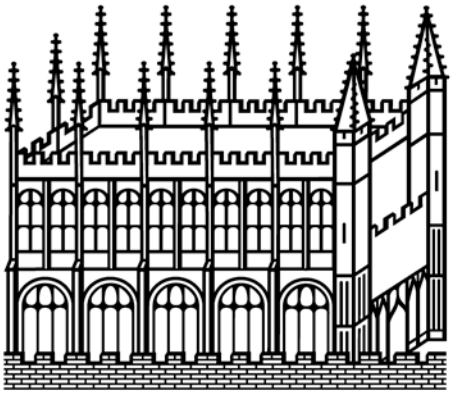


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Bt. from Wm. Brown

THE ROYAL JUBILEE.

A SCOTTISH MASK.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BUT I WILL SING A RANTIN SANG
THAT DAY OUR KING COMES O'ER THE WATER.
JACOBITE RELICS.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH; AND
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.
MDCCCXXII.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES, with attendant Elves.

GENIUS OF THE OCEAN, with Sea-Nymphs.

GENIUS OF THE GAEL, with Highland Spirits.

GENIUS OF THE WEST, with Spirits of Covenanters.

GENIUS OF HOLYROOD, &c.

ARCHY CAMPBELL, the King's Officer.

THE

ROYAL JUBILEE.

A SCOTTISH MASK.

SCENE.—*A romantic dell on Arthur's Seat, with a view of the Palace and Calton-Hill. Bells, clarions, and various instruments of music heard at a distance. Echo repeating part of each strain.*

Enter GENIUS OF THE PALACE.

RECITATIVE.

Why all this commotion
On land and on ocean?
This shouting and knelling
In my ancient dwelling?
The smile so triumphant on cheeks that were faden,
The proud step of youth and the bustle of maiden,
This joy in the desolate hall of Duneden?
Ho, Echo! Great Spirit of rock and of forest,
Who lovest to sleep sound when our griefs are the sorest,

But now at the din round yon gaudy caravel,
Thou shakest thy old sides at the rout and the revel:
Invisible mimic, whose home is the nearest,
Awake and repeat me the strains that thou hearest.

(Some grand strains of distant music repeated by Echo.)

Bless thee, old Echo! full high is thy merit,
Thou eyeless, aimless, bodiless spirit:
Thou cliff-born changeling without guide,
An ear and a tongue, and nothing beside.
A raven, this moment, thou croak'st in thy cave;
The next thou'rt a sounding breaking wave;
The next a maiden singing of love;
And the next a proud eagle yelling above;
A stormy wind, or a clarion that rings
In honour of heroes and mighty kings.
O! hast thou neither voice nor spell,
Nor fairy to send forth and tell
Why all this clamour, tumult, and din,
My ancient palace halls within—
Where I have slumbered, in listless mood,
Since the days of the Martyr, Charles the Good?

SONG I.

By SCOTTISH FAIRIES *within.*

AIR—" When the King comes o'er the Water."



RECITATIVE.

Words of sooth the fairy sings:
The son of our ancient honoured kings
Is come his fathers' home to see;—
The topmost stem of our royal tree,
That from dark shades its head uprears.
God bless the son of a thousand years!
His foot's on our shore, on our mountains his eyes,
Departed shades, arise, arise!
The royal presence sets you free,
This night be the Spirits' Jubilee!
From sea and from strand,
From lake and from land,
From forest and fountain,
And dark heathy mountain
Come gather you, gather you without delay,
For much is to do ere the break of day!
—Here comes the Genius of the Wave,
With the sea-nymphs of her coral cave;
I'll hide me behind the lady-fern,
The strains of the great deep to learn. [*Exit.*

Enter ORIEL, *the Genius of the Ocean, with* SEA-NYMPHS.

ORIEL.

Come hither, my maidens, and to me tell
If you became your stations well,
Through weltering wave and land-gale strong,
As the King of the Ocean came bounding along.

Fair Lady Foambell, freakish and vain,
Say me your tendance o'er frith and o'er main.

FIRST SEA-NYMPH.

Mistress, you know how, a year agone,
I sailed to the winds, and summoned them on,
To toss him and heave him o'er breaker and wave,
As high as the mountain, as low as the cave;
For I knew that the King of the Sea would not shrink
From the cup that her millions are doomed to drink;
And I screamed with joy when, without dread,
He saw the waves break over his head.
—But I was punished: and, mistress mine,
Your high award was too condign.

ORIEL.

Fair nymph, if well thou now hast sped,
I'll bind this garland round thy head
Of the emerald green and the ruby red.

FIRST SEA-NYMPH.

My Queen, I judged there were greater crimes
Than giving my Prince a touch of the times;
So I whispered to him, in haughty tone,
What element he journeyed on.
But well I knew the sacred charge,
And gave the ship to bound at large;
And lovely was her meteor sway,
As she rainbowed the waves on her polar way.

Old Ocean smiled through her silvery foam,
As she bore her King to his ancient dome.
And, O my Queen,
Had'st thou but seen
When his eye first found the Ochels green,
How it beamed with the heart's own mollient dew,
As loud he called to his steersman true,
" Is yon the Land of the Clans I view?"

