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Why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh and repair us?

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ON THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GOTHIC, OR TEUTONIC RACE.

The character of a people is faithfully expressed in their popular songs. It has been truly observed of such compositions, that, like the pulsation and breathing, they are the sign and measure of the inward life. That the lyrical productions of which we are about to treat, constitute an excellent index to the character of that particular race of men to which they belong, may, we think, be made very apparent; but, before entering on these productions, it must be permitted to us to offer a few words on those peculiarities of disposition and habit which constitute and distinguish the character in question.

A number of circumstances concur in forming the character of a people. The nature of the government, the nature of the country, their occupation, their religion, and a variety of other particulars, have necessarily more or less influence on their habits and modes of thinking and feeling. Much, however, also must be conceded to depend on the natural and original temperament of a people. It is this which disposes them more to the reception of one set of impressions than another; and thus accounts for the habits which grow up amongst them in their social infancy. The sanguine temperament of the African Negro, and the cold and phlegmatic temperament of the American Indian, will always, under all circumstances, so long as these two races of men shall remain unmixed, ensure an essential diversity in their character.—The races of Europe do not, indeed, afford such a marked contrast; and the intercourse of nations, every day becoming more intimate, has a tendency to wear down and soften original distinctions: still, however, we perceive tribes, or families of people, in Europe, which the common observer feels convinced at a first glance, must have proceeded from essentially different stocks. For instance, the nations of the Gothic, or Teutonic race — namely, the Scandinavians, and the people of their dependent islands,—the Upper and Lower Germans (including Swiss, Alsatians, Flemings, and Dutch,)—the English and Lowland Scots,—not merely speak branches of one common language, but have a strong family likeness, both in features, complexion, and figure, and in character and disposition:—while the Celtic race again, differs strongly from the former, not merely in language, but in all the other particulars just enumerated.

Switzerland displays this marked distinction very strikingly. So far back as its authentic modern history extends, it has consisted of two leading divisions—the German country, and the Roman country—(*pays Romain*). Now, though religious tenets have great influence on a people's temper—and it has been generally observed on the Continent, that Catholics (whether from the number of holidays, processions, and shows they have,—or the hostility of their religion to thinking,) are, upon the whole, much more gay and volatile than Protestants—yet the people of the *Pays de Vaud*, and of the other Roman districts, who are not only Protestants, but Calvinists,—the most austere of all Protestants,—are infinitely more brisk and cheerful than the Catholics of the German country.—Again, the Gauls in the time

of Cæsar, were notorious for their versatile and mercurial disposition; and for this the modern French (chiefly Gauls) have always been famed.—The grave and phlegmatic disposition assigned to the Germans by Tacitus, is as characteristic of their descendants, as the large limbs, the fair hair and complexion, and blue or hazel eyes, which he also assigned to them.—The political institutions of all the Teutonic countries, even yet retain traces, more or less distinct, of the manners and habits so forcibly described by the Roman historian; and it was truly observed by Montesquieu, that the English constitution was formed in the woods of Germany.

The prevailing character of the Teutonic nations is obtuseness of the senses, or tardiness in receiving sensual impressions; sincerity and singleness of disposition; constancy and perseverance in pursuit.—Their appearance and movements are heavy, and ungraceful. But from their constancy in pursuit, and their power of dwelling long on one object, they have reached greater excellence in certain important branches of knowledge and acquirement, than people of a more quick and mercurial disposition.—Though their want of delicacy of tact may prevent them from ever becoming the greatest painters or statuaries,—they have produced a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Tycho Brahe, a Newton, a Bacon, a Hobbes, and a Leibnitz.—They have planted themselves in the wildernesses of the new world; and, by patient labour, converted them into flourishing communities: while the French, Spaniards, and Portuguese, in similar situations, have yielded to external circumstances, and either trifled away their time on the spot where they first planted themselves,—or become savages with the natives. The colonists of the former in Russia and Poland, have displayed the same perseverance. From their sincerity of disposition, and their freedom from distrust and jealousy, they are peculiarly adapted for acting in union.

The intercourse between the sexes has always been of a more elevated character with them, than with any other race. Tacitus expressly states, that of all the barbarians known to the Romans, the Germans alone entertained a high regard for women; and this regard displayed itself, in the middle ages, in chivalry,—an institution which flowed naturally out of their character—and the circumstances of the times.

