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Lord Rector Prize

NOTES.

Essay.

Subject: "Alexander Scott, Montgomerie, and Drummond of Hawthornden, as Lyric Poets."

I.

The Singer was less than his theme.

Life, and emotion, and I.
Essay.

Alexander Scott, Montgomerie, and Drummond of Hawthorn-den, as Lyric Poets.

I.

The Nature of Lyric

It is the purpose of this essay to attempt an estimate of the lyrical qualities contained in the works of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Scottish poets, Alexander Scott, Alexander Montgomerie, and William Drummond of Hawthordon; and to classify and fix, as nearly as possible, their respective positions in the world of letters as lyric poets. The myst that one can hope to achieve in this connection, however, must necessarily at the best be only more or less of an approximation, but to do even that in a tolerably adequate manner, we must have some...
standard; some canon of excellence, merit, and lyrical intensity, upon which we found our enquiry. What, we must ask ourselves, are the elements that are necessary for the construction of pure Lyric? What is lyrical intensity? What, in short, is a Lyric? Are the lyrical qualities partly or wholly coextensive with the qualities that constitute a poem? By the latter term implying an elevated and inspired Art work redolent of beauty and replete with the "breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," or are they qualities apart and unnecessary for the complete realisation of the other, but when found in actual combination each contributing something to the more perfect whole? These are but a few of the problems which one discovers silently clamorous for elucidation, when one first approaches in a spirit of enquiry.
the subject of lyric, of all literary abstractions, probably the most elusive and abstract. The idea is all the more difficult to grasp from the fact of its comparative familiarity. It is not difficult to point out a lyric poem, or even to say which of two given poems is the more lyrical. Yet it is questionable whether there is one critic in a hundred who could give a complete and perfect definition of the term. The conception however was originated by man, and if it has, since its earliest formulation been modified or augmented, such evolutionary processes have been neither external nor accidental but have been, like the idea itself, products of the human mind. There is therefore no reason why man’s intelligence should not fix within definite bounds an image which owes its very existence and growth to that
intelligence alone.

The lyric conception appears to have materialised first of all amongst the Greeks. That the thing itself was in existence earlier can scarcely be disputed, but it found expression in language only when the Greeks accompanied their unnamable and undefined poetical effusions with the music of the lyre, and then forth a poem capable of being chanted or sung to a musical accompaniment supplied by that instrument became a lyric. And in its purest form the poem so called was not only capable of being sung to music but was inseparable from music. The poetry and the music together formed a single work of art—a pure lyric. Whether this idea of lyricism was applied originally to all poetic outbursts, such as the epics of Homer, Iliad, and the cyclic poet of Ancient Greece, for it...
is now pretty generally admitted that practically all poetry in its earliest stages was sung or chanted to some kind of musical accompaniment, or whether it was referred only to such dithyrambic verses as those of Arion, or to odes like the Hymns and Odes of Pindar, we have as yet no certain means of knowing; but our first clear view of the nature of lyric is now attained. It is a work in verse which is indissolubly associated with a certain class of musical accompaniment, and it can only retain its distinctive character just so far as its association with this musical accompaniment is found existing in conjunction with the words and verses, and as each continues to be a necessary condition to the complete whole.

Although we are indebted to the Romans for many excellent examples of lyrical poetry, their forms
of literature were practically all borrowed from the Greeks. The literature of the Romans being thus purely imitative, we owe therefore no further development in the idea of lyric to them, and there seems to have been no change in the original conception until well on in the Middle Ages. Simultaneously however with the origination and growth of the lyrical idea in the literature of cultured Greece and Rome, there was another and parallel growth silently and more or less unconsciously proceeding amongst the common people of the rural and urban districts of these two great empires. The lower classes of all nations have certain ideals and aspirations, scarcely defined perhaps, but probably as real as those of their rulers and more richly shadowed and better educated compatriots, and these frequently find expression in the nineteenth and
badly constructed, yet spontaneous, fervent, and ingenious folk-songs and ballads of the populace. Here then were further elements that were at a later date to be combined in the formation of the perfect lyric as it is known to us at the present day. That there was such a growth of popular verse in early Greece is more than probable, but that it existed in Rome from the very earliest times, is practically certain. But in those early Classical times a fixed and insuperable barrier existed between the higher and the lower orders of society, and all communication of any intellectual or social character between them was impossible. With the growth of Christianity and the gradual abolition of religious caste however, a new middle class slowly evolved, and as we get into the early Middle Ages, we find an intras-
ing amount of interaction and intercommunication taking place throughout the whole structure of society. This was effected chiefly by the medium of the Church, although it was not absolutely debarred even by the secular institutions of Feudal times. In the old Barbarian communities also, which had now seemingly imposed themselves upon what had previously been the great and mighty Roman Empire, there had been a literary growth and activity similar to that which had taken place among the lower orders of Greece and Rome themselves, and the same class exclusiveness not having been practised among these primitive peoples as there had been in the two greatest nations of antiquity, the rude bards or singers were allowed considerable recognition by the ruling bodies, and an order of Bards or Scalds who lived by
singing their ballads in the halls of the great, had arisen.
Thus it was that the successors of these venerable singers as
much as, or more than, of the 
Folk Singers of Greece and Rome,
carried on the traditions and 
customs of the ancient times 
and nations throughout the 
Middle Ages, with however, a 
gradual and continued increase 
of culture and refinement. From 
the ranks of these Minstrels or 
Troubadours, as they were called, 
were drawn the lyrical romances 
and poets of the Middle Ages, 
all of whose productions are largely 
tinted with the characteristic 
ferocity and spontaneity which 
we have seen originating with 
their predecessors, and with the 
bulk of the people from which 
they had sprung.

It will be found however, 
that in all the lyrical effusions 
of the early Middle Ages, there is
nothing to compare with the cultured music of Sappho and
Pindar, or the pure and
correct melody of Horace and
Ovid. But in the fifteenth century
came the Renaissance with its
accompanying blaze of enlighten-
ment, and the Classics were again
restored to European students
and professors of Literature and
the Arts. Then also it was that
lyricism took a new form based
upon a combination of the old-
time Classical purity and the
spontaneous fervor of a more
human, if less cultured age.
This then is the essential form of
the lyric as we understand it
to-day. It must contain emotion
al intensity combined with artistic
purity and aesthetic simplicity. It
must ring clearly as a thrush's
song, and may be idyllic in
word-painting, while every device
should coincide with the most
exact artistry of the whole. Such a
song is Shelley's
"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
I was led—Who knows how?
To thy chamber—window, sweet!"
It has been said that 'her breaths'...
frequently wrote the merest nonsense in lyrical form, and obtained from it the best lyrical effects. Thus,

"When that I was a little tiny boy,
"With key ho the wind and the rain,
"A foolish thing was but a toy,
"For the rain it rains the everyday."

