

say I. Ho! ho! help down there, Munster boys—the brothers are attacking my rights! Ho!”

Some shuffling of feet on the stairs announced that the appeal had not been lost on those below. John of Leyden rose to re-establish order. “Young man,” he said, in a severe tone, “replace that piece of dross where you found it; the spirit has commanded that these gewgaws should all be deposited in the Town Hall to-morrow at mid-day, to be melted down for the good of the community at large. One brother cannot take a whole salt-cellar of that size to his own single share.”

“Then why should you or Knipperdolling have any more right to it than Andreas Schwartz here?” said a hoarse voice, proceeding from a gigantic smith who stood at the door, with the apron of his calling still girt about his loins, and his sleeves tucked up to the elbow, despite the rigorous cold of winter; but he was a neighbour, and had come in neighbourly.

“For to-night,” said John of Leyden, “I merely borrow it, like so many other gold and gilt vessels, to do honour to my wedding; but in a few days they shall, under another form, be restored to circulation. Now, my friends, glasses will be given you. Here’s wine and liquor. Drink to my bride, the fair Gertrude.”

“*Vivat Hoch!*” resounded within the room, and the instruments, with their notes of triumph, responded to by a flourish of trumpets from the street, drowned all dissident clamours; and Gertrude was led by John of Leyden to the open window to greet the crowd, who received her with shouts of enthusiasm. In the meanwhile, the salt-cellar was restored to the table; but the Knight’s manœuvre had been noted by Krechting, and written down on a black page of his memory; for he cordially hated the proud Knight, even whilst endeavouring to establish a seeming footing of familiarity with him.

(To be continued.)

The banquet being over, the tables were withdrawn, and the music struck up, when John of Leyden, mounting on a chair, called out to the company:—

“The violins strike up merry tunes; why should not our hearts be joyful? Are we not the Lord’s elect—the saints to whom the earth and its glory are given? The spoils of the ungodly are ours; let us then dance and rejoice. Come, ye frozen brothers, from the snow-covered street, and bestir your feet to the sound of fiddles. Your blood will flow the warmer to your hearts, and our nuptials be blessed by the joy of all.”

“Let’s be merry, brothers,” echoed the sepulchral tones of Mathews.

“Let’s dance and love, and love and dance, by all means,” said Krechting, passing his arm round Gertrude’s waist for the waltz.

“No,” said John of Leyden; “Eisenthurm opens the dance with Gertrude”—but the Knight had left the room—“then Rothmann will do so.”

But Rothmann gravely declined the honour.

“I dance with Dame Knipperdolling,” said John of Leyden, who, to the no small vexation of his bride and the Prophetess Mathews, persisted in pursuing Iutta with his undisguised attention.

Iutta pleaded her aversion to dancing in vain. “You shall dance,” Knipperdolling said, pressing her arm, as he spoke, in a manner almost to extract from her a token of pain; but she stoically bore this conjugal caress and the look of menace that accompanied it, remaining firm in her resolve to abstain from the dance; and whilst the giddy pairs whirled merrily round, Rothmann remained by her side, discussing the past, and questioning the future. The sun had almost risen when the party broke up to recruit their strength for the solemnities of the day.

SCOTTISH SONG.*

FROM the days of Dr. Beattie it has ceased to be beneath the dignity of philosophers to investigate the genius of Scottish song. They have fancied, indeed, that they found in it something peculiar. But the songs of various countries differ exactly like the characters of the people, because song is the spontaneous emanation of natural feeling. The grave Oriental, who, ashamed to sing himself, delegates that vain frivolity—like our Scottish ancestors of old—to the professional minstrel and the maiden of glee, takes a vicarious mode of satisfying the universal passion for celebrating the events and feelings of life. The African of the Niger, chanting at the paddle in monotonous cadence, and the thrush in the green leaves, “tuning its merry throat” in gushing melody, are actuated by kindred impulses. Man and nature own in this matter the same instinctive spell. The wild and rugged, but poetical and impassioned lyric of the serf upon the Steppes of Russia, rises to the rude music born of the whistling storm. The Scandinavian airs upon the Baltic shores, surge in pulsations borrowed from the heaving of the ocean; as they seem now to shadow forth the departed glories

of Danish or Norwegian sagas, singing the fierce and turbulent daring of the sea kings and the Norse, and at another time to sink into plaintive murmurs, like the voice of the brief but beauteous Swedish summer, breathed from the magic larynx of Jenny Lind, in her native song of “Com du lilla Flicka,” where images, like the ripple on the streamlet, and the dancing of the green leaves on the trees, succeed each other as shadows play over the grass, or winds wave the autumn corn. Germany, in its well-known songs, represents the impulses of social life. France, with its gay *chansons*, replaced by the grave but graphic ballads of Berangère, holds also distinctive realms of song. But it is in Spain and Andalusia that vocal trains of muleteers, threading the mountain paths, proclaim a land of song and story. Yet the palm of musical refinement has been assigned to Italy. We say nothing here of strains, which the luxurious Turk or Persian, lapped in the deep, dissolving dream of habitual inaction, is supposed to hear wafted with spicy odours over

“The gardens of Gul in their bloom.”