To gaiety, in the genuine sense of the word, they are strangers. In their mirth, as in every thing else, they are deficient in ease;—their wit, which is often forcible, has seldom a spontaneous appearance, but usually that of effort. Even their language is stamped with the directness and sincerity which belongs to their character. It was justly observed, by Leibnitz, that a person writing or speaking in one of the Teutonic languages, with a view to conceal his meaning, will find it more difficult to succeed in his object than if he used any other tongue. It was a *Frenchman* who observed, that language was given to man to *conceal* his thoughts!

The points of difference between the Teutonic and the Celtic race are obvious to the most superficial observer. The Celt is of an ardent and impetuous temperament; rapid in all his movements; quick in his perceptions; he has a keen intuitive glance, and naturally expresses himself in bold and figurative language. He is, at the same time, much more fickle and inconstant, and much less cordial and sincere. If more sensible to kindness, he is also more prone to anger and revenge than his Saxon neighbour.

If there exists an intimate connection between the character of a people and their songs, we may expect that the songs of different nations belonging to the same common race, should bear a characteristic resemblance, corresponding with the affinity of habit and disposition.—Accordingly, it happens, that the songs and ballads of the various people of the Teutonic stock, have all one common stamp impressed on them, and are even generally of the same mechanical structure. Difference of government, situation, occupation, has of course had its influence; but the type is everywhere perceptibly the same,—and in the dales of Norway and Switzerland, the recesses of the Black Forest, the marshes of the Elbe and Weser, the sands of Pomerania, to

the smiling plains of England, we can trace an astonishing similarity in the popular songs, and in the manner of singing them. At the same time we must take into account that the original race has, in some of these countries, received more admixtures than in others; and this admixture has certainly had its influence on their lyrical effusions,—particularly on the music. Of all the nations in question, the Lowland Scots have, perhaps, received the most of this admixture; accordingly they now retain least of the original common Gothic character; and this circumstance, as will be shown hereafter, has strongly influenced their songs.

No particular song can be preserved by tradition for any very great length of time; for what passes from mouth to mouth, and from heart to heart, must experience changes in each stage of transmission. But as the new flows gradually out of the old, as the generations of men flow gradually out of each other,—and the new, as well as the old, being popular only from its accordance with the general feeling,—though individual identity is lost, a general identity is preserved. One mode of composition may gradually supplant another; new discoveries may be made; rhyme may banish alliteration; but, as the Teutonic language, though much modified, still remains fundamentally the same after a lapse of 2000 years,* we may reasonably believe that the *character* of the songs, continues fundamentally the same from the earliest times. It is hardly, therefore, going too far to affirm, that the ballad of Chevy Chace (in none of its existing forms of any great antiquity) or one of the Danish *Kaempe Viser*,—still bears a resemblance to the songs sung by the antient Germans on rushing to battle, or those which were afterwards collected by order of Charlemagne.

The song and music of the Celts are quite distinct in character from those of their neighbours.† The poetry is bold and figurative; and the ardour of a warm and enthusiastic imagination boils over on every object within its reach. The music is animated and impassioned in the highest degree; the strains are at times absolutely heart rending. Sir Walter Scott in Marmion has happily described the character of the pathetic Celtic airs:—

The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard in Scottish land
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear;—
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listen'd and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehana's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles in their strain
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

Of the Celtic poetry few specimens have been laid before the English public; but we can have no difficulty in pronouncing from these, that its qualities are the very opposite of those of the Teutonic poetry.—We may safely affirm of the following extract, from the literal translation of a modern Gaelic poem, by an old mountain sportsman, who could neither read nor write, that it does not bear the least resemblance to any thing in the whole range of Teutonic poetry, from the first of the Norse, or Anglo-Saxon lays, down to the last popular ballad that has been indited.—The poet thus addresses himself to the rock Guanich, the most conspicuous object in the range of his favourite sport:

Rock of my heart! the secure rock;
That rock where my childhood was cherish'd!
The joyous rock,—fresh, flowery, haunt of birds,—
The rock of hinds, and bounding stags!—

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* See Grimm's *Deutsche Grammatik*, (Göttingen, 1819,—Bohte, London,) a grammar of all the branches of our common tongue, at the various stages of their progress from the earliest times to the present, and a work of immense learning and incalculable utility to the English antiquary.

