

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



MUSIC

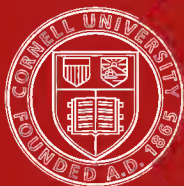
Cornell University Library
ML 2800.F55

Stories of famous songs.



3 1924 022 375 277

mus



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924022375277>

STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS

STORIES OF
FAMOUS SONGS

BY

S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD
=

“All great song has been sincere song.”

RUSKIN.

LONDON

JOHN C. NIMMO

PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

MDCCCXCVIII

T

CHISWICK PRESS :—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

Dedicated

TO MY FRIEND AND FELLOW-CRAFTSMAN

S. O. LLOYD.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xi
I. "HOME, SWEET HOME"	1
II. "ROBIN ADAIR AND EILEEN AROON"	12
III. "AULD LANG SYNE"	26
IV. "LA MARSEILLAISE"	40
V. "THE MISTLETOE BOUGH"	55
VI. "EVER OF THEE"	67
VII. "DIE WACHT AM RHEIN," "DIE SCHWERT- LIED," "KUTSCHKE LIED," AND OTHER GERMAN SONGS	81
VIII. THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," "YANKEE DOODLE," AND OTHER AMERICAN SONGS	96
IX. "AULD ROBIN GRAY," AND "LES CON- STANTES AMOURS D'ALIX ET D'ALEXIS"	117
X. "KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN" AND "KATTY- AVOURNEEN"	132
XI. "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER," "THE BELLS OF SHANDON," AND "THE EXILE OF ERIN"	146
XII. CONCERNING SOME FAVOURITE SONGS	160
"Blondel," "Annabel Lee," "My Pretty Jane," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Sally in our Alley," "The Roast Beef of Old England," "Hearts of Oak," and "Rule Britannia."	

CHAP.	PAGE
XIII. HENRY RUSSELL'S SONGS	179
"Woodman spare that Tree," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "A Good Time Coming," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Come where my Love lies Dreaming," "Rest, Troubled Heart," "The Gipsy Countess," and "The Beating of my own Heart."	
XIV. ABOUT SOME MORE FAVOURITE SONGS	193
"The Postman's Knock," "Rousseau's Dream," "The Old Hundredth," "The Savoy," "There is a Happy Land," "Little Drops of Water," "The Vicar of Bray," "Lilliburlero," "Ye Ma- riners of England," "Ye Gentlemen of England," "Excelsior," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and "The Village Blacksmith."	
XV. SOME OLD SONGS AND SOME NEW	213
"Where are you going my Pretty Maid?" "The British Grenadiers," "Why are you wan- dering here, I pray," "Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear," "The Jolly Miller," "Sands o' Dee," "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," "Cherry Ripe," "If Doughty Deeds," "Down among the Dead Men," "Black Ey'd Susan," "How stands the Glass Around," "D'ye ken John Peel?" "Tom Moody," "I'll hang my Harp on the Willow Tree," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Pauper's Drive," "The Ivy Green," "The Lost Chord," "Once Again," "The Vagabond," "Some Day."	
XVI. SOME CONTINENTAL SONGS	235
Swedish Songs. Hungarian Songs. Austrian Songs. "God Preserve the Emperor," "Mal- brouk," "Carmagnole," "Madame Veto," "Char- mante Gabrielle," "Vive Henri Quatre," "Carnaval	

CONTENTS.

ix

CHAP.	PAGE
<p>de Venise," "Partant pour la Syrie," "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz," "Ich bin ein Preusse," Two Thuringian Songs, "Kanapee Lied," "Ein Feste Burg," "Adelaide."</p>	
<p>XVII. CONCERNING SOME WELSH SONGS</p>	<p>270</p>
<p>"The Dying Bard," "Sweet Richard," "The Bard's Love," "Idle Days in Summer Time," "Watching the Wheat," "Ffarwel iti Peggy ban," "March of the Men of Harlech," "Those Evening Bells," "All through the Night," "Poor Mary Ann," "Maid of Mona's Isle," "Why Lingers thy Gaze," "The Black Monk," "The Cambrian Plume," "Morva Rhuddlan," "David of the White Rock," "The Sorrows of Memory," "Winifreda," and "St. David's Day."</p>	
<p>XVIII. SOME SCOTTISH SONGS</p>	<p>291</p>
<p>"O Nanny wilt thou gang with me?" "The Roof of Straw," "Bonnie Dundee," "John Anderson, my Jo," "Maggie Lauder," "Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane," "Jeannie Morrison," "Wee Willie Winkie," "The Flowers of the Forest," "Were na my Heart licht I would Dee," "And ye shall walk in Silk Attire," "Huntingtower," "Will ye no come back to me," "An thou wert my ain thing," "Lass o' Patie's Mill," "There's nae Luck about the House," "Logie o' Buchan," "Lochaber no more," "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town," "Blue Bonnets over the Border," "Annie Laurie," "Logan Water," "Scots wha Hae," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Donald Dhu," "Roy's Wife of Alvalloch," "Highland Mary," "Duncan Gray," "Lass o' Gowrie," "Comin' through the Rye," "Cromlet's Lilt," "Waly, Waly," "Ye Banks</p>	

CHAP.	PAGE
and Braes," "Onagh's Waterfall," "Farewell to Ayrshire," and "Take your old Cloak about Thee."	
XIX. IRISH SONGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN	329
General Remarks. "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," "Bridget Cruise," The Last Irish Bard, "The Hawk of Bally Shannon," "Bumper, Squire Jones," "Maggy Laidir," "Planxty Davis," "The Brown Thorn," "Molly Astore," "Banna's Banks," "Coolin'," "Summer is Coming," Jacobite Songs. "Hy-Brasil," "Waiting for the May," "Roisin Dhu," The Irish Keen, "Over the Hills and Far away," "The White Cockade," "The Campbells are Coming," "The Girl I left Behind me," "I am Asleep," "The Blackbird," "St. Patrick's Day," "St. Patrick of Ireland," "St. Patrick was a Gentleman," "The Shamrock," "The Sprig of Shillelah," "The Night before Larry was Stretched," "Cruiskin Lawn," "The Shan Van Voght," "Grana Weal," "Twisting of the Rope," "The Dear Irish Boy," "Canadian Boat Song." Moore's Songs, "Groves of Blarney," "Terence's Farewell," "Lord Mayo," "The Monks of the Screw," "Rory O'More," "Garryowen," "Wearing of the Green," and Street Songs.	
XX. THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."	384

INTRODUCTION.

THIS work is the practical proof of some fifteen years' agreeable labour in the fields of lyric literature and song lore. These histories, as far as possible accurate, of all the world's most famous and popular songs and ballads, have been gathered from all sorts of available sources, books, magazines, and newspapers, and living representatives and friends of deceased writers. Many of the particulars as to origin, authorship, and outcome of several of the ballads and pieces here appear in print for the first time; while nothing has been set down without due investigation and confirmation of the veracity of the various details and statements. Tracing the history of a favourite song, though interesting and enchanting, is no easy task. You may have to turn over a score books without gaining any reliable knowledge whatever. You cannot take a song and run it to earth, so to speak; the truth must slowly accumulate and grow. In writing these Stories of Famous Songs I have consulted every possible authority, every likely work—biographies, histories, re-

miniscences, and collections of songs—and have done my utmost to make the information absolutely authentic and trustworthy. I have, during the period I have had the work in hand, referred to many hundred sources, and have left no possible or probable clue untouched in order to make the history and origin of our best known and most beloved songs complete. To give a list of the writers and the works and the papers, manuscript and printed, that I have laid under contribution, would be to fill pages; but throughout the different chapters I mention most of the authorities to whom I may have been mostly indebted, and to all I tender my thanks: to the writers—known and unknown—and to many friendly correspondents who have assisted me in my searches and in the the compilation of my facts.

Of course there are dozens of songs—familiar friends to hundreds of people—that will not be found in this volume. If there is no history of any moment connected with the composition of any particular song, it is impossible to tell one. Now and then I have made passing reference to some famous production whose origin lies buried in obscurity, but for the most part I have confined myself to the pleasure of relating the stories of such lays and lyrics as were written under some romantic, pathetic, or entertaining circumstances. Though many a

favourite song may be missing from these pages, I do not think that one, with which there is any history associated as to its inception and birth, has been omitted—that is, not any celebrated effusion.

While aiming all the time at accuracy and truth as to the development of the world's famous musical ballads, my object has been to produce, not so much a pedantic reference guide or dictionary for the library, as an entertaining, amusing, and instructive work that shall appeal to the hearts and sympathies of all true lovers of songs with music.

In dealing with the Irish and the Scottish sections I have striven to be just to each. When selected portions of the "Stories" were appearing in "Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper," I was assailed quite violently by certain Scottish gentlemen, who were highly indignant with me for various statements I made as to who wrote and who did not write particular songs that had generally been accepted as having been born in Scotland. But nobody has yet proved that abuse is either argument or logic, and as I have found no reason to alter the views I originally expressed, they remain exactly as I first wrote them down, except in one or two instances where I have been enabled to strengthen my convictions.

With the sore point that has long vexed the

patriotic pride of Hibernia and Caledonia as to the nationality of the music of many old ballads I have nothing to do; but as some modern Scottish writers are apt to claim most of the ancient airs as springing from their own country or countrymen, I venture to quote from a letter written by Robert Burns to his friend and publisher Thomson in 1793, when a National Collection of Scottish Songs was in progress.

“Your Irish airs are pretty, but they are downright Irish. If they were like the ‘Banks of Banna’ for instance, though really Irish, yet in the Scottish taste, you might adopt them. Since you are so fond of Irish music, what say you to twenty-five of them in an additional number? We could easily find this quantity of charming airs: I will take care that you shall not want songs; and I assure you you would find it the most saleable of the whole.” While Thomson admits in a letter to Burns, February 5th, 1796, the high quality of Irish melodies, he annexes them, at the same time reconciling himself to the act of spoliation in this way:

“We have several true-born Irishmen on the Scottish list, but they are *now naturalized and reckoned our own good subjects. Indeed, we have none better.*”

For the rest, I have been impartial and given honour where I have honestly believed or discovered it to be due.

In treating of the history and origin of these Famous Songs, not only of our own country but of other lands, it has seemed inevitable that I should begin with "Home, Sweet Home," and end with the much discussed "God Save the King." It also seems imperative that I should refer to that frequently quoted Fletcher of Saltoun and his well-worn aphorism about making the ballads of a country. "Poets," as Emerson has finely said, "should be lawgivers; that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide or insult, but should commence and lead the civil code and the day's work." It was in reference to this class of song that Fletcher of Saltoun, in his "Account of a Conversation concerning the right Regulations of Governments for the common good of mankind," uttered his famous dictum, or rather repeated it, to the Earl of Montrose, in 1703: "The poorer sort of both sexes," he exclaimed, "are daily tempted to all manner of wickedness by infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets. I know," he continues, "a very wise man that believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, we need not care who should make the laws of a nation. And we find that most of the ancient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and sometimes of a dramatic poet." It is certain that our songs have not only made

history of themselves but for those who have sung and listened to them. Moreover, song and ballad making has ever been held in the highest repute by all classes, and still remains one of the best testimonials to man's sterling quality and literary capacity. Though, as the Russian proverb has it, "It is not every song that is sung to its last verse."

In this volume I have given as many of the Welsh as I found tolerably general; and though the information concerning American songs is surprisingly difficult to obtain this side of the Atlantic, and rather scant when secured, I think I have succeeded in saying something about most of the old favourites known in Great Britain. I have not included any songs from the Isle of Man, as they do not seem to me to be, except in a few instances, sufficiently distinctive. Besides, they are mostly unknown outside the Island, and do not possess any startling novelty in the way of origin. At the same time I would like to draw consideration to a useful collection of "Manx National Songs," edited by W. H. Gill, and published in 1896. I should also like to direct attention to that monumental work in eight volumes, "English Minstrelsy," edited by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, as being the most comprehensive collection of English songs ever published.

That I could have extended this volume into

many without going beyond my originally conceived scheme, will be patent to all who know anything of the existence of the unexplored and half explored mines of literary and antiquarian wealth of this fascinating subject. I trust I have at least succeeded in drawing a larger attention to the principal gems than can possibly be secured by more learned and exclusive publications devoted to the entertaining themes of songs and music. "My true intent is all for your delight."

Chaucer gives a character to the Knight in the "Canterbury Tales," by saying: "He could songes make, and wel indite;" and that arch rascal, Falstaff, exclaims: "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here," for the pleasures of a sweet song have no end. And though many poets "learn in sorrow what they teach in song," they at any rate teach what we are glad to know and appreciate. Great Britain for many hundred years, has been singularly rich in songs, ballads, and madrigals of all kinds; May Day songs, Christmas carols, Easter and Whitsun madrigals, catches, canons, roundels and lyrics of high life and humble life; Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's incomparable lyrics, to say nothing of the love-lyrics of other Elizabethan masters of verse and the Cavalier poets; and writers of all ages, English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh: no other

nation can show such variety, such charm as we favoured Britons possess in our countless melodies.

If words were given us to conceal our thoughts, music must have been given us to express them, to turn our tears to laughter and our laughter to tears; to make our brief joys long and our worst sorrows brief. For what more thrilling voice is there than the voice of music—the voice of all our passions blended into witching melody or soul-inspiring harmony?

The most popular and the most appreciated music with all classes is the music of Song. Tender words wedded to sympathetic music will do more to move the multitude than all the wealth promises of the Indies. And though few seek to know the origin of the songs that please them, the telling of the tale always adds to their attraction. Of course there are many ballads that have lived through all the ages, many more that have yet to be handed to posterity, that have no tangible history at all, that are simply the glorious outcome of the poet's fancy and the composer's art, but there are also many that were born of pain, perhaps misery, of patriotism, and of love, and of many of these I have endeavoured to tell.

S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

WIMBLEDON,

August, 1897.

STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

CHAPTER I.

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

“HOME, Sweet Home,” which is so essentially an English song in sentiment and feeling, was, curiously enough, written by an American, John Howard Payne. Perhaps though, as he was a nomad the greater part of his feverish existence, it were fitter to describe him as a Cosmopolitan, for truly, in any case, Art is ever cosmopolitan. But the song was first sung in an English opera, or operatic melodrama, entitled “Clari, the Maid of Milan,” the words being written by John Howard Payne, and the music composed and arranged by Sir Henry Bishop, who was decidedly English. Of this song it has been well asserted by Dr. Charles Mackay, that it is not too much to say that it “has done more than statesmanship or legislation to keep alive in the hearts of the people the virtues that flourish at the fireside, and to recall to its hallowed circle the wanderers who stray from it.”

Round both words and music of this ever-green song, controversy has raged for years, but I think by what follows, which is all based on the most reliable information, I shall be able to set these differences at rest for ever. Of the words of the opera of "Clari" I think there can be no doubt whatever of their having emanated from Howard Payne, though the biographer of M. J. O'Sullivan, a dramatic author and contemporary of Payne's, asserts that he (O'Sullivan) had a hand in the composition. But I have been unable to trace any grounds for the claim. Payne undoubtedly wrote the lyric, though I have often wondered whether the unfortunate author of this very sweet song—a song that will only cease to live when all Nature is dead and Time is no more—ever read the old holiday and breaking-up song "Dulce Domum," so popular at Winchester School, for it certainly contains many of the elements of Payne's plaintive ballad. Here is the first verse with its chorus :

"Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting rays around,
Home ! a theme replete with pleasure,
Home ! a grateful theme resound.

"Home, sweet home ! an ample treasure,
Home ! with every blessing crown'd.
Home ! perpetual source of pleasure,
Home ! a noble strain resound."

Brand says, in speaking of "Dulce Domum," which was originally written in Latin, and was translated into English by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for March 1796, that "it is doubtless of very remote antiquity," and that its origin must be traced "not to any ridiculous tradition, but to the tenderest feelings of human nature." The story runs as follows: Upwards of two hundred and fifty years ago, a scholar of St. Mary's College, Winchester, was confined for some misconduct by order of the master, just previous to the Whitsuntide vacation, and was not permitted to visit his friends. He was kept a prisoner in the college, tied to a pillar. His reflections on the enjoyments of home inspired him to compose "Dulce Domum." The student must have been of a very sensitive nature, for he died soon after, "worn down with grief at the disgraceful situation he was in," as well as disappointment. In commemoration of the event, on the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, the masters, scholars, and choristers of St. Mary's College, attended by a band of music, walk in procession round the court and the pillar to which it is alleged the scholar was tied, and chant the verses which he composed in his affliction.

Payne, as far as can be gathered, wrote the words of "Home, Sweet Home" one dreary day in October, 1822, while he was far from home in Paris. John Howard Payne was the son of

Round both words and music of this ever-green song, controversy has raged for years, but I think by what follows, which is all based on the most reliable information, I shall be able to set these differences at rest for ever. Of the words of the opera of "Clari" I think there can be no doubt whatever of their having emanated from Howard Payne, though the biographer of M. J. O'Sullivan, a dramatic author and contemporary of Payne's, asserts that he (O'Sullivan) had a hand in the composition. But I have been unable to trace any grounds for the claim. Payne undoubtedly wrote the lyric, though I have often wondered whether the unfortunate author of this very sweet song—a song that will only cease to live when all Nature is dead and Time is no more—ever read the old holiday and breaking-up song "Dulce Domum," so popular at Winchester School, for it certainly contains many of the elements of Payne's plaintive ballad. Here is the first verse with its chorus :

"Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting rays around,
Home ! a theme replete with pleasure,
Home ! a grateful theme resound.

"Home, sweet home ! an ample treasure,
Home ! with every blessing crown'd.
Home ! perpetual source of pleasure,
Home ! a noble strain resound."

Brand says, in speaking of "Dulce Domum," which was originally written in Latin, and was translated into English by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for March 1796, that "it is doubtless of very remote antiquity," and that its origin must be traced "not to any ridiculous tradition, but to the tenderest feelings of human nature." The story runs as follows: Upwards of two hundred and fifty years ago, a scholar of St. Mary's College, Winchester, was confined for some misconduct by order of the master, just previous to the Whitsuntide vacation, and was not permitted to visit his friends. He was kept a prisoner in the college, tied to a pillar. His reflections on the enjoyments of home inspired him to compose "Dulce Domum." The student must have been of a very sensitive nature, for he died soon after, "worn down with grief at the disgraceful situation he was in," as well as disappointment. In commemoration of the event, on the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, the masters, scholars, and choristers of St. Mary's College, attended by a band of music, walk in procession round the court and the pillar to which it is alleged the scholar was tied, and chant the verses which he composed in his affliction.

Payne, as far as can be gathered, wrote the words of "Home, Sweet Home" one dreary day in October, 1822, while he was far from home in Paris. John Howard Payne was the son of

William Payne, a schoolmaster who was favourably known as an elocutionist in New York, where young Payne was born on April 1st, 1791. Much against the desire of his father, the future author abandoned commerce, for which he was intended, and took to the precarious profession of actor. He was not without ability, for he made a very successful first appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, in the character of Norval, in "Douglas," in February, 1807. For some years Payne continued to act in various parts of America, and occasionally contributed articles to New York papers and journals. Not satisfied with his success in America, he was anxious to learn the verdict of a British audience. He entered the English metropolis with excellent credentials, having letters of introduction to Lord Byron, John Kemble, Coleridge, and other celebrities of the day. In 1813 he made his bow at Drury Lane Theatre, choosing for his *début* his former rôle of Norval, and, according to all accounts, he greatly pleased the critics as well as the playgoers. But it was very difficult in those days to continue a favourite with the fickle public, nothing short of a genius—which Payne was not—being required to satisfy their desires. So after a while Payne exchanged acting for writing, and took to translating French melodramas and operettas. The "Maid and the Magpie" was his first offering, and it enjoyed a

fair meed of favour at Covent Garden Theatre. Edmund Kean made "Brutus," a tragedy by Payne, a success by the force of his subtle and powerful acting. Charles Kemble also acted in Payne's "Charles II.," a whimsical comedy revived as a first piece some years ago at the Lyceum. "Love in Humble Life" from the French by Payne is occasionally played in the provinces, but very few of his pieces exhibited any great literary skill or power.

As to "Home, Sweet Home," only two verses of the song were sung originally. These were slightly altered and sung by Miss Maria Tree in "Clari, the Maid of Milan," also an adaptation, of the virtuous peasant and villainous lord order. For this, however, Payne received from Charles Kemble £250, no mean sum in those days of short runs. The piece was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on May the 8th, 1823, and continued to hold the boards at intervals for some years. The music of this "musical drama"—there were only six numbers—was composed by Henry Bishop, and the melody of "Home, Sweet Home" was said to have been adapted from a Sicilian air, but this is erroneous. Miss Tree created quite a *furor* by her singing of the touching melody, and the words going straight to the hearts of the audience, it was not long before the song became marvellously popular all over the country, soon to penetrate to the

farthermost parts of the world. It is stated that more than 300,000 copies of the song were sold the first year of publication.

Now in regard to the words of "Home, Sweet Home," nearly twenty years after the author's death, when the subject of the music was being discussed, there appeared in the London "Daily Telegraph," a letter signed J. R. Planche, in which the writer asserted that with the full consent of the author, "I undertook the revision of it (the play). I cut nearly a third of the dialogue, which was of terrific length. The ballad in question ('Home, Sweet Home,') consisted originally of two verses of eight lines each. I reduced them to four: and at the suggestion of Mr. Bishop added the refrain of 'home, sweet home.'" And yet, Mr. Planche allows Payne to have the full right and honour of the authorship of the words all his life, and not till twenty years after his death does he come forward with his claim. But long before this Michael John O'Sullivan, a journalist and writer of plays, gave it out that he not only wrote the song, but also the opera of "Clari"! Of course it would be quite logical for a theatrical manager to pay an author two hundred and fifty pounds for a work he did not write!—the sum that Kemble paid Payne for a piece that was written, according to their version, by Mr. Planche and Mr. O'Sullivan—not in collaboration, but separately! And

not only that. They allowed Payne's name to appear nightly in the bills and to be advertised on the song, and advertised on the book of the words, as published by Lacy in the Strand. Here is the title-page. "Clari, the Maid of Milan! A musical drama, in two acts, by John Howard Payne, Author of 'Brutus,' 'The Lancers,' 'Love in Humble Life,' 'Charles the Second,' 'Ali Pacha,' etc., etc." I think that should settle the matter. O'Sullivan's claim may be dismissed forthwith. As for Mr. Planche, we fancy his memory was playing him a trick—he was over eighty-two when he wrote the letter quoted above, and after the lapse of sixty years an incident may get entangled with something else. Payne was a personal and intimate friend of Kemble's, and it does not seem at all probable that he would permit any one but the author to hack about the piece he was producing.

Before continuing with Payne's life, let me explain the origin of the melody, as related by the late Charles Mackay, who wrote to a London paper a long letter on the subject, affirming distinctly that Sir Henry Bishop did compose the air. Said Dr. Mackay, "During the process of our (Sir Henry's and his own) work on the National Melodies of England, I was thrown into friendly and constant intercourse with that gentleman. During one of our

many conversations on well-known English melodies, I took occasion to ask for information on the subject of 'Home, Sweet Home,' the authorship of which was often attributed to him and as often denied by many who claimed it as a national Sicilian air which Sir Henry had disinterred and re-arranged. He thereupon favoured me with the whole history. He had been engaged in his early manhood by the once eminent firm of Goulding, D'Almaine and Co., musical publishers, of Soho Square, to edit a collection of National Melodies of all countries. In the course of his labours he discovered that he had no Sicilian air, and as a Sicilian melody had been announced Sir Henry thought he would invent one. The result was the now well-known air of 'Home, Sweet Home,' which he arranged to the verses of Howard Payne. Pirates were in the field as now, and believing the air to be Sicilian and non-copyright, they commenced issuing the song in a cheaper form, but Messrs. Goulding, D'Almaine and Co., brought actions against the offenders and won the day on the sworn evidence of Sir Henry Bishop, who declared himself to be the inventor of the same." This should decide the matter for all time.

To return to Payne. After the success of "Clari" affairs seemed to have gone badly with him, for in the year 1832 we find him in New

York having a "benefit" got up for him at the Park Theatre to start him afresh. He then subsisted on the income derived from journalistic work until he was appointed Consul at Tunis, but he soon lost this appointment owing to the change of government, and he once more contributed to the Press. However, some good friends used their influence and, in consideration of the fact that he was the first American dramatist who had made any name at all, Payne was eventually reinstated at Tunis. But he had barely undertaken the duties a twelvemonth when he died, on his sixty-first birthday, in 1852, and was buried at Tunis. His remains, after a lapse of more than thirty years, were removed to Oak Cemetery, Washington, where a monument, erected by public subscription, marks the spot where rest his ashes. In Tunis, by the way, there was still, some ten years back, a tomb in the Protestant burying ground with the following inscription: "In memory of Colonel John Howard Payne, twice Consul of the United States of America for the city and kingdom of Tunis, this stone is here placed by a grateful Country. He died in the American Consulate in this City after a tedious illness April 1st, 1852." And then particulars were given of his birth in the City of Massachusetts, and spoke of his merits as a poet and dramatist. Round the tombstone were engraved the following lines:

“Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
 To realms beyond the azure dome,
 With arms outstretched, God’s angel said :
 Welcome to Heaven’s Home, Sweet Home.”

And now I append “Home, Sweet Home,”
 as it was first written :

“Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home ;
 A charm from the sky seems to carry us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
 There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.

“An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain ;
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;
 The birds sing gaily that came at my call—
 Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all,

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
 There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.

“How sweet, too, to sit ’neath a fond father’s smile,
 And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
 Let others delight ’mid new pleasures to roam,
 But give me, oh, give me ! the pleasures of home !

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
 There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.

“To thee I’ll return, overburdened with care ;
 The heart’s dearest face will smile on me there,
 No more from that cottage again will I roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
 There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.”

The sweet sadness that pervades this simple
 little domestic poem is exquisitely expressive of

the melancholy felt by poor Payne when he penned the lines, alone, in a foreign country (he was stranded in Paris at the time) away from all that he held dear.

Payne, I may add, was an intimate friend of Charles Lamb, who conducted much of his play business in London for him, while he was abroad.

A pleasing incident recorded by the "Philadelphia Record" may fittingly close this account. "No common poet ever received a more enviable compliment than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind, on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National Hall of the City of Washington where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the Republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—'Casta Diva' the 'Flute Song,' the 'Bird Song,' and the 'Greeting to America.' But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face to the part of the auditorium where Payne was sitting and sang 'Home Sweet Home,' with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself almost lost his self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric."

CHAPTER II.

“ROBIN ADAIR AND EILEEN AROON.”

PERHAPS in the whole range of songs new and old, none is so popular as the plaintive “Robin Adair,” the air of which is based upon the very ancient melody of “Eileen Aroon,” a piece that dates back to very early times indeed. At a venture I would suggest about 1450, when *living* money was still in use, as in the first stanza the hero says he would spend a *cow* to entertain his lady love. It is only fair to add, however, that some authorities think it is no older than the sixteenth century. In any case it was a favourite with the majority of the Irish harpers and wandering minstrels, and most emphatically it is not of Scottish origin, as one or two writers have imagined. The curious thing about the song is that the words of both versions, “Eileen Aroon” (Ellen, the treasure of my heart), and “Robin Adair” were the outcome of very romantic circumstances. I shall deal with each, and I shall also give the history of the ancient and the modern song. Let me speak of the music first. The melody was taken down in

1792 by Edward Bunting (though already a variation of the same had been secured by Lyons in 1702) who has done so much to preserve the music of 'Old Ireland, from the playing of a famous harper, Denis à Hampsy, or Hempson. Hempson was born in 1695, and lived to the great age of one hundred and twelve years, having died in 1807. He was a well-known character, sober and respectable (unlike some of the itinerant harpers) and was greatly respected. Lord Bristol, when "the minstrel was infirm and old," gave a ground rent free, and paid for a house to be erected for him; and in his declining days Hempson was looked after and literally fed by the Rev. Sir H. Harvey Bruce, who was with him at his death. Hempson died with the harp in his hand after having struck a few notes of one of his best pieces—in all probability the ravishing, soul-breathing "Eileen." From first to last this player's life was full of interest and is worth penning. The dates which I have given should be borne in mind, in order that the nationality of the air may be settled once for all.

At the age of about eighteen, having been a harper from the age of twelve (he lost his sight at three through small-pox) Hempson commenced a tour of Ireland and Scotland which lasted until 1716. Now the Scotch claimed the melody, and published it to the British public

under the name of "Robin Adair" about 1800. The grounds for this assumption, Hardiman informs us in his "Irish Minstrelsy," published in 1831, appear in the correspondence between Robert Burns and his publisher, Thomson, in 1793. The latter, in a letter to the bard, wishes him to give "Robin Adair" (meaning of course "Eileen Aroon") a Scottish dress. "Peter (Pindar) is furnishing him with an English suit. Robin's air is excellent, though he certainly has an out-of-the-way manner as ever poor Parnassian wight was plagued with." In reply Burns says that he believes the air to be Scotch, having heard it played by a man from Inverness, so that "it could not be Irish" (the question had arisen between them) though he admits that through the wandering habits of the minstrels, the air might be common to both. As a matter of fact, it was Hempson who carried the air to Scotland between 1710 and 1716, and the Highland minstrels annexed it. During his second visit to Scotland, in 1745, Hempson was taken into the Young Pretender's presence by Colonel Kelly of Roscommon, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, when he played and sang "When the King shall enjoy his own again" as a compliment to Charles Edward. He also played "Coolin," "The Dawning of the Day," "Eileen Aroon," "Cean dubh dilis," etc.; so there is no doubt as to how so many of the Irish melodies, including

“Maggie Lauder,” came to be numbered amongst the Scottish national airs. Thus it was only natural that when Burns was asked to dress “Robin Adair” in the kilt, he should have already heard the song. But, for some reason unknown, Burns did not write or re-write the words, though the erudite Dr. Charles Mackay assumes that he did, as those interested will gather from the “Royal Edition of Songs of Scotland” still published. Again, Robin Adair was a real personage, an Irishman, but not the ancestor of Viscount Molesworth, as is generally believed, who lived at Holly Park, in the County of Wicklow. This was another Robin Adair, who had no connection with the song, though tradition has tried to fix it so. At Bray, in Wicklow, by the way, there is still a “Robin Adair’s” well. This Robin’s house stood at the foot of the great Sugar-loaf mountain (properly Slieve Cullinn). The real Robin Adair was most likely a grandson of Patrick Adair of Ballymena, County Antrim, whose son, Sir Robert, married four times and had many children, and Robin might have been one of these. Adair, I may state, is most essentially Irish, and as “old as the hills,” or perhaps I should say trees, as the name is derived from Diarmaid and Diarmah—the good Dair, the oak—there are other variants, but the meaning and etymology are the same. Adair, therefore, means “of the oak.”

The true story of "Eileen Aroon" appears almost word for word in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1827, and in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy" of 1831. It is as follows: Carol O'Daly, commonly called "Mac Caomh Insi Cneamha," brother to Donogh More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Eileen, or Ellen as we should say now, the daughter of a Chieftain named Kavanagh; she was a lovely and amiable young lady who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connection, for, it is believed, political reasons. Carol O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for a time, and her family availed themselves of the opportunity, which his absence afforded, of imposing upon Eileen a belief in his (supposed) faithlessness, and of his having gone to be married to another; and after some time they prevailed upon her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly's. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first influence of his disappointment, he sought a wild sequestered spot on the sea-shore, and inspired by love, composed the song of "Eileen Aroon." Disguised as a harper he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called by Eileen herself

to play and sing. It was then, touching the harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting and dramatic occasion incited, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his "softened strain" the very soul of plaintive melody. In the first stanza he intimates, according to Irish idiom, that he would walk with her, that is, be her partner for life, or constant lover for life. In the second, that he would entertain, and afford her every delight; and then he continues:

"Then wilt thou come away?

Eileen à Roon!

O wilt thou come or stay?

Eileen à Roon."

She soon felt the power of his eloquent pleading and answered, by signs, in the affirmative, having long recognized him. Then he bursts out rapturously:

"Cead mille failte!

Eileen à Roon!

Cead mille failte!

Eileen à Roon!"

And still with more welcomes and ecstasies he greets her, and to reward his fidelity, she contrives to elope with with him that same night—the night before the intended marriage with his rival, and of course they lived happy ever after. It may be noted that the well-known motto of Irish hospitality, *Cead mille failte*—a hundred thousand wel-

comes—was taken from this song. It is related that Handel extravagantly declared that he would rather have been the composer of this exquisite air than of all the music he had written. And so enchanted with it was Signor Tenducci, a distinguished singer who sang in the Italian Operas in London and Dublin, that he resolved upon studying the Irish language, and become master of it, which proves that the Signor heard the original composition.

Guisto Ferdinand Tenducci was born about 1736, and first sang in London in 1758, when he at once became the idol of the fashionable world and was invited out everywhere to private parties and At-Homes. Doubtless he met Lady Caroline Keppel at one of the great houses, and we hear of him singing first "Eileen Aroon," and then "Robin Adair," at Ranelagh Gardens in 1762, presumably with Lady Catherine's words. Tenducci was quite a spoiled darling, and lived very wastefully. He ran through one fortune and nearly made another. He died early in the present century, at his native place in Italy. It may be added that in the days of Elizabeth "Eileen Aroon" was sung by a large majority of the people in the streets. There is a curious similarity, by the way, between "Eileen Aroon" and the melody Scott's "Lochinvar" used to be sung to.

In the west and other parts of Ireland the

peasantry still sing "Eileen" and will have nothing to do with the modern song. It may be mentioned that the tribe of O'Daly furnished several bards of celebrity. Donogh More O'Daly, Lord Abbot of Boyle in 1244, was a famous poet, emphatically styled the Ovid of Ireland, from the sweetly flowing melody of his verse.

Now we come to Robin Adair. The real Robin was a native of Ballymena, County Antrim, and in all probability a descendant of the Desmond Fitz-Geralds, "the mighty Geraldines." His father was probably made a knight-baronet after the battle of the Boyne. The new version of the song was written about 1750 by Lady Caroline Keppel to Robert, or Robin Adair, with whom she was deeply in love. I will repeat the story as it is handed down.

About a century and a half ago, an impulsive young Irishman named Robert Adair, who was studying in Dublin for the medical profession, got into some scrape, and as he possessed little money and few friends, the only way he saw out of the difficulty was flight. So he speedily quitted Dublin and made his way to Holyhead, with the intention of going to that golden city of ambitious youth, London. Post travelling in those days was very expensive, and when Adair reached Holyhead, he discovered that his purse was as light as his heart; consequently he had nothing to do but accept the inevitable, and so

he manfully set out to walk to the metropolis. He had not gone far when he came upon a carriage that had been overturned, for the roads at that time were in a horrible condition. The owner and occupant of the vehicle, a well-known leader of fashionable society, was greatly alarmed at the accident, and had besides, received some slight personal injury. Adair, like a true Irishman, at once offered his services, and in a very short space of time had the carriage righted, and the lady carefully attended to. Adair was a very handsome and aristocratic young fellow, and notwithstanding that his dress might have been of finer texture and in better condition, he had a striking appearance. With ready frankness he soon explained that he was a surgeon, and begged permission to examine into the extent of the lady's injuries. An examination soon showed that they were of merely a trifling nature—that the nerves were more upset than the body hurt. Adair then took the opportunity to explain that he was on his way to London to endeavour to make a name in the profession he had chosen, and as the fair lady was still apprehensive of unknown dangers, and still felt the effect of the shock, she offered the vivacious young Irishman a seat in her carriage as a protector, for she herself was travelling to the metropolis when the accident occurred. He was only too delighted to accept the proffered kind-

ness, and very soon restored his travelling companion to health and good spirits. Arrived in London she presented him with a hundred guineas, and invited him to come to her house as often as he pleased.

Robin Adair was a wise and energetic young man, and took full advantage of the lucky turn in his fortunes to study assiduously, and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection in the best end of the town. He was frequently at the dances given by this lady and others, he being a graceful dancer, a good conversationalist, and a man of considerable natural ability. One night, at a party, he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case of love at first sight—mutual love; and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden; they were the observed of all the guests; and after a few meetings the relations were in despair. The young couple, however, continued to meet again and again, and their affection ripened into an intense passion. Her kinsfolk were stupefied with amazement. Were they to allow an unknown Irishman to carry off the flower of their flock, the beautiful Caroline? They set their wits to work to try and persuade her to give him up. But all in vain. Handsome heirs of the oldest and stiffest families were prevailed

upon to woo her, but she would not listen to them. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her "folly," but without avail, and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health, she wrote the verses now so popular, and adapted them to the melody of "Eileen Aroon," which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her. At last the separation from Adair and the importunities of her relatives caused her to become so dangerously ill, that, upon the doctors despairing of her life, and seeing the disease was more of the heart and mind than of the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to.

The event was duly notified in the "Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence" thus: "February 22nd, 1758, Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Honourable the Lady Caroline Keppel." This was the culminating point in the pretty love story. A short time after his marriage Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals through the influence of his wife's relations; nor did his good luck end here, for the King, being taken with Adair's agreeable manner and undoubted skill made him Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Good fortune did not spoil him, and he continued to work hard at his profession, and the King was so greatly gratified

at the successful way in which he treated the Duke of Gloucester, that he offered to make him a baronet; Adair, however, declined. Adored and admired by all who knew him, he lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and his death was deeply lamented. Lady Caroline, however, who did not enjoy good health, died after giving birth to their third child. Knowing how devotedly attached her husband was to her, she felt he would not marry again, and she was right. Except on State occasions, when he was obliged to don Court costume, he wore mourning in remembrance of his love and his wife, until he died in 1790, when he was buried with her in the family vault. Their only son, the Right Honourable Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855 at the advanced age of ninety-two, after a brilliant career, having proved himself a very capable diplomatist. The only part of this story which appears in any way doubtful, as far as reliable data go, concerns the episode on the road to London. For the rest the writing of the song, and the marriage with Lady Keppel are perfectly accurate, and Robin Adair was well known in London society as "the lucky Irishman" and was often so addressed by George III.

This sketch would hardly be complete without the words of the song, and I here append the lyric as originally written by Lady Caroline at Bath, and wrongfully attributed to Burns.

STORIES OF

“ What’s this dull town to me?
 Robin’s not near ;
 He, whom I wish to see,
 Wish so to hear.
 Where’s all the joy and mirth,
 Made life a heaven on earth ?
 O ! they’re all fled with thee,
 Robin Adair.

“ What made th’ assembly shine?
 Robin Adair !
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin was there !
 What, when the play was o’er,
 What made my heart so sore ?
 O ! it was parting with
 Robin Adair.

“ But now thou’rt far from me,
 Robin Adair !
 And now I never see
 Robin Adair !
 Yet he I love so well,
 Still in my heart shall dwell ;
 O ! I can ne’er forget
 Robin Adair.”

There are other versions, notably one commencing “Welcome on Shore, again ;” and a ridiculous parody “Welcome to Punchestown, Johnny Adair,” but the above is the true one. In the British Museum there are three copies of the music of “Eileen Aroon” (circa 1740). “Robin Adair” was published just about the time of Lady Caroline’s marriage. In later

years Braham adapted and sang it. The air of "Eileen Aroon" has been claimed by the Welsh as well as the Scottish, John Parry pretending that it dates from 1755 or 1760. In 1770 was issued a work called "A Collection of Favourite Scots tunes, by the late Mr. Chas. McLean," in which "*Aileen à Roon*" appeared according to Mr. Alfred Moffat and in other collections of earlier date, but as already stated Hempson introduced it into Scotland when a youth, about 1710. It was popular with the people everywhere in England and Scotland, as well as in its native country Ireland, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Though Burns failed to fit words to the beautiful melody of "Robin Adair," others succeeded, notably Gerald Griffin, who called his lines after the original Irish *Ebhlin à Ruin*. In Walker's "Irish Bards" (1786), the tune will be found in all its primitive purity. As far as I have been able to discover, the incidents related have not been turned to account on the stage as a play, though "Eileen Aroon" has formed the basis of many a story.

CHAPTER III.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

"AULD LANG SYNE," though it owes its birth to Scotchmen and to Scotland, has been so popular for quite a hundred years with English-speaking people all the world over, that it may fairly rank as a lyric of universal sentiment and universal nationality. But contrary to the general belief, which, it must be acknowledged, editors of Burns's works have done their best to foster, "Auld Lang Syne" was not written by the author of "Tam O'Shanter." And, as a matter of history, Burns never once claimed the song as his, only his misguided and over-anxious friends and worshippers have done this, and consequently much confusion has arisen over the subject. It so happens that, like many another ballad that lives in the hearts of the people, this essentially human song was written by a writer unknown, who may perhaps have never written anything else worth remembering. In Scotland, as in Ireland, and to a lesser extent in England and Wales, many of the humbler folk possess the gift of making homely verses,

and many a piece has found its way into the world anonymously, to find a reciprocating welcome in many a heart and home. But, though Burns did not write this song, which is included in nearly every collection of his poems published, he was the first to give it to the world in the form which we now know and sing it. Indeed, many pieces have been attributed to Burns which he never wrote; the text of Burns has been as much tampered with, perhaps, as that of any ancient or classic author, and requires to be as carefully revised. This, unfortunately, is true not only with respect to words and phrases, but with respect to whole stanzas and poems erroneously ascribed to him and regularly included in the posthumous editions of his works. It would not be difficult to enumerate at least a dozen pieces in some of the best editions which are certainly not by him. Many injudicious Burnsites have been too anxious to over-exalt a reputation that already stood and stands as high almost as any poet could wish. It was Carlyle's fancy to represent Burns as an illiterate prodigy who, without models, or with models only of the meanest sort, attained by sheer force of native talent to a foremost place in contemporary literature; but this is all wrong; Burns studied the best models, and particularly did he follow in the footsteps of Goldsmith. Burns drew his inspiration from both English and

Scottish literary sources, and he had a singular aptitude for seeing possibilities in bald and badly expressed conceptions. Burns was decidedly inventive in a large degree, but his gift of expression was far greater than his power of original thought. However, it is not of Burns's genius that I wish to write—that has long been acknowledged—but of "Auld Lang Syne" and his connection therewith. Naturally the phrase is of the heather born, and even the quaint lexicographer, old Jamieson, could not help growing sentimental over the soothing words, in his "Scottish Dictionary": "To a native of the country," he says, "it conveys a soothing idea to the mind, as recalling the memory of joys that are past." It "compresses into small and euphonious measure much of the tender recollection of one's youth which, even to middle-aged men, seems to be brought from a very distant but very dear past." "Auld Lang Syne," be it remembered, was a phrase in use in very early times, and it can be traced to the days of Elizabeth, in connection with the social feelings and the social gatherings of the Scot; as a convivial and friendly song it existed in broadsides prior to the close of the seventeenth century. An early version of the song is to be found in James Watson's collection of Scottish Songs, published in 1711, and it will be seen from the verses quoted below, that Burns very spiritedly

changed the weak periphrasis of the old poet into the tender and beautiful phrase so peculiarly pathetic and Scotch :

“Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flame of love extinguished
And fairly past and gone ?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne.”

Here we have a very fine idea badly expressed—the touch of sincerity seems lacking, whilst the art is commonplace. This stanza is from a poem written by Sir Robert Ayton (1570—1638) of Kincaldie. He was the friend of Ben Jonson and other Elizabethan writers, very likely Shakespeare himself. Sir Robert undoubtedly obtained the phrase from current idiomatic expressions. He wrote several pieces of minor power. Allan Ramsay, who, before the advent of Burns, was making an encouraging reputation as a writer of verses and a compiler of old songs and ballads, soon seized upon the rough lyric—believed to have been “polished” by Francis Sempill, of Beltrees—and destroyed the intention of the original, as may be observed from this verse, in which Ramsay casts good-fellowship overboard, and makes love the keynote :

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho’ they return with scars,

STORIES OF

These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtained in glorious wars ;
Welcome my Vara, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest
As I was lang syne."

This song of honest Allan's was first printed in his "Tea-Table Miscellany" in 1724, from which it was transferred to Johnson's "Musical Museum," published during Burns's sojourn in the Scottish capital. Allan Ramsay's lyric is not so bad as many have tried to make out, and as a love-song was very popular for a long time. Burns, who was partly responsible for the editing of the "Musical Museum" for Johnson, in which so many ancient pieces first saw the light as printed matter, made many annotations and alterations, and of "Auld Lang Syne" he wrote: "Ramsay here, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song and the first line from the old fragment which will appear in the 'Museum,' vol. v." Of this "old fragment" I shall have something to say later. But it may be as well to state that it is very evident that there were several verbal versions of this song long known to the peasantry and others of Caledonia stern and wild. It was decidedly a folk-song, and though it is not easy to conjecture when, or how "Auld Lang Syne" arose as a form of speech or song, its introduction into literature is not so

problematical. Somewhat more than a century ago—on the 17th December, 1788—Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and a descendant of the heroic race of Elderslie, received from Burns a letter, in which the following passages occurred : “ Your meeting, which you so well describe, with your old schoolfellow and friend, was truly interesting. Out upon the ways of the world ! they spoil these social offsprings of the heart. Two veterans of the world would have met with little more heart-workings than two old hacks worn out on the road. Apropos, is not the Scot’s phrase, ‘ Auld Lang Syne,’ exceedingly expressive ? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast on old Scot songs. I shall give you the verses.” And he enclosed the words of “ Auld Lang Syne ” as we know them, and unless Burns was wilfully concealing fact, he only trimmed the lines and did not originate or write the lyric. He continues somewhat extravagantly : “ Light lie the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment ! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half-a-dozen modern English bacchanalians.” Burns would hardly write like this about himself and his work, so we may take it that he only preserved it from forgetfulness.

Three years afterwards, when sending the song to George Thomson, his publisher, and the editor of another collection of miscellaneous songs, he writes, "One song more, and I am done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is but mediocre, but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

On the face of it, though many writers have denied that Burns was telling the truth in writing the above, the poet gives us the real origin and rescue of the song from oblivion. There is not the slightest doubt that Burns polished and improved the words and made the song more singable and consistent, and there is not the slightest doubt that he did take it down, in a rough state, perhaps, from the lips of some old minstrel—they were just dying out then—or wandering bag piper, as he avowedly took down so many other songs. Now Burns has had many pieces credited to him which he never acknowledged himself, and Burns was not the writer to deny himself the least claim to fame or celebrity. The fact is that Burns communicated in words and music more than sixty songs, "begged, borrowed or stolen," as he jocularly declares, to make up the "Museum." Besides which, a great number of his own finest songs

carried no signature, and it is therefore not wonderful that some confusion should have occasionally occurred in allocating a few of the borrowed ones. For instance, "Comin thro' the Rye" ("Gin a body meet a body") is attributed by Joseph Skipsey to the poet, while another editor says he wrote "Could aught of Song"—pieces that were anonymous long before Burns's time! It seems to me that we have no right whatever to assume that Burns was deliberately deceiving both Mrs. Dunlop and Mr. Thomson as to the authorship of the song. Anyhow, the words—of the music I shall speak presently—duly made their appearance in their final form in 1794, and are as follows :

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne ;
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

“We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

“We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

STORIES OF

“ And here’s a hand my trusty fere,
 And gie’s a hand o’ thine,
 And we’ll tak’ a right guid-willie waught,
 For auld lang syne.

“ And surely ye’ll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I’ll be mine ;
 And we’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.”

It may be noted that between the version given to Mrs. Dunlop and Johnson and that issued by Thomson there is one important difference in the sequence of the stanzas. In Johnson’s publication the last verse is placed as the second, and this arrangement was used for some years, but the order of the stanzas, as given above, is obviously correct, though we fear that there are not many people who could repeat the song right off, much as they rave about it. Generally speaking, after the first and second verses, the singing of the song is abandoned, as so few know it.

As to the meaning of “willie-waught,” several opinions have been offered. However, in a collection of Scotch songs, published by Blackie and Son in 1843, the words “guid” or “gude” and “willie” are joined together by a hyphen, which means, will take a right good-willing (God-be-with-you) draught—the draught of good-will and friendship. The grasping of hands in the same verse seems pretty strong

proof that that is its meaning. By the way, in the "Museum" the words are signed with a "Z" signifying that it is an old song with additions and alterations. The first, fourth and fifth verses are undeniably fragments of an old ditty; the second and third verses betray the tenderness and sentiment of the poet himself, and these we are inclined to accept as being by Burns.

And now as to the music of this fine old song. The original air, which Burns pronounced to be mediocre, was soon abandoned, and one said to be from "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," which, in its turn, was taken from a Strathspey dance tune called "The Miller's Wedding," was used in its stead, and is given in Bremner's "Collection of Scots Reels," 1759. The tune bears a strong resemblance to "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Oh hey, Johnnie lad," and "For the sake of Somebody." To come to the point at once, the melody to which the lyric is now sung was beyond dispute composed by William Shield, who was born at Durham, 1748, and buried in Westminster Abbey in 1829. He wrote the music of thirty-five operas, operettas, dramas and pantomimes, and to such favourite old songs as "Old Towler," "The Thorn," "The Wolf," "The Heaving of the Lead," "Arethusa," "The Post Captain" and "Auld Lang Syne." A writer in the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," early in December 1891, said: "I have been

privileged to read the correspondence between Dr. Bruce and Mr. Chappell, the learned author of 'Popular Music in the Olden Times,' on this subject, and I am firmly convinced that the opinion of both Dr. Bruce and Mr. Chappell is fully borne out by historical facts, that the air of 'Auld Lang Syne' was first published in the opera composed by Shield. The opera (in question) of 'Rosina' was first brought out on December 31st, 1782. It met with great success; the overture—in which occurs the melody of 'Auld Lang Syne'—was published separately in 1783, and the air became popular as a pianoforte piece, and, being thoroughly vocal, afforded others the opportunity of setting words to it, which Shield did not do himself." This is the first date of the air, and this, there is every reason to believe, was the air which Thomson used in his collection. No doubt other words, as indicated above, had already been adapted to the melody, but this would not deter Thomson the publisher from using it, for he was not above annexing any lyric or melody that suited his purpose. The "mediocre" air referred to by Burns would be the one the old man sang to Allan Ramsay. But Burns's version of "Auld Lang Syne" first appeared in 1793; it was set to a different air from the one we know it by, and different also from Allan Ramsay's song of 1740. The pre-

sent air and Burns's words first made their appearance wedded together twelve years after Shield's "Rosina" was given to the world. And then, as I have said, Thomson issued the song in his collection (1799). Apart from the fact that the dates are all in favour of Shield, there is another point. When Shield had occasion in his operas to introduce the melodies of other writers, he was careful in every case to studiously acknowledge his obligations. The air known as "Auld Lang Syne" he distinctly claimed as his own composition; therefore, as no one has ever been able to disprove Shield's claim, there is every evidence that his statement must be accepted and he is proclaimed composer of this immortal song. In the "Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland," however, there is a quotation note, without the authority being named, which runs: "Shield introduced it into his overture to the opera of 'Rosina' written by Mr. Brooks (query Miss Brooke?) and acted at Covent Garden in 1783. It is the last movement of that overture, and in imitation of a Scottish bagpipe tune, in which the *oboe* is substituted for the *chanter* and the *bassoon* for the *drone*."

In the "Musical Times" for January 1896, Mr. W. H. Cummings gives the air from "Rosina," and says "My edition of Shield's 'Rosina' is an oblong folio, published in 1783; the tune I take to be the original of 'Auld Lang

Syne 'is given to the oboe, the bassoons playing a pedal bass with the words, inserted by the composer 'to imitate the bag-pipes.'" "Auld Lang Syne," continues Mr. Cummings, "was published with two airs, one in 1740, the other in 1793, and it was not till twenty years after the production of 'Rosina' that it appeared with the tune now always associated with the words, the earlier tunes having been abandoned." I would like to point to a suspicious similarity between portions of the melody of "The Thorn" by Shield, and "Auld Lang Syne" which has not been referred to by any other writer as being strong proof of the two being composed by the same man. At the same time I think it only fair to say that Mr. Alfred Moffat (the editor of "The Minstrelsy of Scotland") disputes Shield's claims, and some of the above statements, which, however, I see no sufficient reason to abate or alter. George Thomson has a note to "Auld Lang Syne" in his "Collection of original Scottish Airs" (1799) to this effect: "From an old MS. in the Editor's possession"—but Thomson was too many days after the fair. The melody was already a favourite owing to the circumstances of its birth in 1783, as already recorded. Thomson could easily have taken it from Johnson's "Scots Museum," wherein was published a version of the air in 1792.

The libretto of W. M. Shield's two act comic

opera "Rosina," by the way, was written by Mrs. Francis Brooke, the authoress of several plays and novels. It was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, December 31st, 1782.

I may add that the song was introduced into an adaptation of Scott's "Rob Roy" and sung on the stage at Edinburgh in 1819, and also before George IV. in 1822, by the actor playing the part of Francis Osbaldistone. A drama called "Auld Lang Syne" in three acts, written by G. Lash Gordon, was produced at the Opera Comique Theatre, London, August 3rd, 1878.

CHAPTER IV.

"LA MARSEILLAISE."

THE wild, pulse-stirring, revolutionary song "Le Chant des Marseillaise"—it was called "patriotic" in the last decade of the last century—which has had so much effect on political and social life in more countries than France, was originally written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle in the winter of 1792. I say "originally," because many versions appeared almost immediately after its production, so popular did it become with the soldiers and peasants alike, when several hundred sturdy revolutionists from Marseilles marched into Paris to its strains. The Parisians took it up immediately, and the Austrian and Prussian regulars were beaten again and again by the ragged sans-culottes to this tune, as every reader of Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution" knows. Curiously enough, the "Marseillaise" is still the official patriotic hymn in France under the present most Philistine of Republics! And we, on this side of the Channel, duly recognized the fact of its being the National melody by playing it at

the Mansion House during a banquet to a French minister in the year of grace and loyalty, 1893! But what a wonderful history has this truly marvellous song! And how often has it been erroneously related!

There are several variants as to the circumstances under which it was composed and written, for Rouget de Lisle wrote both words and music. Our author, says one version, was a young artillery officer at Strasburg, who was imbued with considerable poetic and musical talent, and under the combined influence of love and patriotism he wrote the hymn one night in the house of his sweetheart's father, during the severe winter of 1792. The young maiden who had inspired him with the idea shed tears upon hearing the stirring strains. At once conveying the exact prevailing spirit of the whole of France, the song quickly spread from Strasburg to Alsace, where the melody was learnt by the Marseilles troops then on their way to Paris. The piece created a tremendous furore in the French capital, and soon the refrain was being sung and played all over the country. This is only partly true, because there is some doubt about the sweetheart incident. The real facts are as follows, though his claims to both words and music have often been disputed. Of the many claimants to the honour I shall have a word to say later. Rouget de Lisle

was greatly esteemed among his friends for his poetical and musical gifts, and was a particular friend of the family of the Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alsatian then Mayor of Strasburg. "One night during the winter of 1792 the young officer was seated at the table of this family. The hospitable fare of the baron had been so reduced by the calamities and necessities of war that nothing," says Mdme. Fanny Raymond Ritter, "could be provided for dinner that day except garrison bread and a few slices of ham. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and lamenting the poverty of the fare he had to offer, declared he would sacrifice the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar, if he thought it would aid de Lisle's poetic invention, and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies shortly to take place in Strasburg. The ladies approved, and sent for the last bottle of wine of which the house could boast." After dinner de Lisle sought his room, and though it was bitterly cold he at once sat down at the piano, and between reciting and playing and singing eventually composed "La Marseillaise," and, thoroughly exhausted, fell asleep with his head on his desk. In the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, immediately wrote it down and carried it to his friend Baron Dietrich. Everyone was enchanted with the song, which aroused the

greatest enthusiasm. A few days later it was publicly given in Strasburg, and thence it was conveyed by the multitude to the insurgents of Marseilles, and, of its after popularity we know. De Lisle's mother was a most devoted Royalist, and asked, "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which those brigands sing?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a Royalist, when flying for his life in the Jura mountains, heard it as a menace of death, and recognizing the well-known air, asked his guide what it was called. It had then been christened the "Marseillaise Hymn," and was so called until hymns went out of fashion, when it was known by the one word. In his late years de Lisle is said to have been twice in prison, and to have been reduced to the utmost poverty. A short time before his death, when all hopes and ambitions had been extinguished in him by age, he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Soon after this tardy recognition several pensions were conferred upon him which he did not live long to enjoy. He was the author of many essays, songs, dramas and musical compositions, his sole means of support during a large part of his life being his literary labours. I believe that several of de Lisle's plays were translated and played in England. He died in 1836.

Of the words only six stanzas were originally

written, but at least a dozen more were added by other hands about the same time. I append the first verse of de Lisle's version.

“Allons, enfants de la Patrie !
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé ;
 Contre nous de la tyrannie,
 L'étendard sanglant est levé
 Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes,
 Mugir ces féroces soldats ?
 Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
 Egorger nos fils :—nos compagnes !

“Aux armes, mes citoyens !
 Formez vos bataillons :
 Marchons, marchons, Qu'un sang impur :
 Abreuve nos sillons.”

The Republican version of the lyric differs somewhat from the original.

One of the first and best English versions was published so soon as 1795, only three years after it was written, and is as follows. Unfortunately the translator's name is not given :

I.

“Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
 Hark, hark what myriads bid you rise,
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries !
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?

REFRAIN.

“To arms ! to arms, ye brave !
Th’ avenging sword unsheath !
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
To victory or death.

II.

“ Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling
Which treacherous Kings, confederate, raise ;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo ! our fields and cities blaze,
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing ?

III.

“ With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air ;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore :
But man is man, and who is more ?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us ?

IV.

“ O, Liberty ! can man resign thee !
Once having felt thy gen’rous flame ?
Can dungeon, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood’s dagger tyrants wield :
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.”

No wonder such a lyric as this, with the oft-repeated chorus, should have stirred the people to action! Lamartine exclaimed of "La Marseillaise:" "It received, from the circumstances amid which it arose, an especial character, that renders it at once solemn and sinister; glory and crime, victory and death, are mingled in its strains." And Heine wrote of it in 1830: "A strong joy seizes me, as I sit writing! music resounds under my window, and in the elegiac rage of its large melody I recognize that hymn with which the handsome Barbaroux and his companions once greeted the city of Paris. What a song! It thrills me with fiery delight, it kindles within me the glowing star of enthusiasm and the swift rocket of desire. Swelling, burning torrents of song rush from the heights of freedom, in streams as bold as those with which the Ganges leaps from the heights of the Himalaya! I can write no more, this song intoxicates my brain; louder and nearer advances the powerful chorus:

'Aux Armes, citoyens!'

To hear a large concourse of enthusiastic Frenchmen sing this song is an experience of the most thrilling description. Rachel chanted the song with such fire and passion that the audience grew crazy with excitement, and, as it were, reached for their swords. The music of "La Marseillaise" is at once striking and en-

thralling ; the theme forcible, and the refrain " Aux armes, citoyens !" so pathetic and expressive that few can hear it without being affected to tears.

As I have already stated, there are several other translations ; two in 1800, and one which was published about 1857 and sung by Mrs. Howard Paul in the " Mimic and Musical Entertainment Patchwork." John Oxenford wrote this version, and just listen to it, as a specimen of what the mild and genial dramatic critic of the " Times " could turn out :

"Come children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their crimson standard have unfurled.
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage hoard,
They threaten with the murd'rous sword
Your comrades and your children dear—
Then up, and from your ranks the hireling foe withstand,
March on, march on, his craven blood must fertilize the land."

So popular had the song become that everybody seemed imbued with the idea that they had had a hand in its composition. According to that curious work ' An Englishman in Paris,' not only did de Lisle not write the whole of his song—the Abbé Pessoneaux during the Reign of Terror declared he wrote the last strophe of the lyric—but, it is said, he had stolen the music, note for note, during the period he was writing

the song when a prisoner in the fortress of St. Jean, *at least three years after* de Lisle really had been inspired with the whole composition! It is Boucher—Alexandre Boucher, a well-known eccentric violinist, who vowed, says the author of “An Englishman in Paris,” that he, Boucher, had written it for the colonel of a regiment who was about to leave Marseilles the next day. I give it, says the writer of the work I have just referred to: “In the very words of Boucher himself as he told it to a Paris journalist whom I knew well: ‘A good many years afterwards I (meaning Boucher) was seated next to Rouget de Lisle at a dinner-party in Paris. We had never met before, and, as you may easily imagine, I was rather interested in the gentleman, whom, with many others at the same board, I complimented on his production; only I confined myself to complimenting him on his *poem*. “You don’t say a word about the music,” he replied; and yet, being a celebrated musician, that ought to interest you. Do you not like it?” “Very much indeed,” I said, in a somewhat significant tone. “Well, let me be frank with you. The music is not mine. It was that of a march which came, heaven knows whence, and which they kept on playing at Marseilles during the Terror, when I was a prisoner at the fortress of St. Jean. I made a few alterations necessitated by the words, and there it is.”

Thereupon, to his great surprise, I hummed the march as I had originally written it. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed; "how did you come by it?" he asked. - When I told him, he threw himself round my neck. But the next moment he said: "I am very sorry, my dear Boucher, but I am afraid that you will be despoiled for ever, do what you will; for your music and my words go so well together that they seem to have sprung simultaneously from the same brain, and the world, even if I proclaimed my indebtedness to you, would never believe it." "Keep the loan," I said, moved, in spite of myself, by his candour. "Without your genius, my march would be forgotten by now. You have given it a patent of nobility. It is yours for ever."

