

SCOTTISH SONGS.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude red wine:
O where will I get a skilfu' skipper
To sail this ship of mine?
O up then spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,—
Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
This day that sails the sea.

The king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.
The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughed he;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

O who is he has done this deed,
 And told the king of me,
 To send us out this time of the year
 To sail upon the sea?
 Be't wind, be't weet, be't snow, be't sleet,
 Our ship maun sail the faem—
 The king's daughter of Noroway,
 O we maun bring her hame.

Make ready, make ready, my merry men a',
 Our gude ship sails the morn.
 Now ever alake, my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm;—
 Yestre'en I saw the new moon
 With the auld moon in her arm;
 And if we gang to sea, master,
 I fear we'll come to harm.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
 A league, but barely three;
 When the sky grew dark, the wind blew loud,
 And gurly grew the sea:
 The sails were rent, the topmasts lap—
 It was a deadly storm;
 And the waves came owre the broken ship
 And a' her sides were torn.

O where will I get a gude sailor
 To take my helm in hand,
 Till I go up to the tall topmast,
 And see if I can spy land?

O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take your helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast—
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land.

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely three,
When a bolt lap out o' our goodly ship
And in came the salt sea.
O laith laith were our Scottish lords,
To weet their cork-heeled shoon ;
But lang before the play was played,
They wet their hats aboon.

The ladies wrung their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair ;
And all for sake of their true loves,
Whom they'll see never mair.
O lang, lang may our ladies sit
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' the gowd kames in their hair,
A waiting for their own true loves !
For them they'll ne'er see mair.
Half owre, half owre frae Aberdour,
It's fifty fathom deep ;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

I believe, with tradition, that much of this ballad is very old; nearly as old, perhaps, as the time of its story, the days of the Fair Maiden of Norway. Many curious copies have been published; and Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Jamieson have augmented, from tradition, the original verses printed by Bishop Percy, to more than double the number. The catastrophe is not rendered more striking, though many characteristic incidents are added. Certainly the original story is more concise than ancient ballads commonly are; yet the new version of the narrative seems inconsistent. I can see little to make Sir Patrick weep in the second line of the verse, since he laughed loud on reading the first; for the command to sail to Norway is given in the first and repeated in the second. See how naturally the current of the story flows on in the old copy. The king's command is only expressed in the alarm of Sir Patrick and the orders which he gives his mariners; the ominous appearance of the double moon is mentioned with the awe of a sailor for supernatural occurrences—the ship sails—the predicted storm comes on; and, half-way from Scotland to Norway, she goes down with our Scottish nobles.

I have enriched the old and simple narrative, to which I have adhered, with a number of the new verses: to one to whom the ballad is new—if such a person can be found, the whole will appear struck out at the same time and with the same spirit. Imperfect as it perhaps is, we have little in the language which excels it; and I never heard of any one who was unmoved by it, except the singular author of *Vathek*: he calls it a silly

ballad. It is naturalized in Germany, by the beautiful version of Professor Herder.

It is imagined, by one who will seldom be found mistaken, that Sir Patrick was despatched by Alexander the Third to bring his grand-daughter from Norway; and such has ever been the traditional history which I have heard of this historical ballad. The fears of Sir Patrick for a winter voyage in the northern seas were common to Scotland: by a law of James the Third, no ship is allowed to be freighted out of the realm with staple goods, from the feast of Simon's-day and Jude, till the feast of the Purification of Our Lady at Candlemas.

In three various copies the ship sinks in as many different places: "Forty miles off Aberdeen,"—"Half owre, half owre frae Aberdour,"—and "At the back of auld St. Johnston's dykes." Such variations are ever found in our old songs before they are secured by publication from the innovations and changes of tradition.

Mony was the feather bed
 That flotter'd on the faem,
 And mony was the gude Scots lord
 Gaed awa that ne'er came hame;
 And mony was the fatherless bairn
 That lay at hame greetin'.

This is one of the verses preserved by Jamieson; it is very characteristic.

GUDE WALLACE.

A lady sat by the greenwood side,
And sore she sighed, and thus she sang :
O where art thou now, gude Wallace?
O wight Wallace, ye tarry lang !
Gude Wallace took off his bright steel cap,
And dropt his mantle aneath his knee ;
What tidings, what tidings, fair lady, he said,
And who holds rule in the low countree ?

In yon hostel house are fifteen knights,
Thus to gude Wallace that lady sang,—
And they have taen him, black Douglas ;
Their meanest word is head and hang.
Gude Wallace put on his bright steel cap,
And his brown sword in hand took he :
Now will I down to yon hostel house,
Those fifteen southron knights to see.

I'll win broad lands, said one proud knight,
O'er which a hawk would fail to flee ;
A stately tower and a lady's love,
When I the gude Wallace shall see.
A loud laugh laughed he, the black Douglas—
I'll change my knighthood with a knave,
When you gain more from the gude Wallace
Than a single blow and a bloody grave.

Rude were the oaths, and red was the wine,
 When a hasty step came to the door ;
 On a bloody field, thought he, black Douglas,
 I've heard that stately step before.
 Now forward churl ! Sir Aylmer said,
 Three buffets from me shalt thou dree,
 Unless ye come from green Nithsdale
 With news of wight Wallace to me.

Small news I bring from him, gude Wallace,
 And grim the hero smiled and stern,—
 He sends a churlish hand to bless
 You with this burly blade of airn.
 And he smote right, and he smote left,
 He smote behind and he smote before,
 Till all the fifteen southron knights
 Lay drenched and dying in their gore.

Even as he stood and saw them lie,
 Their blood yet on his sword was het,
 When a flock of armed Englishmen
 Leapt from their steeds around the yett.
 Come forth, come forth, now wight Wallace !
 This is the day that thou manna die.
 I lippen more unto God, he said :
 Although I be but ill-wordie.

That lady came—all aneath the moon,
 With white hands held to heaven, she stood,
 Till twelve of fifteen Englishmen
 Even at her feet lay in their blood.

Ye'll run from me, quo' the wight Wallace,
 When the bird can from the falcon flee ;
 And he followed fast him, the gude Wallace,
 And smote them all by the greenwood tree.

He wiped his sword there, the gude Wallace,
 And cleansed his hands and brow from blood ;
 I fight but faint, quo' the gude Wallace,
 It's three days nigh since I tasted food.
 I'd rather walk 'mid southron blood,
 Wet-footed on the lily lea,
 Than call the King of England lord,
 With all the gold he can give to me. •

Most part of the "Gude Wallace" seems of high antiquity. In endeavouring to unite the remains of several songs into one consistent story, I have sought to avoid offering violence to the meaning, the character, or the words,—dismissing only what was silly or vulgar, and retaining the simple and direct homeliness of the fragments. The measures of these mutilated songs or chants are various—the story is much the same, and the aim of all is alike, namely, to exhibit the personal prowess, undaunted daring, and unequalled strength of the favourite hero. One makes him strike up the door and confront his enemies; another gives him the garb, the vocation, and the privileges of a minstrel; while a third disguises him in the patched covering of a mendicant, and makes him, for his further security, "crook his leg and bow his knee," like the joyous beggar in the song of James the Fifth. I have adopted the way which

seemed most consistent with the open, undismayed, and generous courage of his character. As an example of the old verses of one of the fragments, I can only spare room for the following:—

“ Though lame of a leg and blind of an e’e,
You’re as like William Wallace as ever I did see.”

It would seem that the personal strength, and stature and martial beauty of Wallace, had obtained more than justice in the songs of the minstrels and traditions of the people. His beauty is described as captivating as his sword was irresistible, his swiftness of foot unmatched, and his courage and skill equal to the most marvellous deeds. As the time of his actions grew more remote, a fabulous strength and stature were ascribed to him, and an ancient and noble matron is made in the romance of Boece—who dare call it history?—to describe him to the king as possessing twice the strength of the renowned Bruce.

To his purity of motive, and fortitude and heroism, justice has been done by posterity; not alone in the cold parenthesis of Thomson,

(Great patriot hero, ill-requited chief!)

but by the eulogiums of the wise, the gifted, and the good. He has been accused of cruelty: read Edward’s invasions, and then read the admonition of Wallace to the Monks of Hexmondsham, when he invaded England in his turn.—“ Abide with me, for my men are evil-

doers, and I may not chastise them." He has been called savage, because the hero who saw his country deluged with blood, his father and brethren slain, his kinsmen treacherously murdered, and his wife burnt to death in her castle, exclaimed, when gold and lands were offered as the price of his faith,

I love better to see the Southron die,
Than gold or land that they can give to me.

He was a man much too noble for his times; and the crime of his death will for ever stain the memory of that martial but ruthless barbarian who spilt his blood for seeking to save his country.

I am sorry to deprive my favourite borough, Lechmaben, of the honour of having given a dinner to Sir William Wallace; but I was more anxious to conclude with something of a sentiment, than with a desire to dine. A fragment from which much of this song is selected was printed in Johnson's Musical Museum. The first verse makes him lament, that between him and his righteous king there was some ill seed sown. At that time there was no king in Scotland whom he would have wished to serve. The verse has no connexion with the rest of the story.

THE GABERLUNYIE MAN.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
 Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
 Will you lodge a silly poor man?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blythe and merry wad I be!
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee twa thegither were say'ng,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O! quo' she, an I were as white
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
 And awa' with thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They rose a wee before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claise ;
 Syne to the servant's bed she gae,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay ;
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane !
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
 But nought was stown that could be mist ;
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man !

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife did say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunyie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traitors again ;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' Gaberlunyie-man.

