

English Folk-Rhymes

G. F. NORTHALL

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ENGLISH FOLK-RHYMES

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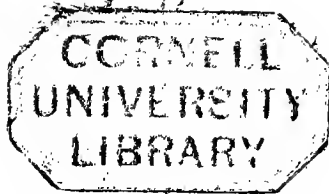
A COLLECTION OF TRADITIONAL VERSES
RELATING TO PLACES AND PERSONS, CUSTOMS,
SUPERSTITIONS, ETC.

BY
G. F. NORTHALL

LONDON
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LT.^D
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1892





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* Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, Rhythmical but unrhymed Game Chants and Formulas, Verses (such as "There was a lady all skin and bone," "Three children sliding on the ice," etc.), Accumulative Rhymes (such as "The house that Jack built," "I have a song of One, O!" etc.), are not included unless in illustration of doubtful points.

The examples of assonance given were doubtless intended for rhymes by their authors.

The verses from *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* and other collections of early lore, if not pure folk rhymes, exhibit traditional matter in forms so slightly changed that it would have been unwise to exclude them from the present work.

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- B. Allies (J.), Antiquities and Folklore of Worcestershire, 8vo. 1852.
- C. Aubrey (J.), Miscellanies (1696), reprint, 12mo. 1857.
- D. Baker (A. E.), Gloss. Northamptonshire Words and Phrases, ii., 8vo. 1854.
- E. Barnes (W.), Dorset Dialect, 8vo. 1864.
- F. Birmingham Notes and Queries (from the *Birmingham Weekly Post*). 1877, etc.
- G. Book for Every Day, The, 8vo. 1876.
- H. Brand (J.), Observations on Popular Antiquities, with additions by Sir H. Ellis, 8vo. 1877.
- I. Briscoe (J. P.), Curiosities of the Belfry, duo. 1883.
- J. Brockett (J. T.), Gloss. North Country Words, ii., 8vo. 1846.
- K. Carr (W.), Dialect of Craven, Yorks., ii., 8vo. 1828.
- L. Camden (W.), Britannia, with additions by Gibson, fol. 1695.
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- Q. Eastern Counties Collectanea, 8vo. 1872-3.

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- R. Addy (S. O.), Glossary of Words used in the neighbourhood of Sheffield.
- S. Chamberlain (Mrs.), West Worcestershire Words.
- T. Cope (Sir W. H.), Hampshire Glossary.

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- V.** Courtney (M. A.), West Cornwall Glossary.
- W.** Darlington (T.), Folkspeech of South Cheshire.
- X.** Dickinson (W.), Dialect of Cumberland.
- Y.** Easther (A.) and Lees (T.), Gloss. of Dialects of Almondbury and Huddersfield.
- Z.** Elworthy (F. T.), West Somerset and East Devon.
- AA.** Evans (A. B. and S.) Leicestershire Words and Phrases.
- AB.** Holland (R.), Cheshire Glossary.
- AC.** Lawson (R.), Upton-on-Severn Words and Phrases.
- AD.** Lowsley (B.) Berkshire Words and Phrases.
- AE.** Parish (W. D.) and Shaw (W. F.), Kentish Dialect.
- AF.** Parker (Mrs.), Oxfordshire Words (suppl.).
- AG.** Peacock (E.), Gloss. Wapentakes of Manley and Corringham, Lincolns.
- AH.** Pegge (S.), Alphabet of Kenticisms.
- AI.** Robinson (F. K.), Whitby Glossary.
- AJ.** Ross (T.), Stead (R.), and Holderness (T.), Holderness Glossary.
- AK.** Smith (H. and C. R.), Isle of Wight Glossary.
- AL.** Swainson (C.), Provincial Names and Folklore of British Birds.
- AM.** William (R.), Gloss. Mountainous District West Riding, Yorks.

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- AN.** Aubrey (J.), Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme (1686-7), edited and annotated by James Britten, 8vo. 1881.
- AO.** Black (W. G.), Folk Medicine, 8vo. 1883.
- AP.** Burne and Jackson (C. S. and G. F.), Shropshire Folklore, 8vo. 1883.
- AQ.** Folklore Record, v., 8vo.
- AR.** Folklore Journal, v., 8vo.
- AS.** Henderson (W.), Folklore of the Northern Counties, 8vo. 1879.
- AT.** Fuller (T.), Worthies of England, iii., 8vo. Reprint, 1840.
- AU.** Grose (F.), Provincial Glossary, with supplement by Pegge, ii., 8vo. 1811-14.
- AV.** Halliwell (J. O.), Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales, duo. 1849.
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BB. Havergal (F. T.), Herefordshire Words, etc., qto. 1887.
BC. Hazlitt (W. C.), English Proverbs, 8vo. 1882.
BD. Hone (W.), Everyday Book, ii., 8vo. 1878.
BE. „ Year Book, 8vo. 1878.
BF. „ Table Book, 8vo. 1878.
BG. Howell (J.), Lexicon Tetraglotton (Proverbs, 1659), fol. 1660.
BH. Hunt (R.), Popular Romances of the West of England, 8vo. 1872.
BI. Hunter (J.), Hallamshire Glossary, duo. 1829.
BJ. *Illustrated London News*, fol. 1880.
BK. Inwards (R.) Weather Lore, duo. 1869.
BL. Leigh (E.), Ballads and Legends of Cheshire, 8vo. 1867.
BM. Lewis (Sir G. C.), Provincial Words used in Herefords., duo. 1839.
BN. Lower (M. A.), English Surnames, ii., 8vo. 1875.
BO. „ Patronymica Britannica, 8vo. 1860.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOKS.

- BP.** Berks., Bucks, Oxon. 1882.
BQ. Cornwall. 1879.
BR. Devon. 1879.
BS. Durham and Northumberland. 1873.
BT. Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge. 1875.
BU. Kent. 1877.
BV. Lancashire. 1880.
BW. Northants and Rutland. 1878.
BX. Shropshire and Cheshire. 1879.
BY. Surrey, Hants, Isle of Wight. 1876.
BZ. Wilts, Dorset, Somerset. 1882.
CA. Yorkshire. 1874.
CB. Norfolk Garland, ed. Glyde, 8vo. 1872.
CD. Northamptonshire Notes and Queries, ii., 8vo. 1886, etc.

NOTES AND QUERIES, FROM 1849-50.

- CE.** 1st Series.
CF. 2nd Series.
CG. 3rd Series.
CH. 4th Series.

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- CL.** 5th Series.
CJ. 6th Series.
CK. 7th Series.
- CL.** Notts Facts and Fictions (J. P. Briscoe), 8vo. 1876-7.
CM. Parish (W. D.), Dict. of the Sussex Dialect, 8vo. 1875.
CN. Poole (C. H.), Archaic and Provincial Words of Staffs., 8vo. 1881.
CO. Poole (C. H.), Customs, Legends, and Superstitions of Somersets., duo. 1877.
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CQ. Ray (J.), English Proverbs (1670), duo., reprint. 1818.
CR. Rilson (J.), Gammer Gurton's Garland (1783?). Reprint, 1866.
CS. Robinson (F. K.), Gloss. Yorks. Words and Phrases, duo. 1855.
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CU. Suffolk Garland, The, 8vo. 1818.
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CW. Timbs (J.), A Garland for the Year.
CX. „ Notabilia. 1872.
CY. Western Antiquary, The, vi., qto. 1881, etc.
CZ. Wright (T.), Essays on Archæological Subjects, ii., 8vo. 1861.
DA. „ Essays on the Middle Ages, ii., 8vo. 1846.

ENGLISH FOLK-RHYMES.

or



PLACES AND PERSONS.

ENGLAND.

England were but a fling,
Save for the crooked stick and the grey-goose wing.

—Spoken of the high character of our archery. **AU.**: Fuller's *Worthies*, etc.

He that England will win
Must with Ireland first begin.

Ireland furnishes England with a number of able men, provisions, etc. **AU.**: Fuller's *Worthies*: Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617. This proverb probably had its rise in the popular discontent felt in Ireland at the system of *plantation*, which was carried into force there during the reign of James I. See *Conditions to be observed by the Adventurers*, etc., 1609.—**BC.** 200. But the saying was more anciently applied to SCOTLAND. See Hall's *Chronicle*, 1548; Holinshed's *Chronicle*, 1577; Famous Victories of Henry V., 1598, apud Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library*, v. 350, where it is quoted as "the old saying." The perturbed and weak state of Scotland at the time of the Protector Somerset's expedition into that then independent kingdom, probably occasioned this proverbial expression. **BC.** 198.

— — — — —
The north for greatness, the east for health,
The south for neatness, the west for wealth.—**Fuller.**

Aubrey, *Royal Soc. MS.*, fol. 24, gives—

The north for largeness, the east for health,
The south for building, the west for wealth.—**AN.** 243.

When Easter Day falls on Our Lady's lap
Then let England beware a rap ;

And adds—Easter fell on March 25, the day alluded to, in 1459, when Henry VI. was deposed and murdered ; in 1638, when the Scottish troubles began, on which ensued the great trouble in 1640-9, when Charles the First was beheaded. *Current Notes*, January, 1853, p. 3.

When the black fleet of Norway is come and gone,
England, build houses of lime and stone,
For after, wars you shall have none.

AU. Fuller says—"Some make it fulfilled in the year eighty-eight, when the Spanish fleet was beaten, the name of whose king, as a learned author (The Lord Bacon in his Essays,* p. 215) doth observe, was Norway. It is true that afterwards England built houses of lime and stone ; and our most handsome and artificial buildings (though formerly far greater and stronger) bear their date from the defeating of the Spanish fleet. As for the remainder, 'After, wars you shall have none,' we find it false as to our civil wars by our woful experience."

When the sand feeds the clay,
England cries well-a-day ;
But when the clay feeds the sand,
It is merry with England.

The clay lands in England are to those of a sandy soil as five to one, and equally or more fertile. If, from a wet season, the sandy lands succeed, and the clay lands miss, only one-fifth of the crop is produced that there would have been, had the contrary happened : this, as the proverb expresses, is a national misfortune. **AU.** : Fuller ; **BK.** 17 ; **AK.** 61.

Another version is—

When the sand doth feed the clay,
England, woe and well-a-day ;

* On *Prophecies*. The lines as there given are :—

There shall be seen upon a day Between the Baugh and May,
The black fleet of Norway. When that is come and gone, etc.

But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then it is well with Angleland.—**BD.** i. 335.

Whoso hath but a mouth,
Shall ne'er in England suffer drouth.

For, if he doth but open, it is a chance but it will rain in. True it is, we seldom suffer for want of rain; and if there be any fault in the temper of our air, it is over-moistness, which inclines us to the scurvy and consumptions: diseases the one scarce known, the other but rare, in hotter countries.—**Ray:** **BC.** 492: **BD.** i. 335.

ENGLISH COUNTIES.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Bedfordshire bull-dogs
Hertfordshire hedgehogs,
Buckinghams. great fools.—**CH.** iv. 507.

Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, quoting Heywood's *Proverbs* (1562), gives, "As plain as Dunstable by-way," adding—Quoted in a ballad printed about 1570. See *Ancient Ballads and Broadsides*, 1867, p. 1. Clarke (*Paræmiologia*, 1639, p. 243) has—

In the Dunstable highway
To Needham and beggary.

But it is there quoted differently. The meaning seems to be ironical, as Dunstable by-way was probably by no means plain.

Latimer (*Sermons*, 1549, repr. Arber, p. 56) says—"Howbeit there were some good walkers among them, that walked in the kynges highe waye ordinarilye, vprightlye, *playne Dunstable waye.*"

"Wherein I iudge him the more too be esteemed, because hee vseth no going about the bushe, but treades Dunstable way in all his trauell." Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*, 1586, *Epist. Dedic. to Sydney.*

The author of *A Journey through England in the Year 1752* (privately printed 1869, 8vo, p. 75), testifies to the bad state of the roads in that part of the country nearly two centuries later, p. 74.

Despite the last evidence, I doubt an ironical meaning in the proverb, and fail to see such in either of the extracts.

BERKSHIRE.

Isley, remote amidst the Berkshire downs,
 Claims three distinctions o'er her sister towns—
 Far famed for sheep and wool, tho' not for spinners,
 For sportsmen, doctors, publicans, and sinners.

? modern. **BP.** i. 77.

One mile north-east of Newbury is Shaw House, built in 1581 by Thomas Dolman, a member of an old Yorkshire family who had settled in Newbury as a clothier, and, having made a fortune, retired here to live as a country gentleman. The proceeding was distasteful to the townsmen, and they expressed their feelings in these lines :—

Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners,
 Thomas Dolman has built a new house,
 And has turned away all his spinners.

To which he retorted in the haughty lines still remaining over the gateway—

Edentulus vescentium dentibus invidet
 Et oculos caprearum talpa contemnit.—**BP.** i. 66.

Newbury has long been noted for its corn market. The old custom that everything must be paid for on delivery, gave rise to the local proverb—

The farmer doth take back
 The money in his sack.—**BP.** i. 63.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.**BLEDLOW.**

They that live and do abide
 Shall see the church fall in the Lyde.

Bledlow Church, parish of Aylesbury, "stands near the edge of a rock, under which, in a deep glen overgrown with trees, and exhibiting some picturesque scenery, little to be expected from the character of the neighbouring country, issue some transparent springs, which form there a pool called the Lyde. They are said to wear away the rock, which has occasioned the . . . proverb." Lysons, *Buckinghamshire*, p. 516.

The church stands so near the edge that it seems in imminent danger. **BP.** ii. 161.

Brill upon the Hill,
Oakley in the Hole,
Shabby little Ickford,
Dirty Worminghall.

? Ashendon Hundred, West Bucks., six miles north-west-by-north of Thame.

At Brill on the Hill The wind blows shrill,
The cook no meat can dress ;
At Stow in the Wold The wind blows cold.
I know no more than this.

A nursery rhyme. **AY.** 301.
Stow in the Wold is in Gloucestershire.

Buckinghamshire bread and beef:
Here, if you beat a bush, it is odds you'll start a thief.

"The former as fine, the latter as fat, in this as in any other county." **Fuller** (1662): **Ray**.

"No doubt there was just occasion for this proverb at the original thereof, which then contained a satirical truth, proportioned to the place before it was reformed; whereof thus our great antiquary: 'It was altogether unpassable, in times past, by reason of trees, until Leofstane, Abbot of St. Albans, did cut them down, because they yielded a place of refuge for thieves.' But this proverb is now antiquated as to the truth thereof; Buckinghamshire affording as many maiden assizes as any county of equal populousness." *Fuller, ut supra.*

The second line forms part of the proverb, and completes the couplet, such as it is; but the two lines have been invariably separated. *Hazlitt, Proverbs, p. 101.*

BULSTRODE (family).

When William conquer'd English ground,
Bulstrode had per annum three hundred pound.—**BP.** ii. 161.

When the Conqueror gave away his (Bulstrode's) estate to a Norman follower, says the legend, he and his adherents, *mounted upon bulls*, resisted the invaders and retained possession. Afterwards, accompanied by his seven sons, mounted in the same fashion, he went under safe conduct to William's court, and the Conqueror was so much amused at the strangeness of the scene

that he permitted the stalwart Saxon to hold his lands under the ancient tenure, and conferred upon him and his heirs for ever the surname of Bullstrode. *Historic and Allusive Arms*: **BO.** 45.

COBB-BUSH HILL.

If it hadn't been for Cobb-bush Hill,
Thorpe castle would have stood there still ;

Or—

There would have been a castle at Thorpe still.

CE. viii. 387. Thorpe is called *Thrup*.

There were three cooks of Colebrook,
And they fell out with our cook,
And all was for a pudding he took
From the three cooks of Colebrook.

AV. 195, given as a nursery rhyme ; there is probably, however, a story connected with it, but now forgotten.

GREAT MARLOW.

Here is fish for catching,
Corn for snatching,
And wood for fatching.

Reliquiæ Hearnianæ, ed. *Bliss*, p. 485. **BC.** 211.

Grendon Underwood,
The dirtiest town that ever stood.

Grendon Underwood or Grendon-under-Bernwood. Aubrey declares that Shakspeare picked up some of the humour of his *Midsummer Night's Dream* from the constable, when passing a night here on his way to London. **BP.** ii. 161, 162.

Little Brickhill, Great Brickhill,
Brickhill in the Bow ;
Here stand three Brickhills
All of a row.—**CH.** iv. 507.

North and south (of Stoke Hammond) extend the three Brickhills, all occupying high ground. The ground at Bow Brickhill rises to the height of 683 feet. **BP.** ii. 168.

Tring,* Wing, and Ivinghoe,
 Hampden of Hampden did forego,
 For striking the Black Prince a blow,
 And glad was he to escape so.—**CH.** vi. 331.

Or—

Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
 All for striking of a blow,
 These Hampden did forego,
 And glad he could escape so.

Id. 428, where Hampden and Henry, Prince of Wales, son to James I., are mentioned.

It is said that Sir Walter Scott obtained the title of his novel *Ivanhoe* from this rhyme.

The story goes that a Hampden struck the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis.

There is no foundation for the statement. Neither of the three manors mentioned ever belonged to the Hampdens. **BP.** ii. 166.

Another rhyme on these places is—

Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
 Three dirty villages all in a row,
 And never without a rogue or two :
 Would you know the reason why ?
 Leighton Buzzard is hard by.—**CE.** v. 619.

The following, too, refers to these places :—

Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
 Three churches all of a row.—**CH.** iv. 507.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Hungry Hardwick,
 Greedy Toft,
 Hang-up Kingston,
 Caldecott naught.

“Caldecott” is pronounced *Cawcote*. **CE.** viii. 305.

* Tring is in Dacorum Hundred, West Herts, twenty-five miles west of Hertford ; was *Treung*, held by Rob. d'Eu at Domesday ; was given by Stephen to Feversham Abbey, and by Henry VIII. to the Norths, and came to the Peckhams, Guys, Gores, etc., and Smiths of Sutton. Sharp, *New Gazetteer*, 1852.

Trumpington is two miles from Cambridge; and Cole, the antiquary (Walpole's correspondent), says that two lines were commonly known there, and were attributed to Chaucer,—

Trumpington, Trumpington, God be thee with,
Thy steeple looks like a knife in a sheath.

A comparison the justice of which is by no means evident. **BT.** iv. 396.

CHESHIRE.

The mayor of Altringham and the mayor of Over;
The one is a thatcher, the other a dauber.

Altringham and Over are two petty corporations, whose poverty makes them ridiculous to their neighbours. A dauber is, I believe, one who makes the clay walls to cottages. **AU.**, where is also given "The mayor of Altringham lies in bed whilst his breeches are mending."

From Birkenhead unto far Hilbree,
A squirrel could leap from tree to tree.

Birkenhead, then a small town on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, lay on the north of the hundred of Wirrall; whilst Hilbree, a small island at the mouth of the Dee, was the extreme boundary of the hundred to the south. There is no doubt that this tongue of land was a dense forest at one time. **CH.** xi. 43.

Cheshire bred,
Strong i' th' arm,
But weak i' th' head —**CI.** viii. 226.

Compare "Devonshire born," etc.; "Manchester bred."

Cheshire for men,*
Berkshire for dogs,
Bedfordshire for naked flesh,
And Lincolnshire for bogs.

Chester of Castria took the name,
As if that Castria were the same.—**CE.** viii. 615.

Helps to Discourse, 1631. **CY.** v. 262.

* "Cheshire, chief of men," is a proverb. It seems the Cestrians have formerly been renowned for their valour. **Fuller; Ray.**

Congleton rare, Congleton rare,
Sold the Bible to pay for a bear.

Saturday Review, April 27, 1889, p. 512.

The story goes that, early in the seventeenth century, the church Bible was so tattered that periodical collections were made to buy another. Before this was accomplished, the town bear—kept for baiting—died, and the keeper requested help from the corporation. They granted him the “Bible money.” The Congletonians aver that only the money obtained by the sale of the old Bible was granted, but others accepted the different tale, and framed it into a rhyme.

Compare “The people of Clifton,” etc., WARWICK.

DIDSBURY.

Northern sweet music (*Lanc.*)
And Didsbury pans,
Cheadle old kettles
And Stockport old cans.—**CH.** iv. 529.

Said of the bells.

DUNKINFIELD (family).

Between Hyde junction and Guidebridge, on the left, is Dunkinfield Hall, an old half-timbered house with gables and ridge-posts. This was once the seat of the Dunkinfield family, of whom was Colonel Dunkinfield, an active Parliamentary officer, who was one of the members of the court who tried the Earl of Derby. In 1659, however, he had some differences with the Parliament, respecting a complaint made by the officers and soldiers of the inadequacy of the rewards given to them for suppressing the rebellion. The dispute was soon settled, but in the mean time the Speaker, in his attempt to pass through a crowd of the malcontents, suffered the indignity of being stopped and sent back by Dunkinfield. This gave rise to a doggerel rhyme which became popular—

Dunkinfield (steel was never so true)
And as wise as ever was Toby,
Lay in the purlieu, The cockpit avenue,
To hinder the Speaker's go by.—**BX.** ii. 113.

As long as Helsby hill wears a hood,
The weather's never very good.

West Cheshire. **AB.** 445.

Higher Peover kettles, Lower Peover pans,
Knutford sweet roses, and Rosthern great drones.

A stigma attached to the first peal of bells. But the parish repaired this by putting up a peal of six musical bells. **BX.** ii. 128.
Peover is about two miles and three-quarters south of Knutsford. *Id.*

LEIGH (family).

As many Leighs as fleas,
Massies as asses,
And Davenports as dogs' tails.

Sometimes "Leigh" is improperly written *Lee*; this last, a distinct family, never having been numerous in the county. **BN.** ii. 31.

Middlewych is a pretty town,
Seated in a valley,
With a church and market-cross,
And eke a bowling alley.
All the men are loyal there,
Pretty girls are plenty,
Church and King, and down with the rump—
There's not such a town in twenty.

The stones of the market cross were removed in 1809. **BL.** 60.
Compare "King's Sutton is," etc., **OXON.**

A Stockton chaise :
Two women riding sideways.
Higson's *MS. Collection*, No. 112 : **BC.** 38.

Stopford law :
No stake, no draw.

This proverb is commonly used to signify that only such as contribute to the liquor are entitled to drink it. **AU.** : **Ray.**

But another form is, "*Lancashire* law : no stake, no draw." Carr, *Dialect of Craven*, 1828, i. 274. "Stockport is the place meant, nearly one half of which borough is in Lancashire." *Lanc. Legends*, 1873, p. 207 : **BC.** 359.

Swing 'em, swang 'em, bells at Wrangham,
Three dogs in a string, hang 'em, hang 'em.—**G.** 135.

A hit at the Cheshire provincial pronunciation of the *ng*.
Halliwell, p. 197.

CORNWALL.

God keep us from rocks and shelving sands,
And save us from Breage and Germoe men's hands.
Places notorious for smugglers. **AR.** v. 18.

When Caradon's capped and St. Cleer hooded
Liskeard town will soon be flooded.—**CY.** ii. 145.

Cornwall swab-pie, and Devon white-pot brings,
And Leicester beans and bacon fit for kings.
Scarcely a folk-rhyme, it occurs in Dr. King's *Art of Cookery*.
CE. v. 500.

Cornwall will bear a shower every day,
And two on Sunday.

This saying holds true more especially of the high lands at
St. Minver, etc. **BC.** 112 : **CG.** v. 208.

By Tre, Pol, and Pen,
You ^{may}
shall know the Cornish men.

These three words are the dictionary of such surnames which
are originally Cornish ; and though *nouns* in sense, I may fitly term
them *prepositions*. i. *Tre* signifieth a *town* ; hence Tre-fry, Tre-
lawny, Tre-vanion, etc. ii. *Pol* signifieth an *head* ; hence Polwhele.
iii. *Pen* signifieth a *top* ; hence Pentire, Penrose, Penkevil, etc.
AT. ; **AU.**

Variants—

By Tre, Pol, and Pen,
Ros, Caer, and Lan,
You shall know all Cornish men.

This saying is referred to by Borde in his *Boke of the Introduc-
tion of Knowledge*, 1542 (edit. Furnivall, 1870, p. 122) : *Notes and
Queries*, 3rd ser., iv. 208 : **BC.** 103.

By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Caer, and Pen,
You may know the most of Cornish men.

Ros = heath, or unenclosed ground ; *Lan* = church ; *Caer* or *Car* = a fortified place, p. 69.

Surnames in *Ros*: Roscarrack, Roscorla, Roscrow, Rosogan, Roseveal, etc. In *Lan*: Lanbaddern, Lander, Langherne, Lanner, Lanyon, etc. In *Car*: Cardew, Carew, Carlyon, Carne, Carveth, etc. Lower, *Patronymica Britannica*, 8vo, 1860, p. 70 ; see also Camden's *Remains*, p. 142.

A Cornish antiquary, Dr. Banister, has amassed no less than 2400 names with *Tre*, 500 with *Pen*, 400 with *Ros*, 300 with *Lan*, 200 with *Pol*, 200 with *Caer*. **CY.** i. 121.

A distinct couplet is—

Car and Pen, Pol and Tre,
Will make the devil run away.—**CY.** ii. 41.

Hengston)	Down well ywrought,
Hingston)	
Kingston)	

Is worth London town dear ybought.

Hingston Down was supposed not only to be extremely rich in tin, but also to have in its bowels Cornish diamonds, vulgarly estimated superior to those of India. In Fuller's time the tin began to fail here ; having fallen, as he terms it, to a scant saving scarcity. As to the diamonds, no one has yet judged it worth his while to dig for them. **AU.** : **CY.** v. 276.

One day the devil, having nothing to do,
Built a great hedge from Lerrin to Looe.

At the head of the inlet (Trelawne Mill), on the wooded heights, are the remains of a circular encampment connected with a rampart or raised bank, which extends from this point through Lanreath to the large earthwork on Bury Down, isolating a tract of country on the coast. It was either erected by the Danes, or was the ancient line of demarcation between the Saxons and Britons. At Lanreath, in Borlase's time, it was seven feet high and twenty feet wide. It proceeds in a straight line up and down hill indifferently for at least seven miles, and is properly called the Giant's Hedge. It is, of course, assigned to the devil. See rhyme. **BQ.**

Old Penryners, up in the tree,
 Looking as whist as whist can be ;
 Falmouth boys, as strong as oak,
 Knock them down with a single stroke.—**CY.** ii. 6.

Redruth boys, Redruth boys, up in the tree,
 Looking as whist as whist can be ;
 Illogan boys, Illogan boys, up in the oak,
 Knocking down Redruth boys at every stroke.

And *vice versa*. Whist or wisht = melancholy. **CY.** ii. 37.

ST. AUSTELL.

Now farmers, now farmers, take care of your hay,
 For it's the Quakers' great meeting to-day.

For generations an annual gathering of the Friends was held at St. Austell, at about hay harvest, and it was so uniformly wet that it became proverbial, and the above rhyme was in everybody's mouth. **CY.** ii. 31.

When with panniers astride
 A pack-horse can ride
 Through St. Levan's stone,
 The world will be done.

The stone is a great rock in the churchyard at St. Levan's. **AV.** 193.

The church of Talland (a village on the south coast of Cornwall) is not in the centre of the parish, but near the sea. A legend accounts for its position thus: It was begun at a spot called Pulpit, but each night a voice was heard saying—

If you will my wish fulfil,
 Build the church on Talland Hill,

and the 'stones put up by day (at Pulpit) were removed. **AR.** v. 25.

CUMBERLAND.

If that glass either break or fall,
 Farewell the luck of Eden Hall.

Eden Hall, in Cumberland, the residence of the Musgraves, whose fortunes were supposed to depend on this glass. See

Hazlitt's *Popular Antiquities*, 1870, iii. 25, where a different reading occurs, and Warton's *History of English Poetry*, edit. Hazlitt, i. 36, *note*. Ritson gives the tradition in his *Fairy Tales*, 1831, pp. 150, 151. A representation of the glass is given by Lysons, (*Cumberland*, ccix.). **BC.** 230.

"The tale is that the butler once went to draw water from St. Cuthbert's Well, in Eden Hall garden, when the fairies left their drinking glass on the well to enjoy a little fun. The butler seized the glass, and ran off with it."—Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*.

The lines of prophecy were uttered by the fairies. Uhland, the German poet, has a ballad on the subject, in which he makes the young lord say that a water sprite wrote the words in the glass when presenting it to his ancestor. He then tries the strength of the glass, and the prophecy at the same time, by successive blows. The goblet flies, and in storm the foe that have scaled the castle during the revel; the young lord is slain, and the butler, seeking amongst the ruins next day, finds his master's fleshless hand grasping still the stem of the goblet. Longfellow translated the ballad, and adds, "The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland, and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it."

Sec a seet as ne'er was seen,
Plimlan Church on Arkleby Green.*—**X.** 73.

Plimlan = Plumblaud.

Plumblaud, five miles north of Cockermouth, West Cumberland; Arkleby, about three miles east of Allonby, West Cumberland.

If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Scruffel wots full well of that.—**L.** 822 : **AT.**

Scruffel is in Annandale in Scotland. When the former is capped with clouds, rain will soon fall on the latter.

"It is spoken of such who may expect to sympathise in their sufferings, by reason of the vicinity of their situation." **AU.**

Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and Casticand
Lauvellin,
Are the highest hills in all England.—**AT.** : **AU.**

* Mr. Hazlitt, in his *English Proverbs*, quoting Higson's *MS. Collection*, No. 29, has—

The greatest wonder ever was seen
Is *Stumblaud* Church on *Parsonby* green.
The rhyme above is the more correct, I think.

Compare "Ingleboro', Pendle, and Penigent," etc., co. York.
Skiddaw = 3022 feet above sea level. Helvellyn, on the borders
of Cumberland and Westmoreland, = 3055 feet.

Up now, ace, and down with the trey,
Or Wardhall's gone for ever and aye.

Higson's *MS. Collection*, No. 27. Another version occurs, *ibid.*,
No. 28 :

Up a deuce, or else a trey,
Or Warthole's gone for ever and aye.

The place referred to is Wardal, in Cumberland, between Egremont and Ambleside, in the parish of Seabraham. Mr. Higson quotes Whellan's *Cumberland and Westmoreland*, p. 290. See BC. 463.

DERBYSHIRE.

Barrow's big boulders, Repton merry bells,
Foremark's cracked pancheons and Newton eggshells.
—said of the bells. CJ. ii. 514.

When Codnor's Pond runs dry,
The Lords may say good-bye.

At Codnor Park there is a large pond, believed never to fail.
AR. ii. 279.

DERBY (bells).

Pancakes 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,
Oh ! very well, says little Michel.

Song on the bells of Derby, on football morning ; a custom
now discontinued. AY. 108. See NORTHAMPTON, etc.

Derbyshire born, Derbyshire bred,
Strong i' th' arm, and thick i' th' head.

Folklore Journal, vol. ii.

CE. v. 573 gives *weak* in place of "thick."

R. 290 gives "Strong i' th' *back*." See also AR. ii. 279. Compare "Cheshire bred ;" "Manchester bred."

Hardwick Hall,
More window than wall.

The outside of Hardwick Hall has so many windows that it looks like a lantern. **AR.** ii. 279.

Hardwick Hall, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, was one of the mansions erected by the celebrated "Bess of Hardwick." See *The Builder*, September 23, 1865. **BC.** 163.

: Kinder scout,
The cowdest place areawt.

Higson's *MS. Collection, ex rel. patris.* **BC.** 262.

When Leachfield was a market town,
Chesterfield was gorse and broom ;
Now Chesterfield's a market town,
Leachfield a marsh is grown.

Adjoining Little Barlow is a very large bog called Leechfield, or Leashfield—from which two considerable brooks take their rise—supposed to occupy five or six hundred acres, being between three and four miles in circumference. There is a tradition that a town formerly stood here. *Glover's Derbyshire*, ii. 86 : **R.** 127, where *Leech, larche*, etc. = marshy or fenny place.

Ding-dong for Timington,
Ten bells at Birmingham,
Two slippers and a trash,
Say the bells of Moneyash ;
We will ring 'em down,
Say the bells o' Tideswell (or Taddington)
town ;
We will ring a merry peal,
Say the bells of Bakewell.—**CH.** iv. 529.

DEVONSHIRE.

If Cadburye Castle and Dolbury Hill * dolven were,
All England might ploughe with a golden sheere.

* There is (also) a Dolberry in Somerset, on the range of Mendip. It is an elevated camp above the village of Churchill, and, curiously enough, a similar rhyme belonged to it in Leland's time—

If Dolberi digged were,
Of gold should be the sheere.—**BK.** 33.

. . . that a fiery dragon, or some ignis fatuus in such lykeness hath bynne often seen to flye between these hills, komming from the one to the other in the night season; whereby it is supposed ther is a great treasure hydd in each of them, and that the dragon is the trusty treasurer and sure keeper thereof. Westcot's *Hist. Dev.*: *Harl. MSS.*, 2307: **AU**.

"Cadbury" is sometimes called Gadbery. **CY**. iv. 115.

Crediton was a market town
When Exeter was a fuzzy down.—**CY**. ii. 75.

In the vernacular—

Kerdon was a market town
When Ex'tr was a vuzzy down.

A somewhat similar saying is extant relative to Plymouth and Plympton; but there may very well be some truth in the ancient prosperity of what is now merely a large stragglng hamlet, since Crediton was the seat of the extinct bishopric of Devon and Cornwall. **BC**. 261.

CROKER, etc. (families).

Croker, Crewis, and Coplestone,
When the Conqueror came, were at home.

Ancient Saxon families, co. Devon. **BO**. 76.

River of Dart! O river of Dart,
Every year thou claimest a heart.

It is subject to frequent and sudden inundations. "Dart came down last night" is a constant expression. **BR**. 185: *Notes and Queries*, 1st ser., ii. 511.

He that will not merry be
With a pretty girl by the fire,
I wish he was atop of Dartemoor,
A-stugged in the mire.

Dartmoor is the Devonshire Brocken. The Germans wish a troublesome neighbour on the top of the Brocken. **BR**. 196.

Between this stone and Fardell Hall
Lies as much money as the devil can haul.

At Fardell, anciently the seat of Sir Walter Raleigh's family, in the courtyard formerly stood an inscribed bilingual stone of the Roman-British period (the stone is now in the British Museum).

The tradition makes the inscription refer to a treasure buried by Raleigh. **BR.** 97.

When Haldon hath a hat
Kenton may beware a skat.

Great Haldon, on whose crest a lowering cloud is considered threatening. Kenton is a mile and a half right of Powderham. **BR.** 79 : **CE.** ii. 511. In **CY.** iv. 73, for "skat" is given *squat*.

This often-quoted (Devonshire) saying is curiously illustrated by a passage from the romance of Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knight (Madden's *Sir Gawayn*, p. 77)—

Mist muzed on the mor, malt on the mountes,
Uch hille had a batte, a myst haket huge.—**BC.** 476.

The people are poor at Hatherleigh Moor,
And so they have been for ever and ever.—**BC.** 395.

HAWLEY (family).

Blow the wind high, or blow it low,
blow the wind low,

It bloweth ^{bair}
good to Hauley's hoe.

BR. 165 : **CL.** vi. : from Mr. Riley's *Fifth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical MSS.* The family of Haule or Hauley, eminent merchants, were long resident in Dartmouth; their mercantile transactions were so extensive that they give rise to the lines still remembered in connection with their trade in this town.

BC. 98 says John Hawley was a prosperous merchant at Dartmouth in the time of Henry IV.

When Heytor rock wears a hood
Manxton folk may expect no good.

First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Lydford law.

Lydford is a little and poor, but ancient corporation, in this county, with very large privileges, where a court of stannaries was

formerly kept. This proverb is supposed to allude to some absurd determination made by the mayor and court of this corporation, who were formerly, in general, but mean and illiterate persons. **AU.**: **Ray**: **Fuller**, who thought it libellous.

A saying of remote antiquity. Browne had a facetious poem on the subject in *Lansdowne MS.* 777. An incomplete copy is in *Witt and Drollery*, 1682, and in Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, 1701. It is alluded to in Langland's poem on the "Deposition of Richard II." (Camd. Soc., 19)—

Now be the lawe of Lydfford, in lond ne in water,
Thilke lewde ladde ouzte evyll to thryve.—**BC.** 141.

When Meath and Martin shall go down,
Then Padeston shall be a Haven town.—**BY.** iv. 115.

Topsham, thou'rt a pretty town,
I think thee very pretty,
And when I come to wear the crown,
I'll make of thee a city.

Said by the Duke of Monmouth' when he visited the port of Exeter. *Quarter Sessions from Elizabeth to Anne*, by A. H. A. Hamilton: **CY.** vi. 48.

Topsham is a seaport, at the confluence of the Clyst and Exe, three miles and a quarter south-south-east of Exeter.

Here I sit and here I rest,
And this town shall be called Totnes.

Brutus of Troy is said to have given the town its name thus. **CE.** ii. 511: **BR.** 87.

Ubber lubbers, Harford gads,
Cornwood robbers, and Ivybridge lads.

Ubber = Ugborough.

A variation gives Brent and Buckfastleigh instead of two latter. The rhyme is scarcely polite. **CY.** iii. 98.

DORSETSHIRE.

BINDON ABBEY. See WOOL.

Knolton bell is stole,
And thrown into White Mill Hole.

There is a tradition that one of the bells (at Sturminster Marshall) came from the chapel at Knolton, and that the shoes of the horses that brought it to Sturminster were reversed that the track taken might not be followed in the snow. **BZ.** ii. 262, 263.

As much akin

As Lew'son Hill to Pilson Pen.

Lewesden Hill and Pillesdon Pen (this latter remarkable for the peaked form of its southern extremity) are two conspicuous eminences of greensward, remarkable for their likeness to one another when viewed from certain points, about three miles west of Beaminster. Sailors, whom they serve as landmarks, call them the *Cow* and the *Calf*. **BZ.** ii. 227.

The former is wholly, the latter nearly all, in the parish of Broad Windsor. The proverb is commonly spoken of persons who are near neighbours, but neither relations nor acquaintance. **AU.** : **Ray**, etc.

If Pool was a fishpool and the men of Pool fish,
There'd be a pool for the devil and fish for his dish.

This satirical distich was written a long time ago. Pool is, at present, a respectable place, and has in it several respectable merchants trading to Newfoundland. **AU.** : **Ray**.

On the contrary, it was, and is, notorious for its ill-livers. **BC.** 229.

Pool is the principal seaport of the county. From its position in a labyrinth of creeks it afforded shelter to questionable sea-characters. **BZ.** ii. 192.

Wool streams and Combe wells,
Fordington cuckolds stole Bindon bells.

Bindon Abbey, a mile and a half east of Wool Station. A story goes that the twelve bells were stolen by night, and are now in the churches of Wool, Combe, and Fordington. **BZ.** ii. 202.

DURHAM.

(A) coward, (a) coward o' Barney Castell,
Barnard Castle,
(He) dare not come out to fight a battle.

Used by boys when they are quarrelling or playing at soldiers ; but relates, doubtless, to the holding of Barnard Castle by Sir G. Bowes during the Rising of the North (1569). *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., ii. 232 : **BC.** 113, 114.

Bellasys, Bellasys, daft was thy sowell,
When exchanged Bellasys for Henknowell.*

Tradition affirms that John of Bellasis, wishing to join the Crusaders, yet unwilling to leave his paternal acres, changed the green pasture and sheep meadows of Bellasis, with the church of Durham, for Henknowle, near Auckland. Returning, he repented, and the story was oddly preserved in one of the windows of St. Andrew's, Auckland, where, inscribed on a belt encircling the arms of Bellasis, were the lines, etc.

The proper reading, still remembered in the neighbourhood, runs—

Johnny tuth' Bellas, daft was thy poll,
When thou changed Bellas for Henknole.—**BS.** i. 111.

BRACKENBURY (family).

The Brackenburys (of Sellaby) came over with the Conqueror, which, with an allusion to their crest—a black lion under an oak tree—gave rise to the proverb—

The black lion under the oaken tree
Made the Normans fight and the Saxons flee.—**BS.** i. 83.

Evenwood,
Where straight tree never stood.

Evenwood Stat, a village surrounded by collieries, high on a hill above the river Gaunless. Its exposed position gave rise to proverb. **BS.** i. 96.

John Lively, Vicar of Kelloe,
Had seven daughters and never a fellow.

An equivocal rhyme of the bishopric, which may either mean that the parson of the sixteenth century had no son, or that he had no equal in learning, etc. He certainly, however, mentions no son in his will, in which he leaves to his daughter Elizabeth his best gold ring *with a death's head in it* (compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2), and seventeen yards of white cloth for curtains of a bed, and to his daughter Mary his silver seal of arms, his gimald ring, and black gold ring. Another version of the proverb reads, "six daughters," and indeed *seven* is often merely a conventional number. **AV.** 202 : **BC.** 258, 259 suggests—By *fellow* should we not understand *mate* or wife, rather than . . . son ?

* This ancient family removed from Bellasis, parish of Stanington, co. Northumberland, unfavourably for themselves, to Henknoull. Sharpe's *Chronicon Mirabile* and **BO.** 24.

Rain in April, rain in May.

Or Mainsforth farewell to corn and hay.—**BS.** i. 39.

ESSEX.

In the parish of Tolleshunt Knights, in Essex, there is an uncultivated field, and at some distance from it an old manorhouse known as Barn Hall. The legend is that the hall was intended to have been built on the first-named spot, but the devil destroyed in the night-time all that had been done in the day. A knight, with two dogs, was sent to watch, and when the evil one came there was a sharp tussle, but of course Apollyon was vanquished by Greatheart. The irritated demon thereupon snatched a beam from the building, and hurled it through the darkness, exclaiming—

Wheresoe'er this beam shall fall,
There shall stand Barn Hall.

The devil further declared that, on the good knight's death, he would have him, whether he was buried in the church or out of it. To avoid the penal fires thus threatened, the valiant warrior was buried in the wall, half in and half out. W. E. A. Axon, *Stray Chapters in Lit. Folklore and Archæology*, 8vo, 1888, pp. 215, 216.

Baron Park is fruitful and fat,
Howfield is better than that,
Copt Hall is best of them all,
Yet Huddledown may wear the crown.

Norden's *Description of Essex*, edit. Ellis, p. 8 : **BC.** 86.

Braintree for the pure, and Bocking for the poor ;
Cogshall for the jeering town, and Kelvedon for the whore.

Ray : AU.

Braintree boys, brave boys ;
Bocking boys, rats ;
Church Street, puppy dogs ;
High Garret, cats.

The tendency of this proverb is to compliment the inhabitants of Braintree at the expense of the three other places. **Ray : BC.** 100.

Braintree, eleven miles north-by-east from Chelmsford. Bocking, one mile north from Braintree.

There is good ale
At St. James Chignele.

Lottery of 1567 (Kempe's *Losely MSS.*, 1836).
Chignell is three miles and a half north-west from Chelmsford.

Who fetcheth a wife from Dunmow
Carrieth home two sides of a sow.—**BG.** 21.

He who repents him not of his marriage, sleeping or wakin',
In a year and a day
May lawfully go to Dunmow, and fetch a gammon of bacon.

See *Antiquarian Repertory*, ed. 1807, iii. 342, where an account of the Dunmow fitch is given from a manuscript in the College of Arms. In the manuscript this is quoted as a common proverb or saying, and I suppose that it is intended for a sort of rude rhyme. I give all that I could find on the subject in my *Popular Antiquities*, 1870, where I point out that the usage is not peculiar to Essex. It is said to have been instituted there by Lord Fitzwalter in the time of Henry II. **BC.** 204.

Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*, says the custom was founded by Juga, a noble lady, in 1111, and restored by Robert de Fitzwalter in 1244 (p. 58).

Essex stiles, Kentish miles, Norfolk wiles,
Many ^{a man} men beguiles.

Two very different explanations are given of that part of this ungrammatical proverb which relates to Essex. The first says the enclosures in Essex are very small, and the stiles, consequently, very frequent; and being also very high and bad, are extremely troublesome to strangers. The other is, that by stiles are meant narrow bridges, such as are laid between marsh and marsh in the hundreds of this county, only jocularly called stiles, as the loose stone walls in Derbyshire are ludicrously called hedges.

Kentish roads were impassable, and hence the way seemed longer.

Norfolk is said to have been remarkable for litigation, and the quirks and quibbles of its attornies. **AU.:** Fuller.

An Essex stile is a *ditch*; a Kentish mile is, I believe, like the Yorkshire *waybit* and the Scottish "mile and a *bittock*," a mile and a fraction, the fraction not being very clearly defined. As to Norfolk *wiles*, I should say that this expression is to be understood satirically, as Norfolk has never been remarkable for the astuteness of its inhabitants, but quite the contrary. See Wright's *Early*

Mysteries, etc., 1838, Pref. xxiii., and p. 91 *et seqq.* But, as Mr. Skeat (edit. of Pegge's *Kentisisms*, etc.) remarks, *Norfolk wiles* are cited seriously by Tusser. **BC.** 127.

Essex ful of god hosevyfes, Middlesex ful of stryves,
Kentshire hoot as fyre, Souseks ful of dyrt and myre.

Leland, *Itinerary*, vol. v. : **CJ.** ix. 402.

Ugly church, ugly steeple,
Ugly parson, ugly people.

I. 142 : **CE.** v. 375. The village of Ugly.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Beggarly Bisley,
Strutting Stroud,
Hampton poor,
And Painswick proud.—**CE.** v. 449.

Buckland and Laverton,
Stanway and Staunton,
Childswickham, Wickamford,
Badsey and Aston.

Staunton, pronounced *Stawn*; Aston, pronounced *Awn*. These are places in Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Somersetshire. **AV.**

Buckland, Lower Kiftsgate hundred, North-east Gloucestershire, six miles north-east of Winchcomb, containing *Laverton*. *Stanway*, three miles north-east of Winchcomb. *Staunton*, qu. if Lower Per-shore hundred, South Worcestershire, seven miles west-south-west of Tewkesbury. *Childswickham*, Lower Kiftsgate hundred, four miles south-east of Evesham. *Wickhamford*, Upper Blackenhurst hundred, South-east Worcestershire, two miles south-east of Evesham. *Badsey*, ditto.

ELTON (family).

The following lines are still remembered by the members of the Elton family—

*Upon Sir Abraham Elt being knighted, and taking the
Name of Elton.*

In 'days of yore old Abraham Elt,
When living, had nor sword nor belt ;
But now his son Sir Abraham Elton,
Being knighted, hath both sword and belt on.

Harl. MS., Brit. Mus., 7318 : **AV.** 206.

In Burke's *Peerage*, etc., 1850, the Eltons claim descent from an ancient family of the Halses in the counties of Hereford and Gloucester.

Abraham Elton, Esq., was Mayor of Bristol in 1710, and a member of Parliament for that city ; was created a baronet Oct. 31, 1717.

We'll do as they do at Quern ;
What we do not to-day, we must do in the morn.
BC. 469.

In East Anglia they say—
You must do as they do at Hoo ;
What you can't do in one day, you must do in two.
BC. 506.

See also under QUERN, co. Leicester.

SEVERN (river).

A proverbial rithme observed as infallible by the inhabitants on the Severne side :—

If it raineth when it doth flow,
Then yoke your ox and goe to plough ;
But if it raineth when it doth ebb,
Then unyoke your ox and goe to bed.

Aubrey, *Natural History of Wilts*, p. 16 : **AN.** 242.

Stow-in-the-Wold was first built in a wood ; hence the word *wold*, Sax., a wood. A traditional couplet runs—

A squirrel can hop from Swell to Stowe
Without resting his foot or wetting his toe.

Murray's *Handbook for Gloucestershire*, 1878, p. 127.

TRACEY (family).

The Tracies

Have always the wind in their faces.

Fuller, *Worthies*, says, "This is founded on a fond and false tradition, which reports that ever since Sir William Tracy was most active among the four knights which killed Thomas Becket, it is imposed on the Tracies for miraculous penance, that, whether they go by land or by water, the wind is ever in their faces." See also **AU**.

HAMPSHIRE.

Hampshire hog : Berkshire dog :

Yorkshire bite : London white.

Higson's *MS. Collection*, No. 123 : **BC**. 161.

Hampshire ground requires every day in the week

A shower of rain

And on Sunday twain.—**BC**. 161.

Compare "Cornwall will bear," etc.

WICKHAM (name).

Manners maketh the man,

Quoth William of Wickham.

William of Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, was founder of Winchester College in this county, and of New College, Oxford ; he was also famous for his skill in architecture. This adage was his motto, generally inscribed on places of his foundation. **AU** : **Fuller** : **Ray**. In his *Lyfe of Saynt Werburge*, 1521, Bradshaw says—

"—— by a prouerbe certan

Good manners and conynge maken a man."

Edit. 1848, p. xiii. : **BC**. 284.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Acton Beauchamp, the poorest place in all the nation,
A lousy parson, a nitty clerk, and a shabby congregation.

BB. 42.

A dish and a spoon,

Say the bells of Bish Frome.—**BB**. 42.

Come, old man, and shave your beard,
Say the bells of Bromyard.—**BB.** 42.

Dirty Cowarne, wooden steeple,
Crack'd bell, wicked people.—**BB.** 42.

Hope under Dinmore, and if Dinmore should fall,
The Devil would have Hope and Dinmore and all.

BB. 35.

When Ladie Lift puts on her shift,
She feares a downright raine ;
But when she doffs it you will find
The rain is o'er and still the winde,
And Phœbus shine again.

Not far from Weobley, co. Hereford, is a high hill, topped by a clump of trees, called Ladylift Clump. When obscured, wet is expected. **CE.** ix. 53.

Trip a trap a Trencher,
Say the bells of Lemster.—**BB.** 42.

Luston short and Luston long,
At every house a tump of dung,—
Some two, some three,
The dirtiest place you ever did see.—**BB.** 35.

Blessed is the eye
That is between Severn and Wye.—**AU.** : **AT.**

According to **BM.**, "eye" has no reference to a pleasant prospect, etc., as Fuller thought. It is the same as the first syllable of island (*eiland*, Ger.), whence is derived *eyot*, an islet, p. 127.

Sutton Wall and Kenchester Hill
Are able to buy London, were it to sell.

These are two places fruitful in the country, saith Mr. Howell.
Ray : **BC.** 361.

Lusty Tarrington, lively Stoke,
Beggars at Weston, thieves at Woolhope.

There is another version—"Dirty Tarrington, Lousy Stoke," etc.
BB. 42.

Poor Weobley, proud people,
Low church, high steeple.—**BB.** 42.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

No heart can think, nor tongue can tell,
What lies between Brockley Hill and Pennywell.

Brockley Hill lies near Elstree, in Hertfordshire, and Pennywell is the name of a parcel of closes in the neighbourhood. See Stukely's *Itinerary*, Cur. 1776, i. 118. The distich alludes to the quantity of old coins found near these places. **AV.**

If you wish to go into Hertfordshire,
Hitch a little nearer to the fire.

These lines are displayed on a beam separating Bedfordshire from an insulated portion of Hertfordshire in the drawing-room of the late parsonage house at Mappershall, near Shefford. **D.** 327.

See Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary*, p. 50. The point seems to be in the play on the word Hertfordshire (quasi *Hearthfordshire*).
BC. 236.

They who buy a house in Hertfordshire
Pay three years' purchase for the air.

England described, p. 159, Atkinson, London, 1788: **CE.** vi. 496 (?).

KENT.

Naughty Ashford, surly Wye,
Poor Kennington hard by.—**AH.** 67.

If you'll live a little while,
Go to Bapchild.—**AH.** 67.

Bapchild is indeed a bad and unhealthy situation. It is adjacent to Tong, which adjoins Teynham. *Id.*

At Belshanger a gentleman,
 At Fredville a squire,
 At Bonington a noble knight,
 At Bonington a lawyer.

Lawyer is to be pronounced *Lyer*, as is common now in some counties.

This relates to the worshipful family of the Boises, of which four several branches were flourishing at once at those seats here mentioned. **AH.** 75.

If you would go to a church miswent,
 You must go to Cuckstone in Kent.

Leland, *Itinerary*, ed. 1744, ii. 137. So said because the church is "very unusual in proportion." Halliwell, p. 193. It refers to Cuxton, near Rochester. **AH.** 69.

Deal, Dover, and Harwich,
 The devil gave with his daughter in marriage ;
 And, by a codicil to his will,
 He added Helv^{eo}_{oe}t and the Brill.

"A satirical squib thrown at the inkeepers of those places, in return for the many impositions practised on travellers, as well natives as strangers." **AU.** ". . . equally applicable to many other seaports." **Ray.**

Deal savages, Canterbury parrots,
 Dover sharps, and Sandwich carrots.
 Gardening first used as a trade at Sandwich. **AH.** 69.

When it's dark in Dover
 It's dark all the world over.—**AH.** 70.

Dover, Sandwich, and Winchelsea,
 Rumney and Rye, the five ports be.
 The Cinque Ports.* **CE.** viii. 615.

* *Dover, Sandivicus, Ry, Rum, Frigmare Ventus* refers to the Eastern Cinque Ports. *Frigmare Ventus* is barbarous Latin for Winchelsea: *Wind Chills Sea, or Friget mare ventus.* **CJ.** ix. 342.

A north-east wind in May
Makes the Shotover men a prey.

Shotover men are the mackerel fishers, and a north-east wind is reckoned at Dover a good wind for them. Their nets are called *shot-nets*. **AH.** 70.

There was a vale (whale) came down the flood ;
Folsteners (Folkstone men) couldn't catch un, but Doverers
dud.—**AH.** 16.

He that rideth into the hundred of Hoo,
Besides pilfering seamen, shall find dirt enou'.

Hollinshed the historian (who was a Kent man) saith that Hoo in his time was nearly an island, and of the Hundred of Hoo the people had this rhyme or proverb. **AH.** 73.

North of Higham stretches away a dreary ague-haunted district, formed by the tongue of low chalk land, surrounded by a broad hem of marsh, lying between the Thames and the Medway. The greater part of this is comprised in the hundred of Hoo. **BU.** 179.

Kentshire
Hot as fire.

This county is remarkably hot, on account of its chalk-hills and chalky, as well as gravelly, roads. **AH.** 61.

A knight of Cales, a gentleman of Wales,
And a laird of the north countree ;
A yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.—**AU.** : **Fuller** : **Ray**.

In a copy of Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, 1631, the latter lines are given—

A yeoman of Kent, *sitting on a penny rent*,
Is able to buy all three.—**CG.** ii. 144.

A corrupt version is—

English lord, German count, and French marquis ;
A yeoman of Kent is worth them all three.—**CE.** vi. 156.

Hazlitt has—

A yeoman of Kent,
Upon a rack's rent,
Will buy them out all three.—p. 14.

Ray adds—Cales (Cadiz) knights were made in that voyage by Robert, Earl of Essex, to the number of sixty; whereof (though many of great birth) some were of low fortunes: and therefore Queen Elizabeth was half offended with the Earl for making knighthood so common (1596).

Of the numerousness of Welch gentlemen nothing need be said, the Welch generally pretending to gentility. Northern lairds are such who, in Scotland, hold lands in chief of the king, whereof some have no great revenue. So that a Kentish yeoman (by the help of a hyperbole) may countervail, etc. Yeomen contracted for *gemen-mien*, from *gemein*, signifying common in Old Dutch; so that a yeoman is a commoner, one undignified with any title of gentility: a condition of people almost peculiar to England; and which is, in effect, the basis of all the nation.

He that will not live long,
Let him dwell at Murston, Tenham, or Tong.—**AH.** 73.

Tenham has a sickly situation. Therefore the ensuing lines are probably in banter—

If you'd live long,
Go to Tenham or Tong.—*Id.* 67.

Tong lies in the heart of the stronghold of ague on either side of the Swale. The soil is throughout very rich, but this is the Kentish region of wealth without health. **BU.** 99.

Sawtre by the way,
Now a grange that was an abbey.

Kempe's *Loseley MSS.* 212. Lottery of 1567. **BC.** 342.

Sutton for mutton, Kirby for beef,
South Darne for gingerbread, Dartford for a thief.

All four situate on the river Darent, and adjoin: see John Dunkin's *History of Dartford.* **CE.** v. 404: **CI.** ix. 88.

At Dartford, Wat Tyler commenced the insurrection by killing the poll-tax collector, perhaps one or the other is meant by the "thief," p. 177. It is a town of some importance, lying between two steep hills, at the place where the Roman road crossed. The river Darent from this place opens in a broad navigable creek to the Thames. *Id.* See also, under Sutton: counties **Surrey**, **Warwick**, **York.**

THANET, ISLE OF.

When England rings,
 wrings,
 Thanet
 The island sings.

The soil is generally light and chalky, and a wet summer, elsewhere a great evil, is here rather longed for. **BU.** 209 : **CE.** vi. 185.

Between Wickham and Welling,
 There's not an honest man dwelling.
 And I'll tell you the reason why,
 Because Shooter's Hill's so nigh.

Shooter's Hill was much frequented by highwaymen.

CE. viii. 466.

LANCASHIRE.

Proud Ashton, poor people,
 Ten bells, and an old crackt steeple.

Higson's *MS. Collection*. **SUPPL.** In the local vernacular the verses run—

Proud Ash'on, poor people ;
 Ten bells, un' un owd crackt steeple.

Mr. Higson remarks to me : " This must have originated many years ago, as the church was damaged by a thunderstorm in January, 1791, and the tower rebuilt in 1820-21. No one but an Ashtonian born and bred can pronounce the name of their town as they do—it is between Ash'on and Esh'n. **BC.** 334.

Sweet Jesu, for thy mercy's sake,
 And for thy bitter passion,
 Oh save me from a burning stake,
 And from Sir Rauf de Assheton,

Or—

Save us from the axe of the tower.
 And from Sir Ralph of Assheton.

This rhyme is traditionally known in the north of England, and refers, it is said, to Sir Ralph Ashton, who, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, exercised great severity as vice-constable. The

ancient custom of *riding the black lad*, at Ashton-under-Lyne, on Easter Monday, which consists of carrying an effigy on horse-back through the town, shooting at it, and finally burning it, is alleged to have taken its origin from this individual, who, according to tradition, was shot as he was riding down the principal street. According to another story, the custom commemorates the valiant actions of Thomas Ashton at the battle of Neville's Cross. **AV.** 191.

See Hazlitt's edit. of *Brand's Antiquities*, 1870; ii. 333, and Mr. Axon's pamphlet, *The Black Knight of Ashton*. As early as 5 Henry VI. (1426-77) Sir John Assheton was lord of this manor, at a yearly rent of a penny. **BC.** 361-62.

Th' Abbey Hey bulldogs drest i' rags,
Dar' no com' out to th' Gorton lads.

Gorton is in Lancashire, three and a half miles on the east-south-east of Manchester. **BC.** 365.

Halifax is made of wax,
And Heptonstall of stone;
In Halifax there's many a pretty girl,
In Heptonstall there's none.—**CF.** xii. 499.

He who would see old Hoghton right,
Must view it by the pale moonlight.

Higson's *MS. Collection*, No. 102. Hoghton is near Blackburn; those who are familiar with the locality, will have no difficulty in comprehending the allusion. **BC.** 205.

Perhaps the lines are satirical. The distich seems to be a slightly modified form of Scott's opening lines on Melrose.

Hutton an' Huyton, Ditton and Hoo,
Are three of the merriest towns
That ever a man rode through.

Hoo, so spelt for the sake of the rhythm, is Hool in Cheshire. **BC.** 219.

Lancashire places are meant throughout the rhyme, I believe.

(Ingleborough), Pendle Hill, and (Penygent),
Are the highest hills between Scotland and Trent.

Fallacy : for Pendle Hill being 1831 feet above the level of the sea, is nearly 800 feet lower than Grey Friar, in the north of Lancashire, and considerably lower than Whernside in Yorkshire. However, the following version may be true—

Pendle Hill, Penygent, and little Ingleborough,
Are three such hills as you'll not find by seeking England
thorough.—**BA.** 186.

See *Pendle*, in this county. Ingleborough and Penygent are near Settle in Yorkshire.

(The) Kent and (the) Keer,
Have parted many a good man and his meer (mare).

Towards the end of Morecambe Bay the waters shoal very much, and an immense extent of sand and mud is left high and dry at low water. The registers of the parish of Cartmel up to this year (1880) show that no fewer than 145 drowned persons [here] are buried. These are independent of similar burials in the churchyards of adjacent parishes on both sides of the bay. The bay receives Lune, Keer, Kent, Winster, Leven. **BV.** 166.

Mr. Skeat, I see, has inserted this in his edition of Pegge's *Kenticisms*, and in the note he has explained *Keer* to mean (probably) *care*. **BC.** 260-61.

Lancashire law,
No stakes, no draw.

Quoted by losers when no stakes are lodged. **BA.** 188.

He that would take a Lancashire man at any time or tide,
Must bait his hook with a good egg-pie, or an apple with a red
side.

This is given with a slight variation in *Wit and Drollery*, 1661, p. 250—"He that will fish for, etc.," and it is also in the edition of the same work printed in 1682. It occurs in what is called "The Lancashire Song," apparently a mere string of whimsical scraps. **BC.** 201.

Leyland is a village of Lancashire, not far from Chorley. There is, or was, sixty years since, a tradition current here, to the effect that the church, on the night following the day in which the building was completed, was removed some distance by supernatural agency, and the astonished inhabitants on entering the sacred

edifice the following morning, found the following metrical command written on a marble tablet on the wall—

Here thou shalt be,
And thou shalt stand,
And thou shalt be called
The church of Leyland.

Leyland Church stands on an eminence at the east side of the village. The ancient tower is still standing, but the body of the church is modern. **AV.** 192.

Manchester bred,
Long in the arms, and short in the head.

Compare "Cheshire bred," and "Derbyshire born," etc. **BC.** 284.

MERSEY.

Yoke, Irwell, Medlock, and Fame,
When they meet with the Mersey do lose their name.

These are the names of small streams, which flow into the larger one, and so lose their individuality. **BC.** 501.

The western border of High Furness, where the chapelry of Seathwaite extends along the Lancashire side of the river Duddon, in the upper part of its course, is wild of aspect, and fragmentary of foundation. The soil and climate unfavourable to fine varieties of grain. The high grounds are all sheep pastures, and the few small crofts of stone-encumbered ground, divided by drywalls, and attached to each tenement, are devoted to the growth of summer grass and winter fodder for the healthy cattle, and of oats and potatoes for the equally hardy families. This limited range of agricultural produce is remarked upon in two jingling verses, wherein nearly all the farms in Seathwaite are mentioned—

Newfield and Nettleslack,
Hollinhouse and Longhouse,
Turner Hall and Under Crag,
Beckhouse, Thrang, and Tonghouse,
Browside, Trontwell, Hinginghouse,
Dalehead and Cockley Beck,
You may gedder o' t' wheat they grow,
And nivver fill a peck.—**BA.** 204.

Northen or *Northern*. See under DIDSBURY, co. Chester.

In Oldham brewis wet and warm,
And Rochdale puddings there's no harm.—**BC.** 241.

Pendle, Ingleborough, and Penigent,
Are the three highest hills between Scotland and Trent.

Or—

Pendle, Penigent, and Ingleborough,
Are the three highest hills all England thorough.

These three hills are in sight of each other. Pendle on the edge of Lancashire, Penigent and Ingleborough near Settle in Yorkshire, and not far from Westmoreland. **AU.** See "Ingleborough," etc., included, for convenience, in this county.

When Pendle wears its wooly cap,
The farmers all may take a nap.—**BA.** 189.

Because rain is threatened.

Once a wood, then a sea,
Now a moss, and e'er will be.

This refers to Pilling Moss, in Lancashire. See *Manners and Customs of Westmoreland*, p. 564. There is another saying, "God's grace and Pilling Moss are boundless." Chat Moss, in the same county, near Warrington, used to be regarded as equally so, and as unlikely ever to be reclaimed; but some of it is now enclosed and cultivated. **BC.** 319.

Prescot, Huyton, and merry Childow,
Three poor churches all in a row,
Prescot for mugs, Huyton for ploydes,
Childow for ringing and singing besides.

"Ploydes" = *ployes*—merry meetings; some think *ploughs*.
"Childow" = Childwall. **BA.** 183.

Preston for panmugs, Huyton for pride,
Childwall for toiling, and playing beside.—**BC.** 332.

Proud Preston, poor people,
High church (tower), low steeple.—**BA.** 184 : **I.** 138.

It is written upon a wall in Rome,
Ribchester was as rich as any town in Christendom.

L. 791 : **Fuller.** "It seems to have been meant as a reproof to any mean person boasting of their ancestors, and to be interpreted thus : Supposing this poor village of Ribchester to have been once as rich as any town in Christendom, what is it the better for it now? Or else, on some one boasting of former importance he cannot prove, to quote the circumstance of the inscription on the Roman wall, by way of a ridiculous parallel." **AU.**

Some monumental wall, whereon the names of the principal places were enscribed then subject to the Roman empire. And probably this Ribchester was anciently some eminent colony ; as by pieces of coins and columns there daily digged out doth appear. However, at this day, it is not so much as a market town ; but whether decayed by age, or destroyed by accident, is uncertain. It is called Ribchester because situated on the river Ribble. **Ray :** **BC.** 253.

"Ribchester is the Roman station Rerigonium, Mr. Hardwick having discovered the site of Coccium at Walton le dale." From a paper by A. C. Gibson, Esq., F.S.A., on "Popular Rhymes and Proverbs." **BA.** 218.

If ^{Rivington}
Riving pike (peak) do wear a hood,
Be sure the day will ne'er be good.

A mist about the top of that hill is a sign of foul weather. **AU. :** **Ray :** **BA.** 207.

Riving pike is the summit of a lofty elevation near Rivington, a town in Lancashire, in the parish of Bolton ; the Pike is 1545 feet above the level of the sea. **BC.** 229.

SEATHWAITE. See "Newfield and Nettleslack."

WIGAN.

Maudlin, maudlin, we began,
And built t' church steeple t' wrang side on.

The steeple, says Mr. Higson, is built on the north side, at the junction of nave and chancel. **BC.** 289.

On this hill a church shall be built,
And the name of it shall be called Winwick.—**BC.** 318.

The church at little Winwick,
It stands upon a sod,
And when a maid is married there,
The steeple gives a nod.

To which may be added a modern verse—

Alas! how many ages,
Their rapid flight have flown,
Since on that high and lofty spire
There's moved a single stone.—**BA.** 182.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

In and out,
Like Bellesdon, I wot.

Probably a scattered irregular village. **AU.**
? if Billesdon, Gartree hundred, eight miles east of Leicester.

If Belvoir
Bever hath a cap,

You churls of the vale look to that.

That is, when the clouds hang over the tower of Bever castle, it is prognostic of much rain, which is extremely unfavourable to that fruitful vale lying in the three counties Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire. **AU.** : **Ray** : **Fuller.**

“Ray’s version misses half the point. I have heard the proverb repeatedly, but always in the form—

When Belvoir wears his cap, You churls, etc.

and I have little doubt that when an Albini or a Ros ‘wore his cap’ in the Manor Court, or rode out from his castle gates either to the chase, the council, or the battle, there was good cause for the ‘churls of the vale’ to look to it.” **AA.** 303. This is a doubtful explanation.

Belvoir is chiefly in the hundred of Framland, and seven miles west-by-south from Grantham.

When mist doth rise from Belvoir Hole,
O, then be sure the weather’s foul.—**BC.** 477.

Brentingley pancheons,
 And Wyfordby pans,
 Stapleford organs,
 And Burton tingtangs.—**CJ.** ii. 514.

Bread for borough men ;
 At Great Glen,
 There are more great dogs than honest men.—**AU.**

Possibly Glen Magna, a parish in the union of Billesdon, hundred of Gartree, six miles south-east from Leicester.

Higham on the hill,
 Stoke in the vale,
 Wykin for buttermilk,
 Hinckley for ale.—**AV.**

Mountsorrel he mounted at,
 Rodely (Rothley) he rode by,
 Onelep he leaped o'er,
 At Birstall he burst his gall,
 At Belgrave he was buried at.

This relates to an exploit of the giant Bell, and his wonderful sorrel horse. **CE.** v. 619.

There is a Leicestershire proverb—

“ He leaps like a Belle giant or devil of Mount Sorrel.”

“ In the neighbourhood of Mountsorrel,” says Peck, “ the country people have a story of a giant or devil named Bell, who once, in a merry vein, took three prodigious leaps, which they thus describe : At a place, thence ever after called Mountsorrel, he mounted the sorrel horse, and leaped a mile, to a place, from it since named Oneleap, now corrupted to Wanlip ; thence he leaped another mile, to a village called Burst-all, from the bursting of both himself, his girts, and his horse ; the third leap was also a mile, but the violence of the exertion and shock killed him, and he was there buried ; and the place has ever since been denominated *Bell's Grave* or *Belgrave* ;” intending thereby to ridicule those who deal in the marvellous ; or, in other words, draw the long bow. **Ray** : **BC.** 177-78.

We must dew as the' dew at Quorn,
 What we don't dew to dee, we must dew i' the morn.

Ray has *Quern*. AA. 303. Compare Gloucestershire, "We must do," etc.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Auckholme eels and Witham pike,
 In all England are nane syke.

Sir C. H. J. Anderson's *Lincoln Pocket Guide*, p. 6. AR. iii. 87.
 See WITHAM.

Boston! Boston!
 What hast thou to boast on?
 High steeple, proud people,
 And shoals that souls are lost on.—I. 141.

The grand sluice at Boston was opened on October 5, 1766. "Great disappointment was experienced by many who came to witness the opening . . . and then it was that a stranger composed the following splenetic verse—

Boston, Boston, Boston,
 Thou hast nought to boast on,
 But a grand sluice, and a high steeple,
 A proud, conceited, ignorant people,
 And a coast where souls are lost on.

Fact and Remarks Relative to the Witham and the Welland,
 by W. Chapman, 1800, 8vo. CJ. iv. 6.

Crowland as courteous as courteous may bee,
 Thorney the bane of many a good tree,
 Ramsey the rich, and Peterburgh the proud;
 Sawtry by the way,
 That poor abbay,
 Gave more alms than all they.

Mark Noble's *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*.

Another version is—

Ramsey the rich of gold and of fee,
 Thorney the flower of the fen country,

Crowland so courteous of meat and of drink,
 Peterburgh the proud as all men do think,
 And Sawtrey, by the way, that old abbaye
 Gave more arms in one day than all they.

CE. vi. 350. See "Sawtrey by the Way": co. **Kent.**

Deeping and Deeping and Deeping in row,
 Tallington, Uffington, Barholme, and Stow,
 At the White Horse at Greatford, there you must turn
 To Langtoft, Baston, Thurlby, and Bourn.—**CH.** v. 13.

Gainsborough, proud people,
 Built a new church to an old steeple.—**I.** 141.]

Gosberton church is very high,
 Surfleet church is all awry,
 Pinchbeck church is in a hole,
 And Spalding church is big with foal.

I. 142 : **CE.** vii. 143.

The poor Hatton people,
 Sold their bells to build up the steeple.—**I.** 139.

Holbeach pots, Whaplode pans,
 Moulton organs, Weston tingtangs.—**CJ.** x. 266.

LEGSBY.

A thack church and a wooden steeple,
 A drunken parson and wicked people.—**I.** 140.

Luddington, poor people,
 Built a brick church to a stone steeple.—**CE.** vi. 496.

Or—

With a stone church, and a wooden steeple (*sic*).—**I.** 141.

Marstons cracked pancheons,
 And Torksey egg-shells,

Saxilby dingdongs,
And Stow-Mary bells.—**I.** 136.

Northop (Northorpe?) rise, and Grayingham fall,
Kirton yet shall be greater than all.—**CE.** vi. 496.

Owersby parish, wicked people,
Sold their bells to Kelsey to build the steeple.—**I.** 140.

Poor Scartho people,
Sold their bell to repair the steeple.—**I.** 140.

Though Boston be a proud town,
Skirbeck compasseth it round.

“Skirbeck is a rectory, the parish church dedicated to St. Nicholas. Its parish surrounds the borough of Boston, whence that vulgar distich.” *Introduction to the Minute Books of the Spalding Society*, p. 73. **CE.** vi. 350. See **Boston**.

The following proverb-rhyme confirms the truth and propriety of Barnabee's observation on the swarming beggars of Stamford.*

(Peterborough) for pride, Stamford for poor,
Deeping for a rogue, and Bourn for a whore.

Peterborough in Northamptonshire is here meant.
Barnabee's Journal by Braithwait, 2 duo. 1820 : i. 122.

Well is the man,
(A)twixt Trent and Witham.

AG. 260 : **CE.** vi. 496.

Witham pike,
England hath none like.

* “Thence to ancient *Stamford* came I,
Where are gracelesse purses many,
Neatly wrought as doth become them,
Lesse gold in them than is on them,
Clawbacks more doe not assaile me,
Than are Beggars swarming dayly.”—*Id.* ii. 249.

In *Barnabee's Journal*, by Richard Braithwait, A.M., edited by Joseph Haslewood, 1820, duo. We get—

Thence to Witham, having red there
That the fattest Eele was bred there,
Purposing some to intangle,
Forth I went and tooke mine angle,
Where an huge one having hooked,
By her headlong was I dooked.

Signature Q 4, vol. ii. p. 255.

“If we had not the utmost confidence in our Traveller's accuracy, we might perhaps expect him on this occasion of having reversed an old proverb which says that—

Aukam eel and Witham pike,
In all England is none sike.

Barnabee is, however, correct, for the minute recorders of momentous events, the ancient chroniclers, recount an eel of enormous dimensions, being stranded near the outlet of that river at Boston; and indeed a similar prodigy was taken at no great distance in recent days. To have hooked one of such portentous size, as put the fisher's safety in jeopardy, *so high up the river*, was reserved for the singular good fortune of honest Barnabee, since the Witham has its origin in the village where our traveller rested, and may be stepped across anywhere between its source and the village of Colterworth (where Sir Isaac Newton was born), two miles lower. But there is the poet's license; so we trust, notwithstanding, that Barnabee's veracity will ‘moult no feather,’ from the untoward circumstance.” Initial G.

The largest freshwater eel I ever saw was caught in the river Witham, opposite Bardney. The boy who drew it to the bank with his line was terrified at its bulk, and cried out, “A snake, a snake!” but the prize was secured by his companions and carried home in juvenile triumph. Initial P. Notes, vol. i. pp. 123-24.

MAN, ISLE OF.

All the bairns unborn will rue the day,
That the Isle of Man was sold away,
And there's ne'er a wife that loves a dram,
But what will lament for the Isle of Man.—AV. 205.

MIDDLESEX.

It is said that Bow Bells were rung by a man named Bowman, and his seven sons. The bells are thought to say—

Ding dong bell for Bowman,
 Bowman is dead and gone,
 Left seven of a family,
 Able and Anthony,
 Richard and Zachary,
 James, Thomas, and John.—**CH.** iv. 529.

All the maides in Camberwell,
 May daunce in an egge shell,
 For there are no maydes in that well.

To which one, doubtless a Camberwellian, answered in clumsy doggerel—

All the maides in Camberwell towne,
 Cannot daunce in an acre of ground.—**CF.** xi. 449.

Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for a wall,
 The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle for a hall.

“All these were excellent of their kind, and particularly so at the time this proverb was made. **AU.** : **BG.** 21.

Kirby's castle, and Megse's glory ;
 Spinola's pleasure, and Fisher's folly.—**AU.**

These were four houses about the city, built by citizens, large and sumptuous above their estates, whose memories are likely longer to continue by this rhyme than by their own pompous buildings. **AT.**

“The first of these is so uncastled, the glory of the second so obscured, that very few know (and it were needless to tell them) where these houses were fixed. As for Spinola (a Genoan made a free denizen) the master and fellows in a college in Cambridge know too well what he was, by their expensive suit, known to posterity by Magdalen College case. If his own country (I mean the Italian) curse did overtake him, and if the plague of building did light upon him, few I believe did pity him. As for the last, it was built by Jasper Fisher, free of the Goldsmiths, one of the six clerks in Chancery, and a justice of peace, who, being a man of no great wealth (as indebted to many) built here a beautiful house, with gardens of pleasure, and bowling-alleys about it, called Devonshire House at this day. **AT.** ii. 344 (1840 edit.).

Hazlitt (who has *Fish* for "Fisher") gives a further reference to Lyson's *Environs of London*, ii. 29.

We have it by tradition that our author (Barnaby) upon Highgate Hill should say—

Fare thee well, London, thou'rt good for nought else
But whoredom, and durdam, and ringing of bells.

"Durdam" = an uproar or tumult. See *Famieson's Dictionary*. So the old Scotch ballad—

"Sic *hur dum durdam*, and sic din,
Sic fiddling and sic dancing," etc.

Barnabee's Journal, duo. 1820, i. 107.

London, Leicester, York, and Chester,
All begin(s) with A.

This is properly a riddle, or test of sharpness. The play is on the word *all*. Compare "Heighton, Denton, and Tarring," co. **Sussex**.

NEWINGTON.

Pious parson, pious people,
Sold their bells to build the steeple.

Or—

A very fine trick of the Newington people, To sell, etc.

Or—

Surely the devil will have the Newington people,
The rector and church without any steeple.

Temp. 1793. I. 140.

OFFLEY (name).

Offley three dishes had of daily roast,
An egg, an apple, and (the third) a toast.

On Sir Thomas Offley, Lord Mayor of London, 1556, but a Cheshire man. **AT.** i. 296.

Ramsay the rich, Bond the stout,
Beacher the gentleman, and Cooper the lout.

Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson, by R. Johnson, 1607, reprinted 1864, p. 9. This is there called one of Mr. Hobson's proverbs; but

it can scarcely, in strictness, be said to be entitled to a place in the collection, being rather an epigram. The Ramsay here mentioned was Sir John Ramsay, Lord Mayor of London. **BC.** 337.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH (Hart St., Bloomsbury).

When Henry the Eighth left the pope in the lurch,
Parliament made him the head of the church,
And when George the First reigned over the people,
The architect made him the head of the steeple.—**I.** 142.

This church takes its name from St. George the Martyr, to whom it was dedicated, in honour of his late Majesty King George I. It was consecrated January 28, 1731. *New Remarks of London*, etc., collected by the Company of Parish Clerks, 173, 8vo, p. 200.

St. Peter le Poor,
Where's no tavern, ale-house, or sign at the door.

Fuller: AU.—"Great part of this parish belonged to the Augustine friars, who professed wilful poverty; hence the appellation of poor. It was chiefly inhabited by rich wholesale merchants, who probably did not use signs like retailers and shopkeepers."

Ray says, after mention of the Augustine friars, "Otherwise this was one of the richest parishes in London, and therefore might say, 'Malo pauper vocari quam esse.'" See Hazlitt, p. 357, who gives the first line: "St. Peter's in the Poor."

Strand on the Green,
Thirteen houses, fourteen cuckolds, and never a house between.

AT: AU.: The proverb is also in Howell's *Lexicon Tetraglollon*, fol. 1659, p. 21, where he adds: "For the father and son lay in one house."

When Tottenham wood is all on fire,
Then Tottenham street is nought but mire.

Ray says, That is, when Tottenham wood, standing on a high hill at the west end of the parish, hath a foggy mist hanging over it in manner of a smoke, then generally foul weather followeth, etc. Fuller also gives the proverb. Grose's explanation is—"Tottenham wood is said to have served that part of London nearest to it with wood for fuel; and when that wood was all on fire, *i.e.* in winter, Tottenham street was extremely foul and miry."

The nun of Sion with the friar of Shean,
Went under the water to play the quean.

BG. 21 : Hazlitt, who quotes Ray, but gives only the first line of the proverb, has, "According to vulgar tradition, these two monasteries had a subterraneous communication. Sion, Isleworth, Middlesex; and Sheen, Richmond, Surrey, are the places meant.

Suits hang half a year in Westminster Hall,
At Tyburn half an hour's hanging endeth all.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1562. This seems to denote a change of practice in regard to condemned criminals, whose remains are now left to hang a full hour after execution. **BC.** 360.

MONMOUTHSHIRE (none obtained).

NORFOLK.

Blickling flats, Aylsham fliers,
Marsham peewits, and Hevingham liars.

Places between Norwich and Cromer. **CE.** ii. 150.

Ca(i)stor was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich was built of Castor stone.

CE. iii. 206. About one mile and a half north-east of Swainsthorpe, on the other side of the Taus, lies Caister St. Edmunds, three miles south of Norwich. **BT.** iii. 194.

The country Gruffs—Hob, Dick, and Hick,
With clubs and clouted shoon,
Shall fill up Dussindale with blood
Of slaughter'd bodies soon.

Dussindale; the name by which part of Mousehold was formerly known. Mousehold Heath is high ground rising from the left bank of the Wensum, east of Norwich. **BT.** iii. 223.

The lines above form a prophecy on which the followers of Ket, or Kett, the Norfolk rebel, relied. It was fulfilled in a left-handed fashion, in that more than two thousand of the rebels fell. The revolt occurred in July, 1549. Ket was a tanner of Wymondham, in this county. He demanded the abolition of inclosures, and the dismissal of evil counsellors. His followers, twenty thousand strong, were speedily defeated by the Earl of Warwick. Ket and others were tried November 26, and hanged soon after. According to

Camden. edit. 1695, p. 385, Ket was hanged on the remarkably high steeple of Wymondham or Windham Church. In **CG.** iii. 114, it is stated that the revolt began at an annual play or spectacle at Wymondham, which, according to ancient custom, lasted two days and two nights.

"Gruffs" is sometimes written *Gnoffs*, which may be the old form of the present slang word "gonoff"—a flat.

But see ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS, *ultra*.

Halvergate hares, Reedham rats,
Southwood swine, and Cantley cats,
Acle asses, Moulton mules,
Beighton bears, and Freethorpe fools.

Places between Norwich and Yarmouth. **CE.** ii. 150: **CE.** vii. 452.

Grimmingham, Trimmingham,
Knapton and Trunch,
North Repps and South Repps
Lie
Hang } all of a bunch.
Are }

AU. : **CE.** vi. 350. : **CE.** ii. 150. In **CH.** iv. 330, the rhyme is given *Trim.*, *Gim.*, etc, and an addition says, "near Cromer." The coast line is followed in—

Cromer crabs, Runton dabs,
Beeston babies, Sheringham ladies,
Weybourne witches, Salthouse diches,
And the Blakeney people
Stand on the steeple,
And crack hazel nuts
With a five farthing beetle.

When Kenswick church becomes a barn,
Bromholm Abbey will be a farm.

From *Records of the Anglo-Norman House of Glanvill*, by W. Urmston S. Glanville Richards. **CJ.** vii. 447.

