, for I intend it in a limited sense, more colloquial and American, neighborly with charm, magnetism, and sex appeal. I do not intend to invoke either its theological roots (as a grace or talent given by God) or Weber's use of the word to describe the power to inspire political enthusiasm. But I have not yet found a better word.

But perceiving style means sensing that someone, wide-eyed child or thug, might want to imitate it. What is crucial here is appreciation of a desire to imitate, the solicitation or seduction of the object, whether you yourself feel that desire or not.

So, the perception of style happens fast; it is grounded in an impulse to imitate. Imitate what? one might ask. An important tradition in the long history of thinking about the question maintains that style is about manner rather than matter—it is their manner that holds objects of a particular style together.²² Manner of what? Of their making, perhaps: the philosopher Kendall Walton suggests “that styles of works of art are to be understood in terms of the notion of styles of action. Specifically, attributing a style to a work involves, somehow, the idea of the manner in which it was made, the act of creating it.”²³ He gives the example of Jackson Pollock’s drip paintings, suggesting that we respond to the physical gestures implicit in the splay of the paint. You might want to make paintings like that yourself, to feel that freedom in wrist and shoulder; more broadly, you might be inspired in a whole range of actions by the paintings’ physical expansiveness and comfort with chance. The case for imitating the artist’s actions is harder with poetry, but it is certainly possible to derive notional postures and practices of making from, say, the sprawl of Whitman’s lines or the queer, singsong cabining of Dickinson’s. One can imagine wanting to write both ways, for the feeling of doing it.

For my purposes, however, the charisma of making-as-action is still too narrow. Take the further example of a style of architecture. Relatively few people stepping into the foyer of an art deco house by Norman Bel Geddes will feel moved to design, let alone build, one like it, but many more might want to live there or to live like the people who live there. That imitative impulse may still be somatic, but now it has to do not so much with making as with the charisma of a whole set of imagined ways of being and feeling that might be sheltered by such a space. To speak this way is to slide from “style” toward a twentieth-century coinage, “lifestyle”—an elision that is revealing about how style generally works on us. In the always tougher case of poetry, think about the experience of leafing through a new journal, deciding what to really read and what to pass over. That first glance is the precinct of mere style, and it is bound up with questions like where this poem comes from, what the poet likely reads or doesn’t

22. This is a central notion in E. H. Gombrich’s magisterial article on “Style” for the *International Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* (New York: Macmillan, 1968), 353–61.

23. Walton, “Style and the Products and Processes of Art,” 73.

read, who her friends are, whom he sleeps with, and so on. A poet may ask: is there anything here I can use? But kinds of life also flicker by as we turn the pages. What we sense as we go is the appeal of a life lived like that poem—like the way it was made, like its maker, like those who have it on their minds or their coffee tables. Style projects a way of putting your life together. You could live this way. So while I have been speaking here mostly of imitating an object, that object cannot be separated—where style is at stake—from the lives that shape it and to which it gives shape (or at least from some projected fiction of those lives).²⁴

The kind of imitation in play here is roughly Aristotelian, to be found in the *Poetics* and the *Nicomachean Ethics* both—a fundamental instinct to conform our behaviors to those we see around us, in admiration or just in experiment.²⁵ In a given instance we may bow to that instinct ourselves, or we may recognize it as a force informing, driving, or gathering together the works and gestures of others. In both cases it sponsors a sense of style that defines communities, both of works and of people. And once again, we may register those communities, actual or potential, without particularly thinking about it, which is to say, without interpreting.

III

This is not an account of the matter that Thomas Wyatt would have recognized. The leading sense of the word “style,” circa 1530, had been most influentially defined by Cicero in his *Orator*, where he lays out the *genera dicendi*, or levels of style. Of these there were three, high, middle, and low, each suited to a different subject matter; the orator’s art lies in the decorous fit of speech to occasion, a technical skill that could be taught to anyone. Wyatt might also have acknowledged “style” as a word for the distinctive idiom of particular writers, a usage that was gaining purchase over the century and that had its own Ciceronian roots. “Isocrates had grace of style, Lycias precision,

24. Alexander Nehamas discusses the promise of style both to gather our perceptions and actions together—into a “‘single taste,’ a consistent sensibility”—and to distinguish that taste from others’. He draws upon Nietzsche’s discussion in *The Gay Science* of the “great and rare art” of giving style to one’s character (Nehamas, “A Promise of Happiness: The Place of Beauty in a World of Art,” in *The Tanner Lectures on Human Values*, ed. Grethe B. Peterson [Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 2002], 212).