We believe emphatically that all that Eastern syba-

* “The Songs of Scotland,” adapted to their appropriate melodies, arranged with pianoforte accompaniments, by G. F. Graham, T. M. Mudie, J. T. Surene, H. E. Dibdin, Finlay Dun, &c. Illustrated with historical, biographical, and critical notices. By G. F. Graham. Edinburgh: Wood and Co.

“The Garland of Scotia,” a musical wreath of Scottish song, with descriptive and historical notes. Edited by John Turnbull and Peter Buchan. Glasgow: Mitchison.

rites conceive, or Italian softness feigns—that Spanish ballads tell, or German songs inspire—yea, that the gentle Danish ode, the grand Northern saga, or wild rolling Russian chorus in their turn contain—may be found epitomised in the chequered volume of the national songs of Scotland. An attempt has been made to characterise the songs of Scotland, from the plaintive turn which even the most animated of them possess.

“Just as your native Scottish airs
Some native touch of sadness wear.”

But we think they are more remarkable than the songs of any other country, chiefly for their infinite variety. Yet even for intrinsic merit, whether we regard their force of truth or fervour of pathos, they will bear comparison with any songs that bespeak a people responding, in collective character or individual capacity, to every throb of enthusiasm that strikes the chords of human sympathy through ages as they pass. A record thus fitted to recal as well as chronicle the scenes and periods of national story, cannot have been given in vain. It must constitute a gloss by which to read history itself more vividly. That Scottish song possesses not only this value, but also that of inherent artistic excellence, might, we believe, be very readily and conveniently proved. The one point is capable of being attested by the fact, that airs which have been preserved only traditionally amongst the players on “the pipe and the viol sac sma’,” till imperishably registered in the notation of Nathaniel Gow, in their connection with the language of popular Scottish song—exert an influence sufficient to cause the hearer live the very scenes and moments over thus tunefully immortalised. Thus it was that the brave Scottish regiment in India threw down its arms, when marching to combat, to the doleful music of “Lochaber no more;” whilst lions could not have emulated their courage at Waterloo,

“When wild and high the Cameron’s gathering rose.”

And for the second point, we may say, that high as Italian music now stands, there is something of it borrowed from the Scotch. Italian music itself would testify analitically how much it owes to the infusion of Scottish melody, even if we had not early and direct evidence of the fact. Alessandro Tassoni, in his “*Parisien Diversi*,” says, “*Noi ancora possiamo connumerar, tra nostri, Jacopo Re di Scozia che non par cose sacre campose in canto, ma trova da se stesso, una nuova musica, lamenterole e mesta, differenta da tutte l’altra. Nel che poi e stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo, Principe de Venosa che in questa, nostra. eta ha illustrata anch egli la musica Con nuove mirabili inventioni.*” [We may reckon among us moderns, James, King of Scotland, who not only composed many real pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all other, in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who, in our age, has improved music with new and admirable inventions.] After this early tribute, there is some scope for the patriotic vindication of Scottish scenery and music by Robert Fergusson; although one of the annotators of Wood’s songs attempts, with needless ire, to give a totally different turn to this plain Italian testimony:—

“The Arno and the Tiber lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang;

But save the reverence o’ schools,
They’re baith but lifeless, dowie pools.
Dought they compare wi’ bonnie Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer bead?
Or are their shores mair sweet an’ gay
Than Forth’s haughs an’ banks o’ Tay?
Though there the herds can jink the showers
’Mang thriving vines an’ myrtle bowers,
And blaw the reed to kittle strains,
While echo’s tongue commends their pains;
Like ours, they canna warm the heart
Wi’ simple, saft, bewitching art.
On Leader haughs an’ Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wad tune their lays
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our poetic grounds.”

Hame Content: a Satire.

Men are accustomed to associate their native song with childhood and the nursery—recollections which the searing and blighting influences of the world and its business rapidly efface. “Bothwell Banks,” and “Trosie Mosie,” the beautiful ballad of “May Colleen,” and even older fragments, all but perished, have been familiar once as household words to the ear of thousands “scattered far and wide,” who for the most part would recollect them now but as strains of music heard in slumber and in dreams. And yet the rich full voice of our national vocalist, John Wilson, never fails to evoke, wherever he goes, strong traces of national sentiment lingering yet at the hearts of his countrymen. It is probably out of this country, in the south beyond the border, in the far west of America (Mr. Wilson has been there, and can say), that the deep well-springs of these hidden emotions are most copiously opened up. He must be a very dull, insensate person, indeed, who cannot imagine what must have been the feelings of the Scotchman who heard a woman singing “Bothwell Banks,” as she stood at the door of an Arab tent, with an Arabian child in her arms. The child was her own; she was a Scotchwoman, but had married an Arab, and even in her desert life showed that her native feeling had not deserted her.