This is quite touching, but unfortunately the dates don't fit in; the Reign of Terror was scarcely consummated until 1793, when Robespierre for a time was triumphant, de Lisle was undoubtedly at Strasbourg in 1792, and was not taken captive till more than a twelvemonth after the song was turning all France into demons, and, as I have said, the song was already *published* in England by J. Bland, Holborn, London. But I am enabled to demolish this fable of Boucher by advancing the countless fictitious claims of other impostors. Amongst the many appears to have been a certain Holtzmann who

was discovered by a Monsieur Tappert. Only quite recently (1892) the origin of "La Marseillaise" was greatly exercising the minds of the good people of Cahors. It seems, according to the correspondent of a London newspaper, that the bishop of that place happened to find himself in the course of a public ceremony, forced to listen to the famous Republican hymn and apparently was not at all shocked, consequently some officious nobody wrote to the local papers about him. One of these, the "Semaine Religieuse," took the matter up in a manner least expected, and said "How is it possible that anybody should be astonished that a bishop should listen with complaisance to an air which in reality has a religious origin?" The idea, promulgated not for the first time, was that the author plagiarized it from a piece of sacred music. Then was revived the story not of Simon Tappertit, but M. Tappert. He affirmed that the theme of the "Marseillaise" was to be found in a *credo* of a mass composed in 1776 by Holtzmann, chapel master of the parish church of Meersbourg. Naturally this announcement caused an immense sensation among the musical *savants*, and more particularly among those who worshipped the piece as a national and patriotic anthem. M. Tappert was immediately called on to explain where this mass was to be found, but up to the last he failed to do so, and

therefore we are at liberty to assume that he invented the story for some reason or other. In 1886 it was also stated that the air was taken from a religious source by M. Arthur Loth in the "Univers," who declared that Grisons, although a cleric, had embraced the cause of the Revolution. But Grisons did not avow himself the composer until 1793—a year after it was really written—when he actually did introduce it into a score which was executed by choristers from the church of St. Omer. Of course his claim was very soon put out of court when the matter was thoroughly investigated—he had simply stolen a few bars from "La Marseillaise," and embodied them in his own work. It is odd that the piece should have been so often temporarily appropriated by some charlatan anxious to secure a little cheap fame. The "Marseillaise" has been made use of by many well-known people, but invariably the indebtedness has been acknowledged by them: Salieri, for instance, in the opening chorus of his opera, "Palmira" (1795). It stands in Grisons' introduction to his oratorio, "Esther," which is still in MS., and which excited so much speculation as to whether he invented the melody or de Lisle. { Schumann uses it in his song of the "Two Grenadiers" with excellent effect, also in his overture to "Hermann and Dorothea."

Louis Philippe conferred a pension on de Lisle

for his patriotism and poetry. There is a picture by Pils, representing de Lisle singing the "Marseillaise," well known from the engraving. Finally, there is no simpler method of settling this vexed question than by referring to "La Vérité sur la Paternité de la Marseillaise : par A. Rouget de Lisle," published in 1865. The writer was a nephew of the original Rouget, and, says W. F. Waller in "Notes and Queries," he showed, by precise documentary and other evidence, that Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle was a captain of engineers, quartered at Strasbourg in 1792; that when Dietrich, Mayor of Strasbourg, wanted a patriotic song for the Bas Rhin volunteers—then under orders to join Lückner's corps—to sing, the engineer captain went home to his lodgings, and on the night of April 24th composed the words and music of a song which he called "Chant de Guerre pour l'Armée du Rhin," the title which appears on the first edition of the song, published by Dannbach of Strasbourg, and dedicated to Marechal Lückner. This "Chant de Guerre" was sung at Dietrich's house on April 25th. The scene is familiar enough, as shown in the engraving from Isidore Pils's picture. Band parts were ready next day, and the band of the Garde Nationale played the "Chant" on Sunday, April 29th. It was a matter of two months before it got to Marseilles. On June 25th

Mireur sang it at a banquet there, and with so much effect that it was printed and distributed amongst Barbaroux's "Six Hundred" who were about to march to Paris. They sang it when they entered Paris on July 30th, and at the attack on the Tuileries on August 10th.

Jean Alexandre Boucher, who claimed to have written the song, as previously stated, was an extraordinary individual, born the same year his homonym, the Painter of Dubarrydom, died. He was a Court fiddler at the early age of six. He was of the "Concert Spirituel" at seven; and solo-violinist to the King of Spain whom Napoléon Empereur vanquished. After the peace he toured through Europe, and made a great sensation wherever he went. He called himself "Alexandre des Violons," and won a reputation second only to that of the great Paganini. His chief hobby seemed to be in imitating Napoleon, whom he closely resembled. He made a considerable fortune, and died in 1861.

I have purposely given all the versions and particulars respecting the "Marseillaise" that I have come across from time to time, and I trust that such facts as I have been at some pains to unearth and verify, will remove all doubt on the subject of the authorship of this composition for the future. A full account of the song may also be found in "Les Mélodies Populaires de la France," by Loquin, published in Paris, 1879.

In conclusion, it is pleasant to be able to add that Frenchmen have acknowledged the genius of Rouget de Lisle at last by erecting a statue to him in their beloved city of Paris, 1892.

Amongst de Lisle's best works may be mentioned "Hymne dithyrambique sur la conjuration de Robespierre et la revolution du 9 thermidor" (1794), "Chant des Vengeances" (1798), "Chant du Combat" (1800, for the Egyptian Army). He also wrote the libretto of the comic opera "Jacquot, ou l'école des mères" (music by Della Maria, 1795), and of the grand opera "Macbeth," to the music of Chélaré, 1827.

I can trace only two plays in which the story of the writing of the "Marseillaise" has been utilized, the best, called "An Old Song," by the Rev. Freeman Wills and A. Fitz-Maurice King, was produced at the Great Hall, Tunbridge Wells, August 2nd, 1894, and reproduced without much success at the Criterion Theatre in the fall of 1896.

CHAPTER V.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

THE sale of a chest in February, 1893, alleged to be associated with the story of the "Mistletoe Bough" at Basketts-Fletchwood, naturally revived interest in the tragedy (or tragedies) upon which the song is founded, and which is said to have happened in so many families during the last century, and much speculation was rife. Some years ago several correspondents tried to thresh the subject out in the pages of "Notes and Queries," but only with partial success. Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Greatwood, who has been kind enough to let me see a booklet on the subject, claims to have the identical chest at The Castle, Tiverton, North Devon, but I fear that such is not the case. This chest was for a number of years in the possession of the Cope family, of Bramshill, Hertford Bridge, Hampshire, and the late Sir William Cope wrote the booklet mentioned, giving many interesting particulars respecting the same. The story as told in verse both by Samuel Rogers and Thomas Haynes Bayly, is as follows: A youthful and

playful bride on her wedding day hid herself, while playing hide and seek, in an oak chest ; she let down the lid, the spring caught, and she was buried alive. She was sought for high and low, but it was not until some considerable time had elapsed that the old chest was broken open, and her skeleton discovered. But though this story is stated as having occurred at Bramshill, no reliable data have ever been discovered to make the belief any more than a tradition. It is denied that any Miss Cope ever met with such a fate, though the incidents have been circumstantially set forth. A lady wrote to the late Sir William Cope, that there could be no doubt of Bramshill being the seat of the tragedy ; that Miss Cope was extremely young, and just home from school at the time she was married. She proposed a game of hide and seek, which was pooh-poohed for a long time. At last she said, "Well, then, I shall go and hide myself," and she was never found again. The family left the place dreadfully unhappy. About two years after Lady Cope wrote to the housekeeper to say they were coming down ; and in going about the rooms with the housemaids to prepare for them, she (the housekeeper) missed some counterpanes or something similar. In searching for the missing articles she went into some rooms that had not been occupied for many years.

“ Oh, they may be in the chest, and yet I do not think it likely,” said the housekeeper.

However, she opened the chest and to her horror beheld the wedding garments of the lost girl. Upon the family being made acquainted with the discovery they had forty rooms pulled down, as the mansion was excessively large, and they could not bear to go into that part of the house again. It is true that, at the beginning of the last century, a projecting wing containing thirty-three rooms was pulled down. But no faith is placed in the story of the lost bride. However, there was a daughter, Elizabeth, of Sir John Cope, the sixth baronet, who met her death in this way. She died, aged 13, in 1730. But of her being the lady of the chest there is no tradition, for if there had been any truth in this version, Sir Richard, the ninth baronet, who was her cousin and nine or ten years old at the time of her death, would surely have known. He died in 1836. It is stated, however, that he was a man of peculiar disposition and did not like being questioned about the chest or the accident, whatever it was, that caused his cousin Elizabeth's death.

The oak chest now at the Castle, Tiverton, was described by the late Sir William Cope as follows: “ The chest is one of those called in Italian ‘ Cassone,’ in which the bride's trousseau was enclosed and conveyed to her future home.

It is about seven or eight feet long ; about three feet high and the same in breadth. The exterior and the interior of the lid are inlaid with ornamental designs. The front is divided into three panels. The subjects of these panels are landscapes, in one of which is a man cutting down a tree ; the stiles dividing and enclosing the panels are each ornamented with the figure of a man with the legs of an animal (a satyr). The two on the exterior stiles are carrying goats, the other two on the dividing stiles are blowing horns ; one carrying a trident, the other a club. At the foot of one of the satyrs is a tortoise ; of another, a serpent ; and of the other two, dogs or some similar quadrupeds. The frame is decorated with arabesques. The inside of the lid, which has three hinges the long straps of which end in fleur-de-lys, is decorated. In the upper centre is the globe, supported by two 'amoretti' and below these are arabesques. On one side in a landscape are two unarmed figures kneeling in homage to a crowned figure, holding a sceptre, and seated on a throne ; and behind the kneeling figures is a man in full armour. On the opposite side are two men fully armed, and with shields, meeting a third. At each extremity is a man in armour standing on a tessellated pavement. The whole of this ornamentation is bordered by arabesques." Assuming this ornamentation to be of Italian workmanship, Sir

William Cope was willing to give credence to the story told by a lady of a distinguished Italian house to the effect that the incident happened in her own family, and was a well-known record. The chest was said to have been sold to an Englishman, whom Sir William believed to have been the fifth baronet, who resided in Italy for many years, and who conveyed it to Bramshill about the beginning of last century. He cites Rogers's "Ginevra" in support of his contention, but unfortunately the poet in a footnote to his poem said: "This story is, I believe, founded on fact, though the time and place are uncertain. Many old houses in England lay claim to it." Rogers laid the scene in Modena. At Florence, however, is an old Castello, opposite to the church of St. Florence, where the "identical chest" is still shown to visitors.

Miss Mitford, in 1829 ("Life," vol. ii., 281), says the story belongs to Bramshill, Sir John Cope's house in Hampshire. But she adds: "This story is common to old houses; it was told me of the great house at Malsanger." This last house is near Basingstoke and at nearly the same date is said to have been unoccupied. There seems to be no doubt that the old oak chest of Bramshill was connected with some tragical event, but whether it took place in Italy or England it is hard to say, though I

incline to the belief that it was in England, as the oak chest was at one time one of the principal articles of furniture in most family mansions. The oak, too, is a special product of England, but not of Italy. Moreover, the same sad circumstance has been associated with at least four other houses. First at a Leicestershire house, the house of the Hartopps; secondly at Marwell Old Hall near Winchester, where the coffer sold at Basketts-Fletchwood was, previously to its passing into the possession of the late Rev. J. Haygarth, at Upham, Hants, at whose death it went to Mr. Lawson Tait's house in the New Forest; thirdly, at a house not far from Bridgwater. In the parish church of Bawdrip, about three miles from Bridgwater there is a monument to Edward Lovell, his wife Eleanor (*née* Bradford) and their two daughters, Maria and Eleanor. The inscription touching the latter is: "Eleanor . . . obiit Jun 14 1681. Hanc, subito et immaturo (ipsos pene inter hymenaeos) fato correptam mœstissimus luxit maritus, et in gratam piamq. parentum sororis et dilectissimae conjugis memoriam, monumentum hoc erigi voluit." The month *Jun.* might easily be a mistake for *Jan.* Roughly translated, the above may be rendered as, "Her afflicted husband mourned her snatched away well nigh on her wedding day by a sudden and untimely fate; and he resolved to have this

monument erected to the pleasant (agreeable) and pious memory of parents, sister, and most-beloved spouse." Tradition connects this sudden death with the story of the bride playing at hide and seek. It is curious that in Haynes Bayly's song the bridegroom's name should be Lovell. There is no mention in the monument of the name of the bereaved husband. The father, Edward Lovell, was fourteen years rector of Bawdrip, and fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and died in 1675, so he could not have been present at the wedding as represented in the song. He came from Batcombe, near Castle Cary, at which latter place the Lovells were seated in very early days. It is quite conceivable that the bride and bridegroom were cousins, both Lovells, and it would be interesting to know upon which legend Bayly based his lyric.

The third house that is held to be the scene of the tragic mishap is Exton Hall, the seat of the Noels. The incident is related by an ancestor of the family, it having been handed down from Dorothy Noel, born in 1693, who was present as a child at the time of the occurrence—say about 1700-1705. Her version of the story is as follows: There was merry-making at Christmas in the old family hall, and amateur theatricals were performed. In one of the scenes it was necessary to represent a funeral. Accordingly one of the young ladies present

personated the dead girl of the piece, and was lowered into an old oak chest, and the lid closed over her. When the scene was finished the lid was raised, when to the dismay of the party she was discovered to be dead. Never again were private theatricals enacted in that house, for the judgment of God was supposed to have been manifested in the event, and the family (said to have been previously given to gaiety and disregard of serious subjects) thereafter became noted for its strict performance of religious duties.

This variant does not fit in with Haynes Bayly's once popular song, wherein he indicates that the game of hide and seek was played. It may be here stated that Collet tells a similar story to Bayly's in his "Relics of Literature;" it also finds a place in the "Causes Célèbres." The words of the song at once dispose of the claims of Italy as being the scene of the catastrophe, though by some eccentric freak of fancy, when it appeared in a collection called "Songs of the Season," set to music by Sir H. R. Bishop about 1830, these lines from Rogers's "Italy" were used as a motto :

"The happiest of the happy,
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever."

But there is no evidence that Bayly was influenced by the "Ginevra" of Rogers. Rogers

was the popular poet of the period, and everybody quoted from him.

“THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.”

“The mistletoe hung in the Castle Hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall ;
And the baron’s retainers blithe and gay
Were keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld, with a father’s pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovell’s bride ;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

Oh, the mistletoe bough ! the mistletoe bough !

“‘I’m weary of dancing now,’ she cried ;
‘Here tarry a moment, I’ll hide, I’ll hide !
And, Lovell, be sure thou’rt first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place.’
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, ‘Oh ! where dost thou hide ?
I’m lonesome without thee, my own dear bride !’

“They sought her that night, they sought her next day !
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away !
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past ;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
‘See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride !’

“At length an old chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the Castle—they raised the lid—
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.

Oh! sad was her fate—in sportive jest,
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest ;
It closed with a spring, and, dreadful doom !
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb !”

This is all essentially English, particularly the Christmas festivities, when the baron’s retainers were wont to keep their Christmas holidays the same as the barons themselves. Mrs. Bayly in the “ Life ” of her husband, published in 1844, throws no light on the subject, but it seems tolerably evident that the ballad was founded by Bayly (who was born at Bath in 1797, and died 1839, after having written hundreds of songs and some thirty-six dramatic pieces) on some well-known family tradition, and in all probability he at some time or other visited Bawdrip and read the inscription in the church-yard, which I have transcribed above. Indeed, Bayly might have heard the tale of the Lovell family from his father, who was a solicitor at Bath, or he may even have met a descendant of the Lovells—is it not probable that the elder Bayly was the Lovell family solicitor, and consequently in full possession of their history? But what has become of this particular old oak chest? The one sold on the 10th of February, 1893, belonging to Mr. Lawson Tait of Basketts-Fletchwood, was said by a gentleman who saw it to be of Spanish mahogany, and not of oak. Will the story ever be traced to its original

source? Bayly was the author of, amongst other songs, "I'd be a Butterfly," "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and many poems of a homely nature. Joseph Philip Knight wrote the music of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and to most of Bayly's lyrics. He was born in 1812, and died 1886.

Although Haynes Bayly was a dramatic author, he does not appear to have seen the possibilities of a drama in the story of the song; but during his lifetime a fellow-dramatist, Charles Somerset, turned it to account, and produced at the Garrick Theatre, Whitechapel, in 1834, a melodrama in two acts, entitled, "The Mistletoe Bough; or, the Fatal Chest." Mr. Somerset's editor says that "a story in Rogers's 'Italy' produced the ballad upon which this drama is founded," and gives an extract from the poem. He continues: "Mr. Somerset, seeing the dramatic impossibility of confining himself to this single incident, has amplified the story by introducing a variety of characters, the most prominent of which is a Goblin Page, a dwarfish, deformed, malignant imp of mischief. The lady dies, not by her own youthful frolic, but the vengeance of a rejected lover, who, after she has got into the chest, stabs her and closes the lid. His treachery meets with retribution. The spirit of his victim stands forth as his accuser; and, in a paroxysm of shame, remorse, and

despair, he plants a dagger in his heart!" The transpontine and cispontine dramas were nearly all built that way sixty years ago—the avenging spirit was always on top, so to speak. It is a most wonderful and weird concoction of tragedy and farce playing at hide and seek to the end. The song is introduced and sung as a "Romance and Chorus," and many liberties are taken with Bayly's words. The Spirit also glides on towards the end, and sings a new version of the lyric, suitable to the occasion, to her sleeping lover, Lovell. At one time "The Mistletoe Bough" was a great favourite at the pantomime theatres, and it was frequently introduced into the orchestral selections.

Amongst the many novelists who have used the title may be mentioned Anthony Trollope, who contributed a story called the "Mistletoe Bough" to the Christmas number of the "Illustrated London News," December 21st, 1861.

CHAPTER VI.

"EVER OF THEE."

THE story of this at one period extraordinarily popular song, has been told many times in various ways. The simplicity of the words and homely characteristics of the melody naturally appealed to the public some few decades ago, and occasionally one comes across it as a favourite side by side with "Little Nell," "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" and similar pieces, especially in country houses. Its sale for many years was something abnormal, and even now there is a more or less steady demand for it. The publisher, Mr. Turner, is said to have reaped a fortune by it—its author, oblivion. But let me relate the romance concerning the origin of the song which was said to have been written and composed by James Lawson, whose name will be looked for in vain on this or any other publication.

Here is the story. On a certain cold day in the month of January, 1850, the door of Mr. Turner's music shop in the Poultry, Cheapside, London, was nervously opened, and a most unlovely, unclean specimen of ragged humanity

dragged himself in. He looked as though he had not had a bath for months. His beard was unkempt, dirty, and matted. In the place of boots he wore some filthy rags, and altogether he was a most pitiable and degraded-looking object.

One of the clerks eyed him cautiously, and told him to clear out as speedily as possible.

Two ladies who were in the shop noticed his woe-begone appearance, and were about to give him some money, when the kind-hearted manager stepped forward, and seeing the poor fellow shivering with cold and, apparently, hunger, took him into the workshop so that he might have a "warm up" by the fire. A few minutes later Mr. Turner, the proprietor, came in, and seeing the ragged individual, asked what he wanted, and "who allowed you in?"

"I did," said the manager; "the poor fellow looked so cold and miserable, that I could not send him into the piercing wind again without giving him a warm; and besides, he says he has some business with you."

"Business with me?"

"Yes, sir; I have a song I should like you to listen to," answered the tramp.

Mr. Turner eyed him from head to foot, and then laughed incredulously.

The miserable-looking object at the stove began to grow uneasy, and begged to be per-

mitted to play the melody of his song, which he then unearthed from his pocket, and handed to the music publisher. Mr. Turner looked at it, and said, "Who wrote this?"

"I did, sir," was the reply.

"You! Well, I'll have it played over, and if it's any good I'll give you something for it."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I should prefer to play it myself."

"What? You play? Well, bring him up to the piano-room when he gets warm, and we'll humour him," said Mr. Turner to his manager.

Very shortly the bundle of rags was seated at a concert grand piano, and "Ever of Thee" was played for the first time by its composer, James Lawson.

His listeners were electrified when they heard this dilapidated tramp make the piano almost speak. His touch is said to have been simply marvellous, and his very soul seemed to sob at his finger-tips. When he had finished, he turned to his small audience, and said, apologetically,

"I'd like to sing it for you, but I have a terrible cold. I have not been in bed for five nights. I am hungry and ill, and I feel I could not do it justice."

The publisher was almost dumb with amazement. The air was so catching and plaintive, that he felt sure it would take and be a success;

and he was convinced in his mind that this was no ordinary man, but one with a history that was worth investigating. So he determined to cultivate him, and pressed him to sing at least one verse of the song. Lawson protested, but finally agreed, and if Turner was amazed when he heard him play, he was positively enraptured when that hungry voice, hungry with love, hungry physically, poured out, in the sweetest of tenors, the first stanza of the song in which his soul lived. It was the story of a lost love, but he cherished it, and, as he sang, it was easy to see that he lived and breathed only for that love. "Ever of Thee" has never been so sung since. That trial verse made its success, and to the experienced publisher, Mr. Turner, it was decidedly evident that he had secured a great song.

Addressing his manager, he said, "Take this man along; get him a bath, a shave, and some decent clothes, in fact, have him properly attended to, and then bring him back, and we will see about this song."

Accordingly this was done, and a wonderful transformation took place when "rigged out" from top to toe in clean wholesome clothing, James Lawson felt himself a new man; and indeed, he looked what in reality he was, or had been, a gentleman. One of the causes of his downfall was not long in manifesting itself, when

he expressed a desire several times to have a drink.

“But won't you let me have a drink?” he said to his companion. “I want it—please let me have a drink.”

The manager, however, discreetly refused to grant this almost feverish request ; he told Mr. Lawson that if he wanted a dinner it should be provided, but drink he could not have. Finally the two went into the “Ship and Turtle” dining-rooms, and, over a good meal, the author and composer of “Ever of Thee” told the following story :

“I was once rich—you know what I am now. You were astonished to hear me play the piano so well. That little song has been the only companion from which I have gained any comfort during the last twelve months. It brought back to me the days when I was rich, loved, respected and happy ; of course it has its sad side for me. But the memory of what it recalls is the dearest thing in my existence.”

The manager interrupted him at this point and indicated that it was getting late.

“Please bear with me,” rejoined Lawson. “I will not detain you long. Let me tell you how and why I composed ‘Ever of Thee.’ Two years ago I met a girl at Brighton. If God ever allowed one of his angels to come to earth, she was that one. I adored her. She

seemed to return my affection. I escorted her everywhere, and was at her beck and call, morn, noon, and night, and it was currently believed that Miss Blank and I were engaged. I had to return to London on business, and when I went back to Brighton she was gone.

“Three months after I met her at a ball. She had just finished a waltz with a tall, good-looking man, and was promenading the hall on his arm. She recognized me. But when I said, ‘How do you do, Miss Blank,’ she quickly replied—

“‘I’m well, thank you, Mr. Lawson; but I am surprised to hear you call me Miss Blank. When you left Brighton so suddenly, I thought I should never see you again. You left no address, never called again, and—well, I am married!’

“‘Married! To whom?’ I gasped.

“‘To Mr. Prize,’ she replied, pointing at the same time to the gentleman with whom she had been dancing.

“That ended my life. My Marie, my dream, was gone. I left the hall, went to a gambling-place I knew, and in drink and gambling endeavoured to kill my grief. It lasted but a little while, this fearful dissipation, and in four months I was ruined.

“Then came my trial. The men who had played with me and won my money shunned

me. My friends shut their doors against me, and my last sovereign was gone. I was utterly stranded, homeless and wretched. I had no desire to live, no energy to do anything. For nights I slept in the cabmen's coffee-houses ; there I was considered a nuisance, for I still drank heavily, spending all I could get in drink, and some friendly doorstep was my only bed. I pawned everything I possessed, and finally I spent three months in a workhouse under an assumed name.

“ It was there the presence of Marie haunted me again. One day—Christmas Day—we were at dinner. Several rich people came to distribute among us gifts, such as tobacco, warm clothing, tea, and so on. I was weary and did not look at the visitors ; suddenly a voice I knew too well said to me, ‘ My good man, which would you prefer, some warm clothing, or some pipes and tobacco?’ I looked up. It was Marie. I rushed from the table out into the garden at the back, and there I was found, hours after, insensible.

“ In my bed there in the workhouse-hospital, I wrote the words of the song you heard me sing to-day. Then I got well, and, sick of the life, I left the place and became night-watchman at some new buildings they were putting up in Aldersgate Street. While there the melody of my song came to me. I got a scrap of music-

paper and jotted it down, and for a time was happy. My old friends often passed me at night, jolly and careless, little dreaming that James Lawson was the poor night-watchman who answered their indolent questions.

“ Often, when all was still, I poured out my soul in this tender song, and after a while the homeless gamins used to come and listen to me. It pleased them, and perhaps made them forget their misery. To me it brought back the memory of a dead love and ruined life. But you are tiring of my story—there is little more to tell. I could not endure the solitary meditation of my past. I again began to drink—it became a disease with me. I lost my situation, and as a last resource I thought that perhaps my song might be worth a few pounds, and so took it to Mr. Turner.”

At this point the poor fellow burst into tears. When he was himself again, they left the dining rooms and repaired to Mr. Turner, who, addressing Lawson, after having spoken with his manager aside, said :

“ Mr. Lawson, here are ten shillings. It will be enough to get your supper and a decent room to-night. To-morrow morning I want you to call here, and I shall give you a good position in my warehouse. As for your song, I want you to remember this : if you will keep sober I will pay you a fair royalty ; but if you spend

this ten shillings in drink, not another penny will you get."

This seems rather a high hand for the publisher to have taken, considering that he had only that day seen Lawson, and he seems to have shown a great lack of tact and discretion. Anyhow, he had no right to dictate such terms to one who had suffered so much. Lawson certainly did not know the value of his song, while the publisher, who eventually made a fortune by it, did. As it is stated that he did not pay Lawson any royalty for the song, one would like to know how he salved his conscience while he was robbing this weak mortal of his rights. If he had acted humanely at once, he might have rescued the outcast and restored him to society.

But to continue this distressing history, Lawson left the shop and did not make his appearance again for five days. Then he was in a condition almost as bad as when he first entered it. His vest was gone; his boots were exchanged for old ones; his hat was shabby in the extreme. His coat (an old one) was buttoned tightly round his collarless neck, and his face was dirty and his chin unshaven. Mr. Turner looked at him. He did not even speak to him. The smell of stale alcohol sufficiently told its own tale. He took half-a-crown from his pocket, handed it to Lawson, and turned on his heel,

saying to his manager, "If this man comes here again put him out."

The composer of "Ever of Thee" left the shop and never entered Turner's place again. What became of him none can say, for he was never seen more.

Now this story, which was first printed (as far as I can ascertain) in the "Albany (New York) Journal," in the winter of 1888, and was afterwards rather extensively copied into the English papers in London and the provinces under various titles—this story, I am informed by the publishers, "is merely and absolutely the creation of some inventive writer." Yet there are some circumstances connected with the issue of the song which I am not able to fathom, and which create a sort of mystery regarding it. The person who wrote the history seemed to indicate that he was in the employ of the publishers when the song was purchased.

"Ever of Thee" was published in 1859, if one may judge from the copy in the British Museum, which bears the date stamp of receipt 18th October of that year. The words were by George Linley, and the music by Foley Hall. So, naturally, the question arises, who was James Lawson, who claims to have written and composed the song? He certainly was not George Linley, who was a prolific writer who wrote ballads, songs, and operettas for the

theatres, and was well known. He wrote both words and music of "The Toymaker," a successful operetta produced at Covent Garden, November 20th, 1861. Linley was born in 1798, and died September 10th, 1865. H. Foley Hall, besides composing "Ever of Thee," wrote the music of many other songs, including "Thy Smile turns all to Light" (words by G. Linley); "Blame not the Heart" (words by E. N. Browne) 1860; "Far from those I love," 1859; "O yes thou'lt Remember," 1854; "Stars Shining Above, 1860; "Still in my Dreams" (words by G. Linley), 1857; "Thou art my Guiding Star" (Linley), 1858; and "When I am far away" (words by Miss G. B. Burton), 1848. George Linley and H. Foley Hall were two distinct persons I am assured by one who knew both, but I am unable to find any particulars of Hall's life or what sort of a man he was, except that he was somewhat erratic. All the lyrics that he set were of an extremely sentimental nature, and not of a very high poetic standard. How the circumstantial story of "Ever of Thee" came to be written I cannot say; but I am now in a position to prove that James Lawson and H. Foley Hall were not one and the same person, for there was such a person as Lawson, though the publisher refuses to throw any light on the subject.

Since writing the foregoing I have met two

gentlemen who were acquainted with Foley Hall, and I have heard from others who knew both Hall and Lawson. The fact is, that though this singularly circumstantial story may be quite true as far as the reporter is concerned to whom some one, Lawson presumably, stated the matter, it is otherwise false from beginning to end. A magnificent effort of some one's—James Lawson's, possibly—imagination. Mr. Turner did purchase the song, but it was from George Linley, who wrote the words, and Foley Hall, who composed the music. The song, it is true, was sung by James Lawson, a tenor, during the years 1856 and later, and it was published in October, 1859. Curiously enough, both Foley Hall and James Lawson were very erratic and extraordinary men, and very likely, after the death of Foley Hall, Lawson, broken down and ruined through too great a fondness for the bottle, thinking to raise some money when stranded in New York, invented and related the above fiction. Though the publishers declare the story to be without foundation, I am inclined to the belief, supported by certain facts communicated to me by those who were acquainted with both Foley Hall and James Lawson, that the latter, or some other hard up singer, did tell the above fable to the unsuspecting New York scribe, especially as Foley Hall gave MS. copies of the song to several

singers of the day, in order to get it known to the public. And it was sung at several music halls, including the Trevor, Knightsbridge, during 1856 and onwards. Mr. Beaumont Read, then singing as "Master Beaumont," was presented with a manuscript copy of the song by Foley Hall, and he sang it in 1857. Of the ultimate fate of James Lawson I am unable to give any reliable particulars, but Foley Hall, who looked more like a well-to-do farmer than a musician, died in Chelmsford Gaol, possibly before the publication of the song, as one who was present at his deathbed, and who is still alive, is strongly of opinion that he expired in 1859, attended by his beautiful and heartbroken wife. Foley Hall, like most composers and wanderers in Bohemia, was always hard up, and the cause of his incarceration was through some irregularity in the passing of cheques—but over that matter let us draw a veil. Whether Foley Hall or his next-of-kin ever received any royalty for the song I cannot say. Possibly he sold his interests right out. The royalty system of payment was not practised very much thirty-five years ago.

"Ever of Thee" is forgotten now, perhaps, though in the country theatres it used to be almost invariably played in the orchestra when "East Lynne" was put up as an attraction. From a musical point of view the song is

beneath serious criticism, though the air is "catchy," and, as for the words, I give them for your verdict :

" Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer ;
Thou wert the star, that mildly beaming,
Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear.
Still in my breast thy form I cherish,
Ev'ry kind thought like a bird flies to thee ;
Ah ! never till life and mem'ry perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming, ever of thee.

" Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
Wand'ring afar my soul joy'd to dwell ;
Ah, then I felt I lov'd thee only,
All seem'd to fade before affection's spell.
Years have not chill'd the love I cherish,
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee ;
Ah, never till life and mem'ry perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me."

It is almost equal, perhaps, to some of the drawing-room songs of the present day.

CHAPTER VII.

“DIE WACHT AM RHEIN,” “DIE SCHWERTLIED,”
“KUTSCHKE LIED,” AND OTHER GERMAN SONGS.

MOST of the national (historical) German songs date from the time during which the German States were under the heel of the great Napoleon, or had just emancipated themselves—that is, from 1805 to 1814. As is well known, from the earliest ages Germany was cut up into many provinces ruled by different princes and barons, and subject to varying and far from satisfactory laws. These separate states were constantly at war with each other, and consequently dissensions were ever rife. There were to be considered the conflicting and mighty powers of Austria and Prussia, and the lesser ones of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony. Then followed Westphalia, Hesse-Darmstadt, Mecklenburg, and a vast number of other principalities more or less turbulent, and dissatisfied with the ruling of the petty princes and the controlling of the Great Powers. And it was not until the repulse of Napoleon in Russia, and the thrashing his armies received in Spain from the Duke of Wellington, that any hope of

deliverance appeared on the horizon. In 1813 Frederick William III. of Prussia struck the keynote of freedom when he called upon all the states to fight together for the "Fatherland." The French were routed, and the Battle of Waterloo ended the murderous career of Napoleon, and set Germany on the high road to prosperity, though still not an undivided country. It is to this epoch-making time that Germany owes the birth of such songs as "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland," "Die Schwertlied," and other national songs. Indeed, all the songs of this period are really war hymns, and encourage armed rebellion against the French Power. But they were not exclusively directed to the driving out of the French forces. The French Revolution had sounded the knell of despotism, not only in France, but in Germany also. The principle underrunning all these battle-chants was: First drive out the French, and then restore the native powers that be, but with essential modifications. The princely prerogatives were to be curtailed, and more constitutional modes of government introduced. This explains to a certain extent the extraordinary patience with which the German princes bore the French yoke: they feared the new aspirations of their subjects, who, if victorious, would diminish their influence and strength personally quite as much as Napoleon I. It was out of

these sentiments of fearsomeness and distrust that the notorious "Holy Alliance" grew.

Chief among the new politicians was the educated youth of the country, notably the students' associations (*Burschenschaften*). In those days it was treason, punishable by imprisonment, to talk of reconstituting the German Empire, and consequently up rose the Secret Societies intent upon internal reformation. The *Burschenschaften*, by the way, contributed enormously to the popular song-lore.

One of the most powerful war-hymns was that of Arndt, the first verse of which runs :

"Der Gott, der Eisen wachsen liess,
Der wollte keine Knechte ;
Drum gab er Lanze, Schwert und Spiess,
Dem Mann in seine Rechte.
Drum gab er ihm dem kühnen Muth
Den Zorn der freien Rede ;
Dass er bestünde bis auf's Blut
Bis in dem Tod de Fehde."

Ernst Moritz Arndt was also the author of "What is the German Fatherland?" ("Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland"). He was a cultivated writer and a professor at the universities. He was born in 1769, in the Isle of Rügen, and died in 1860. But it was not till ten years later that the prophesy of his song was fulfilled :

"Where'er men speak in German tongue,
Where German songs to God are sung,

That only be thy boundary line—
That, valiant German, call it thine.
The whole of Germany shall it be!
O, God of Heav'n, look down and see,
And German courage to us send,
To love and guard it to the end."

The unfortunate Körner, author of the "Schwertlied," who wrote several plays of considerable merit, also published a great many songs under the title, "Leyer und Schwert" ("Lyre and Sword"). Karl Theodor Körner was the son of very respectable parents, of Saxony. He was born in 1791, and had as a lad the happiness to be acquainted with the great Schiller. Although somewhat delicate, he was a handsome and accomplished youth, and gave promise of immense intellectual strength. He studied with success at the universities of Leipsic, Berlin, and Vienna, and at the age of twenty appeared as poet with a tragedy that had a large measure of popularity. He had known Schiller and Goethe, and now became intimate with Humboldt and Schegel. Just at the time that Prussia's call to arms resounded through the length and breadth of the land, he fell in love with a beautiful maiden, and they were duly betrothed. But his country called upon him to fight, and so he joined the corps of volunteers known as "The Black Huntsmen." The following is extracted from

a letter to his father: "Now that I know what happiness may be realized in this life, and when all the stars of my destiny look down on me with such genial rays, now does a righteous inspiration tell me that no sacrifice can be too great for that highest of all human blessings, the vindication of a nation's freedom."

His prowess and daring soon caused him to be made a lieutenant, and during the intervals of rest he wrote many a lyric round the bivouac fires, and in particular the fine "War Song," "The Summons to Arms," and the magnificent "Prayer before Battle."

He composed his famous "Sword Song," "Du Schwert an meiner Linken," when lying in ambush waiting for the foe during the month of August, 1813. Two hours later he was shot dead, some authorities say, by a renegade countryman in a skirmish near Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburg, while others say by the French soldiery, who surprised and surrounded them. The lyric was found in his pocket-book. He was buried by the roadside near an oak tree, and a monument marks the resting-place of this brave patriot, who was only twenty-two when he was killed. I give the first verse of the "Sword Song" in the original, and some extracts from a most spirited translation by Miss Elizabeth Craigmyle—the very best that has ever been done, though there are numbers extant:

STORIES OF

“Du Schwert an meiner Linken,
Was soll dein heitres Blinken?
Bin freien Mannes Wehr,
Das freut dem Schwerte sehr.”

“Sword at my left side gleaming,
Why are thy glances beaming
Upon me, shyly-sweet,
With joy thine eyes I greet!”

“My heart for joy is leaping,
Within a brave knight's keeping;
How should my glance be staid?
I am a free man's blade!”

* * * *

“Now leave that sheath unsightly,
Thou joy to all the knightly;
Flash out, my sword, flash free!
I lead thee forth with me.”

There are sixteen verses, all of surprising power and stirring rhythm. The music, which was composed by Weber, has added greatly to the celebrity of the passionate stanzas.

Many other national songs were written later, such as “Deutschland über Alles,” by Hoffmann von Fallersleben. The chief modern patriotic song is, of course, “Die Wacht am Rhein;” the hymn “Heil Dir im Siegeskranz,” by the way, is sung to the same tune as “God Save the Queen.” (The histories of both of these songs will be found in later chapters of this volume.) The Rhine comes in for a good share of notice in patriotic poems. The well-known song of Nicolaus Becker, written about the year 1840,

and entitled "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien Deutschen Rhein" ("They—the French—shall not have it, the free German Rhine"), was answered by the satirical poem of Alfred de Musset, "Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand" ("We have had it already, your German Rhine!").

In Prussia the favourite patriotic song in the fifties and sixties was "Ich bin ein Preusse, Kennt ihr meine Farben?" ("I am a Prussian, do you know my colours?"). It is now somewhat out of date, but the melody, by A. Neithardt, which is stirring, is frequently adapted to other songs. The patriotic songs of the present day are mostly tame and commonplace; there is a sameness about the expressions that make them exceedingly feeble and unexciting. In Germany, as in all countries, stirring songs are only written at stirring times. The song "Schleswig-Holstein, Meerumschlungen" is still remembered in North Germany; it dates from the period when the provinces Schleswig and Holstein were struggling with Denmark for their independence. This capital piece was written in 1844 by Chemnitz. "Patriotic" songs were common under Frederick the Great, but they were mainly mere glorifications of the famous commander, and with the exception perhaps of "Fredericus Rex," I have not come across any of particular merit.

National ideas were chiefly carried on after

the fall of the French First Empire by the gymnastic associations (*Turnvereine*), which were very numerous just after 1816. In Germany, it is well to bear in mind, gymnastics have always been, more or less, mixed up with politics—a questionable blend which, happily, is now going out, and only lingers from force of tradition.

In the turbulent times of 1848 and 1849 “Die Fahne Schwarz-roth-gold” was very much the vogue. The principal popular song writers of this century (they are all dead) are Schenkendorf, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Rückert (read his “How Christ came to a Lonely Child”), Heine, Geibel, Scheffel, and Freiligrath (“Hurra, Germania” and “Were I before the Gates of Mecca”), besides of course the great masters, known to all the world.

It is not my intention to treat of the songs founded on the Rhine legends—they are too many, and many of these beautiful pieces are familiar, as, for instance, Heine’s lovely lyric, “Die Loreley.” Freiligrath and Scheffel are favourites with all English lovers of the ballad; the latter and Chamisso have produced some exquisite humorous and pathetic poems. “The Widow’s Son” and “The Toy of the Giant’s Child” are splendid specimens of Chamisso’s talent. Rückert’s “Barbarossa” (the old legend of the Emperor Frederick Red Beard, whom

the popular imagination of the Middle Ages pictured as confined underground with his beard growing through the stone table at which he was sitting!) is still a leading favourite in student circles. The touching ballad, "Andreas Hofer," is much sung in South Germany and the Tyrol. Andreas Hofer is the name of the heroic inn-keeper who was shot as a rebel in 1810.

Humorous, agreeable songs—mostly of a bacchanalian character—are as plentiful as blackberries in September, and need no further mention. And of course Germany at the present time is very rich in lyric writers of varying ability. They do not make song-writing a mere trade as is the habit with so many of our own drawing-room bards.

And now let us inquire into the story of the "Watch on the Rhine." This was written by Max Schneckenburger in 1840, and, as is not uncommon in the history of literature, it has superseded much better poems on the subject. It was selected from a great number to be the war song of 1870, when it immediately "caught on" and took the place of Körner's "Schwertlied." Schneckenburger was a quiet and perfectly obscure Swabian merchant who, as far as I have been able to discover, was never moved to write, or at any rate publish, any more than this one song, and did not live to enjoy the fame that was thrust upon it during the Franco-

Prussian war of 1870. "The Watch on the Rhine" had a rival in a piece that commenced :

"It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine."

But the martial "Watch" became the universal favourite when the aged King of Prussia rode forth to meet and vanquish the foe, and with the defeat of France the dream of Bismarck's life was realized, for, having quarrelled with and conquered and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia assumed the head of a United Germany—the best thing, as events have proved, that could have happened to the Fatherland.

"Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall :
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum Deutschen Rhein,
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein ?
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein."

The music was composed first as a chorus for male voices by Carl Wilhelm, music teacher and conductor, who was born at Schmalkalden and died some eight or nine years ago, says Fanny Raymond Ritter. But there is another account given of the composition of this great national song by Carl Hauser, which is very curious. The song, says this writer, composed by Carl Wilhelm, was not originally intended

for a national hymn. Carl Wilhelm was a thorough Bohemian, and wrote some of his best compositions on lager beer tables amid fumes of tobacco smoke. He had a great difficulty in selling his compositions, even cheap, and when he struck a bargain it was generally employed in settling his beer score. On one occasion a friend of Wilhelm, a schoolmaster, asked him as a favour to compose a chorus for his pupils, which they would sing on prize-distribution day. Wilhelm acceded. The promise was kept, and the school teacher wrote words appropriate for the event. Later he unscrupulously sold the manuscript so generously composed for a special object, and thus the "Wacht am Rhein" was brought to light with what success everybody knows. Thousands of copies were sold all over the world, but poor Wilhelm derived no benefit therefrom. Neither of these stories is quite correct; the music was composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854. It was first sung with united choruses at Crefeld, June 11th, 1854. Wilhelm was born at Schmalkalden, September 5th, 1815. He was appointed director of the Liedertafel at Crefeld in 1840, and held the post until 1865. In 1871 he was granted an annual pension of one hundred and fifty pounds, and died at his native place in 1873.

There are numberless English versions of the "Watch on the Rhine," for it was excep-

tionally popular in England during the seventies. One by C. H. P. (published by Cramer and Co.) is worthy of mention, as also is another by Herbert Fry, but I am inclined to consider the translation by Lady Natalie MacFarren as being superior to any that has appeared, though not faultless, and consequently I give it in extenso from Chappell's edition :

“ Like gathering thunder spreads a cry,
 Like clash of arms when battle's nigh,
 The Rhine ! there's danger to the Rhine !
 Who'll shield it from the foe's design ?
 Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine,
 Steadfast and true, we guard our German Rhine.

“ The tidings flash through million hearts,
 From million flaming eyes it darts ;
 Our valiant sons, in danger strong,
 Will guard our hallow'd stream from wrong !

“ What though the foe my life should quench,
 I know thy wave will ne'er be French ;
 And ample as thy tide of blue,
 The living stream of heroes true.

“ The shades of heroes past and gone
 Upon our deeds are looking down ;
 By home and Fatherland we swear
 The foeman from thy banks to scare.

“ While through my veins the life is poured,
 As long as I can hold a sword,
 No stranger shall our land despoil,
 No foeman desecrate our soil.

“Proclaim the vow from shore to shore,
 Let banners wave and cannons roar,
 The Rhine! the lovely German Rhine,
 To keep it Germans all combine.

Dear Fatherland, all fear resign,
 Stout hearts and true will keep watch on the Rhine.”

Max Schneckenburger, the author, died in Berne in 1849. His remains were piously brought back to his native place, Thalheim in Wurtemberg, where a handsome monument has been raised to honour the name and fame of the poet.

The most popular song of the German soldiers during the war of 1870-71 was the so-called “Kutschke Lied.” In the “Neue Preussische Zeitung” of August 14th, 1870, there was a paragraph, probably by Hesekei, stating: “Among the many songs of this war, decidedly the best of the hero songs is that composed by Fusilier Kutschke of the Fortieth Regiment at the advanced posts at Saarbrück. As he saw the French running away at the edge of the wood he sang:

“Was Kraucht da in dem Busch herum?
 Ich glaube es ist Napolium.”

“Both text and words are simple and thoroughly soldierly. ‘Hurrah for Kutschke!’”

Charlot’s “Chanson des Allemands contre la France pendant la guerre d’invasion 1870-1871” attributes the composition to a Prussian general,

probably the Crown Prince. It was evident, indeed, that the song was the work of a man of education, who was attempting to write in a popular style. The real author was one of the most unpopular men of his day, a declared Lichtfeind, afterward a Lutheran minister at Basedow, in Mecklenburg, who had been a soldier in his youth. The song is a development of some verses written about the first Napoleon:

“Was hat der rum za Kraachen dort?
Drauf, Kameraden, jagt ihn fort,”

and originally consisted of four stanzas that were printed in the “Mecklenburgische Anzeiger” for the first time. At once various guesses as to the author were made, while presents of all kinds, from all parts, were sent to the army in the field “For the brave fusilier Kutschke.” But Pistorius had a rival claimant. A Rhineland poet arose and said that he had written a song exactly the same in a Rhenish railroad car, where he had left it lying, and that in all probability Pistorius had picked it up. Pistorius was most likely never on a Rhenish railroad in his life, and the Rhenish poet finally abandoned his claim. The only present accepted by Pistorius was one sent from Chicago “Für Kutschke.”

The other Kutschke Lieder, eight in number,

such as "Ne ganze Erbswursch wett' ich drauf," were written by Gustav Schenk, editor of the "Berliner Fremdenblatt." Pistorius died in 1877.

The whole song, however, is inspired by the old song of the War of the Liberation that begins :

"Immer langsam voran, immer langsam voran,
Dass die östreich'sche Landwehr nachkommen kann !

"Wir Oestreicher sein goar prave Leit',
Wir marschiren des Tags in holbe Meile weit.

"Das Marschiren nimmt halt goar kan End'.
Weil vener der Uffziere die Landkoarten kennt ;"

in which occur the lines :

"Bei Leipzig woar anne grusze Schlacht,
Do hoan bärr zähn Tute zu Gesangenen gemacht.

"Woas schleicht ock durt im Puscherum?
Doas is gewiets Napolium.

"Reiszt aus, reiszt aus, reiszt olle, olle aus !
Durt stih a feindliches Schilderhaus !"

Whereupon let us ask, "Is there anything new in the world?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," "YANKEE DOODLE," AND OTHER AMERICAN SONGS.

UP to the present America, apart from the fact that she has not produced any great composer or even song writer of note, has not succeeded in inventing any national anthem worthy of her eminence and power. Minor songs of a more or less negro blend have been turned out in thousands, and have grown into favour with the general public of most nations. But as yet only the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," "Hail, Columbia," and "America" have appeared as national productions, neither of which is in any way admirable. The eccentric "Yankee Doodle," of which I shall speak in detail later, seems to be more universal than any of the purely American pieces, and that is not American at all. In a national air worthy of the grandeur of a great nation, simplicity and strength should be dominant features, but neither of the pieces I have mentioned exhibits these qualities, in fact they are wofully commonplace; the grand American

hymn has yet to be written, and fame and fortune await poet and musician alike who shall step into the breach to sing their country's glories. Up to the year 1812, "Yankee Doodle," with its ridiculous refrain :

"Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy ;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy."

was the only national song our cousins had.

The "Star-Spangled Banner" would appear to have been more or less of an inspiration. One account says that in the war of 1812 Francis Key was taken prisoner by the British, and that during the attack on Fort McHenry, which he was compelled to witness, he composed the now famous verses. But it is also said that at the time they were written, Key was not held as a prisoner on board the British Fleet under Admiral Cockburn, as has been generally supposed ; but that he had visited it under a flag of truce to obtain the release of a friend captured by the enemy, and was unable to return to Baltimore until the day following the attack upon Fort McHenry. He thus became a spectator of the midnight siege, and in the morning, seeing the flag still floating from the ramparts, the words of the "Star-Spangled Banner" took form almost involuntarily in his mind. He speedily committed the lines to

paper, and read them on his return to a party of his comrades, who received them with unbounded enthusiasm. The circumstances, says Mr. Charles F. Adams, attending their first reading and of their being set to music, are narrated by Mr. Hendon, who was one of the party, as follows :

“It was a rude copy and written in a scrawl that Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He (Francis Key) read it aloud once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence. An idea seized Ferdinand Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in my tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune as they caught his eye. One, called ‘Anacreon in Heaven’ struck his fancy and riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips, until with a leap and a shout he exclaimed, ‘Boys, I’ve hit it!’ and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the first time the song of the ‘Star-Spangled Banner.’ How the men shouted and clapped! for never was there poetry set to music made under such inspiring influences! It was caught up in the camps, sang around our bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and when peace was declared and we scattered to our houses, it was carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the war of 1812.”

Here are the verses of the "Star-spangled Banner" as written by Francis Scott Key, who was born in 1780 and died 1843.

"Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
 fight

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
 Oh! say, does the Star-spangled Banner yet wave,
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

"On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream,
 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner! Oh! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

"Oh! thus be it ever, when foemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and foul war's desolation;
 Blest with vict'ry and peace may the Heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause is so just,
 And this be our motto—'In God is our trust!'
 And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The song was first sung in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang. The tune, "Anacreon in Heaven," was composed by John Stafford Smith between

1770 and 1775 to words by Ralph Tomlinson president of the Anacreontic Society, which held its meetings at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, London.

There is no romance whatever attached to the origin of "Hail, Columbia," the words of which are very tame and little better than doggerel. We know of no other lyric by Francis Key than the one quoted above, and we know of no other than the "Hail, Columbia" of Judge Joseph Hopkinson. The judge wrote this song in 1798 to oblige an actor named Fox, who sang it with great success at one of the theatres in Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia. The music was taken from a piece called "The President's March," which had seen the light ten years previously. It was composed by a German named Fyles on some special visit of Washington's to the John Street Theatre, New York. I present the first verse and chorus as specimens of the whole.

"Hail, Columbia, happy land !
Hail ye heroes ! heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause—
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause !
And when the storm of war had gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won ;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost !
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty ;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find."

It would be interesting to know how a man could "rally" round his liberty. The author died in 1842.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" was written by Timothy Dwight, ancestor of the famous president of Yale College. Dwight was a law student, but as there was a dearth of chaplains in the revolutionary army he joined Parson's Brigade of the Connecticut Line as a chaplain, and it was during the time that he held office that he wrote this lyric, the only one of his many poems and songs that has endured to the present day. It was very popular at one period. After leaving the army, Dwight became president of the Yale College, a position he held till his death, which occurred in 1817.

A very hastily composed song was "America," written by the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (born 1808) in 1832 at Andover Seminary, Mass. Though very unpretentious, it has secured a permanent place in the hearts of the people. The words were written to "God Save the Queen," the tune to which the lyric is still sung.

During the great Civil War many stirring lays issued forth, though the majority are quite forgotten now. An exception is "Marching through

Georgia," with its almost irresistible melody. It was written by Henry C. Work, who wrote quite a number of patriotic and homely songs that were at one time exceedingly popular. Dr. George F. Root also was responsible for a vast quantity of military songs, his "Battle Cry of Freedom" was not the least striking of the northern melodies. "From the year 1861 till the close of the war, it was heard everywhere; and it is a matter of history that the Union cause was aided in many a critical juncture by its stirring strains. Dr. Root is doubtless entitled to the position of America's foremost writer of war songs. His compositions in all number nearly sixty, among them being 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching,' 'Just before the Battle, Mother,' 'The Vacant Chair,' and many others that will be recalled by all veteran soldiers." Dr. Root was born in 1820 and died in 1896.

In the course of a sympathetic article in the "Chicago Tribune" at the end of 1887 the writer speaks feelingly of the songs of two and three decades ago. How many of the popular songs, he inquires, can the old folk of the day recall? How many of the melodies that thrilled them in the days of their hot youth have found an abiding place in their memory? The evolution of the popular song presents a striking illustration of the survival of the unfittest. The great sentimental ditty of the ante-war period

was undoubtedly "Ben Bolt." The untimely death of something lovable and beautiful was the usual theme of the song of sentiment in those days, though it varied occasionally in order to picture the heart havoc caused by the separation of slave lovers. "Ben Bolt," written by Dr. Thomas Dunn English, was an enormous success all over the country, and was as well known in England as America. It received a new lease through Du Maurier's "Trilby" in 1895. The music was adapted to the poem by a tenor named Nelson Kneas from a German melody fifty years ago.

"Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown ;
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown ?"

Other songs, sung by minstrel and other troupes, that swept through the country like a cyclone, were "Darling Nelly Gray" and "O Susanna," both depicting the sufferings of slave lovers.

"Oh ! my poor Nellie Gray,
They have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more,"

was heard on every side and voiced by all sorts of singers. "O Susanna" was more in the comic vein, and the request, "Don't you cry for me" was based on the consoling fact that "I've come from Alabama with my banjo on

my knee." "Uncle Ned," that curious old nigger we all knew in our youth, was of earlier growth, and may still be met with in old-fashioned places occasionally. Dan Emmett's "Dixie" and Harrington's "Swanee River" (which has been revived again quite recently in London) have proved the most prominent and lasting of the ante-war melodies. Stephen Colin Foster, who so happily caught the negro musical methods and eccentricities, was one of the most popular song writers that America has ever had. He was born of Irish parents near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on July 4th, 1826, and died in New York, January 13th, 1864. He wrote the words and music of such old-time favourites as "The old Folks at Home," "Willie, we have missed you," which resembles "Jock o' Hazledean," "O Susanna," "Come where my love lies dreaming," "My old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold Ground," "Uncle Ned," "Old Dog Tray," "Poor old Joe," and many more.

As regards the composition of the favourite Confederate air, "Dixie," many conflicting accounts have been given, but it seems quite certain that it was not as has been supposed—I am quoting from Mr. Adams again—of southern origin. The song was written and composed in New York in 1859 by Daniel Emmet, at that time a principal member of Bryant's Minstrels, as a "grand walk round" for their entertain-

ment. The familiar expression upon which the song was founded was not a southern phrase, but first appeared among the circus people of the north. Emmet travelled with many of these companies, when "the South" was considered by showmen to be all routes below Mason and Dixon's line. As the cold weather approached, the performers would think of the genial warmth of the section they were headed for, and the exclamation would be, "Well, I wish I was in Dixie!" The remembrance of this gave Emmet the catch line, and the remainder of the song is claimed to be original. It was continually used during the struggle between North and South, and the rest of the world wondered as half a great nation took up arms to the sound of "John Brown's soul is marching on," while the other half answered by defiantly playing the comic "Dixie's Land."

A sentimental ballad, says the "Tribune," called "Lorena," was an immense favourite in the sixties, and for thirty years previous to the appearance and philosophy of "Old Rosin the Bow" became known to every one. A state of warfare has always proved conducive to song. The flourishing condition of minstrelsy in ages past was due largely to the warlike and adventurous spirit of the times. During the civil war both sides were prolific in song-making. The South made the first striking hit with Randall's

“Maryland, my Maryland.” The “Bonnie Blue Flag” was the Southern national air, and was to the boys in gray what “Yankee Doodle” was to the boys in blue. The Southern women took it up with marvellous enthusiasm, and the chorus rang wildly through every city and town.

“The Bonnie Blue Flag” was written in 1862 by Mrs. Annie Chambers-Ketchum to an Irish melody adapted or composed by Henry McCarthy. The authoress of the words is still alive.

Among the other living lyrics of the war, sentimental and otherwise, were Charles Carroll Sawyer’s “Who will care for Mother now?” and “When this cruel War is over.” Then came “Fairy Bell,” “Annie of the Dell,” “Toll the Bell for lovely Nell,” “Wait for the Waggon,” “Lily Dale,” “Old Cabin Home,” “Fair, fair, with golden Hair,” and “Daisy Dean,” by various writers. To these may be added F. H. Smith’s “Tenting to-night on the old Camp Ground,” S. J. Adams’ “We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More,” and the rollicking “When Johnny comes marching home again,” said to have been composed by the celebrated Patrick S. Gilmore. Does anybody remember this curious production?

“When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!
We’ll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah! hurrah!

The girls will sing, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel quite gay,
When Johnny comes marching home ! ”

The military and volunteer bands used to play it, but we have not heard the old air for years now. One of the great war songs of the North was “ John Brown’s soul is marching on,” and *not* the “ Star-spangled Banner.” A truly beautiful song, popular with North and South during the war, was “ Rock me to Sleep, Mother,” written by an Irish-American, D. K. O’Donnel, and composed by Florence Percy. This, of course, is well-known in England also. The South produced two war-songs that evince genuine poetic feeling, and have been accorded unstinted praise by the critics. They are “ The Conquered Banner,” by Father Ryan, and “ All quiet along Potomac to-night,” by Lamar Fountaine. That most pathetic poem,—was it not written by a Miss (or Mrs.) Rose Carey?—“ Somebody’s Darling,” was produced about this period, and touched many a parent’s heart.

It is not always easy to fathom the reason of the popularity of any particular song. Often the most absurd mixture of bathos and sense will fascinate the public, while a really genuine effusion falls flat. It is certain that after the internecine war the quality of the songs fell off considerably, though the

quantity increased, and we must confess that some of the very worst specimens of English music-hall songs, introduced by various burlesque and variety troupes, assisted in the downfall of taste and sentiment. However, the Americans are too independent not to be able to retrieve their lost position in the song world, and many clever poets and composers are working to-day towards that devoutly to be wished consummation.

And now let us turn our attention to that peculiar production, "Yankee Doodle." With all due reservation I first give what is supposed to be the origin of the word "Yankee." "Yankee" is stated to be an Indian corruption of the word English,—Yenglees, Yangles, Yanklees, and finally Yankee. It grew into general use as a term of reproach thus: About the year 1713 one Jonathan Hastings, a farmer at Cambridge, in New England, used the word Yankee as a cant word to express excellence, as a Yankee (good) horse, Yankee cider, and so on. The students at the college having frequent intercourse with Jonathan, and hearing him employ the word on all occasions when he desired to express his approbation, applied it sarcastically, and called him Yankee Jonathan. It soon became a slang phrase among the collegians to designate a simple, awkward person; thence it spread over the country till from its

currency in New England it was at length taken up and applied to the New Englanders indiscriminately. It was in consequence of this, says a recent writer, that the song called "Yankee Doodle" was composed. As this last statement is erroneous, it will be just as well to take the rest of the story with a pinch of salt.

From Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" I extract the following: "The origin of the American national air is enveloped in almost as great obscurity as that which surmounts the authorship of 'God Save the King.' Though the song is but little more than a century old, the number of different accounts of its origin which are given in American works is extremely bewildering." Precisely, each "authority" seems to have lighted upon a first legend concerning it. One writer says, "The time-honoured tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' which was our only national anthem in continental days, has been traced as far back as Oliver Cromwell's time, when, in words similar to our own it was sung in derision of the Great Protector (or Usurper, whichever you like). The air was handed down to the Puritans, and finally became a New England jig. In the natural order of things, it was fitted with appropriate words by some revolutionary rhymester, and served such an excellent purpose in satirizing the British troops, that it was adopted

throughout the colonies as the patriotic song of the Sons of Liberty. At the present day, no American Fourth of July, or other festive occasion, is considered complete without its rendition, and its perennial music bids fair to last as long as the Republic itself."

I refrain from enlarging upon the irony of Paul's stealing the thunder to play upon Peter. There is much that seems probable in the above account, and it has received the support of most American papers during the last fifty years. There was an ancient rhyme that ran,

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
On a little pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it Macaroni."

"Yankee Doodle" is said to have been a nickname for Cromwell, who was also called Macaroni; it is also said that another ballad, "Roundheads and Cavaliers," was sung to the same melody.