Some rade upo' horse, some ran aft,
 The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
 She could na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But she curs'd ay, and she bann'd.

Mean time far 'hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunye-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou';
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunye-man.

My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the Gaberlunye on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunye on.
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my ee;
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

This exquisite song has obtained its royal author, James the Fifth, more fame among his subjects than all the use he made of his sceptre. It is supposed to commemorate one of his many intrigues; for the adventures of a military and amorous nature, which tradition ascribes to him, would fill a volume. But the disguises he assumed, and the night journeys which he undertook, are imagined to have been less for the purpose of redressing of wrongs, than with the wish to admire the beauty of the Scottish dames—and his admiration was sometimes carried to a great height, and threatened to cost him dear. It is related, more on the authority of popular belief than historical certainty, that James wandered about the country like a tinker, or pedler; and wove his adventures into many humorous songs, all of which, except one or two, are lost. Memory was never worse employed than in remembering verses which ought to have descended to oblivion; and in forgetting the songs of king James, if they had the merit of the Gaberlunzie-man. I know not where a more lively picture of living life, or a story of rustic intrigue, told with such naïveté and discretion, is to be found. Half of the ancient mirth has passed from our lyric poetry—we have more pathos and more passion; but we have no open laughter—no unextinguishable merriment.

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING.

When banners are waving,
And lances a-pushing ;
When captains are shouting,
And war-horses rushing ;
When cannon are roaring,
And hot bullets flying,
He that would honour win
Must not fear dying.

Though shafts fly so thick,
That it seems to be snowing ;
Though streamlets with blood
More than water are flowing ;
Though with sabre and ballet
Our bravest are dying,
We speak of revenge, but
We ne'er speak of flying.

Come, stand to it heroes,
The heathen are coming ;
Horsemen are round the walls,
Riding and running :
Maidens and matrons all,
Arm ! arm ! are crying ;
From petards the wildfire's
Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
Loudly are braying,
The steeds for the onset
Are snorting and neighing ;
As waves in the ocean
The dark plumes are dancing ;
As stars in the blue sky
The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
Their sabres are sweeping ;
Now swords from our sheaths
By the thousand are leaping ;
Like the flash of the levin
Ere men hearken thunder,
Swords gleam, and the steel caps
Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,
And the flashing of cannon !
I looked from the turret
For crescent and pennon :
As flax touched by fire,
As hail in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
And had melted for ever.

I found a part of this song in a rare volume, known among the curious in lyric lore by the name of "The Aberdeen Cantus." It appeared very corrupted, and certainly very obscure. It commenced by singing the

praise of Constantine, and his prowess against the infidels, and then drew a picture of a siege which the christian knights were enduring from the pagans.

Captains in open field
On their foes rushing ;
Gentlemen second them
With their pikes pushing ;
Engineers in the trench,
Earth, earth upthrowing ;
Gunpowder in the mines
Pagans upblowing.

Portcullies in the ports
They are down letting ;
Burghers come flocking in
To their hands setting ;
Ladders against the wall
They are uprearing ;
Women great timber logs
To the walls bearing.

These verses are very graphic. This is one of the first of our songs which ventured to sing of the weapons of modern warfare—pikes, petards, and gun-bullets. The author's name is unknown.

NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

Hey, now the day's dawing,
The jolly cock's crowing ;
The eastern sky's glowing,
 Stars fade one by one ;
The thistle-cock's crying
On lovers long lying,
Cease vowing and sighing,
 The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing
With gowans all glowing,
And white lilies growing
 A thousand as one ;
The sweet ring-dove cooing,
His love notes renewing,
Now moaning, now sneing,
 The night is nigh gone.

The season excelling
In scented flowers smelling,
To kind love compelling
 Our hearts every one ;
With sweet ballads moving
The maids we are loving,
Mid musing and roving
 The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women
The young knights are dreaming,
With bright breastplates gleaming,
And plumed helmets on ;
The barb'd steed neighs loudly,
And shakes his mane proudly,
For war-trumpets loudly
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,
The warriors all glowing,
And, anorting and blowing,
The steeds rushing on ;
The lances are crashing,
Out broad blades come flashing,
Mid shouting and dashing—
The night is nigh gone.

In seeking to render this beautiful song of Alexander Montgomery's into modern language, the peculiarity of the rhyme obliged me more than I wished to depart from the strict meaning of the original, and seek for matter more tractable. It is singular, that out of the fifty-six lines which compose the original, so far has pronunciation suffered a change, that only eighteen lines are spoken in the way in which the poet wrote them : all the others are deficient in quantity. The ancient mode of pronunciation would sound exceedingly ungraceful in song now ; and when we have to sing *con-versa-ti-on* and *com-man-de-ment*, to fill up the measure of church-

melody in our translation of the Psalms of David, we are sensible that the superfluous syllables have long since died out of spoken language. Still I think many of our words might have been allowed to retain their ancient quota of syllables: "I bear a charm-ed life" is much better than "I bear a charm'd life; and admonish-ed and astonish-ed would have sounded better, and looked better, had they remained unabridged.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

There was a jolly beggar,
 And a begging he was boun,
 And he took up his quarters
 Into a landart town:
 He wadna lie into the barn,
 Nor wad he in the byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door,
 Or else afore the fire.
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night;
 We'll go no more a roving,
 Let the moon shine e'er so bright.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en,
 Wi' gude clean straw and hay,
 And in ahint the ha' door
 'Twas there the beggar lay.

Up gat the gudeman's daughter,
All for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggarman
Standing in the floor.
And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
Though maids be e'er so loving,
And the moon shine e'er so bright.

He took the lassie in his arms,
Fast to the bed he ran—
O hoolie, hoolie wi' me, Sir,
Ye'll waken our gudeman.
The beggar was a cunning loon,
And ne'er a word he spake—
But lang afore the coek had crawn
Thus he began to crack :
And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
Save when the moon is moving,
And the stars are shining bright

Have ye ony dogs about this town,
Maiden, tell me true ?
And what wad ye do wi' them,
My hinney and my dow ?
They'll rive a' my meal-powks,
And do me mickle wrang.
O dool for the doing o't,
Are ye the poor man ?

And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Nor sit a sweet maid loving,
 By coal or candle light.

Then up she gat the meal-powks,
 And flang them o'er the wa',
 The deil gae wi' the meal-powks,
 My maiden fame and a' ;
 I took ye for some gentleman,
 At least the laird o' Brodie—
 O dool for the doing o't,
 Are ye the peer' bodie ?
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Although the moon 'is moving,
 And stars are shining bright.

He took the lassie in his arms
 And gae her kisses three,
 And four-and-twenty hunder merk
 To pay the nurse's fee :
 He took a wee horn frae his side
 And blew baith loud and shrill,
 And four-and-twenty belted knights
 Came skipping o'er the hill.
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Nor sit a sweet maid loving,
 By coal or candle light.

And he took out his little knife,
Loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman
That was amang them a'.
The beggar was a clever loon,
And he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters
As I got yesternight !
And we'll ay gang a roving,
A roving in the night,
For then the maids are loving,
And stars are shining bright.

This popular song is ascribed to our fifth James, and is said to be a strict poetical account of one of his adventures, rather than a pleasant tale of imaginary gallantry. I have always imagined the effect of the story impaired by the ostentatious summons of the four-and-twenty belted knights, and the display of personal finery. I wish he had neither winded his horn nor disencumbered himself of his humble garb. Horace Walpole says there is something very ludicrous in the picture of the girl's distress on imagining that her first favour missed the laird of Brodie, and had been squandered on a beggar. In making the chorus recur less frequently, I have only sought to free the story from an encumbrance which impairs its effect ; and in abating the licentiousness I have endeavoured to retain all the humour. The royal author died of a broken heart in the thirty-first year of his age.

A gentleman of the north of Scotland gave me a rather

curious and lively variation of this royal ballad, in which the local allusions are drawn from a more northern source than in any other copy. Like the original, it is much more witty than delicate, and more lively than moral. I can find a modest specimen. The maiden, having disposed of the meal-powks, gives a glance at her unceremonious lover, and adds the following clever picture :

An ee like ony wild hawk,
 A skin like ony swan ;
 A gallant grip, a gentle lip,
 To be a poor man.
 Ye may beg down the Dee bank,
 Sae may ye down the Don ;
 Then come and dawte me twice a week,
 And oftener gin ye can.

Many of our finest songs are injured in their sentiment and their story by the perpetual interposition of the chorus. In more ancient times, a multitude of voices seized on the repeated part, and spared the voice of the singer for exertion in the body of the song. Some of the border bards having composed scoffing ballads concerning Henry the Eighth, he complained to King James of the liberties which the Scotch had taken with his person and his morals. To this the royal poet returned a very characteristic answer : that he had great dependence on the discretion and delicacy of his people ; and he rather imagined the offensive ballads to be the secret productions of his royal brother's own subjects.

SONG OF THE MAIDENS.

Ye ladies all of England,
Now wring your hands and mourn ;
For many a lord and lover
Will fall at Bannockburn.
To win their spurs of silver,
Go all your gallant grooms :
I see the gloves of ladye-loves
Dance mid their dancing plumes.
Weep all ye dames of England—
Your mirth has lasted long ;
Now in your looks be sadness,
And sorrow in your song.

And why should we have sadness?
And wherefore should we sigh?
Saint George, for merry England!
I hear our horsemen cry.
And see their war plumes waving
Black as the raven's wings ;
Our fatal shafts are flying—
Hark to the thrilling strings !
And see King Edward's standard
Floats on the buxom breeze ;
Now all is merry England's
That's girdled by the seas.

