

VOL. I.

ACCROSHAY—NUTS IN MAY

Medium 8vo, xix.—424 pp. With numerous Diagrams and Illustrations. Cloth uncut. 12s. 6d. nett.

Some Press Notices

Notes and Queries.—"A work of supreme importance . . . a scholarly, valuable, and delightful work."

Spectator.—"Interesting and useful to the antiquarian, historian, and philologist, as well as to the student of manners and customs."

Saturday Review.—"Thorough and conscientious."

Critic (New York).—"A mine of riches to the student of folk-lore, anthropology, and comparative religion."

Antiquary.—"The work of collection and comparison has been done with obvious care, and at the same time with a *con amore* enthusiasm."

Zeitschrift für vergl. Literaturgeschichte.—"In jeder Beziehung erschöpfend und mustergiltig."

Zeitschrift für Pädagogie.—"Von hoher wissenschaftlicher Bedeutung."

ANG
G63-132

THE
TRADITIONAL GAMES

Of England, Scotland, and Ireland

WITH
TUNES, SINGING-RHYMES, AND METHODS OF PLAYING
ACCORDING TO THE VARIANTS EXTANT AND
RECORDED IN DIFFERENT PARTS
OF THE KINGDOM

COLLECTED AND ANNOTATED BY
ALICE BERTHA GOMME

VOL. II.

89542
418108.

OATS AND BEANS—WOULD YOU KNOW
TOGETHER WITH A MEMOIR ON THE STUDY
OF CHILDREN'S GAMES

LONDON
DAVID NUTT, 270-71 STRAND

1898


PREFACE

THE completion of the second volume of my Dictionary has been delayed from several unforeseen circumstances, the most important being the death of my most kind and learned friend the Rev. Dr. Gregor. The loss which folk-lore students as a body sustained by this lamented scholar's death, was in my own case accentuated, not only by many years of kindly communication, but by the very special help which he generously gave me for this collection.

The second volume completes the collection of games on the lines already laid down. It has taken much more space than I originally intended, and I was compelled to add some important variants to the first volume, sent to me during the compilation of the second. I have explained in the memoir that the two volumes practically contain all that is to be collected, all, that is to say, of real importance.

The memoir seeks to show what important evidence is to be derived from separate study of the Traditional Games of England. That games of all classes are shown to contain evidence of ancient custom and belief is remarkable testimony to the anthropological methods of studying folk-lore, which I have followed. The memoir fills a considerable space, although it contains only the analytical portion of what was to have been a comprehensive study of both the analytical and comparative sides of the questions. Dr. Gregor had kindly promised to help me with the study of foreign

v



parallels to British Games, but before his death it became apparent that this branch of the subject would almost need a separate treatise, and his death decided me to leave it untouched. I do not underrate its importance, but I am disposed to think that the survey I have given of the British evidence will not be materially shaken by the study of the comparative evidence, which will now be made the easier.

I ought perhaps to add, that the "Memoir" at the end of this volume was read as a paper at the evening meeting of the Folk Lore Society, on March 16th, 1898.

I have again to thank my many kind correspondents for their help in collecting the different versions of the games.

A. B. G.

24 DORSET SQUARE, N.W.

LIST OF AUTHORITIES

ADDENDUM TO VOL. I.

ENGLAND.

BEDFORDSHIRE—			
Bedford	Mrs. Haddon.		
BERKSHIRE—			
Welford	Mrs. S. Batson.		
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—			
Buckingham	<i>Midland Garner.</i>		
CAMBRIDGESHIRE			
Barrington, Girton	Dr. A. C. Haddon.		
Cambridge	Mrs. Haddon.		
CORNWALL			
Derbyshire	Miss I. Barclay.		
Derbyshire	Miss Youngman, <i>Long Ago</i> , vol. i.		
DEVONSHIRE			
Chudleigh Knighton	{ Henderson's <i>Folk-lore of the Northern Counties of England</i> ,		
DORSETSHIRE—			
Broadwinsor	<i>Folk-lore Journal</i> , vol. vii.		
GLOUCESTERSHIRE			
	<i>Northall's English Folk Rhymes.</i>		
HAMPSHIRE—			
Gambledown	Mrs. Pinsent.		
HERTFORDSHIRE—			
Harpenden, Stevenage	Mrs. Lloyd.		
HUNTINGDONSHIRE—			
St. Neots	Miss Lumley.		
KENT			
	Miss L. Broadwood.		
LANCASHIRE—			
Manchester	Miss Dendy.		
Liverpool	Mrs. Harley.		
LEICESTERSHIRE			
	<i>Leicestershire County Folk-lore.</i>		
LINCOLNSHIRE—			
Brigg	Miss J. Barker.		
Spilsby	Rev. R. Cracroft.		
LONDON			
	Dr. Haddon, A. Nutt, Mrs. Gomme.		
Blackheath	Mr. M. L. Rouse.		
Hoxton	Rev. S. D. Headlam.		
Marylebone	Mrs. Gomme.		
MIDDLESEX			
	Mrs. Pocklington Coltman.		

NORFOLK	Mrs. Haddon.
Hemsby.	Mrs. Haddon.
NORTHUMBERLAND	Hon. J. Abercromby.
OXFORDSHIRE	Miss L. Broadwood.
STAFFORDSHIRE	Halliwell's <i>Nursery Rhymes</i> .
Wolstanton	Miss Bush.
SUFFOLK	Mrs. Haddon.
Woolpit, near Haughley	Mr. M. L. Rouse.
SURREY—	
Ash	Mrs. Gomme.
SUSSEX—	
Lewes	Miss Kimber.
WORCESTERSHIRE—	
Upton on Severn	Miss. L. Broadwood.
YORKSHIRE	Miss E. Cadman.

SCOTLAND.

Notes and Queries. Pennant's *Voyage to the Hebrides.*

ABERDEENSHIRE—	
Aberdeen	Mr. M. L. Rouse.
Aberdeen Training College	Rev. Dr. Gregor.
Corgarff, Fraserburgh, Meikle- folla, Rosehearty, Tyrie	} Rev. Dr. Gregor.
ARGYLLSHIRE—	
Connell Ferry, near Oban	Miss Harrison.
BANFFSHIRE—	
Cullen, Macduff	Rev. Dr. Gregor.
BERWICKSHIRE	A. M. Bell (<i>Antiquary</i> , vol. xxx.).
ELGIN AND NAIRN—	
Dyke	} Rev. Dr. Gregor.
Strichen	
FORFARSHIRE—	
Forfar	Rev. Dr. Gregor.
KINCARDINESHIRE—	
Banchory	Rev. Dr. Gregor.
KIRCUDBRIGHTSHIRE—	
Auchencairn	} Miss M. Haddon. Dr. A. C. Haddon.
Crossmichael	
Galloway	} Mr. J. G. Carter.
Dalry	
Kirkcudbright	} Mr. J. Lawson.
Laurieston	
New Galloway	Rev. Dr. Gregor.
LINLITHGOWSHIRE—	
Linlithgow	Mrs. Jamieson.
PERTHSHIRE—	
Auchterarder	Miss E. S. Haldane.
Perth	Rev. Dr. Gregor.

- ROSS-SHIRE Rev. Dr. Gregor.
WIGTONSHIRE—
Port William School . . Rev. Dr. Gregor.

IRELAND.

Carleton's *Stories of Irish Peasantry*.

- CORK—
Cork Mr. I. J. Dennachy.
DOWN—
St. Andrews Miss H. E. Harvey.
DUBLIN—
Dublin Mrs. Coffey.
Howth Miss H. E. Harvey.
KERRY—
Kerry I. J. Dennachy.
Waterville Mrs. B. B. Green.
LEITRIM—
Kiltubbrid Mr. L. L. Duncan.
WATERFORD—
Waterford Miss H. E. Harvey.

WALES.

Roberts' *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*.

LIST OF GAMES

OATS and Beans and Barley.

Obadiah.

Odd or Even.

Odd-man.

Old Dame.

Old Roger is Dead.

Old Soldier.

Oliver, Oliver, follow the King.

One Catch-all.

Oranges and Lemons.

'Otmillo.

Over Clover.

PADDY from Home.

Paip.

Pallall.

Pally Ully.

Pat-ball.

Pay-swad.

Pednameny.

Peesie Weet.

Peg and Stick.

Peg-fiched.

Peggy Nut.

Peg-in-the-Ring.

Peg-top.

Penny Cast.

Penny Hop.

Penny Prick.

Penny Stanes.

Phœbe.

Pick and Hotch.

Pi-cow.

Pigeon Walk.

Pig-ring.

Pillie-Winkie.

Pinch.

Pinny Show.

Pins.

Pirley Pease-weep.

Pitch.

Pitch and Hustle.

Pitch and Toss.

Pit-counter.

Pits.

Pize Ball.

Plum Pudding.

Plum Pudding and Roast Beef.

Pointing out a Point.

Poncake.

Poor and Rich.

Poor Mary sits a-weeping.

Poor Widow.

Pop Goes the Weasel.

Pop-the-Bonnet.

Poppet-Show.

Port the Helm.

Pots, or Potts.

Pray, Pretty Miss.

Pretty Little Girl of Mine.

Pretty Miss Pink.

Prick at the Loop.

Prickey Sockey.

Prickie and Jockie.

Priest-Cat (1).

Priest-Cat (2).

Priest of the Parish.

Prisoner's Base.

Puff-the-Dart.

Pun o' mair Weight.

Punch Bowl.

Purposes.

Push in the Wash Tub.

Push Pin.

Push the Business On.

Puss in the Corner.

Pussy's Ground.

Pyramid.

QUAKER.

Quaker's Wedding.

Queen Anne.

Queen Mary.

Queen of Sheba.

RAGMAN.

Rag-stag.

Rakes and Roans.

Rakkeps.

Rax, or Raxie-boxie, King of

Scotland.

Relievo.

Religious Church.

Rigs.

Ring.

Ring a Ring o' Roses.

Ring by Ring.

Ringie, Ringie, Red Belt.

Ring-me-rary.

Ring-taw.

Rin-im-o'er.

Robbing the Parson's Hen-Roost.

Rockety Row.

Roll up Tobacco.

Roly-poly.

Ronin the Bee.

Rosy Apple, Lemon and Pear.

Roundabout, or Cheshire Round.

Round and Round the Village.

Round and Round went the Gal-
lant Ship.

Round Tag.

Rounders.

Rounds.

Row-chow-Tobacco.

Rowland-Ho.

Rumps.

Rusty.

SACKS.

Saddle the Nag.

Saggy.

Sailor Lad.

Sally go Round the Moon.

Sally Water.

Sally Sober.

Salmon Fishers.

Salt Eel.

Save All.

Say Girl.

Scat.

Scop-peril.

Scotch-hoppers.

Scots and English.

Scratch Cradle.

Scrush.

Scurran-Meggy.

See-Saw.

See-Sim

Shame Reel, or Shamit Dance.

She Said, and She Said.

Shepherd and Sheep.

Shepherds.

Shinney, or Shinty, or Shinnops.

Ship.

Ship Sail.

Shiver the Goose.

Shoeing the Auld Mare.

Shue-Gled-Wylie.

Shuttlefeather.

Shuvvy-Hawle.

Silly Old Man.

Skin the Goatie.

Skipping.

Skyte the Bob.

Smuggle the Gig.

Snail Creep.

Snapping Tongs.

Snatch Apple.

Snatch Hood.

Soldier.

Solomon.

Sort'em-billyort'em.

Sow-in-the-Kirk.

Span Counter.

Spang and Purley.

Spangie.

Spannims.

Spawnie

Spinny-Wye.

Splints.

Spurn point.

Spy-arm.

Stacks.

Stag.

Stagging.

Steal the Figs.

Stealy Clothes.

Steik and Hide.

Sticky-stack.

Sticky Toffey.

Stiff Police.

Stik-n Snael.

Stocks.

Stones.

Stool-ball.

Strik a Licht.

Stroke.

Stroke Bias.

Sun and Moon.

Sunday Night.

Sun Shines.

Sweer Tree.

Swinging.

TAIT.

Teesty-Totsy.

Teter-cum-Tawter.

Tee-to-tum.

Thimble Ring.

Thing done.

Thread the Needle.

Three Days' Holidays.

Three Dukes.

Three Flowers.

Three Holes.

Three Jolly Welshmen.

Three Knights from Spain.

Three Little Ships.

Three Old Bachelors.

Three Sailors.

Through the Needle Eye, Boys.

Thun'er Spell.

Tick.

Tickle me Quickly.

Ticky Touchwood.

Tig.

Time.

Tip it.

Tip-Cat.

Tip-tap-toe.

Tiring Irons.

Tisty Tosty.

Titter-totter.

Tit-tat-toe.

Tods and Lambs.

Tom Tiddler's Ground.

Tops.

The Totum, or Tee-to-tum.

Touch.

Tower of London.

Town Lovers.

Trades.

Trap, Bat, and Ball.

Tray-trip.

Tres-acre.

Tribet.

Trippit and Coit.

Trip and Go.

Trip-trout.

Troap.

Troco, Trucks.

Troule-in-Madame.

Trounce-Hole.

Troy Town.

Truncher.

Trunket.

Truss.

Tuilyie-wap.

Turn, Cheeses, Turn.

Turn Spit Jack.

Turn the Ship.

Turn the Trencher, or, My Lady's

Toilet.

Turvey.

Tutt-ball.

Twelve Days of Christmas.

Twelve Holes.

UNCLE John is Ill in Bed.

Up the Streets.

WADDS and the Wears (1).

Wadds and the Wears (2).

Waggles.

Wallflowers.

Warney.

Way-Zaltin.

We are the Rovers.

Weary.

Weave the Diaper.

Weigh the Butter.

When I was a Young Girl.

Whiddy.

Whigmelcerie.

Whip.

Whishin Dance.

Who goes round my Stone Wall

Widow
Wiggle-Waggle.
Wild Boar.
Wild Birds.
Willie, Willie Wastell.
Wind up the Bush Faggot.
Wind, The.

Wink-egg.
Witch, The.
Witte-Witte-Way.
Wolf.
Wolf and the Lamb.
Would you know how doth the
Peasant.

ADDENDA

A' THE BIRDIES.
All the Boys.
American Post.
As I was Walking.
Auld Grannie.

BALL.
Bannockburn.
Black Doggie.
Bonnet Ridgie.
Button.

CANLIE.
Carry my Lady to London.
Cat and Dog Hole.
Catch the Salmond.
Chicken come Clock.
Chippings, or Cheapings.
Chucks.
Churning.
Codham, or Codhams.
Colley Ball.

DAN'L my Man.
Deil amo' the Dishes.
Dig for Silver.
Dillsee Dollsie Dee.
Doagan.
Down in Yonder Meadow.
Draw a Pail of Water.
Drop Handkerchief.
Dumb Crambo.
Dump.

EENDY, Beendy.

FARMER'S Den.
Fire on the Mountains.

Fool, Fool, come to School.
French Jackie.

GALLOPING, Galloping.
Gallant Ship.
Galley, Galley Ship.
Glasgow Ships.
Granny's Needle.
Green Gravel.
Green Grass.
Green Grass (2).

HEAP the Cairn.
Hear all!
Hen and Chickens.
High Windows.
Hot Cockles.

ISABELLA.

JENNY Jones.
Jockie Rover.
Jolly Lads.
Jolly Miller.

KEYS of Heaven.
Kick the Block.

LADY of the Land.
Leap-Frog.
London Bridge.
Lubin, Looby Loo.

MAGICIAN.
Mannie on the Pavement.
Merry-ma-Tanza.
Milking Pails.
My Delight's in Tansies.

NAMER and Guesser.

Needle Cases.

Nuts in May.

ODD Man.

Old Cranny Crow.

Old Johanny Hairy, Crap in !

PAPER of Pins.

Pickie.

Poor Widow.

QUEEN Anne.

RASHES.

SALLY Water.

Shuffle the Brogue.

Soldiers, Soldiers.

THREE Dukes.

Three Knights.

Tug of War.

WE are the Rovers.

When I was a Young Girl.

ANALYSIS OF "MEMOIR"

Children's games, a definite branch of folk-lore—Nature of material for the study—Games fall into one of two sections—Classification of the games—Under customs contained in them—Under implements of play—Skill and chance games—Importance of classification—Early custom contained in skill and chance games—In diagram games—Tabu in game of "Touch"—Methods of playing the games—Characteristics of line form—Of circle forms—Of individual form—Of the arch forms—Of winding-up form—Contest games—War-cry used in contest games—Early marriage customs in games of line form—Marriage by capture—By purchase—Without love or courtship—Games formerly played at weddings—Disguising the bride—Hiring servants game—Marriage customs in circle games—Courtship precedes marriage—Marriage connected with water custom—"Crying for a young man" announcing a want—Marriage formula—Approval of friends necessary—Housewifely duties mentioned—Eating of food by bride and bridegroom necessary—Young man's necessity for a wife—Kiss in the ring—Harvest customs in games—Occupations in games—Funeral customs in games—Use of rushes in games—Sneezing action in game—Connection of spirit of dead person with trees—Perambulation of boundaries—Animals represented—Ballads sung to a dance—Individual form games—Hearth worship—Objection to giving light from a fire—Child-stealing by witch—Obstacles in path when pursuing witch—Contest between animals—Ghosts in games—Arch form of game—Contest between leaders of parties—Foundation sacrifice in games—Encircling a church—Well worship in games—Tug-of-war games—Alarm bell ringing—Passing under a yoke—Creeping through holed stones in games—Under earth sods—Customs in "winding up" games—Tree worship in games—Awaking the earth spirit—Serpentine dances—Burial of maiden—Guessing, a primitive element in games—Dramatic classification—Controlling force which has preserved custom in games—Dramatic faculty in mankind—Child's faculty for dramatic action—Observation of detail—Children's games formerly an amusement of adults—Dramatic power in savages—Dramatic dances among the savage and semi-civilised—Summary and conclusion.

CHILDREN'S GAMES

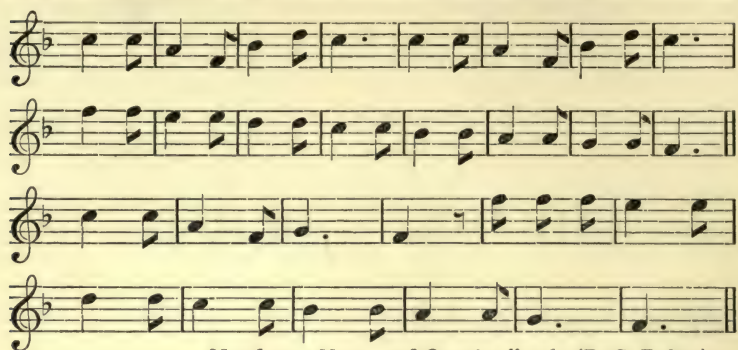
Oats and Beans and Barley



—Madeley, Shropshire (Miss Burne).



OATS AND BEANS AND BARLEY



—*Northants Notes and Queries*, ii. 161 (R. S. Baker).



—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- I. Oats and beans and barley grow !
 Oats and beans and barley grow !
 Do you or I or any one know
 How oats and beans and barley grow ?
 First the farmer *sows* his seed,
 Then he *stands* and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot, and *claps* his hands,
 Then *turns round* to view the land.

Waiting for a partner, waiting for a partner !
 Open the ring and take one in !

Now you are married you must obey,
 You must be true to all you say,

You must be kind, you must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood!

—Much Wenlock (Burne's *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 508).

II. Oats and beans and barley grow!

Does you or I or any one know
Where oats and beans and barley grow?

So the farmer sows his seed;
So he stands and takes his ease;
Stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And turns him round to view the lands.

Waiting for a partner! waiting for a partner!

Now young couple you must obey,
You must be true in all you say,
You must be wise and very good,
And help your wife to chop the wood.

—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

III. Does you or I, or anie one knowe

Where oates and beanes and barlie growe?

Where oates and beanes and barlie growe?

The farmer comes and sowes ye seede,
Then he standes and takes hys ease,
Stamps hys foote, and slappes hys hand,
And turnes hym rounde to viewe ye land.

Waiting for a partner,

Waiting for a partner,

Open the ringe and take mee in,
Make haste and choose youre partner.

Now you're married you must obey,
Must bee true to alle you saye,
Must bee kinde and verie goode,
And helpe your wyfe to choppe ye woode.

—Raunds (*Northants Notes and Queries*, i. 163).

IV. Oats and beans and barley grows,

You or I or any one knows,

You or I or any one knows,

Where oats and beans and barley grows.

Thus the farmer sows his seed,
Stamps his feet and claps his hands,
And turns around to view the land.

Waiting for a partner,
Waiting for a partner,

Now you are married, &c.

[same as Much Wenlock.]

—East Kirkby, Lincolnshire (Miss K. Maughan).

- V. Oats, beans, and barley grows,
You or I or any one knows.
Thus the farmer sows his seed,
Thus he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his feet and folds his hands,
And turns him round to view the lands.

Oh! waitin' for a partner,
Waitin' for a partner.

Now you're married, &c.

[same as Much Wenlock.]

—Winterton (Miss Fowler).

- VI. Oats and wheat and barley grows,
You and I and every one knows
Where oats and wheat and barley grows.
As the farmer sows his seed,
Folds his arms and takes his ease,
Stamps his feet and claps his hands,
And turns him round to view the land.

Waiting for a partner,
Waiting for a partner,
Waiting for a partner,
To open the ring
And take one in.

Now you're married, &c.

[same as Much Wenlock.]

—Teau, North Staffs. (Miss Keary).

VII. Oats and beans and barley grow,
You and I and every one know ;
You and I and every one know
That oats and beans and barley grow.

Thus the farmer sows his seed,
Thus he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And turns him round to view the land.

Waiting for a partner,
Waiting for a partner.

Now you're married you must obey, &c.

[same as Much Wenlock.]

—Brigg, Lincolnshire (Miss Barker).

VIII. Oats and beans and barley-corns, you or I or any one
else,

You or I or any one else, oats or beans or barley-corns ;
Thus the farmer sows his seed,
Thus he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot, and claps his hands,
And turns him round to view the land.
Waiting for a partner, waiting for a partner ;
Open the ring and take one in,
Waiting for a partner.

Now you're married, &c.

[same as Much Wenlock.]

—Nottingham (Miss E. A. Winfield).

IX. Oats and beans, barley and groats,
Oats and beans, barley and groats ;
You, nor I, nor anybody knows
How oats and beans and barley grows.
Thus the farmer sows his seed,
Thus he stands and takes his feed,
Stamps his foot and claps his hand,
And turns around to view the land.
Waiting for a partner, waiting for a partner.
Slip the ring, and take one in,
And kiss her when you get her in ;

Now that you're married you must agree,
 You must be kind to all you see ;
 You must be kind, you must be good,
 And help your man [wife] to chop the wood.

—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

- X. Wuts and beäns and barley graws,
 As you and I and every one knaws.

Waätin' for a pardner.

Fust the farmer saws his seäds,
 Then he stands and taäke his eäse,
 Stomps his feät and clops his hands,
 And turns him round to view his lands.

Waätin' for a pardner.

Now you're married you must obaäy ;
 Must be trewe to all you saäy ;
 Must be kind and must be good,
 And help your wife to chop the wood.

Waätin' for a pardner.

—Spilsby, N. Lincs. (Rev. R. Cracroft).

- XI. Oats and beans and barley corn,
 Oats and beans and barley corn ;
 You and I and nobody else,
 But oats and beans and barley corn.
 As the farmer sows his seed,
 As he stands to take us in,
 Stamps his feet and claps his hands,
 Turns around to field and lands.
 Waiting for a partner,
 Waiting for a partner,
 Open the gate and let her come out,
 And see the one you love the best.

Now we're merry and wish you joy,
 First the girl, and then the boy,
 Seven years after, seven years past,
 Kiss one another and go to your class.

—Hampshire (Miss Mendham).

- XII. Where the wheat and barley grows,
You and I and nobody knows,
Where the wheat and barley grows,
You and I and nobody knows.
As the farmer sows his seed,
As he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot and claps his hand,
Turns around to view the land.
Waiting for a partner,
Waiting for a partner.
Open the ring, take her in,
Kiss her when you get her in.
Now you're married you must be good,
To make your husband chop the wood.

—Cowes, Isle of Wight (Miss E. Smith).

- XIII. Oats and beans and barley corns,
You nor I nor any one knows ;
You nor I nor any one knows
How oats and beans and barley grows.
As the sower sows his seed,
As he stands he takes his ease,
Stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And turns him round to view the land.
Waiting for a partner,
Open the ring and take one in.
Now you're married, &c.

[same as Much Wenlock.]

—Long Eaton, Nottinghamshire (Miss Youngman).

- XIV. Hop or beans or barley corn,
You or I or any one all :
First the farmer sows his seed,
Then he stands and takes his ease ;
He stamped his foot and he clapped his hand,
And turned around the bugle land,
Waiting for a partner, a partner, a partner,
He opened the ring and called one in,
And now he's got a partner.

Now you're married we wish you good joy,
 First the girl and then the boy;
 Love one another like sister and brother,
 And pray each couple to kiss together.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- XV. See the farmer sow his seed,
 See he stands and takes them in,
 Stamps his foot and claps his hand,
 And turns him round to view the land.

O! waiting for a partner,

O! waiting for a partner,

Open the ring and take one in.

Now you're married, &c.

[same as Much Wenlock.]

—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (H. Hardy).

- XVI. A waitin' fur a pardner,
 A waitin' fur a pardner,
 You an' I an' ev'ry one knows
 How whoats an' beans an' barley grows.
 Fost tha farmer saws 'is seeds,
 Then he stans' an' teks 'is ease,
 Stamps 'is feet an' claps 'is 'ands,
 And turns him round to view tha lands.
 A waitin' fur a pardner,
 A waitin' fur a pardner,
 You an' I an' iv'ry one knows
 How whoats an' beans an' barley grows.

Now you're married, &c.

[same as Much Wenlock.]

—Boston, Lincs. (*Notes and Queries*,
 7th series, xii. 493).

- XVII. Oats and beans and barley grows
 Not so fine as the farmer sows,
 You nor I nor nobody knows
 Oats and beans and barley grows.
 This is the way the farmer sows,
 The farmer sows, the farmer sows,

This is the way the farmer sows.
 Here he stands and takes his ease,
 Stamps his foot and claps his hands,
 And turns around to view the land,
 Waiting for a partner, waiting for a partner,
 Open the ring and take one in,
 And kiss him (or her) as he (or she) enters.

—Aberdeen Training College (Rev. W. Gregor).

XVIII. Waitin' for a partner,
 Waitin' for a partner,
 Open the ring and take one in,
 And now you've got your partner.

Now you're married, &c.

[same as Much Wenlock.]

—Wakefield, Yorks. (Miss Fowler).

(c) The players form a ring by joining hands, with one child, usually a boy, standing in the centre. The ring walks round, singing the first four lines. At the fifth line the ring stands still, and each child suits her actions to the words sung. At "the farmer sows his seed," each player pretends to scatter seed, then they all fold their arms and "stand at ease," "stamp their feet," and "clap their hands" together in order, and finally each child turns herself round. Then they again clasp hands and move round the centre child, who at the words "open the ring and take one in" chooses and takes into the ring with him one player from it. These two stand together while the ring sings the marriage formula. At the end the child first in the centre joins the ring; the second child remaining in the centre, and in her turn choosing another from the ring.

This is the (Much Wenlock) way of playing. Among the variants there are some slight differences. In the Wakefield version (Miss Fowler), a little boy is placed in the centre of the ring first, he chooses a girl out of the ring at the singing of the third line and kisses her. They stand hand in hand while the others sing the next verse. In the Tean version (Miss Keary), the children turn round with their backs to the one

in the centre, and stand still when singing "Waiting for a partner." In the Hampshire (Miss Mendham), Brigg (Miss Barker), and Winterton (Miss Peacock) versions, the children dance round instead of walking. The Rev. Mr. Roberts, in a version from Kirkby-on-the-Bain (N.W. Lincolnshire), says: "There is no proper commencement of this song. The children begin with 'A waitin' fur a pardner,' or 'Oats and beans,' just as the spirit moves them, but I think 'A waitin'' is the usual beginning here." In a Sheffield version sent by Mr. S. O. Addy, four young men stand in the middle of the ring with their hands joined. These four dance round singing the first lines. After "views his lands" these four choose sweethearts, or partners, from the ring. The eight join hands and sing the remaining four lines. The four young men then join the larger ring, and the four girls remain in the centre and choose partners next time. The words of this version are almost identical with those of Shropshire. In the Isle of Man version (A. W. Moore), when the kiss is given all the children forming the ring clap their hands. There is no kissing in the Shropshire and many other versions of this game, and the centre child does not in all cases sing the words.

(d) Other versions have been sent from Winterton, Leadenham, and Lincoln, by Miss Peacock, and from Brigg, while the *Northamptonshire Notes and Queries*, ii. 161, gives another by Mr. R. S. Baker. The words are practically the same as the versions printed above from Lincolnshire and Northants. The words of the Madeley version are the same as the Much Wenlock (No. 1). The Nottingham tune (Miss Youngman), and three others sent with the words, are the same as the Madeley tune printed above.

(e) This interesting game is essentially of rural origin, and probably it is for this reason that Mr. Newell did not obtain any version from England for his *Games and Songs of American Children*, but his note that it "seems, strangely enough, to be unknown in Great Britain" (p. 80), is effectually disproved by the examples I have collected. There is no need in this case for an analysis of the rhymes. The variants fall into three

categories: (1) the questioning form of the words, (2) the affirming form, and (3) the indiscriminate form, as in Nos. xvi. to xviii., and of these I am disposed to consider the first to represent the earliest idea of the game.

If the crops mentioned in the verses be considered, it will be found that the following table represents the different localities:—

	Northants.	Lancashire.	Lincolnshire.	Shropshire.	Staffordshire.	Nottingham.	Isle of Man.	Hants.	Isle of Wight.	Norfolk.
Oats .	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Beans .	+	+	+	+	..	+	+	+	+	+
Barley .	+	+	+	+	..	+	+	+	+	+
Wheat	+	+	..
Groats
Hop	+	+

The first three are the more constant words, but it is curious that Norfolk, not a hop county, should have adopted that grain into the game. Hops are grown there on rare occasions, and it is probable that the game may have been introduced from a hop county.

In *Northants Notes and Queries*, i. 163-164, Mr. R. S. Baker gives a most interesting account of the game (No. iii.) as follows:—"Having been recently invited to join the Annual Christmas Entertainment of the Raunds Church Choir, I noticed that a very favourite pastime of the evening was one which I shall call 'Choosing Partners.' The game is played thus: The young men and maidens join hands indiscriminately, and form a ring; within the ring stand a lad and a lass; then they all step round the way the sun goes, to a plain tune. During the singing of the two last lines [of the first part] they all disjoin hands, stop and stamp their feet and clap their hands and turn right round . . . then join hands [while singing the second verse]. The two in the middle at ['Open the ring'] choose each of them a partner of the opposite sex, which they do by pointing to the one chosen; then they continue round, to the words [sang in next verse], the two pairs of partners crossing hands, first right and then left, and re-

volving opposite ways alternately. The march round is temporarily suspended for choosing partners. The partners salute [at 'Now you're married'], or, rather, each lad kisses his chosen lass; the first two partners go out, the game continues as before, and every one in the ring has chosen and been chosen, and every lad has saluted every lass. The antiquity of the pastime is evidenced by its not mentioning wheat; wheat was in remote times an exceptional crop—the village people lived on oatmeal and barley bread. It also points, possibly, to a period when most of the land lay in grass. Portions of the open fields were cultivated, and after a few years of merciless cropping were laid down again to recuperate. 'Helping to chop the wood' recalls the time when coal was not known as fuel. I am indebted for the correct words of the above to a Raunds maiden, Miss B. Finding, a native of the village, who kindly wrote them down for me." Mr. Baker does not say how Miss Finding got the peculiar spelling of this version. It would be interesting to know whether this form of spelling was used as indicative of the pronunciation of the children, or of the supposed antiquity of the game. The Rev. W. D. Sweeting, also writes at the same reference, "The same game is played at the school feast at Maxey; but the words, as I have taken them down, vary from those given above. We have no mention of any crop except barley, which is largely grown in the district; and the refrain, repeated after the second and sixth lines, is 'waiting for the harvest.' A lady suggested to me that the two first lines of the conclusion are addressed to the bride of the game, and the two last, which in our version run, 'You must be kind and very good,' apply to the happy swain."

This interesting note not only suggests, as Mr. Baker and Mr. Sweeting say, the antiquity of the game and its connection with harvest at a time when the farms were all laid in open fields, but it points further to the custom of courtship and marriage being the outcome of village festivals and dances held after spring sowing and harvest gatherings. It seems in Northamptonshire not to have quite reached the stage of the pure children's game before it was taken note of by

Mr. Baker, and this is an important illustration of the descent of children's games from customs. As soon as it has become a child's game, however, the process of decadence sets in. Thus, besides verbal alterations, the lines relating to farming have dropped out of the Wakefield version. It is abundantly clear from the more perfect game-rhymes that the waiting for a partner is an episode in the harvest customs, as if, when the outdoor business of the season was finished, the domestic element becomes the next important transaction in the year's proceedings. The curious four-lined formula applicable to the duties of married life may indeed be a relic of those rhythmical formulæ which are found throughout all early legal ceremonies. A reference to Mr. Ralston's section on marriage songs, in his *Songs of the Russian People*, makes it clear that marriages in Russia were contracted at the gatherings called Besyedas (p. 264), which were social gatherings held during October after the completion of the harvest; and the practice is, of course, not confined to Russia.

It is also probable that this game may have preserved the tradition of a formula sung at the sowing of grain, in order to propitiate the earth goddess to promote and quicken the growth of the crops. Turning around or bowing to fields and lands and pantomimic actions in imitation of those actually required, are very general in the history of sympathetic magic among primitive peoples, as reference to Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* will prove; and taking the rhyming formula together with the imitative action, I am inclined to believe that in this game we may have the last relics of a very ancient agricultural rite.

Obadiah

The players stand in a row. The child at the head of the row says, "My son Obadiah is going to be married, twiddle your thumbs," suiting the action to the word by clasping the fingers of both hands together, and rapidly "twiddling" the thumbs. The next child repeats both words and actions, and so on all along the row, all the players continuing the "twiddling." The top child repeats the words, adding (very gravely), "Fall on one knee," the whole row follows suit as before (still

twiddling their thumbs). The top child repeats from the beginning, adding, "Do as you see me," and the rest of the children follow suit, as before. Just as the last child repeats the words, the top child falls on the child next to her, and all go down like a row of ninepins. The whole is said in a sing-song way. This game was, so far as I can ascertain, truly East Anglian. I have never been able to hear of it in other parts of England or Wales.—Bexley Heath (Miss Morris). Also played in London.

See "Solomon."

Odd or Even

A boys' game, played with buttons, marbles, and halfpence. Peacock's *Manley and Corringham Glossary*; also mentioned in Brogden's *Provincial Words (Lincolnshire)*. Mr. Patterson says (*Antrim and Down Glossary*)—A boy shuts up a few small objects, such as marbles, in one hand, and asks his opponent to guess if the number is odd or even. He then either pays or receives one, according as the guess is right or wrong. Strutt describes this game in the same way, and says it was played in ancient Greece and Rome. Newell (*Games*, p. 147) also mentions it.

See "Prickie and Jockie."

Odd-man

A game played with coins. Brogden's *Provincial Words, Lincolnshire*.

Old Dame

I. I'll away to t' beck to wash my neck,
When I get there, I'll ask t' ould dame what o'clock it is?
It's one, and you'll be hanged at two.

I'll away to t' beck to wash my neck,
When I get there, I'll ask t' ould dame what o'clock it is?
It's two, and you'll be hanged at three.

[This is repeated until the old woman says, "It's eleven, and you'll be hanged at twelve."]

—Yorkshire (Miss E. Cadman).

II. To Beccles, to Beccles,
To buy a bunch of nettles,
Pray, old dame, what's o'clock?
One, going for two.

To Beccles, to Beccles,
To buy a bunch of nettles,
Pray, old dame, what's o'clock?
Two, going for three, &c.

[And so on until "eleven going for twelve" is said, then the following:—]

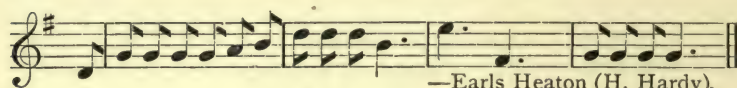
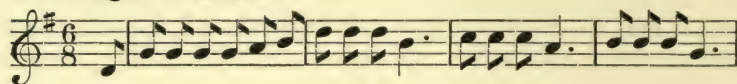
Where have you been?
To the wood.
What for?
To pick up sticks.
What for?
To light my fire.
What for?
To boil my kettle.
What for?
To cook some of your chickens.

—Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 229.

(b) One child sits upon a little stool. The others march round her in single file, taking hold of each other's frocks. They say in a sing-song manner the first two lines, and the old woman answers by telling them the hour. The questions and answers are repeated until the old woman says, "It's eleven, and you'll be hanged at twelve." Then the children all run off in different directions and the old woman runs after them. Whoever she catches becomes old woman, and the game is continued.—Yorkshire (Miss E. Cadman). In the version given from Halliwell there is a further dialogue, it will be seen, before the old woman chases.

(c) The use of the Yorkshire word "beck" ("stream") in the first variant suggests that this may be the original version from which the "Beccles" version has been adapted, a particular place being substituted for the general. The game somewhat resembles "Fox and Goose."

Old Roger is Dead



—Earls Heaton (H. Hardy).



—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).



—Bath, (A. B. Gomme).

- I. Old Rogers is dead and is laid in his grave,
 Laid in his grave,
 Laid in his grave;
 Old Rogers is dead and is laid in his grave,
 He, hi! laid in his grave.
- There grew an old apple tree over his head,
 Over his head,
 Over his head;
- There grew an old apple tree over his head,
 He, hi! over his head.
- The apples grew ripe, and they all fell off,
 They all fell off,
 They all fell off;
- The apples grew ripe, and they all fell off,
 He, hi! they all fell off.
- There came an old woman a-picking them up,
 Picking them up,
 Picking them up;
- There came an old woman a-picking them up,
 He, hi! picking them up.

Old Rogers jumps up and he gives her a knock,
 Gives her a knock,
 Gives her a knock ;

Old Rogers jumps up and he gives her a knock,
 He, hi ! gives her a knock.

He makes the old woman go hipperty hop,
 Hipperty hop,
 Hipperty hop ;

He makes the old woman go hipperty hop,
 He, hi ! hipperty hop.

—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (Herbert Hardy).

II. Old Roger is dead, and lies in his grave, um, ah ! lies in
 his grave ;

There grew an old apple tree over his head, um, ah !
 over his head.

The apples are ripe and ready to drop, um, ah ! ready
 to drop ;

There came an old woman, picking them up.

—Hanbury, Staffs. (Miss Edith Hollis).

III. Sir Roger is dead and is low in his grave,
 Is low in his grave, is low in his grave ;
 Sir Roger is dead and is low in his grave,
 Hey hie ! is low in his grave.

They planted an apple tree over his head,
 Over his head, over his head ;
 They planted an apple tree over his head,
 Hey hie ! over his head.

When they grew ripe they all fell off,
 All fell off, all fell off ;
 When they grew ripe they all fell off,
 Hey hie ! all fell off.

There came an old woman and gathered them up,
 Gathered them up, gathered them up ;
 There came an old woman and gathered them up,
 Hey hie ! gathered them up.

Sir Roger got up and gave her a nudge,
Gave her a nudge, gave her a nudge ;
Sir Roger got up and gave her a nudge,
Hey hie ! gave her a nudge.

Which made her go off with a skip and a hop,
With a skip and a hop, with a skip and a hop ;
Which made her go off with a skip and a hop,
Hey hie ! with a skip and a hop.

—Ordsall, Nottinghamshire (Miss Matthews).

- IV. Sir Roger is dead and he's laid in his grave,
Laid in his grave, laid in his grave ;
Sir Roger is dead and he's laid in his grave,
Heigh-ho ! laid in his grave.

There grew a fine apple tree over his head,
Over his head, over his head ;
There grew a fine apple tree over his head,
Heigh-ho ! over his head.

The apples were ripe and they all fell off,
All fell off, all fell off ;
The apples were ripe and they all fell off,
Heigh-ho ! all fell off.

There came an old woman and picked them all up,
Picked them all up, picked them all up ;
There came an old woman and picked them all up,
Heigh-ho ! picked them all up.

Sir Roger jumped up and he gave her a push,
Gave her a push, gave her a push ;
Sir Roger jumped up and he gave her a push,
Heigh-ho ! gave her a push.

Which made the old woman go hickety-hock,
Hickety-hock, hickety-hock ;
Which made the old woman go hickety-hock,
Heigh-ho ! hickety-hock.

—Brigg, Lincolnshire (Miss J. Barker).

- V. Sir Roger is dead and laid in his grave,
 Hee, haw! laid in his grave.
 They planted an apple tree over his head,
 Hee, haw! over his head.
 The apples are ripe and ready to fall,
 Hee, haw! ready to fall.
 There came a high wind and blew them all off,
 Hee, haw! blew them all off.
 There came an old woman to pick them all up,
 Hee, haw! pick them all up.
 There came a little bird and gave her a tap,
 Hee, haw! gave her a tap.
 Which made the old woman go hipperty hop,
 Hee, haw! hipperty hop.

—Tong, Shropshire (Miss Burne).

- VI. Poor Johnnie is dead and he lies in his grave,
 Lies in his grave, lies in his grave;
 Poor Johnnie is dead and he lies in his grave,
 He-ho! lies in his grave.
- They planted an apple tree over his head,
 Over his head, over his head;
 They planted an apple tree over his head,
 He-ho! over his head.
- The apples got ripe and they all fell off,
 All fell off, all fell off;
 The apples got ripe and they all fell off,
 He-ho! all fell off.
- Here comes an old woman a-picking them up,
 A-picking them up, a-picking them up;
 Here comes an old woman a-picking them up,
 He-ho! a-picking them up.
- Poor Johnnie got up and gave her a thump,
 And gave her a thump, and gave her a thump;
 Poor Johnnie got up and gave her a thump,
 He-ho! gave her a thump.

He made the old woman go hippity-hop,
 Hippity-hop, hippity-hop!
 He made the old woman go hippity-hop,
 He-ho! hippity-hop!

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- VII. Cock Robin is dead and has gone to his grave;
 There grew on old apple tree over his head;
 The apples were ripe and ready to drop,
 O my, flippity flop!

There came an old woman to pick them all up,
 Cock Robin rose up and gave her a knock,
 And made the old woman go flippity flop!
 O my, flippity flop!

—Deptford, Kent (Miss Chase).

- VIII. Old Roger is dead and gone to his grave,
 H'm ha! gone to his grave.

They planted an apple tree over his head,
 H'm ha! over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
 H'm ha! ready to fall.

There came an old woman and picked them all up,
 H'm ha! picked them all up.

Old Roger jumped up and gave her a knock,
 H'm ha! gave her a knock.

Which made the old woman go hippity hop,
 H'm ha! hippity hop!

—Bath, from a Nursemaid (A. B. Gomme).

- IX. Cock Robin is dead and lies in his grave,
 Hum-ha! lies in his grave.
 Place an old apple tree over his head,
 Hum-ha! over his head.
 When they were ripe and ready to fall,
 Hum-ha! ready to fall.

There comes an old woman a-picking them up,
Hum-ha! a-picking them up.
Cock Robin jumps up and gives her a good knock,
Hum-ha! gives her a good knock.

—Derbyshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, i. 385).

- X. Poor Roger is dead and lies low in his grave,
Low in his grave, low in his grave,
E. I. low in his grave.
There grew an old apple tree over his head,
Over his head, over his head,
E. I. over his head.
When the apples were ripe they all fell off,
All fell off, all fell off,
E. I. all fell off.
There was an old woman came picking them up,
Picking them up, picking them up,
E. I. picking them up.
Poor Roger jumped up and gave her a nudge,
Gave her a nudge, gave her a nudge,
E. I. gave her a nudge.
Which made the old woman go lippety lop,
Lippety lop, lippety lop,
E. I. lippety lop.

—Newark, Nottinghamshire (S. O. Addy).

- XI. Poor Toby is dead and he lies in his grave,
He lies in his grave, he lies in his grave ;
They planted an apple tree over his head,
Over his head, over his head.
The apples grew ripe and beginning to fall,
Beginning to fall, beginning to fall ;
The apples grew ripe and beginning to fall,
Beginning to fall, beginning to fall.
There came an old woman picking them up,
Picking them up, picking them up ;
Poor Toby rose up and he gave her a kick,
Gave her a kick, gave her a kick.

And the poor old woman went hipperty hop,
 Hipperty hop, hipperty hop ;
 And the poor old woman went hipperty hop,
 Hipperty hop along.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

XII. There was an old woman we buried her here,
 Buried her here, buried her here ;
 There was an old woman we buried her here,
 He—ho ! buried her here.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

(*b*) A ring is formed by children joining hands ; one child, who represents Sir Roger, lays down on the ground in the centre of the ring with his head covered with a handkerchief. The ring stands still and sings the verses. When the second verse is begun, a child from the ring goes into the centre and stands by Sir Roger, to represent the apple tree. At the fourth verse another child goes into the ring, and pretends to pick up the fallen apples. Then the child personating Sir Roger jumps up and knocks the child personating the old woman, beating her out of the ring. She goes off hobbling on one foot, and pretending to be hurt. In the Ordsall game the children dance round when singing the verses instead of standing still, the action of the game being the same. In the Tong version, the action seems to be done by the ring. Miss Burne says the children go through various movements, finally all limping round. The Newark (Notts), and Bath versions are played as first described, Poor Roger being covered with a cloak, or an apron, and laying down in the middle of the ring. A Southampton version has additional features—the ring of children keep their arms crossed, and lay their hands on their chests, bending their heads and bodies backwards and forwards, in a mourning attitude, while they sing ; in addition to which, in the Bath version, the child who personates the apple tree during the singing of the third verse raises her arms above her head, and then lets them drop to her sides to show the falling apples.

(*c*) Various as the game-rhymes are in word detail, they

are practically the same in incident. One remarkable feature stands out particularly, namely, the planting a tree over the head of the dead, and the spirit-connection which this tree has with the dead. The robbery of the fruit brings back the dead Sir Roger to protect it, and this must be his ghost or spirit. In popular superstition this incident is not uncommon. Thus Aubrey in his *Remains of Gentilisme*, notes that "in the parish of Ockley some graves have rose trees planted at the head and feet," and then proceeds to say, "They planted a tree or a flower on the grave of their friend, and they thought the soule of the party deceased went into the tree or plant" (p. 155). In Scotland a branch falling from an oak, the Edgewell tree, standing near Dalhousie Castle, portended mortality to the family (Dalyell, *Darker Superstitions*, p. 504). Compare with this a similar superstition noted in Carew's *History of Cornwall*, p. 325, and Mr. Keary's treatment of this cult in his *Outlines of Primitive Belief*, pp. 66-67. In folk-tales this incident also appears; the spirit of the dead enters the tree and resents robbery of its fruit, possession of which gives power over the soul or spirit of the dead.

The game is, therefore, not merely the acting of a funeral, but more particularly shows the belief that a dead person is cognisant of actions done by the living, and capable of resenting personal wrongs and desecration of the grave. It shows clearly the sacredness of the grave; but what, perhaps to us, is the most interesting feature, is the way in which the game is played. This clearly shows a survival of the method of portraying old plays. The ring of children act the part of "chorus," and relate the incidents of the play. The three actors say nothing, only act their several parts in dumb show. The raising and lowering of the arms on the part of the child who plays "apple tree," the quiet of "Old Roger" until he has to jump up, certainly show the early method of actors when details were presented by action instead of words. Children see no absurdity in being a "tree," or a "wall," "apple," or animal. They simply *are* these things if the game demands it, and they think nothing of incongruities.

I do not, of course, suggest that children have preserved in

this game an old play, but I consider that in this and similar games they have preserved methods of acting and detail (now styled traditional), as given in an early or childish period of the drama, as for example in the mumming plays. Traditional methods of acting are discussed by Mr. Ordish, *Folk-lore*, ii. 334.

Old Soldier

One player personates an old soldier, and begs of all the other players in turn for left-off garments, or anything else he chooses. The formula still used at Barnes by children is, "Here comes an old soldier from the wars [or from town], pray what can you give him?" Another version is—

Here comes an old soldier from Botany Bay,
Have you got anything to give him to-day.

—Liverpool (C. C. Bell).

The questioned child replying must be careful to avoid using the words, Yes! No! Nay! and Black, White, or Grey. These words are tabooed, and a forfeit is exacted every time one or other is used. The old soldier walks lame, and carries a stick. He is allowed to ask as many questions, talk as much as he pleases, and to account for his destitute condition.

(c) Some years ago when colours were more limited in number, it was difficult to promise garments for a man's wear which were neither of these colours tabooed. Miss Burne (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 526), in describing this game says, "The words Red or Blue are sometimes forbidden, as well as Yes or No," and adds that "This favourite old game gives scope for great ingenuity on the part of the beggar, and 'it seems not improbable' (to use a time-honoured antiquarian phrase!) that the expression 'To come the old soldier over a person' may allude to it." Halliwell (*Nursery Rhymes*, p. 224) describes the game as above.

Oliver, Oliver, follow the King!

Oliver, Oliver, follow the King!

Oliver, Oliver, last in the ring!

Jim Burguin wants a wife, and a wife he shall have,

Nelly he kissed at the back-cellar door,

Nelly made a pudding, she made it over sweet,

She never stuck a knife in till he came home at night,
 So next Monday morning is our wedding-day,
 The bells they shall ring, and the music shall play!

Oliver, Oliver, follow the King! (*da capo*).

—Berrington (Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 508).

(b) The children form a ring and move round, singing the first two lines. Then they curtsy, or "douk down," all together; the one who is last has to tell her sweetheart's name. The other lines are then sung and the game is continued. The children's names are mentioned as each one names his or her sweetheart.

This is apparently the game of which "All the Boys," "Down in the Valley," and "Mary Mixed a Pudding up," are also portions.

One Catch-all

The words "Cowardy, cowardy custard" are repeated by children playing at this game when they advance towards the one who is selected to catch them, and dare or provoke her to capture them. Ray, *Localisms*, gives Costard, the head; a kind of opprobrious word used by way of contempt. Bailey gives Costead-head, a blockhead; thus elucidating this exclamation which may be interpreted, "You cowardly blockhead, catch me if you dare" (Baker's *Northamptonshire Glossary*).

The words used were, as far as I remember,

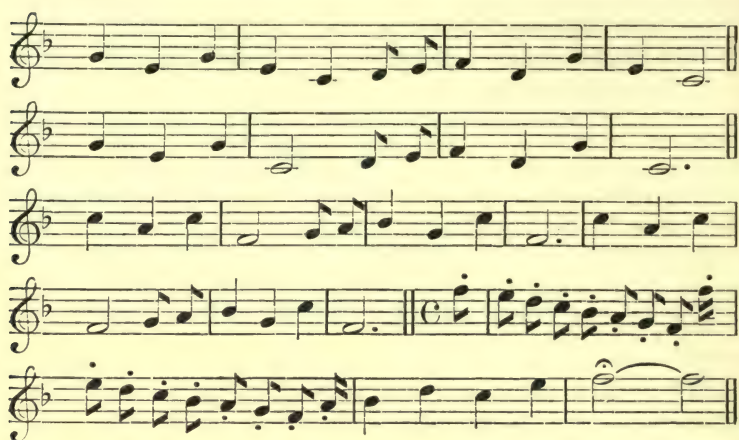
Cowardy, cowardy custard, eat your father's mustard,

Catch me if you can.

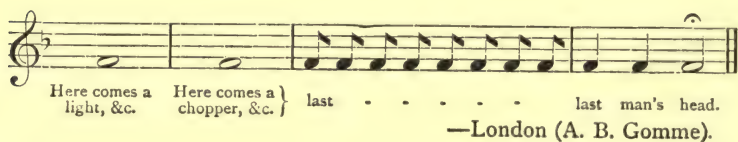
To compel a person to "eat" something disagreeable is a well-known form of expressing contempt. The rhyme was supposed to be very efficacious in rousing an indifferent or lazy player when playing "touch" (A. B. Gomme).

Oranges and Lemons





An older and more general version of the last five bars (the tail piece) is as follows:—



- I. Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's ;
You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's ;
When will you pay me,
Say the bells of Old Bailey ;
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch ;
When will that be ?
Say the bells of Stepney ;
I'm sure I don't know,
Says the Great Bell of Bow.

Here comes a light to light you to bed ;
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head ;
The last, last, last, last man's head.

—London (A. B. Gomme).

- II. Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's ;
You owe me four farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's ;
When will you pay me ?
Say the bells of Old Bailey ;
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch ;
When will that be ?
Say the bells of Stepney ;
I'm sure I don't know,
Says the Great Bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed ;
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head ;
Last, last, last, last, last man's head.

—Winterton and Leadenham, Lincolnshire ; also
Nottinghamshire (Miss M. Peacock).

- III. Oranges and lemons,
Says the bells of S. Clemen's.
Brickdust and tiles,
Says the bells of S. Giles.

You owe me five farthings,
 Says the bells of S. Martin's.
 I do not know you,
 Says the bells of S. Bow.
 When will you pay me ?
 Says the bells of Old Bailey.
 When I get rich,
 Says the bells of Shoreditch.
 Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
 Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.
 —Derbyshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, i. 386).

- IV. Oranges and lemons,
 The bells of St. Clemen's ;
 You owe me five farthings,
 The bells of St. Martin's ;
 When will you pay me ?
 Say the bells of Old Bailey ;
 When I grow rich,
 Say the bells of Shoreditch ;
 When will that be ?
 Say the bells of Shorlea ;
 I don't know,
 Says the Great Bell Bow.
 Here comes the candle to light you to bed,
 Here comes the chop to chop off your head.
 Chop, chop, chop, &c.
 —Middlesex (Miss Winfield).

- V. Orange or lemon,
 The bells of St. Clement's [or the bells are a
 clemming].
 I owe you five farthings,
 And when shall I pay you,
 To-day or to-morrow ?
 To-morrow will do.
 Here come some great candles
 To light you to bed,
 Here come some great choppers
 To chop off your head.

Come under, come under,
Come run as you ought ;
Come under, come under,
Until you are caught ;
Then stand just behind us
And pull either way ;
Which side pulls the strongest
That side wins the day.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- VI. Oranges and lemons,
The bells of St. Clement's.
I owe you three farthings,
When shall I pay you ?
When I get rich.
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a hatchet to chop off your head.

—Brigg (from a Lincolnshire friend of Miss Barker).

- VII. Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clemen's.
I owe you five farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
When shall I pay you ?
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Or Sunday ?

—Symondsbury, Dorset (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 216).

- VIII. I owe you five farthings.
When will you pay me,
To-day or to-morrow ?
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

—Broadwinsor, Dorset (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 217).

- IX. Oranges and lemons, the bells of St. Clement's [or St.
Helen's].
I owe you five farthings. And when will you pay me ?
I'm sure I don't know.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
 Here comes a chop'n bill to chop off your head—
 Chop—chop—chop—chop.

[Or Here comes a chop'n bill to chop off the last man's head.]

—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (Herbert Hardy).

X. Lend me five shillings,
 Said the bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
 Said the bells of St. Philip's.

I do not know,
 Said the Great Bell of Bold.

Ring a ding, ding,
 Ring a ding, ding,
 Ring a ding, ding, ding, ding.

—Earls Heaton (Herbert Hardy, as told him by A. K.).

XI. Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's;
 You owe me five farthings, and when will you pay
 me?

Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch.

And the last one that comes shall be chop, chop.

Hersham, Surrey (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 86).

XII. Orange and lemon,
 Say the bells of St. Martin (or the bells of
 Sweet Lemon);
 I owe you five farthings,
 But when shall I pay you?

Here comes a candle
 To light you to bed,
 Here comes a hatchet
 To chop off your head.

—Eckington, Derbyshire (S. O. Addy).

XIII. Oranges and lemons,
The bells of St. Clement's ;
I owe you five farthings,
And when will you pay me ?
Oh, that I can't tell you ;
Sim, Bim, bim, bow, bay.
—Settle, Yorks. (Rev. W. E. Sykes).

XIV. Oranges or lemons,
The bells of St. Clement's ;
You owe me five farthings,
Pray, when will you pay me ?
Here come the clappers to knock you down
backwards, carwoo !
—Suffolk (Mrs. Haddon).

XV. Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's ;
Brick dust and tiles, say the bells of St. Giles ;
You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St.
Martin's ;
When will you pay me ? say the bells of Old Bailey ;
When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch ;
When will that be ? say the bells of Stepney ;
I'm sure I don't know, says the Great Bell of Bow.
—Perth (Rev. W. Gregor).

XVI. Pancakes and fritters,
Says the bells of St. Peter's ;
Where must we fry 'em ?
Says the bells of Cold Higham ;
In yonder land thurrow (furrow),
Says the bells of Wellingborough ;
You owe me a shilling,
Says the bells of Great Billing ;
When will you pay me ?
Says the bells of Widdleton Cheney ;
When I am able,
Say the bells at Dunstable ;
That will never be,

Says the bells at Coventry ;
 Oh, yes, it will,
 Says Northampton Great Bell ;
 White bread and sop,
 Says the bells at Kingsthorp ;
 Trundle a lantern,
 Says the bells at Northampton.

—Northamptonshire (Baker's *Words and Phrases*).

(c) This game is generally played as follows :—

Two of the taller children stand facing each other, holding up their clasped hands. One is named Orange and the other Lemon. The other players, grasping one another's dresses, run underneath the raised arms and round Orange, and then



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3

under the arms again and round Lemon, while singing the verses. The three concluding lines are sung by "Orange" and "Lemon" in a slow emphatic manner, and at the word "head" they drop their arms over one of the children passing between them, and ask her secretly whether she will be *orange* or *lemon*. The captive chooses her side, and stands behind whichever leader she selects, placing her arms round her waist. The game continues till every one engaged in it has ranged herself behind one or other of the chiefs. When the two parties are ranged a "tug of war" takes place until one of the parties breaks down, or is pulled over a given mark.

In the Middlesex version (Miss Winfield) the children form a ring and go round singing the verses, and apparently there is neither catching the "last man" nor the "tug." Mr. Emslie says he has seen and played the game in Middlesex, and it always terminated with the cutting off the last man's head. In the Symondsbury version the players drop their hands when they say "Sunday." No tug is mentioned in the first Earls Heaton version of the game (Mr. Hardy). In the second version he says bells are represented by children. They should have in their hands, bells, or some article to represent them. All stand in a row. First, second, and third bells stand out in turn to sing. All rush for bells to sing chorus. Miss Barclay writes: The children of the Fernham and Longcote choir, playing on Christmas Eve, 1891, pulled across a handkerchief. In Monton, Lancashire, Miss Dendy says the game is played as elsewhere, but without words. In a Swaffham version (Miss Matthews), the girls sometimes call themselves "Plum pudding and roast beef," or whatever fancy may suggest, instead of oranges and lemons. They join hands high enough for the others to pass under, which they do to a call of "Ducky, Ducky," presently the hands come down and catch one, who is asked in *confidence* which she likes best. The game then proceeds in the usual way, one side trying to pull the other over a marked line. Oranges and lemons at Bocking, Essex, is an abbreviated variant of the rhyme printed by Halliwell (*Folk-lore Record*, iii., part II., 171). In Nottinghamshire, Miss Peacock says it is sometimes called "Tarts and Cheesecakes." Moor (*Suffolk Words*) mentions "Oranges and Lemons" as played by both girls and boys, and adds, "I believe it is nearly the same as 'Plum Pudding and Roast Beef.'" In the Suffolk version sent by Mrs. Haddon a new word is introduced, "carwoo." This is the signal for one of the line to be caught. Miss Eddleston, Gainford, Durham, says this game is called—

Through and through the shally go,
The last shall be taken.

Mr. Halliwell (*Nursery Rhymes*, No. cclxxxi.) adopts the verses entitled, "The Merry Bells of London," from Gammer

Gurton's *Garland*, 1783, as the origin of this game. In Aberdeen, Mr. M. L. Rouse tells me he has heard Scotch children apparently playing the same game, "Oranges and Lemons, ask, Which would you have, 'A sack of corn or a sack of coals?'"

(d) This game indicates a contest between two opposing parties, and a punishment, and although in the game the sequence of events is not at all clear, the contest taking place after the supposed execution, these two events stand out very clearly as the chief factors. In the endeavour to ascertain who the contending parties were, one cannot but be struck with the significance of the bells having different saint's names. Now the only places where it would be probable for bells to be associated with more than one saint's name within the circuit of a small area are the old parish units of cities and boroughs. Bells were rung on occasions when it was necessary or advisable to call the people together. At the ringing of the "alarm bell" the market places were quickly filled by crowds of citizens; and by turning to the customs of these places in England, it will be found that contest games between parishes, and between the wards of parishes, were very frequent (see Gomme's *Village Community*, pp. 241-243). These contests were generally conducted by the aid of the football, and in one or two cases, such as at Ludlow, the contest was with a rope, and, in the case of Derby, it is specially stated that the victors were announced by the joyful ringing of their parish bells. Indeed, Halliwell has preserved the "song on the bells of Derby on football morning" (No. clxix.) as follows:—

Pancake and fritters,
 Say All Saints and St. Peter's;
 When will the *ball* come,
 Say the bells of St. Alkmun;
 At two they will throw,
 Says Saint Werabo;
 O! very well,
 Says little Michel.

This custom is quite sufficient to have originated the game, and the parallel which it supplies is evidence of the connection between the two. Oranges and lemons were, in all probability,

originally intended to mean the *colours* of the two contesting parties, and not *fruits* of those names. In contests between the people of a town and the authority of baron or earl, the adherents of each side ranged themselves under and wore the colours of their chiefs, as is now done by political partizans.

The rhymes are probably corrupted, but whether from some early cries or calls of the different parishes, or from sentences which the bells were supposed to have said or sung when tolled, it is impossible to say. The "clemming" of the bells in the Norfolk version (No. 5) may have originated "St. Clements," and the other saints have been added at different times. On the other hand, the general similarity of the rhymes indicates the influence of some particular place, and, judging by the parish names, London seems to be that place. If this is so, the main incident of the rhymes may perhaps be due to the too frequent distribution of a traitor's head and limbs among different towns who had taken up his cause. The exhibitions of this nature at London were more frequent than at any other place. The procession of a criminal to execution was generally accompanied by the tolling of bells, and by torches. It is not unlikely that the monotonous chant of the last lines, "Here comes a light to light you to bed," &c., indicates this.

'Otmillo

A boy (A) kneels with his face in another's (B) lap; the other player's standing in the background. They step forward one by one at a signal from B, who says to each in turn—

'Otmillo, 'Otmillo,

Where is this poor man to go?

A then designates a place for each one. When all are despatched A removes his face from B's knees, and standing up exclaims, "Hot! Hot! Hot!" The others then run to him, and the laggard is blinded instead of A.—Warwickshire (Northall's *Folk Rhymes*, p. 402).

This is probably the same game as "Hot Cockles," although it apparently lacks the hitting or buffeting the blinded wizard.

Over Clover

The name for the game of "Warner" in Oxfordshire. They have a song used in the game commencing—

Over clover,

Nine times over. —Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

See "Stag Warning."

Paddy from Home



—Long Eaton, Notts. (Miss Youngman).

Paddy from home has never been,
A railway train he's never seen,
He longs to see the great machine
That travels along the railway.

—Long Eaton, Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire
borders (Miss Youngman).

(c) The children form a ring, and hold in their hands a string tied at the ends, and on which a ring is strung. They pass the ring from one to another, backwards and forwards. One child stands in the centre, who tries to find the holder of the ring. Whoever is discovered holding it takes the place of the child in the centre.

(d) This game is similar to "Find the Ring." The verse is, no doubt, modern, though the action and the string and ring are borrowed from an older game. Another verse used for the same game at Earl's Heaton (Mr. Hardy) is—

The ring it is going;
Oh where? oh where?
I don't care where,
I can't tell where.

Paip

Three cherry stones are placed together, and another above them. These are all called a castle. The player takes aim with a cherry stone, and when he overturns the castle he claims the spoil.—Jamieson. See "Cob Nut."

Pallall

A Scottish name for "Hop Scotch."—Jamieson.

Pally Ully

See "Hop Scotch."

Pat-ball

A child's name for the simple game of throwing a ball from one to another.—Lowsley's *Berkshire Glossary*.

Pay-swad

A boys' game, somewhat similar to "Duckstone." Each boy, when he threw his stone, had to say "Pay-swad," or he had to go down himself.—Holland's *Cheshire Glossary*.

See "Duckstone."

Pednameny

A game played with pins: also called "Pinny Ninny," "Pedna-a mean," "Heads and Tails," a game of pins.—Courtenay's *West Cornwall Glossary*.

Peesie Weet

The game of "Hide and Seek." When the object is hidden the word "Peesie-weet" is called out.—Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire (Rev. W. Gregor).

See "Hide and Seek (2)."

Peg and Stick

The players provide themselves with short, stout sticks, and a peg (a piece of wood sharpened at one or both ends). A ring is made, and the peg is placed on the ground so as to balance. One boy then strikes it with his stick to make it spring or bounce up into the air; while in the air he strikes it with his stick, and sends it as far as he possibly can. His opponent declares the number of leaps in which the striker is to cover the distance the peg has gone. If successful, he counts the number of leaps to his score. If he fails, his opponent leaps, and, if successful, the number of leaps count to his score. He strikes the next time, and the same process is gone through.—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (Herbert Hardy).

See "Tip-cat."

Peg-fiched

A west country game. The performers in this game are each furnished with a sharp-pointed stake. One of them then strikes it into the ground, and the others, throwing their sticks across it, endeavour to dislodge it. When a stick falls, the owner has to run to a prescribed distance and back, while the rest, placing the stick upright, endeavour to beat it into the ground up to the very top.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Peggy Nut

A boyish game with nuts.—Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary*.

Peg-in-the-Ring

A game of "Peg-top." The object of this game is to spin the top within a certain circle marked out, in which the top is to exhaust itself without once overstepping the bounds prescribed (Halliwell's *Dict. Provincialisms*). Holloway (*Dictionary*) says, "When boys play at 'Peg-top,' a ring is formed on the ground, within which each boy is to spin his top. If the top, when it has ceased spinning, does not roll without the circle, it must remain in the ring to be pegged at by the other boys, or he redeems it by putting in an inferior one, which is called a 'Mull.' When the top does not roll out, it is said to be 'mulled.'" Mr. Emslie writes: "When the top fell within the ring the boys cried, 'One a penny!' When two had fallen within the ring it was, 'Two a penny!' When three, 'Three a penny, good as any!' The aim of each spinner was to do what was called 'drawing,' *i.e.*, bring his top down into the ring, and at the same time draw the string so as to make the top spin within the ring, and yet come towards the player and out of the ring so as to fall without."

See "Tops."

Peg-top

One of the players, chosen by lot, spins his top. The other players endeavour to strike this top with the pegs of their own tops as they fling them down to spin. If any one fails to spin his top in due form, he has to lay his top on the ground for the others to strike at when spinning. The object of each

spinner is to split the top which is being aimed at, so as to release the peg, and the boy whose top has succeeded in splitting the other top obtains the peg as his trophy of victory. It is a matter of ambition to obtain as many pegs in this manner as possible.—London (G. L. Gomme).

See "Peg-in-the-Ring," "Tops."

Penny Cast

A game played with round flat stones, about four or six inches across, being similar to the game of quoits; sometimes played with pennies when the hobs are a deal higher. It was not played with pennies in 1810.—Easther's *Almondbury Glossary*. In an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1821, p. 35, dealing with children's games, the writer says, Pennystanes are played much in the same manner as the quoits or discus of the ancient Romans, to which warlike people the idle tradesmen of Edinburgh probably owe this favourite game.

See "Penny Prick."

Penny Hop

A rude dance, which formerly took place in the common taverns of Sheffield, usually held after the bull-baiting.—Wilson's Notes to *Mather's Songs*, p. 74, cited by Addy, *Sheffield Glossary*.

Penny Prick

"A game consisting of casting oblong pieces of iron at a mark."—Hunter's *Hallamsh. Gloss.*, p. 71. Grose explains it, "Throwing at halfpence placed on sticks which are called hobs."

Their idle houres, I meane all houres beside
 Their houres to eate, to drinke, drab, sleepe, and ride,
 They spend at shove-boord, or at pennie-pricke.

—Scots' *Philomythie*, 1616.

Halliwell gives these references in his *Dictionary*; Addy, *Sheffield Glossary*, describes it as above; adding, "An old game once played by people of fashion."

See "Penny Cast."

Penny Stanes

See "Penny Cast."

Phœbe

The name of a dance mentioned in an old nursery rhyme. A correspondent gave Halliwell the following lines of a very old song, the only ones he recollected:—

Cannot you dance the Phœbe ?
 Don't you see what pains I take ;
 Don't you see how my shoulders shake ?
 Cannot you dance the Phœbe ?

—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

These words are somewhat of the same character as those of "Auntie Loomie," and are evidently the accompaniment of an old dance.

See "Lubin."

Pick and Hotch

The game of "Pitch and Toss."—Brogden's *Provincial Words*, Lincolnshire. It is called Pickenhotch in Peacock's *Manley and Corringham Glossary*.

Pi-cow

A game in which one half of the players are supposed to keep a castle, while the others go out as a foraging or marauding party. When the latter are all gone out, one of them cries *Pee-ku*, which is a signal to those within to be on the alert. Then those who are without attempt to get in. If any one of them gets in without being seized by the holders of the castle, he cries to his companions, *The hole's won*; and those who are within must yield the fortress. If one of the assailants be taken before getting in he is obliged to change sides and to guard the castle. Sometimes the guards are successful in making prisoners of all the assailants. Also the name given to the game of Hide and Seek.—Jamieson.

Pigeon Walk

A boy's game [undescribed].—Patterson's *Antrim and Down Glossary*.

Pig-ring

A game at marbles where a ring is made about four feet in diameter, and boys "shoot" in turn from any point in the

circumference, keeping such marbles as they may knock out of the ring, but loosing their own "taw" if it should stop within.—Lowsley's *Berkshire Glossary*. See "Ring Taw."

Pillie-Winkie

A sport among children in Fife. An egg, an unfledged bird, or a whole nest is placed on a convenient spot. He who has what is called the first *pill*, retires a few paces, and being provided with a cowl or rung, is blindfolded, or gives his promise to wink hard (whence he is called *Winkie*), and moves forward in the direction of the object, as he supposes, striking the ground with the stick all the way. He must not shuffle the stick along the ground, but always strike perpendicularly. If he touches the nest without destroying it, or the egg without breaking it, he looses his vice or turn. The same mode is observed by those who succeed him. When one of the party breaks an egg he is entitled to all the rest as his property, or to some other reward that has been previously agreed on. Every art is employed, without removing the nest or egg, to mislead the blindfolded player, who is also called the Pinkie.—Jamieson. See "Blind Man's Stan."

Pinch

The game of "Pitch-Halfpenny," or "Pitch and Hustle."—Halliwell's *Dictionary*. Addy (*Sheffield Glossary*) says this game consists of pitching halfpence at a mark.

See "Penny Cast," "Penny Prick."

Pinny Show

A child's peep-show. The charge for a peep is a pin, and, under extraordinary circumstances of novelty, two pins.

I remember well being shown how to make a peep or poppet-show. It was made by arranging combinations of colours from flowers under a piece of glass, and then framing it with paper in such a way that a cover was left over the front, which could be raised when any one paid a pin to peep. The following words were said, or rather sung, in a sing-song manner:—

A pin to see the poppet-show,

All manner of colours oh!

See the ladies all below. —(A. B. Gomme).

Pansies or other flowers are pressed beneath a piece of glass, which is laid upon a piece of paper, a hole or opening, which can be shut at pleasure, being cut in the paper. The charge for looking at the show is a pin. The children say, "A pin to look at a pippy-show." They also say—

A pinnet a piece to look at a show,
All the fine ladies sat in a row.
Blackbirds with blue feet
Walking up a new street ;
One behind and one before,
And one beknoocking at t' barber's door.

—Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.

In Perth (Rev. W. Gregor) the rhyme is—

A pin to see a poppy show,
A pin to see a die,
A pin to see an old man
Sitting in the sky.

Described also in Holland's *Cheshire Glossary*, and Lowsley's *Berkshire Glossary*. Atkinson's *Cleveland Glossary* describes it as having coloured pictures pasted inside, and an eye-hole at one of the ends. The *Leed's Glossary* gives the rhyme as—

A pin to look in,
A very fine thing.

Northall (*English Folk-rhymes*, p. 357), also gives a rhyme.

Pins

On the 1st of January the children beg for some pins, using the words, "Please pay Nab's New Year's gift." They then play "a very childish game," but I have not succeeded in getting a description of it.—Yorkshire.

See "Prickie and Jockie."

Pirley Pease-weep

A game played by boys, "and the name demonstrates that it is a native one, for it would require a page of close writing to make it intelligible to an Englishman." The rhyme used at this play is—

Scotsman, Scotsman, lo !
Where shall this poor Scotsman go ?

Send him east, or send him west,
Send him to the crow's nest.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1821, p. 37.

The rhyme suggests comparison with the game of "Hot Cockles."

Pitch

A game played with pennies, or other round discs. The object is to pitch the penny into a hole in the ground from a certain point.—Elworthy, *West Somerset Words*.

Probably "Pick and Hotch," mentioned in an article in *Blackwood's Mag.*, Aug. 1821, p. 35. Common in London streets.

Pitch and Hustle

"Chuck-Farthing." The game of "Pitch and Toss" is very common, being merely the throwing up of halfpence, the result depending on a guess of heads or tails.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Pitch and Toss

This game was played by two or more players with "pitchers"—the stakes being buttons. The ordinary bone button, or "scroggy," being the unit of value. The "pitcher" was made of lead, circular in form, from one and a half inch to two inches in diameter, and about a quarter of an inch thick, with an "H" to stand for "Heads" cut on one side, and a "T" for "Tails" on the other side. An old-fashioned penny was sometimes used, and an old "two-penny" piece I have by me bears the marks of much service in the same cause. A mark having been set up—generally a stone—and the order of play having been fixed, the first player, A, threw his "pitcher" to the mark, from a point six or seven yards distant. If he thought he lay sufficiently near the mark to make it probable that he would be the nearest after the others had thrown, he said he would "lie." The effect of that was that the players who followed had to lie also, whatever the character of their throw. If A's throw was a poor one he took up his "pitcher." B then threw, if he threw well he "lay," if not he took up his pitcher, in hope of making a better throw, as A had done. C then played in the same manner. D followed and "lay." E played his pitcher,

and had no choice but to lie. F followed in the same way. These being all the players, A threw again, and though his second might have been worse than his first, he has to lie like the others. B and C followed. All the pitchers have been thrown, and are lying round the mark, in the following order of proximity—for that regulates the subsequent play—B's is nearest, then D's follows, in order by A, C, F, E. B takes the pitchers, and piles them up one above the other, and tosses them into the air. Three (let us say) fall head up, D's, A's, and F's. These three B keeps in his hand. D, who was next nearest the mark, takes the three remaining pitchers, and in the same manner tosses them into the air. B's and C's fall head up, and are retained by D. A, who comes third, takes the remaining pitcher, E's, and throws it up. If it falls a head he keeps it, and the game is finished except the reckoning; if it falls a tail it passes on to the next player, C, who throws it up. If it fall a head he keeps it, if a tail, it is passed on to F, and from him to E, and on to B, till it turns up a head. Let us suppose that happens when F throws it up. The game is now finished, and the reckoning takes place—

B has three pitchers, D's, A's, and F's.

D „ two „ B's and C's.

F „ one „ E's.

A, C, and E have none.

Strictly speaking, D, A, and F should each pay a button to B. B and C should each pay one to D. E should pay one to F. But in practice it was simpler, F holding one pitcher had, in the language of the game, “freed himself.” D had “freed himself,” and was in addition one to the good. B had “freed himself,” and was two to the good. A, C, and E, not having “freed themselves,” were liable for the one D had won and the two B had won, and settled with D and B, without regard to the actual hand that held the respective pitchers. It simplified the reckoning, though theoretically the reckoning should have followed the more roundabout method. Afterwards the game was begun *de novo*. E, who was last, having first pitch—the advantage of that place being meant to compensate him

in a measure for his ill luck in the former game. The stakes were the plain horn or bone buttons—buttons with nicks were more valuable—a plain one being valued at two “scroggies,” or “scrogs,” the fancy ones, and especially livery buttons, commanding a higher price.—Rev. W. Gregor. See “Buttons.”

Pit-counter

A game played by boys, who roll counters in a small hole. The exact description I have not been able to get.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Pits

A game at marbles. The favourite recreation with the young fishermen in West Cornwall. Forty years ago “Pits” and “Towns” were the common games, but the latter only is now played. Boys who hit their nails are looked on with great contempt, and are said “to fire Kibby.” When two are partners, and one in playing accidentally hits the other's marble, he cries out, “No custance,” meaning that he has a right to put back the marble struck; should he fail to do so, he would be considered “out.”—*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 60. There is no description of the method of playing. It may be the same as “Cherry Pits,” played with marbles instead of cherry stones (vol. i. p. 66). Mr. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 187, says “The pits are thrown over the palm; they must fall so far apart that the fingers can be passed between them. Then with a fillip of the thumb the player makes his pit strike the enemy's and wins both.”

Pize Ball

Sides are picked; as, for example, six on one side and six on the other, and three or four marks or tuts are fixed in a field. Six go out to field, as in cricket, and one of these throws the ball to one of those who remain “at home,” and the one “at home” strikes or pizes it with his hand. After pizing it he runs to one of the “tuts,” but if before he can get to the “tut” he is struck with the ball by one of those in the field, he is said to be *burnt*, or out. In that case the other side go out to field.—Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.

See “Rounders.”

Plum Pudding

A game at marbles of two or more boys. Each puts an equal number of marbles in a row close together, a mark is made at some little distance called *taw*; the distance is varied according to the number of marbles in a row. The first boy tosses at the row in such a way as to pitch just on the marbles, and so strike as many as he can out of the line; all that he strikes out he takes; the rest are put close together again, and two other players take their turn in the same manner, till all the marbles are struck out of the line, when they all stake afresh and the game begins again.—Baker's *Northamptonshire Glossary*.

Plum Pudding and Roast Beef

Mentioned by Moor, *Suffolk Words and Phrases*, as the name of a game. Undescribed, but nearly the same as French and English.

Pointing out a Point

A small mark is made on the wall. The one to point out the point, who must not know what is intended, is blindfolded, and is then sent to put the finger on the point or mark. Another player has taken a place in front of the point, and bites the finger of the blindfolded pointer.—Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire (Rev. W. Gregor).

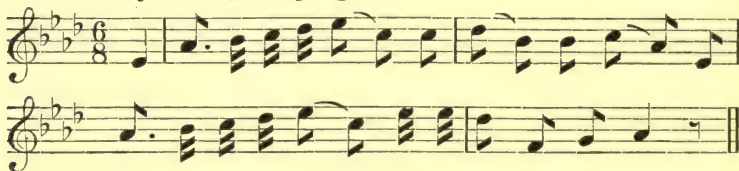
Poncake

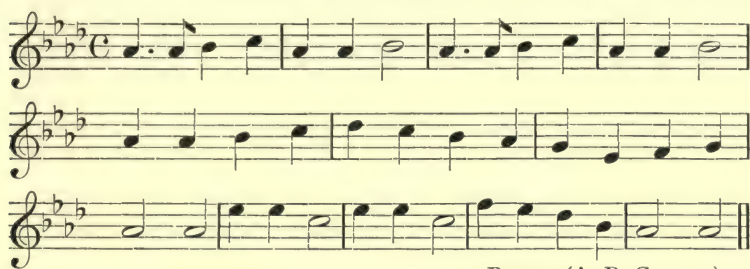
Name of a girl's game the same as Cheeses.—Holland's *Cheshire Glossary*. See "Turn Cheeses, Turn."

Poor and Rich

An old game mentioned in Taylor's *Motto*, sig. D, iv. London, 1622.

Poor Mary sits a-weeping





—Barnes (A. B. Gomme).

- I. Poor Mary sits a-weepin',
A-weepin', a-weepin';
Poor Mary sits a-weepin'
On a bright summer's day.



"Poor Mary sits a-weeping."

Pray, Mary, what're you weepin' for,
A-weepin' for, a-weepin' for?
Pray, Mary, what're you weepin' for?
On a bright summer's day.

I'm weepin' for a sweetheart,
A sweetheart, a sweetheart;
I'm weepin' for a sweetheart,
On a bright summer's day.

Pray, Mary, choose your lover,
 Your lover, your lover;
 Pray, Mary, choose your lover
 On a bright summer's day.

Now you're married, I wish you joy;
 First a girl, and then a boy;
 Seven years after, son and daughter;
 Pray, young couple, come kiss together.

Kiss her once, kiss her twice,
 Kiss her three times over.

—Barnes, Surrey (A. B. Gomme).

- II. Poor Mary is weeping, is weeping, is weeping,
 Poor Mary is weeping on a bright summer's day.
 Pray tell me what you're weeping for, weeping for, weep-
 ing for,
 Pray tell me what you're weeping for, on a bright summer's
 day?

I'm weeping for my true love, my true love, my true love,
 I'm weeping for my true love, on a bright summer's day.

Stand up and choose your lover, your lover, your lover,
 Stand up and choose your lover, on a bright summer's day.

Go to church with your lover, your lover, your lover,
 Go to church with your lover, on a bright summer's day.

Be happy in a ring, love; a ring, love; a ring, love.
 Kiss both together, love, on this bright summer's day.

—Upton-on-Severn, Worcestershire (Miss Broadwood).

- III. Pray, Sally, what are you weeping for—
 Weeping for—weeping for?
 Pray, Sally, what are you weeping for,
 On a bright shiny day?

I am weeping for a sweetheart—
 A sweetheart—a sweetheart;
 I am weeping for a sweetheart,
 On a bright shiny day.

Pray, Sally, go and get one—
Go and get one—get one ;
Pray, Sally, go and get one,
On a bright shiny day.

Pray, Sally, now you've got one—
You've got one—got one ;
Pray, Sally, now you've got one,
On a bright sunny day.

One kiss will never part you—
Never part you—part you ;
One kiss will never part you,
On a bright sunny day.

—Dorsetshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 209).

IV. Poor —— sat a-weeping,
A-weeping, a-weeping ;
Poor —— sat a-weeping,
On a bright summer's day.

I'm weeping for a sweetheart,
A sweetheart, a sweetheart ;
I'm weeping for a sweetheart,
On a bright summer's day.

Oh, pray get up and choose one,
And choose one, and choose one ;
Oh, pray get up and choose one,
On a bright summer's day.

Now you're married, you must obey ;
You must be true to all you say.
You must be kind, you must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

V. Poor Mary sat a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
Poor Mary sat a-weeping, down by the sea-side.
By the side of the river, by the side of the river,
She sat down and cried.

Oh, pray get up and choose one, and choose one, and
choose one,

Oh, pray get up and choose one, down by the sea-side.

Now you're married, I wish you joy ;

Father and mother you must obey ;

Love one another like sister and brother,

And pray, young couple, come kiss one another.

—Colchester (Miss G. M. Frances).

- VI. Poor Mary is a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
Poor Mary is a-weeping on a fine summer's day.

What is she weeping for, weeping for, weeping for,

What is she weeping for on a fine summer's day ?

She's weeping for her sweetheart, her sweetheart, her
sweetheart,

She's weeping for her sweetheart on a fine summer's
day.

Pray get up and choose one, choose one, choose one,

Pray get up and choose one on a fine summer's day.

Pray go to church, love ; church, love ; church, love ;

Pray go to church, love, on a fine summer's day.

Pray put the ring on, ring on, ring on,

Pray put the ring on, on a fine summer's day.

Pray come back, love ; back, love ; back, love ;

Pray come back, love, on a fine summer's day.

Now you're married, we wish you joy ;

Your father and mother you must obey ;

Love one another like sister and brother ;

And now it's time to go away.

—(*Suffolk County Folk-lore*, pp. 66, 67.)

- VII. Poor Mary sits a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
Poor Mary sits a-weeping on a bright summer's day.

Pray tell me what you are weeping for, weeping for,
weeping for,

Pray tell me what you are weeping for on a bright
summer's day ?

I'm weeping for a sweetheart, a sweetheart, a sweetheart,
 I'm weeping for a sweetheart on a bright summer's day.
 Poor Mary's got a shepherd's cross, a shepherd's cross,
 a shepherd's cross,
 Poor Mary's got a shepherd's cross on a bright summer's
 day.

—Berkshire (Miss Thoyts, *Antiquary*, xxvii. 254).

- VIII. Mary sits a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
 Mary sits a-weeping, close by the sea-side.

Mary, what are you weeping for, weeping for, weeping
 for,
 Mary, what are you weeping for, close by the sea-side?
 I'm a-weeping for my sweetheart, my sweetheart, my
 sweetheart,
 I'm a-weeping for my sweetheart, close by the sea-side.
 Pray get up and choose one, and choose one, and
 choose one,
 Pray get up and choose one, close by the sea-side.

—Winterton and Lincoln (Miss M. Peacock).

- IX. Poor Mary sits a-weeping, a-weeping,
 Poor Mary sits a-weeping, on a bright summer's day.
 She is weeping for her lover, her lover,
 She is weeping for her lover on a bright summer's day.
 Stand up and choose your lover, your lover,
 Stand up and choose your lover, on a bright summer's
 day.

And now she's got a lover, a lover,
 And now she's got a lover, on a bright summer's day.

—Hanbury, Staffs. (Miss E. Hollis).

- X. Oh, what is Nellie weeping for,
 A-weeping for, a-weeping for?
 Oh, what is Nellie weeping for,
 On a cold and sunshine day?

I'm weeping for my sweetheart,
 My sweetheart, my sweetheart;
 I'm weeping for my sweetheart
 On a cold and sunshine day.

So now stand up and choose the one,
 And choose the one, and choose the one;
 So now stand up and choose the one,
 On a cold and sunshine day.

—Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire (Miss Matthews).

- XI. Poor Mary sits a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
 Poor Mary sits a-weeping, on a bright summer's day.

Pray what are you a-weeping for, a-weeping for, a-
 weeping for,

Pray what are you a-weeping for on a bright summer's
 day?

She's weeping for a lover, a lover, a lover,
 She's weeping for a lover, this bright summer's day.

Rise up and choose your lover, your lover, your lover,
 Rise up and choose your lover, this bright summer's day.

Now Mary she is married, is married, is married,
 Now Mary she is married this bright summer's day.

—Enborne School, Newbury, Berks. (Miss M. Kimber).

- XII. Poor Sarah's a-weeping,
 A-weeping, a-weeping;
 Oh, what is she a-weeping for,
 A-weeping for, a-weeping for?

I'm weeping for a sweetheart,
 A sweetheart, a sweetheart;
 I'm weeping for a sweetheart
 This bright summer day.

Oh, she shall have a sweetheart,
 A sweetheart, a sweetheart;
 Oh, she shall have a sweetheart
 This bright summer day.

Go to church, loves,
 Go to church, loves.
 Say your prayers, loves,
 Say your prayers, loves.
 Kiss your lovers,
 Kiss your lovers ;
 Rise up and choose your love.

—Liphook, Hants. (Miss Fowler).

- XIII. Poor Mary sits weeping, weeping, weeping,
 Poor Mary sits weeping on a bright summer's day ;
 On the carpet she must kneel till the grass grows on
 the field.

Stand up straight upon your feet,
 And show me the one you love so sweet.

Now you're married, I wish you joy ;
 First a girl, and second a boy ;
 If one don't kiss, the other must,
 So kiss, kiss, kiss.

—Cambridge (Mrs. Haddon).

- XIV. Poor Mary is a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
 Poor Mary is a-weeping on a bright summer's day ;
 Pray what is she a-weeping for, a-weeping for, a-weep-
 ing for,
 Pray what is she a-weeping for, on a bright summer's
 day ?

I'm weeping for my true love, my true love, my true
 love,

I'm weeping for my true love, on a bright summer's day.

Stand up and choose your true love, your true love,
 your true love,

Stand up and choose your true love, on a bright
 summer's day.

Ring a ring o' roses, o' roses, o' roses,
 Ring a ring o' roses ; a pocketful of posies.

—Ogbourne, Wilts. (H. S. May).

- XV. Poor Sally is a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
 Poor Sally is a-weeping, down by the sea-side.
 Pray tell me what you're weeping for, you're weeping
 for, you're weeping for,
 Pray tell me what you're weeping for, down by the
 sea-side ?

I'm weeping for my sweetheart, my sweetheart, my
 sweetheart,
 I'm weeping for my sweetheart, down by the sea-side.

A ring o' roses,
 A pocketful of posies ;
 Isham ! Isham !
 We all tumble down.

—Manton, Marlborough, Wilts. (H. S. May).

- XVI. Poor Mary is a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
 On a fine summer's day ;
 What is she weeping for, weeping for, weeping for ?

She is weeping for her lover, her lover, her lover ;
 And who is her love, who is her lover ?

Johnny Baxter is her lover, Johnny Baxter is her lover ;
 And where is her lover, where is her lover ?

Her lover is a-sleeping, her lover is a-sleeping,
 Is a-sleeping at the bottom of the sea.

—South Devon (*Notes and Queries*, 8th Series,
 i. 249, Miss R. H. Busk).

- XVII. Poor Mary, what are you weeping for ?
 You weeping for ?
 You weeping for ?

Poor Mary, what are you weeping for,
 On a bright summer's day ?

Pray tell us what you are weeping for ?
 You are weeping for ?
 You are weeping for ?

Pray tell us what you are weeping for,
On a bright summer's day.

My father he is dead, sir ;
Is dead, sir ;
Is dead, sir.

My father he is dead, sir,
On a bright summer's day.

—Earls Heaton (Herbert Hardy).

XVIII. Poor Mary is a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
Poor Mary is a-weeping, on a fine summer's day.
Pray tell me what you're weeping for ? &c.

Because my father's dead and gone, is dead and gone,
is dead and gone ;
Because my father's dead and gone, on a fine
summer's day.

She is kneeling by her father's grave, her father's
grave, her father's grave ;
She is kneeling by her father's grave, on a fine
summer's day.

Stand up and choose your love, choose your love,
choose your love ;
Stand up and choose your love, on a bright summer's
day.

—(Rev. W. Gregor).

XIX. Oh, what is Jennie weeping for,
A-weeping for, a-weeping for ?
Oh, what is Jennie weeping for,
All on this summer's day ?

I'm weeping for my own true love,
My own true love, my own true love ;
I'm weeping for my own true love,
All on this summer's day.

POOR MARY SITS A-WEEPING

No.	Barnes.	Enborne.	Dorsetshire.	Upton.	Spurle.	Colchester.	Winterton.	Forest of Dean.
1.	Poor Mary sits a-weeping.	Poor Mary sits a-weeping.	—	Poor Mary is weeping.	Poor [] sat a-weeping.	Poor Mary sat a-weeping.	Mary sits a-weeping.	—
2.	Pray, Mary, what are you weeping for?	Pray, what are you a-weeping for?	Pray, Sally, what are you weeping for?	Pray, tell me what you're weeping for.	—	—	Mary, what are you weeping for?	Oh! what is Nellie weeping for?
3.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4.	I'm weeping for a sweetheart.	She's weeping for a lover.	I'm weeping for a sweetheart.	I am weeping for my true love.	I'm weeping for a sweetheart.	—	I'm weeping for a sweetheart.	I'm weeping for my sweetheart.
5.	On a bright summer's day.	This bright summer's day.	On a bright shiny day.	On a bright summer's day.	On a bright summer's day.	—	—	—
6.	—	—	—	—	—	By the side of the river.	—	—
7.	—	—	—	—	—	She sat down and cried.	—	—
8.	—	—	—	—	—	—	Close by the sea side.	—
9.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	On a cold and sunshine day.
10.	Pray, Mary, choose your lover.	Rise up and choose your lover.	—	Stand up and choose your lover.	Pray, get up and choose one.	Pray, get up and choose one.	Pray, get up and choose one.	Now stand up and choose one.
11.	—	—	Pray, Sally, go and get one.	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14.	Now you're married, I wish you joy.	Now Mary she is married.	—	—	—	Now you're married, I wish you joy.	—	—
15.	First a girl, then a boy.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	Seven years after, son and daughter.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

17.	—	Pray, Sally, now you've got one.	—	Now you're mar- ried you must obey.	—	—	—
18.	—	—	—	You must be true to all you say.	—	—	—
19.	—	—	—	You must be kind and good.	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	Help wife to chop wood.	—	—	—
21.	—	—	—	—	Father and mo- ther you must obey.	—	—
22.	—	—	—	—	Love one an- other like sister and brother.	—	—
23.	—	—	—	—	Pray, young couple, come kiss together.	—	—
24.	Pray, young couple, come kiss together.	—	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	One kiss will never part you.	—	—	—	—	—
26.	—	—	—	Go to church with your lover.	—	—	—
27.	—	—	—	Be happy in a ring, love.	—	—	—
28.	—	—	—	Kiss both to- gether, love.	—	—	—
29.	Kiss her once, twice, kiss three times over.	—	—	—	—	—	—
30 to 43.	} —	—	—	—	—	—	—

POOR MARY SITS A-WEEPING

No.	Liphook.	Earls Heaton.	Suffolk.	Berkshire.	Staffordshire.	Newbury.	South Devon.
1.	Poor Sarah's a-weeping.	—	Poor Mary sits a-weeping.	Poor Mary sits a-weeping.	Poor Mary sits a-weeping.	Poor Mary sits a-weeping.	Poor Mary is a-weeping.
2.	Oh, what is she a-weeping for?	Poor Mary, what are you weeping for.	What is she weeping for?	—	—	Pray what are you weeping for?	What is she weeping for?
3.	—	Pray tell us what you are weeping for?	—	Pray tell me what she is weeping for?	—	—	—
4.	I'm weeping for a sweetheart.	—	She's weeping for a sweetheart.	I'm weeping for a sweetheart.	She's weeping for her lover.	She's weeping for a lover.	She's weeping for her lover.
5.	This bright summer's day.	On a bright summer's day.	On a fine summer's day.	On a bright summer's day.	On a bright summer's day.	This bright summer's day.	On a fine summer's day.
6.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7.	—	—	—	—	—	—	[See No. 41.]
8.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9.	Rise up and choose your lover.	—	Pray get up and choose one.	—	Stand up and choose your lover.	Rise up and choose your lover.	—
10.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11.	She shall have a sweetheart.	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14.	—	—	Now you're married, we wish you joy.	—	—	Now Mary she is married.	—
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

21.	—	Father and mother you must obey	—	—	—
22.	—	Love one another like brother and sister.	—	—	—
23.	—		—	—	—
24.	—		—	—	—
25.	—		—	—	—
26.	Go to church, love.	Pray go to church, love.	—	—	—
27.	—		—	—	—
28.	Say your prayers, love.		—	—	—
29.	Kiss your lovers.		—	—	—
30.	—	My father he is dead, sir.	—	—	—
31.	—		—	—	—
32.	—	Pray put the ring on.	—	—	—
33.	—	Pray come back, love.	—	—	—
34.	—	Now it's time to go away.	—	—	—
35.	—	Mary's got a sheep- herd's cross.	—	—	—
36.	—		—	Now she's got a lover,	—
37.	—		—	—	Who is her lover?
38.	—		—	—	I. O. is her lover.
39.	—		—	—	Where is her lover?
40.	—		—	—	Her lover is sleep- ing.
41.	—		—	—	At the bottom of the sea.
42.	—		—	—	—
43.	—		—	—	—

POOR MARY SITS A-WEeping

No.	Cambridge.	Ogbourne.	Manton.	Berwickshire.	Scotland.
1.	Poor Mary is a-weeping.	Poor Mary is a-weeping.	Poor Sally is a-weeping.	What is Jennie weeping for?	Poor Mary is a-weeping.
2.	—	Pray what is she weeping for?	Pray tell me what you're weeping for.	—	Pray tell me what you're weeping for.
3.	—	—	—	—	—
4.	—	I'm weeping for my true love.	I'm weeping for my sweet-heart.	I'm weeping for my own true love.	—
5.	—	On a bright summer's day.	—	All on this summer's day.	On a fine summer's day.
6.	—	—	—	—	—
7.	—	—	—	—	—
8.	—	—	Down by the seaside.	—	—
9.	—	—	—	—	—
10.	Stand up upon your feet and show the one you love so sweet.	Stand up and choose your true love.	—	—	Stand up and choose your love.
11.	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	Rise up and choose another love.	—
13.	On the carpet she shall kneel till the grass grows on the field.	—	—	—	—
14.	Now you're married I wish you joy.	—	—	—	—
15.	First a girl and second a boy.	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	—
18.	—	—	—	—	—
19.	—	—	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—	—
21.	—	—	—	—	—
22.	—	—	—	—	—
23.	—	—	—	—	—
24.	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	—	—	—	—
26.	—	—	—	—	—
27.	—	—	—	—	—
28.	—	—	—	—	—
29.	If one don't kiss, the other must.	—	—	—	—
30.	—	—	—	—	Because my father's dead and gone.
31.	—	—	—	—	She's kneeling by her father's grave.
32. to 41.	} —	—	—	—	—
42.	—	Ring a ring o' roses a pocketful of posies.	A ring of roses a pocketful of posies.	—	—
43.	—	—	We all tumble down.	—	—

Rise up and choose another love,
Another love, another love ;
Rise up and choose another love,
All on this summer's day.