"This story" (about the royal party calling Cromwell Macaroni), says the ('Dictionary) of Music and Musicians,') "is said to occur in the 'Musical Reporter' of May 1841, but whoever invented it showed lack of antiquarian knowledge in fixing upon the period of the Civil Wars as the date of the song." The Macaroni Club, by the way, was in existence

from 1750 to 1770, and this is believed to have been the first introduction of the word Macaroni into the common language. The Rev. T. Woodfal Ebsworth, "undoubtedly the greatest living authority on English ballads," conclusively disproves the Cromwellian origin. Several nursery rhymes are even now sung by children to the tune of Yankee Doodle, including "Lucy Locket," and "Rosy's in the Garden." Various well-meaning folk have asserted its connection with certain pieces, and have gone so far as to attempt to trace it to such differing sources as Dutch, Spanish, and Hungarian music. But whoever invented the melody, whether it was carried to America, say by the Pilgrim Fathers, if antiquity is desired, or not, it is very evident that it was very popular so far back as 1730. Dr. Shuckburgh, it is true, has been credited with originating the air, but in all probability he only wrote the words, and as he was a surgeon in the army (1737) he no doubt suggested its adoption by the troops. There are so many versions of the "lyric" extant that it is almost impossible to fix the date of the birth of the first. But no matter what may be said for or against the song, beyond all question it belongs to America and the Americans by long possession. And as the Hon. Stephen Salisbury said, in an address delivered before the American Antiquarian Society, October 21st, 1872: "Yankee

Doodle is national property, but it is not a treasure of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims for which its friends do not care. It cannot be disowned, and it will not be disused. In its own words,

‘It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
And just as well for fighting.’

It exists now as an instrumental and not as a vocal performance. Its words are never heard, and, I think, would not be acceptable in America for public or private entertainments. And its music must be silent when serious purposes are entertained and men’s hearts are moved to high efforts and great sacrifices.”

According to the “Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians” published by Messrs. Scribner in New York, the piece is “a national air of American origin unknown. The trivial words of the original song, *in derision of the ill-assorted provincial troops*, are said to have been written by Dr. Shuckburgh, who served as surgeon under General Amherst during the French and Italian war. Several versions of the song, the original of which was ‘The Yankee’s Return from Camp,’ are extant. The tune, always called ‘Yankee Doodle,’ from the chorus or refrain, has passed through various changes. [The historical associations connecting the air with the American Revolution, when it was universally

played, have prevented criticism of the melody, which is simple and incisive, but shrill and shallow. It is almost certainly of English origin, though it has been ascribed to various countries and probably dates from the eighteenth century."

I can supplement this by adding that the tune of "Yankee Doodle" appears in Dr. Samuel Arnold's comic opera, "Two to One," written by George Colman the elder, which was produced "with universal applause" (as the title page tells) at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket. The score of this opera was published by Hamilton and Co., Paternoster Row, July 5th, 1784. The tune "Yankee Doodle" is so called in the score of the opera; showing that it was well known by that name before that time. In the opera it is sung by a character called Dicky Ditto, impersonated by Mr. John Edwin, a celebrated burletta actor and singer in his too brief day. The words of the song are the veriest trash imaginable, and too vulgar to be quoted—and this was the work of the great George Colman, who, when he was appointed examiner of plays, expunged the mildest of oaths and expletives.

Of the original words of "Yankee Doodle, or the Yankee's Return from Camp," it is impossible to say one good thing. They are to be seen in the British Museum on a single sheet, quarto, printed about 1825 (?), and sold at the time by L. Denning, Hanover Street, Boston.

The chorus I have previously given; there are fifteen stanzas, and each succeeding one from the beginning grows more idiotic. The first verse is :

“Father and I went down to Camp,
 Along with Captain Gooding;
 There we see the men and boys,
 As thick as hasty pudding.”

The second verse :

“And there we see a thousand men,
 As rich as Squire David;
 And what they wasted every day,
 I wish it could be saved!”

Here is the eleventh verse :

“And there was Captain Washington,
 And gentlefolks about him;
 They say he’s grown so ’tarnal proud,
 He will not ride without ’em.”

But I think I have quoted sufficient to show the kind of senseless stuff it is—and yet what a sensation the melody has made in the world!

Before taking leave of this eccentric composition I may add that, in the “Illustrated London News” for February 16th and March 1st, 1856, it is authoritatively stated that “Yankee Doodle” was based upon “Kitty Fisher’s Jig.” This “Jig” is to be found in Walsh’s collection of dances published in 1745, and is there associated with the well-known nursery rhyme :

“Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a penny was there in ’t,
Only binding round it.”

These two ladies flourished in the reign of the second George; and were well-known characters—rival dancers, in all probability, says Mr. F. Rimbault. Another correspondent in the “News” says, “In my youth I was accustomed to hear a song of which Kitty Fisher and the famous Countess of Coventry, who were rival beauties in their respective lines, were the heroines.” He proceeds to give extracts from the not very elegant song he refers to. Many particulars about these curious ladies and the manners and customs of the age in which they lived are to be found in “Mr. Grenville’s Correspondence,” edited by the Duke of Buckingham, published in 1855.

Kitty Fisher’s portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the suggestive character of “Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl” for the Lord Bovingdon of that day. “Kitty Fisher’s Jig” is in all probability a misprint for “Fisher’s Jig,” this last bearing a strong resemblance to the tune while the first does not. A “Yanky Doodle” was certainly published in Aird’s “Selection of Scotch, English, and Irish Airs,” vol. i., 1782. “Fisher’s Jig,” besides being in Walsh’s dances, reappears in Thomson and

Sons' "Twenty-four Country Dances," 1760, and again in 1773.

A meritorious version of the song was written by one, J. S. Fessenden, "Original Poems," 1804—but there are forty-eight stanzas, so I refrain from quoting. Indeed, to go into the subject fully a volume would be required to be written.

Though, as I have already stated, America has not sent any musical genius into the world yet, she has at least given birth to one composer and pianist of considerable merit. I refer to Louis Moreau Gottschalk, born at New Orleans, May 8th, 1829. His melodies were frequently brilliant, though inclined to sentimentalism and were almost invariably Spanish in tone and expression. He died at Rio de Janeiro, December 18th, 1869.

CHAPTER IX.

“AULD ROBIN GRAY” AND “LES CONSTANTES
AMOURS D’ALIX ET D’ALEXIS.”

UP to the present no one has ever questioned Lady Anne Barnard’s claim to the authorship of the words of “Auld Robin Gray,” and, though I am not going to cast doubt upon the fame of the writer at this late day, I shall shortly show that prior, not only to the appearance but to the writing of the world-famous song, there was a French ballad extant containing the gist of the story and the plot, by Paradis de Moncrif, entitled “Les Constantes Amours d’Alix et d’Alexis.” But there is one very curious thing about Lady Anne Barnard, and that is that we have no record whatever of her ever having written any other song or composed anything else of literary merit whatever, with one slight exception, and yet she is said to have been inspired with the idea of “Auld Robin Gray” when “she was quite a girl,”—as a matter of fact, when she was twenty-one—in the year 1771. It seems to have been almost a precocious inspiration that surprised itself into

silence. Before giving the history of Lady Anne's song I may mention that the author of the French romance mentioned above, and to which I shall refer fully later, *died* in 1770 at the age of seventy-three.

From an article contributed by the Reverend A. B. Grosart, LL.D., to the "Dictionary of National Biography," I extract the following information: "Lady Anne Barnard, was the eldest daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres, by his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of Castleton. She was born December 8th, 1750, and married, in 1793, Andrew Barnard, son of Thomas, Bishop of Limerick. They went to the Cape (she and her husband) where her husband died in 1807, without issue. Lady Anne returned to London and lived with her sister in Berkeley Square until 1812. The sister's house was a literary centre, and was frequented by Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Douglas, and the Prince of Wales, who were all habitual visitors. Lady Anne won the life-long attachment of the Prince Regent. 'Auld Robin Gray' was written by Lady Anne when she was twenty-one years old. It was published anonymously, and various persons claimed the authorship. Lady Anne did not acknowledge it as her own until two years before her death when she wrote to Sir Walter Scott and confided the history of the ballad to

him. Lady Anne Barnard died May 6th, 1825, in her seventy-fourth year."

Mr. Æneas Mackay, in a paper entitled "The Songs and Ballads of Fife" which appeared in "Blackwood" for September, 1891, says: "A song altogether of Fife origin and authorship marks the commencement of the period of modern ballads. It will be acknowledged that 'Auld Robin Gray' has few superiors, either amongst its predecessors or successors, though to call it the 'King of Scottish Ballads,' as Chambers does, is to raise it to a dangerous eminence which it would not be prudent even for the most patriotic native of the 'Kingdom' to claim for it." And he then gives an extract from the letter Lady Anne Barnard wrote in 1823 to Sir Walter Scott, who had referred in the "Pirate" to "Jeannie Gray," the village heroine in Lady Anne Lindsay's beautiful ballad. From Dr. Charles Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems of Songs" (1889) I quote as below:

"This beautiful ballad, of which the authorship was long a mystery, was written by Lady Anne Lindsay. . . . It appears to have been composed at the commencement of 1772, when the author was yet a young girl. It was published anonymously and acquired great popularity. No one, however, came forward to lay claim to the laurels lavished upon it; and a literary controversy sprang up to decide the

authorship. Many conjectured that it was as old as the days of David Rizzio, if not composed by that unfortunate minstrel himself, while others considered it of a much later date. The real author was, however, suspected; and, ultimately, when her ladyship was an old woman, Sir Walter Scott received a letter from Lady Anne herself openly avowing that she had written it."

Before giving Lady Anne's version, it would be interesting to know why she was suspected of being the author. The song was published in 1776 and also in 1790. Was she suspected of being the author before she went to the Cape after her marriage with Andrew Barnard in 1793, or after her return to England in 1808? She died in 1825; the Rev. William Leves, who composed the *second* and now familiar air (it is said in 1770, in "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians") did not die until 1828. As he must have known who was the real author, it is a pity that we do not possess his corroboration as an historical fact. However, *revenons à nos romances*: Lady Anne stated that she had been long suspected by her more intimate friends, and often questioned with respect to the mysterious ballad, but that she had always managed to keep her secret to herself without a direct and absolute denial. She was induced to write the song by a desire to see an old plaintive Scottish air ("The bridegroom

grat when the sun gaed down”), which was a favourite with her sister, fitted with words more suitable to its character than the ribaldry which had hitherto, for want of better, been sung to it. She had previously been endeavouring to while the tedium occasioned by her sister’s marriage and departure for London by the composition of verses; but of all she had written, either before or since, none have reached the merit of this admirable little poem. It struck her that some tale of virtuous distress in humble life would be most suitable to the plaintive melody of her favourite air; and she accordingly set about such an attempt, taking the name of “Auld Robin Gray” from an ancient herd of Balcarres. When she had written two or three of the verses, she called to her junior sister (afterwards Lady Hardwicke) who was the only person near her, and thus addressed her: “I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I have been oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes; I have already sent her Jamie to sea and broken her father’s arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines—poor thing! Help me to one.” “Steal the cow, sister Anne,” said the little Elizabeth. “The cow,” adds Lady Anne, “was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our fireside among our neigh-

bours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with."

This is so circumstantially related that there seems no doubt whatever about the origin of the lyric.

The famous Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex, is believed to have made the song popular to English ears. It may be noted that the melody of the first four lines differs from the rest, and it is strongly believed that the first part was borrowed from some old Scottish air and the rest set by the Rev. William Leeves. This, indeed, appears certain, and some authorities declared Leeves's music not to be Scottish at all. In any case it was severely criticised by John Hullah. In 1880 the song was published by Messrs. Novello and Co. as "words by Lady Anne Lindsay, set to music by Rev. William Leeves." The song was first printed anonymously in "Hood's Ancient and Modern Songs," second edition, 1776; also in "Johnson's Museum," 1790, both set to the old air only. A correspondent to "Notes and Queries" (6th Series, vol. v.) says that the words were very popular set to the old air before Miss Stephens sang it. According to Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," the Rev. William Leeves was born in 1748, and became in 1779 rector of Wrington, Somerset, the birthplace of John

Locke, the philosopher. He composed some good sacred music, but will be chiefly remembered as the composer of the music of "Auld Robin Gray," which he wrote in 1770, though it was not known as his till 1812. He died May 25th, 1828, at the age of eighty. There is a mistake here. He could not have written the music in 1770, as the words were not written till a year later. Since first writing the history of this song I was favoured, quite by chance, with the hereunder particulars relative to the Rev. William Leeves through a descendant of that composer. The Rev. William Leeves was at one time a lieutenant in the first Foot Guards. He entered His Majesty's service as ensign, June 20th, 1769, and received a lieutenant's commission February 3rd, 1772. He took orders in 1779, and was appointed to the living of Wrington, in Somersetshire, where he resided as Rector for fifty years. The words of the song were sent him by Lady Anne through the Honourable Mrs. Byron when he was living at Richmond, and presumably whilst he was yet in the army. He was an excellent musician and a skilful player on the violin. When at Wrington, Hannah More, who lived in the village, was on the closest terms of intimacy with the Leeves. It was not until the year 1812 that he made known to the public the fact that he was the composer of the popular air.

He communicated the information in a letter to his very dear friend Thomas Hammersley, which is now in the possession of one of his granddaughters. I append a copy.

“My dear Sir, Anxious as you have ever been for the rule of right, as well as for the fair fame of your friends, you have more than once solicited that I would publicly claim an offspring which for more than forty years has been of uncertain origin. Nothing could have induced me to undertake this at my period of life, but the offer of your kind testimony to the genuineness of this, my early production, which an acquaintance with it in manuscript, long before it surreptitiously found its way to the public eye, enables you so convincingly to bear. As to the story, you may remember that I received it from the Honourable Mrs. Byron, and understood it to have been written by Lady Anne Lindsay,” etc.

Mr. Leeves received no remuneration whatever for his music, and had to rest content with the approbation of his private friends!

It is recorded that when Mr. Leeves first heard Miss Stephens (afterwards Countess of Essex) sing “Auld Robin Gray,” he was so much delighted with her expression and her melting tones that he shed tears. The songstress was most gratified on hearing of the effect of her singing, and wished to be introduced to

the venerable author, which desire was readily gratified.

And now let us examine the old French romance by Paradis de Moncrif. Let me at once acknowledge that my first acquaintance with this poem dates from the early part of 1889, when I came across some correspondence on the subject in the "St. James's Gazette." One gentleman wrote to the effect that "one of the happiest instances of the kind of plagiarism which, like charity, blesses both giver and receiver, is to be found in the famous ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' which, as some of your readers may be aware, is taken from the French. The poem of Paradis de Moncrif, which served as a model to Lady Anne Barnard, is entitled, 'Les Constantes Amours d'Alix et d'Alexis,' and though more than a century old, is still considered to be the finest example of what the French call a romance." I beg to disclaim here any extraordinary faith in the certainty with which this writer makes his interesting discovery of similarity between the two pieces; the fact is, I hardly know what to think. He proceeds: "It has the *naïveté* and the prolixity so charming in its apparent triviality proper to that kind of composition; and in comparing it with Lady Anne's poem, it is interesting to observe how in the passage of the tale northwards the romantic beauty of the original gives place to a

tragic intensity in harmony with the severer genius of the Scottish Muse." The author of this truly beautiful poem was born in 1687, was made a member of the French Academy in 1733, and died in 1770 at the age of eighty-three, just a year before "Auld Robin Gray" was composed. In the French poem there are thirty-seven stanzas, which are too many to quote. In the first verse, by the way, the poem begins by asking the parents why they should have broken off the engagement between the young people, as they were so suited to each other. I give verses as under, commencing with the second :

" A sa mère, étant déjà grande,
 La pauvre Alix,
 A deux genoux, un jour demande
 Son Alexis :
 Ma mère, il faut par complaisance
 Nous marier,
 Ma fille, je veux l'alliance
 D'un conseiller.

III.

" Un jour . . . quelle malice d'âme
 La mere a dit :
 Alexis a pris une femme
 Sans contredit.
 Et puis, lui montrant une lettre,
 Lui dit ; Voyez,
 Il vous écrit ; c'est pour permettre
 Que l'oubliez."

In the second verse it will be seen that poor Alix falls on her knees and cries to her mother to let her have Alexis. But the mother repulses her, and says she intends that she shall be married to the councillor or judge. In the third verse the mother invents a story to the effect that Alexis has taken a wife and has written to tell her to forget him. In the fourth verse the judge arrives with the notary, and against her will Alix is married, and all the time the others are making merry her thoughts are far away with her lost lover. In the fifth verse, Alix is made to appear very faithful to her husband and his household, and because of his great love for her tries to love him in return. But in the next verse Alix, grown sad, her husband tries to please her with rich jewels and love-knots. In verse seven :

“ Baise-moi, montonne chérie,
Je vais au plaid ;
Tiens, prende de cette orferverie
Ce qui te plaît.
L'argent n'est que pour qu'on se donne
Quelque bon temps ;
N'epargne rien ; voilà, mignonne,
Vingt écus blancs.”

The husband takes an affectionate leave of her, as he has to go to the “plea” (the law court, he being a judge,) and gives her more jewellery and money that she may want for nothing. The

twelve stanzas that follow describe the return of Alexis, who has been faithful to her, their interview and recognition. Then follow these two verses :

“ Alix, mon Alix, mon tant aimée,
Helas ! c'est moi !
Alix, Alix tant regrettée
Ranime-toi !
Ton Alexis vient de Turquie
Tout à l'instant,
Pour te voir et quitter la vie,
En sanglotant.

“ Par ces tristes mots ranimée
Alix parla :
Alexis, j'ai ma foi donnée ;
Un autre l'a.
Ne dois vous ouïr de ma vie
Un seul instant :
Mais ne mourez pas, je vous prie ;
Partez pourtant.”

In which, as the reader will see, Alexis tells Alix not to give way to despair, and that he has come in great haste from Turkey to see her (having heard of her marriage), and to die with a broken heart. Then Alix revives, but though she has given her faith (or troth) to another, begs him not to die, but to depart. Alexis in the next stanza promises this, but before going away from her for ever, he takes her hand. The husband returns, and seeing them thus together, stabs them both to the heart. Alexis is dead,

and Alix, dying, kisses his eyes, and says she dies innocent. Her husband in his jealousy has taken her life, but she dies without regret. And then the husband is seized with remorse, and at night-time the spirit of his wife visits him, and pointing to the wound in her breast "sobs to him in a long murmur" that he is her assassin. And so the end, except for a rather weak anti-climax in the way of a moral.

I have tried to give a general idea of the story in rough English, though there are some idiomatic phrases in the piece that are not quite clear. It is altogether an elegant and gracefully written poem, full of tender touches. As to its obvious resemblance to "Auld Robin Gray" I make no suggestion, but leave everyone to judge of the remarkable coincidence.

"Auld Robin Gray" was a favourite song with the great Miss Anna Maria Tree, who sang it constantly, as did other less known vocalists.

Augustus J. C. Hare, in "The Story of Two Noble Lives," suggests that Lady Margaret Lindsay was the real victim in 'Auld Robin Gray,' as written by her sister. It is said, though, that she married "Jamie" after "Robin's"—Mr. Fordyce's—death. I merely repeat this story.

"Auld Robin Gray," which Dr. Cobham Brewer says was written by the authoress to

raise some money for the benefit of her nurse—upon what authority I know not—has been adapted to the stage by several writers, both French and English. There is M. Andre Theuriet's "Jean Marie," avowedly taken from the story of "Auld Robin Gray," which has been translated again into English by three or four different writers. One version, by George Roy, was given at the Imperial Theatre, September 22nd, 1883. And an operetta bearing the same title was produced at the Surrey Theatre in April, 1858, with music by "the late Alexander Lee," who died in 1851. Lee composed the music as far back as 1838. The libretto was written by Edward Fitz-Ball, and the piece was intended for the English Opera at Drury Lane, but the continued illness of Mrs. Waylett, who was to have played Jenny, caused the operetta to be shelved for twenty years. Lee, by the way, married Mrs. Waylett, the celebrated actress. She died of a broken heart, it is said, soon after his death. There was a previous opera of the same name, written by S. J. Arnold, and composed by his father, Dr. Arnold, produced July 26th, 1794, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. The report of the play in the "Thespian Magazine" for September, 1794, says, "The piece is ascribed to the son of Dr. Arnold, and bids fair to become a favourite; the music is selected with great judgment by

the father of the author from the most approved Scotch tunes, and justice was done to it by the performers." The latest stage version of "Auld Robin Gray," entitled "The Wanderers," was successfully performed at Dundee, on Christmas Day, 1893.

CHAPTER X.

“KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN” AND “KATTY
AVOURNEEN.”

IT has been said, with more regard for epigram than fact, that this queen amongst Irish songs was born out of its own country, of English parents. But the truth is that though the composer, F. N. Crouch, was an Englishman—he might have been Irish if he had chosen, for there are many of that name in the Green Isle—the writer of the words, Mrs. Julia Crawford, was a true daughter of Erin, having been born in County Cavan towards the close of the last century. By taking up her abode at a small town in Wiltshire when quite young, and where she resided for many years, her few biographers have been led into the error of supposing her to be English. Besides “Kathleen Mavourneen,” she wrote over a hundred lyrics, mostly Irish in sentiment, and published, with F. N. Crouch as the composer of the music, a volume of “Irish Songs” in 1840. She wrote, says David J. O’Donoghue in his “Dictionary of the Poets of Ireland,” a great deal of verse for the “Metro-

politan Magazine," edited by Captain Marryat (London, 1830-40) and also autobiographical sketches for the same publication. Her "Kathleen Mavourneen" appeared therein. Unfortunately no one thought it necessary to preserve any particulars of the life and works of this charming writer. She may possibly have been the Mrs. Crawford who published "Stanzas" about 1830, and the following novels between 1830 and 1857: "Lismore," "The Story of a Nun," "Early Struggles," "The Double Marriage," and "The Lady of the Bedchamber."

Frederick Nicholls Crouch led a singularly hard life—one full of vicissitudes and bad luck. When Crouch wrote his greatest song he was travelling for a firm of metal brokers in Cornhill. Afterwards he was appointed musical director at Drury Lane Theatre and brought out many a singer who has long since achieved name and fame. The words, as already stated, were written by Mrs. Crawford, a contemporary of Mrs. Hemans and Sheridan Knowles the Irish dramatist, whose verses were occasionally set by this once eminently fertile composer; among them the "Swiss Song of Meeting" and "Zephyrs of Love" which achieved immediate success through the inimitable singing of Marie Malibran and Anna Tree, to whom they were respectively dedicated. The melody of "Kathleen Mavourneen," according to Crouch, came

as an inspiration one day when he was riding along the banks of the Tamar. Soon afterwards he sang it at Plymouth—for he was a capital ballad singer—and for more than half a century it has continued to find a place in concert programmes. The Queen of Song, Adelina Patti, often gives it to this day. But although the song is said to have brought in profits to the extent of fifteen thousand pounds it did not enrich the composer who only received a small sum down for it originally. So hard were the times with Crouch, and so unkind his country to him, that he who was a friend of the great Rossini when George the Fourth was king, had to emigrate to America in 1849 to earn a living. But matters did not seem to mend, and he was reported to be starving at Baltimore some few years ago when subscriptions were raised for his relief. Apparently the tide turned at last, for in the early autumn of 1892 a grand banquet was given in honour of the anniversary of the veteran's birthday at Portland, in the State of Maine, when the grand old composer sang his own glorious song, he being then eighty-four years of age.

Here again is the story of this famous song told in Crouch's own words: "The words instantly attracted my attention by their purity of style and diction. I sought the authoress, and obtained her permission to set them to music.

Leaving London astravellert to Chapman and Co., Cornhill, while prosecuting my journey towards Saltash I jotted down the melody on the historic banks of the Tamar. On arriving at Plymouth, I wrote out a fair copy of the song, and sang it to Mrs. Rowe, the wife of a music publisher of that town. The melody so captivated her and others who heard it that I was earnestly solicited that it should be given the first time in public at her husband's opening concert of the season. But certain reasons obliged me to decline the honour. I retired to rest at my hotel, and rising early next morning, and opening my window, what was my surprise to see on a hoarding right opposite a large placard on which was printed in the largest and boldest type: 'F. Nicholls Crouch, from London, will sing at P. E. Rowe's concert, "Kathleen Mavourneen," for one night only!' Amazed and confused at such an unwarrantable and unauthorized announcement, I hurriedly completed my toilet, took my breakfast, and rushed off to Mr. Rowe's warehouse. But, despite my reluctance, and overcome by the entreaties of the fascinating Mrs. Rowe, I appeared and sang the song to a crowded audience, with the most enthusiastic applause. On returning to London I entered the establishment of Messrs. D'Almaine, music publishers, as precentor, and 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and other songs—'Dermot Astore,' 'Their Marriage,'

‘Death of Dermot’—were published by that firm. These songs have been sung and appropriated by all the leading cantatrices, from Caradori, Hobbs, Hawes, Hayes, Stephens (the Countess of Essex), Malibran, Titiens, and Adelina Patti. The series of songs has been published by thirty different music stores in America, each one making heaps of money. But not one of these brain-stealers has had sufficient principle to bestow a single dime on the composer!” It is fitting that the words of “Kathleen Mavourneen” should appear here :

“Kathleen Mavourneen ! the gray dawn is breaking,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking—
 Kathleen Mavourneen ! what, slumbering still ?
 Oh ! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever ?
 Oh ! hast thou forgotten how soon we must part ?
 It may be for years and it may be for ever,
 Oh ! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?

“Kathleen Mavourneen ! awake from thy slumbers,
 The blue mountains glow in the sun’s golden light ;
 Ah ! where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers ?
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of the night !
 Mavourneen ! Mavourneen ! my sad tears are falling,
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part :
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
 Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?”

A very graceful imitation, or rather tribute, to the excellence of the song has appeared from the pen of J. Whitcomb Riley, an American

poet of much delicacy of feeling and expression and is well worth preserving :

“ Kathleen Mavourneen ! thy song is still ringing,
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the birds ;
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing,
In pathos too sweet for tenderest words.
Oh ! have we forgotten the one who first breathed it ?
Oh ! have we forgotten his rapturous art ?
Our meed to the Master whose genius bequeathed it ?
Oh ! why art thou silent, thou voice of the heart ?

“ Kathleen Mavourneen ! thy lover still lingers,
The long night is waning, the stars pale and few ;
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew.
The old harp-strings quaver, the old voice is shaking,
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain :
The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again ! ”

A domestic drama entitled “ Kathleen Mavourneen, or St. Patrick's Eve ” was produced in New York in 1865, and seems to have been very successful, and has been played in London and through the provinces. “ Kathleen Mavourneen ” is introduced into the piece also, “ Wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen ? ” and “ Kathleen, are you goin' to lave me ? ”

Professor Frederick Nicholls Crouch, F.R.S. died at Portland, U.S. on August 18th, 1896, aged eighty-nine, having been born in 1808. He married four times, and though partially blind, he worked till the last moment almost of his life.

A sympathetic account of his career appeared in "The Era" newspaper, which is worth quoting.

Although he was not without honour in the land of his adoption, which has conferred upon him the distinctions of Doctor of Music, Master of Arts, and Bardic President for the State of Maryland, the old composer occasionally regretted the "false step" he made in leaving his motherland in 1849, and in one of his last letters to his nephew wrote:—"When I made the false step of leaving England for America I literally buried myself, and have been lost to the world ever since. England gave me a reputation and a name; America cremated me." Later he wrote more cheerfully: "The old Bard is prepared for his final journey. At peace with himself, his God, and the world. My last Christmas was the fulfilment of rejoicing. Although a failing man I had plenty of respect and abundance of cheer. Three of my children were absent—professionally engaged in other States. My two eldest girls are on the stage. My wife has wholly recovered. I have no debts, and not a single obligation to meet. In honour of the Irish nation I have composed an anthem. The weather here is clear and bracing, but 20 degrees below zero, nipping cold for a patriarch verging ninety. God bless you and yours. May we meet in the unknown sphere." The anthem mentioned in this letter, the words of which are by

Mrs. M. A. Ford, known in the American literary world as "Una," is entitled "Green and Gold."

In another letter Crouch said: "I went to hear my 'Green and Gold' played by a military orchestra yesterday. I am to conduct it on Monday night, and also to sing, at eighty-nine, 'Kathleen Mavourneen' in public. Proof positive this that your uncle lives. How I shall acquit myself the result will show. In mental spirits I am as bright as ever, but physically I am worn out. My two daughters appear in the same performance for the whole week." After alluding to his restoration to health from a recent illness, he added: "It has left me a wreck, but not a dead man. Pugnaciously would I contest that statement with the newspaper reporters. [A reference to many premature obituary notices.] I have been writing day and night for a Miss Harper, who is preparing a book on the 'Song-writers of the Century,' in which I appear conspicuously. When published will remit a copy endorsed with our autographs. Through all my sickness I have always adhered to my practice of daily writing or perfecting a specific article: music, prose, or poetry. The amount of my accumulated MSS. is enormous. When the Old Bard really dies he will write his own obituary. So rest content. I am alive and kicking. Life exists in the old dog yet." The Old Bard's last poetic contribution to the

poets' corner of the "Maryland Journal" was called "Lament of the Last Bard," and was in the nature of a valedictory address. A specimen of his muse in his eighty-ninth year is the following—the last verse of this poem :

"His harp, silent hanging, shrined by the willows,
His lyrical strains in affection addressed,
By night winds are wafted over the billows,
As sorrowing tears bedew the moon's crest,
On his laurels he'll sleep, where Carolan slumbers,
His melodies ringing through ages unborn ;
Out the soul of a bard are measured his numbers,
And sung they will be when his spirit has gone."

The eldest son of Frederick William Crouch, violoncello player, composer and music tutor to William IV., the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" was born at Devizes, Wiltshire. On the paternal side he inherited his musical talent. As in acting, so in music heredity plays an important part. When nine years old he played bass at the Royal Coburg Theatre, erected in honour of the marriage of Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. He gradually won his way to His Majesty's Theatre, and once played a violoncello solo before Rossini. Bochsì, then at the height of his fame, and conductor of the opera, made Crouch his pupil. When the latter reached the age of twenty his tutor, impressed with his unusual vocal ability, transferred him to William Hawes, master of West-

minster Abbey, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and of the Chapel Royal boys. When in 1822 the Royal Academy of Music, Hanover Square, was established, young Crouch became a student there, together with Sterndale Bennett and George Macfarren. At the death of George IV. he and the other senior students were commanded to attend the coronation of William IV. and Adelaide, and after this event Crouch was appointed gentleman of her Majesty Queen Adelaide's band. He now became principal violoncellist at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of Stephen Price, of American fame, and here he wrote his first ballad, "Zephyrs of Love," for Miss Anna Tree, and "The Swiss Song of Meeting" for Madame Malibran. At this time he met John Howard Payne, the American actor and dramatist, whose memory is cherished for his authorship of "Home, Sweet Home." It was while visiting fair Devonshire that he received from Mrs. Crawford the poem of "Kathleen Mavourneen," which appeared anonymously in the "Metropolitan Magazine," for which she wrote. He then composed his exquisite music, a worthy setting to pathetic and graceful verse, his melody at once raising him to fame. Alas! "Kathleen Mavourneen," which should have brought its composer fortune as well as fame, was sold to a London music publisher for £10. Crouch's other work which still lives

and is perennially popular, includes "O'Donnell's Farewell," "The Emigrant's Lament," "Sing to Me, Nora," "The Exile of Erin," "Sheila, My Darling Colleen," and "Dermot Astore." He also composed several operas.

When William IV. died, Crouch was commanded to attend the coronation of Queen Victoria. Subsequently he became musical editor for the firm of D'Almaine and Company, Soho Square, who contracted for all his songs for the ensuing seven years. Next he was offered and accepted the post of musical reviewer on the "Metropolitan Magazine," edited by Captain Marryat, R.N., the immortal teller of sea stories. In his new capacity Crouch came to know intimately most of the literary celebrities of the period, and in a letter to his nephew at Liverpool he said, regarding a copy of Dickens's "Chimes," which had not reached him, "The 'Chimes' not arrived, though much desired for old association's sake with my fellow scribe Charles Dickens. We wrote together with Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Crawford, Countess Blessington, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Marryat, Poole, and others in the pages of the 'Metropolitan Magazine,' published by Chapman and Hall, who were publishing Dickens's 'Sketches by Boz.'"

In 1849 Crouch left England for America, and he never returned. He was first associated with Max Maretzek in New York. Afterwards

he sang in church choirs, taught, and lectured, until the great rush for the gold of California bore him with the human tide westward. Reverses overtook him, however; his wife fell ill, and he had to stop far short of California. His money dwindled away—he had previously converted his property into gold and sent his library and manuscripts to Baltimore. Through the influence of friends he was appointed choirmaster of a church at Washington, and became a teacher in the first circles in the city. He migrated to Richmond, Virginia, where he was doing well when the American Civil War broke out. Without hesitation Crouch joined the Confederate forces, sacrificing a salary of 4,000 dollars per annum for the private soldier's twelve dollars per month, which twelve dollars, he drily says, "he never got." He enlisted in the first Regiment Richmond Greys, quartered at Norfolk. From the day on which he entered the army until the surrender of General Lee, at Appomattox Courthouse, Crouch was always at his post; never sick nor absent, and even unflinching in his refusal to accept the furlough that was offered him. From the last battlefield he made his way, with three broken ribs and his right hand badly smashed, to Buckingham Courthouse. Here he entered into service as a gardener and farm hand—an occupation he followed until the hostilities of the terrible civil struggle died down.

Then he went to Richmond, and ultimately to Baltimore, where, at the age of seventy-five, he found his home, books, manuscripts, reduced to ashes. About fifteen years ago the people of Baltimore interested themselves in the cause of their poet-citizen, and he was established once more as a teacher of music in that city, in which he resided until he died.

In all the wide range of Crouch's varied career, perhaps the most remarkable—certainly the most touching—of his experiences was reserved for his later years. It seems that a boy named James Marion Roche, born at New Ross, Kilkenny, grew up with the music of "Kathleen Mavourneen" ever on his lips. His love for the song was unspeakable, and, although of a roving disposition, he remained true to that of music. He went to America, joined the navy, and fought, all unconsciously, against the author of his favourite song. In 1883 he visited Baltimore, and learned accidentally that Frederick Nicholls Crouch resided there, finding it a hard task to make both ends meet. Roche's love of "Kathleen Mavourneen" was as great as ever, and his one desire was to aid its composer. To attain this end he, with rare delicacy and tact, persuaded the old gentleman to adopt him as a son. As James Roche Crouch he lived in Florida, and nobly did what he could to make life a little easier for his "father."

Another very favourite song composed by Crouch, of a more frolicsome turn, was "Katty, Avourneen," written by the late Desmond Ryan :

"'Twas a cowl'd winter night, and the tempest was snarlin',
The snow, like a sheet, cover'd cabin and stye,
When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',
And tapp'd at the window where Katty did lie.
'Arrah, jewel,' says he, 'are you slaipin' or wakin' ?
It's a bitter cowl'd night, and my coat it is thin ;
The storm it is brewin', and the frost it is bakin',
Oh, Katty, avourneen, you must let me in.'

"' Ah, then, Barney,' says Kate, and she spoke through the
window,
'How could you be takin' us out of our beds ?
To come at this time, it's a shame and a sin, too,
It's whiskey, not love, has got into your head.
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender,
Consider the time, and there's nobody in.
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her ?
No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in.'

"' A cushla,' says he, 'it's my heart is a fountain,
That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your door ;
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
I'll go to my home, tho' the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within ;
And the words of my Katty will comfort and bless me :
'No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in.'"

CHAPTER XI.

“THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER,” “THE BELLS OF SHANDON,” AND “THE EXILE OF ERIN.”

THAT curiously - compounded, old - fashioned opera, “Martha,” owes its continuous popularity, as is tolerably well known, to the introduction therein of the ancient Irish melody known to the world generally as “The Last Rose of Summer.” Now, at first sight it may appear rather incongruous to assign the song in the opera to a lady who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Queen Anne; but, as a matter of history, this incident is not quite so outrageous as critics, with a scant knowledge of Irish music apparently, would have us believe. Count Frederick von Flotow’s opera, “Martha,” founded on a ballet, was first performed at Vienna, in 1847. It was given at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, later with Mme. Christine Nilsson as the heroine, with so much success, that it ran for three hundred nights—a most unusual run for a piece of any kind half a century ago. It was brought to London in 1858, and achieved a phenomenal reception, though many authori-

ties condemned it as mere tinsel. Berlioz, the French composer, who detested Flotow, said "the beauty of the Irish melody served to dis-infect the rottenness of the 'Martha' music," which was spiteful, silly, and weak. But this brings us to the original of the introduced number. Thomas Moore, than whom there has never been a more un-Irish Irish writer, evidently came upon the melody to which he wrote the words commencing, "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer," in a third-hand manner, for he ingenuously calls it "The Groves of Blarney," which was quite a modern production, as far as title and words are concerned, written by Richard Alfred Milliken, who was born at Castle Martyr, Co. Cork, only twenty-three years before Thomas Moore saw the light in Dublin, which does not say much for that deep acquaintance with ancient music which Moore always professed. Now, the "Groves of Blarney" was avowedly a burlesque on "Castle Hyde," the fulsome and trashy production of a "literary" weaver named Barrett, in 1790. Barrett, who was what we should term a crank in these days, filled up his spare time as an itinerant bard, and with the view of being paid for his trouble, composed a song in praise (as he doubtless intended it) of Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family, on the river Blackwater; but, as the writer of the memoir of Milliken says, "instead

of the expected remuneration, the poor poet was driven from the gate, by order of the then proprietor, who, from the absurdity of the thing, conceived that it could be only meant as a mockery; and, in fact, a more nonsensical composition could scarcely escape the pen of a maniac. The author, however, well satisfied of its merits, and stung with indignation and disappointment, vented his rage in an additional verse against the owner, and sung it wherever he had an opportunity of raising his angry voice. As satire, however gross, is but too generally well received, the song first became a favourite with the lower orders; then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentlemen." It was through hearing "Castle Hyde" at one of these social gatherings that Milliken determined to make a genuine farcical song on the lines of the original, so choosing Blarney, a fine old castle within three miles of Cork, for his subject, and retaining the rhythm and adopting the tune of Barrett's effusion—the tune which Barrett himself took possession of, it being a street melody and public property—and turned out a ludicrous parody of the ridiculous songs that were once so prevalent in every Irish village, when every stripling would be a bardeen, and sing his foolish rhymes to a foolish audience. Rhyme in Ireland has too often been more effective than reason, and this weakness

of the peasantry, of composing verses of an extravagant and comically high faluting order, engaged the pens of the satirists for hundreds of years. Stanihurst, in 1583, published an imitation of the Anglo-Irish style attached to his translation of "The First Four Books of Virgil's *Æneis*," which he called "An Epitaph, entitled *Commune Defunctorum*, such as our unlearned Rithmours accustomedly make upon the death of every Tom Tyler, as if it were a last for every one his foote, in which the quantities of sillables are not to be heeded." The burlesque is full of points. Milliken never dreamed that his chaffing ballad would attain such distinction and celebrity, and though it went out anonymously to the rest of the world, in Co. Cork its origin and authorship were well known. It reached London in due course, and was called in one of the weekly prints, "The National Irish Poem." Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," attributed it to "the poetical Dean of Cork." It was so famous in London that everybody was singing and quoting it, and Lord Brougham refers to it in one of his great Parliamentary speeches. Milliken, in all probability, wrote "The Groves of Blarney" in 1796. Thomas Moore must have heard the melody when he was at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1798, and almost immediately after left for England, where he

eventually settled. He may never have known that Milliken was the author of the "Groves of Blarney," though Richard Jones, an accomplished Metropolitan comedian, records that he obtained copies of the song in Cork, in the summer of 1800, and that he and Mathews, the great actor and mimic, carried it back to London, where they sang it at concerts, and in their entertainments. The first instalment of the "Irish Melodies," with Moore's very un-Irish words, was issued in 1813, and the rest at varying intervals. Milliken died, by the way, in 1815. It has been computed that Moore received for the "Melodies" remuneration averaging one hundred and twenty-one pounds per song, or six pounds per line. Very comforting remuneration, too!

But to return to "The Last Rose of Summer." Wherever Moore obtained the melody it is certain he could not have known it in its original form as played by the travelling bards and harpers of Ireland, for he has considerably altered the character of the music, and has not in any way improved upon even the "Groves of Blarney" version as a *national* melody. Although the composer and author are unknown, the title of the tune may be ascribed to about 1660, so that from a musical point of view Flotow was well within the calendar in using it for his "Martha," as the basis of the well-known

air existed long prior to the reign of Queen Anne.

Lovers of Ireland and its national songs and music have always regretted that Thomas Moore, in undertaking to rescue the Irish melodies, did not preserve the spirit and nature of the country whence they sprang in the lyrics that he fitted and dovetailed to them. For the chief characteristic of Moore's Irish melodies, that is to say the lyrics, is their lack of Irish characteristics. To be candid, though here and there an Irish town, or vale, or waterfall, or lake is mentioned, all the Irish songs are absolutely English in form, metre and sentiment. Erin comes in nowhere; and Hibernia is only scantily and half shamefully referred to as a sort of apology for the music which is so essentially Irish. Again, the words are not always wedded to the music, they are only joined to it, fitted and fixed to it—the music plays the second part and not the first. Though Thomas Moore, "who dearly loved a lord," as his friend Lord Byron said, was a poet of Ireland, he was in nowise an Irish poet in sentiment, sympathy or sensibility. Still we are not ungrateful to him for his labour in saving to us these classic pieces. Moore's other "Melodies" are fully dealt with in a later chapter.

"Shandon Bells," once a great favourite, was written by Francis Mahoney, who chose as his

nom de plume "Father Prout," by which name he is mostly known. The "Bells" in question refer to Shandon, where,

"The spreading Lee that, like an island fair,
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood."

The history of the Bells and the origin of the song are of more than passing interest. Crofton Croker, in his "Popular Songs of Ireland," tells us that the steeple of the church of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, in which hung the bells celebrated in the song, is one hundred and twenty feet high, and being built upon a considerable eminence, appears a remarkable object in every point of view of the city; but especially from what Moore has termed "its noble sea avenue," the river Lee. The building of the church commenced in 1722, and its steeple was constructed of the hewn stone from the Franciscan Abbey, where James II. heard mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's castle, which had been the official residence of the lords president of Munster and whence this quarter of the city takes its name—Shandon signifying in Irish the old fort or castle. But as the demolished abbey had been built of limestone, and the castle of redstone, the taste of the architect of Shandon steeple led him to combine the discordant materials, which ecclesiastic and civic revolution had placed at his disposal, by constructing three

sides of his work white, and the remaining side of red stone ; a circumstance which has occasioned many local jokes and observations, the most memorable of which is embodied in some rhymes commencing :

“ Party-coloured, like the people,
Red and white stands Shandon steeple,”

said to have been addressed to Dr. Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, by the famous Father O’Leary.

Fitz-Gerald in his “Cork Remembrancer” says that Shandon bells were put up during the summer of 1752.

The Reverend Francis Sylvester Mahoney, the author of “Shandon Bells,” was born in Cork, 1805, and died in a monastery in Paris (to which he had retired two years previously) in May, 1866. He took Holy Orders after studying in a Jesuit College at Paris ; but eventually he became a *littérateur* and journalist. He was a constant contributor to “Fraser’s Magazine,” “Bentley’s Miscellany,” the “Athenæum” and other papers. He later became correspondent at Rome for the “Daily News,” and still later acted as Paris correspondent for the “Globe.” Under his adopted name of Father Prout he achieved much celebrity by writing prose and Irish verse in “Fraser’s Magazine.” These writings have been collected and republished and have become classics. He

was not of a very clerical nature—that is as far as his priestly calling goes—but was greatly loved and respected by all who knew him. He was Bohemian to the backbone, and as full of fun as an Irish Leprachaun—careless in his dress but careful of his witty company. He wrote his celebrated verses when he was a student at an Irish college in Rome. It is said that the opening lines are still to be seen in a room there, scratched on a wall just above where his bed used to be. He was doubtless a little homesick at the time, and listening maybe to the tolling of the many church bells in the Eternal City. I give two verses only as the poem is so well known :

“With deep affection
 And recollection,
 I often think of
 Those Shandon Bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
 * * * *

“I’ve heard bells chiming,
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine ;
 While at a glibe rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.”

In after years, in discussing the subject of the melody of bells, he says : " But there is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long remembered chimes of our own parish steeple : and no music can equal the effect upon our ear when returning after long absence in foreign and perhaps happier countries." There are no bells actually at Shandon now, though there were in Prout's time, of course. The song has been set several times, but the only two of value are, first, the setting by J. L. Hatton, and second, by Mrs. H. Morgan. John Liphot Hatton, whose setting is generally considered the best, was born in 1809 and died in 1877. He composed music for a vast quantity of pieces, songs, operettas, dramas, and so on, and was the musical director at the Princess's Theatre under Charles Kean, and composed the music for the Shakespearean productions. " Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye " is his most enduring work.

A very touching Irish song, " The Exile of Erin," was written by a Scotchman—Thomas Campbell the poet, to wit—although it has often been attributed to the Irish verse-writer, George Nugent Reynolds, though there is no evidence to show that Reynolds ever claimed it himself. Unfortunately after his death his friends caused a great bother about it, saying that it was

written by him as a second part of his lyric commencing :

“ Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt O,
 Erin, ma voureen ! slan leat go bragh !
 Though our farm was small yet comforts we felt O,
 Erin, ma voureen ! slan leat go bragh !
 At length came the day when our lease did expire,
 And fain would I live where before lived my sire ;
 But, ah ! well-a-day, I was forced to retire,
 Erin, ma voureen ! slan leat go bragh ! ”

Compare this sorry stuff with Campbell's touching poem, addressed to Anthony McCann, exiled for being implicated in the Irish rebellion of 1798. Campbell met him when staying in Hamburg :

“ There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robes was heavy and chill ;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh ! ”

All the same, it would not be fair to say that Reynolds did not write the “ Exile of Erin ” because he could not, because as a matter of fact he wrote many very tolerable though not super-excellent lyrics.

At one time, after the death of Reynolds, and while Campbell was still living, his friend Her-

cules Ellis took up the cudgels, and did his utmost to prove that the Scotch poet had plagiarized, or rather stolen, the Irishman's work. Ellis himself was a voluminous rhymer of very little pretension and of a very quarrelsome nature. Letters were written to the "Times" from both sides, and in one of his articles he says: "Our friend desires us to say that, in the event of Mr. Campbell's contradicting this statement, he will produce several living witnesses to prove that Mr. Reynolds had shown to and sung for them as his own composition the identical lines several years prior to his death, and prior to Mr. Campbell's publication of them." In answer to this Campbell stated in the "Times" of June 17th, 1830, that he composed the song, "The Exile of Erin," at Altona, and sent it off immediately from that place to London, where it was published in the "Morning Chronicle," and so on. It is not my intention to open up this matter, as it has long since been known that Campbell was the author, and no one else. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's words, however, prefixed to Reynolds's "Mary Le More," in the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland" (1845), are worth giving: "Mr. Reynolds was a Leitrim gentleman of moderate property, earnest patriotism, and respectable ability. Between the era of Independence and the Union he wrote several rough, strong, popular songs

in the national interest, one or two of which still hold their ground in the collections. Latterly a claim has been made on his behalf to the 'Exile of Erin,' so strongly sustained by sworn evidence, that nothing but the character of Campbell could resist it. It is, however, weakened by the fact that none of his acknowledged writings are in the same style, or of the same ability." Which may end the matter once and for all. Campbell, by the way, wrote other Irish poems of considerable native feeling, "O'Connor's Child," and "The Irish Harper and his Dog Tray," for he always had a surprising affection for the Irish, and a sympathy with the sentiment of her songs. It should not be forgotten, by the way, that Thomas Campbell was the author of what is perhaps the finest sea song ever written, to wit, "Ye Mariners of England." The "Exile of Erin" is frequently called in music and song-books "Erin-go-Bragh," which is quite a different song. It was usually sung to "Savourneen Deelish."

George Nugent Reynolds, by the way, wrote a smart operetta called "Bantry Bay," which was performed at Covent Garden, with music by W. Reeve, in 1797. Reynolds died at Stowe, the seat of his relative, the Marquis of Buckingham, in 1802.

There is an ancient Irish melody which is not

often met with now, though Robert Burns wrote a stanza for the same in 1787, and two more stanzas in 1796, and called it, "O Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad," which has not a very Scottish ring. The air is unmistakably Irish in method and construction, and Bunting gives it as an example of a very early style, with the defective fourth and seventh. A claim was put in for one Bruce, a performer on the violin, but John Maine, the author of "Logan Water" and the "Siller Gun," declared that although Bruce was a good performer, he had never been known to compose anything. It was made startlingly popular in London, and then throughout England, by O'Keefe, who introduced it into his musical farce, "The Poor Soldier," at Covent Garden, in 1782, with other Irish melodies. The original Irish was a comic song, "Go de sin den te sin," "What is that to him?" In the opera the melody was sung by the character Kathlane, to words beginning, "Since love is the plan." Indeed O'Keefe, who wrote such standard lyrics as "I am a Friar of Orders Grey," "The Ploughboy," "The Wolf," "The Thorn," and others, was in the habit of converting the songs of his own country to practical uses in his operas and plays, of which he is said to have written about two hundred.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCERNING SOME FAVOURITE SONGS.

“BLONDEL,” “ANNABEL LEE,” “MY PRETTY JANE,” “THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL,” “SALLY IN OUR ALLEY,” “THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND,” “HEARTS OF OAK,” AND “RULE BRITANNIA.”

“GIVE,” said Queen Elizabeth to Lord Burleigh, while Spenser knelt, poems in hand, “Give the youth one hundred pounds.” “What,” exclaimed Burleigh, “all this for a song?” “Then give him what’s reason,” said the queen, thus leaving him in the hands of Burleigh, who ended by making the bard indeed poet-laureate, but never bestowed the promised guerdon. Spenser’s patience wearing out, he wrote these lines to the queen, which had the desired effect :

“I was promised on a time,
To have Reason for my Rhyme ;
From that time until this season
I’ve got neither Rhyme nor Reason.”

But it has been the way of the world to keep the song and forget the singer, yet the greatest and wisest men of all ages have chosen song

as the best means of reaching the heart of the people. For song was the earliest indication of the evolution of man from barbarism into civilization. Naturally, a large number of our popular songs have arisen from some personal experience or memory of the writer, and if so many bards have written in a melancholy key, it should be recollected that, as Goethe happily says, "The hope of bringing back old happy days burns up again in us as if it could never be extinguished." For most poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Remember what Heine said of himself: "Aus meinen grossen Schmezen, mach' ich die Klienen Lieder." If the worldly reward to our song writers is but small, they enjoy such compensations in their talents that none outside the charmed circle could ever understand. Troubadour and minstrel days are dead.

One of the earliest songs with a history is the piece sung by Blondel to his master, King Richard I., when his majesty was in prison. In 1190 Richard of the Lion Heart joined the Crusade with Philip Augustus of France, but, a division taking place between the two princes, the latter returned to Europe. Richard remained in the East, where he displayed uncommon vigour against Saladin, whom he defeated near Cæsarea, and, having made a truce, he embarked in a vessel which was wrecked on the coast of

Italy. He then travelled in disguise through part of Germany, but being discovered by Leopold, Duke of Austria, he was made prisoner and sent to the Emperor Henry II., who had him confined in a castle, until discovered by his favourite minstrel as related below. I give the original diction :—

“ The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his service a Rimer or Minstrill called Blondel de Nesle, who (so saith the manuscript of Old Poesies, and one Auncient Manuscript French Chronicle), being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholy. Knowne it was that he came backe from the Holy Land but none could tell in what country he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel resolving to make search for him in many countries but he would hear some newes of him. After experience of divers dayes in travaille, he came to a towne (by good hap) neere to the Castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the Castell appertained and the host told him it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no, for always he made such scant questionings wheresoever he came. And

the hoste gave answer, there was only one prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had been detained there more than the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this he wrought such meanes that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as ministrills doe easily win acquaintance anywhere. But see the King he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French which King Richard and Blondel had some time composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it; and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the King began the other halfe and completed it. Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister and returning home into England made the barons of the countrie acquainted where the king was."

This happened about the year 1193. I append a translation of the old Provençal lines sung by the Troubadour Blondel and Richard Cœur de Lion :

“BLONDEL.

“Your beauty, lady fair,
None view without delight,
But still so cold an air
No passion can excite;
Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned like me.

“RICHARD.

“No nymph my heart can wound
If favour she divide,
And smiles on all around,
Unwilling to decide ;
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share.”

There are many memorable records of the bravery and gallantry of troubadours and minstrels, especially the English and French, to be found in our histories. The story of “Richard Cœur de Lion” has been dramatized as a romance, with ballads and songs. The original was by M. Sedaine, and produced in operatic form at the Comedie Italienne in 1786. It was adapted to the English stage first by Leonard McNally (Covent Garden, October 16th, 1786), the second by General Burgoyne (Drury Lane, October 24th, 1786).

Chronology and order can scarcely be followed with any degree of success in a popular work of this kind, so I shall proceed with the different histories as they come convenient to hand. The supremely touching words of “Annabel Lee” were wrested from the torn heart of the melancholy, morbid Edgar Allan Poe, by the early death of the girl who so swiftly captured and tamed, for a time, the wild spirit of the misguided and misjudged poet. “Annabel Lee” was the poetic name bestowed by Poe on his

cousin, Virginia Clemm, who became his wife in 1836. She was a beautiful girl, for whom he possessed and always cherished the sweetest and tenderest feelings. He strained every nerve to provide a home for her and for her mother, who continued with him and Virginia, and to care for them and to assist them all through the few years of their married life, and who, even after the death of the idolized wife and daughter—she died in 1847—acted the part of a mother in the noblest sense of the word to the bereaved poet. If Virginia had lived, there is no doubt that Poe would have been a far different man; as it was, the greater portion of his life was a mistake, intensified by a highly nervous temperament and weak impulses; but his name will never die, for “Annabel Lee,” one of the least of his poems, is alone sufficient to secure the applause of all posterity. The poem is too well-known to require quoting here; one verse, however, will not be out of place:

“But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the Angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.”

Many composers have set the words to music.
I have seen the statement somewhere that

“ My Pretty Jane ” has proved the most profitable song ever issued ; and yet it was almost by accident that it was given to the world at all. Edward Fitz-Ball, the author of the lyric, and of something like a hundred plays, when a youth, lived at Burwell, an old-fashioned village about three miles from Newmarket, on the road to Cambridge. It was his custom to pass along one of the numerous lanes round the village, in the early morning, for the purpose of looking after his father’s property. In his route there happened to be in this particular lane the house of a farmer, who had a pretty daughter called Jane. And often, as young Fitz-Ball wended his merry way, this girl would peep round the corner of the blind of her window, showing only her eyes, forehead, nose, hair and ears, and with charming simplicity nod to him as he passed along. One day in the bright summer time, when “ the bloom is on the rye,” the future librettist sat down on a convenient stile, and wrote in less than ten minutes the words of the excellent song, “ My Pretty Jane.” When he left his native place for London, and obtained an engagement to write songs for the management of Vauxhall Gardens, he discovered “ My Pretty Jane ” amongst his other almost forgotten MSS., and gave it to Sir Henry Bishop to set. Sir Henry Bishop, however, was not always satisfied with his own compositions, and discarded

the song after he had composed the music. When applied to for a new lyric, Fitz-Ball said, "If 'Pretty Jane' won't do, I shall write no other." So they proceeded to Sir Henry Bishop's house, but found that gentleman out. Poking about his room Fitz-Ball lighted upon the song, which had been thrown in the waste-paper basket. The manager accepted it on the author's responsibility, and that night it was sung by George Robinson, the great tenor of the day, and at once created an enormous success. Then it was sung by Alexander Lee, and now for over thirty years it has, of course, been associated with the name of Sims Reeves. The original "Pretty Jane" is believed to have died of consumption; her portrait, painted by Fitz-Ball, is now in the possession of the dramatist's daughter.

In the original version of "My Pretty Jane," as printed in "Thirty-five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life," and as it is sung to this day, the second verse begins :

"Oh, name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring ;
The Bridal Maids in garlands gay,
And village bells shall ring."

The false rhyme in the second and fourth lines being pointed out to him by George Linley, Fitz-Ball altered the same when he republished the lyric in his work, "The House

to Let: With other Poems," in 1857, as under :

“But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring ;
The bells shall peal love’s roundelay,
And village maids shall sing.”

Edward Fitz-Ball was a curious man, but a most indefatigable worker. He died October 27th, 1873, aged eighty-years.

Besides “My Pretty Jane,” which was originally published as “When the Bloom is on the Rye,” with a portrait of George Robinson on the cover, Fitz-Ball wrote at least three notable songs, “When I beheld the Anchor Weighed,” “There is a Flower that Bloometh,” and “Let me like a Soldier Fall.” Generally speaking, Fitz-Ball’s words were very mediocre, though in his day it was actually said of one of his efforts, “Bhanavar,” that it was equal to, if it did “not surpass Tennyson’s and Longfellow’s best work, and was second only to ‘Childe Harold.’”

Numberless tales have been recited respecting the origin of that delightful old song, “The Lass of Richmond Hill.” One is to the effect that it was written by a young lady rejoicing in the name of Rosa Smith, who resided at Richmond, Surrey, and conceitedly termed herself the “Lass of Richmond Hill,” but her claims are without grounds, notwithstanding that she wrote

verses. Another story goes that it was written by Mr. Upton, who was the author of many Vauxhall pieces and many lyrics, amongst the latter being, "Remember, Love, Remember," and "The Garden Gate;" but there is no evidence in support of this statement whatever. The fact is, as stated by Sir Jonah Barrington, in his "Personal Sketches," that the song was written by Leonard McNally, a young Irish barrister. The Richmond referred to is unquestionably the place of that name in Yorkshire, and the lass was Miss I'Anson or Janson (spelt both ways), and the "Hill" was the house her family occupied. McNally's grand-daughter and Janson's descendants all testify to his authorship. Miss I'Anson was the daughter of William I'Anson, of Hill House, Richmond, Yorks, and McNally wooed and married her on January 16th, 1787, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. I'Anson was a solicitor, and therefore likely to meet with Leonard McNally, perhaps through his son, who was a barrister. McNally's daughter afterwards married a gentleman of the name of Simpson, at Richmond. Mr. I'Anson practised as a solicitor in Bedford Row, London. There can be no possible doubt about McNally's marriage with Miss I'Anson, nor of his being the author of the song, the music of which was written by James Hook, the father of Theodore Hook,

though for a long time it was attributed to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.). It was also said to have been a great favourite with George III. The "Lass of Richmond Hill" was written and composed some time before it was publicly given, which occurred in 1789, when Incledon sang it at Vauxhall Gardens. The words appear to have been first printed in the "Morning Herald," of August 1st, 1789, but it was circulated privately by McNally among his friends long prior to this.

"A piece of negative evidence," says the editor of the "Poets of Ireland" "not hitherto mentioned in favour of McNally's authorship is, that in 'Myrtle and Vine,' a collection of songs edited by C. H. Wilson (where there are about a dozen songs by Upton, the reputed author of the 'Lass of Richmond Hill,' whom Wilson probably knew, for he seems to have got the songs from the author direct), the lyric about which there has been so much dispute is given anonymously. If Upton had written it his name would presumably have been put to it as to the others by him." It is a curious fact that the song does not appear in Upton's collected poems. It seems odd, truly, that I'Anson should have lived so far away as Richmond, in Yorkshire, but over and over again it has been proved that such was the case, as he had a town house as well. There is a public house called "The Lass

of Richmond Hill," on Richmond Hill, in Surrey, due to a natural misconception by the original owner, and this has misled many people. McNally, who wrote a number of songs and operettas for Covent Garden and other theatres, was born in Dublin, in 1752, and died in the same city, February 13th, 1820.

That delightful old ballad, "Sally in our Alley," was written and composed, as everybody knows, by that erratic genius Henry Carey, whose granddaughter was the mother of the great Edmund Kean. Carey was a most prolific verse-maker and composer, and is said to have been a natural son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. He was very popular both as dramatist and musician. Indeed, he was a most extraordinary worker, and was constantly producing new operas and operettas from his fertile brain. Besides a number of plays, too numerous to be given, he wrote that never-to-be-forgotten burlesque, "Chrononhotonthologos," which he happily described as "The most Tragical Tragedy that ever was Tragedized by any Company of Tragedians." It was produced with enormous success at the Haymarket Theatre, February 22nd, 1734. In 1713, Carey published a volume of his poems, and later his Songs, Cantatas, Catches, etc. But of all his compositions "Sally in our Alley," will be ever the most popular (many of his other pieces would well bear resuscitating), and will

transmit his fame to all posterity. It is "one of the most striking and original melodies ever written." Carey's account of its origin is as follows: "A shoemaker's apprentice making a holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields, whence, proceeding to the Farthing Pie House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beer and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them." Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of nature. He adds, with pardonable pride, that Addison had more than once expressed his approbation of his production. "Strange to say, he was much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for the performance, which nevertheless made its way into the polite world." It was utilized in the "Beggar's Opera" by Gay in 1728, and sung by Macheath in the "Medley," in scene 2, act iii. It was also introduced into several other plays and parodied and imitated right and left. Carey's music was superseded in 1760 by an older tune (about 1620), called, "What though I am a Country Lasse," which it curiously resembled, and to which it is now always given.