25. See Aristotle’s *Poetics*, 1448b5, and the *Nicomachean Ethics*, 1124b3, 1150b5, 1171b11, in *Complete Works of Aristotle: The Revised Oxford Translation*, ed. Jonathan Barnes (Princeton University Press, 1984).

Hyperides penetration, Aeschines sonorousness, Demosthenes force,” Cicero wrote in his *De Oratore*: “which of these in the old days was not eminent? and yet each eminent in his own particular style (*in genere princeps*).” He goes on to ask, “Do you not expect that we shall find almost as many styles of oratory (*genera dicendi*) as orators?”²⁶ Here is the ancient seed of the Comte de Buffon’s “le style c’est l’homme même.”²⁷ It informs the humanist project of *imitatio*, the discipline of writing in-the-style-of that Erasmus himself had helped bring to the English grammar schools at the beginning of the century.²⁸ Such style may be not only idiosyncratic but unchosen, as an English preface to Erasmus’s *New Testament* suggests: “First I would not haue euery reader to require in euery writer to be like his owne [i.e., the reader’s] witte or conueyghaunce, or style, or phrase of speakyng: but rather to consider that euery man hath a veine of his owne . . . that he cannot otherwyse write then he doeth.”²⁹

So the new learning brought with it a characteristic preoccupation with authorship and style; Wyatt, student at St. John’s Cambridge, translator of Plutarch, was part of a first generation of Englishmen to have a taste of that training growing up. There was a lively court interest too in the question of who wrote what, and household miscellanies like the Devonshire manuscript (where many of Wyatt’s lyrics were transcribed) often show marginal attributions in period script, “T.W.” or “Tho.” And yet—for the most part, as recent considerations of these manuscripts have reminded us, the social circumstances of the court did much to make the question of authorship

26. Cicero, *De Oratore*, trans. H. Rackham (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1948), 28, 34. Carlo Ginzburg makes ambitious claims for this moment as the root of “an alternative cognitive model” to Platonism, taking style as the measure of cultural and historical difference (“Style as Inclusion, Style as Exclusion,” in *Picturing Science, Producing Art*, ed. Peter Galison and Caroline A. Jones [New York: Routledge, 1998], 30). The transition from *genus dicendi* to *stilus* to “style” is summarized in Willibald Sauerländer, “From Stilus to Style: Reflections on the Fate of a Notion,” *Art History* 6 (1983): 253–55.

27. Georges-Louis Leclerc, *Oeuvres Complètes de Buffon* (Paris: Ledoux, 1946), 1:30.

28. The most comprehensive account of Erasmus’s influence on English schooling remains T. W. Baldwin’s *William Shakspeare’s Small Latine and Lesse Greeke* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1944).

29. Erasmus, *The first tome or volume of the Paraphrase of Erasmus vpon the Newe Testamente* (London, 1548), A6r. The standard works on the notion of style in the Renaissance include Morris W. Croll, *Style, Rhetoric, and Rhythm: Essays* (Princeton University Press, 1966); George Williamson, *The Senecan Amble: A Study in Prose Form from Bacon to Collier* (London: Faber & Faber, 1951); and Debora K. Shuger, *Sacred Rhetoric: The Christian Grand Style in the English Renaissance* (Princeton University Press, 1988).

elusive, if not beside the point. Devonshire was kept by many hands, a compilation of poems that found their way to Surrey House over years, whether on loose sheets of paper, in commonplace books, or in courtiers' memories.³⁰ Some of the poems were performed to music. "[L]erne but to syng yt," reads one marginal notation, and elsewhere, in another hand, "Sing" and "To sing."³¹ Others were read aloud, on occasions of varying formality; many were doubtless passed from hand to hand by friends, suitors, or rivals, in pursuit of fleeting sympathies or advantages now far beyond historical recovery. Along the way they were copied onto loose sheets and into private books and often freely emended and adapted in the process. Every time a poem found a new audience, it was as part of some particular social transaction. Every time it was committed to paper, someone had written it again for him- or herself.³²

