James I, King of Scotland

THE

WORKS

OF

JAMES THE FIRST,

KING OF SCOTLAND,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL DISSERTATION

ON HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

ALSO,

SOME BRIEF REMARKS ON THE INTIMATE CONNEXION OF

THE SCOTS LANGUAGE

WITH THE OTHER NORTHERN DIALECTS.

AND

A Dissertation on Scottish Music;

THE WHOLE ACCOMPANIED WITH NOTES, HISTORICAL, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

Sweet bard! to Scotia dear, thy laws
Were ever true to Freedom's cause;
And while the *Thistle* rears its head,
While swains old Scotia's mountains tread,
Or *Freemen* her rich vallies throng,
Thy name shall live, immortaliz'd in song.

PERTH:

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FOR G. CLARK, ABERDEEN.

1827.

PREFACE.

THE following Poems are the production of James I. King of Scotland, one of the most illustrious persons who figured in the beginning of the 15th century.—All the Scottish Historians agree in extolling him as a Prince of eminent virtue, and extraordinary genius, endowed with every branch of the learning of his age. He is said to have been a proficient in every department of polite literature, in grammar, oratory, Latin and English poetry, music, jurisprudence, and the philosophy of the times; that in all athletic exercises, particularly in the use of the sword and spear, he was eminently expert; and that his dexterity in tilts and tournaments, in wrestling, in archery, and in the sports of the field, was perfectly unrivalled. Bellenden says he was an expert mediciner, and Pinkerton speaks of his skill in miniature painting and horticulture, and Drummond affirms, that there was nothing wherein the commendation of wit consisted, or any

shadow of the liberal arts did appear, that he had not applied his mind to, seeming rather born to letters, than instructed.

The Poem called the King's Quair, was composed by him while he was a prisoner in the castle of Windsor, upon the Lady Jane, a Princess of the blood royal of England, whom he afterwards espoused. It probably would have shared the same fate as most of King James's other compositions, which are now lost, but for one manuscript copy of it which is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In that immense treasure of erudition it remained in obscurity, till, by the curiosity and research of William Tytler of Woodhouselee, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society of Scots Antiquaries at Edinburgh, an authentic copy of this fine ancient Poem was procured, and presented to the public with explanatory notes, and historical and critical dissertations upon it, and the other poetical remains of King James I. printed and published at Edinburgh in the year 1783.

In this new edition, the Editors have scrupulously followed the original *printed one* mentioned above. This Volume, however, contains " Peb-

"lis to the Play," which is not to be found in Mr. Tytler's work, and of which the reader will find a more particular account in a short introduction to the Poem itself, besides other matter, which they hope will prove acceptable to the discerning and inquisitive reader.

These beautiful and elegant compositions have a strong claim to our regard, independent of their intrinsic value; when we reflect on the eventful life of this eminent, virtuous, and accomplished Prince; when we view him as a scholar, outstripping all his compeers, in refinement of taste, and knowledge of the arts and sciences; when we consider him as a lover, pure in his attachment, constant in his affection, and unremitting in his regards to the amiable and lovely companion of his bosom; when we behold him as a King, wise, generous, and beneficent in all his views, directing his whole attention and spending all his time in devising and enacting salutary laws, and endeavouring by every judicious and prudent method to civilize his subjects, to refine their manners, and ameliorate their condition; when we see him possessing all those qualities that are calculated to excite our esteem and regard, all those talents that are fitted equally to charm and

to command; at once the most learned Prince, and the most accomplished cavalier of his day; when all these circumstances are duly taken into consideration, we again repeat, that the writings of such a truly great and patriotic Prince "have a "strong claim to our regard, even independent "of their intrinsic worth." Having said so much with respect to our author, we might now endeavour to point out the various beauties of his works; but the able, learned, and interesting dissertations on his life and writings, and on the Scottish music, render it quite unnecessary for us to say any thing further. We shall therefore conclude this short address, by expressing our hope, that the present edition, with respect to its form and execution, will meet with general approbation; and that like its predecessor, it will prove attractive to the antiquarian, the critic, the poet, and the philosopher, and, in general, to all those who are lovers of the Scottish Muse, and admirers of the works of their celebrated ancestors.

October, 1827.

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HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL

DISSERTATION, *&c.*

In this age of curiosity, when whatever seems to throw light upon the history, literature, or manners of our country in ancient times, is anxiously sought after, the publication of the following Poems, the works of James I. King of Scotland, one of the most illustrious persons of the beginning of the fifteenth century, may be no unacceptable present to the public.

The Poem of *Christ's Kirk of the Green*, has been published before this time, commonly as the production of King James V. though falsely, and without foundation, as I shall endeavour to prove.

The other Poem, called *the King's Quair*, was never before published. Of the illustrious author,

it may be agreeable to the reader to give a sketch of the life and character, so far as to be explanatory of the two following Poems.

Men of active and superior parts have often soared to thrones; but how few of the sceptered rank have distinguished themselves as men of genius! and rarer still, how few to rank and genius have joined the qualities of the heart, virtue and public spirit! So rare a phenomenon, however, was James I. King of Scotland.

This Prince was the fourth in descent from the great *Robert Bruce*, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy.

His father, Robert III. of a mild disposition, affected ease and retirement. Near the close of his reign, on the death of his beloved Queen Anabella, broken with age and infirmities, he devolved the cares of government upon his brother the Duke of Albany, a man of ability and parts, and of great ambition. James was the younger of King Robert's two sons. The elder, David Duke of Rothsay, a high spirited Prince, at an age rising to manhood, ungovernable often in his passions and pleasures, had given occasion for many complaints against him,

which being no way palliated by his ambitious uncle, procured an order from the weak King for confining the young Prince to the castle of Falkland. There, under the custody of Albany, to whom that castle then belonged, he died within a few months, starved to death, according to all the Scottish historians. The Duke of Albany, accused as the author of the Prince's death, stood a trial, and was acquitted. As he had then the power of administration in his hands, no other issue was to be expected. The old infirm King was sensible too late of the effects of his weakness; and, from the death of the Duke of Rothsay, dreading that of his only remaining son James, the sole bar between his ambitious uncle Albany and the throne, to prevent the like fate, and confiding in the ancient alliance between the Scots and French, which had subsisted from the time of Charlemagne, he determined to send the young Prince, then about twelve years of age, to his ally the King of France.

The King trusted to a treaty which was then in force between him and King Henry IV. of England. Without regard, however, to the law of nations, the ship on board of which was Prince James, with the Earl of Orkney and others, his attendants, was taken by an English vessel upon that coast, and

carried to London. Considering the suspicious conduct of the Duke of Albany in the imprisonment and death of the Duke of Rothsay, it is no improbable conjecture that the capture of the Prince of Scotland, the only person between Albany and the throne, after the King, might have been owing to intelligence given by Albany to the English Monarch, of the Prince's voyage. In the time of peace between the two nations, it is scarcely to be presumed, that, without positive orders, such a breach of treaty would have been attempted by any private person. Be that, however, as it may, the shock of this new disaster, suddenly brought to his father's ears, so affected him, that he died in a few days (of pure grief) at his castle of Rothsay, in the isle of Bute. *

The young Prince was carried to the Tower of London, where, after two years confinement, he was sent to the castle of Nottingham, and after that to Windsor castle, † which seems, from that time, to have been the chief place of his residence while he was captive in England. There, under the care of Sir John Pelham, appointed his governor, an

* 1404.

† Windsor castle was built by Edward III. and the place where he and his successors generally kept their court.

accomplished gentleman of worth and literature, to compensate, in some degree, the confinement of his person, his mind was enriched with a most liberal and princely education. James was naturally endowed with great parts, and, under able masters, attained, as is said by the writers of that age, to a great degree of perfection in almost every branch of the learning of those times, and in every accomplishment of a gentleman. In all athletic exercises, particularly in the use of the sword and spear, he was eminently expert.* To his knowledge of the Greek and Roman languages, the last of which he wrote with ease, he joined the philosophy of that age,† poetry and music. In the scientific, as well as in the practical parts of music, he greatly excelled.‡ He is justly reckoned the first reformer, if not the inventor of the *Scottish songs*, or vocal music.‖ There was nothing, says Hauthornden, with-

* Ense cum altero dimicare, et hasta ad unguem certare sic callebat, ut si luctantem vidisses, athletam dixisses.—*Boetius, hist. lib.* 15.

† Jam vero humaniores artes, grammaticam, oratoriam, poeticamque ut tum temporis eximiè noverat.—In linguæ vernaculæ, ornata faciebat carmina. Theologiam, et jus, sic habebat, ut nulli cederet.—*Boet.*

‡ Musicam exactè tenebat, ac quicquid illi arti affinebatur peritissime.—*Boet. ibid.*

‖ See dissertation on Scottish music.

in the circle of the liberal arts, that he had not applied his mind unto, seeming rather born to letters than instructed.

The remark of Buchanan, upon King James's excellency in music, is unbecoming a son of Apollo, himself one of the train of the muses! '*In musicis curiosius, quam regem, vel deceat, vel expediat,*' is the illiberal censure of the sour reformer, the declaimer against monarchy! The observation of Sallust, from whom the phrase is copied, when applied to the vicious Sempronia, '*Psallere et saltare, elegantius quam necesse est probae,*' is just and proper, but is here misapplied by the Scottish historian.

In the age of James I. and long afterwards, music, not only in the practical, but in the theoretic parts, was esteemed a very important branch of princely education. Henry VIII. was so much master of the science of music, as to have composed several pieces of church music, some of which are still remaining.*

* Erasmus, his contemporary, vouches this fact.—In a late collection of anthems, published by Dr. Boyce from the books of the Royal Chapel, there is an anthem for four voices, composed by King Henry, '*O Lord, the maker of all things,*' which is allowed to be good; and Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, vol. 2d, has published another anthem of King Henry's, for three voices, superscribed thus, '*Henricus Octavus;*' and at the end of the cantus, or upper part, are these words, '*Quod Henricus Octavus.*'

In King James, his skill in music was no abuse of time. A genius as he was, taught, or rather inspired, by Nature, arrives at perfection without labour. Besides, James had improved his mind with every branch of the learning of the age; and, whoever considers his long captivity of eighteen years, during many of which he was under strict confinement, will not blame him for relaxing from the severer studies of literature and philosophy, and sweetening his hours of solitude and confinement by such refined and rational amusement.*

James did not remain a recluse during all the time of his captivity; that martial Prince Henry V. having revived the claim of Edward III. to the crown of France, invaded that kingdom in August, 1405, and gained the famous victory over the French

* The King, in the following plaintive verses, tells us how he passed part of his solitary hours in prison.

Quhare as in ward, full oft I wold bewaille
My deadly lyfe, full of peyne and penance;
Saing oft thus, quhat have I gilt to faille
My fredome in this warld, and my plesance?

The long dayis and the nightis eke
I wold bewaille my fortune in this wise,
For quhich agains distresse, comfort to seik
My custum was, on mornis for to ryse,
Airly as day, O happy exercise!

at Azincourt. From the beginning of this war, King Henry saw the importance of having the Scottish Prince in his hands, as a pledge, for preventing his countrymen either from making incursions on the border, while he was in France, or sending troops to the assistance of their French allies.

As Henry, soon after the battle of Azincourt, was obliged to return to England, the Scots remained quiet. Henry having recruited his forces, landed his army a second time in Normandy,* and being joined by the forces of the weak King Charles VI. and the Duke of Burgundy, carried all before him. The valorous actions of that heroic Prince are well known. The unfortunate Dauphin Charles, by the insanity of his father, the resentment of his vitious mother, and the valour of the English Monarch,

> It fell me to mynd, of many diverse thing
> Of this and that, can I not say quharefore
> Bot slepe, for craft, in erth might I no more
> For quhich as tho' coude I no better wyle,
> Bot take a bobe, to rede upon a while,
>
> Of quhich the name is clepit properly
> Boece———

Happy Prince, who could dispel the gloom of a prison by the manly and elegant exercises of philosophy, poetry, and music!

* 1418.

must have been driven from the throne of his ancestors, but for the assistance he got at that critical time from his ancient allies the Scots, under the banners of their brave leaders the Scottish nobility. The political system of the Scots in those days was extremely simple. Their first principle was independence; in maintaining of which they ever were lavish of their blood. Jealous of their powerful southern neighbours, who frequently had attempted their conquest, the Scots naturally turned their eyes to France, the rival of England, who, at all times, was ready to assist them, and to cultivate the ancient alliance which had subsisted between the two kingdoms from the time of Charlemagne. During King Henry's first expedition to France, the Scots had remained quiet, and given little or no aid to their allies. The rapid success, however, of the English Monarch in his second expedition, (which at length, by the famous treaty of Troye, settled the crown of France upon King Henry and his issue with Catherine of France), awakened at once the Scots to the impending ruin which threatened the independence of their country, by the weight of such an accession to the King of England. A choice body of 7000 Scots, commanded by John Stuart, Earl of Buchan, son to the Regent of Scotland, landed at Rochelle, to the assistance of the Dauphin, accompanied by many of

the Scottish nobility. The French war was now the path to glory and greatness. Never did the Scots make a more conspicuous figure than at that period, nor any set of warriors ever acquire more distinguished honours and fame. The Earl of Buchan, the leader of the Scots, arose, by his valour, to the dignity of *Constable of France*, and led the van of the French army; Douglas, Earl of Wigton, was created Marischal of France; the Earl of Douglas was created Duke, and invested in the Dukedom of Touraine; and Stuart, son to the Earl of Lennox, was created Viscount d'Aubigné.

The first check given to King Henry's career, was the signal victory obtained by the Scots at Baugé,* under the Earl of Buchan, in which the Duke of Clarence, King Henry's brother, was killed, and his kinsmen, the Earls of Somerset† and Dorset, were taken prisoners.

This event made King Henry sensible, that his detaining the young King of Scots a prisoner, prevented not his subjects from fighting for their allies. He changed his plan; James was carried to France,

* 1420.

† Grandson to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and brother to the Lady Jane, afterwards James's Queen.

in order to detach the Scots from the Dauphin's army. An offer is said, by the Scottish historians, to have been made by King Henry to his prisoner, of restoring him to his liberty, on condition of drawing off his subjects, by summoning them, upon their allegiance, to attend his standard. In James's situation, the offer was trying and alluring. The young King's answer was remarkable: 'As a prisoner,' replied he, 'and in your hands, I have no 'power over my subjects; nor are they under any 'allegiance to obey my command.'*

King Henry, though nowise pleased with the answer, is said, upon the King of Scots retiring, to have exclaimed, 'Happy shall be the subjects of 'a King, who, in such tender years, shews himself 'to be endowed with so much wisdom!'

This prevented not James from giving his personal assistance, and signalizing himself under the banner of that heroic and martial Prince, particularly at the siege of Dreux, where the King of Scots commanded, and whose surrender was chiefly owing to his valour and conduct.† James being of a firm and vigorous constitution, expert in athletic and warlike exercises, distinguished himself in several military

* Boet. lib. 16. Hauthornden, &c. † Hauthornden.

exploits under that vigorous Prince, fighting at the head of a faithful and noble band of his countrymen, who voluntarily attended their sovereign, as a guard to his person.*

During the regency of Robert Duke of Albany, the King's uncle, that artful Prince's plan of keeping hold of the government of Scotland coinciding with King Henry's measure for detaining the King of Scots in his hands, every treaty set on foot for his liberty, and his return to his own kingdom, was evaded and disappointed while Robert lived.

Upon his death, his son Murdoch succeeded him in the regency.† Although the plan of the new regent was the same with that of his predecessor, yet his ability, mean in comparison of his father's, and other circumstances concurring, made him, in a few years, sensible of his being unequal to hold the reins of government of a bold and martial people. His weakness and bad administration had introduced universal licentiousness and disorder, and for half a

* The most eminent of this loyal band of knights, were Seton Lord Gordon, with 40 launces and 100 horsemen; the Lord Forbes, with the same number; John and Fergus Kennedies, ancestors of the Earls of Cassillis, and John Sinclair, each of these with 30 launces, and 6 horsemen.—*Rymer's Foedera, tom.* 10. *p.* 127.

† 1420.

century anarchy prevailed over the whole kingdom. Above all, the vices and intolerable insolence of the Regent's own sons, which he found himself unable to curb, drove him at length seriously to concur with the states of the kingdom to set on foot a treaty for the King's liberty. To this the English regency, Henry V. being now dead, and his son an infant, was not averse. At last the treaty for King James's liberty was finally settled; and, as a bond of union between the kingdoms, James espoused a Princess of the blood-royal of England, Jane, daughter to the Earl of Somerset, grandson to John of Gaunt, and granduncle to King Henry. Thus, after eighteen years captivity,* King James set out with his young Queen for his own kingdom, and, to the universal joy of his subjects, they were crowned at Scone.

This Princess, who is the subject of one of the following poems, is celebrated by all the Scottish writers, not only as eminent for her beauty, but as a pattern of virtue and of conjugal affection.

James had an arduous task to perform upon his entry to government. The feudal system, early introduced into Scotland, made it no easy matter for the King to contend with a set of powerful nobles,

* 1424.

possessed of great estates, extensive vassallages, and hereditary jurisdictions annexed to them. These vassals, ready to run to the standard of their chief in time of war, obeyed also his call in time of peace; and, as his whole revenue was spent among them, according to the ancient hospitality of the times, his castle was always open to numbers of these retainers. They looked upon the chief as protector of the clan, and the vindicator of their feuds and quarrels; and, as the principles of right and wrong were not always the directors of their actions, their quarrels often produced the most open violation of justice, equity and law, in the attacks which they frequently made upon the persons and property of whoever they conceived had injured them. The chief, upon his part, particularly under the late weak government, as often interposed his power in protecting his guilty vassal from the punishment he had incurred. Thus, without having recourse to law and justice, the sword was the sole judge and decider of right and wrong.

A practice likewise, very expressive of the weakness of the Regent's government, was then frequent among the great barons in Scotland; this was, the forming of leagues* and bonds of association with each other, in defiance of government, to defend

* Act 30. Parl. 1.

themselves from being brought to justice. Such was the state of his kingdom, at James's taking the reins of government into his hands; and, to add to the difficulties he had to encounter, he found the property of the crown almost wholly alienated and given away by the late regents.

The conduct of James, in this situation, showed great resolution, as well as eminent political abilities. He convened the states of his kingdom in parliament, and, with their concurrence, he resumed the patrimony of the crown.* He pledged himself to maintain their just rights, and to have justice enforced, and a strict obedience to the laws of his kingdom preserved; and he obliged them to renounce and abjure all unlawful leagues and associations.†

James has been censured for his severity, in bringing to trial his uncle, Murdoch Duke of Albany, and his two sons. It is certain, that, on the King's return to Scotland, his government had been frequently disturbed by insurrections, headed by the regent's sons, and their partizans, who had been pardoned, in hopes to bring them to their duty. Upon what species of treason Duke Murdoch and his sons were tried and condemned, is not known;

* Act 9. of Parl. 1. † Act 30. Parl. 2.

there is no record of their trial. * Their death, however, seems to have been grateful to the nation: they must have been extremely unpopular, when the people appeared to be pleased with their fall. Possibly the remembrance of the death of Prince David, and of James's long captivity, brought about by the same means, might have operated in their downfal.

It is not my design to enter into a detail or history of King James's reign; for this I must refer my reader to the historians and writers of his life. It is sufficient here to say, that, in his short reign of thirteen years, he reformed the disorders which the late regent's bad government had produced; and, by his wise laws, and steady resolution and authority in putting them in execution, he restored peace, order, and security over the whole of his kingdom.

By promoting literature, he, by his own example, civilized his people; and in that rude age gave a new turn to the genius of Scotland.

He rebuilt and restored the cathedral church, and liberally endowed the University of St. Andrews, and established schools in different parts of the kingdom. According to his elegant biographer, †

* Hauthornden. † Hauthornden.

by his invitation, many learned men, from the most illustrious universities in Europe, came to Scotland, as to the *Sanctuary of the Muses*, where the King often graced in person their lessons, and was umpire in their learned disputes.

Sensible that religion is the surest foundation of good government, and the great curb to the passions and disorders of men, he bent his care to promote piety and learning in the church, by advancing men of that character only, to the dignified ecclesiastical offices. He established a fixed rule, that none should hold the office of a canon in the church, but regular bachelors of divinity.

Sensible, likewise, that the externals of religion, in the order, decency, and solemnity of its rites, have their effect upon the mind, he, from his skill in poetry and music, established regular choirs in the churches. He was the first who introduced organs into the cathedrals and abbeys in Scotland. He was no less studious to polish the rough manners of his people, by alluring his nobles to frequent his court, where polite entertainments, feasts, masks, and, of course, splendid apparel, came to be introduced, and a degree of refinement promoted,

to which the Scots, in the preceding ages, had been entirely strangers.

The most important eras in the history of any nation, are those which mark the introduction of learning and the polite arts, and the consequent civilization of manners amongst a rude people.

The most distinguished of such epochs in the history of Scotland, are those of the reigns of *Malcolm* III. commonly called *Caenmore*, and of *King James* I. *

In the age of Malcolm III. the Scots were, no doubt, a rude people. They had little intercourse with the nations on the Continent, not even with their neighbours of England, unless in their frequent hostilities with each other.

On the murder of King Duncan by Macbeth, † his eldest son Malcolm took refuge in England, in the court of King Edward the Confessor, by whose assistance, under Siward Earl of Northumberland, the grandfather of Malcolm, by his mother, the daughter of Earl Siward, he defeated the usurper,

* King Malcolm III. began his reign anno 1057. King James returned from England Anno 1424.

† 1040.

and established himself upon the throne of his ancestors. * It is remarkable, that Scotland hath owed its civilization to two of its greatest and most patriotic Princes, who both of them received their education at the English court.

Before the time of King Malcolm Caenmore, the universal language over Scotland, to the north of the river Forth, was *the Gaelic.* Malcolm, while he resided at the court of King Edward, had made himself master of the Saxon, or English language. On his return to Scotland, he introduced that language into his kingdom. He was the first of the Scottish Princes who fixed his residence in the low country of Scotland. The more ancient Scottish Kings usually held their residences at their castles, in the northern and western parts of Scotland; at *Kildrimmie in Marr;* the *castle of Inverness,* in that county; *Dunstaffnage,* on the western coast of Argyleshire; the *castle of Glammis,* in Angus; and at *Stirling,* and *St. Johnston,* now *Perth,* the two last situated in the *entries* of the *Grampian Mountains.* That noble edifice, the *Abbey* and *royal palace* of *Dunfermline,* on the north of the river Forth, built by King Malcolm, was his chief residence. †

* 1057.

† The cathedral church of St. Cuthbert's at Durham was also

A remarkable occurrence, soon after his restoration, greatly contributed to the cultivation of the English language in Scotland.

Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Saxon line to the English crown, together with his mother and sister, and many illustrious persons, the followers of their fortunes, having, upon the conquest of England by William the Norman, left that kingdom, were driven by a storm into the mouth of the river Forth. There they found an hospitable reception from the Scottish Prince. Malcolm espoused the Princess Margaret, and endowed with honours and lands their illustrious friends. From these last, are derived many of the present noble families in Scotland. By this intercourse, the Saxon, or English language, was established, and, in time, became the general language over the low country of Scotland. With the language, it is not to be doubted that the more advanced and civilized manners, together with the arts and sciences then in England and on the Continent, came into Scotland, and were cherished and cultivated under the patronage and protection of

built by King Malcolm. The counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, then belonged to the crown of Scotland, as feus holden of the Kings of England.

King Malcolm, and his Queen Margaret, who, according to the Scottish historians, were two of the most illustrious characters that flourished in that age. To return to King James.

The luxury said to have been introduced into Scotland in his reign, was the natural attendant on the civilization of manners then established by him. A change in the mode of living among a rude people, from some degree of barbarity to simple convenience, will be dignified with the appellation of Luxury. *Boetius*, and other historians of these times, expatiate upon the luxury which was then introduced into Scotland, and, according to them, occasioned the enacting of sumptuary laws, particularly restraining the expence of the table, prohibiting baked meat, and such like dainties, to be used, except at the tables of the nobles, and there only upon holidays. Some modern critics treat this with great *ridicule*, and are very severe upon Boece, Hauthornden, &c. for pretending absurdly and *falsely*, as they allege, to represent the Scots, at that early period, as opulent, and addicted to luxurious entertainments. True it is, indeed, that, amongst the printed acts of parliament of that reign, the sumptuary act alluded to by Boece is not to be found.

The fact may, nevertheless, be true. To confute our old historians, the following record from Rymer's Foedera * is quoted with great triumph. In it we find a license granted by King Henry VI. for transporting by sea to Scotland the following articles, for the use of King James I. viz. '*Uno cloath sack; duodecim ulnis de scarlatto; viginti ulnis de worsted, rubri coloris; octo duodenis vasorum de peuter; mille et ducentis ciphis ligneis; tribus duodenis de Coverliis,*' &c.

With submission to our modern critics, I cannot think even this commission, plain and homely as it may seem at this day, sufficient to discredit the authority of Boetius, as to the introduction of what might be reckoned, at that time, luxury of the table and dress, into Scotland. A sack or bale of English broad cloth, twelve ells of scarlet, for the King's own use, and twenty butts of wine, which is also in the grant, was no such contemptible commission; nor was even eight dozen of pewter vessels, for the use of his table. Pewter was then a novelty even in England, and used in the houses of the great only, where plate likewise was used. By the household-book of the Duke

* Tom. 10. p. 470.

of Northumberland, it appears, that, in King Henry VII.'s time, more than a hundred years after the above era, pewter was used in that family, then the most opulent in England; but, what is remarkable, it also appears that it was lent out to them for hire.*

It may seem ridiculous, that, in that rude age, when the arts of industry were very little understood or practised, when not only most of the articles of dress, but of household furniture, used by the great, must have been imported from foreign parts, a more pernicious species of luxury than that of the table should then have been introduced into Scotland. How absurd, (may a modern say), to imagine, that our rude ancestors, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, not only *ate baked meat at Christmas*, and other holidays, but to go a strain higher, *wore silk clothes*, *pearls*, and *embroidery!* The fact, however, is certainly so. The 118th act of James I. enacts, 'That na man sall 'wear claiths of silk, nor furrings, bot only 'knights and lords of £200, at the least of yearly rent, and their eldest sons, and their heirs, 'but special leave of the King askit and obteinit;

* Hume's Hist. vol. 3. note at the end, 8vo. edit.

'and na uther *wear broderie, pearle, or bulzion;* 'bot array them at their awin list, in all other 'honest arraiements, as serpes, belts, broches, 'and cheinzies.'——After all, it is obvious, from the circumstances and history of the times, which later writers seem not to have attended to, that civilization of manners, a remarkable change in the mode of living, and a degree of luxury and of expence, both in the economy of the table and in dress, amongst the nobility and gentry of Scotland, beyond what was ever known before, must necessarily have taken place in the reign of James I. It is said above, that, at this era, France was the theatre of glory, on which the Scots had eminently figured, where, for their gallant behaviour, they had been rewarded with distinguished honours and estates. Upon their return to Scotland, must not, of course, part of the French manners, the refinements of living, and expence of dress, have come in their train? Scotland, at that era, we may readily allow, was far behind her neighbours of England and France in these respects; but can it be doubted that King James, educated, and residing so many years in the two most polished courts in Europe; that the *Earl of Buchan, constable of France;* the *Earl of Douglas, Duke of Touraine,* and *his son Lord Wigton, both*

marischals of France, and numbers of the Scottish nobility and gentry, endowed with ample revenues in France, and possessed of extended territorial estates at home, on returning to their own country, would import part of the French luxury, both in dress, and in the entertainment of the table? The stately remains of the *old castles* and *venerable abbeys*, those august monuments of ancient grandeur, still extant; *Borthwick Castle*, *Craigmiller*, *Roslin*, the *abbeys of Holyrood*, *Aberbrothock*, *Dunfermline*, &c. impress the mind, at this day, with a just idea of the splendour and hospitality of the nobles and dignified churchmen in ancient times, who held their residence in those stately edifices.

Honest Hector Boece, indeed, seldom fails to dress his countrymen in their holiday clothes: our modern critics, on the other extreme, in their overstrained zeal for truth, seem, with reluctance, to yield to their ancestors those blessings which benignant Nature had bestowed upon them. To speak of Scotland as wealthy and opulent, according to the common phrase, would be absurd. The wealth of Scotland consisted in her *population*, the certain *criterion* of *plenty*. She has been productive, at all times, of a hardy, vigorous, and brave

race of men,* supplied at home with every necessary article of life, strenuous assertors of their liberty and independence against every foreign invader: their mountains covered with sheep and beeves, their vallies fertile in grain, and their seas and rivers teeming with fish. Such was the opulence of Scotland, in ages of the earliest antiquity. At the above remarkable era, the age of James I. from the virtue, spirit, and genius of that Prince, with the concurring circumstances of the time, it is beyond a doubt, that a remarkable change and reformation, in the manners, and mode of living of the Scots, must, of course, have taken place. To return to our subject.

Thus, while this worthy and patriot King was, by every exertion, promoting the good and happiness of his people, he was, on the 13th of February, 1436-7, basely murdered at the monastery of the Dominicans at Perth, by his detestable uncle the Earl of Athol; an event universally and deeply regretted; for James was beloved and honoured by his people; and his memory is still revered, as that of one of the best of Princes that ever reigned in Scotland.

* Witness the numbers drawn from the mountains of Scotland, in the late and present war, to fight the battles of Britain!

To such worthies as have been eminent for similar virtues, the Mantuan poet, in those noble strains, has allotted the chief seats in Elysium. As a *poet, patriot,* and *lawgiver,* and the *civilizer* of the manners of his people, no Prince in history deserves more to be revered by his country than James I. King of Scotland.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi
Quique pii vates, et Phoebo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.

It remains now to take notice of *the works of* King James I.

Joannes Major mentions some of his compositions, particularly a poem upon Jane, afterwards his Queen; and he gives the names of some of his musical pieces of Scottish songs *(Cantilenæ Scoticæ)* composed by him, which Major says were much esteemed in his time. *Dempster* mentions some other pieces of James I. *Scripsit,* says this author, *Rythmos Latinos, et de musica.*

Of all his works, those which now only remain, or at least can with certainty be distinguished as his, are the two following pieces, *Christ's Kirk of*

the Green, and the poem on Queen Jane, called the *King's Quair*. Of his musical compositions, I have treated by themselves, in a dissertation on the Ancient Scottish Songs.

Of Christ's Kirk of the Green.

THIS ancient poem has, by men of taste, always been esteemed a valuable relique of the old Scottish poetry. For the poetical language of the time, the ludicrous descriptions, and the free vein of genuine wit and humour which runs through it, it is, even at this day, read with pleasure. It must be valuable, were its only merit that of being descriptive of the humour and manners of the country 350 years ago.

I am aware, that the generality of late writers have attributed this poem to that gallant Prince *James V.* who was also a poet. I shall examine this point; and I hope I shall be able, notwithstanding many great authorities to the contrary, to make it evident, that *James I.* was the author of *Christ's Kirk of the Green.*

I shall begin, by stating the authorities which give this poem to King James V.

The oldest of these, so far as I have been able to discover, is that of Bishop *Edmund Gibson*, who, anno 1691, published an edition at Oxford of the poem of Christ's Kirk of the Green, with learned notes. The title which the Bishop gives his book, is 'CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN, '*composed, as is supposed, by* King JAMES V.'— And in an elegant Latin preface to this poem, he thus writes, '*Gratulor tibi lector, et Musis, regem* '*in Parnasso, non infeliciter somniantem; de Jaco-* '*bi, ejus nominis apud Scotos* Quinti, *familia, eru-* '*ditione, scientia militari, consulendi sunt historico-* '*rum annales; principem autem hunc poesin de-* '*periisse, nil mirum, commune id illi, cum augustis-* '*simis aliis viris, qui haud pauci carmen in deliciis* '*habuere.*'

The next authority is the editor of the last edition of Gavin Douglas's translation of Virgil's Æneis, published at Edinburgh, anno 1710, who, in his preface, thus mentions this poem; 'with 'notes, published at Oxford some years ago, by a 'celebrated writer on the famous poem of King 'James V. entitled, *Christ's Kirk on the Green.*'

On the same side is Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, who, in his *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica, sub voce Jacobi Quinti, Regis Scotiæ*, mentions the poem of Christ's Kirk of the Green as written by that Prince, and adds, '*Editit, notisque illustravit cl. Edmond Gibson, Oxon.* 1691.' Tanner's Bibliotheca was publised so late as the year 1748.

These are the only ancient and positive authorities that I have seen, which attribute this poem to King James V. I shall sum up the whole arguments on that side of the question from an author of still greater weight than any of the above, that is, the learned Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, whose opinion, although he candidly does not decide, is on the same side with the above authors.*

Lord Hailes argues thus—

First, Major, in his life of King James I. mentions several pieces written by that Prince, but says nothing of Christ's Kirk of the Green.

Secondly, The poem mentions '*Peebles at the*

* Notes on the Statutes of King James I. Act 12.

'*Play*,' which Lord Hailes is of opinion relates to a more modern era than the age of King James I.; And,

Lastly, Bishop Gibson and Bishop Tanner, and the editor of Gavin Douglas's Virgil, all agree in attributing the poem of Christ's Kirk of the Green to King James V.

