DISSERTATION

ON THE

SONGS, MUSIC, AND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMANCE,

OF THE

ANCIENT ENGLISH.

I. To pretend to frame a History, or any thing resembling one, from the scanty gleanings it is possible to collect upon the subject of our ancient songs and vulgar music, would be vain and ridiculous. To bring under one view the little fragments and slight notices which casually offer themselves in the course of extensive reading, and sometimes where they are least likely to occur, may possibly serve to gratify a sympathetic curiosity, which is all here aimed at; and when so little is professed, there can scarcely be reason to complain of disappointment.

The trifling information that can be obtained upon the songs and music of the Anglo-Saxons has been already collected,* and is unnecessary to be here

* See Percys Essay on the Ancient English Minstrels, p. xxiii. &c., and a Historical Essay on National Song, prefixed to "*A Select Collection of English Songs*," published in 1783, p. xlii.

repeated. The present enquiry therefore must be supposed to commence from the Norman Conquest, although the first 'English rime' to be met with in it does not occur till long after. This is a couple of lines preserved by old Lambarde, which, with the anecdote they relate to, the reader may not be displeased to see. If he be, indeed, it is apprehended there will be very little in this Essay capable of attracting his attention, or preserving his good humour.

"In tyme of Hen. II. [*anno* 1173] Robert therl of Leycester (after the spoile of his towne of Leicester) came from beyond the seas with a rabble of Fleminges and Normanes, whom he made to beleve that al was theirs before hand, and as he was on his way, he purposed to spoile 'the' town and thabbey [of St. Edmundes Burye]; but bycause he might come upon them the more unawares, he swarved a litel out of the waye, as thoughe he ment not to come neare theim. Now while his gallantes paused upon the heathe, they fell to daunce and singe,

> "Hoppe Wylikin, hoppe Wyllykin,
> Ingland is thyne and myne, &c."

In the meane tyme the kinges army came sodenly upon them, and eyther slew, drowned, or toke them all." * For this story mr. Lambarde refers us to Matthew Paris; but where he found the song, or whether he had any more of it, is not mentioned.

Mr. Camden has noticed another rime of the same age, not strictly a song, perhaps, but deserving, nevertheless, to be brought forward upon the present occasion. Having observed that the river Waveney runs to Bungey in Suffolk, and almost encompasses it, "Here," says he, "Hugh Bigod [earl of Norfolk],

* *Dictionary of England*, p. 36.

when the seditious barons put all England in an uproar, fortify'd a castle, to the strength whereof nature very much contributed. Of which he was wont to boast, as if it were impregnable:

> "Were I in my castle of Bungey,
> Upon the river of Waveney,
> I would ne care for the king of Cockeney."

Notwithstanding which, he was afterwards forc'd to compound with a great sum of money and hostages with Henry the second, to save it from being demolisht." * These two rimes, supposing them to be given upon good authority, are valuable, independent of other considerations, as the earliest specimens of the English language, not being pure Saxon.†

It should seem, from a rather extraordinary passage of Giraldus Cambrensis, that songs and vocal harmony were very common about this period. His words are these:

"They [the Welsh] sing without uniformity of musical modulation, as elsewhere, but multifariously, and in many modes and tunes, so that in a croud of singers, as is the manner of this people, as many heads as you see, so many songs you hear and different voices, all finally under B soft, with a charming sweetness, agreeing in one harmony and organic melody.

* *Brittania* (by Gibson, 1695, p. 375). It is sufficient for any editor to quote such authorities as Lambarde and Camden; but it is certain, from contemporary remains, that these extracts (particularly the latter) cannot possibly be the idiom of the 12th century.

† The riming charter printed by Stow (*Annales*, 1592. p. 141) is a forgery. Higgons, speaking of the massacre of the Danes, by order of K. Ethelred, 1002, says, "This happen'd upon St. Brice's eve, which is still celebrated by the *northern English*, in commemoration of this infamous action, the women beating *brass instruments* in the streets, and *singing old rimes* in praise of their cruel ancestors." *Short View of English History.*

In the northern parts also of Great Britain, beyond the Humber, and in the borders of Yorkshire, the English, who inhabit those parts, use in singing a similar symphoniac harmony; but only in two different or various tones and voices; the one murmuring the lower, the other at the same time in a soft and pleasing manner warbling the upper. Nor is it by art only but by ancient use, and as if now converted into nature by constant habit, that this or that people hath acquired this peculiarity. For it so far hath grown up, and such deep root hath now taken among each, that nothing is wont to be uttered simply, or otherwise than variously as among the first, or doubly as among the latter: boys also (which is the more to be wondered at) and even infants (when first from cries they break forth into songs) observing the same modulation. The English, I believe, for not generally all, but the northern people only, use this sort of modulation of voices, from the Danes and Norwegians who used to occupy those parts of the island more frequently, and continue in the possession of them longer, as they contracted the affinity of speaking, so also the property of singing." * The not being able to understand or account for such a singularity, seems an insufficient reason for disbelieving the relation: it is no unusual thing however for this author, ancient as he is, and right-reverend as he was, to have his veracity questioned.

From the reign of Henry II. to that of his successor of the same name, is a long leap; but we meet with nothing to stay us. Of the latter reign, besides the song before printed in the following collection, we have

* *Cambriæ descriptio*, c. xiii. See also Hawkins's *History of Music*, i. 408. Dr. Burney found similar effects produced by the church-service in Flanders and Germany, See his *Present state of music* in those countries, volume i. pp. 9, 201, 226.

a very curious historical ballad, a satire upon Richard king of the Romans : * another of the same age we cannot with certainty refer to.

From that most valuable manuscript in the Harleian library, whence the above satire is extracted, we are supplied with several songs of the two following reigns ; and history, sufficiently sparing of such favours, condescends to furnish us with a vulgar relique or two belonging to the first of them.

The battle of Dunbar was fought and won by the earl of Warenne, the 28th of April 1296 ; "and tho seide the Englisshmen in reprefe of the Scottis :

'Thus scaterand Scottis,
Holde I for sootis,
Of wrenchis unware ;

Eerly in a mornyng,
In an evyl tyding,
Went ye froo Dunbarre.'"

The wits on the other side had indeed, it should seem, commenced this kind of hostilities, which it were to be wished had been the only one that ever prevailed between the two nations. "King Edward," says our authority, "went him toward Berwyke, and biseged the toune and tho that were withyn manlich hem defended, and sett on fire and brent ij of the king Edwarde shippes, and seide in dispite and reprefe of him :

'Wend kyng Edewarde with his lange shankes,
To have gete Berwyke al our unthankes?
Gas pikes hym, and after gas dikes hym.'"

Their pleasantry, however, was, in the present instance, somewhat ill-timed, for as soon as the king heard of it, he assaulted the town with such vigour,

* See Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 1. and *infra*, p. 12.

that he carried it with the loss of 25,700 Scots. This happened on the thirtieth of March in the same year. *

Songs on national topics were at this time generally written in French, 'many' of which, and 'several' of them very curious, are still in being. †

The venerable father of English poetry had in his time penned "many a song and many a lecherous lay," of which we have infinitely more reason to regret the loss, than he had in his old age to repent the composition. ‡ His larger works, and above all the inimitable Canterbury Tales, afford us numerous particulars relative to the state of vocal melody in that age. The *gentil Pardonere:*—

> "That streit was comen from the court of Romé,
> Ful loude he sang, Come hither, lové, to me.

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* Old Chronicle MSS. Harl. 226. 7333, much the same to all appearance with that printed by Caxton. See also P. Langtoft. pp. 272. 278. The number seems prodigiously exaggerated.

Robert Mannyng (or of Brunne) the ingenious translator of P. Langtofts riming chronicle has preserved another song on the above battle. For thus he writes in what he calls rime *couwe:*

"The Scottis had no grace, to spede in ther space, for to mend ther nisse,
Thei filed ther face, that died in that place, the Inglis rymed this.
Oure fote folk put tham in the polk, and nakned ther nages,
Bi no way herd I never say of prester pages,
Purses to pike, robis to rike, and in dike tham schonne,
Thou wiffin Scotte of Abrethin, kotte is thi honne." p. 277.

† See MS. Harl. 2253. [from which two specimens are now printed.]

‡ Gower, his contemporary and friend, bears testimony to the lyric effusions of his juvenile muse :—

> "Grete wel Chaucer, whan ye mete,
> As my disciple and my poete;
> For in the flours of his youth,
> In sondrie wise, as he wel couth,
> Of *detees* and of *songes glade*,
> The which he for my sake made."

The Sompnour bear to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun." *

This *burdoun* must have been the base, and would somewhat resemble, in all likelihood, the drone of a bagpipe; which, it should be remembered, the word actually signifies in its original language.

Alison, the carpenters wife, had a great many accomplishments :—

" But of hire song, it was as loud and yerne,
As any swalow sitting on a berne." †

And the Wife of Bath, in her younger days, as she herself tells us, could sing like a nightingale.

The songs of Robin Hood, a hero of an earlier period, were so popular in this age, that a satirical writer of the time represents a secular priest as having neglected his breviary to acquire them :

" I can rimes of Robin Hood and Randal of Chester,
But of our lord and our lady I lerne nothing at all." ‡

This Randal of Chester was Randal Blundeville, the third and last earl of that name, a generous, martial baron, and a crusader, who died in 1231; and not Randal Higden, the monk and chronicler. §

The author, whoever he was, of the additions to Chaucers *Canterbury Tales*, has in his Prologue of " the mery adventure of the pardonere and tapstere,"

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* Milleres Tale. (Note, that all the quotations here made from the *Canterbury Tales*, are from the valuable edition of the late mr. Tyrwhitt.)

† Milleres Tale.

‡ *Vision of* (i. e. concerning) *Piers the Plowman;* written by [William] Langeland, a priest [A.D. 1350-60].

§ *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, ii. 96. [edit. Hazlitt. Compare *Percy's Folio MS.*, i. 258].

preserved the name of what was probably at that period (the end of the 14th century) a popular song :—

> " And sighed there with a litil time that she it here myghte,
> And gan to rown and feyn this song, *Now love then do me righte.*" *

The common people, no doubt, have in all ages been fond of singing in the alehouse : † Thus, for the age of which we are now speaking, the author of *Piers Plowman :*

> " And then saten some and songe at the nale."

And the author of the *Plowmans Tale* (not Chaucer, to whom it has been erroneously ascribed) reprehends the priests for the ambition of being

> " Chief chantours at the nale." ‡

The songs made use of by these wassailers § would

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* Urrys Chaucer, p. 594.

† They have been equally addicted to quarreling there, from the remotest period. See *LL. Inæ, c.* 6. *LL. Æthelredi, c.* 1. *LL. Hen. I. c.* 81.

‡ Part 3, stan. 22, v. 2. Thus too a song of Henry the sixths time : MS. Harl. 4294.

> "And thou goo to the nale
> As mery as a nyghtyngale."