Carey, who was created Mus. Doc., died October 4th, 1743, though how old he was it is

not easy to say. Some say he was eighty, others that he was under fifty. His posthumous son, George Savile Carey, inherited much of his father's talents and also his characteristics. He was an actor and an entertainer, and appeared to succeed better in the latter line. He always claimed that his father wrote both words and music of "God Save the King." Chappell supports this, and says it was written for a birthday of George II. Dr. Finck is of the same opinion. It was G. S. Carey's daughter Anne who was the mother of Edmund Kean, the father was a Jew.

It is a wonderful coincidence, that to the year 1740 we are indebted for the first appearance in public of three of our most popular and most national songs, "God Save the King," "The Roast Beef of Old England," by Henry Fielding, and "Rule Britannia," by James Thomson; while just nineteen years later appeared the magnificent patriotic song, "Hearts of Oak," written by David Garrick, who had a pretty wit for turning a ballad, and composed by Dr. Boyce. "Hearts of Oak" was first sung by Mr. Champnes in public at Drury Lane Theatre, December, 1759, in a Christmas entertainment, entitled, "Harlequin's Invasion," prepared by Roscius himself. It was written under the inspiration of the year (1759) of Pitt's greatest triumphs, the year of Minden and Quiberon and

Quebec, the "wonderful year" of the lyric, a year in which the British arms were covered with glory by the Marquis of Granby, Lord Hawke, and General Wolfe :

"Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year ;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?"

It is a truly grand patriotic production.

"Roast Beef" was adapted to a tune composed by Richard Leveridge, about 1728, who also wrote part of the words at the time. The song, with Fielding's improved lyric, was published in Walsh's "British Miscellany," about 1740. The authorship of "Rule Britannia" has been disputed, some authorities at one time inclining to the belief that as David Mallet was concerned with Thomson in writing the masque "Alfred," in which the Ode was originally sung, he was the writer. I will first give a quotation from W. Chappell's "National English Airs:" "'Rule Britannia,' from the masque of 'Alfred,' composed by Dr. Arne. This masque was written by James Thomson and David Mallet, and was performed in the gardens of Cliefden House in commemoration of the accession of George I., and in honour of the birthday of the Princess of Brunswick on August 1st, 1740. It was afterwards altered into an opera (by the same com-

poser) and performed at Covent Garden in 1745; and, after the death of Thomson, which occurred in 1748, it was again entirely remodelled by Mallet, scarcely any part of the first being retained, and performed at Drury Lane, in 1751. The words of 'Rule Britannia' were, however, written by Thomson." It was already a celebrated song in 1745, for during the Jacobite Rebellion in the north, of that year, the Jacobites, with consummate impudence, took the lay, and altered the words to suit their own cause, and termed it their "National Song!" Handel makes use of the air in his "Occasional Oratorios," with slight variations, to words beginning,

"War shall cease,
Welcome peace!"

in 1746.

When Mallet altered the opera, or masque of "Alfred," it proved a fearful fiasco, and it was not till Thomson was dead that he claimed the ode as his own composition—a composition which Southey (including the music, of course,) said would be "the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power." Yet the song was actually published in Edinburgh in the second edition of a well-known song book during Mallet's life-time with Thomson's initials, and apparently Mallet made no stir.

David Mallet earned much notoriety as a

purloiner of other people's wares, and his imposture with regard to "Margaret's Ghost" is ancient history to students of old ballads and Percy's "Reliques." I will give an extract from a contribution by the talented author of "Popular Music of the Olden Time" to "Notes and Queries," November 20th, 1886. "I will now refer to 'Alfred.' It was performed a second time at Cliefden House, with great success, and soon 'Rule Britannia' became a national song. In 1745 'Alfred' was altered into an opera by Dr. Arne, the principal vocal parts being taken by Mrs. Arne, Miss Young, Mrs. Sybilla, and Mr. Lowe, at Covent Garden (this was for the benefit of Mrs. Arne), and turned into a musical drama at Drury Lane, both in the same year. In 1748 James Thomson, the poet, died from fever, and that suggested to Mallet the idea of robbing his friend and fellow-countryman (they were both Scottish) of his share of the credit he had gained by the triple production of 'Alfred,' and especially by the ode; but Dr. Arne, who outlived Thomson and Mallet till 1788, stood always in Mallet's way. It was his music to 'Rule Britannia' that had been one great cause of the success, and everybody knew that the ode had been written by Thomson, who gave the words to Arne to set to music, and many thousands of copies had been printed within the ten or eleven years that had

elapsed. In the meantime Mallet had received a commission to write the life of the great Duke of Marlborough, for which he had received £1,000 from the Duchess, and an annuity from the Duke to expedite his labours. How he carried out his contract is thus told in the 'Biographia Dramatica,' 1812, and elsewhere.

"No. 143, 'Alfred,' a masque by David Mallet, acted at Drury Lane, 8vo., 1751. This is the play of Messrs. Thomson and Mallet, entirely new modelled by the latter; no part of the first being retained except a few lines. Though excellently performed, it was not very successful. The prologue was written by the Earl of Cork. It has been said that Mallet procured 'Alfred' to be performed at Drury Lane by insinuating to Garrick that in his intended life of the Duke of Marlborough he should, by an ingenious device, find a niche for the Roscius of the age. 'My dear friend,' said Garrick, 'have you left off writing for the stage?' The hint was taken, and 'Alfred' was produced. Garrick himself afterwards tried to turn Mallet's failure as a masque into a tragedy, in 1773, to recover some of the money he had lost upon it, but he was not more successful than before. Mallet's 'Life of the Duke of Marlborough' was paid for but never written. Mallet employed Lord Bolingbroke to write three additional verses for 'Rule Britannia' to

replace three of Thomson's (which he would never have done if they had been his own) but the public would not have the new verses, and insisted upon Thomson's which they knew." To add further proof to the fact that Thomson was the genuine author of "Rule Britannia," I may state that in all the public advertisements when Arne's opera was played, Thompson's name alone was announced as the author of the ode. The rest of David Mallet's shameful life will be found in any English biography. He enjoyed a considerable pension, which had been bestowed on him for his success in turning the public vengeance upon Admiral Byng by means of a letter of accusation under the character of "A Plain Man." That pension was Mallet's blood money. He had also a legacy of the copyright of Lord Bolingbroke's "Works," Bolingbroke having employed him to "blast the memory of Pope," "an office which he executed with all the malignity that his employer could wish." Mallet had been a thorough parasite to Pope before, and Bolingbroke was the wretched hypocrite whom Pope, by leaving all his MSS. to him, had made the guardian of his character. No Scotchman would attend Mallet's funeral; but a monument was raised by public subscription to the memory of James Thomson in Westminster Abbey. Mallet's real name was Malloch, and he died in 1765, aged sixty.

CHAPTER XIII.

HENRY RUSSELL'S SONGS AND OTHERS.

“WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE,” “CHEER, BOYS, CHEER,” “A GOOD TIME COMING,” “THE OLD ARM CHAIR,” “A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE,” “COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING,” “REST, TROUBLED HEART,” “THE GIPSY COUNTESS,” AND “THE BEATING OF MY OWN HEART.”

IN October, 1895, Henry Russell, who is eighty-six years old, published his memoirs under the taking title of “Cheer, Boys, Cheer,” from which we gather the following particulars.

Evincing early a taste for music, and revealing as a child the possession of an excellent voice, Mr. Russell was taken, when eight years old, to Elliston, who engaged him for the “children’s operas” he was giving at the Surrey Theatre. From the elder Kean, who heard him sing at Richmond, he received the assurance that “You will never become a great actor or a great singer unless you learn to speak every word you utter distinctly and clearly. Unintelligibility and slovenliness in speech are

the curse of the profession." By-and-by Mr. Russell went to Italy to study, and was so lucky as to obtain some gratis lessons in counterpoint, harmony, and orchestration from Bellini, the composer. He afterwards found employment as a pianist and chorus master, and travelled a good deal in company with Balfe, who was then singing in opera. Returning to England he was for a time chorus-master at Her Majesty's under Lumley; then, his prospects appearing to be vague, if not cloudy, he decided to seek his fortunes in the New World. He went to Canada, opening at Toronto, where his first concert resulted in a pecuniary loss. At Rochester, N.Y., he was offered, and accepted, an organistship at £60 a year. At this place he happened to hear the famous Henry Clay deliver an oration, and the incident proved to be the turning-point of his life.

"If Henry Clay could create such an impression by his distinct enunciation of every word, should it not be possible for me to make music the vehicle for grand thoughts and noble sentiments, to speak to the world through the power of poetry and song? The idea gained upon me. I became more and more fascinated by the thought, not only of trying my fortune as a vocalist, but also of composing my own songs. With me at that time to devise was to act. I commenced there and then to set to music

Mackay's beautiful poem, 'Wind of the winter night, whence comest thou?' A few days later I had my musical rendering of Mackay's fine verses all ready, and I took the first opportunity of playing it over to some friends. They applauded it, and their praise was emphatic enough to be sincere. This success decided me. From that day song composing became the serious object of my life. "Oh, Woodman, spare that tree," 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' 'The Gambler's Wife,' and 'The Maniac,' were the songs which leapt quickest into popularity."

Though not often sung nowadays, most people are familiar with "Woodman, Spare that Tree." How it came to be written is explained in the following letter from the author of the lyric, General G. P. Morris, to his friend, the veteran singer, Henry Russell.

"Riding out of town a few days since in company with a friend who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight had recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass not far from Bloomingdale. 'Your object?' inquired I. 'Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's.' 'The place is yours, then,' said I. 'No, my poor mother sold it;'

and I observed a slight quiver of the lip at the recollection. 'Dear mother,' resumed my companion, 'we passed many happy, happy days in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now—father, mother, sisters, cottage, all are gone!' and a paleness overspread his countenance, and a moisture came to his eyes as he spoke. After a moment's pause, he added, 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, but I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at the old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the bygone summertime it was a friend indeed. Under its branches I often listened to the good counsel of my parents, and had *such* gambols with my sisters! Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer; but I like it just as well in winter. There it is!'

"Near the tree stood an old man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage. 'What are you going to do?' asked my friend. 'What is that to you?' was the reply. 'You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?' 'Yes, but I am, though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. 'What for!—I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling un-

healthy ; it stands too near the house ; prevents the moisture from exhaling and renders us liable to fever and ague !' 'Have you any other reason for cutting it down ?' 'Yes ; I am getting old ; the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of value to me to burn.' He was soon convinced that the story about the fever and the ague was a mere fiction, and then asked what the tree was worth as firewood. 'Why, when it is down, about ten dollars.' 'Suppose I should give you that sum, would you let it stand ?' 'Yes.' 'You are sure of that ?' 'Positive.' 'Then give me a bond to that effect.' I drew it up ; it was witnessed by his daughter ; the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the road and pursued our ride. The circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with materials for the song I sent you."

I give the above as I took it from an American paper. The truth is that Henry Russell was the friend, and Morris himself the man who had lived in the old cottage and had played under the tree as a child.

General G. P. Morris, who was the writer of many other lyrics, died in America in 1865. Speaking of Henry Russell I am reminded that he, like most singers who have risen to emi-

nence, had his early struggles. That veteran song writer who composed the music to and sang the once universally popular song "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," only received three pounds for the copyright. He asked the publisher once how the song sold, and was told that nineteen presses could not keep pace with the demand. Afterwards, the publishers sent him £10 to ease their consciences. How easy it must be to relieve some publishers' consciences! I was told some few years ago of a certain firm of publishers who secured the music and words of a song that was sung everywhere at the time, for which they gave in all £30, but which brought them in sufficient to buy them an establishment in the West End (they were in a very small way of business previously) and set them up as leading publishers. The composer is still writing songs. It seems the fate of some writers to make everybody's fortune but their own.

Dr. Charles Mackay, who died on Christmas Eve, 1889, supplied Henry Russell with a vast number of lyrics, the majority of which will never die. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a Good Time Coming," "Baby Mine," and "England, Dear England," may be mentioned as some of his happiest efforts. Sir Henry Bishop set no less than a hundred and twenty songs from his pen, many of which were written

specially for the "Illustrated London News," to which the doctor contributed all kinds of literary matter. For Dr. Mackay, besides being a lyric writer, was a literary man of considerable knowledge and ability, and acted at one time as sub-editor of the "Morning Chronicle." Indeed he secured the post when Thackeray was one of the applicants for the berth. Dr. Mackay also wrote for the "Daily News" under Charles Dickens and subsequent editors, and it was in the columns of that paper that "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," was first printed. It was while Henry Russell was singing this song with its string of wonderful things to happen in the good time coming, that an excited listener asked Russell if it would be convenient for him to fix the date of that "good time."

Henry Russell thus relates the origin of "A Life on the Ocean Wave:" "One bright spring morning as Epps Sargent strolled on the Battery, New York, watching the ships in the harbour, the scene before him gave him an idea which he proceeded to develop. His walk and song were completed together, and Sargent went to the office of our mutual friend, George P. Morris, and wrote out the words.

"'This is not a song at all,' said Morris after reading it. 'It will not do for music.'

"A few days after I met Sargent and asked him for the song. He told me very dolefully

what Morris had said, but I insisted on seeing the manuscript. We then went into a Broadway music store kept by a good friend, and were invited into a back room where there was a capital piano. I hummed an air or two, ran my fingers over the keys, then stopped feeling baffled; suddenly an idea struck me, I began to hum a melody that seemed floating through my brain, and presently touching the keys with a confident exclamation, that bright little air rang out which is now so well known as 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'" Speaking on another subject the veteran author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" says: "One summer afternoon when I was playing at the Presbyterian church, Rochester, I made a discovery. It was that sacred music played quickly makes the best kind of secular music. It was quite by accident that playing the 'Old Hundredth' very fast I produced the air of 'Get out o' de way Old Dan Tucker;' this was the first of a good many minstrel songs that I composed or rather adapted from hymn tunes played quickly. Among them are 'Lucy Long,' 'Ober de Mountain,' and 'Buffalo Gals.'"

Leaving Henry Russell, we turn to one of England's great national songs, "The Death of Nelson," the music of which was composed by Braham. This was first sung in an opera called "The Americans," produced in 1806. The words of the opera and the lyrics were by

Samuel James Arnold, the son of Dr. Arnold, composer of the "Maid of the Mill" and over forty other operas, who died in 1802. S. J. Arnold's first venture was a stage version of "Auld Robin Gray" in 1794, when only a little over twenty years of age. This was followed, in 1795, by "Who Pays the Reckoning," "The Shipwreck" in 1796, "The Irish Legacy" in 1797, "The Veteran Tar" in 1801, "Foul Deeds Will Rise" in 1804, and "The Americans" in 1806, after the death of the great Nelson, which, as every schoolboy knows, occurred in October, 1805, on board the "Victory." S. J. Arnold, who also wrote "Speed on my Bark," "The Parent Oak," and other lyrics, seemed to be very fond of sea subjects. He also appears to have been a very clever writer and portrait painter as well. He furnished surprising specimens (of portrait painting) at the Royal Academy; he afterwards undertook a panorama of the battle of Alexandria, exhibited in 1801. "He seems, indeed, to possess an universal genius," says a writer in 1807. He married Miss Pye, daughter of H. J. Pye the unpoetic poet laureate.

It would not be difficult to cite a number of instances of a song that has been sold for "a mere song," as the phrase is, that has afterwards brought in thousands of pounds. For example, in 1859 Mr. Stephen C. Foster was in a piano

store-room in Broadway, New York, where, in the presence of a few gentlemen, he played his charming song, "Come where my love lies dreaming." At the conclusion he sold the song for five dollars—or say a guinea. Mr. J. C. Cussans, who told this story at a city banquet in 1892, was present when the song was sold. Its subsequent value was enormous. As an instance of the price obtained for favourite songs even after they may reasonably be supposed to have had their day, I may mention that the copyright of "Kathleen Mavoureen" not long ago was sold for £109, and "In the Gloaming" for £286. But there are some songs that are always in demand, and especially is this the case with those old time ballads which celebrated singers of the day very wisely include in their repertoire.

The prolific Mrs. Crawford, who wrote so many popular lyrics in the forties and fifties, and gave us the words of the never-to-be-forgotten "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the charming "Ellen Astore; or The Flower of Kilkenny," was also the authoress of both "Rest, Troubled Heart," and "The Gipsy Countess," once so extraordinarily popular, especially the duet, "The Gipsy Countess," which all sentimental young couples used to sing two or three decades ago. "Rest, Troubled Heart," or, as it was frequently called, the "Song of Pestal,"

owed its origin to the fact that Colonel Pestal, at one time an officer in the Russian army, who was doomed to death for turning traitor to his country, wrote the beautiful melody to which the words were subsequently written, on the wall of his dungeon the night before his execution. This Colonel P. I. Pestal was one of the leading Dekabrists, so called from the historical episodes of 14th (26th) December, 1825, when Pestal and a number of confederates conspired against Nicholas I. An insurrection of the troops followed in Moscow, but this was soon suppressed. Pestal, with five others, paid the last penalty of the law at daybreak on 13th (25th) July, 1826, having been sentenced to death for high treason. One of the five executed was Ryleyeff, a Russian minor poet of some ability, whose poems are still extant and in print. Soon after the accession of Alexander II., in 1855, the surviving Dekabrists, who had been cast in prison, were pardoned and liberated.

Mrs. Crawford prefaces the song with a short piece of ordinary verse. The lyric itself I give. It must be confessed that it does not possess that literary merit which usually marks Mrs. Crawford's performances, but we must not forget that she lived in an age of much artificiality :

“Rest thou troubled heart! within this captive bosom
swelling,
Rest thou troubled heart! no more of love or glory telling :

Now no more by wrongs or tyrant power oppressed.
 From a thousand woes, Ah! sweet repose,
 Soon will seal these eyes in everlasting rest.
 Soon the martyr's grave will close.

"Death approaches near! the herald of eternal glory,
 Friends and comrades dear! Ye long shall mourn my hap-
 less story.

Oh! 'tis hard to part from all life's loving ties—
 Hark, the midnight bell! 'tis the soldier's knell:
 Soon to-morrow's sun, the last for me, shall rise;
 Glory, home, and friends, farewell." . . .

At the end of each verse the first two lines are repeated with the plaintive music, which was arranged by E. Flood.

By the way, the melody of "Pestal" was, in a measure, no doubt unconsciously, revived recently in that ridiculous rubbish called "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay."

"The Gipsy Countess," with music by the once celebrated Stephen Glover, was founded on an incident not without a certain amount of romance. The kidnapping of children was a regular profession amongst the gipsies at one time, and many a parent lived to mourn the loss of a favourite child stolen away by these nomads and alien wanderers. The story upon which the "Gipsy Countess" was founded and utilized in Mrs. Crawford's lyric is as follows: A tradition was current in the north of England that a young earl of one of the Border counties, in the course of his rambles, met with a beautiful gipsy girl

whose charms made a deep and lasting impression on his heart. Upon entering into conversation with her, he found to his surprise that the artless grace of her manners, and the intelligence and purity of her mind, were quite equal to the beauty of her face and person; and, in spite of the great disparity of rank, he soon became deeply enamoured of her. It may be supposed that the struggle between affection and pride was long and severe before the earl could make up his mind to ally himself to the humble object of his disinterested regard; but love finally triumphed. To increase, however, the romance of the story, it is added that the gipsy girl had been stolen in her infancy by one of the roving band with which she thus became associated, and that she was afterwards discovered to be the daughter of a wealthy baronet. The pride of her lover was thus spared the intended sacrifice in raising the beautiful gipsy to the rank of a countess.

Another, one time very popular, composition which was sung by all the prominent singers of the musical world, is "The Beating of my own Heart," written by the late Lord Houghton when he was merely Mr. R. Monckton Milnes. At the time of writing this lyric, Monckton Milnes, who had a well-deserved reputation as a maker of light, tuneful verse, was the guest of some friends in the country, and while a party

of them went out riding and driving, the clever young poet elected to wander about by himself in the beautiful solitude of a summer day. The silence was intense, and only broken, as he said, by the beating of his own heart and the gentle murmur of a running stream near which he strayed. The phrase "the beating of my own heart" kept singing in his ear, and there and then he wrote the simple song which was destined, by the aid of Sir (then Professor) George A. Macfarren's melody, to become so famous. On his return to the house he told his hostess what he had written, and at her request he read his poem to the assembled guests at the dinner table. Strange to say, nobody thought anything of the piece, and they mostly criticised it rather severely. However, Monckton Milnes had faith in his own effort, and though his friends declared that the lines "The beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard" were nonsense, as no man could hear his own heart beat (which, of course, he can, under certain conditions), he was able to prove his own contention right, for some months afterwards it was the favourite song of the day. It was one of the greatest triumphs of the celebrated Clara Novello, who became the Countess Gigliucci in 1843, and retired from the stage in 1860. She died in the seventy-ninth year of her age, in the summer of 1896.

CHAPTER XIV:

ABOUT SOME MORE FAVOURITE SONGS.

“THE POSTMAN’S KNOCK,” “ROUSSEAU’S DREAM,”
“THE OLD HUNDREDTH,” “THE SAVOY,” “THERE
IS A HAPPY LAND,” “LITTLE DROPS OF WATER,”
“THE VICAR OF BRAY,” “LILLIBURLERO,” “YE
MARINERS OF ENGLAND,” “YE GENTLEMEN OF
ENGLAND,” “EXCELSIOR,” “THE OLD CLOCK ON
THE STAIRS,” AND “THE VILLAGE BLACK-
SMITH.”

A SIMPLE, homely song that is rarely heard now-a-days, for its novelty has long worn off, is “The Postman’s Knock,” written by L. M. Thornton, and composed by W. T. Wrighton, of drawing-room ballad composing and singing celebrity. “The Postman’s Knock,” when it was first published, about forty years ago, spread into favour at once, and was sung all over England, because it appeared at a period when the “New Penny Post” of Rowland Hill had had time to become understood of the people and to be utilized by them. And because it appealed to the sympathies of the majority, it remained quite a favourite in some parts of the country.

and sung, that John Baldwin Buckstone had a piece written on the subject for the Haymarket Theatre. On April 10th, 1856, he produced a musical farce, concocted by L. M. Thornton, of which the "Illustrated London News," of April 19th of the same year, says: "A new farce, called 'The Postman's Knock,' somewhat rudely constructed, for the apparent purpose of introducing the song so named, has been produced at this (Haymarket) Theatre. The song itself is well sung by Mr. Farren; and the piece aided by his talent, and that of Miss Lavine and Miss Schott, who also sing a ballad or two each, has been favourably received." The programme for the week at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, is worth giving: "Monday, April 7, and during the week, the new and successful comedy, 'The Evil Genius;' after which the renowned Spanish Dancer, Perea Nena, who, with Manuel Perez and a New Company, will appear in the New Ballet-Pantomime of 'El Gambusino; or, The Mexican Gold-Digger,' after which, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, for the Last Three Nights, 'Lend Me Five Shillings' (Buckstone as Golightly); on Thursday a New Farce called 'The Postman's Knock.'" But the piece was first tried at the Surrey Theatre on the 7th of the same month with Phelps and Vollaire in the cast.

Lewis Maunsell Thornton was born at Ox-

ford, 1822. He was a simple versifier all his life, and in later times lived largely on the reputation of his one song. He used to tramp about the country selling a volume of his own lyrics, and by this means and by occasionally getting a guinea or so for a ballad, he managed to exist. His book was called "The Poetic Gift of Friendship." His last successful song was "Sing, Birdie, Sing." Thornton died in the infirmary of the Bath Union, whence he had been conveyed from the hospital after a painful operation. He had few friends, but certainly a good one in Mr. Jones-Hunt (generally known as the Bath poet), who did much to assist Thornton in many ways. It is interesting to add that the author of "The Postman's Knock" was carried to the grave by four postmen in uniform, while four others acted as pall-bearers, out of pure sympathy and kindness of heart. Mr. Jones-Hunt generously attended to the funeral expenses. Thornton's remains lie in the quiet God's Acre of Walcot Wesleyan Chapel, Bath.

The song known as "Rousseau's Dream" is extracted, as far as the air goes, from Jean Jacques Rousseau's opera, "Le Devin du Village," which was produced in 1752. In the original it is a pantomime tune, without words, and the name of "Rousseau's Dream" was first given to it in print by J. B. Cramer. The English words, "Now, while eve's soft shadows

for more than twenty years. The words were written by a humble individual of small literary ability, who died in the Bath Workhouse, May 8th, 1888, after a hard fight against poverty. It must be confessed at once there is no art whatever in the irregular stanzas of the song, but there is plenty of human nature of a kind :

“What a wonderful man the postman is,
 As he hastens from door to door !
 What a medley of news his hands contain,
 For high, low, rich, and poor !
 In many a face he joy doth trace,
 In as many he griefs can see,
 As the door is ope'd to his loud rat-tat,
 And his quick delivery.
 Every morn, as true as the clock,
 Somebody hears the postman's knock.

“Number One he presents with the news of birth,
 With tidings of death, Number Four,
 At Thirteen a bill of a terrible length
 He drops through the hole in the door.
 A cheque or an order at Fifteen he leaves,
 And Sixteen his presence doth prove,
 While Seventeen does an acknowledgment get,
 And Eighteen a letter of love.”

Properly speaking, the love-letter should have been left at Seventeen, but perhaps Mr. Thornton was above punning. It should be remembered that a letter in those days was quite an event, for before the introduction of Sir Rowland Hill's “Penny Post,” letters were very expensive

luxuries indeed. For one to receive a letter, in country parts, was to be converted into a kind of hero for the time being, and to be worshipped accordingly. Letters from oversea were almost unknown except amongst the well to do, and friends and relations who lived at a distance rarely heard of each other from one year's end to another. Now for the last verse :

“ May his visits be frequent to those who expect
A line from the friends they hold dear ;
But rarely, we hope, compelled he will be
Disastrous tidings to bear.
Far, far be the day when the envelope shows
The dark border shading it o'er ;
Then long life to Her Majesty's servant, we say,
And oft may he knock at the door ! ”

Let us not be too captious over the poverty of idea here exposed, nor criticise too harshly the falseness of the metre and the weakness of the rhyme. L. M. Thornton knew his audience, and wrote level to them, and being of a homely nature himself, he knew exactly the chords he could play upon with the best results. Thornton wrote many other lyrics that were more or less popular, as, for instance, “ Pleasure,” “ Smiles and Tears,” “ Sing on, Sweet Bird,” “ Look Up,” and the sacred songs, “ As One by One our Friends Depart,” and “ Rest for the Weary,” the music being composed by W. T. Wrighton. “ The Postman's Knock ” was so widely known

and sung, that John Baldwin Buckstone had a piece written on the subject for the Haymarket Theatre. On April 10th, 1856, he produced a musical farce, concocted by L. M. Thornton, of which the "Illustrated London News," of April 19th of the same year, says: "A new farce, called 'The Postman's Knock,' somewhat rudely constructed, for the apparent purpose of introducing the song so named, has been produced at this (Haymarket) Theatre. The song itself is well sung by Mr. Farren; and the piece aided by his talent, and that of Miss Lavine and Miss Schott, who also sing a ballad or two each, has been favourably received." The programme for the week at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, is worth giving: "Monday, April 7, and during the week, the new and successful comedy, 'The Evil Genius;' after which the renowned Spanish Dancer, Perea Nena, who, with Manuel Perez and a New Company, will appear in the New Ballet-Pantomime of 'El Gambusino; or, The Mexican Gold-Digger,' after which, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, for the Last Three Nights, 'Lend Me Five Shillings' (Buckstone as Golightly); on Thursday a New Farce called 'The Postman's Knock.'" But the piece was first tried at the Surrey Theatre on the 7th of the same month with Phelps and Vollaire in the cast.

Lewis Maunsell Thornton was born at Ox-

ford, 1822. He was a simple versifier all his life, and in later times lived largely on the reputation of his one song. He used to tramp about the country selling a volume of his own lyrics, and by this means and by occasionally getting a guinea or so for a ballad, he managed to exist. His book was called "The Poetic Gift of Friendship." His last successful song was "Sing, Birdie, Sing." Thornton died in the infirmary of the Bath Union, whence he had been conveyed from the hospital after a painful operation. He had few friends, but certainly a good one in Mr. Jones-Hunt (generally known as the Bath poet), who did much to assist Thornton in many ways. It is interesting to add that the author of "The Postman's Knock" was carried to the grave by four postmen in uniform, while four others acted as pall-bearers, out of pure sympathy and kindness of heart. Mr. Jones-Hunt generously attended to the funeral expenses. Thornton's remains lie in the quiet God's Acre of Walcot Wesleyan Chapel, Bath.

The song known as "Rousseau's Dream" is extracted, as far as the air goes, from Jean Jacques Rousseau's opera, "Le Devin du Village," which was produced in 1752. In the original it is a pantomime tune, without words, and the name of "Rousseau's Dream" was first given to it in print by J. B. Cramer. The English words, "Now, while eve's soft shadows

Cathedral by some six thousand charity children, wrote : " It would be useless to attempt to give any idea of such a musical effect. It was more powerful, more beautiful, than all the exultant vocal masses you ever heard, in the same proportion that St. Paul's is larger than a village church, and even a hundred times more than that. I may add that this choral, of long notes and of noble character, is sustained by superb harmony, which the organ inundated, without submerging it." For some time it was known as the "Savoy."

It has happened time and again that many an old hymn has been saved from utter oblivion by the fortunate circumstance of inspiring some modern writer to compose a fresh lyric in place of the crude and often coarse original words. But the oddest part about these rescued and world-wide popular pieces is that in the large majority of cases the authors have written *one* good piece and nothing more. There is, for instance, that Sunday-school hymn, " There is a Happy Land." Who has ever heard anything of the author, Andrew Young? You may search for his name amongst books of minor verse in vain, and yet for quite half a century Mr. Andrew Young has exercised a far wider influence upon his race than many whom the world considers its benefactors and greatest men. According to a newspaper account in 1889 (when Mr. Young was alive and over eighty years old) the origin

of the hymn was occasioned by Mr. Young's hearing a tune played in a drawing-room. It is said that the melody in question was "an old Indian air, which has blended with the music of the woods of the primeval forest." It is just possible that the air had nothing to do with Indians at all. But what matters? It haunted the future author of the children's hymn and possibly, in sheer desperation, Mr. Young sat down and clothed the melody with words which resolved themselves into the lines,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day!"

For long the sacred song was only sung in Mr. Young's family, but the chance visit of a music publisher soon made it known to all and every through the medium of the engraver. The growth and popularity of these simple airs with their simple words are beyond the ken of mortal man to discover. We have it on the authority of Professor Mason that Thackeray was "walking one day in a 'slum' district of London when he suddenly came upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement. They were singing. Drawing nearer he heard the words, 'There is a happy land, Far far away.' As he looked at the ragged choristers and their squalid surroundings, and saw that their pale faces were lit up with a

thought which brought both forgetfulness and hope, the tender-hearted cynic burst into tears." This is a very pretty story as it stands, but why always call the author of "Vanity Fair" a cynic? A cynic is a man who puts himself outside the world and then tries to mingle in it. Thackeray was a genius, and of course one must call him something; what right has a man to possess what you don't?

Fame seems a very capricious sort of thing to achieve, and while many strive with the weightiest works for the benefit of their kind, a small thing like Mrs. Brewer's

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land."

secures at once to its incubator a popularity and audience amongst all the world's millions of English speaking people! And the best of it is that it does not boast one spark of originality, Shakespeare having long ago given us the same idea in beautiful language, which has been imitated by hundreds of poets since. As a child's song, however, it is not easily matched. The authoress, Mrs. Brewer, does not appear to have written anything else.

That "pious" song, "The Vicar of Bray," written about 1720, to an older air, called "The Country Garden" (1690), was occasioned by the

following circumstances. The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a papist under the reign of Henry VIII., and a protestant under Edward VI.; he was a papist again under Mary, and once more became a protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the cloth was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat (he had seen some martyrs burned at Windsor and doubtless found the fire too hot for his tender temper) and an inconstant changeling, as worthy old Fuller expresses it, he replied, "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle: which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray!" This vivacious and reverend hero gave birth to a sort of proverb peculiar to the county of Berkshire, "The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still." But how has it happened, demands D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature," that this vicar should be so notorious, and one in much higher rank, acting the same part, should have escaped notice? Dr. Kitchen, Bishop of Landaff, an idle abbot under Henry VIII., was made a busy bishop; protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a parliament protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *Kitchen* better than the *Church*. The song was doubtless a general

satire on the numerous church renegades, and especially of one who lived in the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., and George I. The words were by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment. The original vicar is believed to have been Simon Aleyn; though Ray gives the honour to an "independent" named Simon Symonds.

Of that absurd song, "Lilliburlero," Dr. Percy says, in his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry:" "The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a most powerful effect and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688." "Burnet says," he continues, "a foolish ballad was made at that time treating the papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero' that made an impression on the (King's) army that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

It was written, or at least published, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland, in October, 1688. The ridiculous burden is said to date from 1641. The words are simply trash, but it was Lord Wharton's boast that he drove James II. from the throne with

a few verses and a tune. Though the words were by Lord Wharton, the melody was composed by Henry Purcell, and it was almost entirely owing to the catching refrain that the song was sung at all. This quaint march and quick step was originally printed in "The Delightful Companion: or, Choice New Lessons for the Recorder or Flute," 1686, a very rare and scarce work indeed. "Perhaps," says Percy, "it is unnecessary to mention that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland, in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears."

I give the first verse as a curiosity, notwithstanding its lack of merit.

"Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree?

Lilli burlero bullen a la!

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli burlero bullen a la!

Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la,

Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la!"

The wild Lilliburlero chorus comes in at the end of each verse as indicated in the first. It would be curious to know what language Lord

Wharton thought he was imitating when he wrote this gibberish? It achieved its aim, anyhow, says a chronicler of the period. "A late Viceroyn, who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention and lying, and for making a certain Lilliburlero song; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms." Through the storm of this doggerel as an expression of popular dislike and distrust fell the Stuart dynasty notwithstanding their strenuous efforts to suppress printer's ink and frantic wit. But politically speaking, a mere song has proved the ruin of empires and the slaughter of opposing millions time and again. And it can only be accounted for by the fact that the populace and the army will feed on anything that tickles their humour and fires their imagination.

Thenceforward "Lilliburlero" became a party tune in Ireland, "especially after 'Dublin's deliverance; or the Surrender of Drogheda,' and 'Undaunted Londonderry,'" appropriate words being written to the jingle and sung throughout the land. It has now fallen into disuse. Shadwell and Vanbrugh and other dramatists frequently refer to the tune in their plays; Sterne also mentions it in "Tristram Shandy." Purcell makes use of it again in his "Gordian Knot Unty'd," but it only lives now in the old nursery rhyme:

“ There was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon.”

and in the convivial chorus :

“ A very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one.”

which seems to be the inevitable fate of many martial strains !

Though Lord Wharton is generally believed to have written “ Lillibulero ” this is not certain, it never having been conclusively proved. Dr. Charles Mackay identified the refrain as part of a solar hymn, astronomical and druidical, reading it thus : “ Li ! li ! Beur ! lear-a ! Buille na la ! ” *i.e.*, “ Light ! light on the sea beyond the promontory ! 'Tis the stroke (or dawn) of the morning.” The author of the “ Irish Hudibras,” is said to have had something to do with the composition of the words.

But let us turn our attention to other wares. Thomas Campbell's “ Ye Mariners of England,” which I briefly referred to in a previous chapter, was partly inspired by the melody of Martyn Parker's “ Ye Gentlemen of England ” (date about 1630). Mrs. Ireland, who saw much of Campbell at this time (1799) says, that it was in the musical evenings at her mother's house, that he appeared to derive the greatest enjoyment. At these *soirées* his favourite song was “ Ye Gentlemen of England,” with the

music of which he was particularly struck, and determined to write new words to it. Hence this noble and stirring lyric, "Ye Mariners of England," part of which, if not all, he is believed to have composed after one of these family parties. It was not, however, until after he had retired to Ratisbon, and felt his patriotism kindled by the announcement of war with Denmark, that he finished the original sketch and sent it home to Mr. Perry of the "Morning Chronicle" (see Dr. Beattie's "Life of Thomas Campbell").

So much esoteric fun has been made out of Longfellow's allegorical lyric "Excelsior," that I think a word or two on its upspringing may be appropriate. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes terms it "a trumpet call to the energies of youth." Longfellow, it appears, one day came across part of the heading of a New York newspaper, bearing the seal of the State of New York, a shield with a rising sun and the motto in heraldic Latin, "Excelsior." His imagination was at once fired with the picture of the youth climbing up the Alps, and bearing in his hand the magic banner "with the strange device" of Upward Hope. This the poet decided upon as the symbol of youth ever anxious to press forward to attain higher and nobler things, and though he succeed not in this world, he is rewarded for the attempt in the next.

The Latin title was the subject of criticism both before and after publication, many thinking that it should be *Excelsius*, or *Ad Excelsiore*. Longfellow explained that he took the word from "Scopus meus excelsior est," "my goal is higher."

Unfortunately when the poem appeared it was execrably illustrated and brought down much ridicule upon the poet and set the parodists to work. For it is easier to parody an allegory with some folk than to understand it. One of the most successful musical settings of "Excelsior" was by Stephen Glover (1812-1870).

The following letters fully explain Longfellow's own meaning in regard to the poem. The first was written long ago to the Hon. C. K. Tuckerman, the second is dated 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem 'Excelsior,' and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is, Excelsior—'Higher.'—He passes through the Alpine village—through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness

of domestic peace, and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warnings of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward. You will perceive that 'Excelsior,' an adjective of the comparative degree, is used adverbially; a use justified by the best Latin writers."

His next epistle explains the use of the word "Excelsior," which critics said ought to have been "Excelsius." It was addressed to Signor Cesati.

"CAMBRIDGE, *Feb.* 5, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your card with your friendly criticism on the word 'Excelsior.' In reply, I would say, by way of explanation, that the device on the banner is not to be interpreted 'Ascende Superius,' but 'Scopus meus excelsior est.'

This will make evident why I say 'Excelsior,' and not 'Excelsius.'—With great regard, yours truly,

HENRY LONGFELLOW."

The original time-piece immortalized in the "Old Clock on the Stairs," stood in the hall of an old-fashioned country seat surrounded by poplars, and belonging to some of Mrs. Longfellow's relatives. The following entry appears in the poet's journal, in November, 1845 :

. "Began a poem on a clock, with the words, 'For ever, never,' as the burden, suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity : ' C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux—Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effroyables revolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, Quelle heure est-il? et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, ' L'Éternité! ' "

The "Village Blacksmith" was written when he was at Cambridge, where the particular blacksmith's smithy and spreading chestnut tree stood. In 1879 the children of Cambridge presented the poet with an easy chair made out of the wood of this tree. Longfellow's great-grandfather, by the way, was a blacksmith, and opposite the house at Gorham stood a blacksmith's shop where the horses were shod, and where the future poet as a child often played. In writing to his father about the lyric, he alludes to it "as a kind of ballad on a blacksmith which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury." The song was set to

music by W. H. Weiss the great singer, and made an instantaneous success. W. H. Weiss, who held a high position in the English operatic world, was born 1820, and died 1867. A musical play by E. C. Dunbar, called "The Merry Blacksmith," founded on the song, was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, September 23rd, 1893.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME OLD SONGS AND SOME NEW.

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY PRETTY MAID?”
“THE BRITISH GRENADIERS,” “WHY ARE YOU
WANDERING HERE, I PRAY,” “DUMBLEDUM
DERRY,” “THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY
DEAR,” “THE JOLLY MILLER,” “SANDS O’ DEE,”
“MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND,”
“CHERRY RIPE,” “IF DOUGHTY DEEDS,” “DOWN
AMONG THE DEAD MEN,” “BLACK-EY’D SUSAN,”
“HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND,” “D’YE
KEN JOHN PEEL?” “TOM MOODY,” “I’LL HANG
MY HARP ON THE WILLOW TREE,” “THE SONG
OF THE SHIRT,” “THE PAUPER’S DRIVE,” “THE
IVY GREEN,” “THE LOST CHORD,” “ONCE AGAIN,”
“THE VAGABOND,” “SOME DAY.”

LESS than ninety years ago, “Where are you going, my Pretty Maid?” was one of the most popular songs of the country and the town. It was sung everywhere—in the cottage, in the field, in the street, and in the drawing-room; and now one seldom comes across it even in books of favourite songs. It is not to be found in the “Universal Songster,” 1825, nor “The

Book of English Songs," 1854, nor Dr. Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems of Song," 1886, nor in that curious collection, "The Thousand Best Songs in the World," selected by S. W. Cole, of Melbourne, and published some half-a-dozen years ago. Now and again one meets it in an old school book, but rarely in any new volume of good old English songs. The history and origin of the words and music are enveloped in a maze of uncertainty, though variations by the dozen have appeared from time to time. In "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes" there is a version slightly different from what has been generally accepted as the original. The first verse runs :

“ ‘Oh, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks,
And your coal black hair?’
‘I’m going a-milking,
Kind sir,’ says she ;
‘And it’s dabbling in the dew
Where you’ll find me.’ ”

“Mother Goose” was a native of Boston, in Massachusetts, and the authoress of many quaint nursery rhymes. Mother Goose’s maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in Massachusetts in 1665. She married Isaac Goose when about twenty years old, and she died in 1757. Mother Goose

used to sing her rhymes to her grandson ; and Thomas Fleet, her brother-in-law, printed and published the first edition of her nursery rhymes, entitled, "Songs for the Nursery ; or, Mother Goose's Melodies," in 1716. Now, as a variant of the lyric may be found in Pryce's "Archæologica Cornu-Britannica," issued in 1790 with a note to the effect that it was sung at Cardew in 1698 by one Chygwyn, brother-in-law to Mr. John Gross, of Penzance, it is just possible that some ancestors of Mother Goose carried the song away with them to America, and she may have partly remembered the words which are so essentially English in tone and expression. Perhaps some of the Pilgrim Fathers, who emigrated in 1620 in the Mayflower, took away the old piece—Massachusetts, it will be remembered, being one of the first places colonized.

The words given in the work just referred to are as follows :

“ ‘Where are you going, my pretty fair maid?’ said he ;
‘With your pretty white face and your yellow hair?’
‘I’m going to the well, sweet sir,’ said she ;
‘For strawberry leaves make maidens fair.’ ”

This is very similar to another version given in Warne's Mother Goose's collection :

“ ‘Where are you going,
My pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks,
And golden hair?’ ”

‘ I’m going a-milking,
 Sir,’ she said ;
 ‘ For strawberry leaves
 Make maidens fair.’ ”

Some discussion on the subject took place in the pages of “ Notes and Queries,” in 1870, when one correspondent said he had known it personally more than sixty years, and had heard it sung in Monmouthshire by a youth ; and that he recollected an old woman born more than a century previously to 1870 who used to sing the song, and probably learnt it in her childhood.

This is the version to which this writer alludes :

“ ‘ Where are you going, my pretty maid ?’

‘ I’m going a-milking, sir,’ she said,

‘ Sir,’ she said, ‘ sir,’ she said ;

‘ I’m going a-milking, sir,’ she said.

“ ‘ What is your fortune, my pretty maid ?’

‘ My face is my fortune, sir,’ she said,

‘ Sir,’ she said, etc.

“ ‘ Then I won’t marry you, my pretty maid.’

‘ Nobody asked you, sir,’ she said,

‘ Sir,’ she said, etc.

“ ‘ Then I must leave you, my pretty maid.’

‘ The sooner the better, sir,’ she said,

‘ Sir,’ she said, etc.”

But this is not the whole of the song. As usually recognized, there are three additional

verses which come between the first and second as given above. They are :

“ ‘ May I go with you, my pretty maid ? ’

‘ Yes, if you please, kind sir, ’ she said.

“ ‘ What is your father, my pretty maid ? ’

‘ My father’s a farmer, sir, ’ she said.

“ ‘ Shall I marry you, my pretty maid ? ’

‘ Yes, if you please, kind sir, ’ she said.”

and then follow the second, third, and fourth verses of the lines already quoted.

This same version was published in the “Musical Treasury” by G. H. Davidson, Peter’s Hill, Doctor’s Commons, quite sixty years ago, together with “Billy Lackaday’s Lament,” from James Kenney’s “Sweethearts and Wives”—a musical comedy produced at the Haymarket theatre in 1823. “Where are you going, my pretty maid ?” which is described as an old English ballad, was never, as far as can be ascertained, sung in Kenney’s comedy—the song in the printed edition of the play being that charming lyric, “Why are you wandering here, I pray ?” with music by Isaac Nathan, a composer who set many of Kenney’s ballads and lays. Kenney’s grandson and granddaughter, Charles Horace Kenney and Rosa Kenney, by the way, are both in the theatrical profession.

There is an old country courting song called "Dumbledum Derry," which, in sentiment and refrain, is not unlike this old ballad of "Where are you going?"

It is to be feared that the author and composer of this deliciously quaint and plain-spoken song will never be traced now. For it is very certain that it dates back to very early times indeed—to times long anterior to the one when the art of music was universally cultivated, except orally. Who was first inspired with the happy idea of first writing the piece down we know not—we can only bless his forethought in preserving to us such a charming gem of old English minstrelsy. Its hold upon the public has been very great indeed, and the form in which it is written has tempted many a scribe to imitate it and many a musician to set it. As a song it has been decorated with new music by "J. C. J.," Boston, U.S., 1864; by an anonymous composer in 1878; By Sir F. W. Brady in 1882; and as a duet, one of the most popular, perhaps, by Seymour Smith in 1887. It has also been reset and rearranged as a part song by several composers with more or less success. But it is as the original song, with the original words and melody, that it is best known, and stands a chance of existing as a classic. And as it is claimed as the special product of so many different counties, we may at once assign

it to that wonderful domain of folk songs which is so rich in the beautiful works of long-forgotten and unknown poets and minstrels.

The history and origin of that stirring military air, "The British Grenadiers," are almost entirely shrouded in mystery and obscurity, and all that is known of it is that the words date from about 1690, while the music is founded on an air of the sixteenth century. The first properly printed copy, an engraved music sheet, appeared about 1780.

There has been much controversy over "Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear"—many persons having asserted that it was a very ancient composition by a certain Ruthven Jenkyns. Now a song entitled "Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear," said to be written by Ruthven Jenkyns in 1703, was published in London in 1880. It was a hoax. The composer acknowledged in a private letter that he had copied the lyric from an American newspaper. There is no other authority for the origin of the song, and "Ruthven Jenkyns," bearing another name, is now living in San Francisco. George Linley wrote a song commencing—

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer,
The hope to meet again."

But Linley did not invent the phrase which is

said to have been popular as a tombstone heading early in the present century.

From quite the earliest times the "miller" has been a favourite subject with our English writers, and almost invariably he has been depicted as a model of sturdy independence. Amongst the best "miller" songs may be included George Colman's "Merrily goes the Mill," and "The Miller," written by Charles Highmore for Robert Dodsley's entertainment, "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," but the best of all, and the most ancient, is the one still sung in our public schools—"There was a Jolly Miller once lived on the river Dee." Originally there were only two verses, but two more have been added, perhaps by Isaac Bickerstaff, who introduced it into his comic opera, "Love in a Village," Covent Garden Theatre, 1762. The music of this two-act piece was composed and arranged from early English ditties by the celebrated Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, and "There was a Jolly Miller" was marked "old tune" even then. The old Dee mill at Chester, where the legendary miller of the Dee is supposed to have plied his trade, was burned down in May, 1895. The building, which stood picturesquely on the old Dee Bridge, has had a remarkable history. Its origin goes back to Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and nephew of the Norman Conqueror, who first established the mill in the

eleventh century. According to ancient legend the mills were doomed to be burned down three times. This prophecy has been more than fulfilled, the last destruction making the fourth conflagration by which the mills have been destroyed. It is a curious fact that it was only the year previous to the last fire that the last descendant of that miller of Dee whose independence provoked the envy of King Hal and whose memory survives in the immortal lyric referred to above, passed away in the person of Mr. Alderman Johnson of Chester. There is, perhaps, no spot on all the banks of the "sacred Dee" by which all good Cymry swear, more often mentioned in song and story than the mills of the Dee. Though often burned and as often rebuilt, they will always remain an historic landmark just as if their existence had been unbroken since thrifty Hugh, or "Wolf" Lupus built the first of the four which have existed these eight hundred years and more. Charles Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee" commemorates the treachery of the sands at various points, and many a local tradition could be told of hapless strangers lost in the crawling foam.

The history of "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," as far as concerns the music, will be found in Chappell's "Old English Popular Music." It was originally written by Matthew Lock of "Macbeth" music fame to words by Sir

William Davenant, and sung in an alteration of Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen" called "The Rivals," 1664, by Mary, or Moll Davies, one of the earliest English actresses. She sang the song so inimitably that she gained the unenviable approval of Charles II., and their daughter was that Mary Tudor who married the second Earl of Derwentwater.

It is rather strange that though Robert Herrick's delightful lyric "Gather ye Rosebuds" was set to music by William Lawes and published in Playford's "Ayres and Dialogues," 1659, his "Cherry Ripe" was never so honoured until about 1824 when Charles Edward Horn (1786-1849), a vocalist and composer, set it and sung it, and it became an enormous favourite and still remains popular. Horn was undoubtedly indebted to a song by the distinguished Thomas Attwood (1765-1838), and called "Let me die," for his pleasing melody, as Herrick was under obligations to Richard Allison's charming stanzas, "There is a Garden in Her Face," written about 1606, for his main idea, the last line of each verse being,

"Till cherry ripe themselves do cry."

Robert Herrick's "Hesperides," in which his "Cherry Ripe" first appeared in print, was published at the "Crown and Marygold" in Saint Paul's Churchyard, 1648.

Who wrote that famous love-song, "If Doughty Deeds my Lady Please?" Dr. Mackay boldly assigns it to the Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650), and certainly there is a likeness in method and style that recalls his efforts. F. T. Palgrave, in the "Golden Treasury," says Graham of Gartmore was the author. Under the title of "O tell Me How to Woo Thee," Sir Walter Scott, in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1812, has this note: "The following verses are taken down from recitation, and are averred to be of the age of Charles I. They have indeed much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry; but since their publication in the first edition of this work, the editor has been informed that they were composed by the late Mr. Graham of Gartmore." In the "Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen" Robert Graham of Gartmore, born 1750, died 1797, is given as the author of the lyric. It was first published as a separate song at Liverpool, 1812, without any composer's name. It was set by Sir Arthur Sullivan in 1866, and by William Vincent Wallace in 1867.

"Down among the Dead Men," according to a note in the handwriting of Dr. Burney in his collection of English songs, in nine volumes, in the British Museum, was written by a "Mr. Dyer, and it was first sung at the theatre

in Lincoln's Inn Fields." Whoever wrote it had in mind the drinking song in Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," from which he borrowed two lines,

"Best, while you have it, use your breath,
There is no drinking after death."

The song seems to have been published early in the reign of George I. The composer of the music, a fine characteristic melody, is not known. "Begone dull Care" is at least as old as the year 1687, when it first appeared in "Playford's Musical Companion."

"Black Ey'd Susan, or Sweet William's Farewell" was written by Gay, the author of the "Beggar's Opera," and is included among his published poems. The music was composed by Richard Leveridge, a genial, jovial individual, who published a collection of his songs in 1727. "Black Ey'd Susan" was not issued till 1730. Douglas Jerrold wrote his famous play of the same name in 1824 (revived 1896), it being first produced on Whit Monday of that year at the Surrey Theatre, making all the principals connected with the production, except the author, passing rich. The song is introduced into the piece, and is usually sung by Blue Peter.

"How Stands the Glass Around," commonly, at one time, called General Wolfe's Song, and said to have been sung by him on the night before the battle of Quebec, is first found,

as a half-sheet song with music, printed about the year 1710. It was originally known as "The Duke of Berwick's March," and "Why, Soldiers, Why?" It is contained in a MS. book of poetry in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The tune was also discovered in a ballad opera, "The Patron," 1729. Shield introduced both music and words into the "Siege of Gibraltar."

Though "D'ye ken John Peel" is essentially a hunting song, it is so widely known that an authentic history of its hero and its origin has every claim to preservation here, especially as there are several spurious versions and spurious accounts in existence. It was written by John Woodcock Graves about the year 1820 (the words are not in the "Universal Songster," published in 1825). John Peel, the hero of the song, a famous Cumberland hunting man, died in 1854 at the age of seventy-eight. Here is Mr. Grave's own account of the circumstances under which the song was written, taken from "Songs and Ballads of Cumberland," edited by Sidney Gilpin, 1866 ("Sidney Gilpin," *en passant*, is believed to have been the pseudonym of a noted Carlisle bookseller): "Nearly forty years have now wasted away," says Mr. Graves, "since John Peel and I sat in a snug parlour at Caldreck, among the Cumbrian mountains. We were then both in the heyday of manhood, and

hunters of the olden fashion ; meeting the night before to arrange earth stopping, and up in the morning to take the best part of the hunt—the drag over the mountains in the mist—while fashionable hunters still lay in the blankets. Large flakes of snow fell in the evening. We sat by the fireside, hunting over again many a good run, and recalling the feats of each particular hound, or narrow neck-break 'scapes, when a flaxen-haired daughter of mine came running in, saying, 'Father, what do they say to what Granny sings?' Granny was singing to sleep my eldest son—now a leading barrister in Hobart Town—with a very old rant called 'Bonnie (or Cannie) Annie.' The pen and ink for hunting appointments being on the table, the idea of writing a song to this old air forced itself upon me, and thus was produced, impromptu, 'D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gray?' Immediately after I sang it to poor Peel, who smiled through a stream of tears which fell down his manly cheeks ; and I well remember saying to him, in a joking style, 'By Jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth.'

“As to John Peel's general character I can say little. He was of a very limited education beyond hunting. But no wile of a fox or hare could evade his scrutiny ; and business of any shape was utterly neglected, often to cost far

beyond the first loss. Indeed this neglect extended to the paternal duties in his family. I believe he would not have left the drags of a fox on the impending death of a child, or any other earthly event. An excellent rider, I saw him once on a moor put up a fresh hare, and ride till he caught her with his whip. You may know that he was six feet and more, and of a form and gait quite surprising, but his face and head were somewhat insignificant. A clever sculptor told me that he once followed, admiring him, a whole market day before he discovered who he was."

"Tom Moody," generally attributed to Dibdin, but written by Andrew Cherry, the author of the "Bay of Biscay," is another good song of this class, and so is the anonymous "Tom Pearce, or the Old Grey Mare."

To "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree" is attached quite a bit of royal romance. It was written by a young nobleman who became deeply enamoured of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the English throne, which event naturally destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine, and were set to music by Wellington Guernsey.

Thomas Hood's masterpiece, "The Song of the Shirt," was first published in the Christmas number of "Punch" for the year 1843. It was

copied into the "Times," and reproduced in other newspapers immediately. It was inserted anonymously, but ran through the land like wildfire, and became the talk of the day. There was no little speculation as to its author, though several (Dickens among the number) attributed it at once to the right source; at last Hood wrote to one of the daily papers and acknowledged it. He was greatly astonished and not a little amused at its marvellous popularity. His daughter, the late Mrs. Frances Freeling Broderip, commenting upon it, said: "My mother said to him when she was folding up the packet ready for the press, 'Now mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully; it is one of the best things you ever did.'" It turned out to be true; it was translated into French and German, and even Italian. It was sung about the streets, each itinerant singer putting his or her own tune to it. It was printed on cotton pocket handkerchiefs and sold at the drapers and other shops, and it caused as much stir in the little world of *home* as it did in the greater world outside. A friend of mine, Mr. Jones-Hunt, has had the privilege of seeing the MS. of a verse that was not published with the song; it appears in an American edition of the poet's works, and has a singular error in one of the words.

The copy has been made from the original in Hood's own handwriting.

"Seam and gusset and band,
 Band and gusset and seam,
 Work, work, work,
 Like the engine that works by steam !
 A new machine of iron and wood,
 That toils for Mammon's sake,
 Without a brain to ponder and craze,
 Or a heart to feel, and break."

The error referred to relates to *ponder*, which is printed *powder*.

The MS. for the purposes of making a copy of the above was lent by one of Hood's granddaughters, Miss Broderip ; it was evidently one of the first rough sheets of the song, and with it was another verse which in a corrected form appears in the original song. Here is a copy of it :

"Oh ! but for one short hour !
 A respite however brief !
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief :
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread !"

The chief items of these interesting particulars were put together and written on Thomas Hood's own table, the identical one round which have gathered many of the great literary men of the past. Miss Broderip sat near to answer any question that might be put to her, or to hand a volume from the poet's library which might be of service. In a room in Miss Broderip's

house is the oil painting, "life-size," a splendid likeness of the poet himself, and in the hall is the historical bust from which so many engravings have been taken, and which was the model for the tomb at Kensal Green. May was an eventful month to the subject of this sketch. He was born on the 23rd of May, 1799; married on the 5th of May, 1824; on the 1st of May, 1845—May-Day—he was last conscious; on the 3rd he died, and on the 10th he was buried.

Many composers set the "Song of the Shirt" to music, and as a recitation, with musical accompaniment, it formed the chief feature of several entertainers' programmes.

A piece of verse often attributed to Thomas Hood, being much in his vein, is the "Pauper's Drive:"

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

The piece was really written by the Reverend Thomas Noel of Maidenhead. It was first published in 1841 or 1843 by William Smith of Fleet Street in a small volume entitled "Rhymes and Roundelays." Henry Russell popularized the words by setting them to music, attributing them to Hood, and singing the piece when on tour. This no doubt gave rise to the misapprehension as to the name of the author. Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of Literary

Life," gives a full description of Mr. Noel, and quotes the "Pauper's Drive" *in extenso*. The refrain in the last stanza varies :

"Bear softly his bones over the stones,
Though a pauper he's one whom his Maker yet owns."

Miss Mitford adds : " The author tells me that the incident of the poem was taken from life. He witnessed such a funeral—a coffin in a parish hearse driven at full speed."

Charles Dickens was particularly taken with this poem—by the way, though Dickens wrote several songs, the only one that achieved any popularity was the "Ivy Green," which first appeared as a contribution from the clergyman in chapter vi. of the "Pickwick Papers." Henry Russell, who was always ready to snap up a good thing, set it to music, and sang it with considerable success.

Before finishing the section dealing with English songs, I think the following particulars concerning the brilliant Savoy opera composer and others may not be inappropriate.

In a recent memoir of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Charles Willeby cites many instances of the composer's remarkable rapidity in work. "Contrabandista," which followed "Cox and Box," was composed, scored, and rehearsed within sixteen days from the receipt of the libretto. The overture to "Iolanthe" was commenced at nine o'clock one morning and finished at seven

the next morning. The overture to the "Yeomen of the Guard" was composed and scored in twelve hours; while the magnificent epilogue to the "Golden Legend" was composed and scored within twenty-four hours. How the "Lost Chord," perhaps the most successful song of modern times came to be written is related by our author in a very touching story. Only a few months after Sir Arthur Sullivan had accepted the post of Principal of the National Training School for Music, he received a severe blow in the death of his brother Frederick, whose talents as an actor will be remembered. For nearly three weeks he watched by the sick man's bedside night and day. One evening, when the end was rapidly approaching, the sufferer had for a time sunk into a peaceful sleep, and as his faithful attendant was sitting as usual by his bedside, it chanced that he took up some verses by the late Adelaide Anne Procter, with which he had for some time been impressed. Now in the stillness of the night he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their "musical equivalent." A sheet of music paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape, until, becoming absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song, thinking that even if in the cold light of day it should appear worthless, it would at least have helped to pass the weary

hours, so he went on till the last bar was added. Thus was composed "The Lost Chord," a song of which the sale up to the present has exceeded a quarter of a million copies. There is a story connected with "Once Again," I believe, to the effect that the composer was either under a contract to supply a song by a certain time, or that he wished to raise the immediate wind, and so set Lionel N. Lewin's words of "Once Again," while on a Saturday to Monday visit at a friend's house, and "realized" without delay on his return to town. Anyhow, this is another very popular song of Sir Arthur's, especially with sucking young tenors.

The melody of that fine song "The Vagabond," composed by James L. Molloy to Charles Lamb Kenney's words, was originally used in an operetta by Mr. Molloy to a drinking song. The piece was called "The Student's Frolic," written by Arthur Sketchley. The piece fell flat, all but the "Beer, Beer, Beautiful Beer" melody, which was divorced by Molloy and married to "The Vagabond."

One popular song writer finds that his music can be best cultivated by riding in a hansom cab; another prefers the underground railway. The noise and rhythm of the rail bring inspiration to him, he says, which proves that even our best abused institutions have their uses. Mr. Milton Wellings composed his very suc-

cessful song "Some Day" under the following circumstances:—His wife was away yachting round the Isle of Wight, and he was travelling up from Portsmouth by train. At a station on the line he bought an evening paper, and was horrified to learn from a brief paragraph that a terrible yachting accident had happened at Cowes, and that several lives were lost. He dashed out of the train and telegraphed to some friends at the Isle of Wight, and then continued his journey to London, hoping and expecting to find a reply at his house. To his surprise no telegram came. He wandered up and down the house disconsolate, and without thinking, opened a drawer where he found a copy of some verses which had been sent him months before, but which he had scarcely noticed. Glancing through them hurriedly, the line, "I know not when that day may be" caught his eye, and instantly the complete theme of the song burst upon him. Presently came satisfactory telegrams, and he sat down and wrote out the whole of the music from beginning to end. The result we most of us know for "Some Day" "caught on" enormously with all classes of singers, and proved a success in every sense of the word. The words were written by poor Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back," who was cut off just when fame had come to him with bounteous offerings.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME CONTINENTAL SONGS.