He turned it next on this very dell
Round which the rocks fantastic swell;
On castled pile of ancient time,
And he started at each scene sublime.
And then it sought, the last of all,
The beauteous Mary's ancient Hall;
And the tear-drop fell as his thoughts did trace
The fate of the Stuarts' hapless race,—
The flower of the world that flourished there;
And of all her comely race so fair
The last and the loveliest too was gone,
And the Royal Wanderer roamed alone.
These were his secret thoughts I ween,
For a look so expressive I never had seen;
I loved him, and blessed him, and (shame to outbrave)
I took my stand on the mane of a wave,
And bursting away with the breeze that blew,
I moistened his cheek with my body of dew:
For I longed, in a frolic of amorous mirth,
To kiss, in the gleam of a Scottish firth,
The King of the Ocean and Isles of the Earth.

ORIEL.

Fair Lady Foambell, turn thee behind,
Thou art not a dame to my Sovereign's mind.
Come, Fireflake, forth, take up the word,
And say how you served the Ocean's Lord.

SECOND SEA-NYMPH.

My Queen, I sparkled as bright at even,
As the brightest stars in the upper heaven;
And I flashed in a thousand shivers of flame
On the sides of the bark, as she onward came.
And when the sun rose, bright and low,
I gleamed, a radiance, round her prow,
And I drew my Sovereign's manly eye,
That looked with joy on my mimicry.

ORIEL.

Turn, tiny nymph, behind thy Queen,
Since thou hast toy to Sovereign been,
I'll grant thee a lover, and he shall be
From the fountains of the Zuyder Zee.
Come Ripple, and Rainbow, Gurgle, and Gale,
Say how you sped with the royal sail.

(They gather round, and one speaks.)

O Mistress, we dyed the breast of the tide
With purple, and green, and gold beside;
The heaven above, and the heaven below,

We painted in Autumn's boldest glow,
And arched the sea with aerial bow.
And still our liquid song we sung
As the ship on the green wave veered and swung;
And aye we deck'd her gilded prow,
With stomager of the purest snow.
Thy maidens spared nor toil nor pain
To please the King of the mighty Main.

ORIEL.

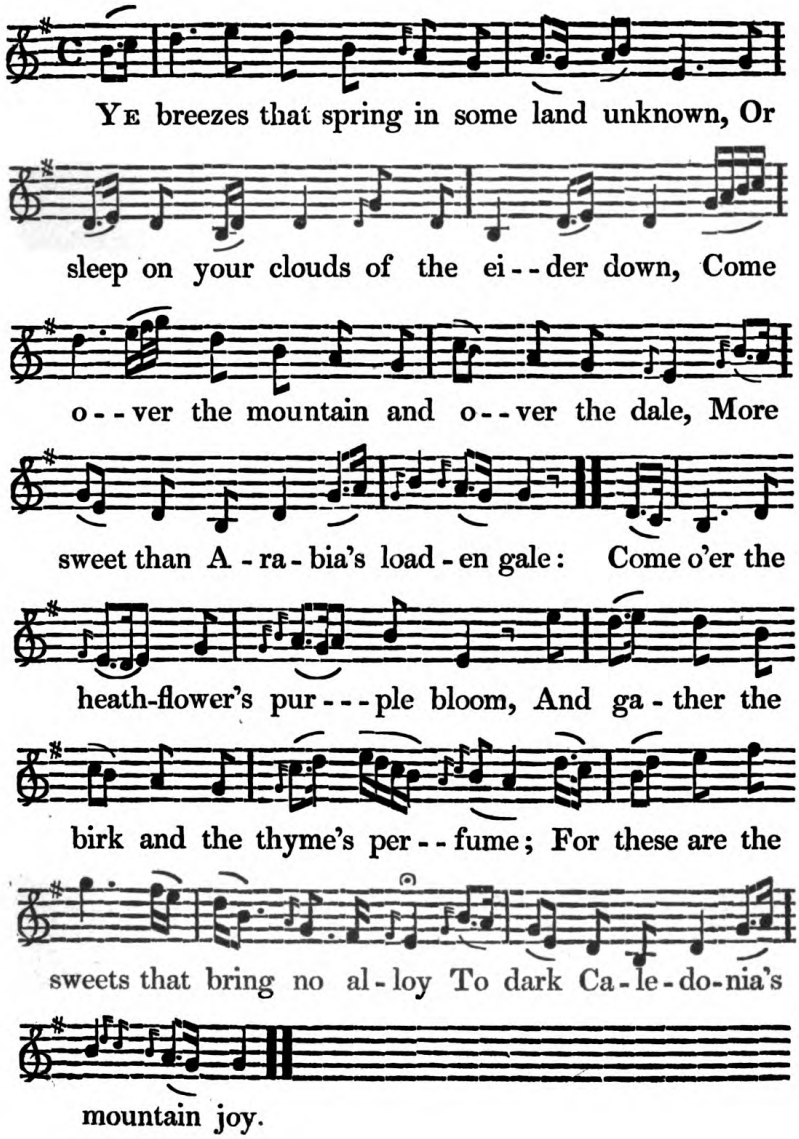
Go, Ripple, and sing to the rushing keel;
Go, Gurgle, and growl in the fisherman's creel;
Go, Gale, and away o'er thy wild billow roam;
And, rosy Rainbow, break and go home.
But ere we leave the sweet land-breeze,
Let us frame a song our King to please,
And gladden his heart, when he skims again
Alongst our lubric bright domain:
And be it a Caledonian lay,
To bind his heart to this land for aye.