§ *Washeil* and *Drincheil* were the terms of art of the old topers *at the nale*, who used to make the welkin resound with them. " The old ale-knights of England," says Camden, " were well depainted out of ' John [Hauteville or] Hauvill, a monk of S. Albans,' in the ale-house colours of that time, in this manner :

> *Jamque vagante scypho, discincto* gutture* washeil
> *Ingeminant* waheil ; *labor est plus perdere vini*
> *Quam sitis : exhaurire merum vehementius ardent,*
> *Quam exhaurire sitim.*
>
> Remaines, 4to. 1605. *Poems*, p. 6.

Sir T. de la Moor, about to describe the battle of Bannockburn,

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* Other copies have *distento :* but *distincto gutture* seems the true reading, and answers to the French, *Gorge deployé.*

not, it is presumed, be remarkable for delicacy or elegance; but, whatever they were, it might afford some little satisfaction to be acquainted with them. *

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has the following words: "*Vidisses prima nocte Anglos haud Anglico more vino madentes, crapulam eructantes*, Wassaile &c. Drinkehaile *plus solito intonantes.*" Vita Edwardi II. The Saxons, according to Fordun, spent the night preceding the battle of Hastings in the same manner :,, *Illam noctem Angli totam in cantibus et potibus insomnem duxerunt.*" c. 13.

For the latter fact, indeed, we have a better authority in *maistre Wace's* Life of the conqueror:

"*Mult les veissiez demener*
Treper et saillir et chanter,
Lublie [f. lu*þ*lic*e*] *crient et* weisseil,
Et laticome *et* drincheil,
Drinchindrewart, *et* drincome
Drinc helf *et* drincome."

Some of these words are obscure and others corrupt; but the sense seems to be this:

Much you should see them demean [themselves]
Trip and dance and sing,
Gladly [do] they cry, and *washeil*
And *Let 'em come* [or *let it come*] and *drinkheil*
Drink hitherward and *drink to me*,
Drink health, and *drink to me.*

Old Robert of Gloucester likewise has a similar observation.

"The Englysse al the nyght byvore vaste bygon to synge,
And spende al the nyght in glotony and in dryngynge."

It is almost needless to observe, that these two are the very first Saxon words which we know, from historical evidence, to have been pronounced in this country. Vortigern, K. of Britain, being invited to supper by his ally Hengist, at his newly built castle of Sydingbourn in Kent, was, after supper, approached by Hengists beautiful daughter Rowena, who, having a goblet of wine in her hand, and making a graceful reverence, said, *þ*æs hel hla*þ*o*n*u cyning, *i. e.* be of health, lord king; to which the king, being instructed by his interpreter, replied, *ð*inc hel, *i. e.* drink health. The bait had its effect; the king, smitten with the young ladys charms, desired and obtained her in marriage, divorcing his wife, and giving up the whole of Kent to Hengist.

* Will the reader pardon the insertion of the only specimen that has occurred, and of which, as dr. Johnson has somewhere

II. With respect to the music of this distant period, we are still more at a loss than we are as to its songs. It was probably nothing more than the plain chant, or "a succession of sounds of the same name and place in the scale; viz., *C sol fa ut*, being the mean part of a tenor voice," with little or no pretension to melody, the graces of the air being altogether arbitrary, and depending entirely upon the skill or powers of the performer. Certain it is, that no secular music of these times, such as may be supposed to have been in vogue among the common people, is known to be preserved. Dr. Burney confesses that he had not been so fortunate as to meet with a single tune to an English song or dance, in all the libraries and manuscripts he had consulted, so ancient as the *fourteenth*

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observed, "the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments very worthless?" to which mr. Andrews adds in the words of Thomas Hearne, "It is trifling, and little is to be gathered from it, yet it is a curiosity."

"Bryng us home good ale, sir, bryng us home good ale;
And, for our der lady love, brynge us home good ale.

Brynge home no beff, sir, for that ys full of bonys,
But brynge home good ale inowgh, for I love wyle that.
But, &c.

Brynge us home no wetyn brede, for that ys full of braund,
Nothyr no ry brede, for that ys of that same.
But, &c.

Brynge us home no porke, sir, for that ys very fat,
Nethyr no barly brede, for nethyr lovys I that.
But bryng us home good ale.

Bryng us home no mutton, sir, for that ys togh and lene,
Nethyr no trypys for they be seldyn clene.
But bryng, &c.

Bryng us home no vele, sir, for that will not dur,
But bryng us home good ale inogh to drynke by the fyr.
But, &c.

Bryng us home no sydyr, nor no palde wyne,
For and thu do thow shalt have Crysts curse and myne.
But, &c."

It is of or about the time of Henry VI. and is given from *MS. Harl.* 541.

century.* Sir John Hawkins had already made a similar observation;† and the only doubt which these gentlemen leave upon the minds of their readers is, whether they have met with one so ancient as the *fifteenth*. One may go still further; it is perhaps impossible to produce even the bare name of a song or dance-tune in use before the year 1500. The oldest country-dance-tune now extant, sir John Hawkins says, is that known by the name of Sellengers, *i.e.*, St. Legers Round, which may be traced back to *nearly* the time of Henry VIII.‡ It is nevertheless highly probable, that some little light tunes for dances were known from very early times. The *hornpipe* is thought by musicians to be the native production of this country, but, if so, it was, possibly, invented as well as used by those who could not read a note.§

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* *Hist. of Music*, ii. 381.

† *Hist. of Music*, ii. 91.

‡ *Hist. of Music*, ii. 91. The proof cited, however, does not carry it much nearer than the year 1591.

§ Chaucer, in his *Romant of the Rose*, speaks of "hornpipes of Cornewaile," as a musical instrument; to this the rural dances so called were perhaps originally performed, and owe a denomination for which it will otherwise be very difficult to account. In a MS. of ancient songs and music found among the books of the kings library in the Museum, and now deposited among the royal MSS. not later than Hen. the VIIIths time, is a "hornepype;" but the authority of a gentleman, every way qualified to be a competent judge, enables the editor to say, that it bears no resemblance to the hornpipe of modern times, being a very long and solemn composition.

In Nicholas Bretons *Woorkes of a young wit*, 1577, are preserved the names of two ancient tunes:

> "But let them be such as they were, by chaunce,
> Our banquet doone, we had our musicke by:
> And then you knowe the youth must needes goe daunce,
> First galiards, then larous, and heidegy,
> *Old lusty gallant, All floures of the broome,*
> And then a hall, for dauncers must have roome."

Sir John Hawkins has, indeed, pronounced that "songs and ballads, with easy tunes adapted to them, *must* at all times have been the entertainment not only of the common people, but of the better sort;" and that "these *must* have been of various kinds, as namely satirical, humorous, moral, and not a few of them of the amorous kind. *Hardly any* of these," he adds, "with the music of them, are at this day to be met with, and *those few* that are *yet extant* are only to be found in *odd part books*, written *without bars*, and *with ligatures*, in a character *so obsolete*, that all hopes of *recovering them*, or of rendering, to any tolerable degree intelligible, any of the *common poplular tunes* in use before the *middle* of the *sixteenth century*, must be given up."* It is not to be presumed that the learned writer is, in this very curious passage, describing what he never saw, much less what does not exist; it is therefore much to be regretted, that he did not consult some persons (and undoubtedly there are many) to whom the *want of bars*, the use of *ligatures*, and a character *so obsolete*, would have proved no impediment. But what "common popular tunes" have to do in "odd part books," is not easy to conceive.

A manuscript in the possession of the editor of the following collection, and written, partly at least, in the times of Richard II. and Henry IV. contains, perhaps, the oldest specimens of vulgar music that can be produced; and, as it is rather a curiosity, a few extracts may not be thought improper.† A total ignorance of

A hall! a hall! was the ordinary cry on such occasions. So in Shakspeares *Romeo and Juliet:*

"A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls."

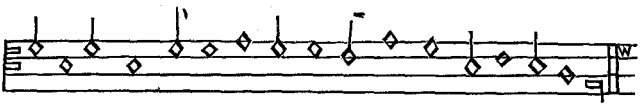
The following are noticed in Stephen Gossons "Schoole of abuse," 1579: *Rogero, Turkelony, The shaking of the sheets,* and *The trenchmour.*

* *Hist. Music*, iii. 2.

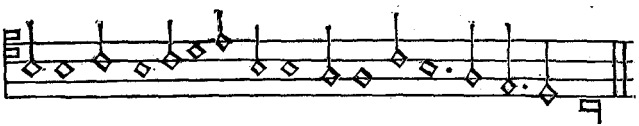
† On the inside of the cover is the following note by "honest

the musical art is not the only inconvenience under which the present writer labours; what he thus inserts is, therefore, to be regarded as mere matter of antiquity: He leaves *bars* to be added, *ligatures* to be untied, and *obsolete characters* to be decyphered, by those whose genius and studies have qualified them for the task; thinking it enough for him to have afforded matter for the exercise of their ingenuity.

These two seem fragments of Love Songs:



I have loved so many a day, lightly spedde bot better I may



This ender day wen me was wo under a bugh, ther I lay.
Naght gale to mene me to

Tom Martin of Palgrave;" "This book is the hand-writing of the famous John Brakley, frier minor of Norwich, tutor and master to judge Paston, whose accounts these are, when he was at the inns of court at London;

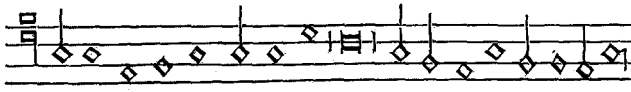
Obijt Willūs Paston, Justiciarius Regis, Ao. 1418, *Lra Dnīcalis* D.

The songs are very curious."

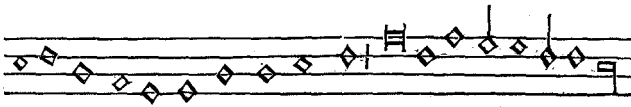
Mr. Martin was reckoned a skilful antiquary and an ingenious man; but he has committed at least one considerable mistake in this account as judge Paston, who was born in 1378, did not die before 1444: and that frier Brakley was his tutor is, at least, highly improbable; since he is spoken of in 1469, as recently dead; when even his supposed pupil would have been 91. See *Original Letters, during the reigns of Henry VI.*, &c., iv. 330.

The manuscript has been since presented to the British Museum.