† The *music* of the Lowland Scots is chiefly Celtic; a circumstance to be traced to that admixture before noticed by us.

Loud were the eagles round its precipices,—
Sweet its cuckoos and swans—
More cheering still the bleating
Of its fauns, kid-spotted.

Rock of my heart! the great rock!
Belov'd is the green plain under its extremity;—
More delightful is the deep valley behind it
Than the rich fields and proud castles of the stranger!

More pleasant to me than the humming song of the rustic,
Over the quern, as he grinds the crackling corn;
The low cry of the stag of brownish hue,
On the declivity of the mountain, in the storm.—

Rock of my heart! thou rock of refuge!
The rock of leaves, of water-cresses, of freshening showers;
Of the lofty, beautiful grassy heights:
Far distant from the shelly brink of the sea.

On the hillock of fairies I sit, when the retiring sun
Points his last beam upwards to the summit of the hill:
I look on the end of Loch Treig:—
The sheltering rock where the chase was wont to be!

The song and the music of the Teutonic race are of quite a different cast.—To the music we shall afterwards allude more particularly;—but, in passing, we must observe, that Mr. George Chalmers is quite mistaken when he supposes, on the authority of Hawkins, that the English have "*no national music.*" They have a national music, which has a strong resemblance to that of the other Teutonic nations.—The Teutonic song bears the stamp of cordiality and artless sincerity. It has nothing of the easy dignity of the Spanish *romances*, two of which Percy has spoiled by an absurd attempt to give them an English cast; nor of the voluptuous luxuriance of the Venetian Barcarolles; nor of the pointed lightness, and airy gaiety of the French Vaudevilles; nor of the wit, and touching simplicity of the Lithuanian *Dainos*.—But there is an earnestness, a frankness, a homely sincerity, and kind heartedness, about the Teutonic ballads and songs, which cause them, in the long run, perhaps, to take a stronger hold of the affections, and make a deeper impression on the heart, than those of any other people.

It is, however, high time to enter on that particular consideration of the songs of the people of the Teutonic race, which we proposed to ourselves as the main object of this article.

Without losing ourselves in the periods which precede record, or attempting to define the occupations of the Scalds, or the difference between them and the Druids, we shall go no farther back than the earliest of the genuine monuments of the songs of our forefathers. From that period, the resemblance in tone and character to those of the present day is to be continuedly and clearly traced.

The oldest Teutonic song yet discovered, is the song of Hildebrand and Hadubrand, published at Cassel, in 1812, from a manuscript of the latter end of the eighth century.—It is in alliteration; relates to a tradition of the old Pagan times; and is supposed to have been composed centuries before the date of the manuscript.—We may also here mention that, in the poetical version of the Gospels, in Allemannish rhyme, by Otfried, a native of Swabia, a monk of Weissenburg, in Alsace, (composed between 863 and 872,) there are occasionally passages of a lyrical character; and more particularly one which has reference to the poet's own longing for his native home.

Before the discovery of the song of Hildebrand and Hadubrand, that on the victory of King Lewis over the North men (dated 881,) was generally accounted the oldest. This song is in rhyme. The following is its commencement, which we give as literally as possible, without endeavouring to retain the rhyme.

A king I do know,
Lord Lewis is his name;
He delights to serve God
Because God rewards him.

A fatherless child was he;
Much had he cause to grieve,
But God he did choose him
And rear'd him himself:

He gave him many brave
And noble men to serve him;
A throne here in Franken:—
Long may he fill it!

Towards the conclusion of this song, there are some spirited and highly characteristic lines:—

Long it was not
Ere the Northmen he found,
"God be praised!" he exclaimed—
His wish was fulfilled.—

Boldly rides the king;
The battle song he sung,
And together they all sung,
Kyrieleison!

The song it was sung,
The fight was begun,
The blood rose in the cheeks
Of the exulting Franks!

In England, we have a curious fragment of a piece composed by Canute the Great.—As he was navigating by the Abbey in the Isle of Ely, he heard the monks chanting their psalms and anthems, and was so struck with the melody, that he composed a ballad on the occasion, which began thus:—

Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut Ching reuther by;
Roweth, Cnites, noer the land
And here we thes muneches sang! *

This composition of the eleventh century possesses all the characteristics of the ballad of later ages.