SONG II.

By the SEA-NYMPHS.

AIR—"Birks of Invermay."



But, O thou breeze of the valley and hill,
Thou canst bring a richer offering still,—
The good man's prayer from every cot,
And the poor's best blessing that's ne'er forgot;
The free man's boast from the forest and hall,
And the vows of the maiden, the sweetest of all:
Bring these, thou breeze of old Albyn's reign,
And welcome be thou to the King of the Main.

RECITATIVE.

ORIEL.

Come, let us away,
My maidens gay,
An hundred fathoms from the day;
Where the breeze never sweeps,
And the ripple never creeps,
And everlasting twilight sleeps:
For yonder approaches the Fairy Queen,
The Genius of the Lowlands green,
With elf and fay,
In trim array:
They are coming their long devoirs to pay. [*Exeunt.*

SONG III.

By SCOTTISH FAIRIES *behind.*

AIR—"Broom of the Cowdenknowes."



Enter QUEEN *of the* FAIRIES, *with her* ELVES.

QUEEN.

Gather, gather, my elfins sheen,
Gather around your sovereign Queen,
And say what our gamesome sports shall be
During our joyful jubilee.
And each must bestow some trifle or toy
For the sake of the lowlands, the land of our joy.

FIRST FAIRY.

Madam, I'll give this darling of men,
And maidens too, my malison.

SECOND FAIRY.

And so will I.

THIRD FAIRY.

And so will I.

ALL.

And so will we all.

QUEEN.

Cursed emmets! Why?

FOURTH FAIRY.

Because we were banished by him and his race,
And things called Knowledge, Truth, and Grace,

And sent away, on joyless wing,
In Lapland's dreary caves to sing;
Or through Missouri's wilds to go
With the beaver, the bear, and the buffalo;
Where, nor poetic gloom,
Breathes from the turf-clad tomb,
Nor strain sublime floats on the twilight breeze;
O, when I think upon the Border Green,
Where, in old time, our moonlight dance hath been;
What desolate and dreary lands are these!

QUEEN.

My elfins sly,
As well as I,
You know the hinges and doors of time;
And that there's a hand
Of mighty command
That opens and closes the gates sublime.
Then what are we to grumble and growl,
But atoms of a magnificent whole?
With heart and voice
Then let us rejoice,
In all our fellow-creatures' good:
No crowned man,
Since time began
Her course of tumult and of blood,
Had heart so sure
And hand so pure.
And his royal foot, set on Scotia's shore,
Gives us license to visit our haunts once more.

Then, fairies, bestow some trifle or toy,
For the sake of the Lowlands, the land of our joy.
The mite of kind will, to the good and the great—
Will be dearer than splendour and royal state.

(They all come round in a ring)

First Fairy.

I'll give him dreams of glory and bliss.

Second Fairy.

And I'll steal over and give him a kiss.

Third Fairy.

I'll give him visions of beauty supreme.

Fourth Fairy.

And I'll give him something that I shall not name;
But it shall both sweeter and gratefuller prove
Than glory, or beauty, or fairy's love.

Fifth Fairy.

I'll give him friendship.

Sixth Fairy.

And I'll give him glee.

Seventh Fairy.

I'll give a wreath from the green hollin tree.

EIGHTH FAIRY.

I'll give him welcome from great and small.

NINTH FAIRY.

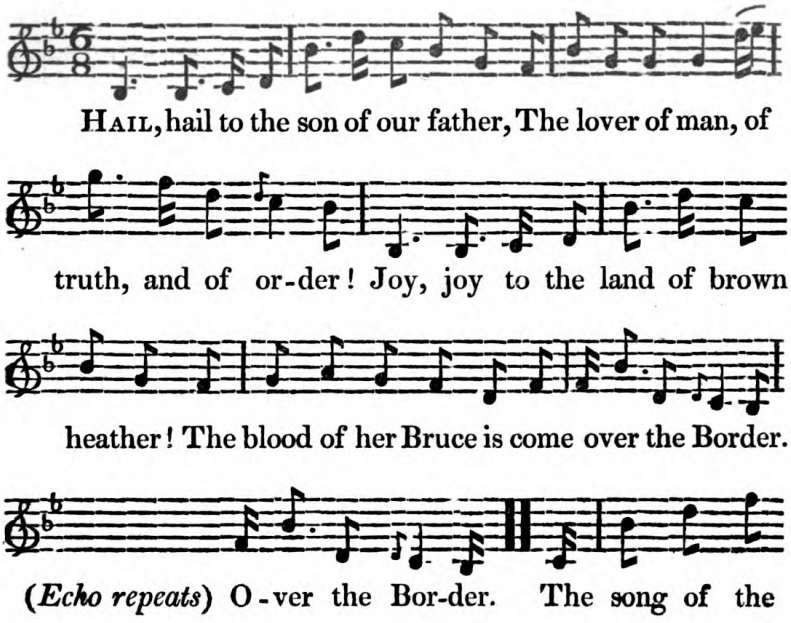
And I'll give him love, the dearest of all.