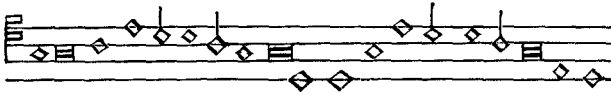
Here is a picture of the *Virgin Mother* rocking her cradle :



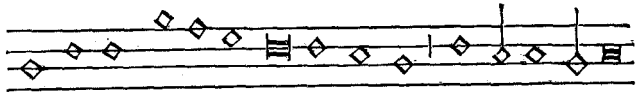
I saw a swete semly syght a blisful birde
A maydin moder mek & myld in credil kep



a blossum bright that murnyng made and mirgh of mange
a knave child . that softly slepe scho sat and sange

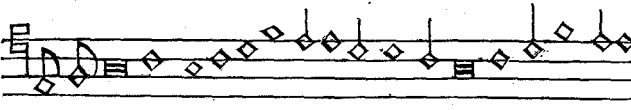


I saw a swete semly sight a blossum bright a blis-
A maydin mother mek and mild in cradil kepe a knave

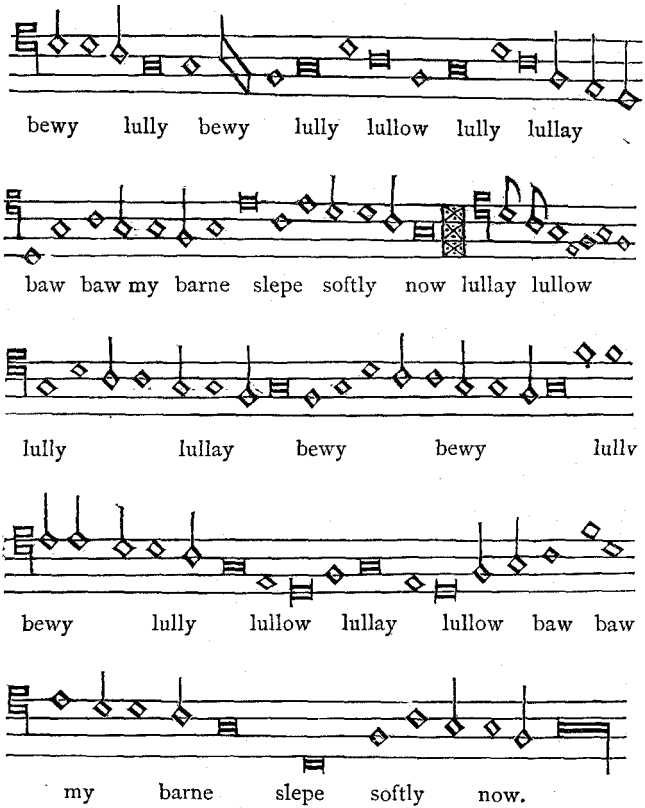


ful bird that murnyng made and mirthe of m[ange].
child that softly slepe scho sate and sange.

And here the *Lullaby* she uses upon the occasion :



Lullay lullow lully, lully bewy



The longest and only complete piece is a dreaming relation of a dialogue supposed to have passed between the above lady and her infant son. It begins thus:

"This ender nit3t,
I saug ha sit3t,
Ha may ha credill kepe;

Hande ever schuy sang,
Ande sayde in mang,
Lullay my child and slepe."

This no doubt, as well as the third, and possibly the last, of the above extracts, was a Christmas carol, a species of composition of which the reader will find a tolerable number of examples in the course of the 'following collection.' It might indeed have been easily enlarged, but is sufficient to show, that poetry or song derived little advantage, in point of language or sentiment, from the imagined sublimity of the subject.

III. The music of these remote ages naturally leads to an enquiry after the instruments by which it was performed. Of these the HARP, as it was probably the most ancient, was long esteemed the chief. This instrument was well known in the time of Chaucer, by whom it is frequently mentioned. His *Frere* could play upon and sing to it;* and the genial Wife of Bath had frequently danced to it in her younger days,† for which purpose, it seems to have been an ordinary retainer or visitant to taverns and such like places.‡ It continued in use till after the reign of queen Elizabeth, possibly till the civil wars, but was long held in the lowest estimation:§ since that time it has been

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* Prologue.

† Wife of Baths prologue.

‡ Chaucer mentions the dancing of "yonge folk," in

"————stewes and tavernes,
—with *harpés*, lutés, and giternes, . .
And right anon in comen tombesteres,
Fetis and smale and yongé fruitesteres,
Singers with harpes, &c." Pardoners Tale.

§ From its being usually played by blind men, *as blind as a harper* became proverbial (see Lilys' *Sappho and Phao*, 1591);

entirely laid aside, or at least very rarely used as an English instrument.* The SAUTRIE, or psaltery, was an instrument of the harp kind, on which *Hendy Nicholas*, the scholar of Oxenford, was an adept:

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and the phrase *blind harper* a term of general ridicule and contempt.
Thus in Jonsons *Volpone* [1607]:

> "*Cæv.* O my dear Mosca, do's he not perceive us?
> *Mos.* No more than a *blind harper.*"

Again in Cottons *Virgil Travestie* [1664]:

> "Quoth he, *blind harpers*, have among ye!"

Shakspeare has likewise used it in his *Loves Labour Lost:*

> "Nor woo in rime, like a *blind harpers* song."

Shakspeare, however, certainly does not mean to treat it with contempt, when he makes Glendower say

> "I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
> For I was train'd up in the English court;
> Where, being young, I framed to the *harp*,
> Many an English ditty lovely well."
> First part of K. H. IV. a. 3. s. 1.

* "Honest *Jack N——ls*, the harper," is however remembered in one of Tom Browns *Letters from the Dead to the Living. Works*, ii. 191. And seems to have plyed at "the Cellar at the *Still* [in the Strand]." See Wards "*Satyrical Reflections upon Clubs*," p. 272.
Thus also, in one of Tom D'urfeys songs:

> "Whilst merrily *blind Tom* that harp'd
> In tune our story tells."

In *London Lyckpeny* we find:

> "Then I hyed me unto Estchepe,
> Onne cryes rybbs of befe & many a pye;
> Pewter pottes they clattered on a hepe,
> There was *harpe*, pype, and mynstrelsye;
> Yea by cock, nay by cock, some began crye,
> SOME SONGE OF JENKEN AND JULYAN for there medel:
> But for lack of mony I myght not spede."
> See MS. Harl. 367.

In one of Hogarths prints of the *Rakes progress*, a *harper*, a French horn player, and a ragged big-belly'd female ballad singer are performing a concert in a brothel.

"And all above there lay a gay *sautrie*,
On which he made on nightes melodie;
So swetely, that all the chamber rong,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he song.
And after that he songe the kinges note.
Full often blessed was his mery throte."*

The Kinges Note was doubtless some well-known song of the time, and probably the very same which is mentioned in [the] *Complaynt of Scotland* [of which the authorship seems to be hopelessly uncertain], printed at [Paris] in 1549, [or 1550], under the title of "kyng villyamis note."

Chaucer mentions the ROTE as an instrument on which his *Frere* excelled:

"Wel coude he singe and plaien on a ROTE." †

This, it is conjectured, was the same with the more modern *vielle*,‡ the *lyra mendicorum*, or hurdy-gurdy,§ so frequently at this day in the streets of London, though not in the hands of the natives, the strings of which are agitated by the friction of a *wheel*.‖ It is likewise named by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis:*

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* Millers Tale. Again:

"He kissed her swete, and taketh his *sautrie*,
And plaieth fast, and maketh melodie."

† Prologue.

‡ The *vielle* of the Jongleurs, which dr. Percy makes "a kind of lute or guitar," was the *violin*. See M. de la Ravailliere, *de l'Ancienneté des Chansons Françoises* (*Païesies du roy de Navarre*), i. 249. M. le Grand, *Fabliaux ou Contes*, i. 49.

§ The use of this term, though rejected by dictionary-makers, is not without *classical authority:*

"Whom have we here? a sightly swain and sturdy!
Hum! plays, I see, upon the *hurdy-gurdy*." Midas.

See also Bonnel Thorntons Ode to St. Cecilia.

‖ See M. de la Ravailliere, *l'Ancienneté des Chansons*, p. 254. M. le Grands objection, grounded upon the equivocal term *cithara*, does not seem of much weight.

"—Harpe, citole, and RIOTE,
With many a tewne and many a note:"

and by Spenser, in the fourth book of *the Faerie Queene* (Canto ix.):

"There did he find in her delicious boure
The faire Pœana playing on a ROTE."

The CITOLE, or cistole, as it is elsewhere called (from *cistella*, a little box), is thought to have been the *dulcimer*, or some instrument of the same kind.

The RIBIBLE and GITERNE were favourite instruments of Absolon the parish clerk:

"A mery child he was, so god me save;
In twenty manere could he trip and dance,
And playen songés on a small RIBIBLE,
Therto he song sometime a loud quinible.
And as wel coud he play on a GITERNE.
In all the toun n'as brewhous ne taverne,
That he ne visited with his solas,
Ther as that any gaillard tapstere was." *

The description of his serenading the carpenters wife is admirable:—

"The moone at night ful clere and brighté shon,
And Absolon his giterne hath ytake,
For paramours he thoughté for to wake.
And forth he goth, jolif and amorous,
Til he came to the carpenterés hous,
A litel after the cockes had ycrow,
And dressed him up by a shot window,
That was upon the carpenterés wal.
He singeth in his vois gentil and smal;
Now, dere lady,—if thy wille be,
I pray you that ye—wol rewe on me;
Ful wel accordant to his giterning." †

The *ribible* was probably the REBEC or FIDDLE, which has been a popular instrument, and, by gradual

* Millers Tale. † Ibid.

improvement, has at length superseded almost every other. Its antiquity is unquestionable.* The CROUTH or crowd (cṙuð Saxon, *crwd*, Welsh) was another, but larger instrument of the same nature.† The GITERNE is the cittern ‡ or guitar, which was anciently much used for singing to. Thus in the *Vision of* [*William, concerning*] *Piers the Plowman*, one saye, he can

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* See M. de la Ravailliere, *l'Ancienneté*, &c., p. 249. Miltons *Poems*, by Warton, 1791, p. 55.

† *Ficle* and *crowth* are both mentioned in song XI. class I. whence it should seem they were at that time distinct instruments. See also the figure and description of a crowth in Hawkins' *History of Music*, vol. ii. p. 273. and in the *Archæologia*, vol. iii. p. 30. Spenser calls it "the *trembling* crowd," in allusion, no doubt, to the vibration or tremulous motion of the chords. *Crowd*, however, was in later times the common name of a *fiddle*, and *Crowder*, of a performer thereon; whence the name of *Crowdero* in *Hudibras*. And that *fiddle* and *rebeck* were synonymous, appears from a passage in *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, where it is said to be "present death for these *fidlers* to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turks grace."

‡ Drayton in his enumeration of the "sundry Musick of England," makes the *gittern* and *cittern* distinct instruments:

> "The *cythron*, the *pandore*, and they theorbo strike,
> The *gittern* and the kit the *wand'ring fidlers* like."
>
> Poly-Olbion, Song IV.

And they certainly were so. "Sum tyme," says Langham, "I foote it with dauncing: noow with my *gittern*, and els with my *cittern*, then at the virgynalz: ye kno nothing cums amisse to mee: then carroll I up a song withall:" &c. *Letter signifying the queenz entertainment at Killingwoorth Castl*, 1575.

John Playford, in 1659, published "A book of new lessons for the *cithren* and *gittern*, &c.," and from his preface to a later publication, intitled "Musick's delight on the *cithern*" (1666), it would seem that the principal if not the only difference between the two instruments at that period was that the *Gittern* was strung with *gut-strings*, the *Cittern* with *wire*. The later is unquestionably the modern English guitar; but whether the *gittern* of Chaucers time was the same instrument may possibly

"—neither taber, ne trumpe, ne tels no gestes
Farten ne fyssen at feastes ; ne harpen,
Jape, ne juhgele, de gentillye pype ;
Ne neither sailen, ne saute, ne singe to the *gitterne*." *

This instrument, which Chaucer thought worthy of the god of music, he has put with peculiar propriety into the hands of the *joly Absolon*, who, among his numerous accomplishments,

"We coud leten blod, and clippe, and shave,"

as it appears, for many centuries, to have made part of the constant furniture of a barbers shop, where it was "common to all men." It seems of late, however, to have retrieved its credit, and to have received ample amends for its disgrace, in the hands of the fair sex.