I shall attempt to answer these arguments in their order; and to the first,

That Major, who mentions two or three pieces, said to be composed by King James I. does not mention the poem of Christ's Kirk, is an argument entirely negative, and can infer no direct conclusion that King James I. might not have been the author of that poem, as well as of several other pieces not mentioned by Major, of which, for certain, he was the author, viz. *Rythmi Latini, et de Musica*, mentioned by Dempster,* and some other poems mentioned by other authors.†

* *Dempster Hist. Ecc. cap.* 713. See Dissertation on Scottish Songs.

† Godly and Spiritual Songs, published by Andro Hart; some of which, though not distinguisbed in the book, are mentioned as written by King James I.

Major does not pretend to give a full enumeration of the works of James, but, after mentioning two or three of his pieces, adds, *Et plurimi codices, adhuc apud Scotos.*

To the *second*, as to the era of the *plays of Peebles:* The anniversary games or plays at Peebles are of so high antiquity, that, at this day, it is only from tradition, joined to a few remains of antiquity, that we can form any conjecture respecting the age of their institution, or even trace the vestiges of what these games were. Any argument, therefore, deduced from the era of the institution of the plays at Peebles, inclines to the opposite side from Lord Hailes. That this town, situated on the banks of the *Tweed*, in a pastoral country, abounding with game, was much resorted to by our ancient Scottish Princes, is certain. King Alexander III. is said to have had a hunting seat here; the place where it stood is still pointed out. We are told by Boetius, that the monastery of *Cross Church*, now in ruins, was built by that Prince; * and anciently our Princes occasionally took up their residence in the religious houses. Contiguous to it is a piece of ground,

* Anno 1257.

of old surrounded with walls, and still called the *King's Orchard;* and on the opposite side of the river is the King's Green. † The plays were probably the golf, a game peculiar to the Scots, football, and shooting for prizes with bow and arrow. The shooting butts still remain. Archery, within the memory of man, was kept up at Peebles; and an ancient silver prize arrow, with several old medallions appended to it, as I am informed, is still preserved in the town-house of Peebles.

And to the *last* argument, to wit, the authorities of Bishops Gibson and Tanner, and the editor of Gavin Douglas's Virgil, all of whom attribute the above poem to King James V. All these writers are so modern, and so remote from the age of James I. or even of James V. that they can prove nothing. The oldest of these writers, Bishop, Gibson, did not publish his book till the year 1691, that is, 149 years after the death of King James V. and 250 years after the death of King James I. Besides Gibson, upon whose bare assertion the other two later writers professedly rely, speaks but dubiously; his words, as on the title page of the poem, are, ' Composed, *as it is supposed,* by King James V.'

† Pratum regium.

Having thus shown the insufficiency of the arguments and authorities which attribute this poem to King James V. I now proceed to prove that it was undoubtedly the work of King James I.

The most ancient testimony for this opinion, is that of Mr *George Banantyne*, to whose taste and industry we owe a MS. collection of many fine old Scottish poems prior to the year 1568, which is the date of his manuscript.

In Banantyne's book, the first poem in point of antiquity, is *Christ's Kirk of the Green*, which at the end of it, as was the fashion of the time, bears this signature, '*Quod King James* I.'

Banantyne's manuscript was finished in 1568, within twenty-six years of the death of James V.* Banantyne may then be reckoned to have been contemporary with that Prince. His testimony, therefore, not only proves negatively that King James V. was not the author, but likewise, that universal tradition and report, in this last Prince's time, attributed this poem to his royal ancestor King James I.

* 1542.

Further, although it may not be easy to ascertain the age of any writing from its language, yet I apprehend there arises strong internal evidence from the poem itself, that it belongs to an age more ancient than that of King James V.

King James I. was carried to England in the year 1404, and remained at the courts of King Henry IV. V. and VI. until the year 1423; when he returned to his own kingdom; some years after which, we may conjecture this poem to have been written. If it is compared with any of the poems of the age of King James V. that is, a century later, we shall find the language of the first much more antiquated and difficult to be understood than that of the latter. Let us make the comparison.

In the miscellany of ancient poems, called the *Ever Green*, collected chiefly from Banantyne's manuscript, the first in the book is, *Christ's Kirk of the Green*, and next to it are two poems, the *Thistle and the Rose*, and *Virtue* and *Vice*. The first made by Dunbar, upon the marriage of King James IV. and Margaret his Queen, on her coming to Scotland, and before James V. was born. The other poem is written by Bellenden, Dean

of Murray, and addressed to King James V. then a youth. Let these two poems be compared with Christ's Kirk of the Green, and I apprehend that no person who is versant in the Scottish language will have any difficulty in pronouncing Christ's Kirk to be the most ancient of the three poems. To any Scotsman, who is tolerably acquainted with the orthography of the Scottish language about 200 years ago, there can be no difficulty in understanding every phrase, nay almost every word used in the two poems of Dunbar and Bellenden, written in King James IV. and V.'s time, while in the more ancient poem of Christ's Kirk, he must, in almost every stanza, meet with some phrase or word, the true meaning of which he must be at a loss to explain.

I am willing, at the same time, to allow, that, in a ludicrous poem, describing the humour of the country, several words used by the vulgar may affectedly have been introduced; yet, after all, this will not reconcile or make up for the apparent antiquity of phrase, as well as of words, which runs through the whole of the poem of Christ's Kirk of the Green.*

* A late argument I have heard urged, that James I. from his

I shall conclude with another argument that arises from the poem itself, which, in my apprehension, is decisive of the point in question.

Whoever reads the poem of Christ's Kirk, simply as a piece of wit and humour, comes very far short, I imagine, of the patriotic design and intention of its author. I shall endeavour to illustrate this.

In the time of James I. *archery*, as a military art, was practised over all Europe. The English archers were remarkably expert in the use of the bow and arrow: They were commonly stationed in the van of the army, and began the fight by a flight of arrows; and, when the enemy was thrown into disorder, they rushed in upon them with their battle axes. The celebrated victory gained by King Henry V. at *Azincourt*, was decided by the English archers.

long captivity in England, could not be so well acquainted either with the language or manners of his country, as described in this poem. In answer to this, it must be considered, that James was twelve years of age when he was carried to England; that, while there, during his captivity, he was constantly attended and surrounded with his countrymen, and, from 1423, when he returned to Scotland, to 1436, when he died, (13 years) in that, or half that space, he had time to have been well acquainted with both the language and manners of his people.

King James, on his return to his own kingdom,* among many other abuses of the late weak government, under his uncles the Dukes of Albany, while he was a prisoner in England, found, that the practice of archery had been greatly neglected among his subjects. As this appeared to be an object of much importance to the state, James, in his very first parliament,† passes an act, ordaining 'Every person after twelve years of age to '*busk* (*i. e.* equip) himself as *an archer:* That bow 'marks be maid near every paroch kirk, wharin, 'on holydays, men may cum and schutte at least 'thrice about, and have usage of archerie; and 'wha sa uses not the said archerie, the laird of 'the land, or the sherriff, sall raise of him a wed-'der.' We find another statute in the third parliament of the same Monarch, appointing *waipon-schawing* four times in the year, with bow and arrow.

James did not allow the matter to rest here; he knew that *ridicule* often has a stronger effect in exposing ignorance and correcting abuses, than penalties enjoined by law.‡

* 1423. † Parl. 1. Act 18.

‡ ——Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res—Hor.

His poem of Christ's Kirk is almost one continued *ironical satire* upon *the awkward management of the bow*, and the neglect into which *archery* had then fallen in Scotland. To make his subjects sensible of the disgrace they incurred by their shameful ignorance of the use of their arms, and to re-establish the discipline of the bow amongst them, was an object worthy the care of this wise and warlike Monarch. The continuator of Fordun's Scoti-Chronicon remarks, that, notwithstanding his attention to this, that, after his death, archery declined: '*Post cujus mortem (Jacobi Primi) lugubrem, omnes quasi indifferenter arcus et arcilia rejecerunt, et cum lanceis equitare se dederunt: Ita quod nunc in curia magnatis, ubi sunt centum homines, et octoginta lanceas, et vix sex reperies arcitenentes.*'

A remarkable discovery, made a little before this time, hastened the downfal of archery, I mean the invention of *gun-powder*, and the use of *artillery*.

The first siege of importance in which *cannon* seems to have been employed, was the famous siege of Orleans by the English, in which the Earl of Salisbury, the English general, was killed

by a cannon-ball.* Artillery, in a few years after, was introduced into Scotland. Of this we have a melancholy proof in the death of King James II. and of the want of skill at that time in the management of artillery; that Prince being killed,† at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, by the bursting of an over-loaded cannon.

The use of cannon preceded that of musketry for many years, while archery in England, and on the Continent, still continued to make a considerable figure in the military art. At length, the introduction of *hand fire-arms*, the *hagbutt*, *arquebuss*, and *match-lock*, put an end to archery, and to the use of the bow in war, about the end of the fifteenth century.

The 94th act of King James V. mentions, that the *schott of guns*, *hagbutts*, and *other small artaillarie*, were comounlie used in war in all countries. That statute, therefore, enacts, that every landed man of £100 shall have a *hagbutt*, with *calmes* for *casting bullets*, and with *powder* convenient for use.

From this it appears obvious, that the use of

* 1428. † 1460.

the bow in war was, in the reign of James V. quite laid aside. The fine irony then, so proper for ridiculing the shameful want of skill in archery, which runs through the poem of Christ's Kirk, is lost, if applied to any other era than that of James I.; more particularly so, if applied to that of James V. when fire-arms were introduced and encouraged by the public laws of the kingdom. From the whole of this evidence, I think there can remain no difficulty in agreeing to the positive testimony of *Banantyne*, the contemporary of King James V. that his ancestor King James I. was the author of *Christ's Kirk of the Green.*

In the subsequent edition of this poem, I have followed Banantyne's MS. Whether or no, when he made his manuscript collection in 1568, there was any printed edition of this, or any of the other poems in his collection, I have not been able to learn.

In the following edition I have adhered scrupulously even to the orthography of Banantyne; and I have consulted, as to the meaning of obscure and obsolete words, of which many occur, several glossaries of the Scottish language, more particularly that prefixed to the last folio edition of Gavin

Douglas's translation of the Æneis of Virgil, which is said to be the work of the late learned Mr. *Thomas Ruddiman*, though his modesty restrained him from putting his name to the most learned, copious, and best glossary of the Scottish language.

Bishop Edmond Gibson, as before observed, published, *anno* 1691, his edition of this poem, in the black or Saxon letter, printed at Oxford. Before this time, there were surely some Scottish editions of it printed. It appears, however, that the Bishop has followed none of them, but has taken his edition from some very incorrect copy printed in England, as it is materially different from the Scottish, not only in the orthography, but in the phrase and meaning of many passages, which it is obvious the editor has not understood.

We have already remarked, that the English and Scottish languages were derived from the same parent, the ancient Saxon. In the progress of time, however, frequent variations must of course have arisen in the same language, as spoken in the two separate kingdoms, so as to keep them distinct and separate, though radically the same language. Obsolete words from the ancient language revived; new words started up; and different dialects pre-

vailed in each kingdom. Bishop Gibson, by his Latin preface, appears to be an elegant writer in that language; and his learned notes on this poem shew that he was likewise skilled in the ancient Saxon and northern languages; yet he seems to have known little of the Scottish language, either in its phraseology or dialect, at the above era. From a want of knowledge of the manners of that country, he palpably gives a wrong sense to many Scottish words. Many deviations from the original Scottish poem, as in Banantyne's MS. occur in his edition: Many words, even verses, are altered; and one whole stanza, the 8th in the original, is altogether omitted. There are three additional stanzas in the Bishop's edition which are not in Banantyne's MS. One of these, being the 12th of this edition, as it naturally connects with the preceding stanzas, I have taken into the text, as it seems to contain the same humour of the poem, although I hesitate to pronounce it genuine. The other two, following the 21st of the present, I take to be clearly spurious.

Of the POEM *made by King* JAMES I. *on* JANE, *afterwards his Queen, while he was a prisoner in England.*

THIS ancient poem, though mentioned by several writers of the life of James I. and well known in his time, yet has lain hid for these three centuries, and probably would have shared the same fate with most of his other compositions, now lost, but for the preservation of one single manuscript copy of it, which is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The title which this manuscript bears, is '*The* QUAIR, *maid be King* 'JAMES *of Scotland the First, callit* THE KING'S 'QUAIR. *Maid qn. his Ma. was in England.*'

By what accident this poem came into the editor's hands, it may be proper to give some account. Although all the Scottish writers mention King James I. as the author of many poetical pieces, yet as in the age of James, and for a century after, printing was not introduced into Britain, it is not to be wondered that most of his pieces should now be lost.

Joannes Major, in his History of Scotland, mentions this poem of King James I. thus: '*Artificio-*

'*eam libellum de Regina dum captivus erat compo-*
'*suit, antequam eam in conjugem duxerat.*'

Dempster also, in his Historia Ecclesiastica, mentions, amongst the works of James, this poem, *Super Uxore futura.* A later writer, *Tanner* Bishop of St Asaph, in his Bibliotheca Britanni-co-Hibernica, mentions it still more particularly, under the article *Jacobus Stuartus Primus Rex Scotiae*, thus: '*Lamentatio facta dum in Anglia fuit Rex.*" It appears that Bishop Tanner had both seen and read this poem, as he recites the first line of it,

'*Heigh in the Hevynis figure circulare.*'

M. S. Bib. Bod. Selden. Archiv. B. 24. and '*In fine poematis* (says Tanner) *Gowerum et Chau-*
'*cerum mirificé laudat*'—Rex.

The above authorities concurring in mentioning this poem, and the particular reference to its being amongst the Seldenian manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, excited the editor's curiosity to search for it. After several fruitless attempts, on his applying to an ingenious young gentleman, a student of Oxford, he undertook the task, and found the MS. accordingly. From a very accu-

rate copy made by him, the present publication is given.

From the title of the poem, it may be presumed that, in the age in which it was composed, it was held in estimation by the public. The word *Quair*, in the old English language, signifies a book; hence, by way of eminence, this poem was distinguished by the title of *the King's book*; and, in that age, it must have been considered as a great work.

As to its merit, the public, after due consideration of the age in which it was written, just beginning to emerge from that darkness that had long obscured the western hemisphere, will judge. Thus far may, I think, be said, that, for the invention and fancy, the genuine simplicity of sentiment, and the descriptive poetry which runs through it, it is a remarkable work.

The design, or theme, is the Royal poet's love for his beautiful mistress *Jane*, with whom he became enamoured while a prisoner at the castle of Windsor. The recollection of the misfortunes of his youth, his early and long captivity, the incident which gave rise to his love, its purity, con-

stancy, and happy issue, are all set forth by way of allegorical vision, according to the reigning taste of the age of King James I. as we find from the poems of *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and *Lydgate*, his contemporaries. The taste for poetical allegory and vision was derived from the Provençal writers, which probably was introduced into England by Richard I. who ranks among the most eminent of the Troubadours. It was highly in fashion in the age of Lydgate, Gower, and Chaucer, and continued to be so down to the age of *Spencer*, and the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Every story had its moral, and was told in the way of allegory and vision. The machinery of these poems were fiery dragons, giants, and fairies; the scenery enchanted forests, castles, and lakes. The virtues, vices, and passions were personified, and the mythology was a mixture of the Greek, Roman, Arabian, and Christian. The advancement of learning has long banished this false taste; and it cannot be denied, that perhaps the meanest modern composition, even the flimsy flowers of a monthly miscellany, will better stand the test of criticism; yet how fleetly do these short-lived embryos vanish, never to appear again, at the approach of the great visionary figures, called up by our old bards! How is the imagination carried away, in

their lofty flights into the regions of fancy, adorned with the glow of genuine poetry!

In pursuing the several parts of the allegorical vision in King James's poem, perhaps it may appear prolix, a fault which attends almost every allegorical poem. It might be imputed to prejudice, were I to rank our Royal poet with Chaucer, his contemporary, whose genius, like the morning-star, broke out after a long obscure night!

Chaucer, the father of English poetry, as he may be styled the first, so he is the best poet of his time. His universal genius has comprehended, in his Canterbury Tales, the various manners and humours of every rank of men in his age and country, from his accomplished knight, who had served in the holy wars, down to the reeve, ploughman, and miller: And he has shewn the extent of his genius and learning, in almost every species of poetry, from his heroic poem of Palamon and Arcite to his ballads.—Having said this in preference of Chaucer,

I may, however, be allowed to compare the episode of the *Court of Venus*, in the following poem of James, with the *Court of Love* of Chaucer; in

which view, if I am able to judge, our poet will lose nothing by the comparison, particularly in the portraiture of the mistress of each poet. The *Jane of King James* is painted with as much beauty, and with more tender delicacy, than the buxom *Rosial of Chaucer*.

The *Seldenian manuscript*, from which the present copy is taken, appears to be of an old date; in many places it was not easy to find out the proper sense of the passage, and in many passages it was obviously erroneous. The writer of the old MS. seems to have been but little acquainted with classical learning; hence it appears, that he has often erroneously substituted one name in place of another, of which many gross instances occur. Many other apparent inaccuracies run through it, which, however, ought not always to be placed to the account of the transcriber: The poet himself is answerable for many liberties which he takes in his poem, which the custom of that age gave a sanction to.

Great freedom is used in the orthography or spelling, which is often various in the same word. Not unfrequently words are omitted or under-

stood, which the reader is left to supply, so as to make out the sense of the passage.

To such as are not versant in the old poets, Chaucer, Gower, &c. the numbers of the verses will often appear to be unequal, as the apostrophes, signs of contraction, elisions, and marks for the division of the syllables for the sake of the verse, which were used by the old poets, are now lost. For understanding of these, I cannot do better than recommend to the reader the excellent general rules prefixed to the learned glossary in Gavin Douglas's Virgil.

For the ease of the reader, I have divided the poem into cantos, according to the various episodes contained in it; and, throughout the whole, I have, by explanatory notes, endeavoured to render the sense, frequently obscure, as easy as was in my power. In many places I am afraid I have not been so successful as I could have wished.

It must be confessed, that many of the beauties of this ancient poem must escape us, from the mutability of the language in the space of near 400 years; an imperfection attendant on every living language. What Waller says, in his elegant vers-

es on Chaucer, in the last century, may, with equal force, be applied to the poetical remains of King James I. of Scotland:

> Poets, that lasting marble seek,
> Must carve in *Latin* or in *Greek:*
> We write in sand; our language grows;
> And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.
> *Chaucer* his sense can only boast,
> The glory of his numbers lost!
> Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
> And yet he did not write in vain.

Upon the whole: If the present publication, which has been the amusement of leisure hours, and a relief from more serious occupations, shall entertain the few who have a relish or esteem for the genuine poetical productions of their ancestors, it will sufficiently reward my pains, in the satisfaction I shall have of having rescued from oblivion this genuine remain of the works of a genius, one of the best and wisest of Kings! one of the most illustrious characters of his age!

THE

KING'S QUAIR.

MAID BE

KING JAMES OF SCOTLAND

THE FIRST,

Qn. his Ma. was in England.

THE

KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO I.

I.

HEIGH in the hevynis figure circulare
The rody sterres twynkling as the fyre:
And in Aquary * *Citherea* the clere,
Rynsid hir tressis like the goldin wyre,
That late tofore, in faire and fresche atyre,
Thro' *Capricorn* heved hir hornis bright,
North northward approchit the myd nyght.

* *Citherea.*] This must be an error of the transcriber of the Seldenian MS. The Royal Poet must have wrote *Cinthia*, which agrees with the descriptive words in the 6th line, '*Heved hir hornis bright*;' but could not be applicable to Citherea, the planet *Venus* in that age. *Galileo*, about the year 1608, near two hundred years after James I. was the first who, by the new invention of the telescope, a little before that time, discovered that the planet Venus had phases as the moon. The description of the season in this stanza is extremely poetical.

II.

Quhen as I lay in bed allone waking,
New partit out of slepe a lyte tofore,
Fell me to mynd of many diverse thing
Of this and that, can I no^{t} say quharefore,
Bot slepe for craft in erth my^{t} I no more;
For quhich as tho' coude I no better wyle,
Bot toke a boke to rede upon a quhile:

III.

Off quhich the name is clepit properly
* *Boece*, efter him that was the compiloure,

* *Boece.*] *Anicius Severinus Boethius*, a senator, and of consular dignity, flourished at Rome in the reign of *Theodoric* King of the Ostrogoths, after *Augustulus*, the last of the Roman emperors, had resigned the empire. He was accused and banished to Ticinum, now Pavia, by Theodoric, for having designs of restoring the liberty of his country, and, three years after, was beheaded. His life and manners were those of a philosopher, through a long series of misfortunes, which he bore with remarkable patience and fortitude. While he was in banishment, he wrote his book *De Consolatione Philosophiae*. His tomb is still preserved in the church of St. Augustine at Pavia, on which is inscribed the following epitaph:

Maeonia et Latia lingua clarissimus, et qui
Consul eram hic perii missus in exilium,
Et quod mors rapuit, Probitas me vexit ad auras,
Et nunc fama viget, maxima viget opus.

Schewing counsele of philosophye,
Compilit by that nobil senatoure
Off Rome quhilome yt was the warldis floure,
And from estate by fortune a quhile
[a] Foringit was, to povert in exile.

IV.

And there to here this worthy lord and clerk,
His metir suete full of moralitee;
His flourit pen so fair he set a werk,
Discryving first of his prosperitee,
And out of that his infelicitee;

Boethius's book *de Consolatione Philosophiae*, has been esteemed in every age. In the early dawn of literature in Britain, it was translated into the Saxon language by *K. Alfred*, several centuries after that by *Chaucer*, and in the last century by *Lord Preston*. The philosophy is excellent, conveyed, in a pleasant manner, as a vision, and in the form of dialogue between the goddess of Philosophy, and the author, under banishment, and on the sad reverse of his fortune. Every dialogue is introduced by a short *Lyric Ode*, which, for Latinity and elegance, corresponds more with the genius and taste of the Augustan age, than with the barbarous times of Theodoric, and the beginning of the sixth century.

[a] *Foringit.*] Estranged from honours and estate, and reduced to poverty.

And than how he in his [b] ꝓoetly report,
In philosophy [c] can him to confort.

V.

For quhich thot I in purpose at my boke,
To borowe a slepe at thilk time began,
Or ever I [d] stent my best was more to loke
Upon the writing of this nobil man,
That in himself the full recover [e] wan
Of his infortune, poverti, and distresse,
And in tham set his verray [f] seckernesse.

VI.

And so the vertew of his zouth before
Was in his age the ground of his delytis:
Fortune the bak him turnyt, and therefore
He makith joye and confort yt he quitis
Of theire unsekir warldis appetitis,

[b] *ꝓoetly report.*] This is exactly copied from the MS. As Boethius introduces every chapter of his book with a lyric ode, our author means by the above, his poetical report, or theme. Such licences of making new words, for the sake of the verse, are not unfrequent with our poet, and others of that age.

[c] *Can him to confort.*] Was able to comfort himself.

[d] *Stent.*] Stopt or paused.

[e] *Wan.*] Won, gained.

[f] *Seckernesse.*] Security, firmness, certainty.

And so [g] aworth he takith his penance,
And of his vertew maid it suffisance.

VII.

With mony a nobil reson as him likit
Enditing in his fair latyne tong,
So full of fruyte, and [h] rethorikly pykit,
Quhich to declare my [i] scole is over zong;
Therefore I lat him pas, and in my tong
Procede I will agayn to my [k] sentence
Of my mater, and leve all incidence.

VIII.

The long ny[t] beholding, as I saide,
Myn eyne gan to smert for studying;
My boke I schet, and at my hede it laide,
And doun I lay, bot ony tarrying,
This mater new in my mynd rolling,
This is to seyne how y[t] eche estate,
As Fortune lykith, thame will translate.

[g] *Aworth.*] Worthily.

[h] *Rethorikly pykit.*] Rhetorically chosen.

[i] *My scole.*] My learning.

[k] *Sentence.*] I will proceed with my theme, or subject.

IX.

For sothe it is, yt, on her [l] tolter quhele,
Every wight [m] cleverith in his stage,
And failyng foting oft quhen hir [n] lest rele
Sum up, sum doun, is non estate nor age
Ensured more, the Prynce than the page,
So uncouthly hir [o] werdes she divideth,
Namely in zouth, that seildum ought provideth.

X.

Among thir thoughtis rolling to and fro,
Fell me to mynd of my fortune and [p] ure,
In tender zouth how sche was first my fo,
And eft my frende, and how I gat [q] recure

[l] *Tolter quhele.*] Tottering wheel of Fortune.

[m] *Cleverith.*] Cliveth or clings to—or perhaps, clambereth, or climbs.

[n] *Lest rele.*] Least motion.—Lest signifies to will or incline, in old writings.—It may therefore read, When Fortune inclines to turn her wheel.

[o] *Hir werdes.*] Her gifts, destinies, or wierds.

[p] *Ure.*] Or *Ere*, trouble. Hence *ursesom*, G. Douglas, p. 450, l. 6. Hence also *Irie*, *Irkie*, *Iresum*; from the Gaelic *Earadh*, fear.

[q] *Recure.*] Recourse, relief.

Of my distresse, and all my [r] aventure
I gan ourhayle, yt langer slepe ne rest
Ne myt I nat, sa were my wittis [s] wrest.

XI.

[t] For-wakit and [u] for-wallouit thus musing,
[x] Wery for-lyin, I lestnyt sodaynlye,
And sone I herd the bell to matins ryng,
And up I rase na langer wald I lye;
Bot now [y] how trowe ze suich a fantasye
Fell me to my mynd, yt ay me thot the bell
Said to me, [z] Tell on man, quhat the befell.

[r] *Aventure.*] All the incidents of my life I began to recollect.

[s] *Wrest.*] Wrested, or tortured.

[t] *For-wakit.*] Kept awake; or *wakerife*, according to the Scottish phrase.

[u] *For-wallouit.*] Wearied; tired; in ill plight, G. Doug. p. 201. l. 5.

[x] *Wery for-lyin.*] Weary of lying in bed, G. D. p. 330. l. 5.

[y] *Howe trowe ze.*] How think ye?

[z] *Tell on, man.*] Proceed to rehearse.

XII.

[a] Thot I tho' to myself, quhat may this be?
This is my awin ymaginacion,
This is no [b] lyf yt spekis unto me,
It is a bell or that impression
Of my thot causith this illusion,
That dooth me think so nycely in this wise.
And so befell as I schall zou [c] devise.

XIII.

Determyt furth therewt in myn entent,
[d] Sen I thus have ymagynit of this soun,
And in my tyme more ink and paper spent
[e] To lyte effect, I tuke conclusion
Sum new thing to write; I set me doun,
And furth wt all my pen in hand I tuke,
[f] And maid a + and thus begouth my buke.

[a] *Tho't I.*] Abreviation for *Thought I.*

[b] *It is no lyf.*] It is no living person.—This figure is often used by our poet.

[c] *Devise.*] Advise, or explain.

[d] *Sen.*] Since.

[e] *Lyte.*] Little.—*I tuke conclusion,* I concluded; determined.

[f] *And maid a +.*] Made the sign of a Holy Cross.—James

XIV.

Though zouth of nature indegest,
Unrypit fruyte wt windis variable,
Like to the bird yt fed is on the nest,
And can not flee, of wit wayke and unstable,
To fortune both and to infortune [g] hable,
[h] Wist thou thy payne to cum and thy travaille,
For sorow and drede wele myt thou wepe and waile.

was a religious prince, and, as was the custom of the time, thought it becoming in him thus to call for the Divine aid, or a benediction upon his work.

[g] *To infortune hable.*] Liable to misfortune.

[h] *Wist thou thy payne to cum.*] Knewest thou thy pain to come —Well might'st thou weep and wail—Thus thy comfort stands in thy uncertainty or ignorance of the future. The reader will not be displeased to see this principle illustrated in the richest glow of poetry.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate.
All but the page prescribed, their present state,
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who would suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day;
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness! to the future kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven.

Essay on Man.

XV.

Thus stant thy confort in[i] unsekernesse,
And wantis it, yt suld the reule and gye,
Ryt as the schip that sailith[k] stereless,
Upon the rok most to harmes hye,
For lak of it yt suld bene her supplye;
So standis thou here in this warldis rage,
And wantis yt suld gyde all thy viage.

XVI.

I mene this of myself, as in partye,
[l] Though nature gave me suffisance in zouth,
The rypeness of reson lak I
To governe with my will, so lyte I couth,
Quhen stereless to travaille I begouth,
Amang the wavis of this world to drive,
And how the case anon I will descrive.

XVII.

With doubtfull hert, amang the rokkis blake,
My feble bote full fast to stere and row,

[i] *Unsekernesse.*] Uncertainty.

[k] *That saileth stereless.*] Without a steersman at the helm.

[l] Though nature gave me suffisance, or sufficient reason for my years, yet lack I the ripeness of reason or experience to govern my will.

Helpless alone the wynter nyt I wake,
To wayte the wynd yt furthward [m] suld me throwe.
O empti saile! quhare is the wynd suld blowe
Me to the port quhare gyneth all my [n] game?
[o] Help, Calyope, and wynd, in Marye name!

XVIII.

[p] The rokkis clepe I, the prolixitee
Of doubtfulnesse yt doith my wittis pall,
The lak of wynd is the difficultee,
In enditing of this lytill trety small:
The bote I clepe, the mater hole of all,
My wit unto the saile yt now I wynd,
[q] To seke conyng, tho I bot lytill fynd.

[m] *Suld me throwe.*] The favourable gāle that should attend me through my voyage. The poet here paints his situation, with great propriety, under the poetical allusion of a skiff in the middle of the ocean.

[n] *Where gyneth all my game.*] May not the poet have written, *Where beginneth all my gain?* although this does not quite agree with the metre, in which he generally is very exact.

[o] *Help Caliope, and Marye.*] This strange mixture of heathen and Christian mythology is very common with the ancient bards.

[p] The explication of the foregoing allusion.

[q] *To seke conyng.*] Invention; wit.

XIX.

At my begyning first I clepe and call
[r] To zou Clio and to zou Polyme,
With [s] Thesiphone goddis and sistris all,
In nowmer IX. as bokis specifye,
In this processe my wilsum wittis [t] gye,
And with zour bryt lanternis wele convoye
My pen to write my turment and my joye.

[r] *Polyme.*] For Polymnia, the Muse of Harmony.—Our poet, with the old bards, use great freedom with proper names, for the sake of verse.

[s] *Thesiphone.*] The transcriber has here made a very gross blunder, in substituting Thesiphone, one of the Furies, in place of Terpsichore, one of the nine Muses, which our poet expressly here invokes.

[t] *Gye.*] Guide.

THE

KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO II.

HIS INTENDED VOYAGE TO FRANCE.

I.

[t] In vere y[t] full of vertu is and gude,
Quhen nature first begyneth hir [u] enprise,
That quhilum was be cruel frost and flude,
And schouris scharp opprest in mony wise,
And [x] Synthius gyneth to aryse
Heigh in the est, a morrowe soft and suete,
Upward his course to drive in Ariete.

[t] *In vere.*] In the spring.

[u] *Enprise.*] When nature begins to exert her powers.

[x] *And Synthius, &c.*] When the sun enters into the sign Aries, or the middle of March.—The description of the season, in these two stanzas, is very poetical.

II.

Passit bot myd-day foure greis evin
Of lenth and brede his angel wingis bryt,
He spred upon the ground doun fro the hevin,
That for gladnesse and confort of the sight,
And with the tiklyng of his hete and light,
The tender flouris opynit thame and sprad,
And in thair nature thankit him for glad.

III.

[y] Not far passit the state of innocence
Bot nere about the nowmer of zeiris thre,
Were it causit throu hevinly influence
Of Goddis will, or other casualtee,
Can I not say, bot out of my contree,
By thair avise yt had of me the cure
Be see to pas, tuke I my aventure.

[y] *Passit the state of innocence three years.*] This is a vague manner of expressing his age. Bellenden, arch-dean of Murray, the translator of Boethius, by desire of King James V. says James I. was nine years old when he was taken prisoner in March 1404-5. This does not agree with our other historians, who say he was forty-four years old when he was killed Anno 1436. Supposing, by our Poet's own account, that he was three years past nine, or the age of innocence, he was at this time twelve years of age, which nearly agrees with the generality of the historians, none of whom, however, that I have seen, mention the year in which K. James was born.

IV.

[z] Purvait of all y[t] was us necessarye,
With wynd at will, up airely by the morowe,
Streight unto schip no longere wold we tarye,
The way we tuke the tyme I tald to forowe;
With mony fare wele, and [a] Sanct Johne to borowe
Of falowe and frende, and thus w[t] one assent,
We pullit up saile and furth our wayis went.

V.

Upon the wevis weltring to and fro,
So infortunate was we that [b] fremyt day,
That maugre plainly quethir we wold or no,
W[t] strong hand by forse schortly to say,
Of inymyis taken and led away,
We weren all, and bro[t] in thaire contrée,
[c] Fortune it schupe non othir wayis to be.

[z] *Purvait.*] Provided.

[a] *Sanct John to borowe.*] Saint John be your protector, or cautioner. *Borowe* signifies a pledge.—It appears to have been an ordinary benediction.

