

Table 1. A typology of the weapons of love featured in *La lira*, with representative examples

All examples from *Rime* 1 are found in the *Rime amorose* section; all examples from *Lira* 3 are found in the *Amori* section.

### 1. Physiognomic weapons

The beloved's eyes

*Rime* 1, no. 1: "Duo begli occhi fur l'armi" ("Two beautiful eyes were the weapons")

The beloved's tears

*Rime* 1, no. 17: "Lasso, ma che mi val, s'Amor che ride / ne' bei lumi piangenti, entro quel rio / gli strali affina onde quest'alma ancide?" ("Alas! But what good is it if Love who laughs in those beautiful crying eyes sharpens his arrows within that brook to slay this soul?")

The beloved's hair

*Rime* 1, no. 28: "Amor vid'io, che fra' lucenti rami / de l'aurea selva sua, pur come sole, / tendea mille al mio cuor laccioli, et ami" ("The god of Love I saw, who among the bright branches of the golden grove was setting snares and bait")

The beloved's countenance

*Rime* 1, no. 43: "Così del mondo trionfando vai [volto], / barbaro mansueto; e 'n atti audaci / altrui morte minacci e vita dai." ("Thus you [countenance] go about the world triumphant, tame barbarian; and in daring acts threaten death and bestow life.")

The beloved's mustache

*Rime* 1, no. 48: "Che d'or sì bel mille catene Amore / fabbrica a l'alma; e quante punte sporgi [pelo] / tanti son strali, ond'ei m'impiega il cuore." ("Of such fine gold a thousand chains Love forges for the soul; and the hairy points are so many arrows by means of which he wounds my heart.")

The beloved's kiss

*Rime* 2, no. 29: "Soavissimi baci, / baci non già, ma strali, / dolci sì, ma mortali" ("Kisses so very suave, kisses or rather arrows, indeed sweet but mortal")

The beloved's moles

*Rime* 2, no. 80: "Ivi il crudel [Amore] si cela, ivi sol tende / le reti e l'arco, e l'alme impiega e prende" ("Therein hides cruel Love, there alone he throws his nets and bends the bow that wounds the soul")

The beloved's breasts

*Lira* 3, no. 8: "Non osa alcun, che non rimanga ucciso, / in quel fonte vital le labbra porre" ("No one dares, lest he be killed, to dip his lips into that fountain of life")

## 2. Material weapons

The beloved's sewing needle

*Rime* 2, no. 83: "È strale, è stral, non ago / quel ch'opra in suo lavoro, / nova Aracne d'Amor, / colei ch'adoro" (" 'Tis an arrow, an arrow it is, not a needle, that operates in her work, new Arachne of Love, the one I adore")

The beloved's gloves

*Lira* 3, no. 115: "Or che per mia ventura io gli [i guanti] ho davanti, / io che ne fui con mille / ingiurie offeso" ("Now that by good fortune I have [the gloves] in front of me, I, who suffered a thousand injuries from them")

The beloved's comb

*Lira* 3, no. 42: "Candido eburneo rastro, / non ch'agguagli però della man bianca / l'animato / alabastro, / tu, che solevi, arando / i solchi del bel crine / l'oro gir coltivando / de le fila divine, / ahi come sono, or ch'ogni ben ti manca, / i tuoi minuti denti sol per mordermi il cor fatti / pungenti." ("White ivory rake, not so white, however, as the animated alabaster of the pale hand, you, who used to plow and grow gold in the beautiful mane of divine threads, alas, now that you are deprived of any goodness, how pointy have your minute teeth become, just to bite my heart.")

The beloved's jewelry

*Lira* 3, no. 119: "Quegli Aspidi lucenti / che d'oro e smalto in picciol orbe attorti / da l'orecchie / pendenti / vaga Lilla tu porti, / dimmi, che voglion dir? Sì, sì, t'intendo. / Son de le pene altrui / crude et indegne / misteriose insegne." ("Those shiny aspids that you wear, curled up into gold-plated little orbs hanging charmingly from your ears, Lilla, tell me: what do they say? Oh, yes, I hear you: they are mysterious emblems of others' fierce and hopeless grief.")