Most of these instruments, with others, are enumerated in an old metrical romance, intitled, *The Squyr of lowe degre:*

"There was myrth and melody,
With harpe, getron, and sautry,
With rote, ribible, and clokarde,
With pypes, organs, & bumbarde,
With other mynstrelles them amonge,
With sytolphe and with sautry songe,
With fydle, recorde, and Dowcemere,
With trompette & with claryon clere,
With dulcet pipes of many cordes." †

The LUTE, mentioned by Chaucer, must, from the low state not only of the musical science, but of the mechanical arts in that age, have been essentially dif-

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still remain a doubt. At any rate, *cittern* and *gittern* are orginally the same word, from *cithara*, a harp or stringed-instrument, and the former, supposing the C soft, is a comparatively modern term.

* [4°. 1561, *passus* 13.]

† [Hazlitt's *Popular Poetry*, ii. 62.]

ferent from the modern instrument of the same name, which is said to have fallen into disuse on account of the superior degree of skill requisite to its performance.*

The CYMBAL, the TABOUR, the TYMBRE, the SISTRUM, are all mentioned, and some of them described, by Bartholomeus, in his book *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, which was translated into English, by John de Trevisa, and first printed by Wynken de Worde.

The SYMPHONIE, likewise, which Chaucer mentions in his rime of Sir Topas,

> " Here is the quene of faerie,
> With harpe and pipe, and *symphonie*,
> Dwelling in this place,"

was "an instrument of musyke, . . . made of an holowe tree, closyd in lether in eyther syde, and mynstrels betyth it wyth styckes."†

An extract from the romance of *Alisaundre*, [attri-

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* See Browns *Estimate*, vol. ii. p. 77. Sir J. Hawkins' *Hist. of Music*, iv. 394.—This instrument in Skeltons time was chiefly in the hands of professors. See how he handles one of these *comely coystrownes :*

> " He lumbryth ou a *lewde lewte* roty bulle joyse,
> Rumbill downe, tumbil downe, hey go now now.
> He fumblyd in his fyngering an ugly good noise,
> It semyth the sobbyng of an old sow.
> He wold be made moch of and he wyst how, &c."

It is also noticed in an old poetical tract, intitled, *The Schole House of Women* (originally printed in or before 1557), [or rather before 1541] :

> " Or as the Minstrel dooth intend
> With help of *Lute*, finger, or quil." Sig. D. j. 6.

[Hazlitt's *Pop. Poetry*, iv. 145.] And in Surrey's Poems, first published in 1557, is a beautiful address "to his *Lute*," by Sir T. Wyat the elder.

† Bartho. *de Pro. Rerum.*—Hawkins' *Hist. of Music*, ii. 284. This instrument bears a pretty strong resemblance to the *romelpot* of the Hottentots, described by Vaillant.

buted, doubtless, in error,] to Adam Davie, will afford no bad idea of a grand concert, and the other amusements at a royal festival in the court of Edward II. or III. The author is speaking of the marriage of "kyng Phelip" with "Clorpatras the riche quene:"

> "Spoused scheo is and set on deys,
> Now gynnith the geste of nobles.
> At theo feste was trumpyng,
> Pipyng and eke taboryng,
> Sytolyng and ek harpyng,
> Knyf pleyng and ek syngyng,
> Carolyng and turmentyng,
> Wrastlyng and ek flymyng.
> Theo game goth nought ful blyve,
> Ther som helieth and some wyve."

Chaucers Miller entertains his fellow pilgrims with the sound of the "BAGGEPIPE," which he played very well.

The "HORNEPIPES OF CORNEWAILE," mentioned in the *Romant of the Rose*, are thought to have been the same as the *pibcorn*, an instrument still used in some parts of the principality of Wales, of which Mr. Barrington has given a particular description.* The *stock and horn* which Allan Ramsay mentions, and explains to be "a reed or whistle, with a horn fixed to it by the smaller end," is, however, with equal probability, the hornepipe of Chaucer. Though, after all, his

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* *Archæologia*, iii. 33. *Pibcorn* is *cornpipe, pipeau de corne.* Thus, in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, "the feyrd [scheiphyrd playit] on ane *cornepipe*." Hornpipe and cornpipe are synonymous. See before, p. li. n. 2. This instrument is likewise mentioned by Spenser:

> "Before them yode a lusty taberere
> That to the 'meynie' on a *horne pype* playd,
> Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
> To see these folkes make suche jouisaunce,
> Made my heart after the pype to daunce."
>
> *Shepherds Calendar, May.*

"*Cornwaile*" is not the county in England so called, but *Cornouaille* in Bretagne, which he found in his original.*

The martial instruments of these ages were,

> "PIPES TROMPES, NAKERES, and CLARIOUNES,
> That in the bataille blowen blody sounes." †

And the shepherd boys of Chaucers time had

> "—many a FLOITE and LITLYNG HORNE,
> And pipés made of grené corne." ‡

Bartholomeus observing, that as "shepe lovyth pypynge, therfore shepherdes usyth pipes whan they walk with theyr shepe." §

IV. The progress of Song-writing during the fif-

And Richard Brathwaite (*Srtappado for the Divell.* 1615. (12mo. p. 7.) has a poem addressed "To the Queene of Harvest, &c. much honoured by the Reede, *Corne-pipe* and whistle."

Again, in *The shepherds slumber* (Englands Helicon, 1600.)

> "In pescod-time, when hound to horne
> Gives eare, till buck be kill'd;
> And little lads, with *pipes of corne*,
> Sate keeping beasts a-field."

So in *Mid. Nights Dream:*

> "————But I know
> When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
> And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
> *Playing on pipes of corn*, and versing love,
> To amorous Phillida." Act. 2. s. 2

* v. 3991.

> "Et sons nouveaulx de contretaille,
> Aux chalemeaulx de *Cornouaille*."

† *Canterbury Tales*, i. 98. (Knightes Tale.) A Nakere (Naquaire, F.) is a loud instrument somewhat resembling a hautboy. [The French word is explained by Roquefort to mean *petits tambours ou timbales.* ED.]

‡ *House of Fame*, iii. 133.

§ Hawk. *Hist. Music*, ii. 283.

teenth century may, in some degree, appear from the following collection; little additional information is to be gleaned during a period only interesting in battles and murders.

Among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum (No. 682) is a collection of love poems, roundels, and songs, made by Charles duke of Orleans while a prisoner in England, in Henry the fifths time.* It is not to be expected that the poetry of a foreigner (and a prince of the blood too) should have much merit in an age in which that of the natives had so little.

The following, which is given as a specimen of this young noblemans talents, seems to be a sort of dialogue between him and his mistress, on his requesting the favour of a chaste salute:

[He.] Lende me yowre praty mouth, madame,
Se how y knele here at yowre feet.
[She.] Whie wolde ye occupy the same?
Now whereabowt first mot me wite.
[He.] I wis dere hert to basse it swete,
A twyse or thrise or that y die.
[She.] So may ye have when next we mete
Toforne or ye it ocupie.

[He.] Or y it ocupy, wel, wel;
Is my reward but suche a skorne?
[She.] Ye, woo is me for yowre seek hele,
But it may heele right wel tomorne.
[He.] Then se y wel though y were lorne,
For oon poore cosse ye set not by.
[She.] Seide y yow not ynough toforne?
Ye may have or ye ocupy,

[He.] Ye, for that cosse y thanke yow that,
For whie yet am y never the nere.

* [Poems written in English by Charles Duke of Orleans during his captivity in England after the battle of Agincourt. Roxburghe Club, 1827.]

[She.] Then come agayne this wot ye what?
An other tyme, and not to yere.
[He.] A fy, wel wel, a swet hert dere
Bi verry god, ye mot aby.
[She.] Nay bete me not, first take it here,
Toforne or ye it occupy.

[He.] Ye, so so, swete, ye, so, swete hert,
Good thrift unto that praty eye.
[She.] Nay erst lo must ye this avert,
How y seide or ye it ocupy.

A MS. in the Bodleian library has once contained either the whole or part of a song, of which it was found impracticable to make out more than the two first lines:

"Joly cheperte of Aschell-down
Can more on love than al this town."

Mr. Warton, who has printed the first of them, seems to discover some resemblance between this same *Joly cheperte* and *Thomas of Ersildon*, the Scotish vaticinal rimer. *

After the first battle of St. Albans, between Henry VI. and the duke of York, by the mediation of the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates, both parties were brought to a compromise and mutual exchange of promise of friendship. "For the outward publishing of this joyfull agreement," says Stow, "there was upon our Lady day in Lent, or five and twentieth day of March, [New Years Day, 1458] a solemne procession celebrated within the cathedrall church of Saint Paule, in the city of London: at the which the king was present, in his habite royall, with the crowne on his head; before him went, hand in hand, the duke of Somerset, the earle of Salisbury,

* *Hist. of English Poetry*, i. [87, ed. Hazlitt.]—The No. of the MS. is 692.

the duke of Excester, and the earle of Warwick, and so one of the one faction, and another of the other. And behind the K. the duke of Yorke, and the queene, with great familiarity to all mens sights, whatsoever was meant to the contrary . . . ." * This, it cannot be doubted, would be a spectacle highly grateful to the people, as it seemed to promise them a reprieve from the calamities of a civil war, which they had previously every reason to apprehend; it therefore certainly deserved to be celebrated by a happier bard than the author of such stanzas as the following:

> " Whan charite is chosen with states to stonde,
> Stedfad, and skill without distaunce,
> Than wrathe can be exiled out of this lande,
> And god oure gide to have the governance:
> Wisdom & wellth with all plesaunce
> May rightful regne and prosperite,
> For love hath underlaide wrathful venjaunce,
> Rejoise Anglond oure lordes acorded to be." †

Other songs of this reign might be produced; and such readers as are not satisfied with the number printed in the following collection, may be referred to MS. Sloan. 2593, and MS. Harl. 4294, where they will find several more.

Skelton, laureat, in *the Bowge of Court*, his best

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* *Annales*, (ed. 1631, fo.) p. 404.

† MS. Cotton. Vespasian, B. xvi. This compromise, however, may have given the same disgust to the more zealous partizans of the Red Rose which we are certain a former one did in the year 1450. See a curious copy of verses, preserved by Hearne, in the appendix to *Hemingi Chartularium*, which was affixed to the gates of the kings palace, where the parliment was sitting, and thus concludes:

> " Hange uppe suche false men to awr soverayne lord,
> That ever conseylyd hym with fals men to be acordyd."

serious poem introduces a character under the name of Harvy Hafter,* whose

> "—Throte was clere, and lustely coulde fayne
> And euer he sange, Sythe I am no thynge playne,
> To kepe him from pykynge it was a grete payne."