At home, it is amongst the peasantry that our native song has been mostly cherished. Thus Burns was enabled to do more for its preservation as a peasant than if he had been a king. But the choicest taste is not to be expected from rude and labouring hinds. When poor Fergusson sang (with a coarseness which afterwards unhappily reflected itself too potently in the superior but strongly imitative genius of Burns) the humours of the “Farmer’s Ingle,” he did but draw a broad picture of facts, over which refinement or modesty would drop the veil. In such an atmosphere it was not possible the repositories of national song could remain untainted. The great glory of Burns, and the grand palliation of his errors, has consequently been his rescue of at least fifty distinct fragments of Scottish song from the rude keeping of tradition, and his actual investiture of many more with decent habiliments, in the shape of words that might bear to be unblushingly repeated. That Burns did not invariably pursue this latter impulse, which in many instances so gloriously actuated him, is to be lamented, but may be explained by the slightest reference to the temperament and character of the man, or to the circumstances and associates where by he was surrounded. The marvel, then, would be that he should really have succeeded in

snatching so many exquisite fragments of our ancient minstrelsy from fast-approaching oblivion, rather than that, with the light he possessed, he should not have been more fastidious in sentiment. Allan Cunningham, speaking of the song of "Kellyburn Braes," which was one of the rescued, tells us that Mrs. Burns, once in his presence, running cursorily over a collection of Scottish songs, said, "Robert gave this ane a brushing—an' he gave this ane a gay brushing." But when she came to the song in question, she said, "he gave this ane a terrible brushing." Tannahill, in his day, bitterly complained that Burns had already appropriated all the best of our airs, and left him none whereon to operate. In the notes to one of the collections mentioned at the head of this article, four of our best old airs—"The Yellow-haired Laddie," "Peggie, I Must Love Thee," "The Boatman," and "Allan Water"—are indicated as unsuited with words even yet, and open to all aspiring bards who, instead of attempting to cope with Burns, are significantly recommended to make choice of melodies still "unwedded to immortal verse." At this moment, it appears to us that, if the lovers of Scottish song have not to learn, they have still in its full extent to appreciate what is owing in this respect to Burns. As intimately associated as the name of Robert Bruce with our national independence, we hold the name of Robert Burns to be linked with the fame of our national song. The soil of Kyle has given its Avatar as well as the soil of Carrick. Is that of Cunningham destined to complete the Ayrshire Triad, and, in the lapse of another 500 years, produce a third? If so, who will he be, and what his mission? The first a king—the second a peasant—the third may probably be the Dr. Horn-book of the village, who will discover the perpetual motion, or perfect the airy science of atmospheric navigation.

We must not, however, forget what is due to Allan Ramsay in the same field of labour in which Burns stands pre-eminent—*arcades ambo*. The thrilling domestic song of "My Ain Fireside" is of Ramsay's period—the production of his friend and correspondent, William Hamilton. In his "Tea Table Miscellany," Allan Ramsay affords the only traces we possess of the authorship of "The Broom of the Cowdenknowes," by affixing to it the uninterpreted initials, "S. R."—probably his own after all, and a misprint for "A. R." James Watson, in his collection of ancient poems, published, 120 years ago, two parts of a song of the self-same character as "Auld Langsyne," and Allan Ramsay followed in the same walk. Ramsay also wrote a song to the same tune as Burns's "Nannie O." There was even another prior to both. Ramsay, in short, renovated, like Burns, many of the old decayed Scottish songs. Of these, "The Yellow-haired Laddie" is one. Another set of words, adapted also by Ramsay to this air in "The Gentle Shepherd," shows not only how he loved it, but indicates to some extent his taste in Scottish song:—

"Our Jenny sings saftly 'The Cowden Broom Knowes,'
And Rosie liltis sweetly the 'Milking the Ewes';
There's few 'Jenny Nettles' like Nancy can sing;
At 'Thro' the Wood Laddie,' Bess gurs our lugs ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
'The Boatman,' 'Tweedside,' and 'The Lass o' the Mill,'

'Tis many times sweeter and pleasant to me,
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee."

Allan Ramsay was the first to publish that most pathetic of fragments, "Waly, Waly." The best of all his songs, "The Waulking o' the Fauld," from the Gentle Shepherd, is founded on one of a much more ancient date, thus nobly rescued from indelicacy. Ramsay first published, in an entire form, "Tak' yer auld cloak about ye," though Bishop Percy, on the strength of an additional stanza, afterwards put forth an Anglicised version! To Allan Ramsay we owe the preservation of an accurate picture of Scottish pastoral life and domestic love in the song of "Ettrick Banks":—

"All day when we hae wrought enough,
When winter frost and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gae west the loch,
At night, when you set down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring;
And thus the weary night will en',
Till the tender bird and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

"Synne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka fell,
I'll meet my lass among the broom,
And lead you to the summer shiel.
Then far from a' the scornfu' din,
That makes the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the longest day seem short."