The *Niebelungen Lied*, which has lately engaged so much of the attention of the learned in Germany, is a series of rhapsodies or songs, the subjects of which are partly historical, partly fictitious, and belong to an early period of the history of the Germanic nations. The rhapsodies, in the form in which they now appear, are of the thirteenth century; but they are universally allowed to have been originally composed long before that time. They are quite the ballad in style and structure, as the following specimen from the commencement of the work will show:—

To us in antient stories
Many wonders are told,
Of praise-worthy heroes
Of valour most bold;
Of mirth and bridal feasts
Of weeping and dismay,
Of battles of stout warriors,
Great wonders hear you may!

There was brought up in Burgundy
A noble maiden;
In all the lands around
A fairer was not seen;
Her name was Chrienhilt
She fair was to behold,
And for her sake did lose his life
Full many a warrior bold.

The first Scot's song is to be found in the Chronicle of Wyntown, which was completed between 1420 and 1424.—The song itself is, however, of a much more antient date, and must have been composed shortly after the death of King Alexander, in 1285.—After dwelling on the wise regulations of this monarch, and the plenty which prevailed in his reign, Wyntown thus introduces the song:

This Salyhyd fra he deyd suddanly:
This sang was made of hym for-thi.—

Quhen Alysandyr oure kyng was dede
That Scotland led in Luve and Le,
Away was sons of Ale and Bredc,
Of Wyne and Wax, of Gamyn and Gle:

Oure Gold was changyd into Lede:
Cryst, borne in-to Vingyncyé,
Succour Scotland and remede
That stad is in perplexyté!

With the exception of one or two stanzas, preserved in English chronicles, all the old Scots songs have perished. The lyrical pieces of that nation, which exist in an entire shape, though many of them, no doubt, revivals of other productions, belong to a comparatively recent period.

The English are comparatively rich in old ballad literature. Every one knows the curious series on Robin Hood, of various dates:—and the very antient ballad of which the oldest copy extant, without date, bears to be "imprinted at London, in Lothburye, by Wyllyam Copland," beginning:

Mery it was in Grene Forest,
Amonge the leves grene,
When that men walke eest and west
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,
Such sightes hath ofte bene sene,
As by thre yemen of the north countrey,
By them it is I meane:

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly
An archer good ynough.—

Besides these, there are several in Percy, unquestionably genuine, belonging to a very remote period.—Some exquisite fragments have been preserved by Shakspeare in his im-

* Merry sung the monks within Ely
As Cnut the king was rowing by:
Row, my men, near the land
And hear we these monks' song.

mortal works; and the second act of the old comedy of Gammer Gurton's Needle, opens with that convivial song, which is yet, perhaps, unequalled in our language, and which still retains its popularity, beginning,

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But belly, God send thee good ale ynough,
Whether it be new or old!

A number of carols for particular periods of the year, the composition of a very remote age, are still tenaciously retained by the common people of England.—Some of the Christmas carols, for instance, as well as the tunes to which they are sung, are very antient.—The colloquies between Joseph and Mary, bespeak an age of great simplicity; when the idea of religion being endangered by homely allusions to, and even an approximation to jokes on some of its most sacred mysteries, never once entered the head, either of those who made, or those who heard them. —For instance, in one of the carols, still usually sung in the metropolis, the following passage occurs:

As Joseph and Mary walk'd through the garden so gay,
Where the cherries they grew upon every tree,
Then bespoke Mary, with words both meek and mild,
Gather me some cherries, Joseph, they run so in my mind;
Gather me some cherries, for I am with child.
Then bespake Joseph, with words most unkind,
Let them gather thee cherries that got thee with child!—

Now, such a composition as this could only have originated in a simple age, when men no more thought the truths of religion could even be questioned, than they thought it possible to question the succession of night to day, and day to night.

The Germans have fewer of what may properly be called genuine old ballads than the English or Danes. Yet among the peasantry of the different provinces of that extensive country, a number of characteristic ballads and songs are current, many of them handed down from the remotest ages. The attention of the learned public was first called to this subject, in latter times, by Herder, a man of wonderful power of imagination, who published, in 1778 and 79, a collection of popular songs, in two volumes; containing specimens from almost every language of Europe, translated with a truth and fidelity of which in England we have not the slightest conception. His Waly Waly, Baloo my Babe, Sir Patrick Spence, are as completely Scotch as his *Passeavase El Rey Moro*, is Spanish. In Herder's collection, the number of German songs bear no great proportion to the whole. Since his time, however, the collectors have laid many of the popular lyrical productions of Germany and Switzerland before the public; sometimes accompanied with their proper airs. Of these collectors, Elwert, Bothe, von Seckendorf, Nikolai, Gräter, Arnim and Brentano, Büsching and von der Hagen, Goerres, and Meinert, are among the most distinguished.