Alluding no doubt to some well-known song. He likewise bids

> "Holde vp the helme, loke vp, and lete God stere,
> I wolde be merie, what wynde that euer blowe,
> Heue and how rombelow, row the bote, Norman, rowe." †

This last line is certainly the scrap of an old ballad, "In this xxxii yeare [s. of Henry VI.]" says Fabian, "John Norman . . . . [mayor of London] upon the morowe of Symon & Judes daye, the accustomed day when the newe mayre used yearly to ryde with great pompe unto Westminster to take his charge, this mayre first of all mayres brake that auncient and olde continued custome, & was rowed thyther by water, for the which the watermen made of hym a roundell or songe of hys great prayse, the which began, *Rowe the bote, Norman, rowe to thy lemman*, and so forthe, with a longe processe." ‡

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* Not *Haster*.

> 'Havel and Harvy *Hafter*,
> Jacke travel, and Cole *crafter*,
> *Why come ye not to Court.*

† [Dyce's edit., i. 39–40.]

‡ Ad An. 1453. *Heve and how rombelow* appears to have been a favourite chorus with the old English tars. Thus, the author of *Cocke Lovelles bote*, an ancient satire, speaking of certain sailors, says:

> "For joye theyr trumpettes dyde they blowe,
> And some songe *Heve aud howe rombelowe*."

This Harvy Hafter is represented entirely ignorant of prick-song, which, as in ordinary accomplishment, he expresses a great desire to learn :

> " Prynces of youghte, can ye synge by rote,
> Or shall I sayle with you a felashyp assaye,
> For on the booke I can not synge a note;
> Wolde to God, it wolde please you some daye
> A balade booke before me for to laye,
> And lerne me to synge Re mi fa sol!
> And when I faye bobbe me on the noll." *

" Ryot " too, another character in the same poem, is a musical genius,

> " And ay he sange in fayth *decon thou crewe*." †

He could likewise perform a popular piece of church music, and accompany his voice with the sound of a flaggon :

> " Counter he coude *O lux* upon a potte."

We have doubtless lost many of Skeltons ballads. In the enumeration of his works in " *The Crowne of Lawrel*," he mentions several things which one may reasonably conclude to have been of that species. For instance :

> " The vmbleis of venyson, the botell of wyne,
> To fayre maistres Anne that shuld haue be sent,
> He wrate therof many a praty lyne,
> Where it became, and whether it went,
> And how that it was wantonly spent.

So again in the still more ancient metrical romance of *The Squyr of lowe degre*, the king tells his daughter ;

> " Your maryners shall synge a rowe
> *Hey how and rumbulawe.*"

—[Hazlitt's *Popular Poetry*, iii. 54.]

* [Dyce's edit., i. 40.]

† This song is again mentioned in *Why come ye not to Court.*

The Balade also of the Mustarde Tarte.
Such problemis to paynt it longeth to his arte." *

In a very old Morality, the earliest piece of that description, perhaps, now extant, intitled, "The iiii Elements." † "*Sensual Appetite*," one of the characters, holds the following language :

" Make rome syrs, and let us be mery,
With huffa galand, synge tyrll on the bery,
And let the wyde worlde wynde ;
Synge, frysk a joly, ‡ with hey troly loly,
For I se well it is but foly,
For to have a sad mynd."

And his advice to "*Humanitye*" is :

" Ye shulde ever study pryncypall
For to comfort your lyfe naturall,
With metis and drynkes dilycate,
And other pastymes & pleasures among,
Daunsyng, laughyng, or PLESAUNT SONGE,
This is mete for your estate." §

In 1530 was published a collection of twenty part-songs, nine of four parts and eleven of three ; composed by Cornysh, Pygot, Ashwell, master Tavernar,

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* [Dyce's edit., i. 41.]

† It was printed by Rastall, and from a passage alluding to the discovery of America, dr. Percy concludes it not to have been written later than 1510. [Rather, 1517. See Collier's *Dram. Poetr.*, ii. 321.] Mr. Steevens, in a note to his last edition of Shakspeare, gives the date 1519 ; probably by mistake, as it does not appear that a second copy of it is known to exist. [But Steevens perhaps meant to assign the *publication* to 1519, in which he may be right. See Hazlitt's *Collections and Notes*, p. 166.]

‡ "He how frisca joly under the grene wood tre," is the burthen of an ancient song in the musical volume among the Kings MSS.

§ [See this piece printed in the first volume of the new edition of Dodsley.]

John Gwynneth, dr. Fayrfax, dr. Cowper, and R. Jones: but the *bassus* is alone preserved.* The verbal contents are as follows:

1. Pater noster qui es in celis, &c.
2. In youth in age both in welth and woo.
   Auxilium meum a domino.
3. By, by, lullaby, by, by, lullaby, wrockyd I my chyld.
4. Bewar my lytyt fynger, syr, I yow desyre.
5. She may be callyd a soverant lady
   That ys a mayd and beryth a baby.
6. The bella, the bella, we maydins beryth the bella.
7. So gret unkyndnes withoute deservyng.
8. Who shall have my fayr lady.
9. Mynyon, go trym, go trym. (A satire against the Flemings).
10. Joly felowe, joly, joly felowe, joly,
    Yf thou have but lytyll mony,
    Spend it not in foly;
    But spend yt on a prety wenche,
    And she shal help the at a pinche,
    Hey joly felow, joly.

11. And wyll ye serve me so,
12. Mi hart, my mynde, and my hole poure.
13. Lóve wyll I, & leve, so yt may befall.
14. And I mankynd have not in mynd.
15. Pleasure yt ys
    To here, I wys,
    The byrds syng [yng]e;
    The dere in the dale,
    The shepe in the vale,
    The corne spryngyng.

    Gods purvyaunce,
    For sustenaunce,
    Yt ys for man;
    Then we all wayse,
    To hym gyve prase,
    & thank hym than & thank hym than.

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* [The only copy known, the same probably as that examined by Ritson, is now in the British Museum. See Hazlitt's *Handbook*, p. 567.]

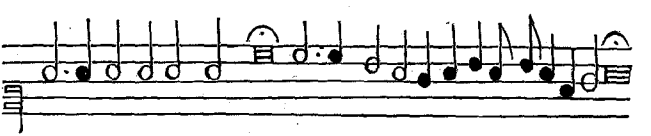
16. Concordans musycall jugyd by the ere.
17. Min hartys lust & all my plesure.

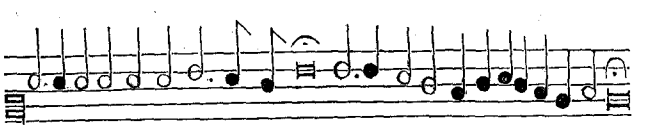
The other three pieces are lessons for the words *Ut re my fa so* [*l*] *la*, or *Fa la soll.*

The following song, of this reign, appears worthy of notice, if it were but from the circumstance of explaining a seemingly corrupted passage of an ancient Scotish writer, mentioned in a preceding page, who, according to Mackenzie, among the titles of popular songs of the time, names

Couthume the rashes grene,*

of which no one, it is supposed, has ever known what to make. For this discovery, we are indebted to the old book among the Kings MSS.



Colle to me the rysshys grene, Colle to me.

Colle to me the rysshes grene, Colle to me.

For my pastyme upon a day,
I walkyde alone ryght secretly ;
In a mornyng of lusty May
Me to rejoyce I did aplye.

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* See *Lives of Scottish writers*, iii. 44. The original, however, (a most rare book) reads

" Cou thou me the raschis grene."

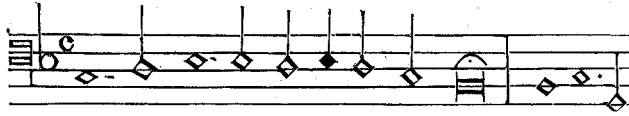
Wher I saw one in gret dystresse,
Complaynyng him thus pytuously;
Alas! he sayde, for my mastres
I well perseyve that I shall dye.

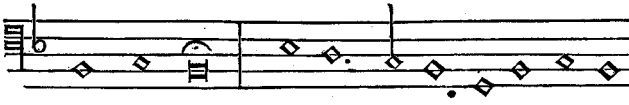
Wythout that thus she of hur grace
To pety she wyll somewhat revert,
I have most cause to say alas,
For hyt ys she that hath my hart.

Soo to contynew whyle my lyff endur,
Though I fore hur sholde suffre dethe,
She hath my hart wythowt recure,
And ever shall duryng my brethe.

The burthen, *Colle to me*, &c. is, as usual, to be repeated at the end of every stanza. But the editor should neither be surprised nor sorry to learn that this is not the original song. *Colle* is *cull.*

The reader will pardon another extract from the same MS. of which the brevity may serve to compensate for whatever defects it may have:





* This reminds one of a stanza in an ancient and pathetic Scotish ballad:

"Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves from the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie."

and I yn my bed a-gayne.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie* (1589, p. 12) mentions "one Gray" * as having grown unto good estimation with king Henry VIII. and afterwards with the duke of Somerset, protector, "for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is up, the hunte is up*,"—Is this it? †

"The hunt is up,
The hunt is up,
And now it is almost day;
And he that's in bed with another mans wife,
It's time to get him away." ‡

A foolish practice (which this little piece has brought to mind) was introduced by the puritan reformers, of moralising, as they called it, popular songs; that is,

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* [William Gray, author of the *Fantasies of Idolatry*, &c. See Hazlitt's *Handbook*, p. 237.]

† [Clearly not.]

‡ The following are the words for an ancient round for four voices:

"The hunt is up, the hounds ar in the fyld,
The chase is up and newly gone;
Up then and folow at hand for shame,
Els thow art lyke to leese the game."

"The first of the first three [who appear to *Kind-hart* in his *dreame*] was an od old fellow, low of stature, his head was covered with a round cap, his body with a side skirted tawney coate, his legs and feete trust uppe in leather buskins, his gray haires and furrowed face witnessed his age, his treble viol in his hande, assured me of his profession. On which (by his continuall sawing having left but one string) after his best manner, hee gave me a *hunts up:* whome after a little musing i assuredly remembred to be no other but *old Anthony now now.*"

parodying all but a few lines at the beginning of the song, to favour their particular superstition, or the innovation they wished to effect.* The following, indeed, is Scotish, but as the measure was not taken up in the North till there was no longer occasion for it in the South, and particularly as *The Hunt is up* was an English song, we may fairly enough lay claim to the honour of the Travestie:

> " With hunts up, with hunts up,
> It is now perfite day;
> Jesus our king is gane 'a' hunting,
> Quha likes to speed they may."

There are several other stanzas, but none which appears to have any illusion to the original song.†

The earliest of these parodies seems to be one at the end of a MS. in the Kings Library [British Museum] (17. B. XLIII.) where it is written as prose. The beginning is given for the sake of the original words, the rest is fanatical trash:

> " Com home agayne,
> Com home agayne,
> Mi nowne swet hart, com home agayne;
> Ye are gone astray
> Out of your way,
> There [for, swet hart,] com home agayne."