Or,

"It was a lover and his lass,
"With a kyn and a kyn, and a hymning,
"That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
"In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,

"When birds do sing, key ding a ding, ding;

"Sweet lovers love the spring."

To recapitulate then, a lyric may be defined as a work in verse capable of being set to music, and possessing an inherent melodic beauty of its own. It must convey an impression of spontaneous originality, and it must be simple and direct, simplicity and directness being essentials of all good works.
of art. It should evidence a certain degree of emotional intensity, although as Professor A. C. Bradley has pointed out, the "emotions and conditions" (from which it may have arisen) "however interesting biographically are practically irrelevant." It should, if possible, possess practical beauty and depth, although this is not essential. Above all, it should strike upon one ears as the song of a bird, and should leave us with a sense of something expressed that is unexpressable. A thing that is — yet is not! A literary abstraction hovering on the brink of words: floating uncertainly between the ethereal and the material.

Such then is the lyric as we regard it to-day, and it is now our purpose to investigate to what extent the works of the three poets with whom we are concerned, conform to the principles embodied in the foregoing definition. How far the
ideas of our time on the subject of lyric were prevalent in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries may be somewhat uncertain, and it may be judged unfair for us to estimate a poet of that period by the standards of our time. But when a poet indites a lyric he does not first consider all the elements that constitute this form of composition. To do so were at once to take away the very essence of lyric. And if in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the thing had not yet received a logical definition, or in fact a definition of any kind, it nevertheless had a more or less real existence, the actual extent of which as exemplified in the poetry of Scott, Montgomery, and Drummond we shall now attempt to discover.
There is surely nothing more curious in the history of any literature than the fact that, for a century after the greatest of all English poets up to his period, and the founder and father of a new era in literary achievement, the souls and imaginations of English writers seem to have been overwhelmed with an absolute and in conquerable sense of numbness and death. The best works which, during that era, the country can show, are but feeble and futile imitations of the dead, yet ever living Chaucer. It seemed as if the Muses, having filled the ship of inspiration to overflowing, and leaving it to be drained to the dregs by the old vintner's son, had departed thence to fire the souls of men in other lands than his. And so in truth they had! Deserting the fair and flowery meadows of Merry England,
they had betaken themselves north
wards to the cold and inhospit-
able Scottish land. There, they
found not unfertile soil upon
which to sow their seeds of fresh
inspiration. Up to this hour the
dominant note in Scottish liter-
ature had been Celtic. Fanciful
imagery, cold mysticism, and
dark superstition added to
which was a certain coarseness
of diction, had been the prevailing
elements, all of them characteristic-
ally Celtic tendencies, in the preced-
ing literature of the nation, if such
the still divided provinces and
warring tribes could yet be called.
The favourite theme of the Celtic
Minstrels was death and despair,
and the note of sadness was
seldom, if ever absent. There was
spontaneity enough in their
songs, though it was not the
joyful spontaneity of the birds
in spring, but rather the long,
impulsive, and involuntary
vail of terror and dismay, which is wrung by the lightning's sudden flash and thunder's awful roar, from the soul of a lone, lost man, grasping helplessly and hopelessly in the light in a wild and drear place. They saw too much of the darker side of nature, and too little of the warm and living flush of humanity. The one thing wanting in the making of a truly great literature was the life-giving and joy-inspiring human element. This was in a large measure supplied when James I. returning from his long captivity in England, brought with him some of the literary forms and manners and much of the inspired teaching of the English Chaucer. These in themselves would doubtless have proved as barren and as futile in Scotland, as they afterwards did in the sister country, and the results no better than a few weak
imitations of the English master. But the Celtic imagery and mysticism, when combined, by the electric spark of inspiration, with the human emotionalisms of the Anglo-Saxon race, created a new literature, which if allowed to take its natural course of development, could eventually only culminate in a Fergusson and a Burns. Everything was favourable for the birth of such a literature. The necessary elements were all present; the idea was just coming to a certain rude maturity, and the dialect being in a condition of flux and in process of a new formation, was just then of an extremely flexible character and well suited to the needs of a poetical treatment of life. Its dual origin, and especially its Celtic preponderance, made it peculiarly susceptible to the most delicate and subtle variations of meaning and relation.
and rendered it exceedingly rich in epithetical and descriptive modes of expression. Thus it was that the gap in the so-called English Literature between the death of Chaucer in 1400, and the earliest twitterings of the Elizabethan songsters in the sixteenth century, was filled by the Jamieses, the Hainingsons, the Dunbars, the Douglases and the Lindsays of the Scottish School.

By the middle of the sixteenth century however, the first great blaze of literary glory in Scotland had begun to fade, and the three poets with whom this essay is immediately concerned, were luminaries in its decline, all of them being subsequent to that time, and contemporaries of the greater Elizabethan School in England. The new Scottish Literature was however, now a fully established fact, and the decline in question was by no means a retrogression, but
merely one of those periods of temporary exhaustion preparatory to a further forward spirit, so common to all living and progressing movements. Regarding Alexander Scott, the first of our trio, we know comparatively little either as a man or as a poet, the whole collection of the works in verse that he has left us, being contained in a thin octavo volume. Yet enough has survived to enable us to ascribe to him a fairly honourable position among the early minor poets of the Scottish nation. But as we shall presently see, it is impossible for us to agree with John Pinkerton, or with Dr. David Ramsay who too blindly accepted and followed the estimate of the former, that Scott was the most eminent of these poets, for neither as a poet fine and simple, nor as a mere lyricist, can he be regarded as superior to Montgomery, and he certainly was in both respects, inferior to Drummond.
His genius is not withstanding, like that of the last-named poet, essentially lyrical, and his songs have a freshness and directness that is perennial in spirit, while they convey no small amount of the necessary spontaneity and vigour. His metres are always flowing, and his rhymes are ready and varied, as if they had come straight from the soul; there is always, too, considerable melodic beauty in his verses, although this is rather frequently marred by a coarseness of theme and diction, which as we have seen, is one of the Celtic characteristics that, while it lends a sort of primitive force to the parts in which it occurs, may, if carried too far, tend to prove a decided blemish to the perfect whole. This is especially the case with "Ane Ballat maid to the Derision and Scorn of wantoun Wemen," and "Ye blindit Luvaris, luke," poems which, though by no means lacking
in lyrical merit are particularly scandalous, so far as both language and subject are concerned. Scott in one respect is superior to Montgomery, possessing as he does, to a much greater extent than the latter, the power of wielding his vowels in the most perfectly melodious form, and as Professor Saintsbury has pointed out, he has treated many of his themes in so curiously antique a manner as to give the carillon effect which is so charming, and which gives an effect of curiosity, of something out of its own time and place.