SWEDISH SONGS, HUNGARIAN SONGS, AUSTRIAN SONGS. "GOD PRESERVE THE EMPEROR," "MALBROUK," "CARMAGNOLE," "MADAME VETO," "CHARMANTEGABRIELLE," "VIVE HENRIQUATRE," "CARNIVAL DE VENISE," "PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE," "HEIL DIR IM SIEGERKRANZ," "ICH BIN EIN PREUSSE," TWO THURINGIAN SONGS, "KANAPPEE LIED," "EIN FESTE BURG," "ADELAIDE."

BESIDES "La Marseillaise" and "Der Wacht am Rhein," already described, there are quite a number of famous Continental songs that are familiar to English ears, if not by name or words, at any rate through their melodies. And, of course, there are many unknown, except to musicians, which are equally important in the lands of their birth, and are deserving of at least passing mention. Everybody knows the Grand Russian National Hymn, and also the beautiful Turkish Hymn, but curiously enough the land of song itself, Italy, has no strictly proper national air, and it is left to the so-called un-

•

musical nations as a rule to rejoice in these characteristic features and advantages. The French and Germans, with a pathetic attempt at diffidence, acknowledge that they are exceptionally gifted in the way of music—but England! well—well, we shall see anon, as the play-books have it.

Sweden has ever been more or less patriotic, and nowadays, when the Swedes feel in that highly desirable temper, they sing lustily, “Kung Oscar Stod Pa.” A very old national song is “Kung Erik.” The Scandinavian popular songs are many and to the country born, and very beautiful and touching some of them are, while others are as fierce and wild as the north wind. The Hungarian national song is a magnificent production, and most of us have experienced its rugged grandeur. Hungarian songs may be classed under one of three headings :

1. Legends of yore.
2. Glorification of the North with its appalling majesty.
3. Welcome of the Spring.

Those who have sampled the climate can thoroughly appreciate the Scandinavian heart rejoicing at the return of the spring. Of course there are many homely lays and love lyrics. “Ljung Byhornet” (“The Horn on the Heath”) is a fine legend, and “Trollhattan,” and “Kung Bele” are also legends dear to the souls of the

•

natives. The epic "Frithiofsaga," by Tegner, is something after the style of Longfellow's "King Olaf," and, though not a song, is worth calling attention to. Among the very popular songs are "Du Gamla, Du Friska, Du Fyellhoga-Nord!" ("You old, you fresh, you rocky-high North!"); "I Dag är Första Maj" ("Today is first [of] May"). At Christmas they have "Nur är det Jul igen" ("Christmas has come again"). A well-known Flemish song is "De Vlaamsche Leeun" ("The Flemish Lion").

The greatest of all the Austrian pieces is of course Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser." It is said that during his visits to London Haydn often envied the English their "God Save the King," and the war with France having stirred his pulses and fired his imagination, he resolved to provide the people with an anthem worthy of their fidelity and patriotism. Thus arose his "God Preserve the Emperor," which he composed to words by L. L. Haschka in 1797; it was publicly sung at the national theatre at Vienna, and at all the principal theatres in the provinces on the emperor's birthday in that year, and achieved a glorious reception and lasting popularity. The emperor was so pleased that he sent Haydn his portrait as a compliment to his success. It was a masterpiece of composition, and remained a favourite with the composer until his death. He introduced a wonderful set

of variations on it into his "Kaiser Quartett." During his last illness in May, 1809, Vienna was again besieged and occupied by the hated Napoleon's troops, and some shot fell not far from where he was dwelling. And though he was treated with the greatest respect by the French officers, some of whom visited him, the bombardment doubtless hastened his death. Towards the close he was greatly alarmed, but cried out to his servants, feeble as he was, "Children, don't be frightened; no harm can happen to you while Haydn is by." The last visit he received, the French being in full occupation, was from a French officer, who sang "In Native Worth" very impressively. Haydn was deeply affected, and embraced the singer. On the 26th of May, 1809, he gathered his servants around him for the last time. He was carried to the piano, and played once more the Emperor's Hymn, and five days later he was dead.

And now let us turn our attention to France, and "Malbrough" or "Malbrouck," which captured the whole of the Empire, and was sung in every café and saloon and "carrefour" in Paris. The opinions as to the origin of this notorious French song are curious and varied. The names of the authors of the words and music it is not easy to assert. There is reason, however, to believe that the couplets "Mort et

convoi de l'invincible Malbrough" were improvised on the night after the battle of Malplaquet, September 11th, 1709, in the bivouack of Marshal de Villars at Quesnoy, three miles from the scene of the fight. The name of the soldier who perhaps satirized the English general as a relief to his hunger has not been preserved, but in all probability he was acquainted with the lament on the death of the "Duke of Guise," published about 1566, the idea and construction of both melodies being so much alike. Chateaubriand hearing the tune sung by Arabs in Palestine, suggested that it had been carried there by the Crusaders either in the time of Godfrey de Bouillon or in that of Louis IX. and Joinville, but the style of the music is of the character of the days of Louis XV., and entirely unlike any other. Unfortunately it is not possible to find either words or music in any collection. They have been handed down from one age to another, and that is all. Had it not been for Madame Poitrine, the wife of a Picardy farmer, who used it as a lullaby for the infant Dauphin at the Court of Versailles, the song would have died out. Marie Antoinette took a fancy to her baby's cradle song, and sung it herself, and "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre" was soon heard in Versailles, Paris, and later throughout the length and breadth of France. Beaucharchais introduced it in his "Mariage de

Figaro" in 1784, and the melody greatly contributed to the popularity of that opera. It was then constantly introduced into French vaudevilles. Beethoven used it in his Battle Symphony in 1813 as symbolical of the French army. It is well known on this side of the Channel as "We won't go Home till Morning," and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The piece was made the subject of an opera bouffe in four acts, with words by Siraudin and Busnach, and music by Bizet, Jonas Legonix, and Delibes, which was brought out at the Athénée, December 13th, 1867. So far Grove's "Dictionary." But the "Chanson de Malbrouck" is some hundreds of years older than the song that Madame Poitrine, the Dauphin's wet nurse, sang at Versailles. A writer in the "Dictionnaire Universel" gives not only the melody, but the complete text of the "Chanson de Malbrough," and says that the chanson is a parody of a much older and more serious poem, as attested not only by its archaic construction, but by its admixture of pathos so strangely out of place in a piece of buffoonery. A great deal of the chanson is a repetition of another burlesque piece, "Le Convoi du duc de Guise" of 1563. The pathetic portions of "Malbrough" exhibit, according to Génin, all the marks of twelfth and thirteenth century versification. It seems impossible that any version of the song had any

reference to the great Duke of Marlborough, as has been erroneously asserted so often, as the words with regard to his achievements and the devastation that he caused amongst his foes have no connection or reflection whatever. It simply tells how a general goes forth to take part in a campaign in a distant land, and that it is difficult to say when he will return, and how eventually word is sent by a trusty messenger to the general's wife that he has died on the battlefield. The funeral is described in rather a ridiculous fashion, and the whole tone of the lyric suggests that it is simply an ordinary soldier's song commemorating, with a mixture of pathos and humour, the fortunes and misfortunes of war. The name "Malbrough" was doubtless substituted by the French soldiers in after years out of bravado and impudence.

The song was printed upon fans and screens, with an engraving representing the funeral procession of Marlborough, the lady on the tower, the page dressed in black, and so on. This picture was imitated in all shapes and sizes. It circulated through the streets and villages, and gave the dead Duke of Marlborough a more popular celebrity than all his victories. M. Bagger says: "Barras sang it; so did Marat; Charlotte Corday doubtless knew it by heart; and it vied with 'La Carmagnole' and 'Ça Ira' as the most popular song of those days. And

it has survived in many a French air of later times. In 'Partant pour la Syrie,' Queen Hortense, unconsciously perhaps, has adopted the same underlying musical theme; and in André Chénier's 'Mourir pour la Patrie' it will readily be recognized, though in different time and colour. In Helberg's vaudeville, performed at the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen in 1826, we find almost identically the same air; and in one of the folk-lays of Finland we recognize it in a more marked degree." "Napoleon hummed the old military air of 'Marlborough' as he crossed the Niemen in setting out upon his disastrous Russian campaign of 1812." Du Maurier weakly calls it in "Trilby" "a common old French comic song—a mere nursery ditty, like 'Little Bo-Peep,' this quiet precursor of 'La Marseillaise.'"

The song was a great favourite with the Little Corporal. Whenever he mounted his horse to go campaigning, the emperor hummed the suggestive melody, and at St. Helena, shortly before his death, when, in course of conversation with M. de Las Casas, he praised the Duke of Marlborough, the song recurred to his mind, and he said, with a smile, "What a thing is ridicule! It fastens upon everything, even victory." He then sang softly to himself the first stanza of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre."

It is very certain that the revival of Mal-

brouk had plain reference, in the French mind, to the conquering Marlborough. Says Brewer : "The Malbrough of the song was evidently a crusader, or ancient baron, who died in battle ; and his lady" (obviously not Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough) "climbing the castle tower and looking out for her lord reminds one of the mother of Sisera, who looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, 'Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots? Have they not sped? Have they not divided the spoils?'" It must be confessed, however, that if it had been the "chariot" of the duke which his duchess had seen coming, it would not have been found altogether empty of "spoils," else how was Blenheim to be built? "The desire of power and wealth," wrote Prince Eugene, "gave a little bias to the mind of Marlborough."

That there exists two versions of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" is a self-evident fact. First, there is the ancient Crusader song ; second, the modern burlesque. Both have the melodious burden or chorus, "Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine," which M. Littré, in his "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," defines to be "A sort of popular refrain which is used for sound, and has no sense." The well-known original of the first stanza runs as follows :

“Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
 Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
 Ne sais quand reviendra.”

A number of translations have been made of this song, from which John Oxenford selects the following :

“Marlbrook has gone to battle—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
 Marlbrook has gone to battle,
 But when will he return?”

Professor Longfellow, in his “Poets and Poetry of Europe,” gives this :

“Malbrouck, the prince of commanders,
 Is gone to the war in Flanders.
 His fame is like Alexander's,
 But when will he come home?”

Here is the best literal translation :

“Malbrough is gone to the wars. Ah, when will he return?”

“‘He will come back by Easter, lady, or at latest by Trinity.’

“‘No, no ; Easter is past, and Trinity is past ; but Malbrough has not returned.’

“Then did she climb the castle tower to look out for his coming. She saw his page, but he was clad in black.

“‘My page, my bonnie page,’ cried the lady, ‘what tidings bring you—what tidings of my lord?’

“ ‘The news I bring,’ said the page, ‘is very sad, and will make you weep. Lay aside your gay attire, lady, your ornaments of gold and silver, for my lord is dead. He is dead, lady, and laid in earth. I saw him borne to his last home by four officers. One carried his cuirass, one his shield, one his sword, and the fourth walked beside the bier, but bore nothing. They laid him in earth. I saw his spirit rise through the laurels. They planted his grave with rosemary. The nightingale sang his dirge. The mourners fell to the earth, and when they rose up again they chanted his victories. Then retired they all to rest.’ ”

Everybody knows that the air to which “*Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*” is sung has been hummed or whistled, at one or another period of his life, by almost every Englishman, often without his being acquainted with a single word of the French lines, or even the name of the song itself. Father Prout explains the whole matter in the “*Reliques* :” “Confining myself for the present to wine and war, I proceed to give a notable war-song, of which the tune is well-known throughout Europe, but the words and the poetry are on the point of being effaced from the superficial memory of this flimsy generation. It may not be uninteresting to learn that both the tune and the words were composed as a lullaby to set the infant Dauphin

to sleep. Still, if the best antiquary were called on to supply the original poetic composition, such as it burst on the world in the decline of the classic era of Queen Anne and Louis XIV., I fear he would be unable to gratify the curiosity of an eager public in so interesting an inquiry. For many reasons, therefore, it is highly meet and proper that I should consign it to the imperishable tablet of these written memorials, and here then followeth the song of the lamentable death of the illustrious John Churchill, which did not then take place, by some mistake, but was nevertheless celebrated as follows :

“ ‘ Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine !—
 Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
 Ne sais quand reviendra,
 Ne sais quand reviendra,
 Ne sais quand reviendra.

Chorus.—Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine !—
 Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
 Ne sais quand reviendra.’ ”

Appended is the earlier translation, with its well-known English refrain :

“ Marlbrook, the prince of commanders,
 Has gone to the war in Flanders.
 His fame is like Alexander's.
 But when will he come home ?
 But when will he come home ?
 But when will he come home ?

Chorus.—He won't come home till morning,
 He won't come home till morning,
 He won't come home till morning,
 Till daylight doth appear."

"Such," adds the inimitable Father Prout, "is the celebrated funeral song of 'Malbrouck.' It is what we would call in Ireland a 'keen' over the dead, with this difference, that the lamented deceased is, among us, willy-nilly, generally dead outright, with a hole in his skull; whereas the subject of the pathetic elegy of 'Monsieur' was, at the time of its composition, both alive and kicking all before him." It is curious to note that the authorship of "Malbrough" has also been ascribed to the celebrated Madame de Sévigné. For several confirmatory statements in this account, I am indebted to an article in "Maclure's Magazine," 1896.

It has recently been stated that the song is purely Eastern, that it was known to the Arabs centuries ago, and that they still sing it—"Mabrook," and "Mabrooka" being not uncommon names in Egypt. I give a verse in Arabic and then leave the subject:

"Mabrook saffur lel harbi
 Ya lail-ya lail ya laila
 Mabrook saffur lel harbi
 Woo-ela metta yerjaā
 Woo-ela metta yerja-ya lail
 Woo-ela metta yerjaā," etc.

After "Marlbrough" came the terrible "Car-

magnole" and "Madame Veto." The "Carmagnole," which grew into frenzied favour during the French Revolution, was generally accompanied by a dance of the same name, and ran :

"Que faut il au républicain ?
 Que faut il au républicain ?
 La liberté du genre humain,
 La liberté du genre humain,
 La pioche dans les cachats
 L'école dans les châteaux,
 Et la paix aux chaumières,
 Dansons la Carmagnole
 Vive le son du canon !"

Not a very brilliant effort ! The origin of the "Carmagnole" is doubtful, but it is believed that an old Provençal ballad was sung to the melody, and thus this tune, to which most likely the peasant girls of Provence danced in the Middle Ages, was also made to do duty one hundred years ago while the hapless victims of Danton and Robespierre were being executed. Gretny was under the impression that it was a sailor-song often heard in Marseilles, but in all probability it was a country dance dating from far off times, adapted to a patriotic military song written in the Autumn of 1792. Groves gives the following from this piece, and I venture to quote the loyal lines :

"Le canon vient de resoner :
 Guerriers, soyez prêts à marcher.

Citoyens et soldats
 En volant aux combats,
 Dans la carmagnole :
 Vive le son, vive le son,
 Dansons la carmagnole
 Vive le son, Du Canon !”

The same authority says the “bloody Carmagnole des Royalists may be attributed to the worst of demagogues.” The latter begins :

“Oui, je suis sans culotte, moi
 En dépit des amis du roi.
 Vive les Marseillois,
 Les Bretons et nos lois !”

“Madame Veto” was another production of the Revolution. When kingly privileges and authority went by the board, Louis XVI., as everyone knows, stood out for the right of vetoing any laws which the National Assembly might pass. Now this word “Veto” was an unknown quantity to the majority, and the crowd grew turbulent and uncontrollable, and Louis XVI. was nicknamed “Veto,” and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, the “hated Austrian, whom the people detested more, perhaps, than anyone else, though it is not generally acknowledged, was shamefully abused. Poor Queen, her’s was not the fault! And so they were compelled to listen to the indescribably insulting ode (sung to the melody of “Carmagnole”).

“Madame Veto avait promis
 De faire égorger tout Paris

Maison coup a manqué,
 Grace à nos canonniers
 Dansons la Carmagnole
 Vive le son du canon !”

with many repetitions. These verses soon extended to thirteen, and when published by Frere, the song spread like wildfire.

One of the earliest French revolutionary songs, and France has sown a goodly crop from first to last, is “Ça Ira,” and we may set its date down to October, 1789, when the Parisians marched to Versailles. M. Gustave Choquet says that the words were suggested to a street singer named Ladré by General La Fayette, who remembered Franklin’s favourite saying at each progress of the American insurrection. Here is the burden of the song :

“ Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !
 Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète :
 Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !
 Malgré les mutins, tout reussira, ”

which later developed more furiously into—

“ Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !
 Les aristocrat’ à la lanterne ;
 Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !
 Les aristocrat’ on les pendra ! ”

The melody to which these words were sung was composed by a player in the orchestra at the opera named Bécour or Bécourt, and was well known as “ Carillon National. ”

Two other French songs are worthy of attention, on account of their celebrity and uncertain origin. These are "Charmante Gabrielle" and "Vive Henri Quatre." The former is generally believed to have been suggested by the latter, Henri IV., to one of the court poets. Some say that Bertant, Bishop of Seez, composed the couplets inspired by the king. The first verse of this love romance runs :

"Charmante Gabrielle,
Perce de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
Dans les sentiers de Mars.
Cruelle départie
Malheureux jour !
Que ne suis je sans vie
Ou sans amour !"

This was sent by Henri to Gabrielle d'Estrées, his mistress, May 21st, 1597, when in Paris, prior to his projected campaign against the Spaniards. The melody has been attributed to many composers, but it is doubtful if the right one has been discovered. It is to be found in saintly as well as secular productions in varying forms. As for "Vive Henri Quatre," the same obscurity surrounds its origin, save that the first two couplets of this historical lyric have been generally accredited as the composition of Collé, who was born in 1709 and died 1783. But competent authorities have disputed his right

to any hand in the matter, and trace the words back to a drinking song of the time of Henri III. The melody is apparently quite original, though the composer's name has not been preserved. One thing is certain, these couplets have been handed down from generation to generation without losing anything of their spirit or freshness; and were spontaneously adopted by the people as the national anthem of royalty at the Bourbon Restoration. On the day when the Allied Armies entered Paris, April 1st, 1814, crowds flocked to the Opera to see the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia. The opera was Spontini's "Vestale," as an overture to which the band performed "Vive Henri IV." amid a perfect storm of bravos; and at the close of the opera the air was again called for, sung by Lays with the whole power of his magnificent voice, and received with rapturous applause. On July 14th, 1815, Lays had a similar success when repeating the air at a performance of "Iphigénie en Aulide" and "La Dansonaine" before Louis XVIII., the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, on the opening of the new theatre of the Academie Royale de Musique, in the Rue le Peletier, the first words sung in that aria, and the loss of which is so much to be regretted on acoustical grounds, were those of "Vive Henri IV." All this according to Groves.

A word may be said of the one-time favourite, the "Carnaval de Venise"—does the present generation know anything of it?—Paganini was the first to introduce the piece to England—nay, to the whole world, one may say. The great violinist first heard the melody when he visited the Queen of the Adriatic in 1816. No one seems to know who composed it, though many a musician has added to it, and varied it, and embroidered it from time to time. Several fantasias have been written upon it, notably by Herz and Schulhoff, and these have been played by most pianists of note. It has been introduced into comic operas. Ambroise Thomas introduced variations of it into the overture of his opera, "Le Carnaval de Venise," and Victor Massé makes use of it in his "Reine Topaz," with the words,

"Venise est tout en fêtes
Car voici le Carnaval,"

and in England it used to be sung to the words beginning,

"O come to me, I'll row thee o'er
Across yon peaceful sea."

The original from which Sir Walter Scott's "Romance of Dunois" is taken makes part of a manuscript collection of French Songs (probably compiled by some young officer) which was found on the field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood as sufficiently to indicate

the fate of its late owner. The song ("Partant pour la Syrie," written and composed by Queen Hortense of Holland, daughter of Josephine and the mother of Napoleon III.) is popular in France and is a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. Sir Walter translated the song in 1815, and also another one of Queen Hortense's—"The Troubadour."

The Prussian hymn, which is capable of thrilling the whole German Empire, celebrated, in December, 1893, the centenary of its publication. It was on the return to the Prussian capital of Field-Marshal Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick after his successful engagements with the French at Pirmasens and Kaiserlautern, in Bavaria, that there appeared in the "Spenersche Zeitung," of December 17th, 1793, a poem entitled "Berliner Volksgesang." It was signed "Sr" and had "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz" as the opening words. The poem had been sent to the paper by Dr. Balthasar Gerhard Schumacher, who was in the habit of signing his Latin translations "Sutor" or "Sr," but he was not the writer. The real author was a German Protestant clergyman, Heinrich Harries (1767-1802), and the hymn appeared in its original form in the "Fleusburger Wochen-blatt" of January 27th, 1790, as a "Song for the Danish Subjects to Sing on the Birthday of their King." In 1873, Dr. Ochmann took up

the question of authorship and established Harries's claims, while Dr. Wolfram succeeded in proving that Schumacher, at any rate, was not the original writer. The last two stanzas of Harries's song had reference to Danish affairs, and were, therefore, omitted by Schumacher, but in 1801 Schumacher published another version, also adding two verses, and the song in its newer form was published with the melody arranged for four voices by Hurka. The versions by Harries and Schumacher were not vastly different, while the similarity between the two poets in some of the parts proves conclusively enough that Schumacher in his alterations was only printing the work of an earlier imitation of "God Save the King." Except in the melody and the rhythm, "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz!" has nothing in common with the English "God save the King;" and we now see that originally it was not dedicated to the Prussian ruler, but was written in honour of a Danish sovereign.

More curious is the story of the melody. The writer refers to a volume published at Paris, and bearing the title "Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy de 1710 à 1803." It contains a strange declaration made by three old ladies of the convent of Saint Cyr. The document, which was only signed on September 19th, 1819, is quoted in full. It sets forth that the

three undersigned have been requested to write down what they know of an old motet, which is generally regarded as an English melody. The said melody, they continue, is the same as that which they had often heard in their community, where it had been preserved traditionally since the days of Louis XIV., the founder of the convent. It was composed by Baptiste Lully, and at the convent it was the custom for all the girls to sing it in unison every time Louis XIV. visited the chapel. It has also been sung on the occasion of a visit from Louis XVI. and his queen in 1779, and every one in the house was familiar with the song and the music. The ladies are quite certain that the melody is exactly the same as that which is called English. As to the words, they state that they have always been instructed that Madame de Brinon, a principal of the convent, wrote them, and that the poem dates from the time of Louis XIV. The text runs:

“ Grand Dieu ! sauvez le Roy !
Grand Dieu ! sauvez le Roy !
Vengez le Roy !
Que toujours glorieux
Louis victorieux
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis.
Grand Dieu ! sauvez le Roy !
Grand Dieu ! sauvez le Roy !
Vive le Roy ! ”

But this is a very old tale and very untrue. The melody of "God Save the King" I deal with in the last chapter. Lully's melody is not the same as Carey's—there is a similarity and that is all. The Prussian national hymn is undoubtedly sung to the tune of our own national anthem. The students of Heidelberg also sing a song called "Heil dir Germania," to Carey's composition.

I give here for what it is worth the very latest history of the German National Hymn, "Heil dir im Siegeskranz," which has the same melody as "God save the Queen," has appeared in a theological journal, "Pastor Bonus," in Trier. The story goes that the air was taken from a Siberian procession chant, and it is told as follows: It is well known that great as well as mediocre composers have borrowed their musical ideas from the rich store of Catholic church songs, but it remained undiscovered that the Prussian fatherland made a big loan from the same source. Herr E. Handtmann, from Seedorf, relates in "der Kreuzzeitung" (July 10th, 1894), from traditions of his family, that the text of the "King's-song" was made known in Silesia by Prussian soldiers in the year 1813. But nobody could sing the words. Then it happened that officers of a Silesian regiment, amongst them Scharnhorst, met a procession under the guidance of a Catholic priest wending their way to Reinery and chanting:

“Heil Dir, O Königin,
Des Brunnens Hüterin
Heil Dir, Maria!
In Segen und Gedeih'n
Lass sprudeln klar und rein
Allezeit den Labequell:
Heil Dir, Maria!”

Scharnhorst, a great music lover, asked the priest where the melody came from, and he answered that it was known in the Silesian and Bohemian mountains as a very old procession chant, and this information was later corroborated by Catholic and Protestant priests alike. The officers were much taken with the beautiful melody, and adapted it to the text of their “King’s-song.” It was publicly sung for the first time in Teplitz before Frederick William III. in the year 1813. A not improbable conjecture of Herr Handtmann is that likewise in France and England the air is traced back to an old church song chanted by pilgrims, and being of an international character it was preserved in Germany and Austria in its pure originality. In a happy moment it was again made widely known in a new fashion at the frontier of the two countries, the Silesian mountains.

The weak point of this story is that our national anthem was taken by the Danes in 1780, and with the German words was published in 1793. See the last chapter in this volume.

The year 1893 was the centenary of another

well-known song and little-known poet. Bernhard Thiersch was born on April 26th, 1793, and was the author of "Ich bin ein Preusse," which was written in 1830 for the King's birthday celebration at Halberstadt. It was first sung to the melody, "Wo Mut und Kraft in deutscher Seele flammen," but the music now in use is the composition by Neithardt.

The German wanderers' songs and travellers' songs are almost unique. Elise Polko, a German writer, tells a touching story in connection with "Der Wanderer" and "Ach, wie ist's möglich," two Thuringian songs known all the world over. "Der Wanderer" was composed in 1837 by Friedrich Brückner, father of Oskar Brückner, the 'cellist, and "Ach, wie ist's möglich" was the composition of Brückner's friend, Kantor Johann Ludwig Böhner, both of Erfurt.

In May, 1849, Wagner had to make his escape from Dresden, and he arrived at Erfurt on his way to Paris, to be conducted across the frontier by Brückner and Böhner. As he was being accompanied through the streets in the moonlight, he stopped suddenly to listen to some female voices singing, "Ach, wie ist's möglich," and to the horror of his friends would not budge till he had heard the last note. "I know the melody," he said. "It is sung everywhere. Let me hear every line. What a

beautiful parting song! I wish I had composed it!"

As he took his seat in the close vehicle that was waiting impatiently to take him further on his journey, a soft voice started "The Wanderer":

"Wenn ich den Wanderer frage:
Wo willst du hin?"—

and all joined in the refrain:

"Nach Hause, nach Hause!"

But at the last line:

"Hab' keine Heimat mehr!"

a choking voice called out "Da capo!" Then the horses started, and, as the party passed out into the moonlight, and that lament, "Hab' keine Heimat mehr!" ("I have no home now!") became fainter and fainter, the lonely fugitive buried his face in the cushions and wept bitterly.

Very different is the merry "Kanapee-Lied," whose history Max Friedländer has endeavoured to trace. Few German popular songs have attained such a venerable age or enjoyed such wide popularity. Its survival is entirely due to oral transmission, for it is not included in any of the present collections of national songs, nor was it printed in any Commers-book during the last century. Wittekind has imitated the

metre in his "Krambambuli-Lied" (1745), and Koromandel in his "Doris" and "Dorothee." Till the middle of this century the melody of the "Kanapee-Lied" was identical with that of the "Krambambuli-Lied," but a few decades ago the "Kanapee-Lied" assumed a new form, and was set to a new melody.

As there is a story, apocryphal or otherwise, of some interest connected with Luther's celebrated hymn, "Ein Feste Burg," the particulars of the same may well find a place here. This piece has been aptly entitled the "Marseillaise of the Reformation," and in it we find the remarkable genius and religious fire of Luther, together with the nervous feeling of those troublous times. According to one account the words, which are a free translation of the Latin version of the 46th psalm, were written in Coburg, 1521, while one authority inclines to the belief that they were composed on the road to Worms. Hübner declares that Luther wrote it on the Wartburg, and having finished upset the inkstand over it, whereupon the devil laughed, and Luther threw the inkpot at him! Luther sang the hymn daily, accompanying himself on the lute during the sitting of the Augsburg Assembly in 1530. It was first printed in 1529, and in three years it became the most popular hymn of the day with the Protestants. The Huguenots during the re-

ligious persecution in France (1560 to 1572) made it their national song. This grand choral has won unstinted praise on all hands, for Luther was a gifted musician, as well as preacher and poet, and knew how to achieve the finest effects by the simplest methods. Meyerbeer did not disdain to make use of the melody in his opera, "Les Huguenots;" Bach founded a cantata on it; and it is to be detected in Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," and in Wagner's "Kaisermarch." By order of King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden it was sung by the entire army just before the battle of Leipsic in 1631. Indeed, it has played a wonderful part in the making of history on the Continent. Said Luther, when his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from going on his fateful journey to Worms: "Though there be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roof, I *will* go fearing nothing. What if Huss be burned to ashes? Truth can never be annihilated." This is the keynote to the character of the "clear-voiced nightingale," as Hans Sachs called him. Spangenberg said of him, "When I saw Dr. Luther at Wittenberg, I could think of nothing less than of a large, powerful, well-armed warship setting out to sea in confidence amid tempestuous waves."

Luther's was a grand character—broad, far seeing, and sympathetic. It required some

courage to cast off the monk's cowl and marry a nun. He married Catherine de Bora. She had to beg her bread from door to door after her husband's death. They lived a happy every-day life together, and understood each other. Luther and his wife were frequently very poor. Those who benefited most by his preaching troubled not about how he lived. Which is a paradox, but let it stand. It may serve as a lesson. Foolishly he refused to accept money for his writings. This was a wrong thing to do, and derogatory to his authorship. But the story of Luther's life is ancient history. There were times when Luther enjoyed the good things of this world as well as any other rational being. He was too sensible to refuse the bounty the earth provided for his body's well-being. Besides, did he not write the famous couplet :

“Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.”

A sympathetic writer in the “Chautauquan,” speaking of the love the Germans exhibit for all classes of songs, says : “In passing through a German town, particularly in the summer, the visitor is often struck by hearing school children sing. The schools are mostly imposing buildings, situated on the finest sites, where preliminary instruction is shared by all classes

together. The windows are wide open, and you may just happen to witness the singing lesson, and hear the youthful voices sing one of those glorious choral songs : " Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

" God is a mighty citadel,
A trusty shield and weapon."

It was a choral of Luther's, " Nun danket Alle Gott," in which the whole army joined in a spirit of grateful reverence to God on the morrow of the battle of Sedan. At the universities in moments of patriotic enthusiasm, such as for instance at the outbreak of the 1870 war, German students often met and sang " Ein' feste Burg," and the effect, we are assured by eye-witnesses on the above occasion, was one of rare impressive grandeur. The connecting link between religion and patriotism which the German choral embodies is peculiarly national. It finds its explanation in the history of the country, where, as in Scotland of old, the struggle for Protestant freedom of thought was for a time identified with the sentiment of national autonomy. The choral possesses the characteristics which belong only to those creations which are essentially an outcome of national sentiment, and therefore has retained a hold over the people, which the Catholic " Te Deum," has lost, and which the Anglican scholarly hymn-book never possessed.

With regard to patriotism, it may be averred, that amid the darkest hours of national disaster, from the time of the Thirty Years' War down to our own time, the German *Lied* has kept the flame of patriotism burning. In the War of Liberation of 1813, song did almost as much as the sword. And in 1870 the famous song of "The Watch on the Rhine" played a part which it would be impossible to understand without knowing something of German life and character.

Let us now turn to that world-famous song of Beethoven's, the divinely sweet "Adelaide." Who has not heard it? But how few know the real history of the origin of the *Lied* that Beethoven composed ere he was celebrated, when he was only just thirty years of age? Yet it has been the subject of romance, ballad, and biography. The song, "Adelaida" was written by the poet Matthisson to Fraulein von Glafey, with whom he was passionately in love. The music was composed by Beethoven about 1798, when the song almost immediately became popular with all ranks. The love story connecting the poet and the maid of honour, Adelaida or Annette von Glafey (the poet chose Adelaida as the name of his mistress on account of its first two syllables, *Adel*, meaning *noble*) with the composition has been so well related by Mrs. Pereira, that I venture to give the following extract from her paper, "Who was

Adelaïda?" which appeared in the "Sunday Magazine," for May, 1893: "The Abbess (of Mossy Mead) in her early days had held a post in the household of the intellectual Princess Louise of Dessau; and it was on her return from a summer tour in the suite of her patroness that the beautiful maid of honour entered the community of Mossy Mead. The reason of her sudden retirement from court life had been known to few, and the very fact was soon forgotten; and at the time we are writing the Princess Louise had long been dead, and new faces, new interests, had taken the place of old ones. But the closed book of the past was to be re-opened by a sudden and unlooked for touch. It was a gala evening at Mossy Mead. The state apartments were thrown open, and invitations had been sent by the Abbess to guests from far and near, at the head of whom were Prince George of Dessau and his youthful countess. A concert was the occasion of this brilliant assembly, a concert to celebrate the opening of a fine chamber-organ that had just been placed in the chapter-room, and several eminent musicians, not only from Dessau but from Dresden, were to be the chief performers.

"The Prince led the Abbess to her place, the organ was disclosed to view, and the concert began. . . . The last number on the programme was a song by the leading tenor of the Dresden

Opera. It received a rapturous encore, and the singer, after a moment's hesitation, once more stepped forward and made a sign to the accompanist. Then, amid deepest silence, the first notes of Beethoven's wonderful song rose upon the air. Never had those strains been more exquisitely rendered. The audience seemed spell-bound. But when the singer breathed the last low, lingering, passionate appeal, 'Ade-laïda,' all eyes were turned upon the Abbess. She sat with head bent forward, motionless, almost rigid. Those nearest sprang to her support, for they believed her to be smitten with some sudden illness; but with a resolute effort she recovered herself. Rising to her full height, with more than her wonted dignity, she thanked the vocalist who had furnished so glorious a finale to the concert. A smile was on her countenance—a smile of proud, triumphant joy such as none remembered ever to have seen there before. The faded features were transfigured. And then, by a flash of intuition, the singer and those around him recognized the never once suspected truth, never once suspected during all those forty years. That ancient, old-world lady, who seemed to have halted and stood still upon the threshold of the century, had suddenly assumed a new and startling aspect, for the magic of imagination, which can in a moment's space obliterate the

trace of years, had banished each deeply-graven furrow, to picture her as once more the lovely, graceful maiden, the ornament of a court, the idol of a poet's dream, the beloved, the adored, the broken-hearted Adelaïda!

“ Long years ago, in the one golden summer of her young life and during that tour amid the grandeur of Swiss scenery, the maid of honour had been brought into close association with the poet Friedrich Matthisson, who then held the appointment of reader to the princess. He was many years older than the enthusiastic girl, for such she was in years ; but he was a poet ; and the pair were surrounded by everything in nature that could foster and refine the purest, most exalted sentiment. They loved, and their mutual devotion formed an idyl of sweetest, most idealized romance. Matthisson poured out the riches of his genius at the high-souled maiden's feet, and she dreamed that she was in Elysium.

“ But this romance, like most others of its kind, was destined to a sadly prosaic ending. Adelaïda, or Annette von Glafey was of noble birth ; her lover was a poor pastor's son. Once more in Dessau, and face to face with the harsh realities of life, the maid of honour was summoned to hear the doom of her happiness spoken from the lips of her relentless father— ‘ Marriage in your own rank, or retirement to Mosigkan. ’ ”

Annette made up her mind at once, and retired from the sunshine of the world to the dull, monotonous, loveless life in a nunnery. Her life was made more bitter by the fact that in after years, when it was too late, the patent of nobility was conferred upon Matthisson, thus removing the obstacle that had proved a bar to their happiness. But Matthisson had found another bride. The Abbess lived on at Mosigkan until 1858, when she died, full of years and pious resignation. Few who attended her funeral knew that she had inspired some of the finest outpourings of a poet's heart, or that the melody which has made the composer world-famous was set to words that told of her life history and love.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCERNING SOME WELSH SONGS.

“THE DYING BARD,” “SWEET RICHARD,” “THE BARD’S LOVE,” “IDLE DAYS IN SUMMER TIME,” “WATCHING THE WHEAT,” “FFARWEL ITI PEGGY BAN,” “MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH,” “THOSE EVENING BELLS,” “ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT,” “POOR MARY ANN,” “MAID OF MONA’S ISLE,” “WHY LINGERS THY GAZE,” “THE BLACK MONK,” “THE CAMBRIAN PLUME,” “MORVA RHUDDLAN,” “DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK,” “THE SORROWS OF MEMORY,” “WINIFREDA,” and “ST. DAVID’S DAY.”

THE wealth of melody that has had its birth in Gallant little Wales would come as a surprise upon those who have never explored its bardic mines, notwithstanding that the Welsh harpers and bards have long held their own against the world. As in Scotland and Ireland, where the lyric gift has been so plentifully utilized, so it is in Wales that the people delight to make songs and sing them to their own music. Said the Bishop of St. David’s (Dr. Connop Thirlwall),

“ It is a most remarkable feature in the history of any people, and such as could be said of no other people than the Welsh, that they have centred their national recreation in literature, and musical competitions.” To this may be added the remarks of Dr. Fetis, at one time the director of the Brussels Royal Academy of Music, who, in his “ History of Music ” thus refers to the antiquity of the Welsh and their music. “ In Gaul, as well as in the country of the Welsh nation, there were priests called Druids, who celebrated their mysterious rites in the forests, and bards or musical priests who sang the glory of Heroes. But there is the difference between Gaul and the country of the Welsh, inasmuch as the latter still preserve their bards, and that the Cambrian or Celtic language is still cultivated by them, and moreover their music still maintains its primitive type. There is something remarkable in this now interminable succession of Welsh bards for two thousand years, and that the preservation intact of their language and their Celtic music, in a country so long ruled over by the Saxons.” Francis Joseph Fetis, by the way, was a brilliant musician and learned writer on musical subjects. He was born at Mons, March 25, 1784, and died on his birthday, 1871.

But this is no place to enter into particulars of the ancient music of Wales, though as Mr.

Brinley Richards says in his Introduction to the "Royal Edition of the Songs of Wales" (Caneuon Cymru :) "That a Welsh adaptation of the songs will be welcomed throughout the Principality may not be generally understood, for the oddest misconceptions prevail in England as to the Welsh language. Many people imagine that the Welsh language is only a sort of provincial dialect of English, like that which prevails in Scotland. Very few Englishmen seem to know that the Welsh have a large living literature, and that there are upwards of twelve thousand printed books in the *Welsh Language*." I shall now endeavour to tell some facts of the few songs that I have been able to trace as having a more than passing history.

In a note to his poem, "The Dying Bard," Sir Walter Scott says, "The Welsh tradition proves that a bard on his death-bed demanded his harp, and the air ("Dafydd y Gareg Wen") to which these words are adapted, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral." And, according to J. Parry's "Welsh Harper," this melody was accordingly played on the harp, at the parish church Ynys Cynhaiarn; in which parish this house, called Gareg-Wen (Caernarvonshire) is situated. I give the English version (by John Oxenford) of this lyric, "David of the White Rock."

“David the Bard on his death-bed lies,
Pale are his features and dim are his eyes.
Yet all around him his glance wildly roves—
Till it alights on the harp that he loves.

“Give me my harp, my companion so long,
Let it once more add its voice to my song.
Though my old fingers are palsied and weak,
Still my good harp for its master will speak.

“Often the hearts of our chiefs it has stirred,
When its loud summons to battle was heard ;
Harp of my country, dear harp of the brave,
Let thy last notes hover over my grave.”

The very plaintive air, “Sweet Richard—
“Per Alaw neu Sweet Richard,” Brinley Richards attributes to Blondel, but history points to Owen Glendower, an esquire to Richard II., a surprisingly well-educated and accomplished man for those times, and a gallant withal. In all probability it was composed by Glendower during his master’s captivity, and it was afterwards played at the risings in favour of the unfortunate king, as the Jacobite airs were played to excite the adherents of the Stuarts. In close committee (October, 1399), it was determined that Richard should be conveyed to some castle, there to be kept in strict and secret imprisonment, where some of his former friends might have access to him. Whereupon he was removed from the Tower in the first instance to Leeds Castle, Kent ; and like Edward II., he seems to have been removed secretly by night

from one castle to another. "Every man," says Froissart, "might well consider that he should never come out of prison alive." And as every school-boy knows he never did. But how he came by his death is not known for certain to this day. The fact that Blondel was of French origin and could not write in Welsh, while Owen Glendower was a Welshman by birth, seems conclusive that the song refers to Richard II. and not Richard I.; besides, the time of Blondel's song, already described, and that of "A Mighty Warrior" (Per Alaw), are quite different.

Several of the Welsh songs are founded by the bards themselves upon their own love disappointments and experiences. "The Bard's Love" tells of the bard Hoel ap Einion, who fell in love with the celebrated Myvanury Vechan (residing in the year 1390 at *Castel Dinas Bran* in the Vale of Llangollen), and died broken-hearted because of her disdain. "Idle Days in Summer Time" is an ideal love-song of the rustic order. It was written by Will Hopkin, the bard, who was born about 1700. The tradition respecting the hapless love entertained for him by Ann Thomas ("The Maid of Cefn Ydfa") is widely known and still recited in parts of Wales. The Bard wrote many songs in her honour, the best being "Idle Days in Summer Time." I present the first verse, translated by Walter Maynard.

“Idle days in summer time,
In pleasant sunny weather,
Amid the golden coloured corn
Two lovers passed together.
Many words they did not speak,
To give their thoughts expression,
Each knew the other's heart was full,
But neither made confession.”

But to “The Maid of Cefn Ydfa.” The song in which the minstrel poured out his love is called “Bugeilio 'r Gwenith Gwyn” (“Watching the Wheat”). According to “Cambrian Minstrelsie,” the subject of the song is “Ann Thomas, commonly known as the ‘Maid of Cefn Ydfa,’ who was born at a house of that name, in the parish of Llangynnwyd, Glamorganshire, in the year 1704. She was the elder child of well-to-do parents. Her father died before she was four years of age, when she, with her brother, was placed under two guardians, one being her maternal uncle. Her brother dying in youth, she became sole heiress to her father's property. There lived in the neighbourhood a Mr. Anthony Maddocks, of Cwm-yr-isga, who was a lawyer, and possessed considerable means. He was Undersheriff of Glamorganshire in 1719. He had a son and heir named Anthony, who was also a lawyer, and was Undersheriff of the county in 1743. There being money on both sides, the elder Maddocks, Mrs. Thomas, and her brother (Ann's guardian) thought that the

union of the younger Maddocks with the heiress of Cefn Ydfa would be a most desirable consummation. But we hear nothing of tender wooing on the one side or of passionate love on the other; it was altogether a 'high' family arrangement. Moreover, the lover destined to win the maiden's heart came in humble guise. This was Will Hopkin, of Llangynnwyd, a tiler and plasterer by trade, and three years her senior. Llangynnwyd being situated within the classic ground of Tir Iarll, its mental atmosphere was balmy with the breath of posey. Bardic contests were the daily pastimes of the inhabitants, and in these Will shone with remarkable brilliancy. He was frequently engaged in the exercise of his craft at Cefn Ydfa, and thus he and the lovely Ann Thomas were thrown in each other's way. He used to take his meals in the kitchen, when she would send the servants to do outside work, in order that they might have an opportunity of communing together. But when the mother became aware of these proceedings he was summarily dismissed. It is to this period that the plaintive "Bugeilio'r Gwenith Gwyn" is assigned. The lovers after this met sometimes in the wood near the house; but this was soon discovered and effectually prevented. Ann was for a time imprisoned in her own room, where she suffered untold anguish. One of the servant maids, Ann Llewelyn, taking

compassion upon her, acted then as an intermediary between her and her lover, and helped them to carry on a clandestine correspondence, by means of letters deposited in the trunk of an old tree at a place called Corn-hwch. But this was also found out, and Will, rightly or wrongly, suspected the servant maid of having betrayed them. Meanwhile great pressure was brought to bear on Ann to accept young Maddocks, and this ultimately led to their marriage, on May 5th, 1725. Will then left for England, and settled at Bristol; but dreaming one night that Maddocks was dead he suddenly returned. On reaching his old home he heard that his beloved had lost her reason and was lying at the point of death. His arrival being made known to the family, they sent for him, hoping that his presence might soothe her sufferings. Some say that she heard his voice at the door and died before he could reach her bedside. Others say that, on seeing him, she sprang into his arms and instantly expired. Her death took place on June 16th, 1727. Her tombstone is to be seen to-day inside Llangynnwyd Church, and is an object of much curiosity to strangers from all parts. Will was never married, though he survived her about fourteen years. His death occurred on August 19th, 1741; and he was buried under an old yew tree on the western side of Llangynnwyd churchyard.

A monument has lately been erected to the Maid of Cefn Ydfa in the restored church, and it is proposed to erect a monument over the grave of her unfortunate lover.

The popular song "Ffarwel iti Peggy ban" was composed by the minstrels of North Wales when Margaret of Anjou left Harlech Castle, where she had taken refuge after the defeat of July 9th, 1460, near Northampton. Mention of Harlech naturally recalls the march of that name which is ever a favourite at public schools. This dates from 1468. Harlech Castle stands on a lofty rock on the sea-shore of Merionethshire. "The original tower," says Brinley Richards in his note to the song, called "Twr Bronwen," "is said to have been built in the sixth century; it afterwards received the name of Caer Colwyn, and eventually its more descriptive name Harlech, or above the boulders." From Dr. Nicholas's "Antiquities of Wales" I extract this: "By order of the King (Edward IV.) William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, led a powerful army to Harlech, and demanded the surrender of the place; but Sir Richard Herbert, the Earl's brother, received from the stout defender this answer, 'I held a tower in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now all the old women in France shall hear how I defend this castle.' Famine, however, at length succeeded, and the intrepid Welshman,

Dafydd ap Jevan, made an honourable capitulation."

In "Cambrian Minstrelsie" will be found full accounts of many exquisite songs, together with Welsh and English words, and the original music. Indeed, this is the best and most reliable work on Welsh national melodies ever published. The curious story connected with "Those Evening Bells," which Thomas Moore wrote in English and Professor Rowlands in Welsh, I here give: "There is an old wife's tale which states that Tom, Dick, and Ned (the original air is called 'Ffarwel Dic Bibydd'—'Dick the Piper's Farewell') went to visit the Black Cave, near Criccieth; but what makes the tale interesting is that they *went* and forgot to *return*, and by this time, doubtless, few of their relatives expect them or expect to hear from them. The Shepherd of Braich y Bib noticed them at the mouth of the cave. Dick the piper played on a flute, and the other two carried lights before him. In five minutes the music changed and Little Tom played another tune. Farther and farther they receded, and weaker and weaker became the sound. By-and-by the Shepherd heard another tune, and he listened to that at the cave's entrance until every note died away. Not one of them has returned to this day."

There is a very favourite fairy song called

“Toriad y Dydd” (“The Break of Day”) which is exceedingly ancient, as may be gathered from this statement by Richard Llwyd in “Cant O Ganeuon gan Ceiriog”: “In Wales, as in other pastoral districts, the fairy tales are not yet erased from the traditional tablet; and age seldom neglects to inform youth that if, on retiring to rest, the hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the fairies will come at midnight, continue their revels till daybreak, sing the well-known strain of ‘Toriad y Dydd,’ leave a piece of money upon the hob, and disappear.”

Everybody is acquainted with that very old Welsh air “Ar Hyd y Nos,” for did not Mrs. Opie in the long ago familiarize us with the words beginning:

“Here beneath a willow weepeth
Poor Mary Ann.”

It will be found in most collections under the title of “All through the Night.” It has served as the basis of many a drawing room song. Of the ancient melody “Codiad yr Hedydd,” to which Professor Rowlands has written English words under the title of “The Rising of the Lark,” the following incident is told. It is said to be about two hundred years old. “The composer, David Owen, is stated to have gone to a *noson-lawen* (a merry night) at Plas-y-Borth, Port-

madoc, and according to the custom in those times, he had lingered at the feast until two or three o'clock in the morning. The clocks, no doubt, were to blame for the fact! The 'Newport Clock' was not in existence then, and could not, therefore, be consulted. However, day-break overtook David and his harp while wending the way homewards. The young minstrel sat on a stone, which is still pointed out by the inhabitants, to watch a skylark above him giving vent to its merriment at the appearance of the dawn; and there and then played upon his harp the air known ever since as 'Codiad yr Hedydd?'"

The story of the "Maid of Mona's Isle," written to the old melody of "Hobed O Hilion" ("A Bushel of Fragments") is, says the author, Professor Rowlands, ideally true. "It bears," continues the writer in his note, "some resemblance to the 'Stars of Normandie,' but the author had not seen that song when he wrote this. Some years ago he happened to be at a railway station, when he observed a beautiful lady with a sorrowful countenance going round the carriages of a newly arrived train. He was told that her young husband had a long time previously gone abroad, and had never been heard of afterwards. His friends had given him up as lost; but his faithful wife still persisted in believing that he would return, and from

day to day met every arriving train for years, with the vain hope of seeing him.

I transcribe the first verse of "The Fair Maid of Mona's Isle" :

"There once lived a maid in Mona's fair Isle,
Whose sweet face was never lit up with a smile ;
She mournfully sighed while others were gay,
And seemed to grow sadder as years passed away.
Near the lonely seashore tide in and tide out
Both morning and ev'ning she wandered about
Wistfully looking across the wide main,
Expecting, expecting, but always in vain !"

It will naturally be of interest to the English reader to know that there have been many workers in the field of research who have lovingly devoted their talents to the rescue and preservation of the songs of Cambria, and amongst the more notable may be mentioned Edward Jones (*Bardd y Brenin*), 1752-1824 ; John Parry (*Bardd Alaw*), 1776-1851 ; John Thomas (*Ieuan Ddu*), 1795-1871 ; John Owen (*Owain Alaw*), 1821-1883 ; Brinley Richards, to whom I refer more fully farther on, 1819-1885. Thomas Love Peacock, who wrote the "March of the Men of Harlech," 1785-1866, John Thomas (*Pencerdd Gwalia*), Dr. Joseph Parry, and Professor David Rowlands, the last three being happily still alive and interesting themselves in the Bardic lore of Wales to which the late talented Ceiriog contributed so much.

Apart from the songs to which I more particularly refer, there are numberless others with legends and stories of purely local fame, and for these the reader is directed to any of the collected labours of the writers and musicians given above. Many of the folk-songs are very quaint and entertaining, and the numerous fairy and fantastic lyrics are full of delicate and humoristic touches. The "Goblin on the Lake," to the tune of "Distyll y Drain," by the way, is a capital example of a modern imitation of the old style. The "Strolling Fiddler" is also a good song. The song "Wrth Edrych Yn Ol" ("Why Lingers Thy Gaze"), with English words by Mrs. Hemans, deserves mention on account of the belief that the original song was written in commemoration of those early Welsh explorers who are said to have been the forerunners of Columbus in the discovery of the new world. "A *Triad* mentions, as one of three missing ones of the Island of Britain: Madog ab Owen Gwynedd ('Lady Owen's Delight' is the name of the air), 'who went to sea with three hundred men in ten ships, and it is unknown whither they went,'—these words contain all that is really known of the Prince's naval explorations; and on this bare fact of his departure, conjecture has founded the interesting hypothesis which represents him as the precursor of Columbus in the discovery of the

Western Hemisphere." From J. Williams' "History of Wales." As a matter of fact, it has recently been demonstrated that the Welsh had no hand in the discovery of America.

The note to the song of the "Black Monk" says, "Griffith ap Cynan for a period of twelve years was kept in captivity in the City of Chester. In 1092 he was rescued by Kenvrig Heer, who deceived his keepers, though loaded with chains, over the Dee into Wales." The "Black Monk" is a strikingly good song, with English words by Walter Maynard. A very powerful song is the "Monks of Bangor's March," with English words by Sir Walter Scott. Ethelfrid, or Oldfrid, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmael, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious folk of the neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victors put the monks to the sword and destroyed the monastery. This tune is supposed to have been played at the ill-omened monks' procession. "The Cambrian Plume" is a modern song, with music by Brinley Richards and words by Walter Maynard (Welsh words by Mynyddg), telling of the plume with its motto "Ich Dien" which is supposed to have been found in the helmet of King John of Bohemia, who was slain in the

Battle of Cressy, and, having been adopted by Edward the Black Prince, has been ever since worn as the crest or cognizance of the Prince of Wales as heir apparent to the British crown.

The oldest Welsh melody extant is the plaintive air of "Morva Rhuddlan," composed by King Caradoc's Court Minstrel immediately after the battle of Rhuddlan Marsh, in which the Welsh forces suffered a terrible defeat and their royal chief was left dead upon the field. This tune, than which there is nothing more plaintive in the whole range of music, was composed in the year 795. "Several of the Welsh songs that are most popular at the present day," says a sympathetic scribe, "date from the eleventh century, when the bardic craft was at its zenith in the Principality, and Gryfudd ap Cynan, King of North Wales, held a congress of music masters in the Isle of Anglesey for the purpose of reforming the Order of Welsh Bards, and invited members of the fraternity from Ireland to assist in carrying out the contemplated innovations. The most important of the reforms instituted by this venerable assemblage convoked just twenty-six years before the Norman Conquest, appears to have been—according to Mr. John Thomas, the Queen's harpist—the separation of the professions of bard and minstrel; in other words, poetry and music, arts the practice

of which had theretofore been united in one and the same person."

"David of the White Rock"—"Dafydd y Garreg Wen," or David Owen, a famous minstrel who was born in 1720. Owen was a skilful performer on the harp, and a clever composer to boot. He died young, but wrote several popular Welsh songs, and about the song named after himself, sometimes called "The Dying Minstrel," the following pathetic incident is told. When David Owen lay on his deathbed, he happened to fall into a trance. His mother, who was watching him at the time, thought the flame of life had gone out. But he suddenly revived, and fixing his eyes upon her said that he had just dreamed a wonderful dream, in which he found himself in heaven, where he had heard the sweetest strains that ever fell on mortal ears. At his request his harp was given to him, and he recalled the music he had heard, and played "Dafydd y Garreg Wen." Just as the last note was dying away his spirit took its flight to its eternal home. The air fixed itself in the mother's memory, and was thus preserved for ever.

There is a tender interest attached to the old air of "Dros yr Afon," as being one to which Mrs. Mary Robinson, "Perdita" Robinson, the actress who had the misfortune to attract the attention of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., wrote some very touching words,

called "The Sorrows of Memory." She was a lovely and clever woman, whose beauty and talents were only equalled by her sorrows.

"The Old Sibyl," or "Winifreda," with English words by George Withers, is still a popular song in Wales, at any rate. Winifreda, as Foulkes relates, was the daughter of Thewith, a gentleman of great wealth and influence, who was the owner of the locality on which Holywell stands. Her mother's name was Wenlo, she was descended from an ancient family in Montgomeryshire, and was sister to Saint Beuno. Tradition tells how Saint Beuno restored his niece Winifreda to life after she had been cruelly murdered. The story runs as follows: "Beuno, in the course of his wanderings came to the banks of the Dee, and there he met with Thewith, and Thewith gave unto Beuno land on which to build a church, which he did forthwith. One day Thewith and his wife went to hear mass and a sermon from Beuno, leaving their daughter Winifreda at home to take care of the house; and she was a virgin of comely appearance. When she was all alone, the son of a chieftain came in, whose name was Caradoc. The maiden received him with due deference; when he asked where her parents were, and she replied, 'If you have any business with my father, wait, for he will soon return from church.' Thereupon he attempted to ravish her, but she

escaped from his hands and ran towards the church where her father was worshipping. Caradoc, in his rage, pursued her, and overtaking her just as she reached the church door, unsheathed his sword and struck her head off, which rolled into the church, while her body fell outside. When Beuno saw this he said to Caradoc, 'I will pray God that He may not spare thee, nor respect thee, any more than thou hast respected this virtuous maid.' And on the instant Caradoc was transformed into a pool of water, and was no more seen in this world. Then Beuno took the maid's head and placed it on the body, and spread a mantle over them; and, addressing the parents, he said, 'Cease your groaning until mass is over.' At the end of the service he raised Winifreda to life again; and on the spot where her blood fell a well of water sprang forth, which is called Winifreda's Well unto this day. The waters of this well—which is situated at Holywell—are supposed to possess miraculous virtues, and pilgrims from all parts of the world still resort thither to be healed by them."

Before finishing up this brief account let me say something about "St. David's Day"; if it be contended that I have quoted too much in this chapter, and told too little, I can only plead in the words of Dr. Johnson, that it is all through "sheer ignorance, sheer ignorance." Many con-

flicting legends exist as to the real origin of wearing the leek on the 1st of March, but the most generally accepted tale is that King Cadwallader, in 640, gained a complete victory over the Saxons by the special interposition of St. David, who ordered the Britons to wear leeks in their caps that they might recognize each other. The Saxons, for want of some common cognizance, often mistook friends for foes. Drayton gives another version. He says the saint lived in the valley Ewias, situated between the Hatterill Hills, in Monmouthshire. It was here "that reverend British saint to contemplation lived."

"And did so truly fast

As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,

And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.

In memory of whom in each revolving year

The Welshmen on his day that sacred herb do wear."

Other authorities trace it back to Druidic times and customs, and insist that the leek from ancient days and ancient peoples has ever been a vegetable of honour and utility. During the funeral rites of Adonis at Byblos, leeks and onions were exhibited in "pots with other vegetables, and called the gardens of that deity." The leek was worshipped at Ascalon (whence the modern term of scullions) says the erudite Hone, as it was in Egypt. Leeks and onions were deposited in the sacred chests of the mys-

teries of Isis and Ceres, the *cendven* of the Druids, and assuming that the leek was a Druidic symbol employed in honour of the British *cendven*, or Ceres, there does not seem anything very improbable in presuming that the Druids were a branch of the Phœnician priesthood, and both were addicted to oak worship. However, no matter the origin, the fact remains that the leek is revered more or less in the Principality, and that there is a National song known as "Dydd Gwyl Dewi," of the Leek, sung at all the festivals of "The Society of Ancient Britons." St. David was canonized, by Pope Calixtus, about 700 years after his death, and his commemoration is held on the 1st day of March.

A capital version of this and other Welsh lyrics is to be found in "Cambrian Minstrelsie," edited by Dr. Joseph Parry and Professor Rowlands, published in 1893. It contains the gems of the muse and the music of the old Welsh bards.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME SCOTTISH SONGS.

“O NANNY WILT THOU GANG WITH ME?” “THE ROOF OF STRAW,” “BONNIE DUNDEE,” “JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO,” “MAGGIE LAUDER,” “JESSIE THE FLOWER O’ DUNBLANE,” “JEANNIE MORRISON,” “WEE WILLIE WINKIE,” “THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST,” “WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WOULD DEE,” “AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE,” “HUNTINGTOWER,” “WILL YE NO COME BACK TO ME?” “AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING,” “LASS O’ PATIE’S MILL,” “THERE’S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE,” “LOGIE O’ BUCHAN,” “LOCHABER NO MORE,” “WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN,” “BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER,” “ANNIE LAURIE,” “LOGAN WATER,” “SCOTS WHA HAE,” “BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND,” “DONALD DHU,” “ROY’S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH,” “HIGHLAND MARY,” “DUNCAN GREY,” “LASS O’ GOWRIE,” “COMIN’ THROUGH THE RYE,” “CROMLET’S LILT,” “WALY, WALY,” “YE BANKS AND BRAES,” “ONAGH’S WATERFALL,” “FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE,” AND “TAKE YOUR OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.”

As with Ireland, the poetic genius of Scotland has long been acknowledged to be chiefly lyrical, and the multitude of her minor bards, known and unknown, is marvellous to contemplate. One remarkable thing that strikes even the casual observer is that the large majority of the most popular Scottish songs were written by women. For example, Joanna Baillie is responsible for "Saw ye Johnnie Comin'," "Woo'd and Married and a'," and "Poverty parts Good Companie." Lady Anne Barnard gave us "Auld Robin Gray," whose history I have already related; Lady Carolina Nairne penned the inimitable "Land o' the Leal," the ever-green "Caller Herrin'," and the "Laird o' Cockpen," the song of the attainted Scottish nobles which induced George IV. to sanction the restitution of the forfeited title of baron to her husband. Bishop Percy of Dromore, who has earned the gratitude of all ages by the publication of his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," deserves first and honourable mention for his charming song, "O Nanny wilt thou gang with me?" The ballad is not such a favourite as it was at one time, though it still receives considerable attention north of the Tweed. It was occasioned thus. In 1771 Mrs. Percy was summoned to the Court of George III., and appointed nurse to the infant Prince Edward, who was afterwards Duke of

Kent and father of our present sovereign, Queen Victoria. When Mrs. Percy had fulfilled the duties required of her, and returned home to her disconsolate husband, he greeted her with the verses, "O Nanny will you go with me?" Nanny being Mrs. Percy's Christian name. The affecting ballad very quickly took high rank, and was regarded by the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1780 as "the most beautiful song in the English language." It was sung in 1773 at Vauxhall Gardens by Mr. Vernon. It is given in "Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland" simply to prove, according to the editor's statement, that it belongs to England and not Scotland. Let us say that it belongs to both countries. Mrs. Percy died in 1806, and Bishop Percy in 1811. He was born in 1728.