The publication of Arnim and Brentano, called *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, consisting of three well filled 8vo. volumes, contains a great number of genuine popular songs, some of them from old Chronicles, and MSS; and many collected with great labour from the peasantry of the different provinces.—It also contains a curious collection of the rhymes and songs of the children in various parts, or what we call Nursery Rhymes. The following extract from a ballad of the Black Forest, taken down from the recitation of a female peasant, seventy-six years old, translated almost literally, reminds us strongly of the ditties of our own peasantry. The ballad is called Earl Frederick; the subject of it is the murder of a young woman by Earl Frederick; because his mother would not consent to his marrying her. He goes, notwithstanding, to bring her home, and in conducting her

He draws from the sheath his gleaming sword,
And stabb'd his maiden most piteously;
"Now know I that she's sure to die:"
Then he drew out his shirt so white,
And in the wound he dipped it strait,
The shirt was coloured red all o'er,
As if it had been washed in gore:
Into the court he then did ride,
Bearing with him his wounded bride;
To meet him out his mother run,
"You're welcome home again my son,

With thy young bride so wan and pale—
O why then is thy bride so pale?
And why too are her looks cast down,
As if with child she had been gone?"
"Now mother hold thy tongue, I pray,
And speak not in this cruel way;
It is no child that makes her pale,
She has receiv'd a deadly wound."—

This tragic wedding, the death of the bride, the slaughter of Earl Frederick by her father, and the roses and lilies that grew out of the graves of the two lovers, form a popular subject with the peasantry in different parts of Germany, and many various versions of the ballad are current.

The celebrated ballad of Leonora, by Bürger, has sometimes been traced to the English ballad, called, "the Suffolk Miracle; or a relation of a young man, who, a month after his death, appeared to his sweetheart, and carried her on horseback, behind him, for forty miles, in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave;" but Dr. Althof, the intimate friend and biographer of Bürger, has satisfactorily shown that he could not possibly have been acquainted with the English ballad, as it is not to be found in the Göttingen library, the only place where Bürger could have seen it: and he has pointed out at the same time the true source of the German composition.—Bürger, one moonlight night, heard a peasant girl sing an old German song, of which three lines remained engraven on his memory; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he was unable afterwards to obtain any trace of it. There is a complete copy of this curious ditty in the *Wunderhorn*,—of which the following is a close translation:

The stars beam in the sky,
The moon it shines so bright;
How quick the dead do ride!

Open the window, love!
And let me in to thee;
I cannot long here be.

The cock already crows,
It chaunts to us the day,
I dare no longer stay.

Far, far, have I ridden,
Two hundred leagues of way!
And still must ride to day.

O dearest heart of mine,
Come get thee up behind,
The way thou'lt pleasant find!

Yonder, in Hungary Land,
A little house have I,
Thither my way doth lie!

Upon a wide spread heath,
My house is ready made,
For me and for my bride.

Let me no longer stay!
Come quick my love, come, come,
And let us to our home.

The little stars us light,
The moon it shines so bright,
How quickly ride the dead!

Now whither wilt thou take me,
O God what can'st thou mean,
All in the darksome night!

With thee I cannot ride,
Thy little bed's too strait,
And too far is the gait.

O come and lay thee down,
Sleep, my love, sleep away,
Until the judgment day.

There is an old Norse ballad, bearing a close resemblance to the above, from which Oehlenschlager, in his Palnatoke, has taken the following three lines:

The moon it shines,
The dead man grins,
O be thou not so red!

Some curious German ballads have been preserved by John Henry Jung, who was born in 1740,—a man of a very singular character, who gave to the world an account of his own remarkable life, under the title of *Henry Stilling's Biography*. This individual was intended to be a charcoal burner, but chose rather to be a tailor. Having a strong love of knowledge, he instructed himself in his hours of leisure, and became candidate for the place of preceptor of a school. Failing in his attempt, he was obliged to return to his trade, from which, however, he was occasionally called to act as a private teacher in families. He became afterwards a physician, and professor, and died a privy councellor of Baden!—He was a man of a most amiable and sincere character; and his account of his own life is supposed to be one of the most veridical works of the kind ever composed. His piety was of a fervent, but at the same time of a visionary cast. He believed in the intercourse of departed spirits with the living, and his peculiar doctrines on this subject were espoused by many people in different parts of Germany.