Here comes your lordly chivalry
 All charging in a row ;
 And there your gallant bowmen
 Let fly their shafts like snow.
 Look how yon old man clasps his hands,
 And hearken to his cry—
 “ Alas ! alas ! for Scotland
 When England’s arrows fly ! ”
 Yet weep, ye dames of England
 For twenty summers past ;
 Ye danced and sang while Scotland wept—
 Such mirth can never last.

And how can I do less than laugh
 When England’s lords are nigh ?
 It is the maids of Scotland
 Must learn to wail and sigh ;
 For here spurs princely Hereford—
 Hark to his clashing steel ;
 And there’s Sir Philip Musgrave,
 All gore from helm to heel ;
 And yonder is stout d’Argentine ;
 And here comes, with a sweep,
 The fiery speed of Gloucester—
 Say, wherefore should I weep ?

Weep all ye English maidens,
 Lo ! Bannock brook’s in flood !
 Not with its own sweet waters,
 But England’s noblest blood.

For see, your arrow-shower has ceased,

The thrilling bow-string's mute ;

And where rides fiery Gloucester ?

All trodden under foot.

Wail all ye dames of England,

No more shall Musgrave know

The sound of the shrill trumpet—

And Argentine is low.

Thy chivalry, proud England,

Have turned the rein to fly ;

And on them rushes Randolph—

Hark ! Edward Bruce's cry.

Mid reeking blood the Douglas rides

As one rides in a river ;

And here the good King Robert comes—

And Scotland's free for ever.

Now weep, ye dames of England,

And let your sons prolong

The Bruce—the Bruce of Bannockburn,

In many a sorrowing song.

Many songs were made in honour of Wallace and Bruce: Fabyan quotes, and Caxton repeats, a verse of a popular lyric, sung by the Scottish maidens and minstrels in derision of the English, and in honour of the hero of Bannockburn. To eke out the old fragment in the feeling and language of that remote age was a flight beyond my power, and I have not tried it. What I have done, unequal to my wishes as it is, has given me an opportunity of noticing again the oldest specimen of our lyric poetry.

Baston, a Carmelite friar, accompanied Edward the Second to Stirling, for the purpose of singing of his master's renown and victory. He was taken prisoner, and paid, says Lord Hailes, a poet's ransom by composing a song commemorating the defeat of his countrymen. It is commended by Fordun in language which may be mistaken for censure; the poem, however, is much more curious than inspired. Of Sir Giles de Argentine, he says,

Nobilis Argenten, pugil inclyte, dulcis Egidi,
Vix scieram mentem cum te succumbere vidi.

The first line mentions the three chief requisites of a true knight—noble birth, valour, and courteousness. He was a hero of romance in real life. When the English were broken, and Edward fled, he was urged to retreat.—“It is not my wont to fly,” he exclaimed; and spurring his horse, he shouted out—“An Argentine! an Argentine!” and died on the Scottish spears. Some of the songs of that period are referred to by Fordun. Four rude lines of scoffing verse were made on the siege of Berwick. “Edward the First punished,” says the historian, “this untimely pleasantry by the slaughter of twenty-seven thousand Scots when he took the town.” Women and children were probably included in this unlikely number; for I should as soon suspect Edward of ferocity, as the historian of falsehood. When Scotland sent only thirty thousand men to Falkirk and Bannockburn, it was not probable she could spare so many to defend Berwick.

LORD RANDAL.

Where have ye been hunting,
Lord Randal, my son ?
Where have ye been hunting,
My handsome young man ?
In yon wild wood, O mother,
So make my bed soon ;
For I'm wae, and I'm weary,
And fain would lie down.

Where got ye your dinner,
Lord Randal, my son ?
Where got ye your dinner,
My handsome young man ?
O, I dined with my true love,
So make my bed soon ;
For I'm wae, and I'm weary,
And fain would lie down.

O, what was your dinner,
Lord Randal, my son ?
O, what was your dinner,
My handsome young man ?
Eels boiled in broo, mother,
So make my bed soon ;
For I'm wae, and I'm weary
And fain would lie down.

O, where did she find them,
 Lord Randal, my son ?
 O, where did she catch them,
 My handsome young man ?
 'Neath the bush of brown brekan,
 So make my bed soon ;
 For I'm wae, and I'm weary,
 And fain would lie down.

Now, where are your bloodhounds,
 Lord Randal, my son ?
 What came of your bloodhounds,
 My handsome young man ?
 They swelled and died, mother,
 And sae maun I soon—
 I am wae, and I'm weary,
 And fain would lie down.

I fear you are poisoned,
 Lord Randal, my son ;
 I fear you are poisoned,
 My handsome young man :
 O yes, I am poisoned,
 So make my bed soon—
 I am sick, sick at heart,
 And I fain would lie down.

I have had the good fortune to recover a verse which renders this very pathetic song perfect. I need hardly say, that it is the fourth ; for the song is an universal

favourite, and the introduction of a new and characteristic verse cannot remain undiscovered. It is generally printed, and as generally sung, under the name of Lord Ronald; but I willingly follow, with Sir Walter Scott, the authority of an Ettrick forest copy in calling the hero Randal. One of the old verses seems to favour the name of Ronald, by laying the tragic scene farther north.

O, where have ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?
 O, where have ye been, my handsome young man?
 At the house of Marr, mother, so make my bed soon;
 For I'm wearied with hunting, and fain would lie down.

There is, likewise, another verse worthy, perhaps, of preservation; but as it protracted the narrative of the story without adding much information, I have ventured to omit it.

O, what got your bloodhounds, Lord Ronald, my son?
 O, what got your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?
 They lapt the broo, mother, so make my bed soon—
 I am wearied with hunting, and fain would lie down.

Sir Walter Scott has the more willingly followed the traditional variation, since he thinks it not impossible that the song may have originally regarded the untimely death of the great Thomas Randal, Earl of Murray. He perished at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country; and for this reason, per-

haps, our historians, and the prudent and accurate Barbour among them, impute his death to poison. Fordun repeats, and Boece, who believed every thing, echoes the same story, and charges his murder on Edward the Third. Tradition lends its aid, and minstrelsy has assisted, in spreading a tale which the research and wisdom of Lord Hailes have not been able to dissipate. He was said to have been poisoned by a monk.

A curious account of the death of King John introduces a monk, who was eminent for medical skill, boasting that he could give the king such a wassail as would make England rejoice. "Then went the monk into a garden, and found a toad therein, and took her up and put her in a cup, and filled it with good ale, and pricked her in every place in the cup till the venom came out, and brought it before the king, and knelt and said—'Sir, wassail—for never in your life drank ye such a cup.' 'Begin, monk,' said the king; and the monk drank a great draught, and took the king the cup, and the king also drank a great draught and set down the cup. The king was anon full evil at ease, and commanded to remove the table, and asked for the monk, and one told him he was dead, for his womb had burst asunder." The king survived this infernal draught eleven days. The adders from below the braken bush had the same effect on Lord Randal and his bloodhounds. There is a nursery song which transforms the handsome young hunter into a child, and poisons him by a false stepmother.

THE TWO RAVENS.

There were two ravens sat on a tree,
Large and black as black might be,
And one unto the other 'gan say,
Where shall we go and dine to-day ?
Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea ?
Shall we go dine 'neath the greenwood tree ?

As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land,
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,
The ship sank, and I heard a shriek ;
There lie the sailors, one, two, three :
I shall dine by the wild salt sea.

Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen and a new slain knight ;
His blood yet on the grass is hot,
His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,
And no one kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet ;
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.

Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,
 I will pike out his bonnie blue een ;
 Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
 To theak yere nest when it grows bare ;
 The gowden down on his young chin
 Will do to rowe my young ones in.

O cauld and bare will his bed be,
 When winter storms sing in the tree ;
 At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
 He will sleep nor hear the maiden's moan ;
 O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
 The wild deer bound and foxes cry.

Ritson has reprinted from Ravenscroft's "Melismata" the dirge of the "Three Ravens;" and Sir Walter Scott has given us in the Minstrelsy "The Twa Corbies," a traditionary dirge, communicated by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. of Hoddum. They are both wild romantic songs, and seem of the same origin. The Scottish version is more consistent; the English copy more touching: but the Corbies of the former speak and act in character; while the "fallow doe" of the latter breaks in upon the strict keeping of nature.

Down there comes a fallow doe
 As great with young as she might goe.

She lift up his bloody hed,
 And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime ;
She was dead herself ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

Something of the same kind of supernatural feeling belongs to one of the early poems of Coleridge, and the superstition is neither uncommon nor strange. The present version is made up from various readings and recitations. It is difficult to say how much is of England or of Scotland ; or how much is new, or how much is old. The English song first appeared in 1611, and it was old then.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YOU.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill :
 Then Bell, my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastilie,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromie's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kin' ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year :
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, for I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when good king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the tailor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of low degree ;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain law,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantlie,
While I sit hurklen in the ase ?
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken ;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny lasses ten :
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be ;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife,
But she wad guide me, if she can,

And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

England has preferred a claim to this truly excellent and ancient song ; and I ought not to attempt to take lightly from her what Shakspeare has quoted and Percy illustrated. But though I should seek as anxiously to retain it to my country as I would do to reclaim the Black Stone of Scene, on which our kings were and are crowned ; yet candour obliges me to acknowledge, that the Scottish origin of the song has at least been rendered doubtful, in the discovery, by Percy, of an additional and characteristic, though ruder verse than its fellows, which comes in between the first and second stanzas. I must say, this seems to complete the dramatic purpose of the song, which allows to each speaker a verse, and follows very naturally the admonition of the woman. Her mildness, however, which the first verse in the English version sings of, is sorely rebuked by the charge of flyting and scorning which comes from the man in the second.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne ?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin ;
 It is so bare and overworne,
 A creike, he thereon cannot renne :

Then I'll no longer borrow nor lend,
 For once I'll new appalled be ;
 To-morrow I'll to town and spend—
 For I'll have a new cloak about me.