[b] *Fremyt day.*] Strange, adverse day.

[c] *Fortune it schupe.*] Fortune shaped, or cut out.

VI.

[d] Quhare as in strayte ward, and in strong prison,
So fere forth of my lyf the hevy lyne,

[d] Our author here may be thought to use his poetical license, in exaggerating the strictness of his confinement during his captivity in England. The following *mandates* of Henry IV. and V. concerning *James's confinement*, sufficiently vindicate the King of Scots' complaint on that head:

Hollingshed says, that, on James's being captured on the coast of England, he and his attendants (the Earl of Orkney and others) were sent prisoners to the Tower of London. After this we have the following orders, concerning his confinement, from *Rymer's Foedera*:

"*De filio Regis Scotiae custodiendo.*

"Rex Constabulario Turris suae Londoniae. Salutem.

"Mandamus vobis quod *filium Regis* Scotiae, et *Griffinum ap Glendordy*, in Turri praedicta sub custodia vestra existentes, dilecto et fideli nostro, Ricardo Domino de Grey deliberetis, usque *castrum Nottingamiae ducendos*, ibidem quousque aliud pro ipsorum deliberatione duxerimus demandandum custodiendos.

"Teste Rege apud Westmonasterium decimo die Junii 1407.

"Per ipsum Regem."

Rymer, tom. 8. p. 484.

On the accession of K. Henry V. to the throne, we have the following order:

" Henricus, Dei gratia, &c. Constabulario Turris suae Londoniae. Salutem.

" Mandamus vobis, quod *Jacobum Regem Scotiae*, Mordok Comitem de Fife, et Willielmum Douglas de Dalketh, et Willielmum Giffard Armigerum, ab eo qui ipsos vobis ex parte nostra liberavit, recipiatis, et ipsos, *in Turri praedicta salvó et securé*, quousque aliud a nobis inde habueritis, in mandatis custodiri faciatis.

" Teste meipso apud Westmonasterium vig. 1mo die Martii Anno regni 1mo 1413-4."—*Rymer, tom.* 9. *p.* 2.

" Henricus Rex, custodi Turris nostrae Londoniae. Salutem.

" Mandamus vobis, quod *Regem Scotiae*, et Magistrum de Fitz de Scotia, in Turri praedicta, sub custodia vestra, de mandato nostro detentos, Constabulario castri nostri de *Wyndesore*, ibidem sine dilatione, liberetis, in castro praedicto *salvó et securé*, quousque pro eorum deliberatione aliter duxerimus, ordinandum custodiendos.

" Teste Rege apud Westmonasterium tertio die Augusti 1414."—*Rymer, tom.* 9. *p.* 44.

King Henry, from his accession to the throne, had meditated his invasion of France, which he accordingly put in execution in August 1415, while King James was prisoner at Windsor. Henry saw the advantage of having James in his hands, as a pledge for preventing the Scottish Regent from making incursions on the border while he was in France. In this view, the confinement of the Scottish Prince would no doubt be the closer, during Henry's absence in his first expedition to France; and, probably, it was at this period, that, on viewing the beautiful Jane, in the garden under the castle of Windsor, he first became enamoured with her. We may thus fix the era of the commencement of this poem, which it is probable was written at different times, and often interrupted, as no doubt his amour and courtship was, by his being carried to France by King Henry, in his second and third expeditions to that kingdom.

Wtout confort in sorowe, abandoune
The [e] secund sistere, lukit hath to tuyne,
Nere, by the space of zeris twice nyne,
Till Jupiter his merci list advert,
And send confort in relesche of my smert.

VII.

Quhare as in ward full oft I wold bewaille
My dedely lyf, full of peyne and penance,
Saing ryt thus, [f] quhat have I gilt to faille
My fredome in this warld and my plesance?
Sen every wight has thereof suffisance,
That I behold, and I a creature,
Put from all this, hard is myn aventure?

VIII.

The bird, the beste, the fisch eke in the see,
They lyve in fredome everich in his kynd;

[e] *The secund sister.*] *Lachesis*, one of the Parcae or Destinies, whose office it was to twine the thread of human life.

[f] *What have I gilt.*] Been guilty of, to merit the forfeiture of my freedom in the most pleasant time of my life.

And I a man, and lakith libertee
Quhat sall I seyne, quhat reson may I fynd,
That fortune suld do so? thus in my mynd,
[g] My folk I wold argewe, bot all for not,
Was none that myt yt on my peynes rought.

IX.

Than wold I say, Giff God me had devisit
To lyve my lyf in thraldom thus and pyne,
Quhat was the cause yt he more me [h] comprisit,
Than othir folk to lyve in such ruyne?
I suffere alone amang the [i] figuris nyne,
Ane wofull wrache yt to no wight may spede,
And zit of every lyvis help has nede.

X.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke,
I wold bewaille my fortune in this wise,
For quhich again distresse confort to seke,
My custum was on mornis for to rise
Airly as day, O happy exercise!

[g] *My folk.*] I would argue with my attendants, the Earl of Orkney and others of his train.

[h] *Me comprisit.*] That he sentenced or adjudged me.

[i] Of all the nine numbers, mine is the most unlucky or wretched.

By the come I to joye out of turment,
Bot now to purpose of my first entent. [k]

XI.

Bewailling in my chamber thus allone,
Despeired of all joye and remedye,
For-tirit of my tho[t] and wo-begone,
And to the wyndow gan I walk in hye,
To see the warld and folk y[t] went forbye,
As for the tyme though I of mirthis fude,
My[t] have no more, to luke it did me gude.

XII.

Now was there maid fast by the Touris wall
A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set,
[l] Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small,
Railit about, and so w[t] tries set

[k] A fine apostrophe in praise of early morning exercise!

[l] *Herbere.*] From *Herbarium*—a garden-plot set with plants and flowers—a grove with an arbour, railed with trellis-work, and close set about with trees. We have here a sketch of the mode or taste in gardening in the remote age of Henry V. in England. The royal garden, under the castle walls of Windsor, was laid out in flower-plots and alleys, or walks with arbours of lattice or trellis-work at the ends or corners of the walks; the whole surrounded with hawthorn hedges interspersed with juniper.

Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
That lyf was non walkyng there forbye,
That myt wtin scarce any wight aspye.

XIII.

So thick the beuis and the leves grene
Beschadit all the allyes yt there were,
And myddis every herbere myt be sene
The scharp grene suete jenepere,
Growing so fair wt branchis here and there,
That, as it semyt to a lyf wtout,
The bewis spred the herbere all about.

XIV.

And on the small grene twistis sat
The lytil suete nyghtingale, and song
So loud and clere, the [m] ympnis consecrat
Of luvis use, now soft now lowd among,
That all the gardynis and the wallis rong
Ryt of thaire song, [n] and on the copill next
Of thaire suete armony, and lo the text.

[m] *Ympnis.*] Hymns consecrated to Love.—Ch. G. D.

[n] *And on the copill next.*] This seems to be obscure.—May it not be, "Anon they copill or pair together, and join in sweet "harmony, and lo the text or burden of their song?"

Cantus XV.

Worschippe ze yᵗ loveris bene this May,
For of zour bliss the [o] kalendis are begonne,
And sing wᵗ us, away winter away,
Come somer come, the suete seson and sonne,
Awake, for schame! yᵗ have [p] zour hevynis wonne,
And amourously lift up zour hedis all,
Thank lufe yᵗ list zou to his merci call.

XVI.

Quhen thai this song had song a [q] littil thrawe,
Thai stent a quhile, and therewᵗ unafraid,
As I beheld, and kest myn eyen [r] a lawe,
From beugh to beugh, thay hippit and thai plaid,
And freschly in thair birdis kynd araid,
Thaire fatheris new, and [s] fret thame in the sonne,
And thankit lufe, yᵗ had thair [t] makis wonne.

[o] *Kalends.*] The beginning of your bliss, May, the month of love.

[p] *Zour hevynis wonne.*] Ye that have attained your highest bliss, by winning your mates.—See the last line of the next stanza.

[q] *A lytill thrawe.*] A short space.

[r] *Kest myn eyen a lawe.*] Cast mine eyes below.

[s] *Fret thame.*] Raised or spread them in the sun. Thus *fret work*, or raised work.

[t] *Thair makis.*] Their mates.

XVII.

This was the plane ditie of thaire note,
And therewt all unto myself I thot,
[u] Quhat lufe is this, that makis birdis dote?
Quhat may this be, how cummyth it of ought?
Quhat nedith it to be so dere ybought?
It is nothing, trowe I, bot [x] feynit chere,
[y] And that one list to counterfeten chere.

XVIII.

Eft wold I think, O Lord, quhat may this be?
That lufe is of so noble myt and kynde,
Lufing his folk, and suich prosperitee
Is it of him, as we in bukis fynd,
May he oure hertis setten and unbynd:
Hath he upon our hertis suich maistrye?
Or all this is bot feynit fantasye?

[u] *What lufe is this.*] What love can this be?

[x] *Feynit chere.*] Feigned mirth or cheerfulness.

[y] *And that one list.*] The sense here is obscure. I suspect there may be an error in the word *one list*, in place of *me list*, which list me, or inclines me to think it may be only counterfeited *cheer*, or *mirth*.

The King's confinement, one would think, must have been very strict, and his time wholly engrossed by study, that, before this, he had never felt the flame of love.

XIX.

For giff he be of so grete excellence,
That he of every wight hath cure and charge,
Quhat have I gilt to him, or doon offense?
That I am [x] thrall, and birdis gone at large,
Sen him to serve he my[t] set my corage,
And, gif he be not so, than may I seyne
Quhat makis folk to jangill of him in veyne?

XX.

Can I not ellis fynd bot giff y[t] he
Be lord, and, as a god, may lyve and regne,
To bynd, and louse, and maken thrallis free,
Than wold I pray his blissful grace benigne,
[a] To hable me unto his service digne,
And evermore for to be one of tho
Him trewly for to serve in wele and wo.

XXI.

And therew[t] kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure,

[x] That I am thrall-prisoner.

[a] *To hable.*] To enable me; make me fit

Full secretely, new cumyn hir [b] to pleyne,
The fairest or the freschest zoung floure
That ever I sawe, methot, before that houre,
For quhich sodayne [c] abate, anon [d] astert,
The blude of all my body to my hert.

XXII.

And though I stood abaisit tho a lyte,
No wonder was; for quhy? my wittis all
Were so ouercome wt plesance and delyte,
Only through latting of myn eyen fall,
That sudaynly my hert become hir thrall,
For ever of free wyll, for of [e] manace
There was no takyn in hir suete face.

[b] *Cumyn hir to pleyne.*] Coming forth to make her morning oraisons. To pray, petition, playn, or complain, are used in the same sense. Thus G. Douglas, Prol. to 13. Æneid:

"The lark descendis from the skyis hicht,
"Singand hir complene sang aftir hir gise,
"To tak hir rest."——

[c] *Sodayne abate.*] Suddenly I was cast down, and dejected. From the Fr. *abbatu.*—*Abaisit*, in the next stanza, is derived from the same original.

[d] *Anon astert.*] And then or immediately started the whole blood of my body to my heart.

[e] *For of manace.*] For, of forbidding pride or haughtiness—She had nothing in her sweet countenance.—*Manace*, or *minace*, from the Lat. *minare.*

XXIII.

And in my hede I drew ry^{t} hastily,
And eft sones I lent it out ageyne,
And saw hir walk that verray womanly,
With no wight mo, bot only women tueyne,
Than gan I studye in myself and seyne,
Ah! suete are ze a wardly creature,
Or hevingly thing in likenesse of nature[f]?

XXIV.

Or ar ze god Cupidis owin princesse?
And cumyn are to louse me out of band,

[f] In the Prince's situation, viewing from his window, in the Tower of Windsor, the beautiful Jane walking below in the palace-garden, he could not with propriety have given a minute description of her features; but it will be difficult for imagination to form a more lovely idea of beauty than what our poet has drawn, under the figurative description of

> The fairest and the freschest young floure
> That ever I saw.——

A picture expressive of beauty, health, and blooming youth!—With more propriety he describes the sweetness of her countenance, resulting from a view of the whole, without the least expression of pride or haughtiness, and the sudden passion with which her beauty inspired him. Her golden locks, and white enamelled neck, with her head-dress, attire, and ornaments, are particularly and most poetically painted in the following 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th stanzas.

Or are ze veray Nature the goddesse,
That have depayntit wt zour hevinly hand,
This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?
Quhat sall I think, allace! quhat reverence
[g] Sall I mester to zour excellence?

XXV.

Giff ze a goddesse be, and yt ze like
To do me payne, I may it not astert;
Giff ze be warldly wight,[h] yt dooth me sike,
Quhy lest God mak zou so my derest hert,
To do a sely prisoner thus smert,
That lufis zou all, and wote of not but wo,
And, therefore, merci suete! sen it is so.

XXVI.

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my mone,
Bewailing myn infortune and my chance,

[g] *Sall I mester.*] Perhaps *administer.*

[h] *That dooth me sike.*] The word *sike* or *syte*, in our old language, signifies *grief*, or *sorrow*. G. D. p. 177. v. 14.—p. 184. v. 19.—It is not improbable that, for the sake of the metre, the poet may have made *free* with the termination. The poet seems thus to expostulate: "If thou art a goddess, I cannot resist thy power; "but if only a mortal creature, God surely cannot lest or incline "you to grieve or give pain to a poor captive that loves you." G. D. p. 285. v. 51.

Unknawin how or quhat was best to done,
So ferre I fallying into lufis dance,
That sodeynly my wit, my contenance,
My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,
Was changit clene ry^{t} in ane other kind.

XXVII.

Of hir array the form gif I sal write,
Toward her goldin haire, and rich atyre,
[i] In fretwise couchit w^{t} perlis quhite,
And grete[k] balas lemyng as the fyre,
W^{t} mony ane emerant and faire saphire,
[l] And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe.

[i] *In fretwise couchit.*] Hid or couchit with fretwork of pearls.

[k] *Grete balas lemyng as the fyre.*] Precious stones, sparkling as fire.—*Balay* is so called from the place whence this stone is brought, called *Balassia* in India, situated to the north of Bengal. Urry's Gloss. on Chaucer.

" No saphire of Inde, no rubie rich of price,
" Nor emerand so grene, nor *Balas*."——

Ch. Palace of Love.

[l] " And on her hede a chaplet fresche of hewe,
" Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe,
" Full of quaking spangis bright as gold."——

It is pleasant to observe here the similarity of the Princess Jane's head-dress to the mode at present used by our modern la-

XXVIII.

Full of quaking spangis bryt as gold,
Forgit of schap like to the [m] amorettis,
So new, so fresch, so pleasant to behold,
The plumys eke like to the [n] floure jonettis,
And other of schap, like to the floure jonettis;
And, above all this, there was, wele I wote,
Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.

XXIX.

About hir neck, quhite as the [o] fyre amaille,
A gudelie cheyne of small [p] orfeverye,

dies, in adorning their heads with flowers, plumes of various colours, spangles, and jewels set in shapes of flowers.

[m] *Forgit of schap like to the amorettis.*] Made in the form of a love-knot or garland.—Thus Chaucer's description of Cupid, in the Romaunt of the Rose:

"This God of Love of his fascion——
"——Not yclad in silk was he,
"But all in flouris and flourettis,
"Ypainted all with amorettis."

[n] *Like to the floure jonettis.*] What flower our poet here alludes to I do not know; By his repeating it, he seems to be fond of the name; perhaps the *jonquil*, a May flower. Or he might have dubbed some flower, then worn by her, with the name *janetta*, in honour of his mistress the Lady Jane.

[o] *Her neck quhite as the fyre amaille.*] I suspect the last two words to be erroneously transcribed. The original probably is, "Quhite as the fayre *anamàill*, or *enamell.*"

[p] *A cheyne of small orfeverye.*] A chain of gold-work. From the Fr. *orfeverie.*

Quhare by there hang a ruby, [q] wtout faille
Like to ane hert schapin verily,
That, as a sperk of [r] lowe so wantonly
Semyt birnyng upon hir quhite throte,
Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wote.

XXX.

And for to walk that fresche Mayes morowe,
Ane huke she had upon her tissew quhite,
That gudeliare had not bene sene to forowe,
As I suppose, and girt sche was alyte;
[s] Thus halflyng lowse for haste, to suich delyte,
It was to see her zouth in gudelihed,
That for rudenes to speke thereof I drede.

XXXI.

In hir was zouth, beautee, wt humble aport,
Bountee, richesse, and womanly faiture,

[q] *A ruby without faille.*] Without flaw.

[r] *As a sperk of lowe.*] Bright as a spark of fire, seemed burning upon her white neck.—A beautiful simile!

[s] *Thus halflyng loose.*] This description of his mistress, in her loose morning attire, her robe fastened with a hook or clasp, in a negligent mode, and halfling loose, which gave her lover (unseen) the pleasure of spying some hidden beauties, which the poet with great delicacy only hints at, is finely and modestly expressed.

God better wote than my pen can report,
Wisdome, largesse estate, and conyng sure
In every point, so guydit hir mesure,
In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,
That nature my^t no more hir childe auance^t.

^t As no doubt our poet must have seen, and had in his eye, Chaucer's Court of Love, when he wrote his own poem, for the entertainment of the reader, and by way of comparison with our poet's description of his mistress, in the foregoing stanzas, I shall transcribe from Chaucer's Court of Love, the description which he there gives of the beauty of his mistress Rosiall:

Within ane herber and a gardein faire,
Where flowris growe, and herbis vertuous,
Of which the savour sweet was, and the eire—
———There was Rosiall, womanly to se,
Whose stremis sotill persyng of her eye:
Mine hert gan thrill for beautie in the stounde,
Alas! quoth I, Who has me gyve this wound?

If I shall all fully her descrive,
Her hed was rounde, by compas of nature,
Her here was golde she passit all on live,
And lillie forehede had this creature,
With livelish browis, flawe of colour pure,
Betwene the which was mene disseveraunce
From every browe, to shewin a distaunce.

Her nose directid streight and even as line,
With forme and shape thereto convenient,

XXXII.

Throw quhich anon I knew and understude
Wele yt sche was a wardly creature,

In which the godis milk-white path doth shine,
And eke her eyen ben bright and orient,
As is the * *Smaragade* unto my judgement,
Or yet these sterris hevenly small and bright,
Her visage is of lovely red and white.

Her mouthe is short, and shutte, in litil space
Flamyng † somedele, not over rid I mene,
With pregnaunt lips, and thick to kiss percace,
For lippis thin, not fat, but ovir lene,
They serve of naught, they be not worth a bene;
For if the base ‡ ben full, there is delite,
Maximian truly thus doth he write.

---

* *Smaragdus.*] An emerald.—Eyes of emerald, or green colour, cannot be beautiful. Chaucer meant only to compare his mistress's eyes in brightness to the orient emerald. The simile, however, is not well chosen.

† *Flamyng.*] Or ruddy.

‡ *Base*, the kiss; from Maximianus's *Basia Plena; ben*, or *be*, full.—Chaucer, in the whole of this description, is not over delicate. In this last of his mistress's kissing lips, he had in view, as he tells us, the first Elegy of Maximianus:

" Flammea dilexi, modicumque tumentia labra
" Quae mihi gustanti, Basia plena darent."

The *Flammea labra modicum tumentia* of Maximian are but coarsely turned into the pregnant, thick, fat lips of Chaucer's mistress.

On quhom to rest myn eye, so mich gude
It did my wofull hert, I zow assure

But, to my purpose, I saie as white as snow
Ben all her teeth, and in order they stande
Of one stature, and eke her breth I trowe
Surmounteth all odours that er I founde
In sueteness; and her body, face, and honde
Ben sharply slender; so that from the hede
Unto the fote, all is but womanhedde.

I hold my peace, of other things hidde:
Here shall my soule, and not my tong, bewraie.*
But how she was arraied, if ye me bidde,
That shall I well discovir you and saie,
A bend of gold and silk full fresche and gaie,
With hir intresse ybrouderit full wele,
Right smothly kept, and shining every dele.

About her neck a flower of fresche devise,
With rubies set, that lustie were to sene,
And she in goune was light and sommer wise,
Shapin full wele, the colour was of grene,
With aureat sent about her sidis clene,
With divers stonis precious and riche;
Thus was she raied, yet sawe I ne'er her liche.

---

* The modest awful passion of the Royal poet differs as much from Chaucer's, as the delicate ideal figure of his mistress Jane does from the buxom Rosial.

The reader, by comparing Chaucer's Court of Love with King James's Episode on the same subject, in the following Canto, which

That it was to me joye wtout mesure,
And, at the last, my luke unto the hevin
I threwe furthwith, and said thir versis sevin:

XXXIII.

O Venus clere! of goddis stellifyit,
To quhom I zelde homage and sacrifise,
Fro this day forth zour grace be magnifyit,
That me ressauit have in such wise,
To lyve under zour law and so seruise;
Now help me furth, and for zour merci lede
My hert to rest, yt deis nere for drede.

XXXIV.

Quhen I wt gude entent this orison
Thus endit had, I stynt a lytill stound,
And eft myn eye full pitously adoun
I kest, behalding unto hir lytill hound,
That wt his bellis playit on the ground,
Than wold I say, and sigh therewt a lyte,
Ah! wele were him yt now were in thy * plyte!

is quite original, will find the votaries of Venus, in the last, are altogether different personages from those of Chaucer.

* *In thy plyte.*] *Pleyt*, according to Chaucer, is a wreath or collar.—"Happy he!" cries our poet, "that weats the chaine of such "a mistress!"

XXXV.

An other quhile the lytill nyghtingale,
That sat upon the twiggis, wold I chide,
And say ryt thus, Quhare are thy notis smale,
That thou of love has song this morowe tyde?
Seis thou not hir yt sittis the besyde?
Ffor Venus' sake, the blisfull goddesse clere,
Sing on agane, and mak my Lady [z] chere.

XXXVI.

And eke I pray, for all the paynes grete,
That, for the love of [y] Proigne, thy sister dere,
Thou sufferit quhilom, quhen thy brestis wete
Were with the teres of thyne eyen clere,
All bludy ronne yt pitee was to here,
The crueltee of that unknytly dede,
Quhare was fro the bereft thy maidenhede.

XXXVII.

Lift up thyne hert, and sing wt gude entent,
And in thy notis suete the treson telle,

[z] *Make my Lady chere.*] Make her glad with thy song.

[y] *Proigne.*] Alluding to the well-known story of Tereus, Progne, and Philomela. *Ovid Metam. B. 6.*

That to thy sister trewe and innocent,
Was kythit by hir husband false and fell,
Ffor quhois gilt, as it is worthy well,
Chide thir husbandis y^t^ are false, I say,
And bid them mend in the [z] XX deuil way.

XXXVIII.

O lytill wreich, allace! maist thou not se
Quho comyth zond? Is it now tyme to [a] wring?
Quhat sory tho^t^ is fallin upon the?
Opyn thy throte; [b] hastow no lest to sing?
Allace! sen thou of reson had [c] felyng,
Now, swete bird say ones to me [d] pepe,
I dee for wo; me think thou gynis slepe.

XXXIX.

Hastow no mynd of lufe? [e] quhare is thy make?
Or artow seke, or smyt w^t^ jelousye?

[z] XX *Deuil way.*] The sense here is obscure. Perhaps it means thus: "Bid such cruel husbands mend or repent, by mourn-"ing twenty fold for their crimes." From the Fr. *deuil*, sorrow.

[a] *To wring.*] To grieve, or be dull and melancholy.

[b] *Hastow no lest.*] Hast thou no desire or inclination to sing?

[c] *Had felyng.*] Sense, or feeling.

[d] *Say ones to me pepe.*] Give me but one chirp.

[e] *Quhair is thy make.*] Thy mate, or marrow.

Or is sche dede, or hath sche the forsake?
Quhat is the cause of thy melancolye,
That thou no more list maken melodye?
Sluggart, for schame! lo here thy golden houre
That worth were hale all thy lyvis laboure.

XL.

Gif thou suld sing wele ever in thy lyve,
Here is, in [f] fay, the time, and eke the space:
Quhat [g] wostow than? Sum bird may cum and stryve
In song wt the, the maistry to purchace.
Suld thou than cesse, it were great schame allace,
And here to [h] wyn gree happily for ever;
Here is the tyme to syng, or ellis never.

XLI.

I thot eke thus gif I my handis clap,
Or gif I cast, than will sche flee away;
And, gif I hald my pes, than will sche nap;
And, gif I crye, sche wate not quhat I say:
Thus quhat is best, wate I not be this day,

[f] *In fay.*] In faith.

[g] *What wostow.*] What wit'st, wotest, or knowest thou?

[h] *To wyn gree.*] To win the gree, or victory.—This is a Scottish phrase, still used with us, of which many occur in this poem.

Bot blawe wynd, blawe, and do the leuis schake,
That sum tuig may wag, and make hir to wake.

XLII.

With that anon ry^{t} sche toke up a sang,
Quhare com anon mo birdis and alight;
Bot than to here the mirth was tham amang,
[i] Ouer that to see the suete sicht
Of hyr ymage, my spirit was so light,
Metho^{t} I flawe for joye w^{t}out arest,
[k] So were my wittis bound in all to fest.

XLIII.

And to the nottis of the philomene,
Quhilkis sche sang the ditee there I maid
Direct to hir y^{t} was my hertis quene,
Withoutin quhom no songis may me glade,
And to that sanct walking in the schade,
[l] My bedis thus with humble hert entere,
Deuotly I said on this manere.

[i] *Ouer that.*] Moreover, to see the sweet sight of his mistress's image.

[k] So were all my wits or senses feasted.

[l] *My bedis.*] I devoutly said my prayers, or *pater-noster.*

XLIV.

Quhen sall zour merci[l] rew upon zour man,
Quhois seruice is yet uncouth unto zow,
Sen quhen ze go, there is not ellis than,
Bot hert quhere as the body may not throu
Folow thy hevin, quho suld be glad bot thou,
That such a gyde to folow has undertake,
Were it throu hell, the way thou not forsake.

XLV.

And, efter this, the birdis everichone
Tuke up ane other sang full loud and clere,

[l] *Rew upon.*] Have pity upon.—In the beautiful pastoral of *Robyn and Makyn*, in the *Evergreen*, "O Robyn rew on me," or have pity on me. The rest of this stanza is very obscure. "When "my mistress is gone," continues the poet, "there remains only my "body, (which is here confined) bot or without my heart." Then addressing his heart, "Follow then thy heaven, and be glad to "follow such a guide, and forsake not the way she leads you." The old bards, in the transposition of their words, seem to have been confined by no rules whatever; but a still greater license was often taken by them, which was to omit some words altogether, and leave them to be understood, where the verse required it. Of this frequent instances occur in Chaucer and Gavin Douglas, as well as in the present poem, which I have attempted to explain or supply in the best manner I am able; though, perhaps, not always successfully.

And wt a voce said, Well is vs begone,
That with our makis are togider here;
We m proyne and play wtout dout and dangere,
All clothit in a soyte full fresch and newe,
In luffis service besy, glad, and trewe.

XLVI.

And ze fresch May, ay mercifull to bridis,
Now welcum be, ze floure of monethis all,
Ffor not onely zour grace upon us bydis,
Bot all the warld to witnes this we call,
That strowit hath so plainly over all,
Wt new fresch suete and tender grene,
Our lyf, our n lust, our governoure, our quene.

XLVII.

This was their sang, as semyt me full heye,
Wt full mony uncouth swete note and schill,
And therewt all that faire vpward hir eye
Wold cast amang, as it was Goddis will,
Quhare I might se, standing alone full still,
The faire faiture yt nature, for maistrye,
In hir visage wrot had full lufingly.

m *We proyne.*] Or prunye; prune, trim, or deck out ourselves. —From the Fr. *brunir*, to burnish or polish. G. D.

n *Our lust.*] Desire.

XLVIII.

And, quhen sche walkit, had a lytill thrawe
Under the suete grene bewis bent,
Hir faire fresch face, as quhite as any snawe,
Sche turnyt has, and furth her wayis went;
Bot tho began myn [o] axis and turment,
To sene hir part, and folowe I na myᵗ,
Methoᵗ the day was turnyt into nyᵗ.

XLIX.

Than said I thus, Quharto lyve I langer?
Wofullest wicht, and subject unto peyne:
Of peyne? no: God wote ze, for thay no stranger
May wirken ony wight, I dare wele seyne.
How may this be, yᵗ deth and lyf both tueyne?
Sall bothe atonis, in a creature
Togidder dwell, and turment thus nature?

L.

I may not ellis done, bot wepe and waile
Within thir cald wallis thus [p] ylokin:

[o] *Myn axis.*] My fever.—*Axis* is still used by the country people in Scotland for the ague, or trembling fever.

[p] *Ylokin.*] Locked up within his prison-walls.

From hensfurth my rest is my travaile;
My drye thirst with teris sall I slokin,
And on my self bene all my harmys wrokin:
Thus [q] bute is none; bot Venus, of hir grace,
Will schape remede, or do my spirit [r] pace.

LI.

As Tantalus I travaile, ay buteles
That ever ylike hailith at the well
Water to draw, wt buket bottemless,
And may not spede, quhois penance is ane hell;
So by myself this tale I may well telle,
For unto hir yt herith not I pleyne,
Thus like to him my travaile is in veyne.

LII.

So sore thus sighit I wt myself allone,
That turnyt is my strength in febilnesse,
My wele in wo, my frendis all [s] in fone,
My lyf in deth, my lyt into dirkness,
My hope in feere, in dout my sekirnesse;
Sen sche is gone, and God mote hir conuoye,
That me may gyde fro turment and to joye.

[q] *Bute is none.*] Help or remedy there is none.
[r] *Do my spirit pace.*] Bring peace to, or calm my spirits.
[s] *In fone.*] My friends turned my foes.

LIII.

The long day thus gan I prye and poure,
Till Phebus endit had his bemes bryt,
And bad go farewele every lef and floure,
This is to say, approch gan the nyt,
And Esperus his lampis gan to light,
Quhen in the wyndow, still as any stone,
I bade at lenth, and, kneeling, maid my mone.

LIV.

So lang till evin for lak of myt and mynd,
t Ffor-wepit and for-pleynit piteously,
u Ourset so sorow had bothe hert and mynd,
That to the cold stone my hede on wrye

t *Efor-wepit.*] For, thus preceding the verb, is far from being an expletive. It is always used by the old poets, to give strength to the following word; or, as a superlative of it, thus *for-wepit*, *for-pleynit*, &c. weeping and complaining bitterly.

u *Ourset so.*] A strong expression of anguish. Quite overwhelmed both in body and spirit.

The Prince's violent passion, struck at first sight of the beautiful Jane; the corroding thought of his confinement, without immediate prospect of relief; and his despair at her departure, are strong-

I laid, and lenit, amaisit verily!
Half-sleping and half-suoun, in such a wise,
And quhat I met I will zou now deuise.

ly and naturally painted.—What a fine picture does the following pathetic lines exhibit!

" *Ouerset* so with sorrow———
" That to the cold stone my hede on wrye
" I laid and leanit *amazed* verily!
" Half sleeping and half in *swoon*."———

A modern sentimental poet would, with a great deal of metaphysical wit, have laboured, perhaps, through fifty lines, in describing the Prince's situation on this occasion.

THE

KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO III.

THE POET IS TRANSPORTED TO THE SPHERE OF LOVE.

I.

METHOT yt thus all sodeynly a lyt,
In at the wyndow come quhare at I lent,
Of quhich the chambere wyndow schone full bryt,
And all my body so it hath ouerwent,
That of my sicht the vertew hale [a] I blent,
And that wt all a voce unto me said,
I bring the comfort and hele, be not affrayde.

II.

And furth anon it passit sodeynly,
Quhere it come in, the ryt way ageyne,

[a] *My sicht-hale I blent.*] Or *Y blent*; dazzled with the light.

And sone methot furth at the dure in [y] hye
I went my weye, [z] was nathing me ageyne,
And hastily, by bothe the armes tueyne,
I was araisit up into the aire,
[a] Clippit in a cloude of crystall clere and faire.

III.

Ascending vpward ay fro spere to spere,
Through aire and watere and the hote fyre,
Till yt I come vnto the circle clere,
Off [b] signifere quhare fair bryt and [c] schere,
The signis schone, and in the glad empire
Off blissful Venus ane cryit now
So sudaynly, almost I wist not how.

IV.

Off quhich the place, quhen I com there nye,
Was all methot of christal stonis wrot,

[y] *In hye.*] In haste.

[z] *Was nathing me ageyne.*] Nothing opposing me.

[a] *Clippit in a cloude.*] Embraced, surrounded, held fast. From the A. Saxon *clyppan.*

[b] *Signifere.*] The Zodiac, or Circle of the twelve signs.

[c] *Bryt and schere.*] Burning bright. G. D. p. 276. l. 45.

And to the port I liftit was in hye,
Quhare sodaynly, [d] as quho sais at a thot,
It opnyt, and I was anon inbrot
Wtin a chamber, large rowm and faire,
And there I fand of [e] people great repaire.

V.

This is to seyne, yt present in that place,
Methot I sawe of every nacion
Loueris yt endit thaire lyfis space
In lovis service, mony a mylion
Of quhois chancis maid is mencion
In diverse bukis quho thame list to se,
And therefore here thaire namys lat I be.