Wyatt pitched his writing desk in many places: on embassies to Italy and Spain, at Hampton Court, and in his own house "in Kent and Christendom."³³ Later poems like his satires or his psalm translations declare different kinds of independence from the court.³⁴ But the "songs and sonnets" (as Tottel would call them) are for the likes of Surrey House, where there was an especially large repertory of ways to use a poem or a wide variety of ways to mean it, most of which call

30. The manuscript was long assumed to have been kept by three women, Mary Shelton, Mary Fitzroy, and Margaret Douglas; Raymond Southall surveys the scholarship about the manuscript in describing evidence that casts doubt on Fitzroy's hand ("Mary Fitzroy and 'O Happy Dames' in the Devonshire Manuscript," *Review of English Studies* 45 [1994]: 316-17). See also Paul G. Remley, "Mary Shelton and Her Tudor Literary Milieu," in *Rethinking the Henrician Era: Essays on Early Tudor Texts and Contexts*, ed. Peter C. Herman (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1994), 40-77.

31. Devonshire manuscript, British Library Additional MS 17492 (Devonshire), fols. 81r, 7v, 11v.

32. Arthur Marotti has been the most influential scholar of these matters, first, in *John Donne, Coterie Poet* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1986) and, more recently, *Manuscript, Print, and the English Renaissance Lyric* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1995).

33. Thomas Wyatt, "Mine own John Poyntz," in Rebholz, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 189.

34. As Greg Walker suggests, changes in Wyatt's life after his imprisonment in 1536 would have important consequences for his style and his audience: "Deprived of regular access to the courtly circles that had provided both the subject matter and the audience for his amatory lyrics, the poet almost of necessity had to adapt his mode of writing if he was to maintain a relationship with a community of courtly readers. Short poems that adopted the fiction at least of oral performance had to give way to more obviously textual forms, since they would have to be dispatched to geographically distant readers if they were to be read" (*Writing under Tyranny* [Oxford University Press, 2005], 296). Here I am concerned only with the earlier, courtly lyrics.

for little reflection on what the poem might mean. Poems might be openly brandished or privately disclosed, for wooing, scorning, or flattering; proffered for securing entry to a new circle or banishing a competitor; or conveyed to let it be known that you are capable but also perhaps that you are restless. In such a traffic the difference we customarily observe between reading and writing (on which the question, who wrote this? so heavily depends) starts to look like another effect of tools too sharp for the circumstances. The problem is writ small on the edges of pages in the Devonshire manuscript, where one can often find the word “finis” at the end of a poem, frequently in a different hand, in one case twice—as though someone was reading along with pen at the ready, inscribing his or her progress on the page.³⁵ It is writ larger and more diffusely in the traffic of manuscripts and the vanished echoes of recitation and performance. Whoever transcribed or spoke the poem on a given occasion was unlikely to have been the first to set it down; if anyone could say who was in fact first, the poem was anyhow often based upon another poem, sometimes in another language. Am I the writer, or the author, if my poem is a translation (of a Petrarch lyric, say)? How about if it is an imitation (supposing you can tell the difference from a translation)? What if I have copied the poem but improved (or corrupted) the meter? Or just copied it faithfully? What if I then give it to you, for some new purpose? What if what I give you is a copy made by someone else? What if I sing it to you? From a page, from memory? (If I sing it to you, have you read it? Have I read it?) These are all ways of meaning the poem, and that meaning is bound up with the occasion in a way that the text can at best only partially illuminate. Too strong a conception of authorship and of signature style would have spoiled this traffic, and here the analogy of clothing—the poem as a new coat—is especially handy. When I put on that coat, everyone knows that I did not make it myself. But, if I have any sense of style, it will be recognized that I mean it and that it means me. (Style might be said to go some ways to blurring the difference between persons and their property.) I get the credit for it because I wear it a particular way, in particular situations, in a manner like or unlike how others do. It is my style.