Consideration of Scott's position among the poets of his time has been premised by the assertion that his genius is essentially lyrical, and the more one studies his works the more convinced of the truth of that assertion does one become. This is scarcely a poem of the thirty-six authenticated examples which have come down to us, that does not con-
form in almost every respect with our fixed standards, as laid down in the earlier part of this essay. There are simplicity, sincerity, directness and intensity in practically all of them, even his longest and best known poem, "Ane New Zein Gift to the Queene Mary," when set to music first in 1562, combining all these qualities in quite an extraordinary degree.

"The justing and Debaite up at the Drum" is of considerably less account as a lyric, while "Hailc Haint in Hainte" or "Haint of Haintis hail," is mere pedantic trifling, and of value only as having called forth the succeeding poem, "The Anschir to Haintis," a charming and tender song, though even it contains too much of the haint element. The two psalms also which have survived are of no account at all, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with those left us by Montgomery, and can only make us
glad that Scott did not leave
more or that his efforts in this
direction did not receive the cynomy
which the authority of the Church
had it been obtained, might have
given them.

When at last having disposed
of this doubtful half-dozen poems, and
we come to the true lyrics however,
it is then that we see Scott at his
greatest and best. He is a good
poet, but he lacks the high seriousness
which, alone, as Matthew
Arnold has demonstrated, can
make him a great one. But he
has all the fire and fervency of a
singing bird, and his note is
ever attuned to sadness or joy, as
the theme—may demand and fit—

"Depart, depart, departe,
"Allace! I must departe
"Frome his hert hes my hert,
"Wth harte full soir,
"Againis my will in deid
"And cae find no remeid:
"I wait ye prais of deid
"Ca do no moir.

"Adeu, my awin sweet thing,
"My joy and comforting,
"My with and solisasing
"Ferdy glair:
"Falt weill, my lady bright
"And my remebered nyght;
"Fait weill and half good nyght.
"I say no moir.

In such a key are his moods of
sadness and depression generally
pitched, but occasionally he becomes
reckless and hilarious, especially
when blood is warm and the
summer sun is high. Then we
get as in "In June the Jen", such
lines as these-

"I maik it plane,
"For love agane
"Their sall no sorrow in me synk,
"Nor zit in vane
"To suffer piane
"To stop frome sleip, frome meit or drink
"Their is no lady fere
"That, and echo favour me,"
"She will not thrill to see
"Me jyne, I think."
This was however, a note by no means common with Scott. For the greater part his amatory poems contain all the emotional intensity and inherent fervency required to make them perfect lyrics. He is full of murmurs and complaints against Cupid, Women, and Love, and sometimes as in "To love unloved," which as Professor Saintsbury has stated, is "the saddest and sweetest of his poems," he pours on to the very plume, the overflowing bitterness of a bursting heart—

"To love unloved it is one pain;
"For schopat is my sorrow
"Sum wantoun mā so he his set

"That I cā get no life aagone;
"Bt breke my heart "n this the bitter;

"Gune pat I went wth pat sweit may,
I dance, to sing, to sport and play,
And oft tymes in my arms I let her
"I do now merue, both nyght & day,
And broke my hart, & not the better."

"Quhair I was wont to se her go
Ryght tryuely pass and toand fro,
With cursoly symles quhat pat I
met her;"

"And now I leif in pane & wo,
And broke my hart, and not the

Verses such as these all but sing themselves. There is something of
song in the form, something in the
matter, but surely most of all in
the spirit. This lyrical form no seldom
fall short of perfection. Anything
written in such lines as

"I will be plane,
"And lufe affame,
"F for as I shene,
"So tak me;
"G if I refrane,
"For wde or pane,
"3o" lufe certane
"Forsaid me,"
absolutely calls for musical accompaniment, but when to the mere jingle is added such fervency, such intensity, such word-melody as this,

"Lo! qu'what it is to live,"
"Let us be that list to prove,"
"Be me, I say, that no way成熟的"
"The ground of greif remowe,"
"But still decay, both night and day:
"Lo! qu'what it is to live.

"Life is an fervent fyre,"
"Ken, till it be out dysyre;"
"Short plesom, lang dysplesom;
"Repentence is the fyre,"
"Ane purr tressom, wout mecom;"
"Life is an fervent fyre,"

then the accompaniment becomes an added, and we have the perfect lyric. It has become a thing impossible of definition, a thing that refuses to be fixed within the limits of speech or music, a fleeting, fleeting, trilling snatch of melodic beauty, mysterious elusive, and barely to be comprehended.
by the mortal race of man. Such are many—nay, most of the songs of Scott, who in the making of songs, was in his own day, as we shall now see, only equalled, though seldom excelled by his younger contemporary, Alexander Montgomerie.
III.

Alexander Montgomery as a Lyric Poet.