But to whatever country pertains the right of the original production, there can be but one opinion of the excellence of the two versions.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cow,
 She has been always true to the payle,
 She has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
 And other things she will not fail :
 I would be loth to see her pine—
 Good husband, counsell take of me,
 It is not for us to go so fine,
 Man, take thine old cloak about thee.

Only compare this verse from Percy with the corresponding stanza in our northern version, which Allan Ramsay had the good fortune to find and preserve.

GOOD ALE HAUDS MY HEART ABOON.

O gude ale comes and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon,
Gude ale hauds my heart aboon :
Gude ale keeps me bare and busy,
Brandy makes me dull and dizzy,
Gars me sleep and sough i' my shoon,
Gude ale hauds my heart aboon.

O in the sweetest plums there's stones,
And in the fairest beef there's bones ;
Rum turns ye rude, wine makes ye pale,
There's life and love and soul in ale :
Gude ale's the medicine oft spaed of,
The very stuff that life is made of,
Dropt in a receipt from the moon,
To haud men's sinking hearts aboon.

May he rub shoulders wi' the gallows,
Who wad keep gude ale frae gude fallows ;
May he gape wide when suns are south,
And never drink come near his drouth ;
But here's to him, where'er he roam,
Who loves to see the flagons foam,
For he's a king o'er lord and loon—
Gude ale hauds my heart aboon.

Much of this hearty song is old, and it cannot be denied that some of it is new. I have heard many varieties of it, and collected many verses in which there is much more sensuality than sentiment, and more love shown for good ale than good wit. I could make a curious note out of these fragments of drunkards' ditties; but I choose rather to give a specimen of the affection which the good people of England manifested in the time of Henry the Sixth for this ancient beverage. There is but one specimen preserved of those wassail songs, which the author of *Piers Plowman* reprehends the priests for chanting over their ale—it cannot be expected to be either very delicate or elegant: Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed of it, that the merriment is very gross and the sentiments very worthless.

Bring us home good ale, sir, bring us home good ale,
O, for our dear Lady's love, bring us home good ale.

Bring us home no beef, sir, for beef is full of bones,
Bring home good ale enough, I love it when it foams.

Bring us home no wheaten bread, for it is full of chaff,
Bring us home no rye bread, for it is brown with draff.

Bring us home no pork, sir, for it is all too fat,
Neither bring barley bread, for little love I that.

Bring us home no mutton, sir, for it is tough and lean,
Neither bring us tynes, sir, for they be seldom clean.

Bring us home no veal, sir, for who can it deaire,
But bring us home good ale, sir, to drink all by the fire.

Bring us home no cyder, and bring us home no wine,
But bring us home good ale, else ye'll have curses nine.

There are later and much more polished songs, but I know of none that gives good ale such a hearty welcome as this. It is modernized a little from a copy in the Harleian manuscripts.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

Sweet Annie built a bonnie ship,
And set her on the sea ;
The sails were a' of the damaak'd silk,
The masts of silver free.
The gladsome waters sung below,
And the sweet wind sung above—
Make way for Annie of Lochroyan,
She comes to seek her love.

A gentle wind came with a sweep,
And stretched her silken sail,
When up there came a reaver rude,
With many a shout and hail :

O touch her not, my mariners a',
Such loveliness goes free ;
Make way for Annie of Lochroyan,
She seeks Lord Gregorie.

The moon looked out with all her stars,
The ship moved merrily on,
Until she came to a castle high,
That all as diamonds shone :
On every tower there streamed a light,
On the middle tower shone three—
Move for that tower my mariners a',
My love keeps watch for me.

She took her young son in her arms,
And on the deck she stood—
The wind rose with an angry gust,
The sea wave wakened rude.
Oh open the door, Lord Gregory, love,
Oh open and let me in ;
The sea foam hangs in my yellow hair,
The surge dreeps down my chin.

All for thy sake, Lord Gregory, love,
I've sailed a perilous way,
And thy fair son is 'tween my breasts,
And he'll be dead ere day.
The foam hangs on the topmost cliff,
The fires run on the sky,

And hear ye not your true love's voice,
And her sweet baby's cry ?

Fair Annie turned her round about,
And tears began to flow—
May never a baby suck a breast
Wi' a heart sae fou of woe.
Take down, take down that silver mast,
Set up a mast of tree,
It does nae become a forsaken dame
To sail sae royallie.

Oh read my dream, my mother dear—
I heard a sweet babe greet,
And saw fair Annie of Lochroyan
Lie cauld dead at my feet.
And loud and loud his mother laughed—
Oh sight's mair sure than sleep,
I saw fair Annie, and heard her voice,
And her baby wail and weep.

O he went down to yon sea side
As fast as he could fare,
He saw fair Annie and her sweet babe,
But the wild wind tossed them sair :
And hey Annie, and how Annie,
And Annie winna ye bide ?
But aye the mair he called Annie,
The broader grew the tide.

And hey Annie, and how Annie,
Dear Annie speak to me,
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roared the sea.
The wind waxed loud, the sea grew rough,
The ship sunk nigh the shore,
Fair Annie floated through the foam,
But the baby rose no more.

Oh first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And then he kissed her chin,
And syne he kissed her rosie lips,
But there was nae breath within.
Oh my love's love was true as light,
As meek and sweet was she—
My mother's hate was strong as death,
And fiercer than the sea.

The pathetic story of the Lass of Lochroyan has been celebrated by Burns, and likewise by Dr. Wolcot ; but I am far from certain that either in natural pathos or simple beauty they equal the ancient ballad. Wolcot had the start of the Scottish poet, and imagined he had written something very moving and very original, and expressed some surprise that any one should attempt to share with him the merit of composing a song on a subject he had elected as his own. I see no cause for his anger : he found his subject where Burns found his — a subject on which any poet may meditate without imagining he is interfering with the fast

decreasing fame of Wolcot, or the increasing fame of Burns.

In compressing this very long and very beautiful ballad into the compass of ten verses, I am sensible that I have omitted many attractive lines, and many wild embellishments, which all served to heighten the effect and deepen the catastrophe. I have made free with the very perfect edition of Sir Walter Scott: I wish so well to all mutilated ballads as to wish them to come through his hand; his versions are more captivating than those of any other person, and on many occasions he seems to evoke the spirits of the old minstrels to fill up the breaches time had made in their strains. Lord Gregory is represented under the influence of fairy charms or witchcraft: I have heard a verse that made him confer the name of witch on his mother, and charge the deep sleep into which he was cast to her malice and her incantations.

Lochroyan, which gives the name to the ballad, lies on the coast of Galloway, and the castle of Lord Gregory is supposed to have stood on a rock in the neighbouring sea, and some ruins of ancient edifices seem to countenance this conjecture. Burns says, "It is somewhat singular that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright and Dumfries shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune which, from the title, &c., can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of, these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of those very few, as the ballad, which is a long one, is called both by tradition and in printed collections, 'The Lass of Lochroyan.'" Let

other counties reply to the hasty reproach of the poet—
I shall speak for my own—we have many ballads and
songs which, from story, or name, or circumstance, claim
and have an origin in Dumfriesshire.

THE WEE WEE MAN.

As I was walking all alone,
Atween a water and a wa',
O there I met a wee wee man,
And he was the least I ever saw :
His legs were scarce a shathmont lang,
And thick and thimber was his thie ;
Atween his brows there was a span,
And atween his shoulders there was three.

He took up a mickle stane,
And flang't as far as I could see ;
Though I had been a giant born
I could na lift it to my knee.
O wee wee man, ye're wonder strong,
O tell me where thy dwelling be ?
My dwelling's down in a bonnie bower,
O ladie, gang wi' me and see.

On we lap, and awa we flew,
 Till we came to a valley green ;
 We lighted down and he stamped his foot,
 And up there rose a lady fine
 Wi' four-and-twenty at her back,
 And a' clad out in the glossy green—
 Though the king of Scotland had been there,
 The worst o' them might hae been his queen.

And on we lap, and awa we rode,
 Till we came to a stately ha ;
 The roof was all of the beaten gowd,
 And the floor was o' the chrystal a' :
 And there were harpings loud and sweet,
 And ladies dancing jimp and sma'—
 He clapped his hands, and ere I wist,
 He sank and saunted clean awa.

This portion of old Scottish lyrical romance was recovered by David Herd, and published with some imperfections in 1776. I have sought to improve the present version by the admission of several variations from recitation and singing. The "Wee wee man" seems a more tractable sort of brownie or goblin, and to be something akin to the fairies with whom old belief tenanted so many green hills and lonely valleys. He was endowed with supernatural powers, and his form was strangely distorted and disproportioned. The shathmont's length, which his leg scarcely measured, means the hand closed

and the thumb extended—an old Scottish measurement ; and his brows with a span between, joined the head of a giant to the limbs of a dwarf. An ancient English version of the romance is printed in Finlay's ballads.

I'D RATHER BE FAST THAN FREE.

I'd rather be fast than free,
 I'd rather be still than move ;
 My love has a man of me,
 Who loathes all things but love :
 O what can one desire,
 But love that's frank and free ?
 If love were a burning fire,
 I'd rather be burnt than flee.