35. These finises are rarely required to address any confusion about where one poem ends and the next begins. Sometimes they are connected to attributions, e.g., “finis by Wyatt” (Devonshire, 11r); often they stand alone. Over the length of the manuscript they occur in a variety of hands, “finis finis,” in two hands (the first, the hand that transcribed the poem preceding), occurs on 51r; on 46r someone has doodled a box around “finis.”

Thomas Wyatt may have become a particular object of humanist celebration, in Surrey's elegies and in the Latin epigraphs where Leland praises Wyatt's file and predicts his *famam perennem*, his eternal fame.³⁶ But for most of his life he was immersed in a court context where his work circulated among imitators, where he himself was an imitator, and the ongoing excruciations of his editors testify to how native he was there. Perhaps it will begin to be clear why the account of style I have been developing might be so illuminating in this context. The self-fashioning power of these poems was by no means limited to their first authors. Their usefulness to the community was enhanced because they offered up variations on a consistent persona: they are almost always first person utterances, spoken out of the predicament of some sort of servitude. They strike variations on a posture of sophisticated, self-knowing, ingenious helplessness, at once confessional and—by virtue of reticence about particulars and the implication of a still grander, inward suffering—secretive too. In that secretiveness is a latent potency, and one can imagine how they might suggest, in the turbulence of court life, an appealing way of moving through and understanding yourself amid its squalls and tempests. Particular poems—and their particular revisions of the conventions—would be mostly beside the point. “I burn in lovely desire” tells you what you need to know. The appeal again is a way of life, a way of going forward, of holding yourself together, having a style, if not as the sort of person in the poem, exactly, then as the sort of person who recognizes the kind of thing the poem is, who knows what people use it and how, who has a copy in his or her commonplace book.

This is the community of style into which many of Wyatt's poems were born and into which many have doubtless disappeared. But if one could say without too much exaggeration that particular poems were beside the point there—as they sometimes are, it should be said, at present-day poetry readings—nonetheless they are what was being read, written, and sung. If they weren't interpreted (in the sense of asking, what does this mean?) how were they received or recognized? What about them as texts and scripts made this traffic possible? Reading them fast for yourself—trying to think about what you get the first time through—may be the best guide. The first impression (after the shape, if you see the poem on the page) will likely be a matter of diction. Take “Though I myself be bridled of my mind” again as an example. We are tipped off to the fact that we are within the world of courtly service, erotic and political, by words like “honor”

36. Leland, *Naeniae*, A2v.

and “promise” and a phrase like “dear masters.” There is a familiar sense of balk and restraint in “bridled,” “backward,” “frowardness,” perhaps “fortune,” all of which evoke the posture of frustrated petition conventional to courtly love poetry. A more specifically Petrarchan note, for connoisseurs, is audible in that burning desire. Absent here, but characteristic of many of Wyatt’s other imitations of Petrarch, is a habit of isocolonic paradox—“In frozen thought now, now it standeth in flame, / ’Twiixt misery and wealth, ’twiixt earnest and game”—that might well have struck listening ears as the signature rhythm of a certain kind of stylized suffering.³⁷ A reader or listener may pick up some aspects of structure on the fly, too. “Though I myself” opens the poem with a concession; the second quatrain’s “Sigh then no more” offers provisional comfort; there is a self-recovering confidence in the sestet’s “Suffice it then.” That arc from doubt to self-assertion is one of the most characteristic movements of mood in the miscellanies’ lyrics. In all these cases, I want to suggest again that hearing such things, however much they may offer to interpretation, might be a matter, first, just of recognition—sensing the kind of thing this is, its fit to occasions we already know, its characteristic place in the social world.