[d] [e] The phrases, "As who says at a thought," and "Of people "great repair," I take to be both Scottish.

The following allegorical description of the Court of Venus, with the various groupes or classes of the votaries of Love, is extremely picturesque, and shows great powers of fancy and imagination. The poet, I apprehend, has had the celebrated *Tablature of Cebes* in his view, although his groupes of figures are different. The pictures progressively brought into view by our poet are distinct, and the figures well painted: The description is simple and pleasant, because not embarrassed with frequent interruption, as in *Cebes*, by the dialogue frequently breaking in. To a few readers, a short analysis or argument may perhaps not be unnecessary.

§ IV. and V. Description of the Palace of Love, and the poet's entry into it, where he sees groupes of people of every nation, the devotees to love, whose stories are recorded in diverse books.

VI.

The quhois aventure and grete laboure
Abone their hedis writen there I fand,
This to seyne martris, and confessoure,
Ech in his stage, and his make in his hand;
And therewt all thir peple sawe I stand,
Wt mony a solempt contenance,
After as lufe thame lykit to auance.

VII.

Off gude folkis yt faire in lufe befell,
There saw I sitt in order by thame *one*
Wt *hedis hore*, and wt thame stude *gude will*
To talk and play, and after that anon
Besyde thame, and next there saw I gone
Curage, amang the fresche folkis zong,
And wt thame playit full merily, and song.

§ VI. Each of whom has his make or mistress in his hand, and their story written above their heads.

§ VII. In the first class or groupe are those who were successful in love. *Prudence*, with his hoary head, accompanies them, and *Benevolence* and *Courage* join in cheerful song with them.

VIII.

And in ane other stage, endlong the wall,
There saw I stand in capis wyde and lang
A full grete nowmer, but thaire hudis all
Wist I not why, atoure thair eyen hang,
And ay to thame come *Repentance* amang,
And maid thame chere degysit in his wede,
And downward efter that zit I tuke hede.

IX.

Ryt ouer thwert the chamber was there drawe
A trevesse thin and quhite, all of plesance,

§ VIII. False devotees to love, with caps or hoods over their eyes. These were hypocrites, who, under the cloak of religion, as is further explained in § XV. and XVI. privately carried on their amours. *Repentance* accompanies them.

The sanctimonious lecher is painted with great humour by a modern poet:

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks great plenty here you mote espy;
A little round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly markt among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glistening with ungodly dew;
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by,
Which, when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And strait would recollect his piety anew.

Castle of Indolence.

The quhich behynd standing there, I sawe
A warld of folk, and by thaire contenance
Thair hertis semyt full of displesance,
Wt billis in thaire handis of one assent,
Vnto the judge thaire playntis to present.

X.

And there wtall apperit vnto me
A voce, and said, Tak hede, man, and behold;
Zonder there thou seis the hiest stage and gree
Of agit folk, wt hedis hore and olde;
Zone were the folk, yt never change wold
In lufe, but trewly servit him alway,
In every age, vnto thaire ending day.

XI.

For fro the time yt thai could vnderstand
The exercise of lufis craft, the cure
Was non on lyve yt toke so much on hand
For lufis sake, nor langer did endure

§ IX. A groupe of unsuccessful lovers with mournful countenances, holding in their hands their ditties or complaints.—*Travesse* is a partition. Here it is a splendid transparent curtain.

§ X. The highest rank of lovers:—those who, through the whole of their lives, were invariable and constant in their loves, and hazarded all in its service.

In lufis service ; for, man, I the assure,
Quhen thay of zouth ressavit had the fill,
Zit in thaire age thame lakkit no gude will.

XII.

Here bene also of suich as in counsailis,
And all thare dedis were to Venus trewe,
Here bene the Princis faucht the grete batailis,
In mynd of quhom ar maid the bukis newe ;
Here bene the poetis y^t^ the sciencis knewe,
Throwout the warld, of lufe in thair suete layes,
Such as Ovide and Omere in thair dayes.

§ XI. And while in youth they had full enjoyment, in age the passion of love did not forsake them : Or, as our poet well expresses it, " In age they lakit no gude will."

St. Evremont, that lively old Norman, at the age of 70, writes to his favourite Madam Mazarine, " That love is the last passion that " leaves the human breast!"—Dryden, in his Prologue to *Cymon and Iphigenia,* when past the above age, gives a most elegant turn to the same thought :

" Old as I am, for ladies love unfit,
" The power of beauty I remember yet,
" Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit!"

§ XII. In this groupe were those heroes who had fought mighty battles, as recorded in history; who were likewise devotees to love and gallantry; and in their suite were those great poets who had recorded their deeds in their immortal lays, as Homer, Ovid, &c.

XIII.

And efter thame down in the next stage,
There, as thou seis, the zong folkis pleye:
Lo! these were thay that, in thaire myddill age,
Servandis were to lufe in mony weye,
And diversely happenit for to deye,
Sum sorrowfully for wanting of thaire makis,
And sum in armes for thaire ladyes sakis.

XIV.

And other eke by other diuerse chance,
As happin folk all day, as ze may se;
Sum for dispaire, wtout recoverance;
Sum for desyre, surmounting thaire degree;
Sum for dispite, and other inmytee;
Sum for vnkyndness, wtout a quhy;
Sum for to mock, and sum for jelousye.

XV.

And efter this, vpon zone stage doun,
Tho yt thou seis stand in capis wyde;

§ XIII. Those of middle age, who were unfortunate in their loves; "who died sorrowfully," as the poet expresses, "for wanting their makis;" or were slain in battle in their mistress's cause.

Zone were quhilum folk of religion,
That from the warld thaire governance did hide,
And frely servit lufe on every syde,
In secrete wt thaire bodyis and thaire gudis,
And lo! quhy so, thai hingen doun thaire hudis.

XVI.

For though yt thai were hardy at assay,
And did him service quhilum prively,
Zit to the warldis eye it semyt nay,
So was thaire service half cowardly,
And for thay first forsuke him opynly,
And efter that thereof had repenting,
For schame thaire hudis oure thaire eyen they hyng.

XVII.

And seis thou now zone multitude on rawe,
Standing behynd zone travesse of delyte,
Sum bene of thame yt haldin were full lawe,
And take by frendis, nothing thay to wyte,
In zouth from lufe, into the cloistere quite,
And for that cause are cummyn recounsilit,
On thame to pleyne yt so thame had begilit.

§ XV. and XVI. Those hypocrites already described under § VIII.

§ XVII. Those who in youth were by their friends sequestered from love and the world, and forced by them into cloisters.

XVIII.

And othir bene amongis thame also,
That cummyn are to court on lufe to pleyne,
For he thair bodyes had bestouit so,
Quhare bothe thaire hertes gruch there ageyne,
For quhich in all thaire dayes soth to seyne,
Quhen other lyvit in joye and plesance,
Thaire lyf was no^{t} bot care and repentance.

XIX.

And quhare thaire hertis gevin were and set,
Were copilt w^{t} other y^{t} could not accord;
Thus were thai wranged y^{t} did no forfet,
Departing thame y^{t} never wold discord,
Off zong ladies faire, and mony lord,
That thus by maistry were fro thaire chose dryve,
Full ready were thaire playntis there to gyve.

XX.

And other also I sawe compleynyng there
Vpon fortune and hir grete variance,

§ XVIII. and XIX. Other complainants on love, who had bestowed their bodies, when their hearts were otherwise disposed of; for which they passed their lives in sorrow and repentance.

That quhere in love so well they coplit were
Wt thair suete makis coplit in plesance,
So sodeynly maid thair disseverance,
And tuke thame of this warldis companye,
Wtoutin cause there was non other quhy:

XXI.

And in a chiere of estate besyde,
Wt wingis bright, all plumyt, bot his face,
There sawe I sitt the blynd god *Cupide*,
Wt bow in hand yt bent full redy was,
And by him hang thre arowis in a case,
Off quhich the hedis grundyn were full ryt,
Off diverse metalis forgit fair and bryt.

§ XX. Lovers who, being happily joined in love, were suddenly dissevered or parted by death.

§ XXI. The descriptive figure of Cupid is most beautifully painted, sitting near to the chair of state, which, in the Court of Love, belonged to his mother Venus,

"With wingis bright all plumed but his face."

This idea of painting Cupid, all covered with bright or resplendent wingis, is finely improved by Milton, in his description of the angel Raphael. Though it is not very probable that Milton ever saw this poem, it is curious, however, to observe how two poets, in distant ages, in raising their imagination to paint in the richest colours a

XXII.

And wt the first yt hedit is of gold,
He smytis soft, and that has esy cure;
The secund was of silver, mony fold,
Wers than the first, and harder aventure;
The third of stele is schot wtout recure;
And on his long zallow ſ lokkis schene,
A chaplet had he all of levis grene.

celestial being of youth and beauty, have hit upon the very same idea, of covering him with gorgeous wings.

" ——————Six wings he wore, to shade
" His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
" Each shoulder broad, came mantling on his breast
" With regal ornament: The middle pair
" Girt like a starry zone his waist; and round
" Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
" And colours dipt in heaven: The third, his feet
" Shadowed from either heel with feather'd mail,
" Sky-tinctur'd grain! Like Maia's son he stood,
" And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
" The circuit wide."——

PAR. LOST, *lib. 5.*

§ XXII. *ſ. And on his long xallow lokkis schene.*] Bright yellow locks. In our old writings, the form of the letter *y* resembles the modern form of the letter *x*. That, however, ought to be no good reason at this day for adhering to the old form in writing a *x* instead of *y*, as we do in some proper names, as there can be no

XXIII.

And in a retrete lytill of compas,
Depeyntit all wt sighis wonder sad,
Not suich sighis as hertis doith [g] manace,
Bot suich as dooth lufaris to be glad,
Fond I *Venus* vpon hir bed, yt had
A mantill cast ouer hir schuldris quhite:
Thus clothit was the goddesse of delyte.

XXIV.

Stude at the dure *Fair calling* hir vschere,
That coude his office doon in conyng wise,
And *Secretee* hir thrifty chamberere,
That besy was in tyme to do seruise,
And othir moyt I cannot on avise;
And on hir hede of rede rosis full suete,
A chapellet sche had, faire, fresch, and mete.

doubt that our ancestors pronounced the words *xallow*, *xouth*, *xit*, as we now do *yallow*, *youth*, *yet*. Throughout this poem I have kept invariably by the old orthography.

[g] *Not such sighis as hertis doth manace.*] That is, "as doth "alarm or make the heart sad;" but the amorous sighs of happy lovers.

XXV.

W^t quaking hert astonate of that sight
[h] Unethis wist I, quhat y^t I suld seyne,
Bot at the last febily as I my^t,
W^t my handis on bothe my kneis tueyne,
There I begouth my caris to compleyne,
W^t ane humble and lamentable [i] chere
Thus salute I that goddess bry^t and clere.

XXVI.

Hye Quene of Lufe! sterre of benevolence!
Pitouse princesse, and planet merciable!
Appesare of malice and violence!
By vertew pure of zour aspectis hable,
Vnto zour grace lat now bene acceptable
My pure request, y^t can no forthir gone
To seken help, bot vnto zow allone!

XXVII.

As ze y^t bene the socoure and suete [k] well
Off remedye, of carefull hertes cure,

[h] *Unethis wist I.*] Not easily, or scarce knowing what to say.—G. D. p. 74. v. 24.

[i] *Lamentable chere*] Or countenance.

[k] *Socoure and suete-well.*] Sweet medicinal well, the cure of love-sick hearts.

And in the [l] huge weltering wavis fell
Off lufis rage, blissfull havin, and sure,
O anker and treue, of oure gude aventure,
Ze have zour man wt his gude will conquest,
Merci, therefore, and bring his hert to rest!

XXVIII.

Ze knaw the cause of all my peynes smert
[m] Bet than myself, and all myn auenture
Ze may conueye, and, as zow list, conuert
The hardest hert yt formyt hath nature,
Sen in zour handis all hale lyith my cure,
Ave pitee now, O bryt blisfull goddesse,
[n] Off zour pure man, and rew on his distresse!

XXIX.

And though I was vnto zour lawis strange,
By ignorance, and not by felonye,
And yt zour grace now likit hath to change
My hert, to serven zou perpetualye,

[l] "Blissful haven, from the huge rolling waves of Love's fell "rage;" and "true anchor." The metaphors here are poetical and well-chosen.

[m] *Bet.*] For better.

[n] *Pity your pure man!*] The common Scottish phrase for "Pity the poor beggar!"

Forgiue all this, and schapith remedye,
To sauen me of zour benigne grace,
Or do me [o] steruen furthwt in this place.

XXX.

And wt the stremes of zour percyng lyt,
Conuoy my hert, yt is so wo-begone,
Ageyne vnto that suete hevinly sight,
That I, within thir wallis cald as stone
So suetly saw on morow walk, and gone,
Law in the gardyn ryt tofore mine eye,
Now, merci, Quene! and do me not to dey.

XXXI.

Thir wordis said, my spirit in dispaire
A quhile I stynt, abiding efter grace,
And therewt all hir cristall eyen faire
She kest asyde, and efter that a space,
Benignely sche turnyt has hir face
Towardis me full plesantly conueide,
And vnto me ryt in this uise sche seide:

[o] *Or do me steruen furthwith.*] Or kill me instantly.—*Steruen* from the Anglo-Saxon *Steorfan*, to kill.—G. D. p. 391. 36.

XXXII.

Zong man, the cause of all thyne inward sorowe
Is not vnknawin to my deite,
And thy request bothe nowe and eke to forowe,
Quhen thou first maid profession to me,
Sen of my grace I have inspirit the
To knawe my lawe, contynew furth, for oft,
There as I mynt full sore, I smyte bot soft.

XXXIII.

Paciently thou tak thyne auenture,
This [p] will my son Cupide, and so will I,
[q] He can the stroke, to me langis the cure
Quhen I se tyme, and therefore truely
Abyde, and serue, and lat gude hope the [r] gye,
Bot for I have thy forehede here pent,
I will the schewe the more of myn entent.

XXXIV.

[s] This is to say, though it to me pertene
In lufis lawe the septre to governe,

[p] *This will.*] This is the will of my son Cupid.

[q] *He can.*] Cupid gives the wound; to me belongs the cure.

[r] *Gye.*] Guide.

[s] *This is to say.*] Although it pertains to me to govern in love's law, yet the effects of the bright beams, and aspects of my planet,

That the effectis of my bemes schene
Has thair aspectis by ordynance eterne,
W^t otheris bynd and mynes to discerne,
Quhilum in thingis bothe to cum and gone,
That langis not to me to writh, God allone.

XXXV.

[t] As in thyne awin case now may thou se,
For quhy, lo y^t otheris influence,
Thy persone standis not in libertee;
Quharfore, though I geve the benevolence,
It standis not zit in myn advertence,
Till certeyne course endit be and ronne,
Quhill of trew seruis thow have hir [u] I-wonne.

XXXVI.

And zit, considering the nakitnesse
Bothe of thy wit, thy persone, and thy myt,

are directed by the eternal ordinance, which binds all things; and although I can discern things to come, yet I have no power, by myself, to wrest or turn aside what is decreed: God alone is able to do that.

[t] As, in thy own case, you being at present under other influence, thy person is not at liberty; therefore, although you have my good will, yet I can do no more, until you have run your course in the faithful service of your mistress.

[u] *I-won*, or *Y-won*.] Gained or conquered.

It is no match, of thyne vnworthinesse
To hir hie birth, estate, and beautee bryt,
Als like ze bene, as day is to the nyt,
Or sek-cloth is unto fyne [x] cremesye,
Or doken to the fresche dayesye.

XXXVII.

Vnlike the [y] mone is to the sonne schene,
Eke Januarye is like vnto May,
Vnlike the cukkow to the phylomene;
[z] Thaire tavartis are not bothe maid of aray,

[x] *Cremesye.*] Crimson-cloth.

[y] Unlike the moon is to the bright sun.

[z] *Thaire tavartis are not bothe maid of aray.*] The meaning of this phrase, which appears to be proverbial, may be conjectured. *Tavert*, *tabard*, or *taberd*, was a short coat open before, and without sleeves, and worn only in the time of service in war; hence it was called the *tavart of aray*. It distinguished the rank of the knight, or person who wore it, by the armorial-bearing painted on it, as the herald's coat at this day doth. Hence we still keep the phrase of *coat-armorial* or *coat of arms*. Our poet uses it in this sense. The *tavart of array* of the cuckow and nightingale are very different; or, to use another proverb, "They are not fowls of the same "feather." In Urry's Life of Chaucer, there is a curious dispute as to a knight's assuming the coat of array of another knight:

Vnlike the crow is to the papejay,
Vnlike, in goldsmythis werk, a fischis eye
[a] To purcress wt perll, or maked be so heye.

XXXVIII.

As I have said, vnto me belangith
Specially the cure of thy seknesse,
Bot now thy matere so in balance hangith,
That it requireth, to thy sekernesse,
The help of other mo than one goddesse,
And have in thame the menes and the lore,
In this mater to schorten wt thy sore.

XXXIX.

And for thou sall se wele yt I entend,
Vnto thy help thy welefare to preserue,
The streight weye thy spirit will I send
To the goddesse yt clepit is *Mynerve*,

" The *tabard* was the well-known sign of ane hostillrie in South-
" wark, in which (says Speght) was the lodging of the Abbot of
" Hyde, by Winchester, where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met
" together, and with Henry Baillie, their merry host, accorded a-
" bout the manner of their journey to Canterbury."

SPEGHT's *Glossary to Chaucer.*

[a] *To purcress wt perll.*] The meaning is explained by what follows: " A fish-eye, compared with a pearl."—The word itself, or its etymology, I don't find in any glossary.

And se yᵗ thou hir [b] hestis weil conserve,
For in this case sche may be thy supplye,
And put thy hert in rest als well as I.

XL.

Bot for the way is vncouth vnto the,
There as hir dwelling is, and hir sojurne,
I will yᵗ *gude hope* seruand to the be,
Zoure [c] alleris frende, to [d] let the to murn,
Be thy condyt and gyde till thou returne,
And hir besech, yᵗ sche will in thy nede
Hir counselle geve to thy welefare and spede.

XLI.

And yᵗ sche will, as [e] langith hir office,
Be thy gude lady, help and counseiloure,

[b] *Her hestis.*] Her behests, commands, or directions.

[c] *Zour alleris frende.*] Your ally, associate, or confederate.

[d] *To let the to murn.*] To hinder or prevent thee from mourning.

[e] *As langith.*] As belongeth to her office.—The reader must have observed, that, throughout the whole of this poem, our poet uses many words according to the Scottish orthography and pronunciation, particularly in the use of the letter *a*, in place of *o*. Ex. gr. *Warld, amang, belang, sang, wald, hald, saul, knawe, blawe,* &c.

And to the schewe hir rype and gude auise,
Throw quhich thou may be processe and la-
Atteyne vnto that glad and goldyn floure, [boure,
That thou wald have so fayn w^{t}all thy hart,
And forthirmore sen thou hir servand art.

XLII.

Quhen thou descendis doun to ground ageyne,
Say to the men, y^{t} there bene resident,
How long think thay to stand in my disdeyne,
That in my lawis bene so negligent,
From day to day, and list thame not repent,
Bot breken louse and walken at thaire large,
Is none y^{t} thereof gevis charge.

XLIII.

And for, q^{d} sche, the angir and the smert
Of thair vnkyndenesse dooth me constreyne
My femynyne and wofull tender hert,
That than I wepe, and to a token pleyne,
As of [f] my teris cummyth all this reyne,
That ze se on the ground so fast [g] yvete,
Fro day to day, my turment is so grete.

[f] *My teris cummyth all this reyne.*] This shower of tears which I shed.

[g] *Yvete* or *y-wet* with my tears.

XLIV.

And quhen I wepe, and stynten othir quhile
For pacience y^t^ is in womanhede,
Than all my wrath and rancoure I exile,
And of my cristall teris y^t^ bene shede,
The hony flouris growen vp and sprede,
That preyen me in thaire flouris wise,
Be trewe of lufe, and worship my seruice.

XLV.

And eke, in taken of this pitouse tale,
Quhen so my teris dropen on the ground,
In thaire nature the lytill birdis smale
Styntith thair song, and murnyth for that stound,
And all the lightis in the hevin round
Off my greuance have such compacience,
That from the ground they hiden thaire presence.

XLVI.

And zit in tokenyng forthir of this thing,
Quhen flouris springis and freschests bene of hewe,
And y^t^ the birdis on the twistis sing,
At thilke tyme ay [h] gynen folk to renewe,

[h] *At thilk tyme gynen folk to renewe.*] In the spring, when

That servis vnto loue, as ay is dewe,
Most qmonly has ay his obseruance,
And of thaire sleuth tofore have repentance.

XLVII.

Thus maist thou seyne yt myn effectis grete,
Vnto the quhich ze aught and maist weye,
No lyte offense to sleuth is forget,
And therefore in this wise to thame seye,
As I the here have bid, and conueye
The matere all the better tofore said,
Thus sall on the my charge bene laid.

XLVIII.

[i] Say on than, Quhare is becummyn for schame
The songis new, the fresch carolis and dance,

flowers put forth and birds sing on the trees, and gyn or begin to pair, and renew or increase their kind.

The following verses in this and the next stanza are very obscure.

[i] *Say on than.*] When you descend to earth again. "What is "now become of the songs, carols, and dances, the tournaments and "feats of gallantry, that whilom were so frequent amongst you?"—This complaint of Venus leads to conjecture, that the time here mentioned might have been immediately on the death of King Henry V. whose wars in France, though glorious, had been disastrous both to France and England, and particularly to the nobility

The lusty lyf, the mony change of game,
The fresche aray, the lusty contenance,
The besy awayte, the hertly obseruance
That quhilum was amongis thame so ryf,
Bid thame repent in tyme, and mend thaire lyf.

XLIX.

Or I sall, with my fader old Saturne,
And wt alhale oure hevinly alliance,
Our glad aspectis from thame writhe and turne,
That all the warld sall waile thaire governance,
Bid thame betyme, yt thai haue repentance,
And thaire hertis hale renew my lawe,
And I my hand fro beting sall wtdrawe.

L.

This is to say, contynew in my seruise,
Worschip my law, and my name magnifye,

of both kingdoms. Few families but what had been thrown into mourning by those bloody wars. This was not, therefore, the era of gallantry, or of the festivals of Venus.

Without such occasional allusion, the complaint of Venus seems to be unnatural, and rather an excrescence on the poem.

That am zour hevin and zour paradise,
And I zour confort here sall multiplye,
And, for zoure meryt here perpetualye,
Ressaue I sall zour saulis of my grace,
To lyve wt me as goddis in this place.

THE

KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO IV.

HE IS CONDUCTED TO THE PALACE OF MINERVA.

I.

W^t humble thank, and all the reverence
That feble wit and conyng may atteyne,
I tuke my leve; and from hir presence
Gude Hope and I togider both tueyne
Departit are, and schortly for to seyne
He hath me led redy wayis ry^t
Vnto *Minerve's Palace* faire and bry^t.

II.

Quhare as I fand, full redy at the zate,
The *maister portare*, callit *Pacience*,
That frely lete vs in, vnquestionate,
And there we sawe the perfyt excellence,

[k] The said renewe, the state, the reuerence,
The strenth, the beautee, and the ordour digne,
Off hir court-riall, noble and benigne.

III.

And straught vnto the presence sodeynly
Off dame Minerue, the pacient goddesse,
Gude Hope my gyde led me redily,
To quhom anon, wt dredefull humylnesse
Off my cummyng, the cause I gan expresse,
And all the processe hole, vnto the end,
Off Venus charge, as likit her to send.

IV.

Off quhich ryt thus hir ansuere was in bref:
My son, I have wele herd, and vnderstond,
Be thy reherse, the mater of thy gref,
And thy request to procure, and to [l] fond
Off thy penance sum confort at my hond,
Be counsele of thy lady Venus clere,
To be with hir thyne help in this matere.

[k] *The said renewe.*] This must surely be an error in the copy, as it appears to be unintelligible.

[l] *To fond.*] To find of thy penance some comfort from me.

V

Bot in this case thou sall well knawe and witt,
Thou may thy hert ground on suich a wise,
That thy laboure will be bot lytill quit,
And thou may set it in otherwise,
That wil be to the grete worschip and prise;
And gif thou durst vnto that way enclyne,
I wil the geve my lore and discipline.

VI.

Lo, my gude son, this is als much to seyne,
As gif thy lufe be set [m] alluterly
Of nyce lust, thy travail is in veyne,
And so the end sall turne of thy folye,
To payne and repentance, lo wate thou quhy?
Gif the ne list on lufe thy *vertew set*,
Vertu sall be the cause of thy forfet.

VII.

[n] Tak him before in all thy gouernance,
That in his hand the stere has of zou all,

[m] *Set alluterly.*]. If your heart is set altogether upon lust, and not upon virtuous love, thy travail is vain, and shall end in sorrow and repentance!

[n] *Tak him*, &c.] The explanation of the foregoing stanza.—In the first place, take Virtue for thy guide, who holds the helm that

And pray vnto his hye purveyance,
Thy lufe to gye, and on him traist and call,
That corner-stone, and ground is of the wall,
That failis not, and trust, wtoutin drede,
Vnto thy purpose sone he fall the lede.

VIII.

For lo, the werk yt first is foundit sure,
May better bere apace and hyare be,
Than otherwise and langere sall endure,
Be mony fald, this may thy reson see,
And stronger to defend aduersitee;
Ground thy werk, therefore, upon the stone,
And thy desire sall forthward wt the gone

IX.

Be trewe, and meke, and stedfast in thy thot,
And diligent her merci to procure,
Not onely in thy word, for word is not,
Bot gif thy werk and all thy besy cure
Accord thereto, and [o] vtrid be mesure,

steers the vessel, and who will not fail you, but will conduct you to the completion of your wishes.

[o] *Vtrid be mesure.*] Out-red, gone through, or regulated by measure and propriety, as to time and place.

The place, the houre, the maner, and the wise,
Gif mercy sall admitten thy servise.

X.

[p] All thing has tyme, thus sais *Ecclesiaste;*
And wele is him y[t] his tyme will abit:
Abyde thy tyme; for he y[t] can bot haste
Can not of hap, the wise man it writ;
And oft gud fortune flourith w[t] gude wit:
Quharefore, gif thou will be well fortunyt,
Lat wisedom ay to thy will be junyt.

XI.

Bot there be mony of so brukill sort,
That feynis treuth in lufe for a quhile,
And setten all thaire wittis and disport,
The sely innocent woman to begyle;
And so to wynne thaire lustis w[t] a wile;
Suich feynit treuth is all bot trechorye,
Vnder the [q] vmbre of ypocrisye.

[p] *All thing has tyme, thus sais Ecclesiaste.*] "To every thing "there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; "a time to get and a time to lose," &c.

ECCLES. *cap.* 3.

[q] *Under the umbre.*] Under the shade of hypocrisy.

XII.

For as the foulere quhistlith in his throte,
Diuersely to counterfete the brid,
And feynis mony a suete and strange note,
That in the busk for his desate is hid,
Till sche be fast lok in his net amyd,
Ryt so the [r] satoure, the false theif, I say,
Wt suete treason oft wynith thus his pray.

XIII.

Fy on all such! fy on thaire doubilnesse!
Fy on thaire lust, and bestly appetite!
Thaire wolfis hertis, in lambis liknesse;
Thaire thoughtis blak, hid vnder wordis quhite:
Fy on thaire labour! fy on thaire delyte!
That feynen outward all to hir honour,
And in thair hert her worship wold deuour.

XIV.

So hard it is to trusten now on dayes
The warld, it is so double and inconstant,
Off quhich the suth is hid be mony assayes;
More pitee is; for quhich the remanant

[r] *The satoure.*] The lustful person.

That menen well, and are not variant,
For otheris gilt are suspect of vntreuth,
And hyndrit oft, and treuely that is reuth.

XV.

Bot, gif the hert be groundit ferm and stable
In Goddis law, thy purpose to atteyne,
Thy labour is to me agreable,
And my full help wt counsele trew and pleyne,
I will the schewe, and this is the certeyne;
Opyn thy hert, therefore, and lat me see
Gif thy remede be pertynent to me.

XVI.

Madame, qd I, sen it is zour plesance
That I declare the kynd of my loving,
Treuely and gude, wtoutin variance,
I lufe that flour abufe all other thing,
And wold, bene he, yt to hir worschipping
Myt ought availe, be *him*[1] yt *starf on rude*,
And nowthir spare for trauaile, lyf, nor gude.

[1] *Be him that starf on rude.*] That died on the cross.—I would spare neither travel, life, or estate, if I thought I could avail or succeed.

XVII.

And, forthirmore, as touching the nature
Off my lufing, to worschip or to blame,
I darre wele saye, and therein me assure,
For ony gold y^{t} ony wight can name,
Wald I be he y^{t} suld of hir gude fame
Be blamischere in ony point or wyse,
For wele nor wo, quhill my lyf may suffise.

XVIII.

This is the effect trewly of myn entent,
Touching the suete y^{t} smertis me so sore,
Giff this be faynt, I can it not repent,
Allthough my lyf suld forfaut be therefore:
Blisfull princesse! I can seye zou no more,
Bot so desire, my wittis dooth compace
More joy in erth, kepe I no^{t} bot zour grace.

XIX.

Desire, q^{d} sche, I nyl it not deny,
So thou it ground and set in cristin wise;
And therefore, son, opyn thy hert playnly.
Madame, q^{d} I, trew w^{t}outin fantise,
That day sall I neuer vp rise,
For my delyte to couate the plesance
That may hir worschip putten in balance.

XX.

For our[t] all thing, lo this were my gladnesse,
To sene the fresche beautee of hir face;
And gif it myt deserue[u] be processe,
For my grete lufe and treuth to stond in grace,
Hir worschip sauf, lo here the blisfull cace
That I wold ask, and thereto attend,
For my most joye vnto my lyfis end.

XXI.

Now wele, qd sche, and sen yt it is so,
That in vertew thy lufe is set wt treuth,
To helpen the I will be one of tho
From hensforth, and hertly without sleuth,
Off thy distresse and excesse to have reuth,
That has thy hert, I will pray full faire,
That fortune be no more thereto contraire.

XXII.

For suth it is yt all ze creatures,
Quhich vnder vs beneth have zour dwellyng,

[t] *For our all thing.*] For over or above all things.

[u] *Be processe.*] If, in process of time, I might stand in her grace, as a reward of my love and truth.

Ressauen diuersely [a] zour auenturis,
Off quhich the cure and principal melling
Apperit is w^toutin repellyng,
Onely to hir y^t has the cuttis two
In hand, both of zour wele and of your wo.

XXIII.

And how so be, y^t sum clerkis trete,
[y] That zour chance causit is tofore,
Heigh in the hevin, by quhois effectis grete,
Ze movit are to wrething less or more,
Quhare in the warld, thus calling y^t therefore,
Fortune, and so y^t the diversitee
Off thaire werking suld cause necessitee.

XXIV.

[z] Bot other clerkis halden that the man,
Has in himself the chose and libertee

[a] *Zour aventuris.*] Your fortune or destiny, the controuling of which is beyond your power, and belongs only to the Fates.

[y] *That all zour chance causit is tofore.*] Your life and fortune is preordained in heaven, by whose direction ye are moved to wreth, *i. e.* to wrest or move less or more in the affairs of the world: Thus what is called *fortune*, through the variety of her operations, is truly *necessity*.

[z] But other clerks hold the opposite doctrine of liberty in man's actions, and that he is under no necessity, but acts from choice, and according to his own purpose or will.

To cause his awin fortune, how, or quhan,
That him best lest, and no necessitee
Was in the hevin at his nativitee;
Bot zit the thingis happin in qmune,
Efter purpose, so cleping thame fortune.

XXV.

[a] And quhare a persone has tofore knawing
Off it y[t] is to fall purposely,
Lo fortune is bot wayke in such a thing,
Thou may wele wit, and here ensample quhy,
To *God* it is the first cause onely
Off euery thing, there may no fortune fall,
And quhy? for *he* foreknawin is of all.

XXVI.

[b] And therefore thus I say to this sentence,
Fortune is most and strangest euermore,

[a] Where one knows before hand what purposely is to fall out, in that case chance or fortune is weak, or has little to do in the matter, as you may well know. Thus God, who is the first cause, and has foreknowledge of every thing, leaves nothing to be determined by chance

[b] In human affairs, however, where man has no foreknowledge of what is to be the event, there fortune is ever strongest. "So,

Quhare, leste foreknawing or intelligence
Is in the man, and *sone* of wit or lore,
Sen thou art wayke and feble, lo, therefore,
The more thou art in dangere, and qmune
Wt hir yt clerkis clepen so *fortune*.

XXVII.

Bot for the sake, and at the reuerence
Off Venus clere, as I the said tofore,

" my son, since thou art but weak both in wit and *lore*, (or expe-
" rience) thou art more subjected to what clerks *clepen* (or call)
" *fortune*."

From our poet's discussion of the question with regard to man's acting from his own *free-will*, or *from necessity*, he appears to have been sufficiently versant in the metaphysical learning of his age. Such intricate questions have been the *ignis fatuus*, or play of philosophers, in all ages down to the present.