Bromholme, Bacton parish, four miles north-east of North Walsham, was once a market town, under the priory built 1113

this place is grown industrious and thriving, and endeavours to wipe off the scandal. **Ray.** Ray was surprised that Fuller, a native of Northamptonshire, should have missed this proverb. **BC.** 99.

Brackley skegs (clowns),
Come t' Imly to et th' addled eggs.

The above elegant effusion, is addressed to any of the inhabitants of that ancient town, who may chance to pay a visit to the neighbouring village of Evenly, *vulgo* Imly. **CT.** 96.

The wind blows cold
On Burton (H)'old.

"Can you spell that with four letters?" "I can spell it with two." (The play is on the words *that* and *it*. Compare LONDON, LEICESTER, etc.). Burton Hold or Wold, is near Burton Latimer. **CE.** viii. 512. See, YARDLEY, in this county.

Some say the devil's dead,
And buried in Cold Harbour,
Others say he's rose again,
And prenticed to a barber.

Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, North Buckinghamshire. **AR.** i. 90.

Doddington dovecote, Wilby hen,
Irthlingbor' ploughboys, and Wellingboro' men.

CE. vi. 185.

Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
Marcham the lion, and Sutton the lout.

Four Northamptonshire knights. See Mrs. Palliser's *Historic Devices*, etc., 1870, p. 337. **BC.** 150.

Hardingstone snow feast,
Wootton crow feast.

Indicates that the one happens in winter, the other in spring.
And—

On the Sunday after Trinity,
Come to Denford feast and dine with me.

The feasts commenced on Sunday and continued through the week following the anniversary of the feast of the dedication of

the Church, in imitation of the procedure at Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem.—**D.** 223.

Helpstone cracked pippins, and Northborough cracked pans,
Glinton fine organs, and Peakirk tin pans.

Glinton near Peterboro'. Referring to the bells. **CJ.** ix. 25.

Little Bowden, poor people,
Leather bells, wooden steeple.—**I.** 141.

Thack and dyke,
Northamptonshire like.

Thack = thatch. **CT.** 113, where it is stated that the constant use of these words in the county gave rise to the proverb.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.
Where must we fry 'em?
Say the bells of Cold Higham.
In yonder land thurrow (furrow),
Say the bells of Wellingborough.
You owe me a shilling,
Say the bells of Great Billing.
When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Middleton Cheney.
When I am able,
Say the bells of Dunstable.
That will never be,
Say the bells of Coventry.
O yes it will,
Says Northampton great bell.
White bread and sop,
Say the bells at Kingsthorpe.
Trundle a lantern,
Say the bells at Northampton.
Roast beef and marsh mallows,
Say the bells at All Hallows.

Pancakes and fritters,
 Say the bells of St. Peter's.
 Roast beef and boiled,
 Say the bells of St. Giles.
 Poker and tongs,
 Say the bells of St. John's (Hospital).
 Shovel, tongs, and pokers,
 Say the bells of St. (Se)pulchre.

Baker, *Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire, Words and Phrases*,
 ii. 92.

Northamptonshire,
 For spires and squires.—**BC.** 310.

South of Edgcott is the so-called valley (it is rather a plain) of Danes, or Duns moor; and in the park is what Morton describes as "the noted flush spring" of Padwell, as to which there ran an ancient saying—

If we can Padwell overgo, and Horestone we can see,
 Then Lords of England we shall be.

This saying is locally ascribed to the Danes before a great battle, on the ground of Danesmoor; hence so named. Horestone is probably Horestone Meadows, near Nether Heyford. **BW.** 146.

Horestone, an old stone in Wardlington field, on the borders of Warwickshire. **CT.** 190.

PETERBOROUGH.

If in the Minster Close, a hare
 Should for itself have made a lair,
 Be sure before the week is down,
 A fire will rage within the town.

A curious fulfilment of this is given in the *Peterborough Advertiser*, on the Friday following October 26, 1884. **CD.** i. 162.

See also under STAMFORD, co. Lincoln.

Slapton,
 Where fools will happen.

Slapton is a village near Towcester, and the above is said tauntingly. **CT.** 192.

The wind blows cold
Upon Yardley Old (wold).—**D.** ii. 109.

Compare BURTON, in this county.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

BELLASTS (family). See **Durham**, county.

From Berwick to Dover,
Three hundred miles over.

That is from one end of the land to the other. **AU.**

Foot of Breamish and head of Till,
Meet together at Berwick Mill.

A fine single-arched bridge crosses the river (at Berwick), which here receives the name of Till instead of Breamish, by which it is called in the upper part of its course. **BS.** ii. 326.

Callaly Castle stands on a height,
Up in the day and down in the night,
Set it up on the Shepherd's Shaw,
There it will stand and never fa'.

The castle, formerly the seat of the Claverings, is about two miles from Whittingham in the north of the county. **CJ.** x. 257.

When Cheevyut (Cheviot) ye see put on his cap,
Of rain ye'll have a wee bit drap.
North of county.—**CE.** viii. 326.

COLLINGWOOD (family) of Lilburn Tower. **BS.** ii. 310.

The Collingwoods have borne the name,
Since in the bush the buck was ta'en,
But when the bush shall hold the buck,
Then welcome faith, and farewell luck.

Alluding to the Collingwood crest of a stag beneath an oak tree. **AV.** 188.

I cannot discover the locality. It is probably in Northumberland, where the family have flourished for several generations. **BO.** 66.

Harnham was headless, Bradford breadless,
 And Shaftoe pick'd at the crow,
 Capheaton was a wee bonnie place,
 But Wallington bang'd them a'.

The *crow* alludes to the Crasters, anciently Crancester, an old family, parish of Hartburn, who succeeded to the estates of the Shaftoe family. **CE.** vii. 165. With something of allusion to poverty, also, no doubt.

Hartley and Hallowell, a' bonnie lassie,
 Fair Seaton Delaval, a' ya' ;
 Earsdon stands on a hill, a' ya',
 Near to the Billy mill, a' ya'.—**AV.** 206.

Northumberland, hasty and hot,
 Westmerlond to prod the Scot.
 Leland's *Collectanea*.—**BS.** ii. 141.

Rothbury for goats' milk,
 And the Cheviots for mutton,
 Cheswick for its cheese and bread,
 And Tynemouth for a glutton.—**CE.** vii. 165.

On the links (of Beadnell) are traces of an ancient chapel dedicated to St. Ebba, Abbess of Coldingham, one of the three sainted princesses of Northumbria.

St. Abb, St. Helen, and St. Bey,
 They a' built kirks which to be nearest to the sea,
 St. Abbs upon the nabs,
 St. Helen's on the lea,
 St. Bey's upon Dunbar sands
 Stands nearest to the sea.—**BS.** ii. 212.

Coldingham is a town and parish of Scotland, in Berwick.

THORNTON (name).

At the Westgate cam Thornton in,
 With a hap, and a half-penny, and a lambskin
 in a ram's skin.

An ancient popular distich in Newcastle, in allusion to the celebrated Roger Thornton, one of its most wealthy merchants and greatest benefactors. He died in 1429. His granddaughter married George, Lord Lumley, famous in the Scottish wars. **BS.** i. 68.

Hap = a cover of coarse material. **J.** 209. Hazlitt has "hop," and adds: The earliest allusion to the saying seems to be in Killigrew's *Parson's Wedding*, 1664, p. 107.

A little north-west of Twizel is Tillmouth. Near it are the hawthorns of Lady's croft mentioned in *Marmion*. At this point the Till falls into the Tweed—

Tweed says to Till,
 What gars ye rin sae still?
 Till says to Tweed
 Tho' ye rin wi' speed
 And I rin slaw,
 Yet where ye drown ae man
 I drown twa.

Or—

Div ye no ken, Where, etc., I drown ten.—**BS.** ii. 331, 332.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Balderton crows and Newark jackdaws,
 Went into a field ter feight;
 Balderton crows licked Newark jackdaws
 Though there wor ten ter eight.

The Balderton youths were called crows because of the rookeries about the village, and the Newark youths jackdaws, because then the towers of the old church were inhabited by a large colony of jackdaws. **CK.** v. 66.

Clifton and Glapham are all as one,
 But Clifton has a church and Glapham none.

CL. p. 10 (1877).

Colston's cracked pancheons,
 Screveton's egg-shells,
 Bingham's two rollers,
 Whatton's merry bells.—**I.** 136.

CJ. ii. 154, where *tro-rollers* replaces "two rollers."

Eaton and Taton, and Bramcote o' th' hill,
 Beggarly Beeston, and lousy Chilwell,
 Waterside Wilford, hey little Lenton,
 Ho fine Nottingham, Colwick and Snenton.—**CE.** v. 573.

So great was the partiality of the inhabitants of the good town of Nottingham for pork in bygone days, that quite a multitude of pigs was reared in the neighbourhood. In illustration of this, Wylie informs us of a tradition that a certain nobleman bequeathed no less than two thousand swine to his two daughters. A church is said to have been founded on condition that two hundred swine should be kept for his widow. It was in allusion to the great number of pigs in the county that the following lines were penned—

Nottinghamschir full of hoggys,
 Derbychier full of doggys.

The lines occur in a manuscript English poem, on the counties and their characteristics, in *Harleian MSS.* **CL.** 10 (1877).
 See also *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, ii. 41. **BC.** 88.

The little smith of Nottingham
 Who doth the work that no man can.

“I have cause to suspect that this smith of Nottingham, is a periphrasis of Nemo, a person who never was. And the proverb by way of sarcasm is applied to such who, being conceited of their own skill, pretend to the achieving of impossibilitie.” **Fuller**: **Ray**: **Grosse**, etc.

Nottingham where they knock 'em down,
 Oakham where they catch 'em,
 Bringhurst where they bury 'em,
 And Cottesmore where they cry.

In Domesday the whole of the western part of the country under the name of Roteland, appears as an appendage for fiscal purposes to the county of Nottingham, from which it is topographically separated by the Leicestershire wapentage of Framland. The entries and measurements follow the Nottinghamshire and not the Leicestershire system. **Evans**, *Leicestershire Words and Phrases*, p. 296.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Aynho on the hill,
Clifton in the clay,
Drunken Deddington,
And Yam highway.

Villages in the neighbourhood of Banbury. "Yam" is a corruption of Hampton or Hempton, a hamlet of Deddington. **CL.** ix. 319; **F.** November 13th, 1880.

F., May 24, 1884, gives "And drunken Deddington on Yam highway," and two variants—

Aynho on the hill,
Souldern in the hole,
And Fritwell wench as black as a coal.
Aynho bell metal,
Souldern tin kettle.—(The bells.)

Banbury ale, a half-yard pot,
The devil a tinker dare stand to't.

Wit Restor'd, 1658. **BC.** 85.

Dirty Banbury's proud people,
Built a church without a steeple.

The old church was pulled down in 1793. The present edifice is an ugly structure in the Italian style, and its want of a spire, and the character the town then had for dirt, gave rise to the couplet. **BP.** iii. 275.

Bloxham for length,
Adderbury for strength,
But King's Sutton for beauty.

F., Nov. 13, 1880, where the rhyme is said to relate to the three churches.

Shipton on Cherwell and Hampton Gay are very near together; and though in different rural deaneries, and in different patronage, are at present both held by the same incumbent. The metal in the two campaniles, less than a quarter of a mile asunder, resounds, says the local legend, after a wedding, in this verse—

Hampton bell, and Shipton two,
Proclaim the joys of Tom and Sue.—**CJ.** iii. 175.

Hayley, Crawley, Curbridge and Coggs,
 Witney spinners and Duck(l)ington dogs,
 Finstock upon the hill ^{Fawder} down derry,
 Fawler
 Beggarly Ramsden, and lousy Charlbury,
 Woodstock for bacon, Bladon for beef,
 Handborough for a scurvy knave,
 And Coombe for a thief.—**BP.** iii. 281: **CI.** ix. 175.

King's Sutton is a pretty town,
 And lies all in a valley ;
 It has a pretty ring of bells,
 Besides a bowling-alley :
 Wine and liquor in good store,
 Pretty maidens plenty ;
 Can a man desire more ?
 There ain't such a town in twenty.

AY. 300. See MIDDLEWYCH, CO. **Cheshire.**

People say that the remarkable stones at Rollwright (Rollrich or Rowldrich stones), near Long Compton, are a regiment of soldiers witched into stones. An invading king said, says the legend—

If Long Compton I can see,
 King of England I shall be.

Then a witch replied—

Rise up stick, and stand still stone,
 King of England thou shalt be none.

The five tall stones are called the Whispering Knights (the highest, the King, says Brewer, *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, p. 759). They say of the other stones, that no one can count them twice alike. Great and Little Rollright are about two miles north of Chipping Norton. **F.**, Nov. 22, 1884.

Oxford for learning, London for wit,
 Hull for women, and York for a tit.—**BC.** 326.

Oxford knives, London wives.

Insinuating . . . that the Oxford knives were better to look

at than to cut with ; and that the London wives had more beauty and good breeding than housewifely qualities. **AU.**

Chronica si penses, cum pugnent Oxonienses
Post aliquot menses, volat ira per Anglingenses.

Or—

Mark the chronicles aright,
When Oxford scholars fall to fight,
Before many months ar' expired,
England will with war be fired.—**Fuller.**

This seems rather a kind of prediction than a proverb ; and Fuller points out some former instances in the English annals, wherein it has been verified ; but remarks that it holds out negatively, for that all was peace in Oxford previous to the breaking out of the civil commotions under King Charles I. **AU.**

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Rockingham, poor people,
Nasty town, castle down,
One bell, wooden steeple.—**I.** 142.

Stretton in the Street
Where shrews meet.—**AU.**

SHROPSHIRE.

A knut and a kernel,
Say the bells of Acton Burnell.
A pudding in the pot,
Say the bells of Acton Scott.
Pitch 'em and patch 'em,
Say the bells of Old Atcham.
Hold up your shield,
Say the bells of Battlefield.
Wristle, wrastle,
Say the bells of Bishop's Castle.
Up Severn and down Morfe (forest),
Say the bells of Bridgnorth.

Roast beef and mutton,
 Say the bells of Church Stretton.
 Hop, skip, and run,
 Say the bells of Clun.
 Axes and brummocks (broomhooks),
 Say the bells of Clungunnus (Clungunford).
 Under and over,
 Say the bells of Condover.
 A stick and a stone,
 Say the bells of Edgton.
 You're too fond of beer,
 Say the bells of Ellesmere.
 Why don't you ring louder?
 Say the bells of Hope Bowdler.
 Because we are beaten,
 Says the big bell of Eaton (under Heywood).
 Buttermilk and whey,
 Say the bells of Hopesay.
 An old lump of wood, }
 Lay a bottle in the wood, }
 Say the bells of Leebotwood.
 Roas' goose an' gander,
 Say the bells of Longor.
 How dare you do so?
 Say the bells of Ludlow (1795).
 Because I've a mind, }
 White bread and red wine, }
 Say the bells of Leintwardine (HEREF. 1795).
 We must all die,
 Say the bells of Lydbury.
 An owl in the tree,
 Say the bells of Norbury.
 Three crows on a tree,
 Say the bells of Oswestry.
 Roast beef, and be merry,
 Say the bells of Shrewsbury.
 Itchy and scabby,
 Say the bells of the Abbey.

Three naked lads,
 Say the bells of St. Chads.
 Three golden pickels,
 silver
 Say the bells of St. Michaels.
 Three gold canaries,
 Buttercups and daisies, }
 A new-born baby, }
 Say the bells of St. Mary.
 A boiling pot and stewing pan,
 Say the bells of St. Julian.
 You're a rogue for sartin,
 Say the bells of St. Martin.
 Up the ridge and down the butt,
 Say the bells of Smethycote.
 Roast beef and mutton,
 Say the bells of Old Upton (Upton Magna).
 Jack and Jim the tailor,
 Hang the rogue the ringer, (Uppington).
 Ivy, holly, and mistletoe,
 Say the bells of Wistanstow.—**AP.** 605-7.

Mr. Wright records a tradition, picked up at our famous "buried city" of *Uriconium* (Wroxeter), to the effect that on the northern side of Watling Street, not far from the place where it crosses the Bell Brook, there is near the brook side a *buried well*, at the bottom of which vast treasures lie hidden. As a local rhyme expresses it—

Near the Brook of Bell
 There is a well,
 Which is richer than any man can tell.*—**AP.** 84.

Church Stretton,
 Where they eaten more nor they gotten'.

This refers to the surrounding barren hills, as does the following punning rhyme to the bleak situations of—

* *Uriconium*, by T. Wright. London, 1872, 8vo, p. 80.

Bitterley, Bitterley, under the Clee,
Devil take me if ever I come to thee.—**AP.** 583.

CLEE.

In the sunny southern district they have an addition to the Herefordshire proverb, "Happy is the eye between Severn and Wye," *i.e.*—

But thrice happy he,
Between Severn and Clee.—**AP.** 584.

Clee = the beautiful hill of that name.

Clunton and Clunbury,
Clungunford and Clun,
Are the drunkenest places under the sun.
dirtiest

Others, more mildly, say the "quietest," but the natives have it that they are the "pleasantest places under the sun." **AP.** 583.

Clun, about seven miles from Knighton, is situated on the river Colonne or Clone. The "sleepy hollow-"ness of the district is proverbial. Formerly, as a border-town it was the scene of continual forays and incursions. **BX.** i. 38.

The hamlets of Pulverbatch are described in the following quatrain, made, it is said, about 1770 :—

Cothercot up o' the hill,
Wilderley down i' the dale,
Churton for pretty girls,
An' Powtherbitch for good ale.—**AP.** 584.

Dilluson Yeth (heath),
Wheer the Devil ketcht 'is djeth.

Dilluson = Dudleston. **AP.** 584.

The longer you live the more you see,
Dudleston Chapel-bell hung on a tree.—**AP.** 583.

As sure as Hodnet sends the wind,
A rainy day will Drayton find.

Hodnet lies south-west of Drayton, a direction from which the wind frequently brings rain. **AP.** 579.

IPPIKIN (name).

Between Presthorpe and Lulwyche Hall, a cliff of Wenlock Edge (a long ridge of limestone) is called Ippikin's Rock, after a celebrated robber, who with his band and treasures was blocked up in a cave by a natural fall of rock. The rock is supposed to be haunted, and the mark of the knight's gold chain may yet be traced upon it, and if any one shall be so hardy as to stand on the top of the cliff, and cry—

“Ippikin, Ippikin,
Keep away with your long chin,”

the ghost of the imprisoned robber will instantly appear, and dash the speaker over the precipice. **AP.** 15.

The stoutest beggar that goes by the way,
Can't beg thro' Long on a midsummer's day.

The insignificant but straggling village of Longdon upon Tern was formerly called Long, and the name still survives in that of Long Lane, and other places in the immediate neighbourhood. **AP.** 583.

If this mere you do let dry,
Newport and Meretown I will destr'y.

Prophecy of the Mermaid of Newport, whose region was once, it is presumed, the Vivary at Newport, a pool or mere dammed up at the upper end of the level marsh known as the Wildmoors. The pool supplied fish for the king's table, hence the three fishes in the borough arms. Pool is dried up, was waste in 1749. The Mermaid now lies in Aqualate Mere, Staffordshire, two miles higher up the Wildmoors. She made this prophecy on some dredgers—mudding out. **AP.** 640.

Lines on the old women of Rodington (modern).

Upon the common the tale begins,
That old Molly Humphries has burnt her shins ;
Old Lucy Davies she whets her knife,
Old Sally Fletcher she smokes her pipe ;
Old Betty Metcalfe has got a long nose,
Old Peggy Roberts, off she goes.—**AP.** 586.

A dishonest milkwoman at Shrewsbury, who is condemned to wander up and down Lady Studley's Diche, in the Raven Meadow (now the Smithfield), constantly repeating—

“Weight and measure sold I never,
Milk and water sold I ever.”

It is strange enough that this same rhyme is known at Burslem in the Staffordshire Potteries, of an old witch known as “Old Molly Lee.” **AP.** 120.

Don't you know the muffin man,
Don't you know his name,
Don't you know the muffin man,
That lives in our lane?
All around the Butter Cross,
Up by St. Giles's,
Up and down the gullet shut,
And call at Molly Miles's.

Shrewsbury. **AP.** 571.

Schropschir, my schinnes ben scharpe,
Ley wood to the fir, and yef me my harpe.

Harleian MS., 7371, quoted in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 269.

I am of Shropshire, my shinnes be sharpe;
Ley wood to the fyre, and dresse me my harpe.

Leland, *Itinerary*, edit. Hearne, v. xxvi., “e codice MS. . . . Thomam Rawlinsonum” of the Middle Temple. See *Bygones*, June 28, 1882. Also in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*. ii. 41. See also Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 23; *Works*, edit. 1753, iii. 112; also *Folklore Journal*, iii. 83. **AP.** 581.

The following rhyme enumerates some of the many villages called Staunton—

Stan upon Trent,
Stan upon Wye,
Clean Stan, dirty Stan,
And Stanton Lacy.

Corve Dale. **AP.** 584.

As good as Stoke Yeth (heath),
 Wheer owd Nick was clemmed to djeth.

The same is said of Bomere Heath ; and of Prees they say that the devil died there. **AP.** 584.

Edgmond town people or children formerly said, when persons from the outlying townships came to be married at the parish church (while yet Tibberton chapel or church was not licensed for marriages)—

Tibberton tawnies, Cherrington chats,
 Edgmond men, and Adeney cats.

The Tibberton people were remarkable for their dark complexions, and used to say if Edgement folk passed them—

Tibberton tawnies, Cherrington chats,
 Edgement bull-dogs, and Adeney cats,
 Edgement bull-dogs made up in a pen,
 Darna come out for Tibberton men.—**AP.** 570.

These rhymes are varied thus—

Tibberton tawnies, Cherrington chats,
 Wall dogs and Buttery rats.—*Adeney.*
 Tibberton tawnies, Cherrington chats,
 Adeney dogs and Buttery rats,
 Four bull-dogs fast in a pen,
 Darna come out for Edgement men.—*Edgmond.*

AP. 582. Compare "Fazeley bulldogs," **Warwickshire.**

WEM.

A new church, an old steeple,
 A drunken parson, and a wicked people.—**AP.** 582.
 Amen,
 Says the clerk of Wem.

Wem church was rebuilt in 1811, excepting the tower, which dates from the fourteenth century. **AP.** 582.

The women of Wem, and a few musketeers,
 Beat Lord Capel, and all his cavaliers.

Wem was the first town in Shropshire to declare for the Parliament. In 1643, Lord Capel, the king's lieutenant-general in Wales

and the border counties, attempted to take it (from Shrewsbury) before the fortifications were finished; but though he had by a ruse induced the chief part of the Parliamentary forces to fall back upon the garrison at Nantwich in Cheshire (under Sir William Brereton), he was repulsed from Wem by about forty troopers, aided by the townspeople. The story goes that they posted old women in red cloaks at well-chosen spots, and thus scared the enemy, who took them for soldiers. **AP.** 585.

From Wem and from Wich,
And from Clive of the Styche,
Good Lord deliver us!

This was the prayer of the Shropshire royalists. Wich (pronounced Weich) stands for Nantwich; and Clive of the Styche, an ancestor of the famous Lord Clive, was a colonel in the Parliamentary army, and a formidable local supporter of their cause. **AP.** 585, 586.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Horner, Popham, Wyndham, and Thynne,
When the abbot went out, then they went in.

These were the four families to whom the site of Glastonbury Abbey was granted at the Dissolution. **BC.** 217. See Lower, *Patronymica Britannica*, p. 419; on page 182 of the same work is this variant—

Hopton, Horner, Smyth, Knocknaile, and Thynne,
When Abbats went out they came in.

Aubrey's *Lives*, ii. 362. Lower says, "A family of this name, Knocknaile, in Wiltshire, were enriched by the spoliation of the monasteries by Henry VIII., and the old traditional name records them, and some of their neighbours."

Stanton Drew,
A mile from Pensford, another from Chew.

Stanton Drew in the fertile and well wooded valley of the river Chew. **BZ.** iii. 423: **Halliwell**, p. 198; and mentioned by Stukeley, *Itinerary* (Cur. 1776), ii. 169. See also **CE.** viii. 616.

Sutton Long, Sutton Long,
At every door a tump of dung,
Some two, some three,
It's the dirtiest place that ever you see.—**CE.** v. 375.

When Taunton was a furzy down,
Norton was a walled town.—**BZ.** iii. 391.

Another version is—

When Norton was a market town,
Taunton was a furzy down.

Norton was once a British town, as its name shows. Ner-ton, North-ton, Nether-ton, or Near-ton. It is in fact to Taunton, what old Sarum is to Salisbury—grandfather. **CO.** 104.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Barton under Needwood,
Dunstall in the dale,
Tattenhill for a pretty girl,
And Burton for good ale.

CG. iii. 456. Hazlitt has *Sitenhill* for "Tattenhill," p. 86. Barton-under-Needwood, six miles south-west by west from Burton, is in the parish of Tatenhill. Dunstall, in the same parish, is four and a half miles south-west by south from Burton.

The names of the townships and hamlets within the parish (Tamworth), are thus given in some quaint hobbling rhymes common amongst the country folks here, in the middle of the last century—

There's Bitterscote and Bonehill, and Dunstall upon Dun,
Hopwas and Coton, and miry Wiginton,
Little Amington and Great Amington, with the Woodhouses
by,
Glascote and Wilnecote, and merry Fasely,
Comberford and Syerscote, and Bole Hall Street,
And Tamworth is the head town where all these cuckolds
meet.

History and Antiquities of the College Church of Tamworth, by C. F. R. Palmer, 8vo, 1871, p. 13.

Calton, Caldon, Waterfall, and Grin,
Are the four fou'est places I ever was in.

Staffordshire moorlands, neighbourhood of Alton. "Grin" is Grindon. **CE.** xi. 74.

While (the) ivy is green, and (the) holly is rough,
 This is a lease for the Blest of the Hough, }
 There'll always be a Blest of the Hough. }

CN. *append.* 25: AR. iv. 359. On an entailed estate in the parish of Eccleshall, Blest family.

In April, Dove's flood
 Is worth a king's good.

L. 534: *Midland Antiquary*, i. 150.

Leigh's *England Described*, 1659, p. 179. "The river Dove has a white clayish channel, without any shelves of mud, which is so greatly enriched by running on a limestone soil, as Camden relates, that the meadows on both sides have a fresh and green aspect, even in the depth of winter; and if it overflows there in April, it renders them so fruitful, that the neighbouring inhabitants joyfully, on this occasion, apply the rhyme. But Dr. Plot ascribes this fertility to the sheep's dung washed down from the hills by the rain, and thrown on the banks by the floods."—*Universal Magazine*, p. 49, 1758, quoted by Brady, *Var. of Lit.*, 1826. BC. 239.

NOEL (family).

N. for a word of deniance,
 E. with a figure of L. fiftie,
 Spelleth his name that never
 Will be thriftie.

MS. Sloane, 2497, of sixteenth century.

William, the ancestor of all the English Noels, was living in the reign of Henry I., and was at that period lord of Ellenhall, county Stafford. Shirley's *Noble and Gentlemen of England*. Collins says that "Noel," and his wife Celestina, came into England at the Conquest, and that their son Robert was called Fitz-Noel, and hence the name and family. BO. p. 238.

The Nowells of Rede, now Netherside, county York, deduce their pedigree from Adam *de* Nowell, who flourished there *temp.* Henry I. Burke's *Landed Gentry*.—*Id.* p. 240.

For boots, and shoes, and slippers rare,
 What shire with Stafford may compare?

Langford's *Staffordshire and Warwickshire, Past and Present*, vol. i.

Staunton on the Stones,
Where the Devil broke his bones.

Staunton is particularly stony. **CN.** *Append.* p. 25.

Wotton under Weaver,
Where God came never.

L. : **CQ.** : Leigh's *England Described*, 1659, p. 179. It is surrounded by hills which shield it from the light of the sun. See *England's Gazetteer*, 1751, and **BC.** 500.

SUFFOLK.

Beccles for a puritan, Bungay for the poor,
Halesworth for a drunkard, and Bilborough for a whore.

AU.

Were I in my castle of Bungey,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockeney.

The river Waveney almost encompasses Bungay. Here Hugh Bigod, when the seditious barons put all England in an uproar, fortified a castle, to the strength whereof nature very much contributed. Of which he was wont to boast as if it were impregnable. Notwithstanding which he was afterwards forced to compound for a great sum of money and hostages with Henry the second, to save it from being demolished. **L.** 376 : **BG.** 21 : **CU.** 403, where the value of these lines as early specimens of *English* verse, not pure Saxon, is pointed out. See also Percy's *Reliques*, Notes (**U.** 3).

Between Cowhithe and merry Cassingland,
The Devil s. . . Benacre, look where it stands.—**AU.**
It seems this place is infamous for its bad situation.—**Ray.**

Twixt Lopham forde and Shimpling Thorne,
England shall be wonne and lorne.

Copied from an old courtbook of the manor of Shimpling Thorne between Bury St. Edmunds and Sudbury. **CG.** xii. 479.

TOLLEMACHE (family).

Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my seat, and Tollemache was my name.

Higson's *MS. Coll.*, No. 72. Bentley, in Suffolk, near Ipswich. The Tollemache family is still seated in the same neighbourhood—at Helmingham Hall, near Ipswich. A branch of the same house enjoys the earldom of Dysart. See Mr. Maidment's *Book of Scottish Pasquils*, 1869, p. 243, *et seq.*, for an edifying account of the early doings of these Tollemaches. As to the saying itself, it is perhaps unnecessary to observe that it is of no great antiquity; and, moreover, its truth is more than dubious. The Tollemaches, as may be supposed, do not occur in *Doomsday Book* as owners of Bentley, and the name is evidently not Saxon. Suckling, in his *History of Suffolk*, 1846-48, does not take in the Tollemaches. BC. 88.

Suckling's *History* is far from complete. According to Burke's *Peerage* (1850), Tollemache, Lord of Bentley, in Suffolk, and Stoke Tollemache, co. Oxford, lived in the sixth century, and the above couplet was lettered on the Manor House at Bentley. The name is said to be a corruption of "tollmack," tolling of the bell. Perhaps the most direct proof of their ancient standing in Suffolk is the fact that Sir Hugh de Tollemache, in the 25th Edward I., held of the crown the manor of Bentley, and the fourth part of the village of Aketon, by knight's service.

SURREY.

John Hacket (Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry), when holding the living of St. Andrew's, Holborn, was presented to the rectory of Cheam by his patron, the Lord Keeper Williams, who accompanied the gift with this rhyme—

Holborn for wealth,
And Cheam for health.

Hacket retained Holborn, accepted Cheam, and lived to a good old age. Cheam is about fourteen miles from London, in Surrey, midway between Sutton and Ewell. Thorne, *London and its Environs*, 1876, p. 86.

The vale of Holms-Dale,
Never wonne, ne never shall.—L. 155.

The inhabitants, says Camden, have this rhyme in their own commendation, because once or twice they defeated the plundering Danes.

It was, undoubtedly, won by William the Conqueror, who marched his army through it on his way to London. AU.

Hydon's ball is a conical elevation forming the highest point of a little range of hills overlooking the wealds of Surrey and

The usual finish to such lines is "The fairest ^{town} of the three."
 city

See YORK, co. Yorkshire.

'Oking is corrupted from Woking. **CE.** viii. 616.

SUSSEX.

Amberley—God knows,
 All among the rooks and crows,
 Where the good potatoes grows.—**CJ.** ix. 341.

Arundel mullet—stinking fish,
 Eats it off a dirty dish.

Said by the people of Offham to the folk of Arundel. The retort is—

Offham dingers, churchbells ringers,
 Only taters for your Sunday dinners.—**CJ.** ix. 402.

Since William rose and Harold fell,
 There have been earls of Arundel;
 And Earls old Arundel shall have,
 Whilst rivers flow and forests wave.

Illustrated Times, Feb. 23, 1856, p. 131. This is an allusion to the tenure of the castle, the possession of which is said to carry the title, Earl of Arundel, a point, however, somewhat disputed. **CJ.** ix. 341.

When Beddingham hills wear a cap,
 Ripe and Chalvington gets a drap.

These places are situated to the north-east of Beddingham, a parish near Lewes. **CJ.** ix. 342.

If Chichester church steeple fall,
 In England there's no king at all.—**CJ.** ix. 342.
Sussex Arch. Coll., xiii. 233. Verified February 21, 1861.

When Foxes brewings go to Cocking,
 Foxes brewings come back dropping.

Lower, *History of Sussex*, i. 119, says: From the leafy recesses

of the hangers of beech on the escarpment of the downs there rises in unsettled weather a mist, which rolls among the trees like the smoke out of a chimney. This exhalation is called "Foxes Brewings," whatever that may mean; and if it turns westward, towards Cocking, rain follows speedily. **CJ.** ix. 342.

When Fairlie Down puts on his cap,
Romney Marsh will have its sap.
Fairlie = Fairlight. **CJ.** ix. 403.

When Firle Hill and Long Man has a cap,
We at A'ston gets a drap.
"Long Man" is the Wilmington Giant, a figure cut in the turf of the Downs. A'ston is a corruption of Alciston. **CJ.** ix. 341.

The people of Fletching,
Live by snapping and ketching.—**CJ.** ix. 342.

EAST GRINSTEAD.

Large parish, poor people,
Large new church, and no steeple.
A somewhat similar proverb applies to Playden. **CJ.** ix. 349.

Master Huggett, and his man John,
They did cast the first cannon.

The residence of Ralfe Hogge, who in 1543 cast the first iron gun, still remains. The names Hogge and Hugget are confounded. **CG.** ii. 56.

Archæol., xxxvii. 483. This refers to the iron foundry, established at Buxted, near Lindfield, in Sussex, in the sixteenth century, by Ralph Hogge, who was assisted by a Frenchman named Bawde, and one, John Johnson, the "man John" of the homely couplet. Two of the ordnance cast by Hogge are said to be in the Tower. **BC.** 289.

Heighton, Denton, and Tarring
All begins with A.

Included only because of the same family as "London, Leicester, York, and Chester," etc.

M. A. Lower, in *Sussex Arch. Coll.*, xiii. 210, says this is a "Brookside witticism;" but it is an old catch. These are the Brookside parishes. **CJ.** ix. 343.

Herrinly, Chidd'nly, and Hoädly,
Three *lies*, and all true.

Lower, *ib.* Herrinly = Hellingby (?). *Id.*

O rare Norgem! thou dost far exceed
Beckley, Peasmarsh, Udimore, and Brede.

Lower, *History of Sussex*, ii. 63. **CJ.** ix. 343.

Proud Pebworth, poor people,
High church, crooked people.

The leaden spire of the church, long out of the perpendicular, was taken down in 1800, and the tower was then finished off with pinnacles. **CJ.** x. 370.

PELHAM (name).

What time ye French sought to have sacked Seafoord,
This Pelham did *repel 'em* back aboard.

This punning rhyme is part of the epitaph on the monument of Sir Nicholas Pelham (died 1559) in St. Michael's Church, Lewes. It has become proverbial. **CJ.** ix. 401.

Ridgick for riches, Green for poors,
Billinghurst for pretty girls, and Horsham for whores.

Parishes in north-west. "Ridgick" is the dialectal name of Rudgwick, and "Green" is Wishborough Green. A barrister suggests that this rhyme is borrowed from the old verse on the Inns of Court: "Inner Temple, rich; Middle Temple, poor; Lincoln's Inn for gentlemen; and Gray's Inn for a whore." **CJ.** ix. 401. There are many similar verses in this collection.

Sauket church, crook'd steeple,
Drunken parson, wicked people.

Playden is a village adjoining Rye, and is known as Saltcot and Saltcot Street, being said to derive this name from salted cod, formerly spread on the banks to dry. **CJ.** ix. 401.

Shirley of Preston,
Died for the loss of Wiston.

Relates to the Shirley or Shelley family, who had a seat at Preston, near Brighton, for many years. **CJ.** ix. 402.

Who knows what Tarberry would bear,
Would plough it with a golden share.

Rev. H. D. Gordon, ²*History of Harting*, p. 18. Tarberry is a conical hill in the parish of Harting, and derives its name from the Celtic *tor*. Mr. Gordon quotes a local legend that "the devil, rejecting the scalding spoon from his 'Punchbowl' at Hinde Head, in Surrey, threw it over to Sussex, where it alighted here bowl upwards." **CJ.** ix. 343.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The Peepul of Clifton-super-Dunesmare,
Sold ye Churche Byble to buy a bayre.

Midland Counties Hist. Collection, i. 119. **CG.** x. 266.

Or—

Clifton-upon-Dunsmore in Warwickshire,
Sold the church bible to buy a bear.—**CG.** ii. 236.

But the *Saturday Review* of April 27th, 1889, has it—

The people of Clifton-super-Dunsmore,
Sold the Church bible to buy a *boar*.—p. 512.

Clifton is two miles east-north-east from Rugby. Compare "Congleton rare," etc., **Cheshire**.

He is true,
Coventry blue.

Coventry was formerly famous for dying a blue that would neither change its colour, nor could it be discharged by washing. Therefore, the epithets of Coventry blue and true blue were figuratively used to signify persons who would not change their party or principles on any consideration. **AU.** : Fuller.

Fazeley bulldogs lock'd in a pen,
Dusn't come out for Tamworth men.

Or *vice versa*, and sometimes "Fazeley" gives place to *Glascote*. Compare "Tibberton tawnies," etc., co. Shropshire.

Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
 Haunted Hilboro', hungry Grafton ;
 Dodging Exhall, Popish Wixford ;
 Beggarly Broom and drunken Bidford.

This rhyme is given amongst Warwickshire verses—although the first two places are in Gloucestershire—because there is a tradition that Shakespeare made the lines—

"THE LEGEND.

"In the glorious days of Good Queen Bess the village of Bidford, on the banks of the Warwickshire Avon, was noted for the illustrious bands called 'Topers' and 'Sippers.' The *Topers* were the stouter of the two, and boldly challenged all England to contest with them in imbibing the nut-brown ale, for which Bidford especially was famous. Early one Whit Monday morning, William Shakespeare, and a few of his right merry boon companions, who had accepted the *Topers'* challenge, started for Bidford, and arriving there, had the mortification to find that the challengers had that very morning gone to Evesham fair on a similar errand ; at this disappointment they resolved to take up with the *Sippers*, who had remained at home, and whom they held in contempt. Upon trial, however, the Stratfordians found themselves unequal to the encounter, and were obliged to retire whilst they still retained the partial use of their legs. The poet and his companions had not retreated more than a mile from the famous hostlerie of the Falcon—at which their capabilities had been tested—ere they lay down and bivouacked for the night under the widespreading boughs of a thickly-blossomed crab tree. Upon awaking in the morning, Shakespeare's companions endeavoured to persuade him to renew the contest ; but probably foreseeing a second defeat, and knowing 'discretion was the better part of valour,' he declined, and looking round, and pointing to the villages from which his adversaries had assembled, uttered the following epigram" (see above). *Shakespeare's Crab Tree, with its Legend*, etc., by C. F. Green, quarto, 1862 (?) wherein is also a map, "The Crab Tree and its Environs."

Five short miles from Stratford, and one from Bidford, and a few hundred paces from the river, on the then unenclosed roadside, grew a crab tree, whose gnarled trunk and giant size bespoke the growth of centuries. *Id.* 17.

But it suffered with time, and—

The remains of the crab tree were carefully removed to Bidford Grange, on December 4, 1824. *Id.* 18.

In his book, *Shakespeare's Birthplace*, Mr. J. R. Wise gives certain particulars relating to these places.

Dancing Marston is Marston Sicca [Kiftsgate hundred, Gloucestershire, four miles south-west of Stratford], a long straggling village about two miles from Welford . . . to this day celebrated for dancing . . . (p. 88) . . . A few fields bring us to the Piping Pebworth, which still keeps up its reputation for music . . . rambling over more fields, we reach the old Roman Icknield Street, which will lead us across the Avon into Bidford . . . At the Falcon (at Bidford), now turned into a poorhouse, is a room still shown as the scene of the famous festivity. Following the Stratford road for about a mile, we shall reach on the right-hand side, the place where the crab tree stood (pp. 89, 90) . . . Broom is called beggarly, both from the poverty of its soil and its inhabitants; and Papist Wixford still, I believe, belongs to the old Roman Catholic family of the Throckmortons. Haunted Hilborough is now a mere farmhouse by the river side, quite lonely enough to have the credit for being haunted. It was formerly an old manor-house, and is but little changed from what it was in Shakspeare's time, with its old barns, and its round stone dovehouse (p. 90). "Dodging" Exhall, as I venture to write, instead of the usual *dadging*, is, I must suppose, so called on account of the trouble there is to find it. . . . I was several hours before I could reach the place, and then, to use an Hibernicism, never found it, unless two or three straggling cottages make the village. The prettiest place of them all is Hungry Grafton, or Temple Grafton, as it is called, where some of the old Knights Templar once lived. But where their dwelling was there is nothing now but a farmhouse, standing very prettily amongst its elms, and you may trace, by the mounts and hollows in the adjoining meadow, where had once been the fishpools of the old knights. The epithet, "hungry," is still true of the soil, which is very poor; and a farm in the parish, to this day, bears the name of Hungry Harbour Farm (p. 91).

Sutton for mutton, Tamworth for beeves,
Brummagem for blackguards, and Coleshill for thieves.

CJ. iii. 144. Sometimes the second line runs—

Walsall for tagrag, and Rushall for thieves.

F. Feb. 23, 1878.

Or—

Walsall for bandylegs, and Brummagem for thieves.

Or—

Yenton for a pretty girl, and Brummagem for thieves.

“Yenton” is the place pronunciation of *Erdington*. “Sutton” is *Sutton Coldfield*. See, under SUTTON, cos. Kent, Surrey.

WESTMORELAND.

BOWNESS ON WINDERMERE.

New church, and old steeple,
 Poor town, and proud people.

L. 138 ; BA. 202.

EDEN (river).

Let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
 The river Eden will roll as it ran.

This castle (Pendragon) is washed on the east by the river Eden ; and on the other sides there are great trenches, as if the first builder had intended to draw the water round it. But the attempt proved ineffectual, from whence they have an old rhyme hereabouts, etc. L. 812 : Fuller says, “ This proverb is applicable to such who offer rape to nature, endeavouring what is cross and contrary thereunto.” See also AU. : Ray, etc.

HART HORN TREE.

The Roman way passes — all along by the side of Whinfield Park to Hart horn tree, which may seem to give names to Homby Hall, the seat of the Birbecks, and to have borrowed its own from a stag, which was coursed by a single greyhound to the Red Kirk in Scotland, and back again to this place, where, being both of them spent, the stag leapt the pales, but dyd on the other side ; and the greyhound attempting to leap, fell, and dyd on this side. Whence they naid up their heads upon the tree ; and (the dog’s name being Hercules) they made this rhyme upon them—

Hercules killed Hart-a-greese,
 And Hart-a-greese killed Hercules.—L. 816.

“Hart-a-greese” = a fat hart. See the old ballad “Adam Bell” and the Glossary in Percy’s *Reliques*—

Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
 The best that they coldse.—Pt. iii. ver. 8.

Eighty-eight wor Kirby feight,
 When niver a man was slain,
 They yatt ther meaat, an drank their drink,
 An sae con merrily heaam agayn.

After the abdication of James II., in the year 1688, a rumour was spread in the north of England that he was lying off the Yorkshire coast, ready to make a descent with a numerous army from France, in hopes of regaining his lost throne. This report gave the Lord Lieutenant of Westmorland an opportunity of showing his own and the people's attachment to the new order of things; he accordingly called out the *posse comitatus*, comprising all able-bodied men from sixteen to sixty. The order was obeyed with alacrity; and the inhabitants met, armed, in a field called Miller's Close, near Kendal, from whence they marched to Kirby Lonsdale. *Westmorland and Cumberland Dial*, 89. **AV.** 205.

TROUTBECK.

The vale of Troutbeck opens upon Windermere, about midway between Bowness and Ambleside, and is divided into three hundreds, each of which maintains a bridge over the stream, a bull for breeding purposes, and a constable for the preservation of order—severally known as "The Hundred Bridge," etc. Hence the men of Troutbeck are given to astonish strangers by boasting that their little chapelry possessed three hundred bridges, three hundred bulls, and three hundred constables. It is probable that some revengeful victim of this quibble, perpetrated the following—

There's three hundred brigs i' Trout,
 Three hundred bulls,
 Three hundred constables,
 And many hundred *feuls*.—**BA.** 202.

WIGHT, ISLE OF.

When the Island's seen above the line,
 Brightelmstone loses weather fine.—**CJ.** ix. 342.

"Brightelmstone" = *Brighton* in Sussex.

When St. Catherine wears a cap,
 Then all the island wears a hat.—**AK.** 61.

"St. Catherine's Hill" on the south coast is over seven hundred feet above sea level.

WILTSHIRE.

Pewsham Forest was given to the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it, I thinke, to his brother the Earl of Anglesey. Upon the disafforesting of it, the poor people made this rhythme—

When Chipnam stood in Pewsham's wood,
 Before it was destroyed,
 A cow might have gone for a groat a yeare,
 But now it is denied.

The metre is lamentable, but the cry of the poor was more lamentable. I knew severall that did remember the going of a cowe for 4^d per annum. The order was, how many they could winter they might summer; the pigges did cost nothing the going. Now the highwayes are encombred with cottages, and thet ravellers with the beggars that dwell in them. *Natural History of Wiltshire*, p. 58. **AN.** 247-48.

Imber, five miles north of Heytesbury, is entombed among the chalk hills, in one of the most lonely situations conceivable.

Imber on the Down,
 Four miles from any town.

It can only be approached by a hackway across the turf, and is almost inaccessible in winter. **BZ.** i. 148.

Salisbury plain,
 Is seldom without a thief or twain.

AU., AN. (from *Natural History of Wiltshire*, p. 69), p. 242, has *never* for "seldom."

SHERSTON MAGNA.

The following very curious observations on this town are extracted from an anonymous manuscript in my possession, written forty or fifty years ago. I have never seen the lines in print. Aubrey, in his *Natural History of Wiltshire*, mentions the plant called *Danes' blood*, and derives the name from a similar circumstance. Some observations on Sherston may be seen in Camden, edit. Gough, i. 96. It is Sceor-stan, where the celebrated battle between the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes was fought in the year 1016, and prodigies of valour exhibited by the combatants.

"When a schoolboy I have often traced the intrenchments at Sherston Magna, which are still visible on the north side of the town, and particularly in a field near the brow of a hill which overlooks a branch of the river Avon, which rises a little below Didmarton; and with other boys have gone in quest of a certain plant in the field where the battle is said to have been fought, which the inhabitants pretended dropt blood when gathered, and called Danes blood, corruptly no doubt for Daneswart, which was

supposed to have sprung from the blood of the Danes slain in that battle. Among other memorials, the statue of a brave warrior, vulgarly called Rattlebone, but whose real name I could never learn, is still standing upon a pedestal on the east side of the church porch, as I've been lately informed, where I saw it above fifty years ago; of whose bravery almost equal to that of Withrington, many fabulous stories are told. One, in particular, like some of the Grecian fable of old, built upon the resemblance his shield bears to the shape of a tile stone, which he is said to have placed over his stomach after it had been ripped up in battle, and by that means maintained the field; whilst the following rude verses are said to have been repeated by the king by way of encouragement—

‘Fight on Rattlebone, And thou shalt have Sherstone;
If Sherstone will not do, Then Easton Grey and Pinkney
too.’—**AV.** 199.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

For ringers, singers, and a crier,
Bewdley excelled all Worcestershire.

The Kidderminster Shuttle, Dec. 2. **CH.** viii. 507.

When Bredon Hill puts on his hat,
Ye men of the vale beware of that.

Bredon Hill (960 feet) is what is called an “outlyer,” or a portion which has slipped away from the rest of the grand Cotswold amphitheatre, and stands isolated; it has likewise for many ages served the purpose of a rural barometer to the inhabitants of the surrounding valleys. Noake, *Rambles in Worcestershire*, 12mo., 1848, p. 158; **CE.** viii. 326; **S.** 39.

In days of yore, when the church of Inkberrow was taken down and rebuilt upon a new site, the fairies whose haunt was near the latter place, took offence at the change, and endeavoured to obstruct the building by carrying back the materials in the night to the old locality. At length, however, the church was triumphant, but for many a day afterwards, the following lament is said to have been occasionally heard—

Neither sleep, neither lie,
For Inkbro's tingtang hangs so nigh.—**B.** 419.

King Cador saw a pretty maid,
 King Cador would have kissed her ;
 The damsel slipt aside, and said
 King Cador you have missed her.

I.e. Cador or Keder mister. **B.**

All about Malvern Hill,
 A man may live as long as he will.—**S.** 39.

ODDINGLEY.

It would be childish to repeat the legend of two giants, Odd and Dingley, who are said to have fought upon the common here ; and, Dingley getting the better, Odd is said to have cried out—

“ Oh Dingley, Dingley, spare my breath,
 It shall be called Oddingley Heath.”—**B.** 324.

Sell wheat, and buy rye,
 Say the bells of Tenbury.—**S.** 39.

TIBBERTON.

A stone church, a wooden steeple,
 A drunken parson, a wicked people.

S. 39: Some years ago the then waggish churchwarden suggested a [the above] rhyming couplet to be placed over the door of the church. Noake, *Ramb. Worcest.*, 1848, 12mo, p. 288.

YORKSHIRE.

Druid, Roman, Scandinavia,
 Stone raise on Addleboro.

CF. vi. 204, from *A Month in Yorkshire*, by Mrs. White.

On Addleboro' Hill there are remains of a Druidical circle.

AR. i. 164.

A thatched church, a wooden steeple,
 A drunken parson, and wicked people.

Beswick near Beverley. **CG.** xii. 75.

Of Rawdon Billing it is said—

When Billing Hill puts on its cap,
Calverley mill will get a slap.

Billing is the highest point of the hill in Rawdon, dividing the valleys of the rivers Wharfe and Aire; on the latter is Calverley mill. **AQ.** i. 169.

Bilhope braes for bucks and raes,
And Carit haugh for swine,
And Tarras for the good bull trout,
If he be taen in time.

Bulltrout = a large, fine species of fish peculiar to Northumberland. **J.** 70.

Birstal for ringers, Heckmondwike for singers,
Dewsbury for peddlers, Cleckheaton for sheddlers.

These places are close to each other in the West Riding. To *sheddle*, in the Leeds dialect, is to *swindle*. **AQ.** i. 174.

BOLLING HALL.

The last Tempest (in 1502 Rosamund Bolling, sole heiress of the property, carried it by marriage into the Tempest family) who held sway at Bolling, or Bowling, Hall (near Bradford), was Richard, styled by Markham, "a weak imprudent man, a Royalist and a gamester." When the Puritan party finally triumphed, this Tempest compounded for his estates by a heavy fine, which, coupled with his gambling proclivities, led to his ruin. In the autumn of 1658 he died in the King's Bench, a prisoner for debt. According to the current legend, he staked and lost Bolling Hall and all his estates at cards, during the deal exclaiming—

Now ace, deuce, and tray,
Or farewell, Bolling Hall, for ever and aye.

The Haunted Homes and Family Tradition of Great Britain, by John H. Ingram, 8vo, 1886, p. 377.

When Julius Cæsar was a king,
Bowes Castle was a famous thing.

AQ. iii. pt. ii. p. 174 : quoted from Murray's *Handbook*, p. 368. The castle was built within the Roman station probably, says Murray.

If Brayton-bargh and Hambleton-hough and Burton-bream,
Were all in thy belly it never would be team.

It is spoken of a covetous and insatiable person, whom nothing will content. Brayton-bargh and Hambleton-hough and Burton-bream are places between Cawood and Pontefract in this county. Brayton-bargh is a small hill in a plain country, covered with wood. Bargh in the northern dialect is properly a horseway up a steep hill, though here it is taken for the hill itself. Team signifies full or satisfied. **AU.**

Calverley Hall and district, is haunted by the ghost of Walter Calverley, who, on April 23, 1604, murdered several of his children with a dagger, for which crime he was pressed to death at York castle—according to the well-known law of *peine forte et dure*. The writer of an article in a Bradford paper, published in March, 1874, entitled *Calverley Forty Years Ago*, describes how, in his youthful days, he assisted at an attempt to raise the ghost of the old murderous squire; the *modus operandi*, he says, was as follows: "About a dozen of the scholars having leisure, and fired with the imaginative spirit, used to assemble after school hours close to the venerable church of Calverley, and then put their hats and caps down on the ground, in a pyramidal form. Then taking hold of each other's hands they formed a 'magic circle,' holding firmly together, and making use of an old refrain—

'Old Calverley, old Calverley, I have thee by the ears,
I'll cut thee into collops, unless thee appears.'

"Whilst this incantation was going on, crumbs of bread (saved from their dinner), and mixed with pins, were strewn on the ground, the meanwhile the lads tramped round in the circle with a heavy tread. Some of the more venturesome boys had to go round to each of the church doors, and whistle aloud through the keyhole, repeating the magical couplet which their comrades in the circle were chanting. At this culminating point a pale and ghostly figure was expected to appear, and on one occasion, some such apparition does seem to have issued forth, apparently from the church. The lads in their terrified haste to avoid the ghost's fearful grasp, scampered off as fast as their legs would carry them, leaving their hats and caps scattered about the ground as legitimate spoil for old Calverley." Ingram, *Haunted Homes*, etc., pp. 399, 400.

Castleford women must needs be fair,
Because they wash both in Calder and Aire.

Castleford is an old Roman station, at the junction of the two

West Riding rivers, where the Calder ceases. They are now black as ink. **AQ.** i. 172.

A little above Castleford the Calder joins the Aire. **CA.** 385.

Cleveland in the Clay,
Bring in two soles, and carry one away.

Cleveland is that part of Yorkshire which borders upon the bishopric of Durham: **Ray.** The soil is exceedingly clayie which has occasioned this proverb. **L.** 766: **AU.**

DACRE (name).

The Lord of Dacres,
Was slain at the North Acres.

AQ. iii. pt. ii. p. 176, quoting Murray's *Handbook*, p. 518. The Lancastrian Lord Dacre was shot, says tradition, in a field called the "Nor(th) acres," by a boy out of a "burtre" (elder tree). Halliwell, *Pop Rhymes*, etc., p. 200 gives it, "The Lord Dacre was slain in North Acre." This took place at the battle of Towton, in 1461. See **BC.** 390.

When Derwent flows,
Then Keldgate goes.

Cottingham, near Hull. There are some intermittent springs called Keldgate, which are supposed in some way to be dependent on the Derwent, twenty miles away. **AR.** i. 164.

When Dighton is pulled down,
Hull shall become a great(er) town.

This is rather a prophecy than a proverb. Dighton is a small town not a mile distant from Hull, and was, in the time of the civil wars, for the most part pulled down. Let Hull make the best they can of it. **AU.** quoting **Ray.** See also **AQ.** i. 162.

The Doncaster mayor he sits in his chair,
The mills they merrily go,
His nose doth shine with drinking of wine,
And the gout is in his great toe.

The profits of the town mills near the bridge over the Don were anciently assigned for the special expenses of the mayor. **CA.** 8.

The shelving, slimy river Dun,
Each year a daughter or a son (drowned).

Dun principal river in Hallamshire, modern Don. **R.** 67.

From the *Denham Tracts*, privately printed at Richmond Durham, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in various years since 1850, we have—

When Eston nabbe puts on a cloake,
And Rosberrye a cappe,
Then all the folks on Cleveland's clay,
Ken there will be a clappe.

Eston nabbe is near the end of the mountain chain of that part of Yorkshire leading to the estuary of the river Tees, five miles distant from Middlesborough, and now noted for its ironstone mines. **AQ.** i. 169.

When Gormire riggs shall be covered with hay,
The white mare of Whitestone Cliff will bear it away.

Whitestone Cliff is sometimes called the White Mear or White Mare Crag, and there is a legend that a white mare carrying a young lady took fright and bounded over it, her body never being found. The name White Mear is probably a corruption of White "Mire" or mere, referring to the lake now known as Gormire (about three miles from Feliskirk). The Hambleton Hills, however, from Black Hill to Whitestone Cliff have long been used as a racecourse and training-ground. **CA.** 240.

HALLAMSHIRE.

When all the world shall be aloft,
Then Hallamshire shall be God's croft.*—**AU.**

* Roger de Poictou, for the services of his family to Duke William, in the Norman conquest of England, received all the lands between the Ribble and the Mersey as a gift. Lancashire does not appear in the Domesday survey as such, but the lands are described as "inter Ripa et Mersham." Subsequently the appellation "Christis Crofte" was given to this extensive portion of South Lancashire, and it is cited as a place of security in troublesome times, probably from its being comparatively wild and uninhabited.

When all England is alofte,
Safe are they that are in Christis Crofte;
And where should Christis Crofte be,
But between the Ribble and Mersey.—**BA.** 185.

God's croft is the name of a farm-house lying half way between Frodsham and Helsby, and supposed to be the place indicated by the prophet Nixon, when he was asked where a man should find safety on the Judgment Day. Holland's *Cheshire Glossary*: R. p. 92 (?). See "Winkabank" in this county.

Halton, Rudby, Entrepen,
Far more rogues than honest men.

Cleveland villages. **AR.** i. 164.
In **CF.**, vi. 204, "Halton" is written *Hutton*.

High Paul, and Low Paul, and old Paul town,
There is ne'er a maid married in all Paul town.

Three little villages on the Yorkshire bank of the Humber. The explanation is that the church lies at about half a mile distant from the three villages. **CE.** vi. 410.

Two miles south of Hedon, close to the Humber, is Paghill or Paul. The church is some distance from the village. Hence—

High Paul, and Low Paul, Paul, and Paul Holme,
There was never a fair maid, etc.—**CA.** 116.

When Hood Hill has on its cap,
Hamilton's sure to come down with a clap.

The places are on the hills of the Cleveland district, but should be called "How Hill" (three miles from Stokesley), and "Hambleton" (seven miles from Thirsk). **AQ.** i. 169.

The low square tower of Hornsea—a watering-place in the East Riding—once bore a tall spire, which fell in a gale, in the year 1773, and there is a local superstition that a stone was found on the occasion with the following inscription:—

Hornsea broch I built thee,
Thou was ten miles from Beverley,
Ten miles from Bridlington,
And ten miles from the sea.—**AQ.** i. 173.

Hornsea now stands on the cliff, but a local rhyme runs—
Hornsea steeple when I built thee,
Thou wert ten miles off Burlington,
Ten miles off Beverley,
And ten miles from the sea.—**CA.** 130.

When Ingleborough wear a hat,
Ribblesdale 'll hear o' that.—**AR.** i. 165.

See also "Ingleborough," etc., inserted for convenience in co. **Lancashire**. Pendle, Ingleborough, etc., co. **Lancashire**.

Market Weighton, Robert Leighton,
A brick church, a wooden steeple,
A drunken priest and wicked people.

Robert Leighton, a sometime well-known farmer. **AR.** i. 165 :
I. 139.

The Hodder, which divides Lancashire from Yorkshire for a considerable portion of its course, joins the Ribble at Winkley, in Aighton, and winds along a beautiful vale, forming the southern boundary of the parish of Mytton. The Calder, issuing from the deep hollows of Whalley and Read, meets the Ribble at Hacking, a short distance below Mytton church. The confluence of these rivers gives additional breadth and depth to the main stream, and at times disastrous floods are the consequence. This (*sic*) has given rise to a distich which has in it something of a deprecatory character—

The Hodder, the Calder, Ribble, and rain,
All joined together can't carry a bean.

Or—

The Hodder, the Calder, Ribble, and rain,
All meet together in Mytton domain.

It has been conjectured that Mytton = Myd-town, from its being situated, as it were, in the midst of the three rivers. **BA.** 185 : **BV.** 73.

The fairest lady in this land,
Was drowned at Mont Ferrand.

Denham Tracts. In Langdale's *Topographical History of Yorkshire*, 1822, Mont Ferrand is named as a farmhouse in the parish of Birdsall, four and a half miles from Malton, North Riding, while Denham, in his *Folklore*, mentions it as near Beverley, and that foundations of an ancient castle still exist. No explanation of the couplet is forthcoming. **AQ.** i. 174.

If you go to Nun Keling, you shall find your body filling,
 Of whig or of whay,
 But go to Swine, and come betime,
 Or else you go empty away,
 But the Abbot of Meaus doth keep a good house
 By night and by day.

These are lines on the varied character of the hospitality of three religious houses in the East Riding. *Whigged* now describes some defect in a culinary preparation of milk. The lines are preserved in one of the Dodsworth MSS. at the Bodleian. **BL.** 96.

When Oliver Mount puts on its hat,
 Scarboro', Falsgrave, and Scalby must pay for that.

Oliver Mount is a fine knoll near the town, from the summit of which Oliver Cromwell is erroneously said to have battered the castle. **CH.** iv. 131.

POTTER THOMPSON (name).

At Richmond Castle, Arthur and his knights are said to lie under the roots of the great tower, spellbound. A certain Potter Thompson was once led into the vault, where he saw the king and his knights; and, on a great table, a horn and sword. He began to draw the sword, but, as the sleepers stirred, he was frightened and dropped it. A voice exclaimed—

Potter, Potter Thompson,
 If thou hadst either drawn
 The sword, or blown the horn,
 Thou'dst been the luckiest man that ever yet was born.

Similar legends relate to the triple height of Eildon,* and Freeburgh Hill in Cleveland. **CA.** 353.

RASKELFE.

A wooden church, a wooden steeple,
 Rascally church, rascally people.

Raskelfe village, North Riding, pro. Rascall. **AQ.** i. 172 : **I.** 142.

* See Thomas of Erceldoune the rhymer, in Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, Letter iv.

RIEVAULX ABBEY.

In one of the Cotton MSS. (Titus, dxii.), is a prophecy which, as a monk of Rievaulx declared, was contained in a book belonging to the Abbey. He asserted that he had often heard it before the Dissolution. The lines (somewhat misty, after all) run—

Two men came riding over Hackney way,
The one of a black horse, the other of a grey,
The one unto the other did say,
Lo! yonder stood Revers, that fair Abbay.

Rievaulx Abbey (the name generally vulgarized into Rivers) is Norman French = Rye vales, as Jorvaulx = Yore vales. It is three miles from Helmsley by the high road. **CA.** 264.

When Roseberry Topping wears a cap,
Let Cleveland then beware of a clap.

Roseberry Topping is a high hill visible a long way off, all about the neighbourhood of Gisborough, which rarely has a cloudy mist hanging about it but rain ensues. **AU.**

Cotton MS., Julius, F.C. 455, printed in *Antiq. Repertor.*, ed. 1807, vol. iii. p. 307 in an old account of Gisborough. The proverb is in Leigh's *England Described*, 1659, p. 233. Mr. Denham says Roseberry Topping is a lofty conical-shaped hill in the North Riding, adding, the rap (clap) alluded to is, in plain English, a thunderstorm. See **BC.** 478: **CF.** vi. 204: **CF.** xii. 159, where *Ounesberry* replaces "Roseberry." A variant is—

When Roseberry Topping wears a hat,
Morden Carre will suffer for that.—**AQ.** i. 168.

Morden carre perhaps is the Mordern Carr over which the North Eastern Railway line runs between Darlington and Durham. **AQ.** iii. pt. ii. p. 177.

Two miles up Swaledale is Seamer-Water (locally called Sæmerwater; the etymology of which is not clear), a lake of one hundred and five acres, with a sprinkling of wood round its shores. There is a tradition that a large town once stood on its site, and that an old man sought alms from house to house throughout it, receiving none till he came to a cottage on the outskirts. There he was fed and lodged, and the following day departed. As he climbed (? Addleborough, 1564 ft.) he turned, and looking on the city, exclaimed—

Simmer water rise, Simmer water sink,
 And swallow all the town,
 Save yon li'le house
 Where they gave me meat and drink.

The earth gaped, the lake rose, and all perished except the inhabitants of the "li'le house." **CA.** 341.

When Sheffield Park is ploughed and sown,
 Then, little England, hold thine own.

Ray: **AU:** **AQ.** i. 165. It had been ploughed and sown in Ray's time.

O Skipton in Craven,
 Is never a haven,
 But many a day foul weather.

The saying hardly applies now. **CA.** 418.

Whoso is hungry and lists well to eat,
 Let him come to Sprotborough for his meat;
 And for a night and for a day,
 His horse shall have both corn and hay,
 And no man shall ask him when he goeth away.

Sprotborough three and a half miles south-west of Doncaster. Higson's *MSS.*, *Coll.* No. 22. **BC.** 492.

Sutton, boiled mutton,
 Brotherton beef,
 Ferrybridge bonny lass,
 And Knottingly thief (?).—**CI.** ix. 175.

See also under **SUTTON**, counties **Kent**, **Surrey**, **Warwick**.

Really (says Camden) considering the many currents that fall into [the Wherf] this so shallow and easie stream from the bridge is very strange, and might well give occasion to what a certain gentleman, who passed it in the summer time, said of it—

*Nil Tadcaster habet Musis vel carmine dignum,
 Præter magnificè structum sine flumine pontem.*

Or—

Nothing at Tadcaster deserves a name,
But the fair bridge that's built without a stream.

From the *Itinerary* of T. Edes.

And Camden, p. 715, continues, "Yet, if he had travell'd this way in winter, he would have thought the bridge little enough for the river. For (as natural philosophers know very well), the quantity of water in springs and rivers ever depends upon the inward or outward heat and cold."*

Wharfe is clear and in the Aire lithe,
Where the Aire drowns one, Wharfe drowns five.
AR. i. 164.

Winkabank and Templebrough
Will buy all England through and through.

Winkabank is now called Wincobank. AQ. i. 166.

Winkabank is a wood upon a hill near Sheffield, where there are some remainders of an old camp. Templebrough stands between the Rother and the Don, about a quarter of a mile from the place where these two rivers meet. It is a square plot of land encompassed by two trenches. Selden often inquired for the ruins of a temple of the god Thor, which, he said, was near Rotherham. This probably might be it, if we allow the name for any argument; besides, there is a pool not far from it called *Jordon-dam*, which name seems to be compounded of Jor, one of the names of the god Thor, and Don, the name of the river. Ray: BC. 495. This proverb is often given as a sort of tag to "When all the world shall be aloft," etc. (see HALLAMSHIRE, in this county). AU.: R.

London streets shall run with blood,
And at last shall sink,
So that it shall be fulfill'd
That Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be
The finest city of the three.

This is one of the prophecies of Nixon, the Cheshire Merlin.

* "Whereupon, in his return, he finding here durt for dust, and full current water under the bridge, recanted with these verses—

Quae Tadcaster erat sine flumine, pulvere plena;
Nunc habet immensum fluvium, et pro pulvere lutum."

Ibid. Footnote.

CE. viii. 257. *Murray's Handbook*, has *fairest* for "finest," and omits the three first lines.

The proverb is also given in Brome's *Travels*, 1700, 8vo. **BC.** 275.

According to the old rhyme, the Lady Mayoress of York always retained her title—

He is a lord for a year and a day,
But she is a lady for ever and aye.—**CA.** 77.

HISTORY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

A whip for a fool, and a rod for a school,
Is always in good season.

WILL. SUMMERS.

A halter and rope for him that will be pope,
Without all right or reason.—**CQ.** 156.

This Will Sommers or Summers was a Shropshire man, and Court Fool to Henry VIII. A portraiture of him is given in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*. According to Doran, *History of Court Fools*, duo, 1858, he was particularly addicted to uttering bitter sentences against Wolsey, see p. 137, and p. 142.

Doctor Sacheverel
Did very well,
But Jocky Dawbin
Gave him a warning.

Obtained from oral tradition. **AV.** 12.

Hops, reformation, baize, and beer,
Came into England all in a year.

Suffolk. Or—

Turkeys, carps, hops, pickarel, and beer,
Came into England all in a year.

Temp. Hen. VIII. **CE.** vii. 550 : **BC.** 460.
Sometimes—

Hops and turkeys, carps and beer, etc.—**CI.** ii. 105.

Hoppe Wylikin, hoppe Wylyken,
England is thyne and mine.

The two lines given by Holinshed and Lambarde, as part of those sung by the Earl of Leicester's rebels in the reign of Henry II., sound to us very much like the burden of a song. **DA.** ii. 259, 260. See the Notes to Percy's *Reliques*, Sign U 3, where the value of this as an early English rhyme (1173) is pointed out. Compare also "Willy Willy Wilkin," etc., section **H**umour.

In Wat Tyler's rebellion, in the reign of Richard II., the letter of John Ball, given in Holinshed, from an older chronicle, a copy of which was said to have been found in the pocket of one of the robbers, contains some rude rhymes, such as we may suppose these rustics to have committed to memory as a sort of watchword—

"John Scheepe, S. Marie preest of York, and now of Colchester, greeteth well John Nameless, and John the Miller, and John Carter, and biddeth them that they beware of guile in bourrough, and stand together in God's name; and biddeth Piers Plowman to go to his worke, and chastise well Hob the robber, and take with you John Trewman and all his fellowes, and no mo.

'John the miller yground small, small, small;
The kings sonne of heaven shall paie for all,
Beware or yee be wo,
And doo well and better, flee sinne,
And seeke peace, and hold you therein,
And so biddeth John Trewman and all his fellowes.'* "

DA. ii. 260.

See "When Adam deIved," etc.

* June 1381. Quaint rhymes passed through the country, and served as summons to the revolt, which soon extended from the Eastern and Midland counties over all England south of the Thames.

"John Ball," ran one, "greeteth you all, and doth for to understand he hath rung your bell. Now right and might, will and skill, God speed every dele."

"Help truth," ran another, "and truth shall help you! Now reigneth pride in price, and covetise is counted wise, and lechery withouten shame, and gluttony withouten blame. Envy reigneth with treason, and sloth is take in great season. God do bote, for now is time."

We recognize Ball's hand in the yet more stirring missives of "Jack the Miller," and "Jack the Carter." "Jack Miller asketh help to turn his mill aright. He hath grounden small, small: the King's Son of Heaven he shall pay for all. Look thy mill go aright with four sailes, and the post stand with steadfastness. With right and with might, with skill and with will; let might help right, and skill go before will, and right before might, so goeth our mill aright."

"Jack Carter," ran the companion missive, "prays you all that ye

The following alphabet or literal rhyme refers to Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favourite of James I.

J. C. U. R.
 Good Mounseir Car ;
 U. R. A. K.
 As most men say.
 Yet that's not all,
 U. O. P. K.
 With a nullytye,
 That shamelesse packe !
 S. X. his yf (wife),
 Whose shamelesse lyfe,
 Hath broke your backe.—**AV.** 140.

MS. Sloane, 1489, f. 9. V°.

The following may possibly allude to King George and the Pretender.

John and George were two great lords,
 They fought all in a churn ;
 And when that Jim got George by the nose,
 Then George began to gern.—**AW.** 11.

Let Charles and George do what they can,
 The Duke shall die like Doctor Lambe.

Lamb was Buckingham's physician, murdered by the London rabble. *Pictures and Royal Portraits* (vol. 1880), p. 156.

Buckingham, as every one knows, was afterwards assassinated by Felton.

make a good end of that ye have begun, and do well, and aye better and better : for at the even men heareth the day."

"Falseness and guile," sang Jack Trewman, "have reigned too long, and truth hath been set under a lock, and falseness and guile reigneth in every stock. No man may come truth to, but if he sing ' si dederō.' True love is away that was so good, and clerks for wealth work them woc. God do bote, for now is tyme." J. R. Green, *A Short History of the English People*, 8vo, 1884, pp. 244, 245.

A further knowledge of the verse of this time may be obtained from Mr. Wright's *Collection of Political Poems and Songs, 1859-1861* : Roll's Series of Chronicles, vol. xiv.

Longbeards, heartless ; painted hoods, witless ;
 Make England thriftless.—**AU** : **Fuller** : **BN**. 252.

Fabyan, speaking of the second year of Edward III. (1327) says, "In this yere, whiche at this daye was the second yere of kyng Davyd fore said, the soonne of Robert le Bruze, the kyng of Scottes, maryed vpon the daye of Marye Magdeleine, at the town of Berwyke, the forenamed Jane, sister vnto the kynge of Englande. But it was not long or the Scottes, in despite of the Englishe menne, call her Jane Makepeace. And also to their more derision, thei made diverse truffles, roundes, and songs. Of the which one is specially remembered as followeth—

' Long beerdis hartless,
 Paynted hoodes coytlless,
 Gay cottes gracelis,
 Maketh Englande thryfteles.'

Which ryme, as saieth Gvydo, was made by the Scottes, principally for the deformyte of clothyng that at those days was vsed by Englysshe menne." **DA**. ii. 260, 261.

Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1573, sign. Bb iijj. Puttenham's *Art of English Poesie*, 1589, sign V 2 verso, etc. Stowe observes ". . . this was one, whiche was fastened vpon the churche doores of saint Peter towarde Stangate." Stowe's authority seems to have been Polydore Vergil. **BC**. 278.

The King of France with twenty thousand men,
 Went up the hill and then came down again ;
 The King of Spain with twenty thousand more,
 Climb'd up the same hill the French had climb'd before.

AY. 5 : **AX**. 20, gives—In a little tract called *The Piggis Corantoe or Newes from the North*, 4to, Lond., 1642, this is called "Old Tarlton's Song." This fact is mentioned in Mr. Collier's *Hist. Dramat. Poet.*, ii. 352, and also in the preface to Mr. Wright's *Political Ballads*, printed for the Percy Society. (Tarlton died in 1588.)

The King of France went up the hill with twenty thousand
 men,
 The King of France came down, etc., And ne'er went up again.

From *MS. Sloane*, 1489, fol. 19 (written about the year 1600).

The King of France and four thousand men,
They drew their swords and put 'em up again.

In Warwickshire, juveniles say—

O, the mighty King of France,
Duke of York,
With his twenty thousand men,
He marched them up a very high hill,
And he marched them down again ;
And when they were up, they were up, up, up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were half way up, I say
They were neither up nor down.

It is also sung as a catch.

Seesaw, sackaday ;
Monmouth is a pretie boy,
Richmond is another,
Grafton is my onely joy,
And why should I these three destroy,
To please a pious brother.

MS. Douce, 357, fol. 124. See Echard's *History of England*,
bk. iii. ch. i. **AW.** 10.

The third of November, the Duke of Vendosme past the water,
The fourth of November, the queen had a daughter,
The fifth of November we 'scaped a great slaughter,
The sixth of November was the next day after.—**CQ.** 156.

In 1297, while Edward I. was besieging Berwick, the Scots
made this rhyme upon him, as saith Fabyan—

What weny's Kyng Edward with his long shankes,
To have wonne Berwick, all our unthankes,
Gaas pykes hym,
And when he hath it
Gaas dykes hym.

However the Scots were beaten in this instance, both with

sword and song. Berwick was soon taken, and shortly after they suffered a signal discomfiture at Dunbar. "Wherfore the English menne, in reproache of the Scottes, made this rime following"—

These scaterand Scottes
 Hold we for sottes,
 Of wrenches unaware ;
 Erly in a mornyng
 In an eivill timyng
 Came thei to Dunbarre.

We imagine this, too, from the appearance of it, to have been a stanza of a song ; it is, with other similar fragments, in the French metrical chronicle of Peter Langtoft. *DA.* ii. 262.

See also the Notes to Mr. Wright's Political Songs, *Camden Soc.*, vol. vi.

When Adam delved and Eve span,
 dolve
 Who was then the gentleman ?

Ray adds—

Upstart a churl, and gathered good,
 And thence did spring our gentle blood.

Le robbe fanno il pruno sangue, p. 155. Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*, 1882, says—

But the proverb itself occurs in an older and slightly varied form in *MS. Sloane*, 2593. (Wright's *Songs and Carols*, 1856, p. 2.)

Now bething the, gentleman,
 How Adam dalf, and Eve span.

The German is more like the form given in the text—

So Adam reutte, and Eva span,
 Wer was da ein eddleman ?

The parent phrase appears to be the fourteenth century Latin couplet in *Harl. MS.*, 3362, fol. 7.

Cum vangâ quadam tellurem foderit Adam,
 Et Eva neus fuerat, quis generosus erat ?—pp. 473, 474

BN. i. 216, attributes the rhyme to the jester of the Emperor Maximilian.

The claims of the lower order in the time of Wat Tyler's revolt were encouraged by a priest named John Ball. "And that his doctrine might infect the more number of people, at Blackeheath, where there were many thousands of the commons assembled, he began his sermon in this manner—

When Adam dolue and Euah span,
Who was then a gentle man?

And continuing his begun sermon hee sought by the word of that proverb . . . to introduce and prove, that from the beginning all men were made alike by nature." Stow, *Annales, or a General Chronicle of England*, begun by John Stow, ended by Edmund Howe's, fol. 1631. See also Camden's *Remains concerning Britain*, 1674, p. 252.

The following nursery song alludes to William III. and George, Prince of Denmark.

William and Mary, George and Anne,
Four such children had never a man;
They turn'd their father out of door,
And call'd their brother the son of a whore.—**AW.** 10.

Or—

They put their father to flight and shame,
And call'd their brother a shocking bad name.—**AX.** 17.

BOOK RHYMES.

TRADITIONAL COVER OR FLYLEAF INSCRIPTIONS.

Familiar examples are—

— is my name, England is my nation,

— is my dwelling place, And Christ is my salvation.

Or—

Steal not this book for fear of shame,

For in it you see the owner's name —

And if I catch you by the tail,

You must prepare for Newgate jail.

The last two lines sometimes run—

And when you die the Lord will say,

Where is that book you stole away.

Or—

If you do, you shall rue,

The Lord my God will punish you.

There is sometimes a tag to the first rhyme; in a book owned by one Job Everall, of Salop, it is continued thus—

When I am dead and in my grave,

And all my bones are rotten,

Then this will make you think of me,

When I am quite forgotten.—**AP.** 575.

In another book owned by a person of the same county, we get another variant of rhyme two, dated 1769—

I put my name for to betray

The thief that steals this book away.

*Steal not this book, my faithful friend,
For fear the gall shall be the end*

Steal not this book, etc.
 Restore it back if lost it be,
 For the owner's name above you see.—*Ibid.*

Variations of rhyme two are—

Steal not this book, etc.
 The first is John in letters bright,
 The second Smith to all men's sight,
 And if you dare to steal this book,
 The devil will take you with his hook.—**CE.** vii. 554.

Steal not this book, my honest friend,
 For fear the gallows should be your end,
 And when you're dead the Lord should say,
 Where is, etc.—*Ibid.*

Less common are—

Small is the wren,
 Black is the rook,
 Great is the sinner
 That steals this book.
CE. vii. 438.

This book is one thing,
 My fist is another,
 Touch this one thing
 You'll sure feel the other.
CE. viii. 337.

Much in vogue at Rugby.

On the flyleaf of *Aristotelis Ethicorum Explicatio accuratissimum.* J. Camerarii, Francofurti, 4to, 1578, is written—

This boke is one thing, The halter is another,
 And he that stealeth the one, Must be sure of the other.

John Huntbate. **CF.** i. 429.

“Halter” sometimes gives place to “hemp.”

This is ——'s book,
 You may just within it look,
 But you'd better not do more, For the devil's at the door,
 And will snatch at fingering hands; Look behind you—there
 he stands.—**CG.** ii. 125.

Of better thought are—

John Smith, his book
 God give him grace therein to look,

Not only look but understand,
 For learning is better than house or land,
 When house(s) and land(s) are gone and spent,
 Then learning is most excellent.—**CE.** vii. 554.

John Ellis, his book,
 God give him grace therein to look,
 And when the bell for him doth toull,
 The Lord of heaven receive his soule.

āno domini 1704. **CK.** iii. 206.

Phillip Morrey is my name,
 And with my pen I write the same,
 Tho' had such pen been somewhat better,
 I could have mended every letter.

From flyleaf of Brathywate's *Panedone* or *Health from Helicon*,
 pub. 1621. **CE.** viii. 591.

Thomas Haud, his book,
 God give him grace theare on to look,
 And if my pen it had bin better,
 I would have mend it every letter.

In a Geneva Bible, date 1596. *Id.*

Jesus that made bothe sea and lande,
 Send me grace to amend my hande.

On a MS., fifteenth century. **CF.** iii. 425.

William Holker is my name,
 I pray God send me a good fame. Amen.—*Id.*

More literary in character are—

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
 Right welcome shall he be
 To read, to study—not to lend,
 But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
 Diminish learning's lore,
 But books, I find, if often lent,
 Return to me no more.—**CE.** vii. 127-8.

Give your attention as you read,
 And frequent pauses take,
 Think seriously; and take good heed
 That you no dogs'-ears make.
 Don't wet the fingers as you turn
 The pages one by one;
 Never touch prints, observe; and learn
 Each idle gait to shun.—*Id.* 128.

Neither blemish this book, or the leaves double down,
 Nor lend it to each idle friend in the town;
 Return it when read; or, if lost, please supply
 Another as good, to the mind and the eye.
 With right and with reason you need but be friends,
 And each book in my study your pleasure attends.—*Id.*

This book is mine by right divine,
 And if it go astray,
 I'll call you kind my desk to find,
 And put it safe away.—**CE.** vii. 337.

On the fly-leaf at the end of a folio copy of the *Holy Warre*, was the autograph of Roger Pepys, a barrister, M.P. for Cambridge, 1661, and afterwards recorder of that town, cousin to Samuel Pepys. He also added this couplet.

Now in this book I put my name,
 Because I would not lose ye same.

Vide "Bibliography" appended to Mr. J. E. Bailey's *Life of Thomas Fuller, DD.*; London, 1874, p. 715. **CI.** viii. 258.

In a copy of *Æsop's Fables*, occurs the following, dated July 7th, 1775—

The rose is red, the grass is green,
The days are spent which I have seen,
When I am dead then ring my knell,
And take my book and use him well.—**CJ.** vi. 46.

In an old rent book, of 21 Ed. IV. is this inscription—

“Ihu Maria, Helpe, Amen,
Ryches makyth pryde,
And pride maket plee,
And plee makyth poverte,
And poverte makyth ples,
That is lief.”—**CF.** xii. 306.

The ensuing lines were found written on the fly-leaf of a Bible—

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
And every man a scribe by trade—
To tell the love of God alone
Would drain the ocean dry,

Nor could the scroll contain the whole.

Though stretch'd from sky to sky.—**CE.** vii. 337.

It has been suggested (**CE.** viii. 257) that Smart, the translator of *Horace*, wrote the lines : but Moses Margoliorith, Wybunbury, states that the verse is a translation of four Chaldee lines by Rabbi Mayir ben Isaac, which form part of a beautiful ode on the attributes of God, not unmixed with a considerable proportion of the fabulous, which is sung in every synagogue during the service of the first day of the Feast of Pentecost. **CE.** viii. 180.