—Berwickshire (A. M. Bell, *Antiquary*, xxx. 16).

(b) A ring is formed by the children joining hands. One child kneels in the centre, covering her face with her hands. The ring dances round, and sings the first two verses. The kneeling child then takes her hands from her face and sings the next verse, still kneeling. While the ring sings the next verse, she rises and chooses one child out of the ring. They stand together, holding hands while the others sing the marriage formula, and kiss each other at the command. The ring of children dance round quickly while singing this. When finished the first "Mary" takes a place in the ring, and the other child kneels down (Barnes and other places). At Enborne school, Newbury (Miss Kimber), this game is played by boys and girls. All the children in the ring sing the first two verses. Then the boys alone in the ring sing the next verse; all the ring singing the fourth. While singing this the kneeling child rises and holds out her hand to any boy she prefers, who goes into the ring with her. When he is left in the ring at the commencement of the game again, a boy's name is substituted for that of "Mary." There appears to be no kissing. In the Liphook version (Miss Fowler), after the girl has chosen her sweetheart the ring breaks, and the two walk out and then kneel down, returning to the ring and kissing each other. A version identical with that of Barnes is played by the girls of Clapham High School. All tunes sent me were similar to that given.

(c) The analysis of the game rhymes is on pp. 56-60.

This analysis shows that the incidents expressed by the rhymes are practically the same in all the versions. In the majority of the cases the weeping is depicted as part of a ceremony, by which it is known that a girl desires a lover; she is enabled then to choose one, and to be married. The marriage formula is the usual one in the Barnes' version, but follows another set of words in three other versions. In the cases

where the marriage is neither expressed by a formula, nor implied by other means (Winterton and Forest of Dean), the versions are evidently fragments only, and probably at one time ended, as in the other cases, with marriage. But in three other cases the ending is not with marriage. The Earls Heaton and Scottish versions represent the cause of weeping as the death of a father, the Berkshire version introduces the apparently unmeaning incident of Mary bearing a shepherd's cross, and the South Devon version represents the cause of weeping the death of a lover at sea. It is obvious that at places where sailors abound, the incident of weeping for a sailor-lover who is dead would get inserted, and the fact of this change only occurring once in the versions I have collected, tells all the more strongly in favour of the original version having represented marriage and love, and not death, but it does not follow that the marriage formula belongs to the oldest or original form of the game. I am inclined to think this has been added since marriage was thought to be the natural and proper result of choosing a sweetheart.

(d) The change in some of the verses, as in the Cambridge version, is due to corruption and the marked decadence now occurring in these games. No. 13 in the analysis is from the game "Pretty little girl of mine," and Nos. 42-3 "Ring o' Roses."

Poor Widow

I. Here's an old widow who lies alone,
 Lies alone, lies alone,
 Here's an old widow who lies alone,
 She wants a man and can't get one.
 Choose one, choose two, choose the fairest.
 The fairest one that I can see
 Is [Mary Hamilton], come unto me.
 Now she is married and tied to a bag,
 She has got a man with a wooden leg.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

II. There was an old soldier he came from the war,
 His age it was sixty and three.
 Go you, old soldier, and choose a wife,
 Choose a good one or else choose none.

Here's a poor widow she lives her lone,
 She hasn't a daughter to marry but one.
 Come choose to the east, choose to the west,
 And choose the very one you love best.

Here's a couple married in joy,
 First a girl and then a boy,
 Seven years after, and seven years come,
 Pree * young couple kiss and have done.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

III. There was a poor widow left alone,
 And all her children dead and gone.
 Come, choose you east,
 Come, choose you west,
 Take the man you love best.
 Now they're married,
 I wish them joy,
 Every year a girl or a boy,
 I hope this couple may kiss each other.

—Nairn (Rev. W. Gregor).

(b) One child is chosen to act the part of the widow. The players join hands and form a circle. The widow takes her stand in the centre of the circle in a posture indicating sorrow. The girls in the circle trip round and round, and sing the first five lines. The widow then chooses one of the ring. The ring then sings the marriage formula, the two kiss each other, and the game is continued, the one chosen to be the mate of the first widow becoming the widow in turn (Nairn).

(c) This game is probably the same as "Silly Old Man." Two separate versions may have arisen by girls playing by themselves without boys.

Pop Goes the Weasel

Half a pound of tup'ny rice,
 Half a pound of treacle;
 Mix it up and make it nice,
 Pop goes the weasel.

—Earls Heaton (Herbert Hardy).

* Sometimes "pray," but "pree" seems to be the Scotch for taste:—"pree her moo" = taste her mouth = to kiss.

(b) Children stand in two rows facing each other, they sing while moving backwards and forwards. At the close one from each side selects a partner, and then, all having partners, they whirl round and round.

(c) An additional verse is sometimes sung with or in place of the above in London.

Up and down the City Road ;
In and out the Eagle ;
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel.

—(A. Nutt).

Mr. Nutt writes: "The Eagle was (and may be still) a well-known tavern and dancing saloon."

Pop-the-Bonnet

A game in which two, each putting down a pin on the crown of a hat or bonnet, alternately pop on the bonnet till one of the pins crosses the other; then he at whose pop or tap this takes place, lifts the stakes.—Teviotdale (Jamieson). The same game is now played by boys with steel pens or nibs.

See "Hattie."

Poppet-Show

See "Pinny Show."

Port the Helm

This is a boys' game. Any number may join in it. The players join hands and stand in line. The leader, generally a bigger boy, begins to bend round, at first slowly, then with more speed, drawing the whole line after him. The circular motion is communicated to the whole line, and, unless the boys at the end farthest from the leader run very quickly, the momentum throws them off their feet with a dash if they do not drop their hold.—Keith, Nairn (Rev. W. Gregor).

Pots, or Potts

Throwing a ball against a wall, letting it bounce and catching it, accompanied by the following movements:—

1. Simply three times each.
2. Throw, twist hands, and catch.
3. Clap hands in front, behind, in front.

4. Turn round.
5. Beat down ball on ground three times, and catch.
6. Again on ground and catch (once) at end of first "pot,"
and twice for second "pot."

—Hexham (Miss J. Barker).

Pray, Pretty Miss

- I. Priperty Miss, will you come out,
Will you come out, will you come out ?
Priperty Miss, will you come out
To help us with our dancing ?

No !

The naughty girl, she won't come out,
She won't come out, she won't come out ;
The naughty girl, she won't come out
To help us with our dancing.

Priperty Miss, will you come out,
Will you come out, will you come out ?
Priperty Miss, will you come out
To help us with our dancing ?

Yes !

Now we've got another girl,
Another girl, another girl ;
Now we've got another girl
To help us with our dancing.

—Fochabers (Rev. W. Gregor).

- II. Pray, pretty Miss, will you come out,
Will you come out, will you come out ?
Pray, pretty Miss, will you come out
To help me in my dancing ?

No !

Then you are a naughty Miss !
Then you are a naughty Miss !
Then you are a naughty Miss !
Won't help me in my dancing.

Pray, pretty Miss, will you come out,
Will you come out, will you come out ?

Pray, pretty Miss, will you come out
To help me in my dancing?

Yes!

Now you are a good Miss!

Now you are a good Miss!

Now you are a good Miss!

To help me in my dancing.

—Cornwall (*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 47, 48).

- III. Pray, pretty Miss, will you come out to help us in our dancing?

No!

Oh, then you are a naughty Miss, won't help us with our dancing.

Pray, pretty Miss, will you come out to help us in our dancing?

Yes!

Now we've got our jolly old lass to help us with our dancing. —Sheffield, Yorks. (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 87).

- IV. Oh, will you come and dance with me,
Oh, will you come and dance with me?

No!

[They say as above to the next girl, who says "Yes."]

Now we've got our bonny bunch

To help us with our dancing.

—Hurstmonceaux, Sussex (Miss Chase).

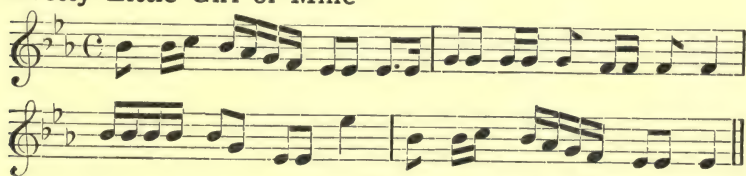
(b) The Scottish version of this game is played as follows:—All the players stand in a line except two, who stand facing them. These two join hands crosswise, and then advancing and retiring, sing to the child at the end of the line the first four lines. The first child refuses, and they then dance round, singing the second verse. They sing the first verse again, and on her compliance she joins the two, and all three dance round together, singing the last verse. The three then advance and retire, singing the first verse to another child.

The Cornish version is played differently: a ring is formed, boy and girl standing alternately in the centre. The child in

the middle holds a white handkerchief by two of its corners; if a boy he would single out one of the girls, dance backwards and forwards opposite to her, and sing the first verse. If the answer were "No!" spoken with averted head over the left shoulder, he sang the second verse. Occasionally three or four in turn refused. When the request was granted the words were changed to the fourth verse. The handkerchief was then carefully spread on the floor; the couple knelt on it and kissed: the child formerly in the middle joined the ring, and the other took his place, or if he preferred it remained in the centre; in that case the children clasped hands and sang together the first verse over again, the last to enter the ring having the privilege of selecting the next partner.

(c) Miss Courtney says (*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 47), that this game is quite a thing of the past. Of the Hurstmonceaux version, Miss Chase says, "This game is not fully remembered. It was played about 1850." The words indicate an invitation to the dance similar to those in "Cushion Dance," "Green Grass."

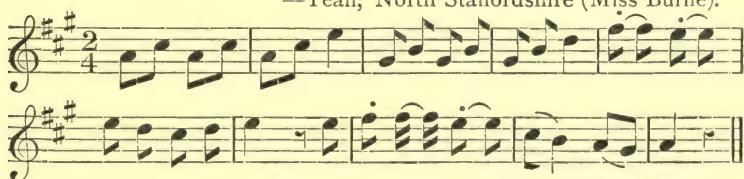
Pretty Little Girl of Mine



—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).



—Teau, North Staffordshire (Miss Burne).



—Eccleshall (Miss Burne).



—Nottingham (Miss Youngman).



—Hanbury, Staffordshire (Edith Hollis).

- I. Here's a pretty little girl of mine,
 She's brought me many a bottle of wine ;
 A bottle of wine she gave me too—
 See what this little girl can do.

On the carpet she shall kneel
 As the grass grows on the fiel' ;
 Stand upright on your feet,
 And choose the one you love so sweet.

Now you are married I wish you joy,
 First a girl and then a boy ;
 Seven years after, son and daughter ;
 Pray, young couple, kiss together.

—Symondsbury, Dorset (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 207).

- II. Oh, this pretty little girl of mine,
 Brought me many a bottle of wine ;
 A bottle of wine and a guinea, too,
 See what my little girl *can* do.

Down on the carpet she shall kneel,
As the grass grows in the field ;
Stand upright on your feet,
And choose the one you love so sweet.

Now I'm married and wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy ;
Seven years after, seven years past,
Kiss one another and go to your class.

—Hampshire (Miss Mendham).

- III. Here's a pretty little girl of mine,
Who's brought her bottle and glass of wine ;
A glass of wine and a biscuit too,
See what my pretty girl will do.

On the carpet she shall kneel,
While the grass grows in the field ;
Stand upright upon your feet,
Choose the one you love so sweet.

When you're married I wish you joy,
First a girl and second a boy,
Seven years after, son and daughter,
Now, young couple, kiss together.

—Gambledown, Hants (Mrs. Pinsent).

- IV. Oh ! this pretty little girl of mine,
Has cost me many a bottle of wine ;
A bottle of wine and a guinea or two,
So see what my little girl can do.
Down on the carpet she shall kneel,
While the grass grows on her field ;
Stand upright upon your feet,
And choose the one you love so sweet.
Now you are married you must obey,
Must be true in all you say ;
You must be kind and very good,
And help your wife to chop the wood.

—Maxey (*Northants Notes and Queries*, i. 214).

- V. Here's a pretty little girl of mine,
 She's cost me many a bottle of wine ;
 A bottle of wine and a guinea too,
 See what my little girl can do.
 Down on the carpet she must kneel,
 As the grass grows in the field ;
 Stand upright upon her feet,
 And choose the one she loves so sweet.
 Now you're married I wish you joy,
 Father and mother you must obey ;
 Love one another like sister and brother,
 And pray, young couple, come kiss one another.

—Colchester (Miss G. M. Frances).

- VI. Oh! this pretty little girl of mine,
 She bought me many a bottle of wine,
 A bottle of wine she gave me too,
 So see what my little girl could do.
 Stand up, stand up upon your feet,
 And choose the one you love so sweet.

—Liphook, Hants (Miss Fowler).

- VII. See what a pretty little girl have I,
 She brings me many a bottle of wi' ;
 A bottle of wine and a biscuit too,
 See what a little girl can do.
 On the carpet she shall kneel,
 As the grass grows in the fiel' ;
 Stand upright upon your feet,
 And choose the one you love so sweet.
 Now you're married we wish you joy,
 First a girl and then a boy,
 Seven years after, son and daughter,
 May you couple kiss together.

—South Devon (*Notes and Queries*, 8th series, i. 249 ;
 Miss R. H. Busk).

- VIII. See what a pretty little girl I am,
 She gave me many a bottle of wine,

Many a bottle of wine, and a biscuit too,
 See what a pretty little girl can do.
 On the carpet you shall kneel,
 Stand up straight all in the field,
 Choose the one that you love best.
 Now we are married and hope we enjoy,
 First a girl and then a boy,
 Seven years after and seven years to come,
 May young company kiss have done.
 —Holywood, Co. Down (Miss C. M. Patterson).

IX. See what a pretty little girl I am!
 Brought me many a bottle o' wine!
 Bottle o' wine to make me shine!
 See what a pretty little girl I am!
 Upon the carpets we shall kneel,
 As the grass grows in yonder field;
 Stand up lightly on your feet,
 And choose the one you love so sweet.
 Now these two are going to die,
 First a girl, and then a boy;
 Seven years at afterwards, seven years ago,
 And now they are parted with a kiss and a go.
 —Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

X. See this pretty little maid of mine!
 She's brought me many a bottle of wine;
 A bottle of wine, a good thing, too;
 See what this pretty maid can do!
 Down on the carpet she must kneel
 Till the grass grows on her feet;
 Stand up straight upon thy feet,
 Choose the very one that you love sweet.
 Take her by her lily-white hand,
 Lean across the water;
 Give a kiss,—one, two, three,—
 To Mrs. ——'s daughter.
 —Suffolk (Mrs. Haddon).

Stand up straight upon your feet,
And tell me the one you love so sweet.

—— is married with a good child,
First with a girl and then with a boy ;
Seven years after son and daughter,
Play with a couple and kiss together.

Tean, North Staffs. (from a Monitor in the
National School).

- XIV. On the carpet you shall kneel,
As the grass grows in the field ;
Stand up, stand up upon your feet,
And tell me whom you love so sweet.
- Now you're married I wish you joy,
First a girl, and then a boy ;
Seven years after son and daughter,
Come, young couple, come kiss together.

—Middlesex (Miss Winfield).

- XV. On the carpet you shall kneel,
As the grass grows in the field ;
Stand up, stand up on your feet,
Show the girl you love so sweet.
- Now you're married I hope you'll enjoy
A son and a daughter, so
Kiss and good-bye.

Long Eaton, Nottinghamshire (Miss Youngman).

- XVI. Down on the carpet you shall kneel,
While the grass grows on your field ; *
Stand up straight upon your feet,
And choose the one you love so sweet.
- Marry couple, married in joy,
First a girl and then a boy ;
Seven years after, seven years come,
Please, † young couple, kiss and have done.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

* *d* not sounded.

† Another version has "pree," which means in Scotch, *taste*, hence *kiss*.

- XVII. On the carpet you shall kneel,
While the grass grows fresh and green ;
Stand up straight upon your feet,
And kiss the one you love so sweet.

Now they're married, love and joy,
First a girl and then a boy ;
Seven years after, seven years ago,
Now's the time to kiss and go.

—Liverpool and neighbourhood (Mrs. Harley).

- XVIII. On the carpet you shall kneel,
As the grass grows in the field ;
Stand up, stand up on your feet,
And shew me the girl you love so sweet.
Now Sally's married I hope she'll enjoy,
First with a girl and then with a boy ;
Seven years old and seven years young,
Pray, young lady, walk out of your ring.

—Derbyshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, i. 385).

- XIX. On the carpet you shall kneel,
Where the grass grows fresh and green ;
Stand up, stand up on your pretty feet,
And show me the one you love so sweet.

—Berrington (Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 509).

[Same ending as Eccleshall version.]

- XX. On the carpitt you shall kneel,
While the grass grows in the field ;
Stand up, stand up on your feet,
Pick the one you love so sweet.

—Wakefield, Yorks. (Miss Fowler).

- XXI. King William was King David's son,
And all the royal race is run ;
Choose from the east, choose from the west,
Choose the one you love the best.*

* At Earls Heaton two verses or lines are added, viz. :—

“ If she is not here to take her part,
Choose another with all your heart.”

Down on this carpet you shall kneel,
While the grass grows in yond field;
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,
Rise again upon your feet.

—Hanging Heaton, Yorks. (Herbert Hardy).

- XXII. On the carpet you shall kneel, while the grass grows
at your feet;
Stand up straight upon your feet, and choose the one
you love so sweet.
Now Sally is married, life and joy, first a girl and
then a boy;
Seven years after, seven years ago, three on the
carpet, kiss and go.

—Hanbury, Staffordshire (Miss Edith Hollis).

- XXIII. I had a bonnet trimmed wi' blue.
Why doesn't weare it? Zo I do;
I'd weare it where I con,
To teake a walk wi' my young mon.
My young mon is a-gone to sea,
When he'd come back he'll marry me.
Zee what a purty zister is mine,
Doan't 'e think she's ter'ble fine?
She's a most ter'ble cunnèn too,
Just zee what my zister can do.
On the carpet she can kneel,
As the grass grow in the fiel'.
Stand upright upon thy feet,
And choose the prettiest you like, sweet.

—Hazelbury Bryan, Dorset (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 208).

- XXIV. Kneel down on the carpets, we shall kneel;
The grass grows away in yonder fiel',
Stand up, stand up upon your feet,
And show me the one you love so sweet.

Now they get married, I wish they may joy
Every year a girl or a boy;

Loving together like sister and brother,
Now they are coupled to kiss together.

—Galloway, N.B. (J. G. Carter).

(c) This game is played in the same way in all the different variants I have given, except a slight addition in the Suffolk (Mrs. Haddon). A ring is formed by the children joining hands—one child stands in the centre. The ring dances or moves slowly round, singing the verses. The child in the centre kneels down when the words are sung, rises and chooses a partner from the ring, kisses her when so commanded, and then takes a place in the ring, leaving the other child in the centre. In those cases where the marriage formula is not given, the kissing would probably be omitted.

(d) Of the twenty-four versions given there are not two alike, and this game is distinguished from all others by the singular diversity of its variants; although the original structure of the verses has been preserved to some extent, they seem to have been the sport of the inventive faculty of each different set of players. Lines have been added, left out, and altered in every direction, and in the example from Hazelbury Bryan, in Dorsetshire (No. xxiii.), a portion of an old song or ballad has been added to the game rhyme. These alterations occur not only in different counties, but in the same counties, as may be seen by the Dorset, Hants, Staffordshire, and Northants examples. Mr. Carter says of the Galloway game that the kissing match sometimes degenerates into a spitting match, according to the temper of the parties concerned. In the Suffolk version (Mrs. Haddon), at the words "Lean across the water," the two in the centre lean over the arms of those forming the ring. These words and action are probably an addition. They belong to the "Rosy Apple, Lemon and Pear" game.

These peculiar characteristics of the game do not permit of much investigation into the original words of the game-rhyme, but they serve to illustrate, in a very forcible manner, the exactly opposite characteristics of nearly all the other games, which preserve, in almost stereotyped fashion, the words of the rhymes. It appears most probable that the verses belonged

originally to some independent game like "Sally, Sally Water," and that, when divorced from their original context, they lent themselves to the various changes which have been made. The minute application of modern ideas is seen in the version from Gambledown, where "A bottle of wine and a guinea, too," becomes "A bottle of wine and a biscuit, too;" and at West Haddon, in Northamptonshire, a variant of the marriage formula is given in *Northants Notes and Queries*, ii. 106, as—

Now you're married, we wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy;
Cups and saucers, sons and daughters,
Now join hands and kiss one another.

Another version from Long Itchington, given in *Notes and Queries*, 7th series, x. 450, concludes with—

Up the kitchen and down the hall,
Choose the fairest of them all;
Seven years now and seven years then,
Kiss poor Sally and part again.

Pretty Miss Pink

Pretty Miss Pink, will you come out,
Will you come out, will you come out?
Pretty Miss Pink, will you come out,
To see the ladies dancing?

No, I won't.

Pretty Miss Pink, she won't come out,
Won't come out, won't come out, &c.
She will come out.

Pretty Miss Pink, she has come out, &c.

—Winterton Lincs and Nottinghamshire
(Miss M. Peacock.)

(b) The children place themselves in a row. They each choose a colour to represent them. One player must be *pink*. Another player stands facing them, and dances to and fro, singing the first four lines. The dancer then sings the next two lines, and Miss Pink having answered rushes forward,

catches hold of the dancer's hand, and sings the next verse. Each colour is then taken in turn, but Miss Pink must always be first.

(c) This is clearly a variant of "Pray, Pretty Miss," colours being used perhaps from a local custom at fairs and May meetings, where girls were called by the colours of the ribbons they wore.

Prick at the Loop

A cheating game, played with a strap and skewer at fairs, &c., by persons of the thimble-rig class, probably the same as the game called "Fast and Loose."

Prickey Sockey

Christmas morning is ushered in by the little maidens playing at the game of "Prickey Sockey," as they call it. They are dressed up in their best, with their wrists adorned with rows of pins, and run about from house to house inquiring who will play at the game. The door is opened and one cries out—

Prickey sockey for a pin,

I car not whether I loss or win.

The game is played by the one holding between her two forefingers and thumbs a pin, which she clasps tightly to prevent her antagonist seeing either part of it, while her opponent guesses. The head of the pin is "sockey," and the point is "prickey," and when the other guesses she touches the end she guesses at, saying, "this for prickey," or "this for sockey," At night the other delivers her two pins. Thus the game is played, and when the clock strikes twelve it is declared up; that is, no one can play after that time.—*Mirror*, 1828, vol. x. p. 443.

See "Headicks and Pinticks."

Prickie and Jockie

A childish game, played with pins, and similar to "Odds or Evens,"—Teviotdale (Jamieson), but it is more probable that this is the game of "Prickey Sockey," which Jamieson did not see played.

Priest-Cat (1)

See "Jack's Alive."

Priest-Cat (2)

A peat clod is put into the shell of the crook by one person, who then shuts his eyes. Some one steals it. The other then goes round the circle trying to discover the thief, and addressing particular individuals in a rhyme—

Ye're fair and leal,
Ye canna steal;
Ye're black and fat,
Ye're the thief of my priest-cat!

If he guesses wrong he is in a wadd, if right he has found the thief.—Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*, p. 128.

This is an entirely different game to the "Priest-Cat" given by Mactaggart (see "Jack's Alive"), and seems to have originated in the discovery of stolen articles by divination.

Priest of the Parish

William Carleton describes this game as follows:—"One of the boys gets a wig upon himself, goes out on the floor, places the boys in a row, calls on his man Jack, and says to each, 'What will you be?' One answers, 'I'll be Black Cap,' another, 'Red Cap,' and so on. He then says, 'The priest of the parish has lost his considering-cap. Some says this, and some says that, but I say my man Jack.' Man Jack then, to put it off himself, says, 'Is it me, sir?' 'Yes you, sir.' 'You lie, sir.' 'Who then, sir?' 'Black Cap.' If Black Cap then doesn't say, 'Is it me, sir?' before the priest has time to call him he must put his hand on his ham and get a pelt of the brogue. A boy must be supple with the tongue in it."—*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, p. 106 (Tegg's reprint).

This game is no doubt the original form of the game imperfectly played under the name of "King Plaster Palacey" (see *ante*, i. 301).

Prisoner's Base or Bars

The game of "The Country Base" is mentioned by Shakespeare in "Cymbeline"—

"He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter),
Made good the passage."—Act v., sc. 3.

Also in the tragedy of Hoffman, 1632—

“I'll run a little course
At *base*, or barley-brake.”

Again, in the Antipodes, 1638—

“My men can runne at *base*.”

Also, in the thirtieth song of Drayton's “Polyolbion”—

“At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *prison-base*.”

Again, in Spenser's “Faerie Queen,” v. 8—

“So ran they all as they had been at *bace*.”

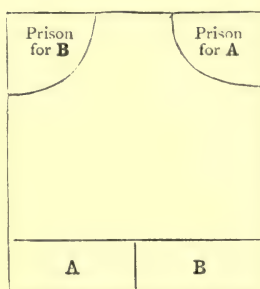
Strutt (*Sports and Pastimes*, p. 78), says, “This game was much practised in former times. The first mention of this sport that I have met with occurs in the Proclamations at the head of the Parliamentary proceedings, early in the reign of Edward III., where it is spoken of as a childish amusement; and prohibited to be played in the avenues of the palace at Westminster during the Sessions of Parliament, because of the interruption it occasioned to the members and others in passing to and fro. . . . The performance of this pastime requires two parties of equal number, each of them having a base or home, as it is usually called to themselves, at the distance of about twenty or thirty yards. The players then on either side taking hold of hands extend themselves in length and opposite to each other, as far as they conveniently can, always remembering that one of them must touch the base; when any one of them quits the hand of his fellow and runs into the field, which is called giving the chase, he is immediately followed by a second from the former side, and he by a second opponent; and so on alternately, until as many are out as choose to run, every one pursuing the man he first followed and no other; and if he overtake him near enough to touch him, his party claims one toward their game, and both return home. Then they run forth again and again in like manner, until the number is completed that decides the victory; this number is optional. It is to be observed that every person on either side who touches another during the chase, claims one for his party.”

Strutt describes the game in Essex as follows:—“They play

this game with the addition of two prisons, which are stakes driven into the ground, parallel with the home boundaries, and about thirty yards from them; and every person who is touched on either side in the chase is sent to one or other of these prisons, where he must remain till the conclusion of the game, if not delivered previously by one of his associates, and this can only be accomplished by touching him, which is a difficult task, requiring the performance of the most skilful players, because the prison belonging to either party is always much nearer to the base of their opponents than to their own; and if the person sent to relieve his confederate be touched by an antagonist before he reaches him, he also becomes a prisoner, and stands in equal need of deliverance."—*Sports and Pastimes*, p. 80.

But this is not quite the same as it is played in London. There the school ground is divided in the following manner:—

The boys being divided into equal sides, with a captain for each, one party takes up its quarters in A, the other in B. Lots are chosen as to which side commences. Then one member of the side so chosen (say A) starts off for the middle of the playground and cries out "Chevy, Chevy Chase, one, two, three;" thereupon it becomes the object of the side B to touch him before reaching home



again. If unsuccessful one from side B goes to the middle, and so on until a prisoner is secured from one of the sides. Then the struggle commences in earnest, after the fashion described by Strutt as above. If a boy succeeds in getting to the prison of his side without being touched by an opponent, he releases a prisoner, and brings him back home again to help in the struggle. The object of the respective sides is to place all their opponents in prison, and when that is accomplished they rush over to the empty home and take possession of it. The game then begins again from opposite sides, the winning side counting one towards the victory.—London (G. L. Gomme).

This was once a favourite game among young men in North Shropshire (and Cheshire). It was played yearly at Norton-in-Hales Wakes, and the winning party were decorated with ribbons. Men-servants, in the last century, were wont to ask a day's holiday to join or witness a game of "Prison-bars," arranged beforehand as a cricket-match might be (see *Byegones*, 2nd May 1883). A form of the game still survives there among the school-children, under the name of "Prison Birds." The Birds arrange themselves in pairs behind each other, facing a large stone or stump placed at some little distance. Before them, also facing the stone, stands one player, called the Keeper. When he calls, "Last pair out!" the couple next behind him run to the stone and touch hands over it. If they can do so without being touched by the Keeper, they are free, and return to a position behind the other birds; but any one whom he touches must remain behind the stone "in prison."—Ellesmere (Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 524).

The Ellesmere inhabitants were formerly accustomed to devote their holiday occasions to the game, and in the year 1764 the poet laureate of the town (Mr. David Studley) composed some lines on the game as it was played by the Married v. Single at Ellesmere. They are as follows:—

"Ye lovers of pleasure, give ear and attend,
Unto these few lines which here I have penned,
I sing not of sea fights, of battles nor wars,
But of a fine game, which is called 'Prison Bars.'

This game was admired by men of renown,
And played by the natives of fair Ellesmere town;
On the eighth day of August in the year sixty-four,
These nimble heel'd fellows approached on the moor.

Twenty-two were the number appear'd on the green,
For swiftness and courage none like them were seen;
Eleven were married to females so fair,
The other young gallants bachelors were.

Jacob Hitchen the weaver commands the whole round,
Looks this way, and that way, all over the ground,

Gives proper directions, and sets out his men,
So far go, my lads, and return back again.

Proper stations being fixed, each party advance,
And lead one another a many fine dance.
There's Gleaves after Ellis, and Platt after he,
Such running before I never did see.

Huzza! for the young men, the fair maids did say,
May heaven protect you to conquer this day,
Now, my brave boys, you're not to blame,
Take courage, my lads, nine and eight is the game.

Now behold the Breeches makers, master and man,
Saddlers, Slaters, and Joiners, do all they can ;
The Tailor so nimble, he brings up the rear,
Cheer up, my brave boys, you need not to fear.

Alas! poor old Jacob, thy hopes are in vain,
Dick Chidley is artful, and spoils all thy schemes.
The Barber is taken, the Currier is down,
The Sawyer is tired, and so is the Clown."

The moor referred to in the last line of the second verse was the Pitchmoor. The Clown was a nickname for one of the players, who, on hearing the song repeated in the presence of the author, became so exasperated, that, to appease him, the words "the game is our'n" were substituted for the words "so is the Clown" in the last line of the concluding verse.

Puff-the-Dart

A game played with a long needle inserted in some worsted, and blown at a target through a tin tube.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*. This game is also mentioned in Baker's *Northamptonshire Glossary*.

Pun o' mair Weight

A rough play among boys, adding their weight one upon another, and all upon the one at the bottom.—Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary*.

Punch Bowl

- I. Round about the punch bowl,—
 One, two, three ;
 If anybody wants a bonnie lassie,
 Just take me.

Another form of words is—

 The fillan o' the punch bowl,
 That wearies me ;
 The fillan o't up, an' the drinkan' o't doon,
 An' the kissan o' a bonnie lass,
 That cheeries me.

—Fochabers (Rev. W. Gregor).

- II. Round about the punch bowl,
 Punch bowl, punch bowl ;
 Round about the punch bowl, one, two, three.
 First time never to fall,
 Never to fall, never to fall ;
 First time never to fall, one, two, three.
 Second time, the catching time,
 Catching time, catching time ;
 Second time, the catching time, one, two, three.
 Third time, the kissing time,
 Kissing time, kissing time,
 Third time, the kissing time, one, two, three.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

- III. Round about the punch bowl,—one, two, three ;
 Open the gates and let the bride through.
 Half-a-crown to know his name, to know his name, to
 know his name,
 Half-a-crown to know his name,
 On a cold and frosty morning.
 Ah ! (Michael Matthews) is his name, is his name, is
 his name ;
 (Michael Matthews) is his name,
 On a cold and frosty morning.

Half-a-crown to know her name, to know her name, to
 know her name,
 Half-a-crown to know her name,
 On a cold and frosty morning.

(Annie Keenan) is her name, is her name, is her name,
 (Annie Keenan) is her name,
 On a cold and frosty morning.

They'll be married in the morning,
 Round about the punch bowl, I [? Hi !].

—Annaverna, Ravensdale, Co. Louth, Ireland
 (Miss R. Stephen).

(b) The Fochabers' game is played by girls only. The players join hands and form a ring. They dance briskly round, singing the verse. The last word, "me," is pronounced with strong emphasis, and all the girls jump, and if one falls she has to leave the ring. The game is carried on until all the players fall. In the Belfast game, at the words "one, two, three," the players drop down in a crouching position for a few seconds. In the Louth (Ireland) game the players all curtsey after the first line, and the one who rises last is the bride. She is led outside the ring by another, and asked to whom she is engaged. She tells without letting those in the ring hear, and the two return to the ring saying the second line. Then all the ring sing the next three lines, and then the girl who has been told the name tells it to the ring, who thereupon sing or say the remaining lines of the verse.

(c) The Louth version has more detail in its movements, and probably represents the oldest form. At all events, it supplies the reason for the words and movements, which are not quite so obvious in the other versions. Many ancient monoliths are known as "Punch Bowls," and it may be that this game is the relic of an old marriage ceremony, "at the stones."

Purposes

A kind of game. "The prettie game which we call purposes" (Cotgrave in *v.* "Opinion").—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Push in the Wash Tub

A ring of girls is formed. Two go in opposite directions outside the ring, and try to get back first to the starting-point; the one succeeding stops there, rejoining the ring, the other girl *pushes* another girl into the ring, or *wash tub*, with whom the race is renewed.—Crockham Hill, Kent (Miss Chase).

Push-pin, or Put-pin

A child's play, in which pins are pushed with an endeavour to cross them. So explained by Ash, but it would seem, from Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. 25, that the game was played by aiming pins at some object.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

"To see the sonne you would admire,
Goe play at push-pin with his sire."

—*Men's Miracles*, 1656, p. 15.

"Love and myselfe, beleeve me on a day,
At childish push-pin for our sport did play."

—Herrick's *Works*, i. 22.

There is an allusion to it under the name of put-pin in Nash's *Apologie*, 1593—

"That can lay down maidens bedds,
And that can hold ther sickly heds;
That can play at put-pin,
Blow poynte and near lin."

Two pins are laid upon a table, and the object of each player is to push his pin across his opponent's pin.—Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.

See "Hattie," "Pop the Bonnet."

Push the Business On

I. I hired a horse and borrowed a gig,
And all the world shall have a jig;
And I'll do all 'at ever I can
To push the business on.
To push the business on,
To push the business on;
And I'll do all 'at ever I can
To push the business on.

—North Kelsey, Anderby, and near the Trent,
Nottinghamshire (Miss M. Peacock).

- II. Beeswax and turpentine make the best of plaster,
 The more you try to pull it off, it's sure to stick the faster.
 I'll buy a horse and hire a gig,
 And all the world shall have a jig;
 And you and I'll do all we can
 To push the business on,
 To push the business on;
 And we'll do all that ever we can
 To push the business on.

—Brigg, Lincolnshire (Miss Barker, from a
 Lincolnshire friend).

- III. I'll buy a horse and steal a gig,
 And all the world shall have a jig;
 And I'll do all that ever I can
 To pass the business on.
 To pass the business on,
 To pass the business on;
 And I'll do all that ever I can
 To pass the business on.

—Wolstanton, North Staffs. (Miss Bush, Schoolmistress)

- IV. We'll borrow a horse and steal a gig,
 And round the world we'll have a jig;
 And I'll do all that ever I can
 To push the business on.

—Earls Heaton (Herbert Hardy).

- V. I'll hire a horse and steal a gig,
 And all the world shall have a jig;
 And I'll do all that ever I can
 To push the business on,
 To push the business on, to push the business on,
 And I'll do all that ever I can to push the business on.

—Settle, Yorkshire (Rev. W. S. Sykes).

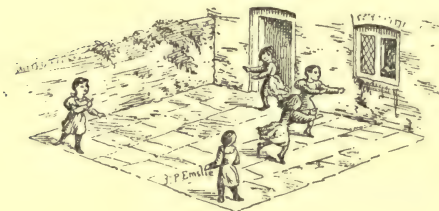
(b) The players stand in a circle, boy and girl alternately, and sing the lines. At the fourth line they all clap their hands, keeping time with the song. When singing the seventh line each boy takes the girl on his left hand,—dances round with her and places her on his right hand. This is done till

each girl has been all round the circle, and has been turned or danced with by each boy. In the Wolstanton version (Miss Bush), after singing the first four lines, the children fall behind one another, march round, clapping their hands and singing; at the seventh line they all join in couples and galop round very quickly to the end. When they finish, the girls stand at the side of the boys in couples, and change places every time they go round until each girl has partnered each boy. At Hexham there is rather more of the regular dance about the game at the beginning. At the fourth line they set to partners and swing round, the girls changing places at the end, and continuing until they have been all round each time with a different partner.

(c) This game seems of kin to the old-fashioned country dances. Miss Bush writes that this game was introduced into the school playground from Derbyshire a few years ago, and is sung to a simple tune.

Puss in the Corner

The children stand at fixed points: one stands in the middle and chants, "Poor puss wants a corner." The others beckon with the fore-finger, and calling, "Puss, puss," run from point to point. Puss runs also to one of the vacant spaces.



The one left out becomes puss.—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

The players place themselves each in some "coign of vantage," as the play place allows; one player in the middle is "out." Those in the corners change places with each other at choice, calling, "Puss, puss, puss," to attract each other's attention. The one who is out watches his opportunity to slip into a vacant corner, and oblige some one else to be "out." A favourite game *in the streets* of Market Drayton.—Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 523.

When we played this game, the child who was to be "Puss" was invariably decided upon by a counting-out rhyme. He or she being the last of the five players "not he." The words we used when wishful to change corners were, "Puss, puss, give me a drop of milk." The players in the corners beckoned with the finger to an opposite player in another corner (A. B. Gomme).

The game in Scotland is called "Moosie in the Corner," and is played by boys or girls, or by both together, either outside or in a room. Each player takes a corner, and one stands in the middle. On a given signal, usually by calling out the word "Change," a rush is made from the corners. The aim of the one standing in the middle is to reach a vacant corner. If the game is played in a room, as many chairs, or other seats, are placed as there are players, less one. Each takes a seat, and one is left standing. On the word "Change" being called out, each jumps from the seat and makes for another. The one standing strives to get a seat in the course of the change.—Nairn and Macduff (Rev. W. Gregor).

Pussy's Ground

Name for Tom Tiddler's Ground in Norfolk.

See "Tom Tiddler's Ground."

Pyramid

A circle of about two feet in diameter is made on the ground, in the centre of which a pyramid is formed by several marbles. Nine are placed as the base, then six, then four, and then one on the top. The keeper of the pyramid then desires the other players to shoot. Each player gives the keeper one marble for leave to shoot at the pyramid, and all that the players can strike out of the circle belong to them.—London streets (A. B. Gomme), and *Book of Sports*.

See "Castles."

Quaker

Men and women stand alternately in a circle, and one man begins by placing his left hand on his left knee, and saying, "There was an old Quaker and he went so." This is repeated all round the circle; the first man then says the same thing

again, but this time he places his *right* hand on his *right* knee. Then he places his hand on the girl's shoulder, then round her neck, and on her far shoulder, then looks into her face, and, lastly, kisses her.—Sharleston, Yorks (Miss Fowler).

Quaker's Wedding

Hast thou ever been to a Quaker's wedding?

Nay, friend, nay.

Do as I do; twiddle thy thumbs and follow me.

The leader walks round chanting these lines, with her eyes fixed on the ground. Each new comer goes behind till a long train is formed, then they kneel side by side as close together as possible. The leader then gives a vigorous push to the one at the end of the line [next herself, and that one to the next], and the whole line tumble over.—Berkshire (Miss Thoyts in the *Antiquary*, xxvii. 194).

See "Obadiah," "Solomon."

Queen Anne

- I. Lady Queen Ann she sits in her stand,
And a pair of green gloves upon her hand,
As white as a lily, as fair as a swan,
The fairest lady in a' the land;
Come smell my lily, come smell my rose,
Which of my maidens do you choose?
I choose you one, and I choose you all,
And I pray, Miss (), yield up the ball.
The ball is mine, and none of yours,
Go to the woods and gather flowers.
Cats and kittens bide within,
But we young ladies walk out and in.

—Chambers' *Pop. Rhymes*, p. 136.

- II. Queen Anne, Queen Anne, who sits on her throne,
As fair as a lily, as white as a swan;
The king sends you three letters,
And begs you'll read one.

I cannot read one unless I read all,
So pray () deliver the ball.

The ball is mine and none of thine,
So you, proud Queen, may sit on your throne,
While we, your messengers, go and come.

(Or sometimes)—

The ball is mine, and none of thine,
You are the fair lady to sit on ;
And we're the black gipsies to go and come.

—Halliwell's *Pop. Rhymes*, p. 230.

- III. Queen Anne, Queen Anne, you sit in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as white as a wand,
I send you three letters, and pray read one.
You must read one, if you can't read all,
So pray, Miss or Master, throw up the ball.

—Halliwell's *Pop. Rhymes*, p. 64.

- IV. Here we come a-piping,
First in spring and then in May.
The Queen she sits upon the sand,
Fair as a lily, white as a wand :
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me.
We can't read one without them all,
So pray, Miss Bridget, deliver the ball.

—Halliwell's *Pop. Rhymes*, p. 73.

- V. Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
She sot in the sun ;
So fair as a lily,
So white as a nun ;
She had a white glove on,
She drew it off, she drew it on.
Turn, ladies, turn.
The more we turn, the more we may,
Queen Anne was born on Midsummer Day ;
We have brought dree letters from the Queen,
Wone of these only by thee must be seen.
We can't reade wone, we must reade all,
Please () deliver the ball.

—Dorsetshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 229).

- VI. Here come we to Lady Queen Anne,
 With a pair of white gloves to cover our hand;
 As white as a lily, as fair as the rose,
 But not so fair as you may suppose.
 Turn, ladies, turn.
 The more we turn the more we may,
 Queen Anne was born on Midsummer Day.
 The king sent me three letters, I never read them all,
 So pray, Miss ———, deliver the ball.
 The ball is yours, and not ours,
 You must go to the garden and gather the flowers.
 The ball is ours, and not yours,
 We go out and gather the flowers.

—Cornwall (*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 52-53).

- VII. Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
 As fair as a lily, so white and wan;
 A pair of kid gloves she holds in her hand,
 There's no such a lady in all the fair land.
 Turn all.
 The more we turn the better we are,
 For we've got the ball between us.

—North Kelsey, Lincolnshire (Miss M. Peacock).

- VIII. Lady Queen Anne she sits on a stand [sedan],
 She is fair as a lily, she is white as a swan;
 A pair of green gloves all over her hand,
 She is the fairest lady in all the land.
 Come taste my lily, come smell my rose,
 Which of my babes do you choose?
 I choose not one, but I choose them all,
 So please, Miss Nell, give up the ball.
 The ball is ours, it is not yours,
 We will go to the woods and gather flowers;
 We will get pins to pin our clothes,
 You will get nails to nail your toes.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

IX. Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun;
We've brought you three letters, pray can you read
one?

I can't read one without I read all,
So pray —— deliver the ball.

You old gipsy, sit in the sun,
And we fair ladies go and come;
The ball is mine, and none o' thine,
And so good-morning, Valentine.

—Swaffham, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

X. Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun.

Turn, fair ladies, turn.

We bring you three letters, and pray you read one.

I cannot read one without I read all,
So please () give up the ball.

[If the wrong guess is made the girls say—]
The ball is ours, and none of yours,
And we've the right to keep it.

[If the right child is named, they say—]
The ball is yours, and is not ours,
And you've the right to take it.

[Some of the children said this rhyme should be—]
The ball is ours, and none of yours,
So you, black gipsies, sit in the sun,
While we the fair ladies go as we come.

—London (A. B. Gomme).

XI. Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as white as a swan;
I bring you three letters, so pray you choose one,
I cannot read one without I read all,
So pray —— give up the ball.

[If the wrong girl is asked, they say—]
The ball is ours, it is not yours,
And we've the right to keep it.

[When the right one is guessed—]

The ball is yours, it is not ours,
And you've the right to keep it.

—Barnes, Surrey (A. B. Gomme).

XII. The lady Queen Anne she sat in a tan (sedan),
As fair as a lily, as white as a swan ;
The Queen of Morocco she sent you a letter,
So please to read one.

I won't read one except them all,
So please, Miss ———, deliver the ball.

—Hersham, Surrey (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 87).

XIII. Queen Ann, Queen Ann,
She sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily, and bright as one ;
King George has sent you three letters,
And desires you to read one.

I cannot read one
Without I read all,
So pray, Miss (),
Deliver the ball.

[Rhyme when right is seldom in use, and the one when wrong forgotten.]

The ball is ours, and none of yours,
So, black gipsies, sit in the sun,
And we, fair ladies, go as we come.

—Sussex, about 1850 (Miss Chase).

XIV. Queen Ann, Queen Ann,
She sat in the sun ;
A pair of white gloves to cover her hands,
As white as a lily, as red as a rose,
To which young lady do you propose ?

—Devon (Miss Chase).

XV. Here come seven sisters,
And seven milken daughters,
And with the ladies of the land,
And please will you grant us.

I grant you once, I grant you twice,
I grant you three times over;
A for all, and B for ball,
And please [] deliver the ball.

—Bocking, Essex (*Folk-lore Journal*, vi. 211).

(b) Sides are chosen, and two lines are formed; the words are said by each line alternately. One line, in which is the Queen, standing still or sitting down, the other line advancing and retiring while singing the words. The latter line gives one of their number a ball or some other small object to hold in the hand in such a manner that it cannot be perceived. All the players on this side then assume the same position—either all put their hands behind them or fold their arms, put



their hands under their armpits, or under their skirts or pinafores. The object of the other side is to guess which child in the line has the ball. The line which has the ball commences the game by advancing singing or saying the first three or four lines. Queen Anne answers, and then names one of the girls on the opposite side whom she suspects to have the ball, and if she be right in her guess the lines change sides. If she be wrong, the line retires in triumph, the girl who possesses the ball holding it up to show the Queen she is wrong. The children all curtsey when leaving the Queen's presence. Another girl of the line then takes the ball and the game continues till the right holder of the ball is named. When the Queen tells the line of players to "turn," they all spin round, coming back to face the Queen, and then stand still again. In the North Kelsey version (Miss Peacock) there is only one player on Queen Anne's side, the rest form the line. This is also the case with the Cornish game.

(c) The analysis of the game-rhymes is as follows:—

No.	Scotland (Chambers).	Halliwell (1).	Halliwell (2).	Halliwell (3).	Dorsetshire.	Cornwall.	North Kelsey.
1.	—	—	—	Here we come a-piping. First in Spring, then in May.	—	—	—
2.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3.	Lady Q. Anne.	Q. Anne, Anne.	Queen Anne.	Queen.	Queen Anne.	Lady Queen Anne.	Queen Anne.
4.	—	—	—	Sits upon the sand.	—	—	—
5.	Sits in her stand.	Sits on her throne.	—	—	—	—	—
6.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7.	Pair of green gloves on her hand.	—	Sits in the sun.	—	Sot in the sun. White glove on.	—	Sits in the sun.
8.	White as a lily, fair as a swan.	Fair as lily, white as swan.	—	—	—	Pair of white gloves to cover our hand. White as lily, fair as rose.	Pair of kid gloves in her hand.
9.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10.	—	—	Fair as lily, white as wand.	Fair as lily, white as wand.	Fair as lily, white as nun.	—	Fair as lily, white and wan. No such lady in the land.
11.	Fairest lady in the land.	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	—	—	Not so fair as you may suppose.	—
13.	Smell my lily, smell my rose.	—	—	—	—	—	—
14.	Which of my maidens do you choose?	—	—	—	—	—	—
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	Turn, ladies. More we turn, more we may. Queen Anne was born on midsummer day.	Turn, ladies. More we turn, more we may. Q. Anne was born on midsummer day.	Turn all. More we turn, better we are.
18.	—	King sends three letters. Begs you'll read one.	I send you three letters. Pray read one.	King John has sent three letters. Begs you'll read them unto me.	We've brought three letters. —	King sent me three letters.	—
19.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—	One of these only by you must be seen.	—	—

21.	Choose you one and choose you all.	Cannot read one unless I read all.	You must read one, if you can't all.	We can't read one without all.	We can't read one, must read all.	—	—
22.	—	—	—	—	—	I never read them all.	—
23.	Pray, Miss, yield up the ball.	Pray [] deliver the ball.	Pray, Miss [], throw up the ball.	Pray, Miss [], deliver the ball.	Prase [] deliver the ball.	Pray, Miss [], deliver the ball.	—
24.	—	—	—	—	—	—	We've got the ball between us.
25.	The ball is mine, and none of yours.	The ball is mine, and none of thine. You, proud Queen, may sit on your throne.	—	—	—	The ball is yours, and not ours.	—
26.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27.	—	While we, your messengers, go and come.	—	—	—	—	—
28.	Go to the woods and gather flowers.	—	—	—	—	Go to the garden and gather flowers.	—
29.	—	The ball is mine, and none of thine.	—	—	—	—	—
30.	—	You are the fair lady to sit on.	—	—	—	The ball is ours, and none of yours.	—
31.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
32.	—	And we're black gipsies to go and come.	—	—	—	—	—
33.	—	—	—	—	—	We must go to the garden and gather flowers.	—
34.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
35.	Cats and kittens, bide within.	—	—	—	—	—	—
36.	We young ladies walk out and in.	—	—	—	—	—	—
37.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
38.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
39.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

QUEEN ANNE

No.	Belfast.	Swaffham.	London.	Barnes.	Her sham.	Sussex.	Devon.
1.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2.	Lady Queen Anne.	Queen Anne.	Queen Anne.	Queen Anne.	Lady Queen Anne.	Queen Ann.	Queen Ann.
3.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4.	Sits on a stand.	—	—	—	Sits in a tan.	—	—
5.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7.	Pair of green gloves	Sits in the sun.	Sits in the sun.	Sits in the sun.	—	Sits in the sun.	Sat in the sun.
8.	all over her hand.	—	—	—	—	—	Pair of white gloves to cover her hand.
9.	Fair as lily, white as swan	—	—	Fair as lily, white as swan.	Fair as lily, white as swan.	—	White as lily, red as rose.
10.	—	Fair as lily, brown as bun.	Fair as lily, brown as bun.	—	—	Fair as lily, bright as one.	—
11.	Fairest lady in the land.	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13.	Taste my lily, smell my rose.	—	—	—	—	—	—
14.	Which of my babes do you chose?	—	—	—	—	—	To which young lady do you propose?
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18.	—	We've brought three letters.	We bring you three letters.	I bring you three letters.	Queen of Morocco sent you a letter.	King Geo. has sent you three letters.	—
19.	—	Pray can you read one.	Pray you read one.	Pray you choose one.	Please to read one.	Desires you to read one.	—

20.	Choose not one, but choose all.	—	Cannot read one without all.	Cannot read one without all.	—	—
21.	—	—	—	—	—	—
22.	—	—	—	—	—	—
23.	Please, Miss Nell, give up the ball.	Pray deliver the ball.	Please give up the ball.	Pray give up the ball.	Please, Miss [_]. deliver the ball.	—
24.	—	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	You, old gipsy, sit in the sun.	—	—	—	—
26.	—	We, fair ladies, go and come.	—	—	—	—
27.	The ball is ours, it is not yours.	The ball is mine, and none of thine.	The ball is ours, and none of yours.	The ball is ours, it is not yours.	The ball is ours, and none of yours.	—
28.	We'll go to the woods and gather flowers.	—	—	—	—	—
29.	—	—	And we've the right to keep it.	And we've the right to keep it.	—	—
30.	—	—	The ball is yours, and not ours.	The ball is yours, it is not ours.	—	—
31.	—	—	You, black gipsies, sit in the sun.	—	—	—
32.	—	—	While we, fair ladies, go as we come.	—	—	—
33.	—	—	—	—	—	—
34.	—	—	—	And you've the right to keep it.	—	—
35.	—	—	—	—	—	—
36.	—	—	—	—	—	—
37.	We will get pins to pin our clothes.	—	—	—	—	—
38.	You will get nails to nail your toes,	—	—	—	—	—
39.	—	So good morning, Valentine.	—	—	—	—

Guardian then disguises three girls (one with the ball) with veils or other coverings, so that they precisely resemble each other, and returns with the girls to the suitors, saying to the girls—

Turn, ladies, turn ; turn, ladies, turn ;
and to the suitors—

Come choose your own, come choose from all.
I've brought you three letters, pray can you read one ?

Suitor

(touching one of the disguised girls).

I cannot read one without I read all.
I pray, Miss (), yield up the ball.]

Disguised Maiden

(one who did not receive the ball).

The ball is mine, and none of thine,
And so, good morning, Valentine.

Chorus of Maidens (curtseying).

We will go to the wood and gather flowers,
We will get pins to pin our clothes,
You will get nails to nail your toes.
Cats and kittens bide within,
But we, young maidens, come out and in.

The inference being that the chosen maiden is still free until the suitor can try again, and is fortunate enough to indicate the right maiden.

If this conjectural restoration of the verses be accepted on the evidence, it would suggest that this game originated from one of the not uncommon customs practised at weddings or betrothals—when the suitor has to discriminate between several girls all dressed precisely alike and distinguish his bride by some token. (See “King William.”) This incident of actual primitive custom also obtains in folk tales, thus showing its strong hold upon popular tradition, and hence increasing the probability that it would reappear in games. It must be re-

membered that the giving of gloves was a significant fact in betrothals.

This game is said by some to have its origin in the use of the sedan chair. A version taken from a newspaper cutting (unfortunately I had not recorded the name and date, but think it was probably the *Leeds Mercury* some years ago) gives the following rhyme. The writer does not say whether he knows it as a game—

Lady Lucan she sits in a sedan,
As fair as a lily, as white as a swan;
A pair of green gloves to doff and to don.
My mistress desires you will read one,
I can't read one without them all,
So I pray this hand decline the ball.

In this version there is still the puzzle to solve, or riddle to read.

Queen Mary

Verses 1, 2.

He has
My

Verses 3, 4, 5.

—Hexham (Miss J. Barker).

- I. Queen Mary, Queen Mary, my age is sixteen,
My father's a farmer on yonder green;
He has plenty of money to dress me in silk—
Come away, my sweet laddie, and take me a walk.

One morning I rose and I looked in the glass,
I thought to myself what a handsome young lass;
My hands by my side, and a gentle ha, ha,
Come away, my sweet lassie, and take me a walk.

Father, mother, may I go, may I go, may I go;
Father, mother, may I go, to buy a bunch of roses?
Oh yes, you may go, you may go, you may go;
Oh yes, you may go, buy a bunch of roses!

Pick up her tail and away she goes, away she goes,
away she goes;
Pick up her tail and away she goes, to buy a bunch
of roses.

—Sang by the children of Hexham Workhouse
(Miss J. Barker).

- II. Queen Mary, Queen Mary, my age is sixteen,
My father's a farmer on yonder green;
He has plenty of money to keep me sae braw,
Yet nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

The morning so early I looked in the glass,
And I said to myself what a handsome young lass;
My hands by my side, and I gave a ha, ha,
Come awa', bonnie laddie, and tak' me awa'.

—Berwickshire, A. M. Bell, *Antiquary*, xxx. 17.

- III. My name is Queen Mary,
My age is sixteen,
My father's a farmer in Old Aberdeen;
He has plenty of money to dress me in black—
There's nae [no] bonnie laddie 'ill tack me awa'.
Next mornin' I wakened and looked in the glass,
I said to myself, what a handsome young lass;
Put your hands to your haunches and give a ha, ha,
For there's nae bonnie laddie will tack ye awa'.

—N. E. Scotland (Rev. W. Gregor).

- IV. My name is Queen Mary,
My age is sixteen,
My father's a farmer in yonder green;

He's plenty of money to dress in silk [fu' braw'],
 For there's nae bonnie laddie can tack me awa'.
 One morning I rose and I looked in the glass,
 Says I to myself, I'm a handsome young lass;
 My hands by my edges, and I give a ha, ha,
 For there's nae bonnie laddie t' tack me awa'.

—Cullen (Rev. W. Gregor).

(b) The Scottish game is played by girls. The players join hands, form a circle with one in the centre, and dance round singing. At the words "'ill tack me awa'," the centre player chooses another one, and the two wheel round. Then the singing proceeds. At the exclamation "ha! ha!" the players suit the action to the words of the line. In the Cullen game the girls stand in a row with one in front, who sings the verses and chooses another player from the line. The two then join hands and go round and round, singing the remaining verses.

Queen of Sheba

Two rows of people sit on chairs face to face on each side of a door, leaving just sufficient space between the lines for a player to pass. At the end of the rows furthest from the door sits the "Queen of Sheba," with a veil or shawl over her head. A player, hitherto unacquainted with the game, is brought to the door, shown the Queen, and told to go up between the rows, after being blindfolded, to kiss her, taking care, meanwhile, to avoid treading on the toes of the people on each side the alley leading to the lady. While his mind is diverted by these instructions, and by the process of blindfolding, the Queen gives up her seat to "the King," who has been lurking in the background. He assumes the veil and receives the kiss, to the amusement of every one but the uninitiated player.

—Anderby, Lincolnshire, and near the Trent,
 Nottinghamshire (Miss M. Peacock).

Ragman

An ancient game, at which persons drew by chance poetical descriptions of their characters, the amusement consisting—as at modern games of a similar kind—in the peculiar application or misapplication of the verses so selected at hazard by the drawers.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*. Halliwell goes on to

say that the meaning of this term was first developed by Mr. Wright in his *Anecdota Literaria*, 1844, where he has printed two collections of ancient verses used in the game of "Ragman." Mr. Wright conjectures that the stanzas were written one after another on a roll of parchment; that to each stanza a string was attached at the side, with a seal or piece of metal or wood at the end; and that when used the parchment was rolled up with all the strings and their seals hanging together, so that the drawer had no reason for choosing one more than another, but drew one of the strings by mere chance, and which he opened to see on what stanza he had fallen. If such were the form of the game, we can very easily imagine why the name was applied to a charter with an unusual number of seals attached to it, which, when rolled up, would present exactly the same appearance. Mr. Wright is borne out in his opinion by an English poem, termed "Ragmane roelle," printed from MS., Fairfax, 16:—

"My ladyes and my maistresses echone,
Lyke hit unto your humbyble wommanhede,
Resave in gré of my sympill persone
This rolle, which, withouten any drede,
Kynge Ragman me bad me sowe in brede,
And cristyned yt the merour of your chaunce;
Drawith a stryng, and that shal streight yow leyde
Unto the verry path of your governaunce."

That the verses were generally written in a roll may perhaps be gathered from a passage in Douglas's Virgil:—

"With that he raucht me ane roll: to rede I begane,
The royetest ane ragment with mony ratt rime."

Halliwell also quotes the following:—

"Venus, whiche stant withoute lawe,
In non certeyne, but as men drawe
Of Ragemon upon the chaunce,
Sche leyeth no peys in the balaunce."

—Gower, MS. *Society of Antiquaries*, 134, 244.

The term rageman is applied to the devil in "Piers Ploughman," 335.

Rag-stag

See "Stag Warning."

Rakes and Roans

A boys' game, in which the younger ones are chased by the larger boys, and when caught carried home pick-a-back.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Moor (*Suffolk Words and Phrases*) says this game is often called "Rakes" only, and is the same, probably, that is thus alluded to: "To play Reaks, to domineer, to show mad pranks." The jest of it is to be carried home a pig-back, by the less swift wight who you may catch.

Rakkeps

A game among boys [undescribed].—Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary*.

Range the Bus

Sides are chosen, and a line made across the playground. One of the sides goes up and the other goes down, and throws their bonnets on the ground. Then one side tries to get one of the opposite side across the line and crown him, and one of the opposite side tries to crown him back. If another boy can catch this player before he gets near him, he is crowned also. All the time the one side is trying to take the bonnets.—Old Aberdeen (Rev. W. Gregor).

See "French and English," "Scotch and English."

Rax, or Raxie-boxie, King of Scotland

The players, except one, take their stand at one side, and one stands at the other side in front of them. When all are ready, the one in front calls out "Cock," or "Caron," when all rush across to the other side, and he tries to catch one of them in crossing. The one caught helps to catch the others as they run back. Each time the players run from the one side to the other the word "Cock," or "Caron," is called out, and the change is continued till all are caught—each one as caught becoming a catcher. In Tyrie the game is called "Dyke King" when played by boys, and "Queen" when played by girls.

The word "King," or "Queen," is called out before each run, according as the game is played by boys or girls.—Ballindalloch (Rev. W. Gregor).

This game is called "Red Rover" in Liverpool (Mr. C. C. Bell). "Red Rover" is shouted out by the catcher when players are ready to rush across.

See "King Cæsar."

Relievo

This game is played by one child trying to catch the rest. The first prisoner taken joins hands with the captor and helps in the pursuit, and so on till all the playmates have been taken.—Anderby, Lincs. (Miss M. Peacock).

This game is the same as "Chickiddy Hand," "Stag Warning."

Religious Church

The children stand in a line. One child on the opposite side, facing them, says—

Have you been to a religious church ?

Row of children answer—

No !

Have I asked you ?

No !

Put your fingers on your lips and follow me.

All the row follow behind her to some other part of the ground, where she stands with her back to them, and they form a new row. One child out of the row now steps forward, and standing behind the first girl says—

Guess who stands behind you ?

If the first girl guesses right she keeps her old place, and they begin again. If she is wrong the child who has come from the row takes her place, and a new game is begun. Of course the child who asks the last question alters its voice as much as possible, so as not to be recognised.—Liphook, Hants. (Miss Fowler).

Rigs

A game of children in Aberdeenshire, said to be the same as Scotch and English, and also called Rockety Row.—Jamieson's *Dictionary*.

Ring

See "Ring-taw."

Ring a Ring o' Roses

—Marlborough (H. S. May).



—Yorkshire (H. Hardy).



Or,



—Sporle (Miss Matthews).

- I. Ring a ring o' roses,
A pocket-full o' posies ;
One for me, and one for you,
And one for little Moses—
Hasher, Hasher, Hasher, all fall down.
—Winterton, Lincoln, and Leadenham
(Miss M. Peacock).
- II. A ring, a ring o' roses,
A pocket-full o' posies ;
One for Jack, and one for Jim, and one for little
Moses—
A-tisha ! a-tisha ! a-tisha !
—Shropshire (Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 511).
- III. A ring, a ring o' roses,
A pocket-full o' posies ;
A curchey in, and a curchey out,
And a curchey all together.
—Egmond (Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 571).

- IV. Ring, a ring o' roses,
A pocket full o' posies ;
Up-stairs and down-stairs,
In my lady's chamber—
Husher! Husher! Cuckoo!
—Wakefield, Yorks. (Miss Fowler).
- V. Ring, a ring of roses,
Basket full of posies—
Tisha! Tisha! all fall down.
—Penzance, Cornwall (Mrs. Mabbott).
- VI. Ring, a ring a roses,
A pocketful of posies ;
Hush, oh! hush, oh!
All fall down!
—Colchester, Essex (Miss G. M. Frances).
- VII. Ring, a ring a rosy,
A pocket full of posies ;
One for you, and one for me,
And one for little Moses—
Atishm! Atishm!
—Beddgelert (Mrs. Williams).
- VIII. A ring, a ring of roses,
A pocket full of posies—
Hist! hush! last down dead!
—Gainford, Durham (Miss A. Eddleston).
- IX. Ring, a ring a row-o,
See the children go-o,
Sit below the goose-berry bush ;
Hark! they all cry Hush! hush! hush!
Sitty down, sit down.

Duzzy, duddy gander,
Sugar, milk, and candy ;
Hatch-u, hatch-u, all fall down together.
—South Shields (Miss Blair, aged 9).

- X. Ringe, ringey rosies,
A pocketful of posies—
Hach-ho, hach-ho, all fall down.

Another version—

Hash-ho! Tzhu-ho! all fall down.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- XI. Windy, windy weather,
Cold and frosty weather,
When the wind blows
We all blow together.
I saw Peter!
When did you meet him?
Merrily, cherrily [so pronounced]
All fall down.
A ring, a ring of roses,
A pocketful of posies—
Ashem, ashem, all fall down.

—Sheffield (S. O. Addy).

(b) A ring is formed by the children joining hands. They all dance round, singing the lines. At the word "Hasher" or "Atcha" they all raise their hands [still clasped] up and down, and at "all fall down" they sit suddenly down on the ground. In Lancashire (Morton) they pause and curtsy deeply. The imitation of sneezing is common to all. Miss Peacock says, in Nottinghamshire they say "Hashem! Hashem!" and shake their heads. In the Sheffield version the children sing the first eight lines going round, and all fall down when the eighth is sang. They then form a ring by holding hands, and move round singing the next three lines, and then they all fall either on their knees or flat on their faces.

(c) Versions of this game, identical with the Winterton one, have been sent me by Miss Winfield, Nottingham; others, almost identical with the second Norfolk version, from Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy), North Staffs. Potteries, Norbury, Staffs., (Miss A. Keary), Earls Heaton, Yorks. (H. Hardy). Addy, *Sheffield Glossary*, gives a version almost identical with the last Sporle version.

Addy, *Sheffield Glossary*, compares the old stories about rose-laughing in Grimm's *Teut. Myth.* iii. 1101. "Gifted children of fortune have the power to laugh roses, as Treyja wept gold. Probably in the first instance they were Pagan beings of light, who spread their brightness in the sky over the earth — 'rose children,' 'sun children.'" This seems to me to be a very apposite explanation of the game, the rhymes of which are fairly well preserved, though showing in some of the variants that decay towards a practical interpretation which will soon abolish all traces of the mythical origin of game-rhyme. It may, however, simply be the making, or "ringing," a ring or circle of roses or other flowers and bowing to this. Mr. Addy's suggestion does not account for the imitation of sneezing, evidently an important incident, which runs through all versions. Sneezing has always been regarded as an important or supernatural event in every-day life, and many superstitious beliefs and practices are connected with it both in savage and civilised life. Newell (*Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 127) describes "Ring around the Rosie," apparently this game, but the imitation of sneezing has been lost.

Ring by Ring

Here we go round by ring, by ring,
As ladies do in Yorkshire ;
A curtsy here, a curtsy there,
A curtsy to the ground, sir.

—Hersham, Surrey (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 86).

There is no description of the way this game is played, but it is evidently a similar game to "Ring-a-Ring o' Roses."

Ringie, Ringie, Red Belt

Take a small splint of wood, kindle it, and when it is burning turn it rapidly round in a circle, repeating the words—

Ringie, ringie, Red Belt, rides wi' the king,
Nae a penny in's purse t' buy a gold ring.
Bow—ow—ow, fat dog art thou,
Tam Tinker's dog, bow—ow—ow.

—Corgarff (Rev. W. Gregor).

This goes by the name of "Willie Wogie" at Keith, but no words are repeated as the splint is whirled.

See "Jack's Alive."

Ring-me-rary

- I. Ring me (1), ring me (2), ring me rary (3),
 As I go round (4) ring by ring (5),
 A virgin (6) goes a-maying (7);
 Here's a flower (8), and there's a flower (9),
 Growing in my lady's garden (10).
 If you set your foot awry (11),
 Gentle John will make you cry (12);
 If you set your foot amiss (13),
 Gentle John (14) will give you a kiss.

This [lady or gentleman] is none of ours,
 Has put [him or her] self in [child's name] power;
 So clap all hands and ring all bells, and make the
 wedding o'er.

—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 67.

- II. As I go round ring by ring,
 A maiden goes a-maying;
 And here's a flower, and there's a flower,
 As red as any daisy.
 If you set your foot amiss,
 Gentle John will give you a kiss.

—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 125.

(b) A number of boys and girls stand round one in the middle, who repeats the lines, counting the children until one is counted out by the end of the verse. The child upon whom (14) falls is then taken out and forced to select one of the other sex. The middle child then proceeds to say the three last lines. All the children clap hands during the saying (or singing) of the last line. If the child taken by lot joins in the clapping, the selected child is rejected, and, I believe, takes the middle place. Otherwise, I think there is a salute.—Halliwell.

(c) This game is recorded by no authority except Halliwell, and no version has reached me, so that I suppose it is now

obsolete. It is a very good example of the oldest kind of game, choosing partners or lovers by the "lot," and may be a relic of the May-day festival, when the worship of Flora was accompanied by rites of marriage not in accord with later ideas.

Ring-taw

A rough ring is made on the ground, and the players each place in it an equal share in "stonies," or alleys. They each bowl to the ring with another marble from a distance. The boy whose marble is nearest has the first chance to "taw;" if he misses a shot the second boy, whose marble was next nearest to the ring, follows, and if he misses, the next, and so on. If one player knocks out a marble, he is entitled to "taw" at the rest in the ring until he misses; and if a sure "tawer" not one of the others may have the chance to taw. Any one's "taw" staying within the ring after being tawn at the "shots," is said to be "fat," and the owner of the "taw" must then replace any marbles he has knocked out in the ring.—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (Herbert Hardy). Halliwell (*Dictionary*) describes this game very much as above, except that a fine is imposed on those who leave the taw in the ring. Ross and Stead (*Holderness Glossary*) give this game as follows:—"Two boys place an equal number of marbles in the form of a circle, which are then shot at alternately, each boy pocketing the marbles he hits." Addy (*Sheffield Glossary*) says, "Ring-taw" is a marble marked with a red ring used in the game of marbles. This is commonly called "ring" for short. Evans (*Leicestershire Glossary*) describes the game much the same as above, but adds some further details of interest. "If the game be knuckle-up the player stands and shoots in that position. If the game be knuckle-down he must stoop and shoot with the knuckle of the first finger touching the ground at taw. In both cases, however, the player's toe must be on taw. The line was thus called taw as marking the place for the toe of the player, and the marble a taw as being the one shot from the taw-line, in contradistinction to those placed passively in

the ring-‘line’ in the one case, and ‘marble’ in the other being dropped as superfluous.”—Strutt (*Sports and Pastimes*, p. 384) alludes to the game.

In Ireland this game is also called “Ring,” and is played with marbles and buttons. A ring is marked out on a level hard place, and every boy puts down a button. The buttons are lightly struck in the centre of the ring, and all play their marbles to the buttons. The nearest to them play first. The line from which they play is generally about eight feet away, and everybody does his best to strike the buttons. Any put out are kept by the boy putting them out, and if a boy strikes a button, or buttons, out, he can play on until he misses.—Waterville, Cos. Kerry and Cork, T. J. Dennachy (through Mrs. B. B. Green of Dublin).

Rin-im-o'er

A game among children, in which one stands in the middle of a street, road, or lane, while others run across it within a certain given distance from the person so placed, and whose business it is to catch one in passing, when he is released, and the captive takes his place.—Teviotdale (Jamieson's *Dictionary*).

It nearly resembles “Willie Wastle.”

Robbing the Parson's Hen-Roost

This game is played by every player, except one (the questioner), choosing a word, and introducing it into his phrase whenever he gives an answer. For example, X, Y, and Z have chosen the words elephant, key-hole, and mouse-trap.

Questioner. “What did you steal from the parson's hen-roost?”

X. “An elephant.”

Q. “How did you get into the hen-roost?”

Y. “Through the key-hole.”

Q. “Where did you put what was stolen?”

Z. “Into a mouse-trap.”

And so on with the other players.—Lincoln [generally known] (Miss M. Peacock).

The players choose a name, and another player asks them questions, beginning with, "The Parson's hen-roost was robbed last night, were you there?" To all questions each player must answer by repeating his own name only: if he forgets and says, "Yes" or "No," he has to take the questioner's place.—Haxey, Lincolnshire (Mr. C. C. Bell).

Rockety Row

A play in which two persons stand with their backs to each other, one passing his arms under the shoulders of the other, they alternately lift each other from the ground.—Jamieson's *Dictionary*.

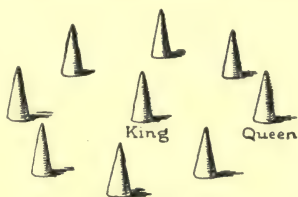
See "Bag o' Malt," "Weigh the Butter."

Roll up Tobacco

See "Bulliheisle," "Eller Tree," "Wind up the Bush Faggot."

Roly-poly

A game played with a certain number of pins and a ball, resembling half a cricket ball. One pin is placed in the centre, the rest (with the exception of one called the Jack) are placed in a circle round it; the Jack is placed about a foot or so from the circle, in a line with the one in the circle and the one in the centre. The



centre one is called the King, the one between that and the Jack, the Queen. The King counts for three, the Queen two, and each of the other pins for one each, except Jack. The art of the game lies in bowling down all the pins except Jack, for if Jack is bowled down, the player has just so many deducted from his former score as would have been added if he had not struck the Jack (Holloway's *Dict. Provincialisms*). This game was formerly called "Half-bowl," and was prohibited by a statute of Edward IV. (Halliwell's *Dictionary*). Brockett (*North Country Words and*

Phrases) says it is a game played at fairs and races. It is, under the name of "Kayles," well described and illustrated by Strutt (*Sports and Pastimes*, p. 270, 271), which is reproduced here. It will be seen that Jamieson describes it as played with a pole or cudgel. He says this game no doubt gave origin to the modern one of "Nine-pins;" though primitively the Kayle-pins do not appear to have been confined to any certain number nor shape. . . . The Kayle-pins appear to have been placed in one row only. He also says that "Half-bowl," played in Hertfordshire, was called "Roly-poly."



Jamieson (*Dictionary*) gives this as "Rollie-poly," a game of nine-pins, called also *Kayles*. The name "Rollie-poly" was given to it because it was played with a pole, or cudgel, by which the pins were knocked over. In the West of Scotland, where this game was in great repute in olden times, it formed one of the chief sports of Fastern's-e'en, and was a favourite amusement at fairs and races. The awards for successful throwing were generally in the form of small cakes of gingerbread, which were powerful incentives to the game, and never failed to attract players in response to the cry, "Wha'll try the lucky Kayles?"

Ronin the Bee

A rude game. A cazzie, or cassie, is unexpectedly thrown over the head of a person. When thus blindfolded he is pressed down, and buckets of water are thrown upon the cassie till the victim is thoroughly saturated.—Jamieson's *Dictionary*.

See "Carrying the Queen a Letter," "Ezzeka."

Rosy Apple, Lemon and Pear

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- I. Rosy apple, lemon, or pear,
 Bunch of roses she shall wear;
 Gold and silver by her side,
 I know who will be the bride.
 Take her by her lily-white hand,
 Lead her to the altar;
 Give her kisses,—one, two, three,—
 Mrs. (child's name) daughter.
 —Hersham, Surrey (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 58).
- II. Rosy apple, lemon, and pear,
 A bunch of roses she shall wear;
 Gold and silver by her side,
 Choose the one shall be her bride.
 Take her by her lily-white hand,
 Lead her to the altar;
 Give her kisses,—one, two, three,—
 To old mother's runaway daughter.
 —Symondsbury, Dorsetshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 210).
- III. Rosy apple, lemon, and a pear,
 A bunch of ribbons she shall wear;
 Gold and silver by her side,
 I know who will be her bride.

Take her by the lily-white hand,
Lead her over the water ;
Give her kisses,—one, two, three,—
For Mrs. ——— daughter.

—Maxey, Northants. (Rev. W. D. Sweeting).

- IV. Rosy apple, lemon, and a pear,
Bunch of roses you shall wear ;
Gold and silver by your side,
I know who shall be a bride.
Take her by the lily-white hand,
Lead her 'cross the water ;
Give her kisses,—one, two, three,—
For Mrs. (So-and-so's) daughter.

—Deptford, Kent (Miss Chase).

- V. Rosie had an apple and a pear,
A bunch of roses she shall wear ;
Gold and silver by her side,
I knows who shall be her bride.
Take her by the lily-white hand,
Lead her across the water ;
Give her a kiss, and one, two, three,
Old Mother Sack-a-biddy's daughter !

—Ogbourne, Wilts. (H. S. May).

- VI. Rosy apples, mellow pears,
Bunch of roses she shall wear ;
Gold and silver by her side,
Tell me who shall be her bride.
Take her by her lily-white hand,
Lead her across the ocean ;
Give her a kiss, and one, two, three,
Mrs. ——— daughter.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- VII. A rosy apple, lemon, and a pear,
A bunch of roses she shall wear ;
Gold and silver by your side,
Choose the one to be your bride.

Take her by her lily-white hand,
 Lead her to the altar;
 Give her a kiss by one, two, three,
 Mrs. ——— daughter.
 —Cowes, I. of Wight (Miss E. Smith).

VIII. Roses up, and roses down,
 Roses in the garden;
 I wadna gie ye a bunch o' flowers
 For tenpence halfpenny farden.
 Take her by the lily-white hand,
 Lead her across the water;
 Gie her a kiss, and one, two, three,
 For she's a lady's daughter.
 —Berwickshire (A. M. Bell) *Antiquary*, xxx. 16.

IX. Maggie Littlejohn, fresh and fair,
 A bunch of roses in her hair;
 Gold and silver by her side,
 I know who is her bride.
 Take her by the lily-white hand,
 Lead her over the water;
 Give her kisses,—one, two, three,—
 For she's a lady's daughter.
 Roses up, and roses down,
 And roses in the garden;
 I widna give a bunch of roses
 For twopence ha'penny farthing.
 —Rev. W. Gregor.

X. Roses up, and roses down,
 And roses in the garden;
 I widna gie a bunch o' roses
 For tippence ha'penny farden.
 So and so, fresh and fair,
 A bunch o' roses she shall wear;
 Gold and silver by her side,
 Crying out, "Cheese and bride" (bread).

Take her by the lily-white hand,
 Lead her on the water ;
 Give her kisses,—one, two, three,—
 For she's her mother's daughter.

—Fraserburgh (Rev. W. Gregor).

XI. Roses up, and roses down,
 And roses in the garden ;
 I wadna gie a bunch o' roses
 For twopence ha'penny farthin'.

———, fresh and fair,
 A bunch of roses she shall wear ;
 Gold and silver by her side,
 I know who's her bride.

Take her by the lily-white hand,
 And lead her o'er the water ;
 And give her kisses,—one, two, three,—
 For she's the princess' daughter.

—Cullen (Rev. W. Gregor).

XII. Maggie Black, fresh and fair,
 A bunch of roses she shall wear ;
 I know who I'll take.
 Give her kisses,—one, two, three,—
 For she's a lady's daughter.

Roses in, and roses out,
 Roses in a garden ;
 I would not give a bunch of roses
 For twopence halfpenny "farden."

—Nairn (Rev. W. Gregor).

(c) The players form a ring, one child stands in the centre, who chooses a sweetheart from the ring when the fifth line is sung; the two kiss, the first child takes her place in the ring, the second child remains in the centre, and the game begins again. This is the method adopted in most of the versions. The Symondsby game is slightly different; the first part is the same, but when the last line is sung the child who was first in the middle must run away and take a place in the ring as soon as she can. The second one remains in

the centre. The Maxey (Northants.) version is altogether different. All the children but one stand in a row. The one stands in front of them and sings the lines by herself; at the last line she selects one from the line by naming her. These two then sing the lines, "swinging round," so described by Mr. Sweeting's informant. They then select a third when singing the last line, and the three then swing round. This is repeated till all the children from the line come into the ring.

In the Scotch versions the players all stand in a line, with one in front, and sing. At the end of the fourth line the one in front chooses one from the line, and all again sing, mentioning the name of the one chosen (Fraserburgh). At Cullen, one child stands out of the line and goes backwards and forwards singing, then chooses her partner, and the two go round the line singing.

(d) A version which I collected in Barnes is not so perfect as those given here, only the four first lines being sung. A Kentish version sent me by Miss Broadwood is almost identical with the Deptford game. Miss Broadwood's version commences—

Rosy apple, miller, miller, pear.

An Ipswich version is almost identical with that of Hersham, Surrey (Lady C. Gurdon's *Suffolk County Folk-lore*, p. 64), except that it begins "Golden apple" and ends with the marriage formula—

Now you're married, I wish you joy,
 Father and mother you must obey;
 Love one another like sister and brother,
 And now's the time to kiss away.

(e) This game is probably derived from the mode of dressing the bride in the marriage ceremony, and is not very ancient. The line "Lead her to the altar" probably indicates the earliest version, corrupted later into "Lead her across the water," and this would prove a comparatively modern origin. If, however, the "altar" version is a corruption of the "water" version, the game may go back to the pre-Christian marriage ceremony, but of this there is little evidence.

Roundabout, or Cheshire Round

This is danced by two only, one of each sex; after leading off into the middle of an imaginary circle, and dancing a short time opposite to each other, the one strives by celerity of steps in the circumference of the circle to overtake and chase the other round it; the other in the meantime endeavouring to maintain an opposite situation by equal celerity in receding.—Roberts' *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, p. 46.

Halliwell gives Round, a kind of dance. "The round dance, or the dancing of the rounds."—*Nomenclator*, 1585, p. 299. There was a sort of song or ballad also so called.—*Dict. Provincialisms*.

Round and Round the Village



—Barnes, Surrey (A. B. Gomme).



—Hanbury, Staff. (Edith Hollis).

- I. Round and round the village,
Round and round the village;
Round and round the village,
As we have done before.

In and out the windows,
In and out the windows;
In and out the windows,
As we have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover;
Stand and face your lover,
As we have done before.

Follow her to London,
Follow her to London;
Follow her to London,
As we have done before.

Kiss her before you leave her,
Kiss her before you leave her;
Kiss her before you leave her,
As we have done before.

—Barnes, Surrey (taken down from children
of village school—A. B. Gomme).

II. Round and round the village,
Round and round the village;
Round and round the village,
As you have done before.

In and out the window,
In and out the window;
In and out the window,
As you have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover;
Stand and face your lover,
As you have done before.

—Deptford, Kent (Miss Chase).

III. Round and round the village,
In and out of the window;
Stand and face your lover,
As you have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover;
Oh, stand and face your lover,
As you have done before.

Follow me to London,
Follow me to London ;
Oh, follow me to London,
As you have done before.

—Wakefield, Yorks. (Miss Fowler).

- IV. Round and round the village,
In and out of the window ;
Stand and face your lover,
As you have done before ;
Oh, stand and face your lover,
As you have done before, O.

Follow me to London,
Follow me to London ;
Follow me to London,
As you have done before.

—Winterton and Bottesford, Lincolnshire
(Miss M. Peacock).

- V. Round and round the village,
Round and round the village ;
Round and round the village,
As you have done before.

In and out the windows,
In and out the windows ;
In and out the windows,
As you have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover ;
Stand and face your lover,
As you have done before.

Shake hands with your lover,
Shake hands with your lover ;
Shake hands with your lover,
As you have done before.

—From girls of Clapham High School
(Miss F. D. Richardson).

VI. Out and in the villages,
Out and in the villages ;
Out and in the villages,
As you have done before.
Out and in the windows,
Out and in the windows ;
Out and in the windows,
As you have done before.
Stand before your lover,
Stand before your lover ;
Stand before your lover,
As you have done before.

—Cullen (Rev. W. Gregor).

VII. Go round and round the village,
Go round and round the village,
As we have done before.

Go in and out the window,
Go in and out the window,
As we have done before.

Come in and face your lover,
Come in and face your lover,
As we have done before.

I measure my love to show you,
I measure my love to show you,
As we have done before.

I kneel because I love you,
I kneel because I love you,
As we have done before.

Follow me to London,
Follow me to London,
As we have done before.

Back again to Westerham,
Back again to Westerham,
As we have done before.

—Crockham Hill, Kent (Miss Chase).

VIII. Walking round the village,
Walking round the village ;
Walking round the village,
As we have done before.

In and out the windows,
In and out the windows ;
In and out the windows,
As you have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover ;
Stand and face your lover,
As you have done before.

Now they go off courting,
Now they go off courting ;
Now they go off courting,
As they have done before.

Chase her back to Scotland,
Chase her back to Scotland ;
Chase her back to Scotland,
As you have done before.

—Penzance, Cornwall (Mrs. Mabbott).

IX. Round about the village,
Round about the village ;
Round about the village,
As you have done before.

In and out of the windows,
In and out of the windows ;
In and out of the windows,
As you have done before.

I stand before my lover,
I stand before my lover ;
I stand before my lover,
As I have done before.

Follow me to London,
Follow me to London;
Follow me to London,
As you have done before.

Dance away to Fairyland,
Dance away to Fairyland;
Dance away to Fairyland,
As we have done before.

—Stevenage, Herts. (Mrs. Lloyd, taught to a
friend's children by a nurse from Stevenage).

X. All round the village,
All round the village;
All round the village,
As we have done before.

In and out of the window,
In and out of the window;
In and out of the window,
As we have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover;
Stand and face your lover,
As we have done before.

Kiss her if you love her,
Kiss her if you love her;
Kiss her if you love her,
As we have done before.

Take her off to London,
Take her off to London;
Take her off to London,
As we have done before.

—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (Herbert Hardy).

XI. All round the village,
All round the village;
All round the village,
As you have done before.

In and out the windows,
 In and out the windows ;
 In and out the windows,
 As you have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
 Stand and face your lover ;
 Stand and face your lover,
 As you have done before.

Follow her to London,
 Follow her to London ;
 Follow her to London,
 As you have done before.

—Teane, North Staffs. (from a Monitor in
 the School).

XII. Round and round the village, &c.,
 As you have done before.

In and out the windows, as you have done before.

Stand and face your lover, &c.

Follow me to London, &c.

—Roxton, St. Neots (Miss E. Lumley).

XIII. Out and in the windows,
 Out and in the windows ;
 Out and in the windows,
 As you have done before.

Stand before your lover,
 Stand before your lover ;
 Stand before your lover,
 As you have done before.

Follow her to London,
 Follow her to London ;
 Follow her to London,
 Before the break of day.

—Fraserburgh (Rev. W. Gregor).

XIV. In and out of the window,
In and out of the window ;
In and out of the window,
As you have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover ;
Stand and face your lover,
As you have done before.

Give me a kiss, my darling,
Give me a kiss, my darling ;
Give me a kiss, my darling,
As you have done before.

Follow me to London,
Follow me to London ;
Follow me to London,
As you have done before.

—Hanbury, Staffordshire (Miss E. Hollis).

XV. Marching round the ladies,
Marching round the ladies, as you have done before.
In and out the windows,
In and out the windows, as you have done before.
Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover, as you have done before.
Follow me to London,
Follow me to London, as you have done before.
Bring me back to Belfast,
Bring me back to Belfast, as you have done before.

—Belfast, Ireland (W. R. Patterson).

XVI. Come gather again on the old village green,
Come young and come old, who once children have been.
Such frolics and games as ne'er before were seen,
We join in riots and play [? riotous].
Take her off to London,
Take her off to London,
Take her off to London.

In and out the windows,
 In and out the windows ;
 In and out the windows,
 As you have gone before.

Round about the village,
 Round about the village ;
 Round about the village,
 As you have gone before.

Soon we will get married,
 Soon we will get married ;
 Soon we will get married,
 And never more depart.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

XVII. Three jolly sailor boys
 Lately come ashore,
 Spend their time in drinking lager wine,
 As they have done before.

We go round, and round, and round,
 As we have done before ;
 And this is a girl, and a very pretty girl,
 A kiss for kneeling there.

Go in and out the window,
 Go in and out the window ;
 Go in and out the window,
 As we have done before.

Follow me to London,
 Follow me to London ;
 Follow me to London,
 As we have done before.

Go back and face your lover,
 Go back and face your lover ;
 Go back and face your lover,
 As we have done before.

—Brigg (from a Lincolnshire friend of Miss J. Barker).

XVIII. Up and down the valley,
Up and down the valley;
Up and down the valley,
As I have done before.

In and out the window,
In and out the window;
In and out the window,
As I have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover;
Stand and face your lover,
As I have done before.

Follow me to London,
Follow me to London;
Follow me to London,
As I have done before.

—Settle, Yorks. (Rev. W. S. Sykes).

XIX. In and out the willows,
In and out the willows;
In and out the willows,
As you have done before.

Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover;
Stand and face your lover,
As you have done before.

Follow me to London,
Follow me to London;
Follow me to London,
As you have done before.

—West Grinstead, Sussex (*Notes and Queries*,
8th Series, i. 249, Miss Busk).

(c) The children join hands and form a ring with one child standing outside. The ring stands perfectly still throughout this game and sings the verses, the action being confined to at first one child, and then to two together. During the singing of

the first verse the outside child dances round the ring on the outside. When the ring commences to sing the second verse the children hold up their arms to form arches, and the child who has been running round outside runs into the ring under one pair of joined hands, and out again under the next pair of arms, continuing this "in and out" movement until the third verse is commenced. The child should try and run in and

Fig 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4



Fig. 5



out under all the joined hands. At the third verse the child stops in the ring and stands facing one, whom she chooses for her lover, until the end of the verse; the chosen child then leaves the ring, followed by the first child, and they walk round the ring, or they walk away a little distance, returning at the commencement of next verse. In the first three versions the second child is chased back and caught by the first child. In the Clapham version the two shake hands in the last verse.

The Barnes version has kissing for its finale. The Hanbury also has kissing, but it precedes the following to London. In the Brigg, Lincolnshire (Miss Barker), a child stands in the middle and points with her finger to each one she passes; finally selects one, who leaves the ring and kneels in front of the girl in the middle. At the end of the second verse the kneeling child gets up and the first child goes in and out under the arms of the players, followed by the other. At the fourth they reverse and go back under the arms in the opposite direction, finally stopping in the middle of the ring, when another child is chosen and the first one in goes out. In the Winterton and Bottesford versions (Miss Peacock), at the words "Stand and face your lover," the child who has been going "in and out" stands before the one she chooses, beckons to her, and sings the next verse. Then the chosen one chases her until she can catch her. In the Crockham Hill version (Miss Chase) the love is measured out with a handkerchief three times, and after kneeling in the road, the chosen partner follows round the ring and reverses for the return.

(d) The analysis of the game-rhymes is on pp. 134-39. This shows that we are dealing with a game which represents a village, and also the houses in it. The village only disappears in six out of the twenty versions. In three of these (Hanbury, Fraserburgh, and West Grinstead) the line has gone altogether. In the fourth (Lincolnshire) it becomes "Round and round and round," no mention being made of the village. In the fifth (Belfast) the line has become "Marching round the ladies." In the sixth (Settle) it has become "Up and down the valley," which also occurs in another imperfect version, of which a note was sent me by Miss Matthews from the Forest of Dean, where the line has become "Round and round the valley." The substitution of "ladies" for "village" is very significant as evidence that the game, like all its compeers, is in a declining stage, and is, therefore, not the invention of modern times. The idea of a circle of children representing a village would necessarily be the first to die out if the game was no longer supported by the influence of any custom it might represent. The line of decadence

No.	Cornwall, Penzance.	Kent, Crockham Hill.	Herts, Stevenage.	Yorks, Earls Heaton.	N. Staffordshire, Tean.	Surrey, Clapham.	Lincolnshire.
1.	—	—	—	—	—	—	Three jolly sailor boys.
2.	Walking round the village.	Go round and round the village.	Round about the village.	All round the vil- lage	All round the vil- lage.	Round and round the village.	—
3.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5.	—	—	—	—	—	—	We go round and round and round.
6.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7.	As we have done before.	As we have done before.	As you have done before.	As we have done before.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	As we have done before.
8.	—	—	—	—	—	—	And this a girl and a very pretty girl.
9.	—	—	—	—	—	—	A kiss for kneeling here.
10.	In and out the win- dows.	Go in and out the windows.	In and out of the windows.	In and out of the window.	In and out the window.	In and out the window.	Go in and out the window.
11.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	As you have done before.	As we have done before.	As you have done before.	As we have done before.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	As we have done before.
13.	Stand and face your lover.	—	Stand before my lover.	Stand and face your lover.	Stand and face your lover.	Stand and face your lover.	—
14.	—	Come in and face your lover.	—	—	—	—	—
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	Go back and face your lover.
16.	As you have done before.	As we have done before.	As I have done before.	As we have done before.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	As we have done before.