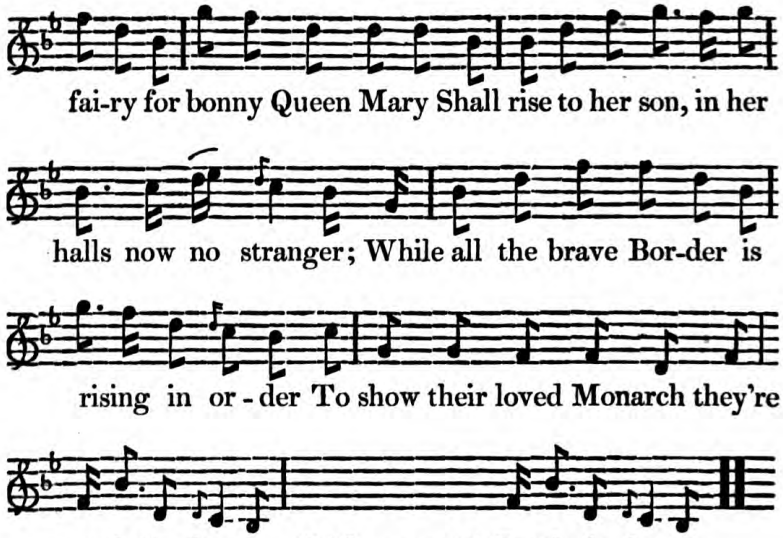
QUEEN.

And I'll bring the balm of the bonny green dale,
From every good shepherd in mountain or vale;
I'll bring him a blessing, and then to our guest
We'll sing the wild strain that the Border loves best.

SONG IV.

AIR—"Over the Border."





Sing! Sing, ye green fairies of lowland dale,
None so well know the joy of the nation:
Round, round, from the Cheviot to Lothian vale,
Nought is prevailing but proud exultation.
(Echo repeats) Proud exultation!

Herdman and haiden too, green-coated maiden too,
Baron and burgher are all in disorder,
Ranting and singing, and bonnets up-flinging,
Because of the lad that's come over the Border.
(Echo repeats) Over the Border!

QUEEN.

That old blind sonnetteer seems bent
On lending wild accompaniment.

Sooth we are haunted. This deep hold,
In view of Scotia's palace old,
Is this same night the rendezvous
Of spirits from the briny ooze,
Of spirits black and spirits gray,
And spirits from the north away;
Where fierce M'Cola's legions stern
Couch in the brake or forest dern.
Hide ye, fairies, in a flock
Within the dew-cups of the rock,
And when I call "away! away!"
Be ready with a Border lay.
I'll meet this hoary guest alone,
This breviature of ages gone;
This second-sighted paradigm,
Or ghost of Ossian he would seem.

Enter the GENIUS *of the* GAEL.

Hail, reverend spirit! Whom should I hail?

GENIUS.

The guardian genius of the Gael.
What lovely stranger meets my eye?

QUEEN.

The Genius of the Border, I.
And I have see thee heretofore;
But 'tis now a human age and more
Dost thou remember?

GENIUS.

No; 'tis gone.

QUEEN.

It was in April. All alone
I found thee wailing in woful plight,
Till the clouds around thee moaned outright;
And the old grey rocks and trees of the wood
At thy complaint wept tears of blood.
Dost thou remember?

GENIUS.

Lady, no:
But why recall the days of woe,
To mar the roving spirits' bliss
In such a jubilee as this?

QUEEN.

Because that then, in uncouth rhyme,
You mumbled something of this time:
Of a tartaned King that should appear,
The only stem of a house held dear,
Who should give loyalty its due,
And the honours of the Gael renew.
This I derided, with wicked spleen,
And high the feud rose us between,
Till I raised some elves from out the heath
To tickle your beard, and sooth your wrath.
There had been strife some days before,
A bloody strife on northern shore,

Where your proud Clans were forced to yield,
And fly inglorious from the field;
And saw their country, to their shame,
Wrapt in a flood of rolling flame.

GENIUS.

No; not to their shame,
Injurious dame!
I'll stake their honour's loftiest claim.
Upon that day
When Albyn's sway
Was reft from the right hand away
And given the left. When none stood fast
To help the young, the brave, the last
Of Stuart's line, my people then,
A remnant 'mid a world of men,
In peril stood. I joy to tell
For whom they rose, for whom they fell!
That day is past, as well it should;
And one is come, I knew it would!
On which our names shall higher soar
Than e'er rose nation's fame before.
Our King is come, and claims our race,
In garb and lineament of face;
And our lost titles for the right,
Burnished anew, shall shine more bright.
O might I to his ear impart
My people's loyalty of heart!

QUEEN.

If it is as potent as you say
The rocks will sing it. "Away, away!"

SONG V.

By SCOTTISH FAIRIES *within.*

AIR—"Killiecrankie."



O-HON a' righ! o-hon a' righ! There's nought but



al - ter - a - tion. The men that strove Our throne to



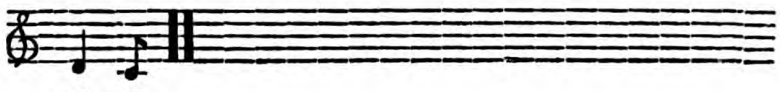
move, And o - ver-turn the na-tion, Are all come round,



With wit profound, To those they branded sair-ly, And



show more might For George's right Than e'er they did for



Charlie.