In the before mentioned book of part-songs printed in 1530, are some of this sort of parodies, which is thus

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* Those modern puritans the methodists have adopted a similar practice, and sing their hymns to popular song-tunes, which one of their leaders used to say, had been too long devoted to, or were too good for, the devil. This foolery is admirably ridiculed by Shakspeare, where he speaks of the puritan who "sings *psalms* to *hornpipes*." See *Winters Tale.*

† See " Ane compendious booke of godly and spirituall songs, &c., Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart." [1621], 8vo. [Or rather, perhaps, Dr. Laing's reprint of the edition of 1578, Edinburgh, 1868, 8vo.]

proved to have preceded the reformation by many years. The commencement and burthen of one of them is as follows:

"Who shall have my fayr lady?
Who but I? who but I?
Who shall have my fayr lady?
Who hath more ryght therto?"

Another begins thus:

"And I mankynd have not in mynd,
My love that mornyth for me, for me,
Who is my love but god above," *&c.*

A popular species of harmony arose in this reign, of which the following collection will afford a few examples; it was called *King Henrys Mirth*, or *Freemens Songs*, that monarch being a great admirer of vocal music, and even having the reputation of a composer. *Freemens Songs* is a corruption of *Three mens songs*, from their being generally for *three voices.* Thus the clown in Shakspeares *Winters Tale*:—"She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: *three-man-song-men all*, and very good ones."—And Carew expressly calls *John Dory* "*an old Three mans song.*" In the *Turnament of Tottenham* we read of *melody delycyous of syx menys sang.**

In the parliament holden in the 34th and 35th years of this reign, an act passed to purge and cleanse the kingdom of all religious plays, interludes, rhymes, BALLADS and SONGS, which, it is observed, are equally pestiferous and noysome to the commonweal; that is,

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* [Hazlitt's *Popular Poetry*, iii. 93.] Are we from this expression to conclude that this was actually a song in six parts, or only that six men joined in singing the same melody? [Florio explains "Cantarini," *such as sing* three mens songs, *common begging singers.* ED. 1829.]

we may presume, they are too apt to enlighten the public mind and afford the people an opportunity of expressing their sentiments.

The religious morality of *Lusty Juventus*, written and printed in the reign of Edward VI., opens with a song, which, as it is but short, may be given entire:

"In a herber grene aslepe where as I lay,
The byrdes sange swete in the middes of the daye,
I dreamed fast of myrth and play:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methough[t] I walked stil to and fro,
And from her company I could not go;
But when I waked it was not so:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therfore my hart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight,
Which is my joy and hartes delyght:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure."*

Towards the end is another, but of less merit, in the same measure.

In a MS. of Bennet college library, Cambridge, (No. 106) are two ballads upon the inclosure of commons, which appears to have caused great disturbances in this reign.

In the last edition of Lelands *Collectanea*† is the Kings coronation Song, and another the ditty whereof is

"Sing up heart, sing up heart, sing no more down,
But joy in king Edward that weareth the crown."

The amorous and obscene songs used in the court of this virgin prince, gave such scandal to Thomas Sternhold, "being," as Wood says, "a most zealous

* [Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ii. 46.]
† iv. 314. 319.

protestant and a very strict liver, that he forsooth turn'd into English metre 51 of Davids Psalms, and caused musicall notes to be set to them, thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets, but [they] did not, only some few excepted."*

W. Baldwin, in *The Canticles or Balades of Solomon phrasely declared in English metre*, printed in 1549, wishes to God, "that such songes might once drive out of office the baudy balades of lecherous love, that commonly are indited and sung of idle courtyers in princes and noblemens houses."†

Of queen Marys time there is one ballad extant, made on the unfounded report of her being with child.‡

Long before the reign of queen Elizabeth, printed songs and ballads had become common. Laneham, describing the curious literary collection of Captain Cox, the mason of Coventry, has the following words: "What I rehearз heer, what a bunch of ballets and songs, ALL ANCIENT.—As, broom, broom on hil—So wo iz me begon, troly lo§—Over a whinny weg—Hey ding a ding‖—Bony lass upon a green—My

* *Athenæ Oxonienses*, i. 76. But see Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, p. 12, where he says that "king Henry the 8, for a few Psalmes of David turned into English meetre by Sternhold, made him groome of his privy chamber [Robes], & gave him many other good gifts."

† See Ames, v. i. 552. 636. 666.

‡ Ames's Typographical Antiquities by Herbert, vol. iii.

§ See *infra*, "Brume on hil" is likewise mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland* [1548.]

‖ Has not this been the ballad of *Old Simon the king?*

Says old Simon the king,
Says old Simon the king,
With his aledropt hose,
And his malmsey nose,
Sing hey ding ding a ding ding.

A song with this title and chorus, occurs in Bp. Percys folio

bony on gave me a bek—By a bank as I lay,* and A HUNDRED MORE, he hath fair wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whipcord."† The word ANCIENT would scarcely be applied to any thing of a later date than the time of Henry VIII. Indeed their antiquity may be presumed from another circumstance, not one of them being now extant.

From "a very mery and pythie commedie," called "The longer thou livest the more foole thou art, a myrrour very necessarie for youth, and specially for such as are like to come to dignitie and promotion, ... newly compiled by W. Wager," printed at London, in 4to. bl. l. [about 1575], we glean scraps of a great many songs, most or perhaps all of them even at that time old, with some of which the reader can

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MS. and in the 3d volume of Durfeys collection, but is probably of a later date than 1575.

* This last song is preserved in the old MS. already mentioned to have been found among the books of the Kings Library in the Museum. It is a love song, but without any other merit than antiquity. See also *Deuteromelia*, 1609, 19. At the end of the only copy known to exist of the book of songs with musical notes by Cornyshe, Fairfax, and others, printed in 1530, a song is inserted in MS. beginning with the same words, but containing a laboured panegyric upon king Henry the 8th.

† *Letter from Killingwoorth*, Lond. 1575, 12mo. b. l. These printed ballads soon begun to be hawked up and down the country in baskets. In the pleasaunt and stately Morall of the three Lordes and three Ladies of London, 1590, 4to. b.l. [Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vi. 393], *Simplicitie*, "in bare blacke, like a poore citizen," on being asked what daintie fine ballad he has now to be sold, says, "Marie, child, I have Chipping Norton—A Mile from Chappel o' the Heath—A lamentable ballad of burning the popes dog—The sweet ballade of the Lincolnshire bagpipes—and Peggy and Willy—But now he is dead and gone—Mine own sweet Willy is laid in his grave, la, la, la, lan ti dan dan da dan, lan ti dan, dan tan derry do." And that it was the "vocation" of such a fellow to "bear his part" in a song, appears from the character of Autolycus, in the *Winters Tale*.

scarcely choose but be entertained, which may serve as an apology for the length of the quotation.

"¶ Here entereth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songes, AS FOOLES WERE WONT."

Moros. Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill hill:
Brome, brome on Hiue hill,
The gentle brome on Hiue hill,
The brome standes on Hiue hill a.
¶ Robin, lende to me thy bowe, thy bowe,
Robin the bow, Robin, lende to me thy bow a.*
¶ There was a mayde come out of Kent,
Deintie love, deintie love;
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Daungerous be:
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Fayre, propre, small and gent,
As ever upon the grounde went,
For so should it be.
¶ By a banke as I lay, I lay,
Musinge on things past, hey how.
¶ Tom a Lin and his wife, and his wives mother
They went over a bridge all three together,
The bridge was broken and they fell in,
The devil go with all, quoth Tom a Lin.†
¶ Martin Swart and his man, sodledum sodledum,
Martin Swart and his man, sodledum bell.‡

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* See *infra.*

† Of this song the editor has fortunately met with a modern printed copy, but much altered, it should seem, from the original, beginning,

"Tommy Linn is a Scotchman born."

In the *Complaynt of Scotland*, "Thom of Lin" is given as the name of a dance.

‡ Skelton, laureat, (who died in 1529) has an evident allusion to the same song:

"Wyth, Hey troly, loly, lo, whip here, Jak.
Alumbek *sodyldym* syllorym *ben*,

¶ Com over the boorne Besse,
My little pretie Besse,
Com over the boorne Besse to me.*
¶ The white dove sat on the castell wall
I bend my bow, and shoote her I shall;
I put her in my glove both fethers and all.
I layde my bridle upon the shelfe,
If you will any more sing it yourselfe.

Moros having been interrupted by *Discipline*, goes on thus:

I have twentie mo songs yet,
A fond woman to my mother,
As I war wont in her lappe to sit,
She taught me these and many other;
I can sing a song of robin redbrest,
And my litle pretie nightingale,
There dwelleth a jolly foster here by west,
Also I com to drink som of your christmas ale.
Whan I walke by my selfe alone,
It doth me good my songs to render;
Such pretie thinges would soone be gon,
If I should not some time them remembre.

Moros. Before you go let us have a song,
I can retch up to sing, sol fa and past.
Idlenesse. Thou hast songes good stoare, sing one,
And we three the foote will beare.
Moros. Let me study, it will come anone.
Pepe, la, la, la, it is to hye there,

Curyowsly he can both counter and knak
Of *Martyn Swart and all hys mery men.*"
Against a comely Coystrowne, &c.
[Works, edit. Dyce, i. 15.]

Martin Swart was concerned in the insurrection made by the lord Lovel and others against Henry VII., anno 1486, and was slain at the battle of Stoke; having been sent over with some troops, by Margaret duchess of Burgundy, sister to K. Edward IV.

* Shakspeare has put these three identical lines into the mouth of Edgar, in K. Lear. A moralisation of the song is (with the music) in the editors folio MS.

So, ho, ho, and that is to lowe,
Soll, soll, fa, fa, and that is to flatte,
Re, re, re, by and by you shall knowe,
My, my, my, howe say you to that?

Idlenes. Care not for the 'key,' but what is thy song?

Moros. ¶ I have a prety tytmouse,

All iiii. Come picking on my to,

the same. Gossuppe with you I purpose,
To drinke before I go.

Moros. ¶ Litle pretty nightingale,

All iiii. Among the braunches greene,*

the same. Geve us of your christmasse ale,
In the honour of saint Steven.

Moros. ¶ Robyn readbrest with his noates,
Singing alofte in the quere,

All iiii. Warneth to get you frese coates,

the same. For winter then draweth nere.

Moros. ¶ My brigle lieth on the shelfe,
Yf you will have any more,
Vouchsafe to sing it yourselfe,
For here you have all my stoare.

Wrath. A song much like th' author of the same,
It hangeth together like fethers in the winde.

Moros. This song learned I of my dame,
When she taught me mustard sede to grinde.

Wrath seems to consider these scraps as Moros's own invention; and *Idlenesse* having before told the company that he (Moros) could "sing songes and make rymes," one might have considered him as an *improvisatore*, or natural extempore poet, if he had not himself told us how he came by them.