The following ballad, among others,

is given by Jung, in his biography. A peasant, he says, told him the following story respecting it:

"A little down there, you see the castle of Geisenberg; straight behind it there is a high mountain, with three heads, of which the middle one is still called the Kindelsberg. There, in old times, stood a castle of that name, in which dwelt knights who were very ungodly people.—God became, at length, weary of them; and there arrived late, one evening, a white little man at the castle, who announced to them that they should all die within three days: as a sign, he told them that the same night on which he spake, a cow would produce two lambs. This accordingly happened; but no one minded the prophecy, except the youngest son, the knight Siegmund, and a daughter, who was a very beautiful maiden: these two prayed day and night. The others all died of the plague, and these two were saved. Now here, on the Geisenberg, there was also a bold young knight, who constantly rode a large black horse; on which account he was always called the knight with the black horse. He was a wicked man, who was always robbing and murdering. This knight fell in love with the maiden, on the Kindelsberg, and was determined to have her; but the thing had a bad ending; I know an old song on this story. (Here he sung the song.) The affecting melody, (continues Jung) and the story itself, produced such an effect on *Stilling*, (Jung) that he often visited the old peasant, who sung the song to him, till he got it by heart."

At Kindelsberg, on the castle high,
An antient lime-tree grows,
With goodly branches, wide outspread,
Which rave as the wild wind blows.

There stands a stem, both broad and tall,
Quite close this lime-tree behind;
It is grey, and rough all over with moss,
And it shakes not in the wind.

There sleeps a maiden the mournful sleep,
Who to her knight was true;—
He was a noble count of the Mark,
Her case she well might rue.—

With her brother to a distant land
To a knight's feud he did repair;
He gave to the maiden the iron hand,
They parted with many a tear:

The time was now long past and gone,
The Count he came not again!
By the lime-tree foot she sat her down,
To give vent to her sorrow and pain.

And there to her another knight came;
A coal-black steed he was on,
Unto the maiden he kindly spoke,
And sought her heart to win.

The maiden said, "thou shalst, I vow,
Me for thy wife ne'er have;—
When the lime-tree here shall wither'd stand,
My heart to thee will I give!"

The lime-tree still was high and young,
Up-hill, and down he passed,
In search of a lime so large and so high,
Till he found it at the last:

Then out he went, in the moonshine bright,
And dug up the lime-tree so green,
And set the wither'd tree in its stead,
And the turf laid down again.

The maiden up in the morning rose,
Her window was so light;
The lime-tree shade no more on it played;
She was seized with grief and affright!—

The maiden to the lime-tree run,
Sat down with sorrow and pain,
The knight he came, in haughty mood,
And sought her heart again:—

The maiden answer'd, in distress,
"Thou'lt ne'er be loved by me."—
The proud knight then he stabbed her dead.
The Count grieved piteously!—

For he came home that very day,
And saw, in sorrowful mood,
How by the wither'd lime-tree lay
The maiden in her blood!

And then a deep grave did he dig,
For a bed of rest for his bride,
And he sought for a lime up-hill and down,
And he placed it by her side.

And a great stone he also placed,
Which by the wind cannot shaken be;—
There sleeps the maiden in peaceful rest,
In the shade of the green lime tree.

The following passage is closely translated from the ballad of Maria and the Knight St. George, in a collection of "old popular songs, in the dialect of the Kuhländchen," published in 1817.

It's up in the mountain, the wind it doth sweep,
There Maria she sits and her child rocks asleep;
She rocks it asleep with her snow-white hand,
And she uses for it no swaddling band:

O now I have laid my babie to rest,
And with beautiful flowers I have cover'd its breast,
With roses and lilies, and clover so white,
My babie shall sleep as long as God will.