The day is past;
It was the last
Of suffering and of sorrow:
And o'er the men
Of northern glen
Arose a brighter morrow;
The pibroch rang
With bolder clang
Along the hills of heather;
And fresh and strong
The thistle sprung
That had begun to wither.

Our Sovereign gone,
Whom we think on
As sons on sire regarded,
Of the plaided north
Beheld the worth,
And loyalty rewarded;
Returned their own,
And to the throne
Bound all their spirits lordly;
Now, who will stand
With dirk and brand,
As Donald does for Geordie?

Beannaich an Righ!
Beannaich an Righ!
Her nainsel now pe praying;

Though standard praw,
And proad-sword law,
She all aside pe laying;
With Highland might,
For Shorge's right,
Cot put she'll braolich rarely!
Gin Lords her nain
Pe Lords ackain,
That fell for sake of Charlie.

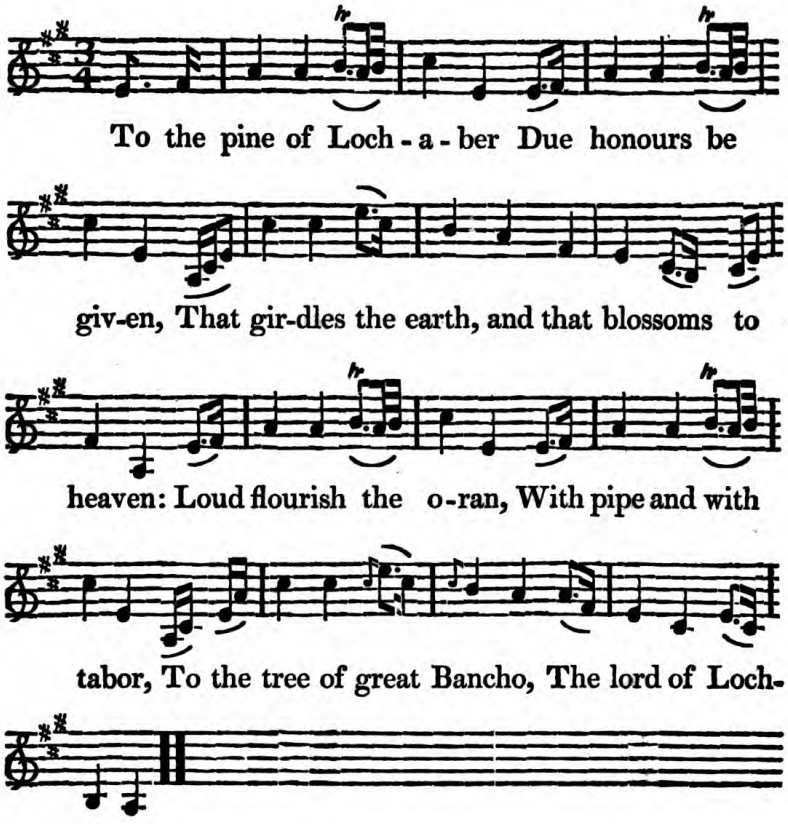
GENIUS OF THE GAEL,
(who shewed great impatience while the first verse was singing.)

Ay, long may truth thus spread and flourish,
And the loyal-hearted nourish
Principles of filial zeal
Towards our old grandam's weal;
Ancient Scotia, leal and true!
Land of cakes and bonnets blue!
Of brothers, emulous of fame,
Of Highland and of Lowland name!
Of their honours jealous, fretful,
None so proud, but none so grateful!
Think'st thou, Queen of Fairy-dale,
To outvoice the tuneful Gael?
Oigh and Sciothache, come, appear!
Molach Tanlaid, and Dhubhair;
Maighdean-mara, come along,
Chant this dame a northern song.

(Enter MERMAID *with* HIGHLAND SPIRITS. *They sing.)*

SONG VI.

AIR—" Macgregor na Ruara."



Far flourish our stem,
And its honours rise prouder,
The stem of the Stuart,
And rose of the Tudor.

Ho urrim! sing urrim
To the best and the latest!
What joy to the land
That the last is the greatest.

Ho urrim! sing urrim
To the day that brough hither,
And the day that gave birth
To our King and our Father!
And oft may this season
And scene back allure him
To the arms of his people!
Ho urrim! sing urrim!

Genius of the Gael.

Shades of ancient minstrels gone,
Spirit's guerdon have I none;
But, O! what high delight in hearing
Scottish trains of loyal bearing!
Go hide you in the blue hare-bell,
Or in the foxglove's silken cell;
And list what issues from the mouth
Of froward spirit of the south:
And should from Westland dale or hill,
Leven of old time distil;
Latent juices unsubdued,
Bred of ancient faith and feud,
Spirits, raise the loud acclaim
For ancient right, and feudal name.

In dark thorn, or rowan tree,
Hide ye, spirits, cunningly.

(*Exeunt all but* GENIUS OF THE GAEL *and* FAIRY QUEEN.)

QUEEN.

The Spirits of the West
Are gone to their rest;
Why join they not us in our dance and our chorus?
They are captious and bold,
Like their people of old;
For us, let us mingle like spirits before us.
Say, hold'st thou a guardian's dutiful eye
O'er all the dark islands from Isla to Skye,
And over each wild Highland mountain and hollow?