Ignorance, in a dialogue between *Impietie* and *Crueltie*, is required to "sing some mery song,"

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* This song, with music, is in the old book already mentioned among the Kings MSS. The first stanza is as follows:

"The lytyll prety nyghtyngale,
Among the levys grene,
I wolde I were with hur all nyght,
But yet ye wot not whome I mene."

The last line is the concluding one of each stanza.

which unfortunately is not inserted, owing to an ordinary practice of our early dramatists, to leave the choice of the song to the performer.* Upon the whole, this is certainly a most curious piece, and it is much to be desired, that a collection of these ancient moralities were given to the public; as they not only furnish numberless particulars of the domestic life and manners of our ancestors, but are besides infinitely more entertaining than any dramatic production before the time of Shakspeare.

"The over busie and too speedy returne of one maner of tune," says Puttenham, doth "too much annoy & as it were glut the eare, unlesse it be in small and popular musickes, song by these *Cantabanqui*, upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none other audience then boys or countrey fellowes that passe by them in the street, or else by *blind harpers*, or such like *taverne minstrels*, that give a fit of mirth for a groat,† &c. also they be used in carols and rounds, and such like light or lascivious poems, which are commonly more commodiously uttered by

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* See Dodsleys Old Plays [edit. Hazlitt, iii. 70, 72,] Shakspeares Works by Johnson and Steevens (*Loves Labour Lost*, Act 3. sc. 1.) In Peeles "*Famous chronicle of king Edward I.*" 1593. is this curious stage direction: "Enter the Harper, and sing to the tune of *Who list to lead a souldiers life.*" [Lady Eleanor Audley, in her poetical piece, called, *Amend, Amend, God's Kingdom is at hand*, printed in April, 1643, directs the stanzas to be sung to the tune of "Who list a souldiers life to lead."]

† That this was the common price long after Puttenhams time appears from Jonsons "*masque of the metamorphosed gipsies*," 1621, where, on the introduction of Cheeks the piper, or Tom Ticklefoot the taborer (it is not clear which) one of the company says:—"I cannot hold now, there's my *groat*, let's have a *fit* for mirth-sake." These groats gave rise to the expression of "fidlers money," though as that coin is no longer current, we now apply it to sixpences.

It is therefore, evident, whatever might be the value of a

these buffons or vices in playes, than by any other person."*

Webbe also censures the vulgar songs of his time, which he calls "a few balde ditties made over the beere potts which are nothing lesse then poetry."†

The song in *Gammer Gurtons Needle*, first printed in 1575, which begins,

"I cannot eate but lytle meate,"

has been often mentioned as the first drinking song of any merit in the language, and as such has been frequently printed. It is certainly a singular performance, and deserves to be well-known.‡

The "*Interlude of Tom Tyler and his wife*," [which, in the edition of 1661, is said to have been printed about one hundred years ago, but of which no other edition is now known], contains also a few humorous songs.

In an old pamphlet by Henry Chettle (before quoted) intitled, "*Kind-Harts Dreame*," &c. printed in 1592–3, is contained an ironical admonition to the ballad-singers of London, from Anthony Now Now,§ or Anthony Munday, a great ballad-writer, wherein he says, "When I was liked, there was no thought of that idle upstart generation of ballad-singers, neither

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groat at either period, that the reward was neither regarded as considerable, nor peculiar to "the old harpers;" but, on the contrary, that it was the ordinary and established fee of every musical performer. One may readily believe and it may be very easily accounted for, that all sorts of contributors to popular entertainment were much better paid formerly than they are at present.

* *Arte of English Poesie*, p. 69.

† *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, 4to. b. l. sig. c. iii.

‡ See it in the "*Select collection of English Songs*," already cited.

§ See *infra*.

was there a printer so lewd that would set his finger to a lascivious line." But now, he adds, "ballads are abusively chanted in every street; and from London this evil has overspread Essex and the adjoining counties. There is many a tradesman, of a worshipfull trade, yet no stationer, who after a little bringing uppe apprentices to singing brokerie, takes into his shoppe some fresh men, and trustes his olde servantes of a two months standing with a dossen groatesworth of ballads. In which, if they prove thriftie, he makes them prety chapmen, able to spred more pamphlets by the state forbidden, than all the booksellers in London, &c." The names of many ballads are here given, as "*Watkins Ale, The Carmans Whistle, Chopping-knives*, and *Frier Fox-taile.** And out-roaring Dick and Wat Wimbars, two celebrated trebles,

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* "I should hardly be perswaded, that anie professor of so excellent a science [as printing] would bee so impudent, to print such odious and lascivious ribauldrie, as *Watkins Ale, The Carmans Whistle*, and sundrie such other." Letter (with the signature T.N. [for Thomas Nashe, but written in reality by Chettle, as he confesses in the above pamphlet] to his good friend A [nthony] M [unday]) prefixed to the latters translation of "Gerileon of England. The second part, &c." 1592, 4to. b. l. The object of this abusive letter has possibly been Thomas Delony. The tune of *Watkins Ale*, was in one of dr. Pepuschs MSS; [and the ballad with that title is in Mr. Huth's *Ancient Ballads and Broadsides*, 1867, p. 370.] See Wards *Lives of the professors of Gresham College* (the Museum copy) p. 199. The *Carmen* of this age should seem to have been singularly famous for their musical talents. Justice Shallow, according to Falstaffs satyrical description, "came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those *tunes* to the over-scutcht huswives, that he heard the *carmen whistle*, and sware they were *his fancies*, or *his good-nights*." 2 Hen. IV. Act III. Scene II. See also Jonsons *Bartholomew fair*, act 1. scene 4. Skelton says of a professor in his time:

"He whystelyth so swetely, he maketh me to swet."

are said to have got twenty shillings a day, by singing at Braintree fair in Essex.*

Bishop Hall thus censures the number of ballads published in his time:

> "Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
> If he can live to see his name in print;
> Who, when he is once fleshed to the presse,
> And sees his handsell have such faire successe,
> Sung to the wheele and sung unto the payle,
> He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale."†

By being *sung to the wheele* and *payle*, the author means sung by maids *spinning* and [*milking or*] *fetching water*. Lord Surrey, in one of his poems, says,

> "My mothers *maids*, when they do sit and *spin*,
> They sing a song made of a fieldish mouse;"

Alluding perhaps to the fable of *the City Mouse and Country Mouse*. Thus also Shakspeare in his *Twelfth Night:*

> "The *spinsters* and the knitters in the sun
> Do use to chant it."

This admirable writer composed the most beautiful and excellent songs, which no one (so far as we know)

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* Wartons *History of English Poetry*, [iv. 428, ed. 1871.]

† *Satires* (IV.) 1597. He very probably alludes to the peerless Elderton, who was no less famous for his drunkenness than his poetry. "William Elderton, who did arm himself with ale (as old father Ennius did with wine) when he ballated, had this in that respect made to his memory:

> "Hic situs est sitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus,
> Quid dico, hic situs est? hic potius sitis est."
> Camdens Remaines, *Epitaphes*, p. 56.

Of this epitaph, dr. Percy has given the following version by Oldys:

> "Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
> Dead as he is, he still is dry:
> So of him it may well be said,
> Here he, but not his thirst is laid."

can be said to have done before him; * nor has any one excelled him since. Many of them have been already inserted in a more refined collection than the following, † in which however some of his lighter pieces will be found in their due place. In the plays of this favourite of the muses, we find a number of fragments of old songs and ballads, which will afford us infinite amusement in our pursuit.

In the comedy of *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Scene 3, Sir Toby, on the Clowns entering, says, "Now let's have a catch." "By my troth," exclaims Sir Andrew, "The fool hath an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing as the fool has. . . . Now a song." *Sir Toby*, "Let's have a song." "Would you have a love-song," says the Clown, "or a song of good-life," (*i. e.* a jolly bacchanalian song)? "O," says Sir Toby, "A love-song, a love-song." "Ay, ay," adds Sir Andrew (misconceiving the term), "I care not for good-life." Upon this the Clown sings a song beginning

"O mistress mine, where are you roaming,"

Which, though it does not at present appear to have any great merit, is pronounced by Sir Andrew, to be "excellent good i'faith." They presently "make the welkin dance," and "rouze the night-owl," with the catch of *Hold thy peace thou knave*, which is still preserved. Sir Toby being "in admirable fooling," sings, "*Three merry men we be*,"—"*There dwelt a man in Babylon*," and "*O the twelfth day of December:*" of which the two first are extant, but the last is unfortunately lost. Another, beginning

* Or at least but one, Marlows "*Passionate Shepherd to his Love*," is the only instance that can be excepted.

† See the Collection of songs referred to in the preceding note.

"Farewell dear heart, since I must needs be gone,"

Of which they sing a few lines, is likewise preserved. Shakspeare takes every opportunity of discovering his attachment to these old and popular reliques. In the same play Orsino says,

> "Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
> That old and antique song we heard last night,
> Methought it did relieve my passion much,
> More than light airs and recollected terms
> Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

The Clown being accordingly brought in to sing it, the duke proceeds:

> "O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
> Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain:
> The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
> And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
> Do use to chant it; it is silly, sooth,
> And dallies with the innocence of love,
> Like the old age."

The words, indeed, are scarcely answerable to the eulogium; but united to the air, might have had all the effect upon the audience the author proposed.

In the course of this play, we have another scrap from the Clown:

> "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
> Tell me how thy lady does.
> My lady is unkind, perdie,
> Alas, why is she so?
> She loves another.——"*

He also concludes the piece with an epilogue song, of which the first stanza is,

> "When that I was and a little tiny boy,
> With hey ho, the wind and the rain;
> A foolish thing was but a toy,
> For the rain it raineth every day."

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* This song has been recovered by dr. Percy, and is inserted in the 4th edition of the *Reliques*.

It is remarkable that Shakspeare puts these shreds chiefly into the mouths of his fools and lunatics. Edgar, in *King Lear*, personating the character of a Bedlamite, sings,

> " Sleepest or wakest thou jolly shepherd?
> Thy sheep be in the corn,
> And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
> Thy sheep shall take no harm."

Again:

> " Child Rowland to the dark tower came."

This, if a song, was probably some translation from the French or Spanish. *Rowland* is the *Orlando* of the Italian romancers, who had him from France, and gave him to Spain. As to the words which follow, they have not the least connexion with *Child Rowland*, but belong indeed to the story of *Jack the Giant Killer:*

> " His word was still fie, foh, and fum,
> I smell the blood of a British-man."

Some of the little effusions, uttered by Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, are very pathetic. For instance:

> " He is dead and gone, lady,
> He is dead and gone;
> At his head a grass-green turf,
> At his heels a stone.
>
> White his shroud as the mountain snow,
> Larded with sweet flowers;
> Which bewept to the grave did go,
> With true love showers."

A number of these fragments having been ingeniously worked up by dr. Percy into a little tale, in humble imitation of so respectable an example, something of the same nature is attempted in the following collection.

Master Silence, in his cups, has a stanza for every occasion: we shall do nothing, says he, but

> "Eat and drink, and make good chear,
> And thank god for the merry year,
> When flesh is cheap, and females dear,
> And lusty lads roam here and there
> So merrily, and ever among so merrily."