Schoolboys have a formula interpreting the word FINIS, which is generally spoken—although it may sometimes be found written beneath the word—varying slightly in different localities. In Shropshire it runs—

F for Francis, I for Jancis, N for Nickley Boney,
I for John the Waterman, and S for Signey Coney.

AP. 575.

In the neighbourhood of Sheffield they close with *Sally Sony*.
R. 74, and Mr. Halliwell gives another version in his *Nursery Rhymes*, 5th. ed. p. 71.

F for fig, J for jig, and N for knuckle bones,
I for John the waterman, and S for sack of stones.

In Warwickshire it goes—

F for fig, J for jig, and N for Knuckley Boney,
I for John the waterman, and S for Sarah Stoney.

SUPERSTITION.

I. DIVINATION.

a. LOVE. (By Plants.)

ASH-LEAF.

The even *ash-leaf*, that is, a leaf on which the leaflets are even in number, is considered efficacious.

The even ash-leaf in my hand,
The first I meet shall be my man.

Then, putting it in the glove, say—

The even ash-leaf in my glove,
The first I meet shall be my love.

And lastly, into the bosom, saying—

The even ash-leaf in my bosom,
The first I meet shall be my husband.—**BE.** 588.

Variations from the north-country are—

This even ash-leaf in my *left* hand,
The first man I meet shall be my husband.
. . . in my glove, . . . shall be my love,
. . . in my breast, . . . 's whom I love best,
. . . in my hand, . . . shall be my man.

And—

Even-ash, even-ash, I pluck thee,
This night my true love for to see ;
Neither in his rick nor in his rear,
But in the clothes he does everyday wear.

And—

Find even-ash or four-leaved clover,
An' you'll see your true love before the day's over.

AS. 110, 111.

See CLOVER.

In Shropshire the rhyme is identical save that the word "find" is omitted; either plant, however, is to be worn in the bosom. **AP.** 181.

A distinct variant is given by Rev. Hilderic Friend, in his *Flowers and Flower-lore*, 8vo, 1884, p. 15.

This even-ash I double in three,
The first man I meet my true love shall be;
If he be married let him pass by,
But if he be single let him draw nigh.

Or—

This even-ash I carry in my hand,
The first I meet shall be my husband;
If he be single, etc.

See also CHARMS under **Luck**.

BAYLEAF.

On Valentine's Day, take two bay-leaves, sprinkle them with rose water, and lay them across your pillow in the evening. When you go to bed, put on a clean night-gown, turned wrong side outwards, and, lying down, say these words softly to yourself—

"Good Valentine, be kind to me,
In dreams let me my true love see."—**AV.** 219, 220.

BUTTERDOCK.

A young unmarried woman must sow the seeds of butterdock on the grass, gradually, and on a Friday morning, in a lonesome place, half an hour before sunrise, saying—

"I sow, I sow!
Then, my own dear,
Come here, come here,
And mow, and mow!"

The seed being scattered, she will see her future husband mowing with a scythe at a short distance from her. She must not be frightened, for if she says, "Have mercy on me!" he will immediately vanish. This method is said to be infallible, but it is looked upon as a bold, desperate, and presumptuous undertaking. **AV.** 215.

CLOVER.

A clover, a clover of two,
Put it in your right shoe;

The first young man you meet in field, street, or lane,
You'll have him or one of his name.—**CE.** x. 321.

This is in use in Camb. ; and a rhyme almost word for word the same is known throughout Norfolk and Suffolk. See **CB.** 10 : **CV.** 175.

EVERGREEN.

Ladies (of Staff.) on St. Thomas's Day (Dec. 21st) place a sprig of evergreen beneath their pillows on going to bed, to bring before them the apparition of their lovers, and say—

“ Good St. Thomas, stand by my bed,
And tell me when I shall be wed.”—**CP.** 74.

GRASS.

The late Venerable W. Brocklehurst Stonehouse, Archdeacon of Stowe, and Vicar of Owston in the Isle of Axholme, furnished the author with the following piece of folklore which he had picked up in his own parish. Repair to the nearest churchyard as the clock strikes twelve, and take from a grave on the south side of the church three tufts of grass, the longer and ranker the better, and on going to bed place them under your pillow, repeating earnestly three several times—

“ The eve of St. Mark (April 24th) by prediction is blest,
Set therefore my hopes and my fears all to rest,
Let me know my fate, whether weal or woe,
Whether my rank is to be high or low ;
Whether to live single or to be a bride,
And the destiny my star doth provide.”

Should you have no dream that night, you will be single and miserable all your life. If you dream of thunder and lightning, your life will be one of great difficulty and sorrow. **AG.** 211.

HEMPSEED.

A maiden will walk through the garden at Midsummer (Eve) with a rake on her left shoulder, and throw hemp seed over her right, saying at the same time—

“ Hempseed I set, hempseed I sow,
The man that is my true love
Come after me and mow.”

It is said . . . that the future husband of the hemp-sowing girl will appear behind her with a scythe. **BE.** 588.

An earlier version runs—

Hempseed I sow, and hempseed I mowe,
And he that is my sweetheart come follow me I trowe.

“M^dm. green Hemp leave will make one to be in the same condition with Dotroa (the Thorn-apple *Datura Stramonium* called Deutroa in Purchas’ *Pilgrimes*, ii. 1757, where an account of its intoxicating effects is given, and Dewtry in Butler’s *Hudibras*, b. iii. c. i.—Ed.”). **AN.** 95.

Other variants are—

Hempseed I sow, hempseed grow,
She (or he) that will my true love be,
Come rake this hempseed after me.

This is from Devonshire. The actor must start homeward from a church porch at 12.30 on St. Valentine’s Day, and scatter the seed whilst walking. His or her true love will be seen behind raking it into a winding-sheet. **CE.** v. 55.

In Norfolk, the last two lines follow the original rhyme, but the test takes place on St. Mark’s Eve (April 24), and the spectre bears a scythe. **CE.** vii. 523.

In other parts of the same county it is usual on Midsummer Eve to dig a hole in the garden, and walk around it, scattering the seed, repeating, etc. **CG.** ii. 62.

In Norfolk, on St. Martin’s Night (November 11) girls walk round a table at midnight, scattering the seed, etc. “If the person intended to be invoked was to be husband, he would appear behind the sower with a scythe in his hand to mow, and the sower must escape before the scythe reaches her, else some accident will happen.” **AS.** 104.

In Yorkshire the test takes place on the eve of St. Mark. **K.** 221.

In Derbyshire, it is on St. Valentine’s Eve, and the girl must run round the church as the clock strikes twelve, scattering, etc. The figure of her lover being supposed to appear and follow her. **BJ.** 155.

In the West of England the rhyme runs—

Hempseed I sow thee :
Hempseed grow thee,
And he who will my true love be,
Come after me and shaw thee.—**BH.** 236.

PEASCOD.

A girl should seek for a green peascod, in which there are full nine peas, and write on a piece of paper—

Come in, my dear,
And do not fear.

Enclose the paper in the peascod, and lay it under the door. The first man that comes into the room will be her husband. **AV.** 218.

It is, I think, more general to hang the peascod over the door. In the western and north Midland counties, the *christian* name of the first comer is supposed to foretell the christian name of the future husband, nothing more.

ROSEMARY AND THYME.

On St. Agnes' Day (? St. Agnes' Eve, January 20), take a sprig of rosemary, and another of thyme, and sprinkle them thrice with water: in the evening put one in each shoe, placing a shoe on each side of the bed, and say the following lines when you retire to rest, and your future husband will appear—

“St. Agnes that's to lovers kind,
Come, ease the trouble of my mind.”—**AV.** 219.

TRUELOVE.

Two girls must sit in a room by themselves from twelve o'clock at night until one o'clock in the morning, without speaking. During this time, each of them must take as many hairs from her head as she is years old, and having put them into a linen cloth with some of the herb *truelove*, as soon as the clock strikes one she must burn every hair separately, saying—

“I offer this my sacrifice,
To him most precious in my eyes;
I charge thee now come forth to me,
That I this minute may thee see.”

Upon which her future husband will appear, and walk round the room, and then vanish. The same event happens to both the girls, but neither sees the other's lover. **AV.** 215.

YARROW.

A maiden wishing to see her future husband in dreams, must sew an ounce of yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*) in flannel, and place it beneath her pillow, repeating these words—

“Thou pretty herb of Venus’ tree,
Thy true name it is yarrow ;
Now who my bosom friend may be
Pray tell thou me to-morrow.”

Friend, *Flowers and Flower-lore*, 8vo, 1884, p. 98.

In the West of England, the herb must be plucked at the time of the new moon. It is put under the pillow, as before ; but the maiden says—

“ Good-night, fair yarrow,
Thrice good-night to thee,
I hope before to-morrow’s dawn,
My true love I shall see.”

If the girl is to be a bride, her sweetheart will surely appear.
AR. v. 215.

In the southern counties, Sussex to Devon, a damsel must pluck the yarrow from a young man’s grave, repeating—

“ Yarrow, sweet yarrow, the first that I have found,
In the name of Jesus Christ I pluck it from the ground,
As Joseph loved sweet Mary, and took her for his dear,
So in a dream this night I hope my true love will appear.”

AS. 101.

A distinct form of divination is the following.

Take one of the serrated leaves of the plant yarrow, and with it tickle the inside of the nostrils, repeating—

“ Yarroway, yarroway, you bear a white blow,
If my love loves me my nose will bleed now.”

If a brake is cut across, the veins are supposed to show the initials of the name of the future husband.—Norfolk. **CB.** 15.

In Suffolk, the following lines are recited—

“ Green ’arrow, green ’arrow, you bears a white blow,
If my love love me my nose will bleed now ;
If my love don’t love me it ’ont bleed a drop,
If my love do love me ’twill bleed every drop.”

The old name of yarrow was *nose-bleed*, because (1) “ the leaves being put into the nose do cause it to bleed, and easeth the pain of the megrim,” or, because on the contrary, (2) “ assuredly it will stay the bleeding of it.” Gerard, *Herbal*, p. 165 ; Parkinson’s *Theatrum Botanicum*, p. 695. **AQ.** 156.

By Edibles.

APPLE.

Take an apple, pare it whole, and, holding the paring in your right hand, stand in the middle of the room, repeating the following lines—

“St. Simon and Jude (Oct. 28) on you I intrude,
By this paring I hold to discover,
Without any delay to tell me this day,
The first letter of my own true lover.”

Turn, then, three times round, and cast the paring over your left shoulder, and it will form the first letter of your future husband's surname; but if the paring breaks in many pieces, so that no letter is discernible, you will never marry (Brand, *Antiq.*) BJ. 366.

DUMBCAKE.

On St. Mark's Eve (April 24), in the West Riding of Yorkshire, young women prepare the dumbcake, with ingredients traditionally suggested herein—

An egg-shell full of salt,
An egg-shell full of malt,
An egg-shell full of barley-meal.

When prepared it is put in the pan for baking. At the proper time, a young man, who is to be the voluntary's husband, comes (*sic*) to turn the cake and retires. Others may witness the ceremony, and, if they please, pan their cakes in succession. However, all of them must be supperless, and keep a profound silence, whatever may appear; otherwise they are taught to expect some direful consequence. AM. 80. See also *Everyday Book*, for a similar custom in Northampton, on this day, with extended details.

A custom somewhat similar was formerly observed in the north of England, on St. Faith's Day (October 6). A cake of flour, spring water, salt, and sugar, was made by three maidens,* each taking an equal share in its composition. It was then baked before the fire in a Dutch oven, being turned nine times, or three times to each maiden. When thoroughly baked, it was divided into three parts. Each one then took her share, and dividing it into nine slips, passed each one three times through a wedding-

* P. 312, 313, quotes Soanes' *Book of the Months*, thus—

“Two make it, two bake it, two break it.”

And the third must put it under each of their pillows.—*Midsummer Eve*.

ring, which had been previously borrowed from a woman who had been married at least seven years. Afterwards, each one ate her nine slips as she undressed herself before retiring to rest, at the same time repeating the following rhyme—

“O good St. Faith, be kind to-night,
And bring to me my heart’s delight ;
Let me my future husband view,
And be my visions chaste and true.”—**BJ.** 366.

Then all three must get into bed with the ring suspended by a string to the head of the couch, and they will be sure to dream of their future husbands. Brand’s *Popular Antiqs.* 1849, i. 373. ;

EGGS.

On St. Agnes’ Eve (January 20), the girls of Northumberland, after a day’s silence and fasting, will boil eggs, one apiece, extract the yolk, fill the cavity with salt, and eat the egg, shell and all, and then walk backwards, uttering this invocation—

“Sweet St. Agnes, work thy fast,
If ever I be to marry man,
Or man be to marry me,
I hope him this night to see.”

Or—

“Fair St. Agnes, play thy part,
And send to me my own sweetheart,
Not in his best or worst array,
But in the clothes of every day,
That to-morrow I may him ken,
From among all other men.”—**AS.** 91.

KALE.

A maiden (north of England) stands *on something on which she never stood before*, holding a pot of cold kale (or broth) in her hand, repeating the following lines. She then drinks nine times, goes to bed backwards, to dream of her partner—

“Hot kale or cold kale, I drink thee ;
If ever I marry a man, or man marry me,
I wish this night I may him see,
To-morrow may him ken,

In church, fair, or market,
Above all other men.”—**AV.** 219.

KERNEL, see PIPS.

NUTS.

A row of nuts was planted amongst the hot embers on the hearth on St. Mark's Eve, one for each maiden; and the name of the loved one being breathed, it was expected that if the love was in any case to be successful, the nut would jump away; if otherwise, it would go on composedly burning till all was consumed. The rhyme spoken during the wait, runs—

“If you love me, pop and fly,
If not, lie there silently.”—**M.**

Or—

If you love me, rap and fly,
If you hate me, burn and die.

The Popular Educator, vi. p. 392.

In West Sussex the time chosen was Hallowe'en (October 31), and two nuts are placed side by side in the fire, one for a youth, and one for a maiden. The lines are spoken as last given, but under breath, the pronoun varying according to sex. **AQ.** i. 30.

ONION.

Girls have a method of divination with a St. Thomas's onion [? on the eve, or the day, Dec. 21]. They peeled the onion, wrapped it up in a clean handkerchief, and then, placing it under their heads, said the following lines—

“Good St. Thomas, do me right,
And see my true love come to-night,
That I may see him in the face,
And him in my kind arms embrace.”

One of the old cries of London was—

“Buy my rope of onions,
White St. Thomas's onions.”

Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes*, 1849, p. 224.

PIPS OR KERNELS.

Kernels generally mean the pips of pomaceous fruit. The pips are sometimes playfully shot from between the thumb and fore-finger, and the ensuing rhyme is spoken—

“ Kernel, come kernel, hop over my thumb !
 And tell me which way my true love will come ;
 East, west, north, or south,
 Kernel jump into my true love’s mouth.”

Dorset. E. 65, 66.

Under head Hallow Eve (October 31) P. 397–98, quoting *Journal of Archæological Association*, 1853, iii. 286, has—

If a girl had two lovers, and wished to know which would be the most constant, she procured two brown apple pippins, and sticking one on each cheek (after having named them from her lovers) while she repeated this couplet—

“ Phippen, pippen, I stick thee there,
 That that is true thou may’st declare,”

patiently awaited until one fell off, when the unfortunate swain whose name it bore was instantly discarded as being unfaithful.

In Lancashire the rhyme varies, and contains a local addition—

Pippin, Pippin, Paradise,
 Tell me where my true love lies ;
 East, west, north or south,
 Pilling Brig or Cockermonth.

Neighbourhood of Cockersand Abbey, Cockerham ; Pilling, of Garstang.

If a second pippin is shaken in the hands, and the point takes the same direction as the first, it is a double assurance. CH. vi. 340.

WATER.

Maidens visit Gulval Well, in Fosses Moor, Manor of Lanesby, Cornwall, and gazing into its waters say these words—

“ Water, water, tell me truly,
 Is the man I love duly
 On the earth or under the sod,
 Sick or well—in the name of God? ”

“ If the party be living and in health, the still quiet water of the well-pit, as soon as the question is demanded, will instantly boil up or bubble as a pot, clear crystalline water ; if sick, foul and puddled waters ; if the party be dead it will neither bubble, boil up, nor alter its colour or still motion.” Quoted from an earlier authority in Gilbert’s *Parochial History of Cornwall*, vol. ii. p. 121. BH. 291.

Creatures.

CUCKOO.

“When you walk out in the spring, as soon as you hear the cuckoo, sit down on a bank or other convenient place, and pull your stockings off, saying—

‘May this to me,
Now happy be.’

Then look between your great toe and the next, you’ll find a hair that will easily come off. Take and look at it, and of the same colour will that of your lover be; wrap it in a piece of paper, and keep it ten days carefully; then, if it has not changed, the person will be constant; but if it dies, you are flattered.” See the *Golden Cabinet, or the Compleat Fortune Teller*, N.D. Gray alludes to this method of divination in his *Fourth Pastoral*, ed. 1742, p. 32. **AV.** pp. 161, 162. See also **AQ.** iii. 89.

In several counties children say, on hearing the cuckoo—

“Cuckoo, cherry tree,
Good bird, tell me
How many years I shall be
Before I get married.”—**AL.** 115.

The number of times the cuckoo calls usually is accepted as the number of years.

When love gives place to longevity the child either accepts as before the repetition of the bird’s cry, or shakes a cherry tree, and the number of cherries that falls betoken the sum of the years of its future life, and the rhyme runs—

“Cuckoo, cherry tree,
How many years am I to live,
One, two, three?”

In Yorkshire it is said thus—

“Cuckoo, cherry tree,
Come down and tell me
How many years afore I dee.”—**AL.** 115, 116.

In Lancashire the child says—

“Cuckoo, cherry tree,
Pretty bird, come tell to me,
How many years (!) before you fly,
How many years before I die.”

BA. 218 and **AS.** 93. See also **Game Formulas**—CUCKOO.

LADYCOW.

Little girls place a ladycow on the back of the hand, and toss it away, saying—

“Ladycow, ladycow, fly from my hand,
Tell me where my true love stands,
Up hill, or down hill, or by the sea-sand,
Ladycow, ladycow, fly from my hand.”

The direction in which the insect flies denotes the position of the lover.

In Sussex the insect is called Bishop Barnabee (see *NOMINIES*), and the rhyme runs—

“Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when my wedding shall be,
If it be to-morrow day,
Ope’ your wings and fly away.” *—*CM.* 18.

In South Shropshire they say—

“Ladycow, ladycow, fly away, flee,
Tell me which way my weddin’s to be,
Up hill, or down hill, or towards the Brown Clee.”
(A great hill). *AP.* 237.

Garments, etc.

GARTERS AND STOCKINGS.

“You must lie in another country, and knit the left garter about the right legged stocking (let the other garter and stocking alone), and as you rehearse the following verses, at every comma, knit a knot—

‘This knot I knit,
To know the thing, I know not yet,
That I may see
The woman that shall my wife be,
man husband
How he goes, and what he wears,
she she
And what he does, all days, and years.’

* In Norfolk they add—

Fly to the east, fly to the west,
Fly to them that I love best.—*CE.* i. 132.

“Accordingly in your dream you will see him : if a musician, with a lute or other instrument ; if a scholar, with a book or papers.” **C.** 132.

STOCKINGS.

J— S— had a fellow-servant, who, every Friday night before getting into bed, drew her left stocking into her right, saying—

“This is the blessed Friday night ;
I draw my left stocking into my right,
To dream of the living, not of the dead,
To dream of the young man I am to wed.”

After this she would not speak again. *Shropshire.* **AP.** 179.

PINS.

On St. Thomas's Eve (December 20) girls peeled a large red onion, stuck nine pins in it, and said—

“Good St. Thomas, do me right,
Send me my true love this night,
In his clothes and his array,
Which he weareth every day.”

Eight pins were stuck round one in the centre, to which was given the name of the true love . . . The onion was placed under the pillow on going to bed . . . *Derbyshire.* **CH.** viii. 506.

See under **ONION**, **Edibles**, present section.

SHOES.

A maiden on going to bed on Midsummer's Eve (June 23) must put her shoes at right angles with each other, in the shape of a **T**, and say—

“Hoping this night my true love to see,
I place my shoes in the form of a **T**.”

“They say she will be sure see her husband in a dream, and perhaps in reality by her bedside.” **BE.** 588.

A more extended version, from Devonshire is—

“I place my shoes like a letter **T**,
In hopes my true love I shall see,
In his apparel and his array,
As he is now and every day.”

Then change the shoes, so as to make the down stroke with the one that was the top stroke before, and repeat the lines again. Reverse them, and say the lines for the third time. Having written a letter of the alphabet on so many little pieces of paper, throw them all into a basin of water with their faces downwards, and place the basin under the bed. Then go to bed, but be sure not to speak after having repeated the above lines, or the charm will be broken—though friends in the room do all they can by asking questions. In the morning examine the basin. If any of the letters have turned over face upwards, they will indicate the name of your future husband. **CG.** ii. 62.

Moon.

On the first night of the new moon ("the next after New Year's Day—though some are so *ignorant* as to say that any other new moon is equally as good." **N.** 25), it is usual for maidens, sitting astride of a gate or stile, to sing—

"All hail to the moon! all hail to thee!
I prithee, good moon, declare to me,
This night who my husband shall be."

It is obligatory on these applicants for information, writes Grose, to go to bed presently after, when dreams will reveal to them their future partner. In Yorkshire they kneel on earth-embedded ("ground fast") stone. **H.** 660 : **C.** 132, 133.

In some of the northern counties, and in Sussex also, it is usual to *stand* over the spars of a gate or stile. **AS.** 115.

In *Old Mother Bunch's Garland*, *pray* is written instead of *prithee*, and *true love* for husband. Maidens are also told to cross their hands whilst, etc. **AZ.** 70.

Another Yorkshire custom is to look at the first new moon of the year, through a silk handkerchief, saying—

"New moon, new moon, I hail thee,
New moon, new moon, be kind to me,
If I marry man, or man marry me,
Show me how many moons it will be."—**AS.** 114.

In Berkshire, they go into the fields, and, while they look at it, say—

"New moon, new moon, I hail thee!
By all the virtue in thy body,
Grant this night that I may see
He who my true-love is to be."—**BE.** 127.

The second line is sometimes varied thus—

“By all in the virtue in my body.”—**N.** 251.

In Lancashire the rhyme is as follows—

New moon, new moon, I pray to thee,
 Tell me who my true love shall be ;
 Whether he's dark, or whether fair ;
 And what the colour of his hair.—**BA.** 183.

HARVEST-MOON.

A very singular divination, practised at the period of the harvest-moon, is thus described in an old chapbook. When you go to bed, place under your pillow a Prayer-book, open at the part of the matrimonial service, “With this ring I thee wed ;” place on it a key, a ring, a flower, and a sprig of willow, a small heart-cake, a crust of bread, and the following cards : the ten of clubs, nine of hearts, ace of spades, and the ace of diamonds. Wrap all these in a thin handkerchief of gauze and muslin, and on getting into bed, cross your hands and say—

“Luna, every woman's friend,
 To me thy goodness condescend ;
 Let me this night in visions see
 Emblems of my destiny.”

If you dream of storms, trouble will betide you ; if the storm ends in a fine calm so will your fate ; if of a ring, or the ace of diamonds, marriage ; bread, an industrious life ; cake, a prosperous life ; flowers, joy ; willow, treachery in love ; spades, death ; diamonds, money ; clubs, a foreign land ; hearts, illegitimate children ; keys, that you will rise to great trust and power, and never know want ; birds, that you will have many children ; and geese, that you will marry more than once. **AV.** 217.

Dreams.

“St. Luke, St. Luke be kind to me ;
 In dreams let me my true-love see.”

An Invocation on the eve of St. Luke (October 17).

“To-night, to-night, is Friday night,
 Lay me down in dirty white,
 Dream who my husband is to be,
 And lay my children by my side,
 If I'm to live to be his bride.”

To be said three Friday nights successively, and on the last, the young woman dreams of her future husband. **CB.** 11.

b. LONGEVITY. (See also CUCKOO, *ante.*)

BY A BALL.

Throw a ball in the air, saying—

“Toss a ball, toss a ball, tell me true,
How many years I’ve got to go through.”

The years of life are determined by the number of times the ball is tossed and caught before it falls to the ground. In some places the game is played with a *cowslip-ball*, thence called a “tissy ball.” *Shropshire.* **AP.** 530.

Another version is—

“Keppy-ball, keppy-ball, Cobin tree,
Come down and tell me
How many years old
Our Jenny (Johnny, etc.) shall be.”

The number of *keps* or catches before the ball falls is the age. *Tyneside.*

In Messrs. Britten and Holland’s *Dictionary of English Plant Names*, *coven-tree* = *Viburnum laubana*, in Bucks and Wilts, and Aubrey is cited as saying, “Coventree common about Chalke and Cranbourn Chase, the carters do make their whippes of it.” **CK.** v. 276.

Quentin Durward is made to say, chap. iii., “Besides, . . . to speak the truth, I love not the castle where the Covin-tree bears such acorns as I see yonder.” A footnote to the Abbotsford edition, vol. viii., reads, “The large tree in front of a Scottish castle was sometimes called so. It is difficult to trace the derivation; but at this distance from the castle the laird received guests of rank, and thither he conveyed them on their departure.” **CK.** v. 435.

In Letter x. of his *Demonology and Witchcraft*, he writes, “The witches of Auldearne . . . were so numerous, that they were told off into squads or *covines*, as they were termed, to each of which were appointed two officers. One of these was called the Maiden of the Covine . . .” He then adds a footnote, “This word Covine seems to signify a subdivision or squad . . .”

Hence there are two plausible reasons for the place of *covin* in such rhymes: (1) Its association with numbers; (2) Its connection with witchcraft, and consequent oracular wisdom.

In the north Midlands it is usual to make the catch after the ball rebounds from an obstacle, such as a tree or wall, and say—

“(H)-all-y, ball-y, tell me true,
How many years I’ve got to go through.”

Miscellaneous Divinations.

BY BIBLE AND KEY.

This form of divination is used to discover the name of a future husband, and to detect a thief also.

A key is placed in a Bible—so that the bow remains outside—along verse 6, chap. viii. of Solomon’s Song, commencing, “Set me as a seal upon thy heart;” and a garter is tied round the volume to prevent the key falling out. The diviner then places her little finger under one outer side of the keybow, and a disinterested person supports the other side in like manner. The latter then reads verses 6 and 7, of the “Song” aloud, and the former either calls over the letters of the alphabet silently—or, I presume, the names of several of her male acquaintances—and should the Bible turn, as it frequently does, owing to a natural law, the letter or name at the moment spoken denotes the initial of, or the future mate.

In some parts verse 8, commencing, “We have a little sister,” is used.

When a thief is to be detected two disinterested parties support the book and key, and the names of suspected parties are called over, and the following rhyme spoken—

Holy Bible, Peter, Paul,
Turn Bible, key and all.

When the book turns, the name of the person spoken at the moment is believed to be that of the guilty party. *Midlands.*

It is evident, however, from the following variation of the rhyme, that likely or suspected parties agree to support the key, etc., and accept the result, or stand around during the performance.

“If it turn to thee
Thou art the thief and we are all free.”

Northern Counties. AS. 235.

STRANGER.*

A collection of sooty film adhering to a bar of the grate is called a *stranger*, because it is supposed to betoken the appearance of a strange visitor. It is usual to clap the hands to dislodge it.

* A great number of minor superstitions are preserved in a street ballad called “Women’s Sayings.” See *Modern Street Ballads*, edit. by John Ashton, pp. 24–29, 1888.

Should it fall into the ashes the visitor will come on foot ; should it ascend, on horseback ; but—

Fall in the fire,
Come no nigher.

II. CHARMS AND SPELLS.*

Hurts and Ailments.

ADDER-BITE.

A piece of hazelwood, fastened in the shape of a cross, should be laid softly on the wound, and the following lines twice repeated—

“Underneath this hazelin mote,
There’s a bragotty worm with a speckled throat,
Nine double is he ;
Now from eight double to seven double,
And from seven double to six double.”

And so on to—

“And from one double to no double,
No double hath he.”

Hawker, *Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall*, p. 177.
AO. 122, 123.

AGUE.

It is customary for the eldest female of a family—a member of which suffers from ague—to speak the following charm up the chimney on the eve of St. Agnes—

“Tremble and go !
First day shiver and burn :
Tremble and quake !
Second day shiver and learn :
Tremble and die !
Third day never return.”—BD. ii. 780.

A variant for personal use is—

“Ague, ague, I thee defy,
Three days shiver,

* The curious reader who cares to see certain of these examples in very early form, should consult *Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft of Early England*, vols. i. ii. and iii., collected and edited by the Rev. T. Oswald Cockayne, M.A., 1864-1866.—ROLLS SERIES, No. 35.

Three days shake,
Make me well for Jesus' sake."

To be written on a three-cornered piece of paper, and worn round the neck till it drops off. **CM.** 15.

Another version of the first is—

" Good, dear Devil,
Shake not Nell here :
But when you get her to Hell,
Shake her well there !"

Or, the second—

" Ague, farewell !
Till we meet in hell."—**CF.** x. 184.

BITE.

To prevent evil effects from the bite of a mad dog, write on an apple, or piece of fine white bread, the following charm, and swallow it three mornings, fasting—

O King of Glory, come in peace,
Pax, Max, and Max,
Hax, Max, Admax, opera chudar.—**AS.** 179.

BLEEDING.

The Holy Vervain (*Verbena officinalis*)—Holy Herb—Simpler's joy, was formerly held in great esteem as a styptic, and healer of wounds. When gathering it, one said—

" All hele, thou holy herb, Vervin,
Growing on the ground ;
In the Mount of Calvary
There wast thou found ;
Thou helpst many a grief,
And stanchest many a wound.
In the name of sweet Jesus,
I take thee from the ground,
O Lord, effect the same
That I do now go about."

Or—

“ In the name of God, on Mount Olivet
 First I thee found ;
 In the name of Jesus
 I pull thee from the ground.”

Mag. MSS. Chetham Lib., *temp.* Elizabeth. **AZ.** 76.

Pepys, in his *Diary*, under December 31, 1664-65, gives the following charm, “ for stenching of blood ”—

Sanguis mane in te
 Sicut Christus fuit in se ;
 Sanguis mane in tuâ venâ
 Sicut Christus in suâ pœna ;
 Sanguis mane fixus,
 Sicut Christus quando fuit crucifixus.

Others of like nature are—

“ Stand fast, lie as Christ did,
 When he was crucified upon the cross,
 Blood remain up in the veins,
 As Christ's did in all his pains.”

Suffolk Garland, p. 173. **CB.** 48 : **AO.** 80.

“ Our Saviour, Christ, was born in Bethlehem,
 And was baptized in the river of Jordan ;
 The waters were mild of mood,
 The child was meek, gentle, and good,
 He struck it with a rod and still it stood,
 And so shall thy blood stand,
 In the name of the Father, etc.”

Say these words thrice, and the Lord's Prayer once. *Devonshire.* **AS.** 169.

Or—

“ Christ was born in Bethlehem,
 Baptized in the river of Jordan,

The river stood, so shall thy blood,
 (*Here name the person*),
 In the name of the Father, etc.”

Or—

“Christ was born in Bethlehem,
 There He digg'd a well,
 And turned the water against the hill,
 So shall thy blood stand still.”

Hunt, *Romances and Drolls*, sec. sér., pp. 209-14. **AO.** 76.
 See also EYES.

The *Athenian Oracle* preserves the following rural charm to stop bleeding at the nose, and all other hæmorrhages—

“In the blood of Adam Sin was taken,
 In the blood of Christ it was all to shaken,
 And by the same blood I do thee charge,
 That the blood of (*here the name*) runs no longer at large.”

H. 749.

Another version is—

“Thro' the blood of Adam's sin,
 Was taken the blood of Christ,
 By the same blood I do thee charge,
 That the blood of (*name*) run no more at large.”

Shropshire. **AP.** 183.

BLEEDING OR A STRAIN.

“Christ rode over the bridge,
 Christ rode under the bridge,
 Vain to vain, strain to strain,
 I hope God will take it back again.”

Cornwall. **AO.** 80.

BLOTCHES.

“*A recet for the ceronsepels.*

As our blessed Lady sat at her bowery Dower,
 With her dear Daughter on her nee,
 Waiting on the snock snouls and wilfier,
 And the Ceronsepel coming in at the town end,
 By the name of the Lord I medisen thee.”

The words are powerless unless communicated by a man to a woman, or *vice versa*. The spell must be administered before bedtime or immediately on rising.

Snock = blotches; *wilfier* = heat-spots, like crown pieces.
AS. 149.

A distinct variant is—

“Tetter, tetter, thou hast nine brothers,
 God bless the flesh and preserve the bone,
 Perish thou tetter, and be thou gone,
 In the name of the Father, etc.,
 Tetter, tetter, thou hast eight brothers, etc.”

Thus the verses are continued until *tetter*, having “no brother,” is imperatively ordered to be gone. Hunt’s *Romances and Drolls*, sec. ser., p. 214. **AO.** 123.

Tetter is a disease distinguished by an assemblage of numerous little creeping ulcers, in clusters, itching very much, and difficult to heal, but terminating in furfuraceous scales. There are several forms of the disease, however; and, as the charm follows closely in style that for snake-bite, it is probable that *herpes serpigio*—the tetter familiarly known as ring-worm—was originally intended.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.

“As our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was riding into Jerusalem, His horse tripped and sprained his leg. Our blessed Lord and Saviour blessed it, and said—

‘Bone to bone, and vein to vein,
 O vein turn to thy rest again.
 (*Name*) So shall thine. In the name of,’ etc.

Or—

“Our Lord forth raide,
 His foal’s foot slade,
 Our Lord down-lighted,
 His foal’s foot righted,
 Saying ‘Flesh to flesh, blood to blood,
 And bane to bane’
 In our Lord His name.”—**AO.** 79.

BURN OR SCALD.

Pepys, in his *Diary*, under December 31, 1664-65, gives the following charm for—

"A BURNING.

'There came Three Angels out of the East ;
 The one brought fire, the other brought frost—
 Out fire ; in frost,
 In the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.'

In Sussex the charm must be tried on Sunday evening only. Bow the head over the wound, cross two fingers over it, repeat these words silently, and breathe quickly on the place—

"There came two angels from the North,
 One was Fire, and one was Frost.
 Out," etc.—**AS.** 171.

The following charm for a *scald*, to be said three times over the wound, was copied from the fly-leaf of a family Bible, by an old lady living in Shropshire—

"There were 3 Angels com from the west,
 The one bro't fire and the other bro't frost,
 The other bro't the book of Jesus Christ,
 In the name of, etc. Amen."—**AP.** 183.

In Devonshire, the following variant is repeated three times—

"There were 3 angels flying over the West,
 One cried 'fire,' and the other cried 'frost.'
 And the other was of the Holy Ghost,
 Out fire, etc. Amen."—**CY.** iii. 37.

Another charm for a *burn*, from Shropshire, runs—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Make well the place my hand is on."

This must be repeated till the burning smart ceases. **AP.** 184.

CRAMP.

Cramp, be thou faintless,
 As our Lady was sinless,
 When she bare Jesus.

Pepys' *Diary*, December 31, 1664-65.

Coleridge, in his *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 59, records the approved mode of procedure (for *cramp*) in Christ's Hospital, which he believed had been in use in the school since its foundation in the reign of Edward VI. A boy, when attacked by a fit of cramp,

would get out of bed, stand firmly on the leg affected, and make the sign of the cross over it, thrice repeating this formula—

“The devil is tying a knot in my leg,
 Matthew,* Mark, Luke and John, unloose it I beg :
 Crosses three we make to ease us,
 Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus.”—**AS.** 155.

In the same work, under date June 10, '32, a similar charm is given to wake the foot when it has “gone to sleep”—

Foot, foot, foot, is fast asleep,
 Thumb, thumb, thumb, in spittle we steep,
 Crosses three, etc.—**CJ.** iv. 75.

EYES.

In Cornwall, the *clubmoss* (*Lycopodium inundatum*), if properly gathered, is considered “good against all diseases of the eyes.” It is said that, should any man reveal this secret, the virtues of the moss avail him no more.

“On the third day of the moon, when the thin crescent is seen for the first time, show it the knife with which the moss is to be cut, and repeat—

‘As Christ heald the issue of blood,
 Do thou cut what thou cuttest for good.’

At sundown, having carefully washed the hands, the clubmoss is to be cut kneeling. It is to be carefully wrapped in a white cloth, and subsequently boiled in some water taken from the spring nearest to its place of growth. This may be used as a fomentation, or the clubmoss may be made into an ointment, with butter made from the milk of a new cow.” Hunt, *Romances*, etc., 1871, p. 415. Dyer, *English Folklore*, 1884, pp. 21, 22 : **AO.** 77.

HICCOUGH.

“Hickup, snickup, stand up, straight up,
 One drop, two drops—good for the hickup.”—**X.** 45.

NETTLE-STING.

It is usual to rub the place stung with a dockleaf, and say—

“Nettle out, dock in,
 Dock remove the nettle sting.”

* “Matthew” is not included in edit. 1884, i.e. *Morley's Universal Library*.

Or—

“ In dock, out nettle,
Don't let the blood settle.”

Or—

“ Nettle in, dock out, Dock in, nettle out, Nettle in, dock out, Dock rub nettle out.”	“ Docken in, And nettle out, Like an old wife's dish clout.”
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Northern Counties. AS. 26.

At Clun, Shropshire, they say—

“ Dock, dock, shall have a smock,
Nettle shall have ne'er a one.”—AP. 184.

In Wiltshire it runs—

Out 'ettle, in Dock,
Dock zhall ha' a new smock,
'Ettle zhant ha' narrun.—A. 16.

See Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseyde*.

In Gloucestershire the second line runs, “ Dock, dock, shall have a good smock.”

NIGHTMARE.

•St. George, St. George, our ladies' knight,
He walkt by daie, so did he by night.
Untill such time as he her found,
He her beat and he hir bound,
Untill her troth she to him plight
She would not come to her that night (*sic*).

Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 87. AV. 213.

ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

The following charm, written on a piece of a parchment, was carried about by an old woman in Devonshire, so afflicted—

Shake her, good Devil,
Shake her once well ;
Then shake her no more
Till you shake her in Hell.

AZ. 87. See AGUE.

SCIATICA.

The "Boneshave," a word perhaps nowhere used or understood in Devonshire but in the neighbourhood of Exmoor, means the sciatica; and the Exmoorians, when affected therewith, use the following charm to be freed from it. The patient must lie on his back on the bank of the river, or brook of water, with a straight staff by his side, between him and the water; and must have the following words repeated over him, viz.—

"Boneshave right,
Boneshave straight,
As the water runs by the stave
Good for boneshave."—*H.* 735, 736.

It is also given in Elworthy's *West Somerset and East Devon Words* (dialect soc.), p. 81.

THORN.

"Christ was of a Virgin born,
And crowned was with a crown of thorn,
He did neither swell nor rebel,
And I hope this never will."

At the same time the middle finger of the right hand must be kept in motion round the thorn, and at the end of the words, three times repeated, the thorn should be touched each time with the tip of the finger. Then, with God's blessing, it will give no further trouble. *Suffolk Garland, New*, p. 173 : *CB.* 48.

And also this version—

Jesus of a maid was born,
He was pricked with nails and thorn,
Neither blains nor boils did fetch at the bone,
Nor more shall this, by Christ our Lord, Amen.
Lord bless what I have said, Amen,
So be it unto thee as I have said.—*Id.*

Several changes are rung on these words, thus—

Our Saviour was of Virgin born,	Our Saviour Christ was of Virgin born,
His head was crowned with a crown of thorn,	And He was crowned with a thorn,

It never cankered nor festered at all,	I hope it may not rage or swell,
And I hope in Christ Jesus this never shaull.	I trust in God it may do well.

Northamps. CT. 155.*Northern Counties.* AS. 171.

Happy man that Christ was born,
He was crowned with a thorn,
He was pierced through the skin
For to let the poison in :
But his poor wounds, so they say,
Closed before he passed away.
In with healing, out with thorn,
Happy man that Christ was born.

Hunt, *Romances*, etc., p. 213. AO. 82.

The following is given by Lord Northampton, in his *Defensative* against the Poyson of supposed Prophecies, 1583, as having been used by Mother Joane of Stowe—

Our Lord was the fyrst man
That ever thorn prickt upon ;
It never blysted, nor it never belted,
And I pray God nor this not may.—AV. 211.

Pepys, under date December 31, 1664-65, gives—

A THORNE.

Jesus that was of a Virgin born,	Christ was of a Virgin born, And he was pricked with a
Was pricked both with nail and thorn ;	thorn ; And it did neither bell nor
It neither wealed nor belled, rankled nor boned ;	swell, And I trust in Jesus this
In the name of Jesus no more shall this.	never will.

TOOTHACHE.

“To cure the Tooth-Ach ; out of Mr. Ashmole’s Manuscript writ with his own hand—

Mars, hur, abursa, aburse.

Jesus Christ for Mary's sake
Take away this Tooth-Ach.

Write the words three times; and as you say the words, let the party burn one paper, then another, and then the last. He says he saw it experimented, and the party immediately cured." **C.** 135.

The most usual charm for toothache—generally written and worn, is the following, which is often varied slightly, as given—

Peter sat weeping on a marble stone,
Jesus came near and said

“What aileth thee, O Peter?”

He answered and said,

“My Lord and my God!”

“He that can say this, and believeth it for My sake
Never more shall have the toothache.”

The Rev. W. Thornber, of Blackpool, says this “is a foolish charm, yet much accredited amongst us (in the Fylde).” **AZ.** 76.
In Somersetshire, the following is to be written on paper—

Peter sat on a marble stone,
When by here Jesus came aloan,
“Peter, what is it makes you for to quake?”
“Lord Jesus, it is the toothake.”
“Rise, Peter, and be heled.”—**CI.** viii. 275.

When Peter sat at Jerusalem's	Christ pass'd by His
gate,	brother's door,
His teeth did most sorely	Saw his brother lying on
eake,	the floor.
Ask counsel of Christ and	“What aileth thee, brother?”
follow me	“Pain in the teeth!”
Of the toothache you shall be	“Thy teeth shall pain thee
ever free;	no more.”
Not you alone, but also those	In the name of the Father,
Who carry these few Laines	Son, and Holy Ghost.
safe under clothes	AO. 77.
In the name of the Father,	
Son, and Holy Ghost.”	

In Durham, when the first teeth come out, or, indeed on the extraction of teeth subsequently, the cavity must be filled with salt, and the tooth burned while these words are repeated—

“Fire, fire, burn bone,
God send me my tooth again.”

AS. 21 : AQ. i. 237.

WARTS:

In Leicestershire the patient is taken to an ash tree, and a pin is stuck fast into the bark, then withdrawn, and a wart is transfixed with it till pain is felt, and then again the pin is pushed into the tree. Every wart thus treated perishes, and the pins remain their monuments. The following charm is spoken—

“Ashen tree, Ashen tree,
Pray buy these warts of me.”

Leicestershire Choice Notes, p. 252. AQ. i. 224.

Another method is to cross the wart with a pin three times, and, after each crossing, repeat, “Ash tree, Ashen tree, Pray buy this wart of me.” Then stick the pin in the tree, and the wart soon disappears, and grows on the tree instead. This must be done secretly. AV. 208.

The next curious charm comes from Cornwall.

Wash the hands in the moon's rays focussed in a dry metal basin, saying—

“I wash my hands in this thy dish,
O man in the moon do grant my wish,
And come and take away this.”—AR. v. 200.

A familiar charm is to rub the warts with the inside of a bean shell, saying—

“As this bean shell rots away,
So my warts shall soon decay.”—AQ. i. 221.

In Shropshire each wart is touched with a gravel stone. The stones are then tied in a bag and thrown away, and this rhyme is spoken—

“Warts, warts, go away,
In a month, a week, and a day.”—AP. 201.

(W)HOOPING OR CHINCOUGH.

Find a briar growing in the ground at both ends, pass the child under and over it nine times, for three mornings, before sunrise, repeating—

“ Under the briar, and over the briar,
I wish to leave the chincough here.”

The briar must be cut, and made into the form of a cross, and worn on the breast. *Staffordshire*. CP. 37.

In Essex, the afflicted person must crawl under a similar bramble, or be passed through seven times from one side to the other. The spoken charm is—

“ In bramble, out cough,
Here I leave the whooping cough.”—AO. 70.

A more solemn procedure is to take the child and allow it to see the new moon, lift up its clothes, and rub your hand up and down its stomach, saying—

“ What I see may it increase,
What I feel may it decrease,
In the name of the Father,” etc.

Staff. CP. 82.

In Norfolk, the mother of a child so afflicted is advised to find a dark spider in her own house, and hold it over the head of the child, repeating three times—

“ Spider, as you waste away,
Whooping cough no longer stay.”

The spider must then be hung up in a bag over the mantel-piece, and when it has dried up the cough will be gone.—CB. 31.

Hob, a sprite, resides in Hob-hole, a natural cavern in Runswick Bay, formed by the action of the tides. He is supposed to cure whooping cough. The mother of a child, says, in the cavern's mouth—

“ Hobhole Hob,
Ma bairn's gotten t' kink cough,
Tak't off! tak't off!”—AS. 264.

Protection.

BLASTS.

Vervain is also worn by many against *blasts*. When gathering it for this purpose they cross the herb with their hand, and bless it thus—

“ Hallowed be thou, Vervain,
As thou growest on the ground,

For in the mount of Calvary,
 There thou wast first found.
 Thou healedst our Saviour Jesus Christ,
 And stanchest his bleeding wound ;
 In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 I take thee from the ground."

And so they pluck it up and wear it. *Lancashire.* **AZ.** 114, 115.

CATTLE.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ went over the land
 With His staff in His hand,
 The Holy Ghost in his mouth,
 In the name of the Father, etc."

And the sign of the cross is made nine times over the cattle.
Northern Counties. **AS.** 170.

Reginald Scot relates that an old woman who cured the diseases of cattle, and who always required a penny and a loaf for her services, used these lines for the purpose—

"My loaf in my lap,
 My penny in my purse ;
 Thou art never the better,
 And I am never the worse."—**AV.** 208, 209.

CROWS.

Crows are generally regarded as birds of ill-omen. In the northern counties, peasants, across whose path they fly, exclaim—

"Crow, crow, get out of my sight,
 Or else I'll eat your liver and light."—**AS.** 25.

A Leeds version is—

Crow, crow, get out of my sight,
 Or I'll kill your father and mother to-night.—**O.** 300.

In Devon, says Mr. Dyer, the peasant spits over her right shoulder, saying three times—

"Clean birds by sevens
 Unclean by twos,
 The dove in the heavens
 Is the one I choose."—**AL.** 78.

DARKNESS.

“Bucky, Bucky, biddy Bene,
Is the way now fair and clean?
Is the goose ygone to nest,
And the fox ygone to rest?
Shall I come away?”

These curious lines are said by Devonshire children, when they go through any passages in the dark, and are said to be addressed to Puck or Robin Goodfellow, as a method of asking permission to trace the ways.

Biddy bene, A.S. *biddan*, to ask or pray; *bén*, a supplication or entreaty; Buckee, possibly a corruption of Puck. **AV.** 214.

DRAGON-FLY.

It is supposed by the country people of the Isle of Wight, that the sting or bite of the dragon-fly is as bad as that of a snake or adder, hence probably their provincial name, snakestanger or snakestang. It is said that these insects can distinguish the good children from the bad, when they go fishing; if the latter go too near the water they are almost sure to be bitten; but when the good boys go, the dragon flies point out the places where the fish are, by settling on the banks or flags, in the proper direction. This curious myth is commemorated by the following song—

“Snakestanger, snakestanger, vlee aal about the brooks;
Sting aal the bad bwoys that vor the fish looks,
But let the good bwoys ketch aal the vish they can,
And car’m away whooam to vry ’em in a pan;
Bread and butter they shall yeat at zupper wi’ their vish,
While aal the littull bad bwoys shall only lick the dish.”

AV., 174, 175.

DRINK.

From the “Examination of Anne Whittle, *alias* Chattox (a celebrated Lancashire witch), before Roger Nowell, Esq., of Read, April 2, 1612.”

“A charm to help drink that is forespoken or bewitched.

Three biters has thou bitten,
The Heart, ill Eye, ill Tongue.
Three bitter shall be thy Boote,
Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost
A God’s name.

5 Paternosters, five avies, and a Creede,
In worship of 5 woundes of our Lorde.”—**AZ.** 74.

EVIL-DOERS.

A charm and spell to be sewn up in the dress, etc.

Whoever thou art that meanest me ill
Stand thou still

As the river Jordan did
When our Lord and Saviour, Jesus,
Was baptized therein,
In the name of the Father, etc.

Eastern Counties. **Q.** 29.

LUCK.

“Even ash I thee do pluck,
Hoping thus to meet good luck ;
If no luck I get from thee,
I shall wish thee on the tree.”

West of England. **BH.** 421.

MAGPIES.

At Pulverbatch, Shropshire, when they see a single magpie, they spit on the ground three times, and say—

“Devil, devil, I defy thee,
Magpie, magpie, I go by thee.”—**AP.** 223.

In Yorkshire, they say—

“I cross the Magpie,
The magpie crosses me,
Bad luck to the magpie,
And good luck to me.”—**AS.** 128.

Or, near Sheffield—

“I crossed the pynot,
And the pynot crossed me,
The Devil take the pynot,
And God save me.”—**R.** 183.

Another North of England version is—

“Magpie, magpie, chatter and flee,
Turn up thy tail, and good luck fall me.”—**AV.** 168.

THIEVES.

“* * * This house I bequeath round about
Of all my goods within and without
In this yard or inclosed piece of land,
Unto Jesus Christ that died on the tree.
The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, all three.
Thieves! thieves! thieves!
By virtue of this blessed Trinity. * * *

That you stir not one foot from this place until the rising of the sun next morning with beams full clear. All this I charge you by the virtue of the Trinity; Jesus save me and mine from them and fetching. Amen.”

This formula was to be repeated three times whilst walking round the place.

Eastern Counties. Q. 29.

“;This charme shall be said at night, or against night, about the place or feild, or about beasts without feild, and whosoever cometh in, he goeth not out for certaine.

‘ On three crosses of a tree,
Three dead bodyes did hang ;
Two were theeves,
The third was Christ,
On whom our beleife is.
Dismas and Gesmas ;
Christ amidst them was ;
Dismas to heaven went,
Gesmas to heaven was sent.
Christ that died on the roode,
For Marie’s love that by him stood,
And through the vertue of his blood,
Jesus save us and our good,
Within and without,
And all the place about !

And through the vertue of his might,
 Let no theefe enter in this night
 Noe foote further in this place
 Than I upon goe,
 But at my binding there be bound
 To do all things that I bid them do !
 Starke be their sinewes therewith,
 And their lives mightless,
 And their eyes sightless !
 Dread and doubt
 Them enclose about,
 As a wall wrought of stone ;
 So be the cramp in the ton (*toes*) :
 Crampe and crookeing,
 And fault in their tooting.
 The might of the Trinity
 Save these goods and me
 In the name of Jesus, holy benedicité,
 All about our goods bee,
 Within and without
 And all place about.' " '

From a MS. *temp.* Elizabeth. **AV.** 207.

WILDFIRE.

The natural phenomenon, known in science as *ignis fatuus* (*ignis*, fire ; *fatuus*, giddy, wild, silly) ; and in folklore variously as *Will o' the Wisp*, *Jack o' Lantern*, *Peg a Lantern*, *Kit o' the Canstick* (candlestick), *Friar's lanthorn*, *Friar with the rush* (light)—in Scotland, *elf candles*, and in Wales, *corpse candles* ; confounded occasionally with *Robin Goodfellow* and *Friar Rush*, probably because of the disastrous and seemingly wanton tricks it plays. Thus Milton, *L'Allegro*—

“ She was pinched and pulled, she said,
 And he by Friar's lanthorn led.”

and Scott, *Marmion*—

“ Better we had through mire and bush
 Been lanthorn-led by Friar Rush.”

The term *wildfire* occurs in the old part song, *The Chough and Crow*, verse i., thus—

“The wildfire dances on the fen.”

A charm to “lay” this supposed spirit is given in the *History of Polperro*.

“Christ he walketh over the land,
Carried the wildfire in his hand,
He rebuked the fire and bid it stand,
Stand, wildfire, stand,
In the name of the Father, etc.”—**AO.** 80.

In East Cornwall, the light is often invoked as a guide, and the charm gives us another name for the phenomenon—

“Jack the lantern, Joan the Wad,
That tickled the maid and made her mad,
Light me home, the weather’s bad.”—**U.** 80.

Wad = a bottle of straw. The name is therefore the feminine of Will o’ the *Wisp*.

WIND.

Children in our fishing towns (Yorkshire) are seen “spelling,” or leaping up and down on the cliffs to a fair wind to the home-coming boats of their relatives, while they keep chanting the following couplet—

“Souther, wind souther !
An’ blaw mah feather heeam te mah mother.”

“Souther,” by the way, being liable to alteration according to the quarter from which they wish the wind to come. *Preface*, p. viii. **AI.**

WITCHES.

“The herb *pimpernel* is good to prevent witchcraft as Mother Bunby doth affirm,” and the following lines must be used when it is gathered—

“Herb pimpernel I have thee found
Growing upon Christ Jesus’ ground :
The same gift the Lord Jesus gave unto thee,
When He shed his blood upon the tree.
Arise up, pimpernel, and go with me,

And God bless me,
And all that shall wear thee. Amen."

MS. on Magic, Chetham Lib. Manc. **AZ.** 71.

In Yorkshire they have a charm or formula against the weird—
From witches and wizards and longtail'd buzzards,
And creeping things that run in hedge bottoms,
Good Lord deliver us.—**CE.** i. 129.

VARIOUS.

Under this head are given certain forms of prayer and curse which, if not entirely superstitious, are not canonical.

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the Bed that I lye on,
And blessed Guardian Angel keep
Me safe from danger whilst I sleep."—**AN.** 34.

Other examples are—

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, God bless the bed that I lie on, Four corners to my bed, Four angels lay aspread, Two to foot, and two to head, And four to carry me when I'm dead. I go by sea, I go by land, The Lord made me with His right hand, He's the branch and I'm the flower, Pray God send me a happy hour, Not only me but those who are near And dear to me, this night and evermore.	Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I lie on. There are four corners to my bed Which four angels overspread, Two at the feet, two at the head. If any ill thing me betide, Beneath your wings my body hide. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I lie on. Amen.
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Lancashire. **CG.** vii. 467.

It is customary to repeat after saying the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostle's Creed. **AZ.** 69.

—? near *London.* **CG.** viii.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I lie on, All the four corners round about When I get in, and when I get out.— CG. viii. 17.	Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I <i>lay</i> on, Four corners to my bed, Four angels there lay spread. God within and God without, And Jesus Christ all round about.
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Suffolk. **CG.** viii. 17.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I lie on, Four corners to my bed, Three angels Mary led. One at my feet, One at my head, One at my heart there they spread, God within and God without, Bless me round about.	Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I lie on, Four corners to my bed, Six Angels lying spread, Two at head and two at feet, And two to guard me while I sleep. If any danger come to me, Sweet Jesus Christ deliver me. Before I lay me down to sleep I give my soul to Christ to keep. And if I die before I wake, I pray that Christ my soul will take.
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Norfolk. **CE.** xi. 474.

? *Locality.* **CE.** xi. 206.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I <i>lay</i> on, There be 4 corners to my bed, I hope there be 4 Angels spread,	Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Be blest the bed that I lie on ; Vow'r corners to my bed, Vow'r angels all aspread,
--	---

One to watch and two to pray	Woone at head an' woone at veet,
And one to carry my soul away.	An' two to keep my soul asleep.
<i>Northamp. CT. 167.</i>	<i>Dorsets. E. 47.</i>

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,	Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on ;	Bless the bed that I lie on ;
Four corners to my bed,	Four corners to my bed,
Five Angels there be spread,	Four Angels at its head.
Two at my head, two at my feet,	One to watch, two to pray,
One at my heart my soul to keep."	One to bear my soul away.
<i>Norfolk. CB. 48.</i>	God within and God without, Sweet Jesus Christ all round about.

If I die before I wake
I pray to God my soul to
take."
Suffolk. CV. 278.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,	Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on ;	Bless the bed that I lie on ;
Four corners to my bed,	Four corners to my bed,
Four Angels there be spread,	Four Angels there be spread,
Two to foot and two to head,	One to watch, and one to pray,
And vor to car me hon I be dead.	And two to guard my soul away.
<i>West Somerset. Z. 465.</i>	<i>Glouc., Warwick.</i>

"The two following distiches were obtained from Lancashire, but I cannot profess to explain them, unless indeed they were written by the Puritans to ridicule"—

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Hold the horse that I leap on.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Take a stick and lay upon.—**AV.** 211.

A similar form, but without call on the Evangelists, is—

“I lay me down to rest me,
And pray the Lord to bless me.
If I should sleep no more to wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”—**AQ.** iii. 128.

THE LITTLE CREED.

John White, Vicar of Eccles (Lanc.), 1609, in his work, *The Way to the True Church*, London, 1624, preface dated October 29, 1608, says of his people, “. . . They know not how to pronounce their daily prayers; or so to pray that all that hear them shall be filled with laughter. And while, superstitiously they refuse to pray in their own language, they speak that which their leaders (Roman Catholic priests) may blush to hear. These examples I have observed from the common people”—

“Little creed, can I need
Kneele before our Ladies’ knee;
Candle light, candles burne,
Our Lady prayd to her dear sonne
That we all to heaven might come.
Little creed, Amen.”

This that followeth they call—

THE WHITE PATERNOSTER.

“White Paternoster, Saint Peter’s brother,
What hast i’ th’ t’ one hand? White book leavis,
What hast i’ th’ other hand? Heaven yate keys,
Open heaven yates, and steyk (shut) hell yates:
And let every crysome child creep to its own mother.
White Paternoster, Amen.”—**AZ.** 114, 115.

In Chaucer’s “Miller’s Tale” we get—

Lord Jhesu Crist and Seynte Benedight
Bless this hous from every wickede wight,

Fro nightes verry, the white Paternoster
When woneston now, seynte Petres soster.

CE. i. 229.

Similar to the first example given of the White Paternoster is the spell of St. Edmund's Bury.

Wynkyn de Worde put forth the first edition of the *Horae* in this country, relating to the Cathedral Service at Salisbury, under the following title. "Hore beate Marie Virginus ad vovm insignis ecclesie Sarum, Londinii per Winandum de Worde, 1502,"—4to. membran.—A copy of this, imperfect—now in the Gough Library at Oxford, and described in vol. ii. p. 107 of Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities*, and in vol. i. pp. 11, 12 of the second day of his *Decameron*—contained upon the margins thereof certain written rhymes, in an ancient hand of a strange and mysterious nature: to wit "The Little Credo," "The White Paternoster," and the following curious spell—

"Peter's Brother where lvest all night?

There as Chryst y yod.

What hast in thy honde? heaven keyes,

What hast in thy tother?

Broade booke leaves.

Open heauen gates,

Shut hell yeates.

Eurie childe creep Christ ouer

White Benedictus be in this house

Eurye night.

Within and without. This house round about.

St Peter att the one door

St Paule att the other

St Michael in the middle

Fyer in the flatt

Chancell op shatt

Euerie nangers bore

An Angell before. Amen."—**CU.** 354, 355.

Another prayer—

"I bless me with God and the rood,

With his sweet flesh and precious blood;

With his cross and his creed,

With his length and his breed,

From my toe to my crown,
 And all my body up and down,
 From my back to my breast,
 My five wits be my rest ;
 God never let ill come at ill,
 But through Jesus' own will,
 Sweet Jesus Lord Amen."—**AZ.** 114, 115.

A NORFOLK FISHERMAN'S PRAYER.

The Rev. Francis Proctor, Vicar of Witton, North Walsham, Norfolk, found this in use at the village of Mundesley, hard by Witton. Imperfect—

“ Pray God lead us,
 Pray God speed us,
 From all evil defend us,
 Fish for our pains God send us.
 Well to fish and well to haul,
 And what He pleases to pay us all.
 A fine night to land our nets,
 And safe in with the land,
 Pray, God, hear my prayer.”—**Q.** 74.

It is with some compunction that I include this simple prayer under SUPERSTITION.

Another.

At Brighton, when the necessary preparations have been made, and the mackerel boat is ready for pushing off, the crew form a little group on deck, and throwing down their caps in their midst, join in a chant or invocation, somewhat in these words—

“ Watch, barrel, watch,
 Mackerel for to catch.
 What may they be ?
 Like blossoms on the tree.
 Some by their noses,
 Some by their fin,
 God send twenty ‘last’
 And a fair wind in !

Please God we may have a good haul !”

Gentleman's Magazine, November, 1868.

CURSE (sore eyes).

The duiell pull out both thine eies,
And etish in the holes likewise.

Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 246. **AV.** 213.

Although "sore eyes" is tacked to this distich, to convey the idea that it is a form of charm for that complaint, it reads so like a virulent curse that I include it under this head.

Another curse (cheek burning).

If your cheeks burn it is a sign that some one is talking about you, and in case they should be backbiting you, you should say—

"Right cheek, left cheek, why do you burn?
Cursèd be she that doth me any 'arm.
If it be maid let her be slaid,
And if it be a widow long let her mourn,
But if it be my own true love burn, cheek, burn."

Oxon. **AF.** 77.

Wants.

BUTTER.

Butter is said to *come* at the moment when the cream begins to clot. The charm to hasten it is—

"Churn, butter, dash,
Cow's gone to th' marsh,
Peter stands at th' toll gate
Beggin' butter for his cake;
Come, butter, come!"—*Lincolns.*—**AG.** 67.

Ady, in his *Candle in the Dark*, 1655, says "... an old woman in Essex came into a house at a time when as the maid was churning of butter and having labored long and could not make her butter come, the old woman told the maid what was wont to be done when she was a maid, and also in her mother's young time, that if it happened then butter would not come readily, they used a charm to be said over it, whilst yet it was in beating, and it would come straightways, and that was this—

'Come, butter, come,
Come, butter, come,

Peter stands at the gate
 Waiting for a butter'd cake ;
 Come, butter, come !'

(? ed. 4to. 1665, p. 58).

"This, said the old woman, being said three times, will make your butter come, for it was taught my mother by a learned churchman in Queen Mary's days, when as churchmen had more cunning and could teach people many a trick, that our ministers nowadays know not." **BE.** 775.

A similar version is current in Lancashire, and here are two slightly different examples from Northamptonshire.

Churn, butter, churn,
 In a cow's horn ;
 I never see'd such butter,
 Sin' I was born.
 Peter's waiting, etc.

Or—

Churn, butter, churn,
 Come, butter, come,
 A little good butter
 Is better than none.—**D.** ii. 138.

DRINK.

In the *Confession of James Devise, prisoner at Lancaster*, charged with being a witch' and practising witchcraft, before "William Sands, James Anderton, and Thomas Cowell, Esqrs.," we have the following charm to get *drink* within one hour after saying the said prayer—

"Upon Good Friday I will fast while I may,
 Untill I heare them knell
 Our Lord's own bell.
 Lord in his messe
 With his twelve Apostles good ;—
 What hath he in his hand ?
 Ligh in leath wand :
 What hath he in his other hand ?
 Heaven's doore keys.
 Steck, Steck Hell door,

Let Chrizon child
 Goe to its mother mild.
 What is yonder that casts a light so farrandy?
 Mine own dear Sonne that's nail'd to the tree.
 He is naild sore by his head and hand;
 And Holy harne Panne,
 Well is that man
 That Friday spell can,
 His child to learne :—
 A cross of Blue and another of Red,
 As Good Lord was to the Roode.
 Gabriel laid him down to sleep
 Upon the ground of Holy weepe :—
 Good Lord came walking by,
 Sleepest thou, wakest thou, Gabriel?
 No, Lord, I am sted with stick and stake,
 That I can neither sleep nor wake.
 Rise up, Gabriel, and go with me,
 The stick nor the stake shall never deere thee,
 Sweet Jesus. Our Lord. Amen."—**AZ.** 73.

FRUIT.

Children in the north Midlands shoot the pips of apples from between the thumb and forefinger saying to each pip—

“Pippin, pippin, fly away,
 Bring me an apple to-morrow day.”

In the north of England the rhyme runs—

Pippin, pippin, fly away,
 Give me one another day.—**AV.** 177.

A similar rhyme is current in Essex.

MILK.

“Cush-a cow bonny, come let down your milk,
 And I will give you a gown of silk,
 A gown of silk and a silver tee,
 If you will let down your milk to me.”

Lancashire. This degenerated into a nursery rhyme as early

as 1825-30 at Bury in Lancashire. *Tee* = a cow-tie. **AR.** iv. 262 : **AX.** 214.

MONEY.

In Somersetshire, when the folk hear the cuckoo, they turn their money, and children say—

“Cuckoo, cherrytree
Catch a penny and give it me.”—**CO.** 40.

REST.

“In nomine Patris, up and downe,
Et Filii Spiritus Sancti upon my crown,
Crux Christi upon my brest ;
Sweet ladie send me eternall rest.”

Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 260. **AV.** 213.

This is evidently for use before death, not sleep ; possibly in the absence of a priest.

Love.

BREAD (Cockle or Barley-bread).

“Young wenches have a wanton sport wth they call moulding of *cockle-bread* ; viz. they gett upon a Tableboard, and then gather up their knees & their coates with their hands as high as they can, and then they wabble to and fro with their buttocks as if the(y) were kneading of dough with their a—, and say the words, viz.—

‘ My dame is sick and gonne to bed,
And I'll go mould my cockle-bread.’”

(In Oxfordshire the maids, when they have put themselves into the fit posture, say thus—

“ My granny is sick and now is dead,*
And wee'l goe mould our cockle-bread,
Up with my heels, and down wth my head,
And this is the way to mould cockle-bread.”

Dr. White Kennet.)

* Another variant is : “ Cockeldy bread, Mistlely cake, When you do that for our sake.”

Another version says : “. . . and I wish she was dead, that I may go mould,” etc., which may mean—“ My grannie is sick, and I wish she was dead, that I may use a charm for obtaining a husband.” **AV.** 256.

“I did imagine nothing to have been in this but meer Wantonness of Youth—rigidas prurigine vulvæ. Juven. Sat. 6 [129]. But I find in Burchardus,* in his Methodus Confitendi on the VII. Cōmandement, one of y^o articles of interrogating a young Woman is, if she did ever subigere panem clunibus, and then bake it, and give it to one that she loved to eat; ut in majorem modum exardesceret amor? So here I find it to be a relique of Naturall Magick an unlawfull Philtrum.” AN. 43, 44.

“I have some reason to believe that the word cockle is an old antiquated Norman word, w^{ch} signifies a—e; from a beastly rustique kind of play, or abuse, w^{ch} was used when I was a schoolboy by a Norman Gardiner, that lived at Downton, near me; so hott cockles is as much as to say hott or heated buttocks, or a—e. See and transcribe out of Dr. Francis Bernards . . . Burchardus the (canonist or casist) printed A^o. Dm. 1549, at Colen. He lived before the Conquest.” *Id.* 96.

“The name Hot Cockles, is derived by Strutt in his *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 393, ed. 1833 (which contains, however, no allusion to any such Norman word as that to which Aubrey refers), from the ‘Hautes Coquilles’ of the French. In the *Memoires de l’Academie Celtique*, tom. iii., we have a description of a curious marriage custom, which may possibly bear some reference to the ‘cockle-bread,’ or, at least, to the etymology of the name.” W. J. Thoms, *Anecdotes*, pp. 95, 96. *Id.* 225.

“Cockell Bread” is mentioned in Peele’s *Old Wives Tale*, (1598), but the ingenious editor of that early dramatist, expresses his regret that “after many enquiries on the subject of cockell bread” he is unable to inform the reader what it was (Peele’s *Works*, i. 234). The mystery is now clearly solved, for the question in Burchardus, which we here quote at length (from Grimm. xxxix) fully establishes the correctness of Aubrey’s views as to the origin of this game—

“Fecisti quod quedam mulieres facere solent, prosternunt se in faciem, et discoopertibus natibus jubent, ut supra nudas nates conficiatur panis, et eo decocto tradunt, maritis suis ad comedendum. Hoc idea faciunt ut plus exardescant in amorem illorem.” Notes, *Id.* p. 225.

In Yorkshire it is called “cocklety bread,” Hunte’s MSS., quoted R. 47; and in the west of England “barley bread.” The rhyme in this district is now used solely in sport, and runs—

“Mother has called, mother has said
Make haste home and make barley bread;

* “Quis veterum Poetarum plus obscenitatis, impuritatis, flagitiorum professus est, quam docet Pœnitentiale Burchardi? J. R. in confut. fab. Burdon, p. 305.”

Dr. Saunderson, vol. ii^d. Serm. ii^d. ad Aulam, pag. 45.

Up with your heels, down with your head,
That is the way to make barley bread.”—**AR.** v. 58.

At the present time the last two lines of the original rhyme are often said when dandling a child. **AN.** 225.

Mr. Halliwell says, “I question whether the term cockle-bread was originally connected with this indelicate custom. *Cocille mele* is mentioned in an old medical receipt in MS., Lincoln, A. i. 17, f. 304.” *Dict. Archaic and Prev. Words* (1878).

Mr. Dyer, *British Popular Customs*, 1876, has, “It is customary at Norwich to eat a small bun called cocque’els—cook-eels—coquilles (the name being spelt indifferently), which is continued throughout the season of Lent.” Forby, in his *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, calls this production “a sort of cross bun,” but no cross is placed upon it, though its composition is not dissimilar. He derives the word from *coquille*, in allusion to their being fashioned like an scallop, in which sense he is borne out by Cotgrave, who has “*pain coquille*, a fashion of an hard-crusted loafe somewhat like our stillyard bunne.” A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, (1st ser., i. 293 and 412), says that he has always taken the word to be “coquerells,” from the vending of such buns at the barbarous sport of “throwing at the cock” (which is still called a cockerell in East Anglia) on Shrove Tuesday. **P.** 81.

Walker, in his *English Dictionary*, 1821, calls Hot Cockles, “A child’s play in which one covers his eyes and guesses who strikes him.” The description is scarcely adequate; the first player places a hand behind him, resting it on his buttocks, and this hand the other players strike. The French game is called *La main chaude*.

But there is certainly some connection between cockles and amorosness. **AN.** 44, has, “’Tis a poetick expression, to kisse like cockles—

‘The sea nymphes that see us shall envy our bliss,
We’ll teach them to love, and ^{like} the cockles to kiss.’”

On the whole the matter rests pretty much as Aubrey left it.

There is a phrase “Cockles of the heart,” meaning the inmost recesses of the heart. Latham says, “The most probable explanation lies (1) in the likeness of a heart to a cockleshell; the base of the former being compared to the hinge of the latter; (2) in the Zoological name for the cockle and its congeners being *Cardium*, from the Greek *καρδια* = heart.

Cockle-bread might therefore mean heart-bread or affection-bread. It may be remarked, too, that *cockley* means ridged as a cockle, and bread moulded as before described, would, for obvious reasons, have such an appearance.

It is significant that the *labia minora* are still termed "cockles" in vulgar parlance.

CANDLE AND PINS.

Buckinghamshire damsels desirous to see their lovers would stick two pins across through the candle, taking care that the pins passed through the wick. When doing this they recited the following verse—

"It's not this candle alone I stick,
But (*here the name*) heart I mean to prick,
Whether he be asleep or awake,
I'd have him come to me and speak."

By the time the candle burned down to the pins and went out, the lover would be certain to present himself. **AS.** 173.

BONE.

Procure the *bladebone* of a lamb, and prick it with a penknife at midnight, repeating the following charm—

"'Tis not this bone I mean to pick,
But my love's heart I wish to prick ;
If he comes not, and speaks to-night,
I'll prick and prick till it be light."

Shropshire. See also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd ser., xii. p. 501. **AP.** 179.

A more complete version is given in the *Universal Fortune Teller*. "Let any unmarried woman take the bladebone of a shoulder of lamb, and borrowing a penknife (without saying for what purpose), she must, on going to bed, stick the knife once through the bone every night for nine nights in succession—in different places—repeating every night while so doing, these words—

'Tis not the bone I mean to stick,
But my lover's heart I mean to prick ;
Wishing him neither rest nor sleep,
Till he comes to me to speak.'

"Accordingly, at the end of nine days, or shortly after, he will come and ask for something to put to a wound, inflicted during the time you were charming him." **AS.** 175.

In Norfolk a penknife is thrust into the *bedpost*, and these lines are spoken—

“It’s not this post alone I stick,
 But ——’s heart I mean to prick
 Whether he be asleep or awake,
 I’ll have him come to me and speak.”—**CB.** 12.

DRAGON’S BLOOD (*Sanguis draconis*).

Wrap in paper some of the drug called *dragon’s blood*, and throw it into the fire with these words—

“May he no pleasure or profit see,
 Till he come back to me.”—**AS.** 175.

FISH.

There is a rhyme now used in the Nursery which commences—

When I was a young maid, and wash’d my mother’s dishes,
 I put my fingers in my eyes, and pull’d out little fishes.

Halliwell, who gives a version of this in his *Nursery Rhymes*, intimates that “eyes” is really a substituted word, remarking that the rhyme, as originally used, anticipated a modern physiological discovery. The original word may be readily known on application to Aubrey, and his researches place the seemingly foolish jingle amongst charms.

“See Burchardus, ut ante, where there is an interrogatory if she did ever put a little fish (immitere pisciculos in vulvam), and let it die there, and then fry it, and give it to her lover to eat, ut in majorem modum exardesceret amor? The L^d Chancellor Bacon says, Thus the fables of the Poets are the Mysteries of the Philosophers; and I allude here, that (out of fulsome Ribaldrie these simple Rhythmes I have picked out) the profoundest natural Magick, that ever I met with in all my life.” **AN.** 44.

It is astonishing evidence of the transmission of this dark idea through the ages to hear it as forming the staple thesis of many a modern lewd joke, and allusion.

HERB.

It’s not this herb I wear,
 But Dick’s hard heart to tear;
 May he never rest or happy be,
 Until he returns to me.

Quoted during the hearing of a police-court case in London. The name of the herb not mentioned. **AR.** v. 73.

PINS.

The following charm was found in the pocket of a woman named Hudson, whose husband, Benjamin Hudson, was found guilty, at Derby, July 15, 1873, of murdering her—

It's not these pins I mean to burn,
But Ben Hudson's heart I mean to turn :
Let him neither eat, speak, drink, nor comfort find,
Till he comes to me and speaks his mind.—**CH.** xii. 184.

SALT.

A pinch of salt must be thrown into the fire on three successive Friday nights, while these lines are repeated—

“It's not this sault I wish to turn,
It is my lover's heart to turn :
That he may neither rest nor happy be,
Until he comes and speaks to me.”

On the last night he will surely appear. *Southern Counties.*
AS. 176.

Miscellaneous Charms, Etc.

WITCHES' FORMULA.

Grimm (p. 1037) gives a verbal spell supposed to enable the enchanted steeds to take their flight through the air—

“Tout. Tout.
Throughout and about.”—**AP.** 158.

One of Mrs. Dudley's anecdotes furnishes us with another variety.

“Two old witches met together to ride on their broomsticks, and one taught the other to say before starting—

‘Over thick and over thin,
Till we come to Hegmore's Ind.’

But she made a mistake and said ‘through thick’ and ‘*through* thin,’ she was dragged through the mire, and torn and dragged almost to bits.”

Wherever Hegmore's End (= Hagmoor end) may be, the site of one of the meeting-places of the Shropshire witches may be affirmed without much doubt. Mr. Wright says the highest point of the Stiperstones. Other English meeting-places of witches are

Malkin Tower on Pendle Hill, Lancashire ; and Witches' Rock, Treva, Cornwall. **AP.** 158.

III. CREDULITIES.

APPLE-TREE.

A bloom upon the apple-tree when the apples are ripe,
Is a sure termination to somebody's life.

Northamptonshire. Dyer, *English Folklore*, 1884, p. 8, *i.e.* some member of the family to whom the tree belongs.

BEEES.

If your bees fall sick, and pine, and die,
One of your house will soon in churchyard lie.

B'ham and Midland Institute, *Archæolog. Transactions. Warwickshire Folklore*, November 24, 1875.

BELLS.

When thou dost hear a toll or knell,
Then think upon thy passing bell.—**CQ.** 156.

BREAD.

She that pricks bread with fork or knife,
Will never be happy, maid or wife.

Pulverbatch and Ruyton, Shropshire.

It should be done with a skewer. **AP.** 278, *i.e.* to mark it with a pattern of many holes. It is done in the dough. The expression occurs in the nursery rhyme, "Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man."

BROOM.

In Sussex and Suffolk they say—

If you sweep the house with blossomed broom in May,
You'll sweep the head of the house away.—**AP.** 248.

Another version—

Bring broom into the house in May,
It will sure sweep one of the family away.—**CH.** i. 550.

CAULD LAD, THE.

The "cauld lad," of Hilton Castle, in the Valley of the Wear, was believed to be the ghost of a serving boy, slain, unfortunately,

by a baron of Hilton, with a hayfork, for neglecting to get a horse ready in time. The baron, it is added, covered the victim with straw till night, and then threw him into a pond, where, indeed, the skeleton of a boy was discovered years afterwards. Some verses sung by the cauld lad at dead of night certainly accord well with the notion of his being a ghost—

“Wae’s me, wae’ me,
The acorn’s not yet
Fallen from the tree
That’s to grow the wood,
That’s to make the cradle,
That’s to rock the bairn,
That’s to grow to a man,
That’s to lay me.”—**AS.** 266.

Another Cauld Lad, of Gilsland, in Cumberland, who perished by cold at the behest of some cruel uncle or step-dame, ever after haunted the family, coming shivering to the bedside of the sick, his teeth audibly chattering; and if the illness were to be fatal, he laid his icy hand upon the part which would be the seat of disease, saying—

“Cauld, cauld, aye cauld,
An’ ye’se be cauld for evermair.”—*Ibid.* 267.

CAT.

Whenever the cat of the house is black,
The lasses o’ lovers will have no lack.—**AS.** 206.

And—

Kiss the black cat, an’ ’twill make ye fat;
Kiss the white ane, ’twill make ye lean.

North Country, Ibid. 207.

CHILDREN.

In Sussex they say—

If you rock the cradle empty,
You shall have babies plenty.—**AS.** 19.’

Children born in the month of May are called “May chets”; and kittens cast in May are invariably destroyed, for—

May chets,
Bad luck begets. **BH.** 430.

A child's future, etc., is said to be determined by the day of the week on which it is born—

Monday's child is fair of face,
 Tuesday's child is full of grace ;
 Wednesday's child is full of wo,
 And Thursday's child has far to go.
 Friday's child is loving and giving,
 And Saturday's child works hard for its living.
 But the child that is born on the Sabbath day,
 Is blithe and bonny, good and gay.

North of England. Still current at Stockton. Mrs. Bray records them in her *Traditions of Devonshire* (ii. 287), substituting *Christmas Day* for "Sabbath," and *fair and wise* for "blithe and bonny," and says they are in common use at Tavistock. **AS.** 9.

Variants are—

Born of a Monday, Fair in face ;	Born on Monday, Fair in the face ;
Born of a Tuesday, Full of God's grace ;	Born on Tuesday, Full of God's grace ;
Born of a Wednesday, Merry and glad ;	Born on Wednesday, Sour and sad ;
Born of a Thursday, Sour and sad ;	Born on Thursday, Merry and glad ;
Born of a Friday, Godly given ;	Born on Friday, Worthily given ;
Born of a Saturday, Work for your living ;	Born on Saturday, Work hard for your living ;
Born of a Sunday. Never shall we want ;	Born on Sunday, You will never know want.
So there ends the week, And there's an end on't.	CI. vii. 424.

CE. ii. 515.

In the West of England there is a very different version—

Sunday's child is full of grace,
 Monday's child is full in the face,
 Tuesday's child is solemn and sad,
 Wednesday's child is merry and glad,

Thursday's child is inclined to thieving,
 Friday's child is free in giving,
 And Saturday's child works hard for his living.

BH. 430.

One version, which commences with "Monday's child," etc., ends—

The child of Sunday and Christmas Day,
 Is good and fair, and wise and gay.—CI. viii. 45.

CLOVER.

With a four-leav'd clover, double-topp'd ash, and green-tipp'd
 seave,

You may go before the queen's daughter without asking
 leave.

Seaves = the rushes of which rushlights, or rush candles, are made. *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., i. 298. Dyer's *English Folklore*, p. 13.

COCK AND HEN.

Ill fares the hapless family that shows
 A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows.

Compare—

A whistling wife and a crowing hen, etc.

In a literal sense, it is well known that a crowing hen, though a not very common phenomenon, is a reality; it is regarded by country folks as a bad omen. See *Notes and Queries*, 1st ser., ii. 226, and BC. 40.

CUCKOO, etc.

If you see the cuckoo sitting,
 The swallow flitting,
 And a filly foal lying still,
 You all the year shall have your will.

South Shropshire. AP. 215.

DEW.

The fair maid who the first of May
 Goes to the field at break of day,

And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.—**CJ.** vi. 494.

EYEBROWS.

They that meet across the nose,
Will never wear their wedding-clothes.

Or—

If your eyebrows meet across the nose,
You'll never live to wear your wedding-clothes.

Warwicks., Oxon., Staff. In Gloucestershire this is generally said of "a blue vein."

DREAMS.

A Friday night's dream on Saturday told,
Is sure to come true be it never so old.

This must not be told before breakfast, however; or bad luck may attend. **AP.** 261.

Dreams at night are the devil's delight,
Dreams in the morning are the angel's warning.

CF. i. 463.

To dream of things out of season,
Is trouble without reason.

Welshampton, Shrops. **AP.** 264.

Friday night's dream mark well,
Saturday night's dreams never tell.

Gloucestershire.

DRESS.

Colour must be regarded, particularly in wedding-clothes—

Green and white,
Forsaken quite.

Shropshire.

In Lancashire they say of the wedding outfit—

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, and something blue.

The garter is generally of blue. **AP.** 290.

In the south of England they say—

Those dressed in blue,
Have lovers true,
In green and white,
Forsaken quite.—**AS.** 35.

Green's forsaken,
Yellow's forsworn,
Blue's the colour,
That shall (or must) be worn.—**CI.** v. 166.