GENIUS OF THE GAEL.

No! I watch alone o'er the great clan M'Cola,
The mightiest name, though now in division,
That e'er in these islands was broke by collision.

GREY HIGHLAND SPIRIT *from above.*

Oh! master, master, whatever betide,
Here our heads we cannot hide;
There are spirits in fern, in flower-cup, and lin;
Spirits without and spirits within;
There are fairies, and brownies, and shades Amazonian,
Of harper, and sharper, and old Cameronian,
Some small as a pigmy, some tall as a steeple.
The spirits are all gone as mad as the people!

These Borderland elves they bid me begone,
And prick me with spears of the spider leg bone.

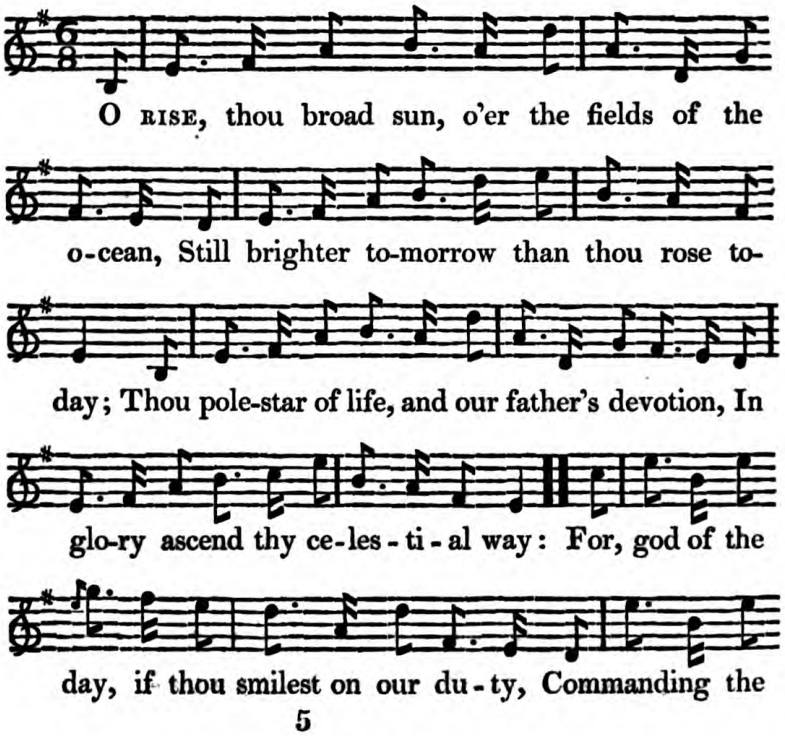
GENIUS.

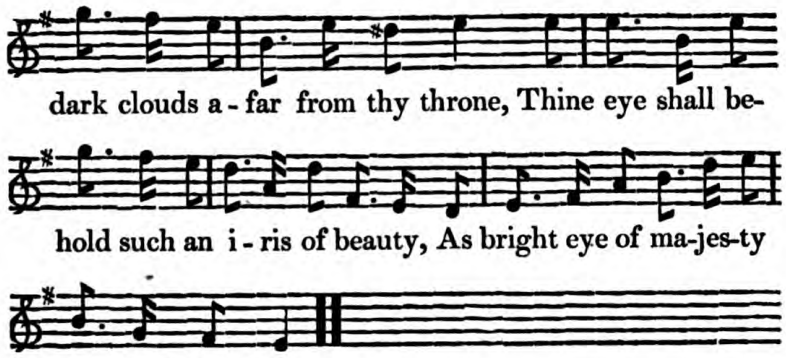
Unseemly droich! pour forth thy rhymes,
And give them a song of the olden times,
And then they shall soothe and embrace thee more
Than thy old form was ever before

SONG VII.

In full swell within.

AIR—"The bonny Dairymaid."





'Tis not in the bow of the cloud thou shalt see it,
'Tis not in the cleft of thy own milky way;
Thy beam, on the rain-cloud, dazzling long be it,
Thy path through the galaxy glorious for aye!
But, Sun of the World, at dawn or at gloaming,
Though splendid thy beauties, and all cherubin,
To man they're outlustred, by eyes that are human,
Enlightened by spirits immortal within.

Ascend in thy strength with thy gold shroud surrounding,
Dispenser of happiness, radiance, and joy,
As gladly we list for thy chariot wheels sounding,
The tingle of heaven adown from the sky;
And thou shalt behold thine own earthly vicegerent
Dispensing his blessings with smile so benign,
Bestowed with that goodness and kindness inherent,
That thou shalt rejoice at such emblem of thine.

GENIUS.

Go thy ways thou minstrel hoar;
The elves shall trouble thee no more.

QUEEN.

Look, Highland shade,
Along the glade,
Who's this comes next to serenade,
With stride severe
And brow austere?
The very prince of churls is here.
This froward guest,
Of all the rest,
Must be the Genius of the West,
Hail upright spirit!

GENIUS OF THE GAEL.

Hail to thee.



QUEEN.

What! not a word in courtesy?

(Enter GILLINOUR, *who strides by with great disdain.)*

GILLINOUR.

No.—You, I ween, are vile sectarians,
Scoffers or latitudinarians,
I hold no communings with those.