"The Ewe Buchta," to which Ramsay made additions, is also a very old song. A new version has been offered in one of the collections before us; but we spurn it, whilst we know of such as this:—

"There's gowd in your garters, Marion,*
And silk on your white hause bane;
Fu' faim wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape and glow'r with their eye,
At kirk when they see my Marion;
But nae o' them lo'es like me.

"I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow an' a brawny quey;
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.
An' ye's get a green serge apron,
An' waistcoat of London brown;
And wow but ye will be vap'ring
Whene'er ye gang to the toun.

"I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.
Sae put on yer parlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramasie,
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west an' see ye."

These few and slight memorials must testify for Allan Ramsay that he too has done his part in the regeneration of genuine Scottish song.

The mediæval harper, when nobles "made a hall," and hung upon his accents as he recounted feats of chivalry and ancestral fame, has been charged by Bishop Percy with paying but little attention to the relative adaptations of melody and words. The worthy Bishop heartily deprecates the license assumed by the minstrels of varying the accents of

* Pronounced Maron.

words at pleasure to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in their rhymes—as, he says—

<i>Comtrie</i>	<i>harper</i>	<i>ball'd</i>	<i>morning</i>
<i>Ladye</i>	<i>singer</i>	<i>damsel</i>	<i>loving</i>

instead of *country, lady, harper, singer, &c.* Thus, in the nice ear of an English Bishop, the quaint accentuation of these antique strains, for which we cannot resist an unhappy admiration, lapses into a fault. Yet all England has been unable to produce a body of national song like ours. That this does not altogether result from the over-fastidiousness of the English ear, nor yet from a longer course of refinement in a land where the art of musical notation, traced back to Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Books, is not of higher antiquity than the real or fallacious melodies of Queen Mary's Rizzio, or at all events the quaint and curious Skene MS. of our Advocates' Library, and where the tide of song must have floated, as in ours, amongst the traditionary vulgar, is susceptible of demonstration. Gay was fain to select Scottish airs, such as "Corn Riggs," for the infamous but polished strains of his blackguard opera. And the peasantry of England, equally at a loss for language as the wits for music, were not a whit more happy in popular productions. For instance, the celebrated Cumberland song of "Carel [Carlisle] Fair" to the Scotch tune "Woo'd an' married an'" commences :—

"My neame's Jurry Jurden, frae Threlket ;
Just swat down, and lissen my sang ;
I'll mappen afword some diversion,
An' tell ye how monie things gang."

And it concludes :—

"Thro' lyfe we hev aw maks among us ;
Sad changes ilk bodie mun share :
To-day were just puzen'd wi' plishure,
To-morn we're bent double wi' care."

Compare this with the euphony of the original, or even with an improvised fragment taken down some years ago from the lips of a blind Glasgow poet—James Brown—a frequenter of the river steamers :—

"Let pleasure fa' like a simmer shower,
In proper time an' season O ;
But never drink to drown the power,
The glorious power o' Reason O !"

They need not tell us that any Englishman could have done *that*, although they say that Mat. Lewis ("The Monk") wrote "The Banks of Allan Water," (enumerated by our Scotch editors, by the way, as an air still wanting words,) and Bishop Percy himself, "O Nanny wilt thou gang with me?" certainly a very beautiful song. The difference of euphony in the cases contrasted may probably be excused by the breadth of the Cumberland doric. But where, in rural England, is the evil of *patois* to be obviated? Not in Yorkshire, or in Somersetshire, where it assuredly gets worse. Not even if we penetrate to the Land's End; for ten to one but any Cornish chough that chatters from St. Michael's mount, or Truro steeple-top, will prove as intelligible to the ear as one of Lady Basset's Cornish peasantry. We are aware of one instance in which even a Cumberland man, with the benefit, however, of a Scottish education, succeeded in writing the verses which, by popular consent, accompany a celebrated Scottish air—verses which Burns has generously called

"beautiful." The air is Roslin Castle; and the writer, one Richard Hewitt, who, when a boy, had been engaged to lead the blind Dr. Blacklock, by whom he was educated and employed as amanuensis. The verses, though sweet, follow at a most immeasurable distance the delicious language of Michael Bruce, in his inimitable Cuckoo Ode to Spring, of which they inevitably remind us :—

"Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake, and sing,
Awake, and join the vocal throng
Who hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O, bid her haste and come away,
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn."

"O, hail my love! on every spray
Each feathered warbler tunes his lay,
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms."