Or—

Blue is true, Yellow's jealous,
Green's forsaken, Red's brazen,
White is love, and Black is death.—**AV.** 228.

Blue is the favourite colour, symbolizing *constancy*; it was the adopted colour of Israel, thus Numbers xv. 38, "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments . . . and that they put upon the fringe . . . a ribband of blue." "True blue," meaning pure of purpose, unshaken, a phrase borrowed from the old (? Spanish) idea that the blood in the veins of a noble is blue, is still in use; as is the proverb, "True blue will never stain." In *A Mad World My Masters*, by T. Middleton, 1608, ed. 1640, sign B 2, we get, "I can hire bleu coates for you all by Westminster clocke, and that colour will bee soonest beleaved." See **BC.** 458. The popularity of the colour is evinced by the fact that Coventry long laid itself out to produce ribbons of a fast dye of this colour, and its success may be gathered from the well-known Warwickshire proverb—

Fast and true, like Coventry blue.

Thus, in love charactery—

If you love me, love me true,
Send me a ribbon, and let it be blue;
If you hate me, let it be seen,
Send me a ribbon, a ribbon of green.—**CI.** v. 166.

Leaving love and marriage, it is said generally—

Yellow, yellow, turned up with green,
The ugliest colour that ever was seen.—*Ibid.*

Passing from colours, it is said of dress—

At Easter let your clothes be new,
Or else be sure you will it rue.—**AS.** 83.

Doubtless, to be in harmony with the recreation of Spring, and the Resurrection. There is also a widespread belief that it is well to put on something new at Christmas.

IMPIETY.

On Christmas Day, 1179, at Oxenhale, viz. the land of Lord Hughe, Bishop of Duresme, says Brompton, Abbot of Jervaux, the ground rose up higher than the highest hills, etc., and at sunset caved in, and "where it stood was a deep pool." A local tradition says, the owner of the field was going to load his hay on St. Barnabas Day (June 11), and on being remonstrated with on the impiety of the act, used a rhyme which has since passed into a byword—

"Barnaby yea, Barnaby nay,
I'll hae my hay, whether God will or nay."

Instantly he, his carts and horses, were swallowed up in the pool, and may still be seen, on a clear day, floating midway many fathoms deep.

In a field a little north of the junction of the Tees with the Skerne, in the district of Oxen-le-field, are the natural curiosities *The Hell Kettles*, four round pools filled with water strongly impregnated with sulphur. *Durham.* **BS.** i. 33, 34.

ITCHING.

If the *right ankle* itches you will receive a present. So—

Rub it on wood, Sure to be good ;
Rub it on brass, Sure to come to pass ;
Rub it on brick, Sure to be quick.—**AR.** iii. 91.

The first and last lines are usually said of the *hand*, in the North Midlands.

In Suffolk they say—

If your head itches,
Your going to take riches,
Rub it on wood, Sure to come good ;
Rub it on iron, Sure to come flying ;
Rub it on brass, Sure to come to pass ;

Rub it on steel, Sure to come a deal ;
 Rub it on tin, Sure to come agin.—**AQ.** i. 240.

Of the eyes itching it is said—

Left or right,
 Brings good at night.—**BE.** 126.

But in Oxfordshire they say—

Left before right,
 You'll cry before night.

And in Gloucestershire—

“ Left eye cry,
 Right eye joy.”

FRIDAY (removing goods).

Friday flit,
 Short sit.

Near Whitby. **AL.** 69.

At Sheffield it runs—

Friday flits,
 Have not long sits.—**R.** 77.

In the former work the rhyme is said to refer to fraudulent removals ; and, in the latter, to removal in any wise on this day, and this is more in keeping with the idea.

HARE'S FOOT.

The bone of a haire's foot closed in a ring,
 Will drive away the cramp whenas it doth wing.

Withal's *Dictionary*, 1608. Dyer's *Folklore*, 1804, p. 164.

HAWTHORN.

Hawthorn bloom and elder flowers,
 Will fill a house with evil powers.

Warwickshire Folklore, B'ham and Midland Archæolog. Transactions, November 24, 1875, p. 15.

This is so utterly opposed to the general belief in the power of the *hawthorn* and *elder* to keep away evil spirits, that I am inclined to regard it as misused.

MAGPIES.

It is usually said of the number of these birds seen at one time—

One, Sorrow,
Two, Mirth,
Three, a wedding,
Four, a Birth,
Five, for Silver (or rich),
Six, for Gold (or poor),
Seven, for a secret not to be
told,
Eight, for Heaven,
Nine, for Hell,
And Ten, for the devil's ain sel.

Northumb. AL. 78.

One is a sign of mischief,
Two is a sign of mirth,
Three is a sign of a wedding,
Four is a sign of a death,
Five is a sign of rain,
Six is the sign of a bastard
bairn.

Near Whitby. AJ. 29.

One, Sorrow,
Two, Mirth,
Three, a Wedding,
Four, a Birth,
Five, Heaven,
Six, Hell,
Seven, the devil's ain sel.

Durham.

One, Sorrow,
Two, Joy,
Three, a wedding,
Four, a boy.

Berks. AD. 24.

Sometimes *for* occurs after
each number.

Or—

Five, a sickening, Six, a christening,
Seven, a dance, Eight, a lady going to France.—**AS. 128.**

In Lancashire there are two variants—

One for ^{anger,} sorrow, Two for mirth
Three for a wedding, Four for a birth,
Five for (the) rich, Six for (the) poor,
Seven for a ^{witch,} bitch, I can tell you no more
Eight for a whore
Nine for a burying, Ten for a dance,
Eleven for England, Twelve for France.

Sometimes—

Five for a fiddle, Six for a dance,
Seven for England, Eight for France.

BA. 219: AZ. 144.

It is a common superstition that to spit three times averts the ill-luck attendant on the sight of a single bird. BC. 32.

MANDRAKE.

He who gathers the mandrake shall die ;
Blood for blood is his destiny.

Popular Educator, iv. p. 185.

The mandrake owes its position in superstition to its root, which is frequently forked, thus bearing a rude resemblance to the human trunk and limbs. The resemblance has earned for it the title, *semi-homo*.* Hence, says Columella, the early Roman writer on agriculture, "Quamvis semihominis vesano gramine festa, Mandragora pariat flores maestamque cicutam ;" and an old English author writes, "Mark how the rooted mandrake wears his human feet, his human hands:" Langhorne, *The Beeflower*. It was, in consequence, considered dangerous to unearth the plant, although the root conferred success in love, oracular wisdom, luck, and fertility on its possessor. It was said to shriek so frightfully when pulled from the earth that those who heard the sound lost their wits. Shakespeare alludes to this belief, when, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv., sc. 3, he makes Juliet say—

"And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad."

But the covetousness and ingenuity of man triumphed over his terrors. He would, the old chroniclers affirm, have the root at all risks. He stopped his ears with pitch, and procuring an unfortunate dog, tied its tail (some say neck) to the plant, walked a distance, and then enticed the animal with food. The dog tugged and strained to get away until a final effort uprooted the *semi-homo*, whose dying screams killed its innocent four-footed ravisher at once. But the criminal man, thanks to the pitch, heard nothing, and bore off the charm.† Grimm, in his *Teutonic Folklore*, says that superstition demanded a black dog without a single white

* Ages ago, it probably suggested the *anthropomorphos* of Pythagoras.

† In a Vienna MS. of Dioscorides there is a picture representing the goddess of discovery, handing a root of mandrake to the physician. The dog employed is depicted in the agonies of death. Daubeny's *Roman Husbandry*, p. 275.

hair in its body, and that the deed be performed before sunrise on a Friday. An Anglo-Saxon MS., preserved in Thorpe's *Anal.*, p. 94, declares that it was also necessary to describe a circle round the plant with some iron instrument, and loosen the soil with an ivory tool.*

Probably it was thought that witches could procure it without danger, for in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, presented at Whitehall, February 2, 1609, he makes his third witch say—

“I last night lay all alone,
O' the ground to hear the mandrake grone ;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low :
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.”

Avicenna, the Arabian physician, makes the impudent and unique assertion that a Jew at Metz had a mandragore with a human head, and the legs and body of a cock, which lived five weeks, and was fed on lavender and earth-worms, and, when dead, was preserved in spirits.

Albertus Magnus gravely affirms that the root had a more powerful action when grown under a gibbet, and is brought to greater perfection by the nourishing secretions that drop from the criminal's dangling corpse. This startling idea must have been aired and conceded by many, for Thomas Newton, in his *Herball to the Bible*, says, “It is supposed to be a creature having life, engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person put to death for murder.” Grimm is more particular in his description of this theory. The seed or water of a hereditary thief, *who had preserved his chastity*, alone produced the mandrake.

For the various superstitions, medicinal properties, established and not, relating to this plant, see Thompson, *The Land and the Book*; Tristram, *Natural History Bible*, p. 467; Apuleius, *De Herbarum Virtutibus*, ch. 131; Pliny, *Natural History*, bk. xxv. c. 94; Kelly, *Indo-European Folklore*. For refutations and quackeries, see Sir Thomas Brown, *Vulgar Errors*; Mathioli, in his *Commentary on Dioscorides*; Cole, *Art of Simpling*, etc.

The mandrake is, without doubt, identical with the herb *baaras*, mentioned by Josephus, *Wars of the Jews*, bk. vii., ch. 6, sec. 3.

MARRIAGE.

The best and worst *days* for marriage are recorded in a rhyme widely spread—

* Pliny, who gives no reason for the caution, says, “Persons when about to gather this plant take every precaution not to have the wind blowing in their face, and, after tracing three circles round it with a sword, turn towards the west and dig it up.”

Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health,
 Wednesday best day of all ;
 Thursday for losses, Friday for crosses,
 And Saturday no luck at all.—**AS.** 33.

Lent and May are regarded as evil seasons for marriage—

Marry in Lent,
 And you'll live to repent.

East Anglia. **M.** 723.

Marry in May,
 Rue for aye.

North Country. **AS.** 34.

Or—

To be married in May,
 Brings ill luck that day.

Stafford. **CN.** 25.

This idea dates from the days of the classic authors. The whole month of *May* was looked on as ominous to contracting matrimony, as Plutarch acquaints us in his *Roman Questions*, and Ovid, *Fast.* v. p. 487 (? 490)—

Nec viduæ tædis eadum, nec virginis apta,
 Tempora, quæ nupsit non diuturna fuit.
 Hac quoque de causa, si te proverbia tangunt.
 Mense malas Maio nubere vulgus ait.

i.e.—

No Tapers then should burn, nor ever Bride,
 Link'd at this Season long her Bliss enjoy'd ;
 Hence our wise Masters of the Proverbs say,
 The girls are all stark naught that wed in May.

Kennet, *Romæ Antiquæ Notitia*, p. 327.

It is considered unlucky for a woman to marry a man whose name commences with the same letter as her own. Thus—

To change the name, and not the letter,
 Is a change for the worse and not for the better.

M. ii. 723.

MOLES (on the flesh).

A mole on the neck,
You shall money by the peck.

And—

Five moles in a span,
You shall have houses and land.

Or—

If you've got a mole above your chin,
You'll never be beholden to any of your kin.

Shropshire. AP. 267.

A local allusion (as old as 1653), county Notts., is found in another version—

I have a mole above my right eye,
And shall be a lady before I die,
As things may happen, as things may fall,
Who knows but that I may be Lady of Bunny Hall.

i.e. have my hopes realized. CL. 68.

NAILS.

The little white specks on the nails are generally called gifts, and are thus interpreted—

Begin with the thumb, and touch the *gift* on each nail separately, saying—

“A gift, a friend, a foe,
A lover (or letter), a journey to go.”

Shropshire. AP. 268.

In Northamptonshire they say—

Gift, friend, foe,
Sweetheart (generally letter) to come, journey to go.

CF. xii. 491.

In Lancashire, it is said of these specks—

Specks on the fingers,
Fortune lingers;
Specks on the thumbs,
Fortune surely comes.—BA. 230.

In the North Midlands, the rhyme is—

Gift on your finger, Sure to linger,
Gift on your thumb, Sure to come.

NAILS AND HAIR (to cut).

Cut them on Monday,	A man had better ne'er been
Cut them for news ;	born,
Cut them on Tuesday,	Than have his nails on Sunday
A new pair of shoes ;	shorn.
Cut them on Wednesday,	Cut them on Monday,
Cut them for health ;	Cut them for health ;
Cut them on Thursday,	Cut them on Tuesday,
Cut them for wealth ;	Cut them for wealth ;
Cut them on Friday,	Cut them on Wednesday,
Cut them for woe ;	Cut them for news ;
Cut them on Saturday,	Cut them on Thursday,
A journey you'll go ;	A new pair of shoes ;
Cut them on Sunday,	Cut them on Friday,
You cut them for evil—	Cut them for sorrow ;
For all the next week	Cut them on Saturday,
You'll be ruled by the Devil.	See your sweetheart to-morrow.

Nails. *Lancashire*. **AZ.** 68.**M.** 526.

In the North Country the conclusion is—

. . . Saturday, A present to-morrow.

But he that on Sunday cuts his horn,

Better that he had never been born.—**AS.** 18.

In the Appendix to Forby's *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, the superstition finishes, "Cut them on Sunday, You'll have the Devil with you all the week." **M.** ii. 322.

A distinct variant is—

Cut them on Monday, before your fast you break,
And you'll have a present in less than a week.

? *Cornwall*. **AR.** v. 213.

In Shropshire, the rhyme goes—

A man had better ne'er be born,
Than on the Sabbath pare his horn.—**AP.** 261.

And in Northamptonshire they say—

Monday health, Tuesday wealth,
 Wednesday for good fortin,
 Thursday losses, Friday crosses,
 And Saturday signifies northin.—**CF.** xii. 491.

Of the *hair* and *nails* combined—

Friday's hair and Sunday's horn,
 Goes to the D'ule on Monday morn,
 Our fathers, which were wondrous wise,
 Did wash their throats before they wash'd their eyes.

CQ. 156.

In the Northern counties folk say—

Friday hair, Sunday horn,
 Better that child had ne'er been born.—**AS.** 17.

Or—

Sunday shaven, Sunday shorn,
 Better hadst thou ne'er been born.—*Id.* 18.

Another version, but said to apply to the hair and beard, is—

Friday cut, and Sunday shorn,
 Better never have been born.—**CH.** vi. 211.

OAK.

Beware of an oak,
 It draws the stroke.
 Avoid an ash,
 It courts the flash,
 Creep under the thorn,
 It will save you from harm.—**AS.** 17.

Because, I suppose, of the Saviour's crown of thorns.

PERSICARIA.

It will be remembered that in consequence of the dark spot which marks the centre of every leaf belonging to this plant—spotted *Persicaria* (*Polygonum maculatum*)—popular tradition asserts that it grew beneath the cross, and received this distinction through the drops of blood which fell from the Saviour's wounds touching its leaves. (Some say as he toiled up the Via Dolorosa.)

The Oxonian, however, says that the Virgin was wont of old to use its leaves for the manufacture of a valuable ointment, but that on one occasion she sought it in vain. Finding it afterwards, when the need had passed away, she condemned it, and gave it the rank of an ordinary weed. This is expressed in the local rhyme—

She could not find in time of need,
And so she cursed it for a weed.

The mark on the leaf is the impress of the Virgin's finger, and the persicaria is now the only weed that is not useful for something. Friend, *Flowers and Flowerlore*, 8vo, 1884, pp. 5, 6.

PIMPERNEL.

No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
The virtues of the pimpernel.

Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1st edit., p. 494, informs us that country people prognosticated fine or wet weather, by noticing in the morning whether the flowers of the pimpernel were opened or closed. This practice is still, however, common nearly everywhere.

Dyer, *Folklore*, 8vo, 1884, p. 26.

It was highly extolled by the old herbalists as a cure for many diseases of the brain.

PIN.

See a pin, and let it lie,
Sure to want before you die ;
See a pin, and let it lay,
Will have ill luck all the day.

Or—

To see a pin, and let it lie,
You'll want a pin before you die.

Worcester. CH. x. 477.

In Shropshire and in most places, the rhyme is—

See a pin, and let it ^{stay}
lie
You'll want a pin ^{another day ;}
before you die ;
See a pin, and pick it up
All the day you'll have good luck.—**AP.** 280.

PLENTY OR POVERTY.

Empty pockets or an empty cupboard on New Year's Eve, portend a year of poverty. Indeed, on the Border, care is taken that no one enters a house empty handed on New Year's Day. For it is well—

To make the old year go out groaning,
And keep the new year from coming in moaning.

A Lincolnshire rhyme runs—

Take out and then take in,
Bad luck will begin ;
Take in, then take out,
Good luck comes about.—**AS.** 72, 73.

QUICKEN-TREE.

Two hogsheads full of money were concealed in a subterranean vault at Penyard Castle, in Herefordshire. A farmer undertook to drag them from their hiding-place, a matter of no small difficulty, for they were protected by preternatural power. To accomplish his object he took twenty steers to drag down the iron doors of the vault in which the hogsheads were deposited. The door was partially opened, and a jackdaw was seen perched on one of the casks. The farmer was overjoyed at the prospect of success, and, as soon as he saw the casks, he exclaimed, "I believe I shall have it." The door immediately closed with a loud clang, and a voice in the air exclaimed—

"Had it not been
For your quicken-tree goad,
And you yew-tree pin,
You and your cattle
Had all been drawn in."

The belief that the quicken-tree is of great efficacy against the power of witches is still in force in the north of England. **AV.** 226, 227.

See also **TUMULUS** and **VERVAIN**.

ROWAN.

If your whipstick's made of row'n,
You may ride your nag thro' any town.

And—

Woe to the lad,
Without a rowan-tree gad.

And—

Black luggie, lammer bead,
Rowan tree and red thread,
Put the witches to their speed.

Northern Counties. **AS.** 226.

Luggie = small wooden dish. (?)

Lammer-bead = amber bead.

SHOES.

If you wear on the ball (of the foot)
You will live to spend all.

Perhaps because active people wear evenly by their rapidity.

CF. xii. 491.

It is more likely pure superstition, for—

Trip at the toe, live to see woe,
Wear at the side, live to be a bride,
Wear at the ball, live to spend all,
Wear at the heel, live to see a deal.

Suffolk. **AQ.** i. 238.

In Cornwall they say—

A hole in the sole
You'll live to spend whole.—**AR.** v. 220.

SNEEZING.

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger,
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger,
Sneeze on Wednesday, get a letter,
Sneeze on Thursday, something better,
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow,
Sneeze on Saturday, see your true love to-morrow.

Bucks. **AS.** 137.

The Lancashire version admits "you" after each day, and has two additional lines—

Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
The devil will have you the whole of the week.

AZ. 68.

A distinct but incomplete version is the following—

To sneeze on Monday hastens anger,
 To sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger,
 To sneeze on Wednesday,
 To sneeze on Thursday,
 To sneeze on Friday, give a gift,
 To sneeze on Saturday, receive a gift,
 To sneeze on Sunday, before you break your fast,
 You'll see your true love before a week's past.

CE. iv. 99.

And in Devonshire they say—

Sneeze on Monday morning fasting,
 You'll enjoy your own true love to everlasting.

CY. ii. 81.

Scott, in his *Demonology and Witchcraft*, chap. iii., says, "The custom of saying 'God bless you,' when a person in company sneezes, is . . . derived from sternutation being considered as a crisis of the plague at Athens, and the hope that, when it was attained, the patient had a chance of recovery."

Some Catholics attribute to St. Gregory the use of the benediction "God bless you" after sneezing, and say that he enjoined its use during a pestilence in which sneezing was a mortal symptom, and was therefore called the "death-sneeze."

Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Vulgar Errors*, bk. iv. ch. ix., effectually disproves these notions, instancing, for earlier reference, the fable of *The Fuller's Wife* from Apuleius; the problem of Pliny, *Cur sternutantes salutantur*: these words of Petronius Arbiter, *Gyton collectione spiritus plenus, ter continuo ita sternutavit, ut grabatum concuteret, ad quem motum Emolpus conversus, Salvere Gytona jubet*: examples compiled by Rhodiginus (Italian philologist and savant, 1450-1525), amongst these being a story relating to the soldiers of Cyrus the younger, who, when consulting about their retreat, called upon *Jupiter Soter*, because one of their number sneezed; and an epigram from the Greek Anthology on one Proclus—

"Proclus with his hand his nose can never wipe,
 His hand too little is his nose to gripe;
 He sneezing calls not Jove, for why? he hears
 Himself not sneeze, the snout's so far from 's ears," etc.

He also mentions statements of various other authorities to show how universal the custom is. An admirable article, embodying

much of Brown's matter ; and, further, devoted to remarks on the observance amongst all races, may be seen in *Temple Bar* for February, 1875, pp. 345-52. The writer, R. G. Haliburton, contends that amongst primitive people there was and is a general belief that when a person sneezes, he or she is, for the time, at the power of evil spirits, hence the invocation to God—illustrating his theory from the folklore of the Northern, as well as the Negro and Indian races.

Buxtorf (the author of works on Hebrew and Chaldaic learning, 1564-1629) says that "sneezing was a mortal sign, even from the first man ; until it was taken off by the special supplication of Jacob. From whence, as a thankful acknowledgement, this salutation first began, and was after continued by the expression of *tobin chaim*, or *vita bona*, by standers by, upon all occasions of sneezing." *Lex. Chal.*

In a scarce tract by Gerbier, Master of the Ceremonies to Charles the First, Oxford, 1665, he gives as a rule of good breeding, "Its not the custome when a prince doth sneeze, to say as to other persons, *Dieu vous ayde*, 'God help you,' but only to make a low reverence." *Recreative Review*, 1822, vol. ii. p. 137.

Brown also treats of the medical aspect of the question, from Aristotle's time to his own. Horman, in his *Vulgaria*, 4to. 1530, says, "Two or iij. nesese be holsom : one is a shrowed tōkē." **BC.** 236.

SPADE.

If in your house a man shoulders a spade,
For you or your kinsfolk a grave is half-made.

Warwickshire Folklore. B'ham. and Midland Institute
Archæolog. Transactions, November 24, 1875, p. 15.

SPRITES.

Scott, *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, letter vi., says, "The selfish Puck was far from practising this labour on the disinterested principle of the northern goblin, who if food or raiment was left in his way, and for his use, departed from the family in displeasure." This may be true of Puck, but the Devonshire pixies, if awarded clothing for the work they do for a family in the night, return no more. The local rhyme makes them say—

"Pixy fine, pixy gay,
Pixy now will run away."—**AS.** 249.

And a saying is recorded of some English elves that received clothes from a cobbler whom they had helped—

Smart and natty boys are we,
Cobblers we'll no longer be.—**G.** 142.

And we also get a report of a grumbling north country goblin. The Vicar of Danby writes, "I have actually unearthed a Hob. He is localized to a farmhouse in the parish, though not in the township of Danby, and the old rhyme turns up among folks that could by no possibility have seen it, or heard of it as in print—

'Gin Hob mun hae nowght but Harding hamp
He'll come nae mair to berry nor stamp.'—**AS.** 264.

More often, however, in the north, the "drudging goblin" works disinterestedly.

A Yorkshire Hob or Hobthrush was attached to the family residing at Sturfit Hall, near Reeth, and used to churn, make up fires, and so on, until the mistress, pitying his forlorn condition, provided him with a hat and cloak, he exclaimed—

"Ha! a cap and a hood,
Hob'll never do mair good."

And has not been seen since. *Ibid.*

The *cauld lad* of Hilton (mentioned previously) was of this order. The servants getting tired of him laid a green cloak and hood before the kitchen fire, and set themselves to watch the result. At midnight the Cauld Lad glided in, surveyed the garments, put them on, frisked about, and when the cock crew disappeared, saying—

"Here's a cloak, and here's a hood,
The Cauld Lad of Hylton will do no more good."—*Id.* 266.

TUMULUS.

A person of Willeyhou, East Yorkshire, dug into a tumulus and found an immense iron chest. Undaunted by a black cat which sprung from the opened lid, he attached a team of horses or bullocks that reached two and two from the tumulus to North Burton, one and a half miles, and addressed the team thus—

"Hep Joan! prow Mark!
Whether God will or no
We'll have this ark."

He had hardly uttered the words when the rope and the traces broke in a hundred places, and the chest of treasure disappeared for ever. **CZ.** i. 36. See **IMPIETY.**

WALKING.

Cross a stile and gate hard by,
You'll be a widow before you die.

Cornwall. **CG.** v. 208.

WILKIN.

Wicked Willy Wilkin,
Kiss'd the maids a milking.

B. 432, where it is thought to refer to Will o' the Wisp, or other sprite.

Compare the old English rhyme extant of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and his Flemings in 1173, temp. Henry II. . . . recorded by Lambarde in his *Dictionary of England*, p. 36.

“Hoppe Wyliken, hoppe Wyliken,
Inglannd is thine and myne,” etc.

See HISTORY and HUMOUR.

WITCHES.

Vervain and dill
Hinder witches ^{from} _{of} their will.

And—

Trefoil, Vervain, John's Wort, and Dill,
Hinder witches of their will.

Lincolnshire. **AG.** 85. See also **AN.** 191.

Dill = *Anethum Graveolens*. *St. John's Wort* = *Hypericum perforatum* also *Fuga Daemonum*, because it was thought to have power to drive away evil spirits (“Some do putt it therefore under the Pillowes.” **AN.** 191). It was possibly to let out this virtue that Satan pricked it with a needle, making the dotted marks on the leaves still to be seen when the latter are held up to the light.

Two of these plants are also used in a preparation concocted to work against the witchcraft of an *evil tongue*.

“Take Unguentum populeum and Vervain and Hypericon, and put a red hot iron into it; you must annoint the backbone, or wear it on your breast. This is printed in Mr. W. Lilly's *Astrology*. Mr. H. C. hath tried this receipt with good success.” **C.** 139. —

CUSTOMS.*

THE LORD.

THE NEW YEAR.

a. THE EVE (December 31st).

Hogmanay.

"In some parts of Cumberland a number of boys and girls, on the eve of New Year's Day, go about from house to house, singing a sort of carol, of which the following lines are the first couplet—

'Hogmina, Trolola,
Give us some pie, and let us go away.'

... In Northumberland, the first word in the couplet is *Hagmena*, which some derive from the two Greek words 'Agia mene,' signifying the holy month." An Essay on the Character, Manners, and Customs of the Peasantry of Cumberland, by Th. Sanderson, 1759-1829. CL. xi. 39.

Mr. Denham has two more versions—

Hagmanay, trollolay,
Give us of your white bread,
But none of your grey.
Hagmena, Hagniëna,
Give us cake and cheese, and let us go away.

They were sung or said by children on the last day of the year, when collecting their "farls," as they named it, of *oaten cake and cheese*. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lx. p. 499. N. 66.

The custom is more common in Scotland, where Hogmanay is the accepted term for the last day of the year.

What is precisely meant by the word *hogmanay*, or by the still more inexplicable *trollolay*, has been a subject fertile in dispute

* It must be distinctly understood that the notes go no further than is absolutely necessary to explain the *rhymes* herein.

to Scottish antiquaries, as the reader will find by an inspection of the *Archæologia Scotica*. A suggestion of the late Professor Robinson of Edinburgh seems the best, that the word was derived from *Au qui menez* ("To the mistletoe go"), which mummers formerly cried in France at Christmas. Another suggested explanation is, *Au queux menez*—that is, "Bring to the beggars." At the same time, it was customary for those persons to rush unceremoniously into houses, playing antic tricks, and bullying the inmates, for the money and choice victuals, crying, "*Tire-lire* (referring to a small money-box they carried), *maint du blanc, et point du bas*." These various cries, it must be owned, are as like as possible to "Hogmonay, trollolay, give us of your white bread, and none of your grey." Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, 1870, pp. 164, 165; see Hales's *Analysis of Chronology*, 1830, i. pp. 50, 51; also *Notes and Queries*, 5th ser., ii. pp. 329, 517. P. 505, 506.

Brewer, *Dictionary Phrase and Fable*, derives it from the Saxon *hâlig monath* = holy month. He continues, "King Haco of Norway fixed the feast of Yole on Christmas Day, the eve of which used to be called hogg night, but the Scots were taught by the French to transfer the feast of Yole to the feast of Noel, and hogg-night has ever since been the last of December."

Dyer, p. 14, quoting Brand's *Popular Antiqs.*, 1870, i. 11, gives the surviving fragment of the Yorkshire *Hagmena Song*—

To-night it is the New Year's night, to-morrow is the day,
And we are come for our right, and for our ray,
As we used to do in old King Henry's day,
Sing fellows, sing, hag-man ha!

If you go the baconflick, cut me a good bit;
Cut, cut, and low, beware of your maw;
Cut, cut, and round, beware of your thumb,
That me and my merry men may have some.
Sing fellows, etc.

If you go to the black ark, bring me ten marks;
Ten marks, ten pound, throw it down upon the ground,
That me and my merry men may have some,
Sing fellows, etc.

It is a recognized custom, even now, for boys and men to "let the New Year in" at houses. They shout the following rhyme at the front door, which is then opened, and one of their number passes through the house, and, receiving a small present of money, leaves by the back door. The idea that a male person should first

enter a house in the New Year is universal. From the rhyme, one might judge that it was formerly said on *Christmas* eve.

“I wish you a merry Christmas, And a happy New Year,
A pocket full of money, And a cellar full of beer,
And a good fat pig To serve you all the year.
Ladies and gentlemen Sat (*sic*) by the fire,
Pity we poor boys Out in the mire.”

Bromyard, Herefordshire : see *The Antiquary*, 1873, iii. 7.
In Warwickshire and Staffordshire the last lines are—

Open the door, and let the old year out,
And the New Year i—in.

On New Year's eve, the wassailers of Gloucestershire go about carrying with them a large bowl, dressed up with garlands and ribbons, and repeat the following song—

“Wassail ! wassail ! all over the town,
Our toat it is white, our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree ;
We be good fellows all, I drink to thee.

Here's to our horse, and to his right ear,
God send our maister a happy New Year ;
A happy New Year as e'er he did see—
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to our mare and to her right eye,
God send our mistress a good Christmas pye ;
A good Christmas pye as e'er I did see—
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to Fillpail (cow) and to her long tail,
God send our measter us never may fail,
Of a cup of good beer, I pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Be here any maids ? I suppose there be some,
Sure they will not let young men stand on the cold stone ;
Sing hey, O maids, come trole back the pin,
And the fairest maid in the house let us all in.

Come, butler, come bring us a bowl of the best :
 I hope your soul in heaven will rest ;
 But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
 Then down fall butler, bowl and all."

See Dixon's *Ancient Poems*, 1846, p. 199. P. 502, 503.

In Nottinghamshire the young village women go about from door to door, bearing a bowl richly decorated with evergreens and ribbands, and filled with a compound of ale, roasted apples, and toast, and seasoned with nutmeg and sugar. The bowl was offered to the inmates with the singing of the following amongst other verses—

Good master at your door,
 Our wassail we begin ;
 We all are maidens poor,
 So we pray you let us in,
 And drink our wassail.
 All hail, wassail !
 Wassail, wassail !
 And drink our wassail !

See *Journal of the Archæological Association*, 1853, viii. 230.
 At Yarmouth the following doggerel is sung—

Wassal, wassal, to our town,
 The cup is white and the ale is brown ;
 The cup is made of the ashen tree,
 And so is the ale of the good barley ;
 Little maid, little maid, turn the pin,
 Open the door and let us come in ;
 God be here, God be there,
 I wish you all a Happy New Year.

Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes*, 1849, p. 236.

In the neighbourhood of Sheffield, the wassailers carry a bough of yew or holly, decorated with coloured paper, ribbons, oranges, etc. Their rhyme is—

We've been a while a wandering,
 All through the fields so green,
 And now we've come a wesseling,
 So plainly to be seen,

O ^{our}
my jolly wessel (*repeat*)

Love and joy come to you,
And to our wessel bough (boo),
Pray God bless you, pray God bless you,
Pray God send you a happy New Year.—R. 278.

b. THE DAY (January 1st).

On this day an old custom, says Train in his *History of the Isle of Man*, 1845, ii. 115, is observed, called the *Quaaltagh*. In almost every parish throughout the island, a party of young men go from house to house singing the following rhyme—

“Again we assemble, a merry New Year,
To wish each one of the family here,
Whether man, woman, or girl, or boy,
That long life, and happiness, all may enjoy ;
May they of potatoes and herrings have plenty,
With butter and cheese, and each other dainty ;
And may their sleep never, by night or day,
Disturbed be by even the tooth of a flea ;
Until at the Quaaltagh again we appear,
To wish you, as now, all a happy New Year.”

The whole party are then invited into the house to partake of the best the family can afford. On these occasions, a person of dark complexion always enters first, as a lighthaired male or female is deemed unlucky to be the first foot or *quaaltagh* on New Year's morning. The actors do not assume fantastic habiliments like the mummers of England, or the guisards of Scotland, nor do they, like the rude performers of the Ancient Mysteries, appear ever to have been attended by minstrels playing on different kinds of musical instruments. P. 8.

I imagine that the following rhyme formed part of some custom at this period, in the Isle of Wight. It was sung by children, full ninety years ago, and is included in the Smith's *Isle of Wight Glossary*, *dial. soc.*

“A sale, a sale in our town,
The cup is white, and the eal is brown,
The cup is made from the ashen tree,
And the eal is brew'd from good barlie.

Cake and eal, cake and eal,
 A piece of cake, and a cup of eal,
 We'll sing merrily one and all,
 For a piece of cake, and a cup of eal.

Little maid, little maid, troll the pin,
 Open the door, and we'll all vall in ;
 Give us a cake, and some eal that's brown,
 And we don't keer a fig for the sale in the town."

Each received a cake and a little wooden cup of ale. **AK.** 60.

Twelfth Night, or the Epiphany.

This being Old Christmas Day, the customs observed on it and its eve resemble in many instances those which take place on our Christmas Eve and Christmas Day (December 25th).

At Kingsbridge and Salcombe, Devonshire, it was formerly customary for the ciderist, attended by his workmen with a large can or pitcher of cider, guns charged with powder, etc., to repair to the orchard, and there at the foot of one of the best-bearing apple trees, drink the following toast three times repeated, discharging the firearms in conclusion.

"Here's to thee, old apple tree,
 Whence thou may'st bud,
 And whence thou may'st blow !
 And whence thou may'st bear apples enow !
 Hats full ! caps full !
 Bushel—bushel—sacks full !
 And my pockets full too ! Huzza !"

See **BD.** i. 21 : **P.** 21. *Kingsbridge and Salcombe Historically Depicted*, 1819, p. 71 ; *Gent's Mag.*, 1791, lxi. 403.

Brand, on the authority of a Cornishman, relates it also as a custom with the Devonshire people to go after supper into the orchard with a large milkpan full of cider, having roasted apples pressed into it. Out of this each person in company takes what is called a *clome*, i.e. earthenware cup, full of liquor, and standing under each of the more fruitful apple trees, passing by those that are not good bearers, he addresses them in the following words—

"Health to thee, good apple tree,
 Well to bear pocketfulls, hatfulls,
 Peckfulls, bushelbag fulls ;"

and then drinking up part of the contents, he throws the rest, with the fragments of the roasted apples, at the tree. At each cup, the company set up a shout. *Pop. Antiqs.*, 1849, i. 29: P. 21.

At Eardisland, Herefordshire, on Twelfth Night, a cake was made and placed on a bullock's horn in the stall, and, on the bullock being pricked with a prong, and tossing his head, if the cake was thrown into the boosey (the gangway and trough in front of the stall for feeding cattle) before him, it became the property of the bailiff, but if it fell behind the bullock, then it belonged to the boys. A bucket of cider was then drunk, and wassailing held, each drinking the master's health in the following verse—

* Here's to the champion, to the white horn,
Here's God send the master a good crop of corn,
Of wheat, rye, and barley, and all sorts of grain,
If we live to this time twelvemonth we'll drink his health again.

Communicated by old John Roberts of Eardisland: an addition given by Mr. Bray, Haven—

Thee cut thy oats, and I'll drink my cider,
And God send us all a Happy New Year.

Another toast—

“Here's to the plough, the fleece, and the pail,
May the landlord ever flourish,
And the tenant never fail.”

Sometimes the cake would be placed on a heifer's horn, and then the verse ran—

Here's a health to the ^{darling} Heifer,
And to the white teat,
Wishing the mistress a house full of meat,
With cruds, milk, and butter, fresh every day,
And God grant the young men keep out on her way.

BB. 48.

* Mr. Timbs, in his *Garland for the Year*, gives a rhyme of this county varying but slightly from the above. He mentions, too, that before this observance it was usual to light twelve fires (Apostles) round one fire in the centre (the Virgin). He calls the cake a plum cake, and states that should the cow (*sic*) cast it forward, a good harvest is expected; if backward, the reverse.—CW. 132.

Collop Monday, etc.

“ Collop Monday, pancake Tuesday,
 Ash Wednesday, Bludee Thursday,
 Friday’s lang, but will be dune,
 And hey for Saturday afternune ! ” *

AV. 245 : **N.** 30 : Collop Monday is the Monday before Shrove Tuesday, so called because it was the last day of flesh-eating before Lent, and our ancestors cut their fresh meat into collops or steaks, for salting or hanging up until Lent was over ; and hence in many places it is customary to have eggs and collops, or slices of bacon at dinner on this day. *Every Day Book*, i. 241.

In the neighbourhood of Bridestow, Okehampton, Devonshire, the children go round to the different houses in the parish on the Monday before Shrove Tuesday, generally by twos and threes, and chant the following verses, by way of extracting from the inmates sundry contributions of eggs, flour, butter, halfpence, etc., to furnish out the Tuesday’s feast—

“ Lent Crock, give a pancake,
 Or a fritter, for my labour,
 Or a dish of flour, or a piece of bread,
 Or what you please to render.

I see, by the latch, There’s something to catch ;

I see, by the string, There’s a good dame within.

Trap, trapping throw, Give me my mumps and I’ll be go”
 (gone).—**P.** 59 : **CE.** v. 77.

In the neighbourhood of Salisbury they say—

Shrovetide is nigh at hand,
 And I am coming a-shroving
 Pray, Dame, something,
 An apple, or a dumpling,

* There are sometimes two additional lines—

Hey for Sunday at twelve o’clock,
 When all the plum puddings jump out of the pot.

Sometimes the rhyme runs—

Black Monday, bloody Tuesday, sorrowful Wednesday,
 Joyful Thursday, Lang Friday’ll ne’er be done,
 Hey for Saturday afternoon,
 Hey for Sunday at two o’clock,
 When all the spice puddings come out of the pot.

Northern Counties. **AS.** 98.

Or a piece of truckle cheese,
Of your own making,
Or a piece of pancake.

H. 32: In P. 59, "truckle" is replaced by *crumple*, and the verse concludes, "Trip, trapping throw," etc.

Shrove Tuesday.

Shrove Tuesday derives its distinctive epithet in English, from the custom of the people in applying to the priest to *shrive* them, or hear their confessions, before entering on the great fast of Lent the following day. Its Latin and continental names have all a reference to the last time of eating flesh. After the people had made the confession required by the ancient discipline of the Church, they were permitted to indulge in festive amusements, though restricted from partaking of any repasts beyond the usual substitutes for flesh; hence the name *carnaval*, etymologically signifying, *Flesh, fare thee well*. From this cause originated the custom of eating pancakes at Shrovetide, which began on the Sunday before the first in Lent. Hampson's *Med. Ævi. Kalend.*, i. 158.

In Dorsetshire and Wiltshire boys go about in small parties visiting the houses, headed by a leader who goes up and knocks at the door, leaving his followers behind him, armed with a good stock of potsherds—the collected relics of broken jugs, dishes, plates, etc. He says—

"A-shrovin', a-shrovin', I be come a-shrovin',

A piece of bread, a piece of cheese, A bit of your fat bacon,
Or a dish of dough-nuts, All of your own makin'.

Or—

A-shrovin', a-shrovin', I be come a-shrovin',

Nice meat in a pie, My mouth is very dry!

I wish a wuz zoo well-a-wet, I'de zing the louder for a nut.

Chorus: A-shrovin', a-shrovin',

We be come, etc."

In the event of his getting nothing, he calls up his followers, and they discharge their missiles at the door. The practice is called *Lent Crocking*. M. 239.

Another Dorsetshire version is—

I'm come a-shroveing,
For a piece of pancake,

Or a piece of bacon,
 Or a little truckle-cheese,
 Of your own making.
 Give me some, or give me none,
 Or else your door shall have a stone.—**CH.** ix. 135.

At Sunningwell, near Abbingdon, in Berkshire, “. . . every Shrove Tuesday, in the dusk of the evening the boys and girls say these verses about the village—

‘Beef and bacon’s out of season,
 I want a pan to parch my peas on ;’

which they repeat several times, and then throw stones at all people’s doors, which makes the people generally to shut up their doors that evening, the custom beginning much about the dusk thereof.” Bliss’s *Reliquæ Hearnianæ*, iii. 122 : **AR.** ii. 222. In **BP.** i. 85, it is stated that “the custom still partially exists, but the verses are altered.”

Here are more rhymes connected with the custom—

Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, doe,
 Give me a pancake and I’ll go,
 Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity ditter,
 Please to give me a bit of a fritter.

AW. 136. Place not stated.

At St. Ives, it was customary for the boys to tie stones to cords, and with these parade the town, slinging the stones against the doors, shouting aloud—

Give me a pancake, now, now, now,
 Or I’ll souse in your door with a row, tow, tow.—**BH.** 383.

In Hampshire they use no slings, missiles, etc., but knocking at the doors, say—

Knick a knock upon the block ; Flour and lard is very dear, Please we come a-shroving here.	Knick, knock, the pan’s hot, And we be come a-shroving : A bit of bread, a bit of cheese, A bit of barley dompling, That’s better than nothing :
---	--

Your pan's hot, and my pan's cold,
 Hunger makes us shrovers bold,
 Please to give poor shrovers something here.—**CW.** 30.

Open the door and let us in,
 For we be come a pancaking.
Oxfords., P. 84.

In **CE.** xii. 100, a contributor states that the shrovers have a peculiar way of uttering the above, *i.e.* "throwing sharp accent on the cæsural pauses, and staccatoing every word."

At Tavistock, Devonshire, they sing—

"* Lancrock(?), a pancake,
 A fritter for my labour,
 I see, by the string, The good dame's in,
 Tippy, tappy, toe, Nippy, nappy no ;
 If you'll give something, I'll be ago" (*i.e.* gone).
CH. v. 380.

Nicka, nacka, nan,
 Give me some pancake and then I'll be gone,
 But if you give me none,
 I'll throw a great stone,
 And down your door shall come.

Cornwall. **CE.** xii. 297.

Pan hot, knife cut,
 We are come to shroving,
 Little bit of truckle cheese,
 Some of your own making.
Wiltshire. **CI.** xi. 166.

Pit a pat, the pan is hot,
 We are come a-shroving ;
 A little bit of bread and cheese
 Is better than nothing.
 The pan is hot, the pan is cold ;
 Is the fat in the pan nine days old?
Brand, Pop. Antiq. 1849, i. 88.

Pit a pat th' pan's hot,
 An' I be come a-scrover ;

Pitt a patt, a pan's hott,
 I am come to scroving,

* Evidently a corruption of Lent crock.

Et (eat) a bit, and bite a bit,
An' then 'tis all over.

Oxfords. **AF.** 97.

Major B. Lowsley, in his
Berkshire Words and Phrases,
1888, gives a different version to
the example opposite :—

Snick, snock, the pan's hot,
We be come a-shrovin',
Plaze to gie us zummut,
Zummut's better'n nothin' ;
A bit o' bread, a bit o' chaze,
A bit o' apple dumplin' plaze.

AD. 16.

Tippety, tippety toe,
Give me a pancake and then
I'll go.

Should nothing be given, a
stone is tied to the door handle.
Somerset. **CO.** 10.

In Warwickshire the school children, demanding a half-holiday,
cry—

“Pancake day, Pancake day,
If you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away.”

Other Customs.

CLIPPING THE CHURCHES.

In Wiltshire the children join hands round the church, walk
round three times, and say—

“Shrove Tuesday, Shrove Tuesday, (poor) Jack went to plow,
His mother made pancakes, she scarcely knew how ;

Lard's scarce, and flour's
dear,

That's what makes me come
to scroving here,
Eggs in the trencher,
Bacon in the pan,
Ale in the cellar,
And I can carry the can.
As black as a rook,
As speckled as a pie,
I cannot sing no longer,
My throat is so dry.

The children of Sunningwell,
Berkshire, say these lines on
Shrove Tuesday while going
round the village, throwing stones
at the doors, until cakes, etc.,
are given them. **CJ.** x. 447.

Tippee, tippee, toe, (*repeat*)
Gie ma zom pancake, and I'll
ba go.

Should nothing be given—
Skit, scat, Skit, scat,
Take this, and take that.
throwing missiles at the door.
North Devons. **CY.** i. 183.

She tossed them, she turned them, she made them so black
With soot from the chimney that poisoned poor Jack."

Eighty or a hundred years ago, the charity children of Birmingham did it every Easter Monday (Hone, i. 431).

The rhyme, with some slight variations ("She put so much pepper she poisoned poor Jack") is current around Pulverbatch, Shropshire. See *Shreds and Patches*, March 5, 1884, and *AP.* 323.

THRESHING THE HEN.

This cruel custom is mentioned by Tusser, in his *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* (1620); and the lines given below, current in Suffolk, either suggested Tusser's verse, or are taken from it—

"Come go to the barn now, my jolly ploughmen,
Blindfolded, and speedily thresh the fat hen,
And if you can kill her, then give her thy men,
And go ye on fritters and pancakes dine then."

The details of this piece of barbarity are taken from *Tusser Redivivus*, 1710. "The hen is hung at a fellow's back, who also has some horse-bells about him; the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and his hen about some large court or small enclosure. The fellow with his hen and bells shifting as well as he can, they follow the sound, and sometimes hit him and his hen; other times, if he can get behind one of them, they thresh one another well-favouredly; but the jest is, the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endear their sweethearts with a peeping-hole, whilst the others look out as sharp to hinder it. After this the hen is boiled with bacon, and store of pancakes and fritters are made."

Lent.

Lent is so called from the time of the year wherein it is observed; Lent in the Saxon language signifying Spring, being now used to signify the Spring Fast, which always begins so that it may end at Easter, to remind us of our Saviour's sufferings, which ended at his Resurrection. See *Wheatley on the Common Prayer*, 1741, p. 224.

"Tid, and Mid, and Misera,
Carling, Palm, and Good-Pas-day."

Or—

“Carl, Paum, good Pas-day.”

See Kennett, MS. *Lansd.* 1033: *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lviii. p. 188.

The above terms are supposed to signify the Sundays of Lent. Another version is—

Tid, Mid, Misera,
Carling, Palm, Paste Egg-day.

The first line is supposed to have been formed from the beginning of Psalms, etc., viz. Te deum, Mideus, Miserere mei. **BD.** i. 189, 190.

A contributor to *Notes and Queries* writes thus: “I do not think that the lines—

Tid : Mid : Mis : Ra :
Carling, Palm, and Easter Day,

are meant to include all the Sundays in Lent, but only the last three, with Easter Sunday. I think they begin at the fourth Sunday, and the meaning is that this Sunday is Mid Lent—Tide-Mid-Miserere, or the *middle of Miserere Tide*, that is, Lenten Tide, when the Miserere Psalm is recited continually. Then follows Passion Sunday, by its well-known name of Carling, and the last two speak for themselves.” **CH.** i. 232. See CARE SUNDAY, PALM SUNDAY, EASTER SUNDAY.

MID LENT.

Simnel Sunday—so called because large cakes, called Simnels, were made on this day—is better known as Mid-Lent, or Mothering Sunday. In many parts of England, says Dyer, *Pop. Cust.*, 116, it was formerly customary for servants, apprentices, and others, to carry presents to their parents on this day. This practice was called Going-a-Mothering, and originated in the offerings made on this day at the mother-church.

In Northamptonshire they have a proverb, says Miss Baker, in her *Words and Phrases*—

On Mothering Sunday, above all other,
Every child should dine with its mother.

CARE SUNDAY. (Second before Easter.)

“Care Sunday ; care away,
Palm Sunday, and Easter day.”

Nottinghamshire. **BD.** i. 189, 190.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1785, p. 779, an advertisement for the regulation of Newark fair is quoted, which mentions that "Careing Fair will be held on Friday before Careing Sunday."

This day is the ancient *Passion Sunday*, and Dr. Jameson observes of the title Care: "This name may have been imposed in reference to the satisfaction made by our Saviour [Karr = a satisfaction for a fine or penalty]. Some, however, understand it as referring to the accusations brought against him on this day, from the Sueo-Gothic *Kœra*, to complain." *Etymol. Dict.*

Hone, *Every Day Book*, 1826, i. 379, says, "How is it that *Care Sunday* is also called *Carl* and *Carling Sunday*; and that the peas or beans of the day are called *Carlings*? *Carle*, which means a *Churle*, or rude booiish fellow, was anciently the term for a working countryman or labourer; and it is only altered in the spelling, without the slightest deviation in sense, from the old Saxon word *Ceorl*, the name for a husbandman. The older denomination of the day, then, may not have been *Care*, but *Carl Sunday*, from the benefactions to the *Curles* or *Carlen*."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, ser. i., iii. 449, tells us that on the north-east coast of England, where the custom of frying dry peas on this day is attended with much augury, some ascribe its origin to the loss of a ship freighted with peas on the coast of Northumberland. Carling is the foundation beam of a ship, or the beam on the keel. P. 123.

PALM SUNDAY. (The Sunday before Easter.)

In the neighbourhood of Sheffield children gather the fruit of the palm, and carry them in their hands as palm-tree leaves, repeating—

"Palm Sunday, Palm away,
Next Sunday's Easter-day."

Hunter's MS. : R. 168.

Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities*, 1849, remarks that slips with the willow flowers or buds were selected as substitutes for the real palm, because they are generally the only things which can be easily obtained at this season (i. 127).

The day is called *Palm Sunday* in memory of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when the multitude strewed the way with palm branches and leaves (John xii.).

"... bearing of palms on Palm Sunday is in memory of the receiving of Christ into Jerusalem a little before his death, and that we may have the same desire to receive him into our hearts." Fuller, *Church History*, 1655, p. 222.

Here's to his Holiness
 The Pope with his triple crown,
 And here's to nine dollars
 For ev'ry cask in the town.

Spoken as a toast at Lowestoft, Suffolk, in the herring season. The Pope is commemorated for his encouragement of the consumption of salt fish in Lent. The nine dollars has reference to the price per barrel, at which it is hoped that herrings will sell on the arrival in Italy. **CU.** 403.

“It is the custom for boys and girls in country schools in several parts of Oxfordshire (as Beechingdon, Weston, Charlton, etc.), at their breaking up in the week before Easter to goe in a gang from house to house with little clacks of wood, and when they come to any door they fall a beating their clacks, and singing [the following] song, and expect from every house some eggs, or a piece of bacon, which they carry baskets to receive, and feast upon them at the week's end. At first coming to ye door, they all strike up, very loud—

* ‘ Harings Harings white and red,
 Ten a penny, Lent's dead,
 Rise dame and give a Negg,
 Or else a piece of Bacon,
 One for Peter, two for Paul,
 Three for Jack a Lents all,
 Away, Lent, away.’

“Often repeated.

“As soon as they receive any largess, they begin the chorus—

‘ Here sits a good wife,
 Pray God save her life,
 Set her upon a hod,
 And drive her to God.’

“But if they lose their expectation, and must goe away empty, then wth a full cry—

‘ Here sits a bad wife,
 The devil take her life,
 Set her upon a swivell,
 And send her to ye devil.’

* Herrings.

“And in further indignation, they commonly cut the latch of ye door, or stop the keyhole with dirt, or leave some more nasty token of displeasure.” **AN.** (1686-87).

The Jack a' Lent named in the preceding song refers to an image so called which was formerly thrown at in Lent, like cocks on Shrove Tuesday. Thus Ben Jonson, in his *Tale of a Tub*, says—

“On an Ash Wednesday
When thou didst stand six weeks the Jack a Lent
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee.”

Id. Notes, p. 238.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The term Good Friday is erroneously said to be peculiar to the English Church; but it is certainly an adoption of the old German *Gute Freytag*, which may have been a corruption of *Gottes Freytag*, God's Friday, so called on the same principle that Easter Day in England was at one period denominated God's Day. A MS. quoted by Strutt (*Horde Angel-Cynna*, iii. 175), says it is called Good Friday, because on this day good men were reconciled to God. **P.** 148.

Kendal children on the eve of Good Friday (Thursday night), obtain an old tin can, tie a string to it, and one of the lads starts off at a great run, trailing the can after him, whilst his companions follow, striking the can with sticks, at the same time singing the following refrain—

“Trot hearin', trot horn,
Good Friday ta morn.”—**CI.** iii. 247.

The familiar street cry on the morning of Good Friday is “Hot Cross Buns.” The bun is highly spiced, and the brown, glazed surface is marked with a cross. The usual rhyme admits certain variations—

“One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns, Sugar 'em, and butter 'em, And stick 'em in your muns” (mouth).	One a penny, poker, Two a penny tongs, Three a penny fire irons, Hot Cross buns. <i>Warwicks.</i>
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Or—
Hot Cross Buns, Hot Cross
Buns,

In Berkshire they have a com-
mencing line—
When Good Friday comes,

If you have no daughters, The awld 'oomen runs.
 Pray give them to your sons: AD. 16. But this is part of a
 But if you have none of these verse in *Poor Robin's Almanac*
 little elves, for 1733.
 Then you may keep them all
 yourselves.
Northamps., D. 339.
 Near Sheffield they have it—
 One a penny, etc.
 One for your daughters, and two for your sons.—R. 56.

In Nottinghamshire the rhyme follows the first lines of the second example from Northamptonshire, see CL. (1876), 11.

“The offerings which people in ancient times used to present to the gods were generally purchased at the entrance of the Temple, especially every species of consecrated bread, which was denominated accordingly. One species of sacred bread which used to be offered to the gods was of great antiquity, and called Boun.* Hesychius speaks of the *Boun*, and describes it as a ‘kind of cake with a representation of two horns.’” Bryant’s *Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, 1807, i. 371-73.

Winckelman relates this remarkable fact, that at Herculaneum were found two entire loaves of the same size, a palm and a half, or five inches in diameter; they were marked by a cross, within which were four other lines, and so the bread of the Greeks was marked from the earliest period. Dyer, *Customs*, p. 151, quoting *Med. Ævi Kalend.*, i. 187.

The Romans divided their sacred cakes with lines intersecting each other in the centre at right angles, and called the quarters *Quadra*. See Virgil, *Æn.* bk. vii. pp. 114, 115, and Martial, bk. iii. *Épig.* 77.

It is also worth while to draw attention to Jeremiah vii. 18. “The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven,” etc. The “queen of heaven” here refers to Astoreth or Astarte; and it is possible that such cakes were marked with horns in allusion to the crescent moon, or with a cross which was the symbol of that goddess.

The idea suggested by the cross on our buns needs no mention.

* It must be observed, however, as Dr. Jamieson remarks, that the term occurs in Hesychius in the form of *βους*, and that for the support of the etymon Bryant finds it necessary to state that “the Greeks, who changed the *nu* final into a *sigma*, expressed it in the nominative *βους*, but in the accusative more truly *βουυ*.” See P. 150, 151.

Easter.

The name of Easter [which we regard as the anniversary of our Lord's Resurrection from the dead] is clearly traced to that of *Eostre*, a goddess to whom the Saxons and other Northern nations sacrificed in the month of April, in which the paschal feast falls. (See *Bed. Eccles. Hist.*, Lib. ii. cap. 19, 23; iii. 25; iv. 22.) Hampson's *Medii Ævi Kalend.*, 1841, i. 201. See also Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, ii. 15; Nares' *Glossary* edit., 1859, *ad vocem*, and Hazlitt's edit. of Brand's *Antiquities*, 1870, i. 90.

Or, as others suppose, from *Oster*, which signifies rising. If the latter supposition be correct, Easter is in name, as well as in reality, the feast of the Resurrection. P. 161.

During the last century it was customary in Dorsetshire, on Easter Eve, for the boys to form a procession bearing rough torches, and a small black flag, chanting the following lines—

“ We fasted in the light,
For this is the night.”

This custom was no doubt a relic of the Popish ceremony formerly in vogue at this season. Dyer, *Customs*, 1876, 160, quoting Brand, *Pop. Antiq.*, 1849, i. 160.

“ Love, to thee I send these gloves,
If you love me,
Leave out the G,
And make a pair of loves.”

It appears from Hall's *Satires*,* 1598, that it was customary to make presents of gloves at Easter. . . . In Devonshire they thus address the first young man they happen to meet on St. Valentine's day—

“ Good morrow, Valentine, I go to-day,
To wear for you what you must pay,
A pair of gloves next Easter day.”

In Oxfordshire I have heard the following lines, intended, I believe, for the same festival—

“ The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The gillyflower's sweet, and so are you ;

* For Easter gloves, or for a Shrovetide hen,
Which bought to give, he takes to sell again.

Virgidemarium, iv. 5.

These are the words you bade me say
For a pair of new gloves on Easter day.”—**AV.** 250.

During Holy Week, children, and sometimes older people, go round to the farm-houses begging for pace eggs.* They collect a considerable number, and have a custard pudding on Easter Sunday. Occasionally some of the eggs are boiled hard, with bits of ribbon wrapped round them, or onion skins to stain them, and they are then kept for a time as ornaments. Their rhymes are—

“Here’s two or three jovial boys all in a mind,
We’ve come a pace-eggin’ if you will prove kind ;
But if you’ll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer,
We’ll come no more here until the next year.
Fol de riddle lol, fol de ray,
Fol de riddle lol, lol de lay.”

Wilmslon. In the Wirral district they say—

“Please, Mr. ——
Please give us an Easter egg.
If you do not give us one,
Your hen shall lay an addled one,
Your cock shall lay a stone.”

Leigh’s *Ballads and Legends of Cheshire* ; quoted by Holland in his *Cheshire Glossary*, 1886, p. 250.

Mr. Dyer, *Customs*, 1876, p. 169, quotes another Cheshire version from *Journ. Archæolog. Assoc.*, 1850, v. 253. It is spoken on Easter Monday—

“Eggs, bacon, apples or cheese,
Bread or corn, if you please,
Or any good thing that will make us merry.”

The words *pays*, *pas*, *pace*, *pase*, *pasce*, *pask*, *pasch*, *passhe*, still used in the north, are clearly derived from the Hebrew through the Greek *πάσχα*. The Danish *Paaske egg*, and the Swedish *Pask-egg*, both likewise signify coloured eggs. Brand considers this custom a relic of ancient Catholicism,† the egg being emblematic

* See Brand’s *Pop. Antiqs.*, 1849, i. 172, for a custom of pace-egging in the north of England on Easter eve.

† Bless, Lord, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to Thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord. Pope Paul V., *Ritual*.

of the Resurrection [so the dye most generally used to colour the eggs was red, in allusion to the blood of the redemption]; but it is not improbable that it is in its origin like many other ancient popular customs, totally unconnected with any form of Christianity, and that it had its commencement in the time of heathenism. P. 163, 164.

Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*, thinks the allusion is to the mundane egg, for which Ormuzd and Ahriman were to contend till the consummation of all things : and says that there is a tradition also that the world was created or hatched at Eastertide. Dyer says, too : "The egg was a symbol of the world, and ancient temples in consequence sometimes received an oval form. This typification is found in almost every oriental cosmogony, . . . and eggs are presented about the period of Easter in many countries."

In old days, when Easter eggs were sent to friends, the decorations were of a simple character ; cochineal or some other dye was used, and then the operator with a penknife traced a design which showed white on the coloured ground. For other simple plans of decoration, see Hone's *Every Day Book*.

Now, especially on the Continent, the Easter egg is artistic and costly.

Rogation Week.

From *rogare*, to beseech : so called because the earliest Christians appointed Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday—called the Rogation Days—for extraordinary prayers and supplications, as a preparation for the devout observance of our Saviour's Ascension, on the day following, called Holy Thursday or Ascension Day.

Claudius Manertus, Bishop of Vienne, in France, added a humble supplication for a blessing on the fruits of the earth, at this period tender, that they might not be blighted ; and the first Council of Orleans, held in the sixth century, confirmed its observance through the Church.

Another name for Rogation is *Gang Week*, from the custom of ganging, or perambulating the country parishes to mark the bounds. One of our Church homilies for the day is composed particularly for this occasion. See an injunction of Queen Elizabeth in support of this, Dyer's *Customs*, 1876, p. 205.

These latter observances, which follow closely those of the *terminalia* of the Romans, may or may not have been merely adapted from pagan rites ; but some of our customs of the time are of heathen origin.

"There is an old custom used in these parts about Keston and Wickham [Kent], in Rogation Week ;" says Hasted, *History of Kent*, i. 109, "at which time a number of young men meet together

for the purpose, and with a most hideous noise run into the orchards, and, encircling each tree, pronounce these words—

‘Stand fast root ; bear well top ;
 God send us a youling sop !
 Every twig, apple big ;
 Every bow, apple enow.’

For which incantation the confused rabble expect a gratuity in money, or drink, which is no less welcome ; but if they are disappointed of both, they with great solemnity anathematize the owners and trees with altogether as insignificant a curse. It seems highly probable that this custom has arisen from the ancient one of perambulation among the heathen, when they made prayers to the gods for the use and blessing of the fruits coming up, with thanksgiving for those of the preceding year ; and as the heathens supplicated Æolus, god of winds, for his favourable blasts, so in this custom they still retained his name with a very small variation : this ceremony is called *youling*, and the word is often used in their invocations.”

In *Shropshire Folklore*, by Burne and Jackson, the following rhyme is given as that in use at Much Wenlock, in Rogation Week, for beating the bounds—

“We go from Beckbury and Badger to Stoke on the Clee,
 To Monkhopton, Round Acton, and so return we.”—**AP.** 349.

I see that Mr. Dyer, in his *Customs*, on the authority of Brand, *Pop. Antiq.*, 1849, i. 284, places this in Whitsun Week, and applies it to a custom called “Boy’s Bailiff,” which included a man who wore a haircloth gown, and was called the bailiff, a recorder, justices, and other municipal officers. There were a large retinue of men and boys mounted on horseback, begirt with wooden swords, so that they were obliged to draw their swords out with their left hands. They used to call at the gentlemen’s houses in the franchise, where they were regaled with refreshment ; and they afterwards assembled at the Guildhall, where the town clerk read some sort of rigmarole which they called their charter, one part of which was the above rhyme. The first three named places are the extreme points of the franchise, and the other two are on the return to Much Wenlock. This custom is supposed to have originated in going a-bannering [a part of the ceremony of beating bounds, I imagine ; the banners of parishes being amicably exchanged across the border-line by the various flagbearers, see **P.** 210]. **P.** 287.

Christmas.

St. Chrysostom informs us that, in the primitive times, Christmas and Epiphany were celebrated at one and the same feast (*Homil. in Diem Natv. D. N. J., Christi*, Opera, edit. Monfaucon, tom. iii), probably from a belief that the rising of the star in the East and the birth of Christ were simultaneous. The separation took place at the Council of Nice, A.D. 325. The Armenians, however, continued to make but one feast of the two as late as the thirteenth century. P. 452, 453.

a. THE EVE.

In the neighbourhood of the New Forest, Hampshire, the following lines are sung, whilst pouring out libations of spiced ale to orchards and meadows—

“ Apples and pears with right good corn,
Come in plenty to every one ;
Eat and drink good cake and hot ale,
Give earth to drink and she'll not fail.”

The Christmas Book: Christmas in the Olden Time: Its Customs and their Origin. London, 1839 or 1859. M. ii. 736: BJ. 602: P. 448.

In Devonshire, after partaking of hot cake and cider (the cake before it is eaten being dipped in the liquor), the folks proceed to the orchard. A piece of the moistened cake is deposited in a fork of the tree, and the cider is thrown over the latter; the men discharge firearms, and the women sing—

“ Bear blue, apples and pears enow,
Barnfulls, bagfulls, sackfulls,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !”

M. ii. 736. In some places this custom is observed on New Year's Eve.—P. 447:

At Chailey, Sussex, the following doggerel is sung at the wassailing of the apple trees.

“ Stand fast root, bear well top,
Pray the God send us a good howling crop.
Every twig, apples big,
Every bow, apples enow,
Hats full, caps full,
Full quarters, sacks full.”

Notes and Queries, 1st ser., v. 293. See also EVE OF EPIPHANY.

“ Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,
 Please to put a penny in the old man’s hat,
 If you haven’t got a penny a ha’penny will do,
 If you haven’t got a ha’penny, God bless you.”

Oswestry, *Shrops.* **AP.** 571.

At Bewdley, Worcestershire, it was the custom for the bellman to go round on Christmas morning, ringing his bell in several parts of the town, and singing the following doggerel, first saying, “ Good morning, masters and mistresses all, I wish you all a merry Christmas.”

“ Arise, mistress, arise,
 And make your tarts and pies,
 And let your maids lie still ;
 For if they should rise and spoil your pies
 You’d take it very ill.
 Whilst you are sleeping in your bed,
 I the cold wintry nights must tread,
 Past twelve o’clock. Ehe ! ”

P. 482, quoting *Kidderminster Shuttle*, December 2nd, 1871.

Get up, old wives, and bake your pies (mince)
 ’Tis Christmas Day in the morning ;
 The bells shall ring, the birds shall sing,
 ’Tis Christmas Day, etc.

Lancashire. **AZ.** 255.

At Ford, in the upper valley of the Severn, the children sing during Christmastide—

“ God bless the master of this house,
 And the good missis too.
 And all the little children
 That about the table go.
 I wish you a merry Christmas,
 And a happy New Year,
 A good fat pig in the larder
 To last you all the year.”—**AP.** 317.

In Sheffield, the custom previously mentioned under NEW YEAR’S EVE, when a male person “ lets in ” the New Year, is also practised

on Christmas Eve ; the rhyme is similar to that already given, " I wish you a merry Christmas," etc., but the second verse follows the first four lines of the rhyme above, and there are these additional lines—

" An apple, a pare, a plom an' a cherry ;
A sup a' good ale mak' a man merry," etc.

A penny is the usual gratuity for this service. P. 485, 486, quoting *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., v. 395.

In Lancashire the second verse is—

" I knock at the knocker, I ring the little bell,
Please give me, then, a penny, for singing this so well."

BA. 240.

The waits at Burnley sing at Christmas-tide—

" Good master and mistress,
We wish you good cheer ;
For this is old Christmas
A merry time of the year,
When Christ did come to save us
From all our worldly sin,
We wish you a happy Christmas,
And all good health within."—*Id.* 88.

Another Lancashire Christmas rhyme is—

" We're nather cum to yare hase to beg nor to borrow,
But we're cum to yare hase to drive away o' sorrow ;
A suop o' drink, as yau may think, for we're varra droy,
We'll tell yau what we're cum for—a piece of Christmas poye."

AZ. 254.

Again, Lancashire. The boys dress themselves up with ribands, and perform various pantomimes, after which one of them, who has a blackened face, a rough skin coat, and a broom in his hand, sings as follows—

" Here come I, Little David Doubt ;
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all out.
Money I want, and money I crave ;
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all to the grave."—AY. 194.

In Shropshire the rhyme commences "It's money I want," etc., and follows the above closely. It is customary to sweep the dust into the grate, not out of doors, or you sweep the blessing out; or if you throw ashes out, you throw them into the Saviour's face. **AP.** 402.

At Huddersfield, the children carry about a "wessel-bob," or large bunch of evergreens hung with oranges and apples, and coloured ribbons, singing the following carol—

" Here we come a-wassailing,
 Among the leaves so green ;
 Here we come a-singing,
 So fair to be seen.

Chorus.

For it is in Christmas-time,
 Strangers travel far and near ;
 So God bless you and send you
 A Happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars,
 That beg from door to door,
 But we are neighbours' children,
 Whom you have seen before.

Call up the butler of this house,
 Put on his golden ring,
 Let him bring us a glass of beer,
 And the better we shall sing.

We have got a little purse,
 Made of stretching leather skin,
 We want a little of your money
 To line it well within.

Bring us out a table,
 And spread it with a cloth ;
 Bring out a mouldy cheese,
 Also your Christmas loaf.

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

Good master and mistress,
While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire."

P. 483, 484. quoting *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., xi. 144.
Near Tamworth they have it—

Here we come a wissailing, Among the leaves so green,
And here we come a singing, So fair to be seen.

Chorus.

God send you happy (*repeat*).
Pray God send you all a Happy New Year.

We are not beggar's children, etc.

The roads are very dirty, my shoes are very thin,
I've got a little pocket to put a penny in.
Chorus as before.

b. THE DAY. (December 25th.)*

In Yorkshire and other northern parts they had an old custom. After sermon or service on Christmas Day, the people, even in the churches, cried *Ule, Ule*, as token of rejoicing; and the common sort ran about the streets, singing—

"Ule, Ule, Ule, Ule,
Three puddings in a pule,
Crack nuts, and cry *Ule*."—H. 252.

* The learned have long been divided upon the precise day of the Nativity. See Sir Isaac Newton, *Commentary on the Prophecies of Daniel*, Part i. chap. ii. p. 144; Bingham's *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, lib. xx. cap. 4; Knight's *English Cyclopædia*, 1859, vol. ii. p. 882, etc. See also P. 453.

Mr. Denham gives a Christmas rhyme, which is perhaps a mere jibe.

Yule, Yule,

A pack of new cards and a Christmas fule.—N. 62.

The name given, says a correspondent of *Book of Days*, ii. 745, by the ancient Goths and Saxons to the festival of the winter solstice was *Jul*, or Yule, the latter term forming to the present day the designation in the Scottish dialect of Christmas, and preserved also in the phrase of the "Yule log." Perhaps the etymology of no term has excited greater discussion among antiquaries. Some maintain it to be derived from the Greek *οὔλος* or *τούλος*, the name of a hymn in honour of Ceres, others say it comes from the Latin *jubilum*, signifying a time of rejoicing, or from its being a festival in honour of Julius Cæsar; whilst some also explain its meaning as synonymous with *ol* or *oel*, which in the ancient Gothic language denotes a feast, and also the favourite liquor used on such occasions whence our word *ale*. A much more probable derivation, however, of the term in question is from the Gothic *giul* or *hiul*, the origin of the modern word *wheel*, and bearing the same significance. According to this very probable explanation, the yule festival received its name from its being the turning-point of the year, or the period at which the fiery orb of day made a revolution in his annual circuit and entered on his northern journey. A confirmation of this view is afforded by the circumstance that, in the old clog almanacs, a wheel is the device employed for marking the season of yuletide. P. 453, 454.

Brewer, *Dictionary Phrase and Fable*, says, the word means "the festival of the sun," kept at the winter solstice, when the new year or sun was ushered in. Odin, "the sun," was called "Julvatter," *i.e.* Yule-father. (Saxon, *gehul*, "the sun-feast;" Danish, *juul*; Swedish, *oel*, with the article "J"; [is this the same thing? should it not be *jul*? See preceding article for *oel*] Breton, *heol*, the sun; Welsh, *häul*.)

SAINTS' DAYS, Etc.

ST. PAUL'S EVE. (January 24th.)

In Cornwall, particularly at Bodmin, boys gather sherds, and cast them into every house where the door can be opened, or has been inadvertently left open, crying—

"Paul's eve,
And here's a heave."

CE. iii. 240. The contributor asks if the words of Paul, "Hath not the potter power over the clay," etc., Rom. ix. 21, have any bearing on the custom.

Dyer, *Customs*, pp. 47, 48, quoting Brand, *Pop. Antiqs.*, 1870, i. 23, mentions a custom of the tanners of Cornwall on this, Paul's Pitcher-day, of pelting a water-pitcher with stones until demolished, when they repair to an alehouse, buy a new pitcher, which is successively filled and emptied, and the evening is given up to merriment and misrule.

It was found to be generally held as an ancient festival, intended to celebrate the day when tin was first turned into metal—in fact, the discovery of smelting. It is the occasion of a revel, as an old [tin] streamer observes, there is an open rebellion against the water-drinking system, which is enforced upon them whilst at work. P. 47, 48. See also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd ser., viii. 312.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. (February 14th.)

This is a festival which lovers have observed and poets have honoured from time immemorial. The observance is much more than sixteen hundred years old, when the Christian Valentine was beaten by clubs and beheaded, at the time of the great heathen festival of love and purification. P. 101, quoting *Notes and Queries*, 4th ser., xi. 129.

"Valentines" (persons*) were either of chance or choice: of the former class there were (a) the first woman seen by a man on St. Valentine's morn, or *vice versâ*; and (b) such as were drawn by lot.

. . . lady Valentines were honoured, not by anonymous verses, but by substantial gifts. . . . When the Duke of York was Miss Stewart's Valentine, he gave her a jewel of about £800 in value; and in 1667, Lord Mandeville, being that lady's Valentine, presented her with a ring worth £300. . . . When a lady drew a valentine, a gentleman so drawn would have been deemed shabby if he did not accept the honour and responsibility. On February 14, 1667, we have the following: "This morning, called up by Mr. Hill, who my wife thought had come to be her Valentine—she, it seems, having drawn him; but it proved not. However, calling him up to our bedside, my wife challenged him." *Pepys' Diary*.

* In the reign of Edward the Fourth, a custom of choosing valentines was observed in the houses of the principal gentry of England. In the *Paston Letters*, Dame Elizabeth Brews, the mother of the lady whom Mr. John Paston afterwards married, writes to him, thus: "And cosyng uppon Fryday in Sent Valentynes Day, and every brydde (*sic*) chesyth hym a make, and yf it like yow to come on Thursday at nyght, and p'vey yowe y^t ye may abyde y^r till Monday. I truste to God y^t ye schall speke to mine husband, and I schall pray y^t we shall brynge the matter to a conclusion." In 1476, the young lady herself addresses a letter, "Unto my ryght welebelovyd Voluntyn John Paston Squyre." *Paston Letters*, ii. 208, 210; Hampson's *Mad. Ævi Kalend.*, i. 163.

Again in 1667—

“ This morning came up to my wife's bedside little Will Mercer, to be her Valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper, done by himself very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it.” *Id.*

The drawing of names and name-inscriptions were remnants of old customs before the Christian era. Alban Butler, under the head of “ St. Valentine, Priest and Martyr,” says, “ To abolish the heathens' lewd, superstitious custom of boys drawing the names of girls in honour of their goddess, Februata Juno, on the 15th of the month (the drawing being on the eve of the fourteenth), several zealous pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given on this day.” This does not, however, seem to have taken place till the time of St. Francis de Sales, who, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, as we are told in his *Life*, “ severely forbade the custom of valentines, or giving boys in writing the names of girls to be admired or attended on by them ; and to abolish it, he changed it into giving billets with the names of certain saints for them to honour and imitate in a particular manner.”

To the drawing of names—those of the saints gave way to living objects of adoration—was first added in 1667, a custom out of which has sprung the modern epistolary valentine. In the February of that year Pepys writes : “ I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names ; so that Pierce, who drew my wife's, did draw also a motto, ‘ most courteous and most fair ; ’ which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty.” P. 103, 104.

One of the most usual forms for a valentine (missive) is—

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The honey's sweet and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine ;
I drew thee to my Valentine ;
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And fortune said it should be you.—**AW.** 150.

See also for first four lines. **AV.** 239, *Pinks* for “ honey.” Sent by maid to maid.

Many sets of verses conclude thus—

If you'll be mine, I'll be thine,
And so good morrow, Valentine.

The last three words are usually written on the wrapper also. P. 100.

Schoolboys have a very uncomplimentary way of presenting each other with these poetical memorials—

Peep, fool, peep,
 What do you think to see?
 Every one has a Valentine
 And here's one for thee.—**AV.** 239.

The valentines (persons) of chance were those who drew names [or those whose names were drawn]; the valentines by choice were made by those who could not [or would not] open their eyes on Valentine's morn till the one he or she most desired to see was near. The one by chance sometimes proved to be the one by choice also, and such were the true valentines. *Notes and Queries*, 4th ser., xi. 129, 130. Pepys records of his wife that until Will Bowyer came to be her valentine she had veiled her eyes with her hands so that she might not see the painters who were employed gilding the chimney-piece and pictures.

The day is also given over to the collecting of small bribes in many parts of England.

In the parish of Ryburgh, Norfolk, children go round for contributions, saying—

“God bless the baker,
 If you will be the giver,
 I will be the taker.”—**CH.** v. 595; **CJ.** i. 129.

In Berkshire they say—

“Knock the kittle agin the pan,
 Gie us a penny if 'e can;
 We be ragged an' you be vine,
 Plaze to gie us a Valentine.
 Up wie the kettle, down wi' the spout,
 Gie us a penny an we'll gie out.”

i.e. stop this singing. **AD.** 15.

“Good morrow, Valentine,
 First it's yours and then it's mine,
 So please give me a Valentine.”

Morrow, morrow, Valentine,	Good morrow, Valentine!
First 'tis yours, and then 'tis	Parsley grows by savoury,
mine,	Savoury grows by thyme,

ST. MICHAEL, apparition of. (May 8th.)

The most remarkable observance of antiquity remaining in this county (Cornwall) is the "Furry festival," which has been celebrated from time immemorial on the 8th of May. At Helston the day used to be ushered in very early in the morning by the music of drums and kettles, and other pleasant sounds, the accompaniments of a song—

“ Robin Hood and Little John,
They both are gone to the fair O ;
And we will to the merry greenwood,
To see what they do there, O.
And for to chase, O,
To chase the buck and doe
With Hal-an-tow,
Jolly rumble, O.

“ And we were up as soon as any day, O,
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the may, O,
For the summer is a come, O,
And winter is a go, O.

“ Where are those Spaniards
That made so great a boast, O ?
They shall eat the grey goose feather,
And we will eat the roast, O.
And every land, O,
The land that ere we go,
With Hal-an-tow, etc.
And we were up, etc.

“ As for St. George, O,
St. George he was a knight, O,
Of all the kings in Christendom,
King George is the right, O,
In every land, O, etc.

“ God bless Aunt Mary Moses,
With all her power and might, O ;

And send us peace in merry England,
Both day and night, O."

Any person found at work was set astride on a pole, and carried to the river, and forced to jump a wide space, unless he compounded for the leap. About nine o'clock the revellers demanded a holiday for the grammar school boys, and then went collecting money from house to house. They then used to *fadé* into the country (*fadé* being an old English word for "to go,") and about the middle of the day returned with flowers and oak branches in their hats and caps, and spent the time until dusk dancing through the streets to the sound of a fiddle, playing a particular tune; and threaded the houses as they chose—claiming a right to go through any person's house, in at one door and out of the other. In the afternoon the ladies and gentlemen visited some farmhouse in the neighbourhood; whence, after regaling themselves with syllabubs, they returned, after the fashion of the vulgar, to the town, dancing as briskly the *fadé-dance*, and entering the houses as unceremoniously. The custom gradually waned, and at present the day is only celebrated by a few of the lower classes.

Murray, in his *Handbook for Cornwall*, 1865, p. 301, says that the furry festival is in commemoration of the following curious legend: A block of granite, which for many years had lain in the yard of the Angel Inn, was in the year 1783 broken up and used as a part of the building materials for the assembly room. This stone, says the legend, was originally placed at the mouth of hell, from which it was one day carried away by the devil as he issued forth in a frolicsome mood on an excursion into Cornwall. Here he traversed the country, playing with his pebble; but it chanced that St. Michael (who figures conspicuously in the town arms, and is the patron saint of the town) crossed his path; a combat immediately ensued, and the devil, being worsted, dropped the *Hell's stone* in his flight; hence the name of the town.

There have been many opinions regarding the meaning and derivation of the word *furry*. Polwhele says (*History of Cornwall*, 1826, ii. 41) that *furry* is derived from *fer*, a fair: a derivation which seems probable from the expression in the *furry-song*, "They are both gone to the fair, O." Some think that the word in question is derived from the Greek *φέρω*, to bear. The rites of the *furry* correspond most intimately with the *ἀνθες φόρεα*, a Sicilian festival, so named ἀπὸ τε φερειν ἀνθεα, or from *carrying flowers*, in commemoration of the rape of Proserpine, whom Pluto stole as she was gathering flowers, "herself a fairer flower!" Others derive the word *furry* from the Cornish *furrier*, a thief, from the green spoils they brought home from the woods. See Potter's *Antiquities*, i., and *Gen's Mag.*, lx. pp. 520, 873, 1100. P. 275-77.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE. (October 28th.)

About this time it was the custom at Bedford for boys to cry baked pears in the town, with the following stanza—

“Who knows what I have got
In a pot hot?
Baked Wardens—all hot!
Who knows what I have got?”—H. 205.

HALLOW-EVE. (October 31st.)

The vigil of All Saints' Day, hence the name.

In Lancashire, and the northern counties, but particularly in Scotland, this night is regarded as the annual holiday of witches, etc., when they do “a deed without a name.” The poem of *Hallowe'en*, by Burns, embodies many Scottish superstitions in relation to this night; and in the *Year Book*, 1838, p. 1276, is an account of certain Lancashire credulities.

Sir William Dugdale says, “On All Hallow Even the master of the family anciently used to carry a bunch of straw, fired, about his corne, saying—

‘Fire and red low
Light on my teen low.’”

Life, Diary, and Correspondence of Sir W. Dugdale, edited by W. Hamper, 1827, p. 104. See also *Traditions and Superstitions*, by Hardwick, 1872, p. 30. A contributor to *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., i. 316, states that the fire-straw was meant to ward off witchcraft, and so preserve the corn from being spoiled.

Mr. Denham has two rhymes regarding this night, but the verses are repeated on October 30th—

1. “Haly on a cabbage stock, and haly on a bean,
Haly on a cabbage stock to-morrow's Hallow e'en.”—N. 60.

See notes to *Hallowe'en* by Burns. . . . Pulling a stock of kail, with the eyes shut. The stock thus pulled, little, straight, or crooked, as the case might be, would indicate the future husband's shape. . . .

Fathoming a been stack three times round, unnoticed. The last fathom of the last time catching in the arms the appearance of the future husband, etc.

2. Heyhow for Hallow e'en,
When all the witches are to be seen,

Some in black, and some in green,
Heyhow, etc.—N. 60.

Fires were kindled in the Isle of Man on this night to prevent the baneful influence of fairies and witches.

On Hollantide Eve, boys go round the town shouting out a doggrel, of which the following is an extract—

“ This is old Hollantide night ;
The moon shines fair and bright ;
I went to the well and drank my fill ;
On the way coming back
I met a pole-cat ;
The cat began to grin, and I began to run :
Where did you run to ?
I ran to Scotland ;
What were they doing there ?
Baking bannocks and roasting collops.