Again:

> "Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
> For women are shrews, both short and tall:
> 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all;
> And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
> Be merry, be merry."

Again:

> "A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
> And drink unto the leman mine;
> And a merry heart lives long a."

In the comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*, Benedick attempts to sing the following lines:

> "The god of love
> That sits above,
> That knows me, and knows me,
> How pitiful I deserve."

This is the beginning of an old popular song by Will Elderton; a puritanical parody of which is now extant.

In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Old Merry Thought* sings a variety of shreds, which have all the appearance of being fragments of old songs:

> "She cares not for her daddy, nor
> She cares not for her mammy, for
> She is, she is, she is,
> My lord of Lowgraves lassy."

> "Give him flowers enow, Palmer; give him flowers enow;
> Give him red and white, and blue, green and yellow."

" Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear;
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear:
The weather is warm,
'T will do thee no harm;
Thou canst not be lodged here."*

And in the tragedy of *Bonduca*, Junius sings:

" She set the sword unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
Run trickling down her knee."

Again:

" It was an old tale ten thousand times told,
Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold."

These fragments are the rather noticed, as they may chance to prove the means of recovering the entire ballad.

Toward the end of the long reign of queen Elizabeth, Richard Johnson, author of the History of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and Thomas Deloney, the historian of the Gentle Craft, &c. wrote ballads for the press, to be sung about the streets of London, and up and down the country, in which they seem to have excelled both their predecessors and contemporaries. For though Elderton was known

* The whole song of which these two stanzas are a fragment is, with some little variation, and the original music, preserved in the 4th volume of D'Urfeys "*Pills to purge melancholy*," 1719. It is also printed at the end of Heywoods *Rape of Lucrece*, 1608.

and celebrated for the prince of ballad-mongers, and seems to have made the composition of such things his sole profession,* yet are those of his, which have come down to us, by no means to be compared to such as, upon the authority of the different garlands published under their respective names, we may reasonably attribute to Johnson and Deloney.†

Of the merits of Anthony Munday as a ballad writer, we have no opportunity to judge; not a single specimen of his abilities in that line being now to be discovered. [But several of the lighter and shorter pieces from his pen are preserved in the *Mirror of Mutability*, 1579, and the *Banquet of Dainty Conceits*, 1588.]

* "I scorn'd your ballad then, though it were done
And had for *finis*, William Elderton." DRAYTON.

† [Consult Hazlitt's *Handbook*, pp. 152-4, 302-5, and *Collections and Notes*, 1876, p 124, 238-9.] See "The Crown Garland of Golden Roses," by Richard Johnson, 1612, [1631, 1659, 1662, 1680, 1683.] "The Garland of Delight," containing Chronicles, Histories, &c. written by Thomas Delone, the thirtieth edition, 1681, 12mo. b. l.—"The Royal Garland," by T. D. 1681; and in "The Garland of Good Will," by T. D. 1688, all in the Pepysian library. From these it should appear, that Delony was the author of *Fair Rosamond*, one of the best of the old English ballads. The "Garland of Good Will" appears to have been originally published before 1596. [There is a sort of chapman's edition of it, printed by G Conyers about 1700.] In the same [Pepys] collection is "The Garland of Delight, &c. by Thomas Delone," and "The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D." A still scarcer work is, "Strange histories, or songs and sonnets, of kings, princes, dukes, lords, ladyes, knyghts, and gentlemen: &c. By Thomas Delone, [1602, 1607,"] in which Dr. Percy found "the ballad of *Fair Rosamond*," though he is probably mistaken in concluding it to have been first published therein; as it is believed that this industrious artist produced his compositions over and over under different titles. There is a later edition in the above library. There is no collection of Eldertons songs, of which several are known to be preserved. [See Hazlitt's *Handbook*, pp. 177-9, and his *Collections and Notes*, 1876, p. 140.]

V. The number of ancient printed songs and ballads which have perished must be considerable. Very few exist of an earlier date than the reign of James, or even of Charles the first.* Being printed only on single sheets, which would fall chiefly into the hands of the vulgar, who had no better method of preserving their favourite compositions, than by pasting them upon the wall,† their destruction is easily accounted for. The practice of collecting them into books, did not take place till after queen Elizabeths time, and is probably owing to Johnson and Deloney, who, when they were advanced in years, and incapable perhaps of producing any thing of merit, seem to have contented themselves with collecting their more juvenile or happier compositions into little penny books, entitled Garlands: of these, being popular and others reprinted, many are still extant, particularly in the Pepysian library.‡

* The oldest printed ballad known to be extant, is that on the downfal of Thomas Lord Cromwell, in 1540, reprinted by Dr. Percy. [It led to a series of scurrilous effusions, all of which are inserted in Mr. Huth's *Fugitive Tracts*, 1875.]

† This measure, which may in some parts be still observed, is alluded to by Cotton:

> We in the country do not scorn
> Our walls with ballads to adorn,
> Of Patient Grissel and the Lord of Lorn.

And by Swift:

> The ballads pasted on the wall,
> Of Joan of France, and English Mall.*

‡ See Percy, i. lxxvii. and the preceding page.

* These ladies are only mentioned as probable subjects; there is no song about either. Indeed, the line itself is from *Hudibras*.

> A bold virago, stout and tall
> As *Joan of France, or English Mall.*

English Mall, by the way, is neither *Mary Carlton*, the German princess, as Dr. Grey observes, nor *Moll Cutpurse*, as the writer of this note formerly supposed. He readily coincides with Dr. Percy that Mary Ambre is the lady meant.

Those pieces which we now call old ballads, such as *Fair Rosamond*, *The Children in the Wood*, and the *Ladys Fall*, which an ingenious writer seems to consider "as the native species of poetry of this country," * are comparatively modern, that is of the latter end of the 16th century, not one of them being found in print, or noticed in any book before that period.† Queen Dido, to be sure, from its popularity at that time, would seem to be somewhat older, and is probably one of the oldest, as it is certainly one of the best we have. "O you ale-knights," exclaims an old writer, "you that devoure the marrow of the mault, and drinke whole aletubs into consumptions; that sing QUEENE DIDO over a cupp, and tell strange news over an alepot, &c."‡

If indeed, by "native species of poetry," is meant

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* Aikin, Essays on Song Writing, p. 27. "Many of the ancient ballads," he says, "have been transmitted to the present times, and in them the character of the nation displays itself in striking colours. The boastful history of her victories, the prowess of her favourite kings and captains, and the wonderful adventures of the legendary saint and knight-errant, are the topics of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration, which was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an object of curiosity to the antiquarian and man of taste." The illustration of this passage by apposite examples, would have been a favour to readers less happy in their researches after these rough rhymes and unadorned narrations than the author.

† The earliest notice of any of these old ballads, is that which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Falstaff, in the second part of K. Hen. IV. Act ii. Scene 4.

"When Arthur first in court began."

Which was at that time in all probability a new and popular ballad; and likely enough by Richard Johnson, who had a great turn for subjects of chivalry and romance. *The children in the wood* appears to have been written in 1595. See Ames's *Typographical antiquities* by Herbert.

‡ [*Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets*, 1608, Percy Soc. repr. 44.]

a species peculiar in this country, it is very certain that we have as little pretension to originality in this respect as in any other; which a very slight acquaintance with the ballad poetry of other countries will be sufficient to prove. Our most ancient popular ballads, if we may judge from the few specimens preserved, were singularly rude, and not above two or three of these are known to have been printed for the people. It is barely possible that something of the kind may be still preserved in the country by tradition. The editor has frequently heard of traditional songs, but has had very little success in his endeavours to hear the songs themselves.*

An ingenious Frenchman projected the history of his country by a chronological series of songs and ballads.† And the multitude of manuscript and printed collections preserved in the royal library, or otherwise attainable, would leave a diligent compiler at no loss for materials. A history of England of this sort would be no less interesting or delightful; but the task is impossible.‡

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* In a copy of verses addressed to Mr. (afterward Dr.) Blacklock, by Richard Hewitt, (a boy whom, during his residence in Cumberland, he had taken to lead him); on quitting his service, are the following lines:

> How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;
> Whistled, or sung some fair distrest,
> Whose fate would steal a tear.

"Alluding," as it is said in a note, "to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the winter nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser." *Blacklocks Poems*, 1756, 8vo. p. v. It is a great pity, if these pieces have any merit, that some attempt is not made to preserve them.

† M. Meusnier de Querlon, *Memoire historique sur la chanson (l'Anthologie Françoise, tome I.) p.* 44, 45.

‡ Dr. Percy having mentioned the "*fabulous* and *romantic*

It has been elsewhere observed that the age of queen Elizabeth is the æra of Catches and Glees, of which the editor will only now add that he should wish to see a better account than has hitherto appeared. The large and valuable collection published under the direction of the Catch Club does not contain any more ancient than the year 1600.* *Hold thy peace thou knave* is probably much earlier than the time of Shakspeare, by whom it is introduced in his Twelfth Night. *There lyes a pudding in the fire* is likewise very old. Both these with the music are preserved by sir John Hawkins. Samuel Harsnet, who died archbishop of York, in his "declaration of egregious popish Impostures," London, 1604, p. 94, has the following passage: "*Lustie Jollie Jenkin* (another of Saras captain devils names) by his name should seeme to be foreman of the motley morrice: he had under him, saith himselfe, forty assistants, or rather (if I mistake not) he had beene by some *old Exorcist* allowed for the *Master Setter* of *catches*, or *roundes*, used to be sung by *Tinkers*, as they sit by the fire with a pot of good ale between theyr legges: *Hey jolly Ienkin, I see a knave a drinking, et cæt.*" The words and music (for 3 voices) of the catch here

songs, which for a *long time prevailed* in *France* and *England*, *before* they had *books of chivalry in prose*," observes, that "in *both these countries*, the *Minstrels still* retained so much of their original institution, as frequently to make *true events* the *subject* of their *songs*;" and indeed, that "the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity, by scarce any other means than the *popular songs* of the *Minstrels*;" adding in a note, that "*the Editors MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind.*" It may be observed, however, that *not one* of this *multitude* has made its appearance in public. [This omission has since been supplied, as aforesaid, by the publication of 1400 copies of the *Percy folio MS.*]

* Although some are perhaps to be found of much greater antiquity.

alluded to are to be found in *Pammelia*, 1618, and Ramsays *Tea Table Miscellany*, and in Arnolds *Essex harmony*, II. 103. It may be the oldest thing of the kind extant. There has certainly been some considerable revolution in the national taste. Catch singing, which at present is a favourite science with nobility, was two or three centuries ago the amusement of drunken tinkers.

This slight and imperfect essay ought not to be concluded without a wish, that they who are in possession of curiosities of this nature, for almost every song prior to the commencement of the seventeenth century is a curiosity, would contrive some method or other of making them public, or at least of acquainting us with their existence, and thereby preserving them from that destruction to which they are otherwise so exceedingly liable. With respect to the collection now produced, there is scarce a public library which has not been explored, in order to furnish materials for it. Its contents, indeed, are far from numerous; a defect, if it be one, which neither zeal nor industry has been able to remedy.