This somewhat insipid sentimentality must "pale its ineffectual fires," wedded though it be to Scottish music, when placed in contrast with genuine Scottish song. We frequently hear of a "Nicht wi' Burns," of a "Scott Entertainment," or a "Jacobite Evening," as the catch-word of a popular concert. But the truth is, that the range of Scottish song embraces not a few, but many epochs, which, isolated each into a distinct series, might call up as perfect a picture of the past as, probably, the fragments which are said to have been strung together in Homer's *Iliad* at first afforded of the siege of Troy; or, at all events, as the ballads of Spain now supply of the life and actions of the Cid. Whether the doleful strains of James the First's King's Quhair, the rough, racy stanzas of Old Dunbar, or the cutting satire of Davie Lyndsay, could now be thus assembled and assorted without insuperable difficulty, there might be room to doubt. But we think there might be a gorgeous love-series of the songs of Queen Mary, Chatelard, and the Scottish Anacreon, Alexander Scott. Still more, arriving at ages the more acknowledged sources of Scottish song, it would be found that the latter Jameses, and Alexander, Earl of Stirling, contributed a host of popular pieces. The period of religious persecution—when the scoffs and taunts of the Cavaliers were retorted by the satirical songs of the Whigs—was rife with a rich chapter of such songs as the ballad strains of "Bothwell Brig," and "The Battle of Shirramuir," in which the author, whose

"Sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man,
An' swore she saw the rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man,"

candidly confesses, for the matter of running, that

"They ran and we ran—awa', man."

To these, of course, would fall to be added the incidents which modern writers have seen meet to celebrate; such as Sir Walter Scott's

"Hurrah for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."

Montrose himself was a famous ballad-monger, and solaced his leisure moments by composing songs in the true Cavalier style. His principal, and rather

long-winded composition, is the well-known canzonet characteristically beginning,

"My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee,
Be guided by no other way
But purest monarchy."

The era of Jacobite excitement supplies a remarkable illustration of the epic force of our collected songs. The whole history of the rebellions in Scotland might be found written, not by Robert Chambers in a couple of small octavos; but in pure song and imperishable tradition still thrilling in a nation's ears. Let us attempt to trace it out by way of episode. One plaintive lay must suffice for the era of the Rebellion of 1715:—

"By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears down came:—
'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

"The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame;
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

"My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' and dame;
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

"Now life is a burden that bows me sair down,
Sin' I tint my bairns an' he tint his crown.
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

George Halket, the schoolmaster of Rathen, Aberdeenshire, was one of the most uncompromising of Jacobite songsters, as his "Wherry Whigs awa', man," and other highly-esteemed Jacobite productions, preserved by Mr. Peter Buchan, amply attest. In one of the most exquisite of Scottish songs, now seldom sung with Jacobite associations, he thus commemorates the conscription of the clans:—

"O Logie o' Buchan, an' Logie the laird,
They hae taen awa' Jamie that delved in the yard,
Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma';
They hae taen awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
He said, 'Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa';'
He said, 'Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa';'
For simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come and see thee, in spite of them a'."

And, inconsistent as it may seem with military discipline, this Jamie was quite likely to keep his word. It was a special failing of "the Highland host," to prefer private business to public engagements, and if they fought a battle to-day, to be off for the harvesting at home to-morrow. Logie o' Buchan and Logie the Laird were two different Logies. Jamie was James Robertson, gardener to the Laird of Logie, in the Aberdeenshire parish of Crimond. The song proceeds:—

"I sit on my creepie,* and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae sarpence, he brak it in twa,
And gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa'."

"The force of true love could no further go." And truly the man who could "make the songs of a country" so true to nature, had little need to care who made its history. This the Duke of Cumberland seems to have felt, when he set one hundred guineas as a price upon the head of the author, George Hal-

ket, dead or alive! It is a historical parallel which recalls the slaughter of the Welsh Bards by Edward I., or Macbeth's law against the strolling minstrels of Scotland, ordaining that, wherever one of these tuneless vagrants could be caught on Scottish ground, he should be branded on the cheek, the ox taken from the plough, and the minstrel yokod instead.

Perhaps the most spirited song of the Jacobite set, whether in sense or sound, is:—

"What's a' the steer, kimmer? what's a' the steer?
Charlie he is landed, and haith he'll soon be here;
The win' was at his back, carle, the win' was at his back,
I carena, since he's come, carle, we werena worth a plack.
I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer, I'm right glad to hear't,
I hae a gude braid claymore, and for his sake I'll wear't.
Since Charlie he is landed, we hae nae mair to fear,
Since Charlie he is come, kimmer, we'll hae a jubilee year."

The well-known song of "Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg?" though under the hand of Hogg, is not a "Jacobite Relique," but an original of the shepherd's own. It was first published in the "Border Garland," a work projected to give publicity to Hogg's compositions, both poetical and musical, but which the public did not sufficiently appreciate, and there never appeared a second number. Neil Gow, the younger, composed the music of this favourite song. It is spirit-stirring as a Highland pibroch.

"Wha'll be King but Charlie?"—a melody common in Ireland, has been universally known in this country also since 1745, when it was introduced as one of the active incentives of Rebellion by the Irish partizans of Prince Charles Edward, as we learn from Captain Simon Fraser's "Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland and the Isles. Edin., 1816." The words of the refrain—

"Come through the heather,
Around him gather"—

we have always regarded as trumpet-toned. Perhaps the two best stanzas are:—

"The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John O'Groat's to Airy,
Hae to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

"There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart nor hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie."