QUEEN.

Why comest thou here with look morose,
In such a night of general glee,
When bounden spirits are set free?
Comest thou against this royal guest

To enter thy sublime protest,
And, with some act of abjuration,
Confound the spirits of the nation?
We know thy stubborn flock's misdeeds,
And enmity 'gainst crowned heads.

GILLINOUR.

Madam, thou art most wondrous free!
Then, in return, take this from me;—
Thou art a fickle, false believer;
And he that told thee, a deceiver.
Not crowns or sceptres we gainsay,
But tyrant pride and despot sway;
And, let me tell you, and attest,
Ye spirits of ungracious jest,
That not a corner of our isle
Has backed the truth, with rank and file,
As we have done; still showing face
For Brunswick's firm and faithful race.
Therefore, beneath yon starry sheen,
I claim the first place on the green,
And, with my followers, to maintain
The precedence on earthly plain.
Then, grant us, without strife or cavil,
To move the first in royal revel,
Or, by John Welch! though it be late,
I'll make Drumclog of Arthur's seat.

GENIUS.

Cot's mallaich ! sure the thing's possess'd!
This bully of the broken West,
Would he oppose or stand before
The matchless might of Donald More ?
If so he dares, I'll let him see,
Once more, the terrible Dundee :
His phantom-steed once more shall paw ;
Once more the claymore he shall draw,
Then where will be your stern array ?
I see your look, and hear you say,
" Good-morrow, Ghosts, I must away
Up to the cleuch to mourn and pray."

QUEEN.

And, masters, shall it e'er be said
That my grey hose and marled plaid
Must once give place, though but in jest,
To the wild North, or canting West ?
We, who for ages dared to stand
The bulwark of our native land;
When, all unmoved, your tribes afar
Scarce heard the rumours of the war,
Then for your rights, through fire and flood,
We soaked the fells with foemen's blood.
Give precedence. I claim the order
For my broad bonnets of the Border !

Enter ORIEL.

ORIEL.

What! leave the guardians of the sea,
The last in this great jubilee!
Those who have guarded Britain's coast
Against each proud aspiring host,
And in whose surging mountain waves
Her fierce invaders found their graves!
E'er since you quaked at the bravado
Of the invincible Armado
Unto this day, who kept you free?
I say—The Genius of the Sea!
The right hand's mine; to this you're bound,
I throw my pledge, and keep my ground.

GENIUS OF THE GAEL.

I'll not give in, by high Heaven's might;
M'Donald always keeps the right.

GILLINOUR.

Step forth, my host of saintly fame;
Show your fair faces without shame.

Enter GHOSTS OF ANCIENT COVENANTERS.

Now, dost thou think I'll yield the palm?
Stern opposition is the balm
Of these my followers. Turn thee here,
And view their visages severe,

And then say who dares treat with banters
The spirits of old Covenanters !

These are the shades of men who rose
For Scotland's right, and dared oppose
Tyrannic sway with sword and pen,
'Gainst all the wrath of wicked men.
The nation's rights, sacred and civil,
These wrenched both from man and devil ;
And with their blood, on fen and field,
Their holy testimonies sealed.
Then brag not us with vain palavers,
And with the ghost of guilty Clavers ;
Or by the sword of William Cleland,
Bring spirits lowland, spirits highland,
And I'll disperse the bloody Neroes
By these few souls of Westland heroes.
I stamp my claim before high heaven,
I write it with the dews of even,
(Blood of the skies here sprinkled down,
For now we have none of our own ;)
That Westland spirits have the right
To marshal first in Sovereign's sight.
His is the righteous rule, for which
We ventured all, and suffered much :
Speak out ye ghosts of drumbly feature ;
Dumbness was not your earthly nature.

First Ghost.

We have strong proofs of mortal frame,
A gallant band that claims our name,
The Cameronians. For the faith
They'll scale you vagrants with their breath.

Second Ghost.

Our birthright we give up to none
For mess of pottage. Ours alone
It is. And now here's for the strife!

Third Ghost.

I'm ready to lay down my life!

Gillinour.

The bible be your target, then,
And wear it like Breadalbane's men,
Or these bold rogues, the red M'Gregors,
Spread on the arm with mystic figures.
Your swords be gleams of fiery levin,
Drawn streaming from the forge of heaven;
And through the moonlight of the hill,
O'er shade and shingle, rock and rill,
We'll drive this herd of haughty jeerers
Like silly sheep before their shearers.

GENIUS OF THE GAEL.

Rise, Highland shades, we'll them defy.
When yields M'Donald, then shall I.

All the spirits enter.

QUEEN.

Rise, every fay and Border elf,
The land of Bruce will right itself.

(As they are in the act of seizing one another, ARCHIE CAMPBELL *enters, dark with fatigue and dust. He runs through and through the crowd, pushing them asunder.)*

ARCHY.

Hold off, I say! Hold off! Hold off! Keep the peace in the King's name. Hold off, you there!

OMNES.

Who are you, Sir,? Who are you? Who are you? &c. &c. &c.

ARCHY.