The music of the song was composed by C. T. Carter, as he is called on the title-page of the "Milesian." Thomas Carter was born in Dublin in 1735, and studied for a time under his father, Timothy Carter, organist of one of the principal churches. He set "O Nanny" to music in 1773, and it was published shortly afterwards. In 1787 Carter was musical director of the Royalty Theatre, Goodman's Fields. He died in London, October 14th, 1804.

It is only just to Bishop Percy to say that "O Nanny wilt thou go with me?" was origin-

ally written entirely in English without any Scottish expressions or words at all. Perhaps after all I ought to have given it in the English section.

It is not, I think, generally known that Dr. Henry Duncan, the founder of savings banks in Scotland, wrote the "Roof of Straw," which has often been attributed to that prolific penman, Mr. Anon., but such is the case. Commencing life as a banker's clerk, he soon found the duties uncongenial, and resolved to enter the Church of Scotland. At Edinburgh he was the associate of Brougham, Horner, and Henry Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne); and by the Earl of Mansfield was made the minister of Rothwell in Dumfriesshire, where his first savings bank was established in 1810. A few years later he established the "Dumfries and Galloway Courier," one of the most successful provincial papers, at one time, in the kingdom.

There are two songs bearing the title of "Bonnie Dundee," and the more modern one, written by Sir Walter Scott, is the best known. Indeed, I doubt if many people have ever heard of the ancient lyric. Scott, who with Lord Byron, Dr. Johnson, and some other poets shared the affliction of not being able to appreciate music, wrote his verses, if he wrote them to a melody at all, not to the old Scottish air, but to that questionable song the "Jockey's

Deliverance," which they fit exactly. Observe the difference of the metre. Here is Scott's "Bonnie Dundee":

"To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke:
Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west-port, and let us gae free,
For its up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

And here is the proper "Bonnie Dundee" of far-off times—one of the stanzas which Burns supplied from oral tradition to Johnson's "Musical Museum."

O, whar did ye get that hanver meal bannock,
O, silly blind body, O, dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee."

There is not much to commend in the original song except the air, which is in the plaintive minor, while Scott's song is in the rollicking major. Here are the first verse and chorus of a mournful version to be found in "Ancient Ballads and Songs," 1827.

"Oh, have I burned, or have I slain,
Or have I done aught of injury;
I've slighted the lass I may ne'er see again,
The Baillie's daughter of bonny Dundee.

“Bonny Dundee and Bonny Dundas,
Where shall I see sae bonny a lass?
Open your ports, and let me gang free,
I maunna stay longer in bonny Dundee.”

As Scott puts the last two lines of this refrain into the mouth of Rob Roy towards the end of his midnight interview with Baillie Nicol Jarvie in the Tolbooth of Glasgow, it is natural to suggest that the author of “Waverley” gathered the notion for his own lyric from this one, which was a street favourite. Gay uses it gaily in the “Beggar’s Opera.” But there is yet another Dundee—“Adieu, Dundee,” which is believed to date from the time of James II.—when he dwelt in Scotland, 1679-82—whose nobles may have carried it to England, for it is somewhat similar to an old English song. In “Pills to Purge Melancholy,” 1719, will be found the original parts of the chorus adapted by Scott. We should be thankful to Scott and Burns though, for preserving these old songs in new dresses, for their first clothing was very scanty and often indecent. As witness the words of the first “John Anderson my Jo,” a provokingly coarse song adapted to a fine church melody; and “John, come kiss me now,” “We’re a noddin’,” and many other songs now clarified and made classic. Burns has immortalized “John Anderson, my Jo,” and the lyric is as familiar as household words. One of its pre-

decessors, dating from about 1560, opens in this inviting manner :

“ John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze sall get a sheip’s heil weel baken in a pye ;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat,
John Anderson, my jo, cum in and ze’s get that.”

It was the phrase that caught Burns, and he has made it his own. Many imitators have tried their hand at this song, notably in a Dunblane continuation of the song. A very clever imitation is to be found in the “ Universal Songster,” 1825, entitled “ Jean Anderson,” written by J. Mackey. It is well and feelingly written.

The songs of the Jacobites and the songs of the Covenanters have their especial interest, and have, fortunately, been carefully preserved for the most part. “ Maggie Lauder,” which is claimed to be of both Fifeshire and Renfrewshire descent, I deal with in the next chapter. Only a certain not very edifying version is Scottish—the original is Irish. It was James Ballantine who wrote the beautiful piece called “ Ilka blade o’ grass keps its ain drap o’ dew.” When the author was introduced to Miss Stirling Graham, of Duntrune, then an old lady, she drew him to the window and paid him the delicate compliment, “ I would like to see the man who wrote ‘ Ilka blade o’ grass keps its ain drap o’ dew.’ ” Ballantine, however, modestly

disclaimed it by saying he got the line from an old Fife proverb.

Everybody knows "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane." It was written to an old folk air by John Tannahill, for, perhaps, his friend R. A. Smith. The son of a weaver of silk gauze, born at Paisley, 1774, in the days when Paisley was a flourishing town, he followed in his father's footsteps and became a weaver also; but his great hobby was his flute, and he amused himself by hunting up old melodies and writing fresh words to them, generally "weaving threads and verses" alternately while engaged in his daily occupations. He paid such court to the muses that, after having had many of his pieces set to music by his friend Robert Archibald Smith, in 1807 he published his "Songs and Poems." Some of these became popular, but brought him little fame and less money. He met with many disappointments. James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, undertook a journey to Paisley on purpose to make his acquaintance. "The two poets spent an evening together, and the next day," says Sir George Douglas, "Tannahill conveyed his new friend half way back to Glasgow. But at the moment of parting—as if with the knowledge of impending evil, or perhaps having already formed his fatal design—he exclaimed 'Farewell! I shall never see you more!'"

He intimated to his friends wild plans which he had formed for leaving Paisley, to take up his abode in "some sequestered locality," or for canvassing the country in person for subscribers to a new issue of his poems. At last, during a visit to a friend at Glasgow, he complained of the "insupportable misery of life," and is said at that time to have exhibited unequivocal symptoms of mental derangement. At all events his friend returned with him to Paisley. On reaching home he retired to bed, where he was visited by three of his brothers, who left him at about ten o'clock, when he appeared to them sufficiently calm. Two hours later they returned to inquire for him. They found that his bed was empty and that he had gone out. A search was instituted which led to the discovery of the poet's coat at the side of the tunnel of a neighbouring brook. The rest needs no telling. He perished by his own hand ere he had reached the age of thirty-six. In the art of song-writing Tannahill, in his own particular line, has not been surpassed.

William Motherwell's "Jeannie Morrison" has the double charm of having a real personage for its heroine. The life of Motherwell is of singular interest. He was born in 1797 and died in 1835. It was as a child when he was sent to school in Edinburgh that he first met "Jeannie Morrison," a pretty girl of winning

ways about his own age. She made a great impression on the susceptible boy of eleven, though they only knew each other for a short six months. It is presumed that he wrote his one really famous song when he was about eighteen.

Motherwell, who died at the early age of thirty-eight from apoplexy, was an industrious writer and editor of certain newspapers. He published a volume of Scottish songs, "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," in 1827.

William Miller, who gave us "Wee Willie Winkie" and many other children's songs, was a wood-turner by trade, and earned the soubriquet of the "Laureate of the Nursery," and, says Robert Buchanan, "Wherever Scottish foot has trod, wherever Scottish child has been born, the songs of William Miller have been sung." He was born in 1810 and died in 1872. It will be remembered that Rudyard Kipling has written a delightful story of a delightful child called "Wee Willie Winkie."

There are two songs called "The Flowers of the Forest," one by Miss Rutherford, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn, 1765, which is comparatively modern in style, and one by Jane Elliott, written about 1750. The "Flowers of the Forest" are the young men of the districts of Selkirkshire and Peebleshire, anciently known as "The Forest." The song is founded by the authoress,

Jane Elliott, upon an older composition of the same name deploring the loss of the Scottish at Flodden Field and of which all has been lost but two or three lines, The first and fourth lines of the opening stanza are the foundation of Miss Elliott's poem :

“I've heard them liling at our ewe-milking—
Lasses a' liling before dawn o' day ;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaming,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.”

The melody dates from about 1620. Mrs. Cockburn's lyric is an imitation, and not a good one, of Miss Elliott's.

Lady Grisell Baillie (born Hume), a charming heroine in real life, was the daughter of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont. She was born in 1665, and the song by which she is remembered “Were na my heart licht I would dee,” first appeared in the “Orpheus Caledonius” in 1725. Owing to political troubles her father had to lie in hiding for some time in the family vault (which may still be seen) beneath the ivy-clad church of Polwarth on the Green. His daughter used to visit him secretly every night, carrying food for his sustenance and cheering him up as best she could. “The proscribed man's next hiding place was a pit which had been hollowed out by Grisell with her own hands, with the sole assistance of one faithful

servant in a room on the ground floor of their house, beneath a bed which drew out." In due time Sir Patrick escaped to the continent, where his family joined him later. But while they yet remained in Scotland, Grisell was the prop and mainstay of her mother and many brothers and sisters, and when they lived in Holland she was the true household fairy and the life and soul of them all during their long days of exile and poverty. All this time she had a love affair of her own which caused her much anxiety. But all ended happily. Sir Patrick Hume was recalled and restored to his estates and honour, and the gentle and patient Grisell married her faithful lover George Baillie of Jerviswood. Lady Baillie died in 1746.

Miss Susanna Blamire, the authoress of "And ye shall walk in silk attire," and a number of lyrics more or less popular, was English by birth, but as she chose the Scotch dialect as the vehicle of her muse, Scotland jealously claims her as one of her bards. She was born in 1747, and died in 1794. A volume of her poems called "The Muse of Cumberland," appeared fifty years after her decease. The song mentioned appeared to the melody of the "Siller Crown" in the "Musical Museum," 1790. The song of "Huntingtower" is traditional in Perthshire, and is believed to be very ancient. It is not known to have been published, moreover, before

1827, when Kinloch gave in his "Ancient Scotch Ballads" a version of it, taken down from the recitation of an idiot boy in Wishaw. Since that time various versions have appeared, but whether they were also taken down from recitals, or are merely specimens of modern work, is uncertain. One of them was written by Lady Nairne, with the express intention of making the ballad agree rather better with modern notions. The air has all the simplicity of the olden time, and may be coeval with the ballad; but it is not known to have been written out till within the last half-century. There is, however, a tune in Durfey's "Pills," v. 42 (reprinted 1719), which bears so strong a resemblance to it, as to suggest the idea that it may have been the form of the melody at that time. The song there adapted to it is an Anglo-Scottish version of "Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock," and is styled the "Scottish Wedding." Aytoun says the original song was called "Richie Storie," and was re-cast and re-set. It was sometimes known as the "Duke of Athol's Courtship," though modern singers are acquainted with it as "When ye gang awa', Jamie." To Lady Nairne we are indebted for that beautifully pathetic melody known as "Will ye no come back again," which she preserved to us by reason of her lyric to "Royal Charlie." The name of the composer is not known, but one can

well imagine that the original work was a love song of deep passion and sweetness. It is to be found in only a few collections.

Of Lady Carolina Nairne, *née* Carolina Oliphant, much indeed could be said, for her early life in particular was full of interest, and passed amid much political and poetical excitement. She was christened Carolina in honour of Charles Edward, whose health was a standing toast in the auld house at Gask, where she was born in 1766. From her most youthful days "Carolina's imagination must have been aroused by narratives of the varied adventures of her father and others of her kinsfolk during the 'Forty Five,' when Lawrence Oliphant the younger, then a youth of nineteen, had supped with the Prince at the outset of the Rebellion, had galloped to Edinburgh with the news of Prestonpans, after fighting single-handed with Sir John Cope's runaway dragoons; had discovered the enemy's movements after the battle of Falkirk, had exchanged a few words with the Prince at Culloden, after all was lost, and had escaped from Scotland by sea and landed in Sweden, a beggar in all but honour," as Sir George Douglas relates in "Minor Scottish Poets." No doubt she saw Prince Charlie many a time, and often heard the Jacobite ballad "Charlie is my Darling," which everyone was singing. Carolina grew up to be such a fascinating and beautiful

girl that she was called "The flower of Strath-earn." She wrote early and constantly, and her songs became favourites through all the country round. There is only need to mention, again, the "Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Auld House," "Bonnie Charlie's now awa'," the "Lament of Flora Macdonald," and "The Lass of Gowrie." "Caller Herrin'" was specially written for Nathaniel Gow, a musical composer, son of the more celebrated Neil Gow.

Does anyone ever sing "An thou wert my ain thing," by an anonymous bard, with a melody of exquisite plaintiveness, dating from about 1600? Or Allan Ramsay's "The Lass o' Patie's Mill"? Robert Burns, who never hesitated to praise a good thing when he saw it, said of this song that it was one of Ramsay's best. "In Sir J. Sinclair's statistical volumes," continued Scotland's well-beloved poet, "are two claims, one, I think, from Aberdeenshire, and the other from Ayrshire, for the honour of this song. The following anecdote, which I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it of the late John, Earl of Loudon, I can, on such authorities believe: Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudon Castle with the then earl, father to Earl John; and one afternoon, riding or walking out together, his lordship and Allan passed a sweet, romantic

spot on Irvine Water, still called ' Patie's Mill,' where a bonnie lassie was ' tedding ' hay, bare-headed on the green. My lord observed to Allan that it would be a fine theme for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and lingering behind he composed the first sketch of it, which he produced at dinner."

That magnificent song, " There's nae luck about the house," which Burns, in a burst of eloquence, declared to be the " finest love ballad of the kind in the Scottish, or perhaps any other language"—to which testimony we can mostly subscribe—is usually placed to the credit of William Julius Mickle, the translator of Camoen's " Lusiad," and author of several tolerable poems, who was born in 1734 and died in 1788. The song has also been attributed to Jean Adams, who died unknown or forgotten—she was a schoolmistress—in Greenock Workhouse ; however, the weight of evidence is in favour of Mickle. But the fifth stanza, which I quote, and which is quite a gem of the composition, was added by Dr. Beattie, the author of " The Minstrel," and a very close follower and disciple of Gray. He was born 1735, and died, after a sorely afflicted life, in 1803. Here is Dr. Beattie's contribution to " There's Nae Luck : "

" Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath's like caller air ;

His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,—
In troth I'm like to greet."

A wonderful, a haunting song; to make a man hold his head higher had he written it. The tune is called "Up and Waur at them a', Willie." A companion song of considerable virtue is "The Boatie Rows," by John Ewen, who did not practise what he sang. He died 1821.

Mr. Peter Buchan states that "Logie o' Buchan" was written by George Halket, a schoolmaster at Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, who died in 1756. Halket was a Jacobite, and wrote some "Forty-Five" squibs which so offended the Duke of Cumberland that he offered a hundred pounds for the author's head. But it did not come off.

Opinions have long been divided as to whether the old air "Lochaber no more" is Irish or Scottish, but from internal evidence of musical form it seems tolerably evident that the original tune is to be found in "Limerick's Lamentation," the tradition of which associates its plaintive melody with the events that followed the second capitulation of Limerick in 1690, when at the embarkation of the Irish soldiery at Cork for France, their wives and children were forcibly

separated from them under circumstances of unusual barbarity," says that excellent authority "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians." The verses to it, "Farewell to Lochaber," were written by Allan Ramsay, and the song will be found complete in the "Royal Edition of the Songs of Scotland." When Burns first heard the air he is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, that's a fine tune for a broken heart," a very significant characteristic of the music of a nation suffering unending wrong. The Scotch have long had the reputation of not only stealing Irish melodies but Irish saints as well. Petrie, Walker, Bunting, and Thomas Moore are strong in their conviction of Lochaber's Irish nationality, though Mr. George Farquhar Graham, an excellent authority, believes it to be derived from "Lord Ronald, my Son," as asserted by Burns. In 1692 it was known as "King James's March to Ireland." As a matter of fact, the tune was originally composed by Miles O'Rielly, the celebrated harper of Cavan, who was born 1635. There are several touching anecdotes concerning the song.

The music of "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town" was composed by James Hook, progenitor of Theodore the novelist and practical joker, to a modernized version of Tom D'Urfey's words. And as the Hooks, *père et fils*, wrote many operettas and songs together, it is just

possible that Theodore brought "Within a Mile" down to date by eliminating the coarseness. The elder Hook was born at Norwich 1746, and died at Boulogne 1827.

Allan Ramsay, when he came across "Blue Bonnets over the Border," inserted it in his "Tea-Table Miscellany" and labelled it "ancient," little knowing that it was written by Sir Walter Scott, who founded it on "General Leslie's march to Longmarston Moor." But most collectors of old songs are bound to be deceived occasionally by falling victims to their own enthusiasm. James Grant in his Preface to "The Scottish Cavalier" says, respecting the original Annie Laurie who inspired Douglas of Finland to write the song known by that name: "History will have rendered familiar to the reader the names of many who bear a prominent part in the career of Walter Fenton; but there are other characters of minor importance who, though less known to fame than Dundee and Dumbarton, were beings who really lived and breathed and acted a part in the great drama of those days. Among these we may particularize William Douglas of Finland and Annie Laurie. This lady was one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, the first baronet of Maxwellton, and it was to her that Douglas inscribed those well-known verses and that little air which now bear her name and are so wonderfully plaintive

and chaste for the time ; but it is painful to record that, notwithstanding all the ardour and devotion of her lover, the fair Annie was wedded as described in the romance."

As a matter of fact, James Grant does not describe the marriage of Annie Laurie in his story, as he states ; William Douglas of Finland is supposed to compose and sing the song when in Flanders. He is killed in battle by the side of his friend Walter Fenton. A ball pierces his breast and he expires holding a lock of Annie's bright brown hair in his hand and murmuring her name.

As already mentioned the lyric came from the pen of William Douglas of Finland. Annie Laurie was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie by his second wife, Jean, who was a daughter of Riddel of Minto. "As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable," says Robert Chambers, "that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth century." Annie Laurie did not marry her ardent lover (whether he was killed in Flanders as related by Grant, it is difficult to decide : in all likelihood that death was a fiction of the novelist's) but was wedded to Mr. Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch in 1709.

By the way, on the authority of Sir Emilius Laurie, a descendant of Sir Walter, third baronet and brother of Annie, the fact that Douglas of

Finland or Fingland wrote the song has been proved beyond doubt. In 1854 there lived an old lady who, hearing "Annie Laurie" sung, declared the words were not the ones her grandfather had written. She stated afterwards that her grandfather, Douglas of Fingland, was desperately in love with Annie Laurie when he wrote the song, "but," she added, "he did na get her after all." Asked as to the authenticity of the lines she said: "Oh, *I* mind them fine. I have remembered them a' my life. My father often repeated them to me." And here is the stanza signed with her name:

" 'Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
 They're a' clad owre wi' dew,
 Where I an' Annie Laurie
 Made up the bargain true.
 Made up the bargain true,
 Which ne'er forgot s'all be,
 An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down an' dee.'

"I mind na mair.

[Signed] "CLARK DOUGLAS.

"*August 30, 1854.*"

In the original song there were but two stanzas, and this is the second:

"She's backit like the peacock,
 She's breistit like the swan,
 She's jimp around the middle,
 Her waist ye weel nicht span—

Her waist ye weel nicht span—
 An' she has a rolling e'e,
 An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down an' dee."

In Alfred Moffatt's "Minstrelsy of Scotland" it is stated that the third verse, which I give, was written by Lady John Scott, who declared that Allan Cunningham wrote the original verses, which is altogether a misapprehension. Lady Scott has altered the whole song and commences, "Maxwelton *braes*," not "banks."

"Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
 Like summer breezes sighing,
 Her voice is low an' sweet—
 Her voice is low an' sweet—
 An' she's a' the world to me,
 An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down an' dee."

Here is Annie Laurie's birth "certificate" as written by her father, in what is called the "Barjorg MS.":

"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter Anna Laurie was borne upon the 16th day of December 1682 years, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George — minister of Glencairn."

"Maxwelton House sits high upon its 'braes.' It is 'harled' without and painted white, and is built around three sides of a sunny court. Ivy clammers thriftily about it. Over the entrance

door of the tower, and above a window in the opposite wing, are inserted two marriage stones ; the former that of Annie's father and mother, the latter of her grandfather and grandmother. The initials of the bride and bridegroom, and the date of the marriage, are cut upon them, together with the family coat of arms, which bears, among other heraldic devices, two laurel leaves and the motto, '*Virtus semper viridis.*' Below the grandfather's marriage stone is cut in the lintel the following :

“ ‘*Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.*’

“ Looking up the glen from Maxwelton, the chimneys of Craigdarrock House are seen.

“ It is distant about five miles, and Annie had not far to remove from her farther's house to that of her husband. She was twenty-eight at the time of her marriage.

“ The Fergusons are a much older family, as families are reckoned, than the Lauries. Fergusons of Craigdarrock were attached to the courts of William the Lion and Alexander II. (1214-1249).”

So says F. P. Humphrey in a magazine article to which I am indebted for some points of interest in this record.

Annie Laurie was the mother of Alexander Fergusson, the hero of Burns' song “ The Whistle ;” while the author of “ Annie Laurie ”

was himself the hero of "Willie was a wanton wag." In regard to the origin of "The Whistle," it may be stated that in the time of Anne of Denmark, when she went to Scotland with James VI., there was a gigantic Dane of matchless drinking capacity. He had an ebony whistle which, at the beginning of a drinking bout he would lay on the table, and whoever was best able to blow it was to be considered "Champion of the Whistle." In Scotland the Dane was defeated by Sir Robert Laurie, who after three days' and three nights' hard drinking, left the Dane under the table and "blew on the whistle his requiem shrill." The whistle remained in the family several years, when it was won by Sir Walter Laurie, son of Sir Robert, and then by Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, brother-in-law of Sir Walter Laurie, and finally it fell to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, son of "Annie Laurie." This final drinking bout took place at Friars Carse, October 16th, 1790.

The first four lines of the second verse of the lyric quoted above, it should be noted, are taken from the vulgar ballad of "John Anderson, my Jo," which, before it was clarified by Burns, appeared in a scarce volume of English songs with music, entitled *The "Convivial Songster,"* of 1782. "Annie Laurie" was "modernized from the foregoing by an unknown hand," in the present century. Was the "unknown hand" one

R. Findlater? I am at a loss to understand the meaning of the following brief extract which I take from "Chambers' Journal," July 4th, 1857. Speaking of street minstrels and musicians (p. 12) the writer says: "That very melody they play was composed by a plaided stranger of higher grade and of more noble itinerancy; it is the 'Annie Laurie' of poor Findlater." The only Findlater I have been able to trace was R. Findlater who wrote words for music of only mediocre grade, "In Thy Presence" for instance. The air of "Annie Laurie" as now sung I am compelled to add is quite modern, having been composed, on her own statement, by Lady John Scott, as already indicated. It was a favourite with the British soldiers in their weary encampment before Sebastopol in 1854-5.

The melody of "Logan Water" is of very considerable antiquity, and very Scottish in tonality. The words were written by John Mayne, a native of Dumfries, who eventually settled in London as the editor of "The Star" newspaper. "Logan Water" or "Logan Braes," says Mayne himself in reply to a letter of inquiry from Lord Woodhouselee, "was written and circulated in Glasgow about 1781, inserted in the 'Star' on Saturday May 23rd, 1789, thence copied and sung at Vauxhall, and published soon afterwards by a music dealer in the Strand."

One of the oldest of old Scottish songs—or, to be accurate, of the oldest melodies—is that which we know as “Scots wha hae.” Burns himself once said: “Many of our Scots airs have outlived their original and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses.” Of no air could this be more truly said than the one in question, which is so ancient as to defy the discovery of its origin. It has been traced back to 1512, when it is mentioned by Gavin, Bishop of Dunkeld, as being a favourite song with the people, under the name of “Now the Day Dawis,” and is referred to by Dunbar in ridicule of some half-hearted minstrels :

“Your commone minstralis has no tune
But ‘Now the Day Dawis’ and ‘Into June.’”

Alexander Montgomerie wrote fresh words to the air, and in the reign of James IV. it was printed in a Lute Book of “Ayres,” which seems to suggest that the music was either by a Frenchman or an Italian attached to the Court, for it was customary to have English, French, Italian, and Irish minstrels employed at the Scottish Court from, at any rate, 1474 to 1550 and later. In later times it received the inexplicable title of “Hey Tuttie, Taitie.” Many have tried to solve the mystery of this enigma, but without any notable success. And it is worse than useless to make guesses where there is so little

foundation to work upon. In Jacobite days it reappeared (about 1718) as "Here's to the King, Sirs," and was published by Thomson in his "Scottish Airs." Then Burns was taken with it, and wrote his famous "Scots, wha hae" in the Kyrielle form of stanza, in which the first three lines rhyme while the fourth is converted into a refrain. Burns was of the impression, or pretended to be, that it was the melody which Bruce's army used when they marched to the battle of Bannockburn. Several stories have been told as to the circumstances under which Burns wrote his stirring lyric, Lockhart inclining to the belief that he got the first idea of it when standing on the field of Bannockburn some six years before the poem was actually matured. The piece was written in July or August, 1793; in all probability after a thunderstorm in the former month, when he was caught in the rain with his friend John Syme. But what does it matter? Burns seemed to delight in occasionally mystifying his friends by springing poems "impromptu" upon them that had been finished long before.

Just a word about "The Blue Bells of Scotland." In the Royal Edition of "Songs of Scotland," Dr. Charles Mackay declares the words to be anonymous, while in his "Thousand and One Gems of Song" he ascribes them to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in the year

1799 (who was not the same Mrs. Grant who was responsible for "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch"), but the version that he prints in these works is entirely different from the one given by Chappell, who describes it as an "old English Border song," the tune being composed by Mrs. Jordan about 1780. This was Mrs. Dora Jordan, the celebrated actress. She was a fairly accomplished vocalist and musician, and sprang from Dublin, where her parents resided. She was at the height of her fame in 1785, when she made her first London appearance in the "Country Girl." She sang the "Blue Bells" first in London in 1786. In May, 1800, she again sang the song on her benefit night at Drury Lane Theatre, and made the air popular throughout the kingdom. Chappell's version of the lyric is the one most familiar I fancy to the majority of people, and is the one generally to be met with in the best collections of words. The first verse runs :

"Oh, where and where is your Highland Laddie gone?
Oh, where and where is your Highland Laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the
throne,
And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home."

A new version of the words in the Scottish dialect, by Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune, is given in "Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland," but they are not so smooth or ap-

propriate as Mrs. Grant's. As for the air, it seems more ancient than Mrs. Jordan's time, and most likely she altered it, or had it altered, for her own vocalization. There is a decided military flavour about the whole composition, and in all probability she sang it as a compliment to the Duke of Clarence during his absence on war service.

The ancient pibroch—"Donald Dhu"—written by Sir Walter Scott in 1816, belonged to the clan Macdonald, and is supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who in 1431 launched from the isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the earls of Mars and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own.

The playing of the air on the bagpipe, though it may freeze the marrow of the Sassenach, has a very inspiring effect on the Highlander, as the following anecdote will prove. At the battle of Quebec, in April, 1760, whilst the British troops were retreating in confusion, the general complained to a field-officer of Fraser's regiment of the bad behaviour of his corps. "Sir," answered he with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipes to play this morning; nothing encourages Highlanders so much on a day of action. Nay, even now they would be of use." "Let them blow like

the devil, then," replied the general, "if it will bring back the men." And the pipers being ordered to play a favourite pibroch or cruin-eachadh, the Highlanders, who were broken, returned the moment they heard the music, and formed with great alacrity in the rear.

"Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch" was written by Mrs. Grant of Carron, afterwards Mrs. Murray of Bath, and is believed to be founded on fact. We are told, says the editor of the "Songs and Melodies of Scotland," that in 1727 John Roy, son of Thomas Roy of Aldivalloch, was married to Isabel, daughter of Allister Stewart, sometime resident in the Cabrach, a highland district of Aberdeenshire. It would appear that the marriage was not a happy one, for she made an attempt to escape, but was brought back by her husband. Such an occurrence in a quiet locality is sure to be the occasion of a ballad more or less rude, and this did not fail in the present instance. Out of this slight beginning Mrs. Grant is said to have produced her song. The air to which the lyric was written was known as "The Ruffian's Rant." Mrs. Grant was born about 1763, and died about 1814. As to the cause of the quarrel between Roy and his wife tradition is dumb. A wicker basket containing oat-cakes has been darkly hinted.

The tune of Burns's "Highland Mary" was

originally known as "Lady Katherine Ogle, a new dance" (1688). But as a "Scottish tune" it appeared a year previously in Playford's "Apollo's Banquet." In all probability it was popular with the people long before, both in England and Scotland, but from internal evidence the air seems to be chiefly Scottish in construction.

In regard to "Duncan Gray," Stenhouse says in the "Museum:" It is generally accepted that this lively air was composed by Duncan Gray, a carter or carman in Glasgow, about the beginning of last century, and that the tune was taken down from his whistling it two or three times to a musician in that city. It is inserted in MacGibbon and Oswald's "Collections." The words were written by Burns in 1792.

"The Lass o' Gowrie," by Lady Nairne, was founded on an older ballad by William Reid of Glasgow, called "Kate o' Gowrie," which is still sung. The melody is known as "Loch-Eroch Side," which was taken from "O'er young to marry yet," 1757.

"Comin' thro' the Rye," according to Chappell, was first sung in a Christmas pantomime in London in 1795, when it was called "If a body meet a body going to the fair." But though some have said Rye with a capital R referred to a streamlet of that name in Ayrshire, it has been proved that Burns scratched a stanza of

the song on a pane of glass at Mauchline in this form :

“Gin a body kiss a body comin’ through the grain,
Need a body grudge a body what’s a body’s ain.”

But did Burns really write the lyric at all? I have read at least six different versions of the song, and the one attributed by Joseph Skipsey to Burns is the least meritorious. Mr. Anon., I fancy, was the author. Dr. Mackay, in his “Book of Scotch Songs,” published about 1852, says it is anonymous, but altered by Burns! He also gives a “stage” version. It is very old, and that is all that can be safely said of it. A version of the tune appeared in Gow’s collection, 1784, as the “Miller’s Daughter.”

This “Coming thro’ the Rye” has, of course, no connection with Allan Ramsay’s “Gin ye meet a bonnie Lass,” which is a happy paraphrase of Horace’s celebrated “Vides ut alta.” It was sung to the elegant air of “Fie, gar rub her ower wi’ strae.”

Of Scottish Songs with entertaining histories in little, there is no end, and in particular those that Ramsay and Burns rescued from oblivion. It is only fair to just glance at one or two in this section. “Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,” by Allan Ramsay, was founded on an ancient ballad of the same name, which was well known throughout Great Britain. The music was in-

evitably made use of by Gay in the "Beggar's Opera" to words beginning :

"A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing."

The heroines of this well-known ballad were the daughters of two Perthshire gentlemen. Bessy Bell was the daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, and Mary Gray of the Laird of Lynedoch. A romantic attachment subsisted between them, and they retired together to a secluded spot called the "Burn Braes," in the neighbourhood of Lynedoch, to avoid the plague that then raged in Perth, Dundee, and other towns. They caught the infection, however, and both died. Tradition asserts that a young gentleman who was in love with one of them, visited them in their solitude, and that it was from him they caught the contagion and died. A later gallant, Lord Lynedoch, on whose estate the heroines lie buried, erected a kind of bower over their graves.

It is very curious that besides the two Irish stories connected with the melody of "Robin Adair," already related in an early chapter, there should be, according to Burns, another associated with Scottish tradition. The ballad is called "Cromlet's Lilt," or more generally "Since all thy vows, false maid." It is anonymous, and first appeared in book print in

Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," 1724. The note to the song in "Johnson's Museum" says: "The following account of this plaintive dirge was communicated to Mr. Riddel by Alexander Fraser Tytler of Woodhouselee: "In the latter end of the sixteenth century the Chisholms were proprietors of the estate of Cromleck (now possessed by the Drummonds). The eldest son of the family was very much attached to a daughter of Stirling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Helen of Ardoch. At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother-tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education. At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave, in France. Cromleck, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress Helen to a lay brother of the monastery of Dumblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromleck, and by misinter-

preting, or keeping back the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off between them; Helen was inconsolable; and Cromleck has left behind him, in the ballad called 'Cromlet's Lilt,' a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love. When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover. Helen was obdurate; but, at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother, with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands, she submitted, rather than consented, to the ceremony. But there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out that after three gentle taps on the wainscot at the bed-head she heard Cromleck's voice crying, 'Helen! Helen! mind me!' Cromleck soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered, her marriage annulled, and Helen became Lady Cromleck."

At one time the song was adapted and sung to the fine old Irish melody of "Eileen Aroon," and known all over the world as "Robin Adair." Both ballad and original melody are included in the second edition of Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius," 1733. Geddes chose this air for one of the hymns in the "Saints'

Recreation," compiled in 1673, and published in 1683. This hymn is entitled "The Pathway to Paradise; or, The Pourtraiture of Piety."

The history of the quaint and touching ballad of "Oh waly, waly, up the bank," is unknown. An interesting version of its supposed origin is given in Christie's "Traditional Ballad Airs," 1871, under the name of the "Marchioness of Douglas." The melody is very ancient, and probably dates from the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. Gay turned it to account in his second opera, "Polly," 1792, for "Adieu! adieu! all hope of bliss."

Burns' excellent "Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon" was one of his happiest efforts. In a letter to Thomson in 1794 he says, "There is an air called 'The Caledonian Hunt's delight,' to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson. 'Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon,' might, I think, find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago Mr. James Miller, W. S. in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent desire to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, probably by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve

some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots' air. Certain it is that in a few days Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the *black keys*; but this account which I have just given you Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed that he had heard it in Ireland among the old women, while on the other hand, a countess informed me that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music." Difficult indeed, when we remember that Burns himself was a great culprit at disguising and appropriating any melody that took his fancy. For example, here is what he writes to this friend Thomson, the publisher, in another letter, respecting an Irish tune of extreme beauty: "Do you know a blackguard Irish song called 'Onagh's Waterfall?' The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much at least for my humble rustic muse to

expect that every effort of hers shall have merit." Burns wrote some very ordinary stanzas to it, called "Sae flaxen were her ringlets." Whether the tune of "Bonnie Doon" is Irish or Scottish, it certainly bears a close resemblance to an English song, "Lost is my Quiet," published in Dale's "Collection of English Songs" towards the latter end of last century. It is claimed as Scottish, however, with some show of reason, in Glen's "Collection of Scottish Dance Music," 1891.

Richard Gall's "Farewell to Ayrshire" was attributed to Burns through Gall himself impudently affixing Burns's name thereto, and sending it to the editor of the "Scots' Musical Museum," in which it was inserted. Gall's biographer in the "Biographica Scotia" exposed the fraud in 1805.

"Take your old cloak about thee" may be English or it may be Scottish. It has been common to both countries for about three centuries. Shakespeare introduces a stanza from it in "Othello" for Iago to sing. In its original English form, from the first MS., it will be found in Percy's "Reliques," 1765; in its Scottish dress for the first time in the "Tea Table Miscellany." The Scottish version simply is a Scottish version of the ancient English. One never comes across an Englished Scottish song; but the reverse is to be met with in countless cases.

CHAPTER XIX.

IRISH SONGS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

GENERAL REMARKS. "THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS," "BRIDGET CRUISE," THE LAST IRISH BARD. "THE HAWK OF BALLY SHANNON," "BUMPER, SQUIRE JONES," "MAGGY LAIDIR," "PLANXTY DAVIS," "THE BROWN THORN," "MOLLY ASTORE," "BANNA'S BANKS," "COOLIN'," "SUMMER IS COMING," JACOBITE SONGS. "HY-BRASIL," "WAITING FOR THE MAY," "ROI-SIN DHU," THE IRISH KEEN, "OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY," "THE WHITE COCKADE," "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME," "I AM ASLEEP," "THE BLACKBIRD," "ST. PATRICK'S DAY," "ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND," "ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN," "THE SHAM-ROCK," "THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH," "THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED," "CRUIS-KIN LAWN," "THE SHAN VAN VOGHT," "GRANA WEAL," "TWISTING OF THE ROPE," "THE DEAR IRISH BOY," "CANADIAN BOAT SONG," MOORE'S SONGS, "GROVES OF BLARNEY," "TERENCE'S FAREWELL," "LORD MAYO," "THE MONKS OF THE SCREW," "RORY O'MORE," "GARRYOWEN," "WEARING OF THE GREEN," AND STREET SONGS.

THE congenial task is not always the easiest to accomplish. Ireland has produced so many poets, major and minor, racy of the soil, and indigenous of the best traditions, that it is somewhat difficult to know which to include and which to exclude. So many of the ancient songs of Ireland that are quite unknown, except to the initiated few, possess so much historical and domestic interest that it is quite distressing to the conscientious scribe to be compelled, acting in accordance with the plan laid down, to omit them. Had Irish chroniclers been as industrious as have been the Scottish, English people would not have remained so long in ignorance of the magnificent store of legendary, historical, political, pathetic and humorous ballads and lyrics which is so near at hand, but which has never been properly investigated and explored; never been thoroughly collected and collated for the benefit of Great Britain at large. There are numberless collections of Irish songs, it is true, published under more or less un-national, fanciful titles, but an injudicious enthusiasm has monopolized the common sense of too many of the editors of these Collections and Anthologies, and consequently much rubbish has been included that might well have been allowed to seek the shade in the sheltering protection of the literary dust-bin.

In Irish folk and country songs is seen the

terrible havoc that a devastating history has played on a sorrow-brooding, sensitive nation whose chief characteristics have ever been fantastic light-heartedness and humorous indifference to the inevitable with the antithesis of sadness and despair to its lowest depths. These curious traits which have been fostering for lengthy generations—say from the time of Henry II.—have had such an effect upon the poets and poetry of Ireland, that one string at least of the harp seems to have been snapped in twain and a foreign minor has usurped its place. And thus too it has occurred that the best work of Irish writers has been done on alien soil—in lands free from the tearless gloom and pathos that has bowed them down in their own home. Therefore the most brilliant achievements in the artistic world that has marked that marvellous intellectuality of the Irish giants have reached fruition in a country other than their own.

It is but to repeat an accepted fact that Ireland, in her earliest ages, when the inhabitants of Britain were semi-savages, was the centre of a cultivation of surprising extent and refined quality. Her harpers and bards—who in later ages developed into wandering minstrels and itinerant musicians—were honoured for their art, for their precepts and their practice, as the uninformed may gather from the many tomes of recent years rescued and revived, telling of those

bygone periods of Erin's grandeur and glory. Ballads of extraordinary felicity and power abound, quite equal to any that have grown familiar to the English reader through those praiseworthy volumes of Ancient Poetry of England, Scotland and Wales—though justice has not yet been done to the bardic wealth of the latter country.

However, I must not linger by the way over

“Old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago,”

but must endeavour to tell the stories of some of Ireland's songs.

Much can be gathered of the ancient practice of music in Ireland, and of the origin of the harp in the works of Giraldus Cambrensis and of Petrie; Walker's "Memoirs of the Irish Bards," Bunting, Holden, Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," and other standard authorities. Much information also respecting the harp, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland where it was much used until about the year 1740, will be found in Jamieson's "Letters from the North of Scotland," and John Gunn's "Inquiry;" and from the latter, as giving an independent statement, I quote the following: "I have been favoured with a copy of an ancient Gaelic poem, together with the music to which it is still sung in the Highlands, in which the poet personifies and

addresses a very old harp, by asking what had become of its former lustre? The harp replies that it had belonged to a *King of Ireland* and had been present at many a royal banquet; that it had afterwards been successively in the possession of Dargo, son of the Druid of Baal—of Saul—of Finlan—of Oscar—of O'Duivne—of Diarmid—of a Physician—of a Bard—and lastly of a Priest, who in a secluded corner was meditating on a white book." Gunn was born 1765 and died 1810 after a very industrious life. Doubtless it has slipped from the memory of both the Irish and Scottish, and especially the latter, that Ireland was the school of the Highland Scotch, and that it was customary to send to Ireland "all who adopted either poetry or music as a profession" to finish their education, "till within the memory of persons still living," so says the Jamieson above referred to. Robert Jamieson published several works on Border and Scottish Minstrelsy. He was born about 1780 and died 1844. It is needless to add that the natives of Southern Scotland also took advantage of the same high educational academies which were so celebrated in Ireland at one time. Ireland decidedly gave its music to Scotland, and thence it may be traced in the modern history of the art imparting much of its beauty and sweetness to Italy. According to the poet Tassoni the ancient music of the Irish

or Scotch (Ireland, by the way, was originally called Scotia, that is, the land of the Scots or Gaedhils—and the term was then [about the year 900] applied only to Erin) and particularly to the compositions of the first James of Scotland, was imitated by Gesualdus, the chief of the Italian composers and greatest musical reformer of the sixteenth century. The famous Geminiani frequently declared that the works of Gesualdus were his first and principal study. Hence, probably, his acknowledged partiality for Irish music and his well known admiration of the bard O'Carolan. Geminiani declared "that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music except the Irish." The fruits of all ancient Scotch music may be said to have germinated from Irish seeds. Francesco Geminiani was born at Lisbon, 1680, and visited England and Ireland several times. He died in Dublin 1761.

Of the work by the last Irish bard, the Ode to "Bridget Cruise," the music as well as the words were by Turlough O'Carolan, and it may be said that without being entitled to the lavish praise bestowed upon it by some enthusiasts, it is very plaintive and touching and worth preserving. These words of Hardiman, so pregnant with truth, deserve recording: "It has been the fate of Irish poetry, from the days of Spenser to the present time, to be praised or

censured by the extremes of prejudice, while the world was unable to decide for want of the original poems or translations of them." It is to be regretted that these "extremes" are still at work.

A singular anecdote, highly illustrative of the romantic tendency of O'Carolan's first love, Bridget Cruise, to whom he wrote several songs, may be mentioned. He once went on a pilgrimage to a cave located on an island situated on Lough Dearg, in the county Donegal. On returning to the shore he found several persons waiting for the boat in which he had been conveyed to the spot. In his kind desire to help some of these pilgrims into the boat, he happened to take the hand of a female, and suddenly exclaimed "Dar lama mo Chardais Crist" ("This is the hand of Bridget Cruise"). He was not deceived; it was the hand of her who had engaged his youthful affections and whose image had been so deeply engraved in his heart. On this incident Samuel Lover wrote a charming song called "Carolan and Bridget Cruise."

Love songs, drinking songs, songs of the fairies—O'Carolan treated them all with equal candour and ability, and were his pieces of more than local repute, many entertaining stories of their origin could be told. "O'More's Fair Daughter," the melody of which, I believe, has never been written down, was a love-song,

written by O'Carolan for one of the younger members of the O'Donnell family, who fell in love with the "Hawk of Bally Shannon," whom he accidentally met one day near her father's house. Begging for a glass of water as a pretence to have converse with her, he resolved at all costs to win her for his wife. O'Carolan wrote a song especially for him to sing to an ancient air by Rory Dall, which on the first opportunity he performed by harp and voice, and won the daughter of the renowned O'More for his bride. Much could be written about O'Carolan who wrote and composed a vast quantity of songs, some of which are preserved by Walker, Hardiman, and Bunting, but as his pieces are not known except in a few cases outside the land in which they were born, I refrain from giving more. The music of several of O'Carolan's composing will be found; adapted to English words and often claimed as of English origin, but to give a full list of these would be only tiring to the reader. "Bumper, Squire Jones," which is usually stated to be O'Carolan's, was really written by Arthur Dawson, Baron of the Exchequer, to O'Carolan's air of "Planxty Jones." The following history of the song is taken from the "Dublin University Magazine" for January, 1841.

"Respecting the origin of O'Carolan's fine air of 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' we have heard a

different account from that given on O'Neill's authority. It was told us by our lamented friend the late Dean of St. Patrick's, as the tradition preserved in his family: O'Carolan and Baron Dawson, the grand or great-grand-uncle to the dean, happened to be enjoying together, with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones, of Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honour of their host, undertook to comply with their request, and on retiring to his apartment took his harp with him, and, under the inspiration of copious libations of his favourite liquor not only produced the melody, now known as 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear, as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody in his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning when O'Carolan sang and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of O'Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and, to prove the

fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the judge both loud and deep.”

The trick was exposed later, but it was long ere the ruffled bard was mollified.

“Maggy Laidir” (pronounced *Lauder*), though claimed by the Scotch, is of pure Irish creation, and dates from the seventeenth century. Alfred Moffatt says, in “Minstrelsy of Scotland,” that the tune is printed in Adam Craig’s “A Collection of the Choicest Scots Tunes,” Edinburgh, 1730. Even so, but it was published twenty-four years earlier in Ireland. Mrs. Oliphant, in her entertaining “Memorial of Principal Tulloch,” says, speaking of Tulloch’s predecessor at St. Mary’s, “. . . and Dr. Tennant of merry memory,—the author of ‘Maggy Lauder’ and ‘Anster Fair,’ not perhaps to be described as academical productions—that of Hebrew,” meaning that he held the Chair. Now it is very certain that Dr. Tennant did not write the Scottish version of “Maggy Lauder,” and it is doubtful whether Francis Semple of Beltres, who is credited with the authorship, was capable of turning out such a song, judging by his other productions, the style of which is entirely different from “Maggy.” But the original “Maggy Laidir” was not Scottish at all ; the first authen-

tic published appearance of the song in Scotland was in 1776 in "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs," while the Irish "Maggy" was printed in 1706 as stated by Hardiman in his "Irish Minstrelsy" (1831). Its antiquity is also vouched for by Walker. It was written by John O'Neacthan, author of several poetic compositions in his native tongue. It was properly speaking a drinking song—"Maggie Laidir" being one of the many fanciful names by which Ireland has been designated—and is a description of an Irish feast. The song used to be sung by the chairman or president of the meeting. There are ten verses containing praises of the chiefs, blessings for Ireland's friends, and curses long and earnest for her enemies. Hardiman declares "Maggy Laidir" in point of composition to be superior to "O'Rourke's Feast" so humorously translated by Dean Swift from a traditionary ballad put together by MacGavin of Leitrim, a contemporary of O'Carolan. It was composed to celebrate a great feast given by The O'Rourke, a chieftain of Leitrim, upon his taking leave of his neighbours to visit Queen Elizabeth. The ruins of the castle where the feast took place still stands. O'Rourke was put to death in England.

The author of "Bardic Remains" is very indignant with the Scottish collectors of unconsidered musical pieces, and says, "The air as

well as the words of 'Maggy Laidir,' though long naturalized in North Britain, is Irish. When our Scottish kinsmen were detected appropriating the ancient saints of Ireland (would that they would rid us of some modern ones), they took a fancy to its music. Not satisfied with borrowing the art, they despoiled us of some of our sweetest airs, and amongst others 'Maggy Laidir.' The name signifies in the original, strong or powerful Maggy, and by it was meant Ireland, also designated by our bards under the names of Sheela na Guira, Grauna Weale, Roisin Dubh, etc. By an easy change, the adjective *laidir*, strong, was converted into *Lauder*, the patronymic of a Scotch family, and the air was employed to celebrate a famous courtesan of Crail. Although Ireland was always famous for sanctity and music, and could spare liberally of both, yet our countrymen ever felt indignant at the unacknowledged appropriation of many of their favourite saints and airs by their northern relatives. Now and then, some dauntless hagiographer ventured to vindicate, and succeeded in restoring a few purloined ascetics; but, until lately, the Irish had other things, more material than music, to defend; and it was not until Mr. Bunting appeared that any effectual effort was made to rescue our national melodies from Scotland and oblivion."

Even Thomson, the publisher and friend of

Burns, had some pricks of conscience occasionally on the question of his wholesale ablation, for he writes, in his preface to the "Select Melodies of Scotland," "Some airs are claimed by both countries, but by means of the harpers or pipers who used to wander through the two, particular airs might become so common to both (Ireland and Scotland) as to make it questionable which of the countries gave them birth." Burns wrote in a similar strain on more than one occasion. But the Irish origin of much of the Scottish music has long been admitted by the best informed writers on the subject. O'Kane was one of the "famous harpers" (referred to by Boswell in his "Journal of a Tour through the Hebrides") and Laurence O'Connellon (some say his name was William) was another who wandered through Scotland playing the best of the Irish melodies. The latter was brother to the celebrated Thomas O'Connellon, who composed upwards of seven hundred airs. At his death Laurence (or William) used to play such of his pieces as pleased most, including "Planxty Davis," since well known as the "Battle of Killiecrankie," and "Farewell to Lochaber." But my authority is wrong about the latter. The music and words were from the heart and brain of Miles O'Reilly of Killincarra, in the county of Cavan, born about 1635. He was universally referred to by the harpers of Belfast (1792) as

the composer of the original "Lochaber." This is believed to have been carried into Scotland by Thomas O'Connallon, born five years later than O'Reilly at Cloonmahon in the county of Sligo, O'Neill calls him the "Great harper," and states that he attained to city honours—"they made him, as I heard, a 'Baillie,' or kind of Burgo-master"—in Edinburgh, where he died. His celebrity in Ireland was very great, and he left his mark in Scotland. Many songs of praise were written by other bards in honour of O'Connallon's wonderful facility.

In further support of the contention that the air of Lochaber is Irish, I would draw attention to a work in the British Museum, entitled "New Poems, Songs, Prologues, and Epilogues, never before printed, by Thomas Duffett, and set by the most Eminent Musicians about the Town, London, 1676." In this volume is a song beginning, "Since Cœlias my Foe," which, instead of having the name of the composer, as is the case with the other pieces, is headed, "Song to the Irish Tune," and this very Irish tune is the one the Scottish claim as Scottish, presumably, because Allan Ramsay wrote words to the melody, but Ramsay was not born until 1696. twenty years after the publication of Duffett's song to *the* Irish tune; and the "Tea Table Miscellany," in which "Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean," first appears, was not

issued until 1724. In the "Book of Scottish Songs," it is stated that the *original* name of the melody of Lochaber was "King James's March to Ireland," but as the melody known as "The Irish Tune" was popular in the reign of Charles II., before James was King, the very title damages Scotland's claim. Again, James did not go to Ireland until 1688, while the tune was already a favourite in London as "The Irish Tune," twelve years before that. There were about a dozen different sets of words, all English, prior to 1720, and contemporaneously with Ramsay's publication; but not a syllable of "Lochaber" or "King James" is mentioned in connection therewith. It was introduced into the "Lover's Opera," 1730, as performed at the Theatre Royal by His Majesty's Servants, by Mr. Chetwood. As I have previously stated, the air was composed by Miles O'Reilly, and was carried into Scotland by O'Connallon. Thomas Duffett, as his name unmistakably shows, was an Irishman, who commenced life in London as a milliner, in the New Exchange, London. Beside "Since Cœlia's my Foe," he wrote "Come all you pale Lovers," and a number of burlesques that were very successful on the stage. He flourished between 1600 and 1700. Samuel Lover, to whom I am indebted for confirmatory information on this subject, gives the original air at the end of his "Irish Poems," 1858.

Of "Droigheanan Dunn," which literally is the "Brown Thorn," a most exquisite ballad claimed both by Munster and Connaught, though the latter has undoubtedly the right to it, John Bernard Trotter, private secretary to Charles James Fox, says in a small pamphlet on Irish Music: "It had been conjectured that the era of 'Droigheanan Dunn' was before the introduction of Christianity; that it was composed for the celebration of the *Baal Thinne*, or the midsummer fire, in which the thorn was particularly burnt. Be this as it may, it is justly celebrated as one of the sweetest melodies; and whatever be the era of its composition, is an intrinsic proof that we possessed at the earliest periods, a style as peculiar and excellent in music, as our Round Towers prove we did in architecture. The origin of both has perished, but the things themselves remain as incontestible memorials." It is the same with so many of the songs and ballads still dear to the hearts of the peasantry, if not to others.

Coming to "Molly Astore," which is familiar to the whole world of song-singers through the Right Honourable George Ogle's use of the melody for his ballad beginning,

"As down by Banna's banks I strayed,"

Burns called this a "heavenly air," and Bernard Trotter says, "It is evidently the production of

the purest era of Irish song, as it has the general character of its sweet and touching melody." The version by the Honourable George Ogle (1739-1844) is better than the original, if one may judge by Thomas Furlong's translation. Richard Brinsley Sheridan also wrote to this air the pretty song in "The Duenna" called, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed." The sentiment of "How oft Louisa," in the same piece, was also taken from an Irish song. This song must not be confused with the song entitled "The Banks of Banna," also written by the Right Honourable George Ogle, and lifted bodily by the Scottish. "It is," says Samuel Lover in 1858, "little short of a century since this song was written by Mr. Ogle, to the beautiful melody generally known as the 'Banks of Banna,' but whose ancient title is 'Down beside Me.' It is, one may say, notoriously Irish, yet it has been published in Wood's 'Songs of Scotland,' 1851, with the note, that 'the air has been sometimes claimed as Irish.'" It would be little less ridiculous if the editor had said "St. Patrick's Day" had been sometimes claimed as Irish. The air has long been coveted by the Scotch publishers and editors, for, as far back as 1793 Burns thus writes to George Thomson, "You are quite right in inserting the last five in your list, though they are certainly Irish. 'Shepherds I have lost my Love' (Banks of

Banna) is to me a heavenly air ; what would you think of a set of Scottish verses to it ? . . . Set the tune to it and let the Irish verses follow."

Burns wrote some verses, but they were rejected by Thomson. Says Lover, "For what could be hoped of a song beginning thus :

' Yestreen I got a pint of wine
A place where body saw na :
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine
The gowden locks of Anna.'

It is surprising how Burns could write such trash." Then in 1824 Thomson himself tried his hand at writing a lyric to fit the music, and a pretty mess he made of it. Moore, in 1810, wrote his charming lines "On Music" to it, and succeeded very well. In 1851, as the Scottish editor failed to secure suitable Caledonian verses, he got over his difficulty by calmly appropriating the Irish song altogether. "This," adds Lover, "is Scottish song-making made easy with a vengeance."

"Coolin" or "Coulin" is known through Moore's adaptation entitled "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see." It is an exceptionally fine melody and much older than the Irish words extant, translated by Furlong :

"Had you seen my sweet Coolin at the day's early dawn,
When she moves thro' the wild wood, or the wide dewy lawn ;
There is joy—there is bliss in her soul-cheering smile,
She's the fairest of flowers of our green-bosom'd isle."

This lyric—there are six stanzas—has been attributed to Maurice O'Dugan, an Irish bard, who lived near Benburb, in the County of Tyrone, about the year 1641. An excellent rendition of the ancient ballad has been made by Carroll Malone, commencing :

“The last time she looked in the face of her dear.”

“Coolin” means, the maiden of fair flowing locks, but the original word is retained in the translation, being now, as it were, naturalized in English. There are several versions in vogue. Walker tells us in his “Memoirs” that when Henry VIII. ordered the mere Irish to be shorn, a song was written by one of their bards in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the *youth* with the flowing locks) before all strangers (by which the English were meant) or those who wore their habits. But the Act in question was passed as early as A.D. 1295, to which remote period the composition of the air and words is consequently referable. It recites that “the English, being in a manner degenerate, have of late clothed themselves in Irish raiment, and having had their heads half shaved, nourish and prolong the hair from the back of the head, calling it *Culan*, conforming to the Irish as well in face and aspect as in dress, whereby it oftentimes happens that certain English, being mis-

taken for Irishmen are slain, albeit that the slaying of an Englishman and the slaying of an Irishman are crimes which demand different modes of punishment, by reason whereof great cause of enmity and rancour is generated amongst many persons, and the kinsmen of the slayer as well as the slain do frequently fall at feud." Of the song the air alone was handed down, and until about the year 1641 went wordless. "Cean Dubh Deelish," which may be translated into "Lovely maid with the raven locks," is essentially Irish and highly popular still. The Scotch give a version of it, but it was known in Ireland long before the appearance of Corri's "Book of Highland Airs," in which it was first printed in Scotland.

Hardiman, Bunting, and other qualified authorities state emphatically that "Summer is a coming in," was taken bodily by Dr. Burney from the ancient Irish melody called "Samhreach" or "Summer is coming." To which Moore wrote "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," which has been handed down for centuries by the various bards. It was Dr. Young, the then Bishop of Clonfert who first detected the likeness. "This sweet hymn," according to Hardiman, "was a tribute of grateful melody, offered up by our ancestors to the opening year, and has been sung from time immemorial by them at the approach of spring.

To those who have resided among the peasantry of the southern and western parts of Ireland, where the national manners are most unadulterated, this melody is at this day perfectly familiar." Mr. Henry Davey, in his "History of English Music," while acknowledging that the sudden appearance for one moment of the art of composition in the thirteenth century—in the form of this piece, this Rota, "Sumer is icumen in," is inexplicable, almost unhesitatingly assigns, Latin and English words and music to the inspiration of John of Fornsete, following in the footsteps of other explorers, of course. I make no suggestions.

"Blooming Deirdre," "Mary à Roon," "The Fair Hills of Ireland," "The Expulsion of Shane Bui," "John O'Dwyer of the Glen," and other Irish Jacobite songs team with interest of a kind more suitable to the antiquarian than the general reader. Pieces of a different cast could be cited by the score, dating back to very remote ages, which are valuable if only on account of their antiquity.

The fanciful, fantastic and faëristic elements have ever furnished Erin's writers with pleasant food for their prolific pens, and ballads on "The Island of Atlantis," "Hy-Brasil—the Isle of the Blest," phantom islands of gold, enchanted islands, holy wells, fairy wells, have been written by Gerald Griffin, Thomas Moore, Clarence Mangan, the Reverend George Croly, Charles

Lever, Samuel Lover, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and other poets of equal eminence, and are to be found in most collections of Irish songs and ballads. The notion with regard to "Hy-Brasil," by Gerald Griffin, is concerned with several other places—the locality generally being the only difference in the legend. O'Flaherty, in his "Sketch of the Island of Arran," says, "The people of Arran fancy that at certain periods they see Hy-Brasil elevated far to the west in their watery horizon. This had been the universal tradition of the ancient Irish, who supposed that a great part of Ireland had been swallowed by the sea, and that the sunken part often rose and was seen hanging in the horizon! The Hy-Brasil of the Irish is evidently a part of the Atlantis of Plato, who in his 'Timæus' says that the island was totally swallowed up by a prodigious earthquake. Of some such shocks the Isles of Arran, the promontories of Antrim and some of the western islands of Scotland bear evident marks." A curious tract relating to this tradition was once in the possession of Denis Florence MacCarthy, the author of "Waiting for the May" and other poems. The title was "The Western Wonder, O Brazeel, an Incharnted Island discovered; with a relation of *Two Ship-wracks* in a dreadful *Sea-storm* in that discovery. London, printed for

N. C., MDCLXXIV." Lovers of verses about fairies and the "good people" will find an inexhaustible store in Irish literature, ancient and modern. "The Dark Rosaleen," by that extraordinary and erratic genius James Clarence Mangan, who was born in Dublin, 1803, and died in 1849, is one of the most remarkable ballads ever written, having all the fire and passion that one would expect for a mistress, addressed to a country. Mangan translated it from the Irish, and the note to the work runs: "This impassioned ballad, entitled in the original 'Roisin Dubh' (or "The Black Little Rose") was written in the reign of the celebrated Tirconnellian chieftain Hugh the Red O'Donnell. It purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to Ireland on the subject of his love and struggles for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation before the irruption of the Saxon and Norman despoilers. The true character and meaning of the figurative allusions that abound are not difficult of grasping."

Besides translating the songs and ballads of the Munster and other bards, Mangan wrote a quantity of lyric poetry of surprising excellence. Another translation by Thomas Furlong retains the original title and is very spirited.

The Banshee and the Fetch are myths responsible for a vast number of pieces, generally

written in a very minor key. "The Banshee (from ban—bean—a woman, and shee—sidhe—a fairy) is an attendant fairy that follows the old families, and none but them, and wails before a death. Many have seen her as she goes wailing and clapping her hands. The keen (caoine), the funeral cry of the peasantry, is said to be an imitation of her cry. When more than one banshee is present, and they wail in chorus, it is for the death of some holy or great one. An omen that sometimes accompanies the banshee is the *coach-a-bower* (cóiste - bodhar), an immense black coach, mounted by a coffin and drawn by headless horses driven by a *Dullahan*. It will go rumbling to your door and if you open it, according to Croker, a basin of blood will be thrown in your face," says W. B. Yeats. The Fetch is supposed to be the exact form and resemblance, as to hair, stature, features, and dress, of a certain person who is soon to depart from this world. It is also supposed to appear to the particular friend of the doomed one, and to flit before him without any warning or intimation, but merely the mystery of the appearance at a place and time where and when the real being could not be or appear. It is most frequently thought to be seen when the fated object is about to die a sudden death by unforeseen means, and then it is said to be abnormally disturbed and

agitated in its motions. Unlike the superstition of the Banshee, there is no accounting for the coming of this forerunner of death ; there is no tracing it to any defined origin ; but that it does come, a shadowy phantom of doom and terror, and often comes, is firmly believed by the Irish peasantry, and many curious stories and circumstances are related to confirm the truth of the superstition. While the Theosophists boast of their Spooks, the Irish can point to their Phooka, which is a fairy of very reprehensible habits, who assumes all sorts of shapes and sizes and frightens the good and bad indifferently. “ The Keen ”—properly Caoine—is the dirge sung over the dead in Ireland ; the word is derived from the Hebrew *Cina*, pronounced *Keen*, which signifies weeping with clapping of hands. They are still performed, and the effect of one of these painfully dramatic dirges chanted in a plaintive minor is indescribably harrowing to the hearer.