Without love would be strife,
 Nor kindness could endure ;
 Without love what is life ?—
 A pain that nought can cure ;
 But love, where is delight,
 A dool than none dow dree ;
 But love, how could I write
 My sangs sae sweet and free ?

Love scatters the miser's gear,
 Love makes a martial mind ;
 Fause fortune, who can fear,
 When love comes laughing kind ?
 Love makes a coward brave,
 And bids the bound be free ;
 Love makes a gowk a man—
 And love's the thing for me.

Love comes but from above,
 Its warmth is too divine
 To come from a meaner place
 Than where the pure stars shine.∴
 He that would honour win,
 Or hope to sing like me,
 Maun loup o'er the lugs in love,
 And rather be fast than free.

I found in Montgomery's poems a song in a curious and unpopular measure, out of which I made this—preserving as much as I could the words and sentiments of the old. It is freer from conceits and idle learning than most of his productions, and merits the attempt which I have now, I fear unsuccessfully, made, to introduce it in a form less strange and exceptionable. Those who wish to see the original production will accept of the following specimen :

I rather far be fast nor free,
 Albeit I might my mynd remove ;

My maistres has a man of me,
 That lothis of every thing but love.
 Quhat can a man desyre?
 Quhat can a man requyre?
 But tyme sall caus him tyre,
 And let it be ;
 Except that fervent fyre
 Of burning love impyre,
 Hope heghts me sik a hyre—
 I rather far be fast nor free.

I'D RATHER BE FREE THAN FAST.

I'd rather be free than fast—
 'Tis sweet to change ane's mind ;
 Love's light can never last,
 It comes of a fleeting kind :
 I love not much to moan,
 Nor sigh nor look aghast ;
 I hope my heart is stone—
 I'd rather be free than fast.

But freedom, what is life ?
 The night, without the moon :
 But freedom, what is love ?
 A light that's saunted soon.

A kiss is but a touch,
 Too pleasant far to last—
 Oh! lasting joys for me ;
 I'd rather be free than fast.

O freedom found me bound,
 And loosed the iron bands ;
 And freedom broke a chain
 That was bound by whiter hands :
 Love tied me hand and foot,
 Wi' monie a kittle cast ;
 And was my keeper lang—
 I'd rather be free than fast.

O love's a wilfu witch,
 That makes a man a beast ;
 O love's a will-o-wisp
 That misleads ye to the priest,
 And cheats ye like a fool ;
 And wi' an uncannie cast
 Ties you to petticoat rule—
 I'd rather be free than fast.

Montgomery has fewer of the symptoms of oblivion about his verses than most of our minor poets ; and had he written more in the common ballad metre of his country he might have shared in the popularity of our national lyrics. But his measures are strange ; he seems to have imagined that poetry owed some of its attractions to its external appearance, and that the fur-

ther he forsook the ordinary form of verse the nearer he approached to poetry. I made this version out of the same singular metre as the preceding, and took corresponding liberties with the original ; the following is a specimen :

I'd rather far be free nor fast,
 I hope I may remove my mynd ;
 Love is so licht it cannot last,
 It is small plesor to be pynd :
 Sen I haiff e'es two
 What need I blindlings go,
 Ay flundering to and fro—
 Quhile clods me cast ?
 I am not one of tho',
 To work my wilfull wo—
 I shaip not to do so :
 I rather far be free nor fast.

YOUNG ERLINTON.

O who is that at my bower door,
 Beneath the midnight moon ?
 O come to thy true love, Erlinton,
 Among the blooming broom.

The maiden lay in her bed of silk,
 And heard the cock thrice crow,
 When she said to her sisters twain,
 Arise, for day doth daw.

As she put on her damask gown,
 Her heart was leaping fain,
 She took a sister in ilka hand,
 And to the broom she's gane:
 She had nae walked among the broom
 Mair steps than twa or three,
 When up rose Erlinton, her love,
 O the fairest gangs wi' me.

They leaped upon a gude gray steed,
 Fleet as the morning wind—
 Alas, for thee, mine own true love,
 There's armed men behind.
 And foremost came an eldern knight,
 In the sun his gray hairs shone—
 Now wherefore rides so fair a dame
 With the outlaw Erlinton?

And up and spake a second knight,
 And out his sword drew he—
 I wish the world were three steps wide,
 And none but thee and me.
 And out and spake he, Erlinton:
 Ere I had struck strokes three,

Ye would wish the three steps thirty miles,
And twenty men wi' thee.

He leaped on the ground, young Erlinton,
Saying, Lady, hold my steed,
And see ye dinna change your cheer
Till ye see my body bleed.
He set his back against an oak,
His foot against a stone,
And he has fought these fifteen knights,
And slain them all but one.

To draw my sword on his gray hair
Would be a sin and shame ;
So let him go, the eldern knight,
And carry the tidings hame.
He clasped in his arms his lady fair,
And kissed her tenderlie—
I've won thee now with word and sword,
And we walk the greenwood free.

A ruder variation of this fine old lyric is preserved under the same name in the Border Minstrelsy.— Though it has many circumstances and images in common with other ballads, we feel, in the perusal, all the pleasure of an original conception. To steal a lady—to mount her on a fleet steed—to be pursued—to be victorious over a multitude, and win her from them, are all incidents which have found their way into many songs ; and yet they charm us here because they are

associated with new feelings. The threats of the old knight and the vaunts of the young, with the courtesy of Erlinton, animate the commoner materials of the story ; and his modesty after his victory, and his wish to walk the greenwood free, leave an impression upon us which few old lyrics leave.

To Bishop Percy we owe a copy of this legendary tale, embellished in all the lavish richness of Gothic beauty—the Childe of Elle. Read the tale of Sir Cauline and the Childe of Elle, and compare their antique profusion of beauty and simple elegance with the Hermit of Warkworth, or any other ballad where Percy writes in his own name, and without any impulse from half recollected fragments and some dimly seen story. He has the fear of the world and of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith upon him ; and is cold, and correct, and trembling. When he comes in the apparel of the old minstrel, he is free and fearless, and sings nothing but the most exquisite and enduring strains.

Percy is distinguished among all our ballad poets by a simple ease and happiness of expression—by a half-studied and half-lucky use of old phrases, and old imagery, and old manners, and old customs, and old events. When he borrows, and he borrows often, he always adds a grace of his own. In the romance of Florice and Blancheflour, when the Soldan or Amiral was about to slay the lovers,

Weeping, he turned his head away,
And his sword it fell to ground.

In like manner the Baron in the Childe of Elle relents on beholding his daughter and the devotion of her lover ; but see the natural image which the Bishop has added :

The Baron stroked his dark brown cheek
And turned his face aside,
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

Compare this with an interpolated verse in Childe Morrice :

His hair was like the threads of gold
Drawn from Minerva's loom,
His lips like roses dropping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

This is beautiful, indeed, of its kind, but of classic instead of Gothic extraction : it stands like a stone in a stream, or an Ionic capital among wild, deep, sharp, Saxon tracery.

JOHNNIE OF BREADISLEE.

Johnie rose up in a May morning,
 Called for water to wash his hands :—
 Gar loose to me, my gude gray dogs,
 That are bound wi' iron bands.
 And wi' his shafts and his gude bow,
 His blade baith brent and brown,
 Johnie's away to Durisdeer
 To pull the dun deer down.

And he has pulled down a stately buck,
 And wi' the liver and lungs
 He has feasted his gray and bludie dogs
 As they had been earl's sons.
 They eat sae much of the venison,
 And lappit sae much o' the blood,
 That Johnie and all his bludie hounds
 Fell asleep by the wild wood.

And by there came a silly auld man
 Wha dwelt by Hazelly-brae ;
 And he's away to the foresters seven
 As fast as he could gae.
 O up and away, ye foresters bold,
 For 'mang the Merriemass scroggs—
 The bonniest Childe that ever I saw
 Lies sleeping 'mang his dogs.

The shirt that is upon his back
Is of the holland fine ;
The doublet which is over that
Is of the Lincoln twine ;
The buttons upon his grass-green sleeve
Are of the gowd sae gude ;
And the gray dogs he lies amang,
Their mouths are wet wi' blude.

Then out and spoke the head forester—
Now bend your gude bows a',
If this be Johnie of Breadialee,
Nae nearer will we draw.
The first shafts that the foresters shot
They wounded him on the knee ;
Now pluck your shafts for another flight—
We soon shall gar him die.

Johnie set his back against an oak,
His foot against a stone ;
And he has slain these seven foresters—
He has slain them all but one.
He has broken three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane ;
And laid him twa-fauld over his steed—
Now carry the tidings hame.

O, is there never a bonnie bird
Can tell a tale for me ?

And away and away flew that bonnie bird
 To the bowers of Breadislee :
 And it flew near his mother's hand,
 And loud and loud it sang—
 O, 'mang the deer of Durisdeer,
 Fair Johnie tarries lang.

They made a litter of mountain ash,
 And of the hazel brown ;
 But through the green and the leafy boughs
 His life's blood trickled down.
 And out and spake his auld mother,
 And fast her tears can fa'—
 Ye wadnae be warned, my son Johnie,
 Frae the hunting to bide awa.

O lay my brown sword by my side,
 And my bent bow at my feet ;
 And stay the howling o' my gray dogs
 That sound may be my sleep.
 His dogs are dead, his bent bow broke,
 And his shafts that flew sae free ;
 And he lies dead near Durisdeer—
 Fair Johnie of Breadislee.