Milton makes the subtile reasoning upon such abstruse points one of the entertainments of the fallen angels :

" ———Others sat on a hill retir'd,
" And reason'd high———
" Of *providence*, *foreknowledge*, *will*, and *fate*,
" Fixt fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
" And found no end, in wandering mazes lost !
" ———Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy !"

Vain indeed ! while every man, in defiance to the futile arguments of metaphysicians, ought to be convinced, from his own feelings, that he is a *free agent*, and, as such, *accountable for* his actions.

I have of thy distresse compacience,
And in confort and relesche of thy sore,
The schewit here myn avise therefore,
Pray fortune help; for suich vnlikely thing
Full oft about sche sodeynly dooth bring.

XXVIII.

Now go thy way, and haue gude mynd upon
Quhat I have said, in way of thy doctryne:
I sall, Madame, q^{d} I, and ry^{t} anon
[c] I tuke my leve, als straught as ony lyne

[c] "I tuke my leve, as straught as ony lyne
"Within a beme, that fro the contree divyne,
"She percyng thro' the firmament extendit,
"To ground ageyne my spirit is descendit."

As Milton makes Uriel to descend to Paradise in the same manner, that is, on a sun-beam, this, with the similar instance noticed in our remark on Stanza XXI. of Canto III. would incline one to conjecture, that he had seen this poem of King James. Be that as it may, Milton has now made the thoughts his own, by the several fine allusions which he has added, and amplified with all the luxuriance of poetical fancy.

"Thither came Uriel, gliding thro' the even
"On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
"In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
"Impress the air, and shew the mariner
"From what point of his compass to beware
"Impetuous wind"———

Within a beme, yt fro the contree dyvine,
Sche percyng throw the firmament extendit,
To ground ageyne my spirit is descendit.

THE

KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO V.

HIS JOURNEY IN QUEST OF FORTUNE.

I.

QUHARE in a [d] lusty plane tuke I my way,
[e] Endlang a ryuer, plesand to behold,
Embroudin all wt fresche flouris gay,
Quhare throu the grauel, bryt as ony gold,
The cristal water ran so clere and cold,
That in myn ere, maid contynualy,
A [f] maner soun mellit with armony.

The scenery, or landskip, as in the three first stanzas of this Canto, is painted in the richest colours of poetry. The verse, too, is extremely harmonious.

[d] *A lusty plane.*] A pleasant delightful plain.

[e] *Endlang a ryver.*] Along the side of a river.

[f] *Maner soun.*] A pleasant sound, mixed with harmony.

II.

That full of lytill fischis by the brym,
Now here now there, wt bakkis blewe as lede,
Lap and playit, and in a rout can swym
So prattily, and dressit thame to sprede
Thaire curall fynis, as the ruby rede,
That in the sonne on thaire scalis bryt,
g As gesserant ay glitterit in my sight.

III.

And by this ilke ryuer syde alawe
Ane hyeway fand I like to bene,
On quhich, on euery syde, a long rawe
Off trees saw I full of levis grene,
That full of fruyte delitable were to sene;
And also, as it come vnto my mynd,
Of bestis sawe I mony diuerse kynd.

g *As gesserant glitterit.*] Like some precious stone, sparkled in my eye.

The epithets, expressive of some distinguishing quality of the several beasts mentioned by the poet, seem to be according to the natural history of these animals in that age, though now, as to some of them, known to be erroneous and exploded. Some of these epithets, I own, I am at a loss to explain.

IV.

The lyon king and his [h] fere lyonesse,
The pantere like vnto the [i] smaragdyne,
The lytill squerell full of [k] besynesse,
The slawe asse, the [l] druggare beste of pyne,
The [m] nyce ape, the [n] werely porpapyne,
The percyng lynx, the [o] lufare vnicorn,
That voidis venym with his euoure horne.

[h] *Fere lyonesse.*] Fierce or wild.

[i] *The pantere like unto the smaragdyne.*] *Smaragdus* is generally understood to be the emerald, or a stone of green colour. How the spotted panther is likened to the emerald is not obvious; perhaps it meant only, that the panther's skin shone as bright as a precious stone.

[k] *Full of besynesse.*] The squirrell always in motion.

[l] *Slawe asse, druggare beste of pyne.*] The meaning of the last two epithets can only be conjectured as applicable to the slow sluggish nature of the ass.

[m] *Nyce ape.*] Cunning ape.

[n] *Werely*, or *warlike* porcupine, armed with quills.

[o] *Lufare unicorn.*] This epithet of the unicorn, if such an animal is known to exist, and its quality of ejecting poison from its ivory horn, are now unknown.

V.

There sawe I [p] dresse him, new out of hant,
The fere tigere full of felony,
The dromydare, the [q] stander oliphant,
[r] The wyly fox, the wedouis inemye,
The clymbare gayte, the [s] elk for alblastrye,
The [t] herknere bore, the holsum grey for hortis,
The [u] haire also, y[t] oft gooth to the hortis.

[p] *Dresse him new out of hant.*] The fierce tyger, issuing from his haunt or den, new prepared for sallying out upon his prey.

[q] *The stander oliphant.*] The elephant, that always stands. According to the vulgar, the elephant was erroneously said to have no knees.

[r] *The wyly fox, the wedouis inemye.*] That robs the poor widow of her poultry.

[s] *The elk.*] A species of deer.—Buffon classes it with the reindeer. What the meaning of the quality expressed by *alblastrye* is, I cannot find out. The colour of this animal is dark grey.

[t u] The epithets of the *herknere bore*, and *wholsum grey*, or *greyhound, for hortis,** or the gardens, the reader's own ingenuity must supply. The last, perhaps, means the hound that protects the garden from the hare that frequents it.

* *Hortis* probably is an error of the transcriber, in place of *sportis*, which is more applicable to the greyhound, for sport.

VI.

The [z] bugill draware by his hornis grete,
The [y] martrik sable, the [x] foynzee, and mony mo,
[a] The chalk quhite ermyn, tippit as the jete,
The riall hert, the conyng, and the ro,
The wolf, y[t] of the murthir not say ho,
The [b] lesty beuer, and the [c] ravin bare,
For chamelot, the camel full of hare.

VII.

With many ane othir beste diverse and strange,
That cummyth not as now vnto my mynd;
Bot now to purpose straught furth the range,
I held away oure hailing in my mynd,
From quhens I come, and quhare y[t] I suld fynd
Fortune, the goddesse unto quhom in hye
Gude hope, my *gyde*, has led me sodeynly.

[z] *The bugill draware by his hornis grete.*] The stag. Perhaps the buffalo, which is an animal that draws in the yoke.

[y] *Martrick sable.*] The sable martin.

[x] *The foynzee.*] The fawn. G. D. p. 220. 42.—In vulgar French *fouine* is the pole-cat.

[a] *The chalk-white ermyne, tipt with spots black as jet.*] The body of the ermyn is pure white. The tail only is tipt with black.

[b] *Lesty bever.*] If *lesty* means here *lusty*, or *lustfull*, this animal is not so. Perhaps it means, according to the Scottish, *lusty*, *plump*, or *fat*, which is applicable to the beaver; or perhaps the word should be *leste*, an old French word for *nimble*, or *active*, which is an epithet very suitable to the nature of the beaver.

[c] *Ravin*, or ravenous bear.

VIII.

And at the last behalding thus asyde,
A round place wallit have I found,
In myddis quhare eftsone I have spide
Fortune, the *goddesse*, [d] hufing on the ground,
And ry[t] befor hir fete, of compas round,
[e] A *quhele*, on quhich clevering I sye
A multitude of folk before myn eye.

IX.

And ane surcote sche werit long that tyde,
That semyt to me of diverse hewis,
Quhilum thus, quhen sche wald turn asyde,
Stude this goddess of fortune [f] ☞
A chapellet w[t] mony fresch [g] anewis
Sche had upon hir hede, and w[t] this hong
A mantill on hir schuldries large and long

X.

That furrit was w[t] ermyn full quhite,
Degontit w[t] the self in spottis blake,

[d] The goddess Fortune *hufing*, *i. e.* dwelling or abiding on the ground. From the A. Saxon *hufe*, a house. Hence our word *houff*, or *haunt*.

[e] *A quhele on which clevering.*] A wheel, on which I saw a multitude clambering.

[f] *Stude this goddess of fortune*, ☞] The reader's own ingenuity must supply this mark of abbreviation. Perhaps it may be for *askew*, or *askewis*.

[g] *A chaplet with fresch anewis*, or budding flowers.

And quhilum in hir chere thus alyte
Louring sche was, and thus sone it wold slake,
And sodeynly a [h] maner smylyng make
And sche were glad, at one contenance
Sche held not, bot ay in variance. *

XI.

And vnderneth the quhele sawe I there
An vgly pit, depe as ony helle,
That to behald thereon I quoke for fere;
Bot a thing herd I, yt quho therein fell,
Com no more vp agane tidingis to telle;
Off quhich, astonait of that ferefull syt,
I ne wist quhat to done, so was I fricht.

XII.

Bot for to se the sudayn weltering
Of that ilk quhele yt [i] sloppare was to hold,
It semyt vnto my wit a strong thing,
So mony I sawe yt than clumben wold,
And failit foting, and to ground were rold,
And othir eke yt sat above on hye,
Were overthrawe in twinklyng of ane eye.

[h] *Maner.*] Pleasant.

* The various turns of fortune incident to mankind are pointed out with a great deal of fancy in the following stanzas.

[i] *Sloppare.*] Slippy or slippery.

XIII.

And on the quhele was lytill void space,
[k] Wele nere oure straught fro lawe to hye,
And they were ware yt long sat in place,
So tolter quhilum did sche it to wreye,
There was bot clymbe and ryt downward hye,
And sum were eke yt fallyng had sore,
There for to clymbe, thair corage was no more.

XIV.

I sawe also, yt quhere sum were slungin,
Be quhirlyng of the quhele vnto the ground,
Full sudaynly sche hath vp [l] ythrungin,
And set theme on agane full sauf and sound,
And ever I sawe a new swarm abound,
That to clymbe vpward upon the quhele,
Instede of thame yt myt no langer rele.

XV.

And at the last, in presence of thame all
That stude about, sche clepit me be name,

[k] *Nere oure-straught.*] Was almost streight.

[l] *Up ythrungin.*] Thrown up. From the A. Saxon *thringan*, or *thryngan*, thrown. G. D. 87. 52.

And therewt upon kneis gan I fall
Full sodaynly [m] hailsing, abaist for schame;
And, smylyng thus, sche said to me in game,
Quhat dois thou here? quho has the hider sent?
Say on anon, and tell me thyne entent.

XVI.

I se wele, by thy chere and contenance,
There is sum thing yt lyis the on hert,
It stant not wt the as thou wald perchance.
Madame, qd I, for lufe is all the smert
That euer I fele [n] endlang and ouerthwert;
Help of zour grace me wofull wrechet wight,
Sen me to cure ze powere have and myt.

XVII.

Quhat help, qd sche, wold thou yt I ordeyne,
To bring the vnto thy hertis desire?
Madame, qd I, [o] bot yt zour grace dedyne,
Of zour grete myt, my wittis to inspire,
To win the *well*, yt slokin may the fyre

[m] *Hailsing.*] Saluting, or hailing. From the A. Saxon *hail*, or *hal*. G. D. p. 69. 23.

[n] *Endlang and ouerthwert.*] Through my whole frame, in length and breadth.

[o] *Bot that your grace.*] Would your grace but deign.

In quhich I birn: Ah, goddess fortunate!
Help now my game yt is in poynt to [p] mate.

XVIII.

Off mate, qd sche, a verray sely wretch
I se wele, by thy dedely coloure pale,
Thou art to feble of thyself to streche
Vpon my quhele, to clymbe or to hale,
Wtoutin help, for thou has [q] fund in stale
This mony day wtoutin werdis wele,
And wantis now thy veray hertis hele.

XIX.

Wele maistow be a wretchit man callit,
That wantis the confort yt suld thy hert glade,
[r] And has all thing within thy hert stallit,
That may thy zouth oppressen or defade;

[p] *That is in point to mate.*] *Mate*, or *mait*, to be overcome; defeated. From the old Fr. *mat*, overcome. G. D. p. 417. 17.—Hence *chec mate* at chess.

[q] *Fund in stale.*] Been long in ward, and sequestered from friends. G. D. 382. 37.

[r] *That has all thing in thy hert stallit.*] Kept all in your own mind, without the comfort of communication with your friends, which has depressed and faded your youth.

Though thy begynyng hath bene retrograde,
' Be froward opposyt quhare till aspert,
Now sall thai turn, and luke on the dert.

XX.

And therewt all vnto the quhele in hye
Sche hath me led, and bad me lere to clymbe,
Vpon the quhich I steppit sudaynly;
Now hald thy grippis, q^d sche, for thy tyme,
An houre and more it rynis ouer ' prime
To count the hole, the half is nere away;
Spend wele, therefore, the remanant of the day.

XXI.

Ensample (q^d sche) tak of this tofore,
That fro my quhele be rollit as a ball,

' Take the opposite part, so shall thy misfortunes take a turn.

' *Ane hour ouer prime.*] In ancient times, the hours, according to the times of devotion, were divided into two parts. From six in the morning till nine, was called the *spatium orationum primarum*, or the hour of prime. Thus Milton:

" ———Praise him in thy sphere,
" While day arises, that sweet hour of prime."

For the nature of it is euermore
After ane hicht to vale, and geve a fall,
Thus quhen me likith vp or down to fall.
Farewele, q^d sche, and by the ere me toke
So ernestly, y^t therewt all I woke.

Fortune here concludes her advice, by telling the Prince, that his revolution on her wheel is one hour, of which one half is already run; therefore to make good use of his time still to run.

END OF THE VISION.

THE

KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO VI.

I.

O BESY "goste, ay flikering to and fro,
That never art in quiet nor in rest,
Till thou cum to that place yᵗ thou cam fro,
Quhich is thy first and verray proper nest;
From day to day so sore here artow drest,
That wᵗ thy flesche ay walking art in trouble,
And sleping eke of pyne, so has thou double.

" *O besy goste.*] Busy, fluttering, restless spirit.—It may be conjectured, that the King might have had in his mind the dying address of the Emperor Adrian to his soul.

Animula vagula blandula, &c.

The anxious *Quae nunc abibis in loca?* so suitable in the mouth of the heathen philosopher, is finely turned by the answer of our enlightened moralist:

" Thou never art in quiet, nor in rest,
" Till thou cum to *that place that thou cam fro*,
" Which is thy *first* and very *proper nest*."

The whole apostrophe is solemn and striking.

II.

[z] Couert myself all this mene I to loke,
Thought yt my spirit vexit was tofore,
In [y] suenyng, assone as ever I woke,
By XX fold it was in trouble more,
Be thinking me wt sighing hert and sore,
That nane other thingis bot dremes had,
Nor sekernes my spirit wt to glad.

III.

And therewt sone I [z] dressit me to ryse,
Fulfild of thot, pyne, and aduersitee,
And to myself I said in this wise,
Quhat lyf is this? quhare hath my spirit be?
A! merci, Lord! quhat will ze do wt me?
Is this of my forethot impression?
Or is it from the hevin a vision?

IV.

And gif ze goddis of zoure [a] purviance
Have schewit this for my reconforting,

[z] *Couert myself.*] Within myself; I mean to consider all this.

[y] *In suenyng.*] Although my spirit was troubled in dream, yet as soon as I was awake, I was more in trouble by twenty fold in thinking that all was but a dream, and nothing certain to comfort me.

[z] *I dressit me.*] I prepared myself to rise

[a] *Purveiance.*] Prescience.

In relesche of my furiouse penance,
I zow beseke full truely of this thing,
That of zour grace I myt have more [b] takenyng,
Gif it sal be, as in my slepe before
Ze schewit have: and forth wtoutin more,

V.

In hye vnto the wyndow gan I walk,
Moving within my spirit of this sight,
Quhare sodeynly a *turture, quhite as calk*,
So evinly vpon my hand gan lyt,
And vnto me sche turnyt hir, full ryt,
Off quham the chere in hir birdis assort
Gave me in hert [c] kalendis of confort.*

[b] *More takening.*] A further token.

[c] *Kalendis of confort.*] Beginning of comfort; a dawn of hope.

* In place of detailing the steps by which he arrived at the possession of his beautiful mistress, the Prince concludes his poem, by a piece of machinery which is classical and poetical: The white dove, the bird of Venus, suddenly alighting on his hand, bearing a stalk of jillyflowers, on whose leaves, in golden letters, is announced

" *The newis glad, that blisfull ben and sure*
" *Of his confort*———
" *That in the heyyn decretit was the cure*,"

Is finely imagined; and is one of many instances, throughout this poem, of a rich fancy and fine inventive genius of the Royal Poet. The numbers, too, are poetical and flowing.

VI.

This fair bird ryt in hir bill gan hold
Of *red jeroffleris*, with thair *stalkis grene*,
A fair branche, quhare *written* was *with gold*,
On euery lefe, wicht branchis bryt and schene,
In compas fair full plesandly to sene,
A *plane sentence*, quhich, as I can deuise
And have in mynd, said ryt on this wise.

VII.

Awak! awake! I bring lufar, I bring
The newis glad, that blisfull ben and sure
Of thy confort; now lauch, and play, and sing,
That art [d] besid so glad an auenture:
Fore in the hevyn decretit is ye cure:
And vnto me the flouris fair did present;
With wyngis spred hir wayis furth sche went.

VIII.

Quhilk vp anon I tuke, and as I gesse,
Ane hundreth tymes, or I forthir went,
I have it red, with hertfull glaidnesse,
And half with hope and half wt dred it [e] hent,
And at my beddis hed, with gud entent,
I have it fair pynit vp, and this
First takyn was of all my help and blisse.

[d] *That art beside.*] That art so near to happiness.

[e] *Hent.*] Kept it.

IX.

The quhich treuly efter day be day,
That all my wittis maistrit had tofore,
Quhich he offerth, the paynis did away,
And schortly so wele fortune has hir bore,
To qmkin treuly day by day, [f] my lore
To my larges, that I am cum agayn
To blisse with hir that is my sovirane.

EPILOGUE.

X.

Bot for als moche as sum micht think or seyne,
Quhat nedis me, apoun so lytill [g] evyn,
To writt all this? I ansuere thus ageyne;
Quo that from hell war [h] coppin onys in hevin,
[i] Wald efter thank for joy, mak VI. or VII.;

[f] *My lore to my larges.*] A proverbial phrase for "I will exert my wit, to make a return or recompense."

[g] *So little evyn.*] Upon so small an event.

[h] *War coppin in hevin.*] Were from hell raised to the top of bliss in heaven.—Thus Chaucer: "Let them builden on the coppe "of the mountaigne." *Boethius.*

[i] Would, for joy, make some stanzas of six or seven verses.

And euery wicht his awin suete or sore,
Has maist in mynde, I can say zou no more.

XI.

Eke quho may in this lyfe have more plesance,
Than cum to largesse from thraldom and peyne?
And by the mene of luffis ordinance,
That has so mony in his golden cheyne,
Quhich this to wyn his hertis souereyne,
Quho suld me [k] wite to write tharof, lat se;
Now suffiiance is my ofelicitee.

XII.

Beseeching vnto fair Venus abufe,
For all my brethir yt bene in this place,
This to seyne yat seruandis ar to lufe,
And of his lady can no thank purchase,
His pane relesch, and sone to stand in grace,
Both to his worschip, and to his first ese,
So that it hir and resoun not displease.

XIII.

And eke for thame yat ar not entrit inne
The dance of lyfe, bot thither-wart on way,

[k] *Who suld me wite*, or blame?

In gude tyme and sely to begynne.
For thame yᵗ passit bene the mony affray,
Thair prentissehed, and forthirmore I pray
In lufe, and cumyng ar to full plesance,
To graunt thame all, lo gude perseuerance.

XIV.

And eke I pray for all the hertis dull,
That lyven here in sleuth and ignorance,
And has no curage at the rose to pull,
Thair lyf to mend and thair saulis auance,
With thair suete lore, and bring thame to gude chance,
And quho that will not for this prayer turn,
Quhen thai wald faynest speid, yᵗ yai may spurn.

XV.

[1] To rekyn of every thing the circumstance,
As happint me quhen lesseren gan my sore,

[1] To reckon or mention the particulars of his courtship, says the poet, would be tedious; but to conclude, this fair flower, (my mistress), says he, has afforded every remedy to my disease!—The high rapture which the King here expresses, on having attained the completion of his desires with his amiable princess, and their loves, which

Of my rancoure and wofull chance,
It war to long, I lat it be tharefore,
And thus *this floure*, I can seye no more,
So hertly has vnto my help actendit,
[m] That from the deth hir man sche has defendit.

nothing, says he, but death can ever remove, was verified through the whole, though short period, of their union, until the mournful catastrophe of his lamented death.

[m] *That from the deth hir man sche has defendit.*] To one that looks for presages, this line will perhaps call his attention to a circumstance mentioned hy the historians, of this virtuous and most affectionate princess's receiving two wounds, in attempting to defend the King from his inhuman murderers!

"Having struck down the King, whom the Queen, by interposing her body, sought to save, being with difficulty pulled from him, she received two wounds, and he with twenty-eight was left dead!"—HAWTHORNDEN.

It was said by Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Eugene IV. who was in Scotland as Legate, at the time, that he was at a loss which most to applaud, the universal grief which overspread the nation, on the death of the King, or the resentment to which it was roused, and the just vengeance with which his inhuman murderers were pursued; who being all of them traced, and dragged from their lurking-retreats, were, by the most lingering tortures that human invention could suggest, put to death. The Earl of Athole, whose ambition had incited him to conspire the King's death, after suffering three days torture, crowned with a red-hot coronet of iron, with the inscription "KING OF TRAITORS!" was beheaded, and his quarters sent to the chief cities of the kingdom.

XVI.

And eke the goddis mercifull virking,
For my long pane, and trew service in lufe,
That has me gevin halely myne asking,
Quhich has my hert for ever set abufe
In perfyte joye, that never may remufe,
Bot onely deth, of quhom in land and prise,
With thankfull hert I say richt in this wise.

XVII.

Blissit mot be the goddis all,
So fair that glateren in the firmament!
And blissit be thaire myt celestiall,
That have conuoyit hale with one assent,
My lufe, and to glade a consequent!
And thankit be fortunys exiltre,
And quhele, that thus so wele has quhirlit me.

XVIII.

Thankit mot be, and fair and lufe befall
The nychtingale, yat with so gud entent
Sang thare of lufe, the notis suete and small,
Quhair my fair hertis lady was present,
Hir with to glad, or that sche forthir went;

And thou gerafloure, mot I thankit be
All other flouris for ye lufe of ye.

XIX.

And thankit be ye fair castell wall,
Quhare as I quhilom lukit furth and lent,
Thankit mot be the sanctis merciall,
That me first causit hath this accident:
Thankit mot be the grene bewis bent,
Throu quhom and vnder first fortunyt me,
My hertis hele and my confort to be.

XX.

For to the presence suete and delitable,
Rycht of *this floure* yat full is of plesance,
By processe and by menys favourable,
First of ye blisful goddis purveyance,
And syne throu long and trewe contynance
Of veray faith in lufe and trew service,
I cum am, and forthir in this wise.

XXI.

Vnworthy lo bot onely of hir grace,
In lufis rok, that esy is and sure,
In guerdoun of all my lufis space
Sche hath me tak, hir humble creature,

And thus befell my blisfull auenture,
In zouth of lufe, that now from day to day
Flourith ay newe, and zit forther I say.

XXII.

Go litill tretise, nakit of eloquence,
Causing simpless and pouertee to wit,
And pray the reder to have pacience
Of thy defaute, and to supporten it,
Of his gudnesse thy brukilnesse to knytt,
And his tong for to reule and to stere,
That thy defautis helit may bene here.

XXIII.

Allace! and gif thou cumyst in ye presence
Quhare as of blame faynest thou wald be quite,
To here thy rude and crukit eloquens,
Quho sal be there to pray for thy remyt?
No wicht bot gif hir merci will admyt
The for gud will, that is thy gyd and stere,
To quham for me thou piteousely requere.

§ XXII. and XXIII. The genuine natural simplicity of these two stanzas, as they express the modesty of the Royal Poet, do likewise enhance the merit of his poem.

No less does the fine concluding compliment, which he pays to *Chaucer* and *Gower*, "his *maisters dere*."

XXIV.

And thus endith the fatall influence,
Causit from hevyn quhare powar is comytt,
Of govirnance, by the magnificence
Of him that hiest in the hevin sitt.
* To quham we think that all oure hath writt,
Quho coutht it red agone syne mony a zere,
Hich in the hevynis figure circulere.

XXV.

Vnto impnis of my maisteris dere,
Gowere and *Chaucere*, that on the steppis satt
Of rethorike, quhill thai were lyvand here,
Superlatiue as poetis laureate,
In moralitee and eloquence ornate,
I recommend my buk in lynis seven,
And eke thair saulis vnto the blisse of hevin.

AMEN!

EXPLICIT, &c. &c.

Quod Jacobus Primus Scotorum Rex Illustrissimus.

* These three lines are very obscure. To make out their sense, we must take in the whole stanza. "Thus (sayeth the poet) endith "my story, *causit* by the governance of the Almighty, who reigns "in heaven; to whom we think that all we have written was "*couthit* or known in the heigh heaven for ages before."—*Couth* signifies *known*; from the A. Sax. *cuth*, *notus*. Hence *uncouth*, strange or unknown.

REMARKS

ON THE

SCOTS LANGUAGE,

AND ITS INTIMATE CONNEXION WITH THE OTHER

NORTHERN DIALECTS.

REMARKS

ON THE

SCOTS LANGUAGE.

THE science of Etymology has, of late years, fallen into disrepute, rather, I believe, from the ignorance or negligence of some of its professed admirers, than because it is of little utility or importance to the Republic of Letters. But many attempts, and sometimes with success, have been made in this kind of investigation. The *Dutch* has been illustrated by the *Frisian* and *Teutonic;* the *English* by the *Anglo-Saxon;* and the *German* has been explained, with much labour and care, by Wachter, and others, from the ancient monuments of the Francs, Goths, and Alamanni. The learned Ihre, Professor at Upsal, has illustrated the ancient language and laws of Sweden, in his *Lexicon Svio-Gothicum*, a work that will ever be regarded as a noble treasury of Scandinavian antiquities.

Men of learning need not to be told how much Britain owes to the labours of Hickes, Junius, Spelman, and Lye. These writers have followed, with indefatigable pains, the faint and almost vanishing traces of our ancient language; and have succeeded, as far as it was possible for men to succeed, without the knowledge of those principles which alone form the basis of true Etymology.

Not attending to this great truth, which we have recorded in the scriptures, that the whole race of mankind formed at Babel one large family, which spoke one tongue, they have considered the different languages now in use all over our globe, as mere arbitrary sounds,—names imposed at random by the several tribes of mankind, as chance dictated, and bearing no other than a relation of convention to the object meant to be expressed by a particular sound. They were ignorant that the primæval language spoken by Noah and his family, now subsists no where, and yet every where; that is to say, that at the dispersion of the builders of Babel, each hord, or tribe, carried the radical words of the original language into the several districts to which the providence of God conducted them; that these *radical* words are yet, in a great measure, to be traced in all the different

dialects now spoken by men; and that these terms of primary formation are not mere arbitrary sounds, but fixed and immutable, bearing the strictest analogy to the things they describe, and used, with very little material variation, by every nation whose tongue we are acquainted with. The proofs of this great etymological truth rise to view, in proportion to the number of languages the researches of the learned, and the diaries of the traveller, bring to our knowledge; and we hope, by the small collection we have been able to form, and which, at some future period, we propose to lay before the public, to set the truth of our assertion beyond the reach of cavil. But this is not the place to enter further into the arguments by which we propose to elucidate our hypothesis, and therefore we shall present to the reader a word or two, selected from a vast number of others which might be produced, as a specimen how far our principles are just, and consonant to analogy.

Moon.—Goth. *mane.* Ulph. *mana,* A. S. *mona.* Isl. *mana.* The primitive is the Oriental *mun,* enlighten, advertise. Hence Lat. *monere,* Engl. *monish, admonish.* Pers. *mah,* the moon, The Turks write it *ma.* Gael. *mana.* Gr. μην, and Æol. μανα. Dan. *maane.* Alam. *mano.* In the

ancient Arabic *manat*. Hebr. *meni*, in Isa. lxvi. 2. and the Americans of Virginia say *manith*, and in the Malabar dialect *mena*, a month. From *man* the Greeks formed μανια, madness, supposed to be occasioned by the influence of the moon. Hence our *maniac*, a madman; *Menuet*, *minuet*, sacred dance, and of very high antiquity, representing the movements of the sun and moon. The primitive *mun*, pronounced *man*, signifies the *hand* and a *sign*. Hence *mon*, *men*, *man*, are applied to sun and moon, also to denote every thing relative to *signs*. Hence Lat. *manus*, and our *month*, &c.

Instead of carrying on our researches into the many other collateral meanings of this word, we shall amuse our readers with another, shewing that the same principle of universality in language prevails in all.

MALADY.—Hebr. *malul*, evil, chagrin, grief; *moul*, patience. Pers. *mall*, evil. Hebr. *mulidan*, to suffer. Arab. *mel*, patience. Celt. *mal*, bad, corrupt. Hence Lat. *malum;* Fr. *mal; malade; maladerie*, an hospital; the *malanders*, a disease to which horses are subject; *malice*, *malignity*. Lat. B. *male-astrosus*, *ill-starred*, as Shakespeare has it, Othello, Act. V.

Had the laborious Johnson been better acquainted with the Oriental tongues, or had he even understood the first rudiments of the Northern languages from which the English and Scots derive their origin, his bulky volumes had not presented to us the melancholy truth, That unwearied industry, devoid of settled principles, avails only to add one error to another.

Junius, Skinner, and Lye, though far superior to Mr. Johnson in their knowledge of the origin of our language, yet, in tracing its foundation, seldom go farther back than the Celtic, and Ulphila's Gothic version of part of the New Testament. Nay, the elegant and learned Ihre tells us plainly, that it is unjust to demand any thing further. But still the question recurs to an inquisitive reader, Whence were these Celtic and Gothic terms formed? Every smatterer in Etymology knows that the Greek and Latin are modern tongues, when compared to the Oriental and Celtic dialects; and the blundering attempts of Eustathius, the author of the Etymologicon Magnum, Varro, and Festus, prove, beyond a doubt, that these writers were equally ignorant of the true meaning of their mother tongues, and of the

originals from whence they were derived. Misled by those blind guides, we find Vossius and Skinner very gravely asserting, that *Venus* is formed *a veniendo*, quia omnibus venit; *vulgus*, a volvendo; *malus*, from the Greek μιλας black, and μαλαχος; *manus* from *munus;* and *mons*, a mountain, *a movendo*, quia minimè movetur; *mare*, quod amarum sit; *muscle* of the body, from *mus;* and *musquet*, from the Greek μοσχος, a calf.

It were easy to swell this catalogue, which any of our readers may augment at their pleasure from *every* page of *every* Lexicographer, ancient and modern.

Of all the Northern dialects none has been more neglected than the Scotch, though it transmits to us many works of genius both in poetry and prose; and also some glossaries, which are not unuseful in pointing out the affinity of the ancient Scotch with its kindred dialects. Of these, the largest is that annexed to Bishop Douglas's version of the Æneid. But it wants many words which actually exist in that translation, and a great many more are so distorted by false derivations, that they only serve to multiply our doubts.

Our language, as it is at present spoken by the common people in the Lowlands, and as it appears in the writings prior to the seventeenth century, furnishes a great many observations, highly deserving the attention of those who wish to be acquainted with the Scandinavian dialects in general, or the terms used by our ancestors in their jurisprudence and poetry, in particular. Many of those serve materially to illustrate the genius, the manners, and customs of our forefathers. In Scotland, the Old Saxon dialect, which came over with *Octa* and *Nebrissa*, the founders of the Northumbrian kingdom, has maintained its ground much longer than in England, and in much greater purity. This must be owing to the later cultivation of this part of the island, and its less frequent communication with strangers. In South Britain, the numerous swarms of Normans and French, who followed William and the Plantagenets, soon made their language that of the bar, and of the court. At the same time, the long wars with France, and the extensive possessions of the English on that part of the continent, entirely changed not only the orthography, but also the pronunciation of the original Saxon; nor do

we hesitate to say, what we shall soon endeavour to prove, that we, in Scotland, have preserved the original tongue, while it has been mangled, and almost defaced, by our southern neighbours.

It is an undoubted fact, that the original language of this whole Island was the Celtic, now split into the several dialects of the *Gaelic*, *Welch*, and *Armoric*. In the present Scotch, we see indeed a few traces of this ancient tongue, which the inhabitants left behind them, when they fled for refuge to the mountains of Scotland and Wales; but these are very easily distinguished from the now prevailing language of the country. In like manner we discover to this day, in the German, many marks of the same original, which were infused into it by the neighbouring Belgæ and Gauls, the posterity of the ancient Celts, by whom this island was originally peopled. *Susmilch* has proved this from the likeness of many German and Armoric words. Many more examples might be adduced from the Gaelic, in which the radical word is often preserved, though lost in all the dialects of the German language. Of this number is the word *schleufe*, the root of which is only to be found in the Welch *Llaw*,

the arm, or the hand. From this word was formed *Llawes*, which has been adopted into all the German dialects, in the same manner as *manica* from *manus*, or the Irish word *braccaile*, a bracelet, from *brac*, the arm, and *caile*, an ornament or covering. The word *treten*, has also greatly puzzled the German etymologists, though it seems naturally derived from the Irish *troed*, the foot, whence also comes our word *tread*.