So many songs with the same or similar sentiments and titles seem to have appeared in each country—England, Ireland, and Scotland—at about the same time, that it is no easy matter to decide whose claim carries the most weight. Now “ Over the hills and far away ” has been common property throughout Great Britain as a song and as a saying for at least two centuries. It has been traced

to the year 1715 as an Irish Jacobite ditty deploring the exile of James, the son of the deposed monarch James II., but it is much older than that. A song thus named was written by John MacDonnell, who was born 1691 and died 1754. He wrote from his youth till his death, and was a profound scholar and antiquarian. He was known by the name of "Claragh" from the residence of his family, which was situated at the foot of the mountain of that name between Charleville and Mallow. He led a most romantic existence, and on account of his Jacobite tendencies had to fight for his life more than once.

A version of this song was sung in the "Beggar's Opera" in 1728 as a duet for Polly and Macheath, and created a great sensation.

There is an old nursery rhyme which runs :

"When I was young and had no sense,
I bought a fiddle for eighteen pence,
And all the tunes that I could play,
Was 'Over the hills and far away.'"

This was perhaps suggested by "Jockey's Lamentation" in "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1709, where the words and tune of "Over the hills and far away" are to be found in the fourth volume.

"Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young.
But all the tunes that he could play
Was 'Over the hills and far away,'"

Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off."

In the fifth volume "Jockey's Lamentation" opens thus, Jockey being changed to Jackey :

"Jackey met with Jenny fair
Betwixt the dawning and the day,
And Jackey now is full of care,
For Jenny stole my (*sic*) heart away."

The burden is :

"And 'tis over the hills and far away
The wind has blown my plaid away."

Allan Ramsay Scotified these words, inevitably, in vol. ii. of "The Tea-Table Miscellany," 1733, but any one with half an eye, and blind in that, can see that they are not true Scottish. The tune, by the way, is also to be found in the "Dancing Master." The original words in English seem to have been called "A Popular New Ballad, entitled 'The Wind hath blown my Plaid away, or, a Discourse betwixt a young Maid and the Elphin Knight,' to be sung *with its own pleasant new tune.*" A copy of this is in the Pepysian Collection, and is reprinted in the Appendix to Motherwell's "Minstrelsy." Many songs were written to the air, and, among these, three may be noted. The first, to encourage enlistment in the reign of Queen Anne, commences :

"Hark how the drums beat up again
For all true soldiers, gentlemen ;

Then let us 'list and march away
Over the hills and far away.

“Over the hills and o'er the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain ;
Queen Anne commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.”

This is from “The Merry Companion.” The second and third are anti-Jacobite songs of 1745, one “The Duke's Defeat of the Rebels,” beginning :

“Come, my boys, let's drink and sing
Success to George, our sovereign King,”

and the other, “A Loyal Song, sung by Mr. Beard at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,” commencing :

“From barren Caledonia's lands,
Where famine, uncontroul'd, commands,
The rebel clans in search of prey
Came over the hills and far away.”

The allusions to the air are also tolerably numerous in books such as “Round about our Coal Fire, or Christmas Evening's Entertainments :”

“Let the strong beer be unlocked,
And let the piper play
'Over the hills and far away.'”

In the “Recruiting Officer,” by George Farquahar, the Irish dramatist (1678-1707),

produced at Drury Lane, April 8th, 1706,
Captain Plume, the principal character, sings :

“Over the hills and far away,
To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain,
The King commands, and we'll obey ;
Over the hills and far away.”

Again he sings :

“Over the hills and far away,
Courage boys, it 's one to ten,
But we return all gentlemen,
While conquering colours we display.
Chorus. Over the hills and far away.”

Then the non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Kite, in a later scene has also another verse :

“Our 'prentice, Tom, may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away.”

To the above the stage direction is, “The mob sings the chorus.”

Farquhar was born in Londonderry, and doubtless there heard the song, which is very ancient, as a child, for the melody seems very old indeed. It was this iteration of the subject in a popular play—“Serjeant Kite” has passed into the language—that familiarized the public ear with “Over the hills and far away,” and accounts for the fact of Swift and Gay knowing it so well, and hence its introduction

into "The Beggar's Opera." Thackeray gives a verse in the text of "The Virginians." In "Time's Telescope" for the year 1828 a song is given in which occur the words frequently. The date assigned to this production is 1714.

This song must have been written just seven years after Farquhar's death, and though Farquhar was perhaps not the inventor of the phrase, he certainly introduced it into the currency of the language in England.

"Clarach's Lament," by John MacDonnell, supplies the air for the Scottish song, "My gallant brow Highlandman," but "Clarach's Lament" was written to the "White Cockade." "The White Cockade" (Cnotahd Ban) means literally a bouquet, and has nothing to do with the military cockade, as some authorities state, but is a bouquet or plume of white ribbons with which the young women of Munster adorn the hair and headdress on wedding and other festive occasions. The custom prevailed early in the seventeenth century, for we find a poet of that period, *Muirio Mac Daibhi Duibh Mac Gearailt*, addressing a young woman in these (translated) words :

"O brown-haired maiden of the plume so white,
I am sick and dying for love's sweet aid,
Come ease my pain and be my delight,
For I love you true and your white cockade."

Many songs were written to the striking air. A

Jacobite song was translated from the Irish by J. J. Callanan and sung to the old tune in 1745, beginning "King Charles he is King James's son," and therein the "White Cockade" is turned to military account.

The counterpart of "The Campbells are Coming" is to be found (in two versions) in a song by Andrew MacGrath, an intellectual but erratic Munster bard, who was perhaps too fond of gay company and wandering about. The song was entitled "The Old Man," and the incident which brought it into existence is as follows: "In the course of his wanderings the poet chanced to meet with a young woman by the roadside who was weeping bitterly, and appeared to be abandoned to inconsolable grief. Upon inquiring the cause of her affliction, he found that she had been induced, at the urgent request of her parish priest, to wed, for the sake of his great wealth and worldly possessions, an old man, the coldness of whose nature presented but an imperfect requital to her youthful warmth of affection. MacGrath, who with all his failings possessed a heart ever sensitively alive to the wrongs of injured youth and innocence, was moved by the narrative of the young girl's wrongs, and produced an extempore song on the occasion. Here is the first stanza :

"A priest bade me marry for 'better or worse'

An old wretch who'd nought but his money and years—

Ah, 'twas little he cared, but to fill his own purse,
And I now look for help to the neighbours with tears."

The popularity of the song was enormous, and travelled *viâ* the minstrels throughout the length and breadth of the land, and into Scotland, where it was utilized also. But the earliest trace of it in Scotland is, according to Stenhouse, 1715, and the tune was not printed there till about 1760, when it appeared in Bremner's "Scots Reels and Country Dances," and again in Aird's "Selection of Scots Airs," 1782. Magrath was a contemporary of John O'Tuomy, who was born at Croome, 1706, and died August, 1775, in Limerick. O'Tuomy was a man of much learning, and the author of some dozens of songs. Copies of the original melody, to which later words were set, date back to 1620.

"The Girl I left Behind Me" is of indisputable Hibernian origin, though the exact date of its composition is not known; but Arthur O'Neill, the celebrated harper, informed Bunting that it had been taught him when he was little more than a child (he was born 1730) by Owen Keenan, his first master, who had had it from a previous harper. Chappell gives the date of the music, "Eighteenth century, words about 1759," but the air was certainly known to the harpers a century earlier than that. O'Neill died in 1815 at the age of eighty-five. The English version of the words and the Irish

differ considerably. I give the first stanza of the latter :

“The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
While Spanish eyes are thrilling.
Still though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms quite fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin’s Isle,
To the girl I left behind me.”

It is very easy to prove that the words as given by Chappell could not possibly have been written in 1759, for the simple reason that in the second verse the fifth line runs, “But now I’m bound to Brighton camp.” Now Brighton was always called by its original name Brighthelmston until quite 1787, and was not generally known as Brighton till twenty years later. There is a reference to Brighthelmstone camp in 1793, whence the Duke of Clarence writes, according to the newspapers of the day. In J. D. Parry’s “Coast of Sussex” there is, after occasional mention of “Brighton” in 1787-1792, a note of October 4th, 1793, “Camp near Brighton,” after which the name always appears in the extracts as Brighton, when doubtless the new name became general. “The Girl I left behind Me,” according to tradition, became the parting tune of the British army and navy about the middle of the last century. In one of the regiments

then quartered in the South of England there was an Irish bandmaster, who had the not uncommon peculiarity of being able to fall in love in ten minutes with any attractive girl he might chance to meet. It never hurt him much, however, for he fell out again as readily as he fell in, and so acquired a new sweetheart in every town the regiment passed through. Whenever the troops were leaving the place where he had a sweetheart, he ordered the band to play "The Girl I left behind Me," which, even then, was an old Irish melody. The story of his accommodating heart soon spread through the army, and other bandmasters, at the request of officers and soldiers, began to use the melody as a parting tune, and by the end of the century it was accounted disrespectful to the ladies for a regiment to march away without playing "The Girl I left behind Me."

Manuscript copies of the song have been found dated 1770, but it was well known among the Irish minstrels long before that, and was popular even as a street song in the Irish capital in the early part of the eighteenth century. But who really wrote either words or music will perhaps never be known. Moore wrote his pretty ballad, "As Slow our Ships," to this melody. The Scottish don't claim it.

"Tá me mo chodladh"—"I am asleep, and don't waken me"—"an ancient and beautiful

air," says Bunting, "unwarrantably appropriated by the Scotch, among whom Hector MacNeil has written words to it ("Jeanie's Black E'e"). The Irish words that remain are evidently very old, and consist only of six lines :

"I am asleep, without rocking, through this quarter of
the night,
I am asleep, and do not waken me ;
O kindly, dear mother, get up and make light for me,
For I am sick and evil has happened me.'"

And so on. An Irish poet is wanted to make the fragment into a song. The melody is also given in Walker's "Irish Bards," 1786.

The Jacobite relic, "The Blackbird," deserves mention not only on account of its Irish character, but because, as far as can be ascertained, it is the first Irish lyric of any kind written in English. It dates from 1715, the year that the "Blackbird" made his Scotch attempt to prove his cause. In Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany" it is given as taken down from an Irishman who had participated in the 1715 revolt. The melody is very ancient, and is given by Bunting in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," who says that the words were written during the war, 1688-90. The Irish name was "An Londubh."

One very eminent essence in all the old Irish songs was the sweetness and tenderness of the airs. Take any of the street and peasant songs, and this will at once be acknowledged. "The

Wearing of the Green," "The Pretty Girl Milking the Cows," "Willy Reilly," and "Drimin Dubh," a most pathetic tune, to give only one or two examples. The rollicking and the humorous as contrasts abound in profusion. And, as Haydn declares: "It is the air which is the *charm* of music, and it is that which is most difficult to produce; patience and study are sufficient for the composition of agreeable sonnets, but the invention of a fine melody is the work of genius." And yet some of the world's finest melodies are the production of unknown and, in many cases entirely simple and humble folk devoid of musical training.

Ireland's patron Saint, Patrick, has naturally been the subject of many excellent ballads, including "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," said to have been written by a gentleman named Wood, who adopted the *nom de plume* of "Lanner de Waltram," a very frolicsome production indeed, largely concerned with the consumption of punch. "St. Patrick of Ireland, my Dear," adapted to the melody of "The night before Larry was Stretched," first appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," December, 1821. The author's name is not given. "St. Patrick was a Gentleman:" this is a very quaint anonymous production relating all the "miracles" that the Saint is credited with performing, and which many of the illiterate believe in implicitly. A drinking

or toasting song to his saintship entitled, "Saint Patrick was an honest soul," was very popular at one time. Another song, from a manuscript copy in the autograph of Sir Jonah Barrington, endorsed, "Sung with great applause at a meeting assembled in the City of Paris, to celebrate the anniversary of the Saint of Hibernia." This was probably the 17th March, 1816, says Crofton Croker, in "The Popular Songs of Ireland" (1839). The song is called "St. Patrick's Day in Paris." It possesses more merit in every sense of the word than any of the others. From Samuel Lover's song about the Saint's birthday, I give the two most striking stanzas :

"On the eighth day of March, as some people say,
St. Patrick at midnight first saw the day ;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake 'twixt the night and the morn."

As neither side would give in, the parish priest hits upon a happy compromise which is here duly related :

"Now, boys, don't be fighting 'bout eight and 'bout nine,
Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine ;
Join eight unto nine—seventeen is the mark :
Let that be his birthday—'Amen' says the clerk !"

There is also a modern song by J. F. Waller, LL.D., "St. Patrick's Day in my own parlour."

"The Shamrock" has also come in for a large share of poetic propagation, and as early as 1689 we find its praises sung in verse :

“ Springs, happy springs, adorned with sallets,
Which nature purposed for their palats ;
Shamrogs and watercress he shows
Which was both meat and drink and clothes.”

The shamrock was held in high esteem at one time for the making of salads, “ being of a sharp taste ” as well as sorrel. The popular belief respecting the shamrock, or trefoil, is, says Croker, that St. Patrick by its means satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland the Trinity in Unity ; exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration. St. Patrick is usually represented in the garb of a bishop holding a trefoil. The trefoil plant (shamroc and shamrakh in Arabic) was held sacred in Iran, and was considered emblematical of the Persian Triad. The Loyal Volunteers of Cork used to wear the shamrock as a national decoration, as may be gathered from the “ Cork Remembrancer,” March 17th, 1780. “ The armed societies of this city paraded on the Mall with shamrock cockades, and fired three volleys in honour of the day.”

The best song on the subject of the trefoil is Andrew Cherry’s “ Green Little Shamrock of Ireland,” with music by Shield. It was first sung by Mrs. Mountain, in her entertainment called, “ Travellers at Spa,” at the little Opera House, Capel Street, Dublin. Andrew Cherry, who wrote a number of songs, including the

“Bay of Biscay” and dramatic pieces—the best of these latter being “The Soldier’s Daughter,” was the son of a Limerick printer and bookseller. He took to the stage, and appeared, after being a member of many stock and travelling companies, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1802, with “much applause.” He died at Monmouth, 1812. Moore wrote “The Shamrock” to the air “Ally Croker,” and Samuel Lover wrote “The Four Leafed Shamrock.”

The “Irishman’s Apple,” or “Murphy,” the potato, is another plant which has been the means of producing much poetic fruit. Also Whisky, the Shillelah or “Irish Oak,” and other national productions. “The Sprig of Shillelah” was written by H. B. Code, though often attributed to Edward Lysaght. It is still a very popular, boisterous song. It was first sung in Code’s drama, “The Russian Sacrifice at the Burning of Moscow,” 1813, in Dublin. For purely local songs attention may be again directed to “The Groves of Blarney,” which was so great a favourite that a London paper at the time of its appearance called it the “National Irish Poem.” It was written by Richard Alfred Milliken, the author of much verse. Perhaps no song, composed as it was in a spirit of fun in ridicule of an absurd ditty called “Castle Hyde,” ever gained such unexpected celebrity before or since. “Blarney Castle” and the “Blarney

Stone" have had their share of patronage, and so has the "City of Cork." "The Town of Passage," "The Groves of Blackpool," "The Humours of Donnybrook Fair," "The Boys of Kilkenny," the "Hermit of Killarney," "The Silvery Lee," and "The Rakes of Mallow," are a few of the songs that will be found in Croker's entertaining "Songs of Ireland" which have perhaps more than a local interest.

That Dublin street song, "The Night before Larry was Stretched," has caused much controversy as to the authorship of the words. Alfred Percival Graves says, in songs of "Irish Wit and Humour," that he has indisputable evidence that the piece was from the pen of William Maher, and not from Dean Burrowes. In "Ireland Ninety Years Ago," 1876, there appears the following in support of this contention: "The celebrated song composed on him (Lambert) has acquired a lasting fame, not only as a picture of manners, but of phraseology now passed away; and its authorship is a subject of as much controversy as the 'Letters of Junius.' Report has conferred the reputation of it on Burrowes, Curran, Lysaght and others, who have never asserted their claims. We shall mention one more claimant whose pretensions are equal to those of any other. There was at that time a man named Maher in Waterford, who kept a cloth shop at the market cross; he

had a distorted ankle, and was known by the sobriquet of 'Hurlfoot Bill.' He was a 'fellow of infinite humour,' and his compositions on various local and temporary subjects were in the mouths of all his acquaintance. There was then a literary society established in Waterford, which received contributions in a letter-box that was periodically opened, and prizes awarded for the compositions. In this was found the first copy of this celebrated song that had been seen in Waterford. Its merit was immediately acknowledged; inquiry was made for its author, and 'Hurlfoot Bill' presented himself and claimed the prize awarded. We give this anecdote, which must go for *tantum quantum valet*; but we have heard from old members of this society that no doubt at the time existed *among them* that he was then the author. His known celebrity in that line of composition rendered it probable, and he continued to the end of his short and eccentric career of life to claim the authorship with confidence." The song is to be found in extenso in "Irish Minstrelsy" (1894), edited by H. Halliday Sparling.

The names of the author and composer of that well-known drinking song, the "Cruiskin Lawn" ("Little Jug") are lost to us. It originated probably among the convivial circles of Dublin, though based upon a much older lyric. It is not easy to say whether the tune is Irish or

not; it may have come over with the Danes. Boucicault utilized it in the "Colleen Bawn," and so did Sir Julius Benedict in the "Lily of Killarney."

In a note to the words of the "Shan Van Voght," the editor of "Irish Minstrelsy" (1894) says: "This is one of the many names for Ireland—*An t-sean bean bochd*—the poor old woman. The song, of which there are many versions, was composed in 1797, the period when the French fleet arrived in Bantry Bay." It is a ballad of anonymous production. All who are acquainted with the stirring stanzas can easily imagine what an effect the song would have on a restless, dissatisfied people, and it is a wonder that the effects of its continually being chanted were not of a disastrous nature. The song was sung in every city, town, and village in the country, and caused a great deal of excitement, which did not abate till long after the French scare was ended and put to rest. Many versions, especially born of the street, have appeared of this typical political song.

"Grana Weal," or more strictly, "Graine Uile," was another fanciful name for Ireland. It stood in the first place for Grace O'Malley, a famous Irish heroine who was devoted to her country with a "heart and a half" sincerity that has gained her much renown. She was an accomplished woman, and won the favour of

Queen Elizabeth. She was the daughter of O'Malley of the Oules, a district in Mayo, and was successively the wife of O'Flaherty of Iar-Connaught and of Sir Richard Burk, styled the MacWilliam Eighter, who died in 1585. The air of the song dates from the same period, though the Jacobite words of a later age are customarily sung to it now.

Of ancient patriotic airs breathing that wonderful fire and fearlessness that has ever animated the Irish when war has been rife, and which has helped Great Britain to win and hold some of her finest possessions, and to thrash the mutual enemy in modern times, there are many that will last as long as music has existence. In this category may be cited "The Battle of Argan Mor," a very old melody set to words of Ossianic tradition. The weird exultation in this air is entirely characteristic of the daring instincts of the primitive Irish. Then there are "The Return from Fingal," "Awake, Awake, Fianna," "The Sword," and others too numerous to detail, all charged with wild enthusiasm and impetuosity.

But let us speak of some songs that are more universally known, though in calling attention to the forgotten, mayhap it will tend to make them remembered. "The Twisting of the Rope." Tradition thus speaks of its origin: A Connaught harper having once put up at

the residence of a rich farmer, began to pay such attention to the daughter of the house as greatly to displease the mother, who instantly conceived a plan for the summary ejection of the minstrel. She provided some hay, and requested the harper to twist the rope which she set about making. As the work progressed and the rope lengthened, the harper, of course, retired backward till he went beyond the door of the dwelling, when the crafty matron suddenly shut the door in his face and then threw his harp out of the window. The "Song of the Irish Emigrant" or "The Woods of Caillino," Samuel Lover informs us, was written by a lady who desired only to be known by the initials L. N. F., to an old Irish air "Cailin Og" or "Colleen oge as tore"—corrupted into Callinoe—but meaning simply, young girl, or fair young girl. The air was brought to London from Ireland by the soldiers of Queen Elizabeth, who served with Essex, and became popular in the metropolis in the time of Shakespeare, who quotes, or rather misquotes, the words in Henry V., act 4, scene 4. The origin of the first title of this song, "The Woods of Caillino," has puzzled commentators for ages, the supposition being that it is derived from the burden of an old song sung by Pistol, "Calen O custure me," while the reverse is the case, but this is a philological question and does not concern us here.

L. N. F. was Mrs. Ellen Fitz-Simon, eldest daughter of Daniel O'Connell, born in Dublin, 1805, died in London, 1883. She wrote various poems for different Irish journals. Tom Moore's "Canadian Boat Song" which is quite as Irish in sentiment as any of his so-called "Melodies"—the fact being that they are just ordinary well-conceived English lyrics made to fit the old Hibernian tunes, taken bodily in many instances from Bunting's first collection of rescued music. The "Boat Song" may well find a corner here on account of its origin, which Moore himself relates. "I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sang to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties. Our *voyageurs* had good voices and sang perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air to which I adapted these stanzas appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little from the barbarous pronunciation of the French-Canadian. It begins :

' Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montés ;'

And the refrain to every verse was :

‘ A l’ombre d’un bois je m’en vais jouer,
A l’ombre d’un bois je m’en vais danser.’

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common or trifling; but I remember when we have entered at sunset upon one of those beautiful lakes my feelings of pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage.” At the Rapid of St. Ann they were obliged to take out part if not the whole of the lading. St. Ann’s is the last church on the island, which accounts for the line :

“ We’ll sing at St. Ann’s our parting hymn.”

Moore wrote “ Believe me if all those endearing young charms ” to “ As fada armso me ” — “ Long am I here ” — or “ The gentle maiden,” which in England is familiar under the title of “ My lodging is on the cold ground,” was sung by Mary Davis before King Charles II. in Sir W. Davenant’s play “ The Rivals,” 1668.

Bunting asserts it to be pure Irish, as proved by the characteristic national tone of the sub-medi-ant in the fourth bar, continued at intervals through the melody. However, as opinions are so divided on this subject, and many authorities say it is English, most likely it belongs to England.

“The Meeting of the Waters” is based on the air “The old head of Dennis.” The meeting of the waters forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot paid by the bard in the year 1807. “Rich and rare were the gems she wore” (to the air of “Summer is coming,” previously referred to in these pages,) was founded on the following anecdote told in Warner’s “History of Ireland.” “The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or

jewels." In reference to "Oh, Blame not the Bard" (air, "Kitty Tyrrel"), Moore says, "We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his 'State of Ireland,' and whose poems, he tells us, 'were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device which gave good grace and comeliness unto them.'" But, generally speaking, was not Spenser not only unjust but basely ungrateful to the people he lived amongst so long? This tribute from him is rather exceptional.

Moore wrote "She is Far from the Land" to a very curious old tune, to commemorate the feelings of Sarah Curran, daughter of the celebrated Irish barrister of that name, and of her lover Robert Emmet. It is of them that Washington Irving said in his "Sketch Book :—" "Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed on a charge of high treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of high treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of

his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution. But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when, blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed."

Washington Irving's story of "The Broken Heart" is believed to be based in a degree upon this incident.

Many legends are extant concerning St. Kevin, who ensconced himself in St. Kevin's Bed, a small cave in an overhanging cliff above

the lake of Glendalough, in county Wicklow, a wild and desolate place encompassed by huge barren mountains. St. Kevin is supposed to have founded a city and built seven churches in Glendalough in the sixth century, a portion of one of the buildings remaining to this day, and known as the kitchen or cell of St. Kevin. But to our legend. The saint, it is said, was madly loved by a fair maid of the name of Kathleen; but as her affection was not reciprocated by him, he fled to this wild retreat, believing the spot to be inaccessible to her. On waking from his slumbers one morning he was horrified to find Kathleen standing by his side, and in a fit of fury hurled her from the beetling rock into the depths below. Moore's "By that Lake whose Gloomy Shore" tells this story in verse, so does Gerald Griffin's "The Fate of Cathleen," while R. D. Williams, indignant with those who could trifle with the name of a saint, takes his own view of the matter in "St. Kevin and Kathleen," having consulted many authorities as to the authenticity of the legend!

Not long ago (1894) Dr. C. Villiers Stanford traced back the originals of all "Moore's Melodies," and embodied them in a very useful volume called "The Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore," with the sub-title of "The Original Airs restored and arranged for the Voice." In his preface Dr. Stanford says: "Some few of

the 'melodies' I have omitted, because they are not Irish at all. These are 'Eveleen's Bower,' 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' and 'Oh the Shamrock.'" And in speaking of the music he says: "As will be seen in my notes I have appended to the airs in the appendix, there is scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered, and, as a necessary consequence, unspoilt. Whether he or his arranger was responsible for these corruptions is a matter which is lost to history; but as the name of the poet had the greater prominence in the original publication, I have laid to his door any blame which I am compelled to allot. . . . Some airs are, owing to long usage in the form in which they were first dressed, almost hopelessly spoilt. . . . Moore has assisted this transmogrification by supplying words often beautiful in themselves, but quite out of keeping with the style of the airs, such as sentimental poems for jig tunes, dirges for agricultural airs, battle-hymns for reels." A fair history of each tune is given.

Of the "Groves of Blarney" I have already given a full account with the "Last Rose of Summer," but speaking again of the Blarney stone and Blarney Castle, which have proved fertile themes for bards of all degrees, Samuel Lover says: "I have seen a queer song lamenting its (Blarney Castle's) destruction by

Oliver Cromwell, on whom the national poets always pour out their vials of wrath, and, indeed, no wonder, notwithstanding all that Lord Macaulay says in praise of his rule in Ireland." Lover himself wrote a lyric to the "Blarney Stone" commencing,

"Oh did you ne'er hear of the Blarney
That's found near the banks of Killarney,"

an avowed parody of Lady Morgan's celebrated effusion of "Kate Kearney." S. C. Hall also wrote a song called "The Blarney," for Tyrone Power to sing in Mrs. S. C. Hall's drama called "The Groves of Blarney."

"Terence's Farewell," written by Lady Dufferin, deserves especial mention on account of the merit of the lyric, and for the lovely melody to which it is usually sung—"The Pretty Girl milking the Cows," known also as "The song of Prince Breffin." It is given by Walker in his "Irish Bards," and by Bunting. It is a divinely plaintive melody. Dion Boucicault introduced it into "The Colleen Bawn," and Sir Julius Benedict also used it in "The Lily of Killarney." The melody is very ancient indeed. The first known words to it were written by the witty Andrew MacGrath, who was born about 1700.

"Lord Mayo" is another ancient song, written by an humble dependent of Lord Mayo named David Murphy, who having got into disgrace

hid himself in his master's hall on a certain Christmas eve after nightfall; and in the hope of winning back forgiveness made a twin outpouring of music and verse. Bunting calls it "one of the finest productions that ever did honour to any country." Walker tells the story at length. The original Irish name of the air is "Tiagharna Mhaighe-eo." It was specially chosen and sung at the "Feis Ceoil," or National Festival of Irish music, Dublin, in the middle of May, 1897.

That jovial song "The Monks of the Screw," which appears in Charles Lever's novel of "Jack Hinton," was written by the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran, full particulars of which—the song itself has no history—are given in "The Life of Curran," by his son W. H. Curran. That very popular song "Rory O'More," written and composed by Samuel Lover, was the outcome of a desire on the part of the author to supply a really good humorous song at a time when such effusions were not of high merit. He tells the story himself. "From an early period I had felt that Irish comic songs (so called) were but too generally coarse and vulgar—devoid of that mixture of fun and feeling so strongly blended in the Irish character—that a pig and a poker, expletive oaths, 'hurroos,' and 'whack fol de rols' made the staple of most Irish comic songs; and having expressed this opinion in a

company where the subject was discussed, I was met with that taunting question which sometimes supplies the place of argument, viz.: 'Could *you* do better?' I said I would try; and 'Rory O'More' was the answer. Its popularity was immediate and extensive; so much so that on the day of her Majesty Queen Victoria's coronation every band along the line of procession to Westminster Abbey played 'Rory O'More' during some part of the day, and, finally, it was the air the band of the Life Guards played as they escorted her Majesty into the park on her return to Buckingham Palace. Being called upon to write a novel, I availed myself of the popularity attaching to the name, and entitled my story 'Rory O'More.' The success of the novel induced the management of the Adelphi Theatre to apply to me to dramatize the story, and in this its third form, 'Rory O'More' was again received by the public with such approbation that it was played over one hundred and eight nights in the first season in London, and afterwards universally throughout the kingdom."

"Garryowen," next to "St Patrick's Day," was the greatest favourite as a national air in Ireland. It is a curious production, the melody of which is preserved in Moore's "We may roam through the world." There is also that wonderful street song, "The Wearing of the

Green" that almost caused "a question for parliament," when the Earl of Beaconsfield was premier (then the Right Honourable Benjamin D'Israeli), when introduced by Dion Boucicault into "Arrah-na-Pogue," and sung by Shaun the Post at the Adelphi Theatre in the late seventies. There are countless versions of the lay (a good one being by Henry Grattan Curran), but the most popular is that by Dion Boucicault. The earliest version extant shows that it was written when France, and not America, was the desperate hope of the distressed and disappointed peasant. "Johnny I hardly knew ye" is another street song. It dates from the beginning of the present century, while "Green upon the Cape" appeared during the stirring times of 1798. "The Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds" (a genuine street production), about a real personage guilty of abduction, and "Willy Reilly," also a production of the public muse. But the list is very long of these and kindred productions. There are many songs to and about the great Geraldines (the Fitz-Geralds) that are of considerable interest, but space bids me pause and so I stay my pen.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

“GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”

WILL it ever be definitely known who wrote and composed our national anthem—an anthem that is familiar all the whole wide world over? During the Chicago Exhibition a body of World's Fair representatives of twenty-seven different nationalities, speaking when at home fifteen different languages, crossed the Canadian frontier at Gretna in Manitoba on August 29th, 1893, for the purpose of heartily cheering Queen Victoria and singing “God Save the Queen.” Yet particulars concerning the origin of the melody are so conflicting that we doubt if it will ever be absolutely proved whence it sprang.

The vast majority of those who have gone into the subject incline to favour the claim put forward for Henry Carey, the writer and original composer of the immortal “Sally in Our Alley,” whose son, as soon as he was old enough, stoutly maintained that he (Henry Carey) and he alone was responsible for its conception and production.

It is believed to have been written any time between 1736 and 1740, and was generally accepted as an expression of public loyalty in 1745. Carey died, by the way, in 1743. But it is reported to been heard first in public at a dinner in 1740 to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon (November 30th, 1739), when Carey himself sang it as his own composition. Mr. William H. Cummings says the nearest known copy to that date is that given in the "Harmonia Anglicana" of 1743, to which Carey was one of the chief contributors of signed and unsigned matter. It is marked for two voices. The version of the melody which Chappell and Sir George Grove give is slightly different from one that I came across in an odd volume which I picked up by accident. It is a very quaint collection of songs, madrigals, glees, catches, and so forth, for "two, three, and four voices." Unfortunately there is no title-page, no printer, and no publisher mentioned, but from internal evidence I should think the first edition of the book was published between 1763 and 1770. My own edition is evidently a reprint from old plates, and bears the watermark on the paper of 1816. The first piece in the book is "God Save Great George our King," a song for two voices, and though in the same volume appears "The Free Election, A Catch. A. 3 Voc. Set by Mr. Henry Carey,"

Carey's name does not figure to "God Save Great George," nor to another very similar "Loyal Song for Two Voices," built upon the lines of the national anthem, with words in the same metre but of a quality infinitely superior. Here is the first verse of the catch, loyal enough in all conscience :

"Curs'd be the Wretch that's bought and sold,
 And barter Liberty for Gold :
 For when Election is not free
 In vain we boast of Liberty !
 And he who sells his single right,
 Would sell his Country, if he might."

As I do not find this variant of the anthem quoted in the argument, I give the verses :

"Fame, let thy Trumpet sound
 Tell all the World around,
 Great George is King !
 Tell Rome and France and Spain
 Britannia scorns their Chain,
 Britannia scorns their Chain,
 Great George is King !

"May heav'n his Life defend,
 And make his Race extend
 Wide as his Fame :
 The choicest Blessings shed
 On his annointed Head,
 And teach his Foes to dread
 Great George's name.

"He Peace and Plenty brings,
 While Rome-deluded kings
 Waste and destroy

Then let his people sing,
Long live our Gracious King,
From whom all Blessings spring—
Freedom and Joy.

“God save our noble King,
Long live our gracious King,
God save the King ;
Mark how the Vallies ring,
Long live our Gracious King,
From whom all Blessings spring,
God save the King !”

There is a most unmistakable Carey ring about these lines, and that Henry Carey was the author of both words and music of the original was testified by J. Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis, and very full evidence to this effect is set out in “Popular Music of the Olden Time.” And here it may be added that Lieutenant-Colonel de Rochas, a distinguished French officer who has devoted much attention to the investigation is of the same opinion, and published his belief with reasons and deductions in 1892, thus disposing of Lully (see p. 256). Before this, moreover, Friedrich Chrysander published in 1862 very strong evidence that Carey was the composer, in his “Jahrbücher für Musikalische Wissenschaft.”

According to Sir George Grove, it became known publicly in 1745 by being sung at the theatres as a loyal song or anthem during the Scottish rebellion. The Pretender was pro-

claimed at Edinburgh, September 16th, in that year, and the first appearance of "God Save the King" was at Drury Lane, September 28th. For a month or so it was much sung at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane; Burney harmonized it for the former, and Arne for the latter. Both words and music were printed in their present form in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1745. How far "God Save the King" was compiled from older airs will perhaps never be ascertained, as several exist with a certain resemblance to the modern tune. Among these may be mentioned a piece called "An Ayre," in a MS. book (1619) attributed to Dr. Jan Bull. Also in the same book there is a piece entitled "God Save the King," though bearing no likeness to the national anthem, but of this more presently. The Scotch claim it, of course, as being founded on a carol (1611), "Remember, O thou Man," and a ballad, "Franklin is fled away," first printed in 1669. And it is also said to be traced in a piece by Henry Purcell, 1696. As for the phrase "God Save the King," it occurs in the English Bible (Coverdale, 1535), and is quoted by Mr. Froude as being the watchword of the navy in 1545, with the countersign, "Long to reign over us." In a ballad of 1606 there is for refrain, "God Save King James," and another ballad of 1645 opens:

“God save King Charles the king,
Our Royal Roy ;
Grant him long to reign,
In peace and joy.”

Says Sir George Groves in the “ Dictionary of Music,” “ Both words and tune have been considerably antedated. They have been called ‘ The very words and music of an old anthem that was sung at St. James’s Chapel for King James the Second ” (Victor’s letter, October, 1745). Dr. Arne is reported to have said that it was a received opinion that it was written for the Catholic Chapel of James II. This is the date given it by Burney in Ree’s “ Cyclopædia,” and Dr. Benjamin Cooke had heard it sung to the words ‘ Great James Our King.’ But Dr. Cooke was not born till 1734, and his ‘ James ’ must have been the Pretender (James III.). And as to the Catholic Chapel of James II., said to have been sung there, it must surely have been in Latin, of which certainly no traces are found.”

Since the above was written, Canon Harford, of Westminster Abbey, who has given much study to this matter, has arrived at the conclusion that the words were fitted to the music some considerable time after the latter (the music) was written. According to Canon Harford the music was originally sung in the Chapel of James II. to Latin words, beginning, “ O Deus

Optime," but up to the present there is not sufficient proof of this being the case.

A writer in the "Daily Telegraph" in 1887 dismissed Carey's claim with scant mercy; but as he based his opinion upon the MS. book said to be by Dr. John, or Jan, Bull, it does not carry much weight. Perhaps the name had much to do with the sentiment. He also sent Scotland and France with Lully and others to the right about.

Let us now examine into the claim put forward by Mr. Richard Clark in 1822 for Dr. John Bull. Mr. Clark (1780-1856), of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, accidentally discovered a MS. collection of virginal music by Dr. John Bull, transcribed about the year 1822, and one piece, a Galliard, bore a certain resemblance to the national anthem. Unfortunately, instead of submitting the "ayre" to some experts as he first found it, Mr. Clark tampered with the melody, and I give the story of the detection of the trick by W. Chappell told by himself. "When Clark played the 'ayre' to me with the book before him, I thought it to be the original of the national anthem; but afterwards, taking the manuscript into my own hands, I was convinced that it had been tampered with, and the resemblance strengthened, the sharps being in ink of a much darker colour than the other parts. The additions are very perceptible, in spite of Clark's having covered the face of that portion

with varnish. In its original state the opening of the 'ayre' does not quite strike one as resembling 'God Save the King,' but by making the natural G sharp, and changing the whole from an old scale without sharps or flats into the modern scale of A major (three sharps) the tune becomes *essentially like* 'God Save the King.' When I reflected further, however, upon the matter, it appeared very improbable that Dr. Bull should have composed a piece for the organ in the modern key of A major. The most curious resemblance between Dr. Bull's 'ayre' and 'God Save the King,' is that the first phrase consists of six bars and the second of eight, which similarity does not exist in any other airs from which it is supposed to have been taken. It is true that the eight bars of the second phrase are made out by holding on the final note of the melody through two bars, *therefore it differs decidedly from all copies of our more modern tune*; but the words may be sung to Dr. Bull's 'ayre' by dividing the time of the long notes—in fact it has been so performed in public." But this only more conclusively proves that the tune of "God Save the Queen," as now sung, was not composed by Dr. Bull. The fact is that Richard Clark, who had already written a booklet in 1814 to prove beyond refutation that Henry Carey, and Henry Carey alone, was responsible for both words and music of

the national anthem, was a seeker after literary fame, and coming by chance upon the MS. book of Dr. Bull, in which he noted a composition at folio 56 called "God Save the King," he bought it thinking he had really found the origin of the disputed anthem. But this particular "ayre" entitled "God Save the King," and which is the one that was sung at a banquet given by the Merchant Taylors' Company in their hall to King James I. in 1607, so often referred to as being the real original, proved to be totally unlike it. But by a most extraordinary coincidence at folio 98 he lighted upon the Galliard already discussed, which bore a slight likeness to the melody. Clark, however, not content with this discovery, must needs be putting in some sharps to make the resemblance more striking and perhaps convincing. He also tried to make out that the "ayre" at folio 96 was a second part or continuation of the one called "God Save the King" at folio 56. Clark's misdirected efforts were soon detected, and Dr. Bull's mutilated melody ceased to be seriously taken into account as providing even the basis of "God Save the King," except by one or two credulous writers. The matter was hotly discussed in "The Times" so far back as February, 1827, when the partisans of Clark's claim for Dr. Bull brought much influence to bear in his favour. Dr. Pepusch, who pretended

to have a great liking for Dr. Bull's music, collected over two hundred of his compositions, but Dr. Burney says that Dr. Pepusch's fancy for Bull's works rather proved that the doctor's taste was bad than that Bull's compositions were good. And he adds, "they may be heard by a lover of music with as little emotion as the clapper of a mill or the rumbling of a post chaise." There is no likelihood of Carey's having seen Dr. Bull's music at any time, as it was only preserved in Dr. Pepusch's private collection, and certainly was not printed during Carey's lifetime. Carey died before his melody was taken up by the public, and consequently he never had an opportunity of asserting his claim to its inspiration.

Dr. Bull, by the way, was one of the organists of the Chapel Royal in the reign of James I., and died in the ancient city of Antwerp (circa 1619) more than two centuries and a half ago. Carey's version of the music, so says the "Telegraph" scribe, was pirated at the Hague in 1766, with other songs, in a collection of lyrics entitled the "Masonic Lyre," and was subsequently adopted by the Danes as their national anthem, words being set to the air, which were Germanized later into "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz." In this form it was published in Berlin towards the close of the year 1793, as a Volkslied, or popular song, shortly afterwards it became the Prussian

national air, and was taken over in the same capacity by the German empire in 1871. Consequently it will be seen that it has been familiar to Continental, as well as British ears, as the recognized profession of loyalty to the Crown for over one hundred and thirty years.

Another account of this part of the anthem's history is somewhat as follows. The fact that our English national anthem invariably accompanied the German Emperor on his state appearances in this country seems to have perplexed a good many people, who doubtless think that "Die Wacht am Rhine" would be more appropriate. The truth is, however, that the melody of "God Save the Queen," under its German title, has for little more than a century been the state anthem of Prussia. It was early in 1790 that the Holstein clergyman, Heinrich Harries, wrote in honour of Christian VII. of Denmark a national hymn in eight stanzas "to the melody of the English 'God Save Great George the King.'" Three years later Frederick William II. adopted an abbreviated version of it for the Prussian Court, the words being written by Schumacher. This is still the state anthem, while Wilhelm's "Wacht am Rhein," composed in 1854, and first brought prominently into notice during the Franco-German War, ranks as a patriotic song with our "Rule Britannia." Besides being the

state anthem of Denmark and Prussia, "God Save the King" was also the state melody of Russia, until the Czar Nicholas, desiring that the Russians should have a national hymn of their own, commissioned Lwoff in 1833 to compose "God Preserve the Czar," one of the most impressive of all national anthems. In the United States, also, the tune of "God Save the Queen" is preserved in a quasi-national song or hymn entitled "America."

It is very curious that up to the present nothing has been satisfactorily settled as to who the real individual was who has secured for his anonymity so much fame from posterity. "Up to the time of Charles I.," says Dr. Charles Mackay, "the national anthem—or loyal hymn—sung in honour of the king either in his presence or at convivial meetings of his subjects, was 'Vive le Roy,' an English song with a Norman burden. After the revolution that made Cromwell Protector, the cavaliers, utterly discarding the old song, made themselves a new one, 'When the King shall enjoy his own again,' which with its by no means contemptible poetry, and its exceedingly fine music, kept up the hearts of the party in their adversity, and did more for the royal cause than an army."

After that, the loyal song during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. was the quaint ditty beginning :

"Here's a health unto his Majesty,
 With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la!
 Confusion to his enemies,
 With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la!
 And he that will not drink his health,
 I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
 Nor yet a rope to hang himself,
 With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la!"

The statement in "Raikes's Journal" that the national anthem was translated literally from the 'cantique' which was sung by the demoiselles de St. Cyr when Louis XIV. entered the chapel of the establishment to hear morning prayer is curious, but not convincing, through the similarity in the words is close (see p. 256). One of the most extraordinary additional verses lives in the special stanza which is believed to have been sung at Calais at the banquet given in honour of the Duke of Clarence, when, as Lord High Admiral of England, he took Louis XVIII. across the Channel. I quote from "Music in the Olden Time."

"God save noble Clarence,
 Who brings her king to France,
 God save Clarence!
 He maintains the glory
 Of the British navy,
 O make him happy,
 God save Clarence!"

Rather hard to sing I should imagine.

In all probability Henry Carey, who was

capable of writing very bad verses at times, was the real author of the sad doggerel of our national anthem of which most people know at least one verse. The second verse is particularly insular and British in confidence—that curious imperturbable belief in our own power that has so often “confounded” our enemies. For the benefit of the several who may not have seen the words in print before, I give the “poem” in its entirety as first written—the many other verses having been added from time to time.

“God save our Lord the king !

Long live our noble king !

God save the king !

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the king !

“O Lord, our God, arise,

Scatter his enemies,

And make them fall ;

Confound their politics,

Frustrate their knavish tricks,

On him our hearts we fix,

God save us all !

“Thy choicest gifts in store,

On him be pleased to pour,

Long may he reign ;

May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause

To sing with heart and voice,

God save the king !”

Dr. Boyce, by the way, wrote an eccentric "Catch" called "Long Live King George," and Carey, in one of his election lays, finishes up with :

"Then shall we see a glorious scene,
And so God save Great George our King!"

Before finally endeavouring to prove Carey's claim, there are one or two other points worth considering.

Mr. Henry Davey, according to his "History of English Music," seems fully persuaded that "God Save the King" was composed by Purcell, because Mr. W. H. Cummings discovered the Latin chorus, already referred to, as having been sung at a concert given by John Travers in 1743-44! and that in consequence of this the "National Anthem" was really composed for James II. about 1688." But Mr. Cummings soon disproved this assertion. Mr. Davey adds in his useful volume: "The Rev. Mr. Henslowe published a pamphlet in 1849 asserting that Dr. Arne's wife had received a pension as the eldest descendant of the composer of the National Anthem—Anthony Young, organist of All Hallows, Barking—and that Mrs. Arne had left a legacy to Mrs. Henslowe. There is no other evidence for this claim (unless the inferiority of the first-published version be taken as such) and the probability is that 'God Save

the King' is the composition of Henry Purcell, and the words were perhaps translated into English by Henry Carey." Here are the words in Latin :

"O Deus Optime ;
 Salvum nunc facito
 Regem nostrum ;
 Sit laeta victoria
 Comes et gloria
 Salvum jam facito
 Tu Dominum.

"Exurgat Dominus
 Rebelles dissipet
 Et reprimat ;
 Dolos confundito
 Fraudes depellito
 In Te sit sita spes
 O Salva nos."

But these words are not found to exist prior to the English song which was published in the eighteenth century, as previously stated, and no record exists as to the music the poem was really sung to. In one work as "God Save our Lord the King," "A Loyal Song for two voices set by Mr. Crome," the song with four verses was published and then republished in the four editions of "Theasurus Musicus." The unique copy of the original Latin words, by the way, is in the possession of Mr. W. H. Cummings. Mr. Davey's suggestion that Carey translated the song from the Latin would not in any case hold water.

Carey was largely a self-educated man, and had "little Latin and less Greek." He was not sufficiently equipped for such an effort, judging from all that we know of him. Carey was fond of composing loyal songs and was a staunch loyalist, although his enemies have accused him of being a Jacobite, and as he was the first person who was known to sing it in public, and was quite capable of producing such a melody, there seems every reason to assign to him the honour. From "Their Majesties' Servants," by Dr. Doran, I extract this significant paragraph: "It may be stated here that on Saturday the 28th September, 1745, a new air and song by Henry Carey was first brought on the stage. It was already popular off the stage. 'On Saturday night last,' says the 'Daily Advertiser,' 'the audience of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane' were agreeably surprised by the gentlemen belonging to the house performing the anthem of *God Save Our Noble King*. The universal applause it met with, being encored with repeated huzzas, sufficiently denoted in how just abhorrence they hold the arbitrary schemes of our insidious enemies," etc.

After all, therefore, and notwithstanding all the attempts to rob him of his laurels, I think the evidence in favour of Carey is too substantial to be brushed on one side.

Poor Carey died on October 4th, 1743, having

hanged himself in a fit of depression at his lodgings in Warner Street, Coldbath Fields. According to a writer in the "Biographia Dramatica," 1782, Carey led a life absolutely without blame or shame. He states: "As the qualities that Carey was endowed with were such as rendered him an entertaining companion, it is no wonder he should be, as he frequently was, in streights. He therefore in his difficulties had recourse to his friends, whose bounty he experienced in subscriptions for the Works which he from time to time published. He was, however, still unhappy, though the cause of it is not certainly known. It has been suggested by some to have been occasioned by the malevolence of those of his own profession, by others to domestic uneasiness, and some ascribe it chiefly to his embarrassed circumstances. To whatever it was owing his catastrophe was shocking. In a fit of despair he laid violent hands upon himself, and by means of a halter put a period to a life which had been led without reproach." As a musician, if not brilliant, he was clever in a minor way, and at least he had the gift of melody, and, says Sir John Hawkins, "in all the Songs and Poems written by him on Wine, Love, and such kind of subjects, he seems to have manifested an inviolable regard for decency and good manners." As already stated, his son, G. S. Carey, who was born just after

his father's death, in Warner Street, always declared that his father wrote and composed "God Save the King," as asserted by an old and valued friend of Carey's; and also by Mr. Townsend, who heard Carey sing it in 1740, and who told him he was the author and composer of the anthem. This fact had probably been called in question through the very great prejudice which then existed against all suicides, who were even denied Christian burial. Perhaps this was why the posthumous George Savile Carey, who died in 1807, who was engaged as actor, author, entertainer, and general literary factotum at Covent Garden Theatre, when he grew to man's estate and abandoned his trade of printer, and produced several plays, including "Shakespeare's Jubilee," 1769,—perhaps this was why Carey, the son, wrote to Dr. Harington, of Bath on the subject. Anyhow his letter elicited this reply. It is dated June 13th, 1795.

"Dear Sir,—The anecdote you mention, respecting your father's being the author and composer of 'God Save the King,' is certainly true. That most respectable gentleman, my worthy friend and patient, Mr. Smith, has often told me what follows, viz., 'That your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass which was not proper; and at your father's request Mr. Smith wrote

another bass in harmony.' Mr. Smith (John Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis), to whom I read your letter this day, repeated the same account, and on this authority I pledge myself for the truth of the statement.

“ H. HARRINGTON.”

That, anyhow, seems tolerably conclusive, and until somebody can come forward and prove, not only that Carey was not the composer, but somebody whose name shall be given was, the author of “ Sally in our Alley ” must carry all the credit.

Henry Carey, who was a versatile and genial genius, wrote among other things some ten plays, including “ Amelia,” “ The Contrivances,” “ The Dragon of Wantley,” and that curious and witty burlesque “ Chrononhotonthologos.” His works for the stage were generally successful, and he had the honour of receiving approbation from both Addison and Pope. If his humour, largely exhibited in his satire on Ambrose Phillips, called “ Namby-Pamby,” was not of a high order, it was never vulgar or offensive.

Many writers have tried their hand at revising the words of our national anthem, but not with much success. The late poet-laureate, Lord Tennyson, scarcely added to his reputation by his essay; nor do I think in the new setting by Sir Frederick Bridge, that the Dean of Rochester's

alteration of the second verse is altogether an improvement :

“ O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
 Make wars to cease ;
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth
 Let there be peace.”

The very best addition was written by Longfellow, and sung for the first time in public by Miss Clara Butt at the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, April 25th, 1897 :

“ Lord, let war's tempests cease,
Fold the whole world in peace
 Under Thy Wings.
Make all the nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
 Great King of Kings,”

which seems to have a singularly appropriate application to the present period. The Prince of Wales was present with the Duke of Teck on the memorable occasion of the first public inauguration of Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree's handsome new theatre in the Haymarket ; and after Mrs. Tree had recited the opening address, written by Mr. Alfred Austin, the poet-laureate, prefixed by the happy line from “ Measure for Measure,”

“ Very well met, and welcome,”

the National Anthem was sung, as stated above, and then the play of the evening, "The Seats of the Mighty," by Gilbert Parker, was acted.

As evidence of the mere antiquity of the sentiment of invoking the protection of Providence over royalty, I give the final psalm or sextett and chorus from the very first English comedy we possess, which, oddly enough, was a musical comedy, or comedy with music—"Ralph Roister Doister"—in five acts, written by Nicholas Udall, who was appointed to prepare dialogues and interludes for Queen Mary in 1554. The play was composed between the years 1534 and 1541, though it was not printed until 1566. Nicholas Udall was a scholar, a schoolmaster, and a famous Latinist of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and in all probability "Ralph Roister Doister" was acted by his scholars at Eton and Westminster, he having been head master of both these colleges at different times.

"The Lord preserve our most noble queen of renown,
And her virtues reward with the heavenly crown.
The Lord strengthen her most excellent majesty
Long to reign over us in all prosperity.
That her godly proceedings, the faith to defend,
He may 'stablish and maintain through to the end.
God grant her, as she doth, the Gospel to protect,
Learning and virtue to advance, and vice to correct.
God grañt her loving subjects both the mind and grace
Her most godly proceedings worthily to embrace.

Her highness' most worthy counsellors, God prospér,
With honour and love of all men to ministér.
God grant the nobility her to serve and love,
With the whole commonty, as doth them behove. Amen."

This prayer has been recited at special performances of Shakespeare's plays, and in particular at the celebration at Stratford-on-Avon, April 23rd, 1897, in honour of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

I may state here that I am fully supported in my contention that Carey wrote the words and music of the National Anthem by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould in his "English Minstrelsie;" at the same time I wish to add that Canon Harford, who has devoted much attention to the subject, has published a booklet in which his belief that the same was written as a Latin chorus for the Roman Catholic Chapel at St. James's, in 1687-88, presumably by a Roman Catholic, is fully set forth; but the arguments, though plausible, are not sufficiently convincing to convert me from my own views.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, "God Save the Queen" has escaped the parodist—except the unconscious humorist who will write continuations—but not the satirist. In his happiest vein Mr. W. S. Gilbert wrote in "His Excellency," with music by Dr. Osmond Carr (Lyric Theatre, October 27th, 1894), for the self-exiled Regent to sing :

“ Like the Banbury Lady, whom everyone knows,
He’s cursed with its music wherever he goes !

Though its words but imperfectly rhyme,
And the devil himself couldn’t scan them,
With composure polite, he endures day and night
That illiterate National Anthem.”

Only one dramatist up to the present has christened a play by the title of the national anthem, and Mr. Allen Upward in June, 1897, sent forth a book called “ God Save the Queen,” a tale of ’37. Though we call “ God Save the Queen ” the National Anthem, more strictly it should be termed the national melody. Beethoven was a great admirer of this essentially British tune. He introduced it into his “ Battle Symphony,” and observed concerning his use of it: “ I must show the English a little what a blessing they have in “ God Save the King.”

Canon Harford, without getting over the difficulty of glorious and “ over us,” has written an “ Imperial version of the National Anthem for the whole British Empire,” with which I conclude :

“ GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

“ God save our gracious Queen, Long live our Empress
Queen,

God save the Queen.

Send her victorious, happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us :

God save the Queen.

408 STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

“ O Lord our God arise. Scatter her enemies
And make them fall.

Bid strife and envy cease, brotherly love increase
Filling our homes with peace,
Blessing us all.

“ Thy choicest gifts in store still on VICTORIA pour,
Health, might, and fame.
Long to her people dear, subjects her sway revere,
Nations afar and near
Honour her name.

“ Through joy—through sorrow’s hour, Thou, LORD, her
guiding Power
Ever hast been.
Still bid Thine orb of day beam where her footsteps
stray ;
Still let Thy favouring ray
Shine on our Queen.

“ Guard her beneath Thy wings, Almighty KING of KINGS,
SOV’REIGN Unseen.
Long may our prayer be blest, rising from East and
West,
As from one loyal breast ;—
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”

THE END,

INDEX.

NOTE.—All references to the "*Songs and Ballads*," "*Plays*," and "*Theatres*" will be found under these respective headings only.

- Academie Royale de Musique, 252.
 Adair, Patrick, 15.
 Adair, Robert, 15, 22.
 Adair, Robin, 15, 22.
 Adair, Sir Robert, 23.
 Adams, Charles F., 98, 104.
 Adams, Jean, 306.
 Adams, S. F., 106.
 Addison, 403.
 Adelaide, Queen, 141.
 "Æneis," Virgil's, 149.
 Aird, 115.
 Albany (New York) Journal, 76.
 Albemarle, Earl of, 21.
 Alexander, Emperor, 252.
 Alexander II., 313.
 Aley, Simon, 204.
 Allison, Richard, 222.
 "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs," 339.
 "Ancient Ballads and Songs," 295.
 Ancient Music of Ireland, 363.
 Ancient Scottish Ballads, 303.
 Anne of Denmark, 314.
 Anne, Queen, 146, 151, 246.
 "Antiquities of Wales," 278.
 "Apollo's Banquet," 321.
 "Archæologica Cornu-Britannica," 215.
 Arndt, Ernest M., 83.
 Arne, Dr. T. A., 174, 176, 220, 389.
 Arne, Mrs., 176.
 Arnold, Dr. S., 113, 130, 187.
 Arnold, S. J., 130, 187.
 "Athenæum," 153.
 Attwood, Thomas, 222.
 Austin, Alfred, 404.
 Ayres and Dialogues, 222.
 Ayton, Sir Robert, 29.
 Aytoun, 303.
 Bach, S., 262.
 Bagger, M., 241.
 Baillie, George, 302.
 Baillie, Joanna, 292.
 Baillie, Lady Grisell, 301.
 Balcarres, Earl of, 118.
 Balfe, M. W., 180.
 Ball, W., 198.
 "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," 157.
 Ballantine, James, 297.
 Balloch, Donald, 319.
 Ballymena, 19.
 Banshee, the, 351.
 Barbaroux's "Six Hundred," 53.
 Bardd Alaw, 282.
 Bardd Ceiriog, 280, 282.
 Bardd Mynyddg, 284.
 Bardd y Brenin, 282.
 "Bardic Remains," 339.
 Baring - Gould, Rev. S. (Intro.), xiv, 406.
 Barnard, Andrew, 118, 120.
 Barnard, Lady Anne, 117, 126, 292.
 Barras, 241.
 Barrett, 147.
 Barrington, Sir Jonah, 169, 365.
 Barry, Lord, 152.
 "Battle Symphony," 240.
 Bayly, Mrs., 62.
 Bayly, Thomas Haynes, 53-66.
 Beaconsfield, Earl of, 383.
 Beattie, Dr., 208, 306.
 Becker, Nicolaus, 86.
 Becour, 250.
 Beerholm-Tree, H., 404.
 Beethoven, 249, 265, 406.
 Bellini, 180.
 Benedict, Sir Julius, 370, 380.
 Bennett, Sterndale, 141.
 "Bentley's Magazine," 153.

- "Berliner Volksgesang," 254.
 Berlioz, 147, 199.
 Bertant, 251.
 Beuno, Saint, 287, 288.
 "Bhanavar," 168.
 Bickerstaff, Isaac, 220.
 "Biographia Dramatica," 177, 401.
 "Biographia Scotia," 328.
 Bishop, Sir Henry, 1-11, 62, 167, 184.
 Bizet, 240.
 "Blackwood's Magazine," 364.
 Blamire, Miss Susanna, 302.
 Bland, J., 49.
 Blessington, Countess of, 142.
 Blondel, 161, 162, 164, 273, 284.
 Bochsi, 140.
 Böhner, K. J. L., 259.
 Bolingbroke, Lord, 177, 183.
 "Book of Ayres," 316.
 "Book of English Songs," 214.
 "Book of Highland Airs" (Corri), 348.
 "Book of Scottish Songs," 322, 342.
 Boucher, Alexandre, 48, 53.
 Boucicault, Dion, 370, 380, 383.
 Boswell, James, 341.
 Boyce, Dr., 398.
 Boyle, Lord Abbot of, 19.
 Brady, Sir J. W., 218.
 Braham, J., 25.
 Brewer, Dr. Cobham, 243.
 Brewer, Mrs., 202.
 Bridaine, M., 211.
 Bridge, Sir F., 403.
 Brien, 375.
 Brighton camp, 361.
 Bristol, Lord, 13.
 "British Miscellany," 174.
 Broderip, Miss, 229.
 Broderip, Mrs., F. F., 228.
 "Broken Heart," The, 377.
 Brooke, Miss, 37.
 Brooke, Mrs. F., 38.
 Brooks, Mr., 37.
 Brougham, Lord, 294.
 Bruce, Dr., 36.
 Bruce, Robert, 317.
 Bruce, Sir H. Harvey, 13.
 Bruckner, F., 259.
 Bruckner, O., 259.
 Brunswick, Duke Ferdinand of, 254.
 Brunswick, Princess of, 174.
 "Bryant's Minstrels," 104.
 Buchan, John, 307.
 Buchanan, R., 300.
 Buckingham, Duke of, 115.
 Buckingham, Marquis of, 158.
 Buckstone, J. B., 19.
 Bull, Dr. Jan (John), 388, 390, 391, 392, 393.
 Bunting, Edward, 13, 308, 332, 336, 340, 348, 360, 362, 363, 375, 381.
 Burgoyne, General, 164.
 Burk, Sir R., 371.
 Burke, Edmund, 118.
 Burleigh, Lord, 160.
 Burnet, 204.
 Burney, Dr., 224, 293, 389.
 Burns, Robert, 25, 26, 37, 159, 296, 305, 306, 308, 313, 314, 317, 320, 321, 322, 326, 328, 340, 344, 345, 346.
 Burrows, Bishop, 368.
 Burschenschaften, 83.
 Butt, Miss Clara, 404.
 Byng, Admiral, 178.
 Byron, Honourable Mrs., 123.
 Byron, Lord, 151, 294.
 Cadwallader, King, 289.
 Callanan, J. J., 358.
 "Called Back," 234.
 "Cambrian Minstrelsy," 279, 290.
 Campbell, Thomas, 155, 207.
 "Cant O Ganenon gan Ceiriog," 280.
 Caradoc, 287, 288.
 Caradori, 136.
 Carey, G. S., 173, 401, 402.
 Carey, Henry, 170, 172, 257, 384, 385, 386, 387, 391, 393, 396, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403.
 Carey, Rose, 107.
 Carlyle, Thomas, 27.
 Carlyle's "History of French Revolution," 40.
 Carr, Dr. Osmond, 406.
 Carter, Thomas, 293.
 "Causes Célèbres," 62.
 "Cead Mille Failte," 17.
 Cesati, Signor, 209.
 Chambers-Ketchum, Mrs., 106.
 "Chambers' Journal," 315.
 Chambers, Robert, 310.
 Chamisso, 88.
 Champnes, Mr., 173.
 Chapman and Hall, 142.
 Chappell, W., 36, 173, 198, 318, 321, 360, 361, 385, 390.
 Charles Edward, 14, 304.
 Charles I., 223, 395.
 Charles II., 204, 221, 374, 395.
 Charlot, M., 93.
 Charlotte, Princess, 140.