"O Charlie is my Darling" portrays the pitch of Jacobite enthusiasm in Edinburgh. The "improved" words suggested by Captain Charles Gray fall altogether short of the original, which bears the emendations of Burns, Hogg, and Mrs. Grant of Laggan. How vividly they summon back the veritable scene! It is exactly Thomas Duncan's great picture of "Prince Charles Edward and the Clans":—

"As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came rinnin' out,
To meet the Chevalier.

"Wi' Hieland bonnets cock't agee,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.

"They've left their bonny Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.

* A three-legged stool.

"Oh! there were many beating hearts,
And many hopes and fears,
And many were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier."

Another of those tokens of devotion which the Jacobite ladies showered on Prince Charlie commences:—

"He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's o'er the hills we daurna name,
He's o'er the hills ayont Dumblane,
Wha' soon will get his welcome hame.
My father's gane to fight for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame,
My mither greets and prays for them,
And deed she thinks they're no to blame."

Mark the exulting ridicule of opposition indulged in by the Jacobite muse once it hero's enterprise was fairly afoot:—

"O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
He's come o'er the sea to his ain countrie,
O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
Awa', awa', auld carlie,*
Awa', awa', auld carlie,
Gie Charlie his crown, and let him sit down,
Whare ye've been sae lang, auld carlie."

"The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,
The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,
And Charlie's awa' to see his ain ha',
And to bang his foes right sairly."

"Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
He's come o'er the sea to his ain countrie,
Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie?"

We perceive much blame bestowed on some who have added excellent stanzas to the words of Burns, and that in one of the collections before us, where more old songs are set aside for the ambling rhymes of modern versions than in any other we have seen. The "Broom of the Cowdenknoves" has been supplanted by a mere echo of Mr. Robert Gilfillan's most popular song, "O why left I my hame?" by the same hand; and the author of "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," who ought to have exhibited better taste, has actually pulled to pieces the inimitable satire of Johnnie Cope, and proffered us instead, *con spirito ma non troppo presto*, (was there ever such a stage direction!) a piece of which one couplet will suffice for a specimen:—

"Now row dow rolPd the English drum,
The Highland bagpipe gied a bum."

And *this* was the prelude to the battle of Preston! Admitting that the gallant captain has done something with the glorious episode of Colonel Gardiner, could anything compensate for the historical presence of battle, and its consequents—the intensity of Lord Mark Kerr's famous sarcasm—and the contumely that covers the flight of the English General—in the original song? When Sir John Cope reached Berwick with his dragoons, Lord Mark Kerr told him, says Sir Walter Scott, "that he believed he was the first General in Europe who had brought the tidings of his own defeat." Honest Adam Skirving,† the

* Meaning George I., or, as they would have called him, the Elector of Hanover.

† Skirving was farmer of East Garleton, a mile and a half north

Garleton farmer, who penned the Jacobite ditty, did not forget this:—

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
So early in the morning."

The song of "Charlie is my Darling" has also been supplanted in a similar manner. However beautiful Motherwell's overrated verses, "The Murmur of the Merry Brook," they can but with difficulty be adapted in execution to the Jacobite air of "The Bonny Brier Bush," the usual words to which supply yet another phase in this Jacobite movement:—

"There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard,
And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard;
Like wee bit white cockauds for our loyal Hieland lads,
And the lasses lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.
"But were they a' true that were far awa'?"
O were they a' true that were far awa'?"
They drew up wi' glauket Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld friends when far awa'.
"Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye've been,
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol's green;
Ye lo'ed ower weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'."

If Duke William of Cumberland had decapitated all the male Scottish bards at a hundred and five pounds a-head, on his march to the north, he would still, before exterminating the tuneful race of this period, have had to include the other sex, for nine-tenths of the Jacobite songs suggest the idea of female authorship. A lady of the house of Cullcu, in Buchan, produced the bitterly satirical strain of "Here awa', there awa', Wandering Willie," of which Duke William was himself the hero.

In extremity of pathos, the songs of Jacobite exile are as striking as the scorn and sarcasm of those of temporary success had been triumphant. Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel," alludes to the following song, which Hogg doubtfully ascribes to Allan Cunningham. Its every syllable seems wrung in a sigh from the exile's heart:—

"Hame, hame, hame, O hame I fain wad be,
Hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
There's an e'e that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan water wi' my bonny band again;
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
"Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!"

of Haddington, and also author of the song of "Tranent Muir," of which the ninth stanza runs thus:—

"And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man.
"Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he called for aid, man,
Being full of dread lap ower his head,
An' wadna' be gainsaid, man.
"He made sic haste, sic spurred his beast,
"Twas little then he saw, man:
To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man.
"But let that end, for weel 'tis kenned
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never thought
When he had room to flee, man."

Burns says that Lieut. Smith sent a challenge to Skirving. "Gang away back," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here an' I'll tak' a look o' him, and if he think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no—I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa'."

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water't in the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

"Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
There's nought now frae ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again an' fight for their ain countrie.

"Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is grown aboon their bloody grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e—
'I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

The Jacobite air of "Lewie Gordon" is from the old Scottish melody of "Tarry Woo'." The words refer to Lewis Gordon, third son of the second Duke of Gordon. He engaged and defeated the laird of M'Leod and the Royalists at Inverury, escaped abroad after Culloden, and died at Montreuil. "The lad I daurna name" was, of course, the Chevalier:—

"O send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name,
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.

"O hon, my Highland man,
O, my bonnie Highland man,
Weel wad I my true love ken,
Among ten thousand Highlandmen."

"O, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon the knee,
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'."

There are one or two more stanzas, which the editor of Wood's volume, substituting others equally miserable, declares unsuited to the air, and little better than street doggerel.

Another favourite Jacobite air, pressed more than once into the rebel service, is now best known in connection with the wail for the exiles:—

"My Ronald was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain,
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

"Oh, for him back again,
Oh, for him back again,
I wad gie a' Knocknaspie's land,
For Highland Ronald back again."

But if the lady is first sorry, she is finally vindictive:—

"When a' the lave gang to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen,
And sit me down to greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

"Oh, were some villains hangit high,
An' ilka bodie had their ain,
Then I wad see the joyfu' sight
O' Highland Ronald back again."

Then who can forget the long lingering Jacobite pledge when all was over—

"Here's a health to them that's awa'"—

with its significant sign—the passing of the glass over the water?

As regards our more modern Scottish song, symptoms of fastidiousness, similar to those so strongly evinced by Bishop Percy, tempt us to suspect that the true poetry of popular song has run its course. Our new collectors are not only given to "modern

versions," but in many instances do not scruple to condemn the finest fragments of our older Song, because the old words will not sing to their modernised airs! In "Kind Robin lo'es me," the occasional division of one old note into two modern ones, is first of all effected to suit the greater number of syllables in the modern song:—

"Happy, happy was the shower,
That led me to his birken bower,
Where first of love I fand the power,
And ken'd that Robin lo'ed me."

Now this stanza had long appeared irreconcilable to the ancient measure:—

"O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she.
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin lo'es me."

when a version of the air was discovered in the M'Farlane MS., (a collection made for the Laird of M'Farlane, about 1740-43, and now in possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,) which showed that "if the first, third, and fifth bars (measures) are each made to consist of two minims, and the first two crotchets of the seventh bar be changed into one minim, the air will then be found to suit the old form of the song." (Wood's Songs of Scotland, vol. i. p. 111., note.) And thus it is that the fine simple melodies of Scotland are rapidly sinking beneath a load of foreign ornament and modern alteration. The old form of the song of "Kind Robin lo'es me" originated prior to the Reformation, as a parody got up in ridicule of one of the most beautiful hymns of the ancient cathedral service.

The remains of ancient Scottish song and music have, since the publication of Mr. Daune's "Dissertation on the Skene MS.," excited very considerable attention, as it is surmised that several old music books in tablature may still be hidden in the repositories of Scottish families of rank.

"The Godlie Songs of Wedderburne"—a person concerning whom a conjecture has been hazarded, that he may have been the same named in the Harleian MS., as author of "The Complaynt of Scotland"—were originally printed in black letter, by Andrew Hart, 1590, under the title of "Ane Compendious Book of Godlie and Spiritual Sangs, collected out of sundrie parts of Scripture, with saudrie other Ballants, changed out of profane sangs, for avoiding of sin and harlotrie." This was the reaction of the process by which the cathedral chants had been profaned, and it was carried fully to an opposite extreme. An idea of the mode in which, absurd as it may seem, such songs assisted the work of the Reformation, may be formed from the circumstance that "Up in the Morning Early," "Widow, are ye Wauking?" "The Hunt is up," "Till our Gudeman," "I'll never Leave Thee," and "Tuttie Tattie" itself, ("Scots wha hae,") were amongst the airs adapted to psalms and to paraphrases, and even to compositions containing satirical invectives against the abuses and corruptions of the Established Church.

Mr. Daune, in his "Dissertation," p. 146-7, makes an enumeration of the subsisting MSS. of Scottish music. We shall only allude to the most interesting, viz.—the Skene MS., belonging to the Advocates' Library, a collection of Scottish airs, and foreign dance tunes, formed thirty or forty years

after the commencement of the seventeenth century, by John Skene of Hallyards, Mid-Lothian, second son of the eminent Scotch lawyer, Sir John Skene, of Curriehill; Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch's MS. lute book, dated 1627-29; the MS. lute book of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, (who died at the age of sixty-three, in 1657.) containing chiefly foreign tunes, with a few Scottish airs; a MS. for the lyra viol, which belonged to Dr. John Leyden the poet; MS. tunes in tablature discovered by Mr. Laing, in a volume of the sermons of James Guthrie, a non-conforming minister, executed in 1661; two volumes in tablature for the *viol de gamba*, dated 1683 and 1692; and the collection of 1740, "for the use of Walter M'Farlane of that ilk," to which allusion has already been made.