“ The hero of this ballad,” says Sir Walter Scott,
 “ appears to have been an outlaw, or deer stealer ; pro-
 bably one of the broken men residing upon the border.
 There are several different copies ; in one of which the

principal personage is called Johnie of Cockielaw ;—the stanzas of greatest merit have been selected from each copy." The lament of his mother, and the unusual splendour of Johnie's dress, would lead me to conclude that he was an opulent person and an only son ; and when we remember the long and cruel wars waged between the Maxwells and the Johnstones, we need hardly resort to the expedient of outlawry to put him in peril. We have only to suppose that a Maxwell went to hunt in the lands of a Johnstone, or a Johnstone in the lands of a Maxwell, and we have a story of peril and bloodshed.

Johnie's residence has sometimes been given to the old castle of Morton : there are still vestiges of towers on the hills between Closeburn and Durisdeer ; and there are plenty of wild and almost inaccessible caverns and linns, where a desperate man might find refuge. The tradition of the hero of Breadislee is countenanced by a description, given in an account of the presbytery of Penpont, of a deer-park, made by Randolph, Earl of Murray, on the face of a steep hill near Morton-castle, and so curiously contrived, that all wild beasts, such as deer, harts, roes, and hares, could easily leap in, but could not leap out again ; and it was doubted if their owners were permitted to get them out again—a noble park for an outlaw ! Breadislee, near Lochmaben, has been pointed out as the more probable residence of the hero of the song ; and the scenery in the neighbourhood, and the tradition of the country, countenance the supposition.

I LOVED THEE ONCE.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief, as is the blame ;
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What reason I should be the same ?
 He that can love, unlov'd again,
 Hath better store of love than brain.
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown
 If thou hadst still continued mine ;
 Yea, if thou hadst still remain'd thy own,
 I might, perchance, have yet been thine ;
 But thou thy freedom didst recal,
 That it thou might'st elsewhere enthal,
 And then, how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
 And chang'd the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 No constancy, to love thee still :
 Yea, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so ;
 Since we are taught no prayers to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice ;
Thy choice, of his good fortune boast ;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost :
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

The inconstancy of woman's love is a favourite theme with our lyric poets ; and if we may believe their strains, no men have suffered so largely from her waywardness and mutability. Montgomery and Scott are foremost in these lamentations, and they have been echoed by many succeeding poets. These verses by Sir Robert Ayton will remind the reader of some of our earlier poetry—there is elegance in his fancy, and melody in his versification. He is buried in Westminster abbey ; his inscription is in Latin, and his bust in bronze : in his looks there is as much of the gentleman as the genius. His monument is near that of Henry the Fifth. The brass head of the humble poet is still safe and unmutated ; while the silver head of the hero of Agincourt fell a victim to the value of its material : it was melted down by the rapacious parliament of Oliver Cromwell, to assist in paying the army—and may be doing the same yet. There is a moral to man in this, and a lesson to sculptors.

I DO CONFESS THOU'RT SMOOTH AND
FAIR.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee ;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee :
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets.
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells !
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile !
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,

To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

Burns altered the measure of this song, inoculated it with some Scottish words, and imagined he had improved its simplicity. He never made any attempt so very unsuccessfully: I add his version—

I do confess thou art so fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in love,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet—but find
Thou art sae thriftless of thy sweets—
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud rich in dew,
Among its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy.
Sic fate, ere long, shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like any common weed and vile.

This is one of the songs of Sir Robert Ayton—it is very popular and very beautiful.

LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.

Adieu, Madame, my mother dear,
 But and my sisters three!
 Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
 My heart is wae for thee.
 Adieu, the lily and the rose,
 The primrose fair to see;
 Adieu, my ladye and only joy!
 For I may not stay with thee.

Though I have slain the Lord Johnstone,
 What care I for their feid?
 My noble mind their wrath disdains;
 He was my father's deid.
 Both night and day I labour'd oft
 Of him avenged to be;
 But now I've got what lang I sought,
 And I may not stay with thee.

Adieu! Dramlanrig false wert aye,
 And Closeburn in a band!
 The laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
 When Johnstone struck off his hand.
 They were three brethren in a band—
 Joy may they never see!
 Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
 Has twin'd my love frae me.

Adieu, Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Caerlaverock fair ;
Adieu, my castle of the Thrieve,
Wi' a' my buildings there ;
Adieu, Lochmaben's gates sœ fair,
And Langholm-holm, where birks there be ;
Adieu, my ladye and only joy !
For, trust me, I may not stay with thee.

Adieu, fair Eskdale, up and down,
Where my poor friends do dwell,
The bangisters will ding them down,
And will them sair compel ;
But I'll avenge their feid mysel,
When I come o'er the sea :
Adieu, my ladye and only joy !
For I may not stay with thee.

Lord of the land, that ladye said,
O wad ye gang wi' me
Unto my brother's stately tower,
Where safest ye may be !
There Hamiltons and Douglas baith
Shall rise to succour thee.
Thanks for thy kindness, fair my dame,
But I may not stay with thee.

Then took he off a gay gold ring,
Thereat hung signets three ;

Hae, take thee that, my ain dear thing,
 And still have mind of me ;—
 But if thou take another lord
 Ere I come owre the sea,
 His life is but a three days' lease,
 Though I may not stay wi' thee.

The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
 That good lord went away ;
 And most of all his friends were there,
 To give him a fair convey.
 They drank the wine—they didnae spare
 Even in that good lord's sight ;
 Sae now he is o'er the flood sae gray—
 Lord Maxwell has taen his Goodnight.

This beautiful song was copied by Sir Walter Scott, and imitated by Lord Byron—honours enough for the work of any minstrel. It was found in the Glenriddell manuscript, and is printed with some slight traditional variations.

It alludes to the close of one of the most remarkable and obstinate feuds of all the western marches—the long and inveterate war between the houses of Maxwell and Johnstone. After many mutual inroads and desperate encounters, in which success generally was on the side of the Maxwells, two thousand of the warriors of Nithsdale and Galloway entered Annandale, and advanced towards the water of Dryfe. They were led by Lord

Maxwell in person ; and the various tribes were commanded by the Kirkpatricks, the Hallidays, the Grier-sons and Douglasses, and other names noted in Nithsdale. To the aid of the Johnstones came the Scotts, the Elliots, the Armstrongs, and Graemes—the fiercest and bravest of all the border tribes. These auxiliaries were allied by blood and mutual interest to Lord Johnstone, and were led by some of the bravest and most renowned warriors of the name of Scott : the ancestor of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford was among them. They posted themselves in a thick wood near Lockerby, and awaited the advance of their enemies.

The Maxwells, covered by a thick mist, which concealed alike their enemies and them, prepared to pass the Dryfe. Tradition says that the Johnstones were unwilling to fight against an army superior to their own ; that the Elliots, conducted by a considerate and cautious veteran, wished to abide in ambush ; while the Scotts alone called out for open war, and proposed to dispute the passage of the river, the eastern bank of which was steep and difficult, and the bridge long and narrow. It was more with the wish of reconnoitring than with the desire of coming to a battle, that the Johnstones began to pass the stream. The Scotts and the other auxiliaries were foremost, and meeting with the vanguard of the Maxwells in the mist, a sharp encounter took place : the borderers charged first, and to their fierce and steady valour the fortune of the day may be ascribed. Lord Maxwell was struck from his horse, near where a thorn tree is now growing, and inhumanly slain,

after the right hand, which he stretched out for quarter, had been hewn from his body.

John, the young Lord Maxwell, was in the battle, and retreated into Nithsdale, vowing the deepest revenge against Lord Johnstone for the cruel death of his father. He remembered that when his bastard uncle Robert, the bravest and most fortunate warrior of the house of Maxwell, had defeated Lord Johnstone, burnt his castle of Lochwood, and taken his lordship prisoner, the victory had not been abused by cruelty, nor the vanquished murdered, when they called for quarter. His vow of revenge was deep, and amply and dishonourably was it fulfilled. Neither the threats nor entreaties of the king himself, nor a rigorous imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle, could change his purpose. He escaped from confinement, returned to Dumfriesshire, and through the means of Maxwell of Orchardstone, who had married Lord Johnstone's sister, obtained a conference with that chieftain at Auchnamhill, on the 6th of April, 1608, and slew him basely. He escaped to France, and as he set his foot on shipboard, the old minstrel supposes that he uttered his memorable Goodnight.

Sir Walter Scott concludes that the Goodnight was written before the execution of Lord Maxwell in 1613. From the disasters of this unhappy feud the house of Maxwell, which had risen into great power and eminence, never fairly recovered. They had numbered many of the most famous names of Dumfriesshire and Galloway among their liegemen and vassals.

HUGHIE GRAEME.

Our lords are to the mountains gane,
And all to hunt the fallow deer,
And they have taen him, Hughie Graeme,
For stealing of the bishop's mare ;
And they have bound him hand and foot,
And led him up through Carlisle town,
And lords and knaves came out and cried,
O, Hughie Graeme, thou art a leon !

O loose my right hand free, he said,
And put my good sword in the same,
He's no in Carlisle town this day,
Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graeme.
O up then spake he brave Corehead,
As he sat by the bishop's knees,
Full fifty gallant steeds I'll give,
To let stout Hugh the Graeme gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop said,
And wi' your pleading let me be ;
If fifty Graemes were in his coat,
This is the day that he maun die.
They took him to the gallows-knowe ;
He looked on the gallows tree,

Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blink his ee.

And then he looked round about,
And a' to see what he might see ;
O there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterlie.
O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let me be ;
Your weeping's sairer to my heart
Than a' that they can do to me.