This description is a stab at a question no less subtle and complex for being, from the interpreter’s standpoint, superficial: how would a poem travel in a social world held together by kinds of reading so different from the sorts of exegesis on which critics rely? Which is not to say that the distinction between mere style and interpretation could ever be so sharp in practice. Sophisticated listeners would likely recognize adjustments of posture and perhaps give special credit for elegant variations.³⁸ Nonetheless, it is that moment of recognition, even mere recognition, that I am after. There is therefore a certain irony in the fact that my attempt to characterize the mere style of the poem has produced a list of its qualities—the elements of the poem’s style, one might say, or a subset of them available to first encounters. This in spite of the fact that, in speaking of mere style, I am trying to get at something that happens before analysis, before one might start to take a thing apart. Such may simply be the fate of criticism; certainly the path that has been taken by stylistics as a subdiscipline is

37. Thomas Wyatt, “Avising the bright beams of these fair eyes,” in Rebholz, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 81.

38. See, e.g., the unexpected assertion of liberty after stanzas of conventional stasis in the Blage manuscript’s “Sith I myself displeas thee” (Rebholz, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 305–6).

to speak of style as an aggregation of discrete characteristics. My hope here is only to keep pressure on the tricky relation between analytic description and immediate, charismatic force. For there is something holistic, integrated and integrating, about that charisma, something that is anathema to the idea of style as a matter of discrete elements. Such integration is part of style's promise. (If we describe someone as lacking style, it is often because his actions or gestures appear disconnected, unintended, and—or therefore—he does not fit in any community we know.) And though I have emphasized that the response to style—picking up that current of imitative desire, recognizing that way of writing or living—happens fast, that does not mean that it is fleeting. Mere style may be the only relation some audiences ever have to poetry.

IV

A few more points about this general account, before returning to Thomas Wyatt. There is hardly space here to place it in the vast *silva* of previous considerations of style, but it differs most obviously from views that oppose style to content or treat style as a mediation between abstract ideas and particular works of art.³⁹ Another influential approach—accounts of style as deviation, as a stylish thing's difference from utilitarian norms—attends less to its community-making functions, and theorists who associate it with affect, as opposed to argument or structure, limit the range of ways it can be recognized.⁴⁰ I do not ultimately want to discount such views, any more than I would discount the levels of style or other Renaissance conceptions: my larger ambitions here are more philological than philosophical, and alternative descriptions command attention not only as attempts to understand or to define the concept but also as additional ways in which that word "style" gets used. What primarily distinguishes the

39. The opposition to content is not much defended by current philosophers or theorists, but it is still the readiest definition to hand, and it has its uses (i.e., it is a good way of pointing to style). For a sophisticated account of style as an "intermediary mechanism," see Jonathan Gilmore, *The Life of a Style: Beginnings and Endings in the Narrative History of Art* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 2000), 81.

40. Roland Barthes considers and critiques the affective view in "Style and Its Image," in *Literary Style: A Symposium*, ed. Seymour Chatman (London: Oxford University Press, 1971), 6–7; Tzvetan Todorov entertains it in his essay in the same volume, "The Place of Style in the Structure of the Text," 30–31. Nelson Goodman considers this view skeptically in "The Status of Style," *Critical Inquiry* 1 (1975): 802.

present approach is that it treats style as an attitude or bearing toward the world. What that means may be clearest alongside other attitudes, for example, the aesthetic. If I say that the line of a garment is beautiful—if I find myself disposed to consider it under the aspect of beauty—I am saying that it gives me a particular pleasure, that I want to be in its presence, perhaps that I want to possess it. But I am not attending to its community with other objects, to how to make or find other things like it, to its sociability; indeed, I may be specially aware of its singularity. (And if I register envy, it is more because I want to look like that than because I want to live that way.) The same coat may be both beautiful and stylish. But as deep as the filiations are between beauty and style, our orientation is subtly different in using each word—and in the case of style, inescapably social.⁴¹

Corollary to the idea that style is a bearing toward the world is the claim that there can be no a priori division between the sorts of things that can be said to have style and those that cannot, or between the stylistically significant and stylistically neutral features of a work of art or of anything else. Nelson Goodman makes this point along the way to dismissing the distinction between style and subject matter. Is not one biographer's emphasis on the public career and another's on the private life as much a stylistic choice as the length and balance of their sentences?⁴² His point is even clearer if we think of that emphasis as a matter of imitation, a way of getting recognized as a biographer, perhaps a fashion among biographers, and hence a way of sorting out their communities. And so with poems. Anything we might point out about a poem could be assessed to its style: its diction, its quirks of syntax or of prosody, but equally its genre, its form, the names of any characters, where it happens to be set in space or time, even what it is about. We might carry this claim to a useful limit in suggesting that many of the life questions we think of as the province of ethics could well be considered and lived out under the aspect of style. I might help an old lady across the street because I regard helping the weak as a