17.	Now they go off courting.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18.	I measure my love to show you.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23.	As they have done before.	As we have done before.	—	—	—	—	—	—
24.	—	I kneel because I love you.	—	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	As we have done before.	—	—	—	—	—	—
26.	Chase her back to Scotland.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27.	—	Follow me to London.	Follow me to London.	—	—	—	—	Follow me to London.
28.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29.	As you have done before.	As we have done before.	As you have done before.	—	—	—	—	As we have done before.
30.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31.	—	Back again to West-terham.	—	—	—	—	—	—
32.	—	—	Dance away to fairyland.	—	—	—	—	—
33.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
34.	—	As we have done before.	As we have done before.	—	—	—	—	—

ROUND AND ROUND THE VILLAGE

No.	Surrey, Barnes.	Norfolk, Spout.	Staffordshire, Hanbury.	Belfast.	Wakefield	Lincolnshire, Winterton.	Deptford.
1.	—	Come gather again on the old village green.	—	—	—	—	—
2.	Round and round the village.	Round about the village.	—	—	Round and round the village.	Round and round the village.	Round and round the village.
3.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6.	—	—	—	Marching round the ladies, As you have done before.	—	—	—
7.	As we have done before.	As you have done before.	—	—	—	—	As you have done before.
8.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10.	In and out the win- dows.	In and out the win- dows.	In and out of the windows.	In and out the windows.	In and out of the window.	In and out of the window.	In and out the win- dows.
11.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	As we have done before.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	—	—	As you have done before.
13.	Stand and face your lover.	—	Stand and face your lover.	Stand and face your lover.	Stand and face your lover.	Stand and face your lover.	Stand and face your lover.
14.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	As we have done before.	—	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.

17.	—	—	—	—	—	—
18.	—	—	—	—	—	—
19.	Kiss her before you leave her,	—	—	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—	—	—
21.	—	Soon we will get married.	—	—	—	—
22.	—	Give me a kiss, my darling. As you have done before.	—	—	—	—
23.	As we have done before.	—	—	—	—	—
24.	—	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	—	—	—	—	—
26.	—	—	—	—	—	—
27.	Follow her to Lon- don.	—	Follow me to Lon- don.	—	Follow me to Lon- don.	—
28.	—	Take her off to Lon- don.	—	—	—	—
29.	As we have done before.	—	As you have done before.	—	As you have done before.	—
30.	—	—	—	—	—	—
31.	—	—	—	—	—	—
32.	—	—	—	—	—	—
33.	—	—	Bring me back to Belfast. As you have done before.	—	—	—
34.	—	—	—	—	—	—

No.	Cullen.	Roxton.	Fraserburgh.	Settle.	West Grinstead.
1.	—	—	—	—	—
2.	—	Round and round the village.	—	—	—
3.	—	—	—	Up and down the valley.	—
4.	Out and in the villages.	—	—	—	—
5.	—	—	—	—	—
6.	—	—	—	—	—
7.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	—	As I have done before.	—
8.	—	—	—	—	—
9.	—	—	—	—	—
10.	Out and in the windows.	In and out the windows.	Out and in the windows.	In and out the window.	In and out the windows.
11.	—	—	—	—	—
12.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	As you have done before.	As I have done before.	As you have done before.
13.	Stand before your lover.	Stand and face your lover.	Stand before your lover.	Stand and face your lover.	Stand and face your lover.
14.	—	—	—	—	—
15.	—	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	As you have done before.	As I have done before.	As you have done before.

17.	—	—	—	—
18.	—	—	—	—
19.	—	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—
21.	—	—	—	—
22.	—	—	—	—
23.	—	—	—	—
24.	—	—	—	—
25.	—	—	—	—
26.	—	—	—	—
27.	—	Follow me to London.	Follow her to London.	Follow me to London.
28.	—	—	—	—
29.	—	—	—	As I have done before.
30.	—	—	Before the break of day.	As you have done before.
31.	—	—	—	—
32.	—	—	—	—
33.	—	—	—	—
34.	—	—	—	—

becomes in this way an important argument for the discovery of the original form.

The next incident, No. 10 of the analysis, goes through all the games except one (West Grinstead), where the very obvious corruption of "willows" for "windows" occurs. This incident takes us to the houses of the village; and thus the two lines show us a procession, first, going round outside the boundary of the village, and, secondly, proceeding in serpentine fashion through the houses. Incident 13 has a few variations which do not point to anything more than verbal alteration, due to the changes which have occurred in the conception of the game. Incidents 17 to 22 are not constant to all the versions, and their variations are of an unimportant character. Incident 27 is an important element in the game. The prevalence of London as the place of assignation is probably due to the influence of that city in the popular mind; but the real significance seems to be that the lover-husband follows his bride to her own village. In only two versions is this incident varied (No. 28) to indicate that the husband took his wife with him, and only three versions have dropped out the incident altogether.

Abnormal incidents occur in only seven versions, and they are not of great significance. The Lincolnshire and Sporle versions have a line of general introduction (No. 1) before the game proper begins. Incidents 8 and 9 occur only in the Lincolnshire version, and do not disturb the general movement beyond indicating that the game has become, or is becoming, an indoor game. Incident 21 is obviously a modern line. Nos. 26 and 31 suggest a chase after a fugitive pair which, as they do not occur in other versions, must be considered as later introductions, belonging, however, to the period when runaway marriages were more frequent than they are now, and thus taking us back to, at least, the beginning of this century; while the significant and pretty variant No. 32 shows that the game has lost touch with the actual life of the people. No. 30 in the Fraserburgh version has a suspicious likeness to a line in the American song "I'm off to Charlestown," but as it occurs only in this one version it cannot count as an important element in the history of the game.

(e) Miss Matthews notes a Forest of Dean version. The children form a ring, singing, "Round and round the valley, where we have been before," while one child walks round the outside. Then they stand with uplifted hands, joined together, and sing, "In and out of the windows, as we have done before," while the child threads her way in and out of the ring. Then they sing, "Stand and face your lover, as we have done before;" the child then stands in the centre of the ring and faces some one, whom she afterwards touches, and who succeeds her. A version from North Derbyshire (Mr. S. O. Addy) is practically the same as the Tean, North Staffs. version, except that the third verse is "Run to meet your lover," instead of "Stand and face your lover." The first child, during the singing of the third verse, walks round outside the ring, and touches one she chooses, who then runs away. While the fourth verse is being sung she is chased and caught, and the game begins again with the second child walking round the village. So far as Lancashire is concerned, Miss Dendy says, "I have no good evidence as yet that it is a Lancashire play. I think it has been imported here by board-school mistresses from other counties."

(f) The burden of this game-rhyme is undoubtedly the oldest part that has been preserved to modern times. It runs through all the versions without exception, though variations in the other lines is shown by the analysis to occur. The words of the line, "As we have done before," convey the idea of a recurring event, and inasmuch as that event is undoubtedly marriage, it seems possible to suggest that we have here a survival of the periodical village festival at which marriages took place. If the incidents in the game compare closely with incidents in village custom, the necessary proof will be supplied, and we will first examine how far the words of the rhyme and the action of the game supply us with incidents; and, secondly, how far these incidents have been kept up in the village custom.

There is nothing in the words to suggest that the incidents which the game depicts belong to a fixed time, but it is an important fact that they are alluded to as having previously taken place. If, then, we have eventually to compare the game

with a fixed periodical custom, we can at least say that the rhymes, though not suggesting this, do not oppose it.

This game belongs to the group of "custom games." The first characteristic which suggests this is that the children, who join hands and form a circle, are always stationary, and do not move about as in dance games. To the minds of the children who play the game, each child in the circle represents something other than human beings, and this "something" is indicated in the first and second verses, which speak of the "windows," of houses, and a journey round "a village." In this game, too, the children, who thus represent a village, also act as "chorus," for they describe in the words they sing the various actions of those who are performing their parts, as in the game of "Old Roger."

With this evidence from the game itself, without reference to anything outside, it is possible to turn to custom to ascertain if there is anything still extant which might explain the origin of the game. Children copy the manners and customs of their elders. If they saw a custom periodically and often practised with some degree of ceremonial and importance, they would in their own way act in play what their elders do seriously.

Such a custom is the perambulation of boundaries, often associated with festive dances, courtship, and marriage. More particularly indicative of the origin of the game is the Helston Furry Dance—"About the middle of the day the people collect together to dance hand-in-hand round the streets, to the sound of the fiddler playing a particular tune, which they continue to do till it is dark. This is called a 'Faddy.' In the afternoon the gentility go to some farmhouse in the neighbourhood to drink tea, syllabab, &c., and return in a morrice-dance to the town, where they form a Faddy and dance through the streets till it is dark, claiming a right of going through any person's house, in at one door and out at the other."—*Gent. Mag. Lib. Manners and Customs*, p. 217. "In one, if not more, of the villages," says Mr. Gregor (*Folk-lore N.E. Scotland*, p. 98), "when the marriage takes place in the home of the bride the whole of the marriage party makes the circuit of the village."

In South-Eastern Russia, on the eve of marriage the bride goes the round of the village, throwing herself on her knees before the head of each house. In an Indian custom the bride and bridegroom are conveyed in a particular "car" around the village.—Gomme, *Folk-lore Relics*, pp. 214, 215. According to Valle, a sixteenth century traveller, "At night the married couples passed by, and, according to their mode, went round about the city with a numerous company.—Valle's *Travels in India* (Hakluyt Soc.), p. 31.*

In these marriage customs there is ample evidence to suggest that the Indo-European marriage-rite contained just such features as are represented in this game, and the changes from rite to popular custom, from popular custom to children's game, do much to suggest consideration of the evidence that folk-lore supplies.

This game is not mentioned by Halliwell or Chambers, nor, so far as I am aware, has it been previously printed or recorded in collections of English games. It appears in America as "Go round and round the Valley" (Newell, *Games*, p. 128).

See "Thread the Needle."

Round and Round went the Gallant Ship

- I. Round and round went the gallant, gallant ship,
And round and round went she ;
Round and round went the gallant, gallant ship,
Till she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
Till she sank to the bottom of the sea.

All go down as the ship sinks. —Cullen (Rev. W. Gregor).

- II. Three times round goes our gallant ship,
And three times round went she ;
Three times round went our gallant ship,
Then she sank to the bottom of the sea.

As the players all "bob" down they cry out "the sea, the sea, the sea."

—Aberdeen Training College
(Rev. W. Gregor).

* Among the Ovahereri tribe, at the end of the festive time, the newly-married pair take a walk to visit all the houses of the "Werst." The husband goes first and the wife closely follows him.—*South African Folk-lore Journal*, i. 50.

Round Tag

A large ring is formed, two deep, with wide right and left hand intervals between each couple, and one child stands in the ring and another outside. When the play begins the child in the middle runs and places herself in front of one of the groups of two, thus forming a group of three. Thereupon the third child, that is, the one standing on the outer ring, has to run and try to get a place in front of another two before the one outside the ring can catch her. Then she who is at the back of this newly-formed three must be on the alert not to be caught, and must try in her turn to gain



a front place. The one catching has all along to keep outside the ring, but those trying to escape her may run in and out and anywhere; whoever is caught has to take the catcher's place.—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

This game, called "Short Terrace" at East Kirkby, is played in the same way as that described from Sporle, with the exception that three players stand together instead of one in the centre to start the game. The player who stands immediately outside the circle is called the "clapper;" it is his object to *hit* the player who stands behind two others.—East Kirkby, Lincolnshire (Miss K. Maughan).

"Twos and Threes" is the name by which this game is

known in Hampshire, Monton in Lancashire (Miss Dendy), and other places. It is played in precisely the same manner as at Sporle.

Halliwell's *Dictionary* says of this game as played in Devon, "A round game, in which they all stand in a ring."

See "Tag."

Rounders

This is a boys' game. A round area is marked out by boundary sticks, and at a chosen point of the boundary the base is fixed. This is marked out independently of the boundary, but inside it. Sides are then chosen. One side are the "ins," and strike the ball; the other side are the "outs," and deliver the ball, scout, and endeavour to get their opponents, the "ins," out as soon as possible. The ball (an indiarubber one) is delivered by the "feeder," by pitching it to a player, who stands inside the base armed with a short stick. The player endeavours to strike the ball as far away as possible from the fielders or scouts. As soon as the ball is struck away he runs from the base to the first boundary stick, then to the second, and so on. His opponents in the meantime secure the ball and endeavour to hit him with it as he is running from stage to stage. If he succeeds in running completely round the boundary before the ball is returned it counts as one rounder. If he is hit he is out of the game. He can stay at any stage in the boundary as soon as the ball is in hand, getting home again when the next player of his own side has in turn hit the ball away. When a ball is returned the feeder can bounce it within the base, and the player cannot then run to any new stage of the boundary until after the ball has again been hit away by another player. If a player misses a ball when endeavouring to strike at it he has two more chances, but at the third failure he is bound to run to the first boundary stick and take his chance of being hit with the ball. If a ball is caught the whole side is out at once; otherwise, the side keeps in until either all the players have been hit out with the ball or until the base is crowned. This can be done by bouncing the ball in the base whenever there is no player there to receive the delivery from the feeder.

When a complete rounder is obtained, the player has the privilege either of counting the rounder to the credit of his side, or of ransoming one of the players who have been hit out, who then takes his part in the game as before. When all but one of the players are "out," this last player in hitting the ball must hit it away so as to be able to make a rounder, and return to the base before his opponents get back the ball to crown the base.

An elaborate form of this game has become the national game of the United States.

Rounds

See "Roundabout."

Row-chow-Tobacco

See "Bulliheisle," "Eller Tree," "Snail Creep," "Wind up the Bush Faggot."

Rowland-Ho

A Christmas game.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Rumps

A game with marbles [undescribed].—Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary*.

Rusty

A boys' game, exactly the same as "Ships."—Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.

Sacks

A number of children place their closed fists on top of one another in a pile. The leader asks, pointing to the topmost fist, "What's in that sack?" Answer, Potatoes, or anything the child chooses. The leader tips it off with her finger, saying, "Knock it away," and so to the very undermost fist, when she asks, "What's in this sack?" The answer must be, "Bread and cheese;" and then the following dialogue takes place:—

Where's my share?

The mouse eat it.

Where's the mouse?

The cat killed it.

Where's the cat ?
The dog worried it.
Where's the dog ?
The cow tossed it.
Where's the cow ?
The butcher killed it.
Where's the butcher ?
Behind the door.

And who ever speaks the first word shall get a sound round box on the ear.—Co. Cork (Mrs. B. B. Green).

Saddle the Nag

An equal number of players is chosen on each side. Two chiefs are chosen by lot. One of the chiefs takes his stand by a wall, and all his party bend their backs, joined in a line. One of the opposite side leaps on the back of the one farthest from the one standing at the wall, and tries to make his way over the backs of all the stooping boys, up to the one standing. Those stooping move and wriggle to cast him off, and if they succeed in doing so, he stands aside till all his side have tried. When all have tried and none succeed in crowning the one standing, the sides change. If one or more succeed, then each such has a second chance before the sides change. Each side commonly has six chances. The side that succeeds in oftenest touching the chief's head wins the game.—Dyke (Rev. W. Gregor).

See "Skin the Goatie."

Saggy

A game with marbles [undescribed].—Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary*.

Sailor Lad

A sailor lad and a tailor lad,
And they were baith for me ;
I wid raither tack the sailor lad,
And lat the tailor be.

What can a tailor laddie dee
Bit sit and sew a cloot,
When the bonnie sailor laddie
Can turn the ship aboot.

He can turn her east, and he can turn her west,
He can turn her far awa';
He aye tells me t' keep up my hairt
For the time that he's awa'.

I saw 'im lower his anchor,
I saw 'im as he sailed;
I saw 'im cast his jacket
To try and catch a whale.

He skips upon the planestanes,
He sails upon the sea;
A fancy man wi' a curly pow
Is aye the boy for me,
Is aye the boy for me;
A fancy man wi' a curly pow
Is aye the boy for me.

He daurna brack a biscuit,
He daurna smoke a pipe;
He daurna kiss a bonnie lass
At ten o'clock at night.

I can wash a sailor's shirt,
And I can wash it clean;
I can wash a sailor's shirt,
And bleach it on the green.
Come a-rinkle-tinkle, fal-a-la, fal-a-la,
Aboun a man-o'-war.

—Rosehearty (Rev. W. Gregor).

A circle is formed by joining hands. They dance round and sing. Sometimes at Rosehearty two play the game by the one taking hold of the other's left hand with her right.

Sally go Round the Moon

Sally go round the moon,
 Sally go round the stars;
 Sally go round the moon
 On a Sunday afternoon.

—Deptford, Kent (Miss E. Chase).

Three or more girls take hold of hands, forming a ring; as they spin round they sing the lines. They then reverse and run round in the other direction with an *O!* or repeat over again.

This game is mentioned in the *Church Reformer*, by the Rev. S. D. Headlam, as one being played at Hoxton, but no account of how the game is played is given.

Sally Water

—Yorkshire (Mr. H. Hardy).



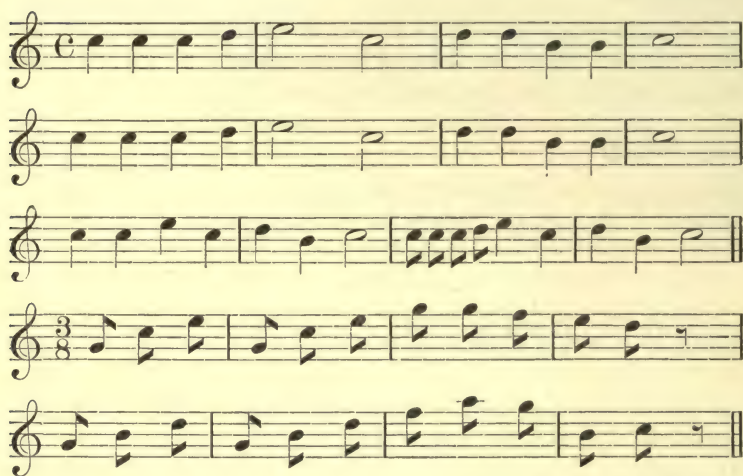
—Lancashire (Miss Dendy).



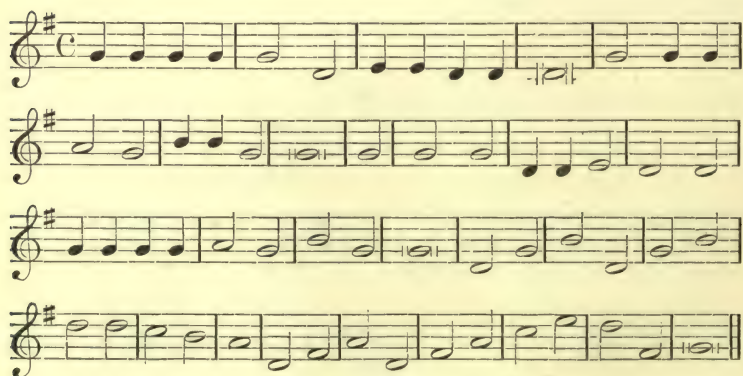
—Enborne (Miss Kimber).



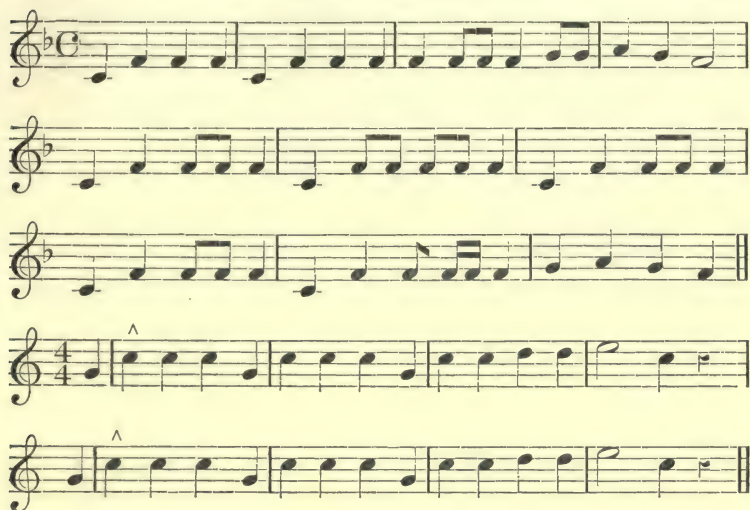
Welford (Mrs. Stephen Batson).



—Liverpool (Mr. C. C. Bell).



Biddgelert, Wales (Mrs. Williams).



—Nottingham (Miss Youngman).

- I. Sally, Sally Water,
 Sprinkle in the pan ;
 Rise, Sally, rise, Sally,
 And choose a young man.
 Choose [or bow] to the east,
 Choose [or bow] to the west,
 And choose [or bow to] the pretty girl [or young man]
 That you love best.

[Another version has :

Choose for the best one,
 Choose for the worst one,
 Choose for the pretty girl
 That you love best.]

And now you're married I wish you joy ;
 First a girl and then a boy ;
 Seven years after son and daughter ;
 And now, young people, jump over the water."

—Symondsburys, Dorsetshire (*Folk-lore
 Journal*, vii. 207).

- II. Sally, Sally Walker, sprinkle water in the pan ;
 Rise, Sally, rise, Sally, and seek your young man ;
 Turn to the east and turn to the west,
 And choose the one that you love best.

Now you're married we wish you joy,
 First a girl and then a boy,
 Seven years after a son and a daughter,
 So young lovers kiss together.

—Chudleigh Knighton, Devon (Henderson's *Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*, p. 27).

- III. Sally, Sally Water,
 Sprinkle in the pan ;
 Hi ! Sally ; Ho ! Sally,
 Choose a young man ;
 Choose for the best,
 Choose for the worst,
 Choose for the very one you love best.

Now you're married we wish you joy,
 First a girl and then a boy,
 Seven years after sister and brother ;
 Kiss each other and come out of the water.

—Somersetshire, *Notes and Queries*, 8th series,
 i. 249 (Miss R. H. Busk).

- IV. Sally Waters, Sally Waters, come sprinkle in the pan ;
 Rise, Sally ; rise, Sally, for a young man !
 Choose for the best, choose for the worst,
 Choose for the very one you love the best.

Now you are married, we wish you joy ;
 First a girl and then a boy,
 Seven years afterwards son and daughter ;
 Pray, young couple, kiss together.

—London version (Miss Dendy).

- V. Sally, Sally Walker,
 Sprinkling in a pan ;
 Rise, Sally ; rise, Sally,
 For a young man.

Come, choose from the east,
Come, choose from the west,
Come, choose out the very one
That you love best.

Now there's a couple
Married in joy ;
First a girl,
And then a boy.

Now you're married ;
You must obey
Every word
Your husband says.

Take a kiss
And walk away,
And remember the promise
You've made to-day.

—Fochabers (Rev. W. M'Gregor).

- VI. Sally, Sally Waters,
Sprinkled in the pan ;
Rise, Sally, rise, Sally,
For a young man,
Choose the best and choose the worst,
And choose the prettiest you love best.

—Welford, Berks (Mrs. Stephen Batson).

- VII. Sally, Sally Wallflower,
Sprinkled in the pan, &c.,
Now you're married, &c.,
On the carpet you shall kneel, &c.
—*Notes and Queries*, 5th series, iii.

- VIII. Sallie, Sallie Waters,
Sprinkled in a pan ;
Rise, Sallie, rise, Sally,
Choose a young man.
Choose the best, and
Choose the worst, and
Choose the one that you love best.

Now that you are married,
 I'm sure we wish you joy,
 First a girl, then a boy ;
 Seven years after,
 Son and daughter,
 Pray, young couple, come kiss together.

—Enborne, Berks ; Marlborough, Wilts ;
 Lewes, Sussex (Miss Kimber).

IX. Sally, Sally Waters,
 Sprinkle in a pan ;
 Cry, Sally, cry, Sally,
 For a young man.
 Come choose the worst,
 Come choose the best,
 Come choose the young man
 That you like the best.

And now you're married
 I wish yer good joy,
 Every year a girl and a boy.
 Come love one another
 Like sister and brother,
 And kiss together for joy.

Clash the bells,
 Clash the bells.

—Maxey, Northants ; and Suffolk (Rev. W. D. Sweeting).

X. Sally, Sally Water, sprinkle in the pan ;
 Rise, Sally, rise, Sally, for a young man.
 Pick and choose, but choose not me,
 Choose the fairest you can see.

Now Sally is married, we wish her much joy,
 First a girl and then a boy ;
 Seven years after a son and a daughter,
 Please to come and kiss together.

—Summertown, Oxford (A. H. Franklin in
Midland Garner, N. S. ii. 32).

- XI. Sally, Sally Waters, sprinkle in the pan ;
 Rise, Sally, rise, Sally, for a young man.
 Choose for the worst, choose for the best,¹
 Choose for the prettiest that you loves best.
 Now you are married, &c.

—Longcot, Berkshire, (Miss J. Barclay).

- XII. Sally, Sally Waters,
 Sprinkle in a pan ;
 Cry, Sally, cry, Sally,
 For a young man.

Rise up, Sally,
 Dry your tears ;
 Choose the one you love the best,
 Sally, my dear.

—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (Herbert Hardy).

- XIII. Sally, Sally Water, sprinkle in the pan,
 Is not —— a nice young man ? and
 Is not (girl's name) as good as he ?
 They shall be married if they can agree.
 I went to her house and I dropped a pin,
 I asked if Mrs. —— was in.
 She is not within, she is not without,
 She is up in the garret walking about.
 Down she comes as white as milk,
 With a rose in her bosom as soft as silk.
 She off with her glove and showed me her ring,
 To-morrow, to-morrow the wedding begins.

—Surrey (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 88).

- XIV. Sally, Sally Walker, come sprinkle your pan,
 For down in the meadows there's a nice young man ;
 Rise up, Sally, don't look sad,
 For you shall have a husband, good or bad.

¹ Redruth version—

Fly for the east, fly for the west,
 Fly for the very one you love best.

On the carpet you shall kneel
 Till the grass grows round your feet ;
 Stand up straightly on your feet,
 And choose the one you love so sweet.

Now Sally's married, we wish her joy,
 First a girl, then a boy ;
 If it's a boy, we'll buy him a cap,
 If it's a girl, we will buy her a hat.
 If one won't do, will buy you two,
 If two won't do, will buy you three,
 If three won't do, will get you four,
 If four won't do, will get no more,
 So kiss and shake hands, and come out.

—Tong, Shropshire (Miss C. F. Keary).

- XV. Sally, Sally Water, come sprinkle your pan (*or* plants),
 For down in the meadows there lies a young man.
 Rise, Sally, rise, and don't you look sad,
 For you shall have a husband, good or bad.
 Choose you one, choose you two,
 Choose the fairest you can see !

The fairest one as I can see,
 Is *Jenny Wood*, pray come to me !

Now you are married, I wish you good joy,
 First a girl and then a boy ;
 Seven years now, and seven to come,
 Take her and kiss her, and send her off home.

—*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 509.

- XVI. Sally, Sally Water (or Slauter),
 Come sprinkle in your can,
 Why do you get married
 To a foolish young man ?
 Pick the worst, and pick the best,
 And pick the one that you love best.

To a nice young man

So kiss and say good-bye.

[My informant forgets the rest.]

—Nottinghamshire (Miss M. Peacock).

- XVII. Sally Water, Sally Water,
 Come sprinkle your can,
 Why don't you rise, Sally,
 And choose a young man ?
 Come choose of the wisest,
 Come choose of the best,
 Come choose of the young man
 That lies in your breast.

—Gloucestershire and Warwickshire (Northall, 378).

- XVIII. Sally Water, Sally Water,
 Come, sprinkle your can ;
 Who do you lie mourning,
 All for a young man ?
 Come, choose of the wisest,
 Come, choose of the best,
 Come, choose of the young men
 The one you love best. —Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.

- XIX. Sally, Sally Salter,
 Sprinkle in some water ;
 Knock it in a mortar,
 And send it in a silver saucer
 To ——— door.
 —Stixwould, Lincolnshire, seventy years ago
 (Miss M. Peacock).

- XX. Sally Water, Sally Water,
 Springin' in a pan ;
 Cry, Sally, cry, Sally,
 For a young man ;
 Choose for the worst 'un,
 Choose for the best 'un,
 Choose the little gell 'at you love the best.

Now you're married
 I wish you joy;
 First a girl, and then a boy;
 Seven years after
 Son and daughter.
 Pray, young couple, come kiss together.
 —Wakefield, Yorkshire (Miss Fowler).

XXI. Sally, Sally Water,
 Come, water your can,
 Such a young lady before a young man;
 Rise, Sally Water,
 Don't look so sad,
 For you shall have a husband, good or bad.
 Now you're married we wish you joy;
 Father and mother, you need not cry;
 Kiss and kiss each other again;
 Now we're happy, let's part again.
 —Long Itchington, Warwickshire (*Northamptonshire
 Notes and Queries*, ii. 105).

XXII. Sally, Sally Slarter,
 Sitting by the water,
 Crying out and weeping
 For a young man.
 Rise, Sally, rise,
 Dry up your eyes;
 Turn to the east,
 Turn to the west,
 Turn to the young man
 That you love the best.
 So now you've got married
 I hope you'll enjoy
 Your sons and your daughters,
 So kiss and good-bye. —Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.

XXIII. Sally, Sally Walker, sprinkled in a pan;
 What did she sprinkle for? for a young man;
 Sprinkle, sprinkle, daughter, and you shall have a cow;
 I cannot sprinkle, mother, because I don't know how.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, daughter, and you shall have a
man;

I cannot sprinkle, mother, but I'll do the best I can.

Pick and choose, but don't you pick me;

Pick the fairest you can see.

The fairest one that I can see is ——. Come to me.

Now you're married I wish you much joy;

Your father and mother you must obey;

Seven long years a girl and a boy;

So hush, a bush, bush, get out of the way.

—Buckingham (Thos. Baker in *Midland Garner*,
New Series, ii. 31).

- XXIV. Little Sally Walker sitting in a sigh,
Weeping and waiting for a young man.
Come choose you east, come choose you west,
The very one that you love best.

—Nairn (Rev. W. Gregor).

- XXV. Little Sally Walker sitting on the sand,
Crying and weeping for a young man.
Rise, Sally, rise, Sally, wipe away your tears,
Try for the east, and try for the west,
Try for the (little) very one you love best.

Now they're married I wish them joy,
Every year a girl and boy,
Loving each other like sister and brother,
I hope to see them meet again.

—Fraserburgh (Rev. W. Gregor).

- XXVI. Little Sally Sander
Sitting in the sander,
Weeping and crying for her young man.
Rise, Sally, rise
And wipe away your tears;
Choose to the east,
Choose to the west,
And choose to the very one that you love best.

Now you're married we wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy ;
Twelve months after son and daughter,
All join hands and kiss together.

—Penzance, Cornwall (Mrs. Mabbott).

- XXVII. Sally, Sally Walker, tinkle in a can ;
Rise up, Sally, and choose a young man.
Look to the east, and look to the west,
Choose the one that you love the best.

Settle, Yorkshire (Rev. W. S. Sykes).

- XXVIII. Sally Water, Sally Water,
Come sprinkle your fan ;
Sally, Sally Waters, sprinkle in a pan ;
Rise, Sally, rise, Sally, for a young man.
Choose to the east, and choose to the west,
And choose the dearest one that you love best.

Now you're married, we wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy ;
Love one another like sister and brother,
And never lose time by kissing one another.

—West Haddon (*Northamptonshire Notes and Queries*, ii. 104).

- XXIX. Little Sally Waters, sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping for her young man.
Rise, Sally, rise, wipe up your tears,
Fly to the east, fly to the west,
Fly to the one that you love the best.

—Brigg, Lincolnshire (Miss Barker).

- XXX. Hie Sally Walker, hie Sally Ken,
Hie Sally Walker, follow young men.
Choose to the east, and choose to the west,
Choose to the very one you love best.

Marriage comfort and marriage joy,
First a girl and then a boy.
Seven years after, seven years to come,
Fire on the mountain, kiss and run.

—Belfast, Ireland (W. H. Patterson).

XXXI. Little Alice Sander
Sat upon a cinder,
Weeping and crying for her young man.
Rise up, Alice, dry your tears,
Choose the one that you love best,
Alice my dear.

Now they have got married
I hope they will joy,
Seven years afterwards, seven years ago,
Now is the time to kiss and go.

—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (Herbert Hardy).

XXXII. Rise, Sally Walker,
Rise if you can,
Rise, Sally Walker, and follow your good man ;
Choose to the east, and choose to the west,
Choose to the one you love best.
There is a couple married in joy,
Past a girl and then a boy,
Seven years after, seven years to come,
Kiss you couple, kiss and be done.
A' the many hours to us a happy life,
Except —— and he wants a wife.
A wife shall he have,
And a widower shall he be,
Except —— that sits on his knee,
A guid fauld hoose and a blacket fireside,
Draw up your gartens and show all your bride.

—(Rev. W. Gregor).

XXXIII. Arise, Sally Walker, arise, if you can,
Arise, Sally Walker, and follow your good man ;
Come choose to the east, come choose to the west,
Come choose to the very one you love best.

This is a couple married with joy ;
First a girl and then a boy,
Seven years after and seven years to come,
This young couple married and begun.

[The Christian name of a girl] made a pudding so
 nice and sweet,
 [Boy's Christian name] took a knife and tasted it.
 Taste love, taste love, don't say No,
 The next Sunday morning
 To church we shall go.
 Clean the brazen candlesticks,
 And clean the fireside,
 Draw back the curtains,
 And lat's see the bride.
 A' the men in oor toon leads a happy life,
 Except [a boy's full name], and he wants a wife.
 A wife shall he hae, and a widow she shall be;
 For look at [a girl's full name] diddling on's knee.
 He paints her cheeks and he curls her hair,
 And he kisses the lass at the foot o' the stair.

—Tyrie (Rev. W. Gregor).

[The form of words at Cullen is the same for the first seven lines, and then the words are :—]

XXXIV. This young couple be married and be done,
 A' the men in oor toon leads a happy life,
 Except ——— and he wants a wife.
 A wife he shall have, and a widow she shall be,
 Except [a girl's name] that sits on his knee,
 Painting her face and curling her hair,
 Kissing [a girl's name] at the foot o' the stair.

—Cullen (Rev. W. Gregor).

XXXV. Rise, Sally Walker, rise if you can,
 Rise, Sally Walker, follow your gudeman.
 Come choose to the east, come choose to the
 west,
 Come choose to the very one that you love best.
 Now they're married I wish them joy,
 Every year a girl or boy,
 Loving each other like sister and brother,
 And so they may be kissed together.

Cheese and bread for gentlemen,
 And corn and hay for horses,
 A cup of tea for a' good wives,
 And bonnie lads and lassies.
 When are we to meet again?
 And when are we to marry?
 Raffles up, and raffles down, and raffles a' a
 dancin',
 The bonniest lassie that ever I saw,
 Was [child in the centre] dancin'.
 —Aberdeen Training College (Rev. W. Gregor.)

XXXVI. Sally, Sally Walker, sitting in the sun,
 Weeping and wailing for a young man,
 Rise, Sally, rise, and wipe away your tears,
 Fly to the east, fly to the west,
 And fly to the very one that you love best.

Uncle John is very sick,
 He goes a courting night and day;
 Sword and pistol by his side,
 Little Sally is his bride.
 He takes her by the lily white hand,
 He leads her over the water;
 Now they kiss and now they clap,
 Mrs. Molly's daughter.
 —Nairn, Perth, Forfar (Rev. W. Gregor.)

XXXVII. Sally, Sally Waters, why are you so sad?
 You shall have a husband, either good or bad;
 Then rise, Sally Waters, and sprinkle your pan,
 For you're just the young woman to get a nice
 man.
 Now you're married, we wish you joy,
 Father and mother and little boy,
 Love one another like sister and brother,
 And now, good people, kiss each other.
 —Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes*, p. 229.

XXXVIII. Rise, Sally Walker,
 Rise if you can (Northumberland),
 Sprinkle in the pan (Yorks. and Midlands),
 Rise, Sally Walker,
 For a young man,
 Choose to the east,
 Choose to the west,
 Choose to the { very one (Northumberland),
 pretty girl (Yorks., &c.).
 You love best.

Now you're married,
 I wish you joy,
 First a girl,
 And then a boy.

Seven years after, }
 Seven years over, } (Northumberland).
 Now's the time to }
 Kiss and give over.

Five years after }
 A son and daughter, } (Yorks., &c.)
 Pray, young couple, }
 Kiss away.

—Hexham (Miss J. Barker).

XXXIX. Sally Waters, Sally Waters, come rise if you can,
 Come rise in the morning, all for a young man ;
 Come choose, come choose, come choose if you can,
 Come choose a good one or let it alone.

—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

XL. Sally Waters, Sally Waters,
 Come rise if you can,
 Come rise in the morning,
 All for a young man.
 First to the east, then to the west,
 Then to the bonny lass that you love best.

Now, Sally, you are married,
I hope you'll agree,
Seven years at afterwards, seven years ago,
And now they are parted with a kiss and a blow.

—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

The last two lines were supplied by a girl in a very poor district of Manchester (note by Miss Dendy).

XL1. Rise, Sally Walker, rise, if you can,
Rise, Sally Walker, and follow your gueedman,
Choose to the east, and choose to the west,
Choose to the one that you love best.
There is a couple married in joy,
First a girl and then a boy,
Seven years after, seven years to come.

—Rosehearty (Rev. W. Gregor).

XLII. Little Polly Sanders sits on the sand,
Weeping and crying for her young man ;
Rise up, Polly, wipe your tears,
Pick the one you love so sweet.
Now Polly's got married, we hope she'll have joy,
For ever and ever a girl or a boy.
If one won't do, she must have two,
So I pray you, young damsels, to kiss two and two.

—Liverpool (C. C. Bell).

XLIII. Here sits poor Sally on the ground,
Sighing and sobbing for her young man.
Arise, Sally, rise, and wipe your weeping eyes,
And turn to the east, and turn to the west,
And show the little boys that you love best.

A bogie in, a bogie out,
A bogie in the garden,
I wouldn't part with my young man
For fourpence ha'penny farthing.

—Long Eaton, Nottingham (Miss Youngman).

[In London the above is :]—

- XLIV. A beau in front and a beau behind,
 And a bogie in the garden oh !
 I wouldn't part with my sweetheart
 For tuppence (two) ha'penny farthing.
 —London (Mrs. Merck).

- XLV. Sally Walker, Sally Walker,
 Come spring time and love,
 She's lamenting, she's lamenting,
 All for her young man.
 Come choose to the east, come choose to the west,
 Come choose the one that you love best.

Here's a couple got married together,
 Father and mother they must agree,
 Love each other like sister and brother,
 I pray this couple to kiss together.

—Morpeth (Henderson's *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*, p. 26).

- XLVI. Rise, Sally Walker, rise if you can,
 Rise, Sally Walker, and choose your good man,
 Choose to the east, and choose to the west,
 And choose the very one you love best.
 Now they're married, wish them joy,
 First a girl, and then a boy,
 Seven years after, seven years to come,
 Now's the time to kiss and be done.
 —Gainford, Durham (Miss A. Edleston).

- XLVII. Little Alexander sitting on the sand,
 Weeping and crying for a young man ;
 Rise up, Sally, and wipe your tears,
 Pick the very one that you like best.
 Now, Sally, now married, I hope she'll (or you'll) enjoy,
 For ever and ever with that little boy
 (or with her or your young boy).
 —Beddgelert, Wales (Mrs. Williams).

XLVIII. Rice, Sally Water, rice if you can,
 Rice, Sally Water, and choose your young man ;
 Choose to the east, choose to the west,
 Choose to the prettiest that you love.
 Now you're married, we wish you good joy,
 First a little girl, and then a little boy ;
 Seven years after, seven years to come,
 Seven years of plenty, and kiss when you done.

—Norfolk (Mrs. Haddon).

(c) A ring is formed by the children joining hands. One girl kneels or sits down in the centre, and covers her face with her hands as if weeping. The ring dances round and sings the words. The child in the centre rises when the command is given, and chooses a boy or girl from the ring, who goes into the centre with her. These two kiss together when the words are said. The child who was first in the centre then joins the ring, the second remaining in the centre, and the game continues.

All versions of this game are played in the same way, except slight variations in a few instances. Kissing does not prevail in all the versions. In the Earls Heaton game, the child who kneels in the centre also pretends to weep and dries her tears before choosing a partner. Miss Burne, in *Shropshire Folk-lore*, says the girl kneels disconsolately in the middle of the ring. In the Strixwold version, the child stands in the centre holding in her hands something resembling a saucer ; she then pretends to "knock it in a mortar," and gives the saucer to the one whom she chooses. This one exchanges places with her. In the Northants version, at the words "clash the bells," the children dash down their joined hands to imitate ringing bells. Addy, *Sheffield Glossary*, says one girl sits in the middle weeping. When the girl has chosen, the young man remains in the centre, and the word "Sally" is changed to "Billy," or some other name, and "man" to "girl." In the Beddgelert version, the centre child wipes her eyes with a handkerchief in the beginning of the game. Several other versions have been sent me, all being the same as those printed here, or varying so slightly, it is unnecessary to repeat them.

(d) The analysis of the game-rhymes is as follows :—

No.	Dorsetshire.	Devonshire.	Somersetshire.	London.	Fochabers.	Berkshire.	Crockham Hill, Kent.	Wiltshire.
1.	Sally Water.	—	Sally Water.	Sally Waters.	—	Sally Waters.	—	Sally Waters.
2.	—	Sally Walker.	—	—	—	—	—	—
3.	—	—	—	—	—	—	Sally Wall-flowers.	—
4.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6.	Sprinkle in pan.	Sprinkle water in the pan.	Sprinkle in the pan.	Sprinkle in the pan.	Sprinkling in a pan.	Sprinkled in the pan.	Sprinkled in the pan.	Sprinkled in a pan.
7.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13.	Rise and choose a young man.	Rise and seek a young man.	Hi, choose a young man.	Rise for a young man.	Rise for a young man.	Rise for a young man.	—	Rise and choose a young man.
14.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18.	Choose east, west.	Turn east, west.	—	Choose best, worst.	Choose east, west.	Choose best, worst.	—	Choose best worst.
19.	—	—	Choose best, worst.	—	—	Choose best, worst.	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	—	Choose the best loved.
22.	Now you're married, &c.	Now you're married, &c.	Now you're married, &c.	Now you're married, &c.	—	—	—	Now you're married, &c.
23.	—	—	—	—	You must obey, &c.	—	—	—
24.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

No.	Northants.	Oxford.	Yorkshire.	Surrey.	Shropshire (1).	Shropshire (2).	Notts.
1.	Sally Waters.	Sally Water.	Sally Waters.	Sally Water.	—	Sally Water.	Sally Water.
2.	—	—	—	—	Sally Walker.	—	—
3.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6.	Sprinkle in a pan.	Sprinkle in the pan.	Sprinkle in a pan.	Sprinkle in the pan.	Sprinkle in your pan.	Sprinkle in your pan.	Sprinkle in your can.
7.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13.	—	Rise for a young man.	—	—	—	Rise, for you shall have a husband.	—
14.	Cry for a young man.	—	Cry for a young man.	—	—	—	—
15.	—	—	—	Is not — a nice young man.	Down in the meadow there's a nice young man.	—	Why do you marry a foolish young man.
16.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19.	Choose best, worst.	—	—	—	—	—	Pick worst, best.
20.	—	—	—	—	—	Choose fairest.	—
21.	Choose the best loved.	—	Choose the best loved.	—	—	—	Choose the best loved.
22.	Now you're married, &c.	Now she's married, &c.	—	—	—	Now your married, &c.	—
23.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24.	—	—	—	They shall be married if they agree, &c.	—	—	—
25.	—	—	—	—	On the carpet she shall kneel, &c.	—	—
26.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

No.	Gloucestershire.	Sheffield.	Lincolnshire.	Wakefield.	Warwickshire.	Sheffield.	Bucks.
1.	Sally Water.	Sally Water.	—	Sally Water.	Sally Water.	—	—
2.	—	—	—	—	—	—	Sally Walker.
3.	—	—	Sally Salter.	—	—	Sally Slarter.	—
4.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5.	Sprinkle your can.	Sprinkle your can.	—	—	—	—	Sprinkled in a
6.	—	—	—	—	—	—	pan.
7.	—	—	Sprinkle in some water.	—	Water your can.	Sitting by the water.	—
8.	—	—	—	Springin' in a pan.	—	—	—
9.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13.	Why don't you rise for a young man.	—	—	—	Rise for a husband.	—	—
14.	—	Who do you lie mourning for a young man.	—	Cry for a young man.	—	Crying for a young man.	—
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	Send it in a silver saucer to [].	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	—	—	Sprinkle for a young man.
18.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19.	Choose wisest, best.	Choose wisest, best.	—	Choose worst, best.	—	Turn east, west.	Choose fairest.
20.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21.	Choose the one that lies in your breast.	Choose the best loved.	—	Choose the best loved.	—	Choose the best loved.	—
22.	—	—	—	Now you're married, &c.	Now you're married, &c.	Now you're married, &c.	Now you're married, &c.
23.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

No.	Nairn.	Fraserburgh.	Cornwall.	Settle.	Northants.	Brigg.	Belfast.
1.	—	—	—	—	Sally Water.	Sally Waters.	—
2.	Sally Walker.	Sally Walker.	—	Sally Walker.	—	—	Sally Walker.
3.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5.	—	—	Sally Sander.	—	—	—	—
6.	—	—	—	—	Sprinkle in a pan.	—	—
7.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9.	Sitting in a sigh.	—	—	—	—	—	—
10.	Sitting on the sand.	Sitting on the sand.	Sitting in the sander.	—	—	—	—
11.	—	—	—	Tinkle in a can.	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	Rise and choose a young man.	Rise for a young man.	Sitting in the sun.	—
13.	—	—	—	—	—	—	Hi for a young man.
14.	Weeping for a young man.	Weeping for a young man.	Weeping for a young man.	—	—	Crying for a young man.	—
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18.	Choose east, west.	Try east, west.	Choose east, west.	Look east, west.	Choose east, west.	Fly east, west.	Choose east, west.
19.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.
22.	—	Now you're married, &c.	Now you're married, &c.	—	Now you're married, &c.	—	Married, &c.
23.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

No.	Earls Heaton.	Scotland.	Tyrie.	Aberdeen.	Nairn.	Halliwell.	Hexham.
1.	—	Sally Walker.	—	—	—	Sally Water.	—
2.	—	—	Sally Walker.	Sally Walker.	Sally Walker.	—	Sally Walker.
3.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4.	Alice Sander.	—	—	—	—	—	—
5.	—	—	—	—	—	—	Sprinkle in the pan.
6.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10.	Sat upon a cinder.	—	—	—	—	—	—
11.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	—	Sitting in the sun.	—	—
13.	—	Rise for a young man.	Rise for a young man.	Rise for a young man.	—	—	Rise for a young man.
14.	Weeping for a young man.	—	—	—	Weeping for a young man.	—	—
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18.	—	Choose east, west.	Choose east, west.	Choose east, west.	Fly east, west.	Sprinkle for a young man.	Choose east, west.
19.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Fly to the best loved.	—	Choose the best loved.
22.	Now they're married, &c.	Now they're married, &c.	Now they're married, &c.	Now they're married, &c.	—	Now you're married, &c.	Now you're married, &c.
23.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26.	—	—	—	—	Goes courting, &c.	—	—
27.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

No.	Lancashire.	Rosehearty.	Notts.	Morpeth.	Gainford.	Norfolk.	Bedgeleert.
1.	Sally Waters.	—	Sallie [].	—	—	Sallie []	Sallie [].
2.	—	Sally Walker.	—	Sally Walker.	Sally Walker.	—	—
3.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9.	—	—	Sitting on the ground.	—	—	—	Sitting in sand.
10.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13.	Rise for a young man.	Rise for a good man.	—	—	Rise and choose your good man.	Rise and choose.	—
14.	—	—	Sobbing for a young man.	Lamenting for a young man.	—	—	Crying for a young man.
15.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18.	First east, west.	Choose east, west.	Turn east, west.	Choose east, west.	Choose east, west.	Choose east, west.	—
19.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21.	Then to the best loved.	—	Turn to the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the best loved.	Choose the prettiest.	Pick the one you like best.
22.	Now you're married, &c.	There's a couple, &c.	—	Here's a couple, &c.	Now they're married, &c.	Now your married, &c.	Now you're married, &c.
23.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27.	—	—	A bogie in, &c.	—	—	—	—

The first thing to note from this analysis are the words Sally and Water. In twenty-three versions they are Sally Water or Waters, in seventeen versions it is Sally Walker, in six versions it is another name altogether, while in two versions it is Sallie only. The most constant name, therefore, points to Sally Water as the oldest version; and it is noticeable that in the Lincolnshire and Sheffield versions, where the name is not Sally Water, the word water is introduced later on in the line which directs the action of sprinkling water. Is it possible, then, that Sally Water may be a corruption from an earlier form where Sally is some other word, not the name of a girl, as it is usually supposed to be, and the word water is connected, not with the name of the maiden, but with the action of sprinkling which she is called upon to perform? If we could surmise that the early form was "Sallie, Sallie, water sprinkle in the pan," the accusative being placed before the verb, the problem would be solved in this manner; but there is no warrant for this poetical licence in popular verses, and I prefer to suggest that "water" got attached as a surname by simple transposition, such as the Norfolk and Beddgelert versions allow as evidence. It follows from this that Walker and other names appear as degraded forms of the original, and do not enter into the question of origins, a point which may readily be conceded, considering that the general evidence of all these singing games is, that no special names are ever used, but that names change to suit the players. The next incident in the analysis is the ceremony of "sprinkling the water," which is constant in twenty-one versions, while the Wakefield "Springin' in the pan," the Settle "Tinkle in a can," Halliwell's "Sprinkle for a young man," and the eight versions in which this incident is wholly absent in any form, are evident corruptions. The tendency of the corruption is shown by this to be that the "sprinkling of water" came to be omitted from the verse, and therefore the other variants—

Sitting by the water (Sheffield),
Water your can (Warwickshire),
Sitting in a sigh (Nairn),
Sitting on the sand (Fraserburgh and Beddgelert).

Sitting in the sander (Cornwall),
Sitting in the sun (Brigg. and Nairn),
Sat upon a cinder (Earls Heaton),
Sitting on the ground (Notts.),

are but the steps through which the entire omission of the water incident was finally attained. The third incident is "Rise and choose" a young man, the alternative being "Crying for a young man." The first indicates a kneeling and reverential attitude before the water, and occurs in twenty-one versions, while the second only occurs in fourteen versions.

The expression "crying" is really to "announce a want," as "wants" were formerly cried by the official "crier" of every township, and indeed as children still in games "cry" the forfeits; but losing this meaning, the expression came to mean crying in the sense of "weeping," and appearing to the minds of children as a natural way of expressing a want, would therefore succeed in ousting any more archaic notion. The incident of crying for a lover appears in other singing games, as, for instance, in "Poor Mary." Especially may this be considered the process which has been going on when it is seen that "choosing" is an actual incident of the game, even in those cases where "crying" has replaced the kneeling. The choosing incident also assumes two forms, namely, with respect to "east and west" in twenty-two versions, and "best and worst" in nine versions. Now, the expression, "for better for worse," is an old marriage formula preserved in the vernacular portion of the ancient English marriage service (see Palgrave, *English Commonwealth*, ii., p. cxxxvi.); and I cannot but think that we have the same formula in this game, especially as the final admonition in nearly all the versions is to choose "the one loved best." Following upon this comes the very general marriage formula noted so frequently in these games. It is slightly varied in some versions, and is replaced by a different formula, but one that also appears in other games, in two or three versions. One feature is very noticeable in the less common versions of this game, viz., the assumption of the marriage being connected with the birth of children, and the

indulgences of the lovers, as in the Tong and Scottish versions xxxii., xxxiii., and xxxiv.

(e) In considering the probable origin of the game, the first thing will be to ascertain as far as possible what ideas the words are intended to convey. Taking note of the results of the analysis, so far as they show the corruptions which have taken place in the words, it seems clear that though it is not possible to restore the original words, their original meaning is still preserved. This is, that they accompanied the performance of a marriage ceremony, and that a chief feature of this ceremony was connected with some form of water-worship, or some rite in which water played a chief part. Now it has been noted before that the games of children have preserved, by adaptation, the marriage ceremony of ancient times (*e.g.*, "Merry ma Tansa," "Nuts in May," "Poor Mary," "Round and Round the Village"); but this is the first instance where such an important particularisation as that implied by water-worship qualifies the marriage ceremony. It is therefore necessary to see what this exactly means. Mr. Hartland, in his *Perseus* (i. 167-9), draws attention to the general significance of the water ceremonial in marriage customs, and Mr. F. B. Jevons, in his introduction to Plutarch's *Romane Questions*, and in the *Transactions of the Folk-lore Congress*, 1891, deals with the subject in reference to the origin of custom obtaining among both Aryan and non-Aryan speaking people. In this connection an important consideration arises. The Esthonian brides, on the morning after the wedding, are taken to make offerings to the water spirit, and they throw offerings into the spring (or a vessel of water), overturn a vessel of water in the house, and sprinkle their bridegrooms with water. The Hindoo offerings of the bride were cast into a water vessel, and the bride sprinkles the court of the new house with water by way of exorcism, and also sprinkles the bridegroom (Jevons, *loc. cit.*, p. 345). Here the parallel between the non-Aryan Esthonian custom and the Aryan Hindoo custom is very close, and it is a part of Mr. Jevons' argument that, among the Teutons, with whom alone of Aryan speaking peoples the Esthonians came into contact, the custom was limited to the bride simply stepping over a vessel of water. There is

certainly something a great deal more than the parallel to the Teutonic custom in the game of "Sally, Sally Water," and as it equates more nearly to Hindoo and Esthonian custom, the question is, Does it help Mr. Jevons in the important point he raises? I think it does. A custom is very low down among the strata of survivals when it is only to be recognised as part of a children's singing game, and the proposition it suggests is that children have preserved more of the old custom than was preserved by the people who adopted a portion of it into their marriage ceremony. A custom so treated must be older than the marriage ceremony with which it thus came into contact, and if this is a true conclusion, we have in this children's game a relic of the pre-Celtic peoples of these islands—a relic therefore going back many centuries for its origin, and which is of inestimable service in discussing some important problems of the ethnic significance of folk-lore. These conclusions are entirely derived from the significant position which this game occupies in relation to Esthonian (non-Aryan) and to Teutonic (Aryan) marriage customs respectively, and therefore it is of considerable importance to note that it entirely fits in with the conclusion which my husband has drawn as to the non-Aryan origin of water-worship (see Gomme's *Ethnology of Folk-lore*, pp. 79-105).

There is, however, something further which seems to bring this game into line with non-Aryan marriage customs. The marriage signified by the game is acknowledged and sanctioned by the presence of witnesses; is made between two people who choose each other without any form of compulsion; is accompanied by blessings upon the young couple and prognostications of the birth of children. These points show that the marriage ceremony belongs to a time when the object of the union was to have children, and when its duration was not necessarily for life. It is curious to note that water worship is distinctly connected with the desire to have children (*Proc. Roy. Irish Acad.*, 3rd ser., ii. 9); and that the idea of the temporary character of the marriage status of the lower classes of the people is still extant I have certain evidence of. Early in November of 1895, a man tried for bigamy gave as his defence that he thought his marriage was ended with his first

wife, as he had been away seven years. It is a frequently told story. A year and a day and seven years are the two periods for which the popular mind regards marriage binding. "I was faithful to him for seven years, and had more than my two children," a woman said to me once, as if two children were the required or expected number to be born in that period. If there is a popular belief of this kind, it is strangely borne out by this game-rhyme. "First a girl, and then a boy," may also be shown to be a result to be desired and prayed for, in the popular belief that a man's cycle of life is not complete until he is the father of a daughter, who, in her turn, shall have a son. Miss Hawkins Dempster obtained evidence of such a belief from the lips of a man who considered he was entitled to marry another woman, as his wife had only borne him sons, and therefore his life was not (like hers) complete.

The free choice of both woman and man is opposed to the theory of our present marriage ceremony, where permission or authority to marry is only necessary for the woman, the man being able to do as he pleases. This is now regarded as a sign of women's early subjection to the authority of men and their subordinate place in the household. But it does not follow that this was the relative position of men and women when a ceremony was first found needful and instituted. I am inclined to think it must have been, rather, the importance attached to the woman's act of ratification, in the presence of witnesses, of her formal promise to bear children to a particular man. Marriage would then consist of contracts between two parties for the purpose of, and which actually resulted in, the birth of children; of concubinage, or the wife consenting to children being born to her husband by another woman in her stead, if she herself failed in this respect (such children being hers and her husband's jointly); of marriage without ceremony or set purpose, resulting from young people being thrown together at feast times, gathering in of harvests, &c., which might or might not result in the birth of children. These conditions of the marriage rite are at variance with what we know of the Aryan marriage generally and its results; and that they flow from the customs preserved in the game under

consideration is further proof of the origin of the game from a marriage rite of the pre-Celtic people of these islands. The "kissing together" of the married couple is the token to the witnesses of their mutual consent to the contract.

Attention has already been directed to the fact that parts of the formula preserved in this game are also found in other games, and it may possibly be assumed therefrom that the same origin must be given to these games as to "Sally Water." The objection to such a conclusion is mainly that it is impossible to decide to which game the popular marriage formula originally belonged, and from which it has been borrowed by the other games. Seeing how exactly it fits the circumstances of "Sally Water," it might not be too much to suggest that it rightly belongs to this game. Another point to be noted is that the tune to which the words of the marriage formula are sung is always the same, irrespective of that to which the previous verses are sung, and this rule obtains in all those games in which this formula appears—a further proof of the antiquity of the formula as an outcome of the early marriage ceremony.

Sally Sober

A game among girls [undescribed].—Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary (Supplement)*.

Salmon Fishers

- I. Cam' ye by the salmon fishers,
Cam' ye by the roperee?
Saw ye a sailor laddie
Sailing on the raging sea?
Oh, dear ——, are ye going to marry?
Yes, indeed, and that I am.
Tell to me your own true lover,
Tell to me your lover's name?
He's a bonnie lad, *he's* a bonnie fellow,
Oh, he's a bonnie lad,
Wi' ribbons blue and yellow,
Stockings of blue silk;
Shoes of patent leather,
Points to tie them up.

A gold ring on his finger.
 Did you see the ship he came in ?
 Did you see it comin' in ?
 Every lassie wi' her laddie,
 Every widow wi' her son.
 Mother, struck eight o'clock,
 Mother, may I get out ?
 For my love is waiting
 For to get me out.
 First he gave me apples,
 Then he gave me pears,
 Then he gave me a sixpence
 To kiss him on the stairs.
 Oh, dear me, I wish I had my tea,
 To write a letter to my love
 To come back and marry me.

—Rosehearty (Rev. W. Gregor).

- II. Cam' ye by the salmon fishers ?
 Cam' ye by the roperee ?
 Saw ye a sailor laddie
 Waiting on the coast for me ?
 I ken fahr I'm gyain,
 I ken fahs gyain wi' me ;
 I ha'e a lad o' my ain,
 Ye daurna tack 'im fae me.
 Stockings of blue silk,
 Shoes of patent leather,
 Kid to tie them up,
 And gold rings on his finger.
 Oh for six o'clock !
 Oh for seven I weary !
 Oh for eight o'clock !
 And then I'll see my dearie.

—Fochabers (Rev. W. Gregor).

- III. Come ye by the salmon fishers ?
 Come ye by the roperee ?
 Saw ye my dear sailor laddie
 Sailing on the raging sea ?

Tip for gold and tip for silver,
 Tip for the bonnie laddie I do adore ;
 My delight 's for a sailor laddie,
 And shall be for evermore.
 Sit you down, my lovely Elsie,
 Take your baby on your knee ;
 Drink your health for a jolly sailor,
 He will come back and marry you.
 He will give you beads and ear-rings,
 He will give you diamonds free ;
 Sailors they are bonnie laddies,
 Oh, but they are neat and clean !
 They can kiss a bonnie lassie
 In the dark, and A, B, C ;
 When the sailors come home at evening
 They take off their tarry clothes,
 They put on their light blue jackets,
 That is the way the sailors go.

—Rev. W. Gregor.

A circle is formed, and the children dance round singing. Before beginning they agree which of the players is to be named in the fifth line of the Roseheartly version.

Jamieson's *Dictionary* (*sub voce*), "Schamon's Dance," says, "Some particular kind of dance anciently used in Scotland."

Blaw up the bagpyp than,
 The schamon's dance I mon begin,
 I trow it sall not pane.

—"Pebilis to the Play," *Chronicles of Scottish Poetry*, i. 135.

Pinkerton defines salmon as "probably *show-man*, *shaw-man*."

See "Shame Reel, or Shamit Dance."

Salt Eel

This is something like "Hide and Find." The name of Salt Eel may have been given it from one of the points of the game, which is to baste the runaway individual, whom you may overtake, all the way home with your handkerchief, twisted hard for that purpose. Salt Eel implies on board ship

a rope's ending, and on shore an equivalent process.—Moor's *Suffolk Words and Phrases*.

Save All

Two sides are chosen in this game. An even number of boys, say eight on each side. Half of these run out of the line, and are chased by half of the boys from the other side. If two out of four get "home" to door or lamp-post, they *save all* the prisoners which have been made; if two out of four are caught before the others get "home," the side catching them beats.—Deptford (Miss Chase).

Say Girl

A game undescribed, recorded by the Rev. S. D. Headlam as played by some Hoxton school children.—*Church Reformer*, 1894.

Scat

A paper-knife, or thin slip of wood, is placed by one player on his open palm. Another takes it up quickly, and tries to "scat" his opponent's hand before he can draw it away. Sometimes a feint of taking the paper-knife is made three or four times before it is really done. When the "scat" is given, the "scatter" in his turn rests the knife on his palm. Scat is the Cornish for "slap."—*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 50.

Scop-peril, or Scoperel

Name for tetotum ordinarily manufactured by sticking a pointed peg through a bone button.—Easther's *Almondbury Glossary*; also in SW. Lincolnshire, Cole's *Glossary*.

See "Totum."

Scotch-hoppers

In *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1677, in the verses to the reader, on the back of the title-page, concerning the chief matters in the volume, among many other articles of intelligence, the author professes to show—

"The time when school boys should play at *Scotch-hoppers*."

Another allusion occurs in the same periodical for 1707—"Lawyers and Physitians have little to do this month, and therefore they may (if they will) play at *Scotch-hoppers*. Some

men put their hands into peoples' pockets open, and extract it clutch'd, of that beware. But counsel without a cure, is a body without a soul." And again, in 1740—"The fifth house tells ye whether whores be sound or not; when it is good to eat tripes, bloat herrings, fry'd frogs, rotten eggs, and monkey's tails butter'd, or an ox liver well stuck with fish hooks; when it is the most convenient time for an old man to play at *Scotch-hoppers* amongst the boys. In it also is found plainly, that the best armour of proof against the fleas, is to go drunk to bed."

See "Hopscotch," "Tray-Trip."

Scots and English

Boys first choose sides. The two chosen leaders join both hands, and raising them high enough to let the others pass through below, cry—

Brother Jack, if ye'll be mine,

I'll gie ye claret wine;

Claret wine is good and fine,

Through the needle ee, boys.

Letting their arms fall they enclose a boy and ask him to which side he will belong, and he is disposed of according to his own decision. The parties being at length formed, are separated by a real or imaginary line, and place at some distance behind them, in a heap, their hats, coats, &c. They stand opposite to each other, the object being to make a successful incursion over the line into the enemy's country, and bring off part of the heap of clothes. It requires both address and swiftness of foot to do so without being taken by the foe. The winning of the game is decided by which party first loses all its men or its property. At Hawick, where the legendary mimicry of old Border warfare peculiarly flourishes, the boys are accustomed to use the following rhymes of defiance:—

King Covenanter, come out if ye daur venture!

Set your foot on Scots' ground, English, if ye daur!

—Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*, p. 127.

The following version was written down in 1821 under the name of Scotch and English:—Two parties of boys, divided

by a fixed line, endeavoured to pull one another across this line, or to seize by bodily strength or nimbleness a "wad" (the coats or hats of the players) from the little heap deposited in the different territories at a convenient distance. The person pulled across or seized in his attempt to rob the camp was made a prisoner and conducted to the enemy's station, where he remained under the denomination of "stinkard" till relieved by one of the same side, or by a general exchange of prisoners.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1821, p. 25. The *Denham Tracts*, i. 150, gives a version of the game much the same as these, except that the words used by the English are, "Here's a leap into thy kingdom, dry-bellied Scot." See also Hutton's *History of Roman Wall* (1804), p. 104. Brockett's account, under the title of "Stealy Clothes, or Watch Webs," is as follows:—The players divide into two parties and draw a line as the boundary of their respective territories. At an equal distance from this line each player deposits his hat or some other article of his dress. The object of the game is to seize and convey these singly to your own store from that of the enemy, but if you are unfortunately caught in the attempt, you not only restore the plunder but become a prisoner yourself. This evidently takes its origin from the inroads of the English and Scotch; indeed, it is plainly proved from the language used on the occasion, which consists in a great measure of the terms of reproach still common among the Borderers.—Brockett's *North Country Words*.

Jamieson, also, describes the game under the title of "English and Scotch," and says the game has originated from the mutual incursions of the two nations.

See "French and English," "Prisoner's Base," "Rigs."

Scratch Cradle

The game of "Cat's Cradle."

Scrush

A game much like Shinty between two sides of boys, each with bandies (scrushes) trying to knock a roundish stone over the other's line.—Barnes' *Dorset Glossary*. See "Shinney."

Scurran-Meggy

A game much in vogue in Cumberland during the last century, and in which a peculiar form of top called a "scurran top" was used.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

See-Saw

—London (A. B. Gomme).

- I. Titty cum tawtay,
The ducks in the water ;
Titty cum tawtay,
The geese follow after.
—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 213.
- II. See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed to lie upon straw ;
Wasn't she a dirty slut
To sell her bed to lie upon dirt ?
—London (A. B. Gomme).
- III. See-saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master ;
He shan't have but a farthing a day,
Because he can't work any faster.
—London (G. L. Gomme).
- IV. See-saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to London town ?
One boot up, and the other down,
And that is the way to London town.
—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, No. cccxxx.
- V. The poor man was digging,
To and fro, to and fro ;
And his spade on his shoulder,
To and fro, to and fro.

The poor man was digging,
 To and fro, to and fro;
 And he caught the black cross,
 To and fro, to and fro.—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

A common game, children sitting on either end of a plank supported on its centre, and made to rock up and down. While enjoying this recreation, they sing the verse. Addy, *Sheffield Glossary*, gives Ranty or Rantypole, a plank or pole balanced evenly, upon which children rock up and down in see-saw fashion. Jamieson, *Etymological Dictionary*, gives Coup-the-Ladle as the name for See-saw in Aberdeen. Moor, *Suffolk Words and Phrases*, describes this game, and gives the same words to be sung while playing as Halliwell's above. Grose gives "Weigh," to play at See-saw. Holloway, *Dictionary of Provincialisms*, says, in Norfolk See-saw is called Titti cum Totter; and in Gainford, Durham, Ewiggy Shog. Halliwell gives versions of Nos. II. and III. in his *Nursery Rhymes*, and also other verses with the opening words "See-saw," namely, "See-saw, Jack-a-Daw," "See-saw, Sack-a-day;" but these are not connected with the game by Halliwell, and there is nothing in the words to indicate such a connection. Mactaggart, *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, calls the game "Coggle-te-Carry," but gives no verses, and Strutt calls it "Titter Totter."—*Sports*, p. 303. He does not give any rhymes, except to quote Gay's poem, but it is possible that the rhyme to his game may be No. I. Brogden gives "Hightte" as the game of See-saw. The Manx version has not before been published, and Mr. Moore says is now quite forgotten in the Isle. The game is called "Shuggy-shoo" in Irish, and also "Copple-thurrish," evidently "Horse and Pig," as if the two animals were balancing against each other, and alternately becoming elevated and depressed.—*Ulster Journ. Arch.*, vi. 102. The child who stands on the plank in the centre and balances it, is frequently called the "canstick" or "candlestick."

See-Sim

A children's game. If one of the party is blindfolded, it is "Blind-Sim."—Spurden's *East Anglian Glossary*.

Shame Reel, or Shamit Dance

In several counties of Scotland this was the name of the first dance after the celebration of marriages. It was performed by the bride and best man and the bridegroom and best maid. The bride's partner asked what was to be the "sham spring," and she commonly answered, "Through the world will I gang wi' the lad that lo'es me," which, on being communicated to the fiddlers, was struck up, and the dance went on somewhat punctiliously, while the guests looked on in silence, and greeted the close with applause. This dance was common in Forfarshire twenty years ago.—Jamieson's *Dictionary*.

See "Cushion Dance," "Salmon Fishers."

She Said, and She Said

This game requires two confederates; one leaves the room, and the other in the secret asks a player in the room to whisper to him whom she (or he) loved; he then calls in his companion, and the following dialogue is carried on:—

"She said, and she said!

And what did she say?"

"She said that she loved."

"And whom did she love?"

Suppose she said she loved ——?"

"No! she never said that, whatever she said."

An indefinite number of names are mentioned before the right one. When that came, to the surprise of the whisperer, the answer is—

"Yes! she said that."

The secret was very simple; the name of a widow or widower known to both players was always given before that whispered. —Cornwall (*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 50).

Shepherd and Sheep

Children choose, by "counting out," or otherwise, a Shepherd and a Wolf (or Mother Sheep, and Wolf). The Wolf goes away, and the rest of the players are the Sheep (or Lambs) and stand in a row. The Shepherd counts them—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, &c. Then—

Shepherd—"What shall I bring home for you for dinner, Sunday, I'm going to market?"

Sunday chooses something—roast veal, apple tart, or anything else that she likes. Then Monday, Tuesday, and the rest choose also. Shepherd goes away, saying—

“Mind you are all good children.”

The Wolf comes directly the Shepherd goes out of sight, and takes away one of the Sheep. Shepherd comes back and begins to distribute the different things—

“Sunday, Monday,—why, where’s Tuesday?” (or Wednesday, as the case may be.)

The Children cry in chorus—

“Old Wolf came down the chimney and took him (or her) away.”

This formula is repeated till all the children (sheep) are stolen.

The Shepherd now goes to the Wolf’s house to look for his sheep—

Shepherd—“Good morning, have you seen my sheep?”

Wolf—“Yes, they went down Red Lane.”

[Shepherd looks down Red Lane.]

Shepherd—“I’ve been down Red Lane, and they’re not there.”

Wolf—“I’ve just seen them pass, they’re gone down Green Lane,”

&c. These questions and answers continue as long as the children’s fancy holds out; then the Shepherd comes back.

Shepherd—“I’ve looked everywhere, and can’t find them. I b’lieve you’ve got them? I smell meat; may I go up and taste your soup?”

Wolf—“You can’t go upstairs, your shoes are too dirty.”

Shepherd—“I’ll take off my shoes” (pretends to take them off).

Wolf—“Your stockings are too dirty.”

Shepherd—“I’ll take off my stockings” (suits the action).

Wolf—“Your feet are too dirty.”

Shepherd—“I’ll cut my feet off” (pretends to cut them off).

(Milder version, “I’ll wash my feet.”)

Wolf—“Then the blood ’ll run about.”

(Milder version, “Then they’ll wet my carpet.”)

Shepherd—“I’ll tie up my feet.”

(Or, “I’ll wipe my feet.”)

Wolf—“Well, now you may go up.”

Shepherd—“I smell my sheep.”

The Shepherd then goes to one child, pretends to taste—using fingers of both hands as though holding a spoon and fork—on the top of the child's head, saying, "That's my sheep," "That's Tuesday," &c., till he comes to the end of the row, then they all shout out and rush home to the fold, the Wolf with them. A fresh Shepherd and Wolf are chosen, and the game starts once more.—Cornwall (Miss I. Barclay).

One player is chosen to be the Shepherd, another the Thief, and the rest the sheep, who are arranged in a long row. The Shepherd pretends to be asleep; the Thief takes away one of the sheep and hides it; he then says—

Thief—"Shepherdy, shepherdy, count your sheep!"

Shepherd—"I can't come now, I'm fast asleep."

Thief—"If you don't come now, they'll all be gone,
So shepherdy, shepherdy, come along!"

The Shepherd counts the sheep, and missing one, asks where it is gone. The Thief says, "It is gone to get fat!" The Shepherd goes to sleep again, and the same performance is repeated till all the sheep are hidden; the Shepherd goes in search of them, and when found they join him in the pursuit of the Thief.—Oswestry (Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 520).

Mr. Northall (*Folk Rhymes*, p. 391) gives a version from Warwickshire, and says he believes the Shepherd's dog to be the true thief who hides his propensity in the dialogue—

Bow, wow, wow, What's the matter now?

A leg of a louse came over my house,

And stole one of my fat sheep away.

The game is played as in Shropshire. The dialogue in the Cornish game is similar to that of "Witch." See "Wolf."

Shepherds

One child stands alone, facing the others in a line opposite. The single child shouts, "Shepherds, shepherds, give warning." The others reply, "Warn away! warn away!" Then she asks, "How many sheep have you got?" They answer, "More than you can carry away." She runs and catches one—they two join hands and chase the rest; each one, as caught,

joining hands with the chasers until all are caught.—Liverpool (Mr. C. C. Bell.) See “Stag,” “Warney.”

Shinney, or Shinty, or Shinnops

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1821, p. 36, says: The boys attempt to drive with curved sticks a ball, or what is more common, part of the vertebral bone of a sheep, in opposite directions. When the object driven along reaches the appointed place in either termination, the cry of hail! stops the play till it is knocked off anew by the boy who was so fortunate as to drive it past the gog. In the Sheffield district it is played as described by Halliwell. During the game the boys call out, “Hun you, shin you.” It is called Shinny in Derbyshire.—Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*. Halliwell's description does not materially differ from the account given above except that when the knur is down over the line it is called a “bye.”—(*Dictionary*). In *Notes and Queries*, 8th series, viii. 446; ix. 115 *et seq*, the game is described as played in Lincolnshire under the name of “Cabsow,” which perhaps accounts for the Barnes game of Crab-sowl.

In Perthshire it is described as a game in which bats somewhat resembling a golf club are used. At every fair or meeting of the country people there were contests at racing, wrestling, putting the stone, &c., and on holidays all the males of a district, young and old, met to play at football, but oftener at shinty.—*Perthshire Statistical Account*, v. 72; Jamieson's description is the same.

Mactaggart's *Gallovidian Encyclopædia* says: A game described by Scotch writers by the name of Shintie; the shins, or under parts of the legs, are in danger during the game of being struck, hence the name from shin.—Dickinson, *Cumberland Glossary*, mentions Shinny as a boyish game, also called Scabskew, catty; it is also the name of the crook-ended stick used in the game. Patterson, *Antrim and Down Glossary*, under name Shinney, says, This game is played with shinneys, *i.e.*, hooked sticks, and a ball or small block of wood called the “Golley,” or “Nag.”

In London this game is called Hockey. It seems to be the same which is designed *Not* in Gloucestershire; the name

being borrowed from the ball, which is made of a knotty piece of wood.—Grose's *Glossary*.

It has been said that Shinty and Hockey differ in this respect, that in the latter two goals are erected, each being formed by a piece of stick with both ends stuck in the ground. The players divide into two parties; to each of these the care of one of the goals belongs. The game consists in endeavouring to drive the ball through the goal of the opposite party.—*Book of Sports* (1810), pp. 11–13. But in Shinty there are also two goals, called hails; the object of each party being to drive the ball beyond their own hail, but there is no hole through which it must be driven. The ball, or knot of wood, is called Shintie.

See "Bandy," "Camp," "Chinnup," "Crab-sowl," "Dod-dart," "Hockey," "Scrush."

Ship

A boy's game. It is played in two ways—(1) Of a single character. One boy bends down against a wall (sometimes another stands pillow for his head), then an opponent jumps on his back, crying "Ships" simply, or "Ships a-sailing, coming on." If he slips off, he has to bend as the other; but if not, he can remain as long as he pleases, provided he does not laugh or speak. If he forgets to cry "Ships," he has to bend down. (2) Sometimes sides are chosen; then the whole side go down heads and tails, and all the boys on the other side have to jump on their backs. The game in each case is much the same. The "naming" was formerly "Ships and sailors coming on."—Easther's *Almondbury Glossary*. Mr. H. Hardy sends an account from Earls Heaton, which is practically the same as these.

Ship Sail

A game usually played with marbles. One boy puts his hand into his trousers pocket and takes out as many marbles as he feels inclined; he closes his fingers over them, and holds out his hand with the palm down to the opposite player, saying, "Ship sail, sail fast. How many men on board?" A guess is made by his opponent; if less he has to give as many marbles

as will make up the true number ; if more, as many as he said over. But should the guess be correct he takes them, and then in his turn says, "Ship sail," &c.—Cornwall (*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 59).

See "Handy Dandy," "Neivvie-nick-nack."

Shiver the Goose

A boys' game. Two persons are trussed somewhat like fowls ; they then hop about on their "hunkers," each trying to upset the other.—Patterson's *Antrim and Down Glossary*.

See "Curcuddie."

Shoeing the Auld Mare

A dangerous kind of sport. A beam of wood is slung between two ropes, a person gets on to this and contrives to steady himself until he goes through a number of antics ; if he can do this he shoes the auld mare, if he cannot do it he generally tumbles to the ground and gets hurt with the fall.—Mactaggart's *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*.

Shue-Gled-Wylie

A game in which the strongest acts as the Gled or Kite, and the next in strength as the mother of a brood of birds ; for those under her protection, perhaps to the number of a dozen, keep all in a string behind her, each holding by the tail of one another. The Gled still tries to catch the last of them, while the mother cries "Shue! Shue!" spreading out her arms to keep him off. If he catch all the birds he wins the game.—Fife, Teviotdale (Jamieson).

See "Fox and Geese," "Gled-Wylie," "Hen and Chickens."

Shuttlefeather

This game is generally known as "Battledore and Shuttlecock." The battledore is a small hand bat, formerly made of wood, then of a skin stretched over a frame, and since of catgut strings stretched over a frame. The shuttlecock consists of a small cork into which feathers of equal size are fixed at even distances. The game may be played by one, two, or more persons. If by one person, it merely consists of batting up the shuttlecock into the air for as long a time as possible ; if

by two persons, it consists of batting the shuttlecock from one to the other; if by more than two, sides are chosen, and a game has been invented, and known as "Badminton." This latter game is not a traditional game, and does not therefore concern us now.

Strutt (*Sports and Pastimes*, p. 303) says this is a sport of long standing, and he gives an illustration, said to be of the fourteenth century, from a MS. in the possession of Mr. F. Douce. This would probably be the earliest mention of the game. It appears to have been a fashionable pastime among grown persons in the reign of James I. In the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609, it is said, "To play at Shuttlecock methinkes is the game now," and among the anecdotes related of Prince Henry, son to James I., is the following: "His Highness playing at shittle-cocke with one farr taller than himself, and hittyng him by chance with the shittle-cock upon the forehead" (*Harl. MS.*, 6391). Among the accounts of money paid for the Earl of Northumberland while he was prisoner in the Tower for supposed complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, is an item for the purchase of shuttlecocks (*Hist. MSS. Com.*, v. p. 354).

But the popular nature of the game is not indicated by these facts. For this we have to turn to the doings of the people. In the villages of the West Riding the streets may be seen on the second Sunday in May full of grown-up men and women playing "Battledore and Shuttlefeathers" (Henderson's *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, p. 80). In Leicester the approach of Shrove Tuesday (known amongst the youngsters as "Shuttlecock Day") is signalised by the appearance in the streets of a number of children playing at the game of "Battledore and Shuttlecock." On the day itself the streets literally swarm with juveniles, and even grown men and women engage in the pastime. Passing through a by-street the other day I heard a little girl singing—

Shuttlecock, shuttlecock, tell me true
How many years have I to go through?
One, two, three, four, &c.

—*Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, iii. 87.

The occurrence of this rhyme suggests that there is some sort of divination in the oldest form of the game, and it appears to me that the origin of the game must be sought for among the ancient practices of divination. An example is found among the customs of the children of Glamorganshire during the cowslip season. The cowslip heads are strung on a piece of thread and tied into a "posty," and the play is to throw it up a tolerable height, catching it on the distended palm with a blow that sends it up again, while the player sings:—

Pisty, posty, four and forty,
How many years shall I live?
One, two, three, four, &c.

Of course, if it falls to the ground uncaught, or even if caught in the clenched hand, there is an end of the player's "life." There is a good deal of emulation amongst the children as to who shall live the longest (*Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., iii. 172). Miss Burne (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 530) mentions the same custom, giving the rhyme as—

Toss-a-ball, toss-a-ball, tell me true

How many years I've got to go through,
and she says the cowslip is thence called a "tissy-ball." In this custom we have no artificial aids to form a game, but we have a significant form of divination from natural flowers, accompanied by a rhyming formula exactly parallel to the rhymes used in the Leicestershire game of "Shuttlecock," and I conclude therefore that we have here the true origin of the game. This conclusion is confirmed when it is found that divinatory verses generally accompany the popular form of the game.

At Wakefield the children playing "Battledore and Shuttlecock" take it in turn, and say the following sentences, one clause to each bat, and repeated until the shuttlecock falls:—

- 1st. This year, next year, long time, never.
- 2nd. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.
- 3rd. Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief.
- 4th. Silk, satin, cotton, rags.
- 5th. Coach, carriage, wheelbarrow, donkey-cart.—Miss Fowler

At Deptford the rhymes were—

Grandmother, grandmother,
Tell me the truth,
How many years have I been to school?

One, two, three, &c.

Grandmother, grandmother,
Tell me no lie,
How many children
Before I die?

One, two, three, &c.

In the same way the following questions are put and answered :—

How old am I?
How long am I going to live?
How many children shall I have?

Black currant,
Red currant,
Raspberry tart,
Tell me the name
Of my sweetheart.

A, B, C, D, &c.

Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, potter's boy, flour boy, thief.

Silk, satin, cotton, muslin, rags.

Coach, carriage, wheelbarrow, dungcart.

On their buttons they say: "Bought, given, stolen," to show
how acquired.—Miss Chase.

In London the rhymes were—

One, two, buckle my shoe,
Three, four, knock at the door,
Five, six, pick up sticks,
Seven, eight, lay them straight,
Nine, ten, a good fat hen,
Eleven, twelve, ring the bell,
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a courting,
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen,
Seventeen, eighteen, mistress waiting,
Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty.

One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door,
Eating cherries off a plate,
Five, six, seven, eight.

Up the ladder, down the wall,
A twopenny loaf to serve us all;
You buy milk and I'll buy flour,
And we'll have pudding in half an hour.

One, two three, four, five, six, &c.

This year, next year, some time, never, repeated.

A, B, C, D, E, &c., repeated for the initial letter of the future husband's name.

Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, ploughboy, thief,
for future husband's vocation.

Monday, Tuesday, &c., for the wedding day.

Silk, satin, cotton, rags, for the material of the wedding gown.

Coach, carriage, wheelbarrow, dungcart, for conveyance on
wedding day.

Big house, little house, pigsty, barn, for future home.—(A.
B. Gomme.)

It will be seen that many of these divination formulæ are
used in other connections than that of "Shuttlecock," but this
rather emphasises the divinatory character of the game in its
original form.—See "Ball," "Teesty-tosty."

Shuvvy-Hawle

A boys' game at marbles. A small hole is made in the
ground, and marbles are pushed in turn with the side of the
first finger; these are won by the player pushing them into
the shuvvy-hawle.—Lowsley's *Berkshire Glossary*.

Silly Old Man



—Leicester (Miss Ellis).



—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

- I. Silly old man, he's all alone,
He wants a wife and can't get one;
Round and round and choose a good one,
Or else choose none.

This young couple are married together,
Their fathers and mothers they must obey;
Love one another like sister and brother,
And down on their knees and kiss one another.

—Leicester (Miss Ellis).

- II. Silly old man, he walks alone,
He walks alone, he walks alone;
Silly old man, he walks alone,
He wants a wife and can't get one.

All go round and choose your own,
Choose your own, choose your own;
All go round and choose your own,
And choose a good one or else choose none.

Now young couple you're married together,
Married together, married together;
Now young couple you're married together,
Your father and mother you must obey.
So love one another like sister and brother,
And now young couple pray kiss together.

—Lancashire (*Notes and Queries*, 5th series, iv. 157).

- III. Silly old maid (*or* man), she walks alone,
She walks alone, she walks alone;
Silly old maid, she walks alone,
She wants a man (*or* wife) and she can't get one.

Go around and choose your own,
 Choose your own, choose your own ;
 Go around and choose your own,
 And take whoever you like in.

Now these two are married together,
 Married together, married together ;
 Now these two are married together,
 I pray love, kiss again. —Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

- IV. Here's a silly ould man that lies all alone,
 That lies all alone, that lies all alone ;
 Here's a silly ould man that lies all alone,
 He wants a wife and he can get none.
- Now young couple you're married together,
 You're married together, you're married together ;
 You must obey your father and mother,
 And love one another like sister and brother.
 I pray, young couple, you'll kiss together.

—Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, p. 107.

- V. Silly old man, he walks alone,
 Walks alone, walks alone ;
 Silly old man, he walks alone,
 Wants a wife and he canna get one.
- All go round and choose your own,
 Choose your own, choose your own ;
 All go round and choose your own,
 Choose a good one or let it alone.
- Now he's got married and tied to a peg,
 Tied to a peg, tied to a peg ;
 Now he's got married and tied to a peg,
 Married a wife with a wooden leg.

—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Denty).

- VI. Silly old maid, she lives alone,
 She lives alone, she lives alone ;
 [Silly old maid, she lives alone,]
 Wants a husband but can't get one.

So now go round and choose your own,
Choose your own, choose your own ;
Now go round and choose your own,
Choose the very one you love best.

Now young couple, you're married for ever,
Your father and mother you must obey ;
Love another like sister and brother,
And now young couple, pray kiss together.

—Dublin (Mrs. Lincoln).

(c) The children form a ring, joining hands. A child, usually a boy, stands in the middle. The ring dances round and sings the verses. The boy in the centre chooses a girl when bidden by the ring. These two then stand in the centre and kiss each other at the command. The boy then takes a place in the ring, and the girl remains in the centre and chooses a boy in her turn. In the Dublin and Isle of Man versions a girl is first in the centre; in the Manx version (A. W. Moore) the two children hold hands when in the centre.

(d) In the *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, Mr. Carleton gives this game as one of those played by young people of both sexes at funeral wakes. It is played in the same way as the game now is; boys and girls stand alternately in a ring holding hands, choosing each other in turn, and kissing. The other versions do not differ materially from each other, except that the Lancashire version described by Miss Dendy has evidently been corrupted quite lately, because a purer form is quoted from the same county in *Notes and Queries*. The game seems to be one of the group of marriage games arising from the fact that at any gathering of people for the purpose of a ceremonial, whether a funeral or a festival, it was the custom to form matrimonial alliances. The words are used for kiss-in-the-ring games, and also in some marriage games when the last player is left without a partner.

Skin the Goatie

One boy takes his stand in an upright position at a wall. Another boy stoops with his head in the breast of the one stand-

ing upright. A third boy jumps stride-leg on his back, and tries to "crown," *i.e.*, put his hand on the head of the boy at the wall. The boy on whose back he is tries every means by shifting from side to side, and by throwing up his back, to prevent him from doing so, and to cast him off. If he succeeds in doing so, he takes his stand behind the stooping boy in the same position. Another boy then tries to do the same thing over the two stooping boys. If he succeeds in crowning the standing boy, he takes his station at the wall. If not, he takes his stand behind the two stooping boys. The game goes on till a boy "crowns" the one standing at the wall.—Banchory (Rev. W. Gregor).

See "Saddle the Nag."

Skipping

Strutt says (*Sports*, p. 383), "This amusement is probably very ancient. Boys often contend for superiority of skill in this game, and he who passes the rope about most times without interruption is the conqueror. In the hop season a hop-stem, stripped of its leaves, is used instead of a rope, and, in my opinion, it is preferable." On Good Friday on Brighton beach the fisher folk used to play at skipping, six to ten grown-up people skipping at one rope.

Apart from the ordinary, and probably later way of playing, by one child holding a rope in both hands, turning it over the head, and either stepping over it while running, or standing still and jumping until the feet catch the rope and a trip is made, skipping appears to be performed in two ways, jumping or stepping across with (1) more or less complicated movements of the rope and feet, and (2) the ordinary jumping over a turned rope while chanting rhymes, for the purpose of deciding whether the players are to be married or single, occupation of future husband, &c.

Of the first class of game there are the following variants:—

"Pepper, salt, mustard, cider, vinegar."—Two girls turn the rope slowly at first, repeating the above words, then they turn it as quickly as possible until the skipper is tired out, or trips.

“Rock the Cradle.”—In this the holders of the rope do not throw it completely over, but swing it from side to side with an even motion like the swinging of the pendulum of a clock.

“Chase the Fox.”—One girl is chosen as a leader, or fox. The first runs through the rope, as it is turned towards her, without skipping; the others all follow her; then she runs through from the other side as the rope is turned from her, and the others follow. Then she runs in and jumps or skips once, and the others follow suit; then she skips twice and runs out, then three times, the others all following in turn until one trips or fails. The first one to do this takes the place of one of the turners, the turner taking her place as one of the skippers.

“Visiting.”—One girl turns the rope over herself, and another jumps in and faces her, while skipping in time with the girl she visits. She then runs out again without stopping the rope, and another girl runs in.

“Begging.”—Two girls turn, and two others run and skip together side by side. While still skipping they change places; one says, as she passes, “Give me some bread and butter;” the other answering, “Try my next door neighbour.” This is continued until one trips.

“Winding the Clock.”—Two turn the rope, and the skipper counts one, two, three, up to twelve, turning round each time she jumps or skips.

“Baking Bread.”—Two girls turn, and another runs in with a stone in her hand, which she puts down on the ground, and picks up again while skipping.

“The Ladder.”—The girls run in to skip, first on one foot and then the other, with a stepping motion.

Two other games are as follows:—(1.) Two ropes are used, and a girl holds either end in each hand, turning them alternately; the skipper has to jump or skip over each in turn. When the rope is turned inwards, it is called “double dutch,” when turned outwards, “French dutch.” (2.) The skipper has a short rope which she turns over herself, while two other girls turn a longer rope over her head.

The second class of games consists of those cases where the skipping is accompanied by rhymes, and is used for the purpose

of foretelling the future destiny of the skipper. These rhymes are as follows (all collected by Miss Chase):—

Ipsey, Pipsey, tell me true
Who shall I be married to?
A, B, C, &c.

Letters—initial of one to whom you'll be married.—Hurstmonceaux, Sussex.

Half pound tuppenny rice,
Half a pound of treacle,
Penny 'orth of spice
To make it nice,
Pop goes the weazle. —Crockham Hill, Kent.

When I was young and able,
I sat upon the table;
The table broke,
And gave me a poke,
When I was young and able.

[The children now add that when singing
Pass the baker,*
Cook the tater,

is the full couplet.]—Deptford.

Every morning at eight o'clock,
You all may hear the postman's knock.

1, 2, 3, 4. There goes "Polly."

Girl named running out, and another girl running in directly.
—Marylebone.

Up and down the ladder wall,
Ha'penny loaf to feed us all;
A bit for you, and a bit for me,
And a bit for Punch and Judy.

—Paddington Green.

As they run thus, each calls in turn, "Red, yellow, blue, white." Where you are tripped, the colour stopped on marks that of your wedding gown.—Deptford.

* To change from left to right side, crossing a second skipper, is called "Pass the Baker."

Each of the two girls turning the rope takes a colour, and as the line of children run through, they guess by shouting, "Red?" "Green?" When wrong nothing happens; they take the place of turner, however, if they hit upon her colour. Another way is to call it "Sweet stuff shop," or "green grocers," and guess various candies and fruits until they choose right.—Deptford.

When several girls start running in to skip, they say,
 "All in, a bottle of gin,"
 and as they leave at a dash, they cry—
 "All out, a bottle of stout."

While "in" jumping, the turners time the skippers' movements by a sing song.

Up and down the city wall,
 Ha'penny loaf to feed us all;
 I buy milk, you buy flour,
 You shall have *pepper* in half an hour.

—Deptford.

At pepper turn swiftly.

Up and down the ladder wall,
 Penny loaf to feed us all;
 A bit for you, and a bit for me,
 And a bit for all the familee. —Marylebone.

Up and down the city wall,
 In and out "The Eagle,"
 That's the way the money goes,
 Pop goes the weazel.

—From "A London Maid."

Dancing Dolly had no sense,
 For to fiddle for eighteenpence;
 All the tunes that she could play,
 Were "Sally get out of the donkey's way."
 —Deptford.

My mother said
 That the rope must go
 Over my head.
 —Deptford.

Andy Pandy,
Sugardy candy,
French almond
Rock.

—Deptford.

B-L-E-S-S-I-N-G.
Roses red, roses white,
Roses in my garden ;
I would not part
With my sweetheart
For tuppence hapenny farthing.

A, B, C, &c., to X, Y, Z.—Deptford.

Knife and fork,
Lay the cloth,*
Dont forget the salt,
Mustard, vinegar,
Pepper!