In the lyrics of Scott there is a rugged intensity of such a kind as we altogether fail to discover in Montgomery's Psalms of a Kindred Nature: a tinge of colloquial directness, as if he had lived on closer terms with the moods and passions of Primitive Nature than the latter. This in fact was probably the case. While Scott is in effect a blood descendent of the old Scottish Makars, there appears in the blood of Montgomery an alien infusion, slight perhaps, but none the less real. The time at which these poets flourished, it must not be forgotten, was the period when the new Elizabethan literature was largely in the ascendant, and the tendency of that literature was to a very considerable extent, in the direction of lyrical achievement, so that whatever influence it may have exerted upon the parallel literatures of neigh-
bowing nations must have been largely in the realm of lyricism, and facts especially if he came under its spell would necessarily show its influence first of all, and to the greatest degree, in their lyrical effusions. This we shall see in its most extreme form when we come to consider the works of Drummond of Hawthornden. We have no reason to believe however, either from the inherent evidence of his verses, or from the few external facts we know regarding his life, that Scott ever came under the southern influence in any respect whatever. With Montgomery it was very different. We have clear and authentic reports of his having been in constant communication with many of the Elizabethan writers and we know further, that he paid at least one visit to London. His poetry also, with the possible exception of the “Flaying” with Polwarent, in which the style was not truly his
own, but was affected to amuse a somewhat ribald court, evinces a culture and refinement such as we seek in vain in the world of the older singer. As compared with the songs of Scott, on the other hand, Montgomery's lyrics are perhaps less ingenious, but they are attuned to a sweeter and more mellifluous strain, and while the former may better express the joys and sorrows of country life, the latter strikes a mellower note, more suited to fall upon a lady's ear, or to be sung to gentle maidens in a lover's leafy bower. Yet Montgomery is in the respect an English poet; he is essentially Scottish, the last eminent representative of the old poetic race, and his works perhaps may be taken as foreshadowing the particular line of development Scottish colloquial poetry would probably have taken had it not so shortly afterwards been crushed and all but annihilated.
ated by the political and religious
forces of the times.

The most considerable and
important of all Montgomery's
poems is "The Cherry and the Slate",
an allegory consisting of 114 stanzas
of fourteen lines each. The metre of
these is curiously made up of a
"Romance six, a common-measure
"quatrain (a mixture so far not
"unfamiliar), and another "wheel"
"quatrain." It is this last quatrain
that is so uncommon in the verse.
"In the cadence and rhyme," says
Professor Saintsbury, "of the first ten
lines, there is nothing peculiar; but
in the wheel-quatrain there is. The
first and third lines, which do
not rhyme together or with any other
lines, rhyme internally; and this
rhyme, being double, gives them a
"very unusual cadence." It is this
cadence which gives the stanza, when
the ear becomes accustomed to it,
its peculiar lyrical effect. It was
thus that it struck upon the ear of
John Pinkerton, a very poor and prejudiced critic, who had a profound contempt for the poem as a whole. "The stanza is good for a song," he said, "but the worst in the world for a long poem," and foresee he was right, and so in effect the first part of the allegory consists of a series of easily detachable lyrics of such entrancing beauty and peculiar freshness as had seldom before been produced in the literature of Scotland. The author shows an intimate acquaintance with the living things of Nature that immediately suggests some of the best poems of the modern George Meredith, and at once identifies the singer with

"the things that glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck;"  
"or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings;"  
"from branch to branch, only restful to pipe and peck;"
"Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a ball;
"Or cast their web between bramble and thorny hook;"
and shows us at a time when we should least have expected to find it, that, even in that unscientific age,

"The good physician Melampus, loving them all,

"Among them walked as a scholar, who reads a book."

"Yea, and who sings a stave out of the very joyfulness of his heart, and
from the love of, and familiarity with all created living things.

"About ane bank, quhilk birds on

"Ten thousand tymnis thair mastis renewis

"Ilke house into the day,
"The merle and maueis might be sene,

"The Progne and the Phelimene,
"Quhilk caussit me to stay.
"I lay and leynit me to ane bus
"To hein the lirdis hein;
That mirth was sa melodius
Throw nature of the zeir;
Sum singing, sum springing
With wingsis into the sky;
So tramble and nimblie
This lirdis they flew me by.

"I saw the hunchcown and the hain.
On ha'ed amangis the flowris fair.
Waih happing to and fro:
"I saw the cunning and the cat,
On hais downis with the dew was wai,
With mowy keitis mo.
"The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,
"The fowmait, and the foxe
Was skumping all frae brae to brae,
Among the water broxe;
Sum skeliding, sum dreiding
"In cais of suddain swairis;
With skipping and tripping
They hauntit all in fairis."
Melody, language, fervency, and all are, as real and beautiful in the songs of the sixteenth century Melancholy as they are in those of his great prototype of the nineteenth. They sang, each in his own idiom and dialect, such songs as the birds they knew and loved were singing; because their hearts were full and that they needed must they sang; and so were their lyrics born. The metre of "The Cherry and the Slate" is admirably adapted, as Pinkerton has said, for a song, and it seems a pity that Montgomerie has left us only one other poem in that particular form. This is a lyric in which "He bids adieu to his Maistres." But another charming love-song entitled "The Bankies of Helicon" from the Maitland Ms. is written also in the same style of verse, and though not yet authenticated, it is commonly attributed to one poet. It is said to be the earliest extant poem in
the metre in question.

About this period the Sonnet was coming much into favour as a literary form in Scotland, and Montgomerie has left us between seventy and eighty examples, some of them very excellent works of art.

But the Sonnet is not a lyrical form: it is in point of fact rather foreign than otherwise to the true lyric, since, to say nothing of the ponderous decasyllabic lines of which it must consist, it is too much a thing of rule and measure. A perfect lyric is free as the air, and must not—nay, cannot be bounded within, or circumscribed by the narrow limits of the Sonnet. It is of course not impossible to obtain a perfect lyric in Sonnet form, but the probabilities are all against it. A lyric is born of impulse and must never be, or at least must never have the appearance of being, an ingenious artificial structure, studiously and laboriously built up.
line upon line. It must come in twills and rushes, now falling upon the senses, slowly and pensively, like summer rain upon the thirsty land; now dancing along like sunbeams in June; or pacing in chthyrambic measure, in the mode and spirit of March winds or April clouds.

It is when we come to his Miscellaneous Poems, however, that we find the true lyric temper of Montgomerie. "The Solleguism" is one of the classics of Scottish lyric verse, and so popular has it been that it is to be found printed in nearly every edition of "The Cherie and the Bae." It is another of those songs that sings itself in the reading: a poem half language, and half music,-

"Syk as the dew
"Solleguism,
"With care onercum,
"And sorrow, when the sun goes out of sight,

"Things down his head,
And droups as dead,  
And will not spread,  
"Bot looks his leavis throw langour  
of the night,"  
"Till polish Phaeton rye,  
"With whip in hand"  
"To cleen the cristall skyis,  
"And light the land;  
"Birds in thair boun  
"Suiks for that houn,  
"And to thair prince fue glad  
"molon givis;  
"Fra thyn, that flour  
"List not to flour,  
"Bot laughis on Phaelos houning out  
his leavis."