It remains only to refer to the printed collections, subsequent to Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany." They commence with the "Orpheus Caledonius of James Thomson," 1725; and the "Caledonian Pocket Companion," as well as the "First and Second Collections of James Oswald." Thomson and Oswald's publications all appeared in London prior to 1742. These early collectors have been heartily reproached with the dishonesty of appropriating to themselves the merit of various Scottish melodies, and with the seemingly more unpardonable offence of imputing their own and other compositions to David Rizzio. Such faults are venial, however, in our estimation, compared with the attempts which, as we have seen, have been made more recently to innovate at once the words and music of our popular songs. Clearly as the commentators may have succeeded in stripping Oswald and Company of their borrowed plumes, we are not so certain that they can divest Rizzio altogether of musical honours. We are sorely tempted to look upon the sage and wily Italian of Queen Mary's closet as an old man of tolerably respectable accomplishments. Tradition, to whose crude keeping his compositions may have been imparted, till Thomson and Oswald caught them up, has kept other airs equally long and equally well. And notwithstanding all that has been said, Rizzio must continue to be remembered in connection with the tunes ascribed to him by tradition, by Thomson and

by Oswald. M'Gibbon's collection, we believe, was published even prior to theirs. We have also Craig's collection in 1730, and we learn that Craig was an old man when he published, having flourished as one of the principal violin players at the Edinburgh concerts of 1695. David Herd's "Ancient and Modern Songs" were published in 1776; Neil Stewart's "Forty Scots Songs for the Harpsichord" in 1783. Subsequently, we have Francis Peacock's "Fifty Favourite Scottish Airs," and "Watt's Musical Miscellany." But the great mine of Scottish song is "Johnson's Museum"—the work in which the immortal genius of Burns first transpired—a vast collection of Scottish songs and melodies, which, like a quarry, great enough for the construction of many a noble edifice, affords the chief materials of all the so-called collectors of the present day. These six volumes, containing six hundred melodies, were first produced at Edinburgh, betwixt 1787 and 1803. In the meantime, William Napier's collection of 1790 appeared in London, in two volumes folio—the latter volume containing one hundred songs, harmonised by the great composer, Joseph Haydn. We have also the collections of Robert Bremner, Pietro Urbani (an Edinburgh music-master,) that of William Whyte, and, besides, "R. A. Smith's Minstrel,"—all of later date. The standard collection, with which the name of Burns is prominently associated, and to which Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Johanna Baillie, and several of our living poets, as, for example, David Vedder, largely contributed, is the collection of the veteran George Thomson, "the correspondent of Burns," who, at an advanced but vigorous age, resides near the Links at Leith. Mr. Thomson projected his work in 1792, and began his correspondence with Burns in September of that year, a correspondence which ended in the month and year in which Burns died—July, 1796. Haydn, Beethoven, and Weber, were amongst those concerned in harmonising the melodies and composing introductory and concluding symphonies. Above one hundred of the songs were written by Burns, and the publication, extending from 1793 to 1841, has been completed in six folio volumes. It is a great national work, and will form the most enduring monument of Scottish song.

PRAIRIE-BIRD'S HYMN.*

BEHIND the purple mountains, along the glowing west,
Sinks down the Sun in crimson clouds, that curtain all his rest;
And one by one the twinkling Stars in mild effulgence rise,
Sowing and spangling o'er with light the azure midnight skies;
And 'midst them moves the silver Moon, and all with glad acclaim,
Sing forth, " 'Tis God, who made us all, and hallow'd be His name."

The good Great Spirit of our race, He, He alone, is Lord,
And He to cheer our hearts hath sent His high and holy Word;
But o'er the ancient people the darkness of the mind
Unbroken broods; their ears are deaf; with wrong their eyes are
blind;

Yet the Great Spirit waits to hear their voice of sin and shame—
Still ready is His hand to save; and hallow'd be His name!

Sion and the eternal hills His throne and footstool are,
He speaks in thunder, and His glance of lightning flashes far;
Before Him quails the Evil One: the Eagle's towering flight,
And ardent gaze, they cannot reach His throne, or brook His light;

Yet from His hand all living things their life and joyance take,
The butterfly that sips the rose, the wren that skims the brake;
The wild horse on the prairie He leads from lawn to lawn,
To leafy shade and cooling stream He guides the panting fawn;
Beast, bird and insect, flower and blade, the meanest still may claim
The universal Father's care; and hallow'd be His name!

And I, poor Prairie-bird, who hymn His praises in the wild,
I know His love will not forsake the forest's lonely child;
The leaflet, tempest-shaken from the bough, He will not scorn,
Who far away did nurse the spray whereon the bud was born;
The bison calf unto its dam goes bleating o'er the hill,
And to its mother's shaded nest swift flies the whip-poor-will;
But Prairie-bird, by mother's voice uncalled, uncheer'd, must roam;
The green-wood-glade her cradle made, the prairie is her home;
Yet He will still protect her way, from whom her being came,
The Father of the fatherless, and hallow'd be His name!

I.

* Verified from the words in the Novel of the "Prairie-Bird," by the Hon. C. A. Murray. Foolscap 8vo. London, 1845. Page 211.