* * * * *

If you are going to give us anything, give us it soon,
Or we'll be away by the light of the moon.”

For some peculiar reason, potatoes, parsnips, and fish, pounded together and mixed with butter, form always the evening meal. P. 396, quoting Train, *History of the Isle Man*, 1845, ii. 123.

ALL SAINTS' DAY, ALL SOULS' EVE. (November 1st.)

All Saints or All Hallows takes its name from the fact that in 1610 the Pope of Rome [Boniface IV.] ordered that the heathen Pantheon should be converted into a Christian church, and dedicated to the honour of all martyrs. The festival of All Saints was first held on May 1st, but in the year 834 it was changed to November 1st. “Hallows” is from the Saxon *haligan* (to make or keep holy). Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable: Book of Days*, ii. 529, etc.

In Cheshire, on All Souls' Eve, both children and grown up people go from door to door a-souling, *i.e.* begging for soul cakes, or anything else they can get. Their song is—

“ You gentlemen of England, pray you now draw near
To these few lines, and you shall soon hear
Sweet melody of music all on this evening clear,
For we are come a-souling for apples and strong beer.

“ Step down into your cellar, and see what you can find,
 If your barrels are not empty, we hope you will prove kind ;
 We hope you will prove kind with your apples and strong beer,
 We'll come no more a-souling until another year.

“ Cold winter it is coming on, dark, dirty, wet and cold,
 To try your good nature, this night we do make bold ;
 This night we do make bold with your apples, etc.
 And we'll come no more, etc.

“ All the houses that we've been at, we've had both meat and
 drink,
 So now we're dry with travelling, we hope you'll on us think ;
 We hope you'll on us think, with your, etc.
 For we're come, etc.

“ God bless the master of this house, and the mistress also,
 And all the little children that round the table go ;
 Likewise your men and maidens, your cattle and your store,
 And all that lies within your gates we wish you ten times
 more.
 We wish you ten times more, with, etc.
 And we'll come,” etc.

P. 405, quoting *Journ. of the Archaeolog. Assoc.*, 1850, v. 252.

It is customary in Staffordshire, Cheshire, and North Shropshire, to go about on the 1st of November, and sometimes on the 2nd, begging for cakes, apples, or ale. **AR.** iv. 357.

A Shropshire rhyme is given in *Notes and Queries*, ser. I, iv. 381—

“ Soul ! soul ! for a soul cake ;
 Pray, good mistress, for a soul cake.
 One for Peter, and two for Paul,
 Three for them who made us all.

Soul ! soul ! for an apple or two ;
 If you've got no apples pears will do.
 Up with your kettle, and down with your pan,
 Give me a good big one, and I'll be gone.
 Soul ! soul ! for a soul cake, etc.

An apple or pear, a plum or a cherry,
Is a very good thing to make us merry.
Soul ! soul !” etc.

Brand, *Pop. Antiqs.*, 1849, i. 393, gives the first two lines as peculiar to the occasion. See ALL SOULS' DAY.

ALL SOULS' DAY. (November 2nd.)

So called because the Roman Catholics on that day seek by prayer and almsgiving to alleviate the sufferings of souls in purgatory. It was first instituted in the monastery of Clugny, in 993.

According to tradition, a pilgrim, returning from the Holy Land, was compelled by a storm to land on a rocky island, where he found a hermit, who told him that among the cliffs of the island was an opening into the infernal regions through which huge flames ascended, and where the groans of the tormented were distinctly audible. The pilgrim told Odilo, abbot of Clugny, of this ; and the abbot appointed the day following, which was November 2nd, to be set apart for the benefit of souls in purgatory. Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*.

Verses of the soulers—

“A Soule cake, a Soule cake,
Have mercy on all Christen soules for a soule cake.”

AP. 382. See also Kennett's *Collections*, MS. *Bibl. Lansdown*, No. 1039, vol. 105, p. 12. *Shrops.*, in which country the inhabitants set on board a high heap of small cakes, called soul-cakes, and offer one to every person who comes to the house on this day.

Other rhymes from Shropshire are—

Soul ! Soul ! for a soul cake !
I pray, good missis, a soul cake !
An apple or pear, a plum or a cherry,
Any good thing to make us merry.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him who made us all.*
Up with the kettle, and down with the pan,
Give us good alms and we'll be gone.

Market Drayton. Compare ST. CLEMENT, ST. CATHERINE.

* At Westfelton, this line runs—

Three for the little lad under the wall.

At Welshampton they say—

Soul! a soul :
 An apple or pear, etc.
 Is a very good thing to, etc.
 I pray you, good missus, a soul cake.

Here they pause, and if no notice is taken of them, they peep through the keyhole, crying out—

“Soul! soul! a lump of coal! *
 I am peeping through the keyhole!
 Up with the kettle, etc.
 Give us an answer,” etc.

Another distinct variant now in use at Edgmond; the one relating to the cakes, though still remembered, having been laid aside with the habit of making them. The italics show the way in which the rhyme is recited on two notes, F. and E, the words in *italics* marking the lower note.

“Soul! *soul!* for a apple or *two*,
 If you've got no *apples* pears 'll *do*,
 One for *Peter*, two for *Paul*,
 An' three for *Him* as made us *all*.
 Up wi' the kettle an down wi' the *pon*,
 Give us a *big un*, and we'll be gone.”

“We are three jolly boys all in a mind,
 We are come a-souling, I hope you'll prove kind.

Market Drayton.

Put your hand in your pocket and pull out your keys,
 Go down in your cellar and draw what you please.”

Market Drayton, Newport.

* In allusion to the Halloween bonfires: fire, as an emblem of immortality, typifying the ascent of the soul into heaven. In some parts of the kingdom the Papists were wont to illuminate their grounds by bearing round them straw, etc., kindled into a blaze. This ceremony is called a *Tinley*, and was performed on the Eve of All Souls, emblematical of the lighting of souls out of purgatory.—*Gent's Magazine*, 1788, lviii. 602.

At Findern, Derbyshire, the children used on All Saints' Day to light up small fires among the furze, called *Tindles*. *Id.* 1784, iv. 836.

“Souling time’s coming, and we’re souling here,
And all that we’re souling for is apples and good beer.”

Wellington.

The Hallowmas bonfires seem in England to have been annexed by Guy Fawkes’ Day. The Baschurch children have a rhyme connecting the two seasons, thus—

“Soul! soul! for a lump of coal,
A stick and a stake for King George’s sake,
Please to give me a lump, etc.”

In this county, too, they have a version [of the Cheshire rhyme : compare also CHRISTMASTIDE] made of scraps from other custom rhymes—

“God bless the master of this house
And the good missus too,
And all the little children
That about the table go.”

Whittington, Westfelton, Oswestry, Ellesmere, Wellington.

God bless you man and maiden, Your cattle and your store,
And all that is within your gates, I wish you ten time more.

Whittington.

Your pockets lined with silver, Your barrels full of beer,
Your pantry full of pork pies, I wish I had some here.

Oswestry.

Your streets is very dirty, The night is very cold,
And this night to come a souling We do make bold.

Whittington.

Or—

The roads are very dirty, My shoes are very thin,
I’ve got a little pocket To put a penny in.

Oswestry, Ellesmere, Newport.

Go down into your cellar, And see what you can find,
The barrel is not empty, I hope you will prove kind.

Wellington, Westfelton, Ellesmere, Newport.

I hope you will prove kind, With your apples and strong beer,
And we'll come no more a-souling Till this time next year.

Whittington, Westfelton, and part of Oswestry.

At Market Drayton they say *ale* instead of apples. **AP.** 382-85, and **388.**

In the *Festa Anglo-Romana* we read: The custom of *Soul Mass Cakes*, which are a kind of *Oatcakes*; that some of the richer sorts of persons in Lancashire and Hertfordshire [among the Papists there] use still to give the poor on this day; and they, in retribution of their charity, hold themselves obliged to say this old couplet—

“God have your Saul,
Beens and all.”—**H.** 212.

In **BA.** 127, the line is given—

God save your sauls,
Bairns and all.

The custom of giving oatcakes to the poor no longer exists at Eccles.

In Poole's *Customs, Superstitions, and Legends of Staffordshire*, there is a lengthy and somewhat novel version, quoted from the *Bilston Mercury*—

“Soul day, Soul day,
We be come a-souling.
Pray good people remember the poor,
And give us a soul cake.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him, etc.
An apple, etc.
Or any good thing, etc.

“Soul day, Soul day,
We have been praying for the soul departed.
So pray good people give us a cake
For we are all poor people,
Well known to you before.
So give us a cake for charity's sake,
And our blessing we'll leave at your door.

Soul! Soul ! for an apple or two,
 If you have no apples, pears will do,
 If pears are scarce, then cakes from your pan,
 Give us our souling and we'll be gone."—P. 35.

ST. CLEMENT'S DAY. (November 23rd.)

The festival day of St. Clement was formerly considered as the first day of winter, in which were comprised ninety-one days. From a State proclamation in 1540, it appears that processions of children were frequent on St. Clement's Day; and, in consequence of a still more ancient custom of perambulating the streets on the night of this festival, to beg drink for carousing, a pot was marked against the 23rd of November, upon the old ruinic or clog almanacs; but not upon all. Hampson's *Med. Ævi. Kalend.*, 1841, i. 60; Plot's *History of Staffs.*, 1686, p. 430; Gough's *Camden Brit.*, ii. pt. xvi. p. 499; Dyer's *Customs*, 1876, p. 423.

I think St. Clement is claimed as patron saint of the anchor-smiths, owing to a legend that relates "that he was cast into the sea with an anchor about his neck, and that on the first anniversary of his death the sea retired from the place where he suffered, though three miles from the shore, and discovered a superb temple of the finest marble, which contained the body of the saint. The sea withdrew in this way for several years for seven days in succession. In allusion to this circumstance, the device of an anchor may be seen in various parts of the church of St. Clement Danes, London, and on the boundary marks of the parish." *The Calendar of the Anglican Church*, 1851, p. 141.

Children make this a day for soliciting goodies and pence. Near Tamworth they have this rhyme for the occasion—

"Clemancing, clemancing, year by year
 Apples and pears are very good cheer,
 One for Peter, two for Paul,
 And three from the man that made us all.
 Up with your stocking, and down with your shoe,
 If you've got no apples, money'll do.
 Clement was a good old man,
 For his sake pray give us some.
 None of the worst, but some of the best,
 I pray God send your soul to rest."

At Axton-juxta-Birmingham, the first line is—

Come Clement's, Come Clement's, come once a year.

In Staffordshire the rhyme may be—

Clemany ! Clemany ! Clemany mine !	Clemany, Clemany time of year
A good red apple and a pint of wine,	Good red apples and a pint of beer,
Some of your mutton and some of your veal,	Some of your mutton and some of your veal,
If it is good, pray give me a deal ;	If it be good, pray give <i>us</i> a deal ;
If it is not, pray give me some salt.	If it be not, pray give us some salt.
Butler, butler, fill your bowl ; If thou fillst it of the best,	Butler, butler, fill your bowl ; If you fill it of the best,
The Lord 'll send your soul to rest ;	The Lord 'll send your soul to rest ;
If thou fillst it of the small, Down goes butler, bowl and all.	If you fill it of the small, Down comes butler, bowl and all.
Pray, good mistress, send to me One for Peter, One for Paul, One for Him that made us all :	The bowl is made of a good ash tree, Pray, good missis, think of me
Apple, pear, plum, or cherry, Any good thing to make us merry ;	One for Peter, Two for Paul, Three for Him that made us all :
A bouncing buck and a velvet chair, Clement comes but once a year ;	Apple or pear, plum, or cherry, Anything to make us merry ;
Off with the pot and on with the pan,	Off with your kettle, on with your pan,
A good red apple and I'll be gone.	A good red apple and I'll be gone.

Notes and Queries, 1st ser., viii.,
618 : CP. 37.

Staffs. (and Worcesters.). See
Noakes, *Notes and Queries for
Worcestershire*, p. 216 : CW. 124.

Or—

“ Clemany, Clemany, God be wi' you,
Christmas comes but once a ye-ar ;

When it comes, it will soon be gone,
Give me an apple and I'll be gone."—CG. iv. 492.

At Alrewas, near Lichfield, they say—

St. Clement's, St. Clement's, once a year,
Some give apples and some give pears ;
One for Peter, Two, etc., And three for Him, etc.
Put your hand in your pocket, pull out your keys,
Go down in your cellar, and whatever you please,
Apple or pear, plum, or a cherry,
Or anything else that will make us merry.

F. September 13, 1879. See also, ST. CATHERINE'S DAY (November 25th).

An annual ceremony was formerly observed on the evening of this day, by the blacksmiths' apprentices of the dockyard at Woolwich.

One of the senior apprentices being chosen to serve as *Old Clem* (so called by them), is attired in a great coat, having his head covered with an oakum wig, face masked, and a long white beard ; thus attired, he seats himself in a large wooden chair, chiefly covered with a sort of stuff called bunting, with a crown and anchor, made of wood, on the top, and around it four transparencies representing the "Blacksmiths' Arms," "Anchor Smiths at Work," "Britannia with her Anchor," and "Mount Etna." He has before him a wooden anvil, and in his hands a pair of tongs and wooden hammer, of which he makes good use whilst reciting. A mate, also masked, attends him with a wooden sledge hammer ; he is also surrounded by a number of other attendants carrying torches, banners, flags, battleaxes, tomahawks, etc. Headed by a drum and fife, and six men shouldering Old Clem, they perambulate the town—not forgetting to call on the blacksmiths and officers of the dockyard for money, which is generally freely given : the mate calls for order thus—

"Gentlemen all, attention give,
And wish St. Clem long, long to live."

Old Clem then recites the following speech—

"I am the real St. Clement, the first founder of brass, iron, and steel, from the ore. I have been to Mount Etna, where the god Vulcan first built his forge, and forged the armour and thunderbolts for the god Jupiter. I have been through the deserts of Arabia ; through Asia, Africa, and America ; through the city of Pongrove, through the town of Tipmingo [Brand has Jipmingo],

and all the northern parts of Scotland. I arrived in London on the 23rd of November, and came down to his Majesty's dockyard at Woolwich to see how all the gentlemen Vulcans came on there. I found them all hard at work, and wish to leave them all well on the 24th."

The mate then subjoins—

“Come all you Vulcans stout and strong,
 Unto St. Clem we do belong,
 I know this house is well prepared
 With plenty of money and good strong beer ;
 And we must drink before we part,
 All for to cheer each merry heart.
 Come all you Vulcans strong and stout,
 Unto St. Clem I pray turn out ;
 For now St. Clem's going round the town
 His coach-and-six goes merrily round.”

After collecting, they enjoy as good a supper at some public-house as the money collected will allow. *BD.* i. 751. See also Brand's *Antiquities*.

ST. CATHERINE'S DAY. (November 25th.)

Children collecting goodies, etc., say—

“Catherine and Clement, be here, be here,
 Some of your apples and some of your beer ;
 Some for Peter, and some for Paul,
 And some for *Him* that made us all.
 Clement was a good old man,
 For his sake give us some,
 None of the worst but some of the best,
 And God will send your soul to rest !”

Some would say—

And God will send you a good night's rest.

BD. ii. 788 : *P.* 429, quoting Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes*, 1849, p. 238, places this under Worcestershire, and adds : “The chapter of Worcester have a practice of preparing a rich bowl of wine and spices, called the ‘Cathern bowl,’ for the inhabitants of the college on this day.” See also, *Notes and Queries*, 2nd ser., iv. 495, 496.

The custom of soliciting goodies is called “Catherning,” in Worcestershire, and the verse often concludes—

Up with the ladder and down with the can,
 Give us ^{good alms} and we'll be gone.
 red apples

Instead of "Clement was a good old man," etc. The ladder is to be raised to the appleloft, and the can taken down to the cellar for beer. **AP.** 383 : Noakes' *Notes and Queries for Worcestershire*, p. 216 : **CW.** 124.

In Sussex the rhyme runs—

Cattern' and Clemen' be here, here, here,
 Give us your apples and give us your beer,
 One for Peter, Two for Paul, Three for Him, etc.
 Clemen' was a good man,
 Cattern' was his mother ;
 Give us your best and not your worst,
 And God will give your soul good rest.—**CM.** 25.

The next is evidently from Shropshire—

Cattern and Clemen's come year by year,
 Some of your apples and some of your beer.
 Trowl ! Trowl !
 Gentleman butler fill your bowl :
 If you fill it of the best
 You shall have a good night's rest ;
 If you fill it of the small
 You shall have no rest at all.
 Apple, pear, plum or a cherry,
 Anything, etc.
 One for Peter, Two for Paul,
 Three for the merry men under the wall.
 Master and Misses sit by the fire,
 While we poor children trudge thro' the mire.
 We go from Bickbury and Badger to Stoke on the Clee,
 To Monkhopton, Round Acton, and so return we.

F. February 19, 1881. The last couplet is appropriated from the custom of "beating the bounds," etc. in Shropshire. See **ROGATION WEEK.**

At one time it was customary, at Peterborough, till the introduction of the new poor laws, for the female children belonging to

the workhouse, attended by the master, to go in procession round the city on St. Catherine's Day. They were all attired in white, and decorated with various coloured ribbons, principally scarlet; the tallest girl was selected to represent the Queen, and was adorned with a crown and sceptre. The procession stopped at the houses of the principal inhabitants, and they sang the following rude ballad, begging for money at every house as they passed along—

“ Here comes Queen Catherine, as fine as any Queen,
 With a coach and six horses a-coming to be seen.
 And a spinning we will go, will go, will go,
 And a spinning we will go.

Some say she is alive, and some say she is dead,
 And now she does appear with a crown upon her head.
 And a spinning, etc.

Old Madam Marshall she takes up her pen,
 And then she sits and calls for all her royal men.
 And a spinning, etc.

All you that want employment, though spinning is but small,
 Come list, and don't stand still, but go and work for all.
 And a spinning, etc.

If we set a spinning, we will either work or play,
 But if we set a spinning, we can earn a crown a day.
 And a spinning, etc.

And if there be some young men, as I suppose there's some,
 We'll hardly let them stand alone upon the cold stone.
 And a spinning, etc.”

St. Catherine being the patron of the spinners, as well as of spinsters, and spinning being formerly the employment of the females at the workhouse, it naturally followed that they should be selected to commemorate the anniversary of this Saint; and that this commemoration is of great antiquity appears from the early entries in the Dean and Chapter's accounts of payments on St. Catherine's Day for wheels and reels for children of the workhouse. *D.* ii. 436, 437.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 4th ser., ii. 332, alluding to the above custom, says that it was not confined to Peterborough, but was observed throughout the whole of the Northamptonshire

lace-making districts, as well as in those of Bedfordshire. According to popular tradition the custom is derived from one of the Queens Catherine in the time of Henry VIII.—probably from Catherine Parr, who was a Northamptonshire woman. P. 428.

But in Buckinghamshire on Cattern Day the lace-makers hold merry-making, and eat cakes called "wigs" and drink ale. Tradition says it is in remembrance of Queen Catherine, who, when the trade was dull, burnt all her lace, and ordered new to be made. The ladies of the court following her example, it caused a great briskness in the manufacture. *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., i. 387.

At Chatham, Rochester, and Brompton, Kent, the ropemakers celebrate this day with a procession, etc. A Queen Catherine, dressed in white muslin, wearing a gilt crown, and carrying in her hand a Roman banner, is borne in a chair of state by six ropemakers. It is said that this demonstration celebrates the anniversary of the founder of the ropery (Queen Catherine). Dyer, *Customs*, 1876, p. 427, quoting *Notes and Queries*, 2nd ser., v. 47.

ST. THOMAS'S DAY. (December 21st.)

This day is observed in many parts of the country by a custom called "going a gooding"*—the poor people going from house to house in search of money or provisions wherewith to celebrate Christmastide. In Herefordshire it is called "Mumping Day," and the people are said to *go a mumping*; and in Warwickshire the custom is termed *going a coming*. In Cheshire the poor speak of *going a Thomasin'*, and in some places [parts of Staffordshire] the money collected is given to the clergyman and churchwardens, who, on the Sunday nearest to St. Thomas's Day, distribute it at the vestry. The fund is called St. Thomas's Dole, and the day itself "Doleing day." BJ. 610.

The following rhyme for this day is from *The Bilston Mercury*, Staffordshire—

"Well a day, well a day,
St. Thomas goes too soon away,
Then your gooding we do pray,
For the good time will not stay.
St. Thomas Grey, St. Thomas Grey,
The longest night and the shortest day
Please to remember St. Thomas's Day."—CP. 38.

The proverbial part of the rhyme comes from the fact that on

* Northamptonshire, Kent, Sussex, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, etc. P. 438.

this day happens the Winter Solstice or Shortest Day, when the sun is something less than eight hours above the horizon. **BJ.** 610.

At Harvington, Worcestershire, the following rhyme is uttered—

“Wissal, wassail, through the town,
If you've got any apples throw them down,
Up with the stocking, and down with the shoe,
If you've got no apples money will do.
The jug is white, and the ale is brown,
This is the best house in the town.”—**CE.** viii. 617.

The next rhyme is from Bretforton, Gloucestershire—

Whistle or wassail about the town,
Got any apples, throw 'em down,
Cups white, ale brown.
Barrels made of ivy tree,
Come all you lads and drink with me.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
Half a peck will serve us all,
If you'll buy eggs we'll buy flour,
We'll have a pudding as big as the tower.

CJ. xi. 188.

Compare with rhymes for ST. CLEMENT (November 23rd).

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY. (December 26th.)

Boys are accustomed in Essex to kill wrens, and carry them about in furze bushes from house to house, asking for a present in these words—

“The wren, the wren, the king of the birds,
St. Stephen's day was killed in the furze;
Although he be little his honour is great,
And so good people give us a treat.”

AS. 125. In Ireland the third line is, “Although he is little his family's great,” which is, perhaps, a better reading for, “The little wren can maintain ten,” etc. (see **BIRDS**); and, figuratively, the wren boys constitute “the great family.”

There are two additional verses in Croker's *Researches in the South of Ireland*, 1824, p. 233.

In the Isle of Man the people account for the cruel persecution

of the wren on this day (anciently, however, the custom was observed on December 24th) by a tradition that formerly a siren used to bewitch numbers of the male population and lure them into the sea ; and when at length a counter charm was employed to entrap her, she escaped by taking the form of a *wren*.

But though she evaded instant annihilation, a spell was cast upon her by which she was condemned on every succeeding New Year's Day (*sic*), to reanimate the same form with the definite sentence that she must ultimately perish by human hand. Hence the persecution. It is believed that a single feather obtained from a wren killed on this day averts the danger of shipwreck . . . when the chase ceases, one of the little victims is affixed to the top of a long pole with its wings extended, and carried in front of the hunters, who march in procession to every house, chanting—

“ We hunted the wren for Robin the Bobbin,
 We hunted the wren for Jack of the Can,
 We hunted the wren for Robin the Bobbin,
 We hunted the wren for every one.”

After making the usual circuit and collecting all the money they could obtain, they laid the wren on a bier, and carried it in procession to the parish churchyard, where, with a whimsical solemnity, they made a grave, buried it, and sang dirges over it in the Manx language, which they call her knell.

At present there is not a particular day for pursuing the wren ; it is captured by boys alone, who follow the old custom principally for amusement. On St. Stephen's Day a group of boys go from door to door with a wren suspended by the legs, in the centre of two hoops crossing each other at right angles, decorated with evergreens and ribbons, singing lines called *Hunt the Wren*. If at the close of this rhyme they are fortunate enough to obtain a small coin, they give in return a feather of the wren ; and before the close of the day the little bird may sometimes be seen hanging about featherless. The ceremony of the interment in the *churchyard* is now abandoned, and the seashore or some waste ground is substituted. P. 494-96.

In *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, there is a nursery song on this custom called “ Robin, Bobbin, Richard, and John, or The Wren Shooting ”—

We'll go a shooting, says Robin to Bobbin,
 We'll go a shooting, says Richard to Robin,
 We'll go a shooting, says John all alone,
 We'll go a shooting, says every one.

- Verse 2. What shall we kill, says Robin, etc.
 Verse 3. We'll shoot at the wren, says Robin, etc.
 Verse 4. She's down, she's down, says Robin, etc.
 Verse 5. How shall we get her home, says Robin, etc.
 Verse 6. We'll hire a cart, says Robin, etc.
 Verse 7. Then, hoist boys, hoist, says Robin, etc.
 So they brought her away after each pluck'd a feather,
 And when they got home, shar'd the booty together.

CR. 8.

THE MONTHS.

APRIL 1ST. ALL FOOLS' DAY.

The custom of sending people on stupid errands, or imposing upon them in some ridiculous way is not confined to any one country. The origin of the custom is not known. Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*, summarizes thus: "*April Fool*. Called in France *un poisson d'Avril* [an April fish], and in Scotland a *gowk* (cuckoo). In Hindustan similar tricks are played at the Huli Festival (31st March).^{*} So that it cannot refer to the uncertainty of the weather, nor yet to the mockery trial of our Redeemer [Bellinghen, in his *Etymology of French Proverbs*, 1656, stated that *Poisson* is a corruption of *Passion*, and that the Passion of our Saviour took place about this time of the year], the two most popular explanations. A better solution is this: As March 25th [which was supposed to be the Incarnation of our Lord] used to be New Year's Day, April 1st was its octave, when its festivities culminated and ended." The commencement of a new year was always, both among the ancient heathens and among modern Christians, held as a great festival.

Maurice, in his *Indian Antiquities*, vi. 71, says that the custom prevailing both in England and India had its origin in the ancient practice of celebrating with festival rites the period of the vernal equinox, or the day when the new year of Persia anciently began.

Another curious explanation of this peculiar custom, giving it a Jewish origin, has also been suggested. It is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the Hebrew month, answering to our month of April, and to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them on some sleeveless errand similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch. P. 186, quoting the *Public Advertiser*, April 13th, 1769.

^{*} See Colonel Pearce's *Asiatic Researches*, ii. 334.

The practice of making fools in North Britain is usually exercised by sending a person from place to place by means of a letter, in which is written—

On the first day of April,
Hunt the gowk another mile.—**BD.** i. 206.

This custom, however, is not confined to Scotland.* At Wooler in Northumberland, a person sharp enough to see this or another imposition says—

“The gowk and the titlene sit on a tree,
Ye're a gowk as well as me.”—**AL.** 122.

The titline (titlark) is said to provide for the cuckoo. See **Birds:** CUCKOO.

Cuckoo is, everywhere, a name of contempt.

In the northern countries and in Scotland they have their *Gowks*, who are said to have been sent on a *Gowk's errand*. *Gauch* (whence *jocus*) in the Teutonic (German, *Gecke* and *Gauchelno*, to juggle; Swedish, *Gaek*) signifies a fool, and thus we have the word Gowk. . . . Dr. Jamieson thinks that the expression a Gowk's errand, although equivalent to a fool's errand, does not originate from *Gowk*, a foolish person, but from the cuckoo, which in Scotland bears that name. “Young people, attracted by the singular cry of the cuckoo, being anxious to see it, are often very assiduous to obtain their gratification. But as the bird changes its place so secretly and suddenly, when they think they are just within reach of it, they hear it cry at a considerable distance. Thus they run from place to place, still finding themselves as far removed from their object as ever. Hence the phrase *Hunt the Gowk* may have come to be used for any fruitless attempt, and particularly for those vain errands on which people are sent on the first of April.” Jamieson's *Etymolog. Dict.*, art. “Gowk's errand.” See Hampson's *Medii Ævi. Kalend.*, pp. 212, 213.

Gaec, Anglo-Saxon—a cuckoo.

In **AV.** 251, there is a rhyme evidently framed as a gibe—

“Fool, fool, April fool,
You learn nought by going to school.”

After twelve o'clock in the day the sport is not legitimate. In Hampshire, and other places, the bitten one would reply to the biter—

* Hazlitt, “English Proverbs,” 1882, p. 318, has—

On the first of April
You may send a gowk whither you will.

“April fool’s gone past,
 You’re the biggest fool at last;
 When April fool comes again,
 You’ll be the biggest fool then.”

Notes and Queries, 1st ser., xii. 100 : **CW.** 39.

In Warwickshire they have a couplet—

Twelve a clock is gone and past,
 You’re the biggest, etc.

APRIL 30TH. MAY EVE.

At Stannington the boys bar out the schoolmaster, saying—

“Bay, master, bay, bar for a pin,
 If you don’t give us a holiday we won’t let you in.”

R. 296.

In Lancashire, says a writer in the *Book of Days*, i. 546, the Mayers songs usually commence about the middle of April, but singing invariably ceases on the 30th of April. These songs are usually sung by five or six men, with a fiddle, or flute, or clarinet accompaniment. The last line, “For to draw you these cold winters away,” of the more ancient song seems to indicate that these songs were sung as charms.

OLD MAY SONG.

“All in this pleasant evening, together comers (? come are) we,
 For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay,
 We’ll tell you of a blossom and buds on every tree,
 Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the master of this house, put on your charm of gold,
 For the summer springs, etc.

We hope you’re not offended, (with) your house we make so
 bold,
 Drawing near, etc.

Rise up, the mistress of this house, with gold along your
 breast, etc. ;

And if your body be asleep, we hope your soul’s at rest, etc.

Rise up, the children of this house, all in your rich attire, etc.;
For every hair upon your head(s) shines like the silver
wire, etc.

God bless this house and arbour, your riches and your
store, etc.

We hope the Lord will prosper you, both now and ever-
more, etc.

So now we're going to leave you, in peace and plenty here, etc.;
We shall not sing you May again until another year,
For to draw you these cold winters away."

NEW MAY SONG.

"Come listen awhile to what we shall say,
Concerning the season, the month we call May;
For the flowers they are springing, and the birds they do sing,
And the baziers * are sweet in the morning of May.

When the trees are in bloom, and the meadows are green,
The sweet smelling cowslips are plain to be seen;
The sweet ties of nature, which we plainly do see,
For the baziers, etc.

All creatures are deem'd, in their station below,
Such comforts of love on each other bestow;
Our flocks they're all folded, and young lambs sweetly do play,
And the baziers, etc.

So now to conclude with much freedom and love,
The sweetest of blessings proceeds from above;
Let us join in our song that right happy may we be,
For we'll bless with contentment in the morning of May."

The Cheshire May-song is very similar to this. P. 220. See
also MAY DAY.

MAY 1ST. MAY DAY.

May is generally held to be derived from *Maia*, the mother of
Mercury, to whom the Romans offered sacrifices on this day.

* Bazier = at Eccles, the auricula, which is usually in full bloom in
April.

But perhaps there is an intermixture in the ceremonies observed at this season of the ancient homage paid to Maia and to Flora [the doll which often forms the central object of May garlands, hoops, etc., is generally regarded as an image of this goddess], the latter the goddess of vernal productiveness. Hazlitt's edit., Brand's *Antiqs.*, 1870, i. 120.

It must also be remembered that *Maia* is a surname of Cybele. Others derive May from *Majores*, saying that Romulus called this month May in respect of the senators. Others again assert that its remote origin is the Sanskrit *mah*, to grow; thus meaning the growing or shooting month.

An old Roman Kalendar, cited by Brand, says that on the 30th of April, boys go to see the May trees. . . . The May games were thus brought within one day of their undoubted progenitors, the Floralia of Ancient Rome, which were celebrated on the 28th of April, and continued a day beyond the end of the month. Flora, goddess of fields, trees, and flowers, was a Sabine deity, who passed to Rome with Tatius; but it was not until long afterwards, about 225 B.C., that the Floral games were instituted. They were celebrated at first only in seasons which menaced the city with scarcity, and afterwards, about 156 B.C., they were observed annually. Hampson's *Medii Ævi. Kaland.*, i. 299. See also p. 230, where similar customs of the Byzantines, and the inhabitants of Asia Minor generally, are shown to have been celebrated at the same time.

Maurice says (*Indian Antiquities*, i. 87) that our May Day festival is but a repetition of the phallic festivals of India and Egypt, which, in those countries, took place upon the sun entering Taurus, to celebrate Nature's renewed fertility. *Phallos* in Greek signifies a *pole*, in addition to its more important meaning, of which this is the type; and in the precession of the Equinoxes and the changes of the calendar, we shall find an easy solution of any apparent inconsistencies arising from the difference of seasons. See **P.** 223.

The ensuing rhymes are chiefly petitions for funds, etc., to celebrate the games or observances. Additional notes are given in their respective places.

“ Arise, arise, ye dairy maids,
Shake off your drowsy dreams,
Step straightway into your dairies,
And fetch us a bowl of cream;
If not a bowl of your sweet cream,
A lot of your brown beer;
And if we should stop to tarry in the town,
We'll come again another year.”

Northampton. **CJ.** 181.

At Combe, Oxfordshire, troops of little girls, dressed up fantastically, parade the village, carrying sticks, to the top of which are tied bunches of flowers, and singing the following song—

“Gentlemen and ladies,
We wish you a happy May ;
We’ve come to show our garlands,
Because it is May Day.”

The same verse, substantially, is the May Day song at Wootton, and adjoining parish. The last two of the four lines are sometimes as follows—

Come, kiss my face, and smell my mace,
And give the lord and lady something.

Notes and Queries, 3rd ser., vii. 425. P. 261.

“Good morning lords and ladies, It is the first of May ;
We hope you’ll view our garland, It is so smart and gay.

The cuckoo sings in April, The cuckoo sings in May,
The cuckoo sings in June, In July she flies away.

The cuckoo sucks the birds’ eggs, To make her sing so clear,
And then she sings “Cuckoo,” Three months in a year.

I love my little brother, And sister every day,
But I seem to love them better, In the merry month of May.”

South Lincolns. CK. i. 406.

At Islip, Oxfordshire, the children carrying May garlands, sing—

Good morning, Missus and Master,
I wish you a happy day ;
Please to smell my garland,
Because it’s the first of May.—BJ. 462.

Brand, *Pop. Antiqs.*, 1849, i. 219.

At Morton-Pinkeney the following song is sung by the children—

“I have a little purse in my pocket,
All fixed with a silver pin ;
And all that it wants is a little more silver,
To line it well within.

The clock strikes one, I must be gone,
 Or else it will be day ;
 Good morning to you, my pretty fair maid,
 I wish you the merriment of May."

Northamps. D. ii. 426.

At Newcastle-upon-Tyne it was formerly usual on May mornings for the young girls to sing these lines in the streets, at the same time gathering flowers—

"Rise up, maidens, fie for shame !
 For I've been four long miles from hame,
 I've been gathering my garlands gay,
 Rise up, fair maids, and take in your May."

P. 257, quoting Brand's *Antiqs.* 1849, i. 219.

The Dallington children perambulate the streets with their garlands, and sing—

"The flowers are blooming everywhere,
 O'er every hill and dale ;
 And oh ! how beautiful they are,
 How sweetly they do smell.

Go forth my child, and laugh and play,
 And let your cheerful voice,
 With buds, and brooks, and merry May,
 Cry out, Rejoice ! Rejoice !"

Northamps. D. ii. 422.

In Gloucestershire the children sing the following song as they dance round the maypole—

"Round the Maypole, trit trit trot !
 See what a Maypole we have got ;
 Fine and gay,
 Trip away,
 Happy is our new May day."

Aunt Judy's Magazine, 1874, No. xcvi., p. 436.
 Near Tamworth, Warwickshire, they vary it thus—

Round the Maypole, trit trit trot !
 See what a Maypole we have got ;

Round the Maypole, round we go,
See what a Maypole we can show.

The rhyme is used in Warwickshire, when collecting the pence, etc., also.

Formerly, in Suffolk, it was the custom in most farm houses for any servant who could bring in a branch of hawthorn in full blossom to receive a dish of cream for breakfast. To this practice the following rhyme apparently alludes—

“ This is the day,
And here is our May,
The finest ever seen,
It is fit for the queen ;
So pray, ma’am, give us a cup of your cream.”

P. 263, quoting Brand, *Pop. Antiqs.*, 1849, i. 229.

At Abingdon, Berkshire, the children and young people formerly went about in groups, singing—

“ We’ve been a rambling all the night,*
And sometime of this day ;
And now returning back again,
We bring a garland gay.
Why don’t you do as we have done,
On this first day of May ?
And from our parents we have come,
And would no longer stay.

A garland gay we bring you here,
And at your door we stand ;

* Bourne states that in his time in the North of England: “ On the calends or first of May, commonly called May Day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight [on May eve] and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn themselves with nosegays and crowns of flowers ; when this is done they return with their booty homewards about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph with their flowery spoils ; and the after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall poll, which is called a Maypoll ; and being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation being offered to it in the whole circle of the year. *Antiquates Vulgares*, ch. xxv. See note to SONGS OF THE MAYERS.

It is a sprout well budded out,
The work of the Lord's hand.
Why don't you do, etc.

So dear, so dear as Christ loved us,
And for our sins was slain ;
Christ bids us turn from wickedness
Back to the Lord again.
Why don't you do, etc."

P, 223, quoting *Notes and Queries*, 4th ser., iii. 401. See SONGS OF THE MAYERS.

In Lancashire small branches of trees are put at the doors of marriageable girls : emblematical, thus—

Wicken (mountain ash), *Sweet chicken*,
Oak, *For a joke*,
Ash, *Trash*.

Gorse in bloom rhymes with at noon. I omit the epithet given here as commonly to an unchaste woman, used for a notorious delinquent. CE. v. 581.

Other Customs of May Day.

In Cornwall, May Day is known as *Dipping Day*, from a practice once prevalent to "dip" or wet those who failed to wear a sprig of hawthorn. Bond, *Hist. East and West Looe*, 1823, p. 38, says that the lads were furnished with bullock's horns, in which sticks of about two feet long are fixed, the horns being filled with water for dipping purposes. If pence were thrown to them they used to say whilst scrambling for the money—

"The first of May is dipping day,
The sixth of May is Looe's fair day."

The pence coming in handy for this last occasion. See *Once a Week*, September 24, 1870.

On the first of May the juvenile inhabitants of Skipton in Craven, Yorkshire, have a similar custom to the one in general use on the first of April. Not content with making their companions fools in one day, they set apart another to make them "May goslings" or geese. If a boy made any one a May gosling on the second of May, the following rhyme was said in reply—

"May day's past and gone,
Thou's a gosling, and I'm none."—BF. 315.

The custom prevails till twelve o'clock on May day, in Westmoreland. *Time's Telescope*, 1829, p. 176.

"U. P. K. spells May-goslings," is an expression used by boys at play as an insult to the losing party. U. P. K. is *up-pick*, that is, up with your pin or peg, the mark of the goal. An additional punishment was thus : the winner made a hole in the ground with his heel, into which a peg about three inches long was driven, its top being below the surface ; the loser, with his hands tied behind him, was to pull up with his teeth, the boys buffeting with their hats, and calling out, "Up-pick ! you May-gosling !" or—

" U. P. K.,
Gosling in May."—P. 233.

See also *Gent's Mag.*, 1791, lxi. 327.

SONGS OF THE MAYERS.

These songs are probably alterations—by the Puritans—of ancient May verses. The custom of "going a-Maying" was not confined to children. It is mentioned in Chaucer's *Court of Love* and Malory's *King Arthur*. In Fosbrooke's *Encycl. Antiq.*, ii. 544, it is stated that the Goths had also the custom of bringing in the May. The nocturnal diversions among certain classes was productive of much evil. Stubb's *Anatome of Abuses*, 1583, writes, "I have heard it credibly reported by men of great gravite, credite, and reputation, that of fourtie, three score, or a hundred maides goyng to the woode ouer night, there have scarcely the third part of them returned home again undefiled."

" Remember us poor mayers all,
And thus do we begin,
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now returned back again,
We have brought you a bunch of May.

A bunch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands,
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
 As green as any leek,
 Our Heavenly Father, He watered them
 With his Heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
 Our paths are beaten plain,
 And if a man be not too far gone,
 He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
 It flourishes like a flower ;
 We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
 And are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
 A little before it is day,
 So God bless you all, both great and small,
 And send you a joyful May."

A medley formed from this and previous examples is in use in Northamptonshire. At Polebrook, on the last few days of April, the Queen of May and her attendants gather what flowers they can from the surrounding meadows, and call at the houses of the principal inhabitants to beg flowers, the gift or the loan of ribbons, handkerchiefs, dolls, etc., with which to form their garland. This being arranged on hoops, the young maidens assemble on May morning, and carry it round the village, preceded by a fiddler ; and the following quaint song—very similar to the one used at Hitchin, and thought from its phraseology to have been written in the time of the Puritans—is sung by the Queen and her company at the different houses, and a gratuity is solicited.

Remember us poor mayers all, For now we do begin,
 To lead our lives in righteousness, For fear we die in sin.

To die in sin is a serious thing, To go where sinners mourn ;
 'Twould have been better for our poor souls, If we had ne'er
 been born.

Now we've been travelling all the night, And best part of this
 day,
 And now we're returning back again, And have brought you a
 branch of May.

A branch of May which looks so gay, Before your door to stand ;
 'Tis but a sprout, but 'tis well spread out, The work of our Lord's hand.

Arise, arise, you pretty fair maid, Out of your drowsy dream,
 And step into your dairy house, For a sup of your sweet cream.

O, for a sup of your sweet cream, Or a jug of your own beer
 And if we tarry in the town, We'll call another year,

Now take the Bible in your hand, And read a chapter through,
 And when the day of judgment comes, The Lord will think of you.

Repent, repent, ye wicked men, Repent before you die ;
 There's no repentance in the grave, When in the ground you lie.

But now my song is almost done, I've got no more to say,
 God bless you all both great and small, I wish you a joyful May.

The garland is afterwards suspended by ropes from the school-house to an opposite tree, and the mayers and other children amuse themselves by throwing balls over it. With the money collected, tea and cakes are provided for the joyous party, etc. **D.** ii. 424 : **CT.** 181.

The following medley was sung by the mayers on May Day, 1865, in the village of Denton and Chaldecote, when they went round with their garland—

1. Here comes up poor mayers all, And thus do, etc.,
 To lead, etc., For fear we should, etc.
2. To die in sin is a dreadful thing, To die in sin for nought ;
 It would have been better, etc.
3. Good morning, lords and ladies, It is the first of May ;
 I hope you'll view the garland, For it looks so very gay.
4. The cuckoo sings in April, etc.,
5. Now take a Bible, etc.

Notes and Queries, 3rd ser., vii. 373.

MAY 29TH. RESTORATION, OR ROYAL OAK DAY.

“Oh, the 29th of May,
'Tis a happy, happy day.”

Children, garlanded, singing in procession through Worcester. **CG.** vi. 285. It is almost unnecessary to say that the 29th of May was the birthday of Charles II., and also the day of his public entry into London, 1660, after his arrival at Dover, on the 25th, from Holland.

It was in the September of 1651, after the battle of Worcester, that he concealed himself in the oak at Boscobel, Shropshire. The use of the oak leaf as an emblem was to commemorate the wonderful escape which ended in his living to wear the crown.

The boys at Newcastle-upon-Tyne had formerly a taunting rhyme on this occasion with which they used to insult such persons as they met on this day, who had not oak-leaves in their hats—

“Royal Oak,
The Whigs to provoke.”

There was a retort courteous by others, who contemptuously wore plane-tree leaves—

“Plane tree leaves,
The Church folk are thieves.”—**H.** 153.

In Berkshire the day is called *Shickshack Day*, hence the rhyme—

“The twenty-ninth of Maay,
Shickshack daay.”

Oak leaves are worn until noon, but are then discarded, and ash leaves worn until sunset. **AD.** 145.

In Hampshire the name of the day is *Shigshag*, and men rise early to gather slips of oak with the galls* on; these they put in their hats, or anywhere about their persons. They also hang pieces on the knockers, etc., of the doors of the wealthy, who decorate their halls with them. After breakfast they go round for beer, etc. Should they not receive anything, they sometimes say—

“Shig-shag, penny a rag,
(Bang his head in Croommell's bag)
All up in a bundle.”

* In Warwickshire the day is called Oak-ball Day.

Lads used these lines too, and ill-treat others that wear nothing from the tree. After noon the loyalty ceases; and the one taunted, etc., replies, "Shigshag's gone past," etc. [as in April fool rhyme], and the taunter or troubler is ill-treated. **CE.** xii. 100.

In **CW.** 74, these rhymes are said to be in use in Herts.

The children of Leicestershire make this their May Day, when they go about from house to house with sticks stuck about with flowers and steamers among any available greenery of the season. They recite this rhyme—

"A stig and a stag,
And a very fine flag,
And a maypole."—**AA.** 255.

AUGUST 22ND. (Mr. Dyer gives September 22nd.)

At Biddenham, Bedfordshire, a curious custom is kept up on this day. Shortly before noon, a little procession of villagers convey a white rabbit, decorated with scarlet ribbons, through the village, singing a hymn in honour of St. Agatha. All the young unmarried women, who happen to meet this procession, extend the first two fingers of the left hand, pointing towards the rabbit, at the same time, saying—

"Gustin, Gustin, lacks a bier!
Maidens, maidens, bury him here."

This ceremony is said to date from the year of the first Crusade. **BJ.** 230. See also *The Penny Post*, November, 1870.

NOVEMBER 5TH. GUNPOWDER PLOT.

This day, in the year 1605, was fixed upon for the destruction of the King, Lords, and Commons, when assembled in Parliament, by gunpowder. Guy Fawkes, as is well known, was apprehended in the act of preparing the matches; and this fact, and the erroneous belief that Guy was a foreigner,* seem to have fixed upon him an odium from which the other conspirators are comparatively free. *He* is burnt in effigy, and his Christian name is a bye-word. The custom of lighting bonfires on this night, and the practice of burning "guys" are now observed by boys only. When collecting fuel for their fires, they repeat a rhyming petition,

* He was really a gentleman of good family in Yorkshire. His father, Edward Fawkes, was a notary at York, and held the office of registrar and advocate of the Consistory Court of the cathedral church there. But he had served as a soldier of fortune in the Spanish army in Flanders, hence the popular error. See *Jardine's Narrative*.

which sometimes ends in a menace. The rhyme varies in different places—

- a. “A stick and a stake,
For King James’s sake,
Please give us a coil, a coil (coal).”

Neighbourhood of Sheffield. **R.** 239. In Leicestershire the last line runs “And a bonfire O.” **AD.** 255.

At Old Purton, Wiltshire, the boys, when refused faggots, say—

- “If you don’t give us one, We’ll take two,
The better for us, sir, And worse for you.”—**BD.** ii. 690.

- b. “Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason, and plot,
I see no reason why Gunpowder treason,
Should ever be forgot.”

Warwicks.

The youths of Clifton, Nottinghamshire, say—

- Please to remember, etc.
Old Guy Fawkes and Gunpowder Plot,
Shall never be forgot.
While Nottingham castle stands upon a rock.

CL. 1877, p. 10.

Variations of *b.*—

Pray to remember
The fifth of November,
The gunpowder, etc.
When the king and his train
Had nearly been slain,
Therefore it shall not be forgot.

N. 61.

I pray you remember, etc.
Gunpowder, etc.
The king, etc., Had like to
be slain.
I hope this day’ll ne’er be
forgot.
All the boys, all the boys, let
the bells ring,
All, etc., God save the king.
A stick and a stake for King
Jamie’s sake,
I hope you’ll remember the
bonfire.

Westmoreland. **CH.** vii. 32.

My brave boys remember, The fifth, etc.,
 Gunpowder, etc.,
 We will drink, smoke, and sing, boys,
 And our bells they shall ring, boys,
 And here's health to our king, boys,
 For he shall not be forgot.

Purton, Wiltshire. **BD.** ii. 690.

Major B. Lowsley gives a Berkshire version in dialect—

Remember, remember, the Vifth o' November,
 Gunpowder treason an' plot,
 Pray tell muh the rason why G. P. trason,
 Should iver be vorgot.
 Our Quane's a valiant zawlger,
 Car's her blunderbus on her right shawlder,
 Cocks her pistol, drays her rapier,
 Praay gie us zummit vor her zaayke yer,
 A stick, an' a styaaake vor Quane Vickey's zaayke,
 If 'e wunt gie on I'll taayke two,
 The better vor we an' the wus vor you.

Chorus.

Holler bwoys, holler bwoys, maake yer bells ring,
 Holler, etc., God zaavye the Quane,
 Hurrah! hurrah! (*ad lib.*)

The part about the "Quane" is, of course, an adaptation. The original rhyme is very old, and at the end of it "God zaave the King," formerly came to rhyme with "Maayke yer bells ring." **AD.** 16.

The ensuing rhyme shows the notion (though confused) of the Spanish element—

Remember, remember, etc.,
 Gunpowder, etc.,
 For I see no reason, why, etc.,
 Should ever, etc.
 Guy Fawkes, Guy 'tis our intent,
 [? 'Twas his, or are the instigators speaking?]
 To blow up the king and his parliament.

Three score barrels laid below,
 To prove old England's overthrow,
 By God's providence he got caught,
 With a dark lantern and a burning match.
 A stick and a stake For King George's sake !
 And a rope and a cart, To hang Bonyparte.
 Pope, Pope, Spanish Pope,
 Nobody's (? news is) coming to town,
 A halfpenny loaf to feed old Pope,
 And a penn'orth of cheese to choke him ;
 A pint of beer to drink his health,
 And a twopenny faggot to burn (? smoke) him.
 Burn his body from his head,
 And then we'll say Old Pope is dead.
 Holla, boys, holla, make your voice ring !
 Holla, etc., God save the king !
 Hip, hip, hoor-r-r-ray.—**CF.** iv. 450.

Remember, remember, Th'	Remember, remember, etc.
fifth o' November,	Guy and his companions' plot:
The gunpowder plot, Shall	We're going to blow the Parlia-
ne'er be forgot !	ment up !
Pray gi'e a bit o' coal,	By God's mercy we wase
Ter stick in th' bunfire hole !	catcht,
A stick, etc., For King George's	With a dark lantern an lighted
sake,	matcht !
A stowp an' a reel,	<i>Id.</i>
Or else we'll steal.	

Derbys. P. 412, quoting *Long Ago*, 1873, i. 338.

The fifth of November, Since	The fifth, etc.
I can remember,	Gunpowder, etc.
Gunpowder, etc.	This is the day that God did
This was the day the plot was	prevent
contriv'd,	To blow up the king and his
To blow up the King and	parliament.
Parliament alive ;	A stick and a stake,

But God's mercy did prevent, For Victoria's sake.
To save our King and his If you won't, etc.

Parliament.

Ellis, in his edition of Brand's
Antiqs. See also *M.* ii. 550.

A stick and a stake,
For King James's sake!
If you won't, etc.

Oxfords. It is considered quite
lawful to appropriate any old
wood they can lay their hands on.
The operation is called *Going-a-*
progging. *P.* 414.

c. (See also the last few rhymes above.)

“Guy Fawkes and his companions did the plot contrive,
To blow the king and parliament all up alive;
By God's providence they were catchd
With a dark lantern, and a lighted smatch.”

Northamps. *D.* 146.

P. 413, quoting *Long Ago*, 1873, i. 338, gives an extended
version of this from the same county—

Gunpowder treason! Gunpowder treason! Gunpowder treason
plot!

I know no reason, Why, etc.

Guy Fawkes and his companions did the *scheme* contrive,
To blow, etc.

But, by God's providence, him they catch,

With a dark lantern, lighting a match!

Hollo boys! Hollo boys! make the bells ring!

Hollo, etc., God save the king! Hurrah.

Lowsley, in his *Berkshire Words and Phrases*, 1888, has—

Guy Vawkes an' his com-	Guy Vawkes, G. V., 'twas his
panions did contrive,	intent
*To blaw the House o' Parl.	To blaw up the Houses o'
up alive,	Parliament,
Wi dree scoor barr'ls o' powder	By God's marcy he got catched,
down below,	With his dark lantern an' etc.
To prove Awld England's	Guy Vawkes, G. V., zet un up
wicked awver-draw;	high,

But by God's marcy all on um got catched,	A pound o' chaze to chawke un,
Wi ther dark lantern an' their lighted match,	A pint o' beer to wash ut down, An' a jolly good vire to ro-ast
Laaydies an' gentlemen zettin' by the vire,	un, Up wi' the pitcher an' down
Plaze put hands in pockets, an' gie us our desire ;	wi the prong, Gie us a penny an' we'll be
While you can drink one glass we can drink two,	gone. "Prong" does not refer to the
An' that's the better vor we an' non the wus vor you.	point of a fork. It signifies a tunn. <i>Id.</i>

Rumour, rumour, pump a
derry,
Prick his heart an' burn his
body,
An zend his zawl to Purgattery.

AD. 17.

In some parts of the north of England the following song is sung—

d. "Happy was the man,
And happy was the day,
That caught Guy
Going to his play,
With a dark lanthorn,*
And a brimstone match,
Ready for the prime to touch.

As I was going through the dark entry,
I spied the devil.
Stand back ! Stand back !
Queen Mary's daughter,

* The lantern is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is of iron, and a dark lantern. The top, squeezed up and broken, is preserved in a case, as is also the socket for the candle. The horn or glass of the door is quite gone. On a brass plate, the following Latin inscription is engraved in script hand: "Lanternâ illa ipsa quâ usus est et cum quâ deprehensus Guido Faux in cryptâ subterraneâ ubi domo Parlamenti diffandæ operam dabat. Ex dono Rob. Heywood, nuper Academia procuratoris, April 4^o 1641" Timbs, "Curiosities of History").

Put your hand in your pocket,
 And give us some money,
 To kindle our bonfire. Hurrah !”

P. 412, quoting Brand's *Pop. Antiqs.*, 1849, i. 398.

DECEMBER. STIR-UP SUNDAY.

The twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity is called by the school-boys, “Stir-up Sunday,” from the collect used on that day ; and they repeat the following lines without considering their irreverent application—

“Stir up we beseech thee,
 The pudding in the pot,
 And when we get home,
 We'll eat it all hot.”

P. 431, quoting Brand's *Pop. Antiqs.*, 1849, i. 414. See *Times*, November 25, 1863.

MISCELLANEOUS CUSTOMS.

BEES.

Bees, bees, awake,
 Your master is dead,
 And another you must take.

Basingstoke, Hants. CH. xi. 213.

This rhyme should come under CREDULITIES, perhaps : for the idea is that when a keeper of bees dies, *the bees die too*, unless acquainted with the fact. The custom, called “Telling the bees,” is recognized all over England. It is also usual to drape the hives with crape, or attach a piece of the fabric to a stick near at hand.

CHRISTENING.

Christen he,
 Uprise she (from the ceremony of churching),
 Marry we.

A reflection on the morality of the folk of Cornwall. CL. i. 385.

COURT-LEET.

The tithingman of Combe Keynes is obliged to do suit at Winfrith court ; and after repeating the following incoherent lines pays threepence, and goes out without saying another word.

“ With my white rod,
 And I am a fourth post,
 That threepence makes three,
 God bless the King, and the lord of the franchise ;
 Our weights and our measures are lawful and true,
 Good morrow, Mr. Steward, I have no more to say to you.”

On default of any of these particulars the courtleet of Combe is forfeited. Hutchins' *Hist. Dorset.* i. 127.

FREE BENCH.

The manors of East and West Enborne, in the county of Berkshire, have this custom, that if a copyhold tenant die, the widow shall have her freebench in all his copyhold lands whilst she continues sole and chaste (*dum sola et casta fuerit*) ; but if she commits incontinency, she forfeits her widow's estate ; yet, after this, if she comes into the next court held for the manor, riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and says the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to readmit her to her freebench.

“ Here I am,
 Riding upon a black ram,
 Like a whore as I am ;
 And for my Crincum Crancum,
 Have lost my Bincum Bancum ;
 And for my tail's game,
 Have done this worldly shame ;
 Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward,
 Let me have my land again.”

This tenure is mentioned by Cowell in his *Interpreter*, 1607 ; and is quoted in the *Spectator* for November 1, 1714. Blount's *Tenures*, 144, see edit. by Hazlitt, 1874, p. 109.

At Kilmersdon, Somersetshire, she must say—

For mine a—e's fault take I this pain,
 Therefore, my lord, give my land again.

MS. penes Sam. Roper, arm. : Blount, 149 : Leland's *Itinerary*, iii. 106 : Hazlitt's ed. of *Tenures*, p. 182.

The custom is, or was, recognized at Tor, in Devonshire, I believe.

GAVELKIND.

“It is a custom in this county (Kent) whereby the lands are divided equally among all the sons, and in default of them among the daughters; that is *give all kind*, “kind” signifying a child in the low Dutch. This practice, as it appears in Tacitus, was derived to our Saxons from the ancient Germans—

‘Teutonibus priscis patrios succedit in agros Mascula stirps
omnis, ne foret ulla potens.’

‘Mongst the old Teuch, lest one o’ertop his breed,
To his sire’s land doth every son succeed.’

“It appeareth that in the eighteenth year of King Henry VI., there were not above forty persons in Kent, but all their land was held in this tenure. But on the petition of divers gentlemen, this custom was altered by Act of Parliament in the thirty-first of King Henry VIII., and Kentish lands for the most part reduced to an uniformity with the rest of England.” **AT.**

In a note the editor of Fuller’s *Worthies*, 1840, says, “No lands were allowed on tenure by the disgavelling acts, except those of the gentlemen named in those acts, who were mostly the principal noblemen and gentlemen in the country.”

The rhyme usually associated with this custom is—

The father to the bough,
The son to the plough.

This alludes to one of the privileges of gavelkind enjoyed by part of this county, whereby, in many felonies, only the goods and chattels, but not the lands, are forfeited to the crown on the execution of a criminal. **AU.**

Ray observes, “Tho’ there be that expound this proverb thus— ‘The father to the bough,’ *i.e.* to his sports of hawking and hunting, and ‘The son to the plow,’ *i.e.* to a poor husbandman’s condition.” **CQ.** 57.

PASSING-BELL.

Bourne supposes that from the proverb mentioned by Bede, “Lord have mercy upon the soul!” as St. Oswald exclaimed when he fell to the earth, has been derived the present national saying—

When the bell begins to toll,
Lord have mercy on the soul!

And he tells us that it was a custom with several religious families at Newcastle upon Tyne to use prayers, as for a soul departing, at the tolling of the passing bell. **H.** 424.

RINGING THE PAN.

If a couple be found courting on a Friday night, they are frequently treated to an impromptu concert. The musical instruments usually employed are the frying-pans, shovels, tongs, poker, and, indeed, any implements which can be made to produce a sufficiently discordant noise. A pretended bellman usually precedes the procession, and at stated intervals calls out—

“Oh! dear a me!
A. B. and C. D. (mentions names),
Court six neets aot o’ seven,
Un corn’d let Friday neet oloolan.”

Lancashire. BA. 176.

STANG-RIDING.

A chosen person * is mounted on a pole and carried shoulder high, followed by a motley crew—bearing fog-horns, kettles, pots, etc.—to the house of an offender against conjugal happiness. On arrival there, a great din is made with the instruments, derisive cheers and broad jokes are uttered, and the one mounted on the pole, acting as spokesman, delivers a rhymed speech—

“He bang’d her wi’ stick,
He bang’d her wi’ stëan,
He teeak op his neef (fist),
An’ he knocked her down.
With a ran-tan-tan, etc.”

Sir Charles Anderson’s *Lincoln Pocket Guide*, p. 17.

Another version—

“With a ran-a-dan-dan at the sign of the old tin can,
For neither your case nor my case do I ride the stange,
Soft Billy Charcoal has been banging his wife Ann,
He bang’d her, he bang’d her, he bang’d her indeed,
He bang’d the poor creature before she stood in need.”

Peck’s *Axholme*, p. 280. This ditty was also repeated at street corners three successive days. *Lincolnshire.* AG. 237.

See also Henderson’s *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, pp. 29, 30, where the interjected phrases are—

“Hey derry! Hey derry! Hey derry dan!”

* Originally the offender was compelled to ride. The punishment was used against crimps who betrayed men to the press-gang in the time of the Napoleonic wars.

And—

“I tindle, O tindle, O tang.”

From West Somerset we get—

“Now (Jimsy Hart) if thee disn mend thy manners,
The skin of thy ass we'll zend to the tanners ;
And if the tanner, he 'on't tan un well,
We'll hang un pon a naal in hell ;
And if the naal beginth to crack,
We'll hang un pon the devil's back ;
And if the devil winth away,
We'll hang un there another day.”—Z. 674.

When a woman is the offender, the procession and the verse differ from other occasions.

A man dressed in female apparel is mounted on the back of an old donkey. He holds a spinning-wheel on his lap, and faces the donkey's tail. Two men lead the donkey, followed by a crowd, using instruments, etc., as before. The man on the donkey says during occasional pauses—

“Ranadan, ranadan, ranadan dan,
Mrs. Alice Evans has beat her good man,
It was neither with sword, spear, pistol, nor knife,
But with a pair of tongs she vow'd she'd have his life ;
If she'll be a good wife, and do so no more,
We will not ride stang from door to door.”

Said at Northenden, vulg. Northen, in Cheshire, near Manchester ; see also C'Hulbert's *History and Description of County Salop*, Introduc. p. xxxi., note to second ed. 1838. **AR.** iv. 262.

The above example has many points in common with a custom called “Riding the Skimmington,” or “Skimmity Riding,” framed for scolds, see *Hudibras*, pt. ii. ch. ii.

The following rhyme and a varied form of the observance in relation to a male offender, are from the North—

Thirty years ago an effigy was paraded in a cart round the town at night, drawn by young men ; the spokesman recited the lines at each stopping place, and finally the figure was burnt opposite the dwelling of the delinquent, if possible—

“Ran-a-dan-dang

It's neither for your cause nor my cause that I ride the stang,
But its for yan (one) Dobbin the people all *knaw*,

For he's bang'd his wife, *an its again'* our law ;
 And gentlemen all as you will have *hard*,
 All this happen'd in Tommy Dodd's yard,
 He bang'd her, he bang'd her, he bang'd her, indeed,
 He bang'd this poor woman afore she *stead* need ;
 Upstairs, aback out bed,
 There he broyed her till she bled ;
 Downstairs aback out *chest*,
 There he broyed her without rest.

If ever he does the like again, as I suppose he will,
 We'll tie him on a donkey's back and *tak* him to the mill.

· Hip, hip, hooray !"—**AR.** i. 394, 395.

The next version is from the North Riding. At Grassington, the spokesman was mounted in a cart, and the procession walked three times round Linton church to escape local law.

“ Heigh dilly, how dilly, hey dilly dang,
 Its naether for thy part nor my, etc.,
 But it's for Jack Solomon, His wife he does bang.
 He bang'd her, etc.
 He bang'd t' poor woman, Though shoo stood him na need :
 He naether tuke stick, staen, wire, nor stover,
 But he up with a besom and knock'd her ower,
 So all ye good nabors who lives in this row,
 I pray ye take warning for this is our law ;
 And all ye cross husbands who do yer wives bang,
 We'll blow for ye t'horn, and ride for ye t' stang,
 Hip, hip, hurrah.”—**AR.** i. 395.

At Southwell, Nottinghamshire, forty-four years ago, the wife-beater's effigy was placed in a cart, paraded, and burnt in front of the house.

With a ran, tan, tan,
 This man has been licking his good, his good woman ;
 For what, and for why ?
 For eating so much when hungry,
 And drinking so much when dry.

A more lengthy version from North Notts. is—

With a ran, dan, dan,
Sing o' my owd frying-pan,

A brazen-faced villain has been paying his best woman :
He neither paid her wi' stick, stake, nor a stower,
But he up wi' his fisses an he knocked her ower.

With a ran, dan, dan,

This is not all I've got to say,
If they should chance to faw an' fight another day,
She shall have the ladle, and he shall have his fisses,
And them that wins the day, shall wear the dawbin' breeches.

With a ran, dan, dan,

Come all you owd wimmin, come all you wimminkind,
You get together an' be in a mind,
Be in a mind your husbands to gang,
And you may depend upon't I shall ride the stang.
And if he does the like again, As I suppose he will,
I'll set him on a nanny goat, An' he shall ride to hell.

CL. 1876, p. 20.

In the *Glossary of Dial. of Almondbury and Huddersfield*, by Easther and Lees, there is a version for use against a female delinquent—

With a ran, with a ran, With a ran, dan, dan,
Sound of a horn and a owd tin can ;
Owd Mally — has paid her good man.

Here the cans are beaten and the horns blown, and, silence being obtained—

Up stairs and under the bed,
Such a life as nivver wor led,
Doan stairs and under t' stone,
There she made him for to groan,
With a ran, etc. Hip, hip, hurrah !

Or—

Upstairs and into bed,
There wore such a *pail* as ne'er were led.—Y. 129.

M. Addy, in his *Glossary Words Neighbourhood Sheffield*, 1888, suggests that *rantan* = *rahnd tahn*, i.e. round town, p. 186. The phrase is rather an example of onomatopœia, I think.

The stang [Saxon *staeng*, a pole or staff] proper, is a cowlstaff; the cowl is a water-vessel borne by two persons, on the cowlstaff, which is a stout pole whereon the vessel hangs. "Where's the cowlstaff?" cries Ford's wife when she purposes to get Falstaff into a large buck-basket with two handles; the cowlstaff or stang is produced, and being passed through the handles, the fat knight is borne off by two of Ford's men. **BD.** i. 6.

Longstaffe, in his *History of Darlington* says—Eric, King of Norway, had to fly from the hatred of his people for inflicting this stigma on a celebrated Icelandic bard. It was then of a most tremendous character. The Goths erected a *midstaens*, or pole of infamy, with the most dire imprecations against the guilty party who was called *niddering*, or "the infamous," and was disqualified from giving evidence.

WEDDING.

"A wedding, a woo,
A clog an' a shoe."

A rhyme used in and near Leeds when making a feint of taking off a shoe to throw after a newly married couple. **O.** 446.

HARVEST.

Exod. xxiii. 16, and Levit. xxiii. 99, sufficiently prove the antiquity of harvest feasts. See also Macrobius *Saturnal*, Die prim. cap. 10, referred to by Hazlitt in his *Antiqs.*, 1870, art. "Harvest," etc. In the *Life of Eugene Aram*, and in most of the later editions of the novel so entitled, there is included a paper on "The Melsupper and Shouting the Churn"—written by the unhappy man himself—which contains much interesting matter, ancient and local. He has been closely followed by modern antiquaries, save in his etymologies. The remarks which serve to elucidate rhymes in the present volume are entered here when necessary.

THE KNACK OR NACK.

At Werington in Devonshire, the clergyman of the parish informed the author that, when a farmer finishes his reaping, a small quantity of the ears of the last corn is twisted or tied together into a curious kind of figure, which is brought home with great acclamations, hung up over the table, and kept till the next year. The owner would think it extremely unlucky to part with this, which is called a "knack." The reapers whoop and holloa—

"A knack! a knack! a knack,
Well cut, well bound, well shocked!"

And, in some places in a sort of mockery it is added—

“Well scattered on the ground.”

A countryman gave me a somewhat different account as follows—When they have cut the corn, the reapers assemble together; a knack is made, which one placed in the middle of the company holds up, crying thrice “a knack,” which all the rest repeat; he then says—

“Well cut! well bound!

Well shocked! well saved from the ground.”

And his companions holla as loud as they can. H. 302, 303.

A variant from North Devonshire is—

“Arnack, arnack, arnack,

We haven, we haven, we haven,

God send the nack.”

The labourers sing the above three times, whilst gathered round a pond, gradually increasing in tone, after which they laugh and shout. One keeps the “nack” secreted; if one of the farmer’s family can’t single him out before he crosses the threshold in order to drench him or “wet the nack” as it is called, a larger quantity of beer than usual must be supplied. The “nack” is kept for the year. Knack, *Danish* = a knob or bunch. CI. x. 359.

In Cheshire, “Shutting” was a harvest ceremony when the last field of corn was cut. The men, after permission, proceeded to the highest ground on the farm, or near the homestead, where their voices could be heard, and formed a ring. One spokesman gave out a nominy. First recognized form—

“O yes, O yes, O yes, this is to give notice

That Mester ’Olland ’as gen th’ seck a turn,

And sent th’ owd hare into Mester Sincop’s standin corn.”

They then took hold of hands and bent down, and shouted at the top of their voices a most unearthly howl, “Wow! wow-w!” Other nominies followed. They then had an extra allowance of beer, and in the evening a supper to which their wives generally accompanied them. The custom in West Cheshire is called “Cutting the neck.” AB. 315.

KERN.

“*Churn-supper* . . . is entirely different from *Mel-supper*; but they generally happen so near together, that they are frequently confounded. The *Churn-supper* was always provided when all was

shorn, but the *Melsupper* after all was got in. And it was called *Churn-supper*, because from immemorial times, it was customary to produce in a churn a great quantity of cream, and to circulate it by dishfuls to each of the rustic company to be eaten with bread. . . . And though this custom has been disused in many places, and agreeably commuted for by ale, yet it survives still, and that about Whitby and Scarborough in the east, and round about Gisburn, etc., in Craven, in the west. . . . This Churn (in our provincial pronunciation Kern) is the Hebrew Kern, or Keren, from its being circular like most horns; and it is the Latin *corona*, named so either from *radii*, resembling horns, as on some very antient coins, or from its encircling the head; so a ring of people is called *corona*. Also the Celtic Koren, Keren, or corn, which continues according to its old pronunciation in Cornwall, etc., and our modern word horn is no more than this; the antient hard sound of *k* in corn being softened into the aspirate *h*, as has been done in numberless instances.

“The Irish Celtæ, also call a round stone, *clogh crene*, where the variation is merely dialectic. Hence, too, our cranberries, *i.e.* roundberries from the Celtic adjective, *crene*, round.” Aram’s *art.*

Houseman, in his *Description of Cumberland and Westmorland*, also affirms that “kirn” is a “provincial term for churn, from the cream and oaten or wheat cake, which was formerly the principal ingredient in the feast of corn-harvest in Cumberland, and it still continues to form the last dish of the kirn supper.”

In *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, ii. 1, there is a passage which has been a stumbling-block to commentators; Robin Goodfellow is said to—

“Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the *quern*,
And bootless made the breathless housewife churn.”

Quern = a mill to grind corn (*cweorn*, Saxon). But Capell fancied that the *quern* here meant churn. In Nare’s *Gloss.*, edit. Hallwell and Wright, 1872, art. “Querne,” the idea is discredited.

The church at St. Michael le Querne, in which Leland the antiquary was buried, was called in Latin *St. Michaelis ad Bladum*, alluding to the corn market which was held in Cheapside where the church was founded. It was destroyed in the fire of London. *Lives of Leland*, Hearne and Wood, i. p. 33 note.

Hampson rejects the churn theory altogether: “Kern,” he says, being certainly a variety in the orthography of corn; *korn* (German) the generic name of grain in all the Teutonic dialects. It is found in this sense in the old Runic line “Hagul ar kaldestur corna,” *i.e.* “Hail is the coldest grain.”

“Blessed be the day our Saviour was born,
For Master ——’s corn’s all well shorn,

And we shall have a good supper to-night,
And a drinking of ale, and a kirn, a kirn, ahoa.”

Northumberland. N. 58 : similar version, BS. ii. 160.

The master's corn is ripe and shorn,
We bless the day that he was born,
Shouting a kirn, a kirn, ahoa.

Glendale, *Northumberland.* N. 58 : BS. ii. 160.
In the North Riding they say—

Bless the day that Christ was born,
Were gettin' 'twel and M—— corn,
Weel shavern and shorn, etc.—N. 58.

In some places in the North, a doll made gay with flowers, etc., or a bunch of the last ears of corn tied to the top of a pole is carried home from the field by the men, and tribute is demanded from all they meet. This doll or bunch is called a *Kern Baby*. BS. ii. 160. According to Hampson, *Med. Œvi. Kalend.*, p. 345, it is called in some places a *Mell Doll*.

MELL.

The Yorkshire custom is that when in any farm the harvest is won, one of the reapers should mount a wall or bank, and proclaim as follows—

“Blest be the day when Christ was born,
Weve gotten mell of (——)'s corn,
Well bun and better shorn. Huzza, huzza, huzza!”

In Durham they say—

Blest be the day that Christ was born,
Weve ^{gettent}_{gotten} mell of Mr. —— corn,
Weel bound and better shorn,
Well won
Hip, hip, hip, huzza, huzza, huzza.

BF. 667 : N. 58.

“*Mel*,” says Aram, “signifies meal, or else the instrument called with us a *Mell*, wherewith antiquity reduced their corn to meal in a mortar, which still amounts to the same thing : for provisions of meal, or of corn in furnity, etc., composed by far the greatest part in these elder and country entertainments. . . . And as the harvest

was last concluded with several preparations of meal, or brought to be ready for the mell, this term became in a translated signification, to mean the last of other things, as when a horse comes last in the race, they often say in the North, 'he has got the mell.'"

Others think it is from the French *mêler*, to mix together, because master and servants mixed together freely on this occasion.

THE LAST LOAD.

It is customary to deck the last or "harvest load" with boughs of oak and ash, and the men, who all ride home upon it, sing with stentorian voices such rude rhymes as the following, varying it slightly in different districts—

"Harvest home! Harvest hum!
 Harvest home!
 We've ploughed, we've sown,
 We've ripped, we've mown,
 Harvest home! harvest hum,
 We want water and kaint get nun."

The waggon is pursued by young women bearing bowls of water, and at the intimation conveyed in the last line, their contents are hurled upon the singers. In some parts of the country it is customary for the farmer to send some of his men to ring the church bells; and when this is the case the burden is varied to—

"Harvest home! harvest home!
 The bells they do shake and the bells they do ring.
 So merrily we bring harvest in, harvest in,
 So merrily we bring harvest in."

Northamptonshire. CT. 177.

The sprinkling custom is observed in Buckinghamshire, also. William Clarke, Sept. 1787, fell from a tree during sprinkling, and died of hurts. *Id.*

At Wendlebury, Oxfordshire, buckets of water were thrown on the harvesters, etc., from every house. The rhyme was—

Harvest home! harvest home!
 We wants water, and can't get none.—CH. x. 359.

"Harvest home! Harvest home!
 Two plum puddings are better than one;

We've ploughed, we've sowed, We've reaped, we've mowed,
We've got our harvest home."

Northamptonshire. D. 310.

In Lincolnshire handbells are carried on the waggon; and the rhyme runs—

The boughs do shake and the bells do ring,
So merrily comes our harvest in,
Our harvest in, our harvest in,
So merrily, etc.

In Gloucestershire it is—

We have ploughed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed,
We have brought home every load,
Hip, hip, hip, *Harvest home!*—BD. ii. 582.

Well ploughed, well sown!	Well ploughed, etc.
Well reaped, well mown;	Well reaped, etc.
Never a load o'erthrown,	Well carried home,
Why shouldn't we sing, Har-	Ne'er a load o'erthrown.
vest home!	Edgmond, <i>Shrops.</i>

Corve Dale, *Shrops.*

In some parts of the county they say—

"Mr. — is a very good man,
He treats his 'osses as well as he can,
We've once turned over, and twice stuck fast,
But we've brought his harvest safe home at last."

AP. 375.

In the East Riding, Yorkshire, the last load is, or was, called the Hockey [in Suffolk, *Horkey*]. It was followed by the men and boys shouting at intervals—

"We hev her, we hev her;
A coo in a tether;
At oor toon end;
A yow and a lamb;
A pot and a pan;
May we get seeaf in

Wiv oor harvest yam ;
 Wiv a sup o' good yal,
 And sum haupence ti spend. Hurrah !” *ad lib.*

On the arrival at the stackyard there was scrambling for apples.

Another version—

Here we cum at oor toonend,
 A pint o' yal and a croon to spend
 Here we come, as tight as nip,
 An nivyer flang ower, but yance iv a grip.—**AJ.** 76.

In Cleveland, Yorkshire, on forking the last sheaf in the harvest-field, they shout in chorus—

“ Well bun, and better shorn,
 Is Master ——’s corn,
 We hev her, we hev her,
 As fast as a feather,
 Hip, hip, hurrah !”—**AS.** 89.

HARVEST TOASTS.

“ Here’s a health to the barleymow,
 Here’s a health to the man who very well can
 Both harrow and plough and sow.
 When it is well sown,
 See it is well mown,
 Both raked and gravell’d clean.
 And a barn to lay it in,
 Here’s a health to the man who very well can,
 Both thrash and fan it clean.”

Suffolk. **CU.** 402.

At Corve Dale, Shropshire, a somewhat similar version was given, Michaelmas, 1885. The last four lines ran—

“ And raked a careful glean
 And stacked in the barn,
 To lie dry, safe from harm,
 Till he can thrash it clean.”—**AP.** 376.

“ Here’s health to the Maister,
 Who drives the harvest cart ;
 And health to the Missis,
 She always takes her part !
 Here’s a health to the Ploughman,
 He ploughs and sows the corn !
 And a health to the Huntsman
 Who merrily blows his horn.”—*Ibid.*

“ Here’s a health unto our master, the founder of the feast,
 Not only to our master, but to our misteress,
 We wish all things may prosper, whate’er he takes in hand,
 For we are all his servants and all at his command.

Drink, boys, drink, and see you do not spill,
 For, if you do, you shall drink two,
 It is our master’s will,
 I’ve been to France, I’ve been to Dover,
 I’ve been to harvest-home all the world over,
 Over and over,
 Drink up your bowl and toss the bowl over.”

Or—

Here’s a health unto our master the founder of the feast,
 God bless his endeavours, and give him increase,
 God send him good crops that we may meet another year,
 Here’s our master’s good health boys, come drink off your beer.

Northamptonshire. D. 311.

In Norfolk, the first three lines of the rhyme run as above ; the last line is extended thus—

Here’s our master’s good health boys, come drink *half* your beer.

Then they repeat—

God send him, etc.,

Here’s our master’s good health, come drink *all* your beer.

When the beer flows very freely, and there is a family, the catch is sometimes carried on through the different branches with

variations composed for the purpose, perhaps at the spur of the moment, and some of them have been very happily conceived. **CB.** 111, 112.

Another catch in the same county is—

“ Now supper is over, and all things are past,
 Here’s our mistress’s good health in a full flowing glass,
 She is a good mistress, she provides us good cheer,
 Here’s our mistress’s good health, boys—come drink *half*
 your beer.
 She is, etc.,
 Here’s our, etc., come drink *all* your beer.”

During the time the catch is going round, the whole party are standing, . . . and they join in chorus. The glass circulates, beginning with the [Harvest] “lord,” in regular succession, through the “company;” after that it is handed to the visitors—the harvestmen of goneby days—who are not forgotten on the occasion. If the drinker be taken off his guard, and should drink off his beer at the pause in the catch, he is liable to a forfeit. If one of the chorus misplaces the words *half* and *off*, which not unfrequently happens at the heel of an evening, he incurs a similar penalty. *Ibid.*

After the *mistress* comes the *master*, as in the toast above.

OTHER DRINKING CUSTOMS.

“ I am the Duke of Norfolk,
 Newly come to Suffolk.
 Say shall I be attended,
 Or, no, no, no?
 Good duke be not offended,
 And you shall be attended,
 You shall be attended. Now, now, now.”

At the Harvest supper, a guest is crowned with an inverted *pillow*, and a jug of ale is presented to him by another of the company, kneeling as represented in the Vignette to the Horkey. There is probably some allusion to the homage formerly paid to the Lords of Norfolk, the possessors of immense domains in this county. *Suffolk.* **CU.** 402.

Sung on taking the ale out of doors—

“ In yon green wood there lies an old fox,
 Close by his den, you may catch him or no,

Ten thousand to one you catch him or no.
 His beard and his brush are all of one colour,
 (*Takes the glass, and drinks it off.*)
 I am sorry, kind sir, that your glass is no fuller,
 'Tis down the red lane, 'tis down the red lane,
 So merrily hunt the fox down the red lane."

Suffolk. CU. 401.

In Devonshire, at the close of harvest, the men were supplied with a pint of beer each, on condition that they drank with a tallow candle burning in the mug. Whilst one was drinking, the others repeated—

"Old Tom Tanner is come to town,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho!
 His nose is burnt, his eyes are burnt,
 His eyebrows burnt also."

The hero was he who drank without a burn. The above version is from Kingsbridge in this county. CG. vii. (?) 113: CK. iv. 206.

Some of the preceding rhymes are also given in *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, ed. for the Percy Society (vol. xvii.) by J. H. Dixon; and several sets of lengthy verses and songs, in addition.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

BIRDS.

CROWS.

On the first of March,
The crows begin to search,
By the first of April,
They are sitting still.
By the first o' May
They're a flown away ;
Croupin' greedy back again,
Wi' October's wind and rain.—**AL.** 87.

At Pulverbatch, Shropshire, the crows are supposed to say—

All glor, all glor (fat),
W'eer is it? W'eer is it?
Down i' th' moor, Down i' th' moor.
Shall I come along, shall I come along?
Bar bwuns, bar bwuns (bare bones).—**AP.** 224.

CUCKOO.

“ In April, come I will ;
In May, I prepare to stay ;
In June, I change my tune ;
In July, I prepare to fly ;
In August, go I must.”

Hamps.

“ In March, the guku beginth
to sarch ;
In Aperial, he beginth to tell ;
In May, he beginth to lay ;
In June, he altereth 'is tune ;
In July, away a dith vly.”

Devons.

In Bray's *Borders of the Tamar and Tavy*, there is another version—

In the month of April, he opens his bill,
. . . May, he singeth all day,

. . . June, he alters his tune,
 . . . July, away he doth fly.

The cuckoo comes in April,	The cuckoo, etc.
Sings a song in May,	Stays the month of May,
Then in June another tune,	Sings a song at Midsummer,*
And then he flies away.	And then a goes away.

Glous.

These rhymes are from the *Gardener's Chronicle*, 1850; and the *Athenæum*, 1846. **AQ.** ii. 48, 49.

“Cuckoo, cuckoo, What do you do?”	“In April, come he will, In flowery May he doth sing all day,
“In April, I open my bill, In May, I sing night and day, In June, I change my tune, In July, away I fly,”	In leafy June he doth change his tune, In bright July he doth begin to fly,
In August, go he must.	In August goes he must.”

In Sussex, it is added, as if an afterthought—

If he stay until September,
 'Tis as much as the oldest man can remember.

Athenæum, ibid. See also **CH.** iii. 20.

The cuckoo comes of mid March,
 And cucks of mid Aperill,
 And gauns away of midsummer month,
 When the corn begins to fill.