—Deptford.

They sometimes make a girl skip back and forth the long way of the rope, using this dialogue—

Girl skipping.—“Father, give me the key.”

Father.—“Go to your mother.”

Girl jumping in opposite direction.—“Mother, give me the key.”

Mother.—“Go to your father.”

Lady, lady, drop your handkerchief,

Lady, lady, pick it up.

Suiting action to the words, still skipping.

Rhyme to time the jumps—

Cups and saucers,

Plates and dishes,

My old man wears

Calico breeches.

Skyte the Bob

This game might be played by two, three, or more. A small stone of a squarish form, called the “bob,” was placed

* In Marylebone add here, “Bring me up a leg of pork.”

on a level piece of ground. On this stone each player placed an old button, for buttons were the stakes. A point was fixed several yards from the stone, and a line was drawn. Along this line, "the stance," the players took their stand, each holding in his hand a small flat stone named "the pitcher." This stone was thrown so as to strike "the bob" and make the buttons fall on "the pitcher," or nearer it than "the bob." The button or buttons that lay nearer "the pitcher" than "the bob" fell to the lot of the player. The second player did the same, but he had to guard against driving any of the buttons nearer the first player's stone. If a button was nearer his stone than "the bob," or the first player's stone, he claimed it. The third player followed the same course if all the buttons had not been won by the two players. If the buttons were not all won at the first throw, the first player had a second chance, and so on till all the buttons were won. If two played, if each won a button, they alternately began, but if one gained the two buttons, the other began. When three played, if one had two for his share he played last in the following game, and the one that had nothing played first. If the players, when three played, were experts, the one whose lot it was to play second, who was called the "poust," lost heavily, and to be "pousted" was always looked upon as a misfortune, for the reason that the first player often by the first throw gained the whole stake, and then in the following game the last player became the first, and the gainer in the foregoing game became the last. If this player carried off the whole stake, he in the next game took the last place, and the last took the first, and so between the two good players the "poust" had no chance.—Aberdeenshire (Rev. W. Gregor).—See "Buttons."

Smuggle the Gig

Mr. Ballantyne describes the game as played in his young days at Biggar as follows:—Two boys would each select his own side. "First pick" was decided by lot. A third boy took two straws, one shorter than the other, and held them between his finger and thumb in such a way that only equal

lengths were visible. Each leader drew a straw. The one who drew the longest had "first pick" of all the intended players, the other leader had the next; alternate choice was then made by them until both sides were complete, and were ranged by their leaders. Then lots were again drawn as to which side should go out first. The side going out had to show the Gig; anything easily carried in the hand sufficed. The "outs" went out from the den twenty or thirty yards, sometimes round the end of a house, to "smuggle the Gig"—that is, to give one of their number the Gig to carry, care being taken that the "ins" did not know who had it. During this time the leader of the ins called "out" in a loud voice—

Zimerie, twaerie, hickeri seeven,

Aucherie, daucherie, ten and eleven;

Twall ran musha dan

Tweedledum, twadledum, twenty-one. Time's up!

Outs had all to appear by "Ready" when the chase began. Boundary limits were fixed, beyond which outs could not run and ins could not stand, within a fixed distance of the den. This den was a place marked by a mark or rut in the ground, about four feet by six feet. The outs endeavoured (particularly the one carrying the Gig) to get into the den before any one could catch and "crown" him. The pursued, when caught, was held by the pursuer, his cap taken off, and the palm of the hand was placed on the crown of his head. As he did so the pursuer would say, "Deliver up the Gig." If he had it not, the pursuer went off after another player. If he had the Gig, and succeeded in getting into the den without being "crowned," outs won the game; but if the Gig was caught and "crowned," ins won.

At Fraserburgh the players are divided equally. A spot is marked off, called the Nestie. Any small object known to all is chosen as the Gig. One half of the players receive the Gig and retire, so as not to be seen distinctly by the other half that remains in and near the Nestie. The Gig is concealed on the person of one of the players that retire. When everything is ready those having the Gig move towards the Nestie, and those in the Nestie come to meet them. The aim is to

catch the player who has the Gig before reaching the Nestie. If this is done the same players again hide the Gig, but if the Gig is discovered, the players discovering it now hide it.

At Old Aberdeen sides are chosen, then a small article (such as a knife) is made the *gig*. Then one side, determined by a toss, goes out and smuggles the gig and cries out, "Smuggle the gig." Then the other side rushes in and tries to catch the one that has the "gig." If the one that has the gig is free, the same side goes out again.—Rev. W. Gregor.

See "Gegg."

Snail Creep

In Mid-Cornwall, in the second week of June, at St. Roche, and in one or two adjacent parishes, a curious dance is performed at their annual "feasts." It enjoys the rather undignified name of "Snail Creep," but would be more properly called the "Serpent's Coil." The following is scarcely a perfect description of it:—"The young people being all assembled in a large meadow, the village band strikes up a simple but lively air and marches forward, followed by the whole assemblage, leading hand-in-hand (or more closely linked in case of engaged couples), the whole keeping time to the tune with a lively step. The band, or head of the serpent, keeps marching in an ever-narrowing circle, whilst its train of dancing followers becomes coiled around it in circle after circle. It is now that the most interesting part of the dance commences, for the band, taking a sharp turn about, begins to retrace the circle, still followed as before, and a number of young men, with long leafy branches in their hands as standards, direct this counter movement with almost military precision."—W. C. Wade (*Western Antiquary*, April 1881).

A game similar to the above dance is often played by Sunday school children in West Cornwall, at their out-of-door summer treats, called by them "Roll tobacco." They join hands in one long line, the taller children at their head. The first child stands still, whilst the others in ever-narrowing circles dance around singing until they are coiled into a tight mass. The outer coil then wheels sharply in a contrary

direction, followed by the remainder, retracing their steps.—Courtney's *Cornish Feasts and Folk-lore*, p. 39. A Scottish game, "Row Chow Tobacco," described by Jamieson, is played in the same way, the boy at the extremity being called the "Pin." A clamorous noise succeeds the "winding up," the players crying out "Row Chow Tobacco" while giving and receiving the fraternal hug. The words are pronounced Rowity-chowity-bacco. The naming of this game in connection with tobacco is curious. It is undoubtedly the same as "Snail Creep." I am inclined to think that all these games are connected with an ancient form of Tree-worship, and that the analogy of tobacco-rolling is quite modern.

See "Bulliheisle," "Eller Tree," "Tuilyie-waps," "Wind up the Bush Faggot."

Snapping Tongs

See "Musical Chairs."

Snatch Apple

A game similar to "Bob Cherry," but played with an apple.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Snatch Hood

An undescribed boy's game mentioned in a statute of Edward III.'s time.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Soldier

I am an old soldier, I come from the war,
Come from the war;

I am an old soldier, I come from the war,
And my age it is sixty-and-three.

I have but one son and he lies alone, lies alone,
I have but one son and he lies alone;
And he's still making moan for lying alone.

Son, go choose a wife of your own,
Choose a good one or else choose none,
Or bring none home to me.

Now they're got married, they're bound to obey,
Bound to obey in every degree;
And as you go round kiss all but me.

—Belfast, Ireland (W. H. Patterson).

The players form a ring and sing the first three verses. Then one of the players chooses a girl from the ring. The first three verses are again sung until the whole ring is arranged in couples; then the first couple kneels in the middle, and the rest dance round them singing the marriage formula; then the second couple, and so on, each couple kissing.

Solomon

The players knelt in a line; the one at the head, in a very solemn tone, chaunted, "Solomon had a great dog;" the others answered in the same way, "Just so" (this was always the refrain). Then the first speaker made two or three more ridiculous speeches, ending with, "And at last this great dog died, and fell down," giving at the same time a violent lurch against his next neighbour, who, not expecting it, fell against his, and so on, to the end of the line.—*Cornwall (Folk-lore Journal, v. 50).*

See "Obadiah," Quaker's Wedding.

Sort'em-billyort'em

A Lancashire game, very similar to "Hot Peas and Bacon."
—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Sow-in-the-Kirk

A large hole is made in the ground, surrounded by smaller ones, according to the number of the players, every one of whom has a shintie, or hooked stick. The middle hole is called the kirk. He who takes the lead in the game is called the sow-driver. His object is to drive a small piece of wood or bone, called the sow, into the large hole or kirk; while that of his opponents, every one of whom keeps his shintie in one of the smaller holes, is to frustrate his exertions by driving back the sow. If he succeeds, either in knocking it into one of the small holes, while one of his antagonists is in the act of striking it back, he is released from the drudgery of being driver. In the latter case, the person whose vacancy he has occupied takes the servile station which he formerly held.—Lothian (Jamieson). This is said to be the same game with "Church and Mice" in Fife. Jamieson's description is not very

lucid. It appears that each player must hold his shintie with its end in his hole, and it is only when he takes it out to prevent the sow-driver getting his sow into or towards the kirk, that the sow-driver has the chance of putting the sow into the player's hole, and so causing that player to take the place of sow-driver.

See "Kirk the Gussie."

Span Counter

A common game among boys. "You shall finde me playing at Span Counter."—Dekker's *Northward Hoe*. Toone, *Etymological Dictionary*, mentions this as a juvenile game played with counters.

Boys shall not play
At span counter or blow pipe.

—Donne (*Satire iv.*).

Dr. Grosart, in noting this passage, says, "I rather think the game is still played by boys when they directly, or by rebound, endeavour to play their button or marble into a hole." Strutt briefly notes the game as being similar to "Boss Out."—*Sports*, p. 384. Halliwell (*Dictionary*) simply gives the quotation from Donne's Poems, p. 131, mentioning the game.

See "Boss Out."

Spang and Purley

A mode resorted to by boys of measuring distances, particularly at the game of marbles. It means a space and something more.—Brockett's *North Country Words*.

Spanglie

A game played by boys with marbles or halfpence. A marble or halfpenny is struck against the wall. If the second player can bring his so near that of his antagonist as to include both within a *span*, he claims both as his.—Jamieson.

This is the same game as "Banger," "Boss Out." Probably the Old English game of "Span Counter," or "Span Farthing," was originally the same.—See Johnson's *Dictionary*.

Spannims

A game at marbles played in the eastern parts of England.
—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Spawnie

The same game as "Spangie."—Keith (Rev. W. Gregor).

Spinny-Wye

The name of a game among children at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. I suspect this is nearly the same with "Hide and Seek." "I spye" is the usual exclamation at a childish game called "Hie, spy, hie."—Brand, ii. 442.

Splints

A game at marbles, in which they are dropped from the hand in heaps.—Easter's *Almondbury Glossary*.

Spurn point

An old game (undescribed) mentioned in the play *Apollo Shroving*, London, 1627, p. 49.

Spy-arm

A game of Hide-and-Seek, with this difference, that when those are found who are hid the finder cries Spy-arm; and if the one discovered can catch the discoverer, he has a ride upon his back to the dools.—Mactaggart's *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*.

See "Hide and Seek" (1).

Stacks

A stack in the centre of the stackyard was selected, and round a part of one side a rut was marked in the earth usually by the toe-bit of the ploughman's boot. This enclosure, not over four feet wide at the broadest part, was called the den. One of the players, selected to be the catcher, stood within this den, and when all the players were ready turned his face to the stack, and counted out loud the numerals from one to twenty, the last with a great shout. During the count the players ran round the stacks out of sight, but no hiding nor leaving the stackyard, this was "not fair." When twenty was heard one would shout back "Ready!" Then out came the catcher. He was not permitted to stand in or near the den, but went out among the stacks and caught as many players as he could before they

reached the den. The great aim of those "out" was to get into the den unseen and untouched. If all the players got in, then the catcher had to try again; but when all were caught (which was seldom or ever), the last one caught was catcher for the next game. When one player was touched by the catcher he or she had to remain in the den till the rest were all in.—Biggar (Wm. Ballantyne).

Mr. Ballantyne says, "This game usually ended in a promiscuous 'catching' and 'touching' game, each lad trying to catch the lass he liked best, and some lads, for the fun of the thing, would try and get a particular girl first, her wishes and will not being considered in the matter; and it seemed to be an unwritten law among them for the lass to 'gang wi' the lad that catched her first,' yet I have known lassies take this opportunity to favour the lad they preferred. It was the correct thing for the people to visit each other's farms in rotation to play 'the stacks.'" This game was played when all the crops of grain were in the stackyard under thack and rape (? nape). Then it was customary for the servant lads and lasses of neighbours' "ferm toons" to gather together and play at this game. Mr. Ballantyne considers it was the third of three festivals formerly held at the ingathering of the crops.

See "Barley Break."

Stag

A boys' game. One boy issues forth and tries to "tig" another, previously saying this nominy, or the first two lines—

Stag, stag arony,
Ma' dog's bony,
Them 'at Aw catch
'Ill ha' to go wi' me.

When one boy is tiggd (or "tug") the two issue forth hand in hand, and when more, all hand in hand. The other players have the privilege of breaking the chain, and if they succeed the parties forming it are liable to be ridden back to the den. At Lepton, where the game was publicly played, the boundaries were "Billy tour end, Penny Haas end, and I' Horsin step." So played in 1810, and is still.—Easther's *Almondbury Glossary*.

In the Sheffield district it is called "Rag Stag," and is

usually played in the playground, or yard, attached to a school. Any number can play. A place is chalked out in a corner or angle formed by the walls or hedges surrounding the playground. This is called the den, and a boy stands within the den. Sometimes the den is formed by chalking an area out upon a footpath, as in the game of "Bedlams." The boy in the den walks or runs out, crying, "Rag-stag, jinny I over, catching," and having said this he attempts to catch one of the boys in the playground who have agreed to play the game. Having caught him he takes him back into the den. When they have got into the den they run out hand-in-hand, one of them crying, "Rag-stag, jinny I over, touching," whilst the other immediately afterwards calls out, "Rag-stag, jinny I over, catching." They must keep hold of each other's hands, and whilst doing so the one who cried out "Touching" attempts to touch one of the boys in the playground, whilst the one who cried "Catching" attempts to catch one of such boys. If a boy is caught or touched, the two boys who came out of the den, together with their prisoner, run back as quickly as possible into the den, with their hands separated. If whilst they are running back into the den any boy in the playground can catch any one of the three who are running back, he jumps on his back and rides as far as the den, but he must take care not to ride too far, for when the boys who are already caught enter the den they can seize their riders, and pull them into the den. In this case the riders too are caught. The process is repeated until all are caught.—Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.

Another name for the game is "Stag-out." One player is Stag, and has a place marked out for his bounds. He stands inside, and then rushes out with his hands clasped together, and endeavours to touch one of the other players, which being accomplished, he has the privilege of riding on the boy's back to his bounds again.—*Book of Sports*. In a London version the hands were held above the head, and joined by interlacing the thumbs, the fingers being outspread, the boy had to touch another while in this position.

In Shropshire it is called "Stag-warning." One boy is chosen Stag; he runs about the playground with his clasped

hands held palms together in front of him, trying to tick (= touch) others. Each whom he touches joins hands with him, and they run together in an ever-lengthening chain, sweeping the playground from end to end, the boys at each end of the chain "ticking" others with their disengaged hands, till all are caught but one, who becomes the next "Stag." The Stag gives notice of his start by exclaiming—

Stag-warning, stag-warning,
Come out to-morrow morning! —Shrewsbury.

Stag a-rag a-rorning
Very frosty morning!

What I cannot catch to-night I'll catch to-morrow
morning!

—Chirbury (Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 523).

The game is mentioned by Mr. Patterson in his *Antrim and Down Glossary*. Northall's *English Folk Rhymes*, p. 392, gives a Warwickshire and Staffordshire version, in which the first player "ticked" or "tagged" becomes Stag when the first game is concluded, all having been caught. The words used are—

Stag aloney,
My long poney,
Kick the bucket over.

Halliwell (*Dictionary*) also describes the game, and indicates its origin. The boy chosen for the game clasps his hands together, and, holding them out, threatens his companions as though pursuing them with horns, and a chase ensues in which the Stag endeavours to strike one of them, who then becomes Stag in his turn. Unfortunately, Halliwell does not, in this instance, give his authority, but if it is taken from the players themselves, it is a sufficient account of the origin of the game, apart from the evidence of the name. All this group of games is evidently to be traced to one original, though in different places the detail of the game has developed somewhat differently. It evidently comes down from the time when stags were hunted not so much for sport as for food.

See "Chickidy Hand," "Hornie," "Hunt the Stagie," "Shepherds," "Warney."

Stagging

A man's game. Two men have their ankles tied together and their wrists tied behind their backs. They then try to knock each other down.—Patterson's *Antrim Glossary*.

See "Hirtschin Hairy."

Steal the Pigs

The game represents the stealing of a woman's children and the recovery of them. The mother, before beginning to wash, disposes of her children in a safe place. She proceeds to do her washing. While she is busy a child-snatcher comes and takes away one. The others begin to cry. The mother hears them crying. She goes and asks the reason of their crying, and is told that a woman came and took away one of them. She scolds and beats them all; tells them to be more careful for the time to come, and returns to her washing. Again the children cry, and the mother goes to see what is the matter with them, and is told the same thing. She repeats her admonition and bodily correction, and returns to her work. This process is repeated till all the children are stolen. After finishing her washing, she goes to her children and finds the last one gone. She sets out in search of them, and meets a woman whom she questions if she had seen her children. She denies all knowledge of them. The mother persists, and at last discovers all her stolen children. She demands them back. The stealer refuses, and puts them behind her and stands on her defence. A tussel takes place. The mother in the long run rescues her children.—Fraserburgh (Rev. W. Gregor).

See "Mother, Mother, Pot boils over," "Witch."

Stealy Clothes

See "Scots and English."

Steik and Hide

The game of Hide and Seek.—Aberdeen (Jamieson).

Sticky-stack

A game among young people in running up the face or cut part of a hay-stack to try who can put in a stick the highest.—Brockett's *North Country Words*.

Sticky Toffey

Name of a game (undescribed) recorded by the Rev. S. D. Headlam, as played by Hoxton School children at Hoxton.—*Church Reformer*, 1894.

Stiff Police

A game (undescribed) recorded by the Rev. S. D. Headlam, as played by Hoxton School children.—*Church Reformer*, 1894.

Stik-n Snael (Stick and Snell)

Game of cat.—Elworthy, *West Somerset Words*. The short stick, pointed at both ends, is called a snell.

Stocks

A schoolboys' game. Two boys pick a side, and there is one den only, and they toss to see which side shall keep it. The side which wins the toss then goes out, and when two boys have got a good distance off they cry "Stocks." The boys who keep the den run after them to catch them. When one is caught his capturer counts ten while he holds him (in a more primitive but less refined state, spat over his head) and cries *Stocks*. This prisoner is taken into the den. If they are all caught the other side turns out. But if one of the outer side can manage to run through the den and cry "Stocks," all the prisoners are relieved, and can go out again.—Easter's *Almondbury Glossary*. See "Stacks."

Stones

A circle of stones is formed according to the number of players, generally five or seven each side. One of the out party stands in the centre of the circle, and lobs at the different stones in rotation; each hit a player gives all his side must change stations, in some places going round to the left and in others to the right. The stones are defended by the hand or a stick, according as a ball or stick is lobbed. All the players are out if the stone is hit, or the ball or stick caught, or one of the players is hit while running. In different counties or places these games are more or less modified.—Dublin, *Folklore Journal*, ii. 264–265.

Mr. Kinahan, who describes this game, adds a very instructive note, which is worth quoting:—

“These games I have seen played over half a century ago, with a lob-stick, but of later years with a ball, long before a cricket club existed, in Trinity College, Dublin, and when the game was quite unknown in a great part of Ireland. At the same time, they may have been introduced by some of the earlier settlers, and afterwards degenerated into the games mentioned above; but I would be inclined to suspect that the Irish are the primitive games, they having since been improved into cricket. At the present day these games nearly everywhere are succeeded by cricket, but often of a very primitive form, the wickets being stones set on end, or a pillar of stones; while the ball is often wooden, and very rudely formed.”

Stool-ball

The first mention of this game is by Smyth in his *Berkeley Manuscripts*. In the reign of Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester, with an extraordinary number of attendants and multitudes of country people, and “whom my neighbours parallel to Bartholomew faire in London, came to Wotton, and thence to Michaelwood Lodge, casting down part of the pales, which like a little park then enclosed the Lodge (for the gates were too narrow to let in his Trayne), and thence went to Wotton Hill, where hee plaid a match at stoball.”—*Gloucestershire County Folk-lore*, p. 26.

The earliest description of the game, however, is by Aubrey. He says “it is peculiar to North Wilts, North Gloucestershire, and a little part of Somerset near Bath. They smite a ball, stuffed very hard with quills and covered with soale leather, with a staffe, commonly made of withy, about three feet and a half long. Colerne down is the place so famous and so frequented for stobball playing. The turfe is very fine and the rock (freestone) is within an inch and a halfe of the surface which gives the ball so quick a rebound. A stobball ball is of about four inches diameter and as hard as a stone. I do not heare that this game is used anywhere in England but in this part of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire adjoining.” (Aubrey's *Natural*

History of Wiltshire, p. 117; *Collections for North Wilts*, p. 77). It is no doubt the same game as Stool-ball, which is alluded to by Herrick in 1648 (*Hesperides*), and in Poor Robin's Almanack for 1677 (see Halliwell's *Dictionary*). D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*, written in 1694, alludes to it as follows:—

“Down in a vale, on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be merry;
A match for kisses at stool-ball to play,
And for cakes and ale, and cider and perry.”

Chorus;

“Come all, great, small, short, tall—
Away to stool-ball.”

It is also alluded to in Poor Robin's Almanack for 1740:

“Now milkmaids pails are deckt with flowers,
And men begin to drink in bowers,
The mackarels come up in shoals,
To fill the mouths of hungry souls;
Sweet sillabubs, and lip-lov'd tansey,
For William is prepared by Nancy.
Much time is wasted now away,
At pigeon-holes, and nine-pin play,
Whilst hob-nail Dick, and simpring Frances,
Trip it away in country dances;
At *stool-ball* and at barley-break,
Wherewith they harmless pastime make.”

It is described by Strutt in *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 103, as a variety of game more commonly known as “goff” or “bandy ball,” the paganica of the Romans, who also stuffed their balls with feathers. According to Dr. Johnson, the balls are driven from stool to stool, hence the name.

In spite of Aubrey's opinion as to the limited range of this game, it appears to have been pretty generally played. Thus, Roberts' *Cambrian Antiquities* says, “Stool-ball, resembling cricket, except that no bats are used and that a stool was substituted for the wicket, was in my memory also a favourite game on holydays, but it is now seldom or ever played. It

generally began on Easter Eve" (p. 123). It was also an old Sussex game. Mr. Parish's account is that it was "similar in many respects to cricket, played by females. It has lately been revived in East Sussex by the establishment of stool-ball clubs in many villages. The elevens go long distances to play their matches; they practise regularly and frequently, display such perfection of fielding and wicket-keeping as would put most amateur cricketers to shame. The rules are printed and implicitly obeyed."—Parish's *Dictionary of Sussex Dialect*.

Miss Edith Mendham says of the Sussex game, it is supposed to derive its name from being played by milkmaids when they returned from milking. Their stools were (I think) used as wickets, and the rules were as follows:—

1. The wickets to be boards one foot square, mounted on a stake, which, when fixed in the ground, must be four feet nine inches from the ground.

2. The wickets to be sixteen yards apart, the bowling crease to be eight yards from the wicket.

3. The bowler to stand with one foot behind the crease, and in bowling must neither jerk nor throw the ball.

4. The ball to be of that kind known as "Best Tennis," No. 3.

5. The bats to be of wood, and made the same size and shape as battledores.

6. The striker to be out if the ball when bowled hits the wicket, or if the ball be caught in the *hands* of any of the opposing side, or if in running, preparing to run, or pretending to run, the ball be thrown or touch the wicket before the striker reaches it, and the ball in all cases must strike the face of the wicket, and in running the striker must at each run strike the wicket with her bat.

7. There should be eleven players on each side.

8. Overs to consist of eight balls.

Miss F. Hagden, in her short History of Alfriston, Sussex, says, "In the Jubilee year the game of stool-ball was revived and played in the Tye field. The rules resemble those of cricket, but the wickets are square boards on posts; the bowler stands in the centre of the pitch, the bats used are round boards with a handle. The game in Alfriston seems now to

have died out again, but in many villages there are regular clubs for the girls," p. 43. It also appears to be a game among Lancashire children to this day. A stool is used as a wicket, at which it is attempted to throw the ball; a player stands near the stool, and using his or her hand as a bat, wards off the blow. If the ball hits the stool the thrower takes the place at wicket; or if the ball is caught the catcher becomes the guardian of the stool. Stool-ball, like all ball games, was usually played at Easter for tansy cakes. Mr. Newell (*Games and Songs*) says this game is recorded by the second governor of Massachusetts as being played under date of the second Christmas of the colony.

See "Bittle-battle," "Cricket," "Stool-ball."

Strik a Licht

A version of hide and seek. One player is chosen to be "it." The other players go away to a distance and "show a light," to let "it" understand they are ready. They then hide, and the first one found has to be "it" in place of the previous seeker.—Aberdeen (Rev. W. Gregor).

See "Hide and Seek."

Stroke

A game at marbles, where each player places a certain number on a line and plays in turns from a distance mark called "scratch," keeping such as he may knock off.—Lowsley's *Berkshire Glossary*.

Stroke Bias

Brome, in his *Travels over England*, 1700, p. 264, says: "The Kentish men have a peculiar exercise, especially in the eastern parts, which is nowhere else used in any other country, I believe, but their own; it is called 'Stroke Bias,' and the manner of it is thus. In the summer time one or two parishes convening make choice of twenty, and sometimes more, of the best runners which they can cull out in their precincts, who send a challenge to an equal number of racers within the liberties of two other parishes, to meet them at a set day upon some neighbouring plain; which challenge, if accepted, they repair to the place appointed, whither also the county resort

in great numbers to behold the match, when having stripped themselves at the goal to their shirts and drawers, they begin the course, every one bearing in his eye a particular man at which he aims; but after several traverses and courses on both sides, that side, whose legs are the nimblest to gain the first seven strokes from their antagonists, carry the day and win the prize. Nor is this game only appropriated to the men, but in some places the maids have their set matches too, and are as vigorous and active to obtain a victory."

Sun and Moon

"A kinde of play wherein two companies of boyes holding hands all on a rowe, doe pull with hard hold one another, till one be overcome."—Quoted by Halliwell (*Dictionary*), from *Thomasii Dictionarium*, London, 1644.

Sunday Night

1. Sunday night an' Nancy, oh!
 My delight and fancy, oh!
 All the world that I should know
 If I had a Katey, oh!

"He! ho! my Katey, oh!
 My bonny, bonny Katey, oh!
 All the world that I should keep
 If I had a Katey, oh!"

—Liphook, Hants (Miss Fowler).

2. Sunday night and brandy, O!
 My life and saying so,
 My life and saying so,
 Call upon me Annie, O!
 I Annie, O!
 Bonnie, bonnie Annie, O!
 She's the girl that I should like
 If I had an Annie, O!

—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (H. Hardy).

(b) The children stand in a row with backs against a wall or fence, whilst one stands out and stepping backwards and forwards to the tune sings the first verse. Then she rushes

to pick out one, taking her by the hands and standing face to face with her, sings the other verse. Then the two separate their hands, and standing side by side sing the first verse over again, taking another girl from the row, and so on again.

"Monday night," or "Pimlico," is the name of a singing game mentioned by the Rev. S. D. Headlam, in *The Church Reformer*, as played by children in the schools at Hoxton, which he says was accompanied by a kind of chaunt of a very fascinating kind.

Sun Shines

The sun shines above and the sun shines below,
And a' the lasses in this school is dying in love I know,
Especially (girl's name) she's beautiful and fair;
She's awa wi' (a boy's name) for the curl o's hair.
In comes (girl's name) mother with the glass in her han',
Says—My dearest daughter, I'm glad you're gettin a man,
I'm glad you're gettin a man and a cooper to trade,
And let a' the world say he is a rovin' blade.

—Fraserburgh (Rev. W. Gregor).

All sing to "especially," boy chooses girl, and then the two whirl round, and all sing to the end.

Sweer Tree

Two persons sit down feet to feet and catch a stick with their hands; then whoever lifteth the other is the strongest.
—Mactaggart's *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*.

Compare "Honey pots."

Swinging

Rhymes were said or sung by children and young people when swinging. They were of the same character, and in many instances the same as those given in "See-saw" and "Shuttle-feather," and were used formerly for purposes of divination. The following extract, from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Sept. 19th, 1895, seems to indicate an early notion connected with swinging. It is taken from one of the articles in that paper upon Jabez Balfour's diary during his residence in the Argentine Republic:—"On the 2nd November he (Balfour) mentions

a curious Bolivian custom on All Souls' Day, when 'they erect high swings, and old and young swing all day long, in the hope that while they swing they may approach the spirits of their departed friends as they fly from Purgatory to Paradise.' Two days later he adds: 'I have to-day heard another explanation of the Bolivian practice of swinging on All Souls' Day. They swing as high as they can so as to reach the topmost branches of the trees, and whenever they are thereby able to pull off a branch they release a soul from Purgatory.'"—*Notes and Queries*, 8th series, vi. 345. With this may be compared one of the methods and words used while swinging which I remember playing, namely, that while swinging, either in a room or garden, the object was to endeavour to touch either a beam in the ceiling or the top branches of a tree, singing at the same time a rhyme of which I only recollect this fragment:

One to earth and one to heaven,
And *this* to carry my soul to heaven.

The last was said when the effort was made to touch the ceiling or tree with the feet.—(A. B. Gomme.)

Miss Chase has sent me the following rhymes:

I went down the garden
And there I found a farth'ng;
I gave it to my mother
To buy a little brother;
The brother was so cross
I sat him on the horse;
The horse was so bandy
I gave him a drop (*or* glass) of brandy;
The brandy was so strong
I set him on the pond;
The pond was so deep
I sent him off to sleep;
The sleep was so sound
I set him on the ground;
The ground was so flat
I set him on the cat;
The cat ran away
With the boy on his back;

And a good bounce [A great push here]
Over the high gate wall.

Said while swing stops itself:—

Die, pussy, die,
Shut your little eye,
When you wake,
Find a cake;
Die, pussy, die.

—Deptford.

Wingy, wongy,
Days are longy,
Cuckoo and the sparrow;
Little dog has lost his tail,
And he shall be hung to-morrow.

—Marylebone.

The Deptford version is practically the same as known in several parts of the country, and Mr. Gerish has printed a Norfolk version in *Folk-lore* (vi. 202), which agrees down to the line "sent him off to sleep," and then finishes with—

With a heigh-ho!

Over the bowling green.

When they came to the "heigh-ho" a more energetic push than usual was given to the occupant of the swing, who was then expected to vacate the swing and allow another child a turn. Thus the rhyme served as an allowance of time to each child.

An amusement of boys in Galloway is described as on the slack rope, riding and shoving one another on the curve of the rope: they recite this to the swings—

Shuggie show, druggie draw,
Haud the grip, ye canna fa';
Haud the grup or down ye come,
And danceth on your braid bum.

—Mactaggart's *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*.

Brockett (*North Country Words*) describes as a swing: a long rope fastened at each end, and thrown over a beam, on which young persons seat themselves and are swung backwards and forwards in the manner of a pendulum.

See "Merriotot."

Tait

The Dorset game of "See-saw."—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Teesty-Tosty

The blossoms of cowslips collected together tied in a globular form, and used to toss to and fro for an amusement called "Teesty-Tosty," or simply sometimes "Tosty."—Somerset (Holloway's *Dict. of Provincialisms*).

A writer in *Byegones* for July 1890, p. 142, says, "Tuswball" means a bunch. He gives the following rhyme, used when tossing the ball:—

Tuswball, tuswball, tell unto me
What my sweetheart's name shall be.

Then repeating letters of the alphabet until the ball falls, and the letter last called will indicate the sweetheart's name.

See "Ball," "Shuttlefeather," "Trip Trout."

Teter-cum-Tawter

The East Anglian game of "See-saw."—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Tee-to-tum. See "Totum"

Thimble Ring

I come with my ringle jingles
Under my lady's apron strings.
First comes summer, and then comes May,
The queen's to be married on midsummer day.
Here she sits and here she stands,
As fair as a lily, as white as a swan;
A pair of green gloves to draw on her hands,
As ladies wear in Cumberland.
I've brought you three letters, so pray you read one,
I can't read one unless I read all,
So pray, Miss Nancy, deliver them all.

—Sheffield (S. O. Addy).

A number of young men and women form themselves into an oval ring, and one stands in the centre. A thimble is given

to one of those who form the ring, and it is passed round from one to another, so that nobody knows who has it. Then the one who stands in the centre goes to the man at the top of the oval ring and says, "My lady's lost her gold ring. Have you got it?" He answers "Me, sir? no, sir." The one in the middle says, "I think you lie, sir, but tell me who has got it." Then he points out the one who has the thimble, of which he takes possession, and then says the above lines. Then the one who was found to have had the thimble takes the place of the one inside the ring, and the game is repeated.

Halliwell gives a version of this game under the name of Diamond Ring (*Nursery Rhymes*, p. 223), but the words used consist only of the following lines:—

My lady's lost her diamond ring,
I pitch upon you to find it.

In the two following games from Yorkshire and Lincolnshire there are no words used in rhymes or couplets.

One child stands in the centre of a ring, which is formed by each member clasping the wrist of his or her left hand neighbour with the left hand, thus leaving the right hand free. A thimble is provided, and is held by one of the players in the right hand. No circular movement is necessary, but as the tune is sung, the right hand of each member is placed alternately in that of their right and left hand neighbour, each performing the action in a swinging style, as if they had to pass the ring on, and in such a manner, that the one standing in the centre cannot detect it. The thimble may be detained or passed on just as the players think fit. The words are the following:—

The thimble is going,
I don't know where.

Varied with

It's first over here,

Or

It's over there,

as the case may be, or rather may not be, in order to throw the victim in the centre off the scent.—West Riding of Yorkshire (Miss Bush).

The players sit in a row or circle, with their hands held palm

to palm in their laps. The leader of the game takes a thimble, and going to every member of the company in turn, pretends to slip it between their fingers, or to hide it in their pinafores, saying as she does so—"I bring you my lady's thimble, you must hold it fast, and very fast indeed." Whereon each child thus addressed should assume an air of triumph suitable to the possession of such a treasure. After the whole party have gone through the farce of receiving the thimble, the girl who carried it round calls a player from the circle to discover who holds it. For every wrong guess a fine must be paid. When the searcher discovers the thimble she begins a new round of the game by taking the place of leader; and so on, till the accumulation of forfeits is sufficient to afford amusement in "loosing the tines." The game is called "Lady's Thimble."—Lincoln, Scawby and Stixwould 76 years ago (Miss M. Peacock).

The rhyme used in the Sheffield game is that used in "Queen Anne," but it appears to have no relevance to this game.

Thing done

A game described by Ben Jonson in his play of *Cynthia's Revels* (act iv. scene 1). The passage is as follows:—

"PHANTASTE. Nay, we have another sport afore this, of 'A thing done, and who did it,' &c.

"PHILANTIA. Ay, good Phantaste, let's have that: distribute the places.

"PHANTASTE. Why, I imagine A thing done; Hedon thinks who did it; Maria, with what it was done; Anaides, where it was done; Argurion, when it was done; Amorphus, for what cause was it done; you, Philantia, what followed upon the doing of it; and this gentleman, who would have done it better. . . ."

Gifford thinks that this sport was probably the diversion of the age, and of the same stamp with our modern "Cross Purposes," "Questions," and "Commands," &c.

Thread the Needle



—Miss Dendy.



—Harpenden (Miss Lloyd).

- I. Thread my grandmother's needle!
Thread my grandmother's needle!
Thread my grandmother's needle!
Open your gates as wide as high,
And let King George and me go by.
It is so dark I cannot see
To thread my grandmother's needle!
Who stole the money-box?
—London (Miss Dendy).
- II. Open your gates as wide as I, [high?]
And let King George's horses by;
For the night is dark and we cannot see,
But thread your long needle and sew.
—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).
- III. Thread the tailor's needle,
The tailor's blind, so he can't see;
So open the gates as wide as wide,
And let King George and his lady pass by.
—Bocking, Essex (*Folk-lore Record*, iii. 170).
- IV. Thread my grandmother's needle,
Thread my grandmother's needle;
It is too dark we cannot see
To thread my grandmother's needle.
—Harpenden (Mrs. Lloyd).

- V. Thread the needle,
Thread the needle,
Nine, nine, nine,
Let King George and I pass by.
—Liphook, Hants (Miss Fowler).
- VI. Open the gates as wide as wide,
And let King George go through with his bride;
It is so dark, we cannot see
To threadle the tailor's needle.
—Parish *Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect*.
- VII. Brother Jack, if ye were mine,
I would give you claret wine;
Claret wine's gude and fine—
Through the needle-e'e, boys!
—*Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1821.
- VIII. Through the needle-e'e, boys,
One, two, three, boys.
—Ross-shire (Rev. W. Gregor).
- IX. Hop my needle, burn my thread,
Come thread my needle, Jo-hey.
—Lincoln (C. C. Bell).
- X. Come thread a long needle, come thread,
The eye is too little, the needle's too big.
—Hanbury, Staffs. (Miss Edith Hollis).
- XI. Thread the needle thro' the skin,
Sometimes out and sometimes in.
—Warwickshire, Northall's *Folk Rhymes*, 397.
- XII. Open the gates as wide as the sky,
And let King George and his lady go by.
—Ellesmere, Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 321.

(b.) The children stand in two long rows, each holding the hands of the opposite child, the two last forming an arch. They sing the lines, and while doing so the other children run under the raised arms. When all have passed under, the first two hold up their hands, and so on again and again, each pair in turn becoming the arch. Mrs. Lloyd (Harpenden version) says the two first hold up a handkerchief, and the children all

run under, beginning with the last couple. In the London version (Miss Dendy) the "last line is called out in quite different tones from the rest of the rhyme. It is reported to have a most startling effect." The Warwickshire version is played differently. The players, after passing under the clasped hands, all circle or wind round one of their number, who stands still.

(c.) In some cases the verse, "How many miles to Babylon?" is sung before the verses for "Thread the needle," and the reference made (*ante*, vol. i., p. 238) to an old version seems to suggest the origin of the game. This, at all events, goes far to prove that the central idea of the game is not connected with the sewing needle, but with an interesting dance movement, which is called by analogy, Thread the needle. It is, however, impossible to say whether the verses of this game are the fragments of an older and more lengthy original, which included both the words of "How many miles to Babylon" and "Thread the needle," or whether these two were independent games, which have become joined; but, on the whole, I am inclined to think that "Thread the needle," at all events, is an independent game, or the central idea of an independent game, and one of some antiquity.

This game is well illustrated by custom. At Trowbridge, in Wilts, a game, known as "Thread the needle," used to be the favourite sport with the lads and lasses on the evening of Shrove Tuesday festival. The vocal accompaniment was always the following:—

Shrove Tuesday, Shrove Tuesday, when Jack went to plough,
His mother made pancakes, she didn't know how;
She tipped them, she tossed them, she made them so black,
She put so much pepper she poisoned poor Jack.

—*Notes and Queries*, 5th series, xi. p. 227.

At Bradford-on-Avon, as soon as the "pancake bell" rang at eleven A.M., the school children had holiday for the remainder of the day, and when the factories closed for the night, at dusk the boys and girls of the town would run through the streets in long strings playing "Thread the needle," and whooping and hallooing their best as they ran, and so collecting all they

could together by seven or eight o'clock, when they would adjourn to the churchyard, where the old sexton had opened the churchyard gates for them; the children would then join hands in a long line until they encompassed the church; they then, with hands still joined, would walk round the church three times; and when dismissed by the old sexton, would return to their homes much pleased that they "Clipped the Church," and shouting similar lines to those said at Trowbridge.

At South Petherton, in South Somerset, sixty or seventy years ago, it was the practice of the young folk of both sexes to meet in or near the market-place, and there commence "Threading the needle" through the streets, collecting numbers as they went. When this method of recruiting ceased to add to their ranks, they proceeded, still threading the needle, to the church, which they tried to encircle with joined hands; and then, whether successful or not, they returned to their respective homes. Old people, who remember having taken part in the game, say that it always commenced in the afternoon or evening of Shrove Tuesday, "after having eaten of their pancakes." In *Leicestershire County Folk-lore*, p. 114, Mr. Billson records that it was formerly the custom on Shrove Tuesday for the lads and lasses to meet in the gallery of the Women's Ward in Trinity Hospital to play at "Thread the Needle" and similar games.

At Evesham the custom is still more distinctly connected with the game, as the following quotation shows:—"One custom of the town is connected with a sport called 'Thread my needle,' a game played here by the children of the town throughout the various streets at sunset upon Easter Monday, and at no other period throughout the year. The players cry while elevating their arms arch-wise—

Open the gates as high as the sky,
And let Victoria's troops pass by."

—May's *History of Evesham*, p. 319.

As all these customs occur in the early spring of the year, there is reason to think that in this game we have a relic of the oldest sacred dances, and it is at least a curious point that

in two versions (Bocking and Ellesmere) the Anglo-Saxon title of "Lady" is applied to the Queen.

The writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, who quotes the rhymes as "immemorial," says: "Another game played by a number of children, with a hold of one another, or 'tickle tails,' as it is technically called in Scotland, is 'Through the needle-e'e.'" Moor (*Suffolk Words and Phrases*) mentions the game. Patterson (*Antrim and Down Glossary*) gives it as "Thread the needle and sew." Barnes (*Dorset Glossary*) calls it "Dred the wold woman's needle," in which two children join hands, and the last leads the train under the lifted arms of the first two. Holloway (*Dictionary of Provincialisms*) says the children form a ring, holding each other's hands; then one lets go and passes under the arms of two who still join hands, and the others all follow, holding either by each other's hands or by a part of their dress. "At Ellesmere," Miss Burne says, "this game was formerly called 'Crew Duck.' It now only survives among little girls, and is only played on a special day." It is alluded to in *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1738: "The summer quarter follows spring as close as girls do one another when playing at Thread my needle; they tread upon each other's heels." Strutt calls this "Threading the Taylor's needle." Newell (*Games of American Children*) gives some verses, and describes it as played in America.

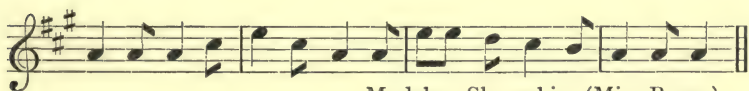
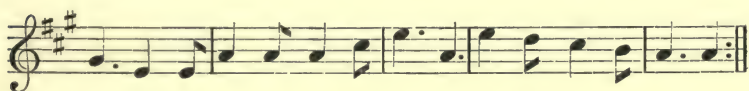
See "How many miles to Babylon," "Through the Needle 'ee."

Three Days' Holidays

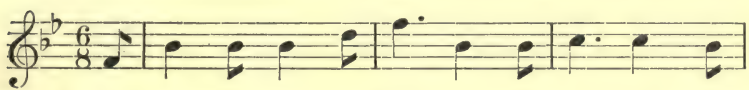
Two players hold up their joined hands, the rest pass under one by one, repeating, "Three days' holidays, three days' holidays!" They pass under a second time, all repeating, "Bumping day, bumping day!" when the two leaders strike each player on the back in passing. The third time they say, "Catch, catch, catch!" and the leaders catch the last in the train between their arms. He has the choice of "strawberries or grapes," and is placed behind one of the leaders, according to his answer. When all have been "caught," the two parties pull against each other.—Berrington (Burne's *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 522).

"Holidays," says Miss Burne, "anciently consisted of three days, as at Easter and Whitsuntide, which explains the words of this game;" and the manorial work days were formerly three a week. See "Currants and Raisins."

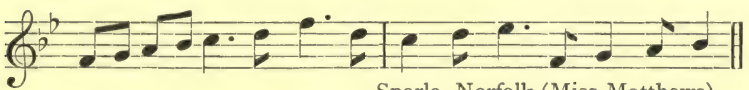
Three Dukes



—Madeley, Shropshire (Miss Burne).



Biggar, Lanarkshire (W. Ballantyne).



Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).



—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

- I. Here come three dukes a-riding,
A-riding, a-riding ;
Here come three dukes a-riding,
With a rancy, tancy, tay !

What is your good will, sirs ?
Will, sirs ? will, sirs ?
What is your good will, sirs ?
With a rancy, tancy, tay !

Our good will is to marry,
To marry, to marry ;
Our good will is to marry,
With a rancy, tancy, tay !

Marry one of us, sirs,
Us, sirs, us, sirs ;
Marry one of us, sirs,
With a rancy, tancy, tay !

You're all too black and greasy [or dirty],
Greasy, greasy ;
You're all too black and greasy,
With a rancy, tancy, tay !

We're good enough for you, sirs,
You, sirs, you, sirs ;
We're good enough for you, sirs,
With a rancy, tancy, tay !

You're all as stiff as pokers,
Pokers, pokers ;
You're all as stiff as pokers,
With a rancy, tancy, tay !

We can bend as much as you, sirs,
You, sirs, you, sirs ;
We can bend as much as you, sirs,
With a rancy, tancy, tay !

Through the kitchen and down the hall,
 I choose the fairest of you all;
 The fairest one that I can see
 Is pretty Miss ——, walk with me.
 —Madeley, Salop (Miss Burne), 1891.

[Another Shropshire version has for the fourth verse—

Which of us will you choose, sirs ?
 Or,
 Will you marry one of my daughters ?]

II. Here comes three dukes a-riding, a-riding,
 With a ransome dansome day !
 Pray what is your intent, sirs, intent, sirs ?
 With a ransome dansome day !
 My intent is to marry, to marry !
 Will you marry one of my daughters, my daughters ?
 You are as stiff as pokers, as pokers !
 We can bend like you, sir, like you, sir !
 You're all too black and too blowsy, too blowsy,
 For a dilly-dally officer !
 Good enough for *you*, sir ! for *you*, sir !
 If I must have any, I will have this,
 So come along, my pretty miss !

—Chirbury (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 517).

III. Here come three dukes a-riding,
 A-riding, a-riding ;
 Here come three dukes a-riding,
 With a rancy, tancy, tee !
 Pray what is your good will, sirs ?
 Will, sirs, will, sirs ?
 Pray what is your good will, sirs ?
 With a rancy, tancy, tee !

My will is for to marry you,
 To marry you, to marry you;
 My will is for to marry you,
 With a rancy, tancy, tee!

You're all so black and blousey (blowsy?),
 Sitting in the sun so drowsy;
 With silver chains about ye,
 With a rancy, tancy, tee!

Or,

[With golden chains about your necks,
 Which makes you look so frowsy.]

Walk through the kitchen, and through the hall,
 And pick the fairest of them all.

This is the fairest I can see,
 So pray, Miss ———, walk with me.

—Leicester (Miss Ellis).

- IV. Here come three dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,
 Here come three dukes riding, riding, riding;
 Ransom, tansom, tisum ma tea (*sic*).

Pray what is your good will, sir, will, sir, will, sir?
 Pray what is your good will, sir?
 Ransom, tansom, tisum ma tea!

My will is for to marry, to marry, to marry,
 My will is for to marry;
 Ransom, tansom, tisum ma tea!

Pray who will you marry, you marry, you marry?
 Pray who will you marry?
 Ransom, tansom, tisum ma tea!

You're all too black and too brown for me,
 You're all too black and too brown for me,
 Ransom, tansom, tisum ma tea!

We're quite as white as you, sir; as you, sir; as you, sir;
 We're quite as white as you, sir;
 Ransom, tansom, tisum ma tea!

You are all as stiff as pokers, as pokers, as pokers,
You are all, &c.,

Ransom, tansom, tisum ma tea !

We can bend as well as you, sir ; as you, sir ; as you, sir ;
We can bend as well as you, sir ;

Ransom, tansom, tisum ma tea !

Go through the kitchen, and through the hall,
And take the fairest of them all ;

The fairest one that I can see is "———,"

So come to me.

Oxfordshire version, brought into Worcestershire
(Miss Broadwood).

V. Here come three dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding ;

With a ransom, tansom, titty foll-la !

With a ransom, tansom, tay !

And pray what do you want, sirs ? want, sirs ? want, sirs ?

With a ransom, tansom, titty foll-la !

With a ransom, tansom, tay !

I want a handsome wife, sir ; wife, sir ; wife, sir ;

With a ransom, tansom, titty foll-la !

With a ransom, tansom, tay !

I have three daughters fair, sir ; fair, sir ; fair, sir :

With a ransom, tansom, titty foll-la !

With a ransom, tansom, tay !

They are all too black and too brownny,

They sit in the sun so cloudy ;

With a ransom, tansom, titty foll-la !

With a ransom, tansom, tay !

Go through my kitchen and my hall,

And find the fairest of them all ;

With a ransom, tansom, titty foll-la !

With a ransom, tansom, tay !

The fairest one that I can see,

Is little ——, so come to me.

—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

- VI. Here come three dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding ;
Here come three dukes a-riding, with a ransom, tansom,
te !

Pray what is your intention, sir [repeat as above].

My intention is to marry, &c.

Which of us will you choose, sir, &c.

You're all too black and too browsy, &c.

We're good enough for you, sir, &c.

Through the kitchen and over the wall,
Pick the fairest of us all.

The fairest is that I can see, pretty Miss —, come
to me.

— East Kirkby, Lincolnshire (Miss K. Maughan).

- VII. Here come three dukes a-riding,
A-riding, a-riding ;
Here come three dukes a-riding,
With a dusty, dusty, die !

What do you want with us, sirs ? [repeat as above].

We've come to choose a wife, Miss, &c.

Which one of us will you have, sirs ? &c.

You're all too black and too browsy,
You sit in the sun so drowsy ;
With a golden chain about your neck,
You're all too black and too browsy.

Quite good enough for you, sirs, &c.

We walk in our chamber,
We sit in our hall,
We choose the fairest of you all ;
The fairest one that we can see
Is little — —, come to me.

— Wakefield, Yorks. (Miss Fowler).

- VIII. Here come three dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,
Here come three dukes a-riding ;
A randy, dandy, very fine day !
And pray what is your will, sirs ? &c. [as above].
We come for one of your daughters, &c.
Which one will you have, sir ? &c.
They are all as black as a browsie, browsie, browsie,
&c.
One can knit, and one can sew,
One can make a lily-white bow ;
One can make a bed for a king,
Please take one of my daughters in.
The fairest one that I can see
Is [], come to me.
—Gainford, co. Durham (Miss A. Edleston).
- IX. Here comes a poor duke a-riding, a-riding,
Here comes a poor duke a-riding ;
With the ransom, tansom, tee !
Pray who will you have to marry, sir ? &c.
You're all so black and so dirty, &c.
We are quite as clean as you, sir, &c.
Through the kitchen, and through the hall,
Pick the fairest one of all.
The fairest one that I can see
Is ———,
The fairest one that I can see,
With a ransom, tansom, tee !
—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).
- X. Here comes one duke a-riding,
A-riding, a-riding ;
Here comes one duke a-riding,
With a ransom, tansom, terrimus, hey !

What is your intention, sir? &c. [as above].

My intention is to marry, &c.

Marry one of us, sir? &c.

You're all too black and dirty (or greasy), &c.

We're good enough for you, sir, &c.

You're all as stiff as pokers, &c.

We can bend as much as you, sir, &c.

Through the kitchen and through the hall,

I choose the fairest of you all;

The fairest one as I can see

Is pretty — —, come to me.

Now I've got my bonny lass,

Bonny lass, bonny lass;

Now I've got my bonny lass

To help us with our dancing.

—Barnes, Surrey (A. B. Gomme).

- XI. Here comes one duke a-riding, a-riding, a-riding;
Here comes one duke a-riding
On a ransom, dansom bay!

You're all so black and dirty, &c.

Pray which of us will you choose, sir, &c.

Up in the kitchen, down in the hall,

And choose the fairest one of all.

The fairest one that I can see

Is pretty Miss ———, so come to me.

—Bocking, Essex (*Folk-lore Record*, vol. iii.,
pt. ii., pp. 170-171).

- XII. Here comes one duke a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,
Here comes one duke a-riding, with a ransom, tansom,
ta!

Pray which of us will you choose, sir? &c.

You're all so black and so blousey, &c.

We're quite as white as you, sir, &c.

Up of the kitchen, down of the hall,
 Pick the fairest girl of all;
 The fairest one that I can see
 Is ———, come to me. —Suffolk (Mrs. Haddon).

- XIII. Here comes the Duke of Rideo,
 Of Rideo, of Rideo;
 Here comes the Duke of Rideo,
 Of a cold and frosty morning.
 My will is for to get married, &c.
 Will any of my fair daughters do? &c.
 [The word "do" must be said in a drawling way.]
 They are all too black or too proudy,
 They sit in the sun so cloudy;
 With golden chains around their necks,
 That makes them look so proudy.
 They're good enough for you, sir! &c.
 I'll walk the kitchen and the hall,
 And take the fairest of them all;
 The fairest one that I can see
 Is Miss ———
 So Miss ———, come to me.
 Now we've got this pretty girl,
 This pretty girl, this pretty girl;
 Now we've got this pretty girl,
 Of a cold and frosty morning.

—Symondsbury, Dorsetshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 222-223).

- XIV. Here come three dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,
 Here come three dukes a-riding;
 With a ransom, tansom, tisamy, tea!
 What is your good will, sirs? &c.
 My good will is to marry, &c.
 One of my fair daughters? &c.
 You're all too black and browsy, &c.

Quite as good as you, sirs, &c.

[The dukes select a girl who refuses to go to them.]

O, naughty maid ! O, naughty maid !

You won't come out to me !

You shall see a blackbird,

A blackbird and a swan ;

You should see a nice young man

Persuading you to come.

—Wrotham, Kent (Miss Dora Kimball).

- XV. Here comes a duke a-riding, a-riding, a-riding ;
Here comes a duke a-riding, to my nancy, pancy,
disimi, oh !

Which of us will you have, sir ? &c.

You're all so fat and greasy, &c.

We're all as clean as you, sir, &c.

Come down to my kitchen, come down to my hall,
I'll pick the finest of you all. The fairest is that girl
I shall say, "Come to me."

I will buy a silk and satin dress, to trail a yard as we go
to church,

Madam, will you walk ? madam, will you talk ?

Madam, will you marry me ?

I will buy you a gold watch and chain, to hang by your
side as we go to church ;

Madam, will you walk ? madam, will you talk ?

Madam, will you marry me ?

I will buy you the key of the house, to enter in when
my son's out ;

Madam, will you walk ? madam, will you talk ?

Madam, will you marry me ?

—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (H. Hardy).

- XVI. Here comes one duke a-riding,
With a rancey, tancey, tiddy boys, O !
Rancey, tancey, tay !

Pray which will you take of us, sir? &c.

You're all as dark as gipsies, &c.

Quite good enough for you, &c.

Then we'll take this one, &c.

[After all are taken, the dukes say]—

Now we've got this bonny bunch, &c.

—Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, about 1880 (Miss E. Chase).

[A Devon variant gives for the third verse—

You are all too black and ugly, and ugly, and ugly.

And—

You are all too black and *browsie*, &c.

With the additional verse—

I walked through the kitchen,

I walked through the hall,

For the prettiest and fairest

Of you all.

Ending with—

Now I have got my bonny lass, &c.

And something like—

Will you come and dance with me?

—Devon (Miss E. Chase)].

XVII. Here comes a duke a-riding, a-riding, a-riding;
Here comes a duke a-riding to the ransy, tansy, tay!

Pray what do you come riding for? &c.

For one of your fairy [? fair] daughters, &c.

Will either one of these do? &c.

They're all too black and too dirty, &c.

They're quite as clean as you, sir, &c.

Suppose, then, I take you, Miss, &c.

—Clapham, London (Mrs. Herbertson).

[Another version is played by the duke announcing that he wants a wife. The circle of maids and duke then reply to each other as follows:—

Open the door and let him in.
 They're all as stiff as pokers.
 Quite as good as you, sir.
 I suppose I must take one of them ?
 Not unless you like, sir.
 I choose the fairest of you all,
 The fairest one that I can see
 Is ——, come to me.

—Clapham Middle-class Girls School (Mrs. Herbertson)].

- XVIII. Here comes the duke a-riding,
 With my rantum, tantum, tantum, tee !
 Here comes the duke a-riding,
 With my rantum, tantum, tee !
 What does the duke a-riding want ?
 With his rantum, tantum, tantum, tee, &c.
 The youngest and fairest daughter you've got, &c.
 —Dublin (Mrs. Coffey).

- XIX. Here comes a duke a-riding, a-riding, a-riding ;
 Here comes a duke a-riding, a ransom, tansom, tee !
 What is your good will, sir, &c.
 My will is for to marry, &c.
 Will ever a one of us do ? &c.
 You're all so black and so browsy.
 You sit in the sun and get frowsy,
 With golden chains about your necks,
 You're all so black and so browsy.
 Quite as good as you, sir, &c.

[There is more of this, but it has been forgotten by my authority.] —Thos. Baker, junr. (*Midland Garner*, N. S., ii. 32).

- XX. Here comes a duke a-riding,
 With a ransom, tansom, titta passee !
 Here comes a duke a-riding,
 With a ransom, tansom, tee !

Pray what is your good will, sir ?
With a ransom, tansom, titta passee !
Pray what is your good will, sir ?
With a ransom, tansom, tee !

My will is for to marry you (as above).

Pray which of us will you have, sir ? &c.

Through the gardens and through the hall,
With a ransom, tansom, titta passee !
I choose the fairest of you all,
With a ransom, tansom, tee !

—Settle, Yorks. (Rev. W. G. Sykes).

- XXI. There came three dukes a-riding, ride, ride, riding ;
There came three dukes a-riding,
With a tinsy, tinsy, tee !

Come away, fair lady, there is no time to spare ;
Let us dance, let us sing,
Let us join the wedding ring.

—West of Scotland (*Folk-lore Record*, iv. 174).

- XXII. Here come three dukes a-riding,
A-riding, a-riding.

They will give you pots and pans,
They will give you brass ;
They will give you pots and pans
For a pretty lass.

—Penzance, Cornwall (Mrs. Mabbott).

- XXIII. Here come four dukes a-riding,
Ring a me, ding a me, ding.
What is your good will, sirs ?
Ring a me, ding a me, ding.
Our good will's to marry, &c.
Marry one of us then, &c.
You're too poor and shabby, &c.
We're quite as good as you are, &c.

Suppose we have one of you then, &c.

Which one will you have, &c.

We'll have —— to marry, &c.

Who will you send to fetch her, &c.

We'll send —— to fetch her.

—Roxton, St. Neots (Miss E. Lumley).

XXIV. Here come three dukes a-riding,
With me rancy, tansy, tissimy tee,
Here come three dukes a-riding,
With a ransom, tansom, tissimy tee.
Here come three dukes a-riding,
With a ransom, tansom, tissimy tee.

Pray which of us will you have, sir (repeat as
above).

I think I will have this one (repeat).

[Forgotten, but the girls evidently decline to part with one
of their number.]

You are all too black and too blousy (repeat).

We're far too good for you, sir (repeat).

—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

Played at a Manx Vicarage

nearly sixty years ago (Rev. T. G. Brown).

XXV. Here comes a Jew a riding,
With the ransom, tansom, tissimi, O!
And pray what is your will, sir ? (as above).
Then pray take one of my daughters, &c.
They are all too black and too browsy, &c.
They are good enough for you, sir, &c.
My house is lined with silver, &c.
But ours is lined with gold, sir, &c.
Then I'll take one of your daughters, &c.

—Forest of Dean, Gloucester (Miss Matthews).

- XXVI. The Campsie dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding ;
The Campsie dukes a riding, come a rincey,
dincey, dee. —Biggar (Wm. Ballantyne).
- XXVII. Five dukes comes here a-ridin',
A-ridin' fast one day ;
Five dukes comes here a-riding,
With a hansom, dansom day.
What do you want with us, sirs,
With us, sirs, &c.
We want some wives to marry us,
To marry us, to marry us, &c.
Will you marry us, Miss Nancy,
Miss Nancy, Miss Nancy, &c.
We won't marry you to-day, sirs, &c.
Will you marry us to-day, Miss ? &c. (to another girl).
We will marry you to-day, sirs, &c.
—London, Regent's Park (A. B. Gomme).
- XXVIII. There's three dukes a-riding, a-riding,
There's three dukes a-riding,
Come a ransin, tansin, my gude wife.
Come a ransin, tansin te-dee,
Before I take my evening walk,
I'll have a handsome lady,
The fairest one that I do see.
—Roseheart, Pitsligo (Rev. W. Gregor).
- XXIX. One duck comes a-ridin', sir, a-ridin', sir,
A-ridin' to marry you.
And what do you want with me, sir ?
I come to marry you two.
There's some of us ready to dance, sir ;
Ready to dance and sing ;
There's some of us ready to dance, sir,
And ready to marry you.
Then come to me, my darlin', my darlin', darlin' day,
With a ransom, tansom, tansom, tansom tay.
—London, Regent's Park (A. B. Gomme).

XXX. There's a young man that wants a sweetheart—
 Wants a sweetheart—wants a sweetheart—
 There's a young man that wants a sweetheart,
 To the ransom tansom tidi-de-o.

Let him come out and choose his own,
 Choose his own, choose his own ;
 Let him come out and choose his own,
 To the ransom tansom tidi-de-o.

Will any of my fine daughters do, &c.

They are all too black and brawny,
 They sit in the sun uncloudy,
 With golden chains around their necks,
 They are too black and brawny.

Quite good enough for you, sir ! &c.

I'll walk in the kitchen, and walk in the hall,
 I'll take the fairest among you all ;
 The fairest of all that I can see,
 Is pretty Miss Watts, come out to me.
 Will you come out ?

Oh, no ! oh, no !

Naughty Miss Watts she won't come out,
 She won't come out, she won't come out ;
 Naughty Miss Watts she won't come out,
 To help us in our dancing.
 Won't you come out ?

Oh, yes ! oh, yes !

—Dorsetshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 223-224).

(c.) Three children, generally boys, are chosen to represent the three dukes. The rest of the players represent maidens. The three dukes stand in line facing the maidens, who hold hands, and also stand in line. Sufficient space is left between the two lines to admit of each line in turn advancing and retiring. The three dukes commence by singing the first verse, advancing and retiring in line while doing so. The line of maidens then advances singing the second verse. The alternate verses

demanding and answering are thus sung. The maidens make curtsies and look coquettishly at the dukes when singing the fourth verse, and draw themselves up stiffly and indignantly when singing the sixth, bending and bowing lowly at the eighth. The dukes look contemptuously and criticisingly at the girls while singing the fifth and seventh verses; at the ninth or last verse they "name" one of the girls, who then crosses over and joins hands with them. The game then continues by all four singing "Here come four dukes a-riding," and goes on until all the maidens are ranged on the dukes' side.

This method of playing obtains in most versions of the game, though there are variations and additions in some places. In the Bocking, Barnes, Dublin, Hurstmonceux, Settle, Symondsbury, Sporle, Earls Heaton, and Clapham versions, where the verses begin with "Here comes one Duke a-riding," one boy stands facing the girls, and sings the first verse advancing and retiring with a dancing step, or with a step to imitate riding. In some instances the "three Dukes" advance in this way. In the Barnes version, when the chosen girl has walked over to the duke, he takes her hands and dances round with her, while singing the tenth verse. In the Symondsbury (Dorset) version the players stand in a group, the duke standing opposite, and when singing the sixth verse, advances to choose the girl. When there is only one player left on the maidens' side the dukes all sing the seventh verse; they then come forward and claim the last girl, and embrace her as soon as they get her over to their side. In the Hurstmonceux version, when the girls are all on the dukes' side, they sing the last verse. Miss Chase does not say whether this is accompanied by dancing round, but it probably would be. In the Dublin version, after the third verse, the duke tries to carry off the youngest girl, and her side try to save her. In the Wrotham version, after the girls' retort, "Quite as good, as you, sir," the dukes select a girl, who refuses to go to them: they then sing the last six lines when the girl goes over. In the second Dorset version (which appeared in the *Yarmouth Register*, Mass., 1874) the players

consisted of a dozen boys standing in line in the usual way, and a dozen girls on the opposite side facing them. The boys sing the first two verses alternately ; the girl at first refuses and then consents to go. Dancing round probably accompanies this, but there is no mention of it. In Roxton, St. Neots, after the verses are sung, the duke and the selected girl clasp hands, and he pulls her across to the opposite side, as in "Nuts in May." In Settle (Yorks.) the game is called "The Dukes of York and Lancaster." The first duke advances with a dancing step. The game is then played in the usual way until all the players are ranged on the dukes' side ; then the two original dukes, one of whom is "red" and the other "white," join hands, and the other players pass under their raised hands. The dukes ask each of them, in a whisper, "red?" or "white?" The player then goes behind the one he or she has chosen, clasping the duke's waist. When all the players have chosen, a tug-of-war ensues between the two sides. In the Earls Heaton version, the duke sings the verses, offering gifts to the girl when she has been selected. In the Oxfordshire version (Miss Broadwood) one player sings the words of the verse, and all join in the refrain as chorus. In the Monton (Lancashire) version the duke sings the last verse, and then takes a girl from the opposite side ; and in another version from Barnes, in which the words of the last verse are the same as these, one of the dukes' side crosses over and fetches the girl. The duke bows lowly before the chosen girl in the Liphook version before she joins his side. In the East Kirkby, Lincolnshire, version, when the dukes sing the last verse, they advance towards the opposite side, who, when they see the direction in which they are coming, form two arches, by three of the players holding up their arms, the dukes' side going through one arch and returning through the other, bringing the chosen girl with them. One Clapham version is played in a totally different manner : the maidens form a circle instead of a line, and the duke stands outside this until he is admitted at the line which says, "let him in." At the conclusion of the dialogue he breaks in and carries one player off. This is an unusual form ; I have only met with one other instance of it.

(*d.*) The action in many of these versions is described as very spirited: coquetry, contempt, and annoyance being all expressed in action as the words of the game demands. The dancing movement of the boys in the first verse to imitate riding, though belonging to the earlier forms, is, with the exception of two or three versions, only retained in those which are commenced by one player, partly, perhaps, because of the difficulty three or more players experience in "riding" or "prancing" while holding each other's hands in line form. I have seen the game played when the "prancing" of the dukes (in a game where there were a dozen or more players on each side at starting, as in the Dorset version) was as important a feature as the maidens' actions in the other verses. I think the oldest form of the game is that played by a fairly equal number of players on each side, boys on one side and girls on the other, rather than that of "one" or "three" players on the dukes' side, and all the others opposite. The game then began with the present words, "Here come three dukes;" these three each chose a girl at the same time, and when these three were wived, another three "dukes" would pair with three more of the girls, and after that another three, and so on. This form would account for the modern idea that the number of dukes increases on every occasion that the verses are sung, after the first wife has been taken over, and until all the girls have been thus chosen. This idea is expressed in some versions by the change of words: "Here's a fourth [or fifth, and so on] duke come a riding" to take a wife, the chosen maiden becoming a duke as soon as she has passed over on to the dukes' side. The process of innovation may be traced by the methods of playing. Thus, in one version played at Barnes (similar in other respects to No. 10). beginning "three dukes a riding," *three* girls were chosen by the three first dukes, one by each, at the same time, and all three girls walked across with the three dukes to the boys' line, and stood next their respective partners. In two imperfect versions I have obtained in Regent's Park, London, the same principle occurs. One girl began—"One duck comes a ridin'," and two girls from the opposite side walked across; the other

"Five dukes come here a ridin'" was played by five players on each side, and this was continued throughout. When the verses were said, each of the five dukes took a player from the opposite side and danced round with her. Again, in those versions (Symondsbury and Barnes), where when one player is left on the maidens' side without a partner, and all the dukes are mated, the additional verse is sung, and this player is taken over too. Beyond these versions are the large number beginning with three or more children singing the formula of "three dukes," and choosing one girl at a time, until all are taken over on to the dukes' side. Finally, there are the versions, more in accord with modern ideas, which commence with one duke coming for a wife, and continue by the girls taken over counting as dukes, the formula changing into two dukes, and so on.

If this correctly represents the line of decadence in this game, those versions in which additional verses appear are, I think, instances of the tacking on of verses from the "invitation to the dance" or "May" games; particularly in the cases in which the words "Now I've got my bonny lass" appear. The Earls Heaton version is curious, in that it has several verses which remind us of the old and practically obsolete "Keys of Canterbury" (Halliwell, 96). It may well be that a remembered fragment of that old ballad, which was probably once danced as a dramatic round, has been tacked on to this game. The expression "walk with me," or "walk abroad with me," is significant of an engaged or betrothed couple. "I'm walking or walking out with so and so" is still an expression used by young men and young women to indicate an engagement. "She did ought to be married now; she've walked wi' him mor'n'er a year now." Some of the versions show still more marked signs of decadence. The altered wording, "Here comes a Jew a riding," "Here comes the Duke of Rideo," "A duck comes a ridin'," and the Scotch "Campsie Dukes a riding;" a Berkshire version, collected by Miss Thoyts (*Antiquary*, xxvii. p. 195), similar to the Shropshire game, but with a portion of the verse of "Milking Pails" added to it, and the refrain of "Ransome, tansome, tismatee;" together

with the disappearance of some of the verses, are all evidently the results of the words being learnt orally, and imperfectly understood, or not understood at all.

In this game, said in Lancashire to be the "oldest play of all," judging both by the words and method of playing, we have, I believe, a distinct survival or remembrance of the tribal marriage—marriage at a period when it was the custom for men of a clan to seek wives from the girls of another clan, both clans belonging to one tribe. The game is a purely marriage game, and marriage in a matter-of-fact way. Young men of a clan or village arrive at the abode of another clan for the purpose of seeking wives, probably at a feast or fair time. The maidens are apparently ready and expecting their arrival. They are as willing to become wives as the dukes are to become husbands. It is not marriage by force or capture, though the triumphant carrying off of a wife appears in some versions. It is exogamous marriage custom, after the tribe had settled down and arranged their system of marriage in lieu of a former more rude system of capture. The suggested depreciation of the girls, and their saucy rejoinders, may be looked upon as so much good-humoured chaff and banter exchanged between the two parties to enhance each other's value, and to display their wit. While it does not follow that the respective parties were complete strangers to one another, these lines may indicate that each individual wished "to have as good a look round as possible" before accepting the offer made. It will be seen that there is no mention of "love" in the game, nor is there any individual courtship between boy and girl. The marriage formula does not appear, nor is there any sign that a "ceremony" or "sanction" to conclude the marriage was necessary, nor does kissing occur in the game.

There is evidence of the tribal marriage system in the survivals of exogamy and marriage by capture occasionally to be noted in traditional local custom. Thus the custom recorded by Chambers (*Book of Days*, i. 722) of the East Anglians (Suffolk), where whole parishes have intermarried to such an extent that almost everybody is related to or connected with everybody else, is distinctly a case in point, the

intermarrying of "parishes" for a long series of years necessarily resulting in close inter-relationship. One curious effect of this is that no one is counted as a "relation" beyond first cousins; for if "relationship" went further than that it might "almost as well include the whole parish." The old proverb (also from East Anglia):

"To change the name, and not the letter,

Is a change for the worse, and not for the better;"

that is, it is unlucky for a woman to marry a man whose surname begins with the same letter as her own, also indicates a survival of the necessity of marrying into another clan or tribal family.

Another interesting point in the game is the refrain, "With a rancy, tancy, tay," which with variations accompanies all versions, and separates this game from some otherwise akin to it. There is little doubt that this refrain represents an old tribal war cry, from which "slogans" or family "cries" were derived. These cries were not only used in times of warfare, tribes were assembled by them, each leader of a clan or party having a distinguishing cry and blast of a horn peculiar to himself, and the sounding of this particular blast or cry would be recognised by men of the same party, who would go to each other's assistance if need were. The refrain is sung by all the players in Oxfordshire and Lancashire, and in some versions the players in this game put their hands to their mouths as if imitating a blast from a horn, and a Lancashire version (about 1820-1830), quoted by Miss Burne, has for the refrain, "With a rancy, tancy, terry boys horn, with a rancy, tancy, tee." "The burden," says Miss Burne, "evidently represented a flourish of trumpets." The Barnes version, "With a rancy, tancy, terrimus hey!" and many others confirm this.

An interesting article by Dr. Karl Blind (*Antiquary*, ix. 63-72), on the Hawick riding song, "Teribus ye Teri Odin," points out that this slogan, which occurs in the "Hawick Common-Riding Song," a song used at the annual Riding of the Marches of the Common, is an ancient Germanic war-cry. Dr. Blind, quoting from a pamphlet, *Flodden Field and New Version of the Common Riding Song*, says, "It is most likely

that the inspiring strains of 'Terribus' would be the marching tune of our ancestors when on their way for Flodden Field and other border battles, feuds, and frays. The words of the common-riding song have been changed at various periods, according to the taste and capacity of poets and minstrels, but the refrain has remained little altered. . . . The origin of the ancient and, at one time, imperative ceremony of the common-riding is lost in antiquity, and this old, no longer understood, exclamation, 'Teribus ye Teri Odin,' has (says Dr. Blind) all through ages in the meanwhile clung to that ceremony."

If we can fairly claim that the words of this game have preserved an old slogan or tribal cry, an additional piece of evidence is supplied to the suggestion that the game is a reflection of the tribal marriage—a reflection preserved by children of to-day by means of oral tradition from the children of a thousand years ago or more, who played at games in imitation of the serious and ordinary actions of their elders.

Three Flowers

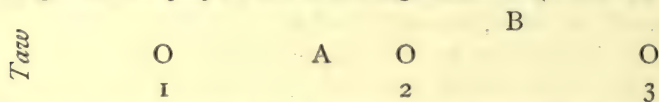
My mistress sent me unto thine,
Wi' three young flowers baith fair and fine—
The Pink, the Rose, and the Gilliflower :
And as they here do stand,
Whilk will ye sink, whilk will ye swim,
And whilk bring hame to land ?

A group of lads and lasses being assembled round the fire, two leave the party and consult apart as to the names of three others, young men or girls, whom they designate Red Rose, the Pink, and the Gilliflower. If lads are first pitched upon, the two return to the fireside circle, and having selected a lass, they say the above verse to her. The maiden must choose one of the flowers named, on which she passes some approving epithet, adding, at the same time, a disapproving rejection of the other two; for instance, I will sink the Pink, swim the Rose, and bring home the Gilliflower to land. The two young men then disclose the names of the parties upon whom they had fixed those appellations respectively, when of course it may chance that she has slighted the person she is understood

to be most attached to, or chosen him whom she is believed to regard with aversion; either of which events is sure to throw the company into a state of outrageous merriment.—Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*, p. 127. Mr. W. Ballantyne has given me a description of this game as played at Biggar when he was a boy, which is practically the same as this.

Three Holes

Three holes were made in the ground by the players driving the heels of their boots into the earth, and then pirouetting. The game was played with the large marbles (about the size



of racket balls) known as "bouncers," sometimes as "bucks." The first boy stood at "taw," and bowled his marble along the ground into 1. (It was bad form to make the holes too large; they were then "wash-hand basins," and made the game too easy.) Taking the marble in his hand, and placing his foot against 1, he bowled the marble into 2. He was now "going up for his firsts." Starting at 2, he bowled the marble into 3, and had now "taken off his firsts," and was "coming down for his seconds." He then bowled the marble back again into 2, and afterwards into 1. He then "went up for his thirds," bowling the marble into 2, and afterwards into 3, and had then won the game. When he won in this fashion, he was said to have "taken off the game." But he didn't often do this. In going up for his firsts, perhaps his marble, instead of going into 2, stopped at A; then the second boy started from taw, and, having sent his marble into 1, bowled at A; if he hit the marble, he started for 2, from where his marble stopped; if he missed, or didn't gain the hole he was making for, or knocked his antagonist's marble into a hole, the first boy played again, hitting the other marble, if it brought him nearer to the hole he was making for, or else going on. In such a case as I have supposed, it would be the player's aim to knock A on to B, or some place between 2 and 3, so as to enter 2, and then strike again so as to near 3, enter 3, and strike on his way down for his seconds,

and near 2 again. These were the chances of the game; but if the boy who started went through the game without his antagonist having a chance, he was said "to take off the game."—London (J. P. Emslie).

Three Jolly Welshmen

One child is supposed to be taking care of others, who take hold of her or of each other. Three children personate the Welshmen. These try to rob the mother or caretaker of her children. They each try to capture as many as they can, and I think the one who gets most is to be mother next time.—Beddgelert (Mrs. Williams).

Try to rob
of children

See "Gipsy," "Mother, Mother," "Shepherd and Sheep," "Witch."

Three Knights from Spain

- I. Here come two dukes all out of Spain,
A courting to your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is so young,
She can't abide your flattering tongue.

Let her be young, or let her be old,
It is the price, she must be sold,
Either for silver or for gold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
For I must turn another way.

Turn back, turn back, you Spanish knight,
And rub your spurs till they be bright.

My spurs they are of a costliest wrought,
And in this town they were not bought,
Nor in this town they won't be sold,
Neither for silver, nor for gold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
For I must turn another way.

Through the kitchen, and through the hall,
And take the fairest of them all;
The fairest is, as I can see,
Pretty Jane—come here to me.

Now I've got my pretty fair maid,
 Now I've got my pretty fair maid,
 To dance along with me,
 To dance along with me !

—Eccleshall, Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 222.

- II. Here comes three lords dressed all in green,
 For the sake of your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is so young,
 She learns to talk with a flattering tongue.

Let her be young, or let her be old,
 For her beauty she must be sold.

My mead's not made, my cake's not baked,
 And you cannot have my daughter Jane.

—Cambridgeshire, Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 222.

- III. We are three brethren out of Spain,
 Come to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is too young,
 And has not learned her mother tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
 For her beauty she must be sold.
 So fare you well, my lady gay,
 We'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
 And rub thy spurs till they be bright.

Of my spurs take you no thought,
 For in this town they were not bought.
 So fare you well, my lady gay,
 We'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
 And take the fairest in your sight.
 The fairest maid that I can see,
 Is pretty Nancy—come to me.

Here comes your daughter, safe and sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound,
Every finger with a gay gold ring,
Please to take your daughter in.

—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, cccxxxiii.

- IV. We are three brethren come from Spain,
All in French garlands ;
We are come to court your daughter Jean,
And adieu to you, my darlings.
My daughter Jean, she is too young,
All in French garlands ;
She cannot bide your flattering tongue,
And adieu to you, my darlings.
Be she young, or be she old,
All in French garlands ;
It's for a bride she must be sold,
And adieu to you, my darlings.
A bride, a bride, she shall not be,
All in French garlands ;
Till she go through this world with me,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

[There is here a hiatus, the reply of the lovers being wanting.]

Come back, come back, you courteous knights,
All in French garlands ;
Clear up your spurs, and make them bright,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

[Another hiatus.]

Smell my lilies, smell my roses,
All in French garlands ;
Which of my maidens do you choose ?
And adieu to you, my darlings.
Are all your daughters safe and sound ?
All in French garlands ;
Are all your daughters safe and sound ?
And adieu to you, my darlings.

In every pocket a thousand pounds,
All in French garlands ;
On every finger a gay gold ring,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

—Chambers's *Popular Rhymes*, 143.

- V. Here come three Spaniards out of Spain,
A courting to your daughter Jane.

Our daughter Jane, she is too young,
She hath not learnt the Spanish tongue.

Whether she be young, or whether she be old,
It's for her beauty she must be sold.

Turn back, turn back, ye Spanish knight,
And rub your spurs till they be bright.

Our spurs are bright and richly wrought,
For in this town they were not bought ;
And in this town they shan't be sold,
Neither for silver nor for gold.

Pass through the kitchen, and through the hall,
And pick the fairest of them all.

This is the fairest I can see,
So pray, young lady, walk with me.

—Leicester (Miss Ellis).

- VI. Here come three Spaniards out of Spain,
A courting of your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is too young,
She has not learned the Spanish tongue.

Whether she be young or old,
She must have a gift of gold ;
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll turn our heads another way.

Come back, come back, thou Spanish knight,
And pick the fairest in this night.

—Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.

VII. There were three lords they came from Spain,
They came to court my daughter Jane;

My daughter Jane, she is too young
To hear your false and flattering tongue.

So fare thee well, your daughter Jane,
I'll call again, another day, another year.

Turn back, turn back, and choose
The fairest one that you can see.

The fairest one that I can see,
Is pretty Jane, will you come with me.

[Jane says No.]

The proud little girl, she won't come out, she won't
come out, to help us with our dancing;
So fare you well, I'll come again another day.

Turn back, turn back, and choose
The fairest one that you can see.

The fairest one that I can see,
Is pretty Sarah, will you come with me?

[Yes.]

Now we have got the pretty fair maid
To help us with our dancing,
Dance round the ring. —Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

VIII. There was one lord came out of Spain,
He came to court our daughter Jane.

Our daughter Jane, she is too young,
To be controlled by flattering tongue.

Oh! fare thee well. Oh! fare thee well,
I'll go and court some other girl.

Come back, come back, your coat is wide,
And choose the fairest on our side.

The fairest one that I can see,
Come unto me, come unto me.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

- IX. There were three lords came out of Spain,
They came to court my daughter Jane ;

My daughter Jane, she is too young
To bear your false and flattering tongue.

So fare you well, so fare you well,
I'll go and court some other girl.

Come back, come back, your coat is white,
And choose the fairest in your sight,

The fairest one that I can see,
Is [] come unto me.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

- X. Here come three dukes dressed all in green,
They come to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is too young
To understand your flattering tongue.

Let her be young, or let her be old,
It is for her beauty she must be sold.

Eighteenpence would buy such a wench,
As either you or your daughter Jane.*

—Middlesex (from Mrs. Pocklington-
Coltman's maid).

- XI. There came a king from Spain,
To court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she's yet too young
To be deluded by a flattering tongue.

Whether she's old, or whether she's young,
It's for her beauty she must come.

Then turn about, her coat is thin,
And seek the fairest of your right.

The fairest one that I can see
Is fair and lovely Jan-ie.

* Incomplete, there is more of the game, but the maid could not remember it.

Then here's my daughter safe and sound,
And in her pocket three hundred pound,
And on her finger a gay gold ring,
She's fit to walk with any king.

—Annaverna, Ravensdale, Co. Louth
(Miss R. Stephens).

- XII. There came three dukes a-riding, riding, riding ;
Oh ! we be come all out of Spain,
All for to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is too young,
She has not learned her mother-tongue.

Let her be young, or let her be old,
The fate of beauty's to be sold.

Here's my daughter safe and sound,
And in her pocket a thousand pound,
And on her finger a gay gold ring.

Here's your daughter not safe nor sound,
And in her pocket no thousand pound,
And on her finger no gay gold ring ;
Open your door and take her in.

—London (Miss Dendy).

- XIII. There came three dukes all out of Spain,
All for to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is too young,
She has not learned her mother-tongue.

Let her be young, let her be old,
The fate of beauty's to be sold.

Walk through the parlour, walk through the hall,
And choose the fairest one of all.

The fairest one that I can see
Is little ———, so come to me. No

Will you come ? No !

Naughty one, naughty one, you won't come out
To join us in our dancing!

Will you come? Yes!

Now we've got a pretty fair one
To join us in our dancing.

—Colleyhurst, Manchester (Miss Dendy).

XIV. Two poor gentlemen are come out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, is yet too young
To understand your flattering tongue.

Let her be young, or let her be old,
She must be sold for Spanish gold.

Turn back, turn back, you haughty knight,
And take the fairest in your sight.

This is the fairest I can see,
So () must come to me.

—Bexley Heath (Miss Morris).

XV. Here come three lords all dressed in green,
All for the sake of your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is so young,
She doesn't know her mother-tongue. [Or,

My cake ain't baked, my ban [*qv.* beer or barm] ain't
brewed,

And yew can't hev my daughter Jane.]

Fie upon you and your daughter Jane; [scornfully,
Eighteenpence will buy a good wench,
As well as you and your daughter Jane.

—Swaffham, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

XVI. Here come three lords all dressed in green,
Here come three lords all come from Spain,
All for the sake of your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is so young,
She hath no knowledge in her tongue.

Kent (Miss Fowler).

XVII. I am a gentleman come from Spain ;
I've come to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, is yet too young
To understand your flattering tongue.

Let her be young, or let her be old,
She must be sold for Spanish gold.
So fare thee well, my lady gay,
I'll call upon you another day.

Turn back, turn back, you saucy lad,*
And choose the fairest you can spy !

The fairest one that I can see
Is pretty Miss ——. Come to me !

I've brought your daughter home safe and sound,
With money in her pocket here, a thousand pound :
Take your saucy girl back again.

—Bocking, Essex (*Folk-lore Record*, iii. pt. ii. 171).

XVIII. Here comes three knights all out of Spain,
A-courting of your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is too young,
She can't abide your flattering tongue.

If she be young, or she be old,
She for her beauty must be sold.

Go back, go back, you Spanish knight,
And rub your spurs till they are bright.

My spurs are bright and richly wrought,
And in this town they were not bought,
And in this town they shan't be sold,
Neither for silver nor for gold.

Walk up the kitchen and down the hall,
And choose the fairest of us all.

* Probably once "boy," pronounced "by" in Essex.

Madams, to you I bow and bend,
I take you for my dearest friend;
You are two beauties, I declare,
So come along with me, my dear.

—Wenlock, Condover, Ellesmere, Market Drayton
(*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 516).

XIX. Here come three dukes all out of Spain,
In mourning for your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, is yet too young
To cast her eyes on such a one.

Let her be young, or let her be old,
'Tis for her beauty she must be sold.
So fare thee well, my lady gay,
I'll call on you another day.

Turn back, turn back, you saucy Jack,
Up through the kitchen and through the hall,
And pick the fairest of them all.

The fairest one that I can see.
So please, Miss —, come with me.

—Pembrokeshire, Wales (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 89).

XX. Here's two brothers come from Spain,
For to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is too young,
She has not learned her mother tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
For her beauty she must be sold.

But fare thee well, my lady gay,
And I'll call back some other day.

Come back! come back! take the fairest you see.

The fairest one that I can see
Is bonnie Jeanie [or Maggie, &c.], so come to me.

Here's your daughter, safe and sound,
In every pocket a thousand pound,
On every finger a gay gold ring,
So, pray, take your daughter back again.

—*People's Friend*, quoted in review of
"Arbroath : Past and Present."

XXI. We are three suitors come from Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane she is too young
To be beguiled by flattering tongue.

Let her be young, or let her be old,
For her beauty she must be sold.

Return, return, your coat is white,
And take the fairest in your sight.

Here's your daughter safe and sound,
And in her pocket five hundred pound,
On her finger a gay gold ring,
Fit to walk with any king.

—Dublin (Mrs. Lincoln).

XXII. Here comes a poor duke out of Spain,
He comes to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane is yet too young,
She has a false and flattering tongue.

Let her be young, or let her be old,
Her beauty is gone, she must be sold.

Fare thee well, my lady gay,
I'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, you ugly wight,
And clean your spurs till they shine bright.

My spurs they shine as bright as snow,
And fit for any king to show ;
So fare thee well, my lady gay,
I'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, you ugly wight,
And choose the fairest one you like.

The fairest one that I can see,
Is you, dear —, so come with me.

—*Notes and Queries* (1852), vol. vi. 242.

- XXIII. Here comes three knights all out of Spain,
We have come to court your daughter Jane.
Our daughter Jane she is too young,
She has not learned the Spanish tongue.
Whether she be young or old,
'Tis for her beauty she must be sold.
Turn back, turn back, ye Spanish knights,
And rub your spurs till they are bright.
Our spurs are bright and richly wrought,
For in this town they were not bought;
And in this town they shan't be sold,
Neither for silver nor for gold.
Turn back, turn back, ye Spanish knights,
And brush your buckles till they are bright.
Our buckles are bright and richly wrought,
For in this town they were not bought;
And in this town they shan't be sold,
Neither for silver nor for gold.

—Yorkshire (Miss E. Cadman).

- XXIV. There was one lord that came from Spain,
He came to court my daughter Jane;
My daughter Jane, she is too young
To be controlled by a flattering tongue.

Will you? No.

Will you? Yes.

[This second one then joins hands with the "lord," and they dance round together, saying—]

You dirty wee scut, you wouldn't come out
To help us with our dancing.

—Ballymiscaw school, co. Down (Miss C. N. Patterson).

XXV. There were one lord came out of Spain,
Who came to court your daughter Jane.

Your daughter Jane, she is too young
To be controlled by flattering tongue.

Oh! fare thee well; oh! fare thee well;
I'll go and court some other girl.

Come back, come back, your coat is white,
And choose the fairest in your sight.

The fairest one that I can see, is ———, come to me.
—Holywood, co. Down (Miss C. N. Patterson).

XXVI. Here's two dukes come out from Spain,
For to court your daughter Jane;

My daughter Jane is far too young,
She cannot hear your flattering tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
Her beauty must be sold,
Either for silver or for gold;
So fare you well, my lady fair,
I'll call again some other day.

—Galloway (J. G. Carter).

XXVII. Here's one old Jew, just come from Spain,
To ask alone your daughter Jane.

Our daughter Jane is far too young
To understand your Spanish tongue.

Go away, Coat-green.

My name is *not* Coat-green,
I *step* my foot, and away I go.

Come back, come back, your coat is green,
And choose the fairest one you see.

The fairest one that I can see
Is pretty Alice. Come to me.

I will not come.

Naughty girl, she won't come out,
 She won't come out, she won't come out ;
 Naughty girl, she won't come out,
 To see the ladies dancing.

I will come.

Pretty girl, she has come out,
 She has come out, she has come out ;
 Pretty girl, she has come out,
 To see the ladies dancing.
 —Berwickshire (A. M. Bell, *Antiquary*, vol. xxx. p. 15).

XXVIII. Here come two Jews, just come from Spain,
 To take away your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane is far too young,
 She cannot bear your chattering tongue.

Farewell ! farewell ! we must not stay ;
 We'll call again another day.

Come back, come back, your choice is free,
 And choose the fairest one you see.

The fairest one that I can see
 Is A—— F——. Come to me.
 —Cowes, Isle of Wight (Miss E. Smith).

XXIX. There came three dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,
 There came three dukes a-riding,
 To court my daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane is far too young, far too young,
 My daughter Jane is far too young,
 She hath a flattering tongue.

They're all as red as roses, as roses, as roses,
 They're all as red as roses with sitting in the sun.
 —Perth (Rev. W. Gregor).

XXX. Here comes a duke a-riding,
 To court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane is far too young
To listen to your saucy tongue;
Go back, go back, you saucy Jack,
And clean your spurs and

My spurs are bright as bright can be,
With a tissima, tissima, tissima tee.

Go through the house, go through the hall,
And choose the fairest of them all.

The fairest one that I can see
Is ———. Come to me.

—Clapham School (Mrs. Herbertson).

XXXI. Here comes three dukes a-riding, a-riding,
Here comes three dukes a-riding, to court your
daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane is yet too young
To bear your silly, flattering tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
She for beauty must and shall be sold.
So fare thee well, my lady gay,
We'll take our horse and ride away,
And call again another day.

Come back, come back! you Spanish knight,
And clean your spurs, they are not bright.

My spurs are bright as "rickety rock" [and richly
wrought],

And in this town they were not bought,
And in this town they shan't be sold,
Neither for silver, copper, nor gold.

So fare thee well, &c.

Come back! come back! you Spanish Jack [or cox-
comb].

Spanish Jack [or coxcomb] is not my name,
I'll stamp my foot [stamps] and say the same.

So fare thee well, &c.

Come back ! come back ! you Spanish knight,
And choose the fairest in your sight.

This is the fairest I can see,
So pray, young damsel, walk with me.

We've brought your daughter, safe and sound,
And in her pocket a thousand pound,
And on her finger a gay gold ring,
We hope you won't refuse to take her in.

I'll take her in with all my heart,
For she and "me" were loth to part.

—Cornwall (*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 46, 47).

XXXII. Here comes three dukes all out of Spain,
For to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane, she is too young,
She cannot bear your flattering tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
For her beauty she must be sold.

So fare thee well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, you Spanish knight,
And take the fairest in your sight.

Well through the kitchen and through the hall,
I take the fairest of you all.

The fairest one that I can see
Is pretty —, come to me.

—Gloucestershire (*Northall's Rhymes*, p. 385).

XXXIII. Two poor sailors dressed in blue,
Two poor sailors dressed in blue,
Two poor sailors dressed in blue,
We come for the sake of your daughter Loo.

My daughter Loo, she is too young,
She cannot bear your flattering tongue.

Whether she be young, or whether she be old,
It is our duty, she must be sold.

Take her, take her, the coach is free,
The fairest one that you can see.

The fairest one that we can see,
Is bonnie []. Come to me.

Here's all your daughters safe and sound,
In every pocket a thousand pound,
On every finger a guinea gold ring,
So please, take one of your daughters in.

—Fochabers, N.E. Scotland (Rev. W. Gregor).

XXXIV. Two poor sailors dressed in blue, dressed in blue,
dressed in blue,

Two poor sailors dressed in blue, come for the sake
of your daughter Loo.

My daughter Loo, she is too young, she is too
young, she is too young,
She cannot bear your flattering tongue.

Let her be young, or yet too old, yet too old, yet
too old,

But for her beauty she must be sold.

The haughty thing, she won't come out, she won't
come out, she won't come out ;

The haughty thing, she won't come out,
To help us with our dancing.

Now we have got a beautiful maid, a beautiful
maid, a beautiful maid ;

Now we have got a beautiful maid,
To help us with our dancing.

—Nairn (Mrs. Jamieson, through
Rev. W. Gregor).

XXXV. One poor sailor dressed in blue, dressed in blue,
dressed in blue,

One poor sailor dressed in blue,
Has come for the sake of your daughter Sue.

My daughter Sue, she is too young,
She cannot bear your flattering tongue.

Whether she be young, or whether she be old,
For her beauty she must be sold.

Take her, take her, the coach is free.

The fairest one that I can see is bonny (),
come with we.

[No!]

The dirty sclipe, she won't come out, she won't
come out, she won't come out ;

The dirty sclipe, she won't come out to dance
along with me.

Now, I have got another poor maid, &c.,
To come along with me.

