son, and can boast of Handel for her foster-child, deserves one of the highest places among modern nations in the scale of musical genius. But we are here speaking of that aborignnal or self-sown music which is referable to no individual author, or school of authors, but seems to be the fruit of the very soil itself, and reveals, by the raciness of its character, the peculiar qualities of its native hed. In point of national music, properly so called, we think our swood's Magazine.

selves entitled to claim the advantage over our sonthern countrymen. The English have, undoubtedly, a national music. But, although recognising the great spirit and sweetness of many of the English airs, we think that, so far as we have yet seen, few or none of them exhibit those decided features either of antiquity or of peculiar origin by which our Scottish airs are so strikingly marked.—Black-mood's Magazine.

WE ARE THREE FRIARS.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES, FROM "HARLEQUIN AND OBERON."

(The 2d Stave is the Air, and may be sung by a single voice as a Song, altering the words to "I am a Friar," &c.)







We are three Friars of orders Grey,
And down the vallies we take our way,
We pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of ven'son does fill our scrip,
Our long bead roll we merrily chaunt,
Wherever we walk no money we want,
Wherever we walk no money we want,
And why we're so plump the reason we'll tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well,
Whot Baron or Squire, or Knight of the Shire,
Lives half so well as a holy Friar.

After supper of Heaven we dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream,
Ourselves by denial we mortify—
With a dainty bit of a warden pye;
We're cloth'd in sackcloth for our sin,
With old sack wine we're lined within,
With old sack wine we're lined within,
A chirping cup is our matin song,
And the vesper bell is our bowl, ding dong,
And the vesper bell is our bowl, ding dong.
What Baron or Squire, or Knight of the Shire,
Lives half so well as a holy Friar.