The metaphor of the sun-flower  
turning its face towards the sun,  
following it throughout its daily  
course, and at last at its setting  
dropping its head as if in silent  
grief, is most beautiful and apt.  
The whole poem in fact conveys  
an impression of its having had  
its origin in deep emotional feel-  
ing. This is common to a great
many of these Miscellaneous Verses and to some of the devotional pieces which succeed them, and the excellence of each as a lyrical achievement will generally be found to be greater or less in proportion to the depth and intensity of feeling displayed or suggested. So likewise when he is most simple, he is most lyrical. It is in this simplicity that a greater effect of spontaneity is attained, as if in the rush of this emotion he had simply said what he had to say in the most direct and unaffected manner, and as if the outpourings of an overladen heart had simply materialized themselves into a bundle of gems of shimmering light and crystallized beauty—

"My body brude, be blith
And ze shall find me so
"Imprent to zow, I kzyth,
"To latz zow-notch be woe;
"Quhairneuer I pyde on go,
"Ye shall not spurne me,  
"My kille kuir, heart, and soul.  
"Hame hes my heart bot ze."

Or again, in his "Poeme on the Lady Margaret Montgomerie",  
"Ye heidonis alone, with hevinlie ornaments,  
"Extend your courtingis of ye cristall air!

To assin colour turns your elements,  
"And soft ye season, quhilk hes beene shairf and sair:  
"Command the eludelis that thy dissolve naynair.

"Nae woe molest with mistrie vaporis weet;  
"For now she cumnis, the fairest of all faire.  
"The mundane mirkow, maikles Margaret."

Here also may be noted the musical management of the vowels which we found to be one of the special characteristics of Scott, who was ever more adept in the art than Montgomery. Once more, how
musically in tune, for example, is
"I saw a queen in field of fair,
"With fragrant flowers overspread,
"The ground depainted every where,
"With cullumus castles clad;
"When that fair princess out of fair,
"That god of gardening gay,
"And boughs and boughs and
all was fair
while
"Of all bynde fructe I say",
"Some men for sudden joy do weep,
"And some for sorrow sing,
"When that fair lady in danger de
to put away mourning
has quite a Caroline lilt and
measure. It was but a prelude

to the style of lyric that was
soon to make its appearance-
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
"Nor iron bars a cage;" verses in which much was sacrif
iced for the mere love of absolute
melodic excellence and prosodic
accomplishment.
One scarcely requires to dip into his works to any great depth therefore, before realising that Montgomerie's musical ear was well trained. His rhythms and measures flow smoothly and unhesitatingly, and his rhymes are very numerous and all but faultless. His themes are not particularly varied, although it is refreshing occasionally to come upon such a verse as

"A day! now the day dawns;
The jolie Cock cranes;
Now shroudis the shanis,
Throw Natin aneone.
The thissel-cock cryis
On loivers wha lyis.
Now skaillis the skyis;
The nicht is nein gone."

Yet for the greater part he keeps fudging the changes on love and his mistress' cruelties, and that not in the most original manner. He is perhaps at his best in the nature verses in "The Cherrie and
"the Slae," and in such other poems of a similar character, and in these he clearly and certainly showed most originality. As a lyricist he owed little to his predecessors, and scarcely more to the Elizabethans, although the example of the latter may have tended to direct his energies into this particular line of literary composition to a greater extent than might otherwise have been the case. But his lyrics, and he was the greatest colloquial Scotch lyric poet of his time, were his own; and their melody and sweetness, their exquisite finish, their fidelity to nature, and their emotional spontaneity were in Scotland only surpassed a century and a half later by the beautiful love-songs of Ramsay and Burns. He was the last of the old Scots singers, as he was the first of the new, and perhaps he spoke more truly than he himself believed, who
he said
"Come, my Children dear, draw near me,
To my Love when that I sing:
Make your ears and hearts to hear me,
For it is no earthly thing,
But a love
Far above
Other loves all, I say,
Which is sure
To endure

When as all things shall decay,
The love he had by this time begun
to sing was of course the love of
God and of His Christ, but all his
other and earlier loves, embalmed
as they are in such songs as only
he at the time was capable of
inscribing, have already survived
the lapse of three centuries, and
are as vigorous in life to-day
as they were when first they saw
the light. And who will dare
foretell that after the lapse of another
three centuries, they will not be
found to retain as much charm and freshness as they possessed for the ears of their Seventeenth Century readers, even though it may be true, as hot-headed John Pinkerton furiously asserted, that for them "far superior works have been neglected"? The survival of so noble a series of lyric poems as Montgomery has left us enables us all the easier to endure the loss of the "far superior works" to which Pinkerton referred.
IV.

William Drummond of Hawthornden, as a Lyric Poet.

We have already seen in connection with our consideration of the claims of Montgomery as a lyric poet, that an influence on Scottish Letters was already being exerted by the English Elizabethan School. Montgomery, himself, as has likewise been noted, was not much affected by it, but as he is supposed to have been born about 1545, his style and ideas on the subject of poetry may have been to a considerable extent fixed before the English influence had made itself felt in Scotland to any considerable degree. It was on the other hand, vastly different with William Drummond of Hawthornden, born forty years later, who, though a Scot by nativity, training, education and residence, can be reckoned among Scottish poets only by courtesy, as the whole style and tendency of his poetry
is utterly English, and it contains scarcely a single element of the Scottish spirit. At the time of his birth in the nineteenth year of the reign of King James VI in Scotland, there was a continual coming and going of politicians, diplomats, and men of letters between the English and Scottish Courts, and English farms and ideas upon life and literature were rapidly growing upon the minds and manners of all classes of Scotsmen. In actual literary productions these first became apparent in a gradual modification of the spelling of Scottish words, and in a marked tendency towards greater refinement in the choice of subjects for literary treatment, and in the language and terms employed for their adequate expression. Something of this may be observed even in Montgomery, and as time went on, the Scottish literary dialect approximated more and more towards the English of Spenser.
and Shakespeare, until at last it became merged in, and was all but absorbed by the latter. And with the accession of James to the English throne in 1603, the last link in this chain of the Anglicising of Scottish Letters was forged. Thereforward for a hundred and fifty years or more, whatever literature there was in Scotland was English almost as much in spirit as in form. It was thus in such conditions that William Drummond first saw the light and grew to manhood and intellectual maturity. He was born into the court and he had many friends and connections in England, while he himself even made occasional journeys to the southern kingdom, as well as to France, so that as the list of his books which have been preserved to us show, he was probably more familiar with the contemporary writings of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists
than he was with even the more recent and contemporary poets of his own country. When therefore he began to write it is a matter scarcely for surprise that he should have taken as his models, the Spencers, the Sidneys, and the Shakespeares of intellectual England rather than the Dunbars, the Lindays, or the Montgomerries of the less refined and cultured north.