The intimate connexion of the Scots with the Teutonic, German, Islandic, and other northern dialects, appears, first, from the similarity of sound, and enunciation. This is principally to be remarked in the sound of the vowels, which retain the same uniform tones in the broad Scotch, that they do in the languages above mentioned; whereas the singular caprice of the English pronunciation has varied and confounded them beyond the comprehension of rule. The German gutteral pronunciation of *ch*, *g*, *gh*, is quite natural to a Scotchman, who forms the words *eight*, *light*, *sight*, *bought*, &c. exactly as his northern neighbours, and as the Germans do. How much the English have deviated from this, we may see from the few following examples.

German.	*Scots.*	*English.*
Beide,	Baith,	Both.
Eide,	Aith,	Oath.
Kiste,	Kist,	Chest.
Meiste,	Maist,	Most.
Brennen,	Bren,	Burn.
Gehe,	Gae,	Go, *&c.*

We have to observe, in the second place, that our language contains many words which were never admitted into the English dialect. These, a few excepted, which are derived from the Gælic, are either pure German, or Scandinavian. We have annexed a few examples from our Scoto-Gothic glossary as a specimen.

Scots.	*German,* &c.	
Blate,	Bel.	Blode.
Dech,		Deeg.
Barm, yest,	B.	Barm.
Kail,	G.	Kohl.
Coft,		Koest.
Bikker,	G.	Becher.
Sicker,		Sicher.
Kemp,		Kampfen.
Haus,	G.	Hals.
Mutch,	G.	Mutz.
Skaith,	G.	Schade,
Slough, skin,	B.	Slu.

Scots,	*German,* &c.	
Spill	B.	Spillen.
Red, advise,	G.	Rathen.
Lift, sky,	G.	Luft.
Tig, touch gently,	B.	Ticken.
Forlossen,	G.	Weglaufen.
Bruick,	G.	Brauchan.
Reek,		Rauch.
Bouk,	G.	Baugh, the belly.
Fie, cattle,	G.	Vieh.
Kummer,	G.	Kummer, sorrow.
Krummy, crooked,	G.	Krumm.
Fremd,	G.	Fremd, strange.
Low, flame,	G.	Lohe, flame.
Leglen,	G.	Leghel, a milking-pail.
Win,	G.	Wohnen, to dwell.
Yammer,	G.	Jammern, to complain.
Keek,	B.	Kieken.
Girn,	Isl.	Girnd, desire, anger.
Muil,	Isl.	Molld, pulvis.
Egg,	Isl.	Egg, acies.
Awn,	Goth.	Aigan, to possess—*Aigin*, my own.
Elden,	Isl.	Eldur, sire.
Etter and ettercap,	Isl.	Eitur, poison, venom.
Dill,	Isl.	Dil, to conceal.
Ern,	Isl.	Ernur, large hawk.

These may suffice, though it were easy to add more examples.

The use of investigating our Scottish dialect, will also appear from its retaining many radical words, which are either totally lost in its sister languages, or which are no longer enounced in the primitive sounds. In this number is *gear* or *gier*, which signifies dress, furniture, wealth. This word, like the Greek ἄιγις, denoting originally *a goat-skin*, afterwards *a shield*, and lastly the *sacred shield* of Minerva, has greatly enlarged its primitive signification. From the original meaning of the Islandic *gera*, a sheep-skin, this word came to signify covering, dress, ornament, goods, riches; cattle being all these to the most ancient nations. Now this word is used by our writers, in all these acceptations; and, though no longer found in the German, yet it is the fruitful mother of many ancient and modern words in that language. From it are evidently derived *hause-geraeth*, the Saxon *gerada*, and the Swedish *gerad* and *gerd*, tribute paid both in goods and money; the etymon of which neither Spegel nor Ihre understood:—(Vide Ihre, Lex. in *gerd*, *utgerd*). The word *graith*, in our language signifying utensils and furniture of all kinds, is from the same origin; as also the German *gier*, a miser; *gieren* to desire anxiously; *geirig*, covetous; *gern*, willingly; whence our *yearn*, with many others of the same

family, the signification being changed from the *object* itself to the *desire* of possessing it, and afterwards enlarged to express any *desire* in general, in the same manner as in English the word *liquorish*, from *liquor*, in its primary sense first denoted the desire of *drinking*, and afterwards any *lustful desire*. Our word *gar*, make, prepare, is another word not found at present in the German language, in its original meaning. But from it come the words *gar*, ready; *garven*, to prepare and curry leather; with a great many more in the old and pure German dialect; and in the Alammanic *garuuin*, *garuuen*, whence *garue*, ready, prepared; the Islandic *giorwer*, ready made; and in the ancient Runic Inscription, *gjarva*, *kiarva*, whence our *carve*, to cut up, *i. e.* prepare meat for eating. The Welsh say *kervio*, and the Gaels *corrbham*. Casaubon and Stephanus were certainly driven to the last extremity, while they bring in this word from the Greek εγχουρα, or χουρα, a picture. But with these writers, the most extravagant conjectures often supply the want of solid principles.

To mention only one instance more; our word *grean*, the muzzle or upper-lip of cattle, is the only root from whence the German *grynen*, to laugh,

can be derived, the etymology of which has given rise to a variety of conjectures. Our *girn*, and the English *grin*, are from the same root.

These few remarks may suffice to shew the great usefulness and importance of investigating the terms and phrases of our ancient language, since these not only tend to elucidate the ancient manners and customs of our remote ancestors, but also throw much light on its sister-dialects of the North; by which we mean all those spoken from the heads of the Rhine, and of the Danube, to the farthest extremities of Scandinavia and Iceland.

It is high time that something of this kind were attempted to be done, before the present English, which has now for many years been the written language of this country, shall banish our Scottish tongue entirely out of the world.

We cannot conclude these cursory remarks without congratulating our readers on the establishment of a Society, which promises to revive a taste for the study of national antiquity. The worthy nobleman to whose truly patriotic spirit it owes its institution, and the gentlemen associated for so laudable a purpose, it is hoped, will

look with indulgence on this poor attempt to second their endeavours, in restoring and explaining the ancient language of Scotland.

Any of our readers who wish to see this subject more fully investigated, are referred to *The Gaberlunzie-Man*, and *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, with notes and observations, by JOHN CALLENDER, Esq. of Craigforth, printed by J. Robertson, at Edinburgh, in the year 1782.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following old Poem, the composition of King James I. of Scotland, was discovered by Dr. Percy, the Editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, and published in the Second Volume of a late Collection of Select Scottish Ballads, (by Mr Pinkerton) anno 1783.

Dr. Percy informs us, that this poem is preserved in the Pepysian Library, at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in an ancient M. S. collection of old Scottish songs and poems in *folio*, which had been a present to the founder of that library, (Mr Pepys) from the duke of Lauderdale, minister to king Charles II. It had originally belonged to that duke's ancestor Sir Richard

Maitland, Knt. who lived in the reign of Queen Mary, and her son, King James VI.

This poem is alluded to by King James I. in the 4th line of first stanza, of his poem of Christ's Kirk of the Green, and it is quoted as his composition by John Major in his Scottish History. Major seems to hint that a parody had been made of this poem of the King's, for on the subject of some low intrigue in which he had been discovered, his words are——"*Jucundum artificiosum il-*"*lum Cantum (composuit)* at Beltayn, &c. *quam* "*alii de Dalkeith et Gargeil mutare studuerunt,* "*quia in arce aut camera clausus servabatur, in* "*qua mulier cum matre habitabat.*"

Peebles, the scene of the poem is the head town of the county of Tweeddale, situated on the banks of the river Tweed, in a pastoral country abounding with game, which made it often to be resorted to by our ancient Scottish Kings, who frequently spent the summer months in administering justice, and the diversions of the chase,, and where a great annual fair was held on the first of May, or Beltein, which was attended by multitudes from

the surrounding country. James was undoubtedly present at one of these fairs; and as he frequently strolled about the country under an assumed character, was probably an actor in the scuffle which he so admirably delineates. The annual games of archery, and other pastimes at Peebles, appear to have been of very ancient institution.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

I.

At beltane, [a] quhen ilk bodie bownis
To Peblis to the Play,
To heir the singin and the soundis;
The solace, suth to say,
Be firth and forrest furth they found;
Thay graythit tham full gay;
God wait [b] that wald they do that stound,
For it was thair feist day,
Thay said,
Of Peblis to the Play.

[a] "The time of the Peebles festival was at Beltein, which, in the Gaelic language, signifies the fire of Bell or Baal, because on the first day of May, our heathen ancestors, by kindling fires and offering sacrifices on eminences or tops of mountains, held their great anniversary festival in honour of the sun, whose benign influences on all nature began to be strongly felt at this time, and men wished more and more to feel as the summer advanced. The name Beltein day, continued and gave designation to the Beltein fair of Peebles, long after the religion of the country, and the festivals of the season, were changed."—"Horse races continued to be held at Beltein, till the middle of the present century." *Statistical Account*, vol. xii. p. p. 14, 15.

[b] Our ancestors were so much addicted to profane swearing, both in their writings and conversation, that "to swear like a Scot," was once a proverbial expression.

II.

All the wenchis of the west
War up or the cok crew;
For reiling thair micht na man rest,
For garray, [c] and for glew: [d]
Ane said my curches ar nocht prest;
Than answerit Meg full blew,
To get an hude, I hald it best;
Be Goddis saull that is true,
Quod scho,
Of Peblis to the Play.

III.

She tuik the tippet be the end,
To lat it hing scho leit [e] not;
Quod he, thy bak sall beir ane bend;
In faith, quod she, we meit not.
Scho was so guckit, and so gend, [f]
That day ane byt scho eit nocht;
Than spak hir fallowis that hir kend,
Be still, my joy, and greit [g] not
Now.
Of Peblis to the Play.

[c] *For garray*] For talk. [d] *For glew.*] For mirth.
[e] *Leit not.*] Did let.
[f] *Guckit and so gend.*] Foolish and wild. [g] *Greit.*] Weep.

IV.

Evir allace! than said scho,
Am I nocht cleirlie tynt? [h]
I dar nocht cum yon mercat to
I am so evvil sone-brint;
Amang yon merchands my dudds [i] do?
Marie I sall anis mynt [k]
Stand of far, and keik [l] thaim to;
As I at hame was wont,
Quod scho.
Of Peblis to the Play.

V.

Hop, Calyé, and Cardronow
Gaderit out thik-fald,
With Hey and How rohumbelow;
The young folk were full bald.
The bagpype blew, and thai out threw
Out of the townis untald.
Lord sic ane schout was thame amang,
Quhen thai were ower the wald [m]
Thair west,
Of Peblis to the Play.

[h] *Tynt.*] Lost.
[i] *Dudds.*] Clothes.
[k] *Mynt.*] Offer
[l] *Keik.*] Look.
[m] *The wald.*] The wood

VI.

Ane young man stert in to that steid,
Als cant [n] as ony colt,
Ane birkin hat upon his heid,
With ane bow and ane bolt; [o]
Said, Mirrie Madinis, think not lang,
The wedder is fair and smolt;
He cleikit up ane hie ruf sang,
Thair fure ane man to the holt [p]
Quod he.
Of Peblis to the Play.

VII.

Thay had nocht gane half of the gait
Quhen the madinis come upon thame,
Ilk ane man gaif his consait,
How at thai wald dispone thame;
Ane said, The fairest fallis me;
Tak ye the laif and fone thame. [q]
Ane uther said Wys me lat be.
On, Twedell syd, and on thame
Swyth,
Of Peblis to the Play.

[n] *Als cant.*] Merry. [o] *Ane bolt.*] An arrow.

[p] *Thair fure ane man to the holt.*] There went a man to the wood; probably the first line of a song now lost.

[q] *Fone thame.*] Caress them.

VIII.

Than he to ga, and scho to ga,
And never ane bad abyd you:
Ane winklot fell and her taill up;
Wow, quod Malkin, hyd yow
Quhat neidis you to maik it sua?
Yon man will not ourryd you.
Ar ye owr gude, quod scho, I say,
To lat thame gang besyd yow
Yonder,
Of Peblis to the Play?

IX.

Than thai come to the townis end
Withouttin more delai,
He befoir, and scho befoir,
To see quha was maist gay.
All that luikit thame upon
Leuche [r] fast at thair array:
Sum said that thai were merkat folk;
Sum said the Quene of May
Was cumit
Of Peblis to the Play.

[r] *Leuche.*] Laughed.

X.

Than thai to the taverne hous
With meikle oly prance;
Ane spak wi wourdis wonder crous
A done with ane mischance!
Braid up the burde, * (he hydis tyt) †
We ar all in ane trance;
Se that our napre be quhyt,
For we will dyn and daunce,
Thair out,
Of Peblis to the Play.

XI.

Ay as the gudwyf brocht in,
Ane scorit upon the wauch.
Ane bad pay, ane ither said, nay,
Byd quhill we rakin our lauch. ‡
The gud wyf said, Have ye na dreid?
Ye sall pay at ye aucht.
Ane young man start upon his feit,
And he began to lauche
For heydin,
Of Peblis to the Play.

* *Braide up the burde.*] Draw up the table.
† *Hydis tyt.*] Hastens quickly.
‡ *Lauch.*] Lawin, or reckoning.

XII.

He gat ane trincheour[u] in his hand,
And he began to compt;
Ilk man twa and ane happenie,
To pay thus we war wount.
Ane uther stert upon his feit,
And said thow art our blunt
To tak sik office upoun hand;
Be God thow servite ane dunt [v]
Of me,
Of Peblis to the Play.

XIII.

Ane dunt, quod he, quhat dewil is that?
Be God yow dar not du'd.[w]
He stert till ane broggit stauf, [x]
Wincheand as he war woode.[y]
All that hous was in an reirde; [z]
Ane cryit, 'The halie rude! [a]
'Help us lord upon this erde

[u] *Trincheour.*] Wooden dish. [v] *Servite ane dunt.*] Deserve a blow.
[w] *Not du'd.*] Not do it. [x] *Broggit stauf.*] Pike staff.
[y] *Wincheand as he war woode.*] Stamping like a madman.
[z] *Reirde.*] Uproar. [a] *The halie rude.*] The holy cross.

'That thair be spilt na blude
'Heirin,
'Of Peblis to the Play.'

XIV.

Thay thrang out at the dure at anis
Withouttin ony reddin;
Gilbert in ane guttar glayde [b]
He gat na better beddin.
Thair wes not ane of thame that day
Wald do ane utheris biddin.
Thairby lay thre and threttie sum,
Thrunland in ane midding [c]
Off draff.
Of Peblis to the Play.

XV.

Ane cadgear on the mercat gait
Hard thame bargane begin;
He gaiff ane schout, his wyff came out;
Scantlie scho micht ourhye him:
He held, scho drew, for dust that day
Micht na man se ane styme
To red thame.
Of Peblis to the Play.

[b] *Glayde.*] Slipped down.

[c] *Thrunland in ane midding.*] Tumbled into a dunghill.

XVI.

He stert to his greit gray meir,
And of he tumblit the creilis.
Alace, quod scho, hald our gude man:
And on hir knees scho knelis.
Abyd, quod scho; why nay, quod he,
In till his stirrapis he lap;
The girding brak, and he flew of,
And upstart bayth his heilis
At anis,
Of Peblis to the Play.

XVII.

His wyf came out, and gaif ane schout,
And be the fute scho gat him;
All bedirtin drew him out;
Lord God! richt weil that sat him!
He said, Quhare is yon culroun knaif? [d]
Quod scho, I reid ye [e] lat him
Gang hame his gaites. Be God, quod he,
I sall anis have at him
Yit.
Of Peblis to the Play.

[d] *Culroun knaif.*] Silly knave.
[e] *I reid ye.*] I advise you.

XVIII.

Ye fylit me, fy for schame! quod scho,
Se as ye have drest me;
How feil ye, schir, as my girdin brak
Quhat meikle devil may lest me.
I wait weil quhat it wes
My awin gray meir that kest me:
Or gif I wes forfochtin faynt,
And syn lay doun to rest me
Yonder,
Of Peblis to the Play.

XIX.

Be that the bargan was all playit
The stringis stert out of thair nokks;
Sevin-sum that the tulye maid,
Lay gruffling in the stokks.[f]
John Jaksoun of the nether warde
Had lever have giffin an ox,
Or he had cuming in that cumpanie,
He sware be Goddis lockkis,
And mannis bayth,
Of Peblis to the Play.

[f] *Sevin-sum that the tulye maid, lay gruffling in the stokks.*] Some seven that made the tumult lay grumbling in the stocks.

XX.

With that Will Swane come sueitand out,
Ane meikle miller man;
Gif I sall dance have donn lat se
Blaw up the bagpyp than:
The schamon's dance I mon begin;
I trow it sall not pane.
So hevelie he hockit about [g]
To se him, Lord, as thai ran
That tyd,
Of Peblis to the Play!

XXI.

Thay gadderit out of the toun
And neirar him thai dreuche; [h]
Ane bade gif the daunsaris rowme,
Will Swane makis wounder teuche.
Than all the wenschis Te he thai playit;
But, lord, as Will Young leuche!
Gude gossip come hyn your gaitis,
For we have daunsit aneuche
At anis
At Peblis at the Play.

[g] *Hockit.*] Hobbled. [h] *Dreuche.*] Drew.

XXII.

Sa ferslie fyr [1] heit wes the day
His face began to frekill.
Than Tisbe tuik him by the hand,
(Wes new cuming fra the Seckill)
Allace, quod scho, quhat sall I do?
And our doure hes na stekill.
And scho to ga as hir taill brynt;
And all the cairlis to kekill
At hir.
Of Peblis to the Play.

XXIII.

The pyper said now I begin
To tyre for playing to;
Bot yit I have gottin naething
For all my pyping to you;
Thre happenis for half ane day
And that will not undo you:
And gif ye will gif me richt nocht,
The meikill devill gang wi you,
Quod he,
Of Peblis to the Play.

[1] *Fyr heit.*] Fire hot.

XXIV.

Be that the daunsing wes all done,
Thair leif tuik les and mair;
Quhen the winklottis and the wawarris twynit [k]
To se it was hart sair.
Wat Atkin said to fair Ales,
My bird now will I fayr:
The dewil a wourde that scho might speik,
Bet swownit that sweit of swair
For kyndnes.
Of Peblis to the Play.

XXV.

He fippilit lyk ane faderles fole;
'And be still my sweit thing.
'Be the halyrud of Peblis
'I may nocht rest for greting.'
He quhissillit, and he pypit bayth,
To mak hir blyth that meiting:
My hony hart how sayis the sang,
'*Thair sall be mirth at our meting*
'*Yit.*'
Of Peblis to the Play.

[k] *Wawarris twynit.*] When the suitors parted.

XXVI.

Be that the sone was settand schaftis;
And neir done wes the day;
Thair men micht heir schriken of chaftis
Quhen that thai went thair way.
Had thair bein mair made of this sang,
Mair suld I to yow say.
At beltane ilka bodie bownd
To Peblis to the Play.

CHRISTIS KIRK OF THE GRENE.

BY JAMES I.

KING OF SCOTLAND.

CHRISTIS KIRK OF THE GRENE.

I.

WES nevir in *Scotland* hard nor sene
Sic dansing nor [a] deray,

Christ's Kirk.] The scene of action of this poem is traditionally said to have been a village of *this name*, within, or near to the parish of *Lesly*, in that part of the county of Aberdeen called the *Garrioch*. In its neighbourhood is the hill of *Dunnideer*, which rises like a pyramid in the midst of the plain of Garrioch; on the top of which are the remains of a castle, said to have been a hunting-seat of the Scottish Kings.—Allan Ramsay seems to have mistaken the above situation for Lesly in the county of Fife.

[a] *Deray.*] Merriment, riot, disorder. G. D. p. 35. and 288. From the Fr. *desroyer.*—From the same derivation is the Scots word *royet*, or *royit*, signifying romping, daft, extravagant.

Nouthir at [b] *Falkland* on the Grene,
Nor [c] *Pebillis* at the Play;
As wes of [d] wowaris, as I wene,
At *Christis Kirk* on ane day:
Thair came our [e] kitties, weshen clene,
In thair new kirtillis of gray,
Full gay,
At Christis Kirk of the Grene that day.

[b] *Falkland.*] One of the Royal houses, situated on the north side of the Lomond hills, in the county of Fife. The castle of Falkland, a noble edifice, was habitable in the beginning of the present century, though now in ruins.

[c] *Pebillis,* or *Peebles.*] The head town of the county of Tweeddale, situated on the banks of the river Tweed. The annual games of archery, and other pastimes, at Peebles, were of very ancient institution. Our poet King James I. is said to have often resorted to that annual festivity.

[d] *Wowaris.*] Wooers, suitors.

[e] *Kitties.*] Rustic, romping, country lasses, drest in their new apparel.—Bishop Gibson's edition has it,

"For there came *Kitty,* washen clean
"In her new gown of gray," &c.

Which is substituting the proper name of one girl *(Kitty,* or *Kattie)* in place of the general epithet given to the whole country lasses that were assembled on this occasion.

II.

To dans thir damysellis thame [f] dicht,
Thir lasses [g] licht of laitis,
Thair [h] gluvis war of the [h] raffel rycht,
Thair [i] shune were of the [i] straitis,
Thair [k] kirtillis wer of Lynkome licht,
Weil prest with mony plaitis,
Thay wer sa nyss quhen men thame [l] nicht,
Thay [m] squelit lyke ony [m] gaitis,
Sa loud,
At Christis Kirk of the Grene that day.

[f] *Dicht*] Dressed, or prepared for the occasion, G. D. p. 233. 395.

[g] *Licht of laitis.*] This probably has been a vulgar phrase. *Licht of manners*, lightsome, frolicsome, or romping.

[h] *Gluvis, gloves of the raffell rycht.*] Probably from the Saxon *ra*, or *rae*, a roe-deer; and *ffell*, a skin.

[i] *Shune wer of the straitis.*] Their shoes were made of Turkey or Moroquin leather, from the Straits.

[k] *Kirtillis of Lynkome licht.*] Gowns or Petticoats of Lincoln manufacture.

[l] *Men thame nicht.*] When men came nigh or toyed with them.

[m] *Squelit.*] Shrieked like wild goats.

III.

Of all thir madynis, myld as meid,
Wes nane sa [n] jympt as *Gillie*,
As ony rose hir [o] rude wes reid,
Hir [p] lyre was lyke the lillie:
Fow zellow zellow wes hir heid,
Bot scho of lufe wes [q] sillie;
Tho[t] all hir kin had [r] sworn hir deid,
Scho wald haif bot *sweit Willie*
Alane,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

IV.

Sho skornit *Jok*, and [s] skrapit at him,
And [t] murgeonit him with mokkis,

[n] *Jimp.*] Neat, tight, slender.

[o] *Hir rude wes reid.*] Her colour or complexion was red. G. D. 408.

[p] *Her lyre.*] Her skin, bosom, or neck. The *lyre*, or *lure*, in vulgar speech, is the breast or bosom.

[q] *Of lufe wes sillie.*] *Seile, sele,* in our old language, signifies *happy*. G. D. Also simple, weak.—The reader may take it in either sense.

[r] *Had sworn hir deid.*] Should have doomed her to death.

[s] *And skrapit at him.*] Scropit, mocked, or scorned.—John Knox's Hist. p. 93.

[t] *Murgeonit him.*] Made mouths at, or ridiculed him.

He wald haif [u] lufit, scho wald not lat him,
For all his zellow lokkis,
He chereist hir, scho bad gae [x] chat him,
Scho [y] compt him not twa clokkis,
Sa schamefully his schort [z] goun set him,
His [a] lymis wer lyk two rokkis,
Scho said,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

V.

Tam Lutar wes thair menstral meit,
O Lord, as he could [b] lanss!

[u] *Lufit.*] Loved.

[x] *Gae chat him.*] Go to the gallows. G. D. 239.

[y] *Scho compt him not.*] She reckoned him not worth two clocks, or beetles.

[z] A short cloak or gown was the dress of the time, and continued so till the Restoration in 1660.

[a] *His lymis.*] His legs were like two *rokkis*, or distaffs; or, according to another Scottish phrase, he was *spindle-shanked.*

[b] *As he could lanss.*] Skip. G. D. 297.—The meaning, as applicable to the minstrel, is explained in the next line,—" He plaid sa schill."

He playit sa schill, and sang sa sweit,
Quhile *Tousy* tuke a [d] transs,
Auld *Lightfute* thair he did [e] forleit,
And [f] counterfuttet Franss;
He used himself as man discreit,
And up tuke [g] Moreiss danss
Full loud,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

VI.

Then *Steven* cam steppand in with stendis,
Na [h] rynk mycht him [i] arreist;

[d] *Tuke a transs.*] A hop or skip.—From Lat. probably of *transire*, to go across.

[e] *Forleit.*] Forsake, or desert. G. D.—This applies to *Tousy* the dancer, who scorned to dance, like auld *Lightfute*, after the Scots fashion, or the *reel*, a well known measure.

[f] *Counterfuttet Franss.*] Aped to dance after the French mode.

[g] *Moreis danss.*] Morrice or *Moorish* dances, rather of slow solemn movement, performed usually by *gypsies* after the Moorish manner.

[h] *Rynk*, or *rinker.*] A racer, or one swift of foot. G. D. 193.—Here it is used for a nimble person.

[i] *Arreist.*] Stay, or stop; *i. e.* the most agile man of the company would not have stopt or outdone him in the dance.

Platefute he bobit up with bendis,
For *Mald* he made requiest,
He [k] lap quhill he lay on his lendis,
But rysand he wes priest,
Quhill that he [l] oisted at bayth endis,
For honour of the feist
That day,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

VII.

Syne *Robene Roy* [m] begouth to [m] revell,
And *Downy* till him [n] druggit;

[k] *He lap.*] Leapt.—B. Gibson says gravely, that "the word *lap* signifies *lapt*, or *supped*, from the Cimbric word *lepia*, *lingua*, i. e. *lambendo bibere.*" Nothing is more vague or fanciful than etymological derivations. No Scotsman but knows, that *lap* is the perfect of the verb *to leap*. The obvious sense of the passage is, "He *lap* and capered so high, that he fell at his length; and, in rising, was so pressed, that after the well known vulgar Scots phrase,—he

[l] *Oisted.*] *Hosted*, or coughed at baith ends, *(i. e.* broke wind) in honour of the feast." A coarse, though most humorous picture!

[m] *Revell.*] Began to turn riotous.

[n] *Druggit.*] Dragged *Downy* towards him.

Let be, quo *Jok*, and [o] caw'd him javell,
And be the taill him [p] tuggit,
The kensy [q] cleikit to the cavell,
Bot, lord, than how thay [r] luggit!
Thay partit manly with a [s] nevell,
God wait gif hair was ruggit
Betwix thame
At Christis Kirk, &c.

VIII.

Ane bent a bow, sic [t] sturt coud [u] steir him,
[x] Grit skayth wes'd to haif skard him,

[o] *Caw'd him javell.*] Javeller; probably a quarrelsome fellow.

[p] *Tuggit.*] Pulled him by the tail of his cloak.

[q] *Cleikit.*] Snatched up. A common Scots phrase.—*Cavell*, or gavell, probably a cudgel or rung.

[r] *Luggit.*] Pulled each other by the ears.

[s] *Nevell*] A blow with the fist.—Most of the above words, being vulgar, are now obsolete, and not to be found in any glossary. Their meaning, however, may easily be conjectured.

[t] *Sturt.*] Trouble, disturbance, vexation. G. D. p. 41. 219. 19.

[u] *Steir him.*] Move, or provoke him.

[x] *Grit skayth wes'd.*] It would have been dangerous, or attended with skaith, to have skar'd or hindered him.

He cheset a [y] flane as did affeir him,
The [z] toder said *dirdum dardum!*
Throw baith the cheikis he thocht to [a] cheir him,
Or throw the erss heif chard him,
Bot be ane [b] *aikerbraid* it cam not *neir* him,
I can nocht tell quhat marr'd him
Thair,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

IX.

With that a freynd of his cry'd, fy!
And up ane arrow drew,
He [c] forgit it sa furiously,
The bow in [d] ffenderis flew;

[y] He chused an arrow, as did effeir, belong to, or was fit for his purpose.

[z] *The toder.*] The other, in great fright, bawled out *dirdum dardum!*—Confusion! Blood and murder!

[a] *Cheir*, and *chard*, are obsolete words. We may conjecture their meaning, from the sense of the passage,—to *bore*, or to *pierce.*

[b] *Be ane aikerbraid it cam not neir him.*] The humour here is very arch.

[c] *Forgit it sa furiously.*] From *forgere*, to *fabricate.* Here it means, "He drew his bow with great fury, threatening slaughter and death!"

[d] *In ffenderis.*] A Scots word used at this day; *i. e.* the bow flew in splinters.

Sa wes the will of God, trow I,
[d] For had the tre bene trew,
Men said, that kend his archery,
That he had [e] slane enow
That day,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

X.

Ane hasty [f] hensure, callit *Hary*,
Quha wes ane archer [g] heynd,
[h] Tilt up a taikle withouten tary,
[i] That torment sa him teynd;
I wait not quhider his hand could vary,
Or the man was his freynd;

[d] *Had the tre.*] Tree, or wood, been true; had the bow been proof.

[e] *That he had slane.*] *i. e.* That he would, or might have slain many a one. The old Scots frequently use the pluperfect of the indicative, in place of the imperfect of the subjunctive.

[f] *Hensure.*] We find no such Scots word. B. Gibson has it *kinsman*, without any authority. It seems to be a contemptuous epithet; perhaps a *braggadocio*.

[g] *Heynd.*] Expert, handy. G. D.

[h] *Tilt up.*] Fitted up without delay his tackle, his bow and arrow.

[i] *That torment sa him teynd.*] That torment or vexation so angered him; from the Anglo Saxon *tene*, or *teen*, anger, rage. G. D. p. 57. 10.—B. Gibson has it, "I trow the men was tien."

For he eschapit, [k] throw michts of Mary,
As man that na ill meynd,
But gude,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

XI.

Then *Lowry* as ane lyon lap,
And sone a [l] flane can feddir,

[k] *Throw michts of Mary.*] Through the power and assistance of St. Mary.—A common saying.

The foregoing figures are introduced with great humour, and happily varied: *Tousie*'s solemn *Moresco*; *Steven*'s entry, or high dance; and *Platefute*'s *fandango* with *Mauld*, his downfall, and misbehaviour, are all highly comic. Again, the awkwardness of the *bowmen*, showing that they had quite fallen out of the use of managing the bow, is satirised in the keenest strokes of irony. The serious affected gravity of the poet, particularly in his arch reflection, "Such was the will of Providence," &c. are fine ironical touches. The whole shows that the poet was master of every species of humour and ridicule,

> Whether he takes *Cervantes*' *serious* air,
> Or *laughs* and shakes in *Rabelais*' easy chair.

These great masters of ridicule lived a century later than King James, whose genuine vein of humour flows full and entire from his own native genius. Genius is confined to no age nor clime.

[l] And soon feathered an arrow.

He [m] hecht to perss him at the pap,
[n] Theron to wed a weddir,
He hit him on the [o] *wame* a wap,
It *buft* lyk ony bledder;
But sua his fortune was and hap,
His doublit was maid of ledder,
And saift him
At Christis Kirk, &c.

[m] *Hecht.*] Promised, meant to hit him on the pap.

[n] *To wed*, or *wad.*] To pledge.—To wad a wedder, seems to be to pledge or wager a wedder. Hence a *wadset*, or land given in pledge.

It may be conjectured, that, when archery was in vogue amongst the lairds or gentry, it would be a common pastime to shoot at butts for prizes; and that a sheep or wedder, or, in other words, a dinner, as at present, might be the common prize or wager. The 18th act of King James I. first parliament, alludes probably to such a custom. It enacts, "That wha uses not archery, on the appoint-"ed holy days for shooting, the *laird* of the land, or *sheriff*, sall "raise of him a wedder."

[o] *A wap on the wame.*] A well known Scots phrase for a blow on the belly, a stroke not deadly, making a sound like that made on a blown-up bladder.

XII.

The buff so boisterously [p] abaift him,
That he to the eard [q] dusht doun,
The uther man for deid then left him,
And fled out o' the toune;
The wyves cam furth, and up they [r] reft him,
And [s] fand lyfe in the loune,
Then with three [t] routis up they reft him,
And cur'd him of his soune
[u] Fra hand that day.
At Christis Kirk, &c.

[p] *Abaift.*] Stunned, amazed him.

[q] *Dusht doun.*] *Dasht,* (Engl.) Fell suddenly down.

[r] *Reft him.*] Pulled him up.—I scarce think our poet would have used the same words in the second verse after this.

[s] *Fand life in the loune.*] The rogue, who only feigned himself in a swoon.