Northumb.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, he whistles as he flies,
 He brings us good tidings, he tells us no lies;
 He sucks little birds' eggs to make his voice clear,
 And never sings cuckoo till summer draws near.
 Sings cuckoo in April, cuckoo in May,
 Cuckoo in June and then flies away.

* A Durham gamekeeper excused himself for shooting a cuckoo by saying, “It was well known that sparrow-hawks turned into cuckoos in the summer.”—**AP.** 222.

Variations—

- i. And never sings cuckoo till the springtime of the year.
2. And when he sings cuckoo the summer is near.
- ii. He drinks the cold water to make his voice clear,
And he'll come again in the spring of next year.

Or—

He sucks the sweet flowers to make his voice clear,
That he may sing cuckoo three months of the year.

AQ. iii. 50, 54, 58. See also Aikin's *Calendar of Nature*, and **CE.** xi. 38.

The last two lines in variations are also common in Cornwall. **CE.** xii. 38. The first two in the North of England. **AS.** 93.

In April, cuckoo sings her lay,	The cuckoo in April, he opens
In May, she sings both night	his bill,
and day,	. . . May, he sings the whole
In June, she loses her sweet	day,
strain,	. . . June, he changeth his
In July she flies off again.	tune,
	July, away he must fly.

The last two are well-known in North Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Westmorland. **CH.** ii. 555.

In March, he sits upon his	In March, the cuckoo starts,
perch,	In April, a tune his bill,
In April, he soundeth his bell,	In May, a sing all day,
In May, he sings both night	In June, a change his tune,
and day,	In July, away 'a fly,
In June, he altereth his tune,*	In August, away 'a must,
And July—away to fly.	In September, you'll <i>ollers</i>
<i>Devons.</i>	remember,
	In October, 'ull never get
	over.

East Anglia. **CH.** iii. 94.

* Of the change of tune alluded to in these verses, it has been remarked (*Trans. Linn. Soc.*), that in early season the cuckoo begins with the interval of a minor third, proceeds to a major third, then to a fourth, then to a fifth, after which the voice breaks, never attaining a minor sixth.—**Halliwell.**

In South Devonshire it is said—

In the month of April,
He singeth taperell (feeble).—**CH.** ix. 447.

The twenty-third of April,
She opens her bill,
The month of May she sings all day.
The middle of June
She changes her tune.

(*From a major sixth to a minor third.*)

The month of July away she doth fly.

Birmingham Daily Post, April 21, 1879. **CH.** xi. 403.

In *Notts Facts and Fictions*, by Briscoe, 1876-77, 8vo, p. 9, is a summary—

In April, May, and June,
The cuckoo sings a merry tune,
But in August and July,
Having sung, away does fly.

According to White, of Selborne, the 7th of April is the earliest day for hearing the cuckoo, the 26th the latest (for the opening notes). Therefore, before the change of style, the 1st and 2nd of the month, now the 12th and 13th, were days on which it would probably be heard for the first time.* In Sussex, April 14th † is called "first cuckoo-day," and is greeted with these couplets—

The cuckoo is a merry bird, etc.
She brings us good tidings, etc.
She picks up the dirt in the spring of the year,
And sucks little bird's eggs, etc.—**AS.** 93.

"When the cuckoo pecks up the dirt," is in Hazlitt's *Proverbs*, (1882), and he says—*i.e.* in April. A metaphor for the arrival of spring and fair weather.

Sunshine and rain bring cuckoos from Spain,
But the first cock of hay flays the cuckoo away.

Lancashire. **BA.** 232.

The last line is also given in *The Norfolk Garland*, p. 156.

* In fact this bird is heard long before—as early as February in the present year (1882). **BC.** 318.

† In the New Forest they say, "The cuckoo goes to Beaulieu fair to buy him a great-coat." Beaulieu fair day is the 15th of April. It is called Cuckoo Day. **BC.** 377.

In the month of April the gowk comes over the hill,
 In a shower of rain,
 And on the — of June he turns his tune again.
 Craven, *Yorkshire*. **BC**. 242.

The bat, the bee, the butterflee,
 The cuckoo, and the swallow,
 The corncrake, the heatherdrake,
 And a' the rest may follow.

These are the harbingers of spring. The heatherdrake I take to be the common wild duck. **CJ**. xii. 520.*

There is another version of this, **CQ**. iii. 65, which is said to be a nursery chant.

Seven sleepers there be,
 The bat, the bee, the butterflee,
 The cuckoo, and the swallow,
 The kittiwake and the corncrak,
 Sleep a' in a little hollie.

On the third of April (old style),
 Comes in the cuckoo and the nightingale.—**AL**. 19.

§

Cuckoo scabb'd gowk,
 Mickle said little wrought.

Owing to the titline (titlark) providing for her. Lovell's *Hist. Animals*, etc., Oxford, 1661, says their feathers come off in winter, and they are scabbed. **CQ**. iii. 64.

"Scabbed as a cuckoo," is a proverb.

CURLEW.

A curlew lean or a curlew fat,
 Carries twelve pence upon her back.

North Lincolnshire. **CG**. x. 235. Is of the value.
 Another version is—

Be she white or be she black,
 The curlew has tenpence on her back.—**AL**. 201.

* A variation of this from Ulster, given as a sort of riddle, may be seen, **CJ**. xii. 521.

DOTTEREL.

When dotterel do first appear,
 It shows that frost is very near ;
 But when the dotterel do go,
 Then you may look for heavy snow.

Wiltshire. AL. 183.

FLYCATCHER (*Muscicapa grisola*).

If you scare the flycatcher away,
 No good luck will with you stay.

Somersetshire. AL. 49.

HAYING-BIRD.

“When I went away at Michaelmas Day,
 The barns were full of corn and hay ;
 When I came back at Lady Day,
 ’Twas winnow-winnow-winnow’d all away.”

This is the interpretation of its song, as given to it in Sussex fifty and more years ago. CK. I. 66.

The haybird, hayjack, haychat, etc., is probably the blackcap, *motacilla atricapilla*.

OWL.

Thee bist
 A queer quist (*quease*).

As the fool said when robbing the owl’s nest. *Wiltshire.*
 AL. 167.

PARTRIDGE.

If the partridge had the woodcocks thigh,
 It would be the best bird that ever did fly.—CQ. 28.

PIGEON.

The pidgeon never knoweth wo,
 But when she doth a-benting go.—CQ. 28.

Or—

Pigeons never know no woe,
 Till they a benetting do go.

Wiltshire. Meaning that pigeons at this time are compelled to feed on the seed of the bent, the stubbles being cleared, and the crops not being ripe. "Bennets" or "bents" = seedstalks of grass. **A. 5.** See also Sir G. C. Lewis's *Herefords. Gloss.* Moore, *Suffolk Words*, 1823, p. 25, gives *Bent*, Bents, Bente, Bentes, as forms of this word. The proverb is also known in that county with a slight variation.

The dow (dove) she dew no sorrow know,
Until she dew a-benten go.—**BC.** 395.

In Norfolk they have it—

When the pigeons go a-benting,
Then the farmers lie lamenting.—**AL.** 167.

See HUSBANDRY MAXIMS, *b.*

The wood-pigeon is supposed to say—

"Curr-a-hoo, curr-a-hoo,
Love me and I'll love you."—**AL.** 167.

In Gloucestershire they have it that the pigeon says—

"Coo-oo, Coo-oo,
It's as much as a pigeon can do,
To maintain two :
But a little wren can maintain ten,
And bring them all up like gentlemen."

In **CJ.** x. 328 is a version from Notts—

Coo-pe-Coo,
Me and my poor two,
Two sticks across and a little piece of moss,
And it will do, do, do.

A variant, but ascribed to the dove is—

• The dove says coo, coo ! what shall I do,
I can scarce maintain two.

(Alluding to the number of eggs always found in a ringdove's nest.)

Pooh, pooh ! says the wren, I have got ten,
And keeps them all like gentlemen.—**AL.** 167.

RINGDOVE.

The common people in the North Riding believe that at one period the cushat, or ringdove, laid its eggs upon the ground, and that the peewit (lapwing or bastard plover) *à contra* made its nest on high. They further believe that an amicable exchange took place between the two birds, and that at the present day they respectively sing out their feelings upon the subject. A local rhyme will have it that the peewit sings—

“Peewit, peewit !
I coup’d my nest, and I rue it.”

The cushat’s note implies—

“Coo, coo, come now.
Little lad with thy gad,
Come not thou.”—**J.** 7 r

Another phrase given to the ringdove is—

Who stole my grey pease ?
Says the quease.—**AL.** 167.

ROBIN AND WREN, etc.

The robin * and the wren,
Are God Almighty’s cock and hen.
The martin and the swallow,
Are God Almighty’s bow and arrow.

Warwickshire. **BD.** 1. 324.

In Shropshire the last line is—

Are God Almighty’s scholars.—**AP.** 126.

In Northamptonshire they say—

Martins and swallows are God’s teachers and scholars.

D. 356.

In Cheshire—

The martin and the swallow, Are God’s mate and marrow.

See Wilbraham’s *Cheshire Gloss.*, duo., 1826, p. 105.

* In one instance only the *Tomtit* takes the place of the Robin. In Brand’s *Antiquities*, 8vo, 1877, p. 687, is Park’s variation of this proverb “Tomtit and Jenny Wren, Are,” etc.

Robins and wrens, are God Almighty's friends,*
 Martin's and swallows, are God Almighty's scholars.
Sussex. **CM.** 100.

. . . God Almighty's shirt and collar.
Essex. **AL.** 53.

. . . Are the two next birds that follow.—*Id.*

Or—

Are God Almighty's birds to hollow (to hallow, to keep holy).

Midlands. *Id.* : **AS.** 123.
 The Lancashire version is—

The robin and wren are God's cock and hen,
 The spink and the sparrow are the de'il's bow and arrow.
AS. 123.

The reverence with which these birds are regarded is set forth
 in other rhymes—

The robin ^{and} _{aye} (*sic*) the redbreast,
 The robin and the wren,
 If ye take out of the nest,
 Ye'll never thrive again.
 The robin and the redbreast,
 The martin and the swallow,
 If ye touch one of their eggs,
 Bad luck will sure to follow.

Essex. **AL.** 16.

The robin and the wren,
 Him that harries their nest,
 Never shall his soul have rest.—**AS.** 123.

In **AR.** v. 213, we see—

Hurt a robin or a wren,
 Never prosper, boy nor man.

* "God's best friends and God's best scholars," in *Derbys.* **CH.** ix. 25.
 Cock robins and Jenny wrens, be God Almighty's cocks and hens.—
Berks. **AD.** 81.

In Cornwall they say—

He who hurts the robin or the wren,
 { Will never prosper sea or land,
 { On sea or land will ne'er do well again.

See *All the Year Round*, July 14, 1888, and **AS.** 124. From the same number, we get—

A robin in a cage,
 Sets all heaven in a rage.

These rhymes probably have origin in the traditions—

a. That while our Lord was on his way to Calvary, a robin pecked a thorn out of his crown, and the blood which issued from the wound falling on the bird dyed its breast with red.

b. That the swallow hovered over the cross of our Lord, crying, "Svala ! svala !" (console ! console !) whence it was called Svalow (the bird of consolation). See Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.

A rhyme, peculiar, I think, to the Isle of Wight, is—

But for the robin and the wren,
 A spider would overcome a man.—**AK.** 62.

Notwithstanding, the wren is killed at Christmastide, in Essex and other counties, and carried around in a furze bush by boys seeking presents. See **Customs**.

SEAMEW.

Sea-mo, sea-mo, sits on t' sand,
 Their niver good weather when thou's on t' land.

Cumberland. **X.** 82.

SNITE.

The snite
 Need not the woodcock betwite.

Somersetshire. **CQ.** 181. The "snite" is also called a "bail" in some counties.

TAMMIE NORRIE.

In Murray's *Handbook for Northumberland*, 8vo, 1873, p. 215, there is a rhyme applying to a bird with a curious beak—

Tammie Norrie o' the Bass,
 Canna kiss a pretty lass.

YELLOWHAMMER.

My friend, the vicar of Stamfordham, Northumberland, tells me that when the boys of his parish find its (yellowhammer's) nest, they destroy it, saying—

“Half a paddock, half a toad,
Half a drop of de'il's blood,
Horrid yellow yowling!”—**AS.** 123.

In **AL.** 78, is a slightly different version—

Half a paddock, half a toad,
Horrid yellow yowling ;
Drinks a drap o' the de'il's bluid,
Every May morning.

It is evident from the above that “paddock” does not specially mean *toad*, as is generally thought. In fact, it is used indiscriminately for frog or toad. Cotgrave gives the word as equivalent to *grenouille*, a frog, and not to *crapaud*, a toad; and Chapman, in his *Cæsar and Pompey*, speaks of *paddockes*, and *todes*, and *water-snakes*. Massinger also seems to use it for frog in *A Very Woman*, iii. 1. But in Cumberland *toadstools* are still called “paddock stools,” and in Anglo Saxon a toad is *pad* or *pada*. “Paddock” is in its origin a diminutive from *pad*, as “hillock” from hill. See notes to *Macbeth*, act i., sc. 1 (*Clarendon Press*, 1873).

FISH.

CHEVIN (CHUB).

Said the chevin to the trout,
My head's worth all thy bouk (body)—**CQ.** 30.

COCKLES.

Shellfish are not considered wholesome in any month without the letter *r*.

Exception—

Cockles and ray,
Come in in May.

Lancashire. **BA.** 224.

Easterly winds and rain,
Bring cockles here from Spain.—**N.** 12.

CONGER. See SCADS AND TATES.

FLOWK (fluke).

Haddock, cod, turbot, and ling,
Of all the fish i' th' sea, herring's the king.
Up started the flowk and said, here am I,
And ever since that his mouth stands awry.—**AS.** 313.

HERRING.

Red herring ne'er spake word but een,
Boil my back, but not my weamb.—**CQ.** 30.

LING.

A Scilly ling,
Is a dish for a king.—**CG.** v. 208.

OYSTER.

The oyster is a gentle thing,
And will not come unless you sing.—**BC.** 395.

PILCHARDS.

They are food, money, and light,
All in one night.

Train-oil is expressed from them. **AR.** v. 188.

When the corn is in the shock,
Then the fish are on the rock.

The pilchard visits this coast in the early autumn. These are the fish *par ex.* of the Cornish, and they are thus distinguished. **BH.** 428.

SCADS AND TATES.

Scads and tates, scads and tates,
Scads and tates and conger,
And those who can't eat scads and tates,
Oh! they must die of hunger.

Scilly Isles. The word Scilly is derived from *Sulléh*, rocks dedicated to the sun; sometimes from *Sillyas*, a conger. This fish is very plentiful there, hence the chaff. **AR.** v. 38.

The "scad" proper is the fish sometimes called the "horse mackarel" (*Trachurus trachurus*). But I judge "Scads and tates" to be fishes known in Gloucestershire as "shads and twaites:" the former being the Alice Shad, sometimes called *King of Herrings*, and the latter the Twaite Shad (*Alosa finta*)—both of the herring tribe.

TROUT.

When the bud of the aul is as big as the trout's eye,
Then that fish is in season in the river Wye.

Herefordshire. Aul or orl (*Anglo-Saxon* alor, alr) = alder.
BM. 6 : AV. 180.

FISHING.

Never a fisherman need there be,
If fishes could hear as well as see.

Kent. AE. 54 : CH. ii. 94.

When the wind's in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth,
. . . the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth.

Ray, *Proverbs.* BC. 482, 483. Or—

When the wind's in the east,
The fishes bite least,

. . . the west,
The fishes bite best.
. . . the north.
. . . won't come forth,
. . . the south,
It blows, etc.

Leicestershire. AA. 301.

In CJ. iv. 149 is an ambiguous version intended, perhaps, to convey the above meaning—

Why, I cannot tell, But I know full well,
With wind in the east, Fish bite not the least.

VARIOUS.

BEES.

A swarm of bees in May, is worth a load of hay,
But a swarm in July, is not worth a fly.

In Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, 6th edit. 72, there is a version derived from Miegé's *Great French Dictionary*, 1687, containing two additional lines in the middle, which may or may not have been a later interpolation—

A swarm of bees in June,
Is worth a silver spoon.—**BC.** 38.

See also **BD.** i. 324.

At Pulverbatch, Shropshire, they give the addition, "Is worth a crown;" but in the retired villages, among the Clee Hills, the following much more curious version may sometimes be heard—

A play o' bees in May 's wuth a noble the same day,
A play o' bees in June 's purty soon,
A play o' bees in July 's nod worth a butterfly.—**AP.** 234.

In Northamptonshire the last line is—

You had better letter it fly.—**D.** 100.

In Ellis's *Modern Husbandman* (1750), vol. iii. pt. i. p. 167, is—

A swarm of bees in May,
Is worth a cow and her calf and a load of hay.
AQ. iii. 82.

GREYHOUND.

A head like a snake, a neck like a drake,
A back like a beam, a belly like a bream,
A foot like a cat, a tail like a rat.—**CQ.** 156.

The shape of a good greyhound.

HARE.

Creep hedge, crop thorn,
Little cow with leather horn.

Neighbourhood of Sheffield. **R.** 54. Possibly asked in a riddle.

SNAKE.

If the snake could hear, and the blindworm could see,
Neither man nor beast should e'er go free.

The *Popular Educator*, ii. 175.

In places they say "If the adder," etc. **AP.** 239.

In Sussex they say these lines are written on the adder's belly—

If I could hear as well as see,
No man or beast should pass by me,
in life could master me.

CM. 14 : **CH.** vii. 427.

In the north of England they say—

If the ether had the blindworm's ear,
And the blindworm 'ad the ether's eye,
Neither man nor beast could safe pass by.—**AP.** 239.

Hazlitt, *English Proverbs* (1882), p. 228, gives—

If I could hear and thou couldst see,
There would none live but you and me,
As the adder said to the blindworm.

And adds : This is not true, for the adder is not deaf. Randolph, in the *Muses Looking-glass*, 1638, act ii. sc. 3, introduces this popular delusion, but appears to have credited it—

How happy are the moles that have no eyes,
How blest the adders that have no ears !

One might add, nor is the blindworm venomous.

SPIDER.

If you wish to live and thrive,
Let a spider run alive.

Kent. **CG.** iii. 262 : and **AS.** 312, where is mentioned the superstition that a spider spun a beautiful web which protected the child Christ from dangers in the manger at Bethlehem.

The same thing is recorded in connection with Mahomet, when he fled from Mecca and hid in a cave, when the Koreishites were close upon him. Brewer, *Dictionary Phrase and Fable*, art. "Spider."

HUMOUR.

Reginald Scot gives a curious anecdote of a priest who, on one occasion went out anights with his companions, and stole all the eels from a miller's wear. The poor miller made his complaint to the same priest, who desired him to be quiet, for he would so denounce the thief and his confederates by bell, book, and candle, that they should have small joy of their fish. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, during the service, he pronounced the following sentences to the congregation—

“All you that have stol'n the miller's eels,
Laudate Dominum de cælis;
And all they that have consented thereto,
Benedicamus Domino.”

“So,” says he, “there is sauce for your eels my masters.” **AV.**
209.

Biggy made a blunder,
An' that was very big,
Biggy made a blunder,
Acos he couldn't twig.

Lincolnshire. **AG.** 262.

To “twig” = to understand, comprehend, etc. *Cant.*

The clucking conversation of poultry . . . is represented by the following dialogue—

Hen. “Cock, cock, I have la—a—a—yd!”

Cock. “Hen, hen, that's well sa—a—a—yd!”

Hen. “Altho' I have to go barefooted every da—a—y!”

Cock. “Sell your eggs and buy shoes! Sell,” etc.

AV. 174.

Two cocks answering, are supposed to say—

1. "Cocky keeko!
The women bin mester here."
2. "Cocky keeko!
It's the same everywhere."

South Cheshire. W. 153.

"Come Betty, set the kettle on,
Let's have a cup of tay;
Sukey take it off again,
We'll have no more to-day."

In use near Sheffield, where "sukey" is a dialect word for kettle. R. 245.

"Shook" is the Gloucestershire word, in which county the lines are the familiar ones of the *North Midlands*—"Polly put the kettle on," etc.

"Cross patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, ^{and} then drink it up,
^P Then call your neighbours in."
And call the

Gammer Gurton's Garland, p. 23: AA. 133: D. 160.

Different people have different 'pinions,
Some like apples and some like inions.

Leicestershire. AA. 176.

Fawn-peckas once made a vow,
He never would come on a face as was fow (ugly);
Fawn-peckas made another,
He never would come upon any other.

South Cheshire, where "fawn-peckas" means freckles. W. 184.

Four and twenty tailors, Went to kill a snail,
The bravest man amongst then, Durst not touch her tail;

She put out her horns, Like a little kyloe cow,
 "Run, tailors, run, Or she'll kill you all e'en now."

CR. 26.

Four and twenty tailors, Went, etc.	Four and twenty weavers, Went out, etc.
The best man amongst them, Durst na touch his tail ;	The bravest man among them, Trode upon his tail.
He put out his horns, Like a kiley cow,	The snail turned round, With horns like a cow,
Rin lads, flee lads, We're a' killed now.	God bless us, said the weavers, We're dead men now.

AS. 25, where it is said to be connected with a game. *Gloucr.* **CH.** viii. 231.

Four farthings and a thimble,
 Make a tailor's pocket jingle.—**BC.** 146.

God made man, man made money ;
 God made bees, the bees made honey ;
 God made a little man to plough and to sow,
 . . . boy to keep away the crow ;
 . . . woman to brew and to bake ;
 . . . little maid to eat a plum cake.

Shropshire, Dorsetshire, etc. **AP.** 571 : **CH.** vi. 426.
 In Warwickshire and Staffordshire they have it—

God made man, etc. ; God made bees, etc. *
 . . . thēdevil, the devil made sin,
 And then they dug a hole to put naughty people in.

"Go fiddle for shrives (slices of food),
 Amongst old wives."

Said in contempt, in Cheshire. **AB.** 448.

* An old farmer in Furness, Lancashire, added—

But the devil hissel made lawyers and 'turnies,
 And placed 'em at U'ston and Dawton in Furness.

That is, at Ulverston and Dalton, pronounced as in the rhyme.—**BA.** 203.

Grandfa' Grig had a pig,
 In a field of clover ;
 Piggie died, Grandfa' cried,
 And all the fun was over.

Possibly a nursery rhyme. *Cornwall*. **CJ.** vii. 357.

He got out of the muxy,
 And fell into the pucksy.

I.e. out of the dung-pit into the quagmire—a version of “ Out of the frying-pan into the fire.” **AV.** 183.

“ I am a pretty wench,
 And I come a great way hence,
 And sweethearts I can get none ;
 But every dirty sow,
 Can get sweethearts enow,
 And I, pretty we, can get never a one.”—**CR.** 30.

“ If all the waters was wan sea,
 And all the trees was wan tree,
 And this here tree was to fall into that there sea,
 Moy, sirs ! what a splish splash there'd be.”

A rebuke to fanciful folk, say Evans, *Leicestershire Words, Phrases, and Proverbs*, 1881, p. 252.

It is possibly a version of the old nursery rhyme—

If all the world was apple-pie,
 And all the sea was ink,
 And all the trees were bread and cheese,
 What should we do for drink ?

In other counties, an operator places a handkerchief lightly over his thumb and forefinger to make it look like a gowned parson, and say—

If all the food was paving-stones,
 And all the seas were ink,
 What should we poor mortals do,
 For victuals and for drink ?

And then, making certain bowing movements with the doll, says—

It's enough to make a man like me,
Scratch his head and think.

There are school tales of the same pattern as the original, with such additions as "a great axe" to chop down the tree, etc.

"If I had a buzzack an hey wudna go,
Wudna I wollup him, oh, no no!
I'd stuff him wi' wuts,
And I'd kick him i' the guts,
And I'd make him go with his teel cock'd up."

W. 136. A Cheshire version of the well-known rhyme which has been extended into a song, "If I had a donkey that would not go."

"I'll no more be a nun, nun, nun,
I'll no more be a nun, nun, nun,
But I'll be a wife, and lead a merry life,
And brew good ale by the tun, tun, tun."

Yorkshire. Said to have originated at the time of the suppression of monasteries. **BS.** i. 65.

"I love thee, Betty."
"Do'st thou, Johnny?
Hey but I wonder where!"
"In my heart, Betty,"
"In thy heart, Johnny?
Thou never yet made it appear."
"But I'll wed thee, Betty,"
"Wed me, Johnny?
Hey, but I wonder when!"
"On Sunday, Betty,"
"On Sunday, Johnny?
Hey, I wish it were Sunday then."—**CH.** ii. 274.

“ I love sixpence, a jolly, jolly sixpence,
 I love sixpence as my life,
 I spent a penny of it, I spent, etc.
 I took a penny home to my wife.

I love fourpence, etc.,
 I spent twopence, etc.,
 I took twopence home to my wife.

I love nothing, etc.
 I spent nothing, etc., I took nothing home to my wife.”

CR. 52.

“ I saw a peacock with a fiery tail,
 I saw a blazing comet drop down hail,
 I saw a cloud wrapped with ivy round,
 I saw an oak creep along the ground,
 I saw a pissmire swallow up a whale,
 I saw the sea brimful of ale,
 I saw a Venice glass full fifteen feet deep,
 I saw a well full of men’s tears that weep,
 I saw red eyes all of a flaming fire,
 I saw a house bigger than the moon and higher,
 I saw the sun at twelve o’clock at night,
 I saw the man that saw this wondrous sight.”

This jumble becomes sense when the comma is moved to follow the first noun in each line. AY. 201.

“ Kittle t’ coal, and mak’ t’ ingle shine,
 Steek t’ dere, and keep out t’ swine.”

A Gloss. of Westmore. and Cumb. Dialects, 8vo, 1839, p. 389.
 “ Steek ” = shut : “ kittle ” = quicken or tickle. It seems to be the prelude to a comfortable evening.

“ Laws-a-dees,
 What times be these.”

South Cheshire. W. 244.
 A rhyme expressive of extraordinary days.

“ Let’s go to bed,” says Sleepy-head,
 “ Let’s wait awhile,” says Slow,
 “ Put on the pot,” says Greedy-gut
 “ We’ll sup before we go.”

Common. CR. 32 : CJ. iii. 441, etc.

“ Moll-in-the-wad and I fell out,
 What do you think it was about ?
 She had money and I had none,
 And that was how the work begun.”

Or—

Moll, etc.

I gave her a shilling, she swore it was bad,
 It’s an old soldier’s button says Moll-in-the-wad.

Or—

Moll, etc.

I gave her a shilling, she wanted a crown,
 So I took up my fist and I knock’d her down.

Or—

Moll, etc.

I gave her a shilling, she said it was bad,
 You may go to the devil, said Moll-in-the-wad.

? another verse. “ In-the-wad ” = “ in the straw,” *i.e.* after accouchement. CG. x. 268, 321, 402.

Common in Gloucestershire more than fifty years ago. *Wad* is there pronounced correctly *wod*; and possibly in other places save where rhyme demands otherwise. See “ Jack the Lantern, Joan the Wad,” etc. Charms, WILDFIRE.

In CR. 41, the following rhyme is given under the title “ The deaf old Woman.”

“ Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing ? ”
 “ Speak a little louder, sir, I’m very thick of hearing ! ”
 “ Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly ? ”
 “ Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very clearly ! ”

At Craven, Yorkshire, an extended version is sometimes given by one in company in place of a song—

Old woman, old woman, wilt thee gang a-shearin' ?
 Speak a little louder I am very hard o' hearin' !
 Old woman, etc., a gleanin' ?
 Speak, etc., I canna tell the meanin' !
 Old woman, etc., a walkin' ?
 Speak, etc., or what's the use o' tawkin' .
 Old woman, etc., wilt thee let me kiss thee ?
 Yes, kind sir, and the Lord i' heav'n bless thee.

CH. ii. 380.

In Lincolnshire they have it—

Old woman, old woman, Thoo mun go shearin' !
 No, maister, no, For I'm dull o' hearin' !
 Old woman, old woman, Thoo mun shear or thoo mun bind !
 No, etc., For ye see I'm stone blind !
 Old woman, old woman, Then thoo mun go beg !
 No, etc., For I'm lame o' my leg !—AG. 95.

Our good Quane Bess she maayde a pudden,
 An stuffed un vull o' plumes.
 An in she put gurt dabs o' vat,
 As big as my two thumbs.

Berkshire. AD. 69. Possibly a nursery rhyme, as is, most likely, the following from the same county—

“ Pray what have you for supper Mrs. Bond ? ”
 “ Ge-us in the larder, and ducks in the pond.
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come an' be killed,
 Passengers around us, an' they must be villed.”—*Id.* 71.
 “ Dilly-dilly-duckling ” is a well-known nursery rhyme.

“ Praay, mother, gie I zome dinner,
 Else I'll knock 'e down wi' the *skimmer*.”

“ Skimmer ” = a cook's ladle for removing surface matter from anything boiling. *Id.* 147.

“ Rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
 Thank the Lord, we've had enough.”

A sort of mock grace in use in Gloucestershire. There is possibly some story connected with it.

A literary friend writes: "I heard the following version, about twelve years ago, in a shop in East Suffolk, when a tradesman was asked to take rabbits in exchange for rabbit-traps, and, excusing himself, related the following: A preacher (or parson) was wont to frequent the house of a parishioner (? farmer) at dinner-time, and was often asked to stay, and also to say grace, as a matter of respect. To deter him somewhat from "dropping in" so often, the dinner was compounded of rabbits so frequently that at last the reverend visitor expressed his feelings in the following pithy grace—

“ ‘ Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Rabbits young and rabbits old,
Rabbits tender, and rabbits tough,
D—n the rabbits! we’ve had enough.’ ”

The four lines are also attributed to a poetical wit of the eighteenth century at a dinner in London, but the details are wanting. The conjunction "and" is not included in this case, however, and the last line follows the Gloucestershire model. But, most likely, it is a pure folk-rhyme.

“ Rise up, Don Nippery Septo,
Out of your easy degree!
Put on your sounding crackers,
And your down-treaders.
And come and see!
White-faced Similie

Has run up high cockalorum with igniferum on her back.
And without absolution we shall be all undone.”

Explanation. Rise up Domine Præceptor, out of your bed, put on your breeches and your slippers. . . . The house cat has run upstairs (probably a spiral staircase is intended) with a live coal on her back, and without absolution, etc. **CG.** viii. 521.

There are several versions and explanations—

Rise, master of all masters,
Out of your dungeon decree,
Put on your farty crackers,
Call up Dame, Dame Paradise,
And your daughter Stride-a-bush.

The black-faced jifferer
 Has jump'd into hot popolorum,
 And for want of Mount Clearum,
 We're all undone.

From Yorkshire; the explanation being that a serving-man discontented with his place, threw the cat into the fire, and before taking himself off called up his master in such words; using terms which his master had himself assign'd to his breeches, etc. **CG.** ix. 46.

Another version—

Rise up Dominy Doster
 Out of your jemmy Decree,
 Put on Fortune's crackers
 And come along with me.—*Id.* 102.

In Devonshire it runs—

Rise up Master Domine,
 Out of your easy degree,
 Put on your farting crackers,
 And come down with me.
 White-faced Simminy (? Simony)
 Has run away with hot-cockolorum,
 And without the help of absolution,
 High top o' mountain will soon be all over hot cockolorum.

And this explanation is given—

A farmer wished to teach his domestics Latin. One day the cat caught fire, and ran under a corn-rick, firing it. The master could not understand the servants, consequently the rick was burned. **CG.** ix. 495.

In Straparola's *Notti Piacevoli*, published "subsequently" to 1557 (19th night, 4th tale), there is a similar story. A priest confuses a younker from college, and the latter is sent to keep swine. He ties a bush of tow to a cat's tail, sets it afire, and nearly burns the priest out, for he cannot understand his own Latin. *Id.* 496.

There are many folk-tales in which an actor [as justly as the "Limosin who affected to speak (to Pantagruel, bk. ii. 26) in a learned phrase"] suffers for his folly in garbling Latin. But underlying the fun of the above verses—which are probably corrupt—there is evidently a clerical meaning, which might be gathered only from the perfect original rhyme.

“ Six, and seven, and twice eleven,
 And four, fifteen, and five ;
 Put down seven, and take out eleven,
 And tell me what we believe.”

Said on hearing a statement too complex to be intelligible.
 CH. iv. 500.

“ The last man as he killed,
 Keeps pigs in Hinckley field.”

Said of a boaster. Quoted by Ray, as is also “ I’ll throw you in Harborough field ;” to which he appends the explanation, “ A threat for children ; Harborough having no field.” Harborough, in fact, was until lately a topographical description for a part of the parish of Great Bowden. **AA.** 148.

“ The man in the wilderness asked of me,
 How many strawberries grew in the sea ?
 I answered him as I thought good,
 As many red herrings as grew in a wood.”

AR. i. 331. *The Macclesfield Courier* of October 14th, 1882, publishes a police case in which a stupid or would-be-funny woman persisted in quoting certain scraps and rhymes.

“ Will you come to the wedding, Will you come, Will you come ?

Will you come, etc.

Bring your own tea and sugar, And your own bread and butter,

And we’ll all go a penny to the rum.”

And—

The man in the moon one morning did say,

How many oak trees are there in the sea ?

I answered and said, When I’m understood,

As many red herrings as there are in the wood.

Also—

“ Come with me, and I’ll take you where

The moon shines in the day, and the sun shines in the night,

Where the donkeys bark and the dogs all bray,
And the dumb men speak, and the blind men fight."

Ibid. 62.

In Suffolk a bad singer when asked to sing in company, excuses himself with—

“ There was an old crow
Sat upon a clod ;
There’s an end of my song,
That’s odd.”—**AL.** 83.

Three cats sat by the fireside,
In a basket full of coal dust ;
One cat said to the other
In fun, Pell-mell, Queen Anne’s dead !
“ Is she,” said Grimalkin, “ then I’ll reign Queen in her stead,”
Then up, up, up, they flew up the chimney.

CE. ix. 286, where there is no explanation.

“ Thither as I would go I can go late,
Thither as I would not go I know not the gate ” (? gait).

CQ. 157.

Thomas-a-Didymus hard of belief,
Sold his wife for a pound of beef.
When the beef was eaten, good lack,
Thomas-a-Didymus wished her back.

Worcestershire. Children dance in a ring, and sing the words.
CI. xii. 510. In Warwickshire and Staffordshire it is merely a jingle, not connected with any game, and with this variation—

Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews
Sold his wife for a pair of shoes, etc.

Further east the last couplet sometimes runs—

When the shoes began to wear,
Nebuchadnezzar began to swear.

“Those that made me were uncivil,
 For they made me harder than the devil ;
 Knives won't cut me, fire won't sweat me,
 Dogs bark at me, but can't eat me !”

These proverbial lines are supposed to be spoken by a Suffolk cheese, which is so hard that a myth tells us gate pegs in that county are made with it. The proverb has been long true, and Pepys, writing in 1691, says, “I found my wife vexed at her people for grumbling to eat Suffolk cheese, which I also am vexed at.” **AV.** 183 : *Forby's Vocabulary*, 1830, p. 424. Ray says Suffolk cheese, from its poverty, is frequently the subject of much humour ; and the point is referred to in a quaint tract called *The World Bevitel'd*, 4to, 1699. There is also a proverb, “Hunger will break through anything except Suffolk cheese.” **BC.** 218.

Suffolk “bang” or “flet” cheese is poor because it is made from *skimmed* milk. The Suffolk new-milk cheese is said to be rich and generous.

“I saw the ghostesses,
 Sitting on the postesses,
 Eating of their toastesses,
 And fighting with their fistesses.”

Sussex. **CM.** 13. See also **C.J.** ix. 250, for a similar version. A fuller example is—

Three little ghosteses,
 Sitting on posteses,
 Eating bread and butter toasteses,
 Messing their fisteses
 Up to their wristeses,
 O ! what little beasteses.

Northamptonshire. In parts of the county all words ending in “st,” form the plural by adding a syllable, as—nest, nest-es ; breakfast-es ; frost-es, etc. **CJ.** ix. 379.

“To make your candles last for aye,
 You wives and maids give ear o' :
 To put 'em out's the only way
 Says honest John Boldero.”—**CR.** 33.

The following, "Song of the Piper and the Fiddler's Wife," occurs in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, p. 16.

"We're all dry with drinking on't,
We're all dry with drinking on't;
The piper kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on't."

In Major B. Lowsley's *Berkshire Words and Phrases*, Dial. Soc., 1888, the following rhyme is given without addition. It seems, however, to be a variation of the old song, "Puir Auld Maidens."

"What a life 't 'ood be to us,
Wife at whoam an' child to nuss,
Not a penny in the puss,
Smart young bach'lers."—p. 131.

"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a sheep;"
"Mother, I cannot whistle, neither can I sleep."
"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow;"
"Mother, I cannot whistle, neither know I how."
"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man,"
"Mother, I cannot whistle, but I'll do the best I can."

CH. ii. 381.

In Cravendale a version is sometimes sung as a sort of "show" song.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have some sheep;
(*repeat*)

I cannot whistle yet.

. . . cow. I cannot, etc.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man;
(*Here the singer whistles the rest of the tune.*)

What's the reason, daughter, that you can whistle now?
Because I'd rather have a man than sheep or a cow.

Id. 274.

The longest line and the shortest are sung to the same tune by an adroit singer.

When a certain woman of Almondbury for the first time wore a pair of right and left shoes, she, by mistake, placed them on the

wrong feet. She habitually turned in her toes, and being therefore surprised at the appearance of her feet as she walked in the new shoes, was heard to say—

“Why, what the hangman do I ail,
I used to twang, but now I shale.”

“Hangman” or “hangment” is a term used in oaths. Y. 60.

“Whose little pigs are these, these, these,
And whose, etc.”

“They are Johnny Cooks, I know by their looks,
And I found them among the peas.”

“Go pound them, go pound them.”

“I dare not for my life,
For tho’ I don’t love Johnny Cook,
I dearly love his wife.”

East Cornwall. CH. iv. 575. The verses would seem to apply to some game. Another version (locality not stated) finishes thus—

For he that poundeth John Cook’s pigs
Must never kiss his wife.—*Ibid.*

In Halliwell’s *Nursery Rhymes*, 5th edit., is—

Willy, Willy Wilkin,
Kissed the maids a-milking,
Fa, la, la.

And with his merry daffing,
He set them all a-laughing,
Ha, ha, ha!—p. 225.

Allies, in his *Antiquities and Folklore of Worcestershire*, 8vo, 1852, p. 432, quotes the two first lines, and notes its likeness to the ancient English rhyme *temp.* Hen. 11. 1173 (quoted by Lambarde in his *Dictionary of England*, p. 36, and relating to Robert, Earl of Leicester, and his Flemings).

Hoppe Wyliken, hoppe Wyliken,
Ingländ is thine and myne, etc.

The resemblance is remarkable; it is probable that Wyliken was a sort of puck or nimble spirit whose name was appropriated

to any one of sprightly habit. See "Hoppe Wylikin," **History and Humour**.

In Leicestershire, when one makes excuses for a wrong surmise by saying, "I thought so-and-so," it is usual to reply—

"You thought a lig,
Loike Hudson's pig."

And if No. 1 says in the vernacular, "And what did Hudson's pig thought?" he gets for reply, "Whoy, a thowt as they was a-goin' to kill un, an' they oon'y run a ring threw it nooze." **AA.** 185.

There is a common saying in the Midlands, "You're like Joe Stokes's pig; he thought as how he was a-goin' to have his breakfast, but they was agoin' to kill him."

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

“A cat may look at a king,
And surely I may look at an ugly thing.”

Said in derision by one child to another, who complains of being stared at. **AV.** 186. In Heywood's *Proverbs*, etc., he gives a saw, “A cat may look on a king.” But in Cornwall they say, “A cat may look at a king, *if he carries his eyes about him.*” The first portion, which is the usual extent of the proverb, is the title of a pamphlet published in 1652, 8vo. **BC.** 5.

“Adam and Eve, and Pinch-me,
Went over the water to bathe ;
Adam and Eve were drowned,
And who do you think was saved ?”

If the child to whom this rhymed question is put is unthinking, or slow to understand, and should answer, “Pinch me,” a sharp pinch follows.

“Adam and Eve went up my sleeve
And didn't come down till Christmas Eve.”

“Amen, Parson Pen,
More rogues than honest men.”

West Somersetshire. **Z.** 24 ; but in Warwickshire they have a way of placing the left thumb between the fore and middle fingers, saying—

“Amen, parson in his pen.”

and then withdrawing it, and closing the fist so as to resemble the rump, continue—

“Take him out and smack his ——
And put him in again.”

“ Balm, balm,
Tickle up your arm.”

Said in play to children, and followed by tickling ; sometimes it is put, with additions, in question form thus—

Do you like balm ?
Tickle up your arm !
Do you like beer ?
Tickle in your ear !
Do you like eggs ?
Tickle up your legs, etc., *ad lib.*

In Warwickshire they say—

Blue-eyed—beauty
Do your mother’s duty :
Black eye—
Brown eye—
Grey eyed—greedy-gut
Eat all the world up.

Grey-eyed—greedy.
Brown-eyed—needy,
Black-eyed (? eyne)—never blin
Till it shame all its kin’.

North Country. G. 461.

In Lincolnshire they have it—

Blue eye—beauty.
Black eye—steal pie.
Grey eye—greedy gut,
Brown eye—love pie.

Or—

Grey eye—greedy gut, Eat all the pudding up.

AG. 99.

“ Belly full of fat
Chit’lings round yer ’at,
Bread and cheese upon your knees
And what d’yer think o’ that ?

Or—

“And the old girl skinned the cat.”

Communicated from Birmingham, where “Bellyful o’ fat” is the street name for the Italian accordion-player, whose song the phrase somewhat resembles in sound.

“Better a belly bost
Than a good thing lost.”

Warwickshire. Said in extenuation of overeating to avoid waste.

“Bobby, Bobby Peeler,
Take her up, and steal her.”

Shouted after policemen in derision. Before the advent of helmets, the rhyme used to be—

“I spy blue, I spy black,
I spy the copper with the shiny hat.”

In Halliwell’s *Nursery Rhymes*, 5th edit., is—

“Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?”
“Little Tom Tinker’s dog,
Bow, wow, wow.”

To which is added the following—

How d’ ’e dogs how? Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker’s dog! What’s that to thou?
Hiss! bow, awow, wow!

It represents the supposed form of greeting between strange dogs. In Gloucester it runs—

“Fools must be meddling;
As you can plainly see—
I’m Mr. — dog,
Whose dog bist thee?”

Without doubt Pope’s epigram, “engraved on the collar of a dog which I gave to his Royal Highness” (Frederick, Prince of

Wales, father of George III.) "is founded on an old-world rhyme. In the 4th vol. p. 295, of his collected works, London, Nathaniel Cooke, is the "epigram," and a note in brackets—

' I am his Highness's dog at Kew ;
Pray, tell me, sir, whose dog are you ? ' "

[This is taken from Sir William Temple's *Heads designed for an Essay on Conversation*. "Mr. Grantham's fool's reply to a great man that asked whose fool he was, ' I am Mr. Grantham's fool—pray, tell me, whose fool are you ? ' "]

" Butcher, butcher, bang her ;
Kill a cow in hanger (? anger). "

Or—

Kill a cow and hang her,

Oswestry street cry. **AP.** 572.

In some parts of Warwickshire they say—

" Butcher, butcher, kill a calf,
Hang him up, and eat half. "

In East Suffolk—

" Run away with a leg and a half. "

" Can you read, can you write,
Can you smoke your daddy's pipe ? " "

" Charley Wag, Charley Wag !
Ate the pudding and swallowed the bag. "

" Wag " is the nickname for Charles in Warwickshire. In **AY.** 305, it is given—

Charley Wag, Eat the pudding and left the bag.
Common in Suffolk also.

" Chimney afire,
Three miles higher. "

A familiar street shout.

" Cowardy, cowardy Custard,
Can't eat a bit of bread and mustard. "

Said in contempt by one child to another afraid to perform some deed, or who has shown the white feather.

“Crowdy, crowdy Ket,
Holiday yesterday, and so 'tis yet.”

Boys in the west of England mimic violin playing by drawing small pieces of notched deal or other wood across each other. *Mem.* The cat, when quietly purring, is said to be “crowding.” *CJ.* vi. 462.

In the Midlands fine elastic is used for strings. “Crowd,” it is perhaps necessary to say, is an old name for fiddle.

“Croy, beeby, croy,
Put it finger in it oy (*da capo, ad lib.*)”

Leicestershire. Said when a big boy blubbers.
Another version. *AW.* 103 is—

Cry, baby, cry ; Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it was I.

When a boy's shirt bulges over and hangs below his vest (and when he has holes in his trousers, through which the linen peeps) they shout, in south Cheshire—

“Dick, Dicky Dout,
Your shirt hangs out,
Four yards in, and five yards out.”—*W.* 171.

In Warwickshire they yell—

Lilly, lilly loutards,
Your shirt hangs out'ards,
Three yards in, etc.

“A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar.
What makes you come so soon ?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.”

CR. 30 : *AJ.* 53.

“Dirty shoe, dirty shoe,
What will your mother and father do ?”

Said to a child whose shoes are muddy or fouled. “Do” may mean either “for money” or “by way of punishment.”

1. "Eh?"

2. "Straw!"

1. "What you can't eat you may put in the draw."
gnaw.

The above dialogue takes place (in quarrel or chaff) when one speaks indistinctly, and is derided for it by another.

"Fie for shame, a dog in a lane,

If I was your mother, I'd give you the cane."

Said by youngsters to a child whose indelicate conduct can only be compared to that of "a dog in a lane."

A similar rhyme, but used in any case of bad or unfair conduct is—

"Fie for shame, fie for shame,

Everybody shall know your name."

For want of company

Welcome trumpery.—**BC.** 145.

"Four farthings make a penny,

You're the biggest fool of any."

Said to discomfort one that calls or attempts to prove another a fool. It is often used on All Fools' Day, after twelve o'clock in the day. See **Customs**.

"Gorgey Porgey, Pudding and Pie,

Kiss'd the girls and made them cry ;

When the girls come out to play

Gorgey Porgey ran away."

Said in Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, and Staffordshire, to abash a boy so named. In Manchester it runs—

Georgey Porgey, top o' Shude Hill,

Sold his nuts a penny a gill.

In Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, 5th edit., p. 248, "Rowley Powley" replaces "Georgey Porgey." It is possible, therefore, that any name may be used ; and, again, at Sheffield they say—

"Tom Plum (plum), penny pie,

Kissed a lass and told a lie."—**R.** 325.

Which is evidently from the same model.

Children in the Midlands have a peculiar rhyme to fit the name of any boy or girl whom they wish to decry or insult. It is at least fifty years old, and contains one reduplicated word that I do not remember to have met with elsewhere.

“George, Porge, the rix-tix Torge, }
 Nance Pance . . . Tance. }
 The rhibo, the rhambo,
 The cocktail'd George
 Nance.”

The two names given indicate how the changes are rung.

“Gipsy, gipsy, Grinder,
 Carry her bag behind her.”

Communicated from Birmingham. It is said to be addressed to any female rag-picker, etc., carrying a sack, and possibly was once connected with some well-known and possibly eccentric character.

Gobbinshire, Gobbinshire, from Gobbinshire green,
 The ronkest owd beggar as ever was seen.

South Cheshire. W. 205.

In Warwickshire a clumsy, ill-kept, unclean person is called “a golter yeded (headed) gaubshite.”

“Gaub,” or “gob,” is spittle containing mucus, and sometimes it is made to stand for a lump of anything nasty : compounded with its termination it makes a forcible, if not elegant word, easily understood.

“Have you got a sister?
 The black man kissed her!
 Have you got a brother?
 He's made of indiarubber!
 Have you got a baby?
 It's made of bread and gravy!”

Said to small folk to “chaff” them.

In the West Riding, when three persons sit side by side, it is sometimes said, in fun—

“Heigh diddle, didle,
The fool in the middle.”—**CK.** iv. 386.

Common in Suffolk also.

In Warwickshire, should one of the side-sitters say these words, the middle one may retort—

“High diddle doubt,
The fool ^{right}
 _{left} side out.”

There is an old proverbial rhyming couplet—

“Hey! ninny, nanny! one fool makes many.”

See **BC.** 212.

“He’s gone to Bot’ny Bay,
And there he may stay.”

Said in Lincolnshire to an inquirer by a person who does not wish to give the true answer. **AG.** 33.

“Here stands a ^{post}
 _{fist},
“Who set it there?”
“A better man than you,
Touch him if you dare.” (1783.)

CR. 25 : **AY.** 177. Without doubt the lines on which the patriotic song, “Here stands a post,” of a few years back, was founded. The chorus was—

“Here stands a post, come behold it and beware,
Here stands a post, ’tis a signal not a snare;
Here stands a post, but who have placed it there?
Why, better men than you, so touch it if you dare.”

The singer (the great Macdermott) held the standard of the Union Jack in his hand. It was addressed to the Russians at the time Constantinople was threatened.

In Gloucestershire they say, showing first one fist and then the other—

“Here’s your bread, and here’s your cheese,
And here’s your master when you please.”

In Hunt's *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 8vo, 1872, p. 245, is given—

“Here's to the devil,
With his wooden pick and shovel,
Digging tin by the bushel,
With his tail cock'd up?”

In Warwickshire there are three verses—

Have you seen the devil,
With his wood and iron shovel,
Digging up potatoes
In the turnpike road?

Have you seen his wife,
With a broad-bladed knife,
Scraping the potatoes
In the turnpike road?

Have you seen his daughter,
With a pail of dirty water
Washing the potatoes
In the turnpike road?

There is sometimes an additional verse, possibly modern—

Have you seen his son,
With a double-barrel'd gun,
Shooting birds for dinner
In the turnpike road?

These rhymes probably owe their origin to the familiar belief, that the devil on occasions undertakes labour for mortals, and gets through an enormous amount of work.

“House to let, enquire within,
Men turned out for drinking gin,
Smoking tobacco and pinching snuff,
Don't you think that's quite enough?”

Familiar in Warwickshire towns; repeated in front of a house in the window of which a “To Let” bill is placed.

“I beg your pardon. Grant your grace :
I hope the cattle 'll spit in your face.”

Warwickshire. Said in mock courtesy.

“I built my house, I built my walls,
I don't care where my chimney falls !”

Said by a youngster who takes gravel, earth, etc., and casts it into the air. Companions take warning at the first phrase, and run a short distance to escape the shower.

“I had a bit of pork,
And I stuck it on a fork,
And I gave it to the von, von Jew !”

Said to irritate Jews ; the latter sometimes reply—

“I had a bit of beef, and I stuck it on a leaf (*sic*),
And I gave it to the Christian thief, thief, thief !”

“There were some Easter school rhymes,” says Leigh Hunt (*Autobiog.*, “*Schooldays*”), speaking of Christ's Hospital, about “‘pork upon a fork,’ and the Jews going to prison. At Easter a strip of bordered paper was stuck on the breast of every boy, containing the words, ‘He is risen.’ It did not give us the slightest thought of what it recorded ; it only reminded us of an old rhyme, which some of the boys used to go about the school repeating—

‘He is risen, he is risen,
All the Jews must go to prison.’”—G.

“If *Ifs* and *Ans* were pots and pans,
There'd be no work for the tinkers.”

Said to one that attempts to excuse certain conduct by saying, “If *so-and-so* had happened, or had been, I should have succeeded,” etc.

“If you be a lady, as I expect to see,
You will neither laugh nor smile
} At the tickling of your knee
{ While I tickle your knee.”

Now said to children with appropriate action. *Lancashire.* In

this county, too, three pieces of straw tied on the top of a stick are shown to a child to test its disposition. The proverb is—

Three straws on a staff

Would make a baby cry and
Will or laugh.—**BA.** 221.

In Hazlitt's *Proverbs* (1882) he says, "It is difficult to account precisely for this whimsical saying." In *Colyn Blobols Testament* (Hazlitt's *Pop. Poetry*, i. 104, 105), Colyn says, in allusion to sots—

"And in suche caas often tymes they be,
That one may make them play with strawes thre."

"I'll sing you a song nine verses long,
For a pin :

Three and three are six, and three are nine :
You are a fool, and the pin is mine."

AW. 143. A catch amongst children.

"I'm a comin',
On a black donkey,
Open the gate
And let me in.

Jugs and Glasses,
Plates and dishes,
Our old girl's
Calico breeches."

Warwickshire. Sung in the streets to the air of one of Moody and Sankey's hymns, and common about the time of their revival meetings. Compare "Here I am riding upon a black ram," a formula repeated by incontinent woman to preserve her rights in the copyhold land of a deceased husband—peculiar to the manors of East and West Emburn, Chadleworth, Berkshire, Tor in Devonshire and other places of the west. The resemblance may be a chance one only. See **Customs.**

"I'm a navvy, you'm a navvy,
Working on the line,
Five-and-twenty bob a week,
And all the overtime.

Roast beef, boiled beef,
 Puddings made of eggs ;
 Up jumps a navvy
 With a pair of sausage legs."

Communicated from Birmingham, but familiar throughout the midlands when a railway is in course of extension. People say they remember it when the first railway between London and Birmingham was being made.

"Sausage legs" possibly refers to the appearance of the lower limbs when gartered round below the *knee outside the trousers*, for convenience at work.

"I'm too fast, and you're too slow,
 And that's the reason the clock won't go."

Warwickshire. Said in reply to one that calls a child "fast,"
i.e. rude.

When one is seen to be lazy, *Lawrence* is said to have him ; and when one feels loathing of exertion, he sometimes cries—

"Leäzy Lawrence, let me goo !
 Don't hold me zummer an' winter, too."

Dorsetshire. E. 67.

The proverb is common in Northamptonshire ; see Baker's *Glossary*. See also Wise's *New Forest*, 1867, p. 174 . . . From St. Lawrence being the patron of idleness. There is a chapbook entitled *The History of Sir Lawrence Lazy*, as old as the Restoration. Hazlitt, *English Proverbs* under *Old Lawrence*, etc.

"Lord ha' mercy on us,
 Keep the old un from us ;
 When he comes he'll bring some plums,
 And make a pudding on us."

Gloucestershire.

"Madam's a lady, and rides in a gig,
 And you are the servant that follows the pig."

Warwickshire. Said in reply to a girl that calls another "a madam," in contempt or anger.

"Gigmanity" was more widely spread and natural than Carlyle seems to have fancied.

“ Mary Pary Pinder
 Peeped thro’ the winder ;
 Mother come
 And smack’d her bum,
 And cut her little finger.
 And she jump’d thro’ the winder.”

Warwickshire.

Sometimes used as a street shout to any obnoxious Mary.

“ May you have health to wear it, Strength to tear it,
 And money to buy another.”

Northern Counties. Said to one with a new garment. Some school speeches are less kindly in their character, especially as they are accompanied with actions to correspond.

“ A nip for new,
 A bite for blue,”

Or—

A nip for new, Two for blue,
 Sixteen for bottle green.—**AS.** 119.

Mine, thine, hisn, or hern,
 Ourn, yourn, theirn.

A burlesque way to decline the possessive pronouns in Sussex.
CM. 56.

Multiplication is vexation,
 Division is as bad ;
 The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
 And practice drives me mad.

A common school rhyme.

“ Ned, Ned the donkey’s dead,
 He died last night with a pain in his head.”

Warwickshire. The precise meaning of this is not very clear. It is unconnected with any game, and may be an idle crank. Possibly it has a sly connection with the idea that “ nobody ever saw a dead donkey.”

Nothing so bewitches
As boots and leather breeches.

CJ. iv. 139. A contributor, signing himself "Archdeacon," writes, "My father went up to Cambridge in 1794. In his undergraduate days a strong attempt was made to put down 'pantaloon's' by the Vice-Chancellor, master of—as it was then called—Catherine Hall. When he appeared in public he used to be saluted by the undergraduates—from some safe place we will suppose—with the following couplet—

'Od zoons, odd zoons,
Lowther Yates and Pantaloon's.'"—**CJ.** iv. 215.

"Nun, Nun,
Twopence a tun."

Warwickshire. Shouted after Sisters of Mercy in the streets.

"O, dear, Doctor, I shall die.'
'Yes, pretty maid, and so shall I.'"

Repeated when a child says "Oh, dear" as a sighing phrase. There is a very similar rhyme, probably the original on which this is founded, but too indelicate to print.

A kindred rhyme is—

"O, my dear, what a cold you've got,
Come with me to the brandy-shop;
There you shall have something hot
To cure that very bad cold you've got."

Midlands. Said when a child coughs in a lackadaisical manner.

"'Olly an' Ivoy wun runnin' a race,
'Olly gid Ivoy a smack o' the face;
Ivoy run home to tell her mother,
Ivoy run a'ter 'er an' gid her another."

Shropshire. **AP.** 245.

"O, my belly, my belly, Don
John Trench!"

"What's the matter with your belly, my wench?"

“Som’at in my belly goes nidditty-nod,
What can it be, good G——, good G——!”

Common in the early part of the present century, in the Midlands. Does this relate to Philip of Spain and our Queen Mary? I have never seen it in print. Without doubt the allusion is to “quickenig,” perhaps a jest at an unfounded belief in such a state.

“Order in the gallery, silence in the pit;
The people in the boxes can’t hear a bit.”

A mock reproof at an interruption when anything is going on amongst boys.

“Poor little thing!
Lived all the winter and died in the spring.”

Said to a child that complains unreasonably.

Within the last half century Doctor Donne was for many years master of Oswestry Grammar School. Once on a time, so runs the fable, he had a young cockney among his pupils, who caught an extraordinary wild bird in the street, and took it to the school to exhibit to his schoolfellows as a great prize. It was—a duck, and the young naturalist was quickly followed by the indignant owner. Ever since that day the Grammar School boys have been known as Donne’s ducks, and saluted by the street boys with the elegant ditty—

“Quack, quack, quack, quack,
Go to the devil, and never come back.”

AP. 582.

The above *is* a fable—that is to say as regards the origin of the rhyme. A well-known street rhyme of the midlands always addressed to known members of the Romish church is—

Catholic, Catholic, quack, quack, quack;
Go to the devil, etc.

“Scissors to grind! mother’s confined,
She’s got a young babby without a behind.”

Communicated from Birmingham, where “O scissors!” or “Scissors to grind!” is an exclamation.

“Scratch cat, bite a louse,
Never go to God’s house.”

Gloucestershire. Said by one child to another that scratches in anger.

“Sing, sing, what mun I sing?
Cat’s run away wi’ t’ pudding pwoke string.”

Supplement to *Cumberland Glossary*, p. 131, a youngster’s rhyme in place of a song. They say the same in Gloucestershire, with the exception of “pwoke.”

“Sit on your thumb
Till more room do come.”

Gloucestershire. Said to a child when it worries a parent or nurse by asking, “Where shall I sit?”

“Sluck-a-bed, sluck-a-bed, Barley Butt,
Yer yead be zo heavy ’e can’t get up.”

“Sluck” is possibly a corruption of *slug* or *sloth*. *Berkshire.* AD. 150.

“Soldier, soldier, ’list me,
Give me a wife to kiss me.”

Communicated from Birmingham; common there over forty years ago.

Shouted after military men in the streets.

Some gat puddin’, and some gat prick,
They warn’t warst off ’at gat clout to lick.

“Prick” = skewer. *Suppl. Cumb. Gloss.*, p. 131.

“Stare-agog, Stare-agog,
Tumblet o’er the tatoe-hog.”

South Cheshire. W. 370. Said to one that walks heedlessly.

“Tailor, tailor stitch louse,
Stitched a piece of green

Every stitch the tailor took
A louse jumped between."

Gloucestershire. Possibly connected with a game in which the players sway to and fro and pop under the locked, lifted hands of each other.

"Tell-tale-Tit,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And every dog in the town shall have a bit."

Midlands.

Carr, *Dialect of Craven*, p. 49, gives the first line "A pleean-pie-tit," and adds, it is usual to slit the tongues of magpies to make them articulate.

In the East Riding they say—

"Tell-pie-tit,
Laid an egg an' couldn't sit."—**AJ.** 144.

In West Cornwall the couplet run—

"Tell tale, pick a nail.
Hang to the bull's tail."—**V.** 58.

Doctor Faustus was a good man,
He whipt his children now and then,
When he whipp'd them he made them dance
Out of England into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp'd them back again.—**AW.** 28.

In Warwickshire they say—

"The master is a very good man,
He tries to teach us all he can,
Reading, writing, arithmetic,
But he never forgets to give us the stick.
When he strikes, it makes us dance,
Out of, etc.,
Over the hills and back again."

In *Gammer Gurton's Garland* (1783) a version is given which seems to make a counting-out rhyme of it.

Doctor Foster was a good man,
 He whipped his scholars now and then ;
 And when he had done he took a dance,
 Out of England into France,
 He had a brave beaver with a fine snout,
 Stand you there out.

“ There’s Tippy Bob,
 With a watch in each fob.”

Northamptonshire. Tippybob = a fop. **D.** ii. 346.
 In *Warwickshire* a “ Tippy Bob ” would be called a *Bobby Dazzler*.

“ Tit for tat,
 Butter for fat ;
 If you kill my dog,
 I’ll kill your cat.”—**CF.** xii. 380.

Merely an extended form of the phrase which forms the first line, without special regard to dogs and cats, I imagine. Walker, *Paræmiologia* (1672) has the saw, “ To give one tint for tant,” which is apparently a corruption of *tant pour tant*. Gascoigne, in the *Adventures of Master F. I.* (Works by Hazlitt, i. 463), says *tip for tap*. **BC.** 431.

The French say *rendre les poires au sac*.

“ To-morrow’s the fair,
 And I shall be there,
 Watching the ladies curl their hair.”

Or—

“ Stuffing my guts with giugerbread nuts.”

Warwickshire.

In Halliwell’s *Nursery Rhymes*, 5th edit., p. 304, is—

“ What are little boys made of ? (*repeat*).
 Snaps and snails and puppy dogs’ tails,
 And that’s what boys are made of.

In *Warwickshire* they say—

What are boys made of ? (*repeat*).
 Liver and lights and hearts and pipes,
 And that’s what boys are made of.

What are girls made of? (*repeat*).
 Sugar and spice and all things nice,
 And that's what girls are made of.

In Gloucestershire there is an addition—

What are old women made of? (*repeat*).
 Bushes and thorns and old cows' horns,
 And that's what old women are made of.

“What's your name?”
 “Elecampane,
 If you ask me again,
 I'll tell you the same.”

Common ('Elecampane' = *Inula Helenium*).

A gentleman who was at Eton, 1830, says Boys of Dame's houses said—

“What's your name?”
 “Butter and tame,
 Ask my dame,
 And she'll tell you the same.”—**W.** 109.

Another version concludes—

. . . Pudding and tame,
 If you ask me again,
 I'll tell you the same.

“Pudding of Thame” is the name of a devil mentioned in Samuel Harsnet's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures*, London, 1603. **CJ.** xi. 306.

In Yorkshire they say “Butter and saim.” “Saim” = hog's lard; and “saim,” in Welsh = grease. **CJ.** ii. 277; see also **CJ.** iv. 176.

Children have other rhymes on the same subject. In **AY.** 255 is given—

“What do they call you,”
 “Patchy Dolly!”
 “Where were you born?”
 “In the cow's horn.”
 “Where were you bred?”
 “In the cow's head.”

“Where will you die?”

“In the cow’s eye.”

“What’s your name?” “Mary Jane.”

“Where do you live?” “Womber Lane.”

“What do you do?” “Keep a school.”

“How many scholars?” “Twenty-two.”

“How many more?” “Twenty-four.”

“What’s your number?” “Cucumber!”

Communicated from Birmingham. “Womber” is said to be a corruption of “walmer.” The lane, I am told, is now called Lancaster Street.

“What’ll ’e take,

A hurstyrake, or zinburn’d cake,

Or a blackbird under the hill?”

West Somersetshire. “Hurstyrake” = rustyrake. When a choice is made the joke consists in explaining that one has chosen rancid bacon, or a dried cowclat (cow-dung), or the devil, as the case may be. Z. 638.

These “catches,” more or less nasty, are common. In Warwickshire and Staffordshire they ask one which of three things he would do—

“Run a mile, or suck a boil,

Or eat a basin of scabs.”

Should he expect a joke, and mention either as his choice, he is called a “swine;” should he say “run a mile,” he is called “sappy,” *i.e.* foolish, because the things are : (1) an orange ; and (2) plums.

“When all is gone, and none left,

Turn the blade into the heft.”

Northamptonshire. Said by children when a feast of goodies is over. D. 319. Hazlitt, quoting Clarke’s *Paræmiologia* (1639), gives—

When all is gone, and nothing left,

What good does the dagger with the dudgeon haft?

And adds, see Nare’s *Gloss.*, art. “Dudgeon,” and Moor’s *Suffolk Words*, 1823, 159, 160.

“When I was a chicken as big as a hen,
 My mother hit me, and I hit her again ;
 My father came in, and said what’re yer ’bout ?
 So I up with my fist, and I gin him a clout.”

Common in the Midlands.

In South Cheshire the third line runs—

My father came in, and he order’d me out.—**W.** 148.

“You limb of a spider, you leg of a toad,
 You little black devil, get out of my way.”

Midlands. Said to diminutive people of impish, mischievous
 behaviour.

“You’ll catch it when you get home !”

“What for ?”

“Breaking the bottle, and spilling the rum,
 And kissing your sweetheart all the way home.”

A Warwickshire crank.

NOMINIES or FORMULAS.

The word *nominy* is still used to signify formula in Yorkshire and several northern counties. In Wright's *Dict. Obsolete and Provincial English*, *nomine* is said to mean a long speech. The most usual formula of the Middle Ages, used not only in church service, but in secular matters also, was "In the name of the Father, and of the Son," etc. As originally given to the people by their pastors it ran, *In nomine patris*, etc., and possibly *nomine* was gradually merged into English, and came to mean a set speech.

LABOUR.

BIRD-SCARING OR "SHOOING."

In country parts a boy is deputed to guard crops from the depredations of birds. He is provided with a "clapper" or "cracker"—an article formed of three tongues of wood fitted on to a handle. The two outer tongues work on a hinge, and the bird-boy, striking them against the fixed tongue, makes a clapping sound to discomfort the birds, and utters his monotonous verse.

Halliwell, in his *Popular Rhymes*, 1849, says—

"Awa' birds awa',
Take a peck and leave a seck,
And come no more to-day."

Is the birdshooer's universal song in the midland counties. A few variations less known are—

"Shoo! all 'e birds,
Shoo! all 'e birds,
I'll up wi' my clappers,
And knock 'e down back'ards,
Shoo! all 'e birds."
Near *Cheltenham*.

"Shoo! over,
Out of the wheat into the
clover,
Powder and shot shall be thy
lot,
And I'll cry out shoo over."
Near *Stroud*.

“How dar’ you,
How dar’ you
Steal the master’s wheat,
While I’m so near you?”
King’s Norton, Worcesters.

“Coo—oo!
I’ve got a pair of clappers,
And I’ll knock ‘e, etc.
I’ve got a great stone,
And I’ll break your back-
bone.”

*Handsworth, Staff., also in use
Suffolk.*

Vide Notes and Queries from the *Birmingham Weekly Post*, October and November, 1881.

On the eastern side of Birmingham, says the sender of the foregoing, the boys say—

“Chu’ ar’ up, Chu’ ar’ up,
The birds are pecking the corn up.”

At Aston, near Birmingham, they say “Joo’ ’ware up,” and *picking* for *pecking*. The first line appears to be a corruption of *Shoo! beware, up*.

A somewhat different Suffolk version to the one given above is—

Car-whoa! car-whoa!
Here comes the clappers
To knock you down backwards,
(And) halloa, car-whoa!—*ad lib.*

In the Southern counties the verse runs—

“Vlee away, blackie cap, Don’t ye hurt measter’s crap,
While I vill my tatie-trap (*mouth*), And lie down and teak a
nap.”

CF. vii. 313.

A similar rhyme is current in Northamptonshire, says Miss Baker, who gives the following local examples also—

“Pigeons and crows take care of your toes, Or I’ll pick up my crackers, and, etc. Shoo all away, Shoo away, Shoo.”	“Shoo all away away, Birds and crows, Never come no more till barley grows.”
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<p>“ Away, away, away birds ; Take a little bit, and come another day birds ; Great birds, little birds, pigeons and crows, I’ll up with my clackers and down she goes.”—D. 50.</p>	<p>In AW. 148, is a very similar verse— “ Awa’, birds, away, Take a little, and leave a little, And do not come again ; For if you do, I will shoot you through, And there is an end of you.”</p>
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In Lancashire they have a rhyme evidently framed on the former part of the “snow” nominy, and the latter part of the “crow” charm (which see)—

“ Crow, crow, fly away,
Came again o’ Setterday.
Crow, crow, get out o’ my seet,
Or I’ll eat thy liver to morn at neet.”—**BA.** 219.

PIG-DRIVING.

A doggrel—in some counties called The Hog’s Prayer—is in constant use among the boys who tend the pigs in the stubble fields after harvest. Its use is to keep a correct account of the porkers, and is read off notches cut on the handles of their whips.

<p>“Two before one, Three before five, Here one, there one, Four all alive ; Here two, there two, Three at the cross, Here one, there one, Jack at the last.”</p>	<p>“Two before one, Three before five, Here one, there one, Jack is alive, Here two, there two, Jack at the cross, Here one, there one, Jack is the last.”</p>
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The notches would be arranged, in the latter case, as follows (or varied, if necessary, *ad lib.*)—

II, I, III, V, I, I, X.

II, II, X, I, I, X.—**CG.** viii. 508.

In a little work, entitled, *Select Amusements in Philosophy and Mathematics*, translated from the French of Despeau by the late D. Hutton, of Woolwich (London: Kearsley, 1801, 12mo), the 23rd problem, p. 128, is—

“To arrange 30 criminals in such a manner that, by counting

them in succession, always beginning with the first, and rejecting every ninth person, 15 of them may be saved."

The key to this is found by considering the vowels, a, e, i, o, u, to answer respectively to the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and the necessary arrangement of the men will be marked out by the Latin verse—

4 5 2 1 3 1 1 2 2 3 1 2 2 1
Populeam virgam mater regina ferebat.

And for the sake of merely English readers the same thing may be done by the line—

From numbers aid and art never will fame depart.

CG. ix. 42.

That is, 4 whites, 5 blacks, 2 whites, 1 black, etc., or *vice versâ*, according as the ninth one is rejected for life or death; for, to simplify the problem, it is often given, "If 30 mutineers, 15 blacks, and 15 whites were captured, and it was decreed that half of them should suffer death, how could you save all the whites?" On the same page of *Notes and Queries* on which the above problem is quoted is a rhyme to answer the same purpose (but with this difference, that 14 whites and 1 black are saved) as the Latin line. It is very similar to the "hog's prayer"—

One before two, Three before five,
No two, and then two, and four to be kept alive,
Now one, and then one, and three to be cast,
Now one, then twice two, and Jack at the last.

And in *Shropshire Folklore*, by Burne and Jackson, p. 528, is a verse almost identical to this, used in a game of cards called "Casting the Knaves into the Sea." The game, too, follows the problem very closely.

KNITTING.

In Northamptonshire, when girls are knitting in company, they say—

"Needle to needle, and stitch to stitch,
Pull the old woman out of the ditch;
If you ain't out by the time I'm in,
I'll rap your knuckles with my knitting-pin."

The "old woman," "out," and "in," are the arrangements of the wool over and under the knitting pins. D. ii. 354.

In the affecting story of Betty Yewdale (Southey's *Doctor* inter-chapter xxiv.) she tells us how she and her sister were sent to learn the art of knitting socks, from Langdale to Dentsdale, in Yorkshire. "Than we ust at sing a mack of a sang, whilk we

were at git at t' end on at every needle, ca'ing ower t' neams of o' t' fwoak in t' Deal; but Sally an' me wad never ca' Dent Fwoak, sea we ca'ed Langdon Fwoak. T' sang was—

'Sally an' I, Sally an' I,
For a good pudding pye;
Taa hoaf wheat, and tudder hoaf rye,
Sally an' I for a good pudding pye.'—CG. iv. 205.

Knitters in the sun at Wensleydale used a very short time ago to sing one. Though it simply consists of numerals up to twenty, it is most curious, and, seeing that it is evidently in the Norse language, must have lingered in the dale a hundred years. In modern orthography—

(1) Yahn, (2) Jyahn, (3) Tether, (4) Mether, (5) Mumph,
(6) Hither, (7) Lither, (8) Auver, (9) Dauver, (10) Dic,
(11) Yahndic, (12) Tayhndic, (13) Tetherdic, (14) Mitherdic,
(15) Mimphit (*potuis* mumphit),
(16) Yahn a mimphit, (17) Tayhn, etc., (18) Tethera, etc.,
Methera, etc., (20) Jig it.—*Id.*

LACE-MAKING.

The movement of the bobbins is timed by the modulation of the tune—

“Nineteen longs lines being over my down,
The faster I work it'll shorten my score,
But if I do play it'll stick to a stay,
So high ho! little fingers, and twank it away.”

Once down the parchment is called a “down.” *Northamptonshire*. D. i. 378.

WOOL-CARDING.

In Cumberland the verse is—

“Tāary woo', tāary woo', tāary woo' is ill to spin,
Card it well, card it well, card it well ere you begin.
For when carded, row'd and spun,
Then the work is hofelins done;
But when woven, drest, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.”

“Hofelin's done” = half done; “cleading” = clothing. X. 115.
The opening lines form part of several north-country songs.

PLAY. a. Animal Life.**BATS.**

The village boys at Polperro, Cornwall, address the bat, as it flies above them, thus—

“Arymouse, arymouse, fly over my head,
And you shall ha’ a crust o’ bread ;
And when I brew and when I bake,
You shall ha’ a piece of my wedding-cake.”—**U.** 76.

In Lincolnshire they say—

“Black bat, bear away,
Fly ower ’ere away,
And come ageän another day,
Black bat, bear away.”

Black-beer-away = a bat, *vespertilio*. **AG.** 25.

Mr. Halliwell gives another example, but does not state locality.

“Bat, bat (clapping hands), come under my hat,
And I’ll give you a slice of bacon ;
And when I bake I’ll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.”—**AW.** 122.

In Suffolk boys used to throw their caps into the air and say—

Bat, bat, fly into my hat,
And I’ll give you a ^{slice}_{flitch} of bacon ;
If one won’t do, I’ll give you two,
And send you off a-quaking.

Compare “Gnat, gnat,” etc.

BIRDS.

“Cuckoo, cherry tree ; Lay an egg, bring it me.”

To which some add—

“Lay another, give it brother.”—**AQ.** iii. 87.

Said by children when they hear the cuckoo ; but see **Game Formulas and Superstition.**

“Pretty Peggy Whitethroat,
Come, stop, and give us a note.”

Said by country children of most parts on seeing the bird called Peggy Whitethroat. **M.** 454.

The Peggy Whitethroat, called in Leicestershire "Great Peggy," is probably the Whitecap, *Motacilla silvia*.

BULLS.

The children of South Cheshire irritate bulls by shouting—

"Billy, Billy Belder (corruption of bellow)
Sucked the cais elder" (udder).—**W.** 120.

BUTTERFLY.

"Le, la, let (alight),
Ma bonnie pet."

Addressed as a sort of childish charm to the insect queen.
AS. 24.

CRANEFLY.

This insect, variously called "Harry" and "Daddy Longlegs," is often cruelly tormented by country children to these words, which are familiar all over England.

"Harry, Harry Longlegs,
Can't say his prayr's,
Catch him by the left leg,
And throw him down stairs."

FISH.

At Gravesend, Kent, they have a verse which probably formed portion of a fisher-boy's rhyme or nominy. The first line is corrupted into *Harry Canab*; the end lines are modern—

"Hab can nab,
The two-pound crab,
The twopenny ha'penny lobster :
Trot over to France to see the cat dance,
And could not come back to his master."

CF. vii. 312.

GNAT.

"Gnat, gnat, fly into my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon."

Eastern Counties; but see **BAT.** **AV.** 180.

LADVCOW.

This beautiful little insect, the *Coccinella septempunctata* of Linnæus, but generally known by the former name, or that of "ladycow," has a prominent position in folklore. See **Superstition—DIVINATION**. "Golden bug" is another of its names. In Norfolk and Suffolk it is called "Bishop Barnabee." Major Moor, in his *Suffolk Words*, says, Bishop Barney, or Burney, and Barnabee, or Burnabee and Bishop that burneth, seem, in the absence of explanation, to be nearly related, in sound, at any rate. Under "Barnabee" it will be seen that *burning* has some connection with the history of this pretty insect. In Tusser's *Ten Unwelcome Guests in the Dairy*, he enumerates "the bishop that burneth" (pp. 142-44) in an ambiguous way. Ray, in his *South and East Country Words*, states that he has heard it called *Bishop* and *Golden Knop*. **CE.** i. 55.

In the North Riding of Yorkshire they call it "Dowdy cow;" and in East Riding "Cusha-coo-lady." In Hampshire it is styled "God A'mighty's collycow." The usual lines addressed to this insect are—

"Ladycow, ladycow, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone."
roam."

At most, in England, we preserve but a verse of four lines, as will be shown, but in *Wunderhorn*, i. 235, is a German song of three verses to the Ladybird or "Marien-würmchen," the third verse of which alone resembles our familiar lines. (See a translation in *German Pop. Stories*, ed. by Edgar Taylor, London, 1875. Pref. xviii., xix.

In *Gammer Gurton's Garland* the lines are—

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn.

In Berkshire the last line runs—

Yer house be a-vire, an' yer children's at whoam.—**AD.** 100.

The more important variations are—

"Ladybird, ladybird, eigh (hie) thy way home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all roam,
Except little Nan, who sits in her pan,
Weaving gold laces as fast as she can."—**AZ.** 70 : **Y.** 31.

A corrupt version from the North Riding is—

"Dowdycow, dowdycow, ride away heame,
Thy house is burnt, and thy bairns are tean (? ta'en),

And if thou means to save thy bairns,
Take thy wings and flee away.”—**CE.** i. 132.

In Hallamshire they have the first two lines as usual, the last two are—

“All but one that ligs under a stone,
Fly thee home ladycow, ere it be gone.”—**BI.** 56.

A variation of the additional lines is corroborated by an old man from Ruyton of the Eleven Towns (age 65, 1883), and by a girl from Brockton near Worthen—

“All but one, and he is Tum (Tom),
And he lies under the grindelstun (grindstone).”

Shropshire. **AP.** 237.

The rhyme from Hampshire is of distinct character, but ambiguous—

“God A’mighty’s colly cow,
Fly up to heaven ;
Carry up ten pound,
And bring down eleven.”—**T.** 37.

The association of this insect with fire is probably owing to its colours yellowy red or orange, and black. A correspondent, **CE.** i. 132, suggests that “Barnaby” is a form of “barn-bee” because it harbours in barns in winter. Brewer, in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, says “*Bishop Barnaby*.—The Maybug, lady-bird, etc. ‘Barnaby’ is bairnbye or bairniebye, the bairn’s insect, the child’s favourite. Another suggestion is worth notice, the Low Dutch *Barnbie* (firefly), in allusion to the fiery red colour of its wings.”

But why “Bishop.” There is a phrase *The Bishop hath put his foot in it*, an explanation of which is given by Tyndale. “If the podesch be burned to, or the meate ouer-rosted, we saye the byshope hath put his fote in the potte . . . because the bishopes burn who they lust.” See his Works, *Parker Society*, 1848-50 : i. 304.

MOTH.

“Millery, millery, dusty poll,
How many zacks hast thee astole ?
Vour and twenty an’ a peck,
Hang the miller up by ’s neck.”

“Miller” is the country name, amongst Dorsetshire children,

for any large white moth such as the Puss Moth (*Phalæna vinula*), and the Pale Tussock Moth (*Phalæna pudibunda*). **E.** 70.

In Shropshire the rhyme is—

Miller, miller, blow your horn,
You shall be hanged for stealing corn.

Hartshome, in his *Salopia*, appropriates this name to "the larva of a lepidopterous insect known in its imago state by the appellation *Vanessa Urticæ*." Miss Baker thinks the "Miller" is the Ghost Moth (*Phalæna hunculi*). **D.** ii. 21.

SNAILS.

In *Gammer Gurton's Garland* (circa 1783) is the following couplet, to which the editor of a reprint, dated Glasgow, 1866, adds a note, p. 42 *—

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll make you as black as a coal."

In Warwickshire and Staffordshire they say—

"Snail, snail, put out your horn,
And I will give you a barleycorn."

In Sussex the rhyme is the same, but the dialect word for snail is "Snag." **CM.** 60.

In the East Riding the couplet is very similar—

Sneel, sneel, etc.,
Yer fayther an mother 'll gie ya some corn.

AJ. 132.

In West Somerset the verse is of four lines and rather different in character—

"Snarley-'orn, put out your corn,
Father and mother's dead ;
Zister 'n brither's out to back door,
Bakin' o' barley bread."

* "It was probably the custom on repeating these lines to hold the snail to a candle, in order to make it quit the shell. In Normandy, it was the practice at Christmas for boys to run round fruit trees with lighted torches singing these lines—

'Taupes et mulots
Sortez de vos clos,
Sinon vous brulerai et la barbe et les os.'"

They then throw a great stone to crush the poor creature.
Z. 688.

“Eating o’ barleybread,” is the last line in Essex.

Mr. Henderson, in his *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, p. 25, gives several examples—

“Snail, snail, etc.,
Or I’ll kill your father and mother the morn.”

The northern version, he says, is—

“Snail, snail, etc.,
Tell me what’s the day t’ morn,
To day’s the morn to shear the corn,
Blaw bill buck thorn.”

He also gives, as more common in the south, the couplet already quoted from *Gammer Gurton’s Garland*, substituting, however, “beat” for “make”; and adds a Devonshire version similar to the West Somerset rhyme—

Snail, snail, shoot out your horn,
Father and mother are dead;
Brother and sister are in the *backyard*,
Begging for barley bread.

A variant from Yorkshire is—

“Sneel, snaul,
Robbers are coming to pull down your wall.
Sneel, snaul, put out, etc.
Robbers are coming to steal your corn,
Coming at four o’clock in the morn.”—AV. 175.

The snail is called Odmandod, Odmadod, or Dodman, in Essex and Suffolk. The rhyme in the last county is—

“Dodman, dodman, put out your horn,
Here comes a thief to steal your corn.”

And there is this play upon the word amongst children, “I’ve killed a man!” “What sort of man?” “A *Dodman*.”

Hodman-dodman and Hod-Dod are terms for the snail given in Wheatley’s *Dictionary of Rhyming Words*, published in Transactions of the Philological Society for 1866.