O gie to my young brother John
My sword bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o'clock,
And see me pay the bishop's mare.
And ye may give my brother James
My sword bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o'clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

And fare ye weel, fair Meg, my wife,
Wha bare me bairns, and by me lay,
Ye made and warm'd the bishop's bed,
And kissed your husband's life away.
And ye may tell the gallant Graemes,
A drop is spilt of their best blood ;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
To make it shorter by the hood.

I have retained this copy of the song because several verses have felt the inspiring touch of Burns. He copied it from recitation, improved its pathos, and sent it to Johnson's Musical Museum with the assurance that it was from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when he was a boy, it was a popular song. It has been said that Hugh the Graeme made an excursion into Cumberland and carried off the bishop of Carlisle's mare, because the prelate had seduced his wife. Tradition, in all the varieties of her legends, never invented such an unnecessary and superfluous reason as this. By habit and by nature thieves, the Graemes never waited for any thing like a pretence to steal—they went and took what they wanted on both sides of the border :

They found the beeves that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.

The tradition is however countenanced in a much grosser verse than the one which I have ventured to retain. "Of the morality of Robert Aldridge, bishop of Carlisle," says Sir Walter Scott, "we know but little; but his political and religious faith were of a stretching and accommodating texture." "He saw many changes in church and state," says Anthony a Wood; "but he retained his offices and preferments during them all."

TODLEN HAME.

When I've a saxpence under my thumb,
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town :
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
 O ! poverty parts good company.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 Coudna my love come todlen hame ?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if that her tippeny chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet ;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
 Todlen but, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow
 Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou ;
 When sober ye're sour, and would fight wi' a flie,
 That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me,
 When todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

Burns says this is perhaps the best bottle song ever composed ; and both as a poet and a companion he was a competent judge. I know, indeed, nothing better in the whole compass of verse dedicated to express delight in mirth and drinking than the characteristic exclamation of the wife in the concluding stanza. I am of opinion, however, that it has been made out of the fragments of two songs, for the last verse corresponds not in the narrative part with its companions, and I have heard several verses sung in continuation which brought the song to a very amusing end. The words were recovered by Allan Ramsay ; they have been popular ever since, and were so long before, for they seem very old. We have many curious fragments of convivial songs, some of which are excellent :

Drunk yesternight,
And drunk the night before ;
If I dinna be drunk to-night,
Let me never be sober more.

I know not that the love of good fellowship has subsided among us, but we have few poets now who celebrate wine and wassail. I once heard a gentleman declare that no good joyous songs had been written since the Reformation. Like the tory fox-hunter in the British Freeholder, who swore that England had not enjoyed good weather since the Revolution.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S-WELL.

There dwalt a wife at Usher's-well,
A wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.
The wind blew east, the wind blew west,
The sea was in a faem,
And sair the wife began to weep,
I wish my bairns were hame.

The wind blew north, the wind blew south,
And a cry came from the sea ;
And word came to the weeping wife,
That her sons she'd never see.
I wish the wind may nae mair blow,
Nor fishes swim the flood,
Till my three bairns come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood.

It fell in about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
That her three sons came hame to her,
And their hats were o' the birk.
It neither grew on holm nor hill,
Nor by the fallow lea—
By the bless'd gate of Paradise
The birk grows fair and free.

Blaw up the fire, my maidens a',
We'll dine and dance belyve,
For my ain sons are hale and weel,
How can I be but blythe?
Blaw up the fire, my maidens a',
Spare neither ale nor wine:
Is there a wife in Scotland wide,
Wi' heart sae light as mine?

And merrily danced the maidens a'
Aneath the torches glowing.
Why smile ye not, my ain sweet bairns?
Ye see the red wine flowing.
And she has made to them a bed,
And spread it lang and wide,
And folded her mantle 'bout her waist,
And sat down by their side.

She sat till first the red cock crew,
And syne up crew the grey:
The young son to the auldest said,
Its time we were away.
The grey cock hadnae crown but once,
Nor clapp'd his wings at a',
When the auld son to the youngest said,
Brother, we maun awa.

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw',
The channering worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out of our place,
A sair pain maun we bide:

Sae fare ye weel, my mither dear,
Farewell to my sister Jean ;
And fare ye weel, my bonny lass,
That danced wi' the dead yestreen.

Of the dead returning to dine and dance with the living, I know not that we have any better testimony than what the Wife of Usher's-well affords. It is true that I could relate, on authority equally credible, some remarkable attempts of the dead to hold intercourse with the living ; I shall however confine myself to the singular story of a Scottish clergyman who had several conferences with the ghost of a wicked laird of Galloway. To those who never had the good fortune to meet with this wild story in print, it will be enough to say, that the ghost of the laird was never seen till after sunset, always spoke as if it acted under the control of a superior spirit, and never appeared save on horseback. It came to earth to disclose some acts of wickedness which it desired the priest to redress, and to discuss some knotty points of the doctrine of doom and salvation. It was a merry and rather a saucy spirit ; and on one occasion, when the divine took his staff to chastise it, he found but a form of air. It will be painful to those who depend on an equality in the place of punishment to know, that the spirit of the laird rode on the ghost of one of his tenants, made into a steed for his especial accommodation and amusement. The person who wrote this extraordinary story had an imagination exactly suited for its reception : he believed in his imaginary interviews with the spirit, and expanded them into the dimensions of a moderate

romance. He confided his manuscript to the examination of a lady whose belief and experience rendered her a judge of the language and character of spirits; and posterity will regret that a descendant of the person whose ghost figured as the hero of the tale contrived to abstract (steal's the word) the labour of the divine, and neither ghost nor tale have ever been seen since.

To return to the song. It is supposed that the wife of Usher's-well had, by some words which tradition has obscured or omitted, charmed back her children to earth; and that they came from the place of the blessed is inferred from their hats of birk. The souls of the blessed are crowned with garlands. I believe the story is imperfect. The author's name is unknown.

Some of the elder divines of Scotland fostered the salutary belief among their flocks, that the spirits of wicked men returned to earth, and allowed no rest to their children or their heirs till reparation was made of wrongs they had inflicted on the widow and the orphan. The spirits of the persecutors had a long vigil on earth—they had much to repent of, and much to disclose.

THE AULD GOODMAN.

Late in an evening forth I went,
A little before the sun gaed down,
And there I chanced, by accident,
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife had faun in a strife,
I canna well tell how it began ;
But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a silly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn ;
For he did spend, and make an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
He gart the poor stand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

My heart, alake, is like to break,
When I think on my winsome John ;
His blinkin ee, and gate sae free,
Was naething like thee, thou dosen'd drone.
His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
And a skin as white as ony swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou 'lt never be like my auld goodman.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For meal and maut thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
 Of household stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of siclike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

Yes, I may tell, and fret mysell,
 To think on those blyth days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well-made bed;
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light o' day;
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay;
 Then up he gat, and ran his way,
 I trow the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erword of the fray
 Was ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

The Auld Goodman is written in the free and overflowing manner of the olden times—dramatic, humorous, and sarcastic—hovering on the very borders of indelicacy

without being indelicate, and involving a very serious and indecorous question without any breach of decorum. I will not deny, however, that the minstrel has been rather more graphic and minute than is acceptable among very refined people now. We owe this relique of the ancient Muse to the vigilance of Allan Ramsay ; and though the language may be modernized, it carries the olden stamp too vigorously impressed to have undergone any extensive change. It attracted the notice of Percy, who, while he copies it into his Reliques, suspects it of corruption in various places, but in truth he seems to be the corrupter himself. He has changed the following lines, and gained nought but obscurity for his trouble :

For he did spend, and make an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan.

These lines have the merit of a visible meaning ; can we say the same of those of the bishop ?

For he did spend, and make an end
Of gear his fathers never wan.

They either mean that the first husband, whose memory is so dear to his modest relict, squandered her dower, or that he spent, near the close of his life, what he had gained at the beginning ; which is far from likely, if the story be true that his successor relates. I have several versions of the song, but I choose to abide by that of Ramsay, as probably the oldest, and certainly the best. The author's name is unknown.

LADY ANN.

Fair lady Ann walked from her bower,
Down by the greenwood side,
The sweet flowers sprang, and wild birds sang,
The simmer was in pride.
Among the flowers that lady went,
As white as was the swan ;
And she thought on her love and sighed,
The gentle lady Ann.

Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,
As naked as they were born,
And they did sing and play at the ba',
Beneath a milk-white thorn.
A seven lang years would I stand here,
All noon, and night, and dawn,
And all for one of thae bonnie boys,
Quo' gentle lady Ann.

Then up and spake the eldest boy :
Now listen, thou fair ladie—
O we lay a' at ae milk-white breast,
And nursed were on ae knee ;

Ae sweet lip smiled on us as we smiled,
 And there was a snaw-white han',
 As gentle and kin', and fair as thine,
 That watched us, lady Ann.

O come to me, thou lily-white boy,
 The bonniest of the three!
 O come, O come, thou lily-white boy,
 My little bower-boy to be!
 I'll cleed thee all in silk and gold,
 And nurse thee on my knee—
 Oh mother, oh mother, when I was thine,
 Sic love I couldna see.

I found this song imperfect, and I know not that either to supply or discover the concluding verses would add much to the interest of the story. The death of the children is imputed to a false nurse, in an older copy published in the *Minstrelsy*; but one of the verses accuses the lady herself, and the traditional fragments quoted by Sir Walter seem to countenance the charge. I remember a verse, and but a verse, of an old ballad which records a horrible instance of barbarity. A lady was in a condition like that of many ladies who figure in ballad and romance:

She set her back against a thorn,
 And there she has her young son born:
 O smile na sae, my bonnie babe!
 An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead.