[t] *With three routis.*] Or loud bellows like an ox, they raised him up, and brought him out of his pretended swoon.

[u] *Fra hand.*] Or out of hand; instantly.

The 12th stanza, as above, I have supplied from B. Gibson's edition; I doubt, however, if it is genuine, as it is not in *Banantyne's MS.* However, as it naturally connects with the former stanza, and the same vein of humour runs through it, I give it to the reader. A few of the words, which Gibson had modernized from the old Scots orthography, I have restored.

XIII.

A [x] yaip young man, that stude him neist,
Lous'd aff a schott with yre,
He [y] ettlit the [z] bern in at the breist,
[a] The bolt flew ou'r the byre,
Ane cry'd fy! he had slane a [b] priest
A myle beyond ane myre;
Then bow and [c] bag fra him he keist,
And fled as ferss as fyre
Of flint,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

[x] *Yaip.*] or *yape;* eager, ready, alert. G. D. p. 409. 20.

[y] *Ettlit the bern.*] He tried or aimed to shoot the lad in the breast.

[z] *Bern.*] Bairn, often for a young man, as in G. D. p. 439. 22.

[a] *The bolt.*] Shaft, or arrow.

[b] *Fy! he had slane a priest.*] The worst or most atrocious of all murders.

[c] *Bag.*] The quiver which held his arrows.

Since the introduction of fire-arms, the use of the bow in war is now quite laid aside, and even as an exercise of sport may probably be soon forgotten. There remains still one, and only one society in this kingdom, where archery is kept up, the *Royal Compa-*

XIV.

With forks and flails thay lent grit flappis,
And flang togidder lyk [d] friggis,
With [e] bougars of barnis thay beft blew kappis,
Quhyle thay of [f] bernis maid briggis;
The [g] reird rais rudely with the rapps,
[h] Quhen rungis wer layd on riggis,
The wyffis cam furth with cryis and clappis,
[i] Lo quhair my lyking ligs,
Quo thay,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

ny of Archers, which always did, and at present can boast of having the chief of the Scottish nobility and gentry enrolled amongst its members. Long may this ancient institution flourish! and the manly exercise of the bow, the care of so gallant a monarch as James I. be preserved, and transmitted down to latest posterity!

[d] *Friggis.*] *i. e.* They bickered or pelted each other with stones.

[e] *Bougars of barnis.* Rafters of barns dang aff blue caps.

[f] *Of bernis maid briggis.* Made bridges or stepping stones (according to the Scots phrase) of the bairns or lads that fell down.

[g] The *reird*, or noise.

[h] *When rungs.*] Were laid across their backs, or riggings.

[i] Lo where my love lies.

XV.

Thay gyrnit and [k] lait gird with grainis,
[l] Ilk gossip uder grievit,
Sum strak with stings, sum gatherit stainis,
Sum fled and [m] ill mischevit;
The *menstral* wan within twa wainis,
That day full weil [n] he previt,
For he cam hame with [o] unbirst bainis,
Quhair [p] fechtaris wer mischievit
For evir,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

XVI.

Heich *Hutchon* with a [q] hissil ryss,
To [r] red can throw thame rummill,

[k] *Lait gird.*] Let drive, or gave a stroke. G. D. From The A. Saxon *gerd*, to strike with a rod or stick.

[l] *Ilk gossip.*] Companion, grieved or hurt his neighbour.

[m] *Ill mischiev'd.*] Sore hurt, or bruised.

[n] *He previt.*] *i. e.* Proved himself a cautious man, that kept himself out of the fray.

[o] *Unbirst bains.*] Unbruised bones,

[p] *Fechtaris.*] Fighters.

[q] *Hissil ryss.*] A hazel rung or sapling. *Ryce* signifies young, or branch-wood.

[r] *To red.*] To separate or part the combatants, he rumbled or rushed through them.

He [s] muddlit thame doun lyk ony myss,
He wes na [t] baity bummil;
Thoch he wes [u] wight, he wes nocht wyss
With sic jangleurs to jummil,
For fra his thowme thay dang a sklyss,
Quhile he [z] cryed *barlafummil*,
I am slane,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

XVII.

Quhen that he saw his blude sa reid,
To fle might na man [y] let him,
He [x] weind it bene for auld done feid,
He thocht ane cryed, haif at him!

[s] *Muddlit.*] Overturned, drove them down like mice before him.

[t] *Baity bummil.*] A bumbler or bungler of any piece of work.

[u] *Tho' wight or stout.*] Yet he was not wise to mix or interfere with such janglers or wranglers.

[z] *Cry'd barlafummil.*] A Scots phrase, in use among boys in their sports for a stop or cessation. When one trips or stumbles, they cry *barle*; probably from the Fr. word *parler*, and *fumle* a fall. G. D.

[y] *Let.*] Stop, hinder.

[x] *Weind.*] He thought or imagined it done, in retaliation of some former feid, offence, or ill will.

He [a] gart his *feit* defend his *heid*,
The far fairer it set him,
Quhyle he wes past out of all [b] pleid,
[c] He suld bene swift that gat him
Throw speid,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

XVIII.

The *town soutar* in grief wes [d] bowdin,
His wyfe [e] hang in his waist,
His body wes with blud all [f] browdin,
He grainit lyk ony gaist;
Hir glitterand hair that wes full gowdin,
Sa hard in lufe him [g] laist,

[a] "*He gart his feit defend his heid,*
"*The far fairer it set him.*"——It set or became him better to take to his heels than to fight.—The humour here is extremely arch.

[b] *Past all pleid.*] Out of all challenge or opposition. G. D. 111.

[c] He would have been swift of foot that could lay hold of him.

[d] *Bowdin* or *bodyn.*] Full of, or swelled with rage. G. D. *voce* Bodin.

[e] Hung at, or clung to his waist.

[f] *Browden.*] Besmeared or embroidered.

[g] *Laist.*] Laced.

That for hir sake he wes na [h] yowdin
Seven myle that he wes chaist,
And mair,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

XIX.

The *millar* wes of manly mak,
To meit him wes na [i] mowis,
Thai durst not ten cum him to tak,
Sa [k] nowitit he thair powis;
The [l] buschment haill about him brak,
And bickert him with bows,
Syn traytourly behind his back
They hewit him on the [m] howiss
Behind,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

[h] *Yowdin.*] Probably tired.

[i] *Na mowis.*] No sport, or jest.

[k] *Sa nowitit*, or *noytit thair powis.*] From *noy*, to hurt. G. D.

[l] *The buschment haill.*] The whole body lay in ambush, and broke forth on him. G. D.

[m] *On the howis*, or houghs,

XX.

Twa that wer *herdsmen* of the herd,
Ran upon udderis lyk rammis,
Than followit [n] feymen richt unaffeird,
Bet on with barrow trammis,
But quhair thair [o] gobbis wer ungeird,
Thay gat upon the [p] gammis,
Quhyle bludy berkit wes thair baird,
As thay had worriet lammis
Maist lyk,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

XXI.

The *wyves* kest up a hideous yell,
When all thir younkeris yokkit,
Als ferss as ony [q] fyre flaughts fell,
[r] Freiks to the field thay flokit;

Feymen.] Unhappy, mischievous. G. D.—Foolish. *Skene.*

[o] *Gobbis, or gabbis were ungeird.*] Where their cheeks or gabs were bare or undefended.

[p] They got upon the *gammis*, or gums.

[q] *Fyre flaughts.*] Flashes of lightning.

[r] *Freiks.*] Light-headed, freakish, forward fellows. G. D.

The carlis with clubbis coud udir quell,
Quhyle blude at breistis out [s] bokkit,
Sa rudely rang the common bell,
Quhyll all the steipill [t] rokit
For [u] reid,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

[s] *Bokkit.*] Vomited.

[t] *Rockit.*] Shook.

[u] *For reid.*] Or *rade*, warfare. Hence the *Raid of Ruthven*; the *Raid of the Reid-squair*; skirmishes or scuffles.

In B. Gibson's edition are the two following stanzas, which are not contained in Banantyne's MS. I take them both to be spurious. It is plain that the Bishop has followed an English copy of the King's poem, as many words occur in it which were never used in Scotland. I shall, however, give the two following stanzas, as they stand in Gibson's edition:

By this *Tom Tailor* was in his gear,
When he heard the common bell,
He said he should make them all on stear
When he cam there himsell:
He went to fight with such a fear,
While to the ground he fell,
* A wife that hit him to the ground
With a great knocking-mell,
Fell'd him that day.

* Our poet, who, through the whole of this poem, is very exact in his rhymes, would scarce have made a false one in the se-

XXII.

Quhyn thay had [x] berit lyk baitit bullis,
And [y] branewod [z] brynt in bails,

venth line here; nor would he have used the word *ground*, both in the sixth and seventh line, besides the absurdity of *Tom Tailor's* first falling to the ground, and then his wife hitting him to the ground, and, lastly, *felling* him!

The bridegroom brought a pint of aile,
And bade the pyper drink it;
Drink it, quoth he, and it so staile,
Ashrew me if I think it.
The bride her maidens stood near by,
And said it was not blinked,
And Bartagasie, the bride so gay,
Upon him fast she winked
Full soon that day.

The nonsense and awkward absurdity of this spurious stanza is so obvious, that it is to be wondered how Gibson could adopt it as genuine!

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[x] *Berit.*] Perhaps bearded or baited each other, like bulls.

[y] *Branewod.*] Or distempered in their brains.

[z] *Brynt*, or *burnt in bails*, or in flame.] The phrase seems now quite obsolete.

Thay wer als meik as ony mullis
[a] That mangit wer with mailis;
[b] For faintness tha forfochtin fullis
Fell doun lyk [c] flauchtir failis,
And fresch men cam in and [d] hail'd the dulis,
And [e] dang tham doun in dailis
[f] Bedene,
At Christis Kirk, &c.

XXIII.

Quhen all wes done, *Dik* with an aix
Cam furth to fell a [g] fuddir,

[a] *Meik as mules*, that are tired, and manged or galled with mails or heavy burdens.

[b] *Forfochtin fulis.*] These fools that had tired themselves with fighting.

[c] *Fell lyk flauchtir fails.*] Or turfs, cast with a spade well known in Scotland, called the *flauchter spade.*

[d] *Hail'd the dulis.*] A well-known phrase at foot-ball. When the ball touches the goal or mark, the winner calls out, *Hail!* or it has hailed the *dule*, or *dail.*

[e] Dang them down in heaps.

[f] *Bedene*, or *bedeen*, instantly; out of hand.

[g] *Fuddir*, or *futhir.*] A load or heap.—Perhaps from *fouth*, a vulgar Scots word for plenty, or many in number.

Quod he, quhair ar yon [k] hangit smaix,
Rycht now wald slane my bruder:
His wyf bad him ga hame, [i] Gib glaiks,
And sa did *Meg* his muder,
He turnit and gave them bayth thair [k] paikis,
For he durst ding nane udir,
For feir,
At Christis Kirk of the Grene that day.

[k] This epithet is now obsolete.

[i] *Gibby glaiks.* Light-headed, foolish *braggadocio.*

[k] For which he gave the women their *paiks*, or a drubbing, as he durst not *ding* or encounter any others.

FINIS.

Quod King James I.

The foregoing notes were written prior to the publication of Mr. *Callender's* edition of the poem of *Christ's Kirk*, with which work the present scarcely interferes. The learned etymological researches of that gentleman tend to open a more important object to view, by endeavouring to trace our old Scottish language, and its parent the Anglo-Saxon, up to the radical and universal language of mankind, before their dispersion from the plains of *Shinaar.* A very ample field, it must be confessed, for etymological learning.—The present humble essay aims only at the illustration of the sense and design of *King James's Poem.*

THE Scots poet *Allan Ramsay*, the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, has added two cantos to King *James's* poem of *Christ's Kirk of the Green*, in which he has, with a great deal of fancy and humour, carried on the story from the end of the fray, where the King breaks off, by entering into the humours of a country wedding, with the frolics usual on such occasional festivals. He adopts most of the characters introduced by the King in his poem, and it must be owned that he has carried them through with much mirth and drollery, though often not with decency. His humour though highly comic and natural, is, however, different from the fine arch vein of pleasantry which flows through the King's Poem.

Ramsay was a man of strong natural, though few acquired parts, possessed of much humour, and native poetic fancy. Born in a pastoral country, he had strongly imbibed the manners and humours of that life. As I knew him well, an honest

man, and of great pleasantry, it is with peculiar satisfaction I seize this opportunity of doing justice to his memory, in giving testimony to his being the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, which, for the natural ease of the dialogue, the propriety of the characters, perfectly similar to the pastoral life in Scotland, the picturesque scenery, and, above all, the simplicity and beauty of the fable, may justly rank amongst the most eminent pastoral dramas that our own or any other nation can boast of. Merit will ever be followed by detraction. The envious tale, that the *Gentle Shepherd* was the joint composition of some wits with whom *Ramsay* conversed, is without truth. It might be sufficient to say, that none of these gentlemen have left the smallest fragment behind them that can give countenance to such a claim. While I passed my infancy at *Newhall*, near *Pentland Hills*, where the scenes of this pastoral poem are laid, the seat of Mr. *Forbes*, and the resort of many of the *literati* at that time, I well remember to have heard *Ramsay* recite, as his own production, different scenes of the *Gentle Shepherd*, particularly the two first, before it was printed. I believe my honourable friend Sir *James Clerk of Pennycuik* where *Ramsay* frequently resided, and who I know is possessed

of several original poems composed by him, can give the same testimony.

P. S. The above note was shown to Sir *James Clerk*, and had his approbation. By the late death of that gentleman, not his friends only, but the public, have lost a valuable member of society. To an innate goodness of heart, and simplicity of manners, was joined in him a superior taste in the fine arts; in architecture, sculpture, painting, and music. *Pennycuik House*, built from a plan designed by himself, is an illustration of the *simplex munditiis*, the plain and elegant style in architecture. The disposition of the grounds, the woods, lawns, water, and ornaments, are the result of a chaste and elegant taste, formed on the justest rules.

> —— *Servare modum, finemque tueri,*
> *Naturamque sequi.*

This small tribute is due to his memory, from one whom he long honoured with his intimate friendship.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

——Nugæque Canoræ.

Nostras nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.

VIRG.

THE genius of the Scots has, in every age, shone conspicuous in Poetry and Music. Of the first, the Poems of *Ossian*, composed in an age of rude antiquity, are sufficient proof. The peevish doubt entertained by some of their authenticity, appears to be the utmost refinement of scepticism. As genuine remains of *Celtic* Poetry, the Poems of Ossian will continue to be admired as long as there shall remain a taste for the *sublime and beautiful.*

The Scottish *Music* does no less honour to the genius of the country. The old Scottish songs have always been admired for the wild pathetic sweetness which distinguishes them from the music of every other country. I mean, in this Essay, to try to fix the era of our most ancient melodies, and to trace the history of our music down to modern times. In a path so untrodden, where scarce a track is to be seen to lead the way, the surest guide I have to follow is the music itself, and a few authorities which our old historians afford us. After all, the utmost I aim at is probability; and, perhaps, by some hints, I may lead others to a more direct road.

From their artless simplicity, it is evident, that the Scottish melodies are derived from very remote antiquity. The vulgar conjecture, that *David Rizio* was either the composer or reformer of the Scottish songs, has of late been so fully exposed, that I need say very little to confute it. That the science of music was well understood, and that we had great masters, both theorists and performers above a century before Rizio came to Scotland, I shall immediately show. He is by no contemporary writer said to have been a composer. He is not even extolled as a great performer; nor does

tradition point him out as the author of any one particular song; and, although we should allow him to have had ability, the short time he was in Scotland, scarce three years, was too busy with him to admit of such amusement.—Let us endeavour to trace back our music to its origin.

The origin of music, in every country, is from the woods and lawns*.

The simplicity and wildness of several of our old Scottish melodies, denote them to be the production of a pastoral age and country, and prior to the use of any musical instrument beyond that of a

* The rise of music is so beautifully described by *Lucretius*, that the classical reader will excuse the following quotation.

At liquidas avium voces imitarier ore
Ante fuit multo, quam lævia carmina cantu,
Concelebrare homines possent, aureisque juvare:
Et zephyri cava per calamorum sibila primum
Agresteis docuere cavas inflare cicutas,
Inde minutatim dulceis didicere querelas,
Tibia quas fundit digitis pulsata canentûm,
Avia per nemora, ac silvas saltusque reperta,
Per loca pastorum deserta, atque otia dia.

LUCRET. lib. 5.

very limited scale of a few natural notes, and prior to the knowledge of any rules of artificial music. This conjecture, if solid, must carry them up to a high period of antiquity.

The most ancient of the Scottish songs, still preserved, are extremely simple, and void of all art. They consist of one measure only, and have no second part, as the later or more modern airs have. They must, therefore, have been composed for a very simple instrument, such as the shepherd's reed or pipe, of few notes, and of the plain *diatonic scale*, without using the semitones, or sharps and flats. The distinguishing strain of our old melodies is plaintive and melancholy; and what makes them soothing and affecting, to a great degree, is the constant use of the concordant tones, the third and fifth of the scale, often ending upon the fifth, and some of them on the sixth of the scale. By this artless standard some of our old Scottish melodies may be traced; such as *Gil Morice—There cam a ghost to Marg'et's door—O laddie, I man loo' thee—Hap me wi' thy pettycoat*—I mean the old sets of these airs, as the last air, which I take to be one of our oldest songs, is so modernized as scarce to have a trace of its ancient simplicity. The simple original air is still sung by nurses in the country,

as a lullaby to still their babes to sleep. It may be said, that the words of some of these songs denote them to be of no very ancient date: But it is well known, that many of our old songs have changed their original names, by being adapted to more modern words. Some old tunes have a second part; but it is only a repetition of the first part on the higher octave; and these additions are probably of more modern date than the tunes themselves.

That the science of Music, and the rules of composition, were known amongst us before the 15th century, is certain. *King James the First* of Scotland is celebrated by all the Scottish historians, not only as an excellent performer, but as a great theorist in Music, and a composer of airs to his own verses. 'Hic etenim in musica (says *Fordun*) 'in artis perfectione, in tympano et choro, in 'psalterio et organo, ad summae perfectionis magi-'sterium, natura creatrix, ultra humanam aestima-'tionem, ipsum vivaciter decoravit.' *Scotichron. vol.* 2. *lib.* 16. *cap.* 28.—Fordun has a whole chapter, the 29th of his history, on King James's learning and knowledge in the ancient Greek, as well as in the more modern scales of music, which, for its curiosity, is worthy to be read by the modern theorists in music.

The next authority is *John Major*, who celebrates King James I. as a poet, a composer, and admirable performer of music. Major affirms, that, in his time, the verses and songs of that Prince were esteemed amongst the first of the Scottish melodies. I shall give the whole passage:

'In vernacula lingua artificiosissimus composi-
'tor; cujus codices plurimi, *et cantilenæ, memoriter*
'*adhuc apud Scotos inter primos habentur.*—Artifici-
'osam cantilenam (composuit) *Yas sen*, &c. et ju-
'cundum artificiosumque illum cantum, *at Bel-*
'*tayn*, quem alii *de Dalketh* et *Gargeil* mutare stu-
'duerunt, quia in arce, aut camera, clausus serva-
'batur, in qua mulier cum matre habitabat.'

It is a pity that neither the words nor the music of these celebrated ballads have come down to us. According to the historian, the last must have been full of humour, and extremely popular; his words may imply, that several parodies or imitations of the subject had been made, which time has likewise deprived us of.

Amongst the number of our old Scottish melodies, it is, I think, scarce to be doubted, that many of King James's compositions, which were

esteemed amongst *the first of the age*, are still remaining, and make a part of our finest old melodies; but as no tradition down to our time has ascertained them, they, in all probability, pass undistinguished under other names, and are adapted to modern words. There can be little doubt, however, that most of James's compositions have shared the same fate with many other old airs. Tassoni, the Italian poet, as afterwards mentioned, says expressly, that 'King James composed many sacred pieces of vocal music,' which are now lost. All our old heroic ballads, such as *Hardiknute*, and others, were undoubtedly sung to *chants* composed for them, which are now lost. Among those still preserved, are the episodes of *Ossian*, which are at this day sung in the Highlands. *Gill Morice—The flowers of the Forest—Hero and Leander*, *&c.* are still sung to their original pathetic strains. These, however, are but a few of many old ballads whose airs are now unknown. In the MS. collection of Scottish Poems, made by Banantyne before 1568, the donation of the Earl of Hyndford to the Advocates Library, at Edinburgh, the favourite poem, *The Cherry and the Slae*, and likewise a poem of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, father to the famous Secretary Maitland, are en-

titled, 'To be sung to the tune of the *Banks of Helicon.*' This must have been a well known tune 200 years ago, as it was sung to such popular words; but it is now lost. It cannot exist under other words, as the metrical stanza of the Cherry and the Slae is so particular, that I know no air at this day that could be adapted to it. We find also, in old books, many names of songs, yet neither of the verses or tunes do we know any thing at this day. *Gavin Douglas*, in his prologue to the 12th Æneid, recites the beginning words of three well-known songs in his time, 1480, thus:

'The schip sailis over the salt fame,
'Will bring thir merchandis and my leman hame.'
——— 'I will be blyith and licht,
'My hert is lent upon sa gudly wicht.'
——— 'I come hidder to wow.'

And, in the prologue to 13th Æneid,

——— 'The jolly day now dawis.'

In the same way a great many of King James I.'s poetical pieces are now lost, or, perhaps, as his poem of *Christ's Kirk of the Green*, may erroneously be ascribed to others.

It may be suspected, from the above high-strained authorities, that his countrymen have rather allowed themselves to be carried too far in displaying the qualifications of their King. I shall, however, produce the testimony of a foreigner, a celebrated author, who does James still more honour than the writers of his own country; and, singular as the proposition may appear, I shall endeavour to prove, that the Scottish melodies, so far from being either invented or improved by an *Italian* master, were made the models of imitation in the finest vocal compositions of one of the greatest masters of composition in Italy.

The celebrated *Carlo Gesualdo*, Prince of Venosa, formerly Venusium, famous as the place of birth of Horace, flourished about the middle or towards the end of the 16th century, and died in 1614. *Blancanus*, in his *Chronologia-Mathematicorum*, thus distinguishes him: 'The most noble 'Carolus Gesualdus, Prince of Venusium, was 'the prince of musicians of our age; he having 'recalled the *Rythme* into music, introduced such 'a style of modulation, that other musicians yield-'ed the preference to him; and all singers and 'players on stringed instruments, laying aside

'that of others, every where eagerly embraced 'his music.' *—He is also celebrated by Mersennus, Kircher, and almost all the writers of that age, as one of the most learned and greatest composers of vocal music in his time.

To apply this account of the Prince of Venosa to the present subject.—*Alessandro Tassoni*, in his *Pensieri Diversi*, lib. 10. thus expresses himself: 'We may reckon among us moderns *James King* 'of Scotland, who not only composed many *sacred* 'pieces of vocal music, but also, of himself, *in*-'vented a new kind of music, plaintive and melan-'choly, different from all other; in which he has 'been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, *Prince of Ve*-'nosa, who in our age has improved music with 'new and admirable inventions.' †

* Sir J. Hawkins, vol. 3. p. 212.

† 'Noi ancora possiamo connumerar, tra nostri,' Jacopo 'Re di Scozia, che non pur *cose sacre compose in canto*, ma 'trova da se stesso, una nuova musica, *lamentevole e mesta*, 'differente da tutte l'altre. Nel che poi e stato imitato *da* 'Carlo Gesualdo, *Principe di Venosa*, che in questa, nostra eta ha 'illustrata anch' egli la musica con nuove mirabili inventioni.'—Let me here do justice to the restorer of this record, who, next to Tassoni, deserves the thanks of every Scotsman; I mean the late *Patrick Lord Elibank:* For although Tassoni is well known as a poet, par-

How perfectly characteristic, this, of the pathetic strains of the old Scottish songs! What an illustrious testimony to their excellency!

Some of the Dilettanti, in the Italian music of the present times, may perhaps sneer at being told, that the *Italians*, the restorers of music, owe the improvement of their music to the early introduction of Scottish melody into it: yet nothing is more certain, not only from the candid acknowledgment of Tassoni, but from the testimony of the Italian music itself before the Prince of Venosa's time, as I shall attempt to illustrate.

It is at this day no longer a question, that the art of composition in parts, or what is called *harmony*, is the invention of the moderns; but by whom invented, or at what particular era, is not so clear. As the cultivation of modern music was

ticularly by his celebrated *la sechia rapita*, the first of the modern mock heroic poems, yet his book *De Diversi Pensieri*, though printed near two centuries ago, and containing a great deal of learned and curious observations, is but little known on this side of the Alps; and the above curious passage, which had so long escaped the notice of every Scotsman, might quietly have slept in the dark repose of great libraries, had not the penetrating research of this learned Nobleman, about twenty years ago, produced it to light. From him I had a copy of that passage, since published by Sir John Hawkins.

chiefly among the ecclesiastics, on account of the church services daily in use to be sung by them, the rules of harmony undoubtedly took their rise, and were improved among them. *Guido d' Arezzo*, a Benedictine monk, about the beginning of the eleventh century, is, by many authors, said to have reformed the scale, by introducing the lines and the notation on them by points, instead of the letters of the alphabet, formerly in use; from which the name of *counterpoint*, for the art of composition in parts, is derived. From that period, it was by degrees improved, until it was brought to perfection in the golden age of the restoration of other polite arts and sciences in Italy, the Pontificate of Leo X. At this time flourished the *venerable Palestrina*, styled the *father of harmony;* and in the same century, though later, the Prince of Venosa, mentioned above. As the productions of a harmonist and thorough master of the art of counterpoint, the compositions of Palestrina, even at this day, strike us with admiration by their artful fugues, and the full and sublime harmony of their parts. Nothing in the church style, except the grandeur and loftiness of the choruses of the late great *Handel*, can exceed them: Yet, in one great point, the music of Palestrina is deficient. We may be entertained with the artful contrivance and

learning of a well wrought *fugue*, or elevated by the harmony of a full choir of voices, yet still melody or air is wanting in the music of the venerable Palestrina. To any person versant in the compositions of the great masters of harmony in Palestrina's time, there will appear the same style, artful contrivance, and learning, running through every species of their compositions; their *massas*, *motetti*, *madrigals*, and *canons*. The harmony is full, but they are deficient in melody*.

* Although Palestrina is with propriety styled the Father of Harmony, in Italy, as, by the solemn grandeur of his harmony, and fine contrivances, he certainly carried the art of counterpoint far beyond any thing known before the age of Leo X. yet it is but justice to say, that harmonic composition flourished in several parts of Europe besides Italy, and that there existed several eminent masters, even before the time of Palestrina. *Lewis Guicciardin*, (nephew of Francis, the historian) who was contemporary with Palestrina, and died before him in 1589, as cited by *Abbé de Bus*, in his Critical Reflections, gives a list of several eminent Flemish composers; and adds, that, in his time, it was the practice in the Netherlands, and had been a custom there of long standing, to furnish Europe with musicians. The old church services, that had long been in use both in England and Scotland, several of which still exist, are solid proofs of the profound knowledge of our old composers in counterpoint, before the time of Palestrina. The church services of *Marbeck*, and of *Tallis*, who was organist to Henry VIII. are original and learned, and abound in fine harmony. *Geminiani*, that great musical genius, on hearing *Tallis*'s anthem, '*I call and cry*,' is said

I do not remember to have seen any cantata, or song for a single voice, of the age of Palestrina.

to have exclaimed, in rapture, 'The man who made this must have 'been inspired!' No less eminent was *Birde*, the scholar of Tallis, and several others mentioned by *Morley*, in his Introduction to Practical Music, in the number of which Morley himself may be ranked. From that time a continued succession of very eminent composers in the church style, through the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles I. have flourished.—To digress a little on the subject of the English music. The science of music, from the earliest ages, appears to have been patronised by the Kings of England; hence the study of music became a branch of education, through every rank, from the Prince downwards, insomuch that the gentleman who had not been taught music was judged to be deficient in his education. *Morley*, whose excellent book was printed in 1597, mentioning, in his introductory dialogue, in what universal use and reputation skill in music was then held, makes *Philomathes* thus speak: 'Being at a banquet, supper being 'ended, and music-books, according to custom, brought to table, 'the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly in-'treating me to sing; but when, after many excuses I protested un-'feignedly that I could not, every one began to wonder, yea, some 'whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up.'—In *Peacham's Complete Gentleman*, a book held in great esteem in the reign of *James* I. the author requires of his gentleman 'to be able 'to sing his part sure, and at sight, and withal to play the same on 'the viol or lute.'—In the following reign of *King Charles* I. both the knowledge and practice of music continued to be universal.—In *Walton's Complete Angler*, a book which contains many curious facts and critical observations relating to the times, the learn-

The Italian music for private entertainment, at that time, seems to have been the *madrigal*, usually

ed and ingenious annotator, Sir John Hawkins, mentions the following:—'In an old book of *enigmas*, the solution of one of them 'is a *barber*, who is represented by a wooden cut as shaving a per-'son, while another, who is waiting for his turn, is playing on a 'lute, and on the wall hangs another lute or cittern.' This fact, says the annotator, explains a passage in *Ben Johnson's Silent Woman*, which none of his editors seem to have understood. *Morose*, in Act 3. Scene 5. cries out, 'That cursed barber! I have 'married his *cittern*, that's common to all men.' His editors Upton and Whaley, not understanding the manners of the time when Ben Johnson wrote, read the above, 'his *cistern* or reservoir.'—The music cultivated for private entertainment, at that time, was the Madrigal and Glee, in three or more parts, many of which still continue to be sung in several societies of vocal music. Their harmony is good, though generally languid and deficient in air.—The time was now at hand, when the triumph of harmony was to cease in England. The purity of the times would not admit of so superstitious an appendage to devotion, as music: When the *Book of Common Prayer*, of *Thanksgivings*, and *Praises to God*, was condemned by the meeting of *Westminster Divines*, as '*a great hindrance to the preaching of the word**,' the choral church service, of course, was expelled. The Psalms of David made a narrow escape: To strip them, however, of any pretence to music, it was enjoined the minister or clerk, 'to read the psalm, line by line, before the 'singing thereof.' In conformity with these ordinances, the Parliament, 4th January 1644-5, repealed the statutes of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, for uniformity in the *Common Prayer*, and

* Neal's Hist. of the Puritans.—Nov. 1644.

composed for some favourite stanza or love verses of Petrarcha, Ariosto, or Tasso, commonly in the

ordained the same to be *abolished* and *disused* in every church and chapel throughout England and Wales. To follow out these ordinances, the organs were removed from the churches; and to put an end to the study as well as practice of church music and harmony, the choral service-books were zealously collected together and destroyed. The painted glass windows, as favouring of idolatry, were broken down. It was well the churches themselves escaped demolition. The cathedral of St. Paul's and other churches were converted into barracks and horse-quarters, and the porticoes were leased out for shops. Where had the muse of Milton now taken flight, who thus exclaims?

O! let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And *storied windows* richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the *pealing organ* blow
To the *full-voic'd choir* below,
In service high and anthems clear.
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

Il Penseroso.