—Cullen (Rev. W. Gregor).

- XXXVI. Here comes two ladies down from Spain,
A len (?) [all in] French garland.
I've come to court your daughter Jane,
And adieu to you, my darling.
—Scotland (*Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, v. 393).

- XXXVII. Here are just three tribes come down from Spain,
To call upon my sister Jane.
My sister Jane, she is far too young ;
I cannot bear her chattering tongue.
The fairest lily that I can see,
Is pretty little Lizzie, will ye come to me ?

[No!]

The dirty thing, she won't come out, she won't
come out, she won't come out ;

The dirty thing, she won't come out, to help us
with the dancing.

[Yes!]

Now we've got a pretty maid, a pretty maid, a
pretty maid ;

Now we've got a pretty maid, to help us with the
dancing.

—Waterford (Miss H. E. Harvey).

(b) The players stand in two lines, facing one another, three boys on one side and the girls (any number) on the other. The boys advance and retire dancing, and saying the first two lines. The girls stand still, one who personates a mother answers with the next two lines. The boys then advance and reply. When they are retiring the mother says the next lines and the boys reply; they then choose a girl and take her over to their side. The dialogue is generally spoken, not sung. The boys turn their toes outwards to show their spurs. The number of players on the girls' side is generally an uneven one, the odd one is the mother and says the dialogue. This is the most general way of playing, but there are interesting variations. Chambers says two parties play, one representing a dame and her daughters, the other the suitors. The suitors move backwards and forwards with their arms entwined. The mother offers her daughters when she says "Smell my lilies," and the game ends by some little childish trick, but unfortunately, he does not describe this. Miss Ellis (Leicester) says if the number of players suited, probably all the boys, instead of three, would be on one side and the girls on the other, but there is no hard and fast line. They turn out their toes to show their spurs: when they sing or say, "Pass through the kitchen," &c., the girls stretch out their arms, still keeping hold of hand, and the boys, forming a long tail, wind in and out under their arms as they stand. Having previously decided among themselves which girl they shall seize, they go up and down the lines several times, until the period of suspense and expectation is supposed to have lasted long enough. Then the last boy in the line puts his arms round the chosen girl's waist and carries her off. This goes on until there is only one girl left, who recommences the game on her part by singing the first lines, choosing first a boy, who then becomes a Spaniard. In the first version from Belfast, the first girl who is asked to go refuses, and another is asked, who consents. In the Manchester version (Miss Dendy), the girl refuses twice, then accepts. The "mother" is seated in state with her "daughters" round her in the Bexley Heath (Miss Morris) version. The two "gentlemen" advance to her and

turn haughtily away when refused. Then they choose a girl and take her over to their side. In the Shropshire (Edgmond) version, two girls, one from each end of the line of "daughters," goes over to the knights' side, who also "bow" and "bend" when saying the lines, and the game is repeated saying five, seven, &c., knights. Here, also, the last player left on the girls' side takes the knight's part in the next game. Miss Burne adds, at other places the knights call only one girl by name each time. Both lines in the Shropshire game advance and retire. In the Dublin game (Mrs. Lincoln), three young boys are chosen for the suitors, one girl is the mother, and any number from three to six personate the daughters. The first boy only speaks the lines. At "Return, return, your coat is white," he, with the other two "suitors," takes the girl, brings her back, and says the last verse. They then sit down, and the second suitor does the same thing, then the third one. Then the game is begun again [with three other boys] until all the daughters have been taken. In the version quoted from *Notes and Queries*, two children, mother and daughter, stand on one side, the other players opposite to them, and advance and retire. The contributor says they chant the words to a pleasing old melody. The Yorkshire version (Miss E. Cadman) is played in the usual way, both sides advancing and retiring in turn, and at the end one of the "knights" tries to catch one of the girls. They cross the room to each other's places. In Co. Down, at Ballymiscaw, Miss Patterson says one player refuses when asked, and another consents, this one and the "lord" then join hands and dance round together, saying the last words. The Annaverna version is sung by one on each side—"king and the mother." The Berwickshire game was played by six children, one on one side, five on the other. The first lines are sung on both sides; then the rest is dialogue until the girl refuses, when the "Jew" dances round by himself, singing the words; she then consents, and the two dance round with joined hands as in a reel, singing the last verse. The dialogue is spoken with animation, and the "Jew steps his foot" and prances away when saying these words. Twelve children in the Perth version stand in a row, another stands a

little in advance, who is called "daughter Jane," another is the "mother." Three more stand in front of the twelve and are the "Dukes." These dance forwards and backwards before "Jane and her mother," singing the first lines. The mother answers. When they sing the last line the "Dukes" choose one of the twelve, and sing the words over again until all the twelve are on the "Dukes'" side. Then they try to carry off "Jane" and the "mother," and run until they are caught. In the Clapham school version (Mrs. Herbertson), the "Duke" tries to drag by force the chosen girl across a handkerchief or other boundary, if successful she goes on his side. In the Cornwall version the "Dukes" retire and consult before choosing a girl, then select one. When all have been taken they bring them back in the same order to the "mother," saying the last verse, and the "mother" replies in the last two lines. In the London version, the "Dukes" take the girl and rob her, then bring her back. In the Fochabers version (Rev. W. Gregor), the two "sailors" join hands crosswise, walk backwards and forwards, and sing the words. The girl crosses over to them when chosen. When all are chosen the "sailors" bring all the girls before the mother, singing the last verse. The mother searches the daughters one after the other, finding neither money nor ring. She then chases the sailors, and the one caught becomes mother next game.

(c) This game has been said by previous collectors, and at first sight may be thought to be merely a variant of "Three Dukes," but it will on investigation, I think, prove to be more than this. In the first place, the obvious borrowing from the "Three Dukes" of a few words, as in versions Nos. 29, 30, and 31, tells against the theory of identity of the two games. Then the form of marriage custom is different, though it is still marriage under primitive conditions of society. The personal element, entirely absent from the "Three Dukes," is here one of the principal characteristics. The marriage is still one without previous courtship or love between two individuals, but the parental element is present here, or at anyrate that of some authority, and a sanction is given, although there is no trace of any actual ceremony. The young men, or

suitors, apparently desire a particular person in marriage, and although there is no wooing of that person a demand is made for her. These suitors are, I think, making the demand on the part of another rather than for themselves. They are the ambassadors or friends of the would-be bridegrooms, and are soliciting for a marriage in which purchase money or dowry is to be paid. The mention of "gold and silver" in many versions, and the line, "she must be sold," is important.

All these indications of purchase refer to a time when the custom of offering gold, money, or other valuables for a bride was in vogue. While, therefore, the game has traces of carrying off the bride, this carrying off is in strict accord with the conditions prevalent when marriage by purchase had succeeded to marriage by capture. The bargaining spirit is not much "evidence" in this game, not, that is to say, in the same sense as is shown in "Three Sailors," p. 282, but there is sufficient evidence of a mercantile spirit to prove that women and girls were too valuable to be parted with by their own tribe or family without something deemed equivalent being given in return. There is a desire shown to possess the girl for her beauty; and that a choice of a suitor could or would be made is shown by the remarks that she is too young and does not know the language and customs of this suitor.

The mention of the spurs conveys the suggestion that the suitors or ambassadors are men of quality and renown. To win their spurs was an object greatly desired by all young men. Their reply to the taunt that their spurs are "dull" may mean that they are not bright from use, and may also show the idea that these men have come on a journey from some distance for a bride or brides, and this only is responsible for their spurs not being as bright as usual. Again, being "richly wrought" is probably an indication of wealth or consequence. Mention must be made of the mead not being made nor the cake yet baked, which occurs in two versions. If these two versions can be considered old ones, this would tend to show evidence of the ceremony of the eating together of particular food, which forms the most important element in primitive marriage ceremonies.

There occurs in some versions the incident of asking the girl to come, and the dancing round when she consents, mostly in connection with the incident of invitation to dance. This may not therefore belong, and I do not think it does, to the early forms of this game; but we must remember that dancing formed a part of the marriage ceremonies down to quite a late date, and it is therefore not surprising it should be found in many versions.

It has been suggested that this game has for its origin an historical event in the reign of Edward III., whose daughter Jane married a prince of Spain. There is some possibility in this, as doubtless the marriage was conducted by ambassadors first of all with pomp and ceremonial, but I think the game really dates from a much earlier period, and if there are any grounds for connecting it with this particular royal marriage, it may merely have altered and fixed some of the words, such as "daughter Jane," "Lords from Spain," "Spanish gold," in people's minds, and in this way tended to preserve the game in its modern form.

Mr. Addy, in his *Sheffield Glossary*, considers that the mention of the three knights and gifts of gold is a fragment of some old pageant of the Three Kings of Cologne, who, according to ancient legend, brought gifts to the infant Jesus, but I can see no evidence of this.

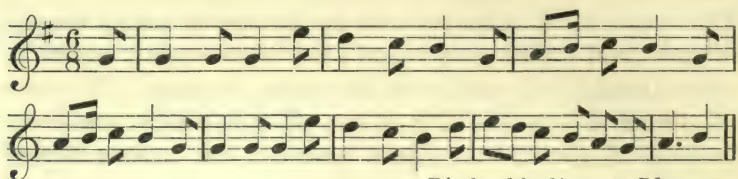
It is somewhat curious that this game is very rarely sung to a tune, nor have I succeeded in obtaining one. It is usually said to a sort of sing-song chant, or else it is spoken in dialogue, and that with a good deal of animation.

Mr. Newell gives versions, as played in America, similar to many here given, and Mr. Northall (*Folk Rhymes*, p. 385) gives one from Gloucestershire and Warwickshire.

Three Little Ships



—London (A. B. Gomme).



—Rimbault's *Nursery Rhymes*.

- I. Three little ships come sailing by,
 Sailing by, sailing by;
 Three little ships come sailing by,
 New Year's day in the morning.
 Who do you think was in the ships,
 In the ships, in the ships;
 Who do you think was in the ships,
 New Year's day in the morning?
 Three pretty girls were in the ships,
 In the ships, in the ships;
 Three pretty girls were in the ships,
 New Year's day in the morning.
 One could whistle, and one could sing,
 One could play on the violin;
 One could whistle, and one could sing,
 New Year's day in the morning.

—London (A. B. Gomme).

- II. I saw three ships come sailing by,
 Come sailing by, come sailing by;
 I saw three ships come sailing by
 On New Year's day in the morning.
 And what do you think was in them then,
 In them then, in them then;
 And what do you think was in them then,
 On New Year's day in the morning?
 Three pretty girls were in them then, &c.
 One could whistle, and one could sing,
 The other could play on the violin;
 Such joy was there at my wedding,
 On New Year's day in the morning.

—Rimbault's *Nursery Rhymes*.

III. As I sat on a sunny bank,
 A sunny bank, a sunny bank ;
 As I sat on a sunny bank
 On Christmas day in the morning.
 I saw three ships come sailing by,
 Come sailing by, come sailing by ;
 I saw three ships come sailing by
 On Christmas day in the morning.
 And who do you think was in those ships ? &c.
 But Joseph and his lady.
 And he did whistle, and she did sing,
 And all the bells on earth did ring
 For joy our Saviour he was born
 On Christmas day in the morning.

—Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 564.

[The above verses, except the last one, are sung at Oswestry with these additional ones :—]

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three ? &c.
 Oh ! they sailed unto Bethlehem, &c.
 They combed his hair with an ivory comb, &c.
 They washed his face in a golden cup, &c.
 They wiped his face with a lily-white cloth, &c.
 They brushed his shoes with a hairy brush, &c.

—Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 564.

(c) In the London version, which I obtained from a maid-servant—two lines of children stand, hand in hand, facing one another. They advance and retire in line, with dancing steps, alternately. The children sing the lines. When the last verse is sung a girl from the end of each line advances, and the two dance round together. This is continued until all have danced in turn in the space between the lines.

(d) It will be seen that there is a probability of the version I collected as a dance game and Rimbault's nursery song being derived from the Christmas carol, a variant of which I reprint from Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*. A version of this carol from Kent is given in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, iii. 7.

Mr. A. H. Bullen, in *Carols and Poems*, gives an older version of the same. In this version there is no mention of whistling, singing, or playing the violin; but in the Kent version, the third verse is the same as the fourth of that collected by Miss Burne, and the dance collected by myself. In the *Revue Celtique*, vol. iv., Mr. Fitzgerald considers this carol to have been the original from which the pretty words and dance, "Duck Dance," were derived, see *ante*, vol. i. p. 113. If these words and dance owe their origin to the carol, they may both show connection with an older form, when the carol was danced as a dramatic round.

Three Old Bachelors

Here come three old bachelors,
Walking in a row,
Seeking wives, and can't find 'em;
So open the ring, and take one in.
Now you're married, you must obey;
You must be true to all you say;
You must be kind, you must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood.

—Earls Heaton, Yorks. (Herbert Hardy).

Mr. Hardy suggests that this is a variant of "See the Farmer Sow his Seed," but it more nearly resembles "Silly Old Man," although the marriage formula is that of "Oats and Beans."

Three Sailors



Two last verses only.



—London (A. B. Gomme).

- I. Here come three sailors, three by three,
To court your daughter, a fair lady (pronounced ladee);
[Or, And down by your door they bend their knee].
Can we have a lodging here, here, here?
Can we have a lodging here?

Sleep, sleep, daughter, do not wake,
Here are three sailors we can't take;
You cannot have a lodging here, here, here,
You cannot have a lodging here.

Here come three soldiers, three by three,
To court your daughter, a fair lady;
Can we have a lodging here, here, here?
Can we have a lodging here?

Sleep, sleep, daughter, do not wake,
Here are three soldiers we can't take;
You cannot have a lodging here, here, here,
You cannot have a lodging here.

Here come three kings, three by three,
To court your daughter, a fair lady;
Can we have a lodging here, here, here?
Can we have a lodging here?

Wake, wake, daughter, do not sleep,
Here come three kings that we can take;
You can have a lodging here, here, here,
You can have a lodging here.

Here's my daughter, safe and sound,
And in her pocket one hundred pound,
And on her finger a gay gold ring,
And she is fit to walk with a king.

Here's your daughter, not safe nor sound,
Nor in her pocket one hundred pound,
On her finger no gay gold ring,
I'm sure she's not fit to walk with a king.

—Barnes, Surrey, and London (A. B. Gomme).

II. Here come three tinkers, three by three,
To court your daughter, fair lady ;
Oh ! have you any lodgings here, oh, here ?
Oh ! have you any lodgings here ?

Sleep, sleep, daughter, do not wake,
Here come three tinkers we cannot take ;
We haven't any lodgings here, oh, here,
We haven't any lodgings here.

Here come three soldiers, three by three,
To court your daughter, fair lady ;
Oh ! have you any lodgings here, oh, here ?
Oh ! have you any lodgings here ?

Sleep, sleep, daughter, do not wake,
Here come three soldiers we cannot take ;
We haven't any lodgings here, oh, here,
We haven't any lodgings here.

Here come three kings, three by three,
To court your daughter, fair lady ;
Oh ! have you any lodgings here, oh, here ?
Oh ! have you any lodgings here ?

Wake, wake, daughter, do not sleep,
Here come three kings that we can take ;
We have some lodgings here, oh, here,
We have some lodgings here.

Here's my daughter, safe and sound,
And in her pocket five hundred pounds,
And on her finger a five guinea gold ring,
And she is fit to walk with a king.

Here's your daughter, nor safe nor sound,
And in her pocket no five hundred pound,
And on her finger no five guinea gold ring,
And she's not fit to walk with the king.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- III. Here's three sweeps, three by three,
And down by the door they bend their knee ;
Oh ! shall we have lodgings here, oh, here ?
Oh ! shall we have lodgings here ?
Sleep, dear daughter, do not wake,
For here's three sweeps coming to take ;
Lodgings here they shall not have,
So sleep, dear daughter, sleep.
- Here's three bakers, three by three,
And down by the door they bend their knee ;
Oh ! shall we have lodgings here, oh, here ?
Oh ! shall we have lodgings here ?
Sleep, dear daughter, do not wake, &c. (as above).
- Here's three kings, three by three, &c. (as above).
- Wake, dear daughter, do not sleep,
For here's three kings coming to take ;
Lodgings here they all may have,
So wake, dear daughter, wake.
- Here's my daughter, safe and sound,
And on her finger a guinea gold ring,
And in her pocket a thousand pounds,
So she is fit to marry a king.
- Here's your daughter, safe and sound,
And on her finger no guinea gold ring,
And in her pocket no thousand pounds,
So she's not fit to marry a king.

—Aberdeen Training College (Rev. W. Gregor).

- IV. Here come three tailors, three by three,
To court your daughter, fair and fair ;
Have you got a lodger here, oh, here ?
Have you got a lodger here ?
Sleep, daughter, sleep, sleep,
Here come three tailors we can't take ;
We haven't got a lodger here, oh, here,
We haven't got a lodger here.

[The verses are repeated for "sailors," "blacksmiths," &c.,

and then "kings," and ends in the same way as the preceding version.]

—Swaffham, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

V. Here come three sailors, three by three,
A courting your daughter, Caroline Mee;
[Some would sing it "Because your daughter"]
Can we have a lodging here to-night?

Sleep, daughter, do not wake,
Here's three sailors we can't take;
You cannot have a lodging here to-night.

Here come three soldiers, three by three,
A courting your daughter, Caroline Mee;
Can we have a lodging here to-night?

Sleep, daughter, do not wake,
Here's three soldiers we can't take;
You cannot have a lodging here to-night.

[This is repeated for "kings," and the game ends as in the previous versions. "Three" hundred pounds being substituted for "five."]

—Deptford, Kent (Miss Chase).

VI. Here come some travellers three by three,
And down by a door they bend their knee.

"Can we get lodgings here?"

The fairest one that I can see

Is pretty little ———, come to me,

And you'll get lodgings here—

"Will you come?" "Yes," or "No!"

Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

(c) The players form in two lines, and stand facing one another. One line consists of a mother and daughters. The other of the suitors. The mother stands a little in advance of her daughters. They remain stationary during the game, the mother alone singing the words on her side. The suitors advance and retire in line while singing their verses. The mother turns partly round when singing the two first lines of her verses addressing her daughters, and then faces the suitors when singing to them the remaining two lines. When she accepts the "kings" she

brings one of her daughters forward, presents her to the suitors, and shows them the money in her pocket, and the ring on her finger. The daughter goes with the kings, who take her a little way apart, pretend to rob her of her ring, money, and clothes, and then bring her back to her mother, and sing the last verse. They then run off in all directions, and the mother and daughters chase and catch them, and they change sides. Sometimes all the daughters are taken by the suitors before they are robbed and brought back. The game is also played by five players only; three representing the sailors or suitors, and two the mother and daughter. The mother then chases the suitors, and whoever she catches becomes the daughter the next game. These are the usual methods of playing. In the Norfolk version the middle one of the three suitors takes the girl, robs her, and all three bring her back and sing the verses. In the Isle of Man version one player sits down, the others join hands, advance and retire singing the lines. The girl who is chosen joins the one sitting down.

(d) This game points to that period of tribal society, when the youths of one tribe sought to obtain their wives from the maidens of another tribe according to the laws of exogamy, but a definite person is here selected for the wife, and it is to the relatives or persons having authority (as in "Three Knights") that the demand for the bride is made, and not to the girl personally, as in "Three Dukes."

The game, while not so interesting a one to us as "Three Dukes," and "Three Knights," has its particular or peculiar features. It is probably later, and shows more clearly that position and wealth were of importance to a man in the obtaining of a wife. Individually he has not (apparently) courted the girl before, but he comes for that purpose now. He may be announcing himself under the various ranks or professions mentioned, before stating his real position; or, this may show that the girl having many suitors, and those of all degrees, the "mother" or relatives are actuated by purely mercenary motives, and wish to select the best and richest suitor for her. We must remember that it was accounted great honour to a girl to have many suitors and amongst these men dis-

tinguished by the performance of brave deeds, which had gained them renown and pre-eminence, or wealth. The fact that the rejection or acceptance of the suitors is made known to the girl by the "mother," or person having authority, shows that "sanction" or permission is necessary, and that "rejection" or "acceptance" is signified to the suitors in the words, you "may not," or, you "may" have a lodging here, signifies admission into the family. This is a most interesting feature. The girl is to "wake up," that would be to rouse up, be merry, dress in bridal array and prepare for the coming festival. She is also given to the suitors with "in her pocket one hundred pounds," and "on her finger a gay gold ring." This, it will be seen, is given her by her "mother" or person having authority, and probably refers to the property the girl brings with her to her new abode for her proper maintenance there; the ring shows likewise her station and degree in her former abode, and is the token that she is fit bride for a king, and must be treated accordingly. Curious, too, is "Here's my daughter safe and sound," which looks like a warrant or guarantee of the girl's fitness to be a bride. The expression "walk with," meaning "to marry," again occurs in this game as in "Three Dukes." The line occurring in two versions, "And down by the door they bend their knee," is suggestive of courtesy shown to the bride and her family at the threshold of the house.

The incident of the three kings becoming robbers is not easily understood. Robbery was common of course, particularly when money and valuables were known to be carried on the person; but I do not think this is sufficient in itself to account for the incident. It may be a reflection of the later fact that a man always took possession of his wife's personal property after marriage, and considered it his own to do as he pleased with. When this idea became codified in written law, the idea might readily get reflected in the game, when *kings* would not be understood as apparently taking things that did not belong to them, unless they were bandits in disguise. This last verse and the robbery may be a later addition to the game, when robbery was of everyday occurrence. There may have been (although there is nothing now in any version to warrant the

idea) some similar action on the part of the kings, such as a further arraying of the bride, and presenting her to their party or house, which has been misunderstood. Mr. Newell suggests that children having forgotten the original happy finish, and not understanding the "haggling" over the suitors, turned the kings into bandits. Children think it such a natural thing to wish to marry kings, princes, and princesses, and are so sincere in thinking it a matter of course to refuse a sailor or soldier for a king, when it is only a question of marriage, and not of choosing the one you like the best, that this reason does not to me seem to apply to a game of this kind.

Through the Needle Eye, Boys

Two leaders each choose a name such as "Golden Apple" and "Golden Pear." The remaining children all hold each other's waists in a long string, the "Golden Apple" and "Golden Pear" holding hands aloft like an arch. The string of children then runs under the arch. The last child that passes under is detained by the "Golden Apple" and "Golden Pear" (they having dropped hands previously). The detained child is asked in a whisper which she prefers, "Golden Apple," "Golden Pear;" she chooses, and then stands at the back of the "Golden Apple" or "Golden Pear." When all the children have passed through, the "Golden Apple" and "Golden Pear" hold each other's hands and stand with the others behind them and pull like a "Tug of War." There should be a line drawn between the "Golden Apple" and the "Golden Pear," and whichever side pulls the other over the line, wins the game.—Northumberland (from a lady friend of Hon. J. Abercromby).

The formula sung in Fraserburgh when the players are running under the raised arms is—

Clink, clink, through the needle ee, boys,
One, two, three,
If you want a bonnie lassie,
Just tak me.

After the tug of war the victors call out "Rotten eggs, rotten eggs" (Rev. W. Gregor).

The words used in Galloway are—

Through the needle e'e, boys,
Through the needle e'e!
If 'twasna for your granny's sake,
I wadna let 'e through.

—Galloway (J. G. Carter).

Jamieson describes this game in the south of Scotland as follows: "Two children form an arch with both hands. The rest, who hold each other by the skirts following in a line, attempt to pass under the arch. The first, who is called the king, is sometimes laid hold of by those who form the arch, each letting fall one of his arms like a portcullis for enclosing the passenger. But more generally the king is suffered to pass, the attempt being reserved for the last; whoever is seized is called the prisoner. As soon as he is made captive he takes the place of one of those who formed the arch, and who afterwards stand by his side."

It is differently played in Mearns, Aberdeen, and some other counties. A number of boys stand with joined hands in a semicircle, and the boy at one end of the link addresses the boy at the other end of the line:

A—— B——, if ye were mine,
I wad feed you with claret wine;
Claret wine is gude and fine,
Through the needle-ee, boys.

The boy to whom this is addressed makes room between himself and his next neighbour, as they raise and extend their arms to allow the opposite boy to run through the opening followed by all the other boys still linked to each other. If in running through the link should be broken, the two boys who are the cause suffer some punishment.—Ed. Jamieson's Dictionary.

The Northumberland game resembles "Oranges and Lemons." The other versions are nearer the "Thread the Needle" and "How many Miles to Babylon" games. Both games may be derived from the same custom.

See "How many Miles to Babylon," "Thread the Needle."

Thun'er Spell

A thin lath of wood, about six inches long and three or four inches broad, is taken and rounded at one end. A hole is bored in that end, and in the hole is tied a piece of cord between two and three yards long. It is then rapidly swung round, so as to produce a buzzing sound. The more rapidly it is swung, the louder is the noise. It was believed that the use of this instrument during a thunder-storm saved one from being struck with "the thun'er bolt." I have used it with this intention (Keith). In other places it is used merely to make a noise. It is commonly deeply notched all round the edges to increase the noise.

Some years ago a herd boy was observed making one in a farm-kitchen (Udny). It was discovered that when he was sent to bring the cows from the fields to the farmyard to be milked, he used it to frighten them, and they ran frantically to their stalls. The noise made the animals dread the bot-fly or "eleg." This torment makes them throw their tails up, and rush with fury through the fields or to the byres to shelter themselves from its attacks. A formula to effect the same purpose, and which I have many and many a time used when herding, was: Cock tail! cock tail! cock tail! Bizz-zz-zz! Bizz-zz-zz.—Keith (Rev. W. Gregor).

Dr. Gregor secured one of these that was in use in Pitsligo, and sent it to the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford, where it now lies. Professor Haddon has made a collection of these toys, and has written on their connection with the Australian boomerang.

They are still occasionally to be met with in country districts, but are used simply for the purpose of making a noise.

See "Bummers."

Tick

A game mentioned by Drayton, and still played in Warwickshire.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*. The same game as "Touch."

Tickle me Quickly

An old game (undescribed) mentioned in Taylor's *Motto*, 1622, sig. D, iv.

Ticky Touchwood.

Ticky, ticky Touchwood, my black hen,
 She lays eggs for gentlemen;
 Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
 Ticky, ticky Touchwood, my black hen.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

Addy (*Sheffield Glossary*, under "Tiggy Touchwood") says, "One player who is called Tiggy stands out, and each of the others takes hold of or touches a piece of wood, such as a door, or rail, &c. One then leaves his 'wood' and runs across the playground, and if whilst doing so Tiggy can touch him he must stand out or take Tiggy's place."

One child is chosen to be "Ticky," *i.e.*, to be on the *qui vive* to lay hold of or touch any one who is not touching wood. If played out of doors it must be clearly defined *what is wood*, trees and all growing wood being forbidden. The fun consists in the bold ventures of those who tempt "Ticky" to run after them, and contrive to touch "wood" just before he touches them. When one is caught he is "Ticky" in turn.—Swaffham, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

Played within a given boundary, in which were wooden buildings or fences. When one of the players was being pursued by the tiger, if he touched wood he could not be made prisoner, but he was not allowed to remain long in that position, and directly his hand left wood he was liable to instant capture. If when pursued he called out "a barla!" he was again exempt from capture, but he could not move from the position or place where he or she was when they called out, a barla! When wishing to move he had to call out "Ma barla oot!" No den in this game, but constant running.—Biggar (Wm. Ballantyne).

Lowsley (*Berkshire Glossary*) says, "Boys have games called Touch-wood and Touch-iron, where any one not touching either of the substances named is liable to be caught by the one standing out."

Ross and Stead (*Holderness Glossary*) give this game as Tiggy Touchwood, a game similar to Tig, but in which the player must touch wood. It is called Ticky, Ticky Touchwood

by Brogden (*Lincolnshire Provincial Words*), and Tiggy in Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.

Also played in another way. One tree or piece of wood was selected for "Home," and the players darted out from this saying, "Ticky, Ticky Touchwood," then running back to the tree and touching it before Ticky caught them. "Parley" or "fainits" were the words called out when exempt.—London (A. B. Gomme).

It is also described in Patterson's *Antrim and Down Glossary*.

Tig.

A game in which one player touches another, then runs off to be pursued and touched in turn.

Mr. Addy says, "Children *tig* each other when they leave school, and there is a rivalry among them to get the last *tig*. After a boy has said *tig-poison*, he is not to be 'tiggered' again." Brockett says: "Tig, a slight touch (as a mode of salutation), a play among children on separating for the night, in which every one endeavours to get the last touch; called also Last Bat."—Brockett's *North Country Words*, and consult Dickinson (*Cumberland Glossary*), also Jamieson. A boys' game, in which the player scores by touching one who runs before him.—Stead's *Holderness Glossary*. A play among children when separating for the night.—Willan's *Dialect Words of West Riding of Yorks*. Called also "Touch" and "Tigga Tiggy," in East and West Cornwall; (Courtney and Couch), also Patterson's *Antrim and Down Glossary*.

See "Canlie," "Cross Tig."

Time.

The players stand in a line. Two are chosen, who stand apart, and fix on any hour, as one, two, three, &c., or any half-hour. A nestie is marked off at some distance from the row of players. One of the two goes in front of the line of players, and beginning at one end asks each the hour. This is done till the hour fixed on between the two is guessed. The one that makes the right guess runs to catch the other of the two that fixed the hour, and she makes off to the "nestie." If she is caught she goes to the line of players, and the one that

caught her takes her place. If she reaches the "nestie" without being caught, she has still to run to the line of players; if she does this without being caught she holds her place as one of the time-fixers, but if caught she takes her stand in the line, and the one that caught her becomes time-fixer.—Fraserburgh (Rev. W. Gregor).

Tip it.

This is played by six players, divided into two sides of three each, with one captain to each side. A ring or other small object is taken by the side which wins the toss, and then both sides sit down to a small table. The in-side puts their hands under the table, and the ring is given to one of the three players. At a given signal they all bring up their closed hands on to the table, and the other side has to guess in which closed fist the ring is. The guesser has the privilege of ordering "off" the hands which he thinks are empty. If he succeeds in getting the empty hands off, he says "tip it" to the remaining one. If he guesses right the ring changes sides. The game is to keep the ring or other object on one side as long as possible.—London (Alfred Nutt).

Tip-Cat.

Strutt says this is so denominated from the piece of wood called a cat, about six inches in length, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, diminished from the middle to both ends. When the cat is on the ground the player strikes it smartly, when it rises with a rotatory motion high enough for him to hit it again before it falls, in the same manner as a ball. He says there are various methods of playing the game, and describes the two following: A large ring is made in the ground; in the middle of this the striker takes his station; his business then is to hit the cat over the ring. If he fails in doing so he is out, and another player takes his place; if successful, he judges with his eye the distance the cat is driven from the centre of the ring, and calls for a number at pleasure to be scored towards his game: if the number demanded be found upon measurement to exceed the same number of lengths of the bludgeon, he is out; on the contrary, if it does not, he obtains his call.

The second way of playing is to make four, six, or eight holes in the ground in a circular direction, and at equal distances from each other, at every hole is placed a player with his bludgeon: one of the opposite party who stand in the field tosses the cat to the batsman who is nearest him, and every time the cat is struck the players are obliged to change their situations, and run once from one hole to another in succession; if the cat be driven to any great distance they continue to run in the same order, and claim a score towards their game every time they quit one hole and run to another; but if the cat be stopped by their opponents and thrown across between any two of the holes before the player who has quitted one of them can reach the other, he is out.

Mr. Kinahan says there is among old Irish games one sometimes called cat, played with three or more players on each side, two stones or holes as stations, and a lobber, but the regular cat is played with a stick four inches long, bevelled at each end, called the cat. This bevelled stick is laid on the ground, and one end hit with a stick to make it rise in the air, when it is hit by the player, who runs to a mark and back to his station. The game is made by a number of runs; while the hitter is out if he fails three times to hit the cat, or if he is hit by the cat while running.—(*Folk-lore Journal*, ii. 264.) The common game of "tip-cat" was called *cat-and-kitten* by Dorset children. The long stick represented the "cat" and the small pieces the "kitten."—(*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 234.) Elworthy (*West Somerset Words*) calls it Stick and Snell. Brogden (*Provincial Words, Lincolnshire*) gives it as tip-cat, as does Lowsley (*Berkshire Glossary*), also Trippit and Coit, and Trippit and Rack in some parts of the North.—Brockett's *North Country Words*. Once commonly played in London streets, now forbidden.

See "Cudgel," "Waggles."

Tip-tap-toe.

A square is drawn having nine smaller squares or houses within it. Two persons play. They alternately make the one a square and the other a cross in any one of the

houses. He that first gets three in a line wins the game.—Peacock's *Manley and Corringham Glossary*. Brogden (*Provincial Words, Lincolnshire*) calls it Tit-tat-toe, also Low-sley (*Berkshire Glossary*).

Northall says called Tick-tack-toe in Warwickshire and Staffordshire; the rhyme is "Tick-tack-toe, I've caught you."

This game is called "Noughts and Crosses," in London, probably from those marks being used in the game.

See "Kit-Cat-Cannio," "Noughts and Crosses."

Tiring Irons.

An old game with iron rods and rings.—Holland's *Cheshire Glossary*.

Tisty Tosty

See "Shuttlefeather," "Teesty Tosty."

Titter-totter

The game of see-saw.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

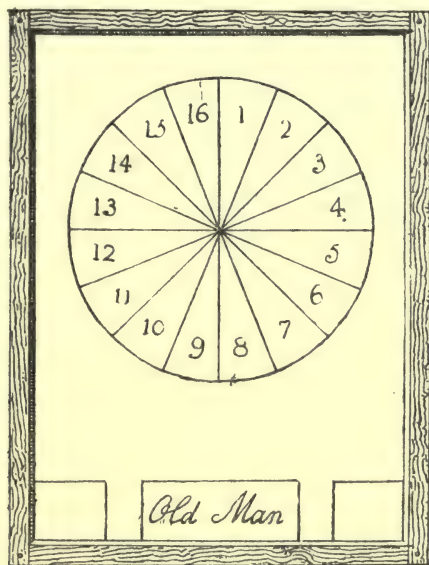
Tit-tat-toe.

A game played by school children on slates. A round is drawn, which is divided into as many divisions as is thought necessary, sixteen being generally the least. These divisions are each numbered, the centre containing a higher figure than any in the divisions, usually 25, 50, or 100. Several children can play. They each have a place or square allotted to them on the slate in which to record the numbers they obtain. A space is allotted to "Old Nick" or the "Old Man." The players alternately take a pencil in their right hand (holding it point downwards on I, and tapping on each number with it), and shutting their eyes move round and round the diagram saying—

"Tit, tat, toe, my first go,
Three jolly butcher boys all in a row
Stick one up, stick one down,
Stick one in the old man's ground,"

stopping and keeping the pencil in an upright position when the last word is said. The player then opens his eyes, and registers in his square the number at which the pencil stopped.

This number is then scratched through on the diagram, to signify that it is taken, the other players proceed in the same manner as the first; then the first one begins again. This is continued till all the numbers are scratched out, or till one of the players puts his pencil into the centre, and thus wins the game. If all the figures are taken before the centre is touched, the game goes to the "Old man" or "Old Nick." Also, if one player puts his pencil in a division already taken, he records nothing and loses that turn; this is also the case if, after the



verse is repeated, the pencil is found to be on a division or boundary line or outside the round.—London (A. B. Gomme).

I was taught by a maid servant to play this game on the ground. This girl drew the round and divisions and figures on the gravel path or mould in the garden, and sharpened a piece of stick at one end for the pointer. She did not know the game as one played on slates, but always played it on the ground in this way.

This game appears to indicate a lottery, and might originally have had something to do with allotting pieces of land or other property to prospective owners under the ancient common field

system. The places when taken by one player not being available for another, and the fact of it being known as played on the ground, and not on slates, are both significant indications of the suggested origin. The method of allotting lands by lottery is described in Gomme's *Village Community*. Mr. Newell, *Games*, p. 140, records a similar game called "Wheel of Fortune."

Tods and Lambs

A game played on a perforated board with wooden pins.—Jamieson. The Editor adds that the game is materially the same as the English "Fox and Geese."

See "Fox and Geese" (2).

Tom Tiddler's Ground



A line is drawn on the ground, one player stands behind it. The piece so protected is "Tom Tiddler's ground." The other players stand in a row on the other side. The row breaks and the children run over, calling out, "Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up gold and silver." Tom Tiddler catches them, and as they are caught they stand on one side. The last out becomes Tom Tiddler.—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

Tom Tiddler's Ground is played at Chirbury under the name of "Boney" = Bonaparte! one boy taking possession of a certain area, and the others trespassing on it, saying, "I am on Boney's ground." If they are caught there, they are put "in prison" till released by a touch from a comrade.—Chirbury (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 523-524).

I'm on Tom Tinker's ground,
I'm on Tom Tinker's ground,
I'm on Tom Tinker's ground,
Picking up gold and silver.

—Derbyshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, i. 386).

Northall (*Folk Rhymes*) gives the following lines, and describes it as played as above, except that Tom Tindler is

provided with a knotted handkerchief, with which he buffets any one caught on his property :—

Here we are on Tom Tinder's ground,
Picking up gold and silver ;
You pick weeds, and I'll pick seeds,
And we'll all pick carraway comfits.

In the Liverpool district the game is called "Old Daddy Bunchey" (Mrs. Harley), and in Norfolk "Pussey's Ground" (Miss Matthews).

It is also mentioned by Lowsley (*Berkshire Glossary*).

Tops

The special games now played with tops are mentioned under their respective titles, but the general allusions to the ancient whipping-tops are important enough to note.

Strutt says the top was known with us as early at least as the fourteenth century, when its form was the same as now, and the manner of using it can admit of but little if any difference. Representations of boys whipping tops occur in the marginal paintings of the MSS. written at this period ; and in a work of the thirteenth century, "*Le Miracle de Saint Loys*," the whipping top (*Sabot*) is mentioned. The top was probably in use as a toy long before. Strutt records the following anecdote of Prince Henry, son of James I., which he met with in a MS. at the Museum, the author of which speaks of it as perfectly genuine. His words are—"The first tyme that he, the prince, went to the towne of Sterling to meete the king, seeing a little without the gate of the towne a stack of corne in proportion not unlike to a topp wherewith he used to play ; he said to some that were with him, 'Loe there is a goodly topp ;' whereupon one of them saying, 'Why doe you not play with it, then ?' he answered, 'Set you it up for me, and I will play with it.'"—*Sports*, p. 385.

Northbroke, in his *Treatise against Dicing*, 1579, p. 86, says : "Cato giveth counsell to all youth, saying, '*Trocho lude, aleas fuge, playe with the toppe*, and flee dice-playing.'"

In the English translation of Levinus Lemnius, 1658, p. 369 : "Young youth do merrily exercise themselves in

whipping-top, and to make it run swiftly about, that it cannot be seen, and will deceive the sight."

Cornelius Scriblerus, in his Instructions concerning the Plays and Playthings to be used by his son Martin, says: "I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a top, till I am better informed whether the trochus which was recommended by Cato be really our present top, or rather the hoop which the boys drive with a stick."—*Pope's Works*, vi. 115.

Among well-known classical allusions may be noted the following mention of whipping the top, in Persius's third Satire:

"Neu quis callidior buxum torquere flagello."

Thus translated by Dryden:

"The whirling top they whip,
And drive her giddy till she fall asleep."

Thus also in Virgil's *Æneid*, vii. 378:

"Ceum quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent. Ille actus habenâ
Curvatis fertur spatiis: stupet inscia supra,
Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plagæ."

Thus translated by Dryden:

"As young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine whirls and flies about,
Admired with clamours of the beardless rout,
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke."

And so Ovid, *Trist.* i. iii. *Eleg.* 12:

"Otia nunc istic: junctisque ex ordine ludis
Cedunt verbosi garrula bella fori.
Usus equi nunc est, levibus nunc luditur armis:
Nunc pila, nunc celeri volvitur orbe trochus."

Passing from these general allusions to the top as a form of

amusement, we enter on more significant ground when we take into consideration the various passages in the early dramatists and other writers (collected together in Nares' *Glossary*), which show that tops were at one time owned by the parish or village.

"He's a coward and a coystril that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn like a parish-top."—Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, i. 3.

"A merry Greek, and cants in Latin comely,
Spins like the parish-top."

—Ben Jonson, *New Inn*, ii. 5.

"I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a parish-top,
And make him dance before you."

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Thierry and Theod.*, ii. 1.

"And dances like a town top, and reels and hobbles."

—*Ibid.*, *Night Walker*, i. 1.

Every night I dream I am a town-top, and that I am whipt up and down with the scourge stick of love.—"Grim, the Collier of Croydon," ap. *Dodsley*, xi. 206.

In the *Fifteen Comforts of Marriage*, p. 143, we read: "Another tells 'em of a project he has to make town tops spin without an eel-skin, as if he bore malice to the school-boys."

Poor Robin, in his *Almanack* for 1677, tells us, in the *Fanatick's Chronology*, it was then "1804 years since the first invention of town-tops."

These passages seem to refer to a custom of keeping tops by a township or parish, and they are confirmed by Evelyn, who, speaking of the uses of willow wood, among other things made of it, mentions great "town-tops" (*Sylva*, xx. 29). The latest writers who give positive information on the subject are Blackstone, who, in his note on Shakespeare, asserts that to "sleep like a town top" was proverbial, and Hazlitt, who, in his collection of *English Proverbs*, has "like a parish-top." (See also Brand, ii. 448.)

Steevens, in his notes on Shakespeare, makes the positive assertion that "this is one of the customs now laid aside: a large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipt in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work."

This passage is repeated in Ellis's edition of Brand, so that there is only one authority for the two statements. The question is whether Steevens was stating his own independent knowledge, or whether he based his information upon the passage in Shakespeare which he was illustrating. I think there can be no doubt that the custom existed, in whatever way we accept Steevens' statement, and the question is one of considerable interest.

"Tops" is one of those games which are strictly limited to particular seasons of the year, and any infringement of those seasons is strictly tabooed by the boys. Hone (*Every Day Book*, i. 127), records the following rhyme:—

Tops are in, spin 'em agin ;

Tops are out, smuggin' about,

but does not mention the season. It is, however, the early spring. This rhyme is still in use, and may occasionally be heard in the streets of London in the top season. Smuggling is legitimate stealing when boys play out of season. "Marbles first, then comes tops, then comes kites and hoops," said a London boy who had acquired some tops by "smuggin;" but these rules are fast becoming obsolete, as is also the use of a dried eel skin as the favourite whip or thong used.

The keeping of a top by the parish in its corporate capacity is not likely to have arisen for the sake of supplying people with amusement, and we must look to a far more ancient origin for this singular custom. Hone mentions a doubtful story of a top being used in the ritual of one of the churches at Paris. (The burial of Alleluia. The top was whipped by a choir-boy from one end of the choir to the other: *Every Day Book*, i. 100), and if this can be confirmed it would be a link in the chain of evidence. But the whole subject requires much more evidence than it is now possible to go into here, though even, as far as we can now go, I am tempted to suggest that

this well-known toy takes us back to the serious rites of ancient religions.

Brady's *Clavis Calendaria*, i. 209, mentions the discontinued custom of whipping tops on Shrove Tuesday as originating in the Popish Carnival as types of the rigour of Church discipline.

It is not improbable that the tee-totum is the earliest form of top, and as its use is for gambling, it is probable that this and the top were formerly used for purposes of divination.

See "Gully," "Hoatie," "Hoges," "Peg Top," "Peg in the Ring," "Scurran-Meggy," "Totum."

The Totum, or Tee-to-tum

The Totum is really only a top to spin by hand. It is made of a square piece of wood or bone, the four sides being each marked with a letter, and the peg is put through a hole in the centre. Sometimes the totum is shaped to a point on the under side, and a pin fixed in the upper part, by which it is twirled round.

The game played is one of chance ; it may be played by two or more, either boys or girls, and is played only at Christmas. In Keith the letters are A, N, D, T. In playing the stake is one pin, and each plays in turn. If the side with A on it falls uppermost the player wins the whole stake—"A, tack a'." If N turns up the player gets nothing—"N, nikil (nihil), nothing." If T turns up one pin falls to the player—"T, tack ane." If D comes uppermost the player has to lay down a pin—"D, dossie doon." At times the game was played by paying a stake to all the letters except A, and the words used were—"D, dip it," "T, tip it," and "N, nip it."—Keith (Rev. W. Gregor).

We played the game when children usually at Christmas time. The players sat round a table. A pool was made, each player putting in the same amount of stakes, either pins, counters, nuts, or money. One player collected the pool and then spun the tee-totum by his fingers. Whichever letter was uppermost when it stopped, the player had to obey.

T, was take all (the contents of the pool).

H, half the contents.

N, nothing.

P, to put into the pool the same amount as the stakes were at first.

When this was done the next player spun the totum in his turn. When one player got T a fresh pool had to be collected. —London (A. B. Gomme).

Jamieson's *Dictionary* says children lay up stores of pins to play at this game at Christmas time.

William Dunbar, the Scottish poet (James IV.), seems to refer to this game in the poem, *Schir, ξit remembir as of befoir*, in the words—

“He playis with *totum*, and I with *nichell*” (l. 74).

Strutt (*Sports and Pastimes*, page 385) says the four sides were marked with letters, and describes the game as we now play it in London.

All tee-totums or whirligigs seem to have some reference to tops, except that the tee-totum is used principally for gambling.

Some have numbers on their sides like dice instead of letters, and some are of octagonal shape.

See “Lang Larence,” “Scop-peril,” “Tops.”

Touch

One player is chosen “he.” He then runs amidst the other players and tries to touch one, who then becomes “Tig” or “Touch” in turn.

See “Ticky Touchwood,” “Tig.”

Tower of London

The Tower is formed by a circle of children, two of whom constitute the gate. These two join hands, and raise or lower their arm to open or shut the gate. The Tower is summoned to open its gates to admit “King George and all his merry men,” how represented I can't remember; but I know that at one point there is a chase, and the prisoner is caught and brought before the king, when there ensues a scrap of dialogue in song (Mrs. Harley).

See “How many miles to Babylon,” “King of the Barbarie.”

Town Lovers

There is a girl of our town,
She often wears a flowered gown;

Tommy loves her night and day,
 And Richard when he may,
 And Johnny when he can ;
 I think Sam will be the man !

Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, pp. 217-218.

A girl is placed in the middle of a ring and says the lines, the names being altered to suit the players. She points to each one named, and at the last line the one selected immediately runs away ; if the girl catches him he pays a forfeit, or the game is commenced again, the boy being placed in the middle.

Trades

Sides are chosen. These stand apart from each other, inside the line of their den. One side chooses amongst themselves a trade, and then walk over to the other side, imitating the actions pertaining to different parts of that trade, and giving the initial letter. If the trade is guessed by the opposite side, that side chooses the next trade, and performs the actions. If the trade is not guessed, the side is at liberty to choose another, and continue until one is guessed.—Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire (Miss Matthews).

The players that are to act the dumb tradesmen agree among themselves what trades are to be imitated. When this point is settled they present themselves before those that are to guess the trade, and proclaim three poor tradesmen wanting a trade—dumb. They then begin the work of imitation. The onlooker that first discovers the trade calls it out, and he becomes the dumb tradesman during the next round.—Fraserburgh (Rev. W. Gregor).

Some of the players form a line, while three others come up and say—

“Here are three men from Botany Bay,
 Got any work to give us to-day.”

The others ask, “What can you do ?” To which they reply, “Anything.” And the others retort, “Set to work, then.”

The three then do some imaginary work, while those in the line have to guess what it is.—Ogbourne, Wilts (H. S. May).

"Two broken tradesmen newly come over,
The one from France and Scotland, the other from Dover."
"What's your trade?"

Two boys privately arrange that the pass-word shall be some implement of a particular trade. The trade is announced after the above dialogue, and carpenters, nailors, sailors, smiths, tinkers, or any other is answered; and on guessing the instrument, "Plane him," "Hammer him," "Rasp him," or "Solder him," is called out; then the fun is that the unfortunate wight who guesses the "tool" is beaten with the caps of his fellows till he reaches a fixed goal, after which he goes out in turn.—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, cccxvi. In his *Dictionary* it is called "Trades, and Dumb Motions."

Northall (*English Folk Rhymes*) records this game as being played in Warwickshire. The method is practically the same as the Forest of Dean, except that the "tradesmen" are beaten if their trade is easily guessed by the others. They may also be beaten if they show their teeth during the operations.

Trap, Bat, and Ball

A game played with a trap, a ball, and a small bat. The trap is of wood made like a slipper, with a hollow at the heel end for the ball, and a kind of wooden spoon moving on a pivot, in the bowl of which the ball is placed. Two sides play—one side bats, the other fields. One of the batsmen strikes the end or handle of the spoon, the ball then rises into the air, and the art of the game is for the batsman to strike it as far as possible with the bat before it reaches the ground. The other side who are "fielding," try either to catch the ball before it falls to the ground, or to bowl it from where it falls to hit the trap. If they succeed in catching the ball all the "ins" are out, and their side goes in to strike the ball, and the previous batsmen to field; if the trap is hit the batsman is out and another player of his side takes his place. The batsman is also out if he allows the ball to touch the trap when in the act of hitting it.—(A. B. Gomme.)

Halliwell (*Dictionary*) says, "Nurspell" in Lincolnshire is somewhat similar to "Trap Ball." It is played with a kibble,

a nur and a spell. By striking the end of the spell with the kibble the nur rises into the air, and the game is to strike it with the kibble before it reaches the ground. He who drives it the greatest distance is the winner. Miss Burne (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 527) says, "Trib and Knurr," otherwise "Dog Stick," are local names for "Knur and Spell," a superior form of "Trap Ball." The "knurr" is a hard wooden ball, the "trib" is the trap or receptacle, the "Dog Stick" the sort of club with which it is struck. The game is played as described by Halliwell. She adds it was formerly the favourite pastime of young men on Shrove Tuesday.

At Bury St. Edmonds, on Shrove Tuesday, Easter Monday, and Whitsuntide festivals, twelve old women side off for a game at "Trap and Ball," which is kept up with the greatest spirit and vigour until sunset.—*Suffolk County Folk-lore*, p. 56. See also Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. p. 428, for a similar custom among women at Chester.

See "Nur and Spel," "Tribet," "Trippit and Coit."

Tray-Trip

Grose says this was an ancient game, like Scotch-hop, played on a pavement marked out with chalk into different compartments. According to Halliwell (*Dictionary*), it was a game at dice.

See "Hop-sotch," "Scotch Hop."

Tres-acre

A game in which generally six are engaged—one taking a station before two about 12 yards behind him, three 12 yards behind these two. One is the catch-pole. Never more than two can remain; the supernumerary one must always shift and seek a new station. If the catch-pole can get in before the person who changes his station, he has the right to take his place, and the other becomes pursuer.—Jamieson.

This is not very descriptive, but the game is evidently the same as "Round Tag" and "Twos and Threes," played with a small number.

Tribet

A common children's game played in Lancashire; which, perhaps, may be the primitive form of "Trap." It is played

with a "pum," a piece of wood about a foot long and two inches in diameter, and a "tribet," a small piece of hard wood.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

See "Trap, Bat, and Ball."

Trippit and Coit

A game formerly known under the appellation of "Trippets," Newcastle. It is the same as "Trip-cat" in some southern counties. The trippet is a small piece of wood obtusely pointed—something like a shoe—hollow at one end, and having a tail a little elevated at the other, which is struck with a buckstick. It is also called "Buckstick, Spell-and-Ore."—Brockett's *North Country Words*. See also Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary*. Halliwell's *Dictionary* says—The game is almost peculiar to the North of England. There is a poem called "The Trip Match" in *Mather's Songs*.

See "Nur and Spel," "Trap, Bat, and Ball."

Trlp and Go

Trip and go, heave and hoe,
Up and down, to and fro;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove;
A-maying, a-playing,
Love hath no gainsaying;
So merrily trip and go,
So merrily trip and go.

—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, cccxlviii.

A game rhyme, but undescribed.

Trip-trout

A game in which a common ball is used instead of the cork and feathers in "Shuttlecock."—(Kinross) Jamieson.

See "Shuttlefeather," "Teesty Tosty."

Troap

A game played by two persons, with bandies or sticks hooked at the end, and a bit of wood called a nacket. At each end of the ground occupied a line is drawn. He who

strikes off the nacket from the one line, tries to drive it as near the other as possible. The antagonist who stands between him and the goal tries to throw back with his hand the nacket to the line from which the other has struck it. If he does this he takes the place of the other. If not, the distance is measured between the striking point and the nacket with one of the sticks used in striking, and for every length of the stick one is counted against the caster.—(Angus) Jamieson. The editor of Jamieson adds that the name must have been originally the same as the English Trap, although in this game a ball is used instead of a nacket, and it is struck off as in cricket.

Troco, Trucks

This was an old English game formerly known as "trucks." Strutt, p. 270, 299 (who gives an illustration of it), considers this game to be the original of billiards. Professor Attwell says, *Notes and Queries*, 7th series, xii. 137, "This game was played at Nassau House School, Barnes, for twenty years. It is played on a lawn with balls, cues, and rings."

Troule-in-Madame

In the Benefit of the Auncient Bathes of Buckstones, compiled by John Jones at the King's Mede, nigh Darby, 1572, 4to. p. 12, we read: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, and maydes, maye in one of the galleries walke; and if the weather bee not agreeable too theire expectacion, they may haue in the ende of a benche eleuen holes made, intoo the which to trowle pummetes, or bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, eyther vyolent or softe, after their owne discretion; the pastyme *troule-in-madame* is termed." Probably similar to "Nine Holes."

Trounce-Hole

A game at ball resembling trap, but having a hole in the ground for the trap, a flat piece of bone for a trigger, and a cudgel for a bat.—Norfolk, Holloway's *Dictionary of Provincialisms*.

See "Trunket."

Troy Town

A game in which a plan of a labyrinth is drawn on a slate and presented as a puzzle by boys to their schoolfellows for them to find a way into the central citadel. It appears to owe its origin to the mediæval mazes or labyrinths called "Troy Towns," or "Troy Walls," many of which existed in different parts of England and Wales. It appears that games connected with the midsummer festivals were held in these labyrinths. This may, perhaps, account for the origin of this puzzle being considered a game. For accounts of labyrinths or mazes called "Troy Towns," see *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, xi. 132, 193; 2nd series, v. 211-213; 8th series, iv. 96, 97; in which many references are given; *Tran. Cymmrodorion Soc.*, 1822, i. 67-69; Roberts' *Cambrian Antiquities* (in which is a plan), 212, 213; and *Folk-lore Journal*, v. 45.

Truncher

A game requiring dexterity. A young man lies flat, resting only on his toes at a certain mark at one extremity and on a trencher in each hand at the other. He then tries to reach out the trenchers as far as possible, and if not held at the right angle and edgewise, down they go and he is defeated.—Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary*.

Trunket

A game at ball played with short sticks, and having a hole in the ground in lieu of stumps or wickets as in "Cricket"; and with these exceptions, and the ball being "cop'd," instead of bowled or trickled on the ground, it is played in the same way; the person striking the ball must be caught out, or the ball must be deposited in the hole before the stick or cudgel can be placed there.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

See "Cudgel," "Trounce Hole."

Truss

A boy's game like "Leap-Frog."—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Tuilyie-wap

A childish amusement in Teviotdale, in which a number of boys take hold of each other's hands and wrap themselves

round the one who is at the head; clasping themselves as firmly together as possible, and every one pushing till the mass falls over.—Jamieson.

See "Bulliheisle," "Eller Tree," "Snail-Creep," "Wind the Bush Faggot."

Turn, Cheeses, Turn

Green cheeses, yellow laces,
Up and down the market places;
First a penny and then a groat,
Turn, cheeses, turn. —Leicester (Miss Ellis).

Green cheeses, yellow laces,
Up and down the market places,
Turn, cheeses, turn!

—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, cccx.

This is acted by two or more girls who walk or dance up and down, turning, when they say "Turn, cheeses, turn." —Halliwell.

I remember playing this game, but my remembrance is very imperfect. As far as I remember, there were two lines or rows of children. They danced forwards and backwards, crossing to the opposite side, and turning round. At the words, "Turn, cheeses, turn," the cheeses all turned round rapidly and then sank on the ground. The players tried to inflate their dresses as much as possible, and then stooped down to the ground, so that the dress remained inflated; only the head and shoulders surrounded by a ball-like skirt then appeared, intended to represent a cheese. All joined hands and danced round at the end. The lines sang were the same as the Leicester except the third, which was—"Some a penny, some a groat, turn, cheeses, turn." It was necessary for skirts to be very "full" to make good cheeses—as wide at the waist as at the bottom of the skirt.—(A. B. Gomme.)

Holland (*Cheshire Glossary*) says, a frequent amusement of girls is making cheeses. They turn round and round till their dresses fly out at the bottom; then suddenly squatting down, the air confined under the dress causes the skirt to bulge out like a balloon. When skilfully done the appearance is that of

a girl's head and shoulders peeping out of an immense cushion. Evans' *Leicestershire Glossary* mentions this game. He says, "The performers sing a song of which the refrain is 'Turn, cheeses, turn,' but I do not remember to have heard the example cited by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips."—*Percy Soc.*, iv. p. 122.

I always understood that the green cheeses were sage cheeses—cheeses containing sage. Halliwell says, "Green cheeses, I am informed, are made with sage and potato tops. Two girls are said to be 'cheese and cheese.'"

Turn Spit Jack

A game at country balls, &c., in which young men compete by singing for their partners in the next dance.—Patterson's *Antrim and Down Glossary*.

Turn the Ship

This is commonly a girls' game. Two join hands and trip along, with hands crossed, turning from one side to the other, and crossing their arms over their heads without letting go their hold of each other, singing at the same time—

Tip, tip, toe, London, lo!

Turn, Mary Ann, and away you go.

Or—

Tip, tip, toe, leerie, lo!

Turn the ship and away you go;

A penny to you, and a penny to me,

And a penny to turn the basket.

Fochabers (Rev. W. Gregor).

Turn the Trencher, or, My Lady's Toilet

An indoor game played at Christmas time by children and adults. All the players in the room must be seated. They are then asked by the leader of the game to choose some article of a lady's toilet, which article they will personally represent, such as diamond ring, bracelet, comb, brush, jug, basin, powder, hair-dye, dress, mantle, &c.—any article, in fact, belonging to the toilet.

The leader then goes to the centre of the room with a

small trencher, round card tray, plate, or saucer in her hand. She spins this (the trencher) round as quickly as possible, saying, "My lady's going out and needs her 'dress,'" or any other article she chooses to name. The player who has taken the name of "dress" must get up from her seat and catch the trencher before it falls. If successful this player then spins the trencher, calling out the name of another article of the toilet. If the player fails to catch it, a forfeit is demanded by the leader. Occasionally the spinner will say, "My lady's going to a ball (or elsewhere), and needs the whole of her toilet." When this is said, every player has to get up and take another place before the trencher falls; the last one to get a place has to take the trencher, and if it is down, to pay a forfeit. At the end of the game the forfeits are "cried" in the usual way.—(A. B. Gomme.)

This (called "Truckle the Trencher") used to be a standard game for winter evenings. A circle was formed, and each one was seated on the floor, every player taking the name of a flower. This game was entered into with the greatest vivacity by staid and portly individuals as well as by their juniors.—Dorsetshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 238).

A trencher, saucer, or plate is used. The players sit in a circle, and one twirls the trencher, at the same time calling out the name of one of the players. He or she jumps up and tries to catch the whirling trencher before it falls. If it fall or is knocked over, a forfeit is lodged, and the player who lodged the forfeit now becomes the twirler. If the trencher is caught, it is handed back and twirled again, and another name called out. The game continues till all or, at least, most of the players have lodged forfeits. It is called "Turn the Plettie.—Macduff (Rev. W. Gregor).

This game is played in the same way in Ireland. It is called "Twirl the Trencher," and the players take names of towns or beasts.—(Miss Keane.)

Brogden (*Provincial Words, Lincolnshire*) and Halliwell (*Dictionary*) mention it as "Turn Trencher," a game played at Christmas time. Moor (*Suffolk Words and Phrases*) calls it "Move all."

Turvey

Turvey, turvey, clothed in black,
With silver buttons upon your back ;
One by one, and two by two,
Turn about, and that will do.

—Haverfordwest (*Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, v. 394).

The children marched two and two, in a measured step
to a given distance, then turned and marched back again.

See "Alligoshee."

Tutt-ball

"Tut-ball,"* as played at a young ladies' school at Shiffnal fifty years ago. The players stood together in their "den," behind a line marked on the ground, all except one, who was "out," and who stood at a distance and threw the ball to them. One of the players in the den then hit back the ball with the palm of the hand, and immediately ran to one of three brick-bats, called "tuts," which were set up at equal distances on the ground, in such positions that a player running past them all would describe a complete circle by the time she returned to the den. The player who was "out" tried to catch the ball, and to hit the runner with it while passing from one "tut" to another. If she succeeded in doing so, she took her place in the den, and the other went "out" in her stead. This game is very nearly identical with "rounders."—*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 524.

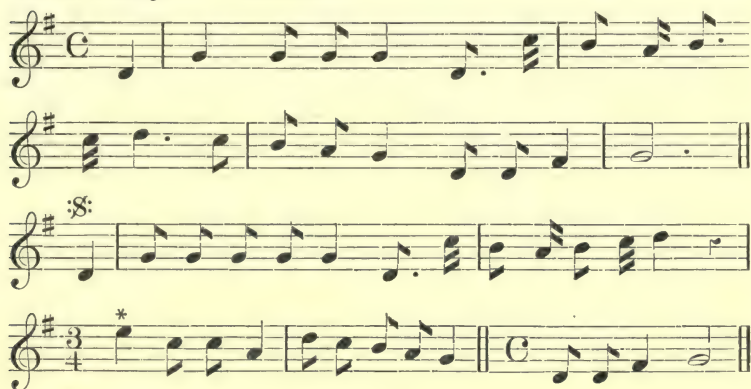
A game at ball, now only played by boys, but half a century ago by adults on Ash Wednesday, believing that unless they did so they would fall sick in harvest time. This is a very ancient game, and was elsewhere called "Stool-ball," indulged in by the clergy as well as laity to avert misfortune.—Ross and Stead's *Holderness Glossary*. The game is not described.

Addy (*Sheffield Glossary*) says this game is the same as "Pize-ball." Halliwell (*Dictionary*) says it is a sort of "Stob-ball Play."

See "Cat and Dog," "Rounders," "Stool Ball."

* *Tut*, a prominence, from A. S. *tōtian*, whence also E. *tout*, q. v.—W. W. S.

Twelve Days of Christmas



Repeat from *.

—Rimbault's *Nursery Rhymes*.

- I. The first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear-tree.
The second day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
Two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear-tree.
The third day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
Three French hens and two turtle doves and
A partridge in a pear-tree.
The fourth day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
Four colly birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.
The fifth day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.
The sixth day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.
The seventh day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The eighth day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
 Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
 Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
 Four colly birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and
 A partridge in a pear-tree.

The ninth day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
 Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking,
 Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
 Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
 Two turtle doves, and
 A partridge in a pear-tree.

The tenth day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
 Ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming,
 Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
 Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
 Four colly birds, three French hens,
 Two turtle doves, and
 A partridge in a pear-tree.

The eleventh day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
 Eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping,
 Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking,
 Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
 Five gold rings, four colly birds,
 Three French hens, two turtle doves, and
 A partridge in a pear-tree.

The twelfth day of Xmas, my true love sent to me
 Twelve lords a-leaping, eleven ladies dancing,
 Ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming,
 Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
 Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
 Four colly birds, three French hens,
 Two turtle doves, and
 A partridge in a pear-tree.

—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, cccxlv.

- II. The king sent his lady on the first Yule day,
 A papingo-aye [a peacock] ;
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the second Yule day,
Three partridges, a papingo-aye ;
Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the third Yule day,
Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye ;
Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the fourth Yule day,
A goose that was grey,
Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye ;
Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the fifth Yule day,
Three starlings, a goose that was grey,
Three plovers, three partridges, and a papingo-aye ;
Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the sixth Yule day,
Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was grey,
Three plovers, three partridges, and a papingo-aye ;
Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the seventh Yule day,
A bull that was brown, three goldspinks, three starlings,
A goose that was grey,
Three plovers, three partridges, and a papingo-aye ;
Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the eighth Yule day,
Three ducks a-merry laying, a bull that was brown—
[The rest to follow as before.]

The king sent his lady on the ninth Yule day,
Three swans a-merry swimming— [As before.]

The king sent his lady on the tenth Yule day,
An Arabian baboon— [As before.]

The king sent his lady on the eleventh Yule day,
Three hinds a-merry hunting— [As before.]

The king sent his lady on the twelfth Yule day,
Three maids a-merry dancing— [As before.]

The king sent his lady on the thirteenth Yule day,
 Three stalks o' merry corn, three maids a-merry dancing,
 Three hinds a-merry hunting, an Arabian baboon,
 Three swans a-merry swimming,
 Three ducks a-merry laying, a bull that was brown,
 Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was grey,
 Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye ;
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

—Chambers's *Pop. Rhymes*, p. 42.

- III. My lady's lap dog,
 Two plump partridges and my lady's lap dog ;
 Three grey elephants, two plump partridges and my
 lady's lap dog ;
 Four Persian cherry trees, three grey elephants, &c. ;
 Five Limerick oysters, four Persian cherry trees, &c. ;
 Six bottles of frontignac, &c. ;
 Seven swans a-swimming, &c.,
 Eight flip flap, floating fly boats, &c. ;
 Nine merchants going to Bagdad, &c. ;
 Ten Italian dancing-masters going to teach ten Arabian
 magpies how to dance, &c. ;
 Eleven guests going to celebrate the marriage of the
 Princess Baldroulbador with the Prince of Terra-
 del-Fuego, &c. ;
 Twelve triumphant trumpeters triumphantly trumpeting
 the tragical tradition of Telemachus.

—London (A. B. Gomme).

- IV. Twelve huntsmen with horns and hounds,
 Hunting over other men's grounds !
 Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
 Some bound for France and some for Spain ;
 I wish them all safe home again.
 Ten comets in the sky,
 Some low and some high ;
 Nine peacocks in the air,
 I wonder how they all come there,
 I do not know and I do not care.

Eight joiners in a joiners' hall,
Working with the tools and all ;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish ;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall ;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call ;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog ;
Two pudding ends would choke a dog,
With a gaping wide-mouthed waddling frog.

—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, cclxxx, cvi.

(c) "The Twelve Days" was a Christmas game. It was a customary thing in a friend's house to play "The Twelve Days," or "My Lady's Lap Dog," every Twelfth Day night. The party was usually a mixed gathering of juveniles and adults, mostly relatives, and before supper—that is, before eating mince pies and twelfth cake—this game and the cushion dance were played, and the forfeits consequent upon them always cried. The company were all seated round the room. The leader of the game commenced by saying the first line. Generally the version used was similar to No. I. In later years the shorter version, No. III., was said. The lines for the "first day" of Christmas was said by each of the company in turn; then the first "day" was repeated, with the addition of the "second" by the leader, and then this was said all round the circle in turn. This was continued until the lines for the "twelve days" were said by every player. For every mistake a forfeit—a small article belonging to the person—had to be given up. These forfeits were afterwards "cried" in the usual way, and were not returned to the owner until they had been redeemed by the penalty inflicted being performed.

In version No. IV., the game began by the leader saying to the player sitting next to her, "Take this!" holding the hands as if giving something. The neighbour answered, "What's this?" The leader answered, "A gaping, wide-

mouthed, waddling frog." The second player then turned to the third and repeated, "A gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog," and so on all round the room. The leader then said, "Two pudding-ends would choke a dog," continuing in the same way until twelve was reached. Chambers does not describe the way the game given by him was played, but it was probably much in the same manner. Rimbault's *Nursery Rhymes* gives the tune to which words of the song were repeated. The words given are almost identical with No. I., but the tune, copied here, is the only recorded one I have found.

(d) It seems probable that we have in these rhymes a remnant of a practice of singing or chanting carols or rhymes relating to the custom of sending gifts to friends and relatives during the twelve days of Christmas. The festival of the twelve days was an important one. The great mid-winter feast of Yule consisted of twelve days, and from the events occurring during those days it is probable that events of the future twelve months were foretold.—On the festival of the twelve days consult Keary's *Outlines of Primitive Belief*, p. 381. Miss Burne records that the twelve days rule the year's weather; as the weather is on each day of the twelve, so will it be in the corresponding month, and for every mince-pie eaten in friends' houses during these days a happy month is promised. In the games usually played at this season, viz., those in which forfeits are incurred, and the redemption of these by penances inflicted on the unhappy perpetrators of mistakes, we may perhaps see a relic of the observance of certain customs and ceremonies, and the penalties likely to be incurred by those persons who omitted to religiously carry them out. It is considered unlucky in the North of England and Scotland to enter a neighbour's house empty-handed. Christmas bounties, and the practice of giving presents of food and corn and meal on St. Thomas's Day, 21st December, to the poorer people, when they used to go round to the farmers' houses to collect food to prepare for this festival, may have had its origin in the idea that nothing could be prepared or cooked during the festival of the twelve days. It was a very general practice for work of all kinds to be put entirely aside

before Christmas and not resumed until after Twelfth Day. Dr. Gregor records that no bread should be baked nor washing done during this period, nor work left unfinished. Jamieson, in a note on Yule, says that the *gifts* now generally conferred at the New Year seem to have originally belonged to Yule. Among the northern nations it was customary for subjects at this season to present gifts to their sovereign,—these were called Jolagiasfir, *i.e.* Yule gifts. The custom in Scotland of presenting what we vulgarly call a sweetie-skoon, or a loaf enriched with raisins and currants, has an analogy to this.

It is difficult, with the scanty evidence at command, to do more than make the simple suggestions above. The game is evidently in a process of very rapid decadence, and we have probably only poor specimens of what was originally the form of verses sung in the two versions from Halliwell and Chambers. The London version, No. III., is only recognisable as belonging to this game from the fact that it was known as playing at the "twelve days," was always played on Twelfth Day, and it was not considered proper nor polite for the guests to depart until this had been played. This fact has induced me to add the fourth version from Halliwell, because it appears to me that it may belong to the final form which this game is taking, or has taken, namely, a mere collection of alliterative nursery words, or rhymes, to puzzle the speaker under a rapid repetition, and to exact forfeits for the mistakes made.

See "Forfeits."

Twelve Holes

A game similar to "Nine Holes," mentioned in Florio ed., 1611, p. 20.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

Uncle John is Ill in Bed

Uncle John is ill in bed,
 What shall I send him ?
 Three good wishes, and three good kisses,
 And a race of ginger.
 Who shall I send it by ?
 By the carrier's daughter ;

Catch her by the lily-white hand
 And carry her over the water.
Sally goes a-courting night and day,
 Histal, whistal, by her side,
Johnny Everall by her side.

—Shrewsbury, Chirbury (Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 511).

Uncle Tom is very sick,
 What shall we send him ?
 A piece of cake, a piece of bread,
 A piece of apple dumpling.
 Who shall we send it with ?
 Mrs. So and So's daughter.
 She is neither without,
 She is neither within,
 She is up in the parlour romping about.
 She came downstairs dressed in silk,
 A rose in her breast as white as milk.
 She pulled off her glove,
 She showed me her ring,
 To-morrow, to-morrow the wedding shall begin.

—Nairn (Rev. W. Gregor).

(b) The Shropshire version is played by the children forming a ring by joining hands. After the eighth line is sung all the children stoop down—the last to do so has to tell her sweetheart's name. In the Scotch version the players stand in a row. They sing the first five lines, then one player is chosen (who chooses another) ; the other lines are sung, and the two shake hands. Another version from Scotland (Laurieston School, Kirkcudbright, Mr. J. Lawson), is very similar to the one from Nairn.

Mr. Newell (p. 72) gives versions of this game which are fuller and more complete than those given here. He thinks it bears traces of ancient origin, and may be the last echo of a mediæval song, in which an imprisoned knight is saved from approaching death by the daughter of the king, or soldan, who keeps him in confinement.

Up the Streets



—Liverpool (C. C. Bell).

- I. Up the streets and down the streets,
 The windows made of glass ;
 Is not [naming one of the children] a nice
 young lass ?
 She can dance, she can sing,
 She can show her wedding-ring.
 Fie, for shame ! fie, for shame !
 Turn your back behind you.

—Liverpool (C. C. Bell).

- II. Up streets, down streets,
 Windows made of glass ;
 Isn't " Jenny Jenkins " a handsome young lass ?
 Isn't " Johnny Johnson " as handsome as she ?
 They shall be married,
 When they can agree.

—Monton, Lancashire, Collyhurst, Manchester
 (Miss Dendy).

- III. Up street and down street,
 Each window's made of glass ;
 If you go to Tommy Tickler's house
 You'll find a pretty lass.

—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, cccclxxx.

(b) In the Liverpool version the children stand in a ring and sing the words. At " Fie, for shame," the child named ceases to sing, and the others address her particularly. When the

verse is ended she turns her back to the inside of the ring. All do this in turn. The Monton game is played the same as "kiss-in-the-ring" games.

(c) Northall (*English Popular Rhymes*, p. 549), gives a version almost the same as the Monton version. He also quotes some verses from a paper by Miss Tennant in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, June 1885, which she gives as a song of the slums of London. In *Gammer Gurton's Garland* (1783, reprint 1810, p. 34), is a verse which is the same as Halliwell's, with two additional lines—

Hug her, and kiss her, and take her on your knee,
And whisper very close, Darling girl, do you love me ?

Wadds and the Wears (1)

Mactaggart, in describing this, says it is one of the most celebrated amusements of the Ingle ring. To begin it, one in the ring speaks as follows:—

I hae been awa at the wadds and the wears
These seven lang years ;
And come hame a puir broken ploughman,
What will ye gie me to help me to my trade ?

He may either say he's a "puir broken ploughman" or any other trade, but since he has chosen that trade some of the articles belonging to it must always be given or offered to recruit it. But the article he most wants he privately tells one of the party, who is not allowed to offer him anything, as he knows the thing, which will throw the offerer in a wadd, and must be avoided as much as possible, for to be in a wadd is a very serious matter. Now, the one on the left hand of the "poor ploughman" makes the first offer by way of answer to what above was said—"Ill gie ye the coulter to help ye to your trade." The ploughman answers, "I don't thank ye for the coulter; I hae ane already." Then another offers him another article belonging to the ploughman's business, such as the moolbred, but this also is refused: another gives the sock, another the stilts, another the spattle, another the naigs, and so on until one gives the soam, which was the article he most wanted, and was the thing secretly told to the one player. This throws the

giver into a wadd, out of which he is relieved in the following manner :—

The ploughman says to the one in the wadd, "Whether will ye hae three questions and two commands, or three commands and two questions to answer, or gang on wi', sae that ye may win out o' the wadd?" For the one so fixed has always the choice which of these to take. Suppose he takes the first, two commands and three questions, then a specimen of these may be—"I command ye to kiss the crook," says the ploughman, which must be completely obeyed by the one in the wadd; his naked lips must kiss the sooty implement. Secondly, says the ploughman, I command ye to stand up in that neuk and say—

"Here stan' I, as stiff's a stake,
Wha 'ill kiss me for pity's sake?"

which must also be done; in a corner of the house must he stand and repeat this couplet, until some tender-hearted lass relieves him. Then the questions are asked, such as—"Suppose you were in a bed with Maggie Lowden and Jennie Logan, your twa great sweethearts, what ane o'm wad ye ding owre the bedside, and what ane wad ye turn to and clap and cuddle?" He has to choose one, perhaps to the great mirth of the company. Secondly, "Suppose ye were stannin' stark naked on the tap o' Cairnhattie, whether wad ye cry on Peggie Kirtle or Nell o' Killimingie to come wi' your claise?" He has again to choose. Lastly, "Suppose ye were in a boat wi' Tibbie Tait, Mary Kairnie, Sally Snadrap, and Kate o' Minnieive, and it was to coup wi' ye, what ane o' 'em wad ye sink? what ane wad ye soom? wha wad ye bring to lan'? and wha wad ye marry?" Then he has again to choose between the girls named.

Chambers gives the following versions of the "Wadds":—

The wadds was played by a group seated round the hearth fire, the lasses being on one side and the lads on the other. The questions are asked and answers given alternately. A lad first chants—

O it's hame, and it's hame, and it's hame, hame, hame,
I think this night I maun gae hame.

One of the opposite party then says—

Ye had better light, and bide a' night,
And I'll choose you a bonny ane.

O wha will ye choose, an' I wi' you abide?
The fairest and rarest in a' the country side.

At the same time presenting an unmarried female by name.
If the choice give satisfaction—

I'll set her up on the bonny pear-tree;
It's straught and tall, and sae is she;
I wad wake a' night her love to be.

If the choice do not give satisfaction, from the age of the party—

I'll set her up i' the bank dike;
She'll be rotten ere I be ripe;
The corbies her auld banes wadna pike.

If from supposed want of temper—

I'll set her up on the high crab-tree;
It's sour and dour, and sae is she;
She may gang to the mools unkissed by me.

A civil mode of declining is to say—

She's for another, and no for me;
I thank you for your courtesie.

The same ritual is gone through with respect to one of the other sex; in which case such rhymes as the following are used :—

I'll put him on a riddle, and blaw him owre the sea,
Wha'll buy [Johnie Paterson] for me?
I'll put him on my big lum head,
And blaw him up wi' pouter and lead.

Or, when the proposed party is agreeable—

I'll set him on my table head,
And feed him up wi' milk and bread.

A refusal must be atoned for by a wadd or forfeit. A piece of money, a knife, or any little thing which the owner prizes, will serve. When a sufficient number of persons have made forfeits, the business of redeeming them is commenced, and generally it is then that the amusement is greatest. The duty of kissing some person, or some part of the room, is usually

assigned as a means of redeeming one's wadds. Often for this purpose a lad has to kiss the very lips he formerly rejected; or, it may be, he has to kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one he loves best before the forfeit is redeemed.—The substance of the above is from a note in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 114, who says—In this game formerly young men and women arranged themselves on each side of the fire, and alternately bestowed husbands and wives on each other. Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, p. 106, also describes the game without any material difference.

Another form of this game, practised in Dumfriesshire in the last century, and perhaps still, was more common. The party are first fitted each with some ridiculous name, not very easy to be remembered, such as *Swatter-in-the-Sweet-Milk*, *Butter-Milk-and-Brose*, *the Gray Gled o' Glenwhargan Craig*, &c. Then all being seated, one comes up, repeating the following rhymes—

I never stealt Rob's dog, nor never intend to do,
But weel I ken wha stealt him, and dern'd him in a cleugh,
And pykit his banes bare, bare, bare enough!

Wha but—wha but—

The object is to burst out suddenly with one of the fictitious names, and thus take the party bearing it by surprise. If the individual mentioned, not immediately recollecting the name he bore, failed, on the instant, to say "No me," by way of denying the accusation respecting the dog, he was subjected to a forfeit; and this equally happened if he cried "No me." when it was the name of another person which was mentioned. The forfeits were disposed of as in the former case.—*Popular Rhymes*, pp. 125–126.

It will be seen that the first version of Chambers more nearly resembles "Hey Wullie Wine" (vol. i. p. 207), and that the latter part of the version given by Mactaggart is similar to "Three Flowers" (ante, p. 255, and the first part to "Trades," p. 305). Mr. W. Ballantyne sent me a version from Biggar as played when he was a boy. It is similar to Mactaggart's.

This game may indicate an earlier form of playing at forfeits

than the "Old Soldier," "Turn the Trencher," and kindred English games. Mactaggart does not state that any article belonging to the person who perpetrates the offence was given up and afterwards redeemed by the owner performing a penalty. In Chambers' versions this is done. It may be that, in Mactaggart's case, each offending person paid his or her penalty immediately after committing the blunder or offence instead of a leader collecting the forfeits from all offenders first, and then "crying" all together afterwards. Whether the game originated in the practice of "tabu," or was an outcome of the custom of restitution, or ransom, legally made for the commission of crimes, such as that called *wergeld*, the penalty or price to be paid to the relatives of a slain man, or of punishment for certain offences then being in the hands of a certain class of people, we cannot now decide; but it was customary for penalties to be attached to the commission of minor offences, and the punishment enforced without appeal to any legally constituted authority. The object of most of the present forfeit games seems to have been to make the offenders ridiculous, or, in the case of the above form of games, to find out the person loved or hated. In Shropshire "Crying the Weds" is the name given to the game of playing at forfeits. Wadd means a pledge. Jamieson says "Wears" signifies the "Wars." "At the wars" is a common mode still retained of describing the life of a soldier. Ihre supposes that the early term wadd or wed is derived from wadd-cloth, from this kind of merchandise being anciently given and received instead of money; when at any time a pledge was left, a piece of cloth was used for this purpose, and hence a pledge in general would be called wadd.

In Waldron's description of the Isle of Man (ante, vol. i. p. 139) is an account of a Twelfth Day custom which throws light on the game as described by Chambers.

See "Forfeits," "Hey Wullie Wine," "Three Flowers," "Trades."

Wadds and the Wears (2)

Jamieson describes the game differently. He says—The

players being equally divided, and a certain space being marked out between them, each lays down one or more wadds, or pledges, at that extremity where the party to which he belongs choose their station. A boundary being fixed, the object is to carry off the wadds from the one of these to the other. The two parties advancing to the boundary seize the first opportunity of crossing it, by making inroads on the territories of the other. If one who crosses the line is seized by the opposite party before he has touched any of their wadds, he is set down beside them as a prisoner, and receives the name of a "stinker"; nor can he be released until one of his own party can touch him without being intercepted by any of the others, in which case he is free. If any one is caught in the act of carrying off a wadd, it is taken from him; but he cannot be detained as a prisoner, in consequence of his having touched it. If he can cross the intermediate line with it, the pursuit is at an end. When one party has carried off to their ground all the wadds of the other the game is finished.

Waggles

A game of tip-cat. Four boys stand at the corners of a large paving-stone; two have sticks, the other two are feeders, and throw the piece of wood called a "cat." The batters act much in the same way as in cricket, except that the cat must be hit whilst in the air. The batter hits it as far away as possible, and whilst the feeder is fetching it, gets, if possible, a run, which counts to his side. If either of the cats fall to the ground both batters go out, and the feeders take their place. A game called "Whacks" is played in a similar way.—London Streets (F. H. Low, *Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1891).

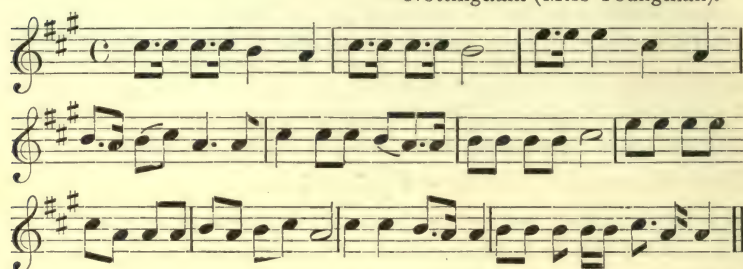
See "Tip-cat."

Wallflowers





—Nottingham (Miss Youngman).



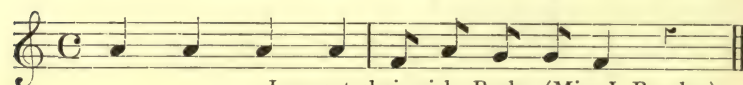
—Connell Ferry, near Oban (Miss Harrison).



—Beddgelert (Mrs. Williams).



—Ogbourne, Wilts. (H. S. May).



Longcot choir girls, Berks. (Miss I. Barclay).

- I. Wallflowers, wallflowers, growing up so high,
 All of you young ladies are sure to die.
 Excepting —, she's the best of all.
 She can hop, and she can skip,
 And she can turn a candlestick.
 Oh my, fie for shame, turn your face to the wall again.
 —Fernham and Longcot (Miss I. Barclay).

- II. Wallflowers, wallflowers,
 Growing up so high,
 All you young ladies
 Are meant to die.
 Excepting little —,
 She is the best of all.
 She can skip, and she can dance,
 She can turn the candlestick.
 O my, fie for shame,
 Turn your back to the wall again.
 —From London maidservant (Miss E. Chase).

- III. Willy, willy wallflower,
 Growin' up so high,
 We are all maidens,



- We shall all die.
 Excepting —,
 She's the youngest daughter,
 She can hop,
 She can skip,
 She can turn the candlestick.
 Fee, fie, shame, shame,
 Turn your backs together again :—
 —, your sweetheart is dead,
 He's sent you a letter to turn back your head.
 —Wakefield, Yorks (Miss Fowler).

IV. Wallflowers, wallflowers,
 Growing up so high,
 We young ladies, we shall die.
 Except 'tis —,
 She's the youngest daughter.
 She can hop, and she can skip,
 She can play the wire,
 Oh for shame, fie for shame,
 Turn your back and have a game.
 —Hampshire (Miss E. Mendham).

V. Wally, wally wallflower,
 Growing up so high—
 All ye young ladies
 You must all die.
 Excepting —,
 She's the best of all—
 She can hop, and she can skip,
 She can turn the mangle,
 Oh my, fie for shame,
 Turn your back to the wall again.
 —Barnes, Surrey (A. B. Gomme).

VI. Wall flowers, wall flowers, growing up so high,
 We are all children, and we shall all die.
 Excepting —, she's the youngest child,
 She can hop, she can skip,
 She can turn the wedding ring,
 Fie, fie, fie for shame,
 Turn your face to the wall again.
 —Nottingham (Miss Youngman).

VII. Wally, wally wall-flower,
 A-growen up so high,
 All we children be sure to die.
 Excepting [naming the youngest]
 'Cause she's the youngest,
 Oh! fie! for shame! fie! for shame!
 Turn your back to the wall again.
 —Symondsbury, Dorset (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 215).

- VIII. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high,
 We are all living, and we shall all die.
 Except the youngest here [naming her].
 Turn your back to overshed. (?)

(This last line is repeated three times.)

—Symondsbury, Dorset (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. 215).

- IX. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high!
 We shall all be maidens, [and so] we shall all die! *
 Excepting *Alice Gittins*, she is the youngest flower,
 She can hop, and she can skip, and she can play the
 hour!
 Three and four, and four and five,
 Turn your back to the wall-side!

Or,

She can dance and she can sing,
 She can play on the tambourine!
 Fie, fie! fie, for shame!
 Turn your back upon the game!

—Ellesmere, Berrington, Wenlock (*Shropshire
 Folk-lore*, p. 513).

- X. Willie, willie wall-flowers, growing up so high!
 We are all fair maids, we shall all die!
 Excepting little —, and she's the youngest here,
 Turn your head towards the south, and she's the one
 to bear,
 The willie, willie wallflowers.

Or,

Oh! for shame, fie, for shame, turn yourself to the wall
 again—

—Sprole, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- XI. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high!
 We are all ladies, we must all die!
 Excepting —, who is the prettiest child.
 Fie, for shame, fie, for shame, turn your back to the
 wall again.

—Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire (Miss Winfield)

* At Wenlock they add to the chorus:

O *Alice*! your true love will send you a letter to turn round your head!
 And she can turn the handlestick.

- XII. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high !
We're all ladies, and we shall all die !
Excepting [naming smallest child in ring],
She can hop, and she can skip, and she can play the
organ !
Oh ! for shame, fie, for shame,
Turn your back upon our game.

—Enbourne School, Berks. (Miss M. Kimber).

- XIII. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high !
We are all pretty maidens, we all have to die !
Except —, she's the youngest girl,
Ah ! for shame, ah ! for shame,
Turn your back to us again.
I'll wash you in milk,
I'll dress you in silk,
I'll write down your name,
With a gold pen and ink.

—Earls Heaton (Herbert Hardy).

- XIV. Oh flower, oh flower, growing up so high !
We are all children, we have all to die !
Except —, she the youngest gay,
Oh ! for shame, fie, for shame,
Turn your back against the wall.

—Beddgelert (Mrs. Williams).

- XV. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high !
We are all little, and we've got to die !
Excepting —, and she's the only one,
Oh ! for shame, fie, for shame,
Turn your back to the wall again.

—Cowes, Isle of Wight (Miss E. Smith).

- XVI. Little Molly white-flower, we are all maidens,
And we shall all die, except Polly Pegg,
She's the best of all,
She can hop, and she can skip, and she can turn the
candlestick !
Oh ! fie, for shame,
Turn your back to the wall.

—Hanbury, Staffordshire (Miss Edith Hollis).

- XVII. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high !
We are all playmates, we shall all die !
Excepting —, for she's the youngest flower,
Cry shame, cry shame,
And turn your face to the wall again.
—Sheffield (S. O. Addy).
- XVIII. Wall-flower, wall-flower, growing up so high !
All the pretty maidens shall not die !
Excepting —, she is the youngest child,
Oh ! for shame, fie, for shame !
Turn your back to the wall again.
—Dean, near Salisbury (Mrs. C. Brough).
- XIX. Water, water wall-flower, growing up so high,
We are all maidens, we must all die,
Except —, the youngest of us all.
She can laugh, and she can dance, and she can play
at ball ;
Fie ! fie ! fie for shame ! turn your face to the wall
again. —Connell Ferry, near Oban (Miss Harrison).
- XX. Water, water wall-flower, growing up so high,
We are all maidens, we must all die.
Except —, she's the youngest of them all ;
She can dance, she can sing,
And she can dance the wedding ring (or "Hieland fling")
Fie ! fie ! fie for shame !
Turn your back to the wall again.
—Galloway (J. G. Carter).
- XXI. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers,
Growing up so high ;
All ye young maidens
Are all fit to die.
Excepting —, and she's the worst of all,
She can hop, and she can skip,
And she can turn the candlestick.
Fye ! fie ! for shame,
Turn your face to the wall again.
—(*Suffolk County Folk-lore*, p. 67.)

XXII. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high,
All you young ladies will soon have to die ;
Excepting —, and she's the best of all.
She can dance, she can skip, she can turn the
mangle quick ;
Hi, ho ! fie for shame ! turn your back to the wall
again. —Cambridge (Mrs. Haddon).

XXIII. Wally, wally wall-flower, growing up so high,
We are all maidens, and we shall die ;
All except the youngest one, and that is [child's
name].
Choose for the best, choose for the worst,
Choose the one that you love best.
Now you're married, I wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy,
Seven years after son and daughter,
Now, young couple, kiss together.
—Hersham, Surrey (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 84).

XXIV. Wally, wally wall-flowers,
Growing up so high ;
We're all ladies,
We shall all die.
Excepting little —,
She's the only one ;
She can hop, she can skip,
She can play the herald,
Fie ! fie ! fie for shame !
Turn your back to the wall again.
—Deptford, Kent (Miss Chase).

XXV. Water, water wall-flower,
Growing up so high ;
We are all maidens,
And we must all die.
— is the youngest,
She must kick,
And she must fling,

And she must turn the sofa ;
Fie ! fie ! fie, for shame !
Turn your back to the wall again.

- XXVI. Except —, and she's the youngest one,
She can hop, and she can skip,
She can turn the sofa ;
Oh fie ! fie ! fie, for shame !
Turn your back to the wall again.
—Cullen and Nairn (Rev. W. Gregor).

- XXVII. She can skip, she can dance,
She can ding us all o'er.
—Aberdeen (Rev. W. Gregor).

- XXVIII. Green, green grovers, growing up so high,
We are all maidens,
And we must all die ;
Except —, the youngest of us all,
She can dance, and she can sing,
She can dance the Hieland fling ;
Fie ! fie ! fie, for shame !
Turn your back to us again.
—Nairn (Rev. W. Gregor).

- XXIX. Water, water, well stones,
Growing up so high,
We are all maidens,
And we must all die.
Except —,
She's the youngest of us all,
She can dance, she can sing,
She can dance the "Hielan' Fling," *
Oh fie, fie, for shame,
Turn your back to us again.
—Dyke (Rev. W. Gregor).

* Another version from Forfarshire gives "Green, green, grivers," and "Pull the cradle string" for "Dance the Hielan' Fling," and one from Nairn is "Turn your back to the wall again."

XXX. Here's a pot of wall-flowers,
Growing up so high ;
We're all maidens, and we shall die.
Excepting [girl's name],
She can hop, and she can skip,
And she can play the organ.
Turn your back, you saucy Jack,
You tore your mother's gown.

—Northants (Rev. W. Sweeting).

XXXI. Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growin' up so high,
Neither me nor my baby shall ever wish to die,
Especially [girl's name], she's the prettiest flower.
She can dance, and she can sing, and she can tell the
hour,
With her wee-waw, wy-waw, turn her face to the wall.
—Howth, Dublin (Miss H. E. Harvey).

Or, Turn your back to all the game.
—Bonmahon, Waterford (Miss H. E. Harvey).

XXXII. Sally, Sally, wall-flower [or Waters],
Springing up so high,
We're all fair maids,
And we shall all die.
Excepting [girl's name],
She's the fairest daughter,
She can hop, and she can skip,
She can turn the organ,
Turn your face toward the wall,
And tell me who your sweetheart's called.

Mr Moffit is a very good man,
He came to the door with his hat in his hand,
He pulled up his cloak, and showed me the ring ;
To-morrow, to-morrow, the wedding begins.
First he bought the frying-pan,
Then he bought the cradle,
And then one day the baby was born,
Rock, rock the cradle.

—Hurstmonceux, Sussex (Miss Chase).

XXXIII. Water, water, wild flowers,
 Growing up so high,
 We are all maidens,
 And we shall all die,
 Excepting [Eva Irving],
 And she's the youngest of us all,
 And she can hop, and she can skip,
 And she can turn the candlestick,
 [Or "She can play the organ."]
 Piper shame! piper shame!
 Turn your back to the wall again.
 I pick up a pin,
 I knock at the door,
 I ask for —,
 She's neither in,
 She's neither out,
 She's up the garden skipping about.
 Down come —, as white as snow,
 Soft in her bosom as soft as glow.
 She pulled off her glove,
 And showed us her ring,
 To-morrow, to-morrow,
 The bells shall ring.

—Ogbourne, Wilts. (H. S. May).

XXXIV. Water, water, wall-flowers, growing up so high,
 We are all maidens, and we must all die,
 Except —, she's the only one,
 She can dance, she can sing, she can play the organ,
 Fie, fie, fie for shame, turn your face to the wall
 again.
 Green grevel, green grevel, the grass is so green,
 The fairest young lady that ever was seen.
 O —, O —, your true love is dead,
 He'll send you a letter to turn back your head.