41. I have emphasized the situations in which we do talk about style, communities where stylistic recognition defines various relations; the properties in the object that enable the recognition of style are contingent. It would be interesting to ask whether some formal properties—the sort of sweeping, sculptural line, for example, that conveys a sense of easy motion—might dispose us more often to talk about style or to call something stylish. Be that as it may, particular cultural circumstances probably have greater say, allowing even a jagged, interruptive musical idiom like Stockhausen's to register as a style.

42. Goodman, "Status of Style," 801.

duty or because it is a virtuous habit acquired by repetition.⁴³ I might also take her arm, with a flourish because it is my style, part of my social persona and a performance in which everyone knows I never fail. (And I might do so on an empty street, too: it is part of how I recognize myself.) There may be something troubling about giving ourselves over to a style of conduct that needs no reasons beyond its own charisma. Then again, I might be at that lady's side the faster for it.

V

But back, at last, to Thomas Wyatt and to the question with which I began: whether he knew what he was doing or whether he did not. The ways that question might look different when you are thinking about style will have started to emerge. For in speaking of style—mere style, at its notional limit—I have been speaking of a way of reading and a way of leading your life that is unanalytical (that does not take what you admire apart either to understand or to replicate it) and unreflective (that does not try to say what it means). You could even write a rondeau that way, if you were steeped enough in others' examples. This would be a sort of not knowing what you are doing, at least from the standpoint of form, argument, and interpretation. And yet, such poems—successful exercises in mere style—will raise no questions about the poet's idiomatic mastery. Indeed, someone who inhabits a style will project a sense of belonging and of self-possession that might just as easily lead us to say, "There is someone who knows exactly what he is doing." To that assessment, Wyatt rarely tempts us. Consider:

Whoso list to hunt I know where is an hind
 But as for me helas I may no more
 The vain travail hath wearied me so sore
 I am of them that farthest come behind
 Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
 Draw from the deer but as she fleeth afore
 Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore
 Sithens in a net I seek to hold the wind

43. Kant and Aristotle, respectively. There is much more to say about the relation between ethics (particularly an ethics of habit) and style, and each might attempt to assert its authority over the other: the style of ethics or the ethics of style. Nehamas has written about this problem in ways that consider style in its possible companionship with beauty (e.g., "Promise of Happiness," 228–31; also the introduction to *The Art of Living: Socratic Reflections from Plato to Foucault* [Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998], 1–15). Here I want to suspend that convergence in an effort to understand when we use the vocabulary of style instead of others, including aesthetics.

Who list her hunt I put him out of doubt
 As well as I may spend his time in vain
 And graven with diamonds in letters plain
 There is written her fair neck round about
 Noli me tangere for Caesars I am
 And wild for to hold though I seem tame.⁴⁴

“Whoso list” is one of Wyatt’s most accomplished poems, and of those that have found their way into the anthologies, it is among the most perspicuous—line by line, at least. If there is a moment when the plain sense is strained, it is at the beginning of the sestet, with the lines, “Who list her hunt I put him out of doubt / As well as I may spend his time in vain.” A little re-sorting of the word order yields a clear reading: I assure him, who list her hunt will spend his time in vain just as I once did. But the lineation hints at a different syntax, allowing the enjambment to define an insidious choice: I might disabuse him just as easily as I might encourage him to spend his time in vain. These alternatives may be more sharply distinguished, more politically cagey, than some of my prior examples—better read as a calculated ambiguity, the one hiding behind the other—but they turn once again on that compound preposition “as well as.”⁴⁵