The beloved's card games

*Lira* 3, no. 54: "Con venti e venti effigiate carte / (Armi de l'Ozio) il Sol de' miei pensieri / essercitando già fra tre Guerrieri / in domestico agon scherzi di Marte." ("With twenty and twenty painted cards (weapons of idleness) the sunshine of my thoughts, exercising the pranks of Mars with three warriors in a domestic battle.")

## 3. Psychic weapons

The silence imposed on the lover by courtly decorum

*Rime* 1, no. 5: "Ardo, ma l'ardor mio grave, e profondo, / cui non m'è rivelar Donna concesso, / quasi nuovo Tifeo, chiuso ed oppresso / sotto il gran sasso del silenzio ascondo." ("I burn, but I hide the grave and profound ardor that I am not allowed to reveal to Lady, almost another Typhon buried and oppressed under the great boulder of silence.")

Love-captivity

*Rime* 1, no. 18: "Prigioniero infelice, ove non spira / aura mai destra, e puro sol non splende / ... / Innocente augellin così s'aggira / tra rami, e l'ali semplicetto stende, / quand'altri in laccio

insidioso il prende, / ove la cara libertà sospira.” (“Unhappy prisoner, where there is never enough air, and pure sun does not shine ... As when an innocent bird, its wings spread among the branches, is caught by an insidious snare and longs for dear freedom.”)

The amorous thought, which momentarily quenches the lover’s desire only to rekindle it  
*Rime* 1, no. 59: “Pensier, che l’ali tue placide e lievi / per sì lungo spiegando aspro viaggio, / del mio bel Sol nel desiato raggio / mille dolcezze innamorato bevi: / te sol de’ miei dolor tanti, e sì gravi, / trovo nunzio fedel, caro messaggio; / tu, qualor te seguendo i’ tra via caggio, / da l’incarco amoroso il cor sollevi. / Misero, ma che pro, se’l dolce ch’io / da duo begli occhi imaginando involo / pena a l’anima accresce, esca al desio?” (“Amorous thought, who, having spread your placid and lithe wings for such a long and hard trip in the much-desired light of my sunshine, reap a thousand delights: you alone, faithful messenger and message; you, when I sometimes fall in following you along the way, ease my heart from its burden of love. Miserable me! But what for, if the sweetness that I snatch, imagining two beautiful eyes, deepens the grief of my soul and goads my desire?”)

Sleep (or the lack thereof) and its unsettling effects on the lover

*Rime* 1, no. 62: “O Sonno, e tu, perchè più largo fiume / versin di tristo umor, quest’occhi appanni? / E sovra me, sol per ordirmi inganni, / stendi le brune tue tacite piume?” (“O Sleep, you shroud these eyes so that they may shed an even wider river of tears? And over me you lay your dark feathers just to trick me?”)

The lover’s departure

*Lira* 3, no. 42: “Duro partir, che m’hai l’alma partita, / chi ti disse partire / devea con più ragion dirti morire.” (“Bitter departure, which has split in two my soul, he who told you to depart should better have told you to die.”)

Jealousy, maybe love’s fiercest weapon

*Rime* 1, no. 79: “Tarlo e lima d’Amor, cura mordace / che mi rodi a tutt’ore il cor dolente, / stimolo di sospetto a l’altrui mente, / sferza dell’alme, ond’io non ho mai pace” (“Parasite and eroder of love, gnawing preoccupation that breaks my aching heart at every hour of the day, inciter of suspicion in another’s mind, relentless whip of the soul, whence I never have peace”)

#### 4. Aural weapons

String instrument played by the beloved

*Rime* 2, no. 2: “Quelle corde sonore / sono i lacci d’Amore” (“Those sounding strings are the snares of love”)

The instrument and the voice as weapons

*Rime* 2, no. 2: “Quell’arco arco è d’Amor; / que’ dolci accenti / son saette pungenti.” (“That [violin] bow is the bow of the god of Love; those sweet accented notes are stinging arrows.”)