—Laurieston School, Kirkcudbright (J. Lawson).

XXXV. [Mary Kelly's] stole away, stole away, stole away,
 [Mary Kelly's] stole away,
 And lost her lily-white flowers.

It's well seen by her pale face, her pale face, her pale face,
It's well seen by her pale face,
She may turn her face to the wall.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

(c) The children form a ring by joining hands. They all dance slowly round, singing the words. When the one child is named by the ring she turns round, so that her face is turned to the outside of the ring and her back inside. She still clasps hands with those on either side of her, and dances or walks round with them. This is continued until all the players have turned and are facing outwards.

This concludes the game in many places, but in others the game is continued by altering the last line of the verses, and the children alternately turning round when named until they all face inside again. In some of the versions the first child to turn her face to the wall is the youngest, and it is then continued by the next youngest, until the eldest is named. This obtains in Hampshire (Miss Mendham), Nottingham, Symonds-bury, Shropshire, Beddgelert, Sheffield, Connell Ferry, Oban, Hersham, Surrey, Dyke. In the London (Miss Chase) and Sheffield versions the child named leaves the ring and turns with her face to a wall. In the Wakefield version Miss Fowler says a child stands in the middle, and at the fifth line all the children say their own name. At the end of the verse they all unclasp hands, and turn with their faces outside the circle; the verse is repeated, when they all turn again facing inwards, and so on over again. In the Nairn version, after all the players have turned their faces outside the ring, they all throw their arms over their heads, and turn so as to face inwards if possible without disjoining hands. The children at Ogbourne, Wilts, clap hands when singing the last two lines of the verses. At Enbourne School it is the tallest child who is first named, and who turns her back; presumably the next tallest is then chosen. In the Suffolk game one child stands outside the ring; the ring sings the first four lines, and the child outside sings the rest. At Wenlock Miss Burne says each child is summoned in turn by name to turn their heads when the last line is said. At Hurstmonceux a girl chooses a boy after her face is turned to the wall.

(d) The most interesting point about this game is that it appears to refer to a custom or observance which particularly concerns young girls. We cannot say what the custom or observance was originally, but the words point to something in which a young maiden played the principal part. "We are all maidens" and "she's the youngest here" runs through most of the versions. A death seems to be indicated, and it may be that this game was originally one where the death of the betrothed of the youngest maiden was announced. This would account for the "turning the face to the wall," which is indicative of mourning and great sorrow and loss. The mention of the girl's accomplishments may mean that being so young and accomplished she would quickly get another suitor, and this might also account for the "fie for shame!"—shame to be thinking of another lover so soon; or, on the other hand, the other maidens may regret that by the loss of her lover and betrothed this young maiden's talents will be lost in "old maidenhood," as she will not now be married, and this will be "a shame." She will be, in fact, "on the shelf" or "out of sight" for the rest of her life, and through no fault of her own. The "we are all maidens" might refer to the old custom of maidens carrying the corpse of one of their number to the grave, and the words may have originally been the lament over her death.

With reference to the words "turn the candlestick," which occurs in six versions, "M. H. P." in *Notes and Queries* (7th ser., xi. 256), says: "*Turning the Candlestick*.—A candlestick in the game of 'See-saw' is the Yorkshire name for the child who stands in the centre of the plank, and assists the motion by swaying from side to side." Toone (*Etymological Dictionary*) says—Before the introduction of the modern candlestick, the custom was to have the candle held by a person appointed for that purpose, called a candle-holder, and hence the term became proverbial to signify an idle spectator.

"I'll be a candle-holder and look on."—*Romeo and Juliet*.

"A candle-holder sees most of the game."—Ray's *Proverbs*.

If this should be the meaning of the phrase in these rhymes, "she can turn the candlestick" may have originally meant

that now this maiden can be nothing but a "looker on" or "candle-holder" in the world. The meaning has evidently been forgotten for a long time, as other expressions, such as "she can turn the organ," have had to be adopted to "make sense" of the words.

Aubrey (*Remaines of Judaisme*, p. 45) mentions the sport called "Dancing the Candlerush," played by young girls; in Oxford called "Leap Candle," which consisted of placing a candle in the middle of the room and "dancing over the candle back and forth" saying a rhyme. This may be the "dance" referred to in the rhymes.

The tune of most versions is the same. It is pretty and plaintive, and accords with the idea of mourning and grief. The Rev. W. D. Sweeting says the tune in Northants seems to be lost. The game is sung to a sort of monotone.

Northall gives a version from Warwickshire similar to several given here, and Mr. Newell (*Games and Songs of American Children*) gives a version and tune which is similar to that of Hurstmonceux, Surrey.

See "Green Grass."

Warney

I'm the wee mouse in the hole in the wa',
I'm come out to catch you a'.

One of the players starts with clasped hands to catch another. When this is done they join hands—each one, on being caught, going into the number to form a chain. If the chain breaks no one can be caught.—Laurieston School, Kirkcudbright (J. Lawson).

See "Stag," "Whiddy."

Way-Zaltin

A sort of horse-game, in which two boys stand back to back with their arms interlaced; each then alternately bends forward, and so raises the other on his back with his legs in the air. This term, too, is sometimes used for see-sawing.—Elworthy's *West Somerset Words*. Barnes (*Dorset Glossary*) calls this game "Wayzalt." Holloway (*Dict. Prov.*) says, in Hants the game is called "Weighing."

See "Weigh the Butter."

We are the Rovers



—Bath (A. B. Gomme).



—Hanbury, Staffs. (Miss Edith Hollis).



—Wrotham, Kent (Miss D. Kimball).

- I. We are coming to take your land,
 We are the rovers !
 We are coming to take your land,
 [Though you] are the guardian soldiers !
 We don't care for your men nor you,
 [Though you] are the rovers !
 We don't care for your men nor you,
 For we are the guardian soldiers !
 We will send our dogs to bite,
 We are the rovers !
 We will send our dogs to bite,
 Though you are the guardian soldiers !
 We don't care for your dogs nor you,
 Though you're the rovers !
 We don't care for your dogs nor you,
 For we are the guardian soldiers !

Will you have a glass of wine ?

We are the rovers !

Will you have a glass of wine ?

For respect of guardian soldiers !

A glass of wine won't serve us all,

Though you're the rovers !

A glass of wine won't serve us all,

For we are the guardian soldiers !

Will a barrel of beer then serve you all ?

We are the rovers !

Will a barrel of beer then serve you all ?

As you are the guardian soldiers !

A barrel of beer won't serve us all,

Though you're the rovers !

A barrel of beer won't serve us all,

For we're gallant guardian soldiers !

We will send our blue-coat men,

We are the rovers !

We will send our blue-coat men,

Though you are the guardian soldiers !

We don't fear your blue-coat men,

Though you're the rovers !

We don't fear your blue-coat men,

For we are the guardian soldiers !

We will send our red-coat men,

We are the rovers !

We will send our red-coat men,

Though you are the guardian soldiers !

We don't mind your red-coat men,

Though you're the rovers !

We don't mind your red-coat men,

For we are the guardian soldiers !

Are you ready for a fight ?

We are the rovers !

Are you ready for a fight ?

Though you are the guardian soldiers !

Yes, we are ready for a fight,

Though you're the rovers !

Yes, we are ready for a fight,

For we are the guardian soldiers !

—Ellesmere (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 518),

II. We have come for a glass of wine,

We are the Romans !

We have come for a glass of wine,

We are King William's soldiers !

We won't serve you with the wine,

We are the Romans !

We won't serve you with the wine,

We are King William's soldiers !

We will set our dogs to watch,

We are the Romans !

We will set our dogs to watch,

We are King William's soldiers !

We don't care for you and your dogs,

We are the Romans !

We don't care for you and your dogs,

We are King William's soldiers !

We will set our police to watch,

We are the Romans !

We will set our police to watch,

We are King William's soldiers !

We don't care for you and your police,

We are the Romans !

We don't care for you and your police,

We are King William's soldiers !

Are you ready for a fight ?
 We are the Romans !
 Are you ready for a fight ?
 We are King William's soldiers !

We are ready for a fight,
 We are the Romans !
 We are ready for a fight,
 We are King William's soldiers !

—Wrotham, Kent (Miss D. Kimball).

III. Will you have a gill of ale ?
 We are the Romans !
 Will you have a gill of ale ?
 For we are the Roman soldiers !

A gill of ale won't serve us all,
 We are the English !
 A gill of ale won't, &c.,
 For we are the English soldiers !

Take a pint and go your way,
 We are, &c. [As above.]

A pint of ale won't serve us all,
 We are, &c.

Take a quart and go your way,
 We are, &c.

A quart of ale won't serve us all,
 We are, &c.

Take a gallon and go your way,
 We are, &c.

A gallon of ale won't serve us all,
 We are, &c.

Take a barrel and go your way,
 We are, &c.

A barrel of ale will serve us all,
 We are, &c.

—Lancashire : Liverpool and its neighbourhood
 (Mrs. Harley).

- IV. Have you any bread and wine,
For we are the Romans !
Have you any bread and wine,
We are the Roman soldiers !

Yes, we have some bread and wine,
For we are the English !
Yes, we have some bread and wine,
We are the English soldiers !

Will you give us a glass of it ?
For we are, &c. [As above.]

Yes, we'll give you a glass of it,
For we are, &c.

A glass of it won't serve us so,
For we are, &c.

Then you shan't have any at all,
For we are, &c.

Then we will break all your glasses,
For we are, &c.

Then we will go to the magistrates,
For we are, &c.

Then you may go to the magistrates,
For we are, &c.

Then let us join our happy ring,
For we are, &c.

—Hartley Witney, Winchfield, Hants. (H. S. May).

- V. Have you any cake and wine ?
For we are the English !
Have you any cake and wine ?
For we're the English soldiers !

Yes, we have some cake and wine,
For we are the Romans !

Yes, we have some cake and wine,
For we're the Roman soldiers !

Will you give us cake and wine ? &c.
 No, we won't give you cake and wine, &c.
 Then we'll tell our magistrates, &c.
 We don't care for your magistrates, &c.
 Then we'll tell our highest men, &c.
 We don't care for your highest men, &c.
 Turn up your sleeves and have a fight,
 For we are the Romans [English] ! &c.
 —Enbourne School, Berks. (Miss M. Kimber).

VI. Have you any bread and wine ?
 We are the Romans !
 Have you any bread and wine ?
 For we're the government soldiers !
 Yes ! we have some bread and wine, &c.
 Will you give us a glass of it ? &c.
 We will give you a glass of it, &c.
 A glass of it won't serve us all, &c.
 We will give you a gallon of it, &c.
 We will break all your glasses, &c.
 We will tell the magistrates, &c.
 What care we for the magistrates, &c.
 Are you ready for a fight ? &c.
 Yes, we're ready for a fight, &c.
 Tuck up your sleeves up to your arms, &c.
 Present ! Shoot ! Bang ! Fire !!
 —Maxey, Northamptonshire (Rev. W. D. Sweeting).

VII. Have you any bread and wine ?
 We are the English !
 Have you any bread and wine ?
 We are the English soldiers !

No, we have no bread and wine,
We are the Romans!
No, we have no bread and wine,
We are the Roman soldiers!

A quart of ale won't serve us all, &c.

Take a gallon and go your way, &c.

A gallon of ale won't serve us all, &c.

We will fetch the magistrate, &c.

We don't care for the magistrate, &c.

We will fetch the p'liceman, &c.

We don't care for the p'liceman, &c.

Are you ready for a fight? &c.

Yes, we're ready for a fight, &c.

—Hanbury, Staffs. (Miss Edith Hollis).

VIII. Have you any bread and wine, bread and wine, bread
and wine,

Have you any bread and wine,
For we are English soldiers!

Yes, we have some bread and wine, bread and wine,
bread and wine,

For we are French soldiers!

Will you give us a quarter of it? &c.

No, we won't give you a quarter of it, &c.

Then we will send the magistrate, &c.

What do we care for the magistrate, &c.

What do we care for the convent dogs, &c.

Are you ready for a fight, &c.

Yes, we are ready for a fight, &c.

—Hurstmonceux, Sussex (Miss E. Chase, 1892).

- IX. Have you any bread and wine,
 Bread and wine, bread and wine ?
 Have you any bread and wine,
 My Theerie and my Thorie ?

Yes, we have some bread and wine, bread and wine, &c.

We shall have one glass of it, one glass of it, &c.

Take one glass and go your way, go your way, &c.

We shall have two glasses of it, two glasses of it, &c.

Take two glasses and go your way, go your way, &c.

[Repeat for three, four, and five glasses of it, then—]

We shall have a bottle of it, a bottle of it, &c.

A bottle of it ye *shall not* have, ye shall not have, &c.

We will break your glasses all, your glasses all, &c.

We will send for the magistrates, the magistrates, &c.

What care we for the magistrates, the magistrates ? &c.

We will send for the policemen, the policemen, &c.

What care we for the policemen, the policemen ? &c.

We will send for the red coat men, the red coat men, &c.

What care we for the red coat men, the red coat men ? &c.

What kind of men are ye at all, are ye at all ? &c.

We are all Prince Charlie's men, Prince Charlie's men, &c.

But what kind of men are ye at all, are ye at all ? &c.

We are all King George's men, King George's men, &c.

Are ye for a battle of it, a battle of it ? &c.

Yes, we're for a battle of it,

A battle of it, a battle of it,

Yes, we're for a battle of it,

My Theerie and my Thorie.

—Perthshire (Rev. W. Gregor).

X. What men are ye of?

What men are ye of?

What men are ye of?

Metherie and Metharie.

We are of King George's men,
King George's men, King George's men,
We are of King George's men,
Metherie and Metharie.

We will send for the policemen, &c.

What care we for the policemen? &c.

We will have a bottle of wine, &c.

You shall not have, &c.

We will have three bottles of wine, &c.

You shall not have, &c.

We will send for Cripple Dick, &c.

What care we for Cripple Dick, &c.

We finish off with a battle three, &c.

—Northumberland (from a lady friend of
Hon. J. Abercromby).

XI. We shall have a glass of wine,

A glass of wine, a glass of wine,

We shall have a glass of wine,

Methery I methory.

You shall not have a glass of wine,

A glass of wine, a glass of wine,

You shall not have a glass of wine,

Methery I methory.

Then we'll break your dishes, then, &c.

Then we'll send for the blue coat men, &c.

What care I for the blue coat men, &c.

Then we'll send for the red coat men, &c.

What care we for the red coat men, &c.

We are all King George's men, &c.

We are all King William's men, &c.

—Auchencairn, Kirkcudbright (Prof. A. C. Haddon).

XII. Have you any bread and wine, bread and
wine, bread and wine ?

Have you any bread and wine ?

Come a theiry, come a thory.

Yes, we have some bread and wine, &c.

Will you give us a glass of it ? &c.

Yes, we'll give you a glass of it, &c.

Will you give us two glasses of it ? &c.

Yes, we'll give you two glasses of it, &c.

Will you give us a pint of it ? &c.

A pint of it you shall not get, &c.

We will break your window pane, &c.

We will tell the policemen, &c.

What care we for the policemen, &c.

We will tell the red coat men, &c.

What care we for the red coat men, &c.

We will tell the magistrate, &c.

What care we for the magistrate, &c.

Will you try a fight with us ? &c.

Yes, we'll try a fight with you, &c.

Are you ready for it now ? &c.

Yes, we're ready for it now, &c.

—Perth (Rev. W. Gregor).

XIII. Have you got any bread and wine, bread
and wine, bread and wine ?

Have you got any bread and wine ?

Come a theory, oary mathorie.

Yes, we have some bread and wine, &c.

We shall have one glass of it, &c.

You shall not have one glass of it, &c.

To what men do you belong? &c.

We are all King George's men, &c.

To what men do you belong, &c.

We are all King William's men, &c.

We shall have a fight, then, &c.

—Perth (Rev. W. Gregor).

XIV. Have you any bread and wine,

Ye o' the boatmen?

Have you any bread and wine,

Ye the drunk and sober?

Yes, we have some bread and wine, &c.

Will you give us of your wine, &c.

Take one quart and go your way, &c.

One quart is not enough for us, &c.

Take two quarts and go your way, &c.

[Continue up to six quarts, then—]

Pray, what sort of men are you? &c.

We are all King George's men, &c.

Are you ready for a fight? &c.

Yes, we're ready for a fight, &c.

—Forest of Dean (Miss Matthews).

XV. I will fetch you a pint of beer,

He I over;

I will fetch you a pint of beer,

Whether we are drunk or sober.

I will fetch you a quart of beer,

He I over;

I will fetch you a quart of beer,

Whether we are drunk or sober.

I will fetch you two quarts of beer, &c.
 I will fetch you three quarts of beer, &c.
 I will fetch you a gallon of beer, &c.
 I will fetch you a barrel of beer, &c.
 I will fetch the old police, &c.
 Are you ready for a fight, &c.

—Earls Heaton (H. Hardy)

[Another variant from Earls Heaton is :—]

Have you got a bottle of gin ?
 He I over ;
 Have you got a bottle of gin,
 As in that golden story ? —(H. Hardy).

XVI. Have you any bread and wine,
 Bread and wine, bread and wine ?
 Have you any bread and wine ?
 Cam a teerie, arrie ma torry.

 Yes, we have some bread and wine,
 Bread and wine, bread and wine ;
 Yes, we have some bread and wine,
 Cam a teerie, arrie ma torry.

 We shall have one glass of it, &c.
 One glass of it you shall not get, &c.

 We are King George's loyal men,
 Loyal men, loyal men ;
 We are King George's loyal men,
 Cam a teerie, arrie ma torry.

 What care we for King George's men,
 King George's men, King George's men ;
 What care we for King George's men,
 Cam a teerie, arrie ma torry.

—*People's Friend*, quoted in a review of
 "Arbroath : Past and Present," by J. M. M'Bain.

XVII. We shall have one glass of wine,
We are the robbers ;
We shall have one glass of wine,
For we are the gallant soldiers.
You shall have no glass of wine,
We are the robbers ;
You shall have no glass of wine,
For we are the gallant soldiers.
We shall have two glasses of it, &c.
You shall have no glass of it, &c.
We will break your tumblers, then, &c.
We shall send for the policeman, &c.
What care we for the policeman, &c.
We shall send for the red coat men, &c.
What care we for the red coat men, &c.
We shall send for the blue coat men, &c.
What care we for the blue coat men, &c.
We shall send for the magistrate, &c.
What care we for the magistrate, &c.
We shall send for Cripple Dick, &c.
What care we for Cripple Dick, &c.
We shall have a battle then, &c.
Yonder is a battle field, &c.

—Laurieston School, Kirkcudbright (J. Lawson).

XVIII. Here comes three dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding ;
Here comes three dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding ;
My fair ladies.
Have you any bread and wine, bread and wine,
bread and wine ?
Have you any bread and wine, bread and wine,
bread and wine,
My fair ladies ?

How do you sell your bread and wine, &c.

I sell it by a gallon, sir, &c.

A gallon is too much, fair ladies, &c.

Sell it by a gallon, my fair ladies, &c.

Then we'll have none at all, &c.

Are you ready for a fight, &c.

Yes, we are ready for a fight, &c.

My dear sirs.

—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

(c) The players divide into two sides of about equal numbers, and form lines. The lines walk forwards and backwards in turn, each side singing their respective verses alternately. When the last verse is sung both lines prepare for a fight.

This is the usual way of playing, and there is but little variation in the methods of the different versions. In some versions (Enbourne, Berks.; Maxey, Northants., and Bath) sleeves are tucked up previous to the pretended fight, and in one or two places sticks and stones are used; again in the Northamptonshire and Bath games, at "Present! Shoot! Bang! Fire!!" imitations are given of firing of guns before the actual fight takes place. In the Hants (H. S. May) and Lancashire (Mrs. Harley) versions, when the last verse is reached the players all join hands, form a ring, and dance round while they sing the last verse. In several versions too, when they sing "We don't care for the magistrates," or other persons of authority, the players all stamp their feet on the ground. In the Hurstmonceux version the children double their fists before preparing to fight. Some pretend to have swords to fight with, but the greater number use their fists. In most of the versions the players on both sides join in the refrain or chorus.

(d) This game represents an attacking or invading party and the defenders. It probably owes its origin to the border warfare which prevailed for so long a period between Highlanders and Lowlanders of Scotland, the Scotch and English of the northern border counties, and in the country called the

marches between Wales and England. Contests between different nationalities living in one town or place, as at Southampton and Nottingham, would also tend to produce this game. That the game represents this kind of conflict rather than an ordinary battle between independent countries is shown by several significant points. These are, the dialogue between the opposing parties before the fight begins, the mention of bread, ale, or other food, and more particularly the threat to appeal to the civil authorities, called in the different versions, magistrates, blue coat men, red coat men, highest men, policemen, and Cripple Dick. Such an appeal is only applicable where the opposing parties were, theoretically at all events, subordinate to a superior authority. The derision, too, with which the threat is received by the assailants is in strict accord with the facts of Border society. Scott in *Waverley* and the *Black Dwarf* describes such a raid, and the suggestion to appeal to the civil authority in lieu of a raid is met with the cry of such an act being useless. The passage from the *Black Dwarf* is: "'We maun tak the law wi' us in thae days, Simon,' answered the more prudent elder. 'And besides,' said another old man, 'I dinna believe there's ane now living that kens the lawful mode of following a fray across the Border. Tam o' Whittram kend a' about it; but he died in the hard winter.' 'Hout,' exclaimed another of these discording counsellors, 'there's nae great skill needed; just put a lighted peat on the end of a spear, a hayfork, or siclike, and blaw a horn and cry the gathering word, and then it's lawful to follow gear into England and recover it by the strong hand, or to take gear frae some other Englishmen, providing ye lift nae mair than's been lifted frae you. That's the auld Border law made at Dundrennan in the days of the Black Douglas.'" In *Waverley* the hero suggests "to send to the nearest garrison for a party of soldiers and a magistrate's warrant," but is told that "he did not understand the state of the country and of the political parties which divided it" (chap. xv.). The position of this part of the country is best understood from the evidence of legal records, showing how slowly the king's record ran in these parts. Thus Mr. Clifford (*Hist. of Private Legislation*)

quotes from Hodgson's *Hist. of Northumberland* (vol. iii. pt. 2, p. 171), a paper, in the Cotton MS., on "The bounds and means of the 'batable land belonging to England and Scotland." It was written in 1550 by Sir Robert Bowes, a Northumbrian, at the request of the Marquis of Dorset, then Warden General of the Marches, and gives a graphic picture of Border life at that time. The writer describes Cassope bridge as "a common passage for the thieves of Tyndalle, in England, and for the thieves of Liddesdalle, in Scotland, with the stolen goods from one realm to the other." The head of Tyndalle is a place "where few true men have list to lodge." North Tyndall "is more plenished with wild and misdemeaned people" than even South Tyndall. The people there "stand most by four surnames," the Charltons, Robsons, Dodds, and Milbornes. "Of every surname there be sundry families, or graves, as they call them, of every of which there be certain headsmen that leadeth and answereth for all the rest. There be some among them that have never stolen themselves, which they call true men. And yet such will have rascals to steal either on horseback or foot, whom they do reset, and will receive part of the stolen goods. There be very few able men in all that country of North Tyndalle, but either they have used to steal in England or Scotland. And if any true man of England get knowledge of the theft or thieves that steal his goods in Tyndalle or Ryddesdale, he had much rather take a part of his goods again in composition than pursue the extremity by law against the thief. For if the thief be of any great surname or kindred, and be lawfully executed by order of justice, the rest of his kin or surname bear as much malice, which they call deadly feade (feud), against such as follow the law against their cousin the thief, as though he had unlawfully killed him with a sword; and will by all means they can seek revenge thereupon." At sundry times the dalesmen "have broken out of all order, and have then, like rebels or outlaws, committed very great and heinous attempts, as burning and spoiling of whole townships and murdering of gentlemen and others whom they have had grief or malice unto, so that for defence of them there have been great garrisons laid, and raids

and incourses both against them and by them, even as it were between England and Scotland in time of war. And even at such times they have done more harm than they have received." A number of the Tyndaller's houses are set together, so that they may give each other succour in frays, and they join together in any quarrel against a true man, so that for dread of them "almost no man dare follow his goods stolen or spoiled into that country."

The sides in the game are under the different names or leadership of Romans and English, King William's men, rovers and guardian soldiers, Prince Charlie's men, King George's men, &c. These names have probably been given in memory of some local rising, or from some well-known event which stamped itself upon the recollection of the people. It is very curious that in four or five versions a refrain, which may well be a survival of some of the slogans or family "cries" (see "Three Dukes"), should occur instead of the "Roman" and "English" soldiers, &c. These refrains are, "My theerie and my thorie," "Metherie and metharie," "Methory I methory," "Come a theeiry, come a thory," "Come a theory, oary mathorie," "Cam a teerie, arrie ma torry," and the three which apparently are still further degradations of these, "Ye o' the boatmen," "Drunk and sober," "He I over." That "slogans" or "war cries" were used in this species of tribal war there is little doubt. In the Northumberland and Laurieston versions the name is "Cripple Dick," these words, now considered as the name of a powerful and feared leader, may also indicate the same origin. The versions with these refrains come from Perthshire (three versions), Authencairn, and Northumberland; Yorkshire has He I over; while the Romans and English, King George's men, King William's men, guardian soldiers, rovers, &c., are found in Shropshire, Staffordshire, Gloucester, Kent, Hants, Bath, Berks, Northamptonshire, Sussex, some of which are Border counties to Wales, and others have sea-coasts where at different times invasions have been expected. In Sussex, Miss Chase says the game is said to date from the alarm of Napoleon's threatened landing on the coast; this is also said in Kent and Hampshire. Miss Burne considers the game in

Shropshire to have certainly originated from the old Border warfare. She also considers that the bread and wine, barrels of ale, &c., are indications of attempts made to bribe the beleaguered garrison and their willingness to accept it; but I think it more probably refers to the fact that some food, cattle, and goods were oftentimes given to the raiders by the owners of the lands as blackmail, to prevent the carrying off of all their property, and to avoid fighting if possible. It will be noticed that fighting ensues as the result of a sufficient quantity of food and drink being refused. Scott alludes to the practice of blackmail, having to be paid to a Highland leader in *Waverley*, in the raid upon the cattle of the baron of Bradwardine (see chap. xv.). The farms were scattered, and before the defenders could combine to offer resistance, cattle and goods would be carried off, and the ground laid waste, if resistance were offered.

The tune of the Northants game (Rev. W. Sweeting) and Hants (H. S. May) are so nearly like the Bath tune that it seemed unnecessary to print them. The tune of the Surrey game is that of "Nuts in May." The words of the Bath version collected by me are nearly identical with the Shropshire, except that "We are the Romans" is said instead of "We are the Rovers." They are not therefore printed here, but I have used this version in my *Children's Singing Games*, series I., *illustrated*. The tune of the Hants version (H. S. May) is similar to that of Wrotham, Kent (Miss D. Kimball).

Weary

Weary, weary, I'm waiting on you,
I can wait no longer on you;
Three times I've whistled on you—
Lovey, are you coming out?

I'll tell mamma when I go home,
The boys won't let my curls alone;
They tore my hair, and broke my comb—
And that's the way all boys get on.

—Aberdeen Training College (Rev. W. Gregor).

The girls stand in a row, and one goes backwards and for-

wards singing the first four lines. She then takes one out of the row, and they swing round and round while they all sing the other four lines.

Weave the Diaper

Weave the diaper tick-a-tick tick,
Weave the diaper tick ;
Come this way, come that,
As close as a mat,
Athwart and across, up and down, round about,
And forwards and backwards and inside and out ;
Weave the diaper thick-a-thick thick,
Weave the diaper thick.

—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 65.

(b) This game should be accompanied by a kind of pantomimic dance, in which the motions of the body and arms express the process of weaving, the motion of the shuttle, &c.

(c) Mr. Newell (*Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 80) mentions a dance called "Virginia Reel," which he says is an imitation of weaving. The first movement represents the shooting of the shuttle from side to side and the passage of the woof over and under the threads of the warp ; the last movements indicate the tightening of the threads and bringing together of the cloth. He also says that an acquaintance told him that in New York the men and girls stand in rows by sevens, an arrangement which may imitate the different colours of strands. Mr. Newell does not say whether any words are sung during the dancing of the reel. Halliwell gives another rhyme (p. 121), which may have belonged to this weaving game. It is extremely probable that in these fragments described by him we have remains of one of the old trade dances and songs.

Weigh the Butter

Two children stand back to back, with their arms locked. One stoops as low as he can, supporting the other on his back, and says, "Weigh the butter ;" he rises, and the second stoops in his turn with "Weigh the cheese." The first repeats with

"Weigh the old woman:" and it ends by the second with
 "Down to her knees."—*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 58.

The players turn their backs to each other, and link their arms together behind. One player then bends forward, and lifts the other off his [her] feet. He rises up, and the other bends forward and lifts him up. Thus the two go on bending and rising, and lifting each other alternately, and keep repeating—

Weigh butter, weigh cheese,
 Weigh a pun (pound) o' can'le grease.

—Keith (Rev. W. Gregor).

Mr. Northall (*English Folk Rhymes*) gives this game with the words as—

A bag o' malt, a bag o' salt,
 Ten tens a hundred.

This game is described as played in the same way in Antrim and Down (Patterson's *Glossary*), and also by Jamieson in Roxburgh.

See "Way-Zaltin."

When I was a Young Girl



—Platt School, nr. Wrotham, Kent (Miss Burne).



—Hanbury, Staffs. (Miss Edith Hollis).





—Market Drayton, Salop (*Shropshire Folk-lore*).



—Ogbourne, Wilts. (H. S. May).

- I. When I was a young girl, a young girl, a young girl,
 When I was a young girl, how happy was I.
 This way and that way, and this way and that way,
 And this way and that way, and this way went I.
- When I had a sweetheart, a sweetheart, a sweetheart,
 When I had a sweetheart, how happy was I.
 This way and that way, and this way and that way,
 And this way and that way, and this way went I.
- When I got married, got married, got married,
 When I got married, how happy was I.
 This way and that way, and this way and that way,
 And this way and that way, and this way went I.
- When I had a baby, a baby, a baby,
 When I had a baby, how happy was I.
 This way and that way, and this way and that way,
 And this way and that way, and this way went I.
- When my baby died, died, died,
 When my baby died, how sorry was I.
 This way and that way, and this way and that way,
 And this way and that way, and this way went I.

When my husband died, died, died,
When my husband died, how sorry was I.
This way and that way, and this way and that way,
And this way and that way, and this way went I.

When I kept a donkey, a donkey, a donkey,
When I kept a donkey, how happy was I.
This way and that way, and this way and that way,
And this way and that way, and this way went I.

When I was a washerwoman, a washerwoman, a washer-
woman,
When I was a washerwoman, how happy was I.
This way and that way, and this way and that way,
And this way and that way, and this way went I.

When I was a beggar, a beggar, a beggar,
When I was a beggar, how happy was I.
This way and that way, and this way and that way,
And this way and that way, and this way went I.

—Platt School, near Wrotham, Kent (Miss Burne).

- II. When I was a young girl, a young girl, a young girl,
When I was I young girl, how happy was I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.
- When I was a school-girl, a school-girl, a school-girl,
When I was a school-girl, oh, this way went I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.
- When I was a teacher, a teacher, a teacher,
When I was a teacher, oh, this way went I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.
- When I had a sweetheart, a sweetheart, a sweetheart,
When I had a sweetheart, oh, this way went I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.

When I had a husband, a husband, a husband,
When I had a husband, oh! this way went I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.

When I had a baby, a baby, a baby,
When I had a baby, how happy was I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.

When my baby died, oh, died, oh, died,
When my baby died, how sorry was I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.

When I took in washing, oh, washing, oh, washing,
When I took in washing, oh, this way went I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.

When I went out scrubbing, oh, scrubbing, oh, scrubbing,
When I went out scrubbing, oh, this way went I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.

When my husband did beat me, did beat me, did beat me,
When my husband did beat me, oh, this way went I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.

When my husband died, oh, died, oh, died,
When my husband died, how happy was I.
And this way and that way, and this way and that way,
and this way and that way, and this way went I.

Hurrah!

--Barnes, Surrey (A. B. Gomme).

- III. When I was a young gell, a young gell, a young gell,
When I was a young gell, i' this a way went I.
An' i' this a way, an' i' that a way, an' i' this a way went I.
When I wanted a sweetheart, a sweetheart, a sweetheart,
When I wanted a sweetheart, i' this a way went I.
An' i' this a way, an' i' this a way, an' i' this a way went I.

When I went a-courting, a-courtin', a-courtin',
 When I went a-courtin', i' this a way went I.
 An' i' this a way, an' i' this a way, an' i' this a way went I.
 When I did get married, get married, get married,
 When I did get married, i' this a way went I.
 An' i' this a way, an' i' this a way, an' i' this a way went I.
 When I had a baby, &c.
 When I went to church, &c.
 My husband was a drunkard, &c.
 When I was a washerwoman, &c.
 When I did peggy, &c.
 My baby fell sick, &c.
 My baby did die, &c.
 My husband did die, &c.

—Liphook, Wakefield (Miss Fowler).

- IV. When I wore my flounces, my flounces, my flounces,
 When I wore my flounces, this a-way went I.
- When I was a lady, a lady, a lady,
 When I was a lady, this a-way went I.
- When I was a gentleman, a gentleman, a gentleman,
 When I was a gentleman, this a-way went I.
- When I was a washerwoman, &c.
- When I was a schoolgirl, &c.
- When I had a baby, &c.
- When I was a cobbler, &c.
- When I was a shoeblack, &c.
- When my husband beat me, &c.
- When my baby died, &c.
- When my husband died, &c.
- When I was a parson, &c.

—Hanbury, Staffs. (Miss Edith Hollis).

- V. When I was a lady, a lady, a lady,
 When I was a lady, a lady was I.
 'Twas this way and that way, and this way and that.
 When I was a gentleman, a gentleman, a gentleman,
 When I was a gentleman, a gentleman was I.
 'Twas this way and that way, and this way and that.
 When I was a schoolgirl, a schoolgirl, a schoolgirl,
 When I was a schoolgirl, a schoolgirl was I, &c.
 When I was a schoolboy, a schoolboy, a schoolboy, &c.
 When I was a schoolmaster, a schoolmaster, a school-
 master, &c.
 When I was a schoolmistress, a schoolmistress, a school-
 mistress, &c.
 When I was a donkey, a donkey, a donkey, &c.
 When I was a shoeblack, a shoeblack, a shoeblack, &c.
 —Ogbourne, Wilts. (H. S. May).
- VI. When I was a naughty girl, a naughty girl, a naughty girl,
 When I was a naughty girl, a-this a-way went I!
 And a-this a-way, and a-that a-way,
 And a-this a-way, and a-that a-way,
 And a-this a-way, and a-that a-way,
 And a-this a-way went I!
 When I was a good girl, &c., a-this a-way went I! &c.
 When I was a naughty girl, &c.
 When I went courting, &c.
 When I got married, &c.
 When I had a baby, &c.
 When the baby cried, &c.
 When the baby died, &c.
 —Berrington (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 514).
- VII. When I was a naughty girl, &c. [as above]
 When I went to school, &c.

When I went a-courting, &c.

When I got married, &c.

When I had a baby, &c..

When the baby fell sick, &c.

When my baby did die, &c.

When my husband fell sick, &c.

When my husband did die, &c.

When I was a widow, &c.

Then I took in washing, &c.

Then my age was a hundred and four, &c.

—Market Drayton (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 515).

VIII. First I was a school-maid, a school-maid, how happy
was I!

And a-this a-way, and a-that a-way went I!

And then I got married, how happy was I! &c.

And then I had a baby, how happy was I! &c.

And then my husband died, how sorry was I! &c.

And then I married a cobbler, how happy was I! &c.

And then the baby died, how sorry was I! &c.

And then I married a soldier, how happy was I! &c.

And then he bought me a donkey, how happy was I! &c.

And then the donkey throwed me, how sorry was I! &c.

And then I was a washing-maid, how happy was I! &c.

And then my life was ended, how sorry was I!

—Chirbury (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 515).

IX. When first we went to school—to school—to school—
How happy was I!
'Twas this way and that way,
How happy was I!

Next I went to service—to service—to service—

How happy was I !

'Twas this way, and that way,

How happy was I ! &c.

Next I had a sweetheart—a sweetheart—a sweetheart—

How happy was I ! &c.

Next I got married—got married—got married—

How happy was I ! &c.

Next I had a baby—a baby—a baby—

How happy was I ! &c.

Next my husband died—he died—he died—

How sorry was I ! &c.

Next my baby died—she died—she died—

How sorry was I ! &c.

—Dorsetshire (*Folk-lore Journal*, vii. pp. 218-219).

X. Oh ! when I was a soldier, I did this way, this way.

Oh ! when I was a mower, I did this way, this way.

Oh ! when I was a hedge cutter, I did this way, this way.

Oh ! when I was a boot cleaner, I did this way, this way.

Oh ! when I was a teacher, I did this way, this way.

Oh ! when I was a governess, I did this way, this way.

Oh ! when I had a baby, I did this way, this way.

Oh ! when my baby died, I did this way, this way.

—Fernham and Longcot Choir Girls, Berks.

(Miss I. Barclay).

XI. When I was a school-boy, a school-boy, a school-boy,
When I was a school-boy, this way went I.

When I was a school-girl, &c.

When I was a-courting, &c.

When I got married, &c.

When I had a baby, &c.

When my baby died, &c.

When my husband was ill, &c.

When I was a shoe-black, &c.

When I was a washerwoman, &c.

When I was a soldier, &c.

When I was a sailor, &c.

—Frodingham and Nottinghamshire
(Miss M. Peacock).

XII. When I was a school girl, a school girl, a school girl,
When I was a school girl, a this way went I.

When I was a teacher, a teacher, a teacher,
When I was a teacher, a this way went I.

[Verses follow for courtin'—

married woman,
having a baby,
death of baby.]

—Earls Heaton (H. Hardy).

XIII. When I went a courting, I went just so.
When next I went a courting, I went just so;
When next I went a courting, I went just so;
When next I went a courting, I went just so.

—Haxey, Lincolnshire (C. C. Bell).

(c) The children join hands and form a ring. They all dance or walk round singing the words of the first two lines of each verse. Then all standing still, they unclasp hands, and continue singing the next two lines, and while doing so each child performs some action which illustrates the events, work, condition, or profession mentioned in the first line of the verse they are singing; then rejoining hands they all dance round in a circle again. The actions used to illustrate the different events are: In the versions from Platt school, for "young girl," each child holds out her dress and dances a step first to the right, then to the left, two or three times, finishing by turning herself quite round; for a "sweetheart," the children turn their heads and kiss their hands to the child behind them; for "got married,"

they all walk round in ring form, two by two, arm in arm ; for having a baby, they each "rock" and "hush" a pretended baby ; when the baby dies, each pretends to cry ; when the husband dies, they throw their aprons or handkerchiefs over their heads and faces ; for "keeping a donkey," each child pretends to beat and drive the child immediately in front of her ; for "washerwoman," each pretends to wash or wring clothes ; for a "beggar," each drops curtseys, and holds out her hand as if asking alms, putting on an imploring countenance. The Barnes' version is played in the same way, with the addition of holding the hands together to represent a book, as if learning lessons, for "schoolgirl" ; pretending to hold a cane, and holding up fingers for silence, when a "teacher" ; when "my husband did beat me," each pretends to fight ; and for "my husband died," each child walks round joyfully, waving her handkerchief, and all calling out Hurrah ! at the end ; the other verses being acted the same as at Platt. The Liphook version is much the same : the children beckon with their fingers when "wanting a sweetheart" ; kneel down and pretend to pray when "at church" ; prod pretended "clothes" in a wash-tub with a "dolly" stick when "I did peggy" is said ; and mourn for the "husband's" death. In the Hanbury game, the children dance round or shake themselves for "flounces" ; hold up dresses and walk nicely for "lady" ; bow to each other for "gentlemen" ; pretend to mend shoes when "cobblers" ; brush shoes for "shoeblack" ; clap hands when the "husband" dies ; and kneel when they are "parsons." In the Ogbourne game, the children "hold up their dresses as ladies do" in the first verse ; take off their hats repeatedly when "gentlemen" ; pretend to cry when "schoolgirls" ; walking round, swinging their arms, and looking as cocky as possible, when "schoolboys" ; patting each other's backs when "schoolmasters" ; clapping hands for "schoolmistresses" ; stooping down and walking on all fours for a "donkey" ; and brushing shoes for "shoeblack." In the Shropshire games at Berrington, each child "walks demurely" for a good girl ; puts finger on lip for "naughty girl" ; walks two and two, arm in arm, for "courting" ; holds on to her dress for "married" ; whips the "baby," and cries when it dies. In

the Market Drayton game, each pretends to tear her clothes for "naughty girl"; pretends to carry a bag for "school-girl"; walk in pairs side by side for "courting"; the same, arm in arm, for "married"; "hushes" for a baby, pretends to pat on the back for sick baby; covers her face with handkerchief when baby dies; pats her chest when husband is sick, cries and "makes dreadful work" when he dies; puts on handkerchief for a widow's veil for a widow; hobbles along, and finally falls down when "a hundred and four." In the Dorset game, when at "service," an imitation of scrubbing and sweeping is given; walk in couples for sweethearts, and married; the remaining verses the same as the Platt version. In the Fernham game the children shoot out their arms alternately for a soldier; for a mower, they stand sideways and pretend to cut grass; for hedge-cutter, they pretend to cut with a downward movement, as with a belt [*qy.* bill] hook, the other action similar to the Platt and Barnes games. In the Frodingham game they stamp and pretend to drill for "school-boys," pretend to sew as "schoolgirls," kiss for "courting," put on a ring for "getting married," run for a doctor when "husband" is ill, punch and push each other for "soldiers," and haul ropes for "sailors." In other versions, in which carpenters, blacksmiths, farmers, bakers appear, actions showing something of those trades are performed.

(*d*) It will be seen, from the description of the way this game is played, that it consists of imitative actions of different events in life, or of actions imitating trades and occupations. It was probably at one time played by both girls and boys, young men and young women. It is now but seldom played by boys, and therefore those verses containing lines describing male occupations are not nearly so frequently met with as those describing girls' or womens' life only. Young girl, sweetheart, or going courtin', marriage, birth of children, loss of baby and husband, widowhood, and the occupations of washing and cleaning, exactly sum up the principal and important events in many working womens' lives—comprising, in fact, the whole. This was truer many years ago than now, and the mention in many versions of school girl, teacher, governess, indicate in

those versions the influence which education, first in the shape of dame or village schools, Sunday schools, and latterly Board schools, has had upon the minds and playtime of the children. These lines may certainly be looked upon as introductions by the children of comparatively modern times, and doubtless have taken the place of some older custom or habit. This game is exactly one of those to which additions and alterations of this kind can be made without destroying or materially altering, or affecting, its sense. It can live as a simple game in an almost complete state long after its original wording has been lost or forgotten, and as long as occupations continue and events occur which lend themselves to dumb action. The origin of the game I consider to be those dances and songs performed in imitation of the serious avocations of life, when such ceremonies were considered necessary to their proper performance, and acceptable to the deities presiding over such functions, arising from belief in sympathetic magic.

At harvest homes it was customary for the men engaged in the work of the farm to go through a series of performances depicting their various occupations with song and dance, from their engagement as labourers until the harvest was completed, and at some fairs the young men and women of the village, in song and dance, would go through in pantomimic representation, the several events of the year, such as courting, marriage, &c., and their several occupations.

Perhaps the most singular instance of imitative action being used in a semi-religious purpose, is that recorded by Giraldus Cambrensis in the twelfth century, who, speaking of the church of St. Almedha, near Brecknock, says a solemn feast is held annually in the beginning of August: "You may see men and girls, now in the church, now in the churchyard, now in the dance, which is led round the churchyard with a song, on a sudden falling on the ground as in a trance, then jumping up as in a frenzy, and representing with their hands and feet before the people whatever work they have unlawfully done on feast days; you may see one man put his hands to the plough, and another, as it were, goad on the oxen, one man imitating a shoemaker, another a tanner. Now you may see a girl with a

distaff drawing out the thread and winding it again on the spindle; another walking and arranging the threads for the spindle; another throwing the shuttle and seeming to weave" (*Itinerary of Wales*, chap. ii.).

For the significance of some of the pantomimic actions used, I may mention that in Cheshire for a couple to walk "arm-in-arm" is significant of a betrothed or engaged couple.

Other versions have been sent me, but so similar to those given that it is unnecessary to give them here. The tunes vary more. In some places the game is sung to that of "Nuts in May." In Barnes the tune used was sometimes that of "Isabella," vol. i. p. 247, and sometimes the first one printed here.

The game is mentioned by Newell (*Games*, p. 88).

Whiddy

Whiddy, whiddy, way,

If you don't come, I won't play.

The players, except one, stand in a den or home. One player clasps his hands together, with the two forefingers extended, He sings out the above, and the boys who are "home" then cry—

Warning once, warning twice,

Warning three times over;

When the cock crows out come I,

Whiddy, whiddy, wake-cock. Warning!

This is called "Saying their prayers." The boy who begins must touch another boy, keeping his hands clasped as above. These two then join hands, and pursue the others; those whom they catch also joining hands, till they form a long line. If the players who are in the home run out before saying their prayers, the other boys have the right to pummel them, or ride home on their backs.—London (J. P. Emslie, A. B. Gomme).

See "Chickidy Hand," "Hunt the Staigie," "Stag," "Warney."

Whigmeleerie

A game occasionally played in Angus. A pin was stuck in the centre of a circle, from which there were as many radii as there were persons in the company, with two names of each person

at the radius opposite to him. On the pin an index was placed, and moved round by every one in turn, and at whatsoever person's radius it stopped, he was obliged to drink off his glass.—Jamieson.

A species of chance game, played apparently with a kind of totum.

Whip

A boy's game, called in the South "Hoop or Hoop Hide." This is a curious instance of corruption, for the name hoop is pronounced in the local manner as hooip, whence whip.—Easter's *Almondbury Glossary*.

Whishin Dance

An old-fashioned dance, in which a cushion is used to kneel upon.—Dickinson's *Cumberland Glossary*.

See "Cushion Dance."

Who goes round my Stone Wall

I. Who's going round my stone wall?

Nobody, only little Jacky Lingo.

Pray don't steal none of my fat sheep,

Unless I take one by one, two by two, three by three,

Follow me.

Have you seen anything of my black sheep?

Yes! I gave them a lot of bread and butter and sent them up there [pointing to left or right].

Then what have you got behind you?

Only a few poor black sheep.

Well! let me see.

[The child immediately behind Johnny Lingo shows its foot between her feet, and on seeing it the centre child says]

Here's my black sheep.

—Winterton, Anderby, Nottinghamshire
(Miss M. Peacock).

II. Who's that going round my stony walk?

It's only Bobby Bingo.

Have you stolen any of my sheep?

Yes! I stole one last night and one the night before.

—Enbourne School, Berks (Miss M. Kimber).

- III. Who goes round this stoney wa' ?
 Nane but Johnnie Lingo.
 Tak care and no steal ony o' my fat sheep away !
 Nane but ane. —Galloway (J. G. Carter).
- IV. Who goes round my pinfold wall ?
 Little Johnny Ringo.
 Don't steal all my fat sheep !
 No more I will, no more I may,
 Until I've stol'n 'em all away,
 Nip, Johnny Ringo. —Addy's *Sheffield Glossary*.



- V. Who's that walking round my sandy path ?
 Only Jack and Jingle.
 Don't you steal none of my fat geese !
 Yes, I will, or No, I won't. I'll take them one by one,
 and two by two, and call them Jack and Jingle.
 —Barnes, Surrey (A. B. Gomme).
- VI. Who runs round my pen pound ?
 No one but old King Sailor.
 Don't you steal all my sheep away, while I'm a wailer !
 Steal them all away one by one, and leave none but
 old King Sailor.
 —Raunds (*Northants Notes and Queries*, i. p. 232).

- VII. Who's that walking round my walk ?
Only Jackie Jingle.
Don't you steal of my fat sheep ;
The more I will, the more I won't,
Unless I take them one by one,
And that is Jackie Jingle.
—Hersham, Surrey (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 85).
- VIII. Who's going round my sunny wall to night ?
Only little Jacky Lingo.
Don't steal any of my fat chicks.
I stole one last night
And gave it a little hay,
There came a little blackbird,
And carried it away.
—Bocking, Essex (*Folk-lore Record*, iii. 170).
- IX. Who's that round my stable door [or stony wall] ?
Only little Jack and Jingo.
Don't you steal any of my fat pigs !
I stole one last night and the night before,
Chick, chick, come along with me.
—Deptford, Kent (Miss Chase).
- X. Who's this walking round my stony gravel path ?
Only little Jacky Jingle.
Last night he stole one of my sheep,
Put him in the fold,
Along came a blackbird, and pecked off his nose.
—Hampshire (Miss Mendham).
- XI. Who is going round my fine stony house ?
Only Daddy Dingo.
Don't take any of my fine chicks.
Only this one, O !
—Ellesmere (Burne's *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 520).
- XII. Who is that walking round my stone-wall ?
Only little Johnnie Nero.
Well, don't you steal any of my fat sheep !
I stole one last night and gave it a lock of hay,
Here come I to take another away.
—Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- XIII. Who's that going round my pretty garden?
 Only Jacky Jingo.
 Don't you steal any of my fat sheep!
 Oh, no I won't; oh, yes I will; and if I do I'll take
 them one by one, so out comes Jacky Jingo.
 —Ogbourne, Wilts. (H. S. May).
- XIV. Who's going round my sheepfold?
 Only poor Jack Lingo.
 Don't steal any of my black sheep!
 No, I won't, only buy one.
 —Roxton, St. Neots (Miss E. Lumley).
- XV. Who goes round my house this night?
 None but Limping Tom.
 Do you want any of my chickens this night?
 None but this poor one. —Macduff (Rev. W. Gregor).
- XVI. Who goes round my house this night?
 Who but Bloody Tom!
 Who stole all my chickens away?
 None but this poor one.
 —Chambers's *Pop. Rhymes*, 122.
- XVII. Who goes round the house at night?
 None but Bloody Tom.
 Tack care an' tack nane o' my chickens awa'!
 None but this poor one. —Keith (Rev. W. Gregor).
- XVIII. Johnny, Johnny Ringo,
 Don't steal all my faun sheep.
 Nob but one by one,
 Whaul they're all done.
 —Easter's *Almondbury Glossary*.
- XIX. Who's going round my stone wall?
 Only an old witch.
 Don't take any of my bad chickens!
 No, only this one. —Hanbury, Staffs. (Miss E. Hollis).

(b) The players stand in a circle, but they do not necessarily hold hands, nor do they move round. One player kneels or stands in the centre, and another walks round out-

side the circle. The child in the centre asks the questions, and the child outside (Johnny Lingo) replies. When the last answer is given, the outside player, or Johnny Lingo, touches one of the circle on the back; this player, without speaking, then follows Johnny Lingo and stands behind her holding her by her dress, or round the waist. The dialogue is then repeated, and another child taken. This is continued until all the circle are behind Johnny Lingo. Then the child in the centre tries to catch one of them, and Johnny Lingo tries to prevent it; as soon as one player is caught she stands aside, and when all are caught the game is over.

This is the usual way of playing. The variations are: in Galloway, Enbourne, Keith, and Hanbury, the centre player shuts her eyes, or is blindfolded. In the Almondbury version, when the centre child gets up to look for his sheep, and finds them (they do not stand behind Johnny Lingo, but hide), they run about "baaing;" when he catches them he pretends to cut their heads off. In Chambers's description of the game, all the players except two sit upon the ground in a circle (sitting or lying down also obtains at Barnes), one of the two stands inside, and the other personates "Bloody Tom." Bloody Tom tries to carry off a player after the dialogue has been said, and the centre child tries to prevent this one from being taken, and the rest of the circle "cower more closely round him." In the Macduff version, when all the players have been taken, the centre child runs about crying, "Where are all my chickens?" Some of the "chickens," on hearing this, try to run away from "Limping Tom" to her, and he tries to prevent them. He puts them all behind him in single file, and the centre child then tries to catch them; when she catches them all she becomes Limping Tom, and he the shepherd or hen. Dr. Gregor says (Keith)—The game is generally played by boys; the keeper kneels or sits in the middle of the circle; when all the sheep are gone, and he gets no answers to his questions, he crawls away still blindfolded, and searches for the lost sheep. The first player he finds becomes keeper, and he becomes Bloody Tom. In the Winterton version (No. I.) there is a further dialogue. The

game is played in the usual way at the beginning. When Jacko Lingo says, "Follow me" (he had previously, when saying one by one and two by two, &c., touched three children on their back in turn), the third one touched leaves the ring, and stands behind him holding his clothes or waist. This is done until all the children forming the circle are holding on behind him. The child in the centre then asks the next question. When she says, "Here's my black sheep," she tries to dodge behind Jacky Lingo, and catch the child behind him. When she has done this she begins again at "Have you seen anything of my black sheep," until she has caught all the children behind Jacky Lingo. In two versions, Deptford and Bocking, there is no mention of a player being in the centre, but this is an obvious necessity unless the second player stands also outside the circle. In the Raunds version the ring moves slowly round. In the Hants version (Miss Mendham) the children sit in a line. The thief takes one at a time and hides them, and the shepherd pulls them out of their hiding-places. In the Shropshire game, the chickens crouch down behind their mother, holding her gown, and the fox walks round them.

(c) This game appears to represent a village (by the players standing still in circle form), and from the dialogue the children not only represent the village, but sheep or chickens belonging to it. The other two players are—one a watchman or shepherd, and the other a wolf, fox, or other depredatory animal. The sheep may possibly be supposed to be in the pound or fold; the thief comes over the boundaries from a neighbouring village or forest to steal the sheep at night; the watchman or shepherd, although at first apparently deceived by the wolf, discovers the loss, and a fight ensues, in which the thief gets the worse, and some of the animals, if not all, are supposed to be recovered. The names used in the game,—pen pound, pinfold, fold, stone wall, sunny wall, sandy path, gravel path, sheep fold, garden, house, are all indications that a village and its surroundings is intended to be represented, and this game differs in that respect from the ordinary Fox and Geese and Hen and Chickens games, in which no mention is made of these.

Halliwell records two versions (*Nursery Rhymes*, pp. 61, 68). The words and method of playing are the same as some of those recorded above. There is also a version in *Suffolk County Folklore*, pp. 65, 66, which beginning with "Who's going round my little stony wall?" after the sheep are all stolen, continues with a dialogue, which forms a part of the game of "Witch." The Rev. W. S. Sykes sends one from Settle, Yorkshire, the words of which are the same as No. XIV., except that the last line has "just one" instead of "buy one." Mr. Newell gives a version played by American children.

Widow

- I. One poor widder all left alone,
Only one daughter to marry at home,
Chews [choose] for the worst, and chews for the best,
And chews the one that yew [you] love best.

Now you're married, I wish ye good joy,
Ivery year a gal or a boy!
If one 'ont dew, ye must hev tew,
So pray, young couple, kiss te'gither.
—Swaffham, Norfolk (Miss Matthews).

- II. Here is a poor widow who is left alone,
And all her children married and gone;
Come choose the east, come choose the west,
Come choose the one you love the best.

Now since you've got married, I wish you joy,
Every year a girl and boy;
Love one another like sister and brother,
I pray you couple come kiss together.
—Perth (Rev. W. Gregor).

- III. One poor widow was left alone,
Daughter, daughter, marry at home;
Choose the worst, or choose the best,
Choose the young gentleman you love best.

Now you are married, I wish you joy,
Father and mother, you must obey,

Love one another like sister and brother,
And now, young couple, come kiss together.

—Bexley Heath (Miss Morris.)

- IV. One poor widow is left all alone, all alone, all alone,
Choose the worst, and choose the best,
And choose the one that you like best.

Now she's married-I wish her joy,
Her father and mother she must obey,
Love one another like sisters and brothers,
And now it's time to go away.

—*Suffolk County Folk-lore*, p. 67.

- V. One poor widow was left alone,
She had but one daughter to marry alone;
Come choose the worst, come choose the best,
Come choose the young girl that you like best.

—Maxey, Northants (Rev. W. D. Sweeting).

- VI. Here's a poor widow she's left alone,
She has got nothing to marry upon;
Come choose to the east, come choose to the west,
Come choose the one that you love best.

Now they're married, we wish them joy,
Every year a girl and a boy;
Seven years old, seven years to come,
Now kiss the couple, and that's well done.

—Auchterarder, N.B. (Miss E. S. Haldane).

(b) The children form a ring by joining hands. One player stands in the centre. The ring dance round singing the first verse; the widow then chooses one player from the ring, who goes into the centre with her, and the ring dances round singing the second part. The one first in the centre then joins the ring, and the second player becomes the widow and chooses in her turn.

This belongs to the marriage group of Kiss in the Ring games. Northall (*English Folk Rhymes*, p. 374), gives a version similar to the above.

See "Kiss in the Ring," "Poor Widow," "Sally Water," "Silly Young Man."

Wiggle-Waggle

The players sit round a table under the presidency of a "Buck." Each person has his fingers clenched, and the thumb extended. Buck from time to time calls out as suits his fancy: "Buck says, Thumbs up!" or, "Buck says, Thumbs down!" or, "Wiggle-waggle!" If he says "Thumbs up!" he places both hands on the table, with the thumbs sticking straight up. If "Thumbs down!" he rests his thumbs on the table with his hands up. If "Wiggle-waggle!" he places his hands as in "Thumbs up!" but wags his thumbs nimbly. Everybody at the table has to follow the word of command on the instant, and any who fail to do so are liable to a forfeit.—Evan's *Leicestershire Words*.

See "Horns."

Wild Boar

"Shoeing the Wild Boar," a game in which the player sits cross-legged on a beam or pole, each of the extremities of which is placed or swung in the eyes of a rope suspended from the back tree of an outhouse. The person uses a switch, as if in the act of whipping up a horse; when being thus unsteadily mounted, he is most apt to lose his balance. If he retains it, he is victor over those who fail.—Teviotdale (Jamieson).

Wild Birds

"All the Wild Birds in the Air," the name of a game in which one acts the dam of a number of birds, who gives distinct names of birds, such as are generally known to all that are engaged in the sport. The person who opposes tries to guess the name of each individual. When he errs he is subject to a stroke on the back. When he guesses right he carries away on his back that bird, which is subjected to a blow from each of the rest. When he has discovered and carried off the whole, he has gained the game.—Jamieson. Jamieson adds that this sport seems only to be retained in Abernethy, Perthshire; and it is probable, from the antiquity of the place, that it is very ancient.

See "All the Birds in the Air," "Fool, Fool."

Willie, Willie Wastell

Willie, Willie Wastell,
 I am on your castle,
 A' the dogs in the toun
 Winna pu' Willie down.
 Like Willie, Willie Wastel,
 I am in my castel
 A' the dogs in the toun
 Dare not ding me down.—Jamieson.

A writer in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1822, Part I. p. 401, says that the old distich—

“Willy, Willy Waeshale!
 Keep off my castle,”

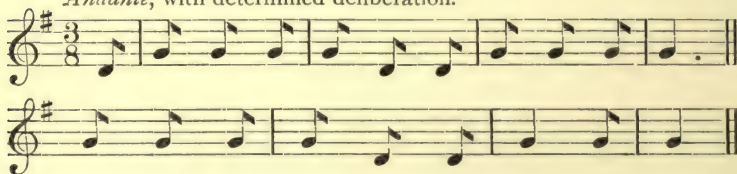
used in the North in the game of limbo, contains the true etymon of the adjective “Willy.”

The same game as “Tom Tiddler's Ground.” It is played in the same way. Jamieson says the second rhyme given shows that the rhyme was formerly repeated by the player holding the castle, and not, as now, by the opposing players.

See “King of the Castle,” “Tom Tiddler's Ground.”

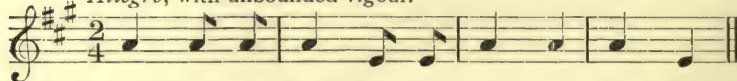
Wind up the Bush Faggot

Andante, with determined deliberation.



Repeat from beginning till all are wound up.

Allegro, with unbounded vigour.



Note.—(1) The simplicity of time and no dotted notes, also change of key for $\frac{3}{4}$ music.

(2) The game unites common and triple time very successfully.

(3) Notwithstanding the injunction it is best *not* to wind up too tight.

—Essex (Miss Dendy).

In the Essex game all the players join hands and form a long line. They should stand in sizes, the tallest should be

the first, and should stand quite still. All the rest walk round this tallest one, singing—


Wind up the bush faggot, and wind it up tight,

Wind it all day and again at night,

to the first part of the tune given—that in three-eight time. This is to be repeated until all the players are wound round the centre or tallest player, in a tight coil. Then they all sing—

Stir up the dumplings, the pot boils over,

to the second part of the tune in 2-4 time. This is repeated, all jumping simultaneously to the changed time, until there is a general scrimmage, with shrieking and laughter, and a break up. The players should look somewhat like a watch

spring.  As soon as the last one is wound up, no

matter in what part of the 3-8 time music they may be, they leave off and begin to jump up and down, and sing to the 2-4 music.—Essex (Miss Dendy).

This game is called "Wind up the Watch" in Wolstanton, North Staffordshire Potteries, and is played in the same manner. The words are only, "Wind up the Watch," and are said. When all the players are wound up they begin to unwind, saying, "Unwind the Watch."—Miss Bush. Called "Wind up Jack" in Shropshire. It is the closing game of any play-time, and was played before "breaking-up" at a boys' school at Shrewsbury, 1850-56. The players form a line hand in hand, the tallest at one end, who stands still; the rest walk round and round him or her, saying, "Wind up Jack! Wind up Jack!" (or at Ellesmere, "Roll up the tobacco-box"), till "Jack" is completely imprisoned. They then "jog up and down," crying, "A bundle o' rags, a bundle o' rags!"—Berrington, Ellesmere (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 521).

In Scotland the game is known as "Row-chow-Tobacco;" a long chain of boys hold each other by the hands: they have one standing steadily at one of the extremities, who is called the *Pin*. Round him the rest coil like a watch chain round the cylinder, till the act of winding is completed. A clamorous

noise succeeds, in which the cry Row-chow-Tobacco prevails; after giving and receiving the *fraternal hug*, they disperse, and afterwards renew the process. In West of Scotland, it is Rowity-chow-o'-Tobacco, pronounced, *rowity-chowity-bacco*, and as the first syllable of each word is shouted, another hug or squeeze is given. The game is not so common as formerly. The same game is played in West Cornwall by Sunday-school children at their out-of-door treats, and is called "Roll Tobacco."

It is known as "The Old Oak Tree" in Lincoln, Kelsey, and Winterton, and is played in the same manner. When coiling round, the children sing—

Round and round the old oak tree:

I love the girls and the girls love me.

When they have twisted into a closely-packed crowd they dance up and down, tumbling on each other, crying—

A bottle of rags, a bottle of rags.

In the Anderby and Nottinghamshire version of the game the children often sing—

The old oak tree grows thicker and thicker every Monday
morning.

—Miss M. Peacock.

In Mid-Cornwall, in the second week in June, at St. Roche, and in one or two adjacent parishes, a curious dance is performed at the annual "feasts." It enjoys the rather undignified name of "Snails Creep," but would be more properly called the "Serpent's Coil." The following is scarcely a perfect description of it:—"The young people being all assembled in a large meadow, the village band strikes up a simple but lively air and marches forward, followed by the whole assemblage, leading hand-in-hand (or more closely linked in case of engaged couples), the whole keeping time to the tune with a lively step. The band, or head of the serpent, keeps marching in an ever-narrowing circle, whilst its train of dancing followers becomes coiled round it in circle after circle. It is now that the most interesting part of the dance commences, for the band, taking a sharp turn about, begins to retrace the circle, still followed as before, and a number of young men, with long leafy branches in their hands as standards, direct this counter movement with

almost military precision."—W. C. Wade (*Western Antiquary*, April 1881).

From this description of the "Snail Creep," it is not difficult to arrive at an origin for the game. It has evidently arisen from a custom of performing some religious observance, such as encircling sacred trees or stones, accompanied by song and dance. "On May Day, in Ireland, all the young men and maidens hold hands and dance in a circle round a tree hung with ribbons and garlands, or round a bonfire, moving in curves from right to left, as if imitating the windings of a serpent."—Wilde (*Ancient Cures, Charms, and Usages of Ireland*, 106).

It is easy to conjecture how the idea of "winding up a watch," or "rolling tobacco," would come in, and be thought the origin of the game from the similarity of action; but it is, I think, evident that this is not the case, from the words "a bundle o' rags," the mention of trees, and the "jogging" up and down, to say nothing of the existence of customs in Ireland and Wales similar to that of "Snail Creep." It is noticeable, too, that some of these games should be connected with trees, and that, in the "Snail Creep" dance the young men should carry branches of trees with them.

See "Bulliheisle," "Eller Tree."

Wind, The

- I. The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
The rain comes pouring from the sky;
Miss So-and-So says she'd die
For the sake of the old man's eye.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the lass of the golden city;
She goes courting one, two, three,
Please to tell me who they be.
A. B. says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her,
Let the boys say what they will
A. B. has got her still.

—Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire (Miss Matthews).

- II. The wind, wind blows, and the rain, rain goes,
And the clouds come gathering from the sky!

Annie Dingley's very, very pretty,
 She is a girl of a noble city ;
 She's the girl of one, two, three,
 Pray come tell me whose she'll be.

Johnny Tildersley says he loves her,
 All the boys are fighting for her,
 All the girls think nothing of her.
 Let the boys say what they will,
Johnny Tildersley's got her still.

He takes her by the lily-white hand
 And leads her over the water,
 Gives her kisses one, two, three,

Mrs. Dingley's daughter !

—Berrington, Eccleshall (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 510).

- III. When the wind blows high,
 When the wind blows high,
 The rain comes pelting from the sky.
 She is handsome, she is pretty,
 She is the girl in all the city.
 She [He ?] comes courting one, two, three,
 Pray you tell me who she be.
 I love her, I love her,
 All the boys are fighting for her.
 Let them all say what they will,
 I shall love her always still.
 She pulled off her gloves to show me her ring,
 To-morrow, to-morrow, the wedding bells ring.

—Cowes, Isle of Wight (Miss E. Smith).

- IV. The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
 The rain comes falling from the sky.
 She is handsome, she is pretty,
 She is the girl of London city.
 She goes a courting one, two, three,
 Please will you tell me who is he ?
 [Boy's name] says he loves her.
 All the boys are fighting for her.
 Let the boys do what they will,

[Boy's name] has got her still.
 He knocks at the knocker and he rings at the bell,
 Please, Mrs. —, is your daughter in ?
 She's neither ways in, she's neither ways out,
 She's in the back parlour walking about.
 Out she came as white as snow,
 With a rose in her breast as soft as silk.
 Please, my dear, will you have a drop of this ?
 No, my dear, I'd rather have a kiss.

—Settle, Yorks. (Rev. W. G. Sykes).

- V. The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
 The rain comes sparkling from the sky,
 [A girl's name] says she'll die
 For a lad with a rolling eye.
 She is handsome, she is pretty,
 She is the flower of the golden city.
 She's got lovers one, two, three.
 Come, pray, and tell me who they be.
 [A boy's name] says he'll have her,
 Some one else is waiting for her.
 Lash the whip and away we go
 To see Newcastle races, oh.

—Tyrie (Rev. W. Gregor).

[Another version after—

—— says he'll have her,

is—

In his bosom he will clap her.]

[Another one after—

She has got lovers one, two, three.

continues—

Wait till [a boy's name] grows some bigger,
 He will ride her in his giggie.
 Lash your whip and away you go
 To see Newcastle races, O !]

—Pittulie (Rev. W. Gregor).

[And another version gives—

—— says she'll die

For the want of the golden eye.]

—Fochabers (Rev. W. Gregor).

VI. The wind blows high, and the wind blows low,
 The snow comes scattering down below.
 Is not — very very pretty ?
 She is the flower of one, two, three.
 Please to tell me who is he.
 — says he loves her,
 All the boys are fighting for her.
 Let the boys say what they will,
 — loves her still. —Perth (Rev. W. Gregor).

A ring is formed by the children joining hands, one player standing in the centre. When asked, "Please tell me who they be," the girl in the middle gives the name or initials of a boy in the ring (or *vice versa*). The ring then sings the rest of the words, and the boy who was named goes into the centre. This is the Forest of Dean way of playing. In the Shropshire game, at the end of the first verse the girl in the centre beckons one from the ring, or one volunteers to go into the centre; the ring continues singing, and at the end the two children kiss; the first one joins the ring, and the other chooses in his turn. The other versions are played in the same way.

Northall (*English Folk-Rhymes*, p. 380) gives a version from Warwickshire very similar.

Wink-egg

Elworthy (*West Somerset Words*) says—When a nest is found boys shout, "Let's play 'Wink-egg.'" An egg is placed on the ground, and a boy goes back three paces from it, holding a stick in his hand; he then shuts his eyes, and takes two paces towards the egg and strikes a blow on the ground with the stick—the object being to break the egg. If he misses, another tries, and so on until all the eggs are smashed. In Cornwall it is called "Winky-eye," and is played in the spring. An egg taken from a bird's nest is placed on the ground, at some distance off—the number of paces having been previously fixed. Blindfolded, one after the other, the players attempt with a stick to hit and break it.—*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 61.

See "Blind Man's Stan."

Witch, The

This game is played by nine children. One is chosen as Mother, seven are chosen for her children, and the other is a Witch. The Mother and Witch stand opposite the seven children. The *Mother* advances and names the children by the days of the week, saying—

Sunday, take care of Monday,
Monday, take care of Tuesday,
Tuesday, take care of Wednesday,
Wednesday, take care of Thursday,
Thursday, take care of Friday,
Friday, take care of Saturday.

Take care the Old Witch does not catch you, and I'll bring you something nice.

The Mother then goes away, and the Witch advances saying—

Sunday, your mother sent me for your best bonnet, she wants to get one like it for Monday. It is up in the top long drawer, fetch it quick.

Sunday goes away, and the Witch then seizes Saturday and runs off with her.

The Mother re-enters, and names the children again, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, misses Saturday, and says—

Where's Saturday?

The children all cry and say—

The Old Witch has got her.

This part is then repeated until the Witch has taken all the children and put them in a corner one by one, and stands in front to guard them. The Mother sets out to find the children, she sees the Old Witch, and says to her—

Have you seen my children?

Witch. Yes, I saw them walking down High Street.

Mother then goes away, does not find them, and comes back asking—

Have you seen my children?

W. Yes, I saw them going to school.

Mother then goes away, does not find them, and comes back asking—

Have you seen my children ?

W. Yes, they are gone to church.

Mother again goes away, does not find them, and comes back asking—

Have you seen my children ?

W. They are having dinner—you can't see them.

Mother again goes away, does not find them, and comes back asking—

Have you seen my children ?

W. They are in bed.

M. Can't I go up and see them ?

W. Your shoes are too dirty.

M. Can't I take them off ?

W. Your stockings are too dirty.

M. Can't I take them off ?

W. Your feet are too dirty.

M. Can't I cut them off ?

W. The blood would run on the floor.

M. Can't I wrap them up in a blanket ?

W. The fleas would hop out.

M. Can't I wrap them up in a sheet ?

W. The sheet is too white.

M. Can't I ride up in a carriage ?

W. You would break the stairs down.

The children then burst out from behind the Witch and they and the Mother run after her, crying out, "Burn the Old Witch." They continue chasing the Witch till she is caught, and the child who succeeds in catching her, takes the part of the Witch in the next game.—Dartmouth (Miss Kimber).

The children choose from their party an Old Witch (who is supposed to hide herself) and a Mother. The other players are the daughters, and are called by the names of the week. The Mother says that she is going to market, and will bring home for each the thing that she most wishes for. Upon this they all name something. Then, after telling them upon no account to allow any one to come into the house, she gives her

children in charge of her eldest daughter, Sunday, and goes away. In a moment, the Witch makes her appearance, and asks to borrow some trifle.

Sunday at first refuses, but, after a short parley, goes into the next room to fetch the required article. In her absence the Witch steals the youngest of the children (Saturday), and runs off with her. Sunday, on her return, seeing that the Witch has left, thinks there must be something wrong, and counts the children, saying, "Monday, Tuesday," &c., until she comes to Saturday, who is missing. She then pretends to cry, wrings her hands, and sobs out—"Mother will beat me when she comes home."

On the Mother's return, she, too, counts the children, and finding Saturday gone, asks Sunday where she is. Sunday answers, "Oh, mother! an Old Witch called, and asked to borrow —, and, whilst I was fetching it, she ran off with Saturday." The Mother scolds and beats her, tells her to be more careful in the future, and again sets off for the market. This is repeated until all the children but Sunday have been stolen. Then the Mother and Sunday, hand in hand, go off to search for them. They meet the Old Witch, who has them all crouching down in a line behind her.

Mother. Have you seen my children?

Old Witch. Yes! I think by Eastgate.

The Mother and Sunday retire, as if to go there, but, not finding them, again return to the Witch, who this time sends them to Westgate, then to Southgate and Northgate. At last one of the children pops her head up over the Witch's shoulder, and cries out, "Here we are, Mother." Then follows this dialogue:—

M. I see my children, may I go in?

O. W. No! your boots are too dirty.

M. I will take them off.

O. W. Your stockings are too dirty.

M. I will take them off.

O. W. Your feet are too dirty.

M. I will cut them off.

O. W. Then the blood will stream over the floor.

The Mother at this loses patience, and pushes her way in, the Witch trying in vain to keep her out. She, with all her children, then chase the Witch until they catch her; when they pretend to bind her hand and foot, put her on a pile, and burn her, the children fanning the imaginary flames with their pinafores. Sometimes the dialogue after "Here we are, mother," is omitted, and the Witch is at once chased.—Cornwall (*Folklore Journal*, v. 53-54).

One child represents an old woman who is blind, and has eight children. She says she is going to market, and bids her eldest daughter let no one into the house in her absence. The eldest daughter promises. Then a second old woman knocks, and bribes the daughter, by the promise of a gay ribbon, to give her a light. Whilst the daughter is getting the light, the Witch steals a child and carries it off.

The daughter comes back, and makes all the other children promise not to tell their Mother. The Mother returns and says: "Are all the children safe?"

The daughter says, "Yes." "Then let me count them." The children stand in a row, and the Mother counts by placing her hands alternately on their heads. The eldest daughter runs round to the bottom of the row, and so is counted twice.

This is repeated until all the children are gone. At the end the eldest daughter runs away, and the Mother finds all her children gone. Then the Witch asks the old woman to dinner, and the children, who have covered their faces, are served up as beef, mutton, lamb, &c. Finally they throw off their coverings and a general scrimmage takes place.—London (Miss Dendy).

At Deptford the game is played in the same way, and the dialogue is similar to the Cornish version, then follows—

I'll ride in a pan.

That will do.

The Mother gets inside to her children and says to them in turn, "Poke out your tongue, you're one of mine," then they run away home.—Deptford (Miss Chase).

In another Deptford version the children are named for days of the week, the Mother goes out, and the Witch calls and asks—

Please you, give me a match.

The minder goes upstairs, and the Witch carries a child off.
The Mother comes home, misses child, and asks—

Where's Monday ?

She's gone to her grandma.

Mother pretends to look for her, and says—

She ain't there.

She's gone to her aunt's.

Children own at last—

The bonny Old Witch has took her !

The Mother beats the Daughter who has been so careless,
goes to Witch, and says—

Have you any blocks of wood ?

No.

Can I come in and see ?

No, your boots are too dirty, &c.

[Same as previous versions.]

A number of girls stand in a line. Three girls out of the number represent Mother, Jack, and Daughter. The Mother leaves her children in charge of her Daughter, counts them, and says the following :—

I am going into the garden to gather some rue,

And mind old Jack-daw don't get you,

Especially you my daughter Sue,

I'll beat you till you're black and blue.

While the Mother is gone Jack comes and asks for a match ; he takes a child and hides her up. The Mother comes back, counts her children, and finds one missing. Then she asks where she is, and the Daughter says that Jack has got her. The Mother beats the Daughter, and leaves them again, saying the same words as before, until all the children have gone.—
Ipswich (*Suffolk Folk-lore*, p. 62).

I'll charge my children every one

To keep good house till I come home,

Especially you my daughter Sue,

Or else I'll beat you black and blue.

—Hersham, Surrey (*Folk-lore Record*, v. 88).

Halliwell gives a version of this which he calls the game of the "Gipsy." He gives no dialogue, but his game begins by

the Mother saying some lines to the eldest daughter, which are almost identical with those given from Hersham, Surrey. Mr. Newell gives some interesting American versions.

This game appears in the versions given above to be a child-stealing game, and it may originate from this being a common practice some years ago, but it will be found on comparison to be so much like "Mother, mother, the pot boils over" (vol. i. p. 396) that it is more probable that this is the same game, having lost the important element of the "giving of fire," or a "light from the fire" out of the house, so soon as the idea that doing this put the inhabitants of the house into the power of the receiver or some evil spirit had become lost as a popular belief. "Matches" being asked for and a "light" confirms this. It will be seen that a Witch or evilly-disposed person is dreaded by the Mother, the eldest Daughter being specially charged to keep a good look-out. The naming of the children after the days of the week, the counting of them by the Mother, and the artifice of the eldest Daughter, in the London version, who gets counted twice, are archaic points. The discovery by tasting of the children by their Mother, and their suggested revival; the catching and "burning" of the Witch in the Dartmouth and Cornish games, are incidents familiar to us from nursery tales and from the trials of people condemned for witchcraft. Of the Cornish version it is said that "it has descended from generation to generation."

Mr. Newell's versions tend, I think, to strengthen my suggestion in "Mother, the pot boils over," that the "fire" custom alluded to is the origin of that game and this. The fire incident has been forgotten, and the game therefore developed into a child-stealing or gipsy game.

See "Mother, Mother."

Witte-Witte-Way

A game among boys, which I do not remember in the South.—Brockett's *North Country Words*. Probably the same as "Whiddy," which see.

Wolf

- I. Sheep, sheep, come home!
We dare not.

What are you frightened of?

The wolf.

The wolf has gone home for seven days,

Sheep, sheep, come home.

—Settle, Yorks. (Rev. W. S. Sykes).

II. Sheep, sheep, come home !

I'm afraid.

What of ?

The wolf.

The wolf's gone into Derbyshire,

And won't be back till six o'clock.

Sheep, sheep, come home.

—Hanbury, Staffordshire (Miss Edith Hollis).

III. Sheep, sheep, go out !

I'm afraid.

What you're 'fraid of?

Wolf.

Wolf has gone to Devonshire ;

Won't be back for seven year.

Sheep, sheep, go out !

—Hurstmonceux, Sussex, as played about forty
years ago (M ss E. Chase).

IV. Sheep, sheep, come home !

I'm afraid.

What of ?

The wolf.

The wolf's gone to Devonshire,

And won't be back for seven year.

Sheep, sheep, come home.

Anderby (Miss M. Peacock), Barnes (A. B. Gomme).

V., VI. Won't be back for eleven year.

Nottinghamshire (Miss M. Peacock).

Marlborough, Wilts (H. S. May).

(b) One player acts as Shepherd, and stands at one side of the playground or field ; another acts as Wolf. He crouches in one corner, or behind a post or tree. The other players are sheep, and stand close together on the opposite side of the ground to the Shepherd. The Shepherd advances and calls the sheep.

At the end of the dialogue the sheep run across to the Shepherd and the Wolf pounces out, chases, and tries to catch them. Whoever he catches has to stand aside until all are caught. The game is played in this way in all versions sent me except Hurstmonceaux, where there is the following addition:—The Wolf chases until he has caught all the sheep, and put them in his den. He then pretends to taste them, and sets them aside as needing more salt. The Shepherd or Mother comes after them, and the sheep cover their heads with their aprons. The Mother guesses the name of each child, saying, "This is my daughter ——. Run away home!" until she has freed them all.

Versions of this game, almost identical with the Anderby version, have been collected from Sporle, Norfolk (Miss Matthews); Crockham Hill, Kent (Miss E. Chase); Hersham, Surrey (*Folk-lore Record*, v. p. 88); Marlborough, Wilts (H. S. May); Ash and Barnes, Surrey (A. B. Gomme). In Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire is the place the wolf is said to have gone to. Mr M. L. Rouse sends the following fuller description of the game as played at Woolpit, near Haughley, Suffolk, which gives, I think, the clue to the earlier idea of the game:—

The game was played out of doors in a meadow. Two long parallel lines were drawn about fifty yards apart, forming bases behind them. Two boys stood some distance apart between the bases, and the rest of the players all stood within one base. One of the two boys in the centre acting as decoy cried "Sheep, sheep, come home!" The sheep represented by the boys in the base cried back, "We can't, we're afraid of the Wolf." The decoy then said—

The wolf's gone to Devonshire,
And won't be back for seven year.
Sheep, sheep, come home.

The sheep then made rushes from different points, and tried to get across to the other base. The other player in the centre tried to catch the sheep as they ran. Those caught joined the side of the wolf, and caught others in their turn.

It appears clear that the "Decoy" is the correct character in this game instead of a "shepherd" or "master," as now given.

The decoy is evidently assuming the character and voice of the shepherd, or shepherd's dog, to induce the sheep to leave the fold where they are protected, in order to pounce upon them as they endeavour to go in the direction the voice calls them. The game owes its origin to times and places, when wolves were prowling about at night, and sheep were penned and protected against them by shepherds and watch-dogs.

Wolf and the Lamb, The

Two are chosen—one to represent the wolf and the other the lamb. The other players join hands and form a circle round the lamb. The wolf tries to break through the circle, and carry off the lamb. Those in the circle do all they can to prevent the wolf from entering within the circle. If he manages to enter the circle and seize the lamb, then other two are chosen, and the same process is gone through till all have got a chance of being the lamb and wolf. This game evidently represents a lamb enclosed in a fold, and the attempts of a wolf to break through and carry it off.

—Fraserburgh, Aberdeen, *April* 14, 1892 (Rev. W. Gregor).

Would you know how doth the Peasant



—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

- I. Would you know how doth the peasant ?
 Would you know how doth the peasant ?
 Would you know how doth the peasant
 Sow his barley and wheat !

 And it's so, so, doth the peasant,
 And it's so, so, doth the peasant,
 And it's so, so, doth the peasant
 Sow his barley and wheat !

 Would you know how doth the peasant, &c.,
 Reap his barley and wheat ?

It is so, so, doth the peasant, &c.,
Reap his barley and wheat !

Would you know how doth the peasant, &c.,
Thresh his barley and wheat ?

It is so, so, doth the peasant, &c.,
Thresh his barley and wheat !

Would you know how doth the peasant, &c.,
When the seed time is o'er ?

It is so, so, doth the peasant, &c.,
When the seed time is o'er !

Would you know how doth the peasant, &c.,
When his labour is done ?

It is so, so, doth the peasant, &c.,
When his labour is done !

And it's so, so, doth the peasant,
And it's so, so, doth the peasant,
And it's so, so, doth the peasant,
When his labour is o'er.

—Monton, Lancashire (Miss Dendy).

- II. It is so, so, does the peasant [or, farmer],
It is so, so, does the peasant,
It is so, so, does the peasant,
When sowing times come.

It is so, so, does the peasant, &c.,
When reaping time comes.

It is so, so does the peasant, &c.,
When his threshing times comes.

It is so, so, does the peasant, &c.,
When the hunting's begun.

It is so, so does the peasant, &c.,
When the day's work is done.

—Frodingham, Lincoln and Notts (Miss M. Peacock).

(c) The leader of this game stands in the middle, the players stand in a ring round him ; when there are a sufficient number of players, several rings are formed one within the other, the smallest children in the inner ring. The different rings

move in alternate directions when dancing round. All the children sing the words of each verse and dance round. They unclasp hands at the end of each alternate verse, and suit their actions to the words sung. At the end of the first verse they stand still, crook their arms as if holding a basket, and imitate action of sowing while they sing the second verse; they then all dance round while they sing the third, then stand still again and imitate reaping while they sing the fourth time. Then again dance and sing, stand still and imitate "thrashing" of barley and wheat; after "seed time is o'er," they drop on one knee and lift one hand as if in prayer, again dancing round and singing. Then they kneel on one knee, put their hands together, lay their left cheek on them, and close their eyes as if asleep; while singing, "when his labour is o'er," at the last verse, they all march round, clapping hands in time.

This is the Monton game. The Frodingham game is played in the same way, except that the children walk round in a circle, one behind another, when they sing and imitate the actions they mention. "When the hunting's begun" they all run about as if on horseback; "when the day's work is done," they all kneel on one knee and rest their heads on their hands.

This game is evidently a survival of the custom of dancing, and of imitating the actions necessary for the sowing and reaping of grain which were customary at one time. Miss Dendy says—"It is an undoubtedly old Lancashire game. It is sometimes played by as many as a hundred players, and is then very pretty. The method of playing varies slightly, but it is generally as described above." The fact that this game was played by such a large number of young people together, points conclusively to a time when it was a customary thing for all the people in one village to play this game as a kind of religious observance, to bring a blessing on the work of the season, believing that by doing so, they caused the crops to grow better and produce grain in abundance.

See "Oats and Beans and Barley."

ADDENDA

A' the Birdies. [See "All the Birds," vol. i. p. 2 ; "Oranges and Lemons," vol. ii. pp. 25-35.]

A' the birdies i' the air
Tick tae to my tail.

A contest game of the oranges and lemons class. Two players, who hold hands and form the arch, call out the formula, and the other players, who are running about indifferently, go one by one to them and decide, when asked, which side they will favour, and stand behind one or the other.

After the tug the side which has lost is called "Rotten eggs, rotten eggs."—Aberdeen (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

All the Boys. [Vol. i. pp. 2-6.]

Two versions of this game, one from Howth and another from St. Andrews, sent me by Miss H. E. Harvey, do not differ sufficiently from the versions i. and ii. printed as above to be given here in full.

The St. Andrews game, after the line,

"I love you, and you love me"

(as printed in vol. i. version ii.), continues—

When we get married, I hope you will agree,
I'll buy the chest of drawers, you'll buy the cradle.
Rock, rock, bubbly-jock,
Send her upstairs, lay her in her bed,
Send for the doctor before she is dead.
In comes the doctor and out goes the clerk,
In comes the mannie with the sugarally hat.
Oh, says the doctor, what's the matter here ?
Oh, says Johnny, I'm like to lose my dear.
Oh, says the doctor, nae fear o' that.

American Post.

One player of a party acts as post and leaves the room. When he is outside he knocks at the door. Another player, who is the doorkeeper (inside), calls out, "Who's there?" The reply is, "American post." "What with?" "A letter." "For whom?" The name of one of the players in the room is given by the post. The one named then must go outside, and kiss the post, and in turn becomes post.—Fraserburgh (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

This, sometimes called "Postman," is now more generally played as a penalty when forfeits are being performed. The player whose penalty it is, is the first one to be "post." Postage is demanded, the amount being paid by kisses.

As I was Walking.

The players, usually girls, stand in line up to a wall. One in front sings, going backwards and forwards.

As I was walking down a hill, down a hill, down a hill,

As I was walking down a hill,

Upon a frosty morning.

Who do you think I met coming down, coming down, &c.,

Who do you think I met, &c.

She then chooses one from the line and both sing:—

I met my true love coming down, &c.

He gave me kisses, one, two, three (clap hands),

Upon a frosty morning.

—Cullen (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Auld Grannie. [A version of "Hen and Chickens," vol. i. pp. 201, 202.]

Here a variation of dialogue occurs. The game is played as previous Hen and Chicken games. The Hen says—

What are ye scrapin' for?

Auld grannie says—

A darning needle?

What are ye going to do with the darning needle?

Mak a poke.

What to do with the poke?

To gang to the peat moss to get some peats.

What for?

To make a fire, to make some tea, to pour over your wee chickens.

Auld grannie rushes at them, and pretends to throw the water over them. When she has caught some players, and the sides are about equal in strength, the game ends in a tug of war.—Dalry, Galloway (J. G. Carter.)

Another, called "Grannie's Needle," has a slightly different parley.

What are you looking for, granny?

My granny's needle.

What are you going to do with the needle, granny?

To make a bag.

And what are you going to do with the bag, granny?

To gather sand.

What are you going to do with the sand, granny?

To sharpen knives.

And what are you going to do with the knives, granny?

To cut off your chickens' heads.

—Belfast (W. H. Patterson).

Ball. [Pots, vol. ii. p. 64.]

1. Throw the ball up against a wall three times and catch it.
2. Throw it up and clap hands three times before catching it.
3. Throw it up and put your hands round in a circle.
4. Throw it up and clap your hands before and behind.
5. Throw it up and clap and touch your shoulder.
6. Throw it up and clap and touch your other shoulder.
7. Throw it up three times with your right hand and catch it with your right.
8. Throw it up with your left and catch it with your left.
9. Throw it up with your right and catch it with your right, dog snack fashion (*i.e.* as a dog snacks, knuckles up).
10. Throw it up with your left and catch it with your left (dog snack).
11. Throw it up and clap and touch your knee.
12. Throw it up and clap and touch your other knee.

13. Throw it up and turn round.

These actions should each be performed three times.—
Laurieston School, Kircudbrightshire (J. Lawson).

This is a more complete version of "Pots."

Another game is—

One girl takes a ball, strikes it on the ground, and keeps pushing it down with her hand. While she is doing this, the other players stand beside her, and keeping unison with the ball, repeat—

Game, game, ba' ba',
Twenty lasses in a raw,
Nae a lad amon them a'
Bits game, game, ba', ba'.

If the girl keeps the ball dancing up and down—"stottin'" during the time the words are being repeated, it counts one game gained. She goes on "stottin'" the ball, and the others go on repeating the words till she allows the ball to escape from her control.—Fraserburgh (Rev. Dr. Gregor); Dalry, Galloway (J. G. Carter).

Another rhyme for a ball game is—

Little wee laddie, foo's yer daidie ?
New come oot o' a basket shadie.
A basket shadie's ower full,
New come oot o' a roarin' bull.
A roarin' bull's ower fat,
New come oot o' a gentleman's hat.
A gentleman's hat's ower fine,
New come oot o' a bottle o' wine.
A bottle o' wine is ower reid,
New come oot o' a crust o' breid.
A crust o' breid is ower broon,
New come oot o' a half-a-croon.
A half-a-croon is ower little,
New come oot o' a weaver's shuttle.
A weaver's shuttle's ower holey,
New come oot o' a paint pottie,
Game, game, game, game, game !

—Rev. Dr. Gregor.

Bannockburn [See Fool, Fool, come to school, vol. i. p. 132.]

Played as "Fool" with these differences. The namer cries to the fool in the same formula as the Sussex version (vol. i. p. 133). The fool, called here "Bannockburn," says, "Are ye it?" to each player pointing to them in turn. When she points at the correct one that player runs off. Bannockburn runs after and tries to catch her. If the first runner can get back into the row untouched she gets renamed, if caught she has to take Bannockburn's place.

During the naming, Bannockburn tries to overhear the names given. But when noticed coming near, those being named, cry "Bannockburn away dune the sea."—Dalry, Gallo-way (J. G. Carter).

Black Doggie [see Drop Handkerchief, vol. i. 109-112.]

A form of Drop Handkerchief differing from those versions previously given.

The players join hands, form a circle and stretch out as far as each one's arms will allow. One player is outside the ring. When she sees they can stretch no further she cries out "Break," when they all loose hands and stand as far apart as possible. The player outside then goes round the ring singing, "I have a black doggie, but it winna' bite you, nor you, nor you," until she comes to one whom she chooses; she then throws the handkerchief down on the ground behind this one quietly. If this player does not notice the handkerchief, not one in the circle must tell her, or they are "out." The player who dropped the handkerchief walks round until she comes again to the one behind whom she dropped it. She picks it up and tells her she is "burnt." Then this player has to stoop down on her knees and is out of the game. Should the selected player notice the handkerchief, she picks it up and pursues the other round and through the ring, following wherever the first one leads until she catches her; they then change places; should she not follow the exact way the first player went, she too is out and must go down on her knees.—Roseheartly (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Another version from Fraserburgh says that the players may

either join hands in a ring or sit upon the ground on their knees. The outside player goes round the circle three times, first saying "Black Doggie winna tack you, nor you." Then she goes round again and drops the handkerchief behind any one she pleases. She then runs and is pursued until caught, the other child following Black Doggie in and out wherever she goes.

Bonnet Ridgie. ["Scots and English," vol. ii. pp. 183-184.]

Players are chosen alternately by two chiefs. The line is drawn between the two sides, and the caps of each side are placed on the ground at each of the ends. When the two sides are ranged, the players try to catch and pull each other across the line. If one is pulled across he is called a "slink," and must stand till he is set at liberty by one of his own side crossing the line and touching him. If this one manages to touch him before he is crowned, *i.e.*, has the crown of his head touched by one of his opponents, and if he is able to regain his own side before the same operation takes place, both are free. Each player watches an opportunity to gather up the caps of the opposing side. If one is clever and swift enough to reach the caps and gather them all before he is crowned, his side wins.—Dyke School (Rev. Dr. Gregor.)

Button, The. ["Diamond Ring," vol. i. p. 96; "Forfeits," p. 137; "Wads and the Wears," vol. i. pp. 327-8.]

Played as "Diamond Ring," except that all sit round the fire, one man takes a button, puts it between his two hands, and goes round to each of the other players, who have their two hands held out, palms together, saying, "Don't tell what you got," and quietly dropping the button into one player's hands. He then asks the first man, saying, "Who has the button?" One player is named. The master of the game says then "What forfeit will you give me that he has it?" The player gives a forfeit. So on all round, every one guessing and giving a forfeit (including he who holds the button, who, of course, keeps his secret). When all the forfeits are in the master says, "Button, button, show, and let all fools know;" then those who

have guessed right receive back their forfeits. The holder of the button then kneels down to deliver sentences on the others. The master takes a forfeit and holds it over the kneeler's head, saying, "Fine, fine, superfine, what's the owner of this fine thing of [gentleman's or lady's] wear to do?" The man kneeling gives a sentence, such as—to take the broom, ride it three times round the room, and each time kiss the crook hanging in the chimney—and so on.

