

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth, a statute was passed by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and stardy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession.

I cannot conclude this account of the ancient English Minstrels, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the north of England. There is scarce an old historical song or ballad wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised by way of eminence to have been "of the North Countrey;" and indeed the prevalence of the northern dialect in such compositions, shews that this representation is real. On the other hand

the scene of the finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland; which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish Minstrels. In the old song of Maggy Lawder, a piper is asked, by way of distinction, "come ze frae the Border?" The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our southern metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern counties, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are peculiarly described.—*Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

RISE MY JOY SWEET MIRTH ATTEND.

PRIZE GLEE, (1777.)

*Allegro.**S. Webbe.*

Rise my joy, Rise my joy, Rise my joy sweet mirth at - tend, I'm re - solv'd to

be thy friend sweet mirth, I'm resolv'd to be thy friend. Sneaking Phœbus hides his head, be thy friend, I'm resolv'd to be thy friend. Sneaking Phœbus hides his head,

He's with The - tis gone to bed, Tho' he will not on - - me shine, Still - -

Tho' he will not on me shine,

He's with The - tis gone to bed, Tho' he will not on me shine, Tho' he will not on me shine,

- - there's brightness in the wine, Tho' he will not on me shine, Still there's brightness in the wine.

Still &c.

Still there's brightness in the wine, Still - - there's bright - ness in the wine.

in the wine - - - - - From

From Bacchus I'll such lus-tre borrow, my Face shall be a sun to morrow.

From Bacchus

Bacchus, From Bacchus I'll such lus-tre borrow, my Face shall be a sun to morrow.