It is possible to read this little prepositional glitch as a clue to a more general and diffused difficulty in the poem, a disorienting volatility of tone that veers between generosity and subtle aggression. That opening “Whoso list” is cavalier, offhanded, spoken from a position of achieved detachment—one that Wyatt often strikes at the beginning of a poem (“Deem as ye list,” “Grudge on who list,” “Stand who so list”).⁴⁶ The bravado is immediately betrayed by the next line’s “helas,” with its regret at so much wearying travail and its apologetic admission that the speaker has fallen far behind. The “But” of the second line, which transforms the tone of the first quatrain, is picked up by the “Yet” of the fifth, when the speaker rounds on himself again, half confessing and half boasting that his wearied mind is, after all, still fixed on the deer. Another “but” introduces his fainting pursuit. Then, with a kind of Stoic self-rallying, he lets go again and solaces himself with a proverb (“Sithens in a net I seek to hold the wind”). To whom does he speak

44. Rebholz, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 77.

45. Traditional grammar would be more likely to label “as well as” a subordinating conjunction; in calling it a preposition, I follow the revisionary project of Rodney Huddleston and Geoffrey K. Pullum’s *The Cambridge Grammar of the English Language* (Cambridge University Press, 2002), which expands the census of prepositions by considering them as heads of phrases (598–602).

46. Rebholz, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 247, 275, 94.

in the sestet? The first two quatrains might well be addressed to a fellow pursuer; the next lines make it sound as though that same auditor is well out of it, and then the poem ends with a subtle threat.⁴⁷ It is worth imagining what it would be like to be in conversation with such a man: the shifts of self-assertion and self-deprecation would strain the most delicate sense of tact if you tried to address yourself sympathetically to the quicksilver solicitations now of friendship, now of deference, now of commiseration, now of menace.

There are a few ways to think about the complicated—and complicatedly social—dynamic in the poem. From the perspective of that tricky “As well as,” it might look like a dilation of that one moment of unnerving syntactic obscurity. It radicalizes the change of heart that is the basic plot of so many lyrics in the miscellanies, Wyatt’s and others’. (That convention is especially obvious in refrain poems, where a line like “Thus all thing turneth to me contrary” burdens the speaker four times before a final, redemptive reversal, “Till my careful life may turn contrary.”)⁴⁸ What Wyatt seems to do is to take such transformations and perform variations on them repeatedly within the span of a single fourteen-line complaint, creating a speaker exponentially more labile than his love-struck peers. Think of it as a dramatic monologue, and the trick might be said to be almost Shakespearian—except the speaker is not discovering himself in the surprise of what he says next, as Hamlet does, but trying to disavow, even forget, each pose by striking another. Such a dynamic might be said to drive many of the poems that have found greatest favor with later readers, “Blame not my lute” or, preeminently, “They flee from me.” Perhaps it is another Wyatt signature.

If so, one could generalize more broadly still and say that this approach to the Petrarchan and courtly love traditions—overplaying their characteristic devices to the point of incoherence—is another way to know Wyatt. (One could make that claim about his use of unanchored pronouns, too, or about the fragmentation of his speakers into a mix of anatomical and grammatical parts, eye, I,

47. As Stephen Greenblatt has pointed out, the inscription about the hind’s neck seems to warn Caesar as much as it does any of his rivals (*Renaissance Self-Fashioning* [University of Chicago Press, 1980], 149–50). The poem is often read as reworking Wyatt’s own role in the career of Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII’s second wife: he was imprisoned, along with four other men, when she was charged with adultery, and was the only one to leave the Tower alive.

48. Thomas Wyatt, “O, what undeserved cruelty,” in Rebholz, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 287. In their characteristic movement from despair to hope, or the reverse, such poems complement the equally commonplace exercises in excruciated stasis.