The frequent reference to grain in these rhymes is singular. The creatures are very fond of meal, etc.; in fact they are often trapped in large numbers under a cabbage-leaf placed over a small quantity of bran on which they gather.

A friend suggests that the reference may be owing to a play upon "corn" and "horn," these words having a common etymon, as previously suggested in the notes to HARVEST CUSTOMS.

TURKEYS.

"Lubber, lubber leet,
Look at your dirty feet."

Said by boys in a harsh voice, to turkeys, to vex them. *West Cornwall*. V. 35.

b. Plant Life.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPER (*Luzula campestris*).

When children first see this flower in the street, they repeat the following rhyme—

"Chimney-sweeper, all in black,
Go to the brook and wash your back;
Wash it clean, or wash it none,
Chimney-sweeper have you done?"

I have heard this about Mobberley, but have not been able to ascertain the meaning: it may possibly be to bring good luck.—*Cheshire*. AB. 64.

CUCKOO-FLOWER (*Cardamine pratensis*).

In Derbyshire this flower is called "Lucy Locket." When the children gather it they sing—

"Lucy Locket, lost her pocket,
In a shower of rain,
Milner fun' it, Milner grun' it;
In a peck of meal (? grain)."—CJ. vi. 73.

The first line occurs in the well-known nursery rhyme. Lucy Locket and Kitty Fisher are said to have been celebrated courtesans of the reign of Charles II.

DAFFODIL.

Most country children hail the appearance of this flower with—

"Daff-a-down-dilly has now come to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown."—CE. iii. 220

The following couplet is familiar in Gloucestershire—

“Daff-a-down-dilly that grows by the well,
My mother’s a lady my father can tell.”

. . . *incomplete.*

SHEPHERD’S PURSE (*Thlaspi Bursa pastoris*).

Called in Northamptonshire, “Pickpocket.” Children, gathering, say—

“Pickpocket, penny nail,
Put the rogue in the jail.”—D. ii. 109.

NATURAL PHENOMENA.

MOON.

The children of Whitby and neighbourhood, say, when the moon shines into the bedroom—

“I see the moon, the moon sees me,
God bless the sailors on the sea.”

AL. (*Preface* xiii.)

Near Leeds the couplet is—

“I see the moon, and the moon sees me,
God bless the parson that baptized me.”—O. 301.

In Lancashire they substitute “priest,” and “christened.”
BA. 288.

RAIN.

“Rain, rain, faster.
Or else I’ll tell your master.”

Warwickshire.

“M̄m. Little children have a custome when it raine to sing,
or charme away the Raine; thus they all joine in a chorus and
sing thus, viz.—

‘Raine, raine, goe away,
Come againe a Saterday.’

“I have a conceit that this childish custom is of Great Antiquity,
y^t it is derived from ye Gentiles.” Aubrey, *Remaines of Gentilisme
and Judaisme* (1686–87), reprint, 1881, p. 180.

At Durham it is usual to lay two straws thus + and say—

“ Rain, rain, go away,
Din’t come back till Christmas Day.”

AQ. iii. 205.

In Howell’s *Lexicon Tetraglotton*,* fol. 1659, p. 20, is—

“ Rain, rain, go to Spain ; Fair weather come again.”

In Warwickshire and Staffordshire the last line is—

“ Never show your face again.”

Another version is—

“ Rain, rain, go to Spain, Never come again ;
When I brew and when I bake,
I’ll give you a figgy cake ” (plum cake).

? locality. CE. vii. 544.

In Mr. Henderson’s *Folklore of the Northern Counties* (1879), p. 24, are these examples—

“ Rain, rain, go away,
Come another summer’s day.
Rain, rain, pour down,
But not a drop in our town.”

Rain, rain, go away ; Come again on washing-day.

At Sunderland, they say—

“ Rain, rain, pour down, Not a drop, etc.
But a pint and a gill, All aback of Building Hill.”

An Edgmond jingle runs—

“ It rains, it hails, it batters, it blows,
The Tibberton girls are washing their clothes.”

As a wet washing-day betokened (according to some) a faithless, this conveyed a sly hint that the “ Tibberton tawnies ” were unlucky in love. Near Shrewsbury, the same thing was said of the “ Condover wenches.” *Shrops.* AP. 580.

* The *Proverbs* were really published in 1659, and the *Lexicon* in 1660. But being frequently found bound together under the latter title are given for purposes of reference as above.

In Cheshire the Morley (Mobberley) children say—

“It rain, it rains, it patters i’ th’ docks,
Mobberley wenches are weshin’ their smocks.”

AB. 451.

In the *Western Antiquary*, iv. 30, is—

“Rain, rain, go away, Come again another day,
For little Johnny wants to play.
Every drop as big as a hop,
Send the maidens to Bullum Garn’s Shop.”

Many years ago, in the neighbourhood of Dolcoath Mine—which was originally at surface a garden for *wild plums* (prov. *bullums*)—they state that a blacksmith’s shop stood near, where the maidens might dry any damp or wet article of clothing.

“Rain on the green grass, and rain on the tree,
And rain on the house top, but not upon me.”—N. 8.

RAINBOW.

“Rainybow, rainybow,
Cock up your feather ;
Please God Almighty.
Send us good weather.”

As said by Oxfordshire children when a rainbow appears.—
CG. ii. 484.

SKY.

“Widdicote, Woddicote, over cote hang,
Nothing so broad, and nothing so lang,
As Widdicote, etc.”—CE. x. 173.

Devonshire, in which county “Widdicote” = sky. The rhyme is used as a riddle, perhaps, rather than a nominy.

SNOW.

Perhaps the most familiar greeting is—

“Snow, snow faster, Come again at Easter,
When I bake I’ll give a cake,
When I brew I’ll give you two.”

At Leeds it runs—

“Snaw, snaw faster, Bull, bull faster,
Owd women picking geese,
Sending feathers down to Leeds.”

“Bull” is possibly a corruption of *burl*, “to pour.” O. 259.

The Yorkshire verse is—

“Snow, snow faster, The cow’s in the pasture.”

And they add, when the storm is abating—

“Snow, snow, give over, The cow’s in the clover.”

AV. 157.

THUNDER.

“Rowley, Rowley Rattley bags,
Take the lasses, and leave the lads.”

The first line is the name children give thunder, in the north of England, and they sing the above couplet in a storm. AS. 26.

MISCELLANEOUS NOMINIES.

MORAL CODE OF CHILDREN.

“Billy, Billy Bust,
Who speaks vust?”—AD. 55.

A Berkshire rhyme spoken by one possessed of goodies, some of which he intends to give to his playfellows. The rhyme explains itself. It runs the same in the North Midlands, where, however, for “vust” they say “fust.” In the Eastern Counties the rhymes are “burst” and “first.”

In Leicestershire, and the adjacent counties, when goodies are distributed, the formula is—

“One’s none, Two’s some,
Three’s a many,
Four’s a penny (or a plenty, a flush, or a mort),
Five’s a little hundred.”—AA. 190. : AW. 133.

“Give a thing, and take a thing,
A naughty man’s plaything.”

There are other versions of this proverb, which Plato mentions as a child's saw in his time (**BC.** 151).

Give a thing, and take a thing,
And you shall ride in hell's wain.

Or—

Give a thing and take a thing,
To wear the divell's gold ring.

Cotgrave, *Dictionare of the French and English Tongues*, 1632, in *v. Retirer*, mentions this as "a triviall proverb." **AV.** 181, 182.

Or—

Give a thing, take a thing,
Never go to God agin.

Suffolk. Or—

Seek a thing, give a thing, The old man's gold ring,
Lie butt, lie ben, Lie among the dead men.—**AW.** 84.

"Chiffchaff, never change again,
As long as the world stands. Amen!"

Leicestershire and Shropshire schoolboy formula solemnly ratifying an exchange of property.—**AA.** 120.

In an exchange, the one who first touches steel has the right to re-exchange. The *iron* heel of the boot is the usual "steel."
Suffolk.

When a boy finds anything and another sees him stoop for it, if the latter cries *halves* before he has picked it up, he is, by school-boy law, entitled to half of it. This right may, however, be negatived, if the finder cries out first—

"Ricket, racket; find it, tack it,
And niver give it to the aunder."

Or, sometimes the following—

"No halfers,
Findee, keepe; Losee, seekee."—**AV.** 257.

In South Cheshire they say—

Nick it, nack it; Find it, tak' it.—**W.** 272.

In Warwickshire and Staffordshire No. 1 says—

Findings, keepings; losings, seekings,

lest No. 2 should say—

“Half snags (snacks), quarter bits ; or some for your neighbours.”

In Gloucestershire there is a rhythm which may be a fragment of some folk-tale.

“ As the old woman and her daughter,
Was a-walking down the road,
They pick'd up a silver snuff-box,
Ay, and a fine fan.

‘ Find all, share all,’ said the old woman to her daughter.
‘ ’Tis thine and mine all.’ ”

It is considered fair to borrow the property of another if the following formula be spoken—

“ Number, number 9, This hoop's (etc.) mine.”

and the other must not complain if the concluding part of the verse be repeated—

“ Number, number 10, Take it back again.”—**AY.** 168.

“ Handy bandy, sugar candy,
Cut my throat, and double hang me,
Job ! Job ! Job ! at ten o'clock at night.”

A rhyme common in the North Midlands, by which one assures a companion of the truth of a statement he makes, or the performance of some act or promise. To “job” is to give a prod or uncertain blow with some instrument.

At Smethwich, county Stafford, the rhyme goes—

Hangy Bangy cut my throat,
At ten o'clock at night ;
Hang me up, hang me down,
Hang me all about the town.—**CH.** vii.

believing if they do not perform according to promise, the spirit invoked will certainly appear and cut their throats.—*Id.*

Another form of assurance is to wet the forefinger, dry it again, and cross the throat, at the same time saying—

“ See that wet, see that dry,
Cross my throat before I die.”
Cut my throat before I lie.”

Common.

When boys of the Midland counties enter into an engagement, they link the little fingers of their right hands, saying—

“ Ring finger, blue bell,
Tell a lie, go to hell.”

If either failed to perform, the little finger would be sure to divulge.—CH. xi. 22.

Lying is a heinous offence amongst companions, for there is a startling phrase used by grown-up people—

“ I could like a thief, but damn, etc., a liar.”

In Yorkshire they say—

“ That’s a lie with a latchet,*
All the dogs in the town cannot match it.”

Carr, in his *Dialect of Craven* (1828) gives two other versions—

That’s a lee wi’ a latchet,
You may shut the door and catch it.

Or—

That’s a lee wi’ a lid on,
And a brass handle to take ho’d on.

BC. 367, 368 : AV. 182.

Boys sometimes cry—

“ Liar, liar lickspit,
Turn about the candlestick.
What’s good for liar ?
Brimstone and fire.”—AW. 135.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

“ It’s time, I believe,
For us to get leave :
This little dog says,
It isn’t, it is ; it isn’t, it is, etc.”

Said by a schoolboy, who places his book between his knees. His two forefingers are then placed side by side, and the breadth of each is measured alternately along the length of the book. The time to get leave (to be dismissed) is supposed to have arrived or

* Hazlitt says “ Or a witness.” I find no explanation of “ latchet ” in Carr’s book.

not, according as one finger or the other fills up the last space.—**AV.** 111, 112.

“Those that go my way, butter and eggs.
Those that go your way, chop off their legs.”

A sort of persuasive inducement, I suppose, for them to follow the speaker for the sake of forming a party for a game.—**AV.** 257.
Or, merely for company.

Schoolboys have several kinds of divination verses on going to bed, now repeated “more in mock than mark,” but no doubt originating in serious belief—

“Go to bed first, a golden purse ;
. . . second, . . . pheasant ;
. . . third, . . . bird.”

The positions they occupy in bed are suggestive of the following fortunes—

“He that lies at the stock,
Shall have the gold rock ;
. . . the wall,
Shall have the gold ball ;
. . . in the middle,
Shall have the gold fiddle.”—**AV.** 220.

SNEEZING.

When a boy sneezes, another who happens to be near is likely enough to exclaim, “Say your nominy.” The sneezer then says “Bob wood!” (cloth, etc.), and touches some article of wood,* cloth, etc., and thus proceeds—

* Wood, in most childish sports affords a sanctuary. Thus, in the game “Tick! and touch wood,” one player may not “tick” another in the chase, if the latter touch wood. It must not, however, be carried in the hand. But in Warwickshire, children simply say “barley” when they wish to rest, and this gives them safe conduct for a space. This is said to be an extension of “bar,” but the explanation is doubtful. Grain plays a part in folklore little understood—and barley in particular. There is an ancient nominy of the county by which the speaker claims partial immunity after the offence of crepitation from the anus, thus—

“Hailey bailey, *barley straw*,
Forty pinches in the law,
Pinch me now, pinch me then,
Pinch me when I ——— again.”

“Julius Cæsar made a law,
Augustus Cæsar signed it,
That every one that made a sneeze
Should run away and find it.”

He then whistles, though some whistle before. This is known to be more than forty years old.—Y. 25.

STORY-TELLING.

The teller of a story often concludes with—

“My story’s ended, my spoon is bended,
If you don’t like it, Go to the next door, and get it mended.”
AY. 79.

In Gloucestershire they say—

Be bow-bended, My tale’s ended,
If you don’t like it, You may mend it :
A piece of pudden’, For telling a good un ;
A piece of pie, For telling a lie.

A formula used as a “put off” is—

“I’ll tell you a tale, the back of my nail,
A pinch of snuff and a pint of ale.”

Somewhat similar in character is—

“I’ll tell you a tale.
Shall I begin it?
There’s nothing in it.”

“Wash, hands, wash,
Daddy’s gone to plough,
If you want your hands wash’d,
Have them wash’d now.”

A formula for making young children submit to the operation of having their hands washed. *Mutatis mutandis*, the lines will serve as a specific for everything of the kind, as brushing hair, etc. AY. 312.

WHISTLE-MAKING.

“Sip, sap, say ; sip, sap, say,
Lig in a nettle bed,
While (until) May-day.”

Said during the beating of the wetted bark of the mountain-ash, with a clasp-knife handle. The wetting is to make the bark slip off easily to form the case of the whistle. *Yorkshire, West Riding.* Y. 119.

COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.

Before children commence a game in which it is necessary that one of their number should be the butt or slave of the majority, they stand, unlinked, in a ring, and a teller repeats a formula—applying a word or phrase to each individual, commencing at his or her own person, and working round the ring from east to west. The last member left of the ring becomes the butt, and is said to be *it*; which is either the impersonal pronoun, because the one so circumstanced enjoys not the privileges of the others, and in the game is a nobody or *thing*, so to speak—or a corruption of hit = struck, *i.e.* touched for the doom (see “I up with a pear and hot him there,” etc., a Warwickshire counting-out rhyme).

The formulary in such cases is generally rhythmical, and, in measure Trochaic, one word usually being apportioned to each member.

It is almost unnecessary to say that divination by casting lots was common in earliest days; there are many references to the custom in the Bible, and by the classic authors. Certain antiquaries claim dignity for these counting-out rhymes—as forming part of Druidical rite—of which, however, there is no direct evidence. The presumption seems based on the fact that some of the numerical words and phrases are still retained in the ancient form. The reasoning is carried on thus—

Ena, mena, bora mi;
Kisca, lara, mora di;
Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone, dead.—*Cornwall.*

“This is a veritable phrase of great antiquity—the excommunication of a human being preparatory to that victim’s death. In the two lines, the first lays a ban on the then chief articles of food, or life-producing elements, *eggs, butter, bread*; the second line is judicial, foreshadowing death by beating, or, as the line expresses it, ‘Beaten to death by sticks.’ *Mi* and *di* are the old British ordinals, and stand for first and second; therefore, the two-fold principle would make it appear as if the criminal not only suffered the deprivation of home comforts, but that death followed

with unerring severity" (*The Cornishman*, 1880). *Wandering Words*, by T. W. Sandrey.

Such argument has little weight, I think. Halting for one moment: surely in times wherein the writer wishes to place the rhyme, cheese and bread were not such familiar articles of diet as to warrant their insertion in a counting-out formula.

It is significant, however, of the antiquity of these rhymes, that examples in almost identical form are in use to-day amongst savage tribes.

While these sheets are preparing, a work entitled, *The Counting-out Rhymes of Children*, by Henry Carrington, Bolton, has been published (1888). It contains rhymes from all parts of the world, and a treatise on the subject, in which the author strongly upholds the dignity of these jingles.

But the absence of the higher numbers (with the exception of "twenty-one," in its modern form, which is sometimes used in conclusion), and the introduction of gibberish in place of such, restrict these rhymes to the playground in any age. See an admirable paper on the subject, entitled, *The Anglo-Cymric Score*, by Alex. J. Ellis, Esq., *Philolog. Soc. Transacs.*, 1878, pt. ii., particularly Max Müller's remarks in a letter to the author, p. 369; and the author's summary; p. 372.

The *Queen*, newspaper, for 1879, vols. 65, 66, contained a large number of these rhymes, but I have been unable to get a second sight at the issues.

"A. E. I. O. U.

Which shall be tick? It must be you."

Ellesmere, Shropshire. AP. 572.

"Any, many, mony, my,
 Barcelony, stony, sty,
 Harum, scarum, frownum, ack,
 Harricum, barricum, we wi, wo, wack,
 Ink, pink, pen, and ink,
 I command you to be
 O. U. T. of this."

Northamptonshire. D. ii. 333; see also "Hana, mana;"
 "Eena, mena," etc.

Any, many, mony, my,
 Doctor Saney he shall die,
 Ink, pink, pudding stink,
 The fat begins to fry.

Nobody at home but jumping John,
 With a black cap on,
 O. U. T. spells out,
 With a rotten pot and dish clout,
 You are *In*, and I am *Out*.

Warwickshire.

“As I sat up in a pear tree,
 With all the pears around me,
 There came a man from Tamworth town,
 And swore, by Jube! he'd knock me down.
 I up with a pear and hot (hit) him there!
 I up with another, and hot his brother,
 O. U. T. spells out—goes he.”

Warwickshire.

“Eeena, deena, dina, duss,
 Catalaweena, wina, wus,
 Tittle, tattle, what a rattle,
 O. U. T. spells out, etc.”—**CE.** x. 369.

The paper in the Philological Society's Transactions for 1878 (mentioned in the introduction to this section) preserves the following variations of this rhyme—

Eena, deena [deina] dus
 Cattala wheela [weela], wheila [weila] wus;
 Spit, spat, must be done,
 Twiddleum, twiddleum, twenty-one.
 O. U. T. spells out,
 A rotun, dotun, dirty dishclout;
 Now, all you boys and girls,
 Are fairly push-ed out.

West of London.

Variation of line 2—

“Kethera, wiela, weina, wus.”

The last two lines are sometimes varied thus—

“One out, two out, three out,
 Out goes he (*or she*).”

Or—

“One dead, two dead, three dead,” etc.

Near Chelsea, on December 5, 1877, the rhyme was given thus—

Eena, deena, dina dust, }
 Kakla, weela, wila wust,
 Spit, spat, mus' be done,
 Tweedlum, twodalum, twenty-one.—pp. 365, 366.

“Ene, mene, mona, mi,
 Pasca, lara, bona (or bora), bi,
 Elke, belke, boh!”

Cornwall. **AR.** v. 48.

Ena, mena, mona, mite,

Pisca, lara, bara, bite,

Elga, belga, bore,

* Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
 Stick, stock, stone, dead.

O. U. T. out.

? county. **CE.** x. 370.

“Eena, meena, mina, mo,
 Fox and hens and Dinah Doe,
 Allicum, ballicum, bulkney, bo,
 O. U. T. spells Out.”

Market Drayton. **AP.** 572.

“Eeny, weeny, winey, wo,
 Where do all the Frenchmen
 go?”

To the east, and to the west,
 And into the old crow's nest.”

Oswestry. **AP.** 572.

“Eeny, weeny, w^{ie}_{oo}ny, why,

Artle, startle, stoney, sty,

Ebb, webb, blue, snake,

Eee, tot, spot, out, goes, *she*.”

Berrington. **AP.** 572.

“Eeeny, Pheeney, Figgery Feg,
 Deely, Dyly, ham and egg,
 Calico back, and stony rock,
 Arlum, barlum, bash.”

Cumberland. **AR.** i. 385.

* Eggs, butter, etc. These lines are often used without addition, at Ellesmere, Shropshire, and other places, see **AP.** 572. **AW.** 116, gives two additional lines—

Stick him up, stick him down,
 Stick him in the old man's crown.

“Enniki, benniki, my black hen,
 She lays eggs for gentlemen,
 One for you, and one for me,
 O. U. T. spells out—goes *he*.”

Oswestry. **AP.** 573.
 In Warwickshire thus—

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
 She lays, etc.
 Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
 Hickety, pickety, etc.

But in that county used for a slate-game. A wheel is made on a slate, and between the spokes figures are placed. The player closes his eyes, moves his pencil above the drawing, round and round to the words, and finally makes a dot in the hope of touching on a space containing a high number, for a dot on a line or spoke counts nothing. The other player follows; the one gaining a stipulated total winning the game.

“Hana, mana, mona, mike,
 Barcelona, bona, strike,
 Hare, ware, frown, venac,
 Harrico, warrico, we, wo, wac.”

New York. **CE.** xi. 352.

“Heeper, peeper, chimney-sweeper
 Had a wife and couldn't keep her,
 Had another, didn't love her,
 Heeper, peeper,” etc. (or) “Out goes *she*.”

Erdington, Warwickshire.

A version commencing “Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,” is in use about Tamworth.

“Heetum, peetum, penny pie,
 Populorum, gingum, gie;
 East, West, North, South,
 Kirby, Kendal, Cock him out.”

AY. 188, where it is described as “a game on the fingers.”

“Hiary, diary, dockery, deven,
 Arrabone, scarrabone, ten and eleven,
 Twin, twan, skargery, don,

Twiddleum, twaddleum, Twenty-one.
So *you* are out."—**CE.** x. 210.

"Highery, briary, limber lock,
Four wires in the clock,
Sit and sing and turn the spring,
O. U. T. spells out goes she."

Warwickshire.

"Hickery, hoary, hairy Ann,
Busybody, overspan,
Pare, pare, virgin mare,
Pit, pat, out, one."—**CE.** x. 369.

* Hickory (1), Dickory (2), Dock (3),
The mouse ran up the clock (4),
The clock struck one (5), The mouse was gone (6),
O (7), U (8), T (9), spells out!"

"Hicktum, ticktum, tandry, datum,
Pisum, posum, rosum dee,
Eggs, butter, etc."

Northamptonshire. D. ii. 333.

"Hinks, spinks, the devil winks,	Hink,' spink, the puddings
The fat's beginning to fry,	stink,
Nobody's home but jumping	The fat begins to fry,
Joan,	Nobody at home but jumping
Father, mother, and I.	Joan,
O. U. T. out,	Father, mother, and I.
With a long black snout,	Stick, stock, stone dead,
Out, pout, out."— CE. x. 369.	Blind man can't see,
	Every knave will have a slave,
	You or I must be he.— AW. 87.

* At Ellesmere, county Shropshire, the say, "Ickity, pickity, pock," etc., finishing with the line also. **AP.** 573. Mr. Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 89 (Percy Soc., vol. iv.), gives another version beginning—

"Zickety, dickety, dock,
The mouse ran up the *nock*," etc.

adding, see Jamieson's Glossary Voc. Zickety, and Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, August, 1821, p. 36. This is probably more usual over the border.

“ Izzard, Izzard, Izzard I,
Izzard, Izzard, Z.”

Northamptonshire. D. 352.

“ Mrs. Mason broke her bason,
How much will it be ?
Half-a-crown, says Mr. Brown,
Out goes she !”

Ellesmere, Shropshire. AP. 573.

“ My mother told me
To pick that very same one,
You are in and she is out
With a rotten dish clout
On her back.”

Lincolnshire (possibly incomplete).

“ One-ery, two-ery, dickery, davy, Alibo, crackery, tenery, navy, Wishcome dandy, merrycome tine, Humbery, bumbery, twenty- nine, O. U. T. out, pit, pout, Stand <i>you</i> quite out.”	One-ery, two-ery, dickery, davy ; Hallabo, crackabo, hallabo, navy, Discum Dan, Merry com- bine, Humbledee, bumbledee, twenty-nine, O. U. T. out, Lift the latch and walk ye out.— CE. xi. 215.
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CE. x. 369.

Onery, twoery, dickery, deven,
Anahbone, crackabone, ten or eleven,
Spin, spon, must go on,
Twiddle-em, twaddle-em, twenty-one,
Hawk 'em, baulk 'em, boney crawkham,
Hiddecome, biddeycome, bustard,
O. U. T. out,
Our purpose to bring your matches about,
Bring them about as fast as you can,
So get you gone you little old man.

"I would suggest *hither come*, Biddy come; *basta*, *i.e.* it is enough, let us proceed to "call out" the next person chosen."

CE. x. 369. It is evident that several fragments go to make up the above.

"Onery, twoery, Hickory Ann,
Filliston Follaston, Nicholson John,
Queech, Quawby, Virgin Mary,
Singalum, Sangalum, Buck."

Mill Hill Magazine, June, 1877.

Onery, twoery, hickary hum,
Fillison, follison, Nicholson, John;
Queever, Quauver, Irish Mary,
Stenkerum, stankerum, buck.—**AY.** 167.

Winnery ory accory han
Philissy phollisi Nicholas jam
Queby quorby Irish Mary
Sink sank sock.

Philol. Soc. Trans., (1878), p. 369.

Onery, twoery, ickery, am,
Bobtail, vinegar, tittle, and tam,
Harum, scarum, Madgerum, marum,
Get you out you little old man.

Norfolk. **CE.** x. 369.

"Onery, twoery, tickery, teven; One-er-y, twoery, tickery,
Alabo, crackabo, ten and seven,
eleven: Akaby, crackaby, ten and
Spin, spon, must be gone; eleven,
Alabo, crackabo, twenty-one! Pin, pan musky Dan,
O. U. T. spells out."—**AV.** 135. Twiddleum, twaddleum,
twenty-one.
Black, fish, white, trout,
Ee-ny, o-ny,
You, go, out.—**CE.** x. 124.

One-ery, twoery, Tickery, teevy!
Hollowbone, crackabone, Pen and eevy.

Ink, pink, Pen and ink ;
 A study, a stive,
 A stove, and a stink !"—**AV.** 134.

"One-ery, two-ery, Ziccary Zan ;
 Hollowbone, crackabone, Ninery, Ten,
 Spittery spot, it must be done,
 Twiddleum, twaddleum, twenty-one.
 Hink spink, the puddings stink,
 The fat begins to fry,
 Nobody at home but jumping Joan,
 Father, mother, and I.
 Stick stock, stone dead,
 Blind man can't see,
 Every knave will have a slave,
 You or I must be HE.

Gammer Gurton's Garland, reprint, 1866, p. 40. **AW.** 86, 87.

Onery, twoery, ziggery, zan,
 Hollow bone, crack a bone, mulberry pan,
 Pit, pat, must be done,
 Twiddleum, twaddleum, twenty-one,
 O. U. T. spells out,
 And so you are fairly out.—**CE.** xi. 174.

"One, Two, Three, Mother caught a flea,
 Flea died, mother cried, Out goes she."

Warwickshire.

"One, two, three, four, Mary at the cottage door,
 Eating cherries off a plate, Five, six, seven, eight."

Derbyshire. In Cumberland *Maggie* is substituted for "Mary," and *plums* for "cherries." **AR.** i. 384. At Ellesmere, in Shropshire, *Mary*, and *plums*. **AP.** 573.

"There stands a pretty maid in a black cap,
 If you want a, etc.,
 Please to take *she* !"

E. Cornwall. **AR.** v. 48.

"Timothy Titus took two tees,
 To tie two tups to two tall trees,

To terrify the terrible Thomas-a-Tittamus,
O. U. T. spell out—goes *he*.”

Oswestry, Shropshire. AP. 573.

In Warwickshire this rhyme is a test of clear and rapid speech.

“Vizzery, vazzery, vozery vem,
Tizzery, tazzery, tozery tem,
Hiram, Jiram, cockrem, spirem,
Poplar, rollin, gem.”—*Id.*

GAMES.

FORMULAS.

Such rhymes are not of necessity continued throughout their respective games, but generally precede or open play.

The usual invocation is—

“Boys and girls come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day,
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a goodwill, or ^{else} _{come} not at all.”

The rhyme occurs in Part I. of the *Infant Institutes; or a Nonsensical Essay on the Poetry, Lyrical and Allegorical, of the Earliest Ages*, etc.* In *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, 1783, reprint, p. 41, it commences *Girls and Boys*, and “whoop” is spelt *hoop*, and there is an additional verse—

“Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
Come to your playfellows in the street,
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A penny loaf will serve us all.”

The last two lines also form part of a rhyme of St. Clements. See CUSTOMS.

AW. 109 has a similar version, with two additional lines—

“You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.”

BUILDING.

“Tip, top, tower,
Tumble down in an hour.”—**AY.** 168.

When building with odds and ends of stone and earth.

* London: printed for and sold by F. and C. Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1797. On the title-page some former possessor had written by B[aptist] N[oel] Turner, M.A.” **CI.** iii. 441.

CARRYING.

Two children join hands, thus forming a seat, to carry a third, and say—

“ Give me a pin to stick in my chin (? *cushion*)
To carry a lady to London :
London Bridge is broken down,
And I must let my lady down.”

Gloucestershire : Warwickshire. In **CH.** xii. 479, is given this version—

London bridge is broken,
And what shall I do for a token,
Give me a pin to stick in my thumb,
And carry my lady to London.

CHOOSING.

A child hides a marble or other trifle, in one hand, and holds out both fists, saying—

“ Handy-pandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Which hand will you have ? ”

If the other guesses right, he wins the marble ; if wrong, he pays one. This infantine form of gambling is alluded to as “ handy dandy ” in *Piers Plowman*, and also in *King Lear*. **AP.** 530.

Other versions—

Handy-Pandy, sugardy candy,	Handy-spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Guess which hand it's in ;	Loved plum cake and sugar
Right hand or left hand,	candy.— CJ. viii. 356.
Guess, etc.— AB. 155.	

Handy Andy Picardy Pandly,	Handy dandy, Sugary Candy,
Handy Dandy,	High, Jack, or low ?
Which hand will you have } ?	<i>S.E. Cornwall.</i> CJ. vii. 235.
High church or low	

North Lincolns. **CJ.** vii. 235 :
CJ. viii. 356.

Handy-dandy, riddledly ro,
Which will you have, high or low ? —**AV.** 116.

“ Neevy, neevy nack,
Whether hand will ta tack,
'T topmer or t'lowmer ? ”
Cumberland. X. 66.

“ Nievie, nievie, nack,
Whether hand wilta tak ' ?
Under or aboon,
Fur a singul half crown.”
North Yorks. CJ. vii. 235.

COBBING. (Beating.)

When a cobbing match was called, all the boys rushed forward and seized the unfortunate object of the match by the hair, repeating these lines—

“ All manner of men under threescore and ten,
Who don't come to this cobbing match
Shall be cobbled over and over again,
By the high, by the low, by the wings of the crow—
Saltfish, regnum, buck or a doe ? ”

I spare you the details of the tortures named saltfish and regnum ; buck was a rap on the skull with the closed hand ; doe, a tug of the hair, dragging out many a lock. Those who bore no part in cobbing the victim were liable to be cobb'd themselves ; so were those who were so unlucky as not to be able to touch the hair of the victim, or who, while repeating the verses, neglected the prescribed rules, *i.e.* the standing on one leg, closing one eye, elevating the left thumb, and concealing the teeth. *North Country. AS. 28.*

In Warwickshire and Staffordshire they torture an unfortunate victim by throwing him on the ground, and falling atop of him, yelling out the formula, “ Bags ^{to} } the mill.” This summons calls up other lads, and they add their weight.

COBBLERS OR CONKERS.

Boys bore a hole in a horse chestnut, pass a string through it, and hit one chestnut against another, holding them by the string, till one string breaks, when the owner loses his chestnut. The one who first repeats the following rhyme has the first stroke—

“ Cobbly co ! My first blow,
Put down your black hat, And let me have first smack.”

Oswestry, Shropshire. This game is elsewhere called Cobbet (Meole Brace) and Cobbleticut, horse chestnuts being known as Cobnuts. *AP. 531.*

In Warwickshire and Staffordshire it is considered bad play to strike an opponent's *string*, nut against nut being the scientific play. A well-seasoned nut that has burst several other nuts is proudly styled "Cobbler of three," four, etc.

Other formulas—

Obli, obli O,
My first go.

And, on striking—

Obli, obli onker,
My nut will conquer.

Herefords. CI. x. 378.

Obbly, obbly, onkers, My first
conquers,

Obbly, obbly O, My first go.

Upton-on-Severn. Lawson's
Words and Phrases of, p. 23.
CI. x. 177. Mr. Chamberlain,
who spells the word differently,
adds—

Hobley, hobley ack,
My first crack.

West Worcesters.

Cobbety cuts,
Put daïn your nuts.

South Cheshire. W. 152.

CUCK OR CUCKOO. (Hide and Seek.)

A child hides and cries "Cuckoo!" The seekers respond—

"Cuckoo! cherry tree!
Catch a bird and bring it me."

Shropshire. AP. 222.

AW. 120 calls this a *game at ball*, and adds the lines—

"Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail, rain, or snow."

See **Superstition; Nominies.**

DUCKS AND DRAKES. (Water skimming.)

In this old-world game—which has given rise to the proverb, "To make ducks and drakes of one's fortune," *i.e.* to make one piece follow another in waste—the player takes a flat stone, or piece of slate or earthenware, and casts it along the surface of a pool. The greater his dexterity, the greater number of times will the missile, as it travels, rebound from the water.

In *Gammer Gurton's Garland* (1783) reprint, 1866, p. 52, the formula is—

“ A duck and a drake, a nice barley cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker,
A hop and a scotch is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.”

See also **AW.** 88.

“ Duck and a drake,
And a lily white cake.”

Teesdale Words, etc., p. 39.

A duck, etc., And a penny white cake, And a skew ball.

Lincolnshire. **AG.** 94.

“ Hen, pen,
Duck-an-Mallard, Amen.”

Jennings, *West Eng. Dial.*, 1825, xiv. “ Mallard ” = Drake.

“ A nick and a nock, A hen and a cock,
And a penny for my master.”

Yorkshire. Perhaps in lieu of the perquisite of a cock thrown at. **CF.** x. 438.

This last seems to be akin to a game mentioned in *Salopia Antiqua*, by Hartshorne : London, 1841, and does not at all allude to water-skimming, although the rhyme is similar : “ The duck with us is a large stone supporting a smaller one called the *drake*. The children playing endeavour to knock off the drake by flinging a stone at it, called the *duckstone*, crying at the same time—

A duck and a drake,
And a white penny cake,
And a penny to pay the baker.—p. 401.

This game is played in Warwickshire, but no stone is called the *drake*. One boy places his duck on a brick, or larger stone, or in a hole, and the others endeavour to knock it off or out. Should either miss he must be careful in picking up his stone again, lest the sentry *tick* (touch) him before he can return to the mark from which the stones are thrown. Should he be touched, he must replace the other as sentry, and place his own duck to be thrown at. If the duck be displaced the players may with impunity pick up their stones, for no one may be tick'd until the duck is replaced by its owner in proper position.

The stone is called “ Ducker ” in Suffolk.

FIRE.

Children wave a burning stick in the air, saying—

“A girdle o’ gold, a saddle o’ silk,
A horse for me as white a milk.”

An evident relic of divinations or incantation practised with bonfires. *Pulverbatch, Shropshire.* **AP.** 530.

FLOWERS.

In Yorkshire they frighten children with this formula—

“Flowers, flowers, high do !
Sheeny, greeny, rino !
Sheeny greeny, sheeny greeny, Rum tum fra?”—**AY.** 183.

HARE AND HOUNDS, or FOX AND HOUNDS.

The leader, when at fault, says—

“Uppa, Uppa, holye ! If you don’t speak,
My dogs shan’t folly.”

East Cornwall. Courtney, *Cornish Folklore*, p. 61 : **AR.** v. 73.
Other versions—

Whoop, whoop, and hollow ! Good dogs won’t follow,
Without the hare cries “Peewit !”—**AY.** 167.

Sound your holler,
Or my little dog shan’t foller.

Warwickshire.

POPPET or POPPY SHOW.

Children take petals of flowers, which they place behind a small pane of glass framed with paper, a slit sheet of which forms a curtain, and cry—

“A pin a-piece (each) to see a sight
All day and all night,
Neither black, neither blue,
Neither like a W.”

Gloucestershire: Warwickshire. It is possible that poppet is a corruption of puppet, and that little figures or pictures of them were formerly exhibited to imitate the regular show.

Near Leeds, children say—

A pin to look in, A very fine thing.—O. 385.

In the neighbourhood of Sheffield, the rhyme is—

Pippy show, or poppet show,
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 bekknocking at t' barber's door.—R. 325.

RACING. (FOOT.)

The "starting" formula is—

"Bell horses, bell horses, what time o' day,
One a clock, two o'clock, three starts away."

This, with the slight difference, *time to away*, occurs in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, 1783, reprint 1866, p. 42.

AW. p. 120, has—

Good horses, bad horses, What is the time of day,
Three o'clock, four o'clock, Now far' you away.

At Stanton Lacey, county Shropshire, the players form long trains, marching and singing the lines as in first rhyme and so on, until finally "Five o'clock, Six o'clock, Now time to stay." AP. 520.

A different example is—

"One to make ready, And two to prepare,
Good luck to the rider, And away goes the mare."—AY. 156.

The following is a fragment from Oswestry—

"First, for the golden purse,
Second, for the same,
Third,
Fourth, for the sugar loaf,
Fifth,
Seven, for the key of Heaven,
Last, for the bag of brass."—AP. 572.

In Warwickshire and Staffordshire they say—
 First the best, Second the same,
 Last the worst in all the game.

SALE OF BARTER.

In Sussex a child sometimes get peapods, saying—
 “Peapod hucks, Twenty for a pin,
 If you doänt like 'em, I'll take 'em back agin.”—**CM.** 60.

SEESAW.

During this well-known game children chant—
 “Seesaw, Sacaradown, “See-saw, Jack in the hedge,
 Which is the way to London Which is the way to London
 town? bridge?
 One foot up, the other foot One foot up, etc.
 down, That is the best way to Lon-
 That is the way to London don town.”—**AW.** 110.
 town.”—**CR.** (1783) 25.

“Seesaw, Jack-a-daw, What is a craw to do wi' her? She has not a stocking to put on her, And the craw has not one for to gi' her.”	“Seesaw, Margery Daw, She shall have a new master, She shall have but a penny a day, Because she won't work any faster.”
AW. 125. Perhaps spoken when dandling a child.	In Suffolk, “Seesaw, Jack in the straw.”

“Titty cum tawtay,
 The ducks are in the water,
 Titty, etc., The geese follow after.”—**AV.** 112.

The nursery rhyme “Seesaw, Margery Daw,” etc., is of totally different character, and probably has reference to a lazy old woman rocking herself to and fro in the midst of dirt.

SWING.

The following rhyme is tolerably well known in the Midlands; the last two lines are to show that no fresh impetus must be given to the ropes, so that a second player may have a turn—

“ Rub-a-dub-dub. Three men in a tub,
 The brewer, the baker, the candlestick-maker,
 They all sprung out of a rotten potato.
 An apple for the king, a pear for the queen,
 And a good toss over the bowling-green.
 The bowling-green it was so high,
 It nearly toss'd me over the sky,
 Sky—sky—
 Let the cat die, Let, etc.”

Tops.

“ Tops are *in*, Spin 'em agin ;
 Tops are *out*, Smuggin' about ! ”

For tops put dumps = missiles, or other toys. *Smuggling* = legitimate stealing when games are out of season. **BD.** i. 127.

OUTDOOR GAMES.

RING GAMES. *a.* Various.

Children move round in a ring till the last line, when they stand, and imitate sneezing—

“ A ring, a ring o' roses,
 A pocket full of posies,
 One for Jack, and one for Jim, and one for little Moses.
 Atisha ! atisha ! atisha ! ”

Shropshire. **AP.** 511. At Edgmond, where this game is a favourite with very little children, the last lines runs—

“ A curchey in, and a curchey out,
 And a curchey all together.”

Curtseying accordingly. *Ibid.*

Line three is not used in Warwickshire, and the sneeze is given “ Ash-oo ! ash-oo ! ash-oo ! ” Nor is it in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, where the sneeze is sounded “ Ashem ! ashem ! ashem ! ” See **R.** 191.

“ Can you dance looby, looby, (*repeat twice*)
 All on a Friday night?
 You put your right foot in ;
 And then you take it out,
 And wag it, and wag it, and wag it,
 Then turn and turn about.”

At the third line they put their right feet within the ring, then they take their feet out, and turn round. Looby = old form of word *lubber*, a clumsy fellow or dolt. *Sheffield*. R. 320.

JOGGLE ALONG.

There must be an uneven number of players. The odd one stands in the middle, while the others arm-in-arm circle round, singing—

“ Come all ye young men, with your wicked ways
 Sow all your wild oats in your youthful days,
 That we may live happy, that we may live happy when
 we grow old.
 The day is far spent, the night's coming on,
 Give us your arm and we'll joggle along,
 That we may,” etc. (*repeat*).

At the words “joggle along,” they all drop the arm of the person they are leading, and try to catch the arm of the person in front of them, whilst the middle man tries at the same time to get a partner. Should he succeed, the player left without one takes his place. *Cornwall*. AR. v. 57. See “JOLLY MILLER.”

“ Giddy, giddy, Gander,
 Who stands yonder?
 Little Bessy Baker :
 Pick her up and shake her,
 Give her a bit of bread and cheese
 And throw her over the water !”

A girl being blindfolded, her companions join hands and circle round her. “At the word ‘yonder,’ the blindfolded girl points in any direction that she pleases, and at line three names one of the girls. If the one pointed at and the one named be the same, she is the next to be blinded ; but curiously enough, if they be not the same, the one named is the one. Meanwhile at line four she is

not 'picked up,' but is shaken by the shoulders by the still blindfolded girl; and at line five she is given by the same 'bread and cheese,' *i.e.* the buds or young leaves of what later is called 'May' (*Cratægus oxyacantha*); and at line six she is taken up under the blinded girl's arm and swung round." *Warwickshire*. **CJ.** viii. 451.

"Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green,
 The fairest young lady that ever was seen;
 I'll wash you in milk,
 And I'll clothe you with silk,
 And I'll write down your name with a gold pen and ink.
 O Sally, O Sally, your true love is dead,
 He sent you a letter to turn round your head."

I am inclined to think this but a fragment of some dramatic game, like the Swedish *Fair Gundela* in Halliwell's *Pop. Rhymes*, p. 122. It is apparently played something like WALL FLOWERS (which see). *Shropshire*. **AP.** 510.

In Staffordshire the rhyme is—

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass grows, etc.
 And all pretty maidens are fit to be seen,
 We'll wash them, etc., and clothe, etc.,
 And write, etc., with white pen, etc.—**CH.** vii. 415.

Another version is—

Green gravel, etc.,
 The fairest young lady, etc.,
 (*Nomen*) Your lover is dead,
 He's sent you a message to turn round your head.

AQ. v. 84, where I think it forms the conclusion to WALL FLOWERS.

A Yorkshire variant, given in **CL.** iii. 482, seems to make this a game at choosing partners, but there are other fragments attached, so that it is probably a corrupt version made up of several separate rhymes.

A little boy stands in the midst of a ring of girls who sing—

Around a green gravill The grass is so green,
 And all the fine ladies Ashamed (? a shame) to be seen.
 They wash 'em in milk, An' dress 'em in silk,
 We'll all cou' (cower) down together.

All then crouch down as if in profound respect, then, rising slowly, sing—

My elbow, my elbow,
 My pitcher an' my can,
 Isn't (*nomen*) a nice young gell,
 (*Here each girl mentions her own name.*)
 Isn't (*nomen*) as nice as her,
 (*Each girl mentions the name of her sweetheart.*)
 They shall be married with a guinea-gold ring.

The ensuing lines, although included, are probably from a distinct ring game—

I peep'd thro' the window,
 I peep'd thro' the door,
 I seed pretty Katey
 A-dancin' on the floor :
 I cuddled her an' fo'dled her,
 I set her on my knee,
 I says pretty Katey
 Won't you marry me.
 A new-swept parlour,
 And a new-made bed,
 A new cup an' saucer,
 Again' we get wed.

If it be a boy he shall have a hat
 To follow wi' his mammy to her ha' ha' ha' :
 If it be a gell she shall have a ring,
 To follow wi' her mammy to her ding, ding, ding.

Then all clap hands, and the one that's sweetheart to him in the middle kisses him. See CHOOSING PARTNERS ; **Ring Games**.

“ Here we go round ring by ring,
 As ladies do in Yorkshire,
 A curtesy here, a curtesy there,
 And a curtesy to the ground, sir.”—**AQ.** v. 86.

Compare “ A ring, a ring o' roses.”

There are two varieties of the following game of "Kiss-in-the-ring." The ordinary way of pursuing under the uplifted hands, also called "Cat and Mouse." (a).

At other times, as soon as the player going round the ring has dropped the handkerchief on the shoulder of the girl he chooses, both players run *opposite ways*, outside the ring, each trying to be the first to regain the starting-point. If the one who was chosen gets there first, no kiss can be claimed. It is often called "Drop Handkerchief" (or cap), from the signal for the chase. (b).

Ditties sung or repeated by the outside player—

"I lost my supper last night, and the night before,
And if I lose it this night, I shall never have it no more."

Berrington.

"I've come to borrow the riddle" (= sieve)

Ans. "There is a big hole in the middle."

"I've come to borrow the hatchet,"

Ans. "Come after me and catch it."

Chirbury, Shropshire. AP. 512.

GAME (b).

I sent a letter to my love,
I carried water in my glove,
And by the way I dropped it,
I did so, I did so :
I had a little dog that said
bow-wow !
I had a little cat that said
meow, meow !
Shan't bite you, shan't bite
you,
Shall bite you.

Throws the handkerchief and chases the girl. **AR.** v. 53.

I think the thrower and the chosen should run *opposite ways*, as mentioned before.

See also **AQ.** v. 87, where the first two lines are similar, the concluding line being—

I dropt it, I dropt it,
And by the way I lost it.

I lost my supper, last night,
And the night before,
And if I do this night
I never will no more.
I sent a letter, etc.,
I carried water, etc.,
And on the way, etc.,
I havn't dropp'd it yet,
But I shall very soon.

Prolonging or hastening the words, so as to take some player at disadvantage, and so be first to traverse the ring, regain the starting point, and claim the kiss. *Warwickshire.*

GAME (a).

One person goes round *inside* a ring clapping a cap between his hands. When he drops it at the foot of any one, that one leaves his position, and gives chase, and is obliged to thread the very same course among the children till the first is caught. The first then stands with his back towards the centre of the ring, the one called out takes his place, and thus they continue till nearly (*sic*) all are turned. The rhyme is—

“My hand burns hot, hot, hot!
And whoever I love best, I’ll drop this at his foot.”

AV. 113.

Children stand round in a circle, *leaving space between each*. One walks round the outside, and carries a glove in her hand, saying—

“I’ve a glove in my hand, Hitty Hot !
Another in my other hand, Hotter than that,
So I sow beans, and so they come up,
Some in a mug, and some in a cup.
I sent a letter to my love : I lost it, I lost it,
I found it, I found it : It burns, it scalds !”

Repeating the last words very rapidly, till she drops the glove behind one of them, and whoever has the glove must overtake her, following her exactly in and out till she catches her. If the pursuer make a mistake in the pursuit, she loses, and the game is over ? otherwise she continues the game with the glove.—*Id.* 130.

One may gather from these examples that the rhymes are used indiscriminately.

The following [called Gay Ladies] is evidently two games confused together. The players form a ring, moving round as they sing the chorus ; two players outside the ring run round it, singing the verse part—

Verse. “Over London bridge we go,
(*Repeat again and again.*)
Gay ladies, gay !”

Chorus. “London bridge is broken down, (*repeat, etc.*)
Gay ladies, gay !”

V. “Build it up with lime and sand, Gay,” etc.

Ch. “Lime and sand will wash away.”

V. "Build it up with penny loaves,"

Ch. "Penny loaves 'll be stole away."

(One of the two gets within the ring; her former companion continues the part.)

V. "O what has my poor prisoner done?"

Ch. "Robbed a house and killed a man."

V. "What will you have to set her free?"

Ch. "Fourteen pounds and a wedding-gown."

V. "Stamp your foot and let her go."

(The prisoner is released.)

Clun, Shropshire. AP. 519. "London bridge is broken down," with the burdens "Dance o'er my Lady Lee," "With a gay Ladye," is an old song.

JOLLY MILLER.

Two concentric rings are formed, the young men being in the outer, and the young women in the inner circle, the arm of each young man being linked with that of a young woman. A man stands within the inner circle quite near to it. The two rings march round, . . . and at the word "grab" each man [relinquishing the arm of his girl] tries to grasp the arm of the girl in front of him. The man within the ring tries to get hold of a girl's arm at the same time, and if he succeeds he takes her arm, and the man who has been displaced [not having caught the arm of another girl] goes within the inner ring. R. 120. The rhyme is—

"There was a jolly miller and he lived by himself,
As the wheel went round he made his wealth (? pelf),
One hand in the hopper and one in the bag,
As the wheel went round he made his grab."

Shropshire, etc. AP. 512. Near Sheffield they have these additional lines—

"Sandy he belongs to the mill,
And the mill belongs to Sandy still,
And the mill belongs to Sandy."

R. 120. These lines, probably, are sung when the one that stands alone has been unable to get a partner when the change is effected. See also MARCHING GAMES.

“ Wall flowers, wall flowers, growing up so high,
 We shall all be maidens (and so) we shall all die,
 Excepting (*nomen*), she is the youngest flower,
 She can hop, 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 the tambourine,
 Fie, fie, fie for shame,
 Turn your back upon the game.”

The one named turns her back to the inside of the ring, and continues the game facing outwards, and they repeat the motion and song, naming the *next youngest* girl and so on, until all the party have their backs to the middle, when they go through them all again till every girl faces inwards. At Wenlock, instead of this, they summon each in turn to face inwards by adding to the chorus—

“ Oh (*nomen*) your true love [is dead ?]
 [He] will send you [sends you] a letter to turn round your head.”

See “ Green gravel,” *ante*.

At Wem they say, to follow “ skip ”—“ She can turn the handle-stick.” *Shropshire*, **AP.** 513.

In **AQ.** v. 84, there is another version ; but evidently made up of “ Sally Water,” etc.

Wally, wally wallflower, growing up so high,
 We are all maidens and we shall die,
 All except the youngest one, and that is (*nomen*),
 Choose for the best, choose for the worst,
 Choose the one 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.

Sometimes the lines “ Green gravel,” etc. (*vide*), are then introduced.

In Warwickshire the rhyme commences as above, and then

follows the Shropshire version, "She can hop, etc., And she can turn the mangle-stick," or *handle-stick*, or "candle-stick," and concludes, "Fie, fie," etc.

When two children play seesaw, a third child frequently stands upright in the centre of the plank, and is called the "candlestick." Consequently "turning the candlestick" is probably the proper phrase, and may allude to the dexterity shown by the central player in changing from right to left and *vice versa* whilst the plank is in motion.

In Yorkshire the rhymes begin, "Willy, Willy, Wallflower." CI. iii. 481.

RING GAMES. *b.* Matrimonial.

A number of players circle a girl, and sing—

"Down in the meadows where the green grass grows,
To see (*girl's name*) blow like a rose,
She blows, she blows, she blows so sweet,
Go out (*girl's name*) who shall be he?
(*Here a partner is chosen.*)
(*Girl's name*) made a pudding,
She made it so sweet,
And never stuck a knife in
Till (*partner's name*) came to eat.
Taste love, taste love, And don't say nay,
For next Monday morning Is your wedding-day.
He bought her a gown And a guinea-gold ring,
And a fine cocked hat To be married in."

West Haddon, Northamptonshire, and Long Itchington, Warwickshire. CD. ii. 106.

"Here comes a poor woman from Babylon,
With three small children all alone,
One can brew, and one can bake,
The other can make a pretty round cake,
One can sit in the arbour and spin,
Another can make a fine bed for the king.
Choose the one and leave the rest,
And take the one you love the best.

(*One of the opposite sex is here chosen.*)

Now you're married we wish you joy ;
 Father and mother you must obey ;
 Love one another like sister and brother,
 And now, good people, kiss each other."

They then kiss, and the process is repeated till all the children are in the ring (*sic*). **AV.** 132, 133.

Sometimes the rhyme commences, "Here comes a poor woman from babyland." See **AW.** 116.

It seems to me that this game should be played after the manner of "The Dukes of Spain," or some such play of choosing partners other than from a ring. But the wedding chorus from "Sally Water" is tacked to innumerable games.

The players circle round four companions, singing—

 "Here comes four jolly sailor boys,
 Just lately come ashore,
 They spend their days in many merry ways,
 As they have done before ;
 Round, round the ring we go,
 Round, round the ring,
 And he that chooses his bonny, bonny lass
 Must kiss her on the floor" (*i.e.* not in secret).

The four sailor boys then choose each a lass [kiss, I presume], and retire from the centre, and the four chosen lasses take their places. The game is continued as before. *Rounds.* **CD.** i. 232.

There is a sort of musical catch, sung in the midlands, similar in character, that may have once been used in some courting game—

Here's three jolly, jolly sailor boys,
 Lately come on shore,
 We spend our time in drinking wine,
 And then we work for more.
 The pints and the quarts shan't grieve me,
 The wide world never shall deceive me,
 Give me the girl that will keep me,
 Whilst I go rambling about.

Game played as in No. 1.

“Here stands a young man who wants a sweetheart,
With all his merry maids round him,
He may choose from east, he may choose from west,
He may choose the prettiest girl that he loves best.

(*Partner chosen.*)

Now this young couple is married together,
We propose they kiss each other.”

Continued as before. *Glaphorn*. CD. i. 214.

A slightly dramatic character may be observed in this game, which was obtained from Essex. Children form a ring, one girl kneeling in the centre, and sorrowfully hiding her face with her hands.

“Here we all stand round the ring,
And now we shut poor Mary in,
Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
And see your poor mother go thro’ the town.”

To this she answers—

“I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see my poor mother go thro’ the street!”

The same course is gone through with “poor father,” “brother,” “sister,” “beggars,” and sometimes “gentlemen and ladies.”

All versions, however, conclude with, “To see your poor sweetheart,” etc.

The chord is at last touched, and Mary, frantically replying—

“I will get up upon my feet,
To see my sweetheart go thro’ the street,”

rushes with impetuosity to break the ring, and generally succeeds in breaking the bonds that detain her from her imaginary love. AV. 119, 120.

Game played as No 1.

“Oats and beans and barley grow! (*repeat*)

Do you or I or any know

How oats and beans and barley grow?

First the farmer *sows* his seed, (*with suitable action*)

Then he *stands*, and takes his ease,

Thumps his foot, and *claps* his hands,
 Then *turns round* to view the land :
 Waiting for a partner, (*repeat*)
 Open the ring and take one in.
 (*Partner chosen.*)

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, Shropshire. AP. 508.

I give a detailed version from *Rounds*, omitting the old form of spelling, as the contributor gives no MS. or printed authority for the usage :

"The young men and maidens join hands indiscriminately, and form a ring ; within the ring stand *a lad and lass* ; then they all step round the way the sun goes, to a plain tune and the following words—

' Does you or I or any one know
Where oats and beans and barley grow ?
 The farmer comes and sows the seed,
 Then he stands, etc.
 Stamps his foot, and slaps his hand,
 And turns him round,' etc.

"During the singing of the last two lines they all disjoin hands, [do they not toward the end of third line ?] stop, and stamp their feet and clap their hands, and turn right round—all in time and tune ; and then join hands again, and proceed—

' Waiting for a partner (*repeat*),
 Open the ring and take *me* in,
 Make haste and choose your partner.'

"The two in the middle here choose each of them a partner of the opposite sex out of the ring, which they do by pointing to the one chosen, then they continue the dance round to the words below, the two pairs of partners crossing hands—first right and then left—and revolving opposite ways alternately. The march round is temporarily suspended for choosing partners.

' Now you're married,' etc.

“The partners then salute . . . and the first two partners go out ; the game continues as before, etc. **CD.** i. 163, 164.

“At Maxy, no crop save barley is mentioned, and the refrain repeated after the second and sixth lines is, ‘Waiting for the harvest.’” **CD.** i. 165.

Form a ring and move round.

“ Oliver, Oliver, follow the king,
 Oliver, Oliver, last in the ring.

(They curtsey, or “doug down,” and the one who is last * [that is, presumably, the lonely central player] has to tell his sweetheart’s name.)

(*Male name*) wants a wife, and a wife he shall have,
 (*Female name*) he kissed at the back cellar door,
 (*Female name*) 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” (*de capo*).

Berrington, Shropshire. **AP.** 508.

Game played as No. 1, but the central player kneels.

“ On the carpet you shall kneel,
 As the grass grows in the field,
 Stand up, stand up on your feet,
 And show me the girl you love so sweet.

(*Rises, and makes choice.*)

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.”

(The first player leaves the ring, leaving the second within that the game may continue.) *Derbyshire.* **AR.** i. 385.

In some parts of Warwickshire the second line is “Whilst the grass is growing green,” and after line four they say—

* Or *the last to do so*, perhaps.

“Choose one, choose two, why don't you choose three,
Choose the fairest, choose the rarest that ever you did see ;”
and the wedding chorus is slightly different—

Now Sally's, etc.

First *to* a girl, etc.

Four years ^{arter} older son and a daughter,

Praise
Pray you, a couple, and a kiss and good-bye.

In Shropshire the second line is “Where the grass grows fresh and green.” AP. 510.

The following version is compounded of two or more rhymes—

“Oh this pretty little ^{girl}
See ^{maid} of mine,

She ^{cost}
brought me many a bottle of wine,

A bottle of wine and a guinea, too,

To see what this little ^{girl}
But see what my little ^{maid} can do.

Down on the carpet she shall kneel,
While (till) the grass grows in the field (*kneels*),

Rise up, rise up on your ^{feet},
Stand upright upon her

And choose the one ^{you love} so sweet.”
^{she loves}

The secondary lines are used at Long Itchington, Warwickshire, where they add—

“Up the kitchen and down the hall,
Choose the fairest of them all,* (*partner chosen*)
Seven years now and seven years then,
Kiss poor Sally and part again.”

After a partner is chosen, the West Haddon, Northamptonshire, children sing—

Now you're married we wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy,

* These lines are from “The Dukes of Spain.”

Cups and saucers, sons and daughters,
Now join hands, and kiss one another.

Or else, like the Long Itchington children, they use their version at the end of the "Sally Water" game. *CD.* ii. 106.

A similar game is played at Maxey, Northamptonshire, but by girls only. See *CD.* i. 214.

In parts of Suffolk and on the borders of Norfolk the following (played as No. 1) is common—

"One poor widow left all alone,
With only one daughter to marry at home,
Come choose to the east the worst, come choose to the west the best,
Come choose the young man that you love best."
(Partner chosen.)

"And now you're married we wish you good joy,
Father and mother you must obey, }
Every year a girl or a boy, }
Then love one another like sisters and brothers.
And kiss each other for joy."

A very similar rhyme is current in Essex, but the second line of verse one runs, "She had no daughter," etc.; and the third line begins, "So choose," etc.

In the ensuing game the central player repeats the following lines, counting the children until one is counted out by the end of the verses—

"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."

The child upon whom 14 falls is then taken out and forced to select one of the opposite sex. The middle child then proceeds—

“ This (*lady or gentleman*) is none of ours,
Has put (*him or her*) self in (*the selected child's*) power,
So clap all hands, and ring all bells,
And make the wedding o'er.”

If the child taken by lot joins in the clapping, the selected child is rejected, and I think, takes the middle place. Otherwise, I think, there is a salute. **AW.** 123, 124.

I am of opinion that the child counted out enters the ring as companion to the central player, and that the concluding lines are sung by the chorus, as is usual in these games.

Mr. Halliwell gives another version of the rhyme, p. 125—

As I go round, etc.
A maiden goes, etc.
And here's a flower, etc.
As red as any daisy,
If you set your foot, etc.

SALLY WATER.

The central girl kneels with disconsolate manner, and the players forming the ring sing—

“ Sally Water, Sally Water, come sprinkle your pan (or plants),
For down in the meadows there lies a young man,
Rise, Sally ; rise, Sally (*she rises*),
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 ring ceases to move, and Sally chooses, saying, at Market Drayton—

“ The fairest one that I can see,
Is (*nomen*) come to me.”

The ring moves again, and the chorus is—

“ 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.”

They kiss ; the original central player leaving the ring to the chosen one, who in turn chooses at proper time, etc., and the game continues *ad lib.* *Shropshire.* **AP.** 510.

At Berrington, in the same county, they have a somewhat similar game, but, presumably, the central player mounts a hillock or other elevation—

“ Here stands a lady on a mountain,
 Who she is I do not know ;
 All she wants is gold and silver,
 All she wants is a nice young man.
 Choose you east, and choose you west,
 Choose you the one as you love best.
 (*She chooses, the chorus continues.*)
 Now Sally’s got married we wish her joy,
 First a girl, etc.
 Twelve months a’ter a son and da’ter,
 Pray young couple kiss together.”—*Ibid.*

Other versions of the original game are—

<p>Sally <i>Walker</i>, Sally Walker, Come springtime and love, She’s lamenting, she’s lament- ing, All for a young man. Come choose to the east . . . west, Come choose to 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. <i>Northern Counties.</i> AS. 27.</p>	<p>Sally, Sally <i>Walker</i>, sprinkle water in the pan, Rise, Sally ; rise, Sally, and seek your young man, Turn to the east and . . . west, And choose the one, etc. 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. Sung at school feast, <i>Chud- leigh-Knighton, Devon,</i> A.D. 1878. AS. 27.</p>
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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, etc.
 And now, good people, kiss
 each other.—**AV.** 132, 133.

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, etc.
 Father and mother you need
 not cry,
 Kiss and kiss each other again,
 Now we're happy let's part
 again.

Long Itchington, Warwick.
CD. ii. 105.

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,
 etc.
 And choose the dearest one
 that you love best.
 Now your married, etc.
 First a girl, etc.
 Love one another like sister
 and brother,
 And never lose time by kissing
 one another.
West Haddon, Northamps.
CD. ii. 104.

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 . . . west,
 . . . young man that you love
 best.
 So now you've got married,
 I hope you'll enjoy,
 Your sons and your daughters,
 So kiss and good-bye.
 Neighbourhood of Sheffield;
 when a man is alone in the
 centre the others say *Billy*,
Billy Slarter, etc.

Variant—

Sally Water, Sally Water,
 Come sprinkle your can,

Why don't you rise, Sally,	Why do you lie mourning all
And choose a young man?	for a young man?'
Come choose of the wisest,	Come choose of the wisest,
Come choose of the best,	Come choose of the best,
Come choose of the young	Come choose of the young
man,	man,
That lies in your breast.	The one you love best.

Part of *Glouces.* and *Warwicks.*

Slart, in Derbys. *Slort* = to splash with dirt. R. 198 and p. 219.

The following version exhibits novel ideas, but these are possibly from another game—

Sally, Sally Water, sprinkle in the pan,
 Is not (*man's name*) a nice young man?
 Is not (*maid'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.—AQ. v. 88.

Played as before.

Silly old man he walks alone,
 He walks alone, he walks alone.
 Silly, etc.
 He wants a wife and can't get one,
 All go round and choose your own,
 And choose your own, etc.
 All go round, etc.,
 And choose a good one or else choose none.
 (*Central player make a choice*).
 Now, young couple you're married together,
 You're married, etc.
 Now, young couple, etc.

Your father and mother you must obey,
 So love one another like sister and brother,
 And now, young couple, pray kiss together.

Continue as usual. *Lanc.* CI. iv. 157.

The first part of the verse is similar to the JOLLY MILLER rhyme, etc.

A game played by boys and girls, called "The Town Lovers." A girl is placed in the middle of a ring, and says the following lines, the name being altered to suit the party. She points to each one named, and, at the last line, the party selected immediately runs away; and if the girl catches him, he pays a forfeit, or the game is commenced again, the boy being placed in the middle, and the lines *mutatis mutandis*, serve for a reversed amusement—

"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!"—AV. 118, 119.

Played as No. 1.

"The wind wind blows, and the rain rain goes,
 And the clouds come gathering from the sky,
 (*Girl's name*) is very pretty,
 She is a girl of a noble city,
 She is the girl of one, two, three,
 Pray come tell me whose she'll be.
 (*They pause, and she chooses.*)
 (*Boy's name*) 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
 (*Boy's name*) 's got her still.
 He takes her by the lilywhite hand
 And leads her over the water,
 Gives her kisses one, two, three,
 Mrs. ——'s daughter."

Eccleshall, Staffs. AP. 510.

In Warwickshire they have it—

The rain rains high and the snow snow fair,
 And the hail comes pattering from the sky,
 And (*girl's name*) says she'll die
 For the sake of a boy with a roguish eye ;
 She is handsome, she is pretty,
 She is the flower of a noble city,
 She goes courting one, two, three,
 Pray come tell me who it may be, etc.

It is possible that the following lines are part of a similar game—

Rosy apple, lemon, or pear,
 Bunch of roses she shall wear ;
 Gold and silver by his side,
 I know who will be the bride.
 Take her by the lilywhite hand,
 Lead her to the altar,
 Give her kisses, one, two, three,
 Mrs. ——'s daughter.—**AQ.** v. 85.

Played as " Oliver, Oliver, follow the king " (which see).

" 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 lilywhite hand,
 And carry her over the water.

(They stoop down, and the last * [presumably the one in the centre] must tell her sweetheart's name).

Sally goes a courting night and day,
 Hystal, whistal by her side,
 (*Boy's name*) by her side."

Shrewsbury and Chirbury, Shrops. **AP.** 511.

* Or, *the last to do so*, perhaps.

CHOOSING PARTNERS.

A number of children stand in a row. To them two other children advance, hand in hand, saying—

“Stepping up the green grass,*
 Thus, and thus, and thus,
 Will you let one of your fair maids
 Come and play with us?
 We will give you pots and pans,
 We will give you brass,
 We will give you anything
 For a pretty lass.”

The others reply “No,” and—

“We won’t take your pots and pans,” etc.

The two retire, and advance again, repeating the first four lines, and then—

“We will give you gold and silver,
 We will give you pearl,
 We will give you anything
 For a pretty girl!”

The others answer “Yes;” then the two lead out one girl in the row, and dance round with her, singing—

“Come my dearest (*nomen*),
 Come and play with us,
 You shall have a young man
 Born for your sake.
 And the bells shall ring,
 And the cats shall sing,
 And we’ll all clap hands together.”

Each girl in the row is led out in turn, the last part of the ceremony being called the wedding. Near *Sheffield*. R. 239.

Other versions are—

Walking up the green grass,	Dissy, dissy, green grass,
A dust, a dust, a dust,	Dissy, dissy, duss,

* “Dissy, dissy,” etc., should come before this variant to preserve the alphabetical arrangement of the book, but it is not so suitable for description.

We want a pretty maiden,
To walk along with us.

(*Girl chosen.*)

We'll take this pretty maiden,
We'll take her by the hand,
She shall go to Derby,
And Derby is the land ;
She shall have a duck, my
 dear,
She shall have a drake,
She shall have a nice young
 man,
A fighting for her sake.
Suppose this young man was
 to die,
And leave the poor girl a
 widow,
The bells would ring, and we
 should sing,
And all clap hands together.

Berrington, Shrops. **AP.** 511.

Come all ye pretty fair maids,
And dance along with us.

(*Girl chosen.*)

You shall have a duck, my
 dear,
You shall have a drake,
You shall have a nice young
 man,
To love you for your sake.
If this young man should
 chance to die,
And leave the girl a widow,
The birds shall sing, the bells
 shall ring,
Clap all your hands together.

Northern Counties. **AS.** 27.

A version similar to No. 1, is given **AW.** 126-27. *One* suitor advances, etc., and the only addition of importance is—

“Take one, take one, the fairest you may see.”

Spoken from the leader of the row, to which the suitor replies—

“The fairest one that I can see,
Is pretty (*nomen*) come to me.”

The wedding chorus is given as in Nos. 2 and 3.

Probably the following verse is a fragment of some such game—

“Hopping in the garden,
Skipping o'er the sea (? lea),
If you want a bonny lass
Pray take me.”

Oswestry, Shropshire. **AP.** 513.

Played after the manner of "The Dukes of Spain" (which see, *ultra*).

"Here comes a lusty wooer,
My a dildin, my a dildin,
Here comes, etc.
Lily bright and shine a."

Answer—

"Pray who do you woo?" etc.

The suitor then says—

"For your fairest daughter" (*repeat, with burdens*).

Answer—

"Then here she is for you," etc.

Gammer Gurton's Garland, 1783. CR. 9.

Three players (or sometimes only one) are chosen to represent the Knights; the rest, who must be an uneven number [the odd one officiating as speaker for her party], stand in a row facing them, and both parties advance and retire alternately—

Suitors. "Here come three brethren all out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane."

Reply. "My daughter Jane she is too young,
And has not learned her mother-tongue."

S. "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."

R. "Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be bright."

S. "Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not bought;
So fare you well," etc.

R. "Turn back, etc.
And take the fairest in your sight."

S. "The fairest one that I can see,
Is pretty (*nomen*) come to me."

S. "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."

The girl joins her former companions again, and the suitor retire, and then return and call out another girl, etc. But sometimes the one chosen keeps to the suitor and the game goes on, "Here come four brethren," "five," etc. When all have been chosen, the speaker of the sought party becomes chief knight for another game. The rhyme is given as above in *Gammer Gurton's Garland* (1783). CR. 20-21.

The two next versions are from Shropshire—

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Here comes three knights,
etc.
A courting of, etc.</p> <p>2. My daughter Jane, etc.
She can't abide a flattering
tongue, [old,</p> <p>1. If she be young, or she be
She for her beauty, etc.</p> <p>2. Go back, go back, etc.
And rub, etc.</p> <p>1. My spurs are bright and
richly wrought,
And in this town they were
not bought,
And in this town they shan't
be sold, [gold.
Neither for silver nor for</p> <p>2. Walk up the kitchen, and
down the hall,
And choose the fairest of
them all. [bend,</p> <p>1. Madam, to you I bow and
I take you for my dearest
friend, [declare,
You are two beauties, I
So come along with me,
my dear.—AP. 516.</p> | <p>1. Here comes three Dukes
a-riding,
With a ransome, dansome,
day!</p> <p>2. Pray what is your intent,
sirs, intent, sirs?
With a ransome, etc.</p> <p>1. My intent is to marry, to
marry!</p> <p>2. Will you marry one of my
daughters, my daughters?</p> <p>1. You are as stiff as pokers,
etc.</p> <p>2. We can bend like you sir,
etc.</p> <p>1. You're all too black and
blowsy, etc.*
For a dilly-dally officer.</p> <p>2. Good enough for you sir,
etc.</p> <p>1. If I must have any, I will
have this,
So come along, my pretty
miss.</p> <p><i>Chirbury.</i> The concluding
lines are from <i>Ellesmere</i>. AP.
517.</p> |
|--|--|

* A Lancashire version (1820-30) adds after this line. "With your golden chains about your necks." It was there acted with much energy, and gestures and tones of servility, scorn, etc. The burden evidently represented a flourish of trumpets—"With a rancy tancy, terry boy's horn;" and, after the second line, "With a rancy tancy tee." *Id.*

In the neighbourhood of Sheffield they say—

“Here come three Spaniards out of Spain.”

And certain lines are varied thus—

She has not learned the Spanish tongue (rhyme to *young*),
 We'll turn our heads another way, (ditto *gay*),
 She must have a gift of gold (ditto *old*),
 And pick the fairest in this night. (ditto *knight*).

R. 256.

In Gloucestershire and Warwickshire they say—

Here comes three Dukes all out of Spain.
 We come

Varying certain lines thus—

She cannot bear your flattering tongue,

The lines “So fare ye well, my lady gay,” “We'll call,” etc., are followed by—

Turn back, turn back you Spanish knight, etc.

And when the guardian relents, she says—

Well, thro' the kitchen and through the hall, etc.

—————

The players form two rows facing each other, advancing and retreating alternately. They draw a boundary line on the ground between them.

1st Party. “Here we come gathering nuts in May,
 Nuts in May, nuts in May;
 Here we come gathering, etc.
 On a cold and frost morning.”

2nd Party. “And who have you come to gather away,
 To gather away, etc.
 And who, etc. On a cold and frosty,” etc.

1st. “We have come to gather (*girl's name*) away,” etc.

2nd. “And who will you send to fetch her away,” etc.

1st. “We'll send (*boy's name*) to fetch her away,” etc.

The two players named stand with their feet touching the boundary mark, and pull against each other, assisted by those behind, till the attacking party have succeeded or failed in dragging

the girl they asked for over to their side. *Shropshire*. **AP.** 516; see also **AQ.** v. 85.

As nuts do not grow in May, the phrase may possibly have been "Knots (of flowers) in May" or "Knots of *May*" (the hawthorn blossom); but, *o* and *u*, formerly, were interchangeable. However, extravagances are common in folk rhymes.

A number of girls range themselves against a wall, whilst one stands out, stepping backwards and forwards to the tune—

"Sunday night an' Nancy oh!
 My delight an' fancy oh!
 All the world that I should keep,
 If I had a Katey oh!"

Then she rushes to pick out one, taking her by the hand, and standing face to face with her, the hands of the two being joined, sings—

"He oh, my Katey oh!
 My bonny, bonny Katey oh!
 All the world that I should keep,
 If I had, etc."

Then the two advance, and take another girl, etc. *Yorkshire*. **CL.** iii. 482.

MARCHING GAMES.

Very little children follow each other in line, singing—

"All a row, a bendy bow,
 Shoot at a pigeon, and kill a crow,
 Shoot at another, and kill his brother,
 Shoot again, and kill a wren,
 And that'll do for gentlemen."

The players march two and two along the playground, and, at the end, turn from each other to right and left; the two lines march to the other end and meet again as in Sir Roger de Coverley—

"A hunting we will go (*repeat*),
 We'll catch a little fish,
 And put him in a dish,
 And never let him go."

Ellesmere, Shropshire. AP. 514. In Derbyshire they say—

We'll catch a fox, and put him in a box,
And a-hunting, etc.—AR. i. 387.

Another marching song—

“Darby and Joan were dress'd in black,
Sword and buckle behind their back;
Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
Turn about, Darby's company.”—AY. 309.

The ensuing lines may be used for a like purpose—

“Parson Darby wore a black gown,
And every button cost half-a-crown;
From port to port, and toe to toe,
Turn the ship, and away we go.”—*Id.* 311.

Played as “A hunting we will go” is—

“Green grow the leaves on the hawthorn tree (*repeat*),
We jangle and we wrangle, and we never can agree,
But the tenor of our song goes merrily,
Merrily, merrily,
The tenor of our song, etc.”

Wellingboro', Northamptonshire. CD. ii. 161.

Another marching game—

“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,” etc.—AY. 189.

See “Darby and Joan”—

“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. CG. v. 394.

TAKING CAPTIVES.

Two or three players (or it may be only one) stand at a line or mark, placed at some distance from another line, along which all the rest of the players stand in a row. The following dialogue then takes place—

"Blackthorn, blackthorn,
Blue milk and barley-corn ;
How many geese have you to-day?"

Answer—

"More than you can catch and carry away."

The players then rush towards each other's marks, and if any one be caught before he gets *home* to the opposite mark, he has to carry the one that catches him to the mark, where he takes his place as an additional catcher. In this way the game goes on till all are caught. *Lancashire.* BA. 150.

At Ellesmere, Shropshire, after the rush, the object of each player is to pull another over to his side. Whichever obtains most captives is the winner. The rhyme is—

1. Black horn.
2. (*Reply*). Butter milk, and barley-corn !
1. How many sheep have you to-day?
2. More than you can catch away.—AP. 521.

A somewhat different explanation is giving in CG. vii., but the rhyme is as in No. 1. "We used to form ourselves into a line, and then select one of our company to stand out a few yards to the front. As soon as he had taken his position, he called out at the top of his voice (*rhyme*). Our reply was (see *rhyme*). A race then took place to certain points, and the one he caught not only took his place at the mark in front, but was obliged to carry him on his back to the line. We called this playing at blackthorn," p. 285.

"Chickery, chickery, cranny crow,
I went to the well to wash my toe,
When I got back a chicken was dead."

One player is chosen to be the fox, and one to be the hen, all the rest are supposed to be chickens. The chickens, in Indian file, take hold of each other's waist, the first one holding the hen's waist. . . . The verse above is said by the hen to the chickens, after which they all go with the hen to search for the dead chicken; on their way they meet the fox, when the following dialogic between hen and fox ensues—

Hen. "What are you doing?"

Fox. "Picking up sticks."

H. What for? *F.* To make a fire. *H.* What's the fire for? *F.* To boil some water. *H.* What's the water for? *F.* To boil some chickens in. *H.* Where do you get them from? *F.* Out of your flock. *H.* That I'm sure you won't.

The fox now tries to get hold of one of the chickens, who, holding tightly one to the other, try to dodge him and prevent being caught. If the fox succeeds in catching them, they all, with the fox, try to dodge the hen, who makes an effort to gain possession of them. *Derbyshire. AR. i. 387.*

GAME OF THE FOX.

One child is Fox. He has a knotted handkerchief, and a home to which he may go whenever he is tired, but while out of home he must always hop on one leg. The other children are Geese, and have no home. When the fox is coming out, he says—

"The * fox give warning,
It's a cold frosty morning."

After he has said these words he is at liberty to hop out, and use his knotted handkerchief. Whoever he can touch, is fox instead, but the geese run on two legs, and if the fox puts his other leg down, he is hunted back to his home. *AV. 131, 132.* In *AY.* there is a rhyme from "A Game of the Fox," but not detailed.

"Fox a fox, a brummalary,
How many miles to Lummablary" (? Lumabary) !

Answer. "Eight and eight, and a hundred and eight,
How shall I get home to night?"

Reply. "Spin your legs and run fast."—p. 194.

* This example must be considered under letter F for the alphabetical arrangement.

“Here we are on Tom Tinders ground,
 Picking up gold and silver.
 You pick weeds and I’ll pick seeds,
 And we’ll all pick caraway comfits.”

These lines are said by children trespassing on ground set apart as the land of Tom Tinker. He is provided with a knotted handkerchief or some other such weapon, with which he buffets any player caught on his property.

GAME OF THE GIPSY.

One child is selected for the Gipsy, and another for the Mother. The mother says—

“I charge my daughters every one,
 To keep good house while I am gone,
 You and you (*points*) but specially YOU
 SUE,
 Or else I’ll beat you black and blue.”

During the mother’s absence the gipsy comes in, entices a child away, and hides her. This process is repeated till all the children are hidden, when the mother has to find them. **AV.** 131. In **AQ.** v. 88, a Sussex version of this rhyme is given, but the only difference is that *home* replaces “gone” in line two.

“Jack, Jack, the bread’s a-burning,
 All to a cinder,
 If you don’t come and fetch it out,
 We’ll throw it through the winder.”

These lines are chanted by players that stand thus. One places his back against a wall, tree, etc., grasping another, whose back is towards him, round the waist; the second grasps a third, and so on. The player called Jack, walks apart, until the conclusion of the lines. Then he goes to the others and pokes at, or pats them, saying, “I don’t think you’re done yet,” and walks away again. The chant is repeated, and when he is satisfied that the bread is “done,” he endeavours to pull the foremost from the grasp of the others, etc. *Warwicks.*

One player is called the Thief, another the Shepherd, the other players standing in a row, are called the Sheep. The shepherd pretends to sleep; the thief steals a sheep, and hides it; he then says—

“Shepherdy, shepherdy, count your sheep.”

Shep. “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 is it 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 pursuit of the thief. *Oswestry, Shrops.* **AP.** 520.

In Warwickshire, I believe that the shepherd’s dog is the true thief, and hides his propensity in the following dialogue—

“Bow, wow, wow.”

Shep. “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.

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, Shrops. At Chirbury, in the same county, they say—

Stag a rag a roming,
Very frosty morning,
What I cannot catch to night,
I’ll catch to-morrow morning.—**AP.** 523.

At Almondbury and Huddersfield, 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. The starting rhyme is—

Stag, stag arony,
Ma’ dog’s bony,

Them 'at aw catch.
 Ill ha' to go wi' me.—**Y.** 128.

This privilege is allowed in Warwickshire and Staffordshire. In these counties the first one *tick'd* or *tagg'd* becomes stag when the first game is concluded—all having been caught—and this is more agreeable with the general rule of such games. The rhyme is—

Stag alone-y,
 My long pony,
 Kick the bucket over.

One child called the Old Dame, sits on the floor, and the rest joining hands, form a circle round her, and dancing sing the following lines—

“To Beccles! to Beccles!
 To buy a bunch of nettles!
 Pray, Old Dame, what's o'clock?”

Dame. “One, going for two.”

Children. (Repeat verse.)

Dame. “Two, going for three.”

And so on, till she reaches “Eleven, going for twelve.” After this the following dialogue takes place—

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

The children then all run away as fast as they can, and the old dame tries to catch one of them. Whoever is caught is the next to personate the dame. **AV.** 132. Compare “Chickery, chickery, cranny crow.”

“We'll follow our mother to market,
 To buy herself a basket,
 When she comes home she'll break our bones,
 We'll follow, etc.”—**AQ.** v. 84.

This game is played in Warwickshire also. After the last line of the verse, the mother bids the pursuing children begone, and orders them to do the housework. Then they say—

“We don’t care whether we work or no,
We’ll follow our mother on tipty-toe.”

The mother then runs after them, dealing buffets right and left, and the game is carried on *ad lib.*

In the following game two of the strongest children are selected, *A* and *B*. *A* stands within a ring of the children, *B* being outside.

- A.* “Who is going round my sheepfold?”
B. “Only poor old Jacky Lingo.”
A. “Don’t steal any of my black sheep.”
B. “No, no more I will, only by one.
 Up, says Jacky Lingo.” (*Strikes one.*)

The child struck leaves the ring, and takes hold of *B* behind; *B* in the same manner takes the other children one by one, gradually increasing his tail on his repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole. *A* then tries to get them back; *B* runs away with them; they try to shelter themselves behind *B*; *A* drags them off one by one, setting them against a wall until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game as children say. **AW.** 122, 123.