If a man refuses to perform his sentence he is made to kneel down, and everything that can be got hold of is piled on his back.—Kiltubbrid, Co. Leitrim (L. L. Duncan).

Canlie. [See "Tom Tiddler's Ground," vol. ii. p. 298.]

Name for "Friar's Ground," in Co. Cork. "Canlie" is the Friar. The game is played as at Chirbury.—Co. Cork (Mrs. B. B. Greene).

Carry my Lady to London. [Vol. i. p. 59.]

Carry a lady to London town,
London town, London town ;
London town's a bonny place,
It's a' covered o'er in gold and lace.

Or—

Carry a lady to London town,
London town, London town ;
Carry a lady to London town
Upon a summer's day.

Another rhyme for "Carry my Lady to London," and played in the same way.—Galloway, N. B. (J. G. Carter).

Cat and Dog Hole. [Vol. i. p. 63 ; "Tip-cat," vol. ii. p. 294.]

Two versions of this, differing somewhat from those given previously.

(1.) Played by two players. A hole is dug in the ground, and one player with a "catch-brod" stands in a stooping attitude in front of it, about a foot and a-half away, placing one end of the "catch-brod" on the ground. The other player goes to a distance of some yards, to a fixed point called "the

stance." From here he throws a ball, intending to land it in the hole. The other player's object is to prevent this by hitting it away with his "catch-brod." If the bowler succeeds they change places.

(2.) This also is played by two players, and in the same way, except that a stone is substituted for the hole, and the bowler's object is to strike the stone with the ball. Sometimes it is played with three players, then running is allowed. When the ball is hit the batter tries to run to the "stance" and back, the bowler or the third player then tries to hit the "stance" with the ball while the batter is away making the run. If the third player can catch the ball before it touches the ground he tries to hit the stone with it, thus sending the batter out.—Keith (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Catch the Salmond.

Two boys take each the end of a piece of rope, and give chase to a third till they contrive to get the rope round him. They then pull him hither and thither in all directions.—Banchory (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Evidently an imitation of net-fishing.

Chicken come Clock [See "Fox and Goose," "Hen and Chicken," vol. i. pp. 139-141, 201; vol. ii. p. 404.]

The children, boys and girls, squat down and take hold of hands, going round, and saying—

Chicken come clock around the rock,

Looram, lorram, lumber lock.

Five mile and one o'clock,

Now the thief is coming.

In comes Tod with his long rod,

And vanishes all from victim vad.

It is, it was, it must be done,

Tiddlum, toddlum, twenty-one.

Johnny, my dear, will you give me the loan of your spear,

Till I fight for one of those Kildares,

With a hickety, pickety pie.

At these words one lad, who has been hiding behind a tree, runs in to catch one of the chickens. As the rhyme is finished, they all run, and the fox tries to catch one, another player, the old hen, trying to stop him, the chickens all taking hold of her by the tail.

The fox has to keep on his hands and feet, and the old hen has to keep "clocking" on her "hunkers."

Some of the children substitute these words for the latter part of the above:—

The crow's awake, the kite's asleep,

It's time for my poor chickens

To get a bit of something to eat—

What time is it, old granny?

—Kiltubbrid, Co. Leitrim (L. L. Duncan).

Mr. Duncan says this game has almost died out, and the people were rather hazy about the words they used to say.

Chippings, or Cheapings. [See "Tops," vol. ii. pp. 229-303.]

A game with peg tops played by two or more boys. A large button, from which the shank has been removed, or a round piece of lead about the size of a penny, is placed on the ground between two agreed goals. The players divide into sides, each side tries to send the button to different goals, the tops are spun in the usual way, and then taken up on the hand while spinning, and allowed to revolve once round the palm of the hand, and then thrown on the ground on the button in such a way that the button is projected some distance along the ground. Then a boy on the opposite side spins his top and tries to hit the button in the opposite direction. This is continued alternately until one or other side succeeds in getting the button to the goal.—London Streets (A. B. Gomme).

Chucks. [Vol. i. p. 69; also "Five-stones," pp. 122-129, "Hucklebones," pp. 239-240.]

A rhyme repeated while playing at "Chucks" with five small stones, lifting one each time.

Sweep the floor, lift a chair,

Sweep below it, and lay it down.

Cream the milk, cream the milk,
Quick, quick, quick,
Spread a piece and butter on it thick, thick, thick.

—Perth (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Churning.

Churn the butter-milk, quick, quick, quick,
I owe my mother a pint of milk.

This game used to be played on the shore, just as the tide went out, when the feet sank easily into the sand. The children turned half-way round as they repeated the words.—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

Codham, or Cobhams. ["Tip it," vol. ii. p. 292.]

A game resembling "Tip it," and a better form of the game. The parties are decided by a toss up. The object is passed from hand to hand under the table, until the leader of the opposite side calls out "up" or "rise." When all the closed hands are on the table, the leader orders any hands off which he thinks do not contain the object. If the last hand left on the table contains the object the sides change places, if not the same sides repeat, twelve successful guesses making "game," each failure counting one to the opposite side. The game is called "Up Jenkins" in the North of Scotland. The words have to be called out when the hands are called to show. Another name is "Cudlums;" this word was called out when the leader pointed to the hand which he believed held the object.—Bedford (Mrs. A. C. Haddon).

Colley Ball. ["Monday," vol. i. p. 389.]

The same game as "Monday," with this difference. The player who first throws the ball against the wall calls out the name of the child he wishes to catch it, saying "A——B——, no rakes, no better ball." If the ball goes on the ground the one called has to snatch the ball up and throw it at one of the retreating children. — Hemsby, Norfolk (Mrs. A. C. Haddon).

Also sent me from Isle of Man (A. W. Moore), where it is called "Hommer-the-let."

Dan'l my Man. ["Jack's Alive," vol. i. p. 257.]

A little slip of wood or straw is lit and blown out, and while it is red it is passed round from one to another, each man repeating as fast as he can—

Dan'l, my man,
If ye die in my han',
The straddle and mat is sure to go on.

The man in whose hand the spark dies has to go down on his knees. A chair, or some other article, is held over him, and he has to guess what it is, the others crying out—

Trum,¹ trum, what's over your head?

If he is wrong it is left on him and another article brought, and so on.—Kiltubbrid, Co. Leitrim (L. L. Duncan).

Deil amo' the Dishes, The. ["Ghost at the Well," vol. i. p. 149.]

One player acts as mother, and sends off one of the other players (her daughters) to take a message. She comes back, pretends to be frightened, and says she can't go, as there's something "chap, chap, chappin'." The mother sends another daughter with her this time, telling them "It's only your father's breeks, drap, drap, drappin'." These two return in the same way, saying again "There's something chap, chap, chappin'." Another daughter is now sent with the other two, the mother saying "Its only the ducks, quack, quack, quackin'." They all come back again more frightened saying the same thing. Then the mother and all the others go together to see what the matter is. They come upon another player who has been sitting apart making a noise with a stone. They all cry out "The deil's amo' the dishes," and there is a great chase.—Aberdeen (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Dig for Silver.

Dig for silver, dig for gold,
Dig for the land that I was told.
As I went down by the water side
I met my lad with a tartan plaid.

¹ "Trum" is for the Irish "trom," = heavy.

My wee lad is a jolly sailor,
 And shall be for evermore.
 (Name of boy) took the notion
 To go and sail on the ocean.
 He took poor (name of girl) on his knee,
 And sailed across Kilmarnock sea.
 Stop your weeping, my dear —,
 He'll come back and marry you.
 He will buy you beads and earrings,
 He will buy you a diamond stone,
 He will buy a horse to ride on,
 When your true love is dead and gone.
 What care I for the beads and earrings,
 What care I for the diamond stone,
 What care I for the horse to ride on,
 When my true love is dead and gone.
 —Laurieston School, Kircudbrightshire (J. Lawson).

Another version is—

Billy Johnston took a notion
 For to go and sail the sea ;
 He has left his own true love
 Weeping on the Greenock quay.
 I will buy you beads and earrings,
 I will buy you diamonds three,
 I will buy you beads and earrings,
 Bonny lassie, if you marry me.
 What care I for beads and earrings,
 What care I for diamonds three,
 What care I for beads and earrings,
 When my own true love is far from me.

—Perth (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Compare with this "Keys of Heaven," p. 437, and "Paper of Pins," p. 450.

Dilsee Dollsie Dee. [See "Here's a Soldier," vol. i. p. 206, and "Three Dukes," vol. ii. pp. 233-255].

A ring is formed, one child standing in the middle, all sing the words—

Which of us all do you love best, do you love best, do you
love best,

Which of us all do you love best, my dilsee dollsie dee.

Which of us all do you love best, my dilsee dollsie dofficer.

The child in the centre says—

You're all too black and ugly (three times), my dilsee
dollsie dee,

You're all too black and ugly, my dilsee dollsie dofficer.

The first verse is repeated, and the child in the centre points
to one in the ring and says—

This is the one that I love best, that I love best, that I
love best,

This is the one that I love best, my dilsee dollsie dee.

This is the one I love the best, my dilsee dollsie dofficer.

The centre child takes the one selected by the hand, and
they stand together in the centre, while the ring dances round
and sings—

Open the gates to let the bride out, to let the bride out, to
let the bride out,

Open the gates to let the bride out, my dilsee dollsie dee.

Open the gates to let the bride out, my dilsee dollsie
dofficer.

The children then unclasp hands, and the two children walk
out. Another child goes in the centre and the game is begun
again, and continued until the ring is too small for dancing
round. Sometimes, instead of this, the two children return
to the ring singing, "Open the gates and let the bride in," and
then they take places in the circle, while another goes in the
centre.—(Dr. A. C. Haddon.)

Doagan. An extraordinary game, which was played by
Manx children sixty years ago. A rude wooden representation
of the human form was fastened on a cross, and sticks were
thrown at it, just after the fashion of the modern "Aunt Sally."
But it is quite possible that this game, taken in connection with
the following very curious words which the children repeated
when throwing the sticks, is a survival of a more serious
function—

Shoh dhyt y Doagan.
 "This to thee, the Doagan."
 Cre dooyrt y Doagan?
 "What says the Doagan?"
 Dar y chrosh, dar y chron,
 "Upon the cross, upon the block,"
 Dar y maidje beg, jeeragh ny cam,
 "Upon the little staff, straight or crooked,"
 Ayns y cheylley veg shid hoal,
 "In the little wood over yonder."
 My verrys oo yn kione jeh'n Doagan,
 "If thou wilt give the head of the Doagan,"
 Verym y kione jeeds er y hon.¹
 "I will give thy head for it."

Mr. Moore writes that Kelly, who gives these words in his Dictionary, says that Doagan was a play, and that it refers to the head of Dagon being broken off. Does he mean the Philistine god of that name? As he is capable of seeing a reference to the god, Baal, in the Manx word for May-day, Boaldyv, it is quite possible that his imagination may lead him so far!—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

Down in Yonder Meadow. [Vol. i. p. 99; ii. p. 323; "All the Boys," i. 2-6.]

Down in yonder meadow where the green grass grows,
 Where (name of girl) she bleaches her clothes;
 She sang, she sang, she sang so sweet,
 She sang (name of boy) across the street.
 He kissed her, he kissed her, he bought her a gown,
 He bought her a gown and a guinea gold ring,
 A guinea, a guinea, a guinea gold ring,
 A feather for the church and a pea-brown hat.
 Up the streets and down the streets the windows made of
 glass,
 Oh, isn't (name of girl) a braw young lass.
 But isn't (name of boy) as nice as she,
 And when they get married I hope they will agree.

¹ Manx Society, vol. xiii. p. 63.

Agree, agree, I hope they will agree,
And when they get married I hope they will agree.

—Laurieston School, Kircudbrightshire (J. Lawson).

Down in yonder meadow where the green grass grows,
Where so and so (a girl's name) she bleaches her clothes ;
She sang, and she sang, and she sang so sweet,
Come over (a boy's name), come over, come over the street.
So and so (same girl's Christian name) made a pudding
so nice and sweet,

So and so (same boy's Christian name) took a knife and
tasted it.

Taste, love ; taste, love ; don't say no,
For the next Sabbath morning to church we must go.
Clean sheets and pillowslips, and blankets an' a',
A little baby on your knee, and that's the best of a'.
Heepie tarrie, heepie barrie, bo barrie grounds,
Bo barrie ground and a guinea gold ring,
A guinea gold ring and a peacock hat,
A cherry for the church and a feather at the back.
She paints her cheeks and she curls her hair,
And she kisses (boy's name) at the foot o' the stair.

—Fraserburgh (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

The above are played in the same way as previously described.

Another version, from Perth, says, after the line, "She sang, and she sang" (as above).

Come over the water, come over the street,
She baked him a dumpling, she baked it so sweet
That bonny (Billie Sanders) was fain for to eat, &c.

Down in the meadows where the green grass grows,
There's where my Nannie she sound her horn ;
She sound, she sound, she sound so sweet ;
.
.
.
.

Nannie made the puddin' so nice and so sweet,
Johnny took a knife and he taste a bit ;
Love, taste ; love, taste, and don't say nay,
For next Sunday mornin' is our weddin'-day.

Off wid the thimble and on wid the ring ;
 A weddin', a weddin', is goin' to begin.
 O Nannie, O Nannie, O Nannie my joy,
 Never be ashamed for to marry a boy !
 For I am but a boy, and I'll soon be a man,
 And I'll earn for my Nannie as soon as I can.
 And every evenin' when he comes home,
 He takes her for a walk on the Circular Road.
 And every little girl that he sees passin' by,
 He thinks 'tis his Nannie he has in his eye.

—Howth, Dublin (Miss H. G. Harvey).

Draw a Pail of Water. [Vol. i. pp. 100-107].

A lump of sugar,
 Grind your mother's flour,
 Three sacks an hour,
 One in a rush, two in a crush,
 Pray, old lady, creep under the bush (all jump round).
 —Girton village, Cambridgeshire (Dr. A. C. Haddon).

Drop Handkerchief. [Vol. i. pp. 109-112 ; "Black Doggie," vol. ii. p. 407.]

As played at Fochabers the game varies slightly in the way it is played from those previously described. The words are—

"I dropt it, I dropt it, a king's copper next,
 I sent a letter to my love, and on the way I dropt it."

The players forming the ring are forbidden to look round. The one having the handkerchief endeavours to drop it at some one's back without his or her knowledge, and then to get *three* times round the ring without being struck by the handkerchief. If the player does not manage this she has to sit in the centre of the ring as "old maid ;" the object in this version evidently is not to let the player upon whom the handkerchief is dropped be aware of it.—Fochabers, N.E. Scotland (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Dumb Crambo. [See "Hiss and Clap," vol. i. p. 215.]

The players divide into two sides : one side goes outside the room, the other remains in the room, and decides on some

verb to be guessed and acted by the other. The outside party is told that the chosen verb "rhymes with —." The outside party decide on some verb, and come in and act this word in dumb show, whilst the inside party sit and look on, hissing if the guess is wrong, and clapping if the acting shows the right word is chosen. No word must pass on either side.—Bedford, and generally known (Mrs. A. C. Haddon).

Dump. [Vol. i. p. 117.]

A version of this game played by three children. The three sit close together, close their hands and place them over each other, the first one on the knee of one of them. One then asks, "Faht's that cockin' up there?" "Cock a pistol; cock it aff," replies another. The same process is gone through till only one hand is left on the knee. Then the one whose hand was uppermost at the beginning of the game says—

Faht's in there?
 Gold and money (is the answer).
 Fahr's my share o't?
 The moosie ran awa' wi't.
 Fahr's the moosie?
 In her hoosie.
 Fahr's her hoosie?
 In the wood.
 Fahr's the wood?
 The fire brunt it.
 Fahr's the fire?
 The water quencht it.
 Fahr's the water?
 The broon bull drank it.
 Fahr's the broon bull?
 At the back a (of) Burnie's hill.
 Fahr's the back a Burnie's hill?
 A' claid wi' snaw.
 Fahr's the snaw?
 The sun meltit it.
 Fahr's the sun?
 Heigh, heigh up i' the air."

He who speaks first, or laughs first, or lats (lets) their teeth be seen, gets nine nips, nine nobbs, an' nine double douncornes, an' a gueed blow on the back o' the head.—Corgarff (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Eendy, Beendy.

Eendy, Beendy, baniba, roe,
Caught a chicken by the toe ;
To the east, to the west,
To the old crow's nest,
Hopping in the garden, swimming in the sea,
If you want a pretty girl, please take me.

—N. Scotland, locality forgotten (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

One girl dances forward from a line of children singing the words. Another from a line opposite responds, and they dance together. They look first to the east and then to the west by turning their heads in those directions alternately.

Farmer's Den, The.

All players but one form a ring, this one stands in the centre. The ring dances round singing the words—

The farmer in his den, the farmer in his den,
For it's oh, my dearie, the farmer's in his den.
For the farmer takes a wife,
For the farmer takes a wife ;
For it's oh, my dearie, the farmer takes a wife.

The child in centre then chooses one from the circle, who goes in the middle, and the ring dances round again singing—

For the wife takes a child, &c. (as above).

And choosing another child from the ring, then—

For the child takes a nurse, &c. (as above),

For the nurse takes a dog, &c. (as above).

Then all the players join in singing—

For we all clap the dog,

For we all clap the dog.

For it's oh ! my dearie, we all clap the dog.

While singing this all the players pat the one who was chosen as "dog" on his or her back.—Auchencairn, N.B. (Mary Haddon).

Fire on the Mountains. [See "Round Tag," vol. ii. pp. 144-145.]

The players arrange themselves into a double circle with a space between each pair. The one at the back stands and the inside players kneel. Another player stands in the centre and cries out, "Fire on the mountain; run, boys, run!" Those players who are standing in the outer circle begin to run round, those kneeling remaining in that position. They continue running until the centre player cries "Stop!" They all then (including the centre player) make a rush to get a stand behind one of the kneeling players, the one who is left out going into the centre. — Auchterarder, N.B. (Miss E. S. Haldane).

This game may possibly suggest an origin for "Round tag," although the incident of "catching" or "touching" a runner does not appear, and the inner circle of players apparently are always stationary.

Fool, Fool, come to School. [Vol. i. p. 132.]

Played in the usual way with the following difference in the formula. The leader says, "Fool, foolie, come to your schoolie." When the fool comes, the leader says, "What have you been doing to-day?" Fool says, "Cursin' and swearin'." Fool is then chased off, recalled, and again questioned. Fool answers, "Suppin' my porridge and readin' my Bible." She is then welcome, and asked in the usual way to point out one from the school.—Aberdeen (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Another formula sent me by Mr. C. C. Bell is to say, when the fool is sent back, "Fool, fool, go back to school, and learn more wit."

French Jackie, name for "Round Tag" and "Two and Threes," in Tyrie (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Galloping.

Galloping, galloping to the fair,
 Courting the girls with the *red* petticoats;
 Galloping, galloping all day long,
 Courting the girls with the *speckled* petticoats.

Girls sing this resting one knee on the ground, striking the other knee with their right hand as they say each word. The length of the song depends upon the ingenuity of the players in finding new colours for the petticoats each time.—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

The game is not known now.

Gallant Ship. [See "Round and Round the Gallant Ship," vol. ii. p. 143.]

Up spoke a boy of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken boy was he—
I have a mother in London town,
This night she'll be looking for me.

She may look, she may sigh, with the tear in her eye,
She may look to the bottom of the sea.
Three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she!
And three times round went our gallant ship,
Till she came to the bottom of the sea!

The players form a ring and dance round, getting quicker as they sing "Three times round," &c. When the last line is sung they let go hands and sink to the ground. The player who sinks down first is taken away by the others and asked whom he or she loves best. The ring is then reformed, and the child who has given her sweetheart's name is placed in the centre. The ring then dances round singing out the name of the sweetheart.

Mrs. Brown is new comed hame,
A coach and four to carry hame.

—Galloway (J. G. Carter).

Galley, Galley Ship. [See "Merry-ma-tansa," vol. i. pp. 369–376; ii. p. 443.]

Three times round goes the galley, galley ship,
And three times round goes she;
Three times round goes the galley, galley ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.
Choose your neighbours one or two,
One or two, one or two;

Choose your neighbours one or two,
Around about Mary Matanzie.

A treacle scone to tell her name,
To tell her name, to tell her name ;
A treacle scone to tell her name,
Around about Mary Matanzie.

A guinea gold watch to tell his name,
To tell his name, to tell his name ;
A guinea gold watch to tell his name,
Around about Mary Matanzie.

(Name of boy) is his name,
Is his name, is his name,
—— is his name,
Around about Mary Matanzie.

—Laurieston School, Kircudbrightshire (J. Lawson).

A version of "Merry-ma-tansa incomplete. [See vol. i. p. 375.]

Another is—

Three times around goes our gallant ship,
And three times around goes she, she, she ;
And three times around goes our gallant ship,
And she sinks to the bottom of the sea.

Played in ring form with one child in centre. All sink down on the ground when the above lines are sung, and the last to rise must tell the name of her sweetheart. Then the circle forms around her, and all sing—

Here's the bride just new come in,
Just new come in, just new come in ;
Here's the bride just new come in,
Around the merry guid tanzy.

Guess wha's her guid lad,
Her guid lad, her guid lad ;
Guess wha's her guid lad,
Around the merry guid tanzy.

(Willie Broon) is his name,
 Is his name, is his name,
 (Willie Broon) is his name,
 Around the merry guid tanzy.

—St. Andrews and Howth (Miss H. E. Harvey).

Miss Harvey writes: I believe "tanzy" is the name of a kind of dance.

Glasgow Ships.

Glasgow ships come sailing in,
 Come sailing in, come sailing in ;
 Glasgow ships come sailing in,
 On a fine summer morning.

You daurna set your foot upon,
 Your foot upon, your foot upon ;
 You daurna set your foot upon,
 Or gentle George will kiss you.

Three times kiss you, four times bless you,
 Five times butter and bread
 Upon a silver salver.

Who shall we send it to,
 Send it to, send it to?
 Who shall we send it to ?
 To Mrs. ——'s daughter.
 Take her by the lily-white hand,
 Lead her over the water ;
 Give her kisses, one, two, three.
 She is the favourite daughter.

—Perth (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Glasgow ships come sailing in, &c. (three times)
 Three times bless you, three times kiss you,
 Three times butter and bread upon a silver saucer.
 Whom shall I send it to, I send it to, I send it to ?
 To Captain Gordon's daughter.

—Rosehearty (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

The Glasgow ships come sailing in, &c. (as first version).
 Three times down and then we fall, then we fall, then
 we fall,
 Three times down and then we fall, in a fine summer
 morning.
 Three times butter and bread, butter and bread, butter
 and bread,
 Three times butter and bread upon a silver saucer.
 Come, choose you east, come choose you west,
 Come, choose you east, come choose you west,
 To the very one that you love best.

—Nairn (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Glasgow ships come sailing in, &c. (as first version)
 She daurna set a foot upon, &c.
 Or gentle John will kiss her.
 Three times round the ring, three times bless her,
 I sent a slice of bread and butter upon a silver saucer.
 Whom shall we send it to? &c.
 To Captain ——'s daughter.
 Her love's dead and gone, dead and gone, dead and
 gone,
 She turns her back to the wa's again.
 She washes her face, she combs her hair,
 She leaves her love at the foot of the stair,
 She wears on her finger a guinea gold ring,
 And turns her back to the wa's again.

All join hands and form a ring. At the end of verses
 the girl named turns her back, and the game is resumed.—
 Fochabers (Rev. Dr. Gregor); Port William School, Wigton-
 shire.

In a version from Auchterarder, N. B., sent by Miss E. S.
 Haldane, the words are very similar to these. After all the
 children have turned their backs to the inside they have what
 is called the "pigs' race," which is running swiftly round in
 this position. See "Uncle John," vol. ii. pp. 321–322.

Granny's Needle. [See "Auld Grannie."]

Green Gravel. [Vol. i. pp. 170-183.]

Round apples, round apples, by night and by day,
 There stands a valley in yonder haze ;
 There stands poor Lizzie with a knife in her hand,
 There's no one dare touch her, or she'll go mad ;
 Her cheeks were like roses, and now they're like snow,
 Poor Lizzie ! poor Lizzie ! you're dying, I know,
 We'll wash you with milk, and we'll dry [or roll] you
 with silk,

And we'll write down your name with a gold pen
 and ink. —New Galloway (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Boys and girls take hands and go round saying—

 Round the green gravel
 Grass grows green,
 Many's the lady fit to be seen,
 Washed in milk and dried in silk.
 The last pops down !

The last boy or girl to pop down has to tell who he (or she)
 is courting.—Kiltubbrid, Co. Leitrim (L. L. Duncan).

Green Grass. [Vol. i. pp. 153-169.]

All the girls arrange themselves in a line, and one stands in
 front. The one in front sings—

 Dis-a-dis-a green grass,
 Dis-a-dis-a-dis ;
 Come all ye pretty fair maids,
 And walk along wi' us.
 Will ye have a duck, my dear (pointing to
 one of the girls in the line),
 Or will ye have a drake,
 Or will ye have a young man
 To answer for your sake ?

The girl pointed to answers—

 I'll neither have a duck, my dear,
 Nor will I have a drake ;
 But I will have a young man
 To answer for my sake.

She now leaves the line and takes her stand beside the one that stands in front, and all begin to clap their hands and sing—

The bells will ring,
And the psalms will sing,
And we'll all claps hands together.

The two in front then begin to sing what the one first sang, and the same goes on till all are chosen.—Peterhead; St. Andrews (Mrs. Stewart, when a girl).

Here we go in a merry band,
Round about the berry buss;
Come all ye pretty fair maids,
And dance along with us;
We shall have a duck and drake,
We shall have a dragon,
We shall have a young man,
The prince of the Saigen.
The young man dies,
And leaves the girl a widow.
The birds shall sing, the bells shall ring,
And we will all clap hands together.
Here we go a roving,
A roving in a band;
I will take my pretty Mary,
I will take her by the hand.

—Perth (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Another version, very similar to that given in vol. i. pp. 161–162 from Congleton Workhouse School, and sent me by Mr. J. Lawson, Laurieston School, Kirkcudbrightshire, begins, “Will you take silver and gold?”

Another Scottish version of this game is given in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., v. 393, as follows:—

A duss, a duss of green grass,
A duss, a duss, a duss;
Come all you pretty maidens,
And dance along with us;
You shall have a duck, my dear,
And you shall have a dragon,

And you shall have a young gudeman,
 To dance ere you're forsaken.
 The bells shall ring,
 The birds shall sing,
 And we'll all clap hands together.

Green Grass. [A game so called by Dr. Gregor, but apparently not belonging to the one usually known under that name.]

The girls stand in a line, and one stands in front. All sing—

Green grass suits us,

As my boots are lined with silver;

E. I. O, E. I. O, my ain bonnie (a girl's Christian name).

The girl in front then chooses the girl named, and both girls join hands and wheel round, whilst all sing—

I kissed her once, I kissed her twice,

I kissed her three times over.

Hop, hop, the butcher's shop,

I cannot stay any longer.

If I stay my mother will say

I played with the boys up yonder.

—Tyrie (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Another version is—

Green grass set her fair, a bunch of gold and silver,

A white rosette upon her breast, a gold ring on her finger,

A I O, my Jessie O; I wish I had my Jessie O.

I kissed her once, &c., as above.

Heap the Cairn. [See "More Sacks to the Mill," vol. i. p. 390.]

One boy is thrown flat on the ground, then another is thrown over him, and then another and another, and the bigger boys dash the smaller ones on those that are down, while all keep shouting—

Heap the cyarn—

Dirt and sharn.

—Keith (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Hear all! Let me at her.

Hear all! let me at her;

Hear all! let me go;

Hear all! let me at her,

When my mammy will or no.

— has ta'en a notion
 For to go and sail the sea ;
 There he's left his own dear — ,
 Weeping on the Greenland sea.

 Hold your tongue, my own dear — ,
 Take your baby on your knee.
 Drink his health, my jolly sailors,
 I'll come back and marry thee.

 I will buy thee beads and ear-rings,
 I will buy thee diamond stones,
 I will buy thee silken ribbons,
 When thy baby's dead and gone.

 — says she'll wear the ribbons,
 — says she'll wear them a'—
 — says she'll wear the ribbons
 When her baby's dead and gone.

A ring is formed, one player in the centre. When the verses are sung the girl in the middle chooses another to take her place.—Fochabers (Rev. Dr. Gregor.)

Hen and Chickens. [See "Auld Grannie," p. 404.]

High Windows. [See "Drop Handkerchief," vol. i. pp. 109-112; "Black Doggie," vol. ii. pp. 407-408.]

Boys hold hands and go round in ring form.

One player stands in the middle and strikes one of those in the ring with a bit of grass; both players then run out of the ring, and the boy who was in the midst must catch the other before he goes round three times. At the third time the boys all cry "High Windows," raising their hands at the same time to let the two inside the circle.—Kiltubbrid, Co. Leitrim (L. L. Duncan).

Hot Cockles. [Vol. i. p. 229.]

A version of this game, in which a dell or goal is appointed. The players stand together, one player places his head between the knees of another, who bends down, and slaps him on the back, keeping time to the following rhyme, saying—

Skip, skip, sko,
 Where shall this young man go?
 To the east, or the west?
 Or the young crow's nest?

The kneeling boy shouts out the name of the dell, and the other players all rush off shouting out its name. The one who gets there first wins the game.—Meiklefolla, Aberdeenshire (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Hulla-balloo-ballee. [See "Lubin," vol. i. pp. 352-361.]

One version of Lubin Loo, from Forfar, Linlithgow, and Argyllshire, is the same as those given in vol. i. A Nairnshire version is called "Hullabaloo-ballee.

Hulla-balloo, ballee,
 Hulla-balloo, ballight;
 Hulla-balloo, ballee,
 All on a winter's night,
 Put your right foot in, &c.
 Turn round about.

At "turn round about," they reverse the direction, and dance round the other way, and so on.—Rev. Dr. Gregor; and Mrs Jamieson.

Another version is—

Old Simon, the king, young Simon, the squire,
 Old Simon, the king, sat round a nice warm fire;
 Keep your right hand in, shove your right hand out,
 Shake it a little, a little, and turn yourself about!
 Keep your right foot in, shove your left foot out,
 Shake it a little, a little, and turn yourself about.
 Hally gallee, gallee, gallee;
 Hally gallo, gallo, gallo;
 Hally gallee, gallee, gallee,
 Upon a Saturday night.
 Keep your right hand in, &c.

—Galloway (J. G. Carter).

Several versions of this game are given by Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson in his interesting little book "Goldspie," pp. 176-184. He considers "Hilli-ballu," "Hulla-baloo," and similar

words to be the original of the English forms "Here we dance Looby Loo," or Lubin, and all of these to be derived from hunting cries, such as ha, là bas! loup! uttered by huntsmen to definite musical notes, possibly introduced into songs and afterwards adapted as lullabies because of their resemblance to the lulling-cries ba (= bye) and lulli.

Isabella. [Vol. i. pp. 247-256.]

Two or three versions which vary slightly in method of playing may be given. The first is played in the usual way until the last line is said, when the player turns her back to the circle facing outwards as in Wall-flowers.

Isabella, Isabella, Isabella, farewell;

There is my hand, love, there is my hand, love, farewell!

Over the mountains, over the mountains, over the mountains, farewell!

Her love's dead and gone, dead and gone, dead and gone!

Her love's dead and gone, turn your back behind her.

—Perth (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Another version is—

Isabella, fare ye wella; Isabella, fare ye wella; Isabella, farewell!

One player then leaves the ring singing—

"I'm off to the Indies," &c.

The ring all sing—

"Over the mountains" (as above) six times, ending with—

"Isabella, Isabella, farewell" (as above).

The player who had previously left the ring returns singing, "I'm come back from the Indies," &c.

A ring is formed, one player kneels in the centre, the players in the ring fix their eyes steadily on the kneeling girl all the time.—Fochabers, N.E. Scotland (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

In the next version the words of each verse are:—

Isabella, farewella, &c.

Back from London, &c.

Go to London, &c.

Pull the brooch off my bosom, &c.

Pull the ring off my finger, &c.

—Laurieston School, Kircudbrightshire (J. Lawson).

Jenny Jones. [Vol. i. pp. 260-283.]

The versions printed here vary, it will be seen, from those printed in vol. i., principally in the words used towards the end of the game, the earlier portions being very similar. The first one is an exceedingly interesting variant, the funeral details being fuller, and the idea of the spirit of the dead or Ghost surviving also.

The first lines of each verse are as follows:—

I've come to see Jenny Jones,
 How does she do?
 She is washing, &c., you can't see her now.
 I've come to see Jenny Jones, &c.
 She is scrubbing, &c., you can't see her now.
 I've come to see, &c.
 She is ill, &c.
 I've come to see, &c.
 She's very ill, &c.
 I've come to see, &c.
 She's dying, &c.
 I've come to see.
 She's dead.
 We'll come in blue, blue, blue. Will that suit?
 Blue is for sailors, &c. That won't suit.
 We'll come in red, &c.
 Red is for soldiers, &c.
 We'll come in white, &c.
 White is for weddings, &c.
 We'll come in black, &c.
 Black is for mourning, &c. That will suit.

They then take up Jenny Jones, and carry her to a little distance off, lay her on the ground, and all stand round. One child stands over the grave, and while sprinkling Jenny with dust, says—

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

If God won't have you, the devil must.

Then Jenny jumps up and runs after the other children, who try to escape. The one she catches is "Jenny" next time.—Barrington (Dr. A. C. Haddon).

In another version called "Georgina" one player selected to act as Georgina kneels down against a wall, and the others stand round to conceal her. Two go apart to act as callers, while another stands near the group as mother. The callers come forward and say—

We came to see Georgina, &c.
 And how is she to-day?
 She's upstairs washing, &c.,
 And you can't see her to-day.
 Farewell, ladies.

They then retire, but return in a little while, and put the question as before. She is then "starching," said as above; and next time she is "ironing," the fourth time the mother's answer is, "She fell downstairs and broke her arm, and you can't see her to-day;" the fifth time, "Two doctors are at her;" the sixth, she is "worse;" and the seventh, she is "dead." The two callers remain when this reply is given. At this point Georgina makes a noise by rapping two stones together. The two at once exclaim, "Oh! mother, mother, what's that knocking?" and she answers, "The coach going by." The knocking is repeated, and the question, and she says, "The wall falling down." On the knocking being heard a third time, she tells them to "take a candle and look." They pretend to do so, and "Georgina" starts up to chase them. They all run off shouting, "The Ghost." — Strichen and Fochabers (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

I came to see Georgina, Georgina, Georgina,
 I came to see Georgina, and how is she to-day?
 She's upstairs ironing.
 I came to see Georgina, &c. (as above).
 She fell downstairs and broke her muckle toe.
 I'm very sorry to hear that, &c.
 She's dead.
 Bad news, bad news, bad news to-day.
 What shall we dress her in? &c.
 Dress her in red.
 Red is for the soldier, and that won't do, &c.
 What shall we dress her in? &c.

Dress her in blue.
 Blue is for the sailor, &c.
 What shall we dress her in ? &c.
 Dress her in white.
 White is for the angels, that will do, &c.
 Mother, mother, what's that ? &c.
 A gig running past.
 Mother, mother, what's that ? &c.
 The boys playing at marbles.
 Mother, mother, what's that ? what's that ? what's that ?
 Mother, mother, what's that ?
 Georgina's ghost !!
 Ending with a general stampede.

—Nairnshire (Mrs. Jamieson).

We've come to see poor Janet,
 And how is she to-day ?
 She's up the stairs washing,
 She can't come down to-day.
 Very well, we'll call another day.
 We've come to see poor Janet,
 And how is she to-day ?
 She's up the stairs ironing, &c.
 Well, we'll call, &c.
 We've come to see poor Janet, &c.
 She's fallen downstairs and broken her horn
 toes, &c.
 Poor Janet, we'll call, &c.
 We've come, &c.
 She's dead, &c.
 What's she to be dressed in ?
 Red.
 That's for soldiers ; that won't do.
 Blue.
 That's for sailors ; that won't do.
 White.

That will do.

—Roseheartly (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Played in usual way until the end. Janet is then carried off
 and laid down on the ground, but she starts up and chases them.

Many other versions have been sent me, but none with different features. The best is one from Mr. J. G. Carter, Dalry, Galloway, called "Jenny Jo," but presenting no fresh details, and where white is used for the burial. Four children stand on one side with Jenny at their back, the other players on the opposite. She is buried with great mourning. In a version from Hemsby (Mrs. Haddon) the words are the same, except: "White is the colour for weddings," and black is for funerals. Then Jenny is carried to the grave, the other children walking behind two by two; they kneel round Jenny, and have a good cry over her. Another version from Laurieston School (Mr. J. Lawson), called "Jerico," very similar to above, gives two additional verses. The first lines are, "Carry a poor soldier to the grave," and "Now the poor mother's weeping at the grave." In one version, after Jenny has been carried to her grave, the children stand round and sprinkle earth over her, and say, "Dust and dust, dust and dust," and then pretend to strew flowers. This I got in London. Another version from North Scotland begins, "I come to see *Geneva*," continues in usual way until "she is lying" instead of "ill"; then "she's dying," followed by "she's dead"; then the funeral. In another version Dr. Haddon sent me, the game is only a fragment. After "Jenny Jo's dead and gone, all the day long," they continue, "Pipes and tobacco for Jenny Jo" (repeat twice), "Pipes and tobacco for Jenny Jo, all the day long."

Jockie Rover. [See "Stag," vol. ii. pp. 212, 374.]

One is chosen to be Rover, and a place is marked off called "The Den," from which he starts, and to which he and the others caught can run for protection. He has to clasp his hands and set off in pursuit of one of the players, whom he must crown without unclasping his hands. Before he leaves the den he calls out—

Jockie Rover,
Three times over,
If you do not look out,
I'll gie you a blover.

When he catches one he unclasps his hands, and makes for

the den along with the one caught. The players close in upon them, and beat them with their caps. The two now join hands, and before leaving the den repeat the same words, and give chase to catch another. When another is caught, the three run to the den, followed by the others pelting them.

During the time they are running to catch another player, every attempt is made by the others to break the band by rushing on two outstretched arms, either from before or from behind. Every time one is taken or the band broken, all already taken rush to the den, beaten by those not taken.—
Dyke (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

A form of "Warney," "Whiddy."

Jolly Lads, Bold. [Vol. i. pp. 294–296.]

Here come two bold, jolly lads,
Just new come from the shore:
We'll spend our time in drinking wine,
As we have done before.

Then the ring dances round, singing—

We will have a round, and a round,
We will have a pretty, pretty girl,
For to dance upon the ground.
Her shoes are made of morocco,
Her stockings lined with silk,
Her teeth are white as anything,
And her skin as white as milk.

We shall have a round, and a round, &c.

—Auchterarder, N. B. (Miss E. S. Haldane).

A ring is formed by players joining hands. Two other players dance round the ring in opposite directions, singing the first four lines while the ring stands still. Then the ring dances round singing the rest of the lines. The two outside then each take a player from the ring and begin again.

The words of the dance game, "Here we go around," vol. i. p. 205, are practically the same as the latter part of this, and suggests that this or a similar round is its original.

Jolly Miller. [Vol. i. pp. 289–293.]

This is played with the usual double ring, boys on the out-

side, girls inside, one child in centre. At the last a rush is made to obtain a vacant place.

He was a jolly miller,

He lived by himself.

As the wheel went round, he made his wealth,

One hand in his pocket, the other at his back,

As the mill went round, he made his wealth.

The girls being in the inside, turn and go the opposite way ;
and, while doing so, sing—

A hunting we will go,

A hunting we will go,

We'll catch a little fox, and we'll put him in a box,

And a hunting we will go.

—Auchterarder, N. B. (Miss E. S. Haldane).

In this version the "grab" appears to be lost, and the "hunting" put in before the rush for the vacant place is made.

Keys of Heaven.

I will give you a golden ring,

And jewels to hang and birds to sing,

If you'll be my true lover,

And true love of mine.

I will give you the keys of the chest,

And gold enough to dress you in church,

If you'll be my true lover,

And true love of mine.

I will give you the keys of even [heaven],

And angels to wait upon you six and seven,

If you'll be my true lover,

And true love of mine. —Marylebone (A. B. Gomme).

Children form a ring by joining hands ; they dance round. One stands in centre. She chooses another from the ring after singing the words, and the two dance round together.

This game is evidently but a fragment, the proper way of playing being forgotten. It would originally have been played in line form instead of a circle, and answers of "No" or "Yes," or other verses implying negative and then affirmative,

given by the chosen or selected girl. These lines, and those given *post* (p. 450), as "Paper of pins," are interesting fragments probably of one and the same game.

Kick the Block. [See vol. i. p. 401.]

A small circle is made, and the stone or block is put in it. A boy stands with his foot on the stone and his eyes shut until all the other players are hid. He then tries to find them, and keep his block in its place. If one should come out when he is away from his block it is kicked out, and all the boys that were found hide again.—Laurieston School, Kirkcudbrightshire (J. Lawson).

Another version of the same game, sent me by Mr. William P. Merrick, Shepperton, Middlesex, is called "Fly Whip."

The same game as "Mount the Tin," played somewhat differently.

Lady of the Land. [Vol. i. pp. 315-319.]

A number of girls stand in a line. One of them represents the widow and the other the children. Another stands in front. All sing—

There came a poor widow from Sunderland,
With all her children in her hand,
One can bake, and one can sew,
And one can do the hilygoloo.
Please take one out.

The player who is standing alone in front of the other players chooses one from the line. The two then join right and left hands and wheel round in front, all singing—

Oh there's poor (girl's name chosen),
She has gone without a farthing in her hand,
Nothing but a guinea gold ring,
Good-bye (girl's name),
Good-bye, good-bye.

The mother shakes hands with the one chosen.

—Fraserburgh (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Another version—

There is a poor widow from Sankelone,
With all her children in her hand,

One can knit, and one sew,
And one can play the liligolor.

The widow then says—

Please take one in,
Please take one in.

The one in front picks out one and places her at her back,
and she lays hold of her dress, then all sing—

Now for poor (girl's name who has been chosen), she is
gone,

Without her father (? farthing) in her hand,
She has lost her guinea gold ring,
Good-bye, good-bye,
Good-bye, good-bye.

The widow shakes hands with the girl. This is repeated till
all are taken out and the widow is left by herself. She cries,
and tries to take back her daughters. All run off.

—Cullen (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Another Isle of Man version varies slightly, beginning,
"We're three young mothers from Babylon," and continuing
in a similar way to the one in vol. i. p. 315—

One can wash, and one can sew,
Another can sit by the fire and spin,
The other can make a fine bed for the king,
Please, ma'am, to take one in.

The queen then says—

Come, my dearest . . . and give me your hand,
And you shall have the nicest things in all this pleasant land.
The girls are thus gradually chosen.

—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

Here's a poor widow from Babylon,
Six poor children left alone,
One can bake, and one can brew,
And one can shape, and one can sew.
One can sit by the fire and spin,
And one can make a bed for a king;
Come Tuesday east, come Tuesday west,
Come choose the one that you love best.

—Galloway, N. B. (J. G. Carter).

Leap-Frog. [Vol. i. pp. 133, 327, 328.]

The chief rules of this game, obtaining in N.E. Scotland in Dr. Gregor's boyhood, were:—The boy that stooped his back was called "the bull," pronounced "bill." The bull was not to "horn," *i.e.*, throw up his back when the player placed his hands on it to leap over, or to bend his back down, and that the player was to lay his hands on the bull's back quite flat, and not to "knockle," *i.e.*, drive the knuckles into it. The best way to play was:—A line was drawn beside the bull, over which the heel of the player must not pass. All the players, the one after the other in succession, leaped over the bull. The one last over called out, "Fit it," *i.e.*, foot it, which meant that the bull had to measure from the line a breadth and a length of his foot. This done he stooped, and all the players went over as before, and another breadth and length of foot were added. This went on as long as the players thought they were able to leap over the bull. When they thought they could not do so, the last player called out, "Hip it," *i.e.*, take a hop. This done, the bull put himself into position, and each player now took a hop from the line to the bull, and then went over him. Here the same process of footing was gone through as before, as long as the players were able to go clear over the bull. Then came a step with as much footing as was considered safe, and then came a jump with so much footing. It was now with the players "hip, step, an' jump," and over the bull. Then more "fitin'," and perhaps another "hip," and so on—two hips, two steps, two jumps, and a flying leap over the bull. It was not often the game reached this point. Some one of the players had failed to pass right over the bull and caused him to fall, or had overstepped the line. When any player did either the one or the other, he had to become bull.—Keith (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

This is a fuller and more complete description than that of "Foot and Over" (vol. i. p. 133).

Another mode of playing leap-frog is: the players stand with their backs to the leapers, and only bend the head and the leaper's hands are placed between the shoulders. Instead of running a few yards in front, each player advances only a

few feet, leaving just as much room as to allow the player scope to fall and spring again. This mode requires considerable agility and practice. The higher the leap, so much the greater the fun.—Keith (Rev. Dr. Gregor.)

London Bridge. [Vol. i. pp. 333–350.]

In the following versions of the game only the first lines of each verse are given, as said by each side. Descriptions of method of playing were not in all cases sent me. They are probably the same as those given under this game in vol. i., which is for two players to form an arch by holding up their joined hands, and the other players running under it.

(1.) London Bridge is falling down, &c., my fair lady.

What will it take to build it up? &c.

Needles and pins will build it up, &c.

Needles and pins will not hold, &c.

Bricks and mortar will build it up, &c.

Bricks and mortar will wash away, &c.

Silver and gold will build it up, &c.

Silver and gold will be stolen away, &c.

We will set a watchman to watch all night, &c.

What if the watchman falls asleep, &c.

We will set a dog to bark, &c.

See the robbers passing by, &c.

What have the robbers done to you? &c.

They have broke my locks and stole my gold, &c.

Off to prison they must go, &c.

What will you take to set them free? &c.

—Perth (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

(2.) London Bridge is broken down,

Build it up with lime and stone;

Lime and stone will build and break;

Set an old man to watch all night.

Perhaps this man will run away,

Ten times the wedding day.

—Tyrie (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

- (3.) Broken bridges falling down, falling down, falling down,
down, my fair lady.

What will you give to mend it up ? &c.

Those running under the arch say—

A guinea gold ring will mend it up, &c.

The two players say no.

A pin I'll give to mend it up.

No !

A thousand pounds to mend it up ;

This will waste away, my fair lady ;

We'll mend it up with golden pins, my fair lady,

For golden pins will never rust, never rust, my fair lady.

—Fochabers, N.E. Scotland (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

- (4.) The broken bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,

The broken bridge is falling down, my fair lady ;

Stones and bricks will build it up, &c.

—Nairnshire (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

- (5.) Broken bridges falling down,

My fair lady, which will you have ?

Open the door for the king's soldiers.

What king are you ?

I am true to the very last one.

—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

Versions of this game from Scotland have been sent me, which show great similarity to those previously printed, but the game is more or less in a state of decadence. The best version is that from Perth. One from St. Andrews, Peterhead, though only consisting of the first verse, has preserved the refrains, "Dance o'er the Lady Lee" and "With a gay lady" of Halliwell's version. The others commence "broken bridges." The Isle of Man version is still more incomplete. A version sent me by Dr. Haddon from Barrington is similar to the one given, vol. i. p. 338-9, from Enborne School, and is not therefore printed here.

Magician.

A mirror is covered with a cover, and a girl or boy is taken into the room. She or he is then asked what animal or thing

they would like to see. As soon as the wish is stated, the cover is raised, and the child sees his or herself.—London (A. B. Gomme).

Mannie on the Pavement.

One player has charge of the pavement. It is his duty to keep the others off. The others try how often they can touch the wall, and when the “mannie” catches one, that one becomes “mannie.”—Aberdeen (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Merry-ma-Tansa. [Vol. i. pp. 369–376; ii. 422–424.]

Here we go round by jingo ring, by jingo ring, by
jingo ring,

Here we go round by jingo ring, in a cold and
frosty morning.

Twice about and then we fall, and then we fall, and
then we fall,

Twice about and then we fall, in a cold and frosty
morning.

All bend down. The one who rises up last goes into the centre of the circle, and those in the circle sing—

Choose your maidens all around, all around, all around,
Choose your maidens all around, on a cold and frosty
morning.

The one in the centre chooses two from the ring, and retires with them a short distance away, when the name of a boy is selected as the lover. During the time the three are standing apart, those in the ring let go each other's hands, and take hold of the sides of their dresses, and make as if they were sweeping a house, singing the while—

Swype the hoose till the bride comes hame, the bride
comes hame, the bride comes hame,
Swype the hoose till the bride comes hame, on a cold
and frosty morning.

When the three come back, the one that was in the centre takes up the same position, and the two she picked out join those in the circle. Then all wheel round and sing—

A golden pin to tell her name, tell her name, tell her name,

A golden pin to tell her name, in a cold and frosty morning.

The answer is—

— (girl's name is given) is her name, is her name, is her name,

— is her name, in a cold and frosty morning.

Then comes the lover's name—

A golden watch to tell his name, tell his name, tell his name,

A golden watch to tell his name, in a cold and frosty morning.

The answer is—

So-and-so is his name, is his name, is his name,

So-and-so is his name, in a cold and frosty morning.

The one in the middle is then blindfolded, and all wheel round and sing—

Blindfolded dinna catch me, dinna catch me, dinna catch me,

Blindfolded dinna catch me, on a cold and frosty morning.

The blindfolded tries to catch one in the ring. The ring should not break, but it is often broken by the one that is on the eve of being caught. The one caught takes her stand in the centre, and the game begins anew from that point.—Dyke (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

This is a most interesting variant of this game—blindfolding the bridegroom in order that he must first catch his bride, and her attempts to elude his caresses, are significant of early custom.

Here we go round by jing-ga-ring,
Jing-ga-ring, jing-ga-ring ;
Here we go round by jing-ga-ring,
Around the merry-ma-tansy.

Three times round, and then we fall,
Then we fall, then we fall ;

Three times round, and then we fall,
Around the merry-ma-tansy.

Choose your maidens all around,
All around, &c. ;

High gates till the bride comes in,
The bride comes in, &c.

A golden pin to tell her name,
To tell her name, &c.

(Mary Anderson) is her name,
Is her name, &c.

Blindfold you all around,
All around, &c.

A ring with one child in centre, who chooses one from the circle, at the end of third verse, after whispering the bride's name together *outside* the circle, they are admitted at "high gates," when all the girls hold up their hands in arches as they dance round. All players in the ring are then blindfolded, and have to catch the child in the centre.—Nairnshire (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Another version is—

Here we go round by jingo-ring,
By jingo-ring, by jingo-ring,
Here we go round by jingo-ring,
And round by merry matansy.
Twice about, and then we fall,
And then we fall, and then we fall.
Twice about, and then we fall,
And round by merry matansy.

—Fochabers (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

In another version from St. Andrews and Peterhead, with same words, the players all flop down, then rise again and dance round.

Another form of words is—

Here we go round by jingo-ring,
Jingo-ring, jingo-ring.
Here we go round by jingo-ring,
In a cold and frosty morning.

Three times round, and then we fall,
 Then we fall, then we fall,
 Three times round, and then we fall,
 In a cold and frosty morning.

—Nairn (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Another similar version from N. Scotland, locality not known.

Round about the jingo-ring, &c.

Round about the jingo-ring, &c.

First time is catching time, &c., round, &c.

A fine gold ring to tell her name, &c.

(—— —) is her name, &c.

Third time is kissing time, &c., round, &c.

—London (A. B. Gomme), from Scotch source.

Milking Pails. [Vol. i. pp. 376–388.]

A version sent me by Mr. M. L. Rouse, Blackheath, is similar to those previously printed, varying only at the end. After the “wash in the river,” and “the stream will carry the clothes away,” the children say, “Men, you may run after them.” Hereupon they all run off, but the mother does not chase them. They return, and a dialogue ensues similar to a part of “Mother, may I go out to play,” follows between the mother and children:—

“Where have you been all day?”

“Working for Jack, or aunt.”

“What did he give you?”

“A piece of plum-pudding as big as a flea, or a piece of bread as big as a house, and a piece of cheese as big as a mouse.”

The children then run off again, come quickly back with the news that they had seen a large bull in the meadow.

“Where’s the butcher?”

“Behind the stable door cracking nuts, and you may have the shells.” The mother then chases the children, beating all she can catch.

My Delight’s in Tansies. [See “Sunday Night,” vol. ii. p. 221.]

All the girls stand in a line except one who stands in front

of the others. This one walks or dances backwards and forwards. All sing the words—

My delight's in tansies, O!
 My delight's in bransies, O!
 My delight's in a red, red rose;
 The colour o' my ——

the name of one in the line chosen by the one in front is said. The two in front join right and left hands, and all sing—

Hey ho, my ——, O!
 My bonnie, bonnie ——, O!
 A' the warld wid I gie,
 For a kiss o' ——, O.
 My delight's in Nancy, O!
 My delight's in tancy, O!
 My delight's in a red, red rose,
 [She chooses out a girl]
 Call her, oh! my (a girl's name), O!
 Hey, ho, my ——, O!
 My bonnie, bonnie ——, O!
 A' the warld wad I gie
 For a kiss o' ——, O!

—Fraserburgh (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Namer and Guesser. [Vol. i. p. 409.]

Another version of this game. It is begun in the same way. As each player gets his name, he or she turns their back to the namer. When all are named, and are standing with their backs to the namer, the namer calls out, "Baker, baker, your bread is burnin'," or "Bakerie, bakerie, your bread is burnin'." The guesser answers, "Will you give a corner of it to me?" or "Give me a corner of it," and takes a stand beside the namer. The namer then says—

Come, cheese me east,
 Come, cheese me west,
 Come, cheese me to "Rose."

The guesser points to one of the players. If the guess is right, the player goes to the guesser's side; if wrong, to the namer's side, when all the players except one are chosen. This one gets two names, say "Needles" and "Prens." The

namer then says to the guesser, "Needles" or "Preens"? A guess is made. This is done three times, and each time the names are changed. If the last guess is made correctly, then the player goes to the guesser, if not, to the namer. Sometimes it is decided by "the best o' three." Then comes the "tug of war." The gaining side calls out "Rotten eggs, rotten eggs!"—Fraserburgh (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Needle Cases.

Needle cases, needle cases, in a silver saucer.

Who shall I direct it to but Captain ——'s daughter.

What will you give to tell her name, tell her name, tell her name?

A hundred pounds and a glass of wine.

(The girl's name is given, and she then asks)—

What will you give to tell his name?

(The others answer)—

Two hundred pounds and a glass of wine.

(Boy's name given by girl).

As I gaed down to borrow a pan,

I saw her sitting kissing her man;

She off with the glove and on with the ring.

To-morrow, to-morrow the wedding begins.

Clean the brass candlesticks, clean the fireside,

Draw up the curtains and let's see the bride.

All the players but one stand in a circle—this one goes round with a handkerchief, singing the first lines. When the girl's name is mentioned she tells her sweetheart's name to the girl with the handkerchief, sits down in the centre, and covers her face with her hands. The one with the handkerchief goes round again, asking, "What will you give?" and the ring answers. Her name is then given, and the girl with the handkerchief again asks, "What will you give to tell *his* name?" The ring answers again, and the sweetheart's name is then given. The girl with the handkerchief goes round again and sings the last lines, the ring singing with her. Then the one in the centre joins the ring, and the game begins again.—Aberdeen (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Nuts in May. [Vol. i. pp. 424-433.]

Many versions of this have been sent me, but none differ materially from those printed previously.

Odd Man.

A game played by two or three hundred persons who form a circle; every one places his stick in the ground before him, by way of barrier. A person called the odd man stands in the middle and delivers his bonnet to any one in the ring. This is nimbly handed round, and the owner is to recover it; and on succeeding, takes the place of the person whom he took it from, and that person takes the middle place.—Pennant's "Voyage to the Hebrides," p. 231.

Old Cranny Crow. [Vol. i. p. 201; ii. pp. 404-405.]

This game resembles "Hen and Chickens," but though of that class of game it is not, it will be seen, the usual form of "Hen and Chickens" at its conclusion. The earlier part of the game and dialogue, if any, may, however, have been similar. Mr. Rouse says: "I cannot recollect more of Old Cranny Crow than that she entices children one by one out for a walk, and steals them from their supposed mother. The mother is then invited to dine by Old Cranny Crow, and has a pie (one of her children) set before her, with pepper and salt, which she pretends to eat, and when doing so discovers it to be just like her Tommy (or other child's name). Then Cranny Crow puts another pie before her; this she discovers to be just like her Katy. She finds out all her children one by one, and they come to life again and run home.—M. L. Rouse, Blackheath. [See "Mother, mother, pot boils over," "Witch."]

Old Johanny Hairy, Crap in!

All players sit round the fire and put out their right feet. The Master of the game repeats—

Onery, twoery, dickery dary,
Wispy, spindey, spoke of the lindey,
Old Johanny Hairy

Crap in!¹

¹ Crap—draw.

Each word is repeated to a man ; and when the leader comes to "Crap in," the man specified draws in his foot. When all have drawn in their feet but one, this one must then kneel down, and his eyes being blindfolded, the master of the game puts his elbow on his back and strikes him with his elbow or fist, saying—

Hurley, burley, trump the trace,
The cow ran through the market-place.
Simon Alley hunt the buck,
How many horns stand up ?

At the same time holding up several fingers. The man kneeling down has to guess the number. If he guesses correctly, the master of the game takes his place. If he fails to guess he is kept down, and another man goes and strikes his back, and so on.—Kiltubbrid, Co. Leitrim (L. L. Duncan.)

A version of "Hot Cocksles," with interesting variations.

Mr. Duncan, when sending me the games he collected, said—"It is very possible that the people may have brought some of the games from England when returning from harvesting. This, however, does not apply to 'Old Johanny Hairry, crap in,' as it is now called in English. Crap isteach is the Irish for 'draw in,' as in Mr. O'Faharty's 'Sports of the Winter' there is a Gaelic version. This, I should imagine, makes it certain that, although well known elsewhere, the game also obtained in the West of Ireland.

Paper of Pins.

Paper of pins to you I bring ;
Say is my love worth anything ?
Gold and silver to you I bring ;
Say is my love worth anything ?
No, I'll not have anything ;

or,

Yes, I will have what you bring.

A ring is formed, and one player walks round outside saying the first four lines, stopping at any child she chooses who answers "Yes" or "No." If "Yes," the two go into the ring and kiss.—Marylebone, London (A. B. Gomme).

This is interesting, as a possible fragment of the old Keys of Canterbury [Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes," No. cccclxvi.] and of the Paper of Pins, described so fully by Mr. Newell in "Games and Songs of American Children," pp. 51-55.

See "Keys of Heaven," *ante*, p. 437.

Pickie. A form of Hopscotch. [See "Hopscotch," vol. i. pp. 223-227.]

10	
8	9
7	
4	5
3	
2	
1	

One player commences first by winning the toss. The pick (a small flat stone) is pitched into No. 1 bed. It is then moved out of this first place, backward across the front line, and not otherwise by touching or forcing it with one foot, the other foot being kept up; that is, the player must hop and use the foot on the ground to strike "pick." No line must be touched. If this happens, or if the pick, when being driven towards the pitching line, gets away otherwise than across the front line, the player is "out," and the next boy goes in. All the beds are done likewise, and all must be then done in a reverse way, beginning with No. 10. The first player who completes the game wins.—Waterville, Co. Kerry (Mrs. B. B. Green).

Poor Widow. [Vol. ii. pp. 62, 63.]

Here's a poor widow from Babylon,
 All her sons and daughters are gone.
 Come choose to the east, come choose to the west,
 Come choose you the very one that you like best.
 Now they are married I wish them joy,
 Every year a girl and boy.

Loving each other like sister and brother,
A happy new couple may kiss together.

—Laurieston School, Kircudbrightshire (J. Lawson).

A circle is formed, two children in the centre, one of whom kneels, the other walks round singing—

I am a poor widow go walking around,
Go walking around, go walking around, my own.
And all of my children are married but one,
Are married but one, are married but one, my own.

I put on a nightcap to keep her head warm,
To keep her head warm, to keep her head warm, my own.
Then rise up my daughter and choose whom you please,
And choose whom you please, and choose whom you please, my own.

The mother then joins the circle, and the daughter becomes poor widow. On the mention of the nightcap a white handkerchief is spread over the head, the circle walking around slowly, and chanting the words slowly and dismally.

—Penzance (Miss Courtney).

See "Widow," *ante*, p. 381.

Rashes.

A game played by children with rushes in Derbyshire, which is a relic of the old custom of rush-bearing. In the warm days of May and June the village children proceed in parties to the sedges and banks of dyke and brook, there to gather the finest and best rushes. These are brought with childish ceremony to some favourite spot, and then woven into various articles, such as baskets, parasols, and umbrellas. Small arbours are made of green bushes and strewn with rushes, inside which the children sit and sing and play at "keeping house" with much lordly ceremony. At these times they play at a game which consists in joining hands in a circle, and going round a heap of rushes singing or saying—

Mary Green and Bessy Bell,
They were two bonny lasses;

They built a house in yonder hill,
And covered it with rashes.

Rashes, rashes, rashes !

At each repetition of the word "rashes" (rushes) they loosen hands, and each picking up a lot of rushes, throw them into the air, so that they may fall on every one in the descent. Many of the articles made with rushes are hung over the chimney-piece in houses, and in children's bedrooms, as ornaments or samples of skill, and there remain until the next season, or until the general cleaning at Christmas.—Thomas Radcliffe, in "Long Ago," vol. i. p. 49 (1873).

Queen Anne. [Vol. ii. pp. 90-102.]

Lady Queen Anne, she sits in her pan,
As fair as a lilly, as white as a lamb ;
Come tittle, come tattle, come tell me this tale,
Which of these ladies doth carry the ball ?
My father sent me three letters, please deliver the ball.

If a correct guess is made by the opposite side, the queen and the child who had the ball say—

The ball is mine, it is not yours,
You may go to the garden and pick more flowers.
—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

Sally Water. [Vol. ii. pp. 150-179.]

Sally, Sally, Walker, sprinkling in a pan,
Rye, Sally ; rye, Sally, for a young man,
Come, choose to the east, come, choose to the west,
And come choose to the very one that you love best.

The choice is made here, and the two stand in the centre as usual.

Now there's a couple married in joy,
First a girl and then a boy.
—— made a pudding nice and sweet,
—— took a knife and tasted it.
Taste, love ; taste, love, don't say no,
Next Monday morning is our marriage day.

Seven years after, seven years to come,
This young man shall be kissed and be done.

—Fochabers, N. E. Scotland (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Sally, Sally, Water, sprinkled in a pan,
Rise, Sally ; rise, Sally, for a young man.
Choose the best, leave the worst,
Choose the prettiest you can.

Now you're married we wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy,
Seven years after son and daughter,
Kiss before you go over the water.

—London (Dr. A. C. Haddon, from Miss E. A. Passmore).

Played in usual way.

Shuffle the Brogue. [See "Hunt the Slipper," vol. i. pp. 241, 242.]

The boys sat on their haunches in a circle. One of the players takes a small object, and hands it from one to another under the legs from behind. The players as they pass the brogue repeat the words—

Shuffle the brogue once,
Shuffle the brogue twice,
Shuffle the brogue thrice.

The object has always to be passed along in the same direction. One player who is blindfolded has to catch it as it is passing along. The one in whose hand it is found becomes the catcher.
—Crossmichael, Kirkcudbrightshire (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Soldiers, Soldiers.

Soldiers, soldiers, march away,
Monday morning's here again ;
The drums shall rattle, the pipes shall play
"Over the hills and far away."
Now you're married I wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy ;
If one don't kiss, the other must,
So kiss, kiss, kiss.

—Girton Village, Cambridgeshire (Dr. A. C. Haddon).

A circle is formed, and the children sing the first four lines. One chooses a partner, and they dance round in the ring.

Three Dukes. [Vol. ii. pp. 233-255.]

In a version of the Three Dukes, collected by Dr. A. C. Haddon, the first lines are—

Here comes one duke a riding by, a riding by,
A riding by (repeat).
Rasima, Tasima, Tisima tay ;
Pray what is your will, sir ?
My will is to get married.
Will any of my fair daughters do ?
They're all as stiff as pokers.
We can bend as well as you, sir.

The duke goes round, chooses one, and sings—

I go to the kitchen, I go to the hall,
I pick the fairest one of all (as previous versions).

—Girton Village, Cambridgeshire (Dr. A. C. Haddon).

Three Knights from Spain. (Vol. ii. pp. 257-279.)

A version of this game called "Gipsies," varies slightly from those previously printed.

Here comes one gipsy come from Spain,
To call upon your daughter Jane ;

Our daughter Jane is far too young,
To be controlled by flattering tongue.

Oh, very well, I must away ;
I'll call again some other day.

Come back, come back,
Your tails are flag,
And choose the fairest one you see.

The gipsy then chooses a girl from the line of players, and asks her to come. The girl asked replies, "No." Then the gipsy turns round and dances, saying, "Naughty girl, she won't come out (repeat), to help me in my dancing." Again the gipsy asks the girl, when she replies, "Yes," and goes to the gipsy, who says, "Now we have got the flower of May, the

flower of May, &c., to help us with our dancing."—Auchencairn, N. B. (Mary Haddon).

Tug-of-War Game.

Apples and oranges, two for a penny,
Come all ye good scholars, buy ever so many.
Come choose the east, come choose the west,
Come choose the one you love the best.

Played like "Oranges and Lemons." One child is "Apple," and another "Orange."—Ross-shire (Rev. Dr. Gregor).

Played in the same way is—

Pancakes and flitters is the wax of cantailers,¹
I owe you two farthings, I'll pay you to-morrow;
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a hatchet to chop off your head.

—Isle of Man (A. W. Moore).

We are the Rovers. [Vol. ii. pp. 343-360].

In a version sent me by Dr. Haddon, there is a slight variation. The first lines of each verse are—

Have you any bread and wine?
We are the Romans.
Have you, &c.

Yes, we have some bread and wine,
We are the English.
Yes, we have, &c.

Will you give us some of it, &c.
No; we'll give you none of it, &c.
We will tell our magistrates, &c.
We don't care for your magistrates, &c.
We will tell our new-born prince, &c.
We don't care for your new-born prince, &c.
Are you ready for a fight?
Yes, we're ready for a fight.

Tuck up sleeves and have a fight.

General scrimmage follows.—Girton Village, Cambridgeshire (Dr. A. C. Haddon).

¹ Mr. Moore says he does not know the meaning of this word.

When I was a Young Girl. [Vol. ii. pp. 362-374.]

The first lines are—

When I was a naughty girl, &c., and this way went I
(shrugging shoulders),

When I was a good girl, &c. (folding arms, walking
soberly),

When I was a teacher (beating time or whacking,
optional),

When I went a-courting (walking arm in arm),

When I had a baby (nursing apron as baby),

When my baby died (crying),

When my father beat me (hitting one another),

When my father died,

How I did laugh ! (laughing).

—Girton Village, Cambridgeshire (Dr. A. C. Haddon).

MEMOIR ON THE STUDY OF CHILDREN'S GAMES

CHILDREN'S games have not hitherto been studied in the same way as customs and superstitions and folk-tales have been studied, namely, as a definite branch of folk-lore. It is well however, to bear in mind that they form a branch by themselves, and that, as such, they contribute to the results which folk-lore is daily producing towards elucidating many unrecorded facts in the early history of civilised man.

Although games have been used by Dr. Tylor and others as anthropological evidence, these authorities have mostly confined themselves to those games of skill or chance which happen to have parallels in savage life; and the particular point of their conclusions rests rather upon the parallels, than upon the substantive evidence of the games themselves.

I will first point out the nature of the material for the study. It will be seen that the greater number of games printed in these two volumes have been collected by myself and many kind correspondents, from children in the present day—games that these children have learned from other children or from their parents, and in no case, so far as I am aware, have they been learned from a printed source. To this collection I have added all printed versions of the traditional game, that is, versions of games written down by the collector of folk-lore and dialect—in some cases unconscious collectors of folk custom—from any available source. A distinctive feature of the collection is, therefore, that I have printed all versions of each game known to me which show differences of words or methods of play. The importance of

having all the principal variants from different parts of the country will be obvious when definite conclusions as to the origin and significance of traditional games are being considered.

Strutt mentions many games played by boys in his day, but his remarks are confined principally to games of skill with marbles, tops, &c., and games like "Prisoner's Base," "Scots and English," "Hot Cockles," &c. He records none of those interesting dialogue games which we know now as singing games. It may be that these games were in his day, as now, the property more of girls than of boys, and he may not have looked for or thought of recording them, for it can hardly be imagined that he was unaware of their existence. He records swinging and ball and shuttlecock playing as girls' amusements, but very little else, and it cannot even be suggested that the singing game and dialogue game have arisen since his time. Indeed, an examination of the games will, I hope, prove for them a very remote origin, showing traces of early beliefs and customs which children could not have invented, and would not have made the subjects of their play unless those beliefs and customs were as familiar to them as cabs, omnibuses, motor cars, and railways, are to the children of to-day, who use these things as factors in games which they make up.

I do not pretend to have made a complete collection of all versions of games to be found in the United Kingdom and Ireland. It will be seen from my list that some counties are entirely unrepresented; but I think examples enough have been brought together from a sufficient number of different places to show that, even could I obtain the games of every county, I could not reasonably hope to obtain any that would be completely different from those appearing here. Versions differing, more or less, in words from these would, doubtless, appear, but I do not think an entirely different game, or any variants that would materially alter my conclusions, will now be found. All those sent me during the progress of the volumes through the press—and these are a considerable number—show no appreciable differences.

A detailed examination of each game has led me to draw

certain conclusions as to the origin of many of the games. These conclusions differ materially from those advanced by Halliwell, Strutt, or the earlier writers, when they have attempted to suggest the origin of a game. I also differ from Mr. Newell in many of the conclusions advanced in his admirable collection of American children's games, although I fully recognise the importance of his method of research. I believe, too, that hitherto no attention has been paid to the manner or method in which the game is played. It is to the "method" or "form" of play, when taken together with the words, that I wish to draw particular attention, believing it to be most important to the history of the games.

I do not, of course, claim that all the games recorded in these two volumes are traditional in their present form, or have had independent origins; many of these now known under different names have a common origin. There is, probably, not one game in the same condition, especially as regards words, as it was fifty or a hundred years ago; but I consider the "form" or "method" would remain practically the same even if the words get materially altered.

All games seem primarily to fall into one of two sections: the first, dramatic games; the second, games of skill and chance. Now the game proper, according to the general idea, must contain the element of winning or losing. Thus, the games of skill and chance are played either for the express purpose of winning property of some sort from a less fortunate or skilful player, or to attain individual distinction. Games of this kind are usually called boys' games, and are played principally by them; but beyond these generally recognised games is the important section of dramatic games, which are regarded as the property of the girls, and played principally by them.

These two sections are generally considered as the peculiar and particular property of each sex. Although this idea is borne out by a study of the traditional game, it will be found that the boys have dramatic games of their own, and the girls have special games of skill and chance. It has so happened, however, that the development in the case of the boys' dramatic

games has been in the direction of increasing the rules or laws of a game, introducing thereby so much variety that it is difficult to recognise them as descendants of the dramatic originals. This has probably been the result of their use in school playgrounds, while the girls' dramatic games, not being utilised as a means of exercise, have been left alone, and are dying a natural death.

It will be convenient if, at this point, the games are classified as I shall use them in discussing the question of origin. The first necessary classification will relate to the incidents which show the customs and rites from which the games have descended; the second classification will relate to the dramatic force of the games, as it is from this that I hope to construct the ladder by which the game can be shown to have descended from a long past stage of culture.

The classification, according to incident, is as follows, the name of each game referring to the title-name in the dictionary :—

MARRIAGE GAMES.

All the Boys.	Merry-ma-tanza.
Babbity Bowster.	Nuts in May.
Cushion Dance.	Oats and Beans.
Down in the Valley.	Oliver, Oliver, follow the King.
Galley, Galley, Ship.	Pretty little Girl of Mine.
Glasgow Ships.	Queen Anne.
Hear all ! let me at her.	Rosy Apple.
Here comes a Virgin.	Round and round the Village.
Here's a Soldier left alone.	Sally Water.
Here stands a Young Man.	Silly Old Man, he walks alone.
Isabella.	Three Dukes.
Jolly Miller.	Three Knights.
King William.	Three Sailors.
Kiss in the Ring.	Widow.
Mary mixed a Pudding.	

COURTSHIP AND LOVEMAKING GAMES.

Curly Locks.	Jolly Hooper.
Dig for Silver.	Jolly Sailors.
Gallant Ship.	Knocked at the Rapper.
Here comes a Lusty Wooer.	Lady on the Mountain.
Here I sit on a Cold Green Bank.	Paper of Pins.
Hey Wullie Wine.	Pray, pretty Miss.

Queen Mary.
 Ring me Rary.
 Salmon Fishers.
 Shame Reel.

Soldier.
 Sun shines.
 Three Old Bachelors.
 Wind, The.

FORTRESS GAMES.

Barbarie, King of the.
 Canlie (Addenda).
 How many Miles to Babylon.
 King of the Castle.

London Bridge.
 Tower of London.
 Willie Wastell.

FUNERAL GAMES.

Booman.
 Green Grass.
 Green Gravel.

Jenny Jones.
 Old Roger.
 Wallflowers.

HARVEST GAMES.

Oats and Beans and Barley.

Would you know how doth the
 Peasant ?

TRADE GAMES.

Dumb Motions.

Trades.

GHOST GAMES.

Deil amo' the Dishes.
 Ghost at the Well.

Mouse and Cobbler.

WELL WORSHIP GAME.

Draw a Pail of Water.

RUSH-BEARING GAME.

Rashes.

TREE WORSHIP GAME.

Eller Tree.

WINDING UP GAMES.

Bulliheisle.
 Port the Helm.
 Snail Creep.

Tuilzie Wap.
 Wind up the Bush Faggot.

TABU GAME.

Old Soldier.

DIVINATION GAMES.

Dan'l my Man.
Hot Cockles.
Jack's Alive.
Keppy Ball.
'Ot millo.

Priest Cat.
Ragman.
Ringie Red Belt.
Shuttlefeather.
Swinging.

VICTIMISING OR PENALTY GAMES.

(Forms of Torture.)

Block, Hammer, and Nail.
Bonnety.
Carrying the Queen a Letter.
Cat Beds.
Cobbin Match.
Cry Notchil.
Dump.
Ezzeka.
Father's Fiddle.
Heap the Cairn.
Hecklebirnie.
Hewley Puley.
Hickety Bickety.

Hiry Hag.
Hot Cockles.
Jack's Alive.
Magic Whistle.
More Sacks to the Mill.
Namers and Guessers.
Priest of the Parish.
Pun o' mair Weight.
Ronin the Bee.
Sacks.
Salt Eel.
Shoe the Auld Mare.
Wild Birds.

CHARM GAMES.

Cockeldy Bread.

Thun'er Spell.

EFFIGY GAME.

Drawing Dun out of the Mire.

IMITATION OF SPORT GAMES.

All a Row.
Cock-fight.
Hare and Hounds.

Hunting.
Knights.
Puff in the Dart.

IMITATION OF SPORTS (WITH ANIMAL) GAMES.

Badger the Bear.
Bull in the Park.
Call the Guse.
Cockertie-hooie.
Cock-fight.
Cock's-heading.
Doncaster Cherries.
Fox.

Fox in the Fold.
Fox in the Hole.
Frog in the Middle.
Garden Gate.
Hare and Hounds.
Shue-Gled-Wylie.
Wolf

WEIGHING GAMES.

Bag o' Malt.
Honey Pots.
Rockety Row.

Way Zaltin'.
Weigh the Butter.

WITCH OR CHILD STEALING GAMES.

Gipsy.
Keeling the Pot.
Mother, Mother, the Pot boils over.
Old Cranny Crow.

Steal the Pigs.
Three Jolly Welshmen.
Witch.

ANIMAL CONTEST GAMES.

Chickens, come clock.
Fox and Geese.
Gled-Wylie.
Hen and Chickens.
Letting the Buck out.

Old Dame.
Shepherds and Sheep.
Who goes round my Stone Wall?
Wolf.
Wolf and Lamb.

FISHING GAME.

Catch the Salmond.

CHURNING GAME.

Churning.

CONUNDRUM GAMES.

Cross Questions.
Thing done.

Three Flowers.

GUESSING GAMES.

All the Birds in the Air.
Bannockburn.
Bird Apprentice.
Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.
Brother Ebenezer.
Buck, Buck.
Buff.
Dumb Crambo.
Fool, Fool, come to School.
Handy Croopen.
Handy Dandy.

Hiss and Clap
Hot Cockles.
King Plaster Palacey.
Little Dog I call you.
Namers and Guessers.
Old Johnny Hairy.
Priest-Cat (2).
Religious Church.
Thimble Ring.
Trades.

CONTEST GAMES.

To take Prisoners.

Bedlams.
 Blackthorn.
 Buckey-how.
 Canlie.
 Chickidy Hand.
 Click.
 Cock.
 Flowers.
 Hornie.
 Hunt the Staigie.
 Johnny Rover.
 King Cæsar.
 King Come-a-lay.
 King of Cantland.
 Lamploo.
 Over Clover.
 Prisoner's Base.
 Range the Bus.
 Rax.
 Relievo.
 Rin-im-over.
 Save all.
 Shepherds.
 Stacks.
 Stag.
 Stag Warning.
 Warney.

Catching and Touching for "he" or "it."

Black Doggie.
 Blackman's Tig.
 Boggle about the Stacks.
 Canlie.
 Cross Tig.
 Cutters and Trucklers.
 Drop Handkerchief.
 Fire on the Mountains.
 Hand in and Hand out.
 High Windows.
 Jinkie.
 King o' the Castle.
 Letting the Buck out.
 Long Terrace.
 Mannie on the Pavement.
 One Catch all.
 Push in the Wash Tub.
 Puss in the Corner.
 Rakes and Roans.
 Round Tag.
 Ticky Touchwood.
 Tig.
 Time.
 Tom Tiddler's Ground.
 Touch.
 Tres-acre.
 Twos and Threes.

Prisoners and Possession of Ground.

Barley Break.
 French and English.
 How many Miles to Babylon (2).
 Pi-cow.
 Prisoner's Base.
 Range the Bus.
 Rigs.
 Scots and English.

Tug of War.

A' the Birdies.
 Namers and Guessers.
 Oranges and Lemons.
 Sun and Moon.
 Three Day's Holidays.
 Through the Needle 'ee.

DANCE GAMES.

(*With words and singing.*)

All the Soldiers in the Town.
 Alligoshee.
 Auntie loomie.
 As I was walking.
 Ball of Primrose.
 Basket.

Bell-Horses.
 Betsy Bungay.
 Bingo.
 Bold Jolly Lads.
 Boys and Girls.
 Carry my Lady to London.

Chicamy.	Pray, pretty Miss.
Click, Clock, Cluck.	Pretty Miss Pink.
Contrary, Rules of.	Push the Business on.
Dinah.	Queen Mary.
Duck Dance.	Ring by Ring.
Duck under the Water.	Ring o' Roses.
Farmer's Den.	Round and Round went the Gal-
Frincy-francy.	lant Ship.
Galloping.	Sailor Lad.
Green Grass (Addenda).	Sally go round.
Green grow the Leaves (2).	Sunday Night.
Green grow the Leaves.	Three Little Ships.
Here we go Around.	Town Lovers.
Jenny Mac.	Trip and Go.
Jingo Ring.	Turn Cheeses.
Leap Candle.	Turn the Ship.
Leaves are Green.	Turvey Turvey.
Long Duck.	Uncle John.
Lubin.	Up the Streets.
My delight's in Tansies.	Weary.
Phoebe.	Weave the Diaper.
Pop goes the Weasel.	

DANCE AND SEE-SAW GAMES.

Cobble.	Hirtschin Hairy.
Cobler's Hornpipe.	Huckie Buckie down the Brae.
Curcuddie.	See-saw.
Cutch-a-Cutchoo.	Skiver the Guse.
Harie Hutcheon.	

HIDE AND SEEK GAMES.

(1.) PERSONS—

Bicky.
 Cuckoo.
 Guilty Galty
 Hide and Seek (1).
 Howly.
 Kick the Block.
 King by your Leave.
 Mount the Tin.
 Salt Eel.
 Spy Arm.
 Strike-a-light.

(2.) OBJECTS—

Codham.
 Find the Ring.
 Gigg.
 Hide and Seek (2).
 Kittlie-cout.
 Odd-man.
 Peesie Weet.
 Priest Cat (2).
 Shuffle the Brogue.
 Smuggle the Gig.
 Thimble Ring.
 Tip it.

LEAP-FROG AND HOPPING GAMES.

Accroshay.
Bung the Bucket.
Cat Gallows.
Foot and Over.
Half Hammer.
Hop Frog.

Hopscotch.
Leap-frog.
Loup the Bullocks.
Saddle the Nag.
Ships.
Skin the Goatie.

CARRYING GAMES.

Betsy Bungay.
Carry my Lady to London.
King's Chair.

Knapsack.
Knights.

BLINDFOLD GAMES.

Blind Bell.
Blindman's Buff.
Blindman's Stan.
Buff.
Cock Stride.
Dinah.
French Blindman's Buff.
Giddy.

Hot Cockles.
Kick the Block.
Muffin Man.
Old Johnny Hairy, Crap in!
'Ot millo.
Pillie Winkie.
Pointing out a Point.
Queen of Sheba.

FOLLOW MY LEADER GAMES.

Follow my Gable.
Follow my Leader.
Jock and Jock's Man.
Quaker.

Quaker's Wedding.
Religious Church.
Solomon.
The Drummer Man.

FORFEIT GAMES.

American Post.
Button.
Cross Questions.
Diamond Ring.
Fire, Air, Water.
Follow my Gable.
Forfeits.
Genteel Lady.
Jack's Alive.

Malaga Raisins.
Mineral, Animal, Vegetable.
Minister's Cat.
Mr. Barnes.
Old Soldier.
Turn the Trencher.
Twelve Days of Christmas.
Wads and the Wears.

BALL, HAND.

Ball.
Ball in the Decker.
Balloon.
Balls and Bonnets.
Burly Whush.

Caiche.
Colley Ball.
Cuck-ball.
Cuckoo.
Han'-and-Hail.

Hats in Holes.
 Keppy Ball.
 Monday, Tuesday.
 Pat-Ball.
 Pize Ball.

Pots.
 Stones.
 Teesty-Tosty.
 Trip-Trout.
 Tut-ball.

BALL, FOOT.

Camp.
 Football.

Hood.

BALL GAMES.

(With bats and sticks played by rival parties.)

Bad.
 Baddin.
 Bandy-ball.
 Bandy-cad.
 Bandy-hoshoe.
 Bandy-wicket.
 Bittle-battle.
 Buzz and Bandy.
 Cat and Dog.
 Cat and Dog Hole.
 Catchers.
 Cat i' the Hole.
 Chinnup.
 Chow.
 Church and Mice.
 Codlings.
 Common.
 Crab-sowl.
 Crooky.
 Cuck-ball.
 Cudgel.
 Dab-an-Thricker.
 Doddart.
 Hawkey.
 Hockey.

Hornie Holes.
 Hummie.
 Hurling.
 Jowls.
 Kibel and Nerspel.
 Kirk the Gussie.
 Kit-Cat.
 Lobber.
 Munshets.
 Nur and Spel.
 Peg and Stick.
 Rounders.
 Scrush.
 Shinney.
 Sow-in-the-Kirk.
 Stones.
 Stool-ball.
 Tip-cat.
 Trap-bat and ball.
 Tribet.
 Trippet and coit
 Troap.
 Trounce hole.
 Trunket.
 Waggles.

GAMES OF SKILL AND CHANCE.

AIM—*Throwing sticks or stones to hit particular object.*

All in the Well.
 Cockly Jock.
 Cogs.
 Doagan.
 Duck at the Table.

Duckstone.
 Loggats.
 Mag.
 Nacks.
 Paip.
 Pay Swad.
 Peg-fiched.

Penny Cast.
Penny Prick.
Roly Poly.

BUTTONS.

Banger.
Buttons.
Cots and Twisses.
Hard Buttons.
Pitch and Toss.
Skyte the Bob.

CHANCE, or GAMBLING.

Chuck Farthing.
Cross and Pile.
Dab.
Davie Drap.
Hairry-my Bossie.
Headicks and Pinticks.
Heads and Tails.
Hustle Cap.
Jingle-the-Bonnet.
Lang Larence.
Neivie-nick-nack.
Odd-man.
Odd or Even.
Pednameny.
Pick and Hotch.
Pinch.

CHERRY STONES.

Cherry Odds.
Cherry-pit.
Paip.

EGGS.

Blindman's Stan.
Cogger.
Jauping Paste-eggs.
Pillie Winkie.
Wink-egg.

MARBLES.

Boss-out.
Bridgeboard.
Bun-hole.
Capie-hole.
Castles.
Chock or Chock-hole.
Cob.
Crates.
Dumps.

Ho-go.
Hoilakes.
Holy Bang.
Hundreds.
Hynny-pynny.
Lab.
Lag.
Long-Tawl.
Marbles.
Nine Holes.
Pig-ring.
Pit-Counter.
Pits.
Plum Pudding.
Pyramids.
Ring-taw.
Ship-sail.
Shuvvy-Hawle.
Span-counter.
Spangie.
Spannims.
Splints.
Stroke.
Three Holes.

NUTS ON STRING.

Cob-nut.
Cock-battler.
Cogger.
Conkers.
Conquerors.
Jud.
Peggy Nut.

ON DIAGRAM OR PLAN.

Corsicrown.
Fipenny Morell.
Fox and Geese (2).
Hap-the-beds.
Hickety-Hackety.
Hopscotch.
Kit-cat-cannio.
London.
Nine Men's Morris.
Noughts and Crosses.
Pickie.
Tip-tap-toe.
Tit-tat-toe.
Tods-and-lambs.
Tray Trip.
Troy Town.

PENCE.

Chuck Farthing.
Chuck Hole.

PINS.

Hattie.
Pinny-Show.
Pins.
Pop-the-Bonnet.
Push-pin.

SHUTTLECOCK.

Shuttlefeather.

STONES AND DICE.

Chance Bone.
Checkstones.
Chucks.
Dalties.
Dibbs.

Ducks and Drakes.

Gobs.
Huckle-Bones.
Jackysteaus.

TOPS.

Chippings.
Gully.
Hoatie.
Hoges.
Peg-in-the-Ring.
Peg Top.
Scop-peril.
Scurran-Meggy.
Tops.
Totum.
Whigmeleerie.

WITH FINGERS AND STRING.

Cat's-Cradle.

This leaves over a few games which do not come under either of these chief heads, and appear now to be only forms of pure amusement. These are:—

Blow-point.
Bob Cherry.
Bummers.
Chinny-mumps.
Cuddy among the Powks.
Dish-a-loof.
Dust Point.
Handy Dandy.
Level Coil.
Lug and a Bite.
Lugs.
Magician.
Malaga Raisins.
Musical Chairs.
Neighbour, I torment thee.
Obadiah.
Penny Hop.
Pigeon Walk.
Pinny Show.

Pins.
Pirly PeasewEEP.
Pon Cake.
Poor and Rich.
Prick at the Loop.
Robbing the Parson's Hen Roost.
Scat.
She Said, and She Said.
Stagging.
Sticky-stack.
Stroke Bias.
Sweer Tree.
Thing Done.
Troco.
Troule-in-Madame.
Truncher.
Turn Spit Jack.
Wiggle Waggle.
Wild Boar.

In order to show the importance of this classification, let me first refer to the games of skill. These are (1) where one individual plays with some articles belonging to himself against

several other players who play with corresponding articles belonging to them; (2) where one player attempts to gain articles deposited beforehand by all the players as stakes or objects to be played for. These games are played with buttons, marbles, cherry-stones, nuts, pins, and pence. In the second group, each player stakes one or more of these articles before beginning play, which stakes become the property of the winner of the game. The object of some of the games in the first group is the destruction of the article with which the opponent plays. This is the case with the games of "conkers" played with nuts on a string, and peg-top; the nuts and top are broken, if possible, by the players, to prevent their being used again, the peg of the top being retained by the winner as a trophy. The successful nut or top has the merit and glory of having destroyed previously successful nuts or tops. The victories of the one destroyed are tacked on and appropriated by each victor in succession. So we see a nut or a top which has destroyed another having a record of, say, twenty-five victories, taking these twenty-five victories of its opponent and adding them to its own score. In like manner the pegs of the tops slain in peg-top are preserved and shown as trophies. That the destruction of the implements of the game, although not adding to the immediate wealth of the winner, does materially increase his importance, is manifest, especially in the days when these articles were comparatively much more expensive than now, or when it meant, as at one time it must have done, the making of another implement.

These games are of interest to the folk-lorist, as showing connection with early custom. We know that playing at games for stakes involving life or death to the winner, or the possession of the loser's magical or valuable property or knowledge, is not only found in another branch of folk-lore, namely, folk-tales, but there is plenty of evidence of the early belief that the possession of a weapon which had, in the hands of a skilful chief, done great execution, would give additional skill and power to the person who succeeded in obtaining it. When I hear of a successful "conker" or top being preserved and

handed down from father to son,¹ and exhibited with tales of its former victories, I believe we have survivals of the form of transmission of virtues from one person to another through the means of an acquired object. I do not think that the cumulative reckoning and its accompanying ideas would occur to modern boys, unless they had inherited the conception of the virtue of a conquered enemy's weapon being transferred to the conqueror's.

Other games of skill are those played by two or more players on diagrams or plans. Many of these diagrams and plans are found scratched or carved on the stone flooring or walls of old churches, cathedrals, and monastic buildings, showing that the boys and men of the Middle Ages played them as a regular amusement—probably monks were not averse to this kind of diversion in the intervals of religious exercise; plans were also made on the ground, and the games played regularly by shepherds and other people of outdoor occupation. We know this was so with the well-known "Nine Men's Morris" in Shakespeare's time, and there is no reason why this should not be the case with others, although "Nine Men's Morris" appears to have been the favourite. These diagram games are primitive in idea, and simple in form. They consist primarily of two players trying to form a row of three stones in three consecutive places on the plan; the one who first accomplishes this, wins. This is the case with "Kit-Cat-Cannio" (better known as "Noughts and Crosses") "Corsicrown" and "Nine Men's Morris."

Now, in "Noughts and Crosses" the simplest form of making a "row of three," where only two players play, and in another diagram game called "Tit-Tat-Toe," it is possible for neither player to win, and in this case the result is marked or scored to an unknown or invisible third player, who is called "Old Nick," "Old Tom," or "Old Harry." In some versions this third player is allowed to keep all the marks he registers, and to win the game if possible; in others, the next successful player takes "Old Nick's" score and adds it to his own.

¹ I know of one nut which was preserved and shown to admiring boys as a conqueror of 1000.

Here we have an element which needs explanation, and it is interesting to remind oneself of the primitive custom of assigning a certain proportion of the crops or pieces of land to the devil, or other earth spirit, which assignment was made by lot. It seems to me that a game in which an invisible player takes part must come from an era in which unknown spirits were believed to take part in people's lives, the interpretation of such part being obtained by means of divination.

Again, in the games played with ball (hand) are remains of divination, and the ball games played by two opposite parties with bats and sticks, the origin of our modern cricket and football, have been developed from those early contests which have played such an important part in parish and town politics. Even in the simple game of "Touch" or "Tig" a primitive element can be found. In this game, as in many others, it is one of the fundamental rules, now unfortunately being disregarded, that the player who is "he" or "it" must be chosen by lot; one of the "counting out" rhymes is said until all the players but one are counted out—this one is then "he." This "he" is apparently a "tabooed" person; he remains "he" until he succeeds in touching another, who becomes "tabooed" in turn, and the first is then restored to his own personality. There would be no necessity for this deciding by lot unless something of an ignominious or "evil" character had been originally associated with the "unnamed" or "tabooed" player. In some games the player who is counted out is the victim of the rough play or punishment, which is the motive of the game. It is possible that the game of "Touch" has developed from the practice of choosing a victim by lot, or from tabooing people suffering from certain diseases or subjected to some special punishment.

The "counting out" rhymes of children are in themselves an interesting and curious study. They contain the remains in distorted form of some of the early numerals. The fact of a counting-out rhyme being used in the games is of itself evidence of antiquity and old usage. For those interested in this branch of study I can refer to the valuable book on

this subject by Mr. H. Carrington Bolton, which contains hundreds of these rhymes collected from various sources.

I mention these instances of possible connection between the games of skill and ancient belief and custom, to show that the anthropological significance of traditional games is not absent from what might perhaps be considered quite modern games. This is important to my argument, because when I turn to the dramatic section of children's games there is so much evidence of the survival of ancient custom and belief, that I am supported in the arguments which I shall advance by the fact that the whole province of children's play, and not particular departments, contribute to this evidence. It will be seen from the classification that many customs are dramatised or represented in a more or less imperfect form in a large number of games, and that these customs have been those which obtained a firm hold on the people, and formed an integral part of their daily life. Courtship, love, and marriage form the largest number; then the contest games for the taking of prisoners and of territory are the next in point of numbers. Funerals appear as the next most widely spread, then harvest customs, while the practice of divination, the belief in ghosts and charms, well-worship, tree-worship, and rush-bearing, witches, and child-stealing, are fully represented. Next come imitations of sports (animal), and contest games between animals, and then a number of games in which "guessing" is a principal feature, and a large number dealing with penalties or punishments inflicted for breach of rules.

A survey of the classification scheme of traditional games introduces the important fact that games contain customs; in other words, that games of skill and chance have come down from a time when practices were in vogue which had nothing originally to do with games, and that dramatic games have come down from times when the action they dramatise was the contemporary action of the people. It becomes important, therefore, to work more closely into the details of these games, to ascertain if we can what customs are preserved, to what people or period of culture they might have belonged. In many instances enough is said under each game to show the

significance of the conclusions, but when brought together and compared one with another these conclusions become more significant. The fact that marriage custom is preserved in a given form becomes of immense value when it is found to have been preserved in many games. I shall not go further into the games of skill and chance, but confine myself to the important class of dramatic games.