The poet's genius of Drummond was essentially and entirely lyrical. He was in truth one of the sweet singers of his time, and practically everything that he wrote in verse was tinged with the spirit and charm of lyricism. Even his Sonnets are lyric gems and contain more of the charm of song than almost any other collection of Sonnets of equal or greater extent, that has yet received the publicity of a printed page. Take for example, the following, chosen from his works, merely at random—
"To hear my plaints, fair river crystalline,
Then in a silent slumber seems to stay;
"Delicious flower, lily and columbine,
"Ye bow your heads when I my woeful tale
"Reveal in you the myrtle, palm and bay;
"Have had compassion listening to my groan.
"The winds with sighs have solemniz'd my

"Mourn leaves, which whispered what
they could not say.

"The caves, the rocks, the hills, the Sylvans'

"As if even pity did in them appear,
"Have at my sorrow spent their ruthless

"Each thing I find hath sense except

"Who doth not think I love, or will not

"My grief, perchance delighting in

Is there not beauty and melody in
such verses as these? But surely the
very soul of lyric is particularly
displayed in those first two lines.
"To hear my plaints, fair river crystalline,
"Thou in a silent slumber seems to stay"
And therein also lies one of the chief secrets of Drummond's power as a lyric poet. He was a worshipper of beauty: a purist in form; while for wealth of imagery, and prodigality of simile and metaphor, he was unsurpassed in his own time. He was the Keats of the seventeenth century, yet as Sir George Douglas has pointed out, although Keats was on the whole the more gifted exponent of the doctrine of beauty, Drummond has yet this advantage over Keats: that his loftier, more aspiring, moral nature, and his taste trained upon the classics, restrain him from ever nauseating us with that surfeit of sweets, that over-sensuousness, which disfigures the immature poem of Endymion.

Nevertheless, it is that very restraint, that frigidity of style which constitutes, as we shall presently see, the single flaw in his otherwise perfect sense of lyricism.
The first of his published works, the elegaic "Tears on the Death of Molliades," written on the death of Prince Henry, the gallant young heir to the British throne, although by no means free from the faults common to poems of such a character, is in reality a fine burst of song, and while of course vastly inferior to Milton's "Lycidas," it, in a sense, foreshadows the latter, and suggests to what an admirable degree the lyric note may be struck in verse of this kind. The phrasing in particular is highly commendable, and the ever-recurring cadence,

"Molliades sweet courtly nymph despairs,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore,
Nobly intensifies the musical effect of the piece as a whole. In the several long poems also, somewhat irregularly termed "Songs," there is an exalted feeling of sustained lyricism such as we occasionally experience in reading some of the Odes of Dryden,"
"Phoebus arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her
Lythoon's bed,
That she thy carrie may with roses
spread;
The nightingales thy coming each
wheel sing;
Make an eternal spring,
Give life to this dark world which
lieth dead."

The very essence of song breathes in lines like these, and amply reveals to us the sweetness of Drummond's lyre.

It is however in his madrigals and shorter poems, made upon a fairly wide variety of subjects, that the lyric qualities of Drummond's Muse are most fully exemplified—
"Sweet rose, Whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell,
And whence this form and grace in you?"
"In flowing Pasturn's field perhaps ye grew,
Dr. Idyble's hills you bred,
Dr. odoriferous Emma's plains you fed,
Dr. Imolus, or where loco young Adonis,
Dr. hath the queen of love you dy'd of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but cause more high you bleat,
My lady's breast you bare, and lips you kiss'd.

Some of these have a conciseness such as even the modern Art Song with all its graces and perfections seldom equals and more rarely excels—
"In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eye,
Phillis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock:
"Among that strained moisture, sweet delight!
"Her hand seem'd milk in milk, it was so white."

This lovely little song, notwithstanding a certain suspicion of incongruity in
The last phrase is one of the finest lyrical efforts he ever made. It fulfils every requirement for the making of a perfect lyric. It is a picture in miniature, every line delicately and carefully limned, yet containing no appearance of art whatever, so life-like is the effect. It gives the impression of having been flashed out in a moment of emotional enthusiasm, and falls upon one’s ear as a blackbird’s prelude to a Spring morning. We revel in the mere beauty of the words and sentiments it contains, and it lingers in our memories, and awakens our imaginations by all the unspoken secrets it suggests. It is a mere trifle in itself, yet worthy to have been sung or spoken by a Shakespeare or a Sydney, and is alone sufficient to hand give its author an honourable niche in the Valhalla of the sweet singers of our land.
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From the examples given, it one cannot fail to be struck by the easy flow and rhythm of the lines. There is seldom a halt or break in the smoothness of Drummond’s diction. Not many such lines as

"Uncertain true, and a most certain war,"

and that is one of the worst examples that can be charged against him, will be found throughout his poems. All are made with the most consummate artistry, under which blemishes of a real and all but fatal character are well and cunningly hidden. The smoothness and flow of the lines give an impression of spontaneity and vigour which in reality is too frequently absent. When after the first reading, the glamor has passed, and one has become accustomed to the artistic dazzle the verses begin to fall coldly upon one’s soul. There is a sense of something lacking. One reads them and
waits in vain for such a thrill as succeeds the reading of
"Ye banks and braes o' Johnnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I see weary, fur o' care?
"Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thru' the flowering thorn.
"Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return",
or of
"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too blindly laden
Even to burden thee.
"I fear thy mean, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.
Passion similar to that which inspired these grand and noble verses Drummond was apparently incapable of feeling, or at least of
infusing into his poetry. It is
the force of a living humanity,
and the spirit, perhaps as Professor
Saintsbury suggests, "after the fashion
"suspected of the Excisc, and that of
"teetotalers," that is wanting.
There is high seriousness enough
and to spare, but with it all for
lack of such vigour as the above-
mentioned qualities alone can
give, his works come short of
the highest poetical achievement.
Yet that does not prevent their
taking rank as lyrics of a very
high order indeed, provided that
all the other necessary elements
are present to a sufficiently large
extent. And that they are so in
Drummond's poems, we have
already seen. There may be a
doubt as to the full necessary
quantity of spontaneity, being al-
ways in evidence, but what
the lyrics lose in this respect is
amply compensated by the charm
of the images, the smoothly-flowing
rythms, and the crystal clarity
and exquisite purity of diction.