It may not now be amiss to give some specimens of the mirthful songs of this people. The following extract is from the pilgrimage of the *Bins-*

gauers; an old popular song, in the collection of Hagen and Büsching, with a very affecting tune, resembling an old church hymn. The song itself is very antient, and belongs to a time when great liberties were taken with sacred subjects. The Binsgauers having taken a pilgrimage, to St. Salvator's, state to him the object of their coming; and after beseeching him to look graciously on them, they proceed thus:

O grant us good oats, and grant us good hay;
Kyrieleeison:
And free us aye from old women we pray;
Kyrie-eleeison;
The young we like better, we need hardly say;
Juch Juch he, Kyri Kyrie—
Glory be to Krispel and to Salome!—

O free us also, we pray thee, from hail;
Kyrieleeison:
Or down from the altar we'll knock thee without fail;
Kyrieleeison:
We're sufficiently rude, as right well you know;
Juch Juch he Kyri Kyrie—
Glory be to Krispel and to Salome!

Our parson would just be the man to our mind;
Kyri-eleeison:
If better to preach he were only inclined;
Kyrieleeison:
With his cook maid he does better as well you do know;
Juch Juch he, Kyri Kyrie—
Glory be to Krispel and to Salome!

The following is also from the same collection. The "Death of Basle," has reference to a painting of death, by Holbein, at the church of Basle.

When I a blithe young fellow was,
I married an old wife;
But ere three days were past and gone,
I led a weary life.

I hied me then to the church yard,
And unto death did pray,
O kind good death of Basle,
Take my old wife away:

And when back to the house I came,
Dead there my old wife lay;
I to the waggon yoked the horse,
And drove my wife away.

And when I to the church yard came,
The grave was ready made;
O softly tread ye bearers,
Least my old wife awake!

Come shovel, shovel, shovel up,
My old and wicked wife;
For while she lived I wot she was,
The plague of my young life!

Having deposited his old wife in the earth, he hastens home and gets a young one, who beats him from morning to night, and soon makes him regret her predecessor.

The Danes have the richest collection of old ballads of all the Teutonic nations. These ballads, long known under the name of the *Kiæmpe Viser*, were, to the number of one hundred, first printed by Anders Sorensön Vedel, in 1591, at the request of the Queen of Denmark. Others were added in subsequent editions, of which several appeared, both in Denmark and Norway.

A volume of *Tragica*, or old Danish historical Love Songs, was published in 1657; and a hundred ballads were added, by Peter Syv, to Vedel's collection, in 1695. A New Edition, enriched by several ballads from old manuscript collections, of which, to the honour of the fair sex, there had been many made in former days in Denmark, has lately been published in Copenhagen, with the old tunes to which they were sung.* This curious collection of ballads, in a language so very like the north country English, ought to be in the hands of every amateur of this species of literature. It is divided into ballads relating to the old mythical period,—supernatural and miraculous ballads,—historical ballads,—and fictitious ballads. With respect to their age, it cannot be exactly determined; but it has been affirmed, by good judges, that, with the exception of five, in the historical class, all the rest are the composition of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. The subjects to which the historical ballads relate, are many of them of a very ancient date; the language is often full of archaisms not to be found in the monuments even of the 15th century; and several of them are referred to by name in the old Chronicles.

Some of these ballads have been introduced with considerable effect, by Oehlenschläger, in his Dramas. In his Tragedy of Axel and Valborg, which is itself founded on a popular ballad, he introduces that of the

* To be had from Mr. Bohte, London.

Knight Aage in the following manner—

Valborg. My Axel oft has told me with what skill
You touch the harp—
William. Oft times its tones
Have soothed my troubled senses to repose:
Valborg. Well then, dear William, seat thee in that nook,
Where, by my mother's grave a harp is hung.—
How many a sleepless night has Valborg's voice
Accompanied its tones among these graves!
How many a time with it has she begun
The song of the Knight Aage! Never sung
She it to end; her feeble voice was drowned
By scalding tears; but you, my noble William,
Received, from God a nature more robust:—
Take you the golden harp, and seat yourself
Down by the Royal pillar, facing Axel,
And sing, with tuneful string, your song to end,
Whilst Valborg kneels beside her Axel's corse—
And do not, prithee, rise till all is o'er—
Till Else has her Aage joined in death.

It was the Knight Sir Aage,
He to the island rode;
He betrothed Lady Else,
She was so fair a maid;

He betrothed Lady Else,
All with the gold so red,
But on the Monday after
He in the earth was laid;

It was the Lady Else,
And she did wail and weep,
The Knight, Sir Aage heard her,
Under the earth so deep;

Uprose the Knight, Sir Aage,
Took his coffin up behind,*
And hied him to her chamber door,
His Lady fair to find:

With the coffin he knock'd upon the door,
Because he had no skin,
"O rise up Lady Else
And let thy Aage in!"