By the dramatic game I mean a play or amusement which consists of words sung or said by the players, accompanied by certain pantomimic actions which accord with the words used, or, as I prefer to put it, of certain definite and settled actions performed by the players to indicate certain meanings, of which the words are only a further illustration.

To take the method of play first, I have found five distinct and different methods:—

(1) The line form of game, played by the children being divided into two sides of about an equal number on each side, with a space of ground of about eight or ten feet between the two lines. Each line joins hands, and advances and retires in turn while singing or saying their parts.

(2) The circle form, played by the children joining hands and forming a circle, and all walking or dancing round together when singing the words.

(3) The individual form, where the children take separate characters and act a little play.

(4) The arch form, in which two children clasp each other's hands, hold their arms high, and so form a kind of arch, beneath which all the other players run in single file.

(5) Winding-up form, in which the players, clasping hands, wind round another player until all are wedged closely together, and then unwind again, generally assuming a serpentine form in so doing.

It will be well, in the first place, to arrange the games played under each of these methods:—

GAMES PLAYED IN LINE FORM (*with singing and action*).

Babity Bowster.

Green Grass.

Hark the Robbers (*one form*).

Here comes a Lusty Wooer.

Here comes one Virgin on her

Knee.

Jenny Jones (*one form*).
 Jolly Hooper (*only one line advance*).
 Lady of the Land.
 London Bridge (*one form*).
 Mary Brown (*one form*).
 Milking Pails.

Nuts in May.
 Pray, pretty Miss (*one form*).
 Queen Anne.
 Three Dukes.
 Three Knights.
 Three Sailors.
 We are the Rovers.

CIRCLE FORM (*singing and action subdivided into three methods*).

- (1) Green Gravel.
 Jolly Miller.
 London Bridge (*some versions*).
 Lubin.
 Mulberry Bush.
 Nettles.
 Oats and Beans and Barley.
 Ring a Ring o' Roses.
 Rushes.
 Wallflowers.
 When I was a Young Girl.
 Would You know how doth the Peasant?

- (2) All the boys.
 Down in the Valley.
 Glasgow Ships.
 Here stands a Young Man.
 Isabella.
 Jolly Fisherman.
 Jolly Sailors.
 King William.
 Kiss in the Ring.
 Knocked at the Rapper.

Lady on the Mountain.
 Mary Brown.
 Mary mixed a Pudding.
 Merry-ma-tanza.
 Needle Cases.
 Old Widow.
 Oliver, Oliver, follow the King.
 Poor Mary sits a-weeping.
 Poor Widow.
 Pretty little Girl of Mine.
 Punch Bowl.
 Queen Mary.
 Rosy Apple, Lemon, and Pear.
 Round and Round the Gallant Ship.
 Sally Water.
 Silly Old Man.
 Uncle John.
 Wind.

- (3) Booman.
 Old Roger.
 Round and Round the Village.
 Who goes round my Stone Wall?

INDIVIDUAL FORM (*dialogue game*).

Auld Grannie.
 Baste the Bear.
 Fox and Goose.
 Ghost at the Well.
 Gipsy.
 Gled-wylie.
 Hen and Chickens.
 Honey Pots.
 Jack, Jack, the Bread's a-burnin'.
 Keeling the Pot.
 King of the Barbarie.
 Lady on yonder Hill.

Lend Me your Key.
 Mother, may I go out?
 Mother Mop.
 Mother, Mother, the Pot boils over.
 Mouse and Cobbler.
 Old Granny Crow.
 Old Woman.
 Shepherds and Sheep.
 Steal the Pigs.
 Three Jolly Welshmen.
 Witch.

The arch form of game, or tug-of-war as it is usually called, subdivide into two methods :—

ARCH FORM.

(1) Draw a Pail of Water.

Hark the Robbers (*some versions*).

How many Miles to Babylon.

London Bridge.

Long Duck.

Thread the Needle.

Through the Needle Eye.

(2) Fool, Fool, come to School.

Hark the Robbers (*some versions*).

Little Dog, I call you.

Namers and Guessers.

Oranges and Lemons.

Three Days' Holidays.

Tug of War.

WINDING UP, OR SERPENT'S COIL FORM.

Bulliheisle.

Eller Tree.

Port the Helm.

Snail Creep.

Tuilzie Wap.

Winding up the Bush Faggot.

The first or line form of games is characterised by no one player being distinguished above his fellows; there are no distinct or separate characters to be played. All the players on one line say the same words and perform the same actions; all advance together and retire together. Each line stands still while the other line advances, retires, and has its "say." In this way questions are asked and answers are given. Questions and answers form an essential part of the line form of game. The one line of players imply action of a party composed of several persons who are of the same opinion, and the line on the opposite side is a party who hold different opinions, and express these in words and by actions; so that in no game played in line form do we get unanimous action of all the players, but half and half.

These line games represent in the main a contest, and there are contests of different kinds; that is, war between the people of two different locations, between parishes or border countries of different nationalities, and contests for wives, of a more or less friendly nature. That the lines or sides indicate people who come from one country or district to another country or district is shown, I think, by the fact that a line is drawn in the middle of the ground, which line separates the territory of the two sides. Players can go as far as the line on their own

side, but one step over lands them in the enemy's territory. In a marriage game of the line form, the girl when unwilling is pulled across the line, and when willing she walks across to the opposite side. It is also clear that in the marriage games the party on one side represents young men, and on the other side young women.

In the second group, the circle form, all the players join hands to form a circle. They all perform the same actions and say the same words. This circle form is used in three ways.

In the first or simplest class all the players perform the same actions, sing the same words all together. There is no division into parties, and no individual action or predominance. This method is adopted when a certain recurring custom is celebrated or a special event is commemorated. The event is described in pantomimic action, and accompanied with dance and song.

In the second class the circle is formed, the players all clasp hands, dance round together, and sing the same words; but the action is confined to first one and then two players, who are taken by "choice" from those forming the circle. This class principally consists of courtship, love-making, and marriage games. The two principal parties concerned usually have no words to say, though in some "love" games the centre player does express his or her own feelings in verse. The fact that this form is used for love and marriage games accounts for the much larger number of games in this class and their greater variety.

In the third class of the circle game the players form the circle to act the part of "chorus" to the story. There are also two, three, or four players, as required, who act parts in dumb show suitable to the character personified. In this class the circle personate both animate and inanimate objects. The circle is stationary—at least the players forming it do not dance or walk round. They sometimes represent houses; a village, and animals are usually represented rather than people.

The circle games I consider to be survivals of dramatic representations of customs performed by people of one village or of one town or tribe—representations of social customs of

one place or people, as distinct from the "line" form of games, which represent a custom obtaining between two rival villages or tribes. Thus I am inclined to consider the joining of hands in a circle as a sign of amity, alliance, and kinship. In the case of the line games hands are clasped by all players on each side, who are thus in alliance against those on the opposite side. When hands are joined all round so that a circle is formed, all are concerned in the performance of the same ceremony. There is no division into parties, neither is difference of opinion shown either by action or words in circle games.

In the third class of game there are several distinct characters, and the game partakes more of the nature of what we should call a play proper, and may be considered an outcome of the circle play. There are several characters, usually a mother, a witch or old woman, an elder daughter and several younger children, a ghost, and sometimes animals, such as sheep, wolves, fox, hen, and chickens. The principal characters (not more than two or three) are played by different children, and these having each a part allotted to them, have also a certain amount of dialogue to say, and corresponding actions to perform. The remaining characters, whether children or animals, merely act their part when action is required, all doing the same thing, and have no words to say. The dialogue in these games is short and to the point. It has not been learnt from written sources, but orally, and as long as the main idea and principal incidents are not departed from, the players may, according to their capacity, add to or shorten the dialogue to heighten the situation. There is no singing in these games, though there is what perhaps might be called the remains of rhyme in the dialogue.

The fourth form, that of the arch, is played in two ways. In the first, two children clasp their hands and hold them up to form an arch. Under this all the other players run as if going through an arch or gateway, and the players are generally stopped by the two who form the arch. Then a circle is formed, and all the players join hands and dance round together. In the second way, the arch is formed as above, and all the players run under. These players are then caught

one by one within the arch, and have to choose one of the two leaders, behind whom they stand. A tug-of-war then ensues between the two leaders and their followers.

The first of these, that ending with the circle or dancing, indicates the celebration of an event in which all the people join, and all are of one way of thinking—differing from this group of customs celebrated by the simple circle game by each person in turn performing a ceremony, signified in games by the action of going under or through an arch.

The second way, when the "tug" follows, represents a contest, but I do not think the contest is of the same kind as that of the line form. This rather represents the leaders of two parties who are antagonistic, who call, in the words of the rhymes, upon the people of a town, or faction, to join one of the two sides. The fact that each player in the line or string is caught by the leaders, and has to choose which of them he will fight under, together with the tug or pulling of one side over a marked line, by the other side, indicates a difference in the kind of warfare from the line contests, where territory is clearly the cause of the struggle and fight. The line contest shows a fight between people of different lands; and the arch contest, a method of choosing leaders by people living in one land or town.

In the fifth form, "winding up games," the players join hands in a long line, and wind round and round one player at the end of the line, usually the tallest, who stands still until all are formed in a number of circles, something like a watch spring. They then unwind, sometimes running or dancing, in a serpentine fashion until all are again in straight line. These games probably refer to the custom of encircling trees, as an act of worship. They differ from the circle game in this way: The players in a circle game surround something or some one. In the "winding up" game they not only surround, but attachment or "hold" to the thing surrounded has to be kept.

The fact that these games lend themselves to such treatment, and the fact that I am obliged to use the terms, district, tribe, localities, obliged to speak of a state of contest between groups,

of the sacred encircling of a tree, and of other significant usages, go far to suggest that these games must contain some element which belongs to the essential part of their form, and my next quest is for this element. I shall take each class of game, and endeavour to ascertain what element is present which does not necessarily belong to games, or which belongs to other and more important branches of human action; and it will depend on what this element is as to what can ultimately be said of the origin of the games.

Of the games played in "line" form, "We are the Rovers" is the best representative of pure contest between two opposing parties. If reference is made to the game (vol. ii. pp. 343-356), the words will be found to be very significant. In my account of the game (pp. 356-60), I suggest that it owes its origin to the Border warfare which existed on the Marches between England and Scotland and England and Wales, and I give my reasons, from analysing the game, why I consider it represents this particular form of contest rather than that of a fight between two independent countries. Both sides advancing and retiring in turn, while shouting their mutual defiance, and the final fight, which continues until all of one side are knocked down or captured, show that a deliberate fight was intended to be shown. I draw attention, too, to the war-cry used by each side, which is also significant of one of the old methods of rallying the men to the side of their leader—an especially necessary thing in undisciplined warfare. This game, then, contains relics of ancient social conditions. That such a contest game as this is represented by the line form combining words, singing, and action, is, I submit, good evidence of my contention that the line form of game denotes contest. This game, then, I consider a traditional type of contest game.

It is remarkable that among the ordinary, now somewhat old-fashioned, contest games played by boys there should be some which, I think, are degenerate descendants of this traditional type. There are a number of boys' games, the chief features of which are catching and taking prisoners and getting possession of an enemy's territory—as in the well-known "Prisoner's Base" and "Scots and English." "Prisoner's

Base" (ii. pp. 80-87) in its present form does not appear to have much in common with games of the type of "We are the Rovers," but on turning to Strutt we find an earlier way of playing (*ibid.* p. 80). Now, this description by Strutt gives us "Prisoner's Base" played by two lines of players, each line joining hands, their homes or bases being at a distance of twenty to thirty feet apart. That the line of players had to keep to their own ground is, I think, manifest, from it being necessary for one of the line to touch the base. There is no mention of a leader. Thus we have here an undoubted form of a contest game, where the taking of prisoners is the avowed motive, played in almost the same manner as the line dramatic game. When the dramatic representation of a contest became formulated in a definite game, the individual running out and capturing a certain player on the opposite side would soon develop and become a rule of the game, instead of all on one side trying to knock down all on the other side. It may be a point to remember, too, that in primitive warfare the object is to knock down and kill as many of the enemy as possible, rather than the capture of prisoners.

In other games of a similar kind, the well-known "Scots and English" (ii. p. 183), for example, we have the ground divided into two parts, with a real or imaginary line drawn in the middle; the players rush across the line and try to drag one of the opposite side across it, or to capture the clothes of the players.

In other boys' games—"Lamploo," "Rax," "King of Cantland," "King Caesar," "Stag"—there are the two sides; the players are sometimes all on one side, and they have to rush across to the other, or there are some players on each side, who rush across to the opposite, trying to avoid being taken prisoner by a player who stands in the middle between the opposite goals. When this player catches a boy, that boy joins hands with him; the next prisoner taken also joins hands, and these assist in capturing others. This is continued until all the players are caught and have joined hands in a long line, practically reverting to the line form of game, and showing, according to my theory of the line

game, that all joining hands are of one side or party. If the line gets broken the players can run back to their own side. There are many other games which are played in a similar way (see Contest Games), though farther removed from the original form. In most of these we have practically the same thing—the sides have opposite homes, and the leader, though individual at first, becomes merged in the group when the line is formed, and the game ends by all the players being on one side. It must be mentioned, too, that in these boys' games of fighting, the significant custom of "crowning," that is, touching the head of the captured one, obtains. If this is omitted the prisoner is at liberty to escape (see "Cock," "King of Cantland").

Although there is no dialogue between the opposing parties in these contest games, there are in some versions undoubted remains of it, now reduced to a few merely formal words called a "nominy." These "nominys" must be said before the actual fight begins, and the remains are sufficient to show that the nominy was originally a defiance uttered by one side and answered by the other. For these nominys, see "Blackthorn," "Chickidy Hand," "Hunt the Staigie," "Scots and English," "Johnny Rover," "Shepherds," "Stag," "Warney," &c.

The next most important games in line form are marriage games. In the well-known "Nuts in May" (vol. i. p. 424-433) there is a contest between the two parties, but the contest here is to obtain an individual for the benefit of the side. A line is drawn on the ground and a player is deliberately sent to "fetch" another player from the opposite side, and that this player is expected to conquer is shown by the fact that he is selected for this purpose, and also because the ceremony of "crowning" prevails in some versions. The boy, after he has pulled the girl across the line, places his hand on her head to complete the capture and to make a prisoner. This custom of "crowning" prevails in many games where prisoners are made, and I have already mentioned it as occurring in the boys' contest games. If the crowning is performed, the capture is complete; if not performed, the prisoner may escape.

The evidence of this game, I consider, points to customs which belong to the ancient form of marriage, and to what is technically known as marriage by capture.

In the game of the "Three Dukes" (vol. ii. p. 233-255), it will be noticed that the actions are very spirited. Coquetry, contempt, and annoyance are all expressed in action, and the boys imitate riding and the prancing of horses. I must draw special attention to the remarks I have made in my account of the game, and for convenience in comparing the line marriage games I will repeat shortly the principal points here.

In some versions, the three dukes each choose a wife at the same time, and when these three are "wived" or "paired" another three do the same. In another version "five" dukes each choose a wife, and all five couples dance round together. But most significant of all is the action of the dukes after selecting the girl, trying to carry her off, and her side trying to prevent it.

In this game, then, I think we have a distinct survival of or remembrance of the tribal marriage—marriage at a period when it was the custom for the men of a clan or village to seek wives from the girls of another clan—both belonging to one tribe. The game is a marriage game of the most matter-of-fact kind. Young men arrive from a place at some distance for the purpose of seeking wives. The maidens are apparently ready and expecting their arrival. They are as willing to become wives as the men are to become husbands. It is not marriage by force or capture, though the triumphant carrying off of a wife appears. It is exogamous marriage custom. The suggested depreciation of the girls, and their saucy rejoinders, are so much good-humoured chaff and banter exchanged to enhance each other's value. There is no mention of "love" in the game, nor courtship between the boy and girl. The marriage formula does not appear, nor is there any sign that a "ceremony" or "sanction" to marry is necessary, nor does "kissing" occur. Another interesting point about this game is the refrain, "With a rancy, tancy, tee," which refrain, or something similar, accompanies all verses of all versions,

and separates this game from others akin to it. This refrain is doubtless a survival of an old tribal war-cry.

The game of "The Three Knights from Spain" (ii. pp. 257-279), played in the same way as "Three Dukes," may appear at first to be a variant of the "Three Dukes"; but it is significant that the form of marriage custom is different, though it is still marriage under primitive conditions of society. The personal element, entirely absent from the "Three Dukes," is here one of the principal characteristics. The marriage is still one without previous courtship or love between two individuals, but the parental element is present here, or, at any rate, if not parental, there is that of some authority, and a sanction to marry is given, although there is no trace of any actual ceremony. The young men apparently desire some particular person in marriage, and a demand is made for her. The suitors here are, I think, making a demand on the part of another rather than for themselves. They may be the ambassadors or friends of the would-be bridegroom, and are soliciting for a marriage in which purchase-money or dowry is to be paid. The mention of "gold" and "silver" and the line, "She must be sold," and the offering of presents by the "Knights," are important. These indications of purchase refer to a time when the custom of offering gold, money, and other valuables for a bride was in vogue. While, therefore, the game has traces of capturing or carrying off the bride, this carrying off is in strict accord with the conditions prevalent when marriage by purchase had succeeded to marriage by capture. There is evidence in this game of a mercantile spirit, which suggests that women and girls were too valuable to be parted with by their own tribe or family without something deemed an equivalent in return.

In another line game, "Here comes Three Sailors" (ii. pp. 282-289), there is still more evidence of the mercantile or bargaining spirit. Here the representative of the parental element or other authority selects the richest and highest in rank of the suitors, and a sum of money is given with the bride. The suitors are supposed to have performed some actions which have gained them renown and entitled them to a wife. The

suitors are accepted or rejected by a person having authority, and this authority introduces an interesting and suggestive feature. The suitors are invited to stay or lodge in the house if accepted, probably meaning admission into the family. The girl is to "wake up," and not sleep, that is, to rouse up, be merry, dress in bridal array, and prepare for the coming festival. She is given to the suitors with "in her pocket one hundred pounds," and "on her finger a gay gold ring." This is given by the "mother" or those having authority, and refers, I believe, to the property the girl takes with her to her new abode for her proper maintenance there; the ring shows her station and degree, and is a token that she is a fit bride for a "king." Curious, too, is the "Here's my daughter safe and sound," which looks like a warrant or guarantee of the girl's fitness to be a bride, and the robbery of the bride may also have originally related to the removal of the bride's wedding-dress or ornaments before she enters on her wifely duties.

Following these definite marriage games in line form, in which previous love or courtship does not appear, we have several games formerly played at weddings, practically as a part of the necessary amusement to be gone through after a marriage ceremony by the company present, amusements in which are the traces of earlier custom.

"Babbity Bowster" (i. pp. 9-11) is an old Scottish dance or game which used to be played as the last dance at weddings and merrymakings. It was danced by two lines of players, lads on one side, girls on the other. A lad took a handkerchief—in earlier times a bolster or pillow—and danced out in front of the girls, singing. He then selected a girl, threw the handkerchief into her lap or round her neck, holding both ends himself, and placed the handkerchief at her feet on the floor. His object was to obtain a kiss. This was not given without a struggle, and the line of girls cheered their companion at every unsuccessful attempt the boy made. When a girl took the handkerchief she threw it to a boy, who had to run after and catch her and then attempt to take a kiss. When all had done thus they danced in line form. This

dance took place at the time when bride and bridegroom retired to the nuptial chamber. It is probable the bride and bridegroom would first go through the dance, and after the bridegroom had caught his bride and they had retired the dance would be continued in sport. The chasing of the bride in sport by her new-made husband at the close of the marriage festivities is mentioned in old ballads.

In the "Cushion Dance" (i. pp. 87-94) we have an instance of another similar old English game sang and danced at weddings. The "Cushion Dance," though not played in line form, has two other elements of "Babbity Bowster." The description is so interesting, I will repeat it shortly here. The company were all seated. Two young men left the room, and returned carrying, one a square cushion, the other a drinking horn or silver tankard. The young man carrying the cushion locked the door, taking the key. The young men then danced round the room to a lively tune played by a fiddler, and sang the words of the dance. There is a short dialogue with the fiddler, in which it is announced that "Jane Sandars won't come to." The fiddler says "She must come, whether she will or no." The young men then dance round again and choose a young woman, before whom they place the cushion and offer the horn or cup. The girl and the young man kneel on the cushion and kiss. Here there is no capturing or chasing of the girl, but her reluctance to be brought to the cushion is stated by another person, and the locking of the door is evidently done to prevent escape of the girls.

Other line games contain the element of courting, some versions of "Green Grass," for instance (i. pp. 161-62), show boys on one line, girls on the other, inviting girls to come and dance, and promising them gifts. After the boys have selected a girl, she is asked if she will come. She replies first No! then Yes! "Pray, Pretty Miss," is similar to these (vol. ii. pp. 65-67).

The remaining line form of marriage games are probably degenerate versions of "Three Dukes," "Three Knights," except "Here Comes a Lusty Wooer" (i. 202) and "Jolly

Hooper" (i. 287-88). Ritson records the first of these two in "Gammer Gurton's Garland," 1783; the second is probably a degenerate version of the first or similar version. They are both demands for a bride.

The other important line games are "Jenny Jones" (i. 260-283), "Lady of the Land," and "Queen Anne." I refer here to the Scotch version of "Jenny Jones," quoted from Chambers, given in vol. i. p. 281, where "Janet Jo" is a dramatic entertainment amongst young rustics. Two of the party represent a goodman and a goodwife, the rest a family of daughters. One of the lads, the best singer, enters, demands to court Janet Jo. He is asked by the goodwife what he will give for Janet Jo. His offers of a peck o' siller, a peck of gold, are refused; he offers more and is accepted, and told to sit beside his chosen one. He then has a scramble with her for kisses. Versions of this game which indicate funeral customs will be treated under that head; but love and courtship appear in the game, and the courting appears to be that of a young man or young men, to whom objection is made, pretended or real; the suitors are evidently objects of suspicion to the parental authority, and their sincerity is tested by the offers they make.

In "Queen Anne," vol. ii, pp. 90-102, I have attempted a conjectural rendering of what the game might have been, by putting together the words of different versions. If this conjectural restoration be accepted as something near the original form, it would suggest that this game originated from one of the not uncommon customs practised at weddings and betrothals, where the suitor has to discriminate between several girls all dressed exactly alike, and to distinguish his bride by some token. This incident of actual primitive custom also obtains in folk-tales, showing its strong hold on popular tradition. Many a lost bride in the folk-tales proves her identity by having possession of some article previously given as a token, and this idea may account for the "ball" incident in this game. (See also "King William.")

From these games, when thus taken together, we have evidence of the existence of customs obtaining in primitive

marriage, and the fact that these customs, namely, those of marriage by capture, marriage by purchase, marriage by consent of others than those principally concerned, in other words, marriage between comparative strangers, occur in games played in line form, a form used for contest and fighting games, tends to show that the line form is used for the purpose of indicating the performance of customs which are supposed to take place between people living in different countries, towns, and villages, or people of different tribes or of different habits and customs. The more imperfect games of this type, though they have lost some of the vigour, have still enough left to show, when placed with the others, a connection with customs performed in the same manner.

In "Lady of the Land," for instance (vol. i. pp. 313-20), the words indicate a lady hiring a poorer woman's daughters as servants, and, no doubt, originates from the country practice of hiring servants at fairs, or from hirings being dramatically acted at Harvest Homes. The old practice of hirings at fairs is distinctly to be traced in local customs (see p. 319), and is a common incident in folk-tales. In this game, too, actions would be performed suitable to the work the players undertake to do.

It is not necessary to mention in detail any of the remaining line games, because they are fragmentary in form, and do not add any further evidence to that already stated.

In considering this group of games it is obvious, I think, that we have elements of custom and usage which would not primarily originate in a game, but in a condition of local or tribal life which has long since passed away. It is a life of contest, a life, therefore, which existed before the days of settled politics, when villages or tribal territories had their own customs differing from each other, and when not only matters of political relationship were settled by the arbitrament of the sword, but matters now considered to be of purely personal relationship, namely, marriage. While great interest gathers round the particular marriage customs or particular contests indicated in this group of games, the chief point of

interest lies in the fact that they are all governed by the common element of contest.

I will now turn to the circle games. Like the line games, this form contains games which show marriage custom, but it is significant that they all show a distinctly different form of marriage. Thus they all show courtship and love preceding the marriage, and they show that a distinct ceremony of marriage is needful; but this ceremony is not necessarily the present Church ceremony. The two best examples are "Sally Water" (vol. ii. pp. 149-179) and "Merry-ma-tansa" (vol. i. pp. 369-367).

In "Sally Water" the two principal characters have no words to say, but one chooses another deliberately, and the bond is sealed by a kiss, and in some instances with joining of hands. The circle of friends approve the choice, and a blessing and good wishes follow for the happiness of the married couple, wishes that children may be born to them, and the period of the duration of the marriage for seven years (the popular notion of the time for which the marriage vows are binding). I have printed a great many versions of this game (about fifty), and note that in the majority of them "Sally" and "Water" are conspicuous words. In fact they are usually taken to mean the name of the girl, but on examining the game closely I think it is possible, and probable, that "Sally Water" may be a corruption of some other word or words, not the name of a girl; that the word "Water" is connected, not with the name of the maiden, but with the action of sprinkling which she is called upon to fulfil. The mention of water is pretty constant throughout the game. There are numerous instances of the corruption of words in the game, and the tendency has been to lose the sprinkling of water incident altogether.

The sitting or kneeling attitude, which indicates a reverential attitude, obtains in nearly all versions, as do the words "Rise and choose a young man," and "Crying for a young man." This "crying" for a young man does not necessarily mean weeping; rather I consider it to mean "announcing a want" in the way "wants" or "losses" were cried formerly by the

official crier of a town, and in the same manner as in games children "cry" forfeits; but, losing this meaning in this game, children have substituted "weeping," especially as "weeping" with them expresses many "wants" or "woes." The incident of "crying" for a lover, in the sense of wanting a lover, appears in several of these games. I have heard the expression they've been "cried in church" used as meaning the banns have been read. The choosing is sometimes "to the east" and "to the west," instead of "for the best and worst." Now, the expression "for better for worse" is an old marriage formula preserved in the vernacular portion of the ancient English Marriage Service, and I think we have the same formula in this game, especially as the final admonition is to choose the "one loved best." Then comes the very general lines of the marriage formula occurring so frequently in these games, "Now you're married, we wish you joy," &c.

In "Merry-ma-tansa" the game again consists of a marriage ceremony, with fuller details. The choice of the girl is announced to the assembled circle of friends by a third person, and the friends announce their approval or disapproval. If they disapprove, another choice is made. When they approve, the marriage formula is repeated, and the capacity of the bride to undertake housewifely duties is questioned in verse by the friends (p. 370). All the circle then perform actions imitating sweeping and dusting a house, baking and brewing, shaping and sewing. The marriage formula is sung, and prognostications and wishes for the birth of children are followed by actions denoting the nursing of a baby and going to church, probably for a christening. In one version, too, the bride is lifted into the circle by two of the players. This may indicate the carrying of the bride into her new home, or the lifting of the bride across the threshold, a well-known custom. In another version (Addenda, p. 444) after the ceremony the bridegroom is blindfolded and has to catch his bride.

These two games relate undoubtedly to marriage customs, and to no other ceremony or practice. They are, so to speak, the type forms to which others will assimilate.

In "Isabella" (vol. i. pp. 247-56) the actions indicate a more modern marriage ceremony. The young couple, after choosing, go to church, clasp hands, put on ring, kneel down, say prayers, kiss, and eat dinner. The clasping of hands, putting on a ring, and kissing are more like a solemn betrothal before a marriage ceremony.

In the other marriage games which show remains of a ceremony are those of the kind to which "All the Boys" belongs (vol. i. pp. 2-6). In this game, customs which belong to a rough and rude state of society are indicated. The statement is made that a man cannot be happy without a wife. He "huddles" and "cuddles" the girl, and "puts her on his knee."

The principal thing here to be noted is the mention in all versions of this game the fact that some food is prepared by the bride, which she gives to the bridegroom to eat. This, although called a "pudding," refers, of course, to the bridal cake, and to the old custom of the bride preparing it herself, and giving some to her husband first.

Other rhymes of this kind, belonging, probably, to the same game, are "Down in the Valley," "Mary mixed a Pudding," "Oliver, Oliver, follow the King," "Down in Yonder Meadow." In all these the making and eating of a particular "pudding" or food is mentioned as an important item; in two, catching and kissing the sweetheart is mentioned; and in all, "courting" and "cuddling"; articles for domestic use are said to be bought by the bride. The formal ceremony of marriage is contained in the verbal contract of the two parties, and the important ceremony of the bridegroom and bride partaking of the bridal food. The eating together of the same food is an essential part of the ceremony among some savage and semi-civilised peoples. The rhymes have a peculiar parallel in the rude and rough customs associated with betrothal and marriage which prevailed in Wales and the North of England.

In "Poor Mary sits a-weeping" (vol. ii. pp. 46-62) we have very distinctly the desire of the girl for a "lover." She is "weeping" for a sweetheart, and, as in the case of "Sally Water," her weeping or "crying" is to make her "want"

known. She is told by her companions to rise and make her choice. In some versions the marriage lines follow, in others the acceptance of the choice ends with the giving of a kiss.

Others of a similar kind are "Here stands a Young Man who wants a Sweetheart" (vol. i. p. 204), "Silly Old Man who wants a Wife" (vol. ii. 196-99). This is a simple announcement of the young man's need for a wife or sweetheart (probably originally intended to announce his having arrived at manhood, as expressed in the expression, "he ain't a man till he's got a sweetheart and gone a-courtin'"). These verses are followed by the marriage formula. Games of this kind are used for a kiss in the ring game, without the chasing and capturing. The ordinary kiss in the ring games are probably relics of older custom. These consist of one person going round the assembled circle with a handkerchief and choosing another of the opposite sex, after saying a nominy or form of set words. This was probably originally something in the shape of a "counting out" rhyme, to obtain sweethearts by "lot." A chase follows, and capture of the girl, and the giving and receiving of a kiss in the circle. This was a method of choosing sweethearts which prevailed until quite a late period at country festivals and fairs, but at an earlier period was a serious function. It is still customary on Easter and Whit-Monday for this game to be played on village greens, and the introduction thus afforded is held sufficient to warrant continued acquaintance between young people.

In connection with this class of games I must point out that a game such as "Hey, Wullie Wine" (vol. i. pp. 207-210), though it cannot be considered exactly a marriage game, points to the matter-of-fact way in which it was customary for young people to possess sweethearts. It seems to have been thought not only desirable, but necessary to their social standing. A slur is cast on the young man or young woman who has no lover, and so every facility is given them to make a choice from among their acquaintances. In the game "King William" is a remnant of the disguising of the bride among some of her girl friends and the bridegroom's test of recognition,

when that custom became one of the forms of amusement at weddings.

The remaining love and marriage games mostly consist of lines said in praise of some particular girl or young man, the necessity of him or her possessing a sweetheart, and their being married. These are probably fragments of the more complete forms preserved in the other games of this class. Marriage games, preceded by courtship or love-making, are played in the second method of the circle form.

Among the games played in the first method of the circle form, "Oats and Beans and Barley," and "Would you know how doth the Peasant," show harvest customs. The first of these (vol. ii. pp. 1-13) shows us a time when oats, beans, and barley were the principal crops grown, before wheat—now, and for some time, one of the principal crops—came into such general cultivation as at present. All the players join in singing the words and performing the actions. They imitate sowing of seed, folding arms and standing at ease while the corn is growing, clap hands and stamp on the ground to awake the earth goddess, and turning round and bowing, to propitiate the spirit and do reverence to her. In "Would you know how doth the Peasant" (ii. 399-401) we find actions performed showing sowing, reaping, threshing, kneeling, and praying, and then resting and sleeping. These actions are in both games accompanied by dancing round hand in hand. These two games, then, take us back to a time when a ceremony was performed by all engaged in sowing and reaping grain; when it was thought necessary to the proper growth of the crops that a religious ceremony should be performed to propitiate the earth spirit. I believe these games preserve the tradition of the formula sung and danced at the spring festivals, about which Mr. Frazer has written so fully.

"Oats and Beans and Barley" also preserves a marriage formula, and after the religious formula has been sung and danced, courting and marriage follows. A partner is said to be wanted, is chosen, and the marriage ceremony follows. The addition of this ceremony to the agricultural custom is of considerable significance, especially as the period is that of

spring, when, according to Westermarck, natural human marriage, as also animal pairing, takes place. It is evidently necessary to this game for all the players to perform the same actions, and the centre player is not required until the choosing a partner occurs. There is no centre player in the other agricultural game, and no marriage occurs.

In "When I was a Young Girl" (ii. pp. 362-374) we have all players performing actions denoting the principal events of their lives from girlhood to old age. When young, enjoyment in the form of dancing is represented (in present day versions, going to school is taking the place of this), then courting, marriage, nursing a baby, and occupations which women perform; the death of the baby and of husband follows, and the woman takes in washing, drives a cart to support herself, and finally gets old. Here, again, there is little doubt that this game owes its origin to those dances originally sacred in character, in which men and women performed actions, accompanied with song and dance, of the same nature as those they wished or intended to perform seriously in their own lives. "Mulberry Bush" is another descendant of this custom. In "Green Gravel" and "Wall-flowers" we have a death or funeral custom. Originally there may have been other actions performed than those the game contains now. These two are noticeable for the players turning themselves round in the course of the play so that they face outwards. It is this turning outwards, or "to the wall," which indicates hopeless sorrow and grief, and there is some probability that the death mourned is that of a maiden, by the other maidens of the village. The game is not a representation of an ordinary funeral.

I must here refer to the game of "Rashes" (Addenda, ii. pp. 452, 453). I have not succeeded in obtaining a version played now, and fear it is lost altogether, which is, perhaps, not surprising, as the use of "rushes" has practically ceased; but, as recorded by Mr. Radcliffe in 1873, there is no doubt it represented the survival of the time when rushes were gathered and used with ceremony of a religious nature.

Even in the extremely simple "Ring a Ring of Roses" (ii. 108-111), now only a nursery game played by very young

children, there can be traced a relationship to a dance, in which the use of flowers, and all the dancers bowing or falling prostrate to the ground together, with loud exclamations of delight obtained. It may well be that sneezing, an imitation of which is an essential part of the game, was actually a necessary part of the ceremonial, and sneezing was always considered of sacred significance among primitive peoples. It is not probable that children would introduce this of their own accord in a dance and "bop down" game.

The games played in the third method of this group are also representative of custom. In "Old Roger" (vol. ii. pp. 16-24), the circle of players is stationary throughout; the circle sings the words describing the story, and the other players or actors run into the circle and act their several parts in dumb show. The story, it will be seen, is not the acting of a funeral, but the planting of a tree over the grave of a dead person by relatives and friends, and the spirit connection which this tree has with the dead. The spirit of the dead "Old Roger" enters the tree, and resents the carrying away of the fruit by the old woman by jumping up and making her drop the apples. Possession of the fruit would give her power over the spirit. That the tree is sacred is clear; and I am tempted to suggest that we may possibly have in this game a survival of the worship of the sacred tree, and its attendant priest watching until killed by his successor, as shown to us by Mr. Frazer in the story of the "Golden Bough."

"Round and Round the Village" (ii. pp. 122-143) shows us the performance of a recurring festival very clearly in the words which accompany all versions, "As we have done before." This conveys the idea of a special event, the event in the game marriage, and I suggest that we have here a periodical village festival, at which marriages took place. It is characteristic of this, as in "Old Roger," that the chorus or circle stand still and sing the event, while the two characters act. This acting is the dancing round the village, going in and out the windows and houses, then choosing a lover, and "follow her to London." It is quite possible that the perambulation of boundaries with which festive dances and courtship were often associated would

originate this game. The perambulation was a recurring custom periodically performed, and on p. 142, vol. ii., I have given some instances of custom which, I think, confirm this.

In "Who goes round my Stone Wall" we find the players in circle form, standing still and representing the houses of a village (the stone wall), and also animals. The game represents the stealing of sheep, one by one, from the village, by a predatory animal or thief. In this game the circle do not sing the story. That element has disappeared; the two actors repeat a dialogue referring to the stealing of the sheep from the "wall." This dialogue is short, and is disappearing. The game is not now understood, and consequently is dying out. "Booman," another of the same kind, represents a funeral. The grave is dug in action, Booman is carried to his grave, the dirge is sang over him, and flowers are pretended to be strewn over.

There are other circle games, which it is not needful to examine in detail. They are fragmentary, and do not present any fresh features of interest. It is, however, important to note that a few examples have evidently been derived from love ballads, drinking songs, and toasts; some of the dance games are of this origin. This may be explained by the fact that children, knowing the general form of marriage games, would naturally dance in circle form to any ballad verses in which marriage or love and courtship occurs, and in this manner the ballad would become apparently a fresh game, though it would only be putting new words to an old formula of action.

Dr. Jacob Jacobsen, in *Dialect and Place Names of Shetland*, tells us that all the *vissiks* or ballads have been forgotten since 1750, or thereby. They were sung to a dance, in which men and women joined hands and formed a ring, moving forwards, and keeping time with their hands and feet. Mr. Newell (*Games*, p. 78), records that "Barbara Allen" was sung and danced in New England at children's parties at a period when dancing was forbidden to be taught in schools. "Auld Lang Syne" is a further instance.

It will easily be seen that the circle games have a distinctive

characteristic compared with the line games. These, as I have already pointed out, are games of contest, whereas the circle games are games in which a homogeneous group of persons are performing a ceremony belonging entirely to themselves. The ceremony is of a religious character, as in "Oats and Beans and Barley," or "Old Roger," dedicated to a spirit intimately connected with the group who perform it, and having nothing belonging to any outside group. The position of the marriage ceremony in this group is peculiar. It has settled down from the more primitive state of things shown in the line marriage games, and has acquired a more social and domestic form. Except in the very significant water custom in "Sally Water," which I have suggested (ij. pp. 176, 177) may take us back to perhaps the very oldest stage of culture, all the games in this group are evidently of a later formation. Let it be noted, too, that the circle has deep religious significance not entirely absent from the customs of comparatively later times, among which the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" is the most generally known.

But in speaking of matters of religious significance, it is important to bear in mind that we are not dealing with the religion of the Church. Everywhere it is most significant that marriage ceremony, sacred rite, social custom, or whatever is contained in these games, do not take us to the religion of to-day. Non-Christian rites can only be pre-Christian in origin, and these games therefore take us to pre-Christian religious or social custom, and this is sufficient to stamp them with an antiquity which alone would certify to the importance of studying this branch of folk-lore.

To take now the dialogue or individual form of game, the best example for my purpose is "Mother, Mother, the Pot boils over" (vol. i. pp. 396-401). Here the chorus has disappeared; the principal characters tell the story in dialogue, the minor characters only acting when the dialogue necessitates it, and then in dumb show. This is an interesting and important game. It is a complete drama of domestic life at a time when child-stealing and witchcraft were rife. A mother goes out to work, and returns to find one of her seven children missing. The game

describes the stealing of the children one by one by the witch, but the little drama tells even more than this. It probably illustrates some of the practices and customs connected with fire-worship and the worship of the hearth. There is a pot, which is a magical one, and which boils over when each one of the children is stolen and the mother's presence is necessary. A remarkable point is that the witch asks to borrow a light from the fire. The objection to the giving of fire out of the house is a well-known and widely-diffused superstition, the possession of a brand from the house fire giving power to the possessor over the inmates. The witch in this game takes away a child when the eldest daughter consents to give her a light. The spitting on the hearth gives confirmation to the theory that the desecration of the hearth is the cause of the pot boiling over. Instances of magical pots are not rare.¹

After the children are stolen the mother has evidently a long and troublesome journey in search of them; obstacles are placed in her path quite in the manner of the folk-tale. Blood must not be spilled on the threshold. This game, then, which might be considered only as one of child-stealing, becomes, when examined on the theories accompanying the ancient house ritual, an extraordinary instance of the way beliefs and customs have been dramatised, and so perpetuated. Other games of a similar character to this, and perhaps derived from it, are "Witch," "Gipsy," "Steal the Pigs."

Amongst other games classified as dialogue games are those in which animals take part. In some there is a contest between a beast of prey, usually a fox or wolf, and a hen and her chickens or a goose and her goslings; in others a shepherd or keeper guards sheep from a wolf, and in animals of the chase are hunted or baited for sport. In the animal contest games, "Fox and Goose," "Hen and Chickens,"

¹ Mr. W. F. Kirby refers me to the form of initiation into witchcraft in Saxony, where the candidate danced round a pot filled with magic herbs, singing—

"I believe in this pot,
And abjure God;"

or else it was—

"I abjure God,
And believe in this pot."

"Gled-wylie," "Auld Grannie," "Old Cranny Crow," all played in the dialogue form, the dialogue announces that the fox wants some food, and he arouses the suspicion of the goose or hen by prowling around or near her dwelling. After a parley, in which he tries to deceive the mother animal, he announces his intention of catching one of the chickens. The hen declares she will protect her brood, and a contest ensues. These games have of course arisen from the well-known predatory habits of the wolf, fox, and kite. On the other hand, the games illustrating the hunting or baiting of animals, such as "Baste the Bear," "Fox in the Hole," "Hare and Hounds," are simply imitations of those sports. "Baiting the Bear," a popular and still played game, has continued since the days of bear-baiting.

I may also mention the games dealing with ghosts. "Ghost at the Well," "Mouse and Cobbler," show the prevailing belief in ghosts. Playing at Ghosts has been one of the most popular of games. These two show the game in a very degenerate condition. I need not, I think, describe in detail any more of the dialogue games. There are none so good as "Mother, the Pot boils over," but that was hardly to be expected. The customs which no doubt were originally dramatised in them all have in many cases been lost, as in the case of some versions of "Mother, the Pot boils over."

The dialogue games appear to me to be later in form than both line and circle games. They are, in fact, developments of these earlier forms. Thus the "Fox and Goose" and "Hen and Chickens" type is played practically in line form, and belongs to the contest group, while the "Witch" type is probably representative of the circle form. But they have assumed a dramatic character of a very definite shape. This, as will be seen later on, is of considerable importance in the evidence of the ancient origin of games; but I will only point out here that this group has allowed the dramatic element to have full scope, with the result that a pure dialogue has been evolved, while custom and usage has to some extent been pushed in the background.

The next group is the arch form of game. This I divide into two kinds—those ending in circle or dance form, and

those ending with a contest between two leaders. Of this first form there are several examples. "London Bridge" (i. pp. 333-50) is possibly the most interesting. Two players form the arch, all the others follow in single file. The words of the story are sung while all the players run under or through the arch. The players are all caught in turn in the arch, and then stand aside; their part is finished. In some cases the game begins by all forming a circle, and the verses are sung while the circle dances round. The arch is then formed, and all run through it in single file, and are caught in turn by being imprisoned between the lowered arms. Also, we find the circle-dancing following the arch ceremony. In my account of this game (vol. i. pp. 341-50), I have drawn attention to the incident of a prisoner being taken as indicative of the widespread custom known as the foundation sacrifice, because of the suggested difficulty of getting the bridge to stand when the prisoner is taken. I have given a few instances of the custom, and the tradition that the stones of London Bridge were bespattered with the blood of little children, and that the mortar was tempered with the blood of beasts. In stories where a victim is offered as a foundation-sacrifice, the victim, often a prisoner, is sometimes forced to enter a hole or cavity left on purpose in the building, which is then walled or built up, enclosing the victim. In some, recourse to lottery is had; in others, as at Siam, mentioned by Tylor (*Primitive Culture*, i. 97), it was customary, when a new city gate was being erected, for a number of officers to lie in wait and seize the first four or eight persons who happened to pass by, and who were then buried alive under the gate-posts. After these customs of human sacrifice had ceased to be enforced, animals were slaughtered instead; and later still the ceremony would be performed, as a ceremony, by the incident being gone through, the person or animal seized upon being allowed to escape the extreme penalty by paying a money or other forfeit; and it may be this later stage which is represented in the game. The dancing in circle form, which belongs, I think, to the original method of play, shows us a ceremony in which people of one place are concerned, and would supersede an older line

form of game, if there were one, when the custom showed a real victim being taken from outsiders by force, who would resist the demand. The circle dance would follow as the completion of the ceremony. The "line" form would also be the first portion of the game to disappear when once its meaning was lost.

The game, "Hark! the Robbers" (i. 192-99) may be a portion of "London Bridge" made into a separate game by the part of the building being lost, or the children who play both games may have mixed up the method of playing; but as it ends in some places with a contest and in some with a dance, it is difficult to say which is right.

"Thread the Needle," played by all players running through an arch and then dancing round, is a game well illustrated by customs obtaining on Shrove Tuesday in different parts of the country. All the children play "Thread the Needle" in the streets of Trowbridge, Bradford-on-Avon, South Petherton, Evesham, besides other places, in long lines, whooping and shouting as they run through the arches they make. After this they proceed to the churchyard, and encompassing the church by joining hands, dance all round it three times, and then return to their homes. Here is the undoubted performance of what must have been an old custom, performed at one time by all the people of the town, being continued as an amusement of children. It was played at Evesham only on Easter Monday, and in three other places only on Shrove Tuesday, and another correspondent says played only on a special day. In other places where it is played the game is not connected with a special day or season. The circle dance does not always occur, and in some cases the children merely run under each other's clasped hands while singing the words. In the places above mentioned we see it as a game, but still connected with custom. It is a pity that the words used by the children on all these occasions should not have been recorded too. "How many Miles to Babylon (vol. i. pp. 231-238) may with good reason be considered a game of the same kind. It represents apparently a gateway of a town, and a parley occurs between the gatekeepers and those wishing to enter or leave the town. Small gateways or

entrances to fortified towns were called needle's eyes, which were difficult to enter. But notwithstanding these apparent identifications with the conditions of a fortified town, I think the practice of going through the arch in this and in the previous game relates to the custom which prevailed at festivals held during certain seasons of the year, when people crept through holed stones or other orifices to propitiate a presiding deity, in order to obtain some particular favour. This would be done by a number of people on the same occasion, and would terminate by a dance round the church or other spot associated with sacred or religious character. "Long Duck" is another probably almost forgotten version of this game.

"Draw a Pail of Water" (vol. i. pp. 100-108), though not quite in accord with the arch form in its present state, is certainly one of the same group. This game I consider to be a descendant of the custom of "well worship." In its present form it is generally played by children creeping under the arms of two or four others, who clasp hands and sway backwards and forwards with the other children enclosed in them. The swaying movement represents, I believe, the drawing of water from the well. The incidents of the game are:—

- (1) Drawing water from a well.
- (2) For a devotee at a well.
- (3) Collecting flowers for dressing the well.
- (4) Making a cake for presentation.
- (5) Gifts to the well [a gold ring, silver pin, and probably a garter].
- (6) Command of silence.
- (7) The presence of devotee at the sacred bush.
- (8) The reverential attitude (indicated by the bowing and falling on the ground).

I can now add another incident, that of the devotee creeping through a sacred bush or tree (signified by the creeping under or getting enclosed within the arms of the leaders). These are all incidents of primitive well worship.

I have from many different versions pieced together the lines as they might appear in earlier versions (i. p. 107).

This restoration, though it is far from complete, shows clearly enough that the incidents belong to a ceremonial of primitive well worship. Dressing holy wells with garlands and flowers is very general; cakes were eaten at Rorrington Well, Shropshire, and offerings of pins, buttons, and portions of the dress, as well as small articles worn on the person, are very general; silence is enforced in many instances, and sacred trees and bushes are to be found at nearly all holy wells. Offerings are sometimes hung in the bushes and trees, sometimes thrown into the well. Miss Burne records in *Shropshire Folk-Lore* (pp. 414, 433, 434) that at Rorrington Green, in the parish of Chirbury, is a holy well, at which a wake was celebrated on Ascension Day. The well was adorned with green bowers, rushes, and flowers, and a maypole was set up. The people used to walk round the hill with fife, drum, and fiddle, dancing and frolicking as they went. They threw pins into the well for good luck, and to prevent them from being bewitched, and they also drank the water. Cakes were eaten. These were round flat buns, from three to four inches across, sweetened, spiced, and marked with a cross, and were supposed to bring good luck if kept.

Instances of similar practices at holy wells could be multiplied, and they are exhaustively examined in my husband's book on *Ethnology in Folk-Lore*. Halliwell records in his nursery rhymes what is perhaps the oldest printed version of the rhyme. He says the children form a long string, hand in hand; one stands in front as leader, two hold up their clasped hands to form an arch, and the children pass under; the last is taken prisoner. Though this way of playing does not appear to be used now—no version, at least, has reached me—it is clear that the game might be played in this way, probably as a commencement of the ceremonial, and then the other positions might follow. Halliwell may not have recorded it minutely or have heard of it as a whole, or the version sent him may have been in degenerate form. It is, however, clear that the arch form here indicates a ceremonial, and not the taking of a prisoner.

"Oranges and Lemons" (vol. ii. pp. 25-35) is the best-known

game of the arch form, followed by the contest or tug-of-war. In this game two players, sometimes chosen by lot, clasp hands and form an arch. They have each a name, which is secret. One is called "Orange," the other is "Lemon." They sing the words of the game-rhyme, and the other players run under the arch in a long line or string. At the close of the verses which ends with the line, "Here comes a chopper to chop off your head," one of the string of players is caught and is asked which she prefers, orange or lemon. She chooses, and is told to stand behind that leader who took that name. This is repeated until all the players have been separately caught, have chosen their side, and are standing behind the respective leaders, holding on to each other by clasping each other's waists. A line is then drawn on the ground, and both sides pull; each endeavours to drag the other over the line. The tug is generally continued until one side falls to the ground. Now this is an undoubted contest, but I do not think the contest is quite of the same kind as the line game of contest and fighting. The line form is one of invaders and invaded, and the fight is for territory. In this form it seems to me that the contest is more of a social contest, that is, between people of the same place, perhaps between parishes and wards of parishes, or burghers and apprentices (townspeople) on one side, and the followers of lords or barons (military power) on the other, or of two lords and barons. The leaders are chosen by lot. Each leader has a "cry" or "colour," which he calls out, and the other players run and place themselves under the banner they choose.

In my account of this game I draw particular attention to the following details:—The game indicates contest and a punishment, and although the sequence is not clear, as the execution precedes the contest, that is not of particular importance in view of the power of the old baronial lords to threaten and execute those of their following who did not join their armed retainers when required. All rhymes of this game deal with saints' names and with bell ringing. Now, the only places where it would be probable for bells to be associated with different saints' names in one area would be the old

parish units of cities and boroughs. The bells were rung on all occasions when it was necessary to call the people together. The "alarm" bell tolling quickly filled the open spaces and market-places of the towns, and it is a well-known fact that serious contests and contest games between parishes and wards of parishes were frequent. The names "oranges" and "lemons," given to the leaders in the game, usually considered to be the fruits of these names, are, in my opinion, the names of the "colours" of the two rival factions.

The passing under the arch in this game is not absolutely necessary in order that the players may exercise their choice of leaders, nor is the "secrecy" which is observed necessary either. Even this may have its origin in custom. It may signify the compulsory attendance of a vassal under pain of punishment to serve one side, or the taking prisoner and condemning to death for serving on the opponents' or losing side. An idea is current that it represents cutting off the last person's head, the last of the string or line of players, and in some places the last one in the line is always caught instead of one whom the leaders choose to enclose in their arms. Of course a "laggard" or late arrival would be liable to suspicion and punishment, and this idea may be suggested in the game; but I do not think that the game originates from the idea of catching a "last" player. The passing under the arch can also be attributed to the custom of compelling prisoners to pass under a yoke to signify servitude, and the threat of execution would follow attempt to escape or disobedience. Again, prisoners were offered life and freedom on condition of joining the army of their opponents.

The other games of this method of play, "Three Days' Holiday," and "Tug of War," are the same game under other names, with only a nominy surviving, and the method of play. Several games entered under the title of "Through the Needle Eye," are really the "arch" type with the "tug," that is the "Orange and Lemons" game, instead of belonging to the "Thread the Needle" or first form of arch type, as they are usually considered. The Scottish form, described by Jamieson (ii. p. 290), is an exception which should have been in-

cluded with "Thread the Needle," to which group it belongs. The other games, "Through the Needle Eye," have lost a portion of their play, which probably accounts for the mixture of name with the "Thread the Needle" games, because of both containing the arch form. "Namers and Guessers," "Fool, Fool, come to School," "Little Dog, I call you," practically versions of one and the same game, which I have classed in this type because of the "tug," have an additional element of guessing in them. The leader or namer on one side and the guesser on the other take sides. All the players have names given them, and it is the first business of the guesser to guess which of the players has taken a particular name. If he guesses correctly, he takes that player on his side; if incorrectly, he stays on the namer's side. After he has "guessed" at all the players, the "tug" follows, and the beaten side has further to run the gauntlet between two lines of the successful side. This game, having all its players chosen by guessing, by what might have been originally choosing by "lot" or by magical powers, may have an entirely different meaning, but it is clearly a contest game, although there is no indication as to the why or wherefore. The punishment of "running the gauntlet" is found in the game, which again indicates military fighting.

This group of games, though small, is perhaps one of the most indicative of early custom, for beyond the custom which is enshrined in each game—foundation sacrifice, well worship, &c.—it will be noticed there is a common custom belonging to all the games of this group; this is the procession under the arch. The fact that this common custom can also be referred to primitive usage, confirms my view that the particular customs in each game owe their origin to primitive usage. Mr. W. Crooke has very kindly supplied me with some notes on this interesting subject, and I gladly avail myself of his research:—

"In Cairo, women walk under the stone on which criminals are decapitated, in the hope of curing ophthalmia and getting children. They must go in silence, and left foot foremost."—Lane, *Modern Egyptians*, i. p. 325; Hartland, *Perseus*, i. p. 163.

"Rheumatism and lumbago cured by crawling under granitic masses in Cornwall."—Hunt, *Popular Romances*, p. 177.

"Passing children under bramble to cure rupture."—*Ibid.*, pp. 412, 415.

"This cures chincough."—Aubrey, *Remains*, p. 187.

"In Scotland, sick children are passed through the great stones of Odin at Stennis, and through a perforated monolith at Burkham, in Yorkshire."—Rogers, *Social Life in Scotland*, i. p. 13.

"Barren women pass their hands through the holes of the Bore Stone at Gask in order to obtain children."—*Ibid.*, iii. p. 227.

"Similar rites prevail in Cyprus."—Hogarth, *Devia Cypria*, p. 48; Gardner, *New Chapters in Greek History*, p. 172.

"This again gives rise to the use of the gateway through which pilgrims pass to temples. Such are the Indian Torana, in this shape, which are represented by the Torio, so common in Japan.

"The Greeks had the same, which they called Dokana (δόκανα, from δόκος, 'a beam'). With them they represented the Dioscuri—Castor and Pollux. They are described by Plutarch."—*De Amor. Fratr.*, i. p. 36.

"Similar arches, covered with charms, were seen at Dahomi by Burton."—*Mission to Gelele*, i. pp. 218, 286.

"Women in England creep under a gallows to get children." (I have mislaid the reference.)

"There are many 'creeps' or narrow holes in Irish dolmens certainly used by people, who had to creep in to worship the ghost or bring offerings. Captives intended to be slaughtered had to creep through such places."—Borlase, *Dolmens of Ireland*, ii. p. 554.

"Barren women pass their hands through such holes."—*Ibid.*, ii. p. 650.

"A good picture of such a stone from France."—*Ibid.*, ii. pp. 626, 700, 702, 707.

Mr. Albany F. Major has also kindly drawn my attention to the following interesting passages from the sagas, which Dr. Jon Stefansson has kindly translated as follows:—

"In old times this had been the custom of brave men, who made an agreement (pact) that the one who lived the longest should revenge the other's death. They were to go under three earth-sods, and that was their oath (eiðr). This ceremony (leikr) of theirs was in this wise, that three long earth-sods (turfs) should be cut loose. All the ends were to be fast in the ground (adhere to it), but the coils (bends) were to be pulled upward, so that a man might go

under them. This play Thorgeir and Thormod went through.”—*Föstbraedra Saga*, ed. 1822, ch. i. p. 7.

“Now is spread about this report of Thorkell and his men, but Gudmund had before told [the story] somewhat otherwise. Now that tale seemed to those kinsmen of Thorarins somewhat doubtful, and they said they would not put trust in it without proof, and they claimed for themselves [to share] half the property with Thorkell, but Thorkell thought to own it himself alone, and bade go to ordeal after their custom. This was then the [form of] ordeal at that time, that they should go under an earth-belt, that is, a sod [which] was ripped up from the field. The ends of the sod must be fast in the field, but the man who was to perform the ordeal must go there-under. Thorkell of the Scarf somewhat suspects whether the death of those men can have happened in the way that Gudmund and his men had said the latter time. Now, heathen men thought that they had no less at stake, when they had to play such a part, than Christian men think nowadays when ordeals are held. Then the man who went under the earth-belt was clear if the sod fell not on him. Thorkell took counsel with two men that they should let themselves fall out about something or other, and be there standing near at hand when the ordeal was being performed, and should touch the sod so hard that all might see that they brought it down. After this the man who was to perform the ordeal starts, and as soon as he was come under the earth-belt those men who were set to do it sprang to meet each other under arms, and they encounter near the bend of the sod and lie fallen there, and the earth-belt fell down, as was to be expected. At once men spring between them and separate them; that was easy, because they were fighting with no risk to life. Thorkell of the Scarf asked what people thought of the ordeal; now all his men say that it would have done well if no one had spoilt it. Then Thorkell took all the loose property, but the land is joined on to Hrappestad.”—*Laxdela Saga*, ch. xviii.

“Berg gave notice of the blow for the Hunawaterthing and began the lawsuit there. As soon as men came to the thing they tried to arrange a settlement. Berg said that he would not take payment in atonement, and would only be reconciled under these terms, that Jokull should go under three earth-belts, as was then the custom after great transgressions, ‘and thus show humility towards me.’ Jokull said the trolls should take him before he thus bowed himself. Thorstein said it was a matter for consideration, ‘and I will go under the earth-belts.’ Berg said then would the matter be paid for. The first earth-belt reached to the shoulder, the next to the

waist-belt, the third to mid-thigh. Then Thorstein went under the first. Then said Berg: 'Now I make thee stoop like a swine, who wast the loftiest of the Vatnsdale men.' Thorstein answers, 'That hadst thou no need to say, but this will be the first return for those words, that I will not go under any more.' Finnbogi said, 'That is clearly not well said, but then not much comes in repayment for Berg's wrong, that he gat from Jokull, if the matter shall here come to a standstill, and everything seems to you lowly by the side of you Vatnsdale men, and I will challenge thee, Thorstein, to holmgang a week hence by the stackyard which stands on the island down before my farm at Borg.'—*Vatnsdæla Saga*, ch. xxxiii.

These significant customs, I think, bear out my theory as to the origin of the games played in the two methods of the arch form.

Lastly, I come to the "winding up" games. "Eller Tree" (i. p. 119) and "Wind up the Bush Faggot" (ii. pp. 384-387), show a game in which a tree or bush is represented, and is probably indicative of tree worship. The tallest player represents the tree, and all the other players walk round and round in line form, getting closer and closer each time, until all are wound round the centre player. They call out when winding round "The old tree gets thicker and thicker," and then jump all together, calling out "A bunch of rags," and try and tread on each other's toes. This last action is evidently performed from not understanding the action of stamping, which is, without doubt, the object of the players. It is probable that this game descends from the custom of encircling the tree (Mr. Addy suggests the alder-tree) as an act of worship, and the allusion to the "rags" bears at least a curious relationship to hanging rags on sacred trees. A ceremonial of this kind would probably take place each spring, and the stamping on the ground would be, as in "Oats and Beans and Barley," a part of the ceremony to awake and arouse the earth spirit to the necessity of his care for the trees under his charge. The connection of all the players, by means of the clasped hands, with the central figure or tree, may also be considered a means of communicating life and action to it; the tree requiring contact with living and moving creatures to enable it to put forth

its leaves. In a version of this game from Lincoln, called the "Old Oak Tree" (ii. p. 386), we find practically the same words and same actions, the dancing round and jumping up and down are constant features of this game. It remains in some degenerate versions from Scotland (*ibid.*), where the game has assumed the modern name of "Rolling Tobacco." In "Wind up the Bush Faggot" we have again the tree or bush suggested, and the dancing and jumping, or stamping up and down. In Shropshire it is the closing game of any playtime, and was played before "breaking-up" at a boys' school in Shrewsbury in 1850-1856. This tends to show that the game had originally been played at a special time or season.

For an example of this custom I may repeat (from ii. p. 386) that in mid-Cornwall, in the second week in June, at St. Roche and one or two adjacent parishes, a curious dance, like a serpent's coil, is performed at the annual "feasts." The young people are assembled in a meadow, and the band plays a lively tune. The band leads, and all the people follow hand in hand. The band or head keeps marching in an ever-narrowing circle, while its train of dancing followers becomes coiled round it in circle after circle. Then the band, taking a sharp turn about, begins to retrace the circle, still followed as before, and a number of young men, with long leafy branches in their hands as standards, direct this counter-movement. Although there is no mention of a tree in the account round which this ceremony is performed, the custom is so striking as to leave very little doubt of their connection. Lady Wilde (*Ancient Cures, Charms, and Usages of Ireland*, p. 106) says, "On May-Day in Ireland all the young men and maidens hold hands, and dance in a circle round a tree hung with ribbons or garlands, or round a bonfire, moving in curves from left to right, as if imitating the windings of a serpent." This is a closer parallel to the game still, and leaves no doubt as to its connection with custom. There may be, too, some connection between these winding-up or serpentine dances and the Maypole dances on May-Day in England.

The detail into which I have gone in the case of these games makes it, I think, unnecessary that I should enter into equal

detail in other customs mentioned in the classification. Thus, with regard to the funeral customs indicated in "Jenny Jones," we have not only a ceremony of burial, but the courting of a maiden or maidens by a band of suitors, the opposition of the mother or guardians to their suit, the putting forward of domestic occupations as pretexts for refusal; there is also the illness, dying and death of the maiden, the manner of her funeral indicated by the colour selected for her burial, followed by the burial itself, the singing of the lament or funeral dirge, and, in some versions, the rising of the ghost or spirit of the departed. This game in its best versions is played in line form. But in those versions where two children only play the parts of "mother" and "Jenny Jones," there is also evidence of the tendency of the game to develop into the individual form.

Again, those games in which "guessing" occurs remind us of the important part that guessing or chance plays in the beliefs of the savage and uncivilised. A person who, by a guess, discovers a special person out of a number, or the exact number of articles concealed in a hand or under a foot, has something of the supernatural or witch-element about him. This is largely the foundation of the belief in witchcraft and the sorcerer. It is not surprising to find, therefore, the guessing-element largely extant in the dramatic game. The "guesser" is usually chosen by lot by means of the counting-out rhyme; the leader then proceeds to confuse the guesser's or witch's mind by re-naming secretly the rest of the players. He calls the "guesser," and in a doggerel rhyme (the remains or imitation probably of an incantation), tells him to pick out or name a certain person or thing. If the guess is correct, the "guesser" takes that person to his side, indicating power over that individual or thing. If the "guesser" is unsuccessful, he is scouted, mocked, and ill-used.

I now proceed with the second classification referred to on p. 461. Of the games classified on pp. 461-470, *ante*, it will be found on examination that nearly all of them are dramatic in form. This leads me at once to suggest that so important

a phase of their character needs separate investigation, and this I proceed to do.

In the first place, it will be found that certain of the games are wholly dramatic whatever may be the customs or rites they imitate. These games are of two classes—first, where dramatic action is complete throughout the whole game, that is where singing, action, and words are represented; secondly, where singing has dropped out, action and words only remaining.

These two classes are as follows:—

DRAMATIC GAMES.

(1) SINGING (*containing words, tune, action*).

All the Boys.
Babbity Bowster.
Booman.
Curly Locks.
Cushion Dance.
Dillsie, Dollsie Dee.
Down in the Valley.
Down in yonder Meadow.
Galley, Galley, Ship.
Glasgow Ships.
Green Grass.
Green Gravel.
Hark the Robbers.
Hear all! let me at her.
Here comes a Lusty Wooer.
Here comes a Virgin.
Here I sit on a Cold Green Bank.
Here's a Soldier.
Here stands a Young Man.
Hey Wullie Wine.
Isabella.
Jenny Jones.
Jolly Fishermen.
Jolly Hooper.
Jolly Miller.
Jolly Rover.
Jolly Sailors.
Keys of Heaven.
King William.
Kiss in the Ring.
Knocked at the Rapper.
Lady of the Land.

Lady on the Mountain.
London Bridge.
Mary Brown.
Mary mixed a Pudding.
Merry-ma-tansa.
Milking Pails.
Mulberry Bush.
Needle Cases.
Nettles Grow.
Nuts in May.
Oats and Beans.
Old Dame.
Old Roger.
Oliver, Oliver, follow the King.
Oranges and Lemons.
Poor Mary sits a-weepin'.
Poor Widow.
Pray, pretty Miss.
Pretty little Girl.
Queen Anne.
Queen Mary.
Ring me Rary.
Rosy Apple.
Round and Round the Village.
Sally Water.
Salmon Fishers.
Silly Old Man.
Soldier.
Soldiers.
Three Dukes.
Three Knights.
Three Old Bachelors.

Three Sailors.
Wallflowers.
We are the Rovers.
When I was a Young Girl.

Widow.
Wind.
Would you know how doth the
Peasant?

(2) DIALOGUE AND ACTION (*no singing*).

Auld Grannie.
Barbarie, King of the.
Chickens, come clock.
Deil amo' the Dishes.
Doagan.
Draw a Pail of Water.
Dumb Motions.
Eller Tree.
Fox and Geese.
Ghost at the Well.
Giddy.
Gipsy.
Gled-Wylie.
Hen and Chickens.
Honey Pots.
How many Miles to Babylon.
Jack, Jack, the Bread's a-burning.
Keeling the Pot.
King of Barbarie.
King of the Castle.

Lady on yonder Hill.
Lend me your Key.
Mother, may I go out?
Mother Mop.
Mother, Mother, the Pot boils over.
Mouse and Cobbler.
Namers and Guessers.
Old Cranny Crow.
Old Dame.
Rashes.
Shepherds and Sheep.
Steal the Pigs.
Thread the Needle.
Three Jolly Welshmen.
Tower of London.
Trades.
Who goes round my Stone Wall?
Willie Wastell.
Witch.
Wolf.

Nearly all the remaining dramatic games form a third class, namely, those where action remains, and where both words and singing are either non-existent or have been reduced to the merest fragments.

In order to complete the investigation from the point we have now reached, it is necessary to inquire what is the controlling force which has preserved ancient custom in the form of children's games. The mere telling of a game or tale from a parent to a child, or from one child to another, is not alone sufficient. There must be some strong force inherent in these games that has allowed them to be continued from generation to generation, a force potent enough to almost compel their continuance and to prevent their decay. This force must have been as strong or stronger than the customs which first brought the games into existence, and I identify it as the dramatic faculty inherent in mankind.

A necessary part of this proposition is, that the element of

the dramatic in children's games is more ancient than, or at all events as ancient as, the customs enshrined in the games themselves, and I will first of all see if this is so.

With the child the capacity to express itself in words is small and limited. The child does not apparently pay as much attention to the language of those adults by whom he is surrounded as he does to their actions, and the more limited his vocabulary, the greater are his attempts at expressing his thoughts by action. Language to him means so little unless accompanied by action. It is too cold for a child. Every one acquainted with children will be aware of their dramatic way of describing to their mother or nurse the way in which they have received a hurt through falling down the stairs or out of doors, or from knocking their heads against articles of furniture. A child even, whose command of language is fairly good, will usually not be content to say, "Oh, mother, I fell down and knocked my head against the table," but will say, "Oh, I fell down like this" (suiting the action to the word by throwing himself down); "I knocked my head like this" (again suiting the action to the word by knocking the head against the table), and does not understand that you can comprehend how he got hurt by merely saying so. He feels it necessary to show you. Elders must respond in action as well as in words to be understood by children. If "you kiss the place to make it well," and if you bind up a cut or sore, something has been done that can be seen and felt, and this the child believes in as a means of healing. A child understands you are sorry he has been hurt, much more readily than if you *say* or repeat that you are sorry; the words pass almost unheeded, the action is remembered.

Every one, too, must have noticed the observation of detail a child will show in personifying a particular person. When a little child wishes to personate his father, for instance, he will seat himself in the father's chair, cross his legs, pick up a piece of paper and pretend to read, or stroke an imaginary beard or moustache, put on glasses, frown, or give a little cough, and say, "Now I'm father," if the father is in the habit of indulging in either of the above habits, and it will be found that sitting

in the chair (if a special chair is used by the father to sit in when at home) is the foundation and most important part of the imitation. Other men of the child's acquaintance read papers, smoke, wear glasses, &c., but father sits in that chair; therefore to be father, sitting in the chair is absolutely necessary, and is sufficient of itself to indicate to others that "father" is being personified, and not another person. To be "mother" a child will pretend to pour out tea, or sew, or do some act of household work, the doing of which is associated with "mother," while a lady visitor or a relative would be indicated by wearing hat or bonnet or silk dress, carrying a parasol, saying, "How do you do?" and carrying on conversation. Again, too, it is noticeable how a child realises a hurt if blood and swelling ensues after a knock. This is something that can be seen and shown.

When wishing to be an animal, a child fixes at once on some characteristic of that animal which is special to it, and separates it from other animals similar in other ways. Children never personate horses and cows, for instance, in the same manner. Horses toss their heads, shake their manes, paw the ground, prance, and are restless when standing still, gallop and trot, wear harness, and their drivers have reins and a whip. When a child is a cow he does none of these things; he walks in a slower, heavier way, lowers the head, and stares about as he moves his head from side to side, lies down on the ground and munches; he has horns, and rubs these against a tree or a fence.

A child of mine, when told that he must not run in the gutter when out of doors, because that was not the place for little boys, replied, "I am not a little boy now, I am a dog, so I may run in the gutter." When he came into the path again he became a boy.

Again the same child, when called by his name and told to come out from under a table, a round one, under which he was lying rubbing his head against the pedestal centre, because under the table was not the place for little boys, said, "But I'm not [], I'm a cow, and it's not a table, it's a tree, and I'm rubbing my horns."

Again, when personating a train, the actions used are completely different from those used when personating an animal. The child moves at a steady rate, the feet progressing without raising the legs more than necessary, because engines only have wheels, which keep close to the ground; they don't jump up like feet do, the arms are used as the propeller, and the puffing and screeching, letting off steam, taking in water, are imitated in sound to perfection. This is entirely on the child's own initiative. When children play in groups the same things occur. Instances could be given *ad nauseam*. It cannot, therefore, surprise us that in these games children should be found to use actions which indicate to them certain persons or things, although the words they use may render action unnecessary, as action is to them most important. Children, when acting these games or dramas, appear not to need the element of dress or of particular garments to indicate their adoption of certain characters or characteristics. To display your heels and look down at them while doing so signifies a man who wears spurs, a knight; to prance along as if a horse, shows a man on horseback, a duke a-riding. A child lies or stoops down and shuts her eyes, she is dead; if she is passively carried by two others a little distance, she is going to be buried. The child, by standing still, becomes a tree, a house, or a stone wall. If an animal is required to be shown, down goes the child on hands and knees, bends her head down, and the animal is there. If a gate, fortress, or castle is wanted, two children join hands, and their arms are raised or lowered when required for opening the gate, &c. If one child is to personate a "mother," one or two or more smaller children are placed behind or beside her as her children, because "mother's have children," and so on. Many other examples could be given from these games of the same kind of thing. There is, then, no difficulty as to the reason why children should have continued playing at these games when once they had seen their elders play them or similar performances, nor why children should not have embodied in a game or play some of the manners and customs which were constantly going on around them in olden times as they do now, imitating the habits and customs of

the men and women and animals by whom they were surrounded.

We know from the evidence of those who have collected the games that many were played as amusements by young men and women up to a few years ago. Some are still so played, and some years further back it was a general practice for men and women in country districts to play these or similar games at fairs and festivals; it is unlikely that adults would play seriously at children's games, but children having seen their elders playing at these amusements would adopt them and use them in their turn, until these amusements become in turn too frivolous and childish for them. It is not so very many years since that the then educated or cultured classes amused themselves by occupations now deemed silly and unfit even for children of the uneducated class—witness practical joking, cock-fighting, &c.

The natural instinct to dramatic action in children is paralleled by the same instinct in grown-up people when in a state of culture where they are chiefly dependent upon their natural capacities for existence. Thus evidence of the natural dramatic power in savages and in semi-civilised races is abundant. The dances of savages are strongly dramatic. They advance in lines dancing, gesticulating, and singing, while others sit and look on; they dance in circles joining hands, they go down on all fours imitating animal postures and noises, they wear masks, special dresses and ornaments, and these have significance for their audience. Some of these dances are peculiar to and only witnessed by men, others performed by men are witnessed by both sexes. These ceremonial dances are performed principally at the celebration of the initiative rites, but some also represent other customs periodically performed.

Catlin's (*North American Indians*) description of the Buffalo dance among the Mandan Indians shows the dancers wearing masks made of a buffalo's head and horns, and a tail hanging down behind. The dancers went through the actions of hunting, being shot with bow and arrow, skinned and cut up, accompanied by singing and yelling. This dance was performed as a ceremony when food was required and the hunters were

at a loss, and would continue until a herd of buffalos came in sight on the prairie.

Mr. W. E. Roth gives dances accompanied by songs and pantomimic action and games practised by the N.W. Central Australian aborigines.¹

In "Secular and Ceremonial Dances" of Torres Straits (*Zeit. für Ethnogr.*, vi. 1893, p. 131), Dr. Haddon describes a "saw-fish dance" performed by natives. He says "the advent of different seasons of the year is celebrated by ceremonies amongst most peoples; the most frequent of these are harvest festivals, or periods of rejoicings at the abundance of food. Very frequent also are ceremonies which relate to the preparing for crops or the inauguration of a season which promises abundant food supply. The saw-fish dance belongs to the latter class." Dr. Haddon visited the men, and saw the making of the masks which he describes at length. These were worn by the dancers, and consisted of an imitation of a human face resting on a crocodile's head, and surmounted by a figure of a saw-fish represented in a traditional method. The dance, which lasted for hours, was accompanied by singing a chant, the words of which served as a description of the meaning of the dance. This dance is performed to ensure a good harvest from the sea.

He also refers to dramatic death dances and war dances, and describes some interesting forms of other dances, one in which crabs are represented. He says, all the men dance in single file, and each man during the dance performs some definite movements which illustrate an action in real life, such as agricultural, nautical, or fishing employments; for example, a man would crouch and move his hands about as if he were planting yams or looking for pearl shell at the bottom of the sea. These movements are known to the spectators, though the foreign observer may not catch the allusion. Probably most of these actions have become more or less conventionalised during innumerable dance representations, just as some of the adjuncts to the dance are degenerate representations of objects used in

¹ *Ethnological Studies among the N.W. Central Queensland Aborigines.* By Walter E. Roth. 1897. London.

everyday life. In the war dance the actions illustrate the method pursued in war, ending with an evolution which represented the successful warriors threading the heads of the slain on the rattan slings which always hung on their backs when they went out to fight.

Mrs. Murray-Aynsley in a paper on the secular and religious dances in Asia and Africa (*Folk-lore Journal*, vol. v. pp. 273, 274), describes an aboriginal dance which still takes place annually in certain villages in the Khassia and Jaintia hills. It generally takes place in May. The special reason of the dance is the display of all the unmarried girls from far and near to choose, or be chosen by, suitable parties, and from description it is probable that the girls choose. Many marriages result from this one annual dance. The dances take place in a circular enclosure which is set apart for this annual feast. The musicians sit in the centre, and the girls form a large circle round the musicians, and behind the girls, holding hands in a larger circle, the men dance and go through their part of the performance. The girls perform very quiet movements and dance slowly, while the men jig, leap, hop, and wave their arms, legs, umbrellas, and *daos* in the wildest confusion, accompanying their movements with the most savage war-whoops, signifying nothing. It is also usual for the men to dance when one of their tribe is buried.

In the Kulu district at Sultanpore is held the feast of Rugonath, the chief god, when the gods belonging to every village in the valley are bound to appear and pay him respect. There is feasting, and the men dance round and round the palanquins containing the inferior gods. When the excitement is at its height the temple attendants seize the palanquins and dance them up and down violently, and make the godlings salaam to each other and to Rugonath, the chief god.

In Spiti, a valley in the Western Himalayas, the people frequently dance for hours for their own amusement. Men and women dance together, all join hands and form a long line or circle. They commence by singing, then dance to the accompaniment of their own voices, and the fun speedily becomes fast and furious (*ibid.* p. 281).

Amongst the Lamas there are also religious and secular dances performed at their feasts or fairs, the religious dances by the Lamas, the secular by men and women together, or by each sex separately. In one dance those who take part form themselves into two long lines. Each dancer holds on to the one in front of him, as in our game of "Fox and Goose." The two strings of dancers wind in and out, then divide and dance opposite each other, advancing and receding with a slow undulating movement, which gradually becomes more energetic. Mock sword fights then take place between two combatants, also sword dances, with two crossed weapons laid on the ground, and precisely like those performed at our Highland gatherings. In the religious dances each man wears a gigantic headpiece, which comes down as far as the shoulders. Some of the masks are ornamented. They perform several different dances, in which separate characters are performed, one a Chinese mandarin and his wife, another, two actors wear masks resembling ferocious-looking dogs, one places himself against the entrance door, the other guards the door of exit. They remind one, says Mrs. Murray-Aynsley, of the divan-palas, or doorkeepers, whose statues are seen placed as guards on each side of the shrine of some old Hindu temple. In Algeria the dancing at weddings is performed by men and women. Before each woman went out to dance she was enveloped in a garment which covered her from head to feet, her hands even not being visible, the sleeves being drawn over and tied at the ends so that the hands and arms were enclosed as in a bag. This was apparently a form of disguise, as one woman was sent back because her husband had discovered her. At a funeral also hired female mourners were dancing on the surface of a newly-made grave and uttering wild shrieks.

An interesting account of the war-dance of the Coorgis is also given (*ibid.* p. 251). "The Coorgis assembled in a clearing in the natural jungle. The forest was only illumined by jungle. The torch-bearers formed a large circle; within the open space, in the centre, were the musicians. One dance was very peculiar, inasmuch as it seemed to be a remnant of a period when every man's hand was against his brother's.

The performers may consist of any equal number of persons; they always dance in pairs. Before they begin each man is given a bundle of sticks or bamboos. This he holds in his left hand, and a stouter stick is given him in his right hand. At first all the men dance round and round, with head erect, as if going to war. Presently they narrow the circle and assume a crouching attitude, their eyes glancing here, there, and everywhere. The respective adversaries have been singled out; the intending aggressors make a feint or two, then bend their knees so that they are only about two-thirds of their ordinary stature; at the same time they place their feet together and make a succession of bounds, or rather hops, like a frog, and with the sticks the attacking party aim cuts at the legs of the men whom they selected as their adversaries. The latter now takes up the same attitude; he wards off attack, and returns the blow if he can. Whether intentionally or not, one party is victorious in the end."

"A curious dance is also executed by Hindu women at Sagar, in the Central Provinces of India (*ibid.* p. 253). Men are present, but as spectators only. Some little time before preparations have been made for this feast. Wheat or other grain has been sown in earth placed in pots made of large leaves, held together by thorns of a species of acacia. The richer women walk along, followed by their attendants carrying trays filled with such pots; the poorer people carry their own plants. As soon as each procession arrives at the ghât, or flight of steps leading down to the lake, every family-circle of friends deposit their pots on the ground and dance round them. After a time the dancers descend to the water's edge, taking their pots of earth and corn with them. They then wash away the soil from the plants, and distribute these amongst their friends. The whole of the ceremony is observed by the men, but they take no part in it. It probably fixes the season for sowing some particular crop."

These amongst others are all dances of semi-civilised peoples, and these dances, being all of a ceremonial nature, are probably derived from older customs, and performed in commemoration of these.

There are also surviving some ceremonial dances, such as the singular ceremony observed at Echternach, in Luxemburg, on Whit-Tuesday, in which ten or fifteen thousand pilgrims take part. Professor Attwell thus describes it in *Notes and Queries* of May 17, 1890:—

“Early on the morning of Whit-Tuesday pilgrims arrive at Echternach from the neighbouring villages, some alone, or in little family parties, some in small bodies personally conducted by their *cures*, singing litanies in honour of St. Willibrord. At about eight o'clock the bells of the parish church begin to peal, and the clergy, intoning the ‘Veni Creator,’ and preceded by numerous banners, issue from the principal porch and march along the bank of the Sure to a stone crucifix, near which, from an extemporised pulpit, the crowd is addressed. The short sermon ended, the procession begins. It is headed by a choir of some hundreds of voices chanting antiphonally with the clergy the litanies of the saint. Then come numerous ecclesiastics, followed by a band playing the cadenced music of the dance. The pilgrims are headed by young children and men and women belonging to the parish, after whom comes the throng, in groups of from three to six persons of either sex. The dancers take three jumps forward and one backward, or five forward and two backward. It is, of course, impossible for a moving crowd consisting of many thousands to keep anything like time, save those who are near one of the many bands of music, which, at irregular intervals, accompany the procession. No special order is observed, but there is no confusion. Poor mothers with sickly children in their arms jump side by side with young well-to-do girls; old men, broken with toil, jump in step with vigorous fellows in the heyday of youth. Water and wine are freely offered by the townsfolk to the pilgrims, many of whom sink exhausted under the unwonted effort. It sometimes happens that sick persons get paid substitutes to perform for them the expiatory jumping. The distance traversed is less than a mile, but the time occupied is fully two hours. Before the church can be entered sixty-four steps have to be mounted. But the singular backward and forward movements and the accompanying music

are continued, not only while the steps are ascended, but during the circumambulation of the church, beneath the altar of which is the tomb of the saint. On reaching the hallowed shrine the devotees manifest their enthusiasm in various ways, kneeling before the altar, which is surrounded by votive offerings, with sobs and gesticulations. When the whole of the immense multitude has passed the shrine, the clergy ascend the altar, the 'Salve Regina' is sung, the Benediction is given, and the imposing ceremony is ended."

Grimm also records the fact that about the year 1133 in a forest near Inda (Ripuaría) a ship was built, set upon wheels, and drawn about the country by men who were yoked to it, first to Aachen (Aix), and up the river to Tongres, Looz, and so on, everywhere with crowds of people assembling and escorting it. Wherever it halted there were joyful shouts, songs of triumph, and dancing round the ship, kept up till far into the night. This Grimm describes as a recollection of an ancient heathen festival. It was utterly repugnant to and opposed strongly by the clergy as a sinful and heathenish piece of work. On the other hand, the secular power authorised and protected it (*Teutonic Mythology*, i. 258).

The story of the pied piper of Hamelin probably commemorates a procession similar to the Echternach (see *Folk-lore Journal*, vol. ii. 209).

With this may also be noted a dance recorded by Mr. Newell (*Games of American Children*, p. 89), who states that the name "Threading the Needle" is given to a dance in which hundreds take part; in which from time to time the pair who form the head of the row raise their arms to allow the line to pass through, coiling and winding like a great serpent. When a French savant asked the peasants of La Châtre why they performed this dance, the answer was, "To make the hemp grow."

I remember when quite a small child planting hemp seeds in a patch of garden ground, and being told by a maid-servant, an illiterate country girl, that the seeds would not grow well unless we danced, we joined hands and danced round and round in a circle, then stooped down and jumped about, saying, "Please, God, send it all up," then again danced round.

This may have been said only to amuse us, but it may also have been the remains of an old festival dance. I believe there were more words, but I cannot remember them. Hemp seed is associated with ceremonies of magical nature, being one of those used by maidens as a charm to enable them to see a future husband.

Representation in pantomime of the different actions used in the ceremonies of sowing the grain, its growth, and the consequent reaping, binding, and carrying the grain, are practised in different parts of the globe. This is brought down to later times by the custom noted on p. 319, vol. i., where from *Long Ago* and Best's *Rural Economy of Yorkshire* (1641), instances are given of it being customary, at harvest-homes, to give representations of "hirings" of farm-servants. The hiring of a farm labourer, the work he had to do, his terms of service, and the food to be supplied him, were dramatically performed, showing clearly that it had been customary to go through this sort of thing, in earnest of what was expected—in fact, a sort of oral contract, in presence of witnesses.

I will conclude this part of my evidence by a summary of the conclusions arrived at by anthropological authorities.

Sir John Lubbock, in *Origins of Civilisation* (fifth ed., p. 257), says, "Dancing among savages is no mere amusement." He quotes from Robertson's *America* (iv. p. 133) as follows: "It is an important occupation, which mingles in every occurrence of public or private life. If any intercourse be necessary between two American tribes, the ambassadors of the one approach in a solemn dance, and present the calumets or emblem of peace; the sachems of the other receives it with the same ceremony. If war is denounced against an enemy, it is by a dance expressive of the resentment which they feel, and of the vengeance which they meditate. If the wrath of their gods is to be appeased, or their beneficence to be celebrated; if they rejoice at the birth of a child, or mourn the death of a friend—they have dances appropriate to each of these situations, and suited to the different sentiments with which they are animated. If a person is indisposed, a dance is prescribed as the most

effectual means to restore him to health; and if he himself cannot endure the fatigue of such an exercise, the physician or conjurer performs it in his name, as if the virtue of his activity could be transferred to his patient."

Sir J. Lubbock mentions some special dances practised among different peoples, and gives an illustration of a circle dance practised by the natives of Virginia round a circle of upright stones (p. 268).

Dr. Tylor (*Anthropology*, p. 296) says, "Savages and barbarians dance their joy and sorrow, love and rage, even their magic and religion. The forest Indians of Brazil, rattle in hand, stamp in one-two-three time round the great earthen pot of intoxicating kawi-liquor; or men or women dance a rude courting dance, advancing in lines with a kind of primitive polka step; or the ferocious war-dance is performed by armed warriors in paint. We have enough of the savage left in us to feel how Australians leaping and yelling at a corroboree by firelight in the forest can work themselves up into frenzy for next day's fight. But with our civilised notions it is not so easy to understand that barbarians' dancing may mean still more than this; it seems to them so real, that they expect it to act on the world outside. Such an example as the buffalo dance (given *ante*, p. 518) shows how, in the lower level of culture, men dance to express their feeling and wishes. All this explains how in ancient religion dancing came to be one of the chief acts of worship. Religious processions went with song and dance to the Egyptian temples, and Plato said all dancing ought to be thus an act of religion. . . . Modern civilisation has mostly cast off the sacred dance. . . . To see this near its old state the traveller may visit the temples of India, or among the Lamas of Tibet watch the mummers in animal masks dancing the demons out or the new year in, to wild music of drums and shell-trumpets. Remnants of such ceremonies come down from the religion of England before Christian times are still sometimes to be seen in the dances of boys and girls round the midsummer bonfire or mummers of Yuletide."

Dr. Tylor continues: "At low levels in civilisation it is clear

that dancing and play-acting are one. The scenes of hunting and war furnish barbarians with subjects for dances, as when the Gold Coast negroes have gone out to war and their wives at home dance a fetish dance in imitation of battle to give their absent husbands strength and courage. . . . Historians trace from the sacred dances of ancient Greece the dramatic art of the civilised world. Thus from the festivals of the Dionysia arose tragedy and comedy. In the classic ages the players' art divided into several branches. The pantomimes kept up the earliest form, where the dancers acted in dumb show such pieces as the labours of Herakles, or Kadmos sowing the dragons teeth, while the chorus below accompanied the play by singing the story. The modern pantomime ballets which keep up remains of these ancient performances show how grotesque the old stage gods and heroes must have looked in their painted masks. In Greek tragedy and comedy the business of the dancers and chorus were separated from that of the actors, who recited or chanted each his proper part in the dialogue."

Grimm (*Teutonic Mythology*, i. p. 43), says, "Easter fires, May Day fires, Midsummer fires, with their numerous ceremonies, carry us back to heathen sacrifices, especially such customs as rubbing the sacred flame, running through glowing embers, throwing flowers into the fire, baking and distributing loaves or cakes, and the circular dance. Dances passed into plays and dramatic representations."

It is then clear that dances accompanied with song and pantomimic action have been used by men and women from the earliest period of which we have record, at all times and upon all occasions. In times of joy and mirth, sorrow and loss, victory or defeat, weddings and funerals, plagues and pestilences, famine and plenty, civilised and savage alike dance, act, and sing their griefs and their joys. The gods of all nations have been worshipped by pantomimic dance and song, their altars and temples are encircled by their worshippers; and as the occasion was one of fear or joy, and the god entreated or terrified by his followers, so would the actions and voices of the dancers be in accord. When once certain actions were recognised as successful, fitting, or beautiful, they would tend

to become repeated and stereotyped, and the same form would be used for other gods, other occasions, and other customs where the requirements were similar or the same. The circle dance, for instance, after being performed several times would necessarily become a part of the religious customs or ceremony, and form a part of the ordinary religious observance. It would become particularly associated with the place where it was first instituted, and might be used to inaugurate other festivals. We know that the early Christians when taking over to their use the temples and altars of their so-called heathen predecessors, or when erecting a church where a temple had previously stood, held their worship there and performed their dances to their God as the heathens had done to theirs. The custom of encircling a church on its festival day existed until lately in several parishes in England, and this could only be a descendant of the custom once held sacred by all the followers of one belief, demonstrating by their action in group form the fact that they all believed in the same thing and held together, by the clasp of hands and the dance round, their determination to hold to and keep to it.

If these customary dances obtained and have survived in religious ritual to the present day, is it not to be expected that we should find survivals in dance form of non-religious customs which also impressed themselves strongly on the minds of the people? Births, marriages, deaths, the sowing and gathering in of the crops; the protection of cattle from disease and animals of prey; the necessity for water and fire; the protection of the house and the village—have all helped to surround these events with ceremonials which have lasted, and been transmitted from generation to generation, altering to suit later ideas, it is true, but preserving through all some trace of the events which first called them into existence.

It is because of this tendency to believe more in the power of expression by action, than in the power of expression by language alone, that dramatic action and gesture have formed such a necessary part of representation of custom as to become an integral part of it. Limited as is our knowledge of the popular plays performed about the country by troops of strol-

ling players before the age of the written play, we know that their chief attraction must have been the dramatic rendering of characters and events personified by certain well-known actions of the actors, accompanied by special style of dress, or portions of dress, which were recognised as sufficient in themselves to show who and what was being personified. The story was shown more by action than by words; the idea being to present events to the onlooker, and impress them on his mind. It is in these dramatic performances of what was expected we have the germs of the dramatic art that afterwards developed into the regular play or drama. Every important custom of life was probably depicted by pantomimic action. We have, first, words, describing the events, sung or said by a chorus of onlookers and dancers, afterwards a short dialogue between the chief characters taking the place of the chorus, and then, as the number of characters were increased, the representations become something that could be performed independently, without the need of a particular season or custom to render it intelligible.

At this stage of the primitive drama the characters merely present actions of the *dramatis personæ* time after time, always performed in the same manner, and this would produce conventional methods of presenting certain events. We know that events of a religious nature were presented in the same manner by the Church. This must have been in consequence of the attraction plays possessed as depicting pagan religion and events of ordinary life and manners and customs. It is easily conceivable that before the era of books and literature, a rough sort of presentation of life, present and past, would be eagerly welcomed; and it would not be until the advent of a writer who developed the individual acting, at the expense of the event depicted, that what we know as a play could be written.

Mr. Ordish, in his study of Folk drama, published in the Folklore Society's journal, has conclusively proved the development of the drama independently of the miracle and mystery plays of the Middle Ages, or from the old Greek plays, and this development has taken place through the action of the people, always accustomed to the influence of dramatic representation. Hence

in the remains of the traditional games we have preserved a form in which we can see the beginning and early development of the drama. When once the line form was firmly established as an indication of two opposite parties, it would be used for such indication wherever it was required, and thus it became the common property of the children's game and the early stage. The remains of the line and circle form, as denoting opponents and friendly communion can, I think, be traced in old plays and old methods of acting.

In old pantomimes, the demons or evil spirits and their followers enter on one side and stand in lines; the good fairy and her followers enter on the opposite side and stand in line; the principal characters advance from the line, and talk defiance to each other. We do not have a circle form on the stage, but a half-circle, seated on the stage, is or was until comparatively lately a method of representing a social or family party. Every one who has seen a mummer's play performed, either in or out of doors, will be aware that the same method obtains in them—the performers are all on the stage or stand together at once, walking forward as each one's name is mentioned, saying his allotted part, and then standing back again, while the next player has his turn.

The action in these plays has remained in stationary form; as far as the method goes there has probably been very little difference in the manner of presenting them for a long period of time.

These traditional games are valuable, therefore, for the information they afford in a direction not hitherto thought of, namely, in the study of the early drama. If the drama can be seen in its infancy anywhere, surely it can be seen in these children's plays.

The study of children's games takes us, therefore, into several departments of research. Many traces of customs that do not belong to modern life, customs that take us back to very early times indeed, are brought before us. The weapons are bows and arrows, the amusements hunting and hawking; animals are found in such close relationship with human beings, that only very primitive conditions of life would

allow: contests between men and women occur in such a way that we are taken back to one of the earliest known customs of marriage, that known as marriage by capture—then from this stage to a later, where purchase or equivalent value obtains; then to a marriage with a ceremony which carries us back to the earliest forms of such ceremonies. That such customs can be suggested in connection with these games goes far to prove that they, in fact, originate the game—that no other theory satisfactorily accounts for all the phenomena.

In looking for the motive power which has caused the continuity of these customs to be practised as amusements, we have found that the dramatic power inherent in mankind supplies the necessary evidence, and from this stage we have been led to an interesting point in the early history of the drama and of the stage. It is not, therefore, too much to say that we have in these children's games some of the oldest historical documents belonging to our race, worthy of being placed side by side with the folk-tale and other monuments of man's progress from savagery to civilisation.

ALICE B. GOMME.

THE END