Times had changed from
those of the epoch of Scott and Mont-
gомери, and fashions in poetry and
song had changed with them. Poets
had ceased to "wear their native
wood-notes wild," and poetry from
being a mirror of Nature, had become
a thing of art and artificiality. What
applied to poetry in general re-
ferred even more to the lyric and
the affected and frequently highly
artificial examples of the later
Elizabethans became the models
of taste in this form of composition.

Drummond was easily the chief of
the new school in Scotland, and
while the nature of lyric prevented
its suffering from the new methods
to so great an extent as did poetry
in general, it is nevertheless inter-
ing to speculate upon what our
poet might have achieved had he
simply let himself go. A little
more of Nature and a little less of
Art, and who can tell that we might not then have had a Ramsay or a Burns in a form at least as perfect as that in which they were later to appear? Yet perhaps we have little cause to regret that he only was the Drummond we know, and cannot choose but love. He was the principal man of associating Scotland in a literary movement of the greatest importance in the evolution of literature, and the work he did in, and for, that movement may take a highly creditable place beside the best that was then being done in the very home and centre of the process. He was known in his lifetime as the "Scottish Petrarch," and we have it upon the authority of Professor Masson, that "Southey, Hallam, and the other critics, have spoken of Drummond's Sonnets as indubitably among the best in the English language after Shakespeare's, Milton's, and
"some of Wordsworth's." He was above all, a lyric poet, and so sweet are the songs that he sang, that their beauty will never fade, nor their influence ever die, so long as the English language continues to exist as a read and spoken means of propagating their excellences, and impressing their wonderful charm upon the minds of living men, and they must always continue to strike a responsive chord in the heart and soul of every reader who seeks an aesthetic and intellectual pleasure where so simply it may be found.
V. Concluding Estimate

The three poets who form the subject of this essay exhibit in their works an interesting and curious phase and development of the poetry of the Scottish nation. We see in them one of the latest representatives of the ancient Makars, one of the most representative poets of the sixteenth century transition period, and one of the earliest and greatest exponents of the new literary doctrines of the time. And in proportion as each of these stood in relation to the development of literature or poetry as a whole, each likewise may be considered in connection with the development of the lyric. They may be likened to a diamond in its three stages in the process of refinement, Scott being regarded as the stone in the rough, a thing of nature clothed only in the vestments with which nature has endowed him, a gem at the core.
but unrecognized and scarcely
recognizable, except by the expert,
in this rough and unadorned ex-
terior. Montgomery on the other
hand is the half cut stone still
undivested of much of his native
dirt and rubble, but a gem beyond
the shadow of a doubt, while
Drummond appears as the refined
and perfected precious stone. He is
all flash and sparkle and is a
gem in very truth, although for all
the average beholder may know, he
may be nothing better than paste or
glass. As in the case of Scott only
an expert can vouch for the absolute
genuineness of the jewel, and he
can therefore only appeal with all
the strength of his genius to the
individual possessing such
special knowledge as will enable
him to appreciate his qualities and
value them to the fullest extent. Of
course by the brilliancy and glitter
of his well-cut facets he may
dazzle and fascinate for a time,
but unless one has been trained to regard his qualities from a different and more stable point of view than that of mere spectacular effect, one may very soon become weary of the merely superficial brilliance and refractions of light. Glitter and sparkles are all very well in their time and place, but they are elements very enough upon which to make an intellectual repast. While therefore Drummond can only appeal with all the delicacy of his highly flavoured lyricism to the literary epicure, Scott serves up his homely potage, and Montgomery's perhaps the most palatable of them all, something between the two.

Of these two earlier poets, it is a question whether Scott did not possess the better faculty and greater genius for lyrical composition. There is more lyrical consistency and equality in his efforts than appears in the work of Montgomery, although
he never approaches the melodic
sweetness and intensity to which
the latter occasionally attains.
Montgomery seems to have lived
more with nature as she appears
to us on the mountain, in the
field, and in the forest, and to
have absorbed more of the spirit
of nature's inner workings than
Scott. In this respect in fact,
we have abundant evidence
that he was much in advance
of his time. Scott on the other hand
was more of nature's self. There
is an ingenuousness and lack
of self-consciousness in many of
his poems that greatly intensify
the singing-bird effects which
are their chief characteristics and
add greatly to the peculiar charm
of each as a completed whole. What
for example, could be more
direct or more spontaneous, more
melodious or more charming than
"O press't heart, indure
"In dolo" and distress,
"Wayfret is not secure
In wo remissless;
"Sen scho is merciless
And causis all thy smert,
"Ruhilk sold thy dole's dress,
Indure oppressit hant."

It is not often that Montgomery succeeds in giving us so much concentrated sweetness in so direct a measure. But when we come to Drummond we see the two earlier singers in this particular sphere utterly and entirely eclipsed. Whatever his defects in the realm of absolute poetry may be, Drummond's lyrical instincts were well-nigh faultless. Stress has been laid upon his frigidity and lack of spirit, and these deep-seated peculiarly be further accentuated here. One additional and not irrelevant observation may however be allowed. In our definition of lyric the fact was dwelt upon that poem of this description should be capable of
being set to music. The greater the inherent beauties of the verses themselves may be, the less is this absolutely necessary, although the adaptability of poems to a musical accompaniment usually varies in proportion to their own peculiar excellences in this respect. And as plays are primarily intended to be acted, so should lyrics fulfill their full purpose and in attention only when they are sung, and no matter how great the inherent beauties of the verses are, a poem of this nature can scarcely be considered as a complete and perfect entity until it has obtained a musical setting. Much careful thought and study has in recent times been directed to this question by musical, as well as by literary composers, and great skill has been attained in the perfect artistic welding together of words and music in the modern Art Song. May we not still hope...
therefore, that the lack of fire in the lyrics of Drummond shall yet be compensated by the forceful music of some Schumann, Wolf, or Brahms, specially composed for their better effectuation and more complete realisation as distinct and entire lyrics. Drummond's songs and madrigals notwithstanding, contain practically all the essentials of the perfect lyric; they combine beauty with spontaneity, directness with simplicity, melody with charm. They are cleanly and clearly cut as a silhouette, concise as a lyric should be embodying in ten or a dozen lines all that is necessary for the full understanding of the picture, and containing not a single irrelevant word - yet vital, leaving much to be filled in by the imagination of the reader or the singer - "My sweet did sweetly sleep, And on her rosy face
"Stood tears of pearly, which beauty
self did weep;