Oh Cot! pe plessing you all; she pe the Guardian Genius of the High-street of Edinburgh, and has more nor eneuch to pe tooing without coming out amang the cliffs, and the crags, and the mhountains to pe contending with madcaps. Cot's tamn! is it not a pold matter that men and dhevils should all have gone mhad at the very same time. The shentles are gone mhad, and the phoor people are gone mhad: the wives are all gone mhad, and the wee, wee pairnies are mhaddest of all. But is it not an awsome thing

that the very bogles of the hill should have risen out of the earth and gone mhad too? Keep the peace there, my ghostly masters. Sure, there never was a good shentleman peloved like this! Every living crheature in the whole land, visible and invisible, is in commotion, contending who shall pe rhendering him the most grhandest homage, and who has the pest right and condescension of him. Cot pless us! what a hobbleshue, and a hurly-purly, with clans and commoners. And, among the rest, tere pe te prave and te ponny Campbells, with te P on the shouter of te arm, whilk shaws tere mhaster to pe no grheat scholar, for it should peen a C. Och, that she had them all here! For of all other risings, this of the clans of pogles pe te worst. But it be petter to fleech fools than fight wi' them. Come, my praive friends, tere shall none of you be either first or last, for you shall just form a round robin about our mhaster and our King, and pe a creat, and a strong, and a mighty pulwark about him, when the ee of man can neither pe seeing te one nor te other. Come, I will form you in a ring, and you shall pe tancing of a meenoway, and singing te first shentleman of te whole world to his good sleep.

QUEEN.

Pray, brave sir, what shall we sing?

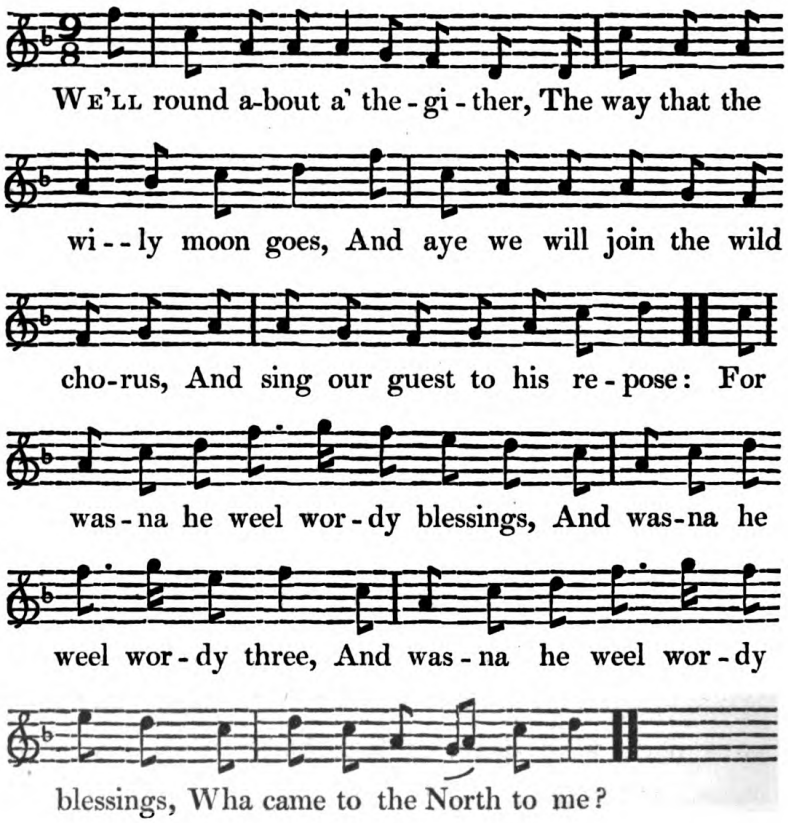
ARCHY.

Och! just pe you beginning te fine song. A good turn needs but a beginning. Let it be Scottish, true Scottish.

(They tread softly in a circle and sing.)

SONG THE LAST.

AIR—"Go to the Kye wi' me."



There's some that can rule with discretion,
There's some that can stoop to the law,
There's some that can wield a whole nation,
But wha is it can do them a'?
Then wasna he weel wordy blessings, &c.

We'll dance till the goudshaker tremble,
The gowan, and harebell sae blue;
An't warna for great Archy Campbell,
We wadna leave track on the dew.
For wasna he weel wordy blessings, &c.

The night-wind is soughing mair sweetly
O'er bells of the heather and ling;
The starns they are shining mair brightly,
And a' for the sake o' our King.
Then wasna he weel wordy blessings, &c.

O well may the land of the thistle
Have joy on her bonny ee-bree;
She'll never forget the blithe bustle
And life of her GRAND JUBILEE.
Then wasna he weel wordy blessings, &c.

ARCHY CAMPBELL.

Now scale a' your ways, like good pairns, and we're muckle opliged to you for your good intentions. Ride away on the swirl o' the wind there, or 'mak horses o' the wee windle-straes, and scamper off like as mony fire-flaughts; or ye may climb up your lang ledders, made o' the peams o' the moon; but, in the King's name, I dismiss ye. Gude heavens! Isna it an awsome thing that the very teils and bogles are come out o' the moudiewort holes to kick up sic a stour on this great occasion.

[*Exeunt all the spirits, in different directions.* ARCHY *looks for a while after them, and then goes off, singing*

" Hersel be Heelant shentleman,
Pe auld as Pottal priggs man, &c."

THE END.

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