- Chateaubriand, 239.
 "Chautauquan," 263.
 Chelmsford Gaol, 79.
 Chemnitz, 87.
 Chenier, Andre, 242.
 Cherry, Andrew, 227, 366.
 Chester, Earl of, 220.
 Chicago Exhibition, 384.
 "Chicago Tribune," 102, 105.
 "Childe Harold," 168.
 "Chimes, The," 142.
 Choquet, Gustave, 250.
 Christian VII. of Denmark, 394.
 Christie, 326.
 Chrysanter, Friedrich, 387.
 Church, John, 246.
 Chygwyn, Master, 215.
 "Claragh," 354.
 Clarence, Duke of, 319, 361, 396.
 Clark, Richard, 390, 391, 392.
 Clarke, Mr., 326, 327.
 Clay, Henry, 180.
 Clemm, Virginia, 165.
 Clonfert, Bishop of, 340.
 Cloyne, Bishop of, 153.
 "Coast of Sussex," 361.
 Cockburn, Admiral, 97.
 Cockburn, Mrs., 301.
 Code, H. B., 367.
 Cole, S. W., 214.
 Collé, 251.
 "Collection of Choicest Scots
 Tunes," 338.
 "Collection of English Songs"
 (Dale's), 328.
 "Collection of Scottish Dance
 Music" (Glen's), 328.
 Collet, 62.
 Colman, George, 113, 220.
 "Compendious Book of Godly
 Songs," 198.
 "Convivial Songster," 314.
 Conway, Hugh, 234.
 Cooke, Dr. B., 389.
 Cope, Elizabeth, 57.
 Cope, Lady, 56.
 Cope, Miss, 56.
 Cope, Sir John, 57, 304.
 Cope, Sir William, 55, 59.
 Corday, Charlotte, 241.
 Cork, Earl of, 177.
 "Cork Remembrancer," 153, 366.
 Coventry, Countess of, 115.
 Coverdale's English Bible, 388.
 Craig, Adam, 338.
 Craigmyle, Elizabeth, 85.
 Cramer, J. B., 197.
 Crawford, Mrs., 132, 141, 145, 188.
 Croker, J. Crofton, 152, 352, 365,
 366, 368.
 Croly, Rev. George, 349.
 Crome, Mr., 399.
 Cromwell, Oliver, 109, 380, 395.
 Crouch, F. Nicholls, 132-145.
 Cumberland, Duke of, 307.
 Cummings, W. H., 37, 38, 385, 398,
 399.
 Cunningham, Allan, 312.
 Cunningham, Sir W., 305.
 "Curiosities of Literature," 203.
 Curran, H. G., 383.
 Curran, Right Honourable J. P.,
 368, 381.
 Curran, Sarah, 376.
 Curran, W. H., 381.
 Curry's "Manners and Customs of
 Ancient Irish," 332.
 Cussans, J. C., 188.
 "Cyclopædia of Music," 112.
 Czar Nicholas, 395.
 "Daily Advertiser," 400.
 "Daily News," 153, 185.
 "Daily Telegraph," 390, 393.
 Dall, Rory, 336.
 Dalrymple, Sir R., .
 "Dancing Master, The," 355.
 Danton, 248.
 Davenant, Sir W., 374.
 Davey, Henry, 349, 389, 399.
 David, St., 289, 290.
 Davidson, G. H., 217.
 Davies, Miss Mary, 221.
 Davis, Mary, 374.
 Dawson, Baron Arthur, 336, 337.
 De Bora, Catherine, 263.
 De Bouillon, Godfrey, 239.
 De Brinon, Madame, 256.
 De Dietrich, Baron, 42.
 D'Estrées, Gabrielle, 257.
 De la Casas, M., 242.
 Delibes, 240.
 "Delightful Companion, The," 205.
 De Lisle, Claude J. Rouget, 40-
 54.
 De Lisle's works, 54.
 De Nésle, Blondel, 161, 162, 273,
 284.
 De Rochas, Colonel, 387.
 Derwentwater, Earl of, 222.
 De Sévigné, Madame, 247.
 De Villars, Marshal, 239.
 Diamond Jubilee (Queen Victoria's),
 406.
 Dibdin, Charles, 227.
 Dickens, Charles, 142, 185, 228.

- " Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen,"
 223.
 " Dictionary of Music," 109, 110,
 122, 308, 389.
 " Dictionary of National Biography,"
 118.
 " Dictionary of the Poets of Ire-
 land," 133.
 " Dictionnaire de la Langue Fran-
 çaise," 243.
 " Dictionnaire Musicale," 240.
 " Die Loreley," 88.
 D'Israeli, Benjamin, 383.
 D'Israeli, Isaac, 203.
 Dodsley, Robert, 220.
 Doran, Dr., 400.
 Douglas, Clark, 311.
 Douglas of Finland, 309, 310, 311.
 Douglas, Sir George, 298, 394.
 Drayton, M., 289.
 Druids, the, 290.
 Duffett, Thomas, 342, 343.
 Duffy, Sir C. G., 157, 350.
 " Duke of Berwic's March," 225.
 Du Maurier, G., 103, 242.
 " Dumfries and Galloway Courier,"
 294.
 Dunbar, E. C., 212.
 Duncan, Dr. Henry, 294.
 Dunkeld, Bishop of, 316.
 Dunlop, Mrs., 31, 33.
 Durang, Ferdinand, 98, 99.
 D'Urfey, Tom, 303, 308.
 Dwight, Timothy, 101.
 Dyer, Mr., 222.

 " East Lynne," 79.
 Ebsworth, Rev. J. W., 111.
 Edward, Duke of Kent, 292, 293.
 Edward, the Black Prince, 284.
 Edward II., 273.
 Edward IV., 278.
 Edward VI., 203.
 Edwin, John, 113.
 Einion, Hoel Ap, 274.
 Elizabeth, Queen, 18, 156, 157, 160,
 203, 371, 372.
 Elliott, Jane, 301.
 Ellis, Hercules, 156, 157.
 Elliston, R. W., 179.
 Emmet, Robert, 376.
 Emmett, Dan, 104.
 English, Dr. T. D., 103.
 " Englishman in Paris, An," 47, 48.
 " English Minstrelsie," (Intro.) xiv.
 " Era, The," 138.
 Essex, Countess of, 122, 124.
 " Esther," 51.

 Ethelfrid, king of Northumberland,
 284.
 Eugene, Prince, 243.
 Ewen, John, 307.

 F., L. N., 372.
 Fallersleben, H. von, 86, 88.
 Farquhar, G., 356, 358.
 Farren, W., 196.
 Feis Ceoil, 381.
 Ferguson, Sir Samuel, 350.
 Fergusson, Alexander, 310, 313,
 314.
 Fessenden, J. S., 116.
 Fetch, the, 351.
 Fetis, Dr., 271.
 Fielding, Henry, 173.
 Finck, Dr., 173.
 Findlater, R., 314.
 Fisher, Kitty, 116.
 " Fisher's Jig," 115.
 Fitz-Ball, Edward, 130, 166.
 Fitz-Gerald, Desmond, 19.
 Fitz-Gerald of Cork, 153.
 Fitz-Geralds, the, 19, 383.
 Fitz-Simon, Mrs. E., 373.
 Fleet, Thomas, 215.
 Fletcher, John, 222, 224.
 Flood, E., 190.
 Flotow, F. von, 147.
 Ford, Mrs. M. A., 139.
 Fornsete, John of, 349.
 Foster, Elizabeth, 214.
 Foster, S. C., 104, 187.
 Fountaine, Lamar, 107.
 Fox, C. J., 344.
 " Fraser's Magazine," 153.
 Frederick the Great, 87.
 Frederick William II., 394.
 Frederick William III., 81, 258.
 Frederic Rex, 87.
 Freiligrath, 88.
 " French Revolution," 40, 82.
 Frere, M., 250.
 Friedlander, M., 260.
 Frithiofsaga, 237.
 Froissart, 274.
 Froude, J., 388.
 Fuller, Colonel, 204.
 Furlong, Thomas, 345, 346, 351.
 Fyles, Herr, 100.

 Gall, Richard, 328.
 Garrick, David, 173, 177.
 Gay, John, 172, 224, 296, 326, 333,
 357.
 Geddes, 325.
 Geibel, 88.

- Geminiani, Francesco, 334.
 "General Leslie's March," 309.
 "Geneva Psalter," 199.
 Genin, 240.
 "Gentleman's Magazine," 3, 293, 388.
 George I., 174, 204, 224.
 George II., 173.
 George III., 23, 170, 292.
 George IV., 39, 134, 140, 170, 286, 292.
 George, Prince of Dessau, 266.
 Geraldines, The, 19, 383.
 Gesualdus, 334.
 Gigliucci, Countess, 192.
 Gilbert, W. S., 406.
 Gill, W. H. (Intro.) xiv.
 Gilmore, P. S., 106.
 Gilpin, Sydney, 225.
 Ginevra, 59, 62.
 Giraldus Cambrensis, 332.
 Glafey, Fraulein A. Von., 265, 268, 269.
 Glendower, Owen, 273, 274.
 "Globe," The, 153.
 Glover, Stephen, 209.
 "God save the Queen," 406.
 Goethe, 84, 161.
 "Golden Legend," 232.
 "Golden Treasury," 223.
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 27.
 Gondimel, Claude, 199.
 Goose, Isaac, 214.
 Goose, Mother, 214.
 "Gordian Knot Unty'd," 206.
 Gordon, G. L., 39.
 Gottschalk, L. M., 116.
 Goulding, D'Almaine and Co., 8, 135.
 Gow, Nathaniel, 305, 322.
 Gow, Niel, 305.
 Graham, G. F., 308.
 Graham, Miss Stirling, 297, 318.
 Graham, Robert, of Gartmore, 223.
 "Grana Weal," 371.
 Granby, Marquis of, 174.
 "Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence," 22.
 Grant, James, 309, 310.
 Grant, Mrs., of Carron, 320.
 Grant, Mrs., of Laggan, 317.
 Graves, A. P., 368.
 Graves, J. W., 225.
 Gray, Duncan, 321.
 Gray, Thomas, 306.
 Greatwood, Lieutenant-Colonel, H. F., 53.
 "Green and Gold," 139.
 Greeley, Horace, 98.
 Gretny, 248.
 Griffin, Gerald, 25, 349, 350.
 Grisons, 51.
 Grosart, Rev. A. B., 118.
 Gross, John, 215.
 Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," 120, 240, 252.
 Grove, Sir George, 109, 252, 385, 387, 389.
 Gryffudd ap Cynan (King of North Wales), 285.
 Guernsey, Wellington, 227.
 Gunn, John, 332, 333.
 Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, 262.
 Hall, Foley, 76-79.
 Hall, Mrs. S. C., 380.
 Hall, S. C., 380.
 Hammersley, Thomas, 124.
 Handel, 175, 199, 387, 403.
 Handtmann, E., 257, 258.
 Hardiman, James, 16, 332, 334, 336, 339, 348.
 Hardiman's "Minstrely," 16, 332, 334, 336, 339, 348.
 Hardwicke, Lady, 121.
 Hare, A. J. C., 139.
 Harford, Canon, 389-407.
 "Harmonia Anglicana," 385.
 Harper, Miss, 139.
 Harpers, Irish, 341.
 Harpers, Welsh, 270.
 Harries, Heinrich, 254, 255, 394.
 Harrington, Dr., 402, 403.
 Haschka, L. L., 237.
 Hatton, J. L., 155.
 Hauser, Carl, 90.
 Hawes, W., 136, 140.
 Hawke, Lord, 174.
 Hawkins, Sir J., 401.
 Haydn, 199, 237, 238, 364.
 Hayes, 137.
 Haygarth, Rev. J., 60.
 Heine, Heinrich, 46, 88, 161.
 Helberg, 242.
 Helen of Ardock, 324.
 Hemans, Mrs., 133, 280.
 Hempson, Denis, 13, 14.
 Hendon, Mr., 98.
 Henri III., 252.
 Henry II., 331.
 Henry II., of France, 162, 199.
 Henry VIII., 203, 347.
 Henslowe, Rev. Mr., 398.
 Herbert, Sir R., 278.
 "Hermann and Dorothea," 51.
 Herrick, Robert, 222.

- Herz, 253.
 Hesekiel, 93.
 "Hesperides," 222.
 Highmore, Charles, 220.
 Hill, Rowland, 193, 194.
 "History of English Music," 349, 398.
 "History of Ireland," 375.
 "History of Music," 276.
 "History of Wales," 284.
 Hobbs, 136.
 Hogg, James, 298.
 Holden, 332.
 Holmes, Dr. O. W., 208.
 Holtzmann, 49, 50.
 Holy Alliance, 82.
 Hone, W., 289.
 Hood, Thomas, 227-230.
 Hood's "Ancient and Modern Songs," 122.
 Hook, James, 169, 308.
 Hook, Theodore, 169, 308.
 Hopkin, Will, 276, 277.
 Hopkinson, Judge, 100.
 Horace, 322.
 Horn, C., 221, 237.
 Horner, 294.
 Hortense, Queen of Holland, 254.
 Houghton, Lord, 191.
 "House to let, The," 168.
 Hübner, 261.
 Hullah, John, 122.
 Humboldt, 84.
 Humphrey, F. P., 313.
 Hurka, 255.
 "Hurlfoot Bill," 369.

 I'Anson, Miss, 169.
 "Ich Dien," 284.
 Ievan Ddu, 282.
 "Illustrated London News," 66, 114, 185.
 Ireland, Mrs., 207.
 "Ireland Ninety Years Ago," 368.
 Irish Bards, 363.
 Irish Harpers, 341.
 "Irish Hudibras," 207.
 Irishman's Apple, 367.
 "Irish Melodies," 146, 150, 151.
 "Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore," 378.
 "Irish Minstrelsy," 332, 369, 370.
 Irish Oak, 367.
 "Irish Poems," 343.
 "Irish Songs," 132, 329.
 "Irish Wit and Humour," 368.
 Irving, Washington, 376, 377.
 "Italy," Rogers', 62, 65.

 "J. C. J.," 218.
 "Jack Hinton," 381.
 "Jacobite Rebellion," 175.
 "Jahrbücher für Musikalische Wissenschaft," 387.
 James I., 392.
 James II., 152, 204, 205, 389, 395, 398.
 James IV., 316.
 James VI., 314.
 Jamieson, R., 332, 333.
 Jamieson's "Scottish Dictionary," 28.
 Jenkyns, Ruthven, 219.
 Jennings, Sarah, 243.
 Jerrold, Douglas, 142, 224.
 Jevan, Dafydd ap, 279.
 John, King of Bohemia, 284.
 Johnson, Dr., 288, 294.
 Johnson, of "Johnson's Musical Museum," 30, 34, 38, 122, 221, 324, 326.
 Joinville, 239.
 Jones, Edward, 282.
 Jones, Richard, 150.
 Jones, Squire, 237.
 Jones-Hunt, W., 196, 197, 228.
 Jonson, Ben, 29.
 Jordan, Mrs. Dora, 318, 319.
 "Journal of a Tour through the Hebrides," 341.

 "Kaisermarch," 262.
 Kaiser Quartette, 238.
 Kavanagh Chieftain, 16.
 Kean, Charles, 155.
 Kean, Edmund, 5, 171, 173, 179.
 Keen, the, 353.
 Keenan, Owen, 360.
 Kelly, Colonel, 14.
 Kemble, Charles, 5, 7.
 Kenney, C. H., 217.
 Kenney, C. L., 233.
 Kenney, James, 217.
 Kenney, Rosa, 217.
 Keppel, Lady Caroline, 18, 20, 21, 22.
 Kevin, St., 377, 378.
 Key, Francis, 97-100.
 King, Fitz-Maurice, 54.
 Kingsley, Rev. Charles, 221.
 Kinnaird, Laird of, 323.
 Kipling, Rudyard, 300.
 Kitchen, Dr., 203.
 Kneas, Nelson, 103.
 Knight, Joseph Philip, 65.
 Knowles, Sheridan, 133.
 Korner, Karl T., 84, 85, 89.

- "Kung Erik," 236.
 Kutschke, 93, 94.
 Kutschke Lieder, 81, 93, 94.
- Ladre, M., 250.
 "Lady Katherine Ogle," 321.
 La Fayette, General, 250.
 Lamartine, 46.
 Lamb, Charles, 11.
 Landaff, Bishop of, 203.
 Lansdowne, Marquis, 294.
 "Laureate of the Nursery," 300.
 Laurie, Annie, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314.
 Laurie, Sir Emilius, 310.
 Laurie, Sir R., 309, 310, 314.
 Laurie, Sir Walter, 310, 314.
 "La Vérité sur la Paternité de la Marseillaise," 52.
 Lawes, W., 221.
 Lawson, James, 67-80.
 Lays, M., 252.
 Lee, Alexander, 130, 167.
 Lee, General, 143.
 Leek, the, 289.
 Leeves, Rev. W., 120, 123, 124, 125.
 Le Franc Guillaume, 199.
 Legonix, Jonas, 240.
 Leopold, Duke of Austria, 162.
 "Les Huguenots," 262.
 "Les Melodies Populaires de la France," 53.
 "Letters from the North of Scotland," 332.
 "Letters of Junius," 368.
 Lever, Charles, 350, 381.
 Leveridge, Richard, 174, 224.
 Lewin, L. N., 233.
 "Life of Thomas Campbell," 208.
 "Life of Curran," 381.
 Limerick, Bishop of, 118.
 Lind, Jenny, 11.
 Lindsay, James, 118.
 Lindsay, Lady Anne, 119, 123.
 Lindsay, Lady Margaret, 139.
 Linley, George, 76, 77, 167, 219.
 Littré, M., 243.
 Llewelyn, Ann, 276.
 Lloyd, R., 280.
 Lock, Matthew, 220.
 Locke, John, 162.
 Lockhart, J. G., 149, 317.
 Longfellow, H. W., 168, 208, 237, 404.
 Longfellow, Mrs., 211.
 Longfellow, Professor, 244.
 Loquin, M., 53.
 Loth, Arthur, 51.
- Loudon, Earl of, 305.
 Louis IX., 239.
 Louis XIV., 246, 256, 396.
 Louis XV., 239.
 Louis XVI., 249, 256.
 Louis XVIII., 252, 396.
 Louis Philippe, 51.
 Louise, Princess of Dessau, 266.
 Lovell Family, the, 60, 61.
 Lovell, Rev. Edward, 60, 61.
 Lover, Samuel, 335, 343, 345, 346, 350, 365, 367, 372, 379, 380, 381.
 Lückner, Marechal, 52.
 Lully, Jean Baptiste, 256, 257, 387, 390.
 Lumley, 180.
 Lupus, Hugh, 220.
 "Lusiad," Camden's, 306.
 Luther, Martin, 261, 262, 263.
 Lwoff, 395.
 Lynedoch, Laird of, 323.
 Lyons, the Harper, 13.
 Lysaght, Edward, 367, 368.
- Macaroni, 110.
 Macaulay, Lord, 380.
 MacCann, Anthony, 156.
 McCarthy, Henry, 106.
 MacCarthy, Denis F., 350.
 MacDonnell, John, 354.
 MacFarren, Lady Natalie, 92.
 Macfarren, Sir George, 141, 191.
 MacGavin of Leitrim, 339.
 MacGibbon and Oswald's "Collections," 321.
 MacGrath, Andrew, 359, 360, 380.
 Mackay, Dr. Charles, 1, 15, 119, 181, 185, 207, 214, 223, 297, 317, 322, 395.
 Mackay, Æneas, 119.
 McLean, Charles, 25.
 "Maclure's Magazine," 247.
 MacNally, Leonard, 164, 169, 171.
 MacNeil, Hector, 363.
 MacWilliam Eighter, the, 371.
 Maddocks, Anthony, 275.
 Maher, William, 368.
 Mahoney, Francis, 151.
 Maine, John, 159.
 Malibran, Marie, 133, 141.
 Mallet, David, 174, 178.
 Malloch, David, 178.
 Malone, Carroll, 347.
 Mangan, Clarence, 349, 351.
 "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," 332.
 Mansfield, Earl of, 294.

- Manx National Songs (Intro.), xiv.
 Marat, 241.
 Marchant, Earl of, 301.
 Maretzek, Max, 142.
 "Margaret's Ghost," 176.
 Marie Antoinette, 239, 249.
 Marlborough, Duchess of, 243.
 Marlborough, Duke of, 177, 241, 242.
 Marryat, Captain, 133, 142.
 Mary I., 203, 405.
 Mary, Queen of Scots, 326.
 Mason and Dixon's Line, 104.
 Mason, Professor, 201.
 "Masonic Lyre," 393.
 Matthews, Charles, the elder, 150.
 Matthison, F., 265, 268, 269.
 Maynard, Walter, 274, 284.
 Mayne, John, 315.
 Mayo, Lord, 280.
 "Mecklenburgische Anzeiger," 94.
 "Memoirs of Irish Bards," 347.
 "Memoirs of Principal Tulloch," 338.
 Mendelssohn, 262.
 "Merchant Taylor's Company," 392.
 "Merry Companion, The," 355.
 "Metropolitan Magazine," 132, 141, 142.
 Meyerbeer, 262.
 Mickle, W. J., 306.
 "Milesian, The," 293.
 Miller, James, 326, 327.
 Miller, W., 300.
 Milliken, R. A., 147, 367.
 Milnes, R. M., 191.
 "Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern," 300.
 "Minstrelsy of Scotland," 38, 312, 338.
 Mireur, M., 53.
 "Mr. Grenville's Correspondence," 115.
 Mitford, Miss, 59, 231.
 Moffatt, Alfred, 25, 38, 312, 338.
 Molesworth, Viscount, 15.
 Molloy, J. L., 233.
 Moncrief, Paradis de, 117, 125.
 Montgomerie, Alexander, 316.
 Montrose, Marquis of, 223.
 Moore, Thomas, 147, 149, 150, 151, 279, 308, 346, 348, 349, 362, 367, 373, 376, 378, 379, 382.
 "Moore's Melodies," 151, 373.
 More, Hannah, 123.
 Morgan, Lady, 380.
 Morgan, Mrs., 155.
 "Morning Chronicle," 157, 186.
 "Morning Herald," 170.
 Morris, General G. P., 181, 185.
 Mossy Mead, Abbess of, 266, 269.
 "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes," 214.
 Motherwell, W., 299, 300.
 Motherwell's "Minstrelsy," 355.
 Mountain, Mrs., 366.
 Murphy, David, 386.
 "Muse of Cumberland," The, 302.
 "Music in the Olden Time," 396.
 "Musical Museum," 30, 295, 302.
 "Musical Reporter," 110.
 "Musical Times," 37.
 "Musical Treasury, 217.
 Musset, Alfred de, 87.
 "Myrtle and Vine, 170.
 Nairne, Lady Carolina, 292, 303, 304, 321.
 "Namy-Pamby," 403.
 National Anthem, The, 384.
 "National English Airs," 174.
 National Training School of Music, 232.
 Napoleon, 53, 81, 242.
 Nathan, Isaac, 217.
 Neithardt, A., 87, 259.
 "Neue Preussische Zeitung," 93.
 "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," 35.
 New Penny Post, 193, 194.
 "New Poems and Songs," 342.
 Nicholas, Dr., 278.
 Nicholas I., 189.
 Nilsson, Madame Christina, 146.
 Noel, Dorothy, 61.
 Noel, Rev. Thomas, 230.
 "Notes and Queries," 52, 55, 122, 176, 216.
 Novello, Clara, 192.
 Oak Cemetery, Washington, 9.
 O'Carolan, Turlough, 334, 335, 336, 337, 339.
 Ochmann, Dr., 254.
 O'Connell, Laurence, 341.
 O'Connell, Thomas, 341, 342.
 O'Connell, Daniel, 373.
 O'Daly, Carol, 16.
 O'Daly, Donogh More, 16.
 O'Donnell, D. K., 107.
 O'Donoghie, D. J., 132.
 O'Dugan, Maurice, 377.
 Ogle, Right Hon. George, 344, 345.
 O'Keefe, John, 159.
 O'Leary, Father, 153.

"Old English Popular Music,"
220.

Oliphant, Caroline, 304.
Oliphant, Lawrence, 304.
Oliphant, Mrs., 338.
O'Malley, Grace, 371.
Omer, St., 51.
O'Neacthan, 339.
O'Neill, Arthur, 337, 342, 360.
Order of Welsh Bards, 285.
O'Reilly, Miles, 308, 341, 342, 343.
"Orpheus Caledonius," 301, 325.
O'Sullivan, M. J., 2, 6.
O'Tuomy, John, 360.
Owain, Alaw, 282.
Owen, David, 280, 286.
Owen, John, 282.
Oxenford, John, 47, 244.

Paganini, Niccolo, 53, 253.
Palgrave, F. T., 223.
"Palmira," 51.
Parker, Gilbert, 405.
Parker, Martyn, 207.
Parry, Dr. Joseph, 282, 290.
Parry, J. D., 361.
Parry, John, 25, 272, 282.
Patrick, St., 364, 366.
Patti, Adelina, 135, 137.
Paul, Mrs. Howard, 47.
Payne, J. Howard, 1-11, 141.
Peacock, Thomas Love, 282.
Peel, John, 225, 226, 227.
Pembroke, Earl of, 278.
Pencerdd Gwalia, 282.
Pepusch, Dr., 392, 393.
Percy, Bishop, 205, 292.
Percy, Mrs., 292.
"Percy's Reliques," 176, 204, 292.
Pereira, Mrs., 265.
Perry, Mr., 208.
Pessoneaux, Abhé, 47.
Pestal, Colonel, 189.
Petrie, George, 308, 332.
Phelps, Samuel, 196.
Phillips, Ambrose, 403.
"Pickwick Papers," 231.
Pilgrim Fathers, the, 215.
"Pills to Purge Melancholy," 296,
303.
Pils, Isidore, 52.
"Pirate, The," 119.
Pistorius, 94, 95.
Planche, J. R., 6, 7.
Plato, 350.
"Playford's Musical Companion,"
221, 224, 321.

PLAYS AND OPERAS.

Alfred, 174, 178.
Amelia, 403.
Americans, The, 185.
An Old Song, 54.
Arrah-na-Pogue, 383.
Auld Robin Gray, 187.
Bantry Bay, 158.
Beggars' Opera, 172, 224, 296,
323, 354.
Black Ey'd Susan, 224.
Bloody Brother, The, 224.
Box and Cox, 231.
Chrononhotonthologos, 171, 403.
Clare, the Maid of Milan, 1-11.
Colleen Bawn, 370, 380.
Contrabandista, 231.
Contrivances, The, 403.
Country Girl, The, 318.
Dragon of Wantley, The, 403.
Duenna, The, 345.
Evil Genius, 196.
Free Election, 385.
Foul Deeds Will Rise, 187.
Groves of Blarney, 380.
Harlequin's Invasion, 173.
Hermann and Dorothea, 51.
His Excellency, 406.
Iolanthe, 231.
Iphigénie en Aulide, 252.
Irish Legacy, 187.
Jean Marie, 130.
Kathleen Mavourneen, 137.
King and the Miller of Mansfield,
220.
Le Devin du Village, 197.
Lend me Five Shillings, 196.
Les Huguenots, 262.
Lily of Killarney, 370, 380.
Love in a Village, 220.
Lover's Opera, 342.
Maid of the Mill, 187.
Marriage de Figaro, 239.
Martha, 146, 150.
Measure for Measure, 404.
Merry Blacksmith, The, 212.
Mistletoe Bouigh, 65.
Othello, 328.
Palmira, 51.
Patron, The, 225.
Polly, 326.
Poor soldier, The, 159.
Post Captain, 35.
Postman's Knock, 196.
Ralph Roister Doister, 405.
Recruiting Officer, 356.
Rivals, The, 374.
Rob Roy, 39.

PLAYS AND OPERAS—*cont.*

- Rory O'More, 382.
 Rosina, 36, 37, 38.
 Russian Sacrifice, 367.
 Seats of the Mighty, 405.
 Siege of Gibraltar, 225.
 Soldier's Daughter, 367.
 Student's Frolic, The, 233.
 Sweethearts and Wives, 217.
 Toymaker, The, 77.
 Travellers at Spa, 366.
 Two Noble Kinsmen, 221.
 Two to One, 113.
 Vestale, 252.
 Wanderers, The, 131.
 Who Pays the Reckoning, 187.
 Yeomen of the Guard, 231.
- Poe, Edgar Allan, 164.
 "Poetic Gift of Friendship," 197.
 "Poets and Poetry of Europe," 244.
 "Poets of Ireland," 132, 170.
 Poitrine, Madame, 239.
 Polko, Elise, 259.
 Poole, John, 142.
 Pope, 403.
 "Popular Music in the Olden Time," 36, 176, 198, 387.
 "Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland," 37, 293, 318, 320.
 "Popular Songs of Ireland," 152, 365.
 "President's March, The," 100.
 Procter, Adelaide A., 232.
 Pront, Father, 152, 245, 247.
 Prout's "Reliques," 245.
 Prussia, King of, 252.
 "Punch," 227.
 Purcell, Henry, 205, 206, 398, 399.
- Rachel, Elisa Felix, 46.
 "Raikes's Journal," 396.
 Ramsay, Allan, 29, 30, 36, 305, 308, 309, 322, 324, 342, 355, 363.
 Ranelagh Gardens, 18.
 Ray, 204.
 Read, Beaumont, 79.
 Ree's "Cyclopædia," 389.
 Reeve, W., 158.
 Reeves, Sims, 167.
 "Reformation Symphony," 262.
 Reid, William, 321.
 Reign of Terror, 47, 49.
 "Relics of Literature," 62.
 "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," 176, 204, 292, 328.
- Reynolds, George N., 155.
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 115.
 Richard I. (Cœur de Lion), 161, 163, 164, 274.
 Richard II., 273.
 Richards, Brinley, 272, 273, 278, 282.
 Riddell, Walter, 314.
 Riley, J. W., 136.
 Rimbault, F., 115.
 Ritter, Madame F. R., 42, 90.
 Robespierre, 49, 248.
 Robinson, George, 167.
 Robinson, Mary (Perdita), 286.
 Robin's Well, 15.
 "Rob Roy," 37, 296.
 Roche, J. M., 144.
 Rochester, Dean of, 403.
 Rogers, Samuel, 55, 62.
 Root, Dr. G. F., 102.
 Rossini, 134, 140.
 "Round About our Coal Fire," 355.
 Rowe, P. E., 135.
 Rowlands, Professor, 279, 282, 290.
 Roy, George, 130.
 Royal Academy, 187.
 Royal Academy of Music, 141.
 Royal Academy of Music (Brussels), 271.
 "Royal Edition of Songs of Scotland," 308.
 Rückert, Friedrich, 88.
 Russell, Henry, 179, 186, 230.
 Russia, Emperor of, 252.
 Rutherford, Miss, 301.
 Ryan, Desmond, 145.
 Ryan, Father, 107.
 Ryleyeff, 189.
- Sachs, Hans, 262.
 "Saints' Recreation," 325.
 St. David, Bishop of, 270.
 St. David's Day, 288.
 "St. James's Gazette," 125.
 St. Omer, 51.
 St. Patrick, 364, 366.
 St. Patrick's, Dean of, 337.
 Salieri, 51.
 Salisbury, Hon. S., 111.
 Salvation Army, The, 199.
 Sargent Epps (or Epes), 185.
 Savile, George, Marquis of Halifax, 171.
 Sawyer, C. S., 106.
 Scheffel, 88.
 Schegel, 84.
 Schenk, Gustav, 95.

- Schenkendorff, 88.
 Schleswig-Holstein, 87.
 Schiller, 84.
 Schneckenburger, M., 89, 93.
 Schulhoff, 253.
 Schumacher, Dr., 254, 255, 394.
 Schumann, 51.
 Scott, Lady John, 312, 315.
 Scott, Sir Walter, 39, 118, 120, 223,
 253, 254, 272, 284, 294, 295,
 296, 309, 319.
 "Scottish Airs," 317.
 "Scottish Cavalier," 309.
 "Scottish Dictionary," 28.
 "Scots Musical Museum," 38,
 328.
 "Scots Reels and Country Dances,"
 360.
 Sedaine, M., 164.
 Seez, Bishop of, 251.
 "Selection of Scots Airs," 360.
 "Selection of Scotch, English, and
 Irish Airs," 115.
 Select Melodies of Scotland, 341.
 "Semaine Religieuse," 50.
 Sempill, Francis, 29, 338.
 "Sergeant Kite," 357.
 Shadwell, T., 205.
 Shakespeare, 29, 202, 328, 402,
 406.
 Shakespeare's Jubilee, 402.
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 118,
 345.
 Shield, W. M., 35, 37, 225, 336.
 Shuckburgh, Dr., 111.
 Sicilian Air, 5.
 Sinclair, Sir J., 305.
 Siraudin, 240.
 "Sketch Book," 376.
 Sketches by Boz, 142.
 Sketchley, Arthur, 233.
 Skipsey, Joseph, 33.
 Smith, J. Christopher, 387, 402,
 403.
 Smith, John Stafford, 99.
 Smith, R. A., 298.
 Smith, Rev. S. F., 101.
 Smith, Rosa, 168.
 Smith, Seymour, 218.
 Smith, W., 230.
 Somerset, Charles, 65.
 SONGS AND BALLADS.
 Adelaida, 265-268.
 Adieu Dundee, 296.
 Ach, wie ist's möglich, 259.
 All quiet along Potomac, 107.
 All through the Night, 280.
 Ally Croker, 367.
 SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*
 America, 96, 395.
 Anacreon in Heaven, 98, 99.
 Andreas Hofer, 89.
 An Londubh, 363.
 Annabel Lee, 164.
 Annie Laurie, 309-313.
 Annie of the Dell, 106.
 Arethusa, The, 35.
 Ar Hyd y Nos, 280.
 As fada Armso Me, 374.
 As one by one our Friends De-
 part, 195.
 As Slow our Ships, 362.
 Auld House, The, 305.
 Auld Lang Syne, 26-39.
 Auld Robin Gray, 117-132, 292.
 Awake, Awake, Fianna, 371.
 Baby Mine, 184.
 Banks of Banna, 345, 346.
 Banna's Banks, 344.
 Barbarossa, 88.
 Bard's Love, The, 274.
 Battle Cry of Freedom, 102.
 Battle of Argan Mor, 371.
 Battle of Killiecrankie, 341.
 Bay of Biscay, 227, 367.
 Beating of my own Heart, 191,
 192.
 Beer, Beer, Beautiful Beer, 233.
 Begone Dull Care, 224.
 Believe me if all those Endearing
 young Charms, 374.
 Ben Bolt, 103.
 Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, 322.
 Billy Lackaday's Lament, 217.
 Birth of St. Patrick, 365.
 Blackbird, The, 363.
 Black Huntsmen, The, 84.
 Black Monk, The, 284.
 Blame not the Heart, 77.
 Blarney, The, 380.
 Blarney Castle, 367.
 Blarney Stone, The, 368, 380.
 Blondel's Song, 161.
 Blooming Deirdre, 349.
 Blue Bells of Scotland, 317, 318.
 Blue Bonnets over the Border,
 309.
 Boatie Rows, The, 307.
 Bonnie Annie, 225.
 Bonnie Blue Flag, 106.
 Bonnie Charlie's now Awa', 305.
 Bonnie Dundee, 294, 295, 296.
 Boys of Kilkenny, 368.
 Break of Day, The, 280.
 Bridegroom Grat, The, 121.
 Bridget Cruise, 334.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

- British Grenadiers, The, 218, 219.
 Buffalo Gals, 186.
 Bugeilio 'r Gwenith Gwyn, 275.
 Bumper, Squire Jones, 336, 337, 338.
 Bushel of Fragments, 281.
 By that Lake, 378.
 Ca Ira, 241, 250.
 Cailin Og, 372.
 Caledonian Hunt's Delight, 326.
 Calen O Custure Me, 372.
 Caller Herrin', 292, 305, 306.
 Cambrian Plume, The, 284.
 Campbells are Coming, The, 359.
 Canadian Boat Song, The, 373.
 Carillon National, 250.
 Carmagnole, The, 247, 248.
 Carnaval de Venise, 253.
 Carolan and Bridget Cruise, 335.
 Casue Hyde, 147, 367.
 Cean Dubh Deelish, 14, 348.
 Cean Dubh Dilis, 14, 348.
 Chanson de Malbrouck, 240.
 Chant de Guerre pour l'Armée du Rhin, 52.
 Charlie is my Darling, 304.
 Charmante Gabrielle, 251.
 Cheer, Boys, Cheer, 179, 184, 186.
 Cherry Ripe, 221.
 City of Cork, The, 368.
 Clarach's Lament, 358.
 Codiad yr Hedydd, 280, 281.
 Colleen Oge Astore, 372.
 Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, 96, 101.
 Come all you Pale Lovers, 343.
 Come where my Love lies Bleeding, 188.
 Come where my Love lies Dreaming, 104.
 Comin' through the Rye, 33, 35, 321, 322.
 Conquered Banner, The, 107.
 Coolin, 14, 346.
 Could Aught of Song, 33.
 Country Garden, The, 202.
 Cromlet's Lilt, 323.
 Cruiskin Lawn, 369.
 Dafydd y Gareg Wen, 272, 286.
 Daisy Dean, 106.
 Dark Rosaleen, 351.
 Darling Nelly Gray, 103.
 David of the White Rock, 272, 286.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

- Dawning of the Day, The, 14.
 Death of Dermot, 136.
 Death of Nelson, 186.
 Der Gott, der Eisen Wachsen liess, 83.
 Dermot Astore, 135, 142.
 Deutschland uber Alles, 86.
 De Vlaamsche Leeun, 237.
 Dick the Piper's Farewell, 279.
 Die Fahne Schwarz-roth-gold, 88.
 Die Schwertlied, 81, 89.
 Die Wacht Am Rhein, 81, 86, 89, 235, 394.
 Distyll y Drain, 283.
 Dixie, 104.
 Donald Dhu, 319.
 Down Among the Dead Men, 223.
 Down beside the, 345.
 Drimin Dubh, 364.
 Droigheanan Dunn, 344.
 Dros yr Afon, 386.
 Duke of Athol's Courtship, 303.
 Duke of Berwick's March, 225.
 Duke of Guise, 239.
 Du Gambla, 237.
 Dulce Domum, 2, 3.
 Dumbledom Derry, 218.
 Duncan Gray, 321.
 Dydd Gwyl Dewi, 290.
 D'ye ken John Peel, 225.
 Dying Bard, The, 272.
 Eileen Aroon, 12-25, 324.
 Ein Feste Burg, 261, 264.
 Ellen Astore, 188.
 England, Dear England, 184.
 Erin Go Bragh, 159.
 Eveleen's Bower, 379.
 Ever of Thee, 67-80.
 Excelsior, 208, 210.
 Exile of Erin, The, 142, 146, 155, 159.
 Expulsion of Shane Bui, 349.
 Fair, Fair, with Golden Hair, 106.
 Fair Hills of Ireland, 349.
 Fairy Bell, 106.
 Farewell to Ayrshire, 328.
 Farewell to Lochaber, 308, 341, 342, 343.
 Far from those I Love, 77.
 Ffarwel Dic Bibydd, 279.
 Ffarwel iti Peggy ban, 278.
 Fie, gar rub her ower wi' strae, 322.
 Fisher's Jig, 115.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

- For He's a jolly good Fellow,
240.
For the Sake of Somebody, 35.
Forty-sixth Psalm, 261.
Four Leafed Shamrock, 367.
Franklin is Fled Away, 388.
Friar of Orders Grey, The, 159.
Flower of Strathearn, 305.
Flowers of the Forest, 301.
Gambler's Wife, The, 181.
Garden Gate, The, 169.
Garry Owen, 382.
Gather ye Rosebuds, 221.
General Leslie's March, 309.
Gin a body, 322.
Gin ye met a Bonnie Lassie, 322.
Gipsy Countess, The, 188, 190.
Girl I Left Behind Me, 360, 361,
362.
Goblin in the Lake, 283.
Go de Sin den te Sin, 159.
God preserve the Czar, 395.
God preserve the Emperor, 237.
God save Great George, 385-
394.
God save King James, 388, 389.
God save the King, 109, 173, 237,
255, 257, 384-408.
God save the Queen, 101, 384-
408.
Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye,
155.
Gott erbalte Franz den Kaiser,
237.
Grana Weal, 371.
Grand Dieu sauvez le Roy, 256.
Green Little Shamrock of Ire-
land, 366.
Green upon the Cape, 383.
Groves of Blackpool, 368.
Groves of Blarney, 147, 148, 149,
150, 367, 379.
Had I a Heart, 345.
Hail, Columbia, 96, 100.
Hearts of Oak, 173, 174.
Heaving of the Lead, The, 35.
Heil dir Germania, 257.
Heil dir im Siegeskranz, 255, 256,
257, 393.
Here Jenny come down to Jock,
303.
Here's to the King, Sirs, 317.
Hermit of Killarney, 368.
Hey Tutti, Tattie, 316.
Highland Mary, 320.
Hobed O Hillion, 281.
Home, Sweet Home, I-II, 141.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

- Horn on the Heath, The, 236.
How oft, Louisa, 345.
How Stands the Glass around,
224.
Humours of Donnybrook Fair,
368.
Huntingtower, 302.
Hurra, Germania, 88.
'Hy-Brasil, 349, 350.
I am a Friar of Orders Grey,
159.
I am Asleep, 362.
Ich bin ein Preusse, 87, 259.
I Dag ar Forsta Maj, 237.
Idle Days in Summertime, 274.
I'd be a Butterfly, 65.
If Doughty Deeds, 222.
I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas, 35.
Ilka blade o' Grass, 297.
I'll Hang my Harp, 227.
In Native Worth, 238.
In the Gloaming, 188.
In thy Presence, 315.
Irish Harper, The, 58.
Ivy Green, The, 181, 231.
Jean Anderson, 297.
Jeanie's Black Eye, 363.
Jeannie Morison, 299.
Jessie the Flower of Dunblane,
298.
Jockey's Deliverance, 294.
Jockey's Lamentation, 354.
Jock O'Hazeldean, 104.
John Anderson my Jo, 296, 314.
John Brown's Soul is Marching
On, 105, 107.
John come kiss me now, 296.
Johnny I hardly knew ye, 383.
John O'Dwyer of the Glen, 349.
Just before the Battle, 102.
Kanapee Lied, 260, 261.
Kate Kearney, 380.
Kathleen are you going to leave
me, 137.
Kathleen Mavourneen, 132-145,
188.
Katty Avourneen, 132, 144, 145.
King Charles he is King James's
son, 358.
King James's march to Ireland,
308, 342.
King Olaf, 237.
King's Song, 257, 258.
Kitty Fisher's Jig, 114.
Kitty Tyrel, 376.
Krambambuli-Lied, 261.
Kung Bele, 237.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

Kung Erik, 236.
 Kung Oscar Stod Pa, 236.
 Kutschke Lied, 81, 93.
 La Carmagnole, 241.
 La Dansonaine, 252.
 Lady Katherine Ogle, 321.
 Lady Owen's Delight, 283.
 Laird O'Cockpen, 292, 305.
 Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds,
 383.
 Lament of Flora Mac Donald, 305.
 Lament of the Last Bard, 141.
 La Marseillaise, 40, 54, 235.
 Land o' the Leal, 292, 305.
 Lass o' Gowrie, 305, 321.
 Lass o' Patie's Mill, 305.
 Lass of Richmond Hill, 168, 170.
 Last Rose of Summer, 146, 159,
 379.
 Le Carnaval de Venise, 233.
 Le Convoi du duc de Guise, 240.
 Les Constantes Amours d'Alexis et
 d'Alexis, 117, 126, 130.
 Let me die, 222.
 Let me like a Soldier fall, 168.
 Life on the Ocean Wave, 185, 188,
 193.
 Lilliburlero, 204-207.
 Lily Dale, 106.
 Limerick's Lamentation, 307.
 Little Bo-Peep, 242.
 Little Drops of Water, 202.
 Little Nell, 67.
 Ljung Byhornet, 236.
 Lochaber no more, 307.
 Loch-Eroch Side, 321.
 Lochinvar, 18.
 Logan Braes, 315.
 Logan Water, 159, 315.
 Logie o' Buchan, 307.
 Long am I here, 374.
 Long live King George, 398.
 Look Up, 195.
 Lord Mayo, 380.
 Lord Ronald my Son, 308.
 Lorena, 105.
 Lost Chord, The, 232.
 Lost is my Quiet, 328.
 Lovely Maid with the Raven
 Locks, 348.
 Lucy Locket, 111.
 Lucy Long, 186, 194.
 Madame Veto, 248, 249.
 Maggie Lauder, 14, 297, 338, 339.
 Maggy Laird, 338, 339, 340.
 Maid of Cfn Ydfa, 274, 275, 278.
 Maid of Mona's Isle, 281, 282.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

Malbrouck, 238-247.
 Malbrough, 238-247.
 Maniac, The, 181.
 Marching through Georgia, 101.
 Marchioness of Douglas, 326.
 Margaret's Ghost, 176.
 Mary à Roon, 349.
 Maryland, my Maryland, 105.
 Mary le More, 157.
 Massa's in de cold, cold Ground,
 104.
 Meeting of the Waters, 375.
 Men of Harlech, 278.
 Merrily goes the Mill, 220.
 Mighty Fortress is our God, A,
 199.
 Mighty Warrior, A, 274.
 Miller, The, 220.
 Miller's Daughter, 322.
 Miller's Wedding, The, 35.
 Minstrel, The, 306.
 Mistletoe Bough, 55-66.
 Molly Astore, 344.
 Monks of Bangor's March, 284.
 Monks of the Screw, 381.
 Morva Rhuddlan, 284.
 Mourir pour la Patrie, 242.
 My gallant braw Highlandman,
 358.
 My Lodging is on the cold Ground,
 221, 374.
 My old Kentucky Home, 104.
 My Pretty Jane, 166, 167, 168.
 Night before Larry was stretched,
 364, 368.
 Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Alle-
 mand, 87.
 Now the Day Dawis, 316.
 Nur är det Jul igen, 237.
 Ober de Mountain, 186.
 O'Connor's Child, 158.
 O'Donnell's Farewell, 142.
 O'er young to Marry yet, 321.
 O'Flaherty of Iar-Connaught, 371.
 Oh! Blame not the Bard, 376.
 Oh! Hey Johnnie lad, 35.
 Oh, the Shamrock, 379.
 Old Cabin Home, 106.
 Old Clock on the Stairs, 211.
 Old Dan Tucker, 186.
 Old Dog Tray, 104.
 Old Folks at Home, 104.
 Old Fowler, 35.
 Old Head of Dennis, The, 375.
 Old Hundredth, 186, 199.
 Old Man, The, 359.
 Old Rosin the Bow, 105.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

- Old Sibyl, 287.
 O'More's fair Daughter, 335.
 Onagli's Waterfall, 327.
 O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me, 292, 293.
 Once Again, 233.
 One Hundred and Thirty-Fourth Psalm, 200.
 On Music, 346.
 O'Rourke's Feast, 339.
 O Susanna, 103.
 O Tell Me How to Woo Thee, 222.
 Over the Hills and Far Away, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357.
 O Waly, Waly, up the Bank, 326.
 O Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad, 159.
 O Willie, we have missed you, 106.
 Parent Oak, The, 187.
 Partant pour la Syrie, 242, 255.
 Pathway to Paradise, The, 326.
 Pauper's Drive, The, 230.
 Per Alaw neu Sweet Richard, 273.
 Planxty Davies, 341.
 Planxty Jones, 336.
 Pleasure, 195.
 Ploughboy, The, 159.
 Poor Mary Ann, 280.
 Poor Old Joe, 104.
 Postman's Knock, The, 193-197.
 Poverty Parts Good Companie, 292.
 Prayer before Battle, 85.
 President's March, The, 100.
 Pretty Girl Milking the Cows, 364, 380.
 Rakes of Mallow, The, 368.
 Rebuke Me Not, 199.
 Remember, Love, Remember, 169.
 Remember, O thou Man, 388.
 Rest for the Weary, 195.
 Rest, troubled Heart, 188, 190.
 Return from Fingal, 371.
 Rich and Rare were the Gems, 348.
 Richie Storie, 303.
 Roast Beef of Old England, 173, 174.
 Robin Adair, 12-25, 323.
 Rock me to Sleep, Mother, 107.
 Róisín Dubh, 351.
 Romance of Dunois, 253.
 Roof of Straw, 294.
 Rory O'More, 381, 382.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

- Rosey's in the Garden, 111.
 Roundheads and Cavaliers, 110.
 Rousseau's Dream, 197.
 Roy's Wife of Alvalloch, 318, 320.
 Ruffian's Rant, The, 320.
 Rule Britannia, 173-78, 394.
 Sae Flaxen were her Ringlets, 328.
 St. David's Day, 288.
 St. Kevin and Kathleen, 378.
 St. Patrick's Day, 364, 382.
 St. Patrick's Day in my Parlour, 365.
 St. Patrick's Day in Paris, 365.
 St. Patrick of Ireland, 364.
 St. Patrick was a Gentleman, 364.
 St. Patrick was an Honest Soul, 365.
 Sally in our Alley, 171, 384, 403.
 Salvum fac Domine, 390.
 Sands o' Dee, 221.
 Savoy, The, 199.
 Saw ye Johnnie comin', 292.
 Scots Wha Hae, 316, 317.
 Scottish Wedding, 303.
 Shamrock, The, 365, 367.
 Shandon Bells, The, 146, 151, 155.
 Shan Van Voght, The, 370.
 Sheila, my Darling Colleen, 142.
 She is Far from the Land, 376.
 Shepherds, I have Lost my Love, 345.
 She Wore a Wreath of Roses, 65.
 Ship on Fire, The, 187.
 Shipwreck, The, 181, 193.
 Sicilian Air, 5.
 Sie sollen ihn nicht haben den frien Deutschen Rhein, 87.
 Siller Crown, The, 302.
 Siller Gun, The, 159.
 Silvery Lee, 368.
 Smiles and Tears, 195.
 Since all thy Vows, false Maid, 323.
 Since Celia's my Foe, 342, 343.
 Sing, Birdie, Sing, 197.
 Sing on, sweet Bird, 195.
 Sing to me, Nora, 142.
 Somebody's Darling, 107.
 Some Day, 234.
 Song of the Irish Emigrant, 372.
 Song of Prince Breffin, 380.
 Song of Pestal, 188-190.
 Song of the Shirt, 227, 228.
 Sorrows of Memory, The, 287.
 Speed on, my Bark, 187.
 Sprig of Shillelah, 367.
 Star-spangled Banner, 96, 97, 107.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

- Stars of Normandie, 281.
 Stars Shining Above, 77.
 Strolling Fiddler, The, 283.
 Summer is a-Coming, 348, 349,
 375.
 Summons to Arms, The, 85.
 Sweet Richard, 273.
 Swiss Song of Meeting, 133, 141.
 Sword Song, 85.
 Sword, The, 371.
 Take your old Cloak about Thee,
 328.
 Ta' me mo Chodladh, 362.
 Tam o' Shanter, 26.
 Te Deum, 264.
 Tell me How to Woo Thee, 222.
 Terence's Farewell, 380.
 Their Marriage, 135.
 There is a Flower that Bloometh,
 168.
 There is a Garden in her Face,
 222.
 There is a Happy Land, 200, 201.
 There's a Good Time Coming,
 185.
 There's na Luck about the House,
 306.
 There was a Jolly Miller once,
 220.
 Thorn, The, 35.
 Those Evening Bells, 279.
 Thou Art my Guiding Star, 77.
 Though Lost to Sight, 219.
 Though the last Glimpse of Erin,
 346.
 Thy Smile Turns all to Light, 77.
 Tiagharna Nhaighe-eo, 381.
 Toll the Bell for Lovely Nell,
 106.
 Tom Moody, 227.
 Tom Pearce, 227.
 Toriad y Dydd, 280.
 Town of Passage, 368.
 Tramp, Tramp, 102.
 Troll hattan, 237.
 Troubadour, The, 237.
 Twisting the Rope, 371.
 Uncle Ned, 103, 104.
 Up and Waur at them, Willie,
 307.
 Vacant Chair, The, 102.
 Vagabond, The, 233.
 Vicar of Bray, 202, 204.
 Village Blacksmith, The, 211.
 Vive Henri Quatre, 251, 252.
 Vive le Roy, 395.
 Waiting for the May, 350.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

- Waly, Waly up the Bank, 326.
 Wanderer, Der, 259, 260.
 War Song, 85.
 Wearing of the Green, 364, 382.
 We are Coming, Father Abraham,
 106.
 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland,
 82, 83.
 Watch on the Rhine, 81, 89, 90,
 92, 265.
 Watching the Wheat, 275.
 Wee Willie Winkie, 300.
 Wemay Roam through the World,
 382.
 Welcome on Shore Again, 24.
 Welcome to Punchestown,
 We're a' noddin', 296.
 Were na my heart licht, 301.
 We won't go Home till Morning,
 240.
 What are the Wild Waves Saying,
 67.
 What is the German Fatherland,
 83.
 What though I am a Country
 Lass, 172.
 When I am Far Away, 77.
 When I beheld the Anchor
 Weighed, 168.
 When Johnny comes Marching
 Home, 106.
 When the Bloom is on the Rye,
 168.
 When the King shall Enjoy his
 Own Again, 393.
 When this Cruel War is Over,
 106.
 When ye gang awa, Jamie, 303.
 Where are you going my pretty
 maid, 213-219.
 Whistle and I'll come to you my
 lad, 159.
 Whistle, The, 313, 314.
 Who will care for mother now,
 106.
 Why lingers thy gaze, 283.
 Why, Soldiers, Why, 225.
 Willie we have missed you, 104.
 Willy Reilly, 364, 383.
 Willy was a wanton wag, 314.
 Will ye no come back again,
 363.
 Wilt thou be my Bride, Kathleen,
 139.
 Wind hath blown my plaid away,
 355.
 Wind of the Winter Night, 181.

SONGS AND BALLADS—*cont.*

- Winifreda, 287.
 Within a mile of Edinburgh Town, 308.
 Wolf, The, 35, 159.
 Wo Mut und Kraft, 259.
 Woo'd and married and a', 292.
 Woodman Spare that Tree, 181, 183.
 Woods of Caillino, 372.
 Yankee Doodle, 96, 97, 10-115.
 Yankee's Return from Camp, 112.
 Ye Banks and Braes, 326, 328.
 Ye Gentlemen of England, 207.
 Ye Mariners of England, 158, 207.
 Zephyrs of Love, 133, 141.
 "Songs and Poems," 298.
 "Songs for the Nursery," 215.
 "Songs of Ancient Britons, 290.
 "Songs of Ireland," 368.
 "Songs of Scotland," 317, 345.
 "Songs of the Ballads of Cumberland," 227.
 "Songs of the Season," 60.
 "Songs of Wales," 272.
 "Song Writers of the Century," 139.
 Spain, King of, 53.
 Spangenberg, Herr, 262.
 Sparling, H. Halliday, 369.
 Spenser, Edmund, 160, 376.
 Spontini, J. L. P., 252.
 Stanford, Dr. C. Villiers, 378.
 Stanihurst, 149.
 "Star, The," 315.
 Stenhouse, 360.
 Stephens, Miss Kitty, 122, 124, 136.
 Sterne, Laürence, 206.
 Sullivan, Frederick, 232.
 Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 222, 231.
 "Sunday Magazine," 266.
 Swift, Dean, 339, 357.
 Syme, John, 317.
 Symonds, Simon, 204.
- Tait, Lawson, 60, 64.
 Talbot, General R., 205.
 Tannahill, John, 298.
 Tappert, M., 50.
 "Tea Table Miscellany," 324, 328, 342, 355, 363.
 Teck, Duke of, 404.
 "Telegraph, Daily," 390, 393.
 Tenducci, Signor, 18.
 Tennant, Dr., 338.
 Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 168, 403.
 Thackeray, W. M., 142, 185, 202.

THEATRES AND OPERA HOUSES.

- Adelphi Theatre, 382, 383.
 Coburg Theatre, 140.
 Covent Garden, 5, 77, 158, 164, 175, 220, 388, 402.
 Criterion Theatre, 54.
 Drury Lane, 4, 13, 14, 130, 141, 164, 173, 175, 318, 367, 388.
 Garrick Theatre (Whitechapel), 65.
 Haymarket, Theatre Royal, 113, 130, 171, 196, 217.
 Her Majesty's Theatre, 180, 404.
 His Majesty's Theatre, 140.
 Holiday Street Theatre (Baltimore), 99.
 Imperial Theatre, 130.
 John Street Theatre (Philadelphia), 100.
 Lyric Theatre, 406.
 Lyrique Théâtre, 146.
 Opera House (Dublin), 366.
 Princess's Theatre, 155.
 Royal Coburg Theatre, 140.
 Royal Theatre (Copenhagen), 242.
 Royalty Theatre (Goodman's Fields), 293.
 Surrey Theatre, 130, 179, 224.
 Théâtre Lyrique (Paris), 146.
 Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 113, 130, 171, 196, 217.
 Vaudeville Theatre, 212.
 "Their Majesties' Servants," 400.
 "Thespian Magazine," 130.
 Theuriet, Andre, 130.
 Thiersch, Bernard, 259.
 Thirlwall, Dr. Connop, 270.
 "Thirty-Five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life," 167.
 Thomas, Ann, 274, 275, 276, 277.
 Thomas, John, 282.
 Thomas, Mrs., 275.
 Thomson and Sons, 115.
 Thomson, George, 14, 32, 33, 37, 38, 317, 325, 326, 327, 345, 346.
 Thomson, James, 173-178.
 Thornton, L. M., 193-197.
 "Thousand and one Gems of Song," 119, 214, 317.
 "Thousand Best Songs," 214.
 "Times, The," 47, 157, 228, 392
 Titiens, Madame, 137.
 Tomlinson, Ralph, 100.
 Townsend, Mr., 402.
 "Traditional Ballad Airs, 326.
 Travers, John, 398.
 Tree, Miss A. M., 5, 133, 139, 141.

- Tree, H. Beerbohm, 404.
 Tree, Mrs. Beerbohm, 404.
 Trevor, Music Hall, 79.
 "Trilby," 103, 242.
 "Tristram Shandy," 206.
 Trollope, Anthony, 66.
 Trotter, J. B., 344.
 Tuckerman, Hon. C. K., 209.
 Tudor, Mary, 222.
 Tunis, 9.
 Turner, Mr., 67-78.
 "Twenty-Four Country Dances,"
 116.
 Tyrconnel, Earl of, 204, 205.

 Udall, Nicholas, 405.
 "Una," 139.
 "Universal Songster," 213, 297.
 Upton, W., 169.
 Upward, Allen, 406.

 Vanbrugh, Sir John, 205.
 "Vanity Fair," 202.
 Vauxhall Gardens, 166, 170, 293, 315.
 Vechan, Myvaunry, 274.
 Vernon, Admiral, 385.
 Vernon, Mr., 293.
 Victoria, Queen, 142, 227, 293, 382,
 384, 406.
 Voltaire, John, 196.

 Wagner, Richard, 259, 262.
 Wales, Prince of, 118, 404.
 Walker, Joseph, 25, 308, 332, 336,
 339, 347, 363, 380, 381.
 Walker's "Bards," 25.
 Wallace, Sir T., 31.
 Wallace, W. V., 222.
 Waller, W. F., 52.

 Walsh, Edward, 114.
 Waltram, Lanner de, 364.
 Waterloo, Battle of, 81.
 Watson, James, 28.
 "Waverley," 296.
 Waylett, Mrs., 130.
 Weiss, W. H., 212.
 "Welsh Harper," 272.
 "Western Wonder, The," 350.
 Westminster Abbey, 309.
 Wellings, Milton, 233.
 Wellington, Duke of, 81.
 Wharton, Lord, 204, 205, 206,
 207.
 Wilhelm, Carl, 90, 91, 394.
 Willeby, Charles, 231.
 William III., 204.
 William IV., 140, 142.
 William the Lion, 313.
 Williams, J., 284.
 Williams, R. D., 378.
 Wills, Freeman, 54.
 Windham, W., 118.
 "Wit and Mirth," 354.
 Withers, George, 287.
 Wittekind, 260.
 Wolfe, General, 174, 224.
 Woodhouselie, Lord, 315.
 Woodward, Dr., 153.
 Work, Henry C., 102.
 Wrighton, W. T., 193.

 Yale College, 101.
 "Yankee Jonathan," 108.
 Yeats, W. B., 352.
 Young, Andrew, 200, 201.
 Young, Anthony, 398.
 Young, Dr., 348.
 Young Pretender, the, 14.