"I wonder'ring at her grace,
"Did all time'g'd remain,
"When Love said, 'Fool, can look
thy wishes crown?

"Time past comes not again,
"Then did I me bow down,
"And kissing her fair breast, life, chub
and eyes,

"Pro'd hire on earth the joys of
paradise."

Such are the lyrics of Drummond
of Hawthornden, songs which
intellectual Scotsman will readily
let die. They do not appeal to the
common kind as the songs of Scott
and Montgomery have done, or
of those of Burns and his school.
As now, but to the cultured, they
make an immediate and un-
equivocal claim for recognition
and appreciation, and they do not
submit their plea in vain.

What then are the respective
positions of Alexander Scott,
Alexander Montgomerie, and
William Drummond of Hawthornden, as lyric poets? A reply
to that question has been attempted
in detail in the preceding pages,
but the results of our enquiry
may be now briefly summed up. Scott and Montgomerie are
poets and singers of the Scottish
people. They sing in the language
and idiom of the people and thus
find an audience in a far different
sphere from that of William
Drummond of Hawthornden. They
touch native chords and sympathies
such as Drummond, whose verses
were entirely modelled upon the
works of the English so-called
Elizabethans, could never hope
to move. True, there is a tendency
in Montgomerie to a greater
refinement and culture than had
ever been customary with the
poets of the Scottish nation, and
signs are noticeable that he was
being influenced to some extent.
by the English writers. These signs and tendencies, however, were as yet most marked in the elimination of the coarser element to which reference has been made, and in modifications of spelling, so that for all practical purposes his lyricism was that of the Scottish peasant class. Scott and Montgomerie anticipated Ramsey and Burns and both of these poets owe something to them, as well on the thematic, as on the textual side. With Drummond it was different; there was nothing of a Scottish character in his lyricism at all. He borrowed his forms from England, but his themes were such as any poet singing his own individual lays in the groves of Arcadia might have chosen. He is the greatest of the three insofar as the metaphors, similes, the imagery, and the language of his songs are of a universal and cosmopolitan
description, sounding sweetly and clearly throughout the world intelligible to all wherever they may be sung, whereas the songs of Scott and Montgomery can only be appreciated and understood beyond the limits of their own country in translations and Anglicizations, and who would dare try to transpose their liquid sweetness into any other idiom from that which is so peculiarly their own? True also, Drummond is deficient in the human element in which Scott is particularly strong, and Montgomery scarcely less so, but he sings with so much elegance and with such an appearance of unaffected grace that we readily forget and forgive the fault. It is a lyric poet that here we are considering, the man, and fluency, vanity, melody, and beauty are all in all in such a connection. A point that strikes us in
all three of our poets is their wide choice of measures and rhythms. They must have absolute freedom to "wobble their native wood-notes wild," and to voice the melody that lies so deeply in their souls, in their own particular way. Yet they must not be diffuse, for that would spoil all. Once again Drummond shows his mastery, and here again Scott appears to advantage. More generic in this respect, is even greater than Scott, and he rounds off his lyrics with such finish and effect as must, with all their added spontaneity and charm, place him among the greatest lyricists of his time, and support our estimate of him as the first of the old time purely Scottish lyrical poets. Taken together, they constitute a noble trinity. None of them can be called a great poet, but the spirituality, the freshness, the singing qualities of their verse
must ever endear them to the hearts of those in whom the love of song and music dwells. The medieval philosophers thought to experience the realization of the ideal beauty in the music of the spheres, and in straining to hear these mystic sounds of Heaven they too frequently let the angelic songs of the Earthly Choir pass altogether unheard. We, on the other hand, have changed with the changing times. We hearken no longer for beauties of sound that can exist only in the disordered brains of mystics and visionaries; the voice of Nature is good enough for us; we are our ears deaf to those who strive, all imperfectly perhaps, yet seriously and strenuously, to translate that grand exalted song into words and music such as we may understand. We may be wrong in regarding that voice as the beata ultima of our
being. There may indeed be a higher and a greater good; celestial choirs may somewhere in the universe be singing all unheard by us, their songs of praise and thanksgiving to the Eternal Giver of Givers. But whether this be so or not, matters little so long as the songs they sing remain unheard by us and if we but live and strive for the best and highest that is in us, we may even taste something of the Spirit of good and beauty, of which alone such Heavenly songs, if they do exist, can be the embodiment and soul. At all events, it is by our fuller appreciation of the songs of Earth that we shall ultimately be all the better fitted for a complete enjoyment of the songs of Heaven, and when we consider how much our study of such lyrics as those of Scott, Montgomery and Drummond has aided in raising our appreciation of the
beauties of Nature, Literature, and Art, our concluding words must be that for the songs they have sung, and for the songs they have engendered in the hearts and minds of succeeding generations, they did not live and work in vain. The poet may be born, but the lyricist requires something more than inspiration. He must be able to seize from Nature, a shadowy, elusive, shimmering idea, round it into something not tangible, but capable of floating across our consciousness in some conceivable form, and to send it back where it first it came, a living brain-child, to the great Mother of all Creation, to grow, and to stimulate growth in others by processes known only to Nature and to Nature's God. Such were the men we have been considering—the only true magicians—and as long as the magic of their lyricism.
endure, though their bodies be long dead, their souls in their works must yet continue to live, scattering pleasures, disseminating joys, and engendering beauty and the love of song in the hearts of all who come within the radius of their great and extended influence and power.