At this moment a hunter came—one whose suit the lady had long rejected with scorn—the brother of her lover :

He took the babe on his spear point,
And threw it upon a thorn :
Let the wind blow east, the wind blow west,
The cradle will rock alone.

It is as well to let such narratives perish, and I am glad I remember no more of it. I have some suspicion that the fine old song of Lady Mary Ann had once a meaning much less reputable for the lady than it has at present: the commencing lines have an older air than the remainder of the song.

THE DEMON LOVER.

O where have ye been, my long lost love,
These long seven years and more ?
O all to mind ye of deep, deep vows,
I come rom a distant shore.
O speak no more of deep, deep vows,
They'll breed me mickle strife—
O hand your tongue of my maiden vows,
For I am a wedded wife.

He turned him right and round about,
And his colour mounted high :
O I have breasted the foaming waves
When sea mixed with the sky ;
I sank my enemies on my right,
And sank them on the lee,
And might have married a king's daughter
Had I not so loved thee.

O were I to leave my ain sweet hame,
And the babes that I love so,
And leave the lord that loves me weel,
Where shall I with you go ?
My good ships sail upon the sea,
And one lies nigh the land,
With four-and-twenty mariners bold,
And music on every hand.

And she's ta'en up her two sweet babes,
The tears dropt down like rain :
O fare ye weel, my ain sweet babes,
I'll never kiss you again !
She set her foot on the goodly ship,
And among the mariners bold ;
The sails were all of the rustling silk,
And the masts of beaten gold.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,

When dark, dark grew his ruddie face,
And dark, dark flashed his ee:
The masts that were of the beaten gold
No shadow showed on the seas—
The sails that were of the rustling silk
Filled not with the fresh'ning breeze:

The mariners vanished from the deck,
And the wind came with a sweep—
That lady saw the foot of the fiend,
And loud, loud can she weep.
O lady, stint your sorrow, he says,
And your weeping let it be;
For now we go where the lilies grow,
On the banks of Italie.

What hills are yon—yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?
O yon are the hills of heaven, he said,
Where we will never win.
O what wild mountain's this, she said,
All dreary wi' frost and snow?
O it is the mountain of hell, ladie,
Where you and I must go.

And aye as she gave a sob and a look,
Aye taller he seemed to be—
Till the golden masts of that gallant ship
Nae taller seemed than he.

He smote the topmast with his hand,
 The foremast wi' his knee,
 And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
 And sank her in the sea.

This wild legendary song is nowhere to be found save in the collection of Sir Walter Scott. It was copied from recitation by Mr. Laidlaw of Traquairknowe. It embodies an old and very popular superstition, current alike in England and Ireland and Germany. In "Satan's Invisible World Discovered" we find the story of a youth, a lover of wine and fine women, whom the enemy of mankind sought to ruin in the form of a very beautiful lady. The wiles of the fiend are described with some naïveté. "I remember," says Sir Walter Scott, "to have heard a ballad in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a beautiful maiden; but, disconcerted by the holy herbs which she wore in her bosom, makes the following lines the burthen of his courtship:

'Gin ye wish to be, leman, mine,
 Lay aside the St. John's-wort and the vervain."

There is a story told of a fiend, or evil spirit, who contrived, under a lady's form and with many pleasant words, to gain the consent of a youth to meet her on the bank of a wild stream at the head of Nithsdale. The hour of meeting was midnight, and the earthly lover and

his infernal admirer were true to tryste, and met at the appointed place. The spirit, however, in spite of all her arts, was unable to retain the outward lustre with which she had endowed herself; and ever as she sought to touch him, her beauty faded and she grew more like a fiend from the pit than a lady fit for the arms of a lover. The youth beheld her with dismay and disgust; but whenever he stepped a step or two from her, she became again lovely and beautiful. Those of a devout turn will be glad to know that a small New Testament, which a pious mother had slipped into an indiscreet son's pocket, interposed between him and utter ruin, and that his resolution not to cast it away caused the fiend to depart in a flash of fire, exclaiming, "But for that book, ye had supped with me in hell!" Tales of this character, popular to this day in Scotland, would augment this note into a curious volume; but enough has been said to illustrate the superstition of the song.

RATTLING ROARING WILLIE.

Our Rattling Roaring Willie
 Went off to Selkirk fair,
 To sell his merry fiddle
 And buy more thrifty ware.
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear dimm'd his ee:
 I'll sell my sweet bread-winner,
 And then lie down an' die.

Now, Willie, man, sell your fiddle—
 Come sell your fiddle so fine:
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine.
 Were I to sell my fiddle,
 The world would ca' me mad,
 For monie a ranting day
 My fiddle and I ha'e had.

I made my gallant fiddle
 Of our repentance-stool;
 The lasses went wild wi' laughing,
 And danced frae Paste to Yule—
 The doncest foot o' the parish
 Has wagg'd to it wantonlie;
 O monie's the mirthsome minute
 My fiddle has made for me.

As I came in by Crochallan
I cannilie keeket ben,
An' Rattling Roaring Willie
Was sitting at our board en',
An' drawing his best bow-hand,
An' drinking the wine sae free—
O Rattling Roaring Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

Johnson's Musical Museum has the merit of introducing this version of Rattling Roaring Willie to public notice with a concluding verse by Burns. The addition by the poet was in honour of "one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq. writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps—a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." The main part of the song is of some antiquity, but many emendations have crept in from time to time, which, without injuring the original freshness, have improved the language and the propriety of the song. The third verse is now printed for the first time.

MARIE HAMILTON.

Marie Hamilton's to the preaching gone,
Wi' ribbons in her hair :
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than ony that were there.
Marie Hamilton's to the preaching gone,
Wi' ribbons on her breast :
Of Marie fair the king thought mair
Than he thought of the priest.

Syne word has o'er the palace flown,
I heard it told yestreen,
The king loves Marie Hamilton
Mair than he loves his queen.—
A sad word o'er the palace flew,
A sad word on the morrow,—
O Marie Hamilton's born a babe,
And slain it in her sorrow !

Rise up now, Marie, said the queen,
Rise up, and come wi' me,
For we maun ride to Holyrood,
A gay wedding to see.
The queen was drest in scarlet fine,
Her maidens all in green,
And every town that they rode through
Took Marie for the queen.

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
As she rode o'er the lea,
That she was gaun to Edinbro' town,
Her doom to hear and dree :
When she came to the Netherbow-port,
She laughed loud laughters three ;
But when she reached the gallows' foot,
The tears blinded her ee.

O often have I dress'd my queen,
And put gold in her hair—
The gallows tree is my reward,
And shame maun be my share !
O often have I dress'd my queen,
And soft, soft made her bed—
And now I've got for my reward
The gallows' tree to tread !

I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail o'er the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother know,
But that I'm coming hame :
I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother know
The death that I maun die !

O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,

The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to die !
Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
The night she'll have but three ;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me.

Of the Marie Hamilton which this song mentions as one of the maids of honour to Mary, queen of Scotland, history has taken no heed ; and the history of that period is too accurate and minute to have passed unnoticed the sin and the tragic close of the life of a court beauty. It is true that a Frenchwoman sinned and suffered in this manner, but she was not one of the "Queen's Maries ;" and I would more willingly believe that the song alludes to the crime and punishment of miss Hamilton, one of the maids of honour to the empress Catherine of Russia. She had murdered her illegitimate children, and was beheaded. Peter, the emperor, attended her on the scaffold, embraced her with the utmost tenderness, and when the head was struck off, he took it up and kissed the lips while they yet trembled with life.

From John Knox, who spares neither rich nor poor, lofty nor low, we learn that the maids of honour to queen Mary set no example of chastity to their unfortunate mistress, and it would be unjust to her "Maries" to say that the queen was a spotless example to them. After describing the sin and punishment of the French follower

of Queen Mary, the apostle proceeds: "But yet was not the court purged of whores and whoredoms, which was the fountain of such enormities; for it is well known that shame hastened marriage betwixt John Sempill, called the Dancer, and Mary Levingstone, surnamed the Lusty. What bruit the Maries and the rest of the dancers of the court had, the ballads of that age do witness, which we, for modesty's sake, omit; but this was the common complaint of all godly and wise men, that if they thought such a court could long continue, and if they looked for no better life to come, they would have wished their sons and daughters rather to have been brought up with fiddlers and dancers, and to have been exercised with flogging upon a floor, and in the rest that thereof follows, than to have been exercised in the company of the godly and exercised in virtue, which in that court was hated, and filthiness not only maintained but also rewarded; witness the abbey of Abercorn and barony of Auchvermucht, and divers others pertaining to the patrimony of the crown, given in heritage to skippers and dancers and dalliers with dames."

In arranging this song I have omitted some verses which were not necessary to the story nor remarkable for their beauty. There is one verse, however, which deserves to be noticed, and which has been quoted in the preface of Mr. Finlay:

She wadna put on her gown of black,
Nor yet wad she of brown,

But she wad put on her gown of gowd,
To glance through Embro' town :
O saddle me not the black, she says,
Nor saddle to me the brown,
But saddle to me my milk-white steed,
That I may ride in renown.

It ought to be mentioned, as an excuse for all this bravery of appearance on the way to death, that she blames her nurse for the murder of her child in a preceding verse, and resolves to die as one who was doomed unjustly. The first four lines of the concluding verse of the song have been quoted and praised by Burns.

END OF VOL. I.

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