Happily the reign of fanaticism was short. The year 1660 restored the liturgy, and with it re-established the choral church service, with the organs and choristers. The Italian opera had been

fugue style, and of three or four parts. The madrigal, when sung by proper voices, is soothing

established from the beginning of the century in Italy, and had now found its way into France. Melody, in the songs for a single voice, with the recitative and chorus, attended with instrumental accompaniments, were novelties which began to be adopted by the English composers. On the Restoration, by the opening of the theatres, with music as their attendant, the national taste became much improved. Into the solemn, rigid, harmonic style, a mixture of air and melody was introduced. The canon, the madrigal, and glee, gave way to airs for a single voice, duets, and catches, more suited to the convivial taste of the English. In the number of the old organists and chapel-masters, several fine composers appeared. Musical interludes were introduced into the old plays of Shakespear, and Beaumont and Fletcher. *Matthew Lock*, a chorister originally, and the composer of some fine anthems, set to music recitatives and songs for the incantation scenes of the witches in *Macbeth*, which for the expression of the words, particularly in the first recitative, '*Speak, sister! speak!*' and the solemnity and sweetness of the songs, and fulness of the chorus, may at this day be esteemed fine compositions.—*Michael Wise*, besides his anthems, which are excellent, composed some good duets and catches: His two-part song, *Old Chiron*, is well known.—*Purcell* next appeared; one of the greatest musical geniuses that England or any nation, either before or since his time, can boast of. Purcell was fond of the Italian music; and in that which he composed for the theatre, he certainly formed his taste on it. In his songs there is a mixture of recitative; but the recitative of Purcell (as Lock's before him) exceeds in melody that of the Italian, which is often dry, and unvaried. In his cantata, '*From rosie bowers*,' the first recitative cannot be exceeded, either for melody or expression. In

and pleasant; but, wanting air, soon becomes languid and dull: A certain proof, this, that the mu-

judging, however, between the Italian stage-music, and that of the English at this time, we must consider, that the Italian recitative, in their operas, was meant to express a sort of musical discourse, with proper regard to emphasis and cadence, without running into song, which in its part was kept distinct from any mixture of recitative. The English stage-music, or that of the interludes introduced into plays, was confined under no such strict rules; and, therefore, where the subject or words required expression, a mixture of recitative and air was agreeable and pleasing to an English ear. This seems to be the taste, very properly adopted by the English composers for the stage, at this time. The genius of Purcell was universal. For sublimity and grandeur in the church style, his *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* will keep their rank while any taste for church music shall remain: For his stage-music, consisting of single-voice songs or cantatas, and songs of two and three parts, they are well known. His most applauded, are those made for *Dryden's* King Arthur, the Tempest, Indian Queen, and Oedipus. That fine collection, the *Orpheus-Britannicus*, which contains most of his stage-songs, is in the hands of every lover of music. His love-songs are pathetic and tender, and finely varied; and his martial songs are most animating and spirited. His two-part song in the tragedy of Bonduca, '*To arms!*' and '*Britons, strike home!*' is one of many which might be mentioned. He was the first who introduced the trumpet as an accompaniment to his songs. I have been told by a person, who was well acquainted with Handel, that, on hearing one of Purcell's songs, accompanied by Grano on the trumpet, that great master was so fond of it, that, in his opera of *Rinaldo*, the first which he composed in England, he made the song '*Hor la tromba*' for Grano, one of the finest trumpet songs

sic of Italy, at the above time, was altogether artificial and harmonic; and that *melody*, the soul of music, was not then regarded or cultivated. Harmony, and the art of composition in parts, it must be confessed, is one of the noblest of the modern inventions: That a fondness, however, for that only, to almost the total neglect or exclusion of air and melody in music, should have universally prevailed at this time in Italy, is a remarkable fact. * We shall further illustrate this from another historical fact in the annals of music.

that ever was composed, or perhaps ever will be composed, as that noble, martial instrument is now neglected and laid aside, as too manly for the soft manners of the age! Indeed, the whole opera of Rinaldo is excellent, notwithstanding the ridicule of the Spectator, which, by the bye, does not affect the music.—To conclude: If we are to look for a good national taste in music, at any time, in England, I imagine it must be in the compositions of Purcell, and his contemporaries Lock, Wise, Blow, &c. To speak of the merit of the present theatrical music in England, would be rash: I shall, therefore, here conclude this digression, which, in an essay on so desultory a subject as music, will, I hope, be excused.

* It is curious to observe, that the state of music in England, at the same period, appears to have been precisely similar to that in Italy, that is, purely harmonic, as may be seen from the compositions of Marbeck, Tallis, Birde, &c.; and, after them, of Henry Lawes, Lanere, and Campion, down to the Restoration.

The *Opera*, that noble and elegant species of the musical drama, now so much improved and established in most of the theatres in Europe, and which chiefly consists in *airs* for a *single voice*, with instrumental accompaniments, was not known in Palestrina's or the Prince of Venosa's time. It was first introduced in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The dramatic poem of *Euridice*, made by *Ottavia Rinuncini*, a Florentine poet, was set to music by *Jacopo Peri*, who, on that occasion, invented the *recitativo*, or musical discourse. The opera of Euridice was first represented on the theatre at Florence in the year 1600, on occasion of the marriage of Mary of Medicis with King Henry IV. of France. What appears most remarkable, so much was harmonic composition universally established, that, in the above opera, there is not one air or song for a single voice. The whole opera consists of *duetti*, *terzetti*, *cori*, and *recitativo*.—To return to my subject:

In the above state of music in Italy, we may suppose the Scottish melodies of King James I. had found their way into that country. Is it, then, to be wondered at, that such a genius as the Prince of Venosa should be struck with the

genuine simplicity of strains which spoke directly to the heart, and that he should imitate and adopt such new and affecting melodies, which he found wanting in the music of his own country? The sweet, natural, and plaintive strains of the old song *Waly waly up the bank—Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion—Be constant ay*—and many other of our old songs about that age, must touch the heart of every genius, of whatever country, and might enrich the compositions of the greatest foreign master.

> Purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter
> Adsuitur pannus. HOR.

I hope we shall no longer hear the absurd tale, that the Scottish music was either invented or improved by an *Italian*, when we see it proved, by so great an authority as *Tassoni*, that the Scottish melodies, above two centuries ago, and in *his time*, had been adopted into the finest vocal compositions of one of the greatest masters and reformers of Italian music, the *Prince of Venosa*.—To return to the Scottish songs:

It cannot be doubted, that, under such a genius in poetry and music as King James I. the

national music must have greatly improved. One great step to the improvement of the science of music, was the introduction of *organs*, by that Prince, into the cathedrals and abbeys of Scotland, and, of course, the establishment of a choral service of church music. We have seen, that he had composed several anthems, or vocal pieces of *sacred music*, * which shews, that his skill in the scientific parts of music must have been very high; and he established a full choir of singers in the church service, which was brought by him to such a degree of perfection, as to fall little short of the English, † who, at that time, were thought to excel all other nations in church music.

King James is said to have been a fine performer on the lute and harp, with which he accompa-

* Che cose sacre compose in canto. *Tassoni.*

† *Divinus Cultus*, hoc rege, decentibus, mirum in modum, ornatus est ceremoniis, *Introducto novo cantandi ritu musico:* Qua in arte ipse plurimum pollebat, virosque domi in ea peritissimos alebat. Insuper quae vocant organa qualia nunc sunt, antea enim veteribus et nescio an satis, ad sacram harmoniam, accommodis cantibus utebantur, tum primum per eum in Scotiam sunt adducta. Tantum vero quidam nostrates ea in re brevi proficeri, ut Anglos (quos aiunt reliquis nationibus hac in arte anteferri) haudquaquam deinceps inferiores haberentur. *Boeth. Hist. lib.* 17.—A noble and

nied his own songs. * Playing on these instruments must, by the Prince's example, have become fashionable; and, of course, a more regular and refined modulation in the Scottish songs must have been introduced. The simple scale of the pipe, by the introduction of the stringed instruments, became, in consequence, much enlarged, not only by a greater extent of notes, but by the division of them into semitones.

The great era of poetry, as of music, in Scotland, I imagine to have been from the beginning of the reign of King James I. down to the end of King James V. † The old cathedrals and abbeys, those venerable monuments of Gothic gran-

irrefragable testimony, this, of the establishment and excellency of church music in England and Scotland, in the time of King *Henry* VI. and *James* I.; that is, a century before *Palestrina*.

* In sono vocis, et in tactu Citharae (natura) dulciter et delectabiliter illum praedotavit. *Fordun, vol. 2. c. 28.*

† Within this era flourished *Gavin Douglas*, Bishop of Dunkeld, whose excellent translation of Virgil's Æneis may compare with Chaucer, the first poet of that age; *Bellenden*, arch-dean of Murray; *Dunbar*, *Henryson*, *Scott*, *Montgomery*, *Sir D. Lindsay*, and many others, whose fine poems have been preserved in Banantyne's excellent collection, of which several have been published by Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen*.

deur, with the choristers belonging to them, according to the splendour of their ritual church service, were so many schools or seminaries for the cultivation of music. It must be owned, however, that, although the science of harmonic music was cultivated by the church composers, yet as the merit of the church music, at that time, consisted in its harmony only, the fine flights and pathetic expression of our songs could borrow nothing from thence.

This was likewise the era of chivalry: The feudal system was then in its full vigour.

The Scottish nobility, possessed of great estates, hereditary jurisdictions, and a numerous vassalage, maintained, in their remote castles, a state and splendour little inferior to the court of their Kings. Upon solemn occasions, *tilts* and *tournaments* were proclaimed, and *festivals* held with all the Gothic grandeur and magnificence of *chivalry*, which drew numbers of knights and dames to these solemnities.—Thus the poetic, the sublime *Warton!*

> Illumining the vaulted roof,
> A thousand torches flam'd aloof,

From massy cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red Metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty windowed hall,
The storied tapestry was hung,
With minstrelsy the rafters rung;
Of harps, that, with reflected light,
From the proud gallery glittered bright.
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of *British* glory rose;
And, to the strings of various chime,
Attempered the *heroic* rime.

ODE *on the Grave of King Arthur.*

James IV. and V. were both of them magnificent Princes: They kept splendid courts, and were great promoters of those heroic entertainments. * In the family of every chief, or head of a clan, the *Bard* was a very considerable person: His office, upon solemn feasts, was to sing or rehearse the splendid actions of the heroes, ancestors of the family, which he accompanied with the harp. At this time, too, there were *itinerant* or *strolling minstrels*, performers on the harp, who went about the

* Pitscottie's History of James IV. Lealie, &c.

We have two fine pictures of these Princes by two very eminent masters, which I cannot resist the pleasure of exhibiting in this place.

country, from house to house, upon solemn occasions, reciting *heroic ballads*, and other popular episodes.

These *wandering harpers* are mentioned thus by *Major*: '*In Cithara, Hibernenses aut silvestres Scoti, qui in illa arte praecipui sunt.*'—To these sylvan minstrels, I imagine we are indebted for many fine old songs, which are more varied in their melody, and more regular in their composition, as they approach nearer to modern times, though still retaining 'their wood-notes wild.*'

The *learned Erasmus* thus describes King James IV. '*Erat ea* '*corporis specie, ut vel procul Regem posses agnoscere, ingenii vis* '*mira, incredibilis omnium rerum cognitio.*'

The French poet *Ronsard*, who came to Scotland with the Princess Magdalene, wife to James V. and was an officer in the King's household, gives the following beautiful description of that Prince:

Ce Roy d'Ecosse etoit en la fleur de ses ans,
Ces cheveux non tondu comme fin or lisans.
Cordonez et crespez, flotans dessu sa face;
Et, par son col de lait, lui donoit de bon grace.
Son Port etoit Royal, son regard vigoreux,
De vertus, et de honneur et de guerre amoureux.
La douceur, et la force, illustroient son visage,
Si que VENUS *et* MARS *en avoient fait partage.*

* To frame an idea of the heaven-born genius of the ancient

To the wandering harpers we are certainly indebted for that species of music, which is now scarcely known; I mean *the Port.* Almost every great family had a *Port* that went by the name of the family. Of the few that are still preserved are, *Port Lennox*, *Port Gordon*, *Port Seton*, and

minstrel or wandering harper, in a rude age, see Dr. Beattie's fine poem, the *Minstrel*, Part I.

——Song was his favourite, and first pursuit,
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute;
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute.——

Meanwhile, whate'er of *beautiful*, or *new*,
Sublime, or *dreadful*, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance or search, was offered to his view,
He scanned with curious and romantic eye,
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply,
From Gothic tale, or song or fable old,
Rous'd him, still keen to listen, and to pry;
At last, though long by penury controll'd,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Minstrel, Part I.

The last of these strolling harpers was *Rory* or *Roderick Dall*, who, about fifty years ago, was well known and much caressed by the Highland gentry, whose houses he frequented. His chief residence was about Blair in Athole and Dunkeld. He was esteemed a good composer, and a fine performer on the harp, to which he sung in a pathetic manner. Many of his songs are preserved in that country.

Port Athole, which are all of them excellent in their kind. The *Port* is not of the martial strain of the *march*, as some have conjectured; those above named being all in the plaintive strain, and modulated for the harp.

The *Pibrach*, the march or battle-tune of the *Highland Clans*, with the different strains introduced of the *coronich*, &c. is fitted for the *bagpipe* only: Its measure, in the *pas grave* of the *Highland piper*, equipped with his flag and military ensigns, when marching up to battle, is stately and animating, rising often to a degree of fury.

To class the old Scottish songs, according to the several eras in which we may suppose them to have been made, is an attempt which can arise to conjecture only, except as to such of them as carry more certain marks, to be afterwards taken notice of.

Of our most ancient melodies, I have, in the beginning of this essay, given a few, such as *Gil Morrice*, &c. with what I imagine to be the signatures of their antiquity. To what era these can be referred, I do not pretend to say: My conjecture, however, is, that from their artless

simplicity, they belong to an age prior to James I. The investigation of other pieces of our oldest music, by the same standard, may be an agreeable amusement to the curious.

From the genius of King James, his profound skill in the principles of music, and great performance on the harp, we may esteem him the inventor and reformer of the Scottish vocal music. Of his age (some of them very probably of his composition) may be reckoned the following simple, plaintive, and ancient melodies: *Jocky and Sandie —Waly waly up the bank—Ay waking Oh!—Be constant ay—Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion.*

From these, by an insensible gradation, we are led to what I conjecture may be called the *second epoch* of our songs, that is, from the beginning of the reign of *King James IV. James V.* and to the end of that of *Queen Mary*, within which period may be reckoned the following songs, the old tragic ballads, *Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride*, and *Hero and Leander--Willie's rair and Willie's fair--Cromlet's Lilt--The Flowers of the Forest--Gilderoy--Balow my boy--The Gaberlunye Man--The bonnie Earle of Murray--Leeder Haughs in Yarow—Absence will never alter me—Tak' your auld cloak about ye*—and

the old melody lately revived, called *Queen Mary's Lamentation*, which, I am well assured, belongs to, and bears the signature of that age. In the preceding airs, besides a more varied melody, there is likewise an artful degree of modulation, observable in several of them, in the introduction of the seventh of the key, as in *Waly Waly—The Flowers of the Forest—Queen Mary's Lament—The bonny Earle of Murray*. This strain is peculiarly characteristic of the ancient Scottish songs, and has a fine pathetic effect, which must give pleasure to the most refined ear. As, in the foregoing observation, it is remarked by Tassoni, on the new invented music of King James I. that it '*was plaintive and melancholy, and different from all other* '*music* *,' it may, with probability, be conjectured, from James's skill and masterly performance on the stringed instruments, that this peculiar strain, of the seventh of the key, may have been first invented and introduced into our old music by that Prince.

In the third era, which comprehends the space of time from Queen Mary to the Restoration, may

* Il trouva da se stesso, un nuova musica, lamentevole e mesta, *differente da tutte l'altre.*

be classed the following songs, *Through the lang muir I followed my Willie—Pinky House—Etrick Banks—I'll never leave thee—The Broom of Coudenknows—Down the burn Davie—Auld Rob Morris—Where Helen lies—Fie on the wars—Thro' the wood, laddie—Fie let us a' to the wedding—Muirland Willie.*

From these we are led to the last era, that is, from the *Restoration, to the Union.* Within this period, from their more regular measure and more modern air, we may almost, with certainty, pronounce the following fine songs to have been made, *An' thou wert mine ain thing—O dear minnie, what sal I do—The bush aboon Traquair—The last time I came o'er the moor—Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow—The bonny boatman—Sae merry as we ha' been—My dearie an' thou die—She rose and let me in—My apron, dearie—Love is the cause of my mourning—Allan water—There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee—The Highland laddie— Bonny Jean of Aberdeen—The lass of Patie's mill—The Yellow-hair'd laddie—John Hay's bonny lassie—Tweedside—Lochaber.*

We are not, however, to imagine, that from this last period, the genius of Scottish music had taken

flight: That is not the case. Indeed, the number of Scottish songs has of late not much increased; it, nevertheless, is true, that, since that last period, several fine songs have been made, which still stand the test of time. Amongst these are, *The birks of Invermay—The banks of Forth—Roslin Castle—The braes of Ballendine.* The two last were composed by Oswald, whose genius in composition, joined to his taste in the performance of the Scottish music, was natural and pathetic.

In thus classing the songs, as above, it is obvious, that no fixed or certain rules can be prescribed. Some of these old songs, it is true, ascertain of themselves the precise era to which they belong; such as, *The flowers of the Forest,* composed on the fatal battle of *Flowden,* where the gallant *James* IV. and the flower of the Scottish nobility and gentry fell;—*The Souters of Selkirk,* composed * on the same occasion;—*Gilderoy,* made on the death of a famous outlaw hanged by James V.;—*Queen Mary's Lament;—The bonny Erle of Murray,* slain

* This ballad is founded on the following incident:—Previous to the battle of Flowden, the town-clerk of Selkirk conducted a band of eighty *souters,* or shoemakers of that town, who joined the royal army; and the town-clerk, in reward of his loyalty, was created

by Huntlie in 1592. In general, however, in making those arrangements, besides the characters which I have mentioned, as I know of no other distinguishing marks for a fixed standard, the only rule I could follow was to select a few of the most undoubted ancient melodies, such as may be supposed to be the production of the simplest instrument, of the most limited scale, as the shepherd's reed; and thence to trace them gradually downward, to more varied, artful, and regular modulations, the compositions of more polished manners and times, and suitable to instruments of a more extended scale.

If, in following this plan, I have been successful, it will afford entertainment to a musical genius, to trace the simple strains of our rude ancestors through different ages, from King James I. who truly may be styled the Father of the Scottish songs, so distinguished from the music of every

a Knight-banneret by that Prince. They fought gallantly, and were most of them cut off. A few who escaped, found on their return, in the forest of Lady-wood edge, the wife of one of their brethren lying dead, and her child sucking her breast. Thence the town of Selkirk obtained, for their arms, a woman sitting upon a sarcophagus, holding a child in her arms; in the back-ground a wood; and on the sarcophagus the arms of Scotland.

other country, progressively downwards, to modern times. This, to a musical genius, may afford the same amusement it has given to me, in considering the melodies thus selected and arranged, trying them by their signatures above pointed out, and adding others to the above number.

A second point I also had in view: It was, from the number of our Scottish songs, to select a few of those which I imagine to be the finest, and most distinguished, for originality of air, agreeable modulation, and expression of the subject for which they have been composed. Upon a review of these airs, thus far I may venture to say, that, for genuine flight of fancy, pleasing variety, and originality, they will stand the test of comparison with the music of any country, and afford entertainment to the most refined taste.

I have hinted that our Scottish songs owe nothing to the *church-music* of the cathedrals and abbeys before the Reformation; for although music made a considerable part of the ritual church-service, yet, from some of their books, which have escaped the rage of the Reformers, we find their music to have consisted entirely of harmonic compositions, of four, five, often of six, seven, and

eight parts, all in strict counterpoint. Such were perfectly suitable to the solemnity of religious worship; and, when performed by a full choir of voices, accompanied by the organ, must undoubtedly have had a solemn and awful effect upon a mind disposed to devotion. Church-music has nothing to do with the passions. The style of such composition is to calm the mind, and inspire devotion, suitable to the majesty of that *Being* to whom it is addressed. Nothing, however, can be more opposite than such harmonic compositions to the genius of love-songs, which consist in the simple melody of one single part.

It is a common tradition, that, in ridicule of the cathedral-service, several of their hymns were, by the wits among the Reformed, burlesqued, and sung as profane ballads. Of this there is some remaining evidence. The well-known tunes of *John come kiss me now*—*Kind Robin lo'es me*—and *John Anderson my jo*—are said to be of that number.

At the establishment of the Reformation, one of the first pious works of the Reformed clergy was, to translate, into Scottish metre, the Psalms of David, and to introduce them into the kirks, to be sung to the old church-tunes. John Knox's

book of psalms, called *The Common Tunes*, is still extant, and sung in the churches, and consists of four parts; a treble, tenor, counter-alt, and bass. The harmony of these tunes is learned and full, and proves them to be the work of very able masters in the counterpoint.

In order, however, to enlarge the psalmody, the clergy soon after were at pains to translate, into Scottish metre, several parts of scripture, and some old Latin hymns, and other pieces. At the same time, as they had no objections to the old music, they made an effort to reclaim some of these tunes from the profane ballads into which they had been burlesqued, and sung by the vulgar.

A collection of these pieces was printed at Edinburgh about 1590, by Andro Hart, in old Saxon, or black letter, under the title of, *A compendious book of godly and spirituall songs, collectit out of sundry parts of the scripture, with sundrie of other ballats, changed out of prophaine sanges*, for avoiding of sinne and harlotrie, *&c.*

Amongst these ballads, *John come kiss me now* makes his appearance; stripped indeed of his *prophane dress*, which had promoted *sinne and harlot-*

rie; but, in exchange, so strangely equipped in his *penitential habit,* as to make a more ridiculous figure than his brother Jack, in the *Tale of a Tub.* As a curiosity, I shall give two or three of the stanzas of this new-converted godly ballad.

John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

The Lord thy God I am,
That (John) does thee call
John, represents man,
By grace celestial.

My prophets call, my preachers cry,
John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

'To laugh were want of godliness and grace,
'And to be grave exceeds all power of face.'

POPE.

What a strange medley of canting absurdity and nonsense! Such shocking indecent familiarity, under the name of devotion! This was the leaven, which, fermenting into that wild spirit of fanaticism in the following age, involved the nation in blood, and overturned the state of the three kingdoms.

Of this leaven, from some late appearances, there is reason to apprehend that too much still remains amongst us. To proceed:

If the other tunes, preserved of the old church-music, were in the same style of *John come kiss me now*, our fine old melodies, I think, could borrow nothing from them.

I shall conclude this essay with a few observations on the Scottish songs.

The Scottish melodies contain strong expression of the passions, particularly of the melancholy kind; in which the air often finely corresponds to the subject of the song. In this, I conjecture, the excellency of the ancient Greek music consisted, of which we are told such wonderful effects. The Greek musicians were also poets, who accompanied their own verses on the harp. Such, likewise, was the Saxon Alfred; and in the same light we may see our James I. who both of them accompanied their own poems on the lute or harp. Terpander is said to have composed music for the Iliad of Homer; Timotheus played and sung his own lyrical poems; and the poet Simonides his own elegies:

'Quid mœstius lacrymis Simonidis!'

exclaims Catullus; and inspired with the genius of music, in this fine apostrophe, cries out our great poet!

> And, O sad Virgin, could thy power,
> But raise Museus from his bower!
> Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing,
> Such notes as warbled on the string,
> Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
> And made *hell* grant what *love* did seek.

Let us acknowledge the excellency of the Greek music; yet as the principles of harmony, or composition in parts, seem not to have been known to them, at least as far as has yet been discovered, this excellency of their music must have resulted from the natural melody of their airs, expressive of the words to which they were adapted. In this light, therefore, we may run a parallel between the ancient Greek music and our Scottish melodies; and, in spite of the prejudiced fondness which we are apt to conceive in favour of the ancients, it is probable that we do the best of their music no hurt in classing it with our own.

What person of taste can be insensible to the fine airs of, *I'll never leave thee—Allan Water—An' thou wer't mine ain thing—The braes of Ballendine*, &c. when sung with taste and feeling!

Love, in its various situations of *hope*, *success*, *disappointment*, and *despair*, are finely expressed in the natural melody of the old Scottish songs. How naturally does the air correspond with the following description of the restless languor of a maid in love!

Ay wa'king oh!
Wa'king ay and wearie;
Sleep I canna get,
For thinking o' my dearie.

When I sleep, I dream;
When I wake, I'm irie* :
Rest I canna get,
For thinking o' my dearie.

The simple melody of the old song *Waly! Waly!* is the pathetic complaint of a forsaken maid, bemoaning herself along the late-frequented haunts of her and her lover. The old Scottish word *waly* signifies *wail*, or heavy sorrow, and lamentation.

Waly! waly! up the bank,
And waly! waly! down the brae;
And waly! waly! on yon burn side,
Where I and my true love did gae.

* *Irie* is a Scottish word that has no correspondent term in English. It implies that sort of fear which is conceived by a person apprehensive of apparitions.

Thus *Petrarch*, in one of his beautiful sonnets:

Valle, che de lamenti miei se' piena,
Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci.—
Colle che mi piacesti, hor mi rincresci,
Ov' ancor per usanza amor mi mena—
Quinci vedea I mio bene!—&c.

How soothing and plaintive is the lullaby of a forsaken mistress over her child, expressed in *Lady Anne Bothwell's lament!* How romantic the melody of the old love-ballad of *Hero and Leander!* What a melancholy love-story is told in the old song of *Jocky and Sandy!* and what frantic grief expressed in *I wish I were where Helen lies!*

It were endless to run through the many fine airs expressive of sentiment and passion, in the number of our Scottish songs, which, when sung in the genuine natural manner, must affect the heart of every person of feeling, whose taste is not vitiated and seduced by *fashion* and *novelty*.

As the Scottish songs are the *flights of genius*, devoid of art, they bid defiance to artificial graces and affected cadences. A Scots song can only be sung in taste by a Scottish voice. To a sweet, liquid, flowing voice, capable of swelling a note

from the softest to the fullest tone, and what the Italians call a *voce di petto*, must be joined *sensibility* and *feeling*, and a perfect understanding of the subject, and *words* of the song, so as to know the *significant word* on which to *swell* or *soften* the tone, and lay the force of the note. From a want of knowledge of the language, it generally happens, that, to most of the foreign masters, our melodies, at first, must seem wild and uncouth; for which reason, in their performance, they generally fall short of our expectation. We sometimes, however, find a foreign master, who, with a genius for the pathetic, and a knowledge of the subject and words, has afforded very high pleasure in a Scottish song. Who could hear with insensibility, or without being moved in the greatest degree, *Tenducci* sing *I'll never leave thee*, or *The braes of Ballendine!*—or *Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion*, sung by Signora *Corri?*

It is a common defect in some who pretend to sing, to affect to smother the words, by not articulating them, so as we scarce can find out either the subject or language of their song. This is always a sign of want of feeling, and the mark of a bad singer; particularly of Scottish songs, where there is generally so intimate a correspond-

ence between the air and subject. Indeed, there can be no good vocal music without it.

The proper accompaniment of a Scottish song, is a plain, thin, dropping bass, on the harpsichord or guittar. The fine breathings, those *heartfelt touches*, which *genius* alone can express, in our songs, are lost in a noisy accompaniment of instruments. The full chords of a thorough-bass should be used sparingly, and with judgment, not to overpower, but to support and raise the voice at proper pauses.

Where, with a fine voice, is joined some skill and execution on either of those instruments, the air, by way of symphony, or introduction to the song, should always be first played over; and, at the close of every stanza, the last part of the air should be repeated, as a relief for the voice, which it gracefully sets off. In this *symphonic part*, the performer may shew his taste and fancy on the instrument, by varying it *ad libitum*.

A Scottish song admits of no cadence; I mean, by this, no fanciful or capricious descant upon the close of the tune. There is one embellishment, however, which a fine singer may easily acquire,

that is, an easy *shake*. This, while the organs are flexible in a young voice, may, with practice, be easily attained.

A Scottish song, thus performed, is among the highest of entertainments to *a musical genius*. But is this genius to be acquired either in the performer or hearer? It cannot. *Genius in Music, as in poetry, is the gift of Heaven.* It is born with us; it is not to be learned.

An artist on the violin may display the magic of his fingers, in running from the top to the bottom of the finger-board, in various intricate *capricios*, which, at most, will only excite surprise; while a very middling performer, of taste and feeling, in a subject that admits of the *pathos*, will touch the heart in its finest sensations. The finest of the Italian composers, and many of their singers, possess this to an amazing degree. The opera-airs of these great masters, *Pergolese*, *Jomelli*, *Galuppi*, *Perez*, and many others of the present age, are astonishingly pathetic and moving. Genius, however, and feeling, are not confined to country or climate. *A maid, at her spinning-wheel*, who knew not a note in music, with a sweet voice, and the force of a native genius, has

oft drawn tears from my eyes. That gift of Heaven, in short, is not to be defined: It can only be felt.

I cannot better conclude this essay, than in the words of one who possessed it in the most exalted degree. Addressing himself to a young composer, he speaks thus: 'Seek not to know what is 'genius. If thou hast it, thy feelings will tell 'thee what it is. If thou hast it not, thou never 'wilt know it. The genius of the musician subjects the universe to its power. It draws its pictures by sounds. It expresses ideas by feelings, 'and feelings by accents. We feel in our hearts 'the force of the passions which it excites. 'Through the medium of genius, *pleasure* assumes additional charms, and the *grief* which 'it excites breaks forth into cries. But, alas! 'to those who feel not in themselves the spring 'of genius, its expressions convey no idea. Its 'prodigies are unknown to those who cannot imitate them. Wouldst thou know if thou art animated with one spark of that bright fire? Run; 'fly to *Naples*, and there listen to the masterpieces of *Leo*, *Durante*, *Jomelli*, *Pergolese*. If 'thine eyes are filled with tears, thy heart palpitates, thy whole frame is agitated, and the op-

'pression of transport arises almost to suffoca-
'tion; take up *Metastasio*, his genius will inflame
'thine own, and thou wilt compose after his ex-
'ample. These are the operations of genius, and
'the tears of others will recompense thee for
'those which thy masters have caused thee to
'shed. But, if thou art calm and tranquil amidst
'the transports of that great art; if thou feelest
'no delirium, no *extasy*; if thou art only moved
'with pleasure at what should transport thee
'with rapture, dost thou dare to ask what *genius*
'is? Profane not, vulgar man, that name sub-
'lime! What does it import thee to know what
'thou canst never feel?' *

P. S. Since printing the foregoing sheets, I have seen a small volume, just now published at London, entitled, *Select Scottish Ballads, volume II.* in which the first piece is a comic poem, called *Peblis to the Play*, beginning thus, '*At Beltane*,' &c. From reading this poem, which is said by the editor to be taken from a MS. of Dr Percy's, the learned and ingenious publisher of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and discovered by him in an ancient MS. collection of old Scottish songs, preserved in the Pepysian Library, although at

* Rousseau, sous le mot *genie*.

present I will not take upon me to determine with precision, yet I incline to think that this may be the poem mentioned in the quotation from *Major*, p. 250. of this Dissertation, as a popular ballad composed by King James I. and, taking it as such, I think the public is greatly indebted to Dr. Percy for the discovery of one of the *desiderata* of the poetical works of that Prince; and likewise to the ingenious editor of the Scottish Ballads, for giving it to the public. The editor has added a short note, as the remark of Dr. Percy on this poem, which is as follows: 'This song, writ-'ten by King James I. is a proof that *Christ's* '*Kirk on the Green* was written by his descendant 'James V. being evidently a more modern com-'position.'

High as my opinion is of Dr. Percy's judgment, I can by no means submit to his decision on this point. I have read both the poems in question with attention, the result of which, in my humble opinion, is, that they appear to be compositions of the same age. It must be confessed, that, in judging of ancient writings, it is no easy matter, to fix, with precision, the true era to which poems written even within a century of one another may belong. To give one example: No body

will doubt that the poem called *The King's Quair* was written by King James I. As little doubt is there of the authenticity of the *Æneis of Virgil*, by Gavin Douglas; and, although there has elapsed near a century between the first and the last of these poems, to one who was to judge only from the language, without knowing the precise age in which these poems were written, it would be difficult to ascertain which of them is most modern. To give another instance: Chaucer, at this day, appears to be as modern, and fully as intelligible in his language, as Gavin Douglas's *Æneis*, written above a hundred years after.

Language, like manners, varies in its progression. At different periods it is sometimes rapid, sometimes slow, and often stationary, according to the influence of contingent circumstances. Who would judge, from the language of *Boccaccio* or *Petrarcha*, and that of *Metastasio*, that near four centuries had elapsed between them? The truth is, that, from Chaucer to near a century after, the English language appears to have advanced very little, that is, during the bloody wars between the houses of York and Lancaster; so that, of writings falling within that period, it is no easy matter to

discern any discrepancy of language. But, to come to a closer examination, there appears in both poems a similarity of phrase and of words, of which several instances might be given, sufficient to show that they are coeval, and probably the works of the same hand. Indeed, to give judgment between them, or to say that the one is of an age older than the other, appears to me to be so nice, that, were I not convinced, from their internal marks, that they have been written in the same age, one might be induced to think, from sundry stanzas in the poem of *Peblis*, that it is much more modern than *Christ's Kirk*. The following stanzas, by changing only the orthography in a few of the final syllables, might pass for the language of the present century, so inconclusive are the arguments that may be used on this head.

See the 1st, 2d, and 4th stanzas.—The following 9th stanza, in the modern Scottish orthography, might pass as the production of the present day:

'Then they came to the town's end,
'Withouten more delay,
'He before, and she before,
'To see wha was maist gay:

'All that looked them upon
'Leuch fast at thair array;
'Some said that they were market folk;
'Some said the Queen of May
'Was come,
'Of Peblis to the play.'

In short, unless in some uncouth words only, which, in a ludicrous poem, describing the low manners of the times in the vulgar language, and which words occur occasionally and as frequently in the poem of *Christ's Kirk* as in that of *Peblis*, the one is as intelligible to every Scottish reader, who is acquainted with the vulgar language of his country, as the other.

After all, I imagine my complaisance to Dr. Percy carries me rather too far, when I argue this point, upon his own principles, while there is the most positive evidence against the Doctor's conjecture; evidence which must outweigh all conjecture. Mr. George Banantyne, one of the canons of the cathedral of Murray, living in the age of *James V.* gives the strongest negative testimony, that that Prince was not the author of *Christ's Kirk of the Green*, by asserting positively that the poem was written by King James I. Let me ask the gentlemen on the other side of the question, have they ever heard of any testimony, coeval with Ba-

nantyne, that contradicts him? No; it will not be alleged; nor is there any such assertion for more than a hundred years after. Bishop Gibson is the first who, in *anno* 1691, says, in his edition of *Christ's Kirk*, that it is *supposed* to have been written by James V. and, upon his bare supposition, later writers have followed him. Thus far I think it necessary to add to what I have already said on this point, in answer to the opinion of Dr. Percy, taking it, upon the credit of the editor of the Select Scottish Ballads, that the foregoing remark is his.

FINIS.