Then answered Lady Else,
"I will not ope my door,
Till thou repeat Christ Jesus' name,
As thou couldst do before!"

"O rise up little Else,
And open thou thy door;
I can the name of Jesus name,
As I could do before."

Then up rose the proud Else,
The tears fast down did flow,
And in she let dear Aage,
For whom she felt such woe;

And then she took her golden comb,
Wherewith she combed his hair,
And for every hair she redded,
She dropt a bitter tear.

"Now, hear ye Knight, Sir Aage,
My dearest love, O say,
How was it under the black earth
In the grave where you lay."

"Every time thou merry art,
And in thy mind art glad,
Then pleasant is my grave to me,
All round with rose leaves clad;

"But every time thou grievest,
And in thy mind art sad,
My coffin then it seems to be
All filled with clotted blood.

"But now the red cock croweth,
I can no longer stay,
To earth now hurry all the dead,
And I must take the way.

"And now the black cock croweth,
To earth must I descend,
The gates of heaven wide open are,
And I must quickly wend!"

Upstood the Knight, Sir Aage,
Took his coffin up behind,
And dragged it on to the church yard,
Painful he did it find;—

And now the Lady Else,
Her heart it was right sad,
She went on with her Aage,
All through the darksome wood;

She went with him all through the wood,
And into the church yard,
And then the Knight, Sir Aage,
Lost the hue of his yellow hair;

And as he came to leave the yard,
And into the church sped,
O there the Knight, Sir Aage,
Lost the hue of his cheeks so red;

"Now hear thou little Else proud
Hear me my dearest dear,
See that thou never more do weep,
For thy betrothed here;

And cast thine eye to heaven up,
And little stars aboon,
And thou wilt thereby come to know,
How the night passeth on."

She cast her eye to heaven up
And to each little star;
Into the earth the dead man slipped,
She never saw him more!

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* In old times, ghosts were supposed to take their coffins with them—See the wooden cuts in the *Helden-buch*, &c.

Now home went Lady Else,
Deep sorrowing all the way,
And on the Monday after,
She lay in the dark clay.

This affecting ballad was taken from a manuscript collection, which belonged to Christiana, daughter of King Christian IV, and in which she wrote her name, with the date, 24th June, 1660. The number of ballads closely resembling it, dispersed throughout the various Teutonic countries, is very great indeed; and it is hardly going too far to affirm, that something like it is to be found in almost every one of their provinces. The Suffolk Miracle, the original of Bürger's Leonora, and a Norse song, all of similar construction, have already been noticed. The strongest likeness to it, however, is to be found in the famous Scots ballad of William and Margaret, which we believe was first published in Allan Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany. But, though in all these the resemblance is very great, it does not seem certain that any one country was indebted for the subject to another. The belief in ghosts follows naturally, from the belief that we do not wholly die; and the most that the reason of an enlightened age can say on the subject, is, that allowing a continuation of our existence, in some shape or other, we know not whether the nature of that existence does or does not allow of an intercourse between it and the mortal life. There is a difficulty in supposing an identity of being, without an identity of affections; and men in a rude age, naturally cling with fondness to the idea, that, as the old affection is continued, the disembodied spirit will not be subjected to a restraint, debarring it irrevocably, from all means of communicating with the object of its regard. Those who witness the separation of two lovers by the hand of death, can hardly avoid picturing to themselves a renewal of the intercourse so sadly disturbed; and hence the idea of such ballads as we have last noticed, must be almost perpetually floating in the mind, and as extensively diffused as human feeling. It must be allowed, at the same time, that the resemblance between William and Margaret, and the Knight Aage, extends even to the details. Compare the following verses from the former, with what we have just given above.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;
And its but my spirit Margaret,
That's now speaking to thee.

She stretch'd out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie
God send your soul good rest!

Now she has kilted her robe of green,
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night,
The dead corpse followed she:

Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Any room at your feet;
Or any room at your side Willie;
Wherein that I may creep?

There's no room at my head, Margaret;
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Margaret,
My coffin's made so meet:—

Then up and crew the red-cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, dear Margaret,
That I were going away.

(*To be continued.*)