mind, heart, and so on. In both cases he presses an available convention to its breaking point.)⁴⁹ Any of these tendencies could be charged to his style: we can use them to try to distinguish the long-lined poems we know to be his from those of other courtiers, and perhaps to speculate about other, doubtful attributions. But again, there is that other sense in which these poems seem to be at war with the very idea of style. One could imitate the vacillations and obliquities of Wyatt's speakers, as one could imitate anything. But if we associate style with charisma and with the promise of a way to live, then there may seem to be something self-sabotaging about the flirtation with incomprehensibility. The openness of a preposition is a figure for (or a symptom of) a speaker whose rhetoric cannot hold him together—we may recognize the predicament from which he speaks, but he defies the coherence, the integration of a settled style. Who, we could ask, would want to live this way? By contrast, even the most agonized of Petrarchan lyrics proposes a way of bearing yourself in a world you do not control. With Wyatt, his occasional gift, or curse, seems to be creating a voice that does not know what it is doing. The result is characteristic, and yet it is not a new style—not breaking the old open and pointing a new way forward—so much as a defiance of style. As Nott observed, contrasting him with Surrey, “he is often highly commended” by later writers, but “he is but little imitated.”⁵⁰ Perhaps that is a kind of success.

Still, there are certainly plenty of things that we can say about Wyatt's style without getting tangled in questions about his intentions and his competence. His poems are studiously plain, neither Latinate nor aureate; studded with proverbs; metrically polyglot; and largely innocent of the languages of mythology or philosophy.⁵¹ There exist some very good descriptions of his difficult rhythms.⁵² But the moments that challenge our sense of his control are at once so characteristic and so provocatively underdetermined that they require us to consider how

49. See, e.g., “Avising the bright beams of these fair eyes,” where both tendencies are marked.

50. Nott, *Works of Henry Howard*, 2:clvi. C. S. Lewis concurs: “The Elizabethan sonnet might not have been very different if Wyatt had never lived” (*English Literature in the Sixteenth Century* [Oxford University Press, 1953], 224).

51. See, e.g., the characterizations in Rollins, *Tottel's Miscellany*, 2:76–77, 101; Mason, *Humanism and Poetry*, 171; Spearing, *Medieval to Renaissance*, 280–82, 290–91; Thomas M. Greene, *The Light in Troy* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1982), 246–47.

52. Rebholz's remarks in the introduction to his edition are lucid and convincing (*Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 44–55); see also George T. Wright, “Wyatt's Decasyllabic Line,” *Studies in Philology* 82 (1985): 129–56.

his voice sounds within the community of style for which he wrote. I have tried to draw a line—perhaps a dotted line—between his blurred prepositions and a kind of large-scale affective disintegration that takes some of his poems to the limits of intelligibility. This tendency in his work is a challenge to the imitative culture of the court, which is much deeper than the conventional devices of court satire; it is a kind of challenge to style itself. But what could truly stand outside of style? Well, nature, of course; we would not say a mountain has a style. And among the works of human beings, the purely utilitarian and the wonderful and the marvelous, too, for as long as the wonder lasts. Something might be so shocking, so traumatic, or just so deadly serious that style becomes unthinkable. And then there is incompetence, incoherence, the symptoms of a self not in control of itself. With enough critical determination any of the lines that I have considered might be credited to Wyatt the masterful poet-as-diplomat, to his gift for leaving himself what our own political age might call plausible deniability.⁵³ But I hope I have suggested—by exploring the workings of a particular tic, as well as by pointing to a peculiar and consistent strain of critical response—that we are getting at something important when we say that Wyatt did not know what he was doing and that the something we are getting at has everything to do with style.

The last word should go to style itself. The case of Wyatt has something to teach about its surprising compound of senses: the mark of the individual and of the group; the highest achievement of artistic subjectivity and the merely fashionable; and what places a writer, what obscures him, and what gives him away. How does a word come, over time, to be so at odds with itself? This essay is an attempt to begin to think with all its differences: especially to consider what the specifications of stylistics might have to do with the charisma of style, and what both have to do with style's promise to help us live our lives. For all of our writing and thinking about style—or because of all that writing and thinking—the word has resources for criticism, both as object and instrument of inquiry, that we are only beginning to explore.

53. As when he had to defend himself against charges of treasonous talk, a remark about casting the king out of the “cart’s arse,” near the end of his life: “Agayne ‘fall owte’ ‘caste owte,’ or ‘lefte owte’ makethe dyfferaunce . . . the settinge of the wordes one in an others place may mayke greate dyfferaunce” (Kenneth Muir, *Life and Letters of Sir Thomas Wyatt* [Liverpool University Press, 1963], 197).