In Shropshire the game is played by girls, and more mildly. One girl represents the Fox, another the Hen, the rest the Chickens. The hen crouches down, and the chickens close up round her, holding the hem of her gown. The fox walks round the group—

- Hen.* Who is going round my fine strong house?
Fox. Only Daddy Dingo.
H. Don’t take any of my fine chicks.
F. Only this one, O.

The fox takes away a chicken and hides it, and so on, and the hen rescues them and chases the fox. **AP.** 520.

A similar game called “The Pen Pound,” is given in **CD.** i. The lasses and lads join hands, and step round the way the sun goes. One lad or lass must be blindfolded, kneeling in the centre of the ring; and one lad or lass walks round, etc.

- A.* Who runs round my pen pound?
B. No one but old king sailor.
A. Don’t you steal all my sheep away, while I am a *wailer*.
B. Steal them all away, one by one,
 And leave none but old king sailor.

At the last word, *B* taps one of those going round, who immediately runs off and hides. The above is repeated until all the ring has fled. *A* is then bidden by *B* to search until he finds his lost sheep, p. 232. In **AQ.** v. 85, the rhyme is—

A. Who's that walking round my walk ?

B. Only Jackie Jingle.

A. Don't you steal of my fat sheep.

B. The more I will, the more I won't,

Unless I take them one by one,

And that is Jackie Jingle.

In **AQ.** iii., pt. ii., p. 170, the game given as "The Fox and the Chickens," is played as No. 1. The rhyme is—

Hen. Who goes round my sunny walk to-night ?

Fox. Only little Jacky Lingo.

H. Don't steal any of my fat chicks.

F. I stole one last night, and gave it a little hay.

There came a little blackbird, and carried it away.

In the neighbourhood of Sheffield they say—

A. Who goes round my pinfold wall ?

B. Little Johnny Ringo.

A. Don't steal all my fat sheep.

B. No more I will, no more I may

Until I've stol'n 'em all away,

Nip! Johnny Ringo.

Then he takes one out of the ring and hides him.—**R.** 119.

GAMES WITH LINKED HANDS.

"A bag o' malt, a bag o' salt,
Ten tens a' hundred."

Two children stand back to back, linked near the arm-pits, and weigh each other, repeating the above lines.

"All-i-go-shee, alligoshee,
Turn the bridle over my knee,
My little man is gone to sea,
When he comes back he'll marry me."

Two girls cross arms, and link hands—the left of one in the right of the other, etc.—and career along, working, in turn, under the arch so formed. *Warwickshire*.

In Shropshire they have a game somewhat akin to this, called "Betsy Blue." The children form pairs, one pair following the other, with their arms linked behind. Whilst the first four lines are repeated by all, they skip forward, and then skip back again. At the end of the last line they turn themselves about, without loosing hands.

"Betsy Blne came all in black, Silver buttons down her back,
Every button cost a crown, Every lady turn around,
Alligoshi, alligoshee, Turn the bridle over myknee."—**AP.** 523.

Another version is—

"Darby's son was dressed in black,
With silver buttons behind his back,
Knee by knee, and foot by foot,
Turn about lady under the bush."—**AQ.** v. 87.

Compare "Darby and Joan," **Marching**. See also "Green Cheeses."

Two girls face each other, holding each other by both hands. Two others face each other, holding both hands across the other two. They seesaw backwards and forwards, singing—

"Draw, draw water
For my lady's daughter.
One in a rush, Two in a bush,
Pretty my lady pop under the bush."

One girl gets inside the enclosing hands, and they repeat till all four have popped under, when they jog up and down till they fall on the floor. *Berrington*. At Ellesmere only *two* girls join hands, and as many pop under as they can encircle. *Shropshire*. **AP.** 521.

Halliwell, in his *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 1842, gives this as a processional game. A string of children, hand in hand, stand in a row. A child (*A*) stands in front of them as leader; two other children (*B* and *C*) form an arch, each holding both hands of the other.

A. Draw a pail of water
For my lady's daughter;
My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
My two little sisters are dress'd in green,

Stamping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.

B. One rush, two rush,
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

A passes under the arch, followed by the whole string of children, the last of whom is taken captive by *B* and *C*. The verses are repeated until the whole are taken—pp. 116, 117. See ORANGES AND LEMONS.

“Green cheeses, yellow laces,
Up and down the market places,
Turn, cheeses, turn.”

This is acted by two or more girls, who walk or dance up and down [? if linked hands], turning when they say the last line. The “green cheeses,” as I am informed, are made with sage and potatoe tops. Two girls are said to be “cheese and cheese.”—*AW*. 122.

“Barley Bridge,” or “How many miles to Banbury,” played in two ways. First: two players, the bridge-keepers, join hands, and hold up their arms; and after going through the dialogue below, the long train of players pass under; the bridge-keepers catch the last comer, and place her behind one of them, and so on until all the players are caught, when the two parties pull against each other “to see which can break the bridge.”—*Ellesmere, Shropshire*.

Second: The whole number of players stand in two rows facing each other, each player joining hands with the one opposite. The pair at the lower end parley with the pair at the top, and then run under the extended arms of the others, receiving thumps on the back as they go, till they reach the upper end, and become the top couple in their turn.

Barley bridge?

Question. “How many miles to Banbury?

London?”

Answer. “Fourscore and ten” or “Fifty miles and more.”

Q. “Shall we be there by candle-light?”

A. “O yes, and back again.”

Or, at *Market Drayton*—

“Shift your feet with nimble light,
And you’ll be there by candle-light.”

Q. "Open the gates as wide as the sky,
And let King George and his lady go by."

The last couplet is now used at Ellesmere, as a singing accompaniment to the game of "Thread the Needle," there formerly called *Crew Duck*, which still survives among the little girls, though it is now confined to a special day* (see p. 321 of *Shropshire Folklore*, by Burne and Jackson). A number of girls join hands, the two nearest one end hold up their hands, and the rest beginning at the other end, pass under, and so at each end alternately. *Shropshire*. AP. 522.

In Warwickshire "Thread the Needle" is played somewhat after the same fashion. The two nearest one end (generally picked for their height) hold up their hands, and the rest beginning at the other end pass under, winding themselves one by one round the inner one of the two forming the bridge, chanting—

"Thread the needle thro' the skin
Sometimes out, and sometimes in."

When tangled, they jog up and down, saying, "A bundle o' rags, a bundle o' rags."

"Thread the needle" either actually formed part of "How many miles to," etc., or has become firmly incorporated with it; witness the following rhymes—

How many miles to Hebron?
Three score and ten.
Shall I be there by midnight?
Yes, and back again.
Then, thread the needle.

Letter and Memoir of Bishop Shirley, p. 415, "Lord Nugent, when at Hebron, was directed to 'go out by the needle's eye,' that is by the small side gate of the city. CI. ix. 271.

How many miles from this to Babylon?	How many miles to Babylon? Eighty-eight.
Three score and ten!	Can we get there by candle-
Can we get there by daylight?	light?
Yes, if your legs are long and strong,	Hold up the gates as high as the sky,

* Observed in Evesham, Worcestershire, on Easter Monday. See May, *History of Evesham*, 1845, p. 319; also Dyer's *Customs*, 1876, pp. 176, 177.

This one's long, and this one's strong
 Open your gates as high as the sky,

And let King George and the Royal family pass by.
Dorsetshire. CH. vii. 415.

And let ^{St.} King George and me pass by.
Looe, Cornwall, CH. vii. 271.

Lift up your hands so high so high,
 And let King George and his lady go by,
 It is so dark I cannot see
 To thread the tailor's needle.
Eastern Counties. CH. i. 63.

Open the gates as wide as wide,
 And let King George go thro' with his bride,
 It is so dark we cannot see
 To threaddle the tailor's needle.
Sussex. CM. 121.

In **AQ.** v. 88 it is given—

Open the gates as wide as high, And let King George and I go by,
 It is so dark I cannot see To thread my *grandmother's* needle.

Mr. Halliwell, in his *Popular Rhymes*, etc., has preserved an extended version of the rhyme spoken in the original game of "Barley-bridge."

How many miles to Barleybridge?
 Three score and ten.
 Can I get there by candlelight?
 Yes, if your legs be long.
 A courtsey to you, and a courtsey to you,
 If you please, will you let the king's horses thro' ?
 Through and through shall they go
 For the king's sake ;
 But the one that is hindermost
 Will meet with a great mistake.—p. 118.

See also **Dandling and Knee Verses.**

ORANGES AND LEMONS OR THE BELLS OF LONDON.

An arch formed as before. A string of children approach, and pass under, the last being cut from the string at the word "chop." One of the players forming the arch has dominion over oranges, the other over lemons. When one player is cut from the string he or she is asked which are preferable, oranges or lemons. Should he mention oranges, he must take his place behind the orange leader; if lemons, behind the lemon leader; and so on, until all the players that formed the chain are captured, and choose. A tug of war then concludes the game.

"Orange and lemons,	Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's!	Say the bells, etc.
You owe me five farthings,	Brick dust and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.	Say the bells of St. Giles.
When will you pay me?	You owe me, etc.
Say the bells of Old Bailey.	I do not know you,
When I grow richer,	Say the bells of St. Bow.
Say the bells of St. Fletcher,	When will you pay me? etc.
Where is the candle	When I grow rich,
To light you to bed?	Say the bells of Shoreditch.
Where is the chopper	Home comes a candle, etc.
To chop off your head	Here comes a chopper, etc.
Chop, chop, chop" (<i>ad lib.</i>).	<i>Derbyshire. AR. i. 387.</i>

Warwickshire.

In *Gammer Gurton's Garland* (1783) there is a set of verses entitled, "The Merry Bells of London," which Mr. Halliwell has adopted for this game in his *Nursery Rhymes*, 1853, with the addition, "Here comes a candle," etc.

Gay go up, and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's eyes and targets, Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.
Brickbats and tiles, . . . St. Giles.
Halfpence and farthings, . . . St. Martin's.
Oranges and lemons, Say the bells of St. Clement's.
Pancakes and fritters, . . . at St. Peter's.
Two sticks and an apple, . . . Whitechapel.
Old Father Baldpate, . . . slow bells at Aldgate.
You owe me ten shillings, . . . bells at St. Helens.

When will you pay me, . . . Old Bailey.
 When I shall grow rich, . . . Shoreditch.
 Pray when will that be, . . . Stepney.
 I am sure I don't know, Says the great bell at Bow.

CR. 37, 38 : AY. 157.

The game, as may be gathered from the play of it, usually commences at "Oranges and lemons," however.

"Sieve my lady's oatmeal,
 Grind my lady's flour,
 Put it in a chestnut,
 Let it stand an hour ;
 One may rush, two may rush,
 Come my girls walk under the bush."—AW. 108.
 Compare "Draw a pail of water."

"Weave the diaper, tick a tick tick, (*repeat*)
 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."

This should be accompanied by a sort of pantomimic dance, in which the motions of the body and arms express the process of weaving ; the motion of the shuttle, etc. AY. 166.

UNCLASSIFIED.

BUCK.

A boy jumps up on another's back, and holding up some fingers, says—

"Inkum, jinkum, Jeremy buck,
 Yamdy horns do Au cock up?"

Should the one that "makes the back" guess wrong—say two for three—the first proceeds—

"Two tha' sès, and three there is ;
 Au'll lea'n thee to la'ke (play) at Inkum," etc.

Almondbury. Y. 69.

In **AR.** v. 59, the rhyme is given—

Buck shee, buck shee buck,
How many fingers do I hold up?

In Warwickshire they simply say "Buck, Buck," etc.

In Suffolk "Huck-a-buck, huck-a-buck," etc.

Sometimes two parties of boys play this game. The boys that are cast for "down" dispose themselves as follows. One stands upright, setting his back against a wall or tree (this is to guard the head of the foremost bender from bumps when the other party leap on), the rest bend in file, holding on to each other's sides to make the bridge as strong as possible—for if they give way before the rhyme and guess are made, as the other party leap on one by one, they must continue to "make the backs." If one of the leaping party loses his equilibrium, his party must "make the backs." This mode of play is closely allied to a game called in Warwickshire "Jack upon the mopstick." But in this, there is no guessing. The leaping part must maintain their position whilst their leader says—

"Jack upon the mopstick,
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Count 'em off again."

FOOL, FOOL.

A number of children stand in a row, and each one has a figurative name given privately by one that acts as Schoolmaster or Dame. Another of the number is called the Fool, and is not initiated. The teacher says—

"Fool, Fool, Come out of school,
And find me out the *golden teapot* ;" or silver fish, etc.

Should the fool guess correctly, he becomes a scholar with a new name, and the child chosen becomes fool. Should the fool guess incorrectly, he is beaten away, with the words—

"Fool, fool, go back to school, And learn your lesson better,"
and is called out again and again, fresh names being substituted each time.

'OTMILLO.

A kneels with his face in *B*'s lap : the other players 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*. *Warwicks*.

TRADESMEN.

Played exclusively by boys. Two, who are fixed upon for the purpose, leave the group, and privately arrange that the pass-word shall be some implement of a particular trade. The trade is announced in the dialogue, and 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.

"Two broken tradesmen, Newly come over,
The one from France and Scotland, The other from Dover."
"What's your trade?"

Carpenters, nailors, smiths, tinkers, or any other is answered; and, on guessing the instrument, "Plane him," "Hammer him," "Rasp him," or "Solder him," is called out respectively during the period of punishment. **AY.** 171.

The Warwickshire game is more sensible and regular, I think. The tradesmen do *not* announce their trade, but go through some special work in pantomime, and *they* are beaten if their pantomime represents some familiar form of labour easily guessed by the others. The better the actors the better the play, of course; and they may also be beaten if they show their teeth during operations. In most games it is generally the laggard or dull-witted one that suffers.

INDOOR GAMES.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

When the boy is blindfolded, another turns him gently round to confuse his ideas of the locality, and says—

"Anthony blindman kens ta me,
Sen I bought butter and cheese o' the?
I ga' tha ma pot, I ga' tha my pan
I ga' tha o' I hed but a rap ho' penny
I gave a poor oald man."

Cumberland. X. 7.

In Shropshire, a player having been blindfolded, the rest say—
 “Come, shepherd, come, shepherd, and count your sheep.”

Ans. “I canna come now for I’m fast asleep.”

Pl. “If you don’t come now they’ll all be gone.”

Ans. “Which is my way?”

Pl. “A bottle of hay.”

Ans. “Am I over it?”

He runs after the rest. *Shrewsbury.* **AP.** 525.

CARDS.

Moll of Coventry.

The pack of cards is dealt out to four children. The one who gets his cards paired off first, wins. As the cards are thrown down, the following lines are repeated in succession by the players—

“Here’s an ace, what say you to that?”

“And here’s another as good as that.”

“Here comes the best of all the three,”

“And here comes Moll of Coventry!”

Sheffield. **R.** 150.

Possibly the next is a variation of the same game. “The cards are dealt round to players, and one person commences the game by placing down a card, and the person next in succession who hold the same card in the various suits, place them down upon it, the holder of the last winning the trick. The four persons who hold the cards say, when they put them down—

1. There’s a good card for thee.

2. There’s a still better than he.

3. There’s the best of all three.

4. And there is Niddy-noddee.*

* “Noddy” may possibly have been a term for any card of special value in a game. From Nares’ *Glossary*, art. **NODDY**, we gather that it was variously used. It appears from the *Complete Gamester*, 1682, 2nd ed. p. 76, that “Knave Noddy” signified the knave in the game of Cribbage. See *Kind Heart’s Dream*, by Henry Chettle, 1592, edited by Rimbault, Percy Society, vol. v. notes p. 84.

Perhaps the above rhyme and description explain in measure the actual game, Noddy, the play of which has been a matter of speculation only, with annotators.

The person who is first *out* receives a fish for each card unplayed." **AV.** 114.

In West Cornwall, the game of Ranter-go-round is similar. . . . "an old fashioned game of cards played in divisions, marked with chalk upon a bellows or teatray." Now, at a table, and called Miss Joan. The rhyme is—

Here's a card, as you may see.

Here's another as good as he.

Here's the best, etc.

And here's Miss Joan come tickle me, Wee, wee!

V. 46.

My Sow has pigged.

A game at cards, played now only by children. It is alluded to by Taylor, the Water poet, in his *Motto*, 12mo, Lond. 1622, and it is also mentioned in *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1734. The following distich is used in the game—

"Higgory, diggory, digg'd,
My sow has pigg'd."—**AV.**

The next rhyme is probably a formula used when playing out the trump cards in a game, and is strictly local—

"Oaks be trumps in Homer's (or Horner's) 'ood,
There they growd and there they stood."

= suit of clubs. *West Somerset.* **Z.** 529.

CONFESSION.

Father Francis and Miss Kitty are puppets formed by hooding the forefinger of one hand in a handkerchief, to represent the monk, and that of the other in a similar, but much smaller covering, to represent the young lady. Each wags violently when supposed to be speaking. The performer gives the following dialogue, using a gruff voice for the monk, and a squeaky one for Miss Kitty—

Miss K. P'ease, Father Francis, I'm come to confess.

Father F. Well, child, well?

Miss K. Last Easter eve I stole a fish.

Father. Well, child, well?

Miss. I put it on the dresser and the cat ate it.

Father. Well, etc.

Kitty. I killed the cat for doing this.

F. O, naughty Miss K., O, naughty, etc., you must do penance for this.

K. (*artlessly*). Penance, Father F. What must I do?

F. (*in tremendous tones*). You must kiss me three times.

K. (*cheerfully*). O, Father F., I'd rather go to Rome than kiss a man,

But if it must be so, it shall be so.

(*The performer kisses the child who has been listening.*)

Shropshire. **AP.** 530.

The above is an innocent variant of a somewhat broad burlesque of a part of Romish observance. Examples elsewhere gathered are of an indelicate cast. The game is played in some counties, I believe, in shadow pantomime.

CONQUERS.

A child stands before a hassock, and puts on it first his right and then his left foot, gradually quickening his steps, keeping time to the words—

“Libbety, libbety, libbety lat,
Who can do this and who can do that?
And who can do anything better than that?”

(?) *Cornwall.* **AR.** v. 59.

FORFEITS.

A number of people sit in a row, or in chairs round a parlour. A lighted wooden spill or taper is handed to the first, who says—

“Jack's alive, and likely to live,
If he dies in your hand you've a forfeit to give.”

As the spill is getting burnt out, the lines are said very quickly, as everybody is anxious not to pay forfeit. *Sheffield.* **R.** 118. A variation of the rhyme is—

Jack's alive, and in very good health,
If he dies in your hand you must look to yourself.

The one whose hand it goes out in pays forfeit. **AV.** 112.

“I went to the sea,
And saw twentee,

Geese all in a row :
 My glove I would give
 Full of gold, if my wife
 Was as white as those."

These lines are to be repeated rapidly and correctly, inserting the word *cother* after *every* word, under pain of a forfeit. **AW. 111.**

<p>"Eleven comets in the sky, Some low and some high ; Nine peacocks in the air, I wonder how they all came there, I do not know and I do not care ; 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 ; Four horses stuck in a bog, Three monkeys tied to a clog ; Two pudding ends would choke a dog, With a gaping, widemouthed, waddling frog."—AW. 117.</p>	<p>"Eight ships on the main I wish them all safe back again ; Seven eagles in the air, I wonder, etc. I do not know, etc. Six spiders on the wall Close to, etc. Five puppies in Highgate Hall, Who daily for their breakfast call ; Four mares stuck, etc. Three monkeys tied to a log Two pudding, etc. With a gaping," etc. AW. 182.</p>
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Twelve huntsmen with horses 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, etc., Some low, etc.
 Nine peacocks, etc., I wonder, etc., I do not know, etc.
 Eight joiners in Joiners' Hall,
 Working with the tools and all ;
 Seven lobsters, etc., As fresh, etc. ;
 Six beetles, etc., Close by, etc. ;

Five puppies by our bitch Ball,
 Who daily, etc. ;
 Four horses, etc., Three monkeys tied to a clog ;
 Two pudding, etc., With a gaping, etc.—**AX.** 142, 143.

Speaking of the two first rhymes Mr. Halliwell says "to be said in one breath." **AW.** 182. He gives a further explanation. **AY.** 159. "This game begins thus: Take this. What's this? A gaping, widemouthed, waddling frog," etc. I confess that I do not understand the explanation, unless it is intended to convey that one player opens his mouth widely, etc., in imitation of the frog.

In **AY.** there is a rhyme given amongst games, which may be intended to test rapidity, etc., of speech—

There was a man, and his name was Dob,
 And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
 And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
 And she had a cat called Chitterabob,

Cob, says Dob,
 Chitterabob, says Mob.
 Cob was Dob's dog.
 Chitterabob Mob's cat.—p. 190.

Buff.

The players are seated in a circle, and each in turn goes through the following dialogue with his left-hand neighbour—

1. (*Thumping floor with stick*) Knock ! knock !
2. Who's there ?
1. Buff.
2. What says Buff ?
1. Buff says Buff to all his men
 And I say Buff to you again.
2. Methinks Buff smiles.
1. Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
 But looks in your face
 With a comical grace,
 And delivers the staff to you again.

Or—

But strokes his face with a very good grace,
 And delivers the staff to *you*, sir.

This game, in Gloucestershire and Warwickshire is called "Little Pigs;" and one player hides some small *thing*, and calls—

Little pigs come to supper,
Hot boil'd bean and ready butter.

The other players then commence to search. Should they approach near the hidden article, the first player calls out "warm"; if nearer, "hot"; if very close, "burning"; till the thing is found, the finder having the privilege to hide the thing in the next game. "Cold," "colder," and "freezing," are the words used when the players seek in the wrong direction.

See also **AP.** 525, for a similar game in Shropshire.

Lady Queen Anne.

2. One child is chosen to remain in the room, while the others go outside and consult together until it is decided which one of their number shall hold the ball. They then troop in, with their hands either hidden under the skirts of their dresses, or clasped in such a way that Lady Queen Anne cannot tell which has it by looking at them; all repeating—

"Here we come to Lady Queen Anne,
With a pair of white gloves to cover our hand
As white as the lily, as fair as the rose,
But not so fair as you may suppose."

Lady Queen Anne replies—

"Turn, ladies, turn!"

The players whirl round, and say—

"The more we turn the more we may.
Queen Anne was born on Midsummer Day."

Lady Queen Anne then says—

"The king sent me three letters,
I never read them all,
So pray Miss —— deliver the ball."

Should she have guessed correctly, all the party curtsey, and say—

"The ball is yours and not ours,
You must go to the garden and gather the flowers!"

And the child who had the ball takes the queen's seat, whilst the queen retires with the others; but should she have made a mistake, the same party go out again, saying, as they curtsey—

“The ball's ours and not yours,
We must,” etc.—**AR.** v. 53.

Another version of the rhyme is—

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 (*sic*)
So please to read one.

The reply runs—

I won't read one except them all,
So please, etc.—**AQ.** v. 87.

Mr. Halliwell, in his *Popular Rhymes and Village Tales*, 1849, has—

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.

Queen Anne replies—

I cannot read one, unless I read all,
So pray, etc.

The concluding lines there given are—

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—

The ball, etc.
You are the fair lady to sit on:
And we're the black gipsies to go and come.

pp. 133, 134.

Mr. Halliwell, in his *Nursery Rhymes of England*, Percy Society, vol. iv., 1842, has another version, but the plot is obscured by the use of a wrong pronoun, or the ambiguous employment of “so.”

Queen Annè, 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.—p. 113.

The ensuing lines from the same work, probably belong to a game of this character—

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.

The concluding lines form the reply—

We can't read one without them all,
 So pray, Miss Bridget, deliver the ball.—p. 108.

Vesey, Vesey Vum.

One child is blindfolded, the others hide something and shout—

“ Vesey, vesey vum
 Buck-a-boo has come,
 Find if you can and take it home,
 Vesey, vesey vum.”

A search is then made for the hidden object, when found the finder in his turn is blindfolded. **AR.** v. 53.

The above is evidently incorrectly detailed.

LEAP CANDLE.

“ The young girls in and about Oxford have a sport called Leap-candle, for which they set a candle in the middle of a room in a candlestick, and then draw up their coates into the form of breeches, and dance over the candle back and forth, with these words—

‘ The Taylor of Bisiter, he has but one eye,

He cannot cut a pair of green Galagaskins if he were to die.’ ”

This sport in other parts is called Dancing the Candlerush. Aubrey, *Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, (1686-87) ed. and annotated by James Britten, 1881, *Folklore Society Pub.*, p. 45.

In the 5th ed. of Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, duo., 1853, is a rhyme which may possibly allude to some such game—

Jack be nimble, and Jack be quick :
And Jack jump over the candlestick.—p. 166.

In Warwickshire a similar game is called "Cock and breeches."

TIT-TAT-TOE!

The first game taught to children when they can use a slate pencil, the words—

"Tit-tat-toe,
My first go,"

being said by the one who first makes three crosses or three noughts in a row. *Berkshire*. **AD.** 164.

In Warwickshire, Staffordshire, etc., the game is called Tick-tack-toe, and the rhyme is "Tick-tack-toe, I've caught you." A square is divided into nine smaller squares, the first player makes a cross, the second a nought, and so on, to win the game as mentioned above.

NURSERY GAMES.

ARM.

One child extends his arm, and the other, in illustration of the narrative, strikes him gently with the side of his hand at the shoulder and wrist; and then at the word "middle," with considerable force on the flexor muscles at the elbow-joint—

"My father was a Frenchman,
He bought for me a fiddle,
He cut me here, he cut me here,
He cut me right in the middle."—**AY.** 180.

FACE.

"Boo Peeper, Nose dreeper, Chin chopper, White lopper,
Red rag, And little gap."

These lines are said to a very young child, touching successively for each line the eye, nose, chin, tongue, and mouth. **AV.** 105, 106. Sometimes the following version is used—

Brow bunky, eye winky, Chin choppy, nose nopy,
Cheek cherry, mouth merry.

The most pleasing amusement of this kind is the game of "face tapping," the nurse tapping each feature as she sings these lines—

Here sits the Lord Mayor (*forehead*),
 Here sits his two men (*eyes*);
 Here sits the cock (*right cheek*),
 Here sits the hen (*left do.*);
 Here sit the little chickens (*tip of nose*),
 Here they run in (*mouth*);
 Chin chopper, chin chopper, chinchopper chin (*chucking the chin*).—*Id.* 106.

Another version—

Eye winker, Tom Tinker, Nose dropper,
 Mouth eater, Chin chopper.—**AY.** 193.

In Warwickshire and Gloucestershire they say—
 Knock at the door (*tapping forehead*),
 Peep in (*touching the eyelids*),
 Lift up the latch (*tilting the nose*),
 And walk in (*putting finger in mouth*).

An extended version from Shropshire is—

Knock at the door,
 Ring at the bell (*pulling ear*),
 Peep thro' the keyhole (*enclosing eye with finger and thumb*),
 Lift up the latch,
 Wipe your shoes (*stroking upper lip*),
 Walk in.
 Chin, chin, chin, chocker.—**AP.** 528.

A similar version is current in Suffolk, but "window" replaces "keyhole," and "wipe your shoes" is not included.

"My mother and your mother went over the way,
 Said my mother to your mother it's chop-a-nose day."

Repeated by the nurse when sliding the hand down the child's face. **AY.** 195. Another version—

Margery Mutton pie and Johnny Bopeep,
 They met together in Gracechurch street,
 In and out, in and out, and over the way,
 Oh! says Johnny, 'tis chop-nose day.—**AY.** 163.

FEET.

“Leg over leg as the dog went to Dover,
When he came to the style, jump he went over.”—**AW.** 90.

This is said when placing the right foot and left foot of a child over and under, by turns. In Gloucestershire, seventy years ago, they said *fox* instead of “dog,” and *pop* for “jump.” Compare “The dog of the kill.”

In Shropshire they move a child’s feet alternately to and fro, saying—

“Wag a leg, wag a leg, wag a leg along,
One mile to Auburton (Albrighton), Two miles to Tong.”
AP. 528.

The following seems to be a version of this rhyme—

Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?
At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.—**AW.** 157.

The following lines are said by the nurse when moving the child’s foot up and down—

“The dog of the kill, He went to the mill,
To lick mill dust :
The miller he came with a stick on his back,
Home, dog, home !
The foot behind, the foot before,
Then he came to a style Thus he jumped o’er.”

AY. 195. Compare “Leg over leg,” etc.

It is usual to tap the feet of children in imitation of shoeing a horse. There are various rhymes for the occasion—

“ Robert Barnes, fellow fine, Can you shoe this horse of mine ? Yes, good sir, that I can, As well as any other man : There’s a nail, and there’s a prod, And now, good sir, your horse is shod.”— AX. 215.	“ Is John Smith within ? Yes, that he is : Can he set on a shoe ? Ay, marry, two ! Here a nail, there a nail, Tick, tack, too.”— CR. 28.
--	--

Shoe the colt, shoe, Shoe the wild mare,
 Put a sack on her back, see if she'll bear,
 If she'll bear, we'll give her some grains,
 And if she won't bear we'll dash out her brains.

AV. 101.

Pitty Patty Polt, Shoe the wild colt, Shoe the colt, Shoe the colt,
 colt, Shoe the wild mare,
 Here a nail, there a nail, Pitty Here a nail, There a nail.
 Patty Polt !—AY. 270. Yet she goes bare.—CR. 28.

Of somewhat different nature is—

“Tap a tap shoe that would I do,
 If I had but a little more leather,
 We'll sit in the sun till the leather doth come,
 Then we'll tap them both together.”

Here the two little feet are struck lightly one against the other.

AR. v. 211.

English nurses use the following lines when a child's shoe is tight, and they pat the foot to induce him to have it tied on—

“Cobler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
 Give it a stitch and that will do.
 Here's a nail and there's a prod,
 And now my shoe is well shod.”

Or occasionally these lines—

This pig went to market, Squeak, mouse, mouse, mousey ;
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt, And here's my own doll dowsy.

AV. 102.

This last is most likely formed of fragments of two other rhymes, see TOES and KNEE VERSES.

FINGERS.

Our ancestors had distinct names for each of the five fingers. Thumb, toucher, longman, lechman, littleman. This information is derived from a very curious MS. quoted in my *Dictionary of Archaisms*, p. 357 ; and the reasons for the names are thus set forth : The first finger was called *toucher* because “therewith men touch i-wis ;” the second finger *longman*, “for longest finger it is,” (this, I beg to say, is intended for rhyme). The third finger

was called *lecheman*, because a leche or doctor tasted everything by means of it. This is very curious; though we find elsewhere another reason for this appellation, on account of the pulsation in it, which was at one time supposed to communicate directly with the heart.* The other finger was, of course, called littleman, because it was the least of all.

“Dance, thumbkin, dance,
Dance, etc.,
Dance, ye merry men, all around,
But thumbkin he can dance alone (*repeat*).
Dance, foreman,” etc.

And so on, substituting in succession *middle one*, *longman*, or *middleman*, ringman, and littleman, and each verse terminating with “Thumbkin he can,” etc. In some instances the original name for the third finger, *lecheman*, is preserved in the rhyme, but *ringman* is most generally adopted. **AV.** 103, 104.

In Shropshire the rhyme is—

Dance, thumbkin, etc. (*repeat*),
Dance, ye merry men, every one,
For why should thumbkin dance alone? etc.—**AP.** 528.

It is exceedingly difficult, as may easily be proved, to make “thumbkin dance alone;” hence, the latter example—which is common, also, in Warwickshire, etc.—is to be preferred.

The names given to the fingers vary considerably in the different counties—

Tom Thumbkin, Bess Bumkin,
Bill Wilkin, long Linkin,
And Little Dick.

Essex.

Tom Thumbkins, Bill Wilkins, Long Daniel, Bobtails, they and little Dick. (? *County*.) The following song for Bessfour finger is obtained from Lancashire:—

“This broke the barn, This stole the corn,
This got none, This went pinkywinky all the way home.”

AV. 104, 105. See also **TOES**.

* Hence the Greeks and Romans used to call it the *medical* finger, and used it for stirring mixtures, under the notion that nothing noxious could touch it without its giving instant warning to the heart. It is still a very general notion in England that it is bad to rub on salve or scratch the skin with any but the ring finger (**BREWER**, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*).

Tommy Tibule, Harry Wibule,
Tommy Tissile, Harry whistle,
Little wee, wee, wee.—**AW.** 87.

Thumbold, Thibity-bold, Langman, Lickpan,
Mama's little man.—**AY.** 193.

“Thumbkin, thumbkin broke the barn,
Pinnikin, pinnikin stole the corn,
Longback'd Gray carried it away,
Old Midman sat and saw,
But Pee-sy-weesy paid for a'.”—**AY.** 182.

Move the forefinger very slowly round and round before the child, saying solemnly—

“Heat an iron very hot,
Stick a pig very fat,

(*Quickly*) Bore a hole, bore a hole, bore a hole !”

Thrusting the outstretched finger at child. *Shropshire.* **AP.** 529.

Lock the hands, the fingers of the right hand between those of the left, knuckles upward, saying—

“Here's the church; here's the steeple (*elevating the little fingers*),

Here's the priests (*elevating thumbs*); here's the people”
(*elevating all the fingers*).

Two children sit opposite to each other; the first turns her fingers one over the other, and says—

“May my geese fly over your barn ?”

“Yes, if they do no harm,”

Responds the other. Upon which the first unpacks the fingers of her hand, and waving it overhead says—

“Fly over his barn and eat all his corn.”—**AY.** 190.

In **AX.** 175, there is a rhyme which probably has reference to the fingers or toes—

There was an old man who lived in middle Row,
He had five hens and a name for them, oh !
Bill and Ned and Battock,
Cut her foot and Prattock,

Chuck, my lady Prattock,
Go to thy nest and lay.

Perhaps the punctuation should be changed, to count the five.

HANDS.

“Patty cake, Patty cake, baker’s man,
That I will, master, as fast as I can ;
Prick it and prick it, And mark it with a T,
And there will be enough for Jacky and me.”

CR. 23. Said whilst clapping a child’s hands together, and poking either hand with the forefinger.

Clap a cake, etc.,	Pat-a-cake, etc.,
Knead it and bake it, etc.,	So I do, master, etc.,
Stick it and prick it, and mark it with T,	Stick it, etc., and mark it with B,
And throw i’ t’ oven for Tommy and me.	And put it in oven for baby and me.
<i>Sheffield. R. 44.</i>	<i>Warwickshire, Gloucestershire.</i>

In Suffolk they say, with appropriate action—
Roll it and prick it, etc.
And *toss* it, etc.

The ensuing lines are fragmentary. The play, I believe, is for a boy to place his fist on a block, etc.; a second places his own fist upon the first, number one then places his other fist upon that, number two *his* second fist on the last; then the lowest fist is withdrawn quickly and placed on the top, and continued *ad lib.*

“Here’s one hammer on the block,
My men, my men ;
There’s one hammer, etc., My man John.
Dibble the can, blow, bellows, blow,
Fire away, lads, for an hour or so.”

Warwickshire.

Pease pudding hot, pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in the pot Nine days old,
Some like it hot, some like, etc.
Some like it, etc.

In AY. 158, this is called “a game with the hands.”

But in the North Midlands the first two lines form a riddle with this tag—

“If you can spell that without a P,
You are the best scholar that ever I see.”

The answer is a quibble—T. H. A. T.

“Put your finger in foxy’s hole,
Foxy is not at home ;
Foxy is at the back door,
Picking of a bone.”

Holding the fist in such a way that if a child puts its finger in you can secure it, still leaving the hole at top open. **AV.** 112.

NAILS.

A speck of ink or black paper is put on the nail of the forefinger of each hand, and the fingers are placed on the table, the other fingers remaining below the board. The ensuing lines are then spoken—

“Two little blackbirds sat upon a wall,
One named Peter, one named Paul ;
Fly away Peter, Fly away Paul,
Come again Peter, Come again Paul.”

The play consists in flinging each finger over the shoulder, and replacing it with the second finger of the same hand, etc., to mystify a child. *Midlands.* **AW.** 110, has—

“There were two blackbirds sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack, the other named Jill,” etc.

This latter version is in *Gammer Gurton’s Garland* (1783).

Mr. Halliwell, in his *Nursery Rhymes*, 5th ed. p. 167, gives a game rhyme, but does not describe the play. One might judge it to belong to the same class as the above—

Tom Brown’s two little Indian boys,
One ran away, The other wouldn’t stay,
Tom Brown’s, etc.

TOES.

“The pettitoes are little feet,
And the little feet not big ;

Great feet belong to the grunting hog,
And the pettitoes to the little pig."—**AY.** 278.

"Harry Whistle, Tommy Thistle,
Harry Whible, Tommy Thible,
And little Oker-bell."

"This song affords a proof of the connection between the English and Scandinavian rhymes. . . . The word *oker*, however, is the A.S. *aecer*, Icel. *akr*, Dan. *ager*, and Swed. *aker*, pronounced *oker*, a field, and the flower is the field bell." Mr. Stephens's MS. **AV.** 101.

Touch or pull each of the child's toes, commencing with the great toe, and say—

"This pig went to market,
This pig stayed at home,
This pig had a little bit of bread and butter,
This pig had none,
And this went week, week, week! all the way home.

Warwickshire.

In West Somerset they say—

This *choogey* pig went to market, This, etc.
This, etc., had some meat,
This, etc., give me som, too, Joan.—**Z.** 130.

In Berkshire the rhyme commences "This little pig," etc., has *roast* meat in line three, and concludes "I can't get awver the grunsel." Grunsel = a raised door sill. **AD.** 84.

In Suffolk, too, they say "roast ^{beef,} meat," and the last line is—

"And this one went weck, week! for the marrow bone."

At Berrington, Shropshire, they have it—

This little pig said I like red wheat,
. . . . where do you get it from,
. . . . out of Daddy's barn.
. . . . I'll tell,
. . . . wee, wee, wee, I can't get over the barn-door sill.

AP. 528.

DANGLING AND KNEE VERSES.

“Chicky, cuckoo, my little duck,
Seesaw, sickna downy ;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for Dublin Towny.”—**AV.** 109.

“Come up, my hoss, to Bundleigh fair,
What shall we have when we come there,
Sugar and figs and elecampane,
Home again, home again, Maister and Dame.”

Devonshire. Bundleigh is near North Tawton. Figs = raisins. The last line refers to the saddle and pillion mode of riding. **CY.** iv. 7.

“To market, to market, to buy a vat hog,
Whoam agin, whoam agin, jiggety jog.”

Berkshire. **AD.** 96 ; **AW.** 90 has “fat pig” and “jiggety jig,” concluding with the two lines as given above.

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun, Home again, home again, market is done.— AX. 216.	To market, to market, to buy a plum cake, Back again, back again, baby is late, . . . plum bun, etc.— AY. 315.
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To market, to market, a gallop, a trot, To buy some meat to put in the pot. Threepence a quarter, a groat a side, If it hadn't been killed it must have died.— AY. 307.	To market, to market, <i>trittitty</i> <i>trot</i> , To buy some mutton to put in the pot. <i>Gloucestershire.</i>
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Trit trot to market to buy a penny doll,
Trit trot back again the market's sold 'em all.

Gloucestershire.

“How many miles to Babylon ?
Three score miles and ten !
Can I get there by candle-light ?
Yes, and back again.

If your heels are nimble and light
You may get there by candle-light."—**AW.** 157.

Another version of this is—

Jump, jump, little horse, Jump, jump again, sir,
How many miles to London? Three score and ten, sir,
Can I get there by candle-light? Yes, and back again, sir.

See "How many miles to Barley Bridge," etc., **OUTDOOR GAMES**, *ante*.

"Little Shon a Morgan, Shentleman of Wales,
Came riding on a nanny goat, selling of pig's tails."

AV. 109.

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman get up on her horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells at her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes."

Ride, etc.
To see what Tommy can buy,
A penny white loaf, A penny white cake,
And a twopenny apple pie.—*Id.*

Gammer Gurton's Garland.

In Warwickshire they say—rhyme 1. "A fine lady upon a white horse," and conclude "She shall have music," etc. In the Eastern Counties "A fine lady ride on a grey horse." In **CL.** iii. 441 the rhymes commences "Hight a cock horse," and resembles the Warwickshire version save that it has *will* for "shall." It is extracted from *Infant Institutes*, by the Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, London, 1797. In Northamptonshire they say—

Hight O, cock horse, To Banbury Cross,
To buy a new nag, And a nimble horse.—**D.** 132.

Other versions are—

Ride a cock horse, etc.
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse;
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

AW. 114.

Banbury Cross seems to be the proper form, or one might imagine the rhyme to have reference to Lady Godiva and Coventry. It is worthy of remark that in **AW.** 114, occurs—

Ride, etc., to *Coventry* cross,
 To see what Emma can buy;
 A penny white cake I'll buy for her sake,
 And a twopenny tart or a pie.

“Highly cock O! to London Ride, baby, ride, pretty baby
 we go, shall ride,
 To York we ride; And have little puppy dog, etc.
 And Edward has pussy cat And little pussy cat, etc.,
 tied to his side; And away she shall ride to
 He shall have a little dog tied see her grandmother.
 to the other, **AW.** 150.
 And then he goes trid trod to
 see his grandmother.”
 AW. 125.

In the following verses it is usual to vary the motion as suggested by the rhymes—

“The ladies go to market *nim*, To market ride the gentlemen,
 nim, nim, So do we, so do we;
 The gentlemen . . . *jim, jim*, Then comes the country
 jim, clown,
 Then after comes the country Hobbledy-gee, hobbledy-gee.
 clown, **AW.** 114.
 And brings his horses to the
 town,
 With a *hobbledy-gee, hobbledy-*
 gee, hobbledy-gee,
Gallop-te, gallop-te, gallop.”
Northamptonshire. **D.** ii. 56.

In Warwickshire the rhyme is similar to rhyme 1, but the reduplicated phrase is different—

The ladies they go, *nim, nim, nim*, The gentlemen they, etc.
 The farmers they go *hobbledy-gobbledy, hobbledy-gobbledy*.

Other versions—

This is the way the ladies ride, Here goes my lord, *atrot*,
Tri, tre, tre, tree (repeat); *atrot, atrot, atrot,*

. . . gentlemen, *gallop-a-trot*, . . . lady, *a canter, a canter*,
etc.

. . . farmers, *hobbledy-hoy*, etc. . . . young master, *jockey-*
hitch, jockeyhitch, etc.

AV. 107.

. . . my young miss, an *amble*,
an *amble*, etc.,

The footman lags behind to
tipple ale and wine,

And goes *gallop, a gallop, a*
gallop, to make up his time.

AV. 109.

I imagine the following, given in AX. 217, to be a sort of knee
verse which accompanies a pretended beating—

“Whiskum, whaskum over the knee,
Thank you, mama, for slapping of me.”

In *Gammar Gurton's Garland* (1783), reprint 1866, p. 47, is a
dandling rhyme which is common in most counties, now, the
“baby-phrase” differing slightly with the dialect.

“*Danty*, baby, *diddy*,
What can mammy do wid 'e,
But sit in a lap,
And give un a pap,
Sing *danty*, etc.”

In some parts of Gloucestershire they say “*Dinky* (or *dinks-a*)
dinky dolly, What shall mammy do fo' e,” in other parts, the rhyme
as given above.

In West Somerset they say—

Dancy, dancy, Daisy, What sh'll I do to plazee 'ee,
Take thee on my lap, And gi' thee a sop,
And that's what I'll do to plaze 'ee.—Z. 182.

The following version is evidently modern—

Dance, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is nigh,
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go ;

Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
 Backwards and forwards, round and round,
 Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
 With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.—**AW.** 152.

Similar to the above is—

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
 And hey, my kitten, my deary,
 Such a sweet pet as this
 Was neither far nor neary.
 Here we go up, up, up,
 And here we go down, down, downy,
 And here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy.—**AX.** 127.

The above series may fitly conclude with a collection of

LULLABIES.

“Bee baw babby low, on a tree-top,
 When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
 When the wind ceases the cradle will fall,
 Down come baby and cradle and all.”

A corruption of the French nurse's threat in the fable : *He bas ! la le loup.* “Hush ! there's the wolf.” **CR.** 17.

This is a doubtful explanation,* although in most early cradle-

* It is only just to observe that “babby low” of the verse is most likely a corruption of “bally loo” or “low,” and this is nearer, in sound at least, to *bas de loup*. The original phrase is most frequently abbreviated into “balow” or “ba-loo-loo.” In *Ane Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs*, published by Andro Hart in 1621, we meet with a variant of the phrase, in four syllables—

“Oh my deir hert, young Jesus sweat,
 Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
 And I sall rock thee in my hert,
 And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir,
 With sangris sweat unto thy gloir ;
 The knees of my hert sall I bow,
 And sing that richt *Balulalow !*”

songs there is an exclamation seemingly intended to frighten away some bugbear or malevolent sprite.*

In the Warwickshire version of the above we get—

Hush! a bee *bo*, on a tree top,
 When the wind, etc.,
 When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
 Down came cradle, etc.

In **CE.** viii. 452, the rhyme commences “Hush-a-by, baby, on the green bough,” and *bog* or *bock*, early Saxon, is suggested as the correct form.

Bee baw bunting,
 Daddy’s gone a hunting,
 To get a little lamb’s skin,
 To lap his little baby in.—**CR.** 17.

In Warwickshire the rhyme commences, “Bye, baby bunting,” and has *rabbit* for “lamb.”

Bye, baby bumpkin,
 Where’s Tony Lumpkin,

It is more than probable that the resemblance is merely a chance one, however.

* The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife before Eve, whose name was Lilis [or Lilith]. Refusing to submit to Adam, she left Paradise for a region of the air. She still haunts the night as a spectre, and is specially hostile to new-born infants. Some superstitious Jews still put in the chamber occupied by their wife four coins, with labels on which the names of Adam and Eve are inscribed with the words, “Avaunt thee, Lilith!” According to the *Cyclopædia Metropolitana*, our word lullaby is a corruption of “Lilla, abi!” (Lilith, avaunt!). Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*, art. LILIS.

There was a fairy called Elaby Gathon, invoked by nurses to watch over sleeping babes that they might not be changed by the elves, and some think that lullaby is a corruption of L’Elaby. *Id.* art. LULLABY.

More likely the word is formed from two roots, the first of which gives us also *lull* and its congeners; and the second, *by-by*, the nursery sleep-land.

In the Glossary to Sharp’s *Coventry Pageants and Dramatic Mysteries*, 1825, p. 123, there is a note on “Lully-lulla” (it will be noticed that “by” does not help to make up the phrase), and it is stated that the following example, copied from Harl. MS. 913, fo. 30, is probably the oldest extant—

“Lollai [ollai] litil child whi wepiston so sore. . . .
Refrain. Lollai [ollai] litil child child lolai lullow,” etc.

See also the song sung by the women in the “Taylors and Shearemens Pagant,” p. 113. *Id.*

My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin.—**AY.** 207.

Bye O my baby,
When I was a lady
O then my poor baby didn't cry ;
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
O I fear my poor baby will die.—**CR.** 18.

Hush-a-bye, baby,
Nurse is away,
Sisters and brothers are gone out to play,
But I by your cradle,
Dear baby, will keep,
To guard you from danger and sing you to sleep.

Hush-a-bye, a ba-lamb,
Hush-a-bye, a milk cow,
You shall have a little stick,
To beat the naughty bow-wow.
AW. 103.

Hush a bye, be still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee
weep,
For when thou weep'st thou
wearies me,
Hush-a-bye, lie still and *bye*.

The last word is pronounced *bee*. A favourite lullaby in the north of England, fifty years ago, and perhaps still heard. **AY.** 211.

The first two lines very closely follow the song known as "Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament"—a Scottish song, which is given in Percy's *Reliques*, and Allan Ramsay's *Miscellany*—

"Balow, my babe, lye still and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe," etc.

Hush baby, my doll, I pray	Hush, my dear, and don't you
you don't cry,	cry,
And I'll give you some bread	Dadda's coming by-and-by,
and some milk, by-and-bye ;	When he comes he'll come in
Or, perhaps you like custard,	a gig,
or maybe a tart,	

2.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Down where the woodbines creep ;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A kind, and sweet, and gentle child—
Sleep, baby, sleep !

“ Where was a sugar and pretty ?
And where was a jewel and spicy ?
Hush-a-bye, babe in a cradle,
And we'll go away in a tricy ! ”—**AY.** 212.

THE ALMANAC.

It must be remembered that many apparent inaccuracies in dates, etc., arise from our correction of the calendar in 1752. Pope Gregory first made the change in Italy in 1582. Each year having been reckoned about eleven minutes too long, he suppressed ten days. When we adopted the change of style, the error amounted to eleven days, so the third of September, 1752, was called September 14th. To prevent further irregularity, it was resolved that, as the error amounts to about three days in four centuries, three out of every four century years should not be leap years,—thus 1800, 1900 are not leap years; 2000 is: 2100, 2200, 2300 are not leap years; 2400 is. Did the old style continue—as it does to the present day in Russia—January 1st new style would be represented by January 13th old style.

But the statements are not given in order to prove the infallibility of the old rhymes—which, owing to natural changes, as well as the mere alteration of dates, are not now reliable. At the same time, it is hard to imagine our ancestors deliberately framing such saws without certain data.

The rhymes given in the two summaries following are probably centuries older.

A kindly good Janiueere
Freezth pot by the feere;
February fill the dike,
With what thou dost like;
March dust to be sold,
Worth ransom of gold;
Sweet April showers
Do spring May flowers;
Cold May and windy
Barne filleth up finely;
Calme weather in June
Corne sets in tune;

Janiver
Freeze the pot by the fire;
If the grass grow in Janiveer
It grows the worse for't all the
year;
The Welshman 'ud rather see
his dam on the beir
Than to see a fair Februeer;
March wind and May sun
Makes clothes white and maids
dun;
When April blows his horn,

No tempest, good July, Lest corn look ruely ; Drie August and warm Doth haruest no harme ; September blow soft Till fruit be in loft ; October good blast To blow the hog mast ; November take flaile Let skep (? peck) no more faile ; O dirty December For Christmas remember.	It's good both for hay and corn ; An April flood Carries away the frog and her brood ; A cold May and a windy Make a full barn and a findy ; A May flood never did good ; A swarm of bees in May Is worth a loady of hay ; But a swarm in July Is not worth a fly.
--	---

Compiled from *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, newly set forth by Thomas Tusser, gentleman, London, 1610. See CH. vii. 419.

Compiled from *The Shepherd of Banbury's Rules to Judge of the Weather*, by J. Clardge (London, 1748). See CH. vii. 419.

THE MONTHS.*

JANUARY.

A January spring
Is worth naething.—M. 22.

If Janiveer calends be sum- merly gay, 'Twill be wintry weather till the calends of May.—M. 22.	If the calends of January be smiling and gay, You'll have wintry weather till, etc.
--	--

Current in *Bucks.* AS. 75.

* In CL. xi. 405, a contributor gives a Yorkshire verse made up of various proverbs—

January freeze pot to fire;
February fill dyke,
March comes and mucks it out ;
April comes with a hook and a bill,
And sets a flower on every hill ;
Then comes May whose withering
sway
Drives all April's flowers away ;
June when all things are in tune ;
July, shear rye ;
August,
If one won't another must.

BC. 34 quotes Wodroephe's *Spared Houres of a Souldier*, 1623, thus—

A red gay May best in any year,
February full of snow is to the
ground most dear ;
A whistling March (that makes the
Plough Man blithe) ;
And moisty April that fits him for
the scythe.

The lines in their present form may not be traditional, however.

If the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year.—**M.** 22.

Or—

The grass that grows in Janiveer,
Grows no more all the year.

Suffolk. **CV.** 168.

Says **Ray**, "There is no general rule without some exception ; for in the year 1667 the winter was so mild, that the pastures were very green in January, yet was there scarcely ever known a more plentiful crop of hay than the summer following."

A distinct variant is—

If you see grass in January
Lock your grain in your granary.—**BK.** 19.

In January should sun appear
March and April pay full dear.—**BJ.** 46.

Janiveer

Freeze the pot upon the fier.—**M.** 19.

The blackest month in all the year,
Is the month of Janiveer.—**M.** 22.

Adages in Addition (January).

HEN.

If one knew how good it were,	If one knew, etc.,
To eat a hen in Janivere,	To eat, etc.,
Had he twenty in the flock,	He would not leave one in the
He'd leave but one to go with	flock,
the cock.— CQ. 157.	For to be trodden by the
	cock.— BG. 21.

OATS.

Who in January sows oats
Gets gold and groats.

Worcestershire. **S.** 37. Sometimes the following lines are added—

Who sows in May
Gets little that way.—**BK.** 19.

FEBRUARY.

A February spring
Is worth nothing.

Herefordshire. **BB.** 49.

Or—

All the months of the year
Curse a fair Februeer.—**CK.** v. 297.

Or—

The Welchman would rather see her dam on his bier,
Than see a fair Februeer.—**N.** 31.

Compare “The hind had as lief,” etc. See **CANDLEMAS DAY**,
ultra.

February, if ye be fair,
The sheep will mend, and nothing mair :
February, if ye be foul (*i.e.* rainy, not snowy),
The sheep will die in every pool.—**N.** 29.

Compare “February, fill the dyke.”

Februeer
Doth cut and sheer.—**CQ.** 25.

February, fill ditch,
Black or white don't care which.

London : Essex. **CH.** vii. 445. That is, rain or snow.

Or—

February, fill the dyke,
Either with the black or white.

To which is sometimes added—

If it be white it's the better to like.—**M.** 206

The rhyme is varied thus—

February, fill the dike,	February, fill dyke,
Be it black or be it white ;	Fill with either, etc.,
But if, etc.,	March muck it out,
. . . it's the better, etc.	With a besom and a clout.

CQ. 25. *East Riding, Yorks.* **AJ.**

“Snow brings a double advantage; it not only preserves the corn from the bitterness of the frost and cold, but enriches the ground by reason of the nitrous salt which it is supposed to contain. I have observed the Alps, and other high mountains, covered all the winter with snow, soon after it is melted, to become like a garden, so full of luxuriant plants and variety of flowers. It is worth the noting, that mountainous plants are for the most part larger than those of the same *genus* which grow in lower grounds; and that these snowy mountains afford greater variety of *species* than plain countries.” **BC.** 13-9, quoting **Ray's Proverbs**.

Another version is—

If February give much snow
A fine summer it doth foreshow.

CK. v. 297. Hence the old proverb, “Under water, famine; under snow, bread.” See also **S.** 37: **R.** 73.

In February if thou hearest thunder
Thou wilt see a summer's wonder.—**N.** 30.

Compare “Winter's thunder,” etc. **WEATHER, ultra.**

MARCH.

A bushel of March dust is a thing
Worth the ransom of a king.—**BK.** 24.

There is an old proverb “A bushel [or coome] of March dust is worth a king's ransom.” “The frosts of January and February pulverize the soil, and the wind in March is calculated so to dry it as to allow the farmer to go about his work well.” See a leading article in the *Daily News*, April 3, 1875.” **BC.** 4.

A peck of March dust and a shower in May,
Makes the corn green and the fields gay.—**BK.** 26.

March dry, good rye,
March wet, good wheat.

Flowers and Flower-lore, by Friend, 8vo, 1884, p. 345. It is also in the *New Suffolk Garland*, p. 166.

March dust, and May sun,
Makes corn white, and maids dun (brown or dingy).

CB. 156: **N.** 39, has—

Makes clothes clean and maidens dun.
See “March wind and May sun,” etc.

March flowers
 Make no summer bowers.—**BK.** 25.

Or, as they say in Yorkshire—

March grows
 Never dows (thrives).

March blossom, being premature, is often blighted. **CS.** 48.

March hack ham,
 Comes in like a lion goes out like a lamb.—**CQ.** 25.

BC. 287, quoting Fuller's *Gnomologia*, 1732, has "March balk-ham."

BK. has "black-ram" (Aries).

March in Janiveer,
 January in March I fear.—**M.** 22.

March many weathers rained and blowed ;
 But March grass never did good.—**BC.** 288.

March will sarch, and April try,
 May will tell you if you'll live or die.—**AP.** 579.

March wind
 Kindles the ether and blooms the whin ;

Or—

Wakens the ether and blooms the thorn.

Shakespeare thus mentions this proverb : "It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, And that craves wary walking."—*Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1. **N.** 39.

March wind and April showers
 Bring forth May flowers.—**BC.** 288.

March wind and May sun
 Makes clothes white and maids dun.

CQ. 25. Compare "March dust and May sun," etc., *ante*.

Mists in March bring rain,
 Or in May, frosts again.—**BK.** 26.

Or—

So many mists as in March you see,
So many frosts in May will be.

BC. 352, where is also this proverb, "So many frosts in March, so many in May."

Adages in Addition (March).

APPLES.

March dust on an apple leaf,
Brings all kinds of fruit to grief.

CJ. iv. p. 55, quoted from Dr. Bull's Paper on Modern Apple-lore in *Herefordshire Pomona*. See also **APPLES**, **HUSBANDRY** **MAXIMS**, *b*.

BIRDS.

In March kill crow, pie, and cadow (jackdaw),
Rook, buzzard, and raven ;
Or else go desire them
To seek a new haven.—**N.** 35.

See also **ANIMAL KINGDOM**. **CROWS**, *ante*.

BORROWED DAYS.

In the *British Apollo*, iii. No. 18, the meaning is asked of the old saying—

March borrows from April,
Three days and they are ill,
April returns them back again,
Three days and they are rain.

Ans. Proverbs relating to the weather cannot be founded on any certainty. The meaning of this is that it is more seasonable for the end of March and the beginning of April to be fair, but often—

March does from April gain
Three days and they're in rain,
Returned by April in 's bad kind.
Three days and tney're in wind.—**N.** 37.

Another version is—

March borrowed of April three days and they were ill ;
They killed three lambs were playing on a hill.

Alluded to by *Poor Robin* for 1731. See Hazlitt's *Popular Antiquities*, 1870, ii. 27. See also Dr. Jamieson's *Etymo. Dict.*, and the *Complaynt of Scotland*, 8vo, Edinb., 1801.

In Staffordshire they say—

March borrowed of April,
 April borrowed of May,
 One rained and one sned,
 And the other was the worst day that ever blew.

CH. x. 448. !

FISH.

A March wisher
 Is never a good fisher.

In Fuller's *Gnomologia*, 1732, "wisher" is written *whisker*.
 BC. 29.

APRIL.

A cold April
 The barn will fill.—S. 38: M. 456.

Or—

A cold April
 Is the poor man's fill.—BC. 6.

An April cling
 Is good for nothing.

Somersetshire. N. 43.

Aperill
 With his back and his bill,
 Sets a flower on every hill.

Durham. AS. 97. In Yorkshire, "Comes in with," etc. "And sets," etc. *Id.*

April showers
 Make May flowers.—M. 456.

Or—

Bring summer flowers.—BC. 60.

April weather,
 Rain and sunshine both together.—BC. 60.

An April flood
 Carries away the frog and her brood.—M. 456.

This is in Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639.

Betwixt April and May if there be rain,
'Tis worth more than oxen and wain.—**BK.** 28.

When April blows his horn,
It is good for hay and corn.

That is when it thunders in April; for thunder is usually accompanied with rain. **Ray.**

Adages in Addition (April).

BLOSSOM.

The bee doth love the sweetest flower,
So doth the blossom the April shower.—**BJ.** 462.

CLOTHING.

Till April's dead,
Change not a thread.—**BC.** 418.

Compare "Cast not a clout," **MAY.**

MOON.

When Luna lowers,
Then April showers.

BC. 477, quoting Taylor's *Shilling, or the Travailes of Twelve Pence.*

MAY.

A cold May and a windy
Makes a fat barn and a findy.—**BD.** i. 335.

A cold May is kindly,
And fills the barn finely,
A wet May
Makes a big load of hay.

West Shropshire. **AP.** 579.

A may flood
Never did good.—**CQ.** 26.

A hot May
Makes a fat church hay (*i.e.* full churchyard).

Cornwall, etc. **U.** 80. In 1569-70 was licensed to Thomas Colwell, a ballad entitled :

“A mery milde May
Wherin ys vnsiphored how all thynges decay.”—**BC.** 21.

A dry May and a dripping June,
Brings all things into tune.

Bedfordshire. **BK.** 30.

A wet May
Makes a langtail'd hay.

Whitby. **AI.** 121. Or—

A wet May
Will fill a byre full of hay.—**BK.** 29.

Mist in May, and heat in June
Make the harvest right soon.

M. 569 : **CB.** 156.

Or—

Will bring the harvest, etc.—**S.** 37.

Or—

Makes the harvest come right soon.—**BK.** 30.

The first flood in May
Takes the smolts away.

All the Year Round, October 6, 1888.

Adages in Addition (May).

The first of May
Is Robin Hood's day.

BC. 382, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*, where Hone's edit. of Strutt is referred to. See also Dyer's *British Popular Customs*, pp. 226 and 257. May Day was thought a fitting time to promote sports for the improvement of archery, hence the association.

BEANS.

Be it weal or be it woe,
Beans blow before May doth go.

CQ. 185 : **M.** 569.

CLOTHING.

Change not a clout till May be out.—**M.** 569 : **CB.** 156.

In Yorkshire they add—

If you change in June 'twill be too soon —**CH.** vi. 131.

COW-QUAKE.

Come it early or come it late,

In May comes the cow-quake.—**M.** 569.

The cow-quake is a particular kind of spring grass so named.
BC. 110. "She'll make the cow to quake." Denham, *Provs.*
p. 48. See **EASTER.**

DEW.

The fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.—**BC.** 380.

This is a mere credulity.

FISH.

The haddocks are good
When dipped in May flood.—**M.** 569.

SHEEP.

Shear your sheep in May,
And shear them all away.

S. 37 : **CQ.** 26.

JUNE.

A calm June
Puts the farmer in tune.—**BC.** 4.

Or—

Calm weather in June
Sets corn in tune.—**BK.** 30.

A good leak in June
Sets all in tune.—**BJ.** 571.

If on the eighth of June it rain,
It foretells a wet harvest, men sain.—**BK.** 30.

This is St. Médard's Day. St. Médard was the founder of the rose prize of Salency in reward of merit. The legend says, he was

one day passing over a large plain, when a sudden shower fell, which wetted every one to the skin except St. Médard; he remained as dry as a toast, for an eagle had kindly spread his wings for an umbrella over him, and ever after he was termed *Maitre de la Pluie*.

“Si pleut le jour de S. Médard,
Il pleut quarante jours plus tard.”

Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*.

BC. 429 has this version—

To expect a wet harvest you may be fain,
If on the eighth of June it should rain.

Wait or barley 'll shut in June,
Nif they baint no higher 'an a spoon.

West Somersetshire. Shut = sprout. Z. 667.

JULY.

A shower of rain in July, when the corn begins to fill,
Is worth a plough of oxen, and all belongs theretill.—BK. 30.

If the first of July be rainy weather,
It will rain more or less for four weeks together.

BK. 31: BC. 231.

Or—

It will rain mair or less for *forty days* together.—BS. ii. 169.

July, God send thee calm and fayre,
That happy harvest we may see,
With quyet time and healthsome ayre,
And man to God may thankful be.

This is probably a verse from some poem: not a folk-rhyme. It is included without remark in BK. 30.

No tempest, good July,
Lest the corn look ruely.—BJ. 118.

Or—

Lest corn come off blue by.—BD. i. 355.

BC. 309, quoting Fuller's *Gnomologia*, 1732, has *bluely*.
BK. 30 gives *mildew* as the meaning of “blue by.”

Adages in Addition (July).

BEER.

Bow wow, dandy fly,
Brew no beer in July.—**N.** 54.

RYE.

In July
Shear your rye.—**N.** 51.

See HUSBANDRY MAXIMS, *a, ultra*.

AUGUST.

Dry August and warm,
Doth harvest no harm.

BJ. 118 : **BK.** 31.

Merry be the first, and merry be the last,
And merry be the first of August.—**BC.** 291.

I.e. Lammas Day.

If the twenty-fourth of August be fair and clear,
Then hope for a prosperous Autumn that year.

BK. 32 : **BC.** 232.

See ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY, *ultra*.

SEPTEMBER.

September, blow soft,
Till the fruit's in the loft.—**BK.** 33.

OCTOBER.

Good October, good blast,
To blow the hogs acorns and mast.—**BJ.** 366.

The author of *Songs of Solace*, in his *Proverbial Folklore*, p. 20, Dorking, N.D., says—"In some country places—I can vouch for one in which the oak is called 'the Surrey weed'—a good acorn year is almost as valuable as a second gleaning time to the cottager. I have known families pay half their year's rent with acorns, at 1s. per bushel, collected by their children."

"Mast" = fruit of the beech. **N.** 59.

Adages in Addition (October).

BARLEY.

Dry your barley-land in October,
Or you'll always be sober.—**N.** 60.

I.e. without you attend to this dictum you will have no barley to convert into malt. *Id.*

PASTURE.

In October dung your field,
And your land its wealth shall yield.—**BK.** 33.

NOVEMBER.

If there's ice in November ^{will} bear a duck,
 that'll
There'll be nothing after but sludge and muck.

Notts, etc. Similar to the proverb, "If the ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a mouse afterwards." **CH.** vii. 84: **BJ.** 482.

In Warwickshire they say—

You'll be up to the a— all the winter, in muck.

November take flail,
Let ships no more sail.—**BK.** 33: **N.** 61.

But see the first summary, *ante*, for the better reading, perhaps.

Adages in Addition (November).

WHEAT.

On the first of November if the weather holds clear,
An end of wheatsowing do make for the year.—**N.** 61.

Tusser, in his *Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie*, London, 1580, fol. 75, notices this authoritative precept or adage almost in the same words. *Id.*

DECEMBER.

December's frost and January's flood,
Never boded the husbandman's good.—**BJ.** 610.

SAINTS' or HOLY DAYS.

At New Year's Day a cock's stride,
At Candlemas, an hour wide.—**N.** 30.

Or—

At New Year's tide
Days lengthen a cock's stride.—**R.** 48.

I.e. slightly. In **BE.** 112, the last line is—
"The days are lengthen'd," etc.

ST. DISTAFF'S DAY or ROCK DAY. (January 7th.)

On St. Distaff's Day,
Neither work nor play.

. . . because (the Christmas holidays having ended) good housewives resume in part, but not in whole, the distaff, and other industrious avocations. **N.** 25:

ST. VINCENT'S DAY. (January 22nd.)

Remember on St. Vincent's Day,
If (that) the sun his beams display,
Be sure to mark ^{the} his transient beam
Which thro' the casement sheds a gleam ;
For 'tis a token bright and clear
Of prosperous weather all the year.

BK. 20 : **BC.** 338, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*. In **CI.** v. 146, the third and fourth lines are ignored, and the last line runs—

"That you will have a prosperous year."

ST. PAUL'S DAY. (January 25th.)

If St. Paul be fair and clear,
Then ^{It} betides a happy year,
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Dear will be all sorts o' grain.

S. 37 : **CK.** ii. 266. Sometimes these lines are added—

If clouds or mists do dark the sky,
Great store of birds and beasts shall die ;
And if the winds do fly aloft,
Then wars shall vex the kingdom oft.—**BJ.** 46.

There is a Latin version from the Harl. MS. in *Reliquiæ, Antiquæ*, ii. 10. See also **BC.** 230.

Mr. Denham, *Proverbs*, has a version differing slightly from the first, pp. 24, 25.

CANDLEMAS DAY. (February 2nd.)

As far as the sun shines into the cottage on Candlemas Day,
So far will the snow blow in afore old May.

A cold and late spring is anticipated if Candlemas Day is fine, and mortality among ewes and lambs (see "The hind had as lief," etc.) is the result. **CB.** 152. The first line is more usually written, "As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas Day."

If the sun shines bright on Candlemas Day,
The half of the winter's not yet away.

Which corresponds with the Latin proverb—

Si sol splendescat Mariâ purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.—**AS.** 76.

Or—

When on the Purification the sun hath shined,
The greater part of winter comes behind.—**BK.** 23.

If the sun shine out of Candlemas Day of all days in the year,
The shepherd had rather see his wife on the bier.—**AS.** 76.

Or—

The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier,
As that Candlemas Day should be pleasant and clear.

BK. 23.

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight ;
But if Candlemas Day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again.—**BD.** i. 104.

Or—

. . . on Candlemas Day it be shower and rain,
Ill winter is gone, etc.—**BC.** 226.

If Candlemas Day be fine and clear,
There will be two winters in one year.
But if Candlemas Day brings clouds and rain
Winter is gone, etc.

All the Year Round, February 4, 1888. The first two lines resemble the Scottish saying.

If Candlemas Day be fine and clear,
Corn and fruits will then be dear.—**BK.** 23.

If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,
The half of winter's gone at Yule.—**N.** 29.

After Candlemas Day the frost will be more,
If the sun then shines bright, than it has been before.

CE. vii. 200.

Or—

After Candlemas Day the frost will be more keen,
If the sun then shines bright, than before it has been.—*Id.*

See also **CW.** 23 : **BK.** 23., etc.

On Candlemas Day if the thorns hang a-drop (with icicles),
Then you are sure of a good pea crop.

BK. 23 : **CW.** 23 : **CE.** xi. 421 with this note : "Stover in Norfolk is more frequently used for litter than for forage."

Snow at Candlemas

Stops to handle us.—**CH.** xi. 275 : **AQ.** iv. 127.

Adages in Addition (Candlemas Day).

At Candlemas

Cold comes to us.—**CE.** xi. 239.

When Candlemas Day is come and gone, The snow lies on a hot stone.	When, etc. The snow won't lie, etc.
--	--

BD. i. 104.

BC. 474.

When the wind's in the east on Candlemas Day,
There it will stick till the second of May.

Notes and Queries, ser. i. v. 462 ; vi. 238, 334, 421. See also *All the Year Round*, February 4, 1888.

BEANS.

At Candlemas Day
It is time to sow beans in the clay.

AQ. iii. 84., quoting Ellis's *Modern Husbandman*, 1750, viii. 309.

CANDLES.

On Candlemas Day
Throw ^{cards} and candlesticks away.
 ^{candles}

It is to be noted that from Candlemas the use of tapers at vespers and litanies, which prevailed throughout the winter ceased until the ensuing Ail Hallow Mass, and hence the origin of this time-worn English proverb. Candlemas candle carrying remained in England till its abolition by an Order in Council in the second year of King Edward VI. **N.** 26.

GEESE.

At Candlemas Day a good goose should lay,
But, at St. Chad, both good and bad.

Shropshire. **AP.** 578.

Another version of this is—

Candlemas Day, the good housewife's goose lay,
Valentine's Day, yours and mine may.

Norfolk. That is, geese, if kept warm, and properly taken care of . . . will lay eggs by the second of February; if not, they will, in any case (?) do so by the 14th. **CB.** 152.

PROVENDER, ETC.

On Candlemas Day,
You must have half your straw and half your hay.
CQ. 30.

If it neither rains nor snows on Candlemas Day,
You may straddle your horse and go and buy hay.

Lincolns. **CG.** iv. 82.

Candlemas Day, Candlemas Day,
Half our fire, and half our hay.

I.e. half through the winter only, and so half our provisions should be left.—**AQ.** iv. 127. Or—

The farmer should have on Candlemas Day,
Half his stover (winter forage) and half his hay.

CE. xi. 239.

Mr. Denham, *Proverbs*, p. 30, has this form—

On Candlemas Day you must hae,
Half your straw, and half your hay.

SHROVETIDE. (About February 3rd.)

Come Shrovetide high or low,
No more candles, out they go.

West Somersets. **CJ.** ix. 388. Compare "On Candlemas Day."

On Shrove Tuesday night, though thy supper be fat,
Before Easter Day thou may'st fast for all that.

Isle of Man. **BC.** 318.

FASTEN or FASTREN'S EVE.

At Fasten eb'n neet,
Ceuks find cannel leet.

After this night the cooking is to be done by daylight for the season, or the cook must provide candles. *Cumberland* **X.** 31. The day is fixed by the following antiquated couplet—

First comes Candlemas, syne the new moon ;
The next Tuesday after is Fastren's e'en.—**P.** 88.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. (February 14th.)

In Valentine,
March lays her line.—**D.** ii. 374.

Adages in Addition (St. Valentine's Day).

BEANS.

On St. Valentine's Day,
Beans should be in the clay.

Huntingdon. **CH.** i. 361.

GOOSE (see also CANDLEMAS DAY).

On Valentine's Day will a good goose lay,
If she be a good goose her dame well to pay,
She will lay two eggs before Valentine's Day.—**CQ.** 29.

SEED.

St. Valentine,
Set thy hopper by mine.—**CQ.** 30.

Hopper = seed basket. **BK.** 24. See St. MATTHO. (February 24th.)

ST. MATTHIAS. (February 24th.) See also SS. DAVID and CHAD.

St. Matthy,
All the year goes by.

Because in leap year the supernumerary day is intercalated.
CQ. 29.

St. Mathee shut up the bee,*
sends sap into the tree.—**CQ.** 30 : **BC.** 357.

St. Mattho,
Take thy hopper, and sow.

See ST. VALENTINE, etc. **CQ.** 30 : **BK.** 24.
See also SS. DAVID and CHAD, *Adages, ultra.*

ST. DAVID'S DAY. (March 1st.)

First comes David, then comes Chad,
And then comes Winneral as tho' he was mad :
White or black,
Or old house thack.

This alludes to the stormy weather commonly experienced at the beginning of March. St. David's Day is the 1st of March ; St. Chad's the 2nd. The first two lines of this weather proverb are known in Suffolk, but St. Winwaloe, whose anniversary falls on the

* Mr. Denham, *Proverbs*, has, "On St. Mathee shut up the bee," and applies it to the day of St. Matthew (September 21st).

3rd of March, is there called *Winnold* [see also **BD.** ii. 142.], and not, as in genuine Norfolk, *Winnal*. The Norfolk proverb means that at this period there will be either snow, rain, or wind, which latter is intended by "old house thack." **CB.** 155.

Adages in Addition (St. David and St. Chad).

OATS AND BARLEY.

Upon St. David's Day
Put oats and barley in the clay.

Somerset. **CQ.** 182.

GEESE.

(On or) before St. Chad
Every goose lays both good and bad.

CQ. 29: **N.** 40.

PEAS, ETC.

David and Chad, Sow beans and peas on David
Sow peas good and bad. and Chad,

CQ. 28. Be the weather good or bad.

Norfolk. **CB.** 157.

In Howell's *Proverbs*, 1659, is given—

David and Chad, sow good or bad,

Saint Matthias both leaf and grasse.—**BG.** 21.

GOOD FRIDAY, etc. (About March 20th.)

A wet Good Friday and Saturday,

Brings plenty of grass but little hay.—**BG.** 462.

This proverb is sometimes given—

Rain on Good Friday or Easter Day,

A good crop of grass, but a bad one of hay.

Herefords. **BB.** 43. Or—

If it rain, etc.,

'Twill be a good year of grass, but a sorrowful year of hay.

West Worcesters. **S.** 37. Or—

A wet Good Friday and wet Easter Day,
Makes plenty of grass but very little hay.—**CJ.** i. 458.

ST. BENEDICT. (March 21st.)

St. Benedick
Sow thy pease or keep them in thy rick.—**CQ.** 30.

EASTER. (About March 22nd.)

Let Easter come early, or let it come late,
It'll sure to make the old cow quake.—**BB.** 42.

If the wind's i' th' East of Easter dee,
Yo'll ha plenty o' grass, but little good hee.

Leicesters. **AA.** 169.

Rain on Easter Day,
Plenty of grass, but little good hay.

Northamps. **CT.** 189. See also GOOD FRIDAY. Or—

A good deal of rain on Easter Day
Gives a good crop of corn, but little hay.—**BJ.** 227.

ALL FOOLS' DAY. (April 1st.)

If it thunder on All Fools' Day,
It brings good crops of grass and hay.

West Worcest. **S.** 37. In **BK.** 28 "*corn and hay.*"

LADY DAY, OLD. (April 6th.)

On Lady Day the later
The cold comes over the water.—**BJ.** 462.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY. (April 23rd.)

Againste St. George when blue is worn,
The blue harebells the fields adorn.—**BJ.** 462.

St. George cries Goe,
St. Mark (25th) cries Hoe.

BJ. 462, quoting Aubrey's *Natural History Wilts.*

ST. BARNABAS' DAY. (June 11th.)

This day, old style, would answer to our June 22nd, about the longest day.

Barnabybright, Barnabybright, Barnaby bright,
The longest day and the All day and no night.
shortest night.—**BD.** i. 386. *Lanc.* **CI.** viii. 16.

On Saint Barnabas,
Put the scythe to the grass.—**BJ.** 571.

ST. VITUS'S DAY. (June 15th.)

If St. Vitus's Day be rainy weather,
It will rain for thirty days together.
BJ. 571: **BK.** 30.

ST. JOHN'S DAY. (June 24th.)

Cut your thistles before St. John,
You will have two instead of one.
Suffolk. **CV.** 168.

ST. MARTIN (TRANSLATION OF). (August 4th.)

St. Martin's Day is November 11th. The translation of St. Martin, generally known as Bullion's Day, and in Scotland as "St. Martin of Bullion's Day" (presumably Bouillon) is supposed to be a critical period; hence—

Bullion's Day if ye be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nee mair.—**BJ.** iv.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY. (15th July.)

St. Swithin's Day if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.—**BD.** i. 478.

Or—

If St. Swithin weep, that year, the proverb says,
The weather will be foul for forty days.—**BC.** 230.

The legend is that St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, who died 862, desired to be buried in the churchyard of the minster, that "the sweet rain of heaven might fall upon his grave." At canonisation the monks thought to honour the saint by removing his body into the choir, and fixed the 15th of July for the ceremony; but it rained day after day for forty days, so that the monks saw the saint was averse to the project, and wisely abandoned it. Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*. But see **ST. VITUS**; **ST. MARTIN** (August 4th); June 8th, etc.

Till St. Swithin's Day be past,
The apples be not fit to taste.

Huntingdons. **CH.** vi. 130.

ST. JAMES'S DAY. (July 25th.)

Till St. James's Day is past and gone,
There may be hops and there may be none.

Herefords. **M.** ii. 122; **CF.** i. 226. Mr. Hazlitt, in his *English Proverbs* believes the notion to be current in other hop districts.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY. (August 24th.)

All the tears St. Swithin can cry,
St. Bartholomew dusty mantle wipes ^{dry.}
away.

BJ. 118; **BC.** 52. Or—

All the tears that, etc.,
St. Bartlemy's mantle wipes them dry.—**BK.** 32.

If Bartlemy's Day be fair and clear,
We may hope for a prosperous Autumn that year.—**BJ.** 118.

St. Bartholomew. ("St. Matthew"—**BC.** 357.)
Brings the cold dew. —**BK.** 33.

Chilly evenings begin. **M.** ii. 257; **CQ.** 29. The proverb is in Fuller's *Gnomologio*, 1732. See also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd ser., viii. 242.

HOLY-ROOD DAY. (September 14th.)

If dry be the buck's horn on Holyrood morn,
 'Tis worth a kist (chest) of gold ;
 But if wet it be seen ere Holyrood e'en,
 Bad harvest is foretold.

Heard near Newborough Park, Yorkshire, where a herd of deer is kept. **CF.** vi. 522 ; **BK.** 32 ; **BJ.** 462.

"Tuesday, September 14th, 1731, being Holy-Rood Day, the king's huntsmen hunted their free buck in Richmond New Park, with bloodhounds, according to custom." *Gent.'s Mag.*

ST. MATTHEW'S DAY. (September 21st.)

St. Matthew,
 Get candlesticks new ;
 St. Matthei, lay candlesticks by.

BC. 357, quoting Forby *Vocab. East Anglia*. See **ST. MATTHIAS** (February 24th).

MICHAELMAS DAY. (September 29th.)

A Michaelmas rot
 Comes ne'er in the pot.—**CQ.** 42

ST. LUKE'S DAY. (October 18th.)

On St. Luke's Day
 The oxen have leave to
 may play.

In allusion to the warm weather which so often prevails. **BJ.** 366 ; **BC.** 318.

HOLLANTIDE. (November 1st.—All Saints' Day.)

If ducks do slide at Hollandtide,
 At Christmas they will swim ;
 If ducks do swim at Hollandtide,
 At Christmas they will slide.

CI. i. 383 ; **AQ.** iv. 128. *Bucks.*

ST. MARTIN'S DAY. (November 11th.)

When the ice before Martlemas bears a duck,
Then look for a winter o' mire and muck.

Leicestershire. Martlemas = Martinmas. **AA.** 191. A prose version of this runs: "If there is ice that will bear a duck before Martlemas, there will be none that will bear a goose all the winter." **BC.** 232. See also **November**, *ante*.

'Tween Martinmas and Yule,
Water's wine in every pool.

North of England. Dyer, *English Folklore*, 1884, p. 261.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY. (November 30th.)

On St. Andrew's Day
The night is twice as long as the day.—**CJ.** 482.

St. Andrew the king,
Three weeks and three days before Christmas comes in.
BC. 356, quoting Forby *Vocab. East Anglia*, 1830, p. 418.

ST. LUCY'S DAY. (December 13th.)

This in the old calendar was the shortest day of the year ;
hence—

Lucy light,
The shortest day and the longest night.

CQ. 29 : **BJ.** 610.

ST. THOMAS'S DAY. (December 21st.)

St. Thomas gray, St. Thomas gray.
The longest night and the shortest day.—**M.** ii. 724.

The day of St. Thomas the blessed divine,
Is good for brewing, baking, and killing fat swine.—**N.** 54.

CHRISTMAS.

If Christmas Day on Thursday be,
A windy winter you shall see,
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempests strong and thick,

The summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beasts shall multiply.—**CG.** iii. 113.

BK. 34 has this addition—

The year is good for lads to till,
Kings and Princes shall die by skill, etc.

Adding, there are eight more lines of the same superstitious character, but not relating to the weather.

BC. 227, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*, 1846, has—

If Christmas Day on a [Sunday] * fall,
A troublous winter we shall have all.

And gives this variant, also—

If Christmas Day on Monday † be,
A great winter that year you'll see,
And full of winds both loud and shrill ;
But in summer, truth to tell,
High winds shall there be, and strong.
Full of tempests lasting long ;
While battles they shall multiply,
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born that day, I ween.
They shall be strong each one and keen ;
He shall be found that stealeth ought ;
Tho' thou be sick, thou diest not.

Harl. MS. 2252, fol. 153, 154.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY. (December 26th.)

Blessed be St. Stephen,
There is no fast upon his even.—**BC.** 97.

If you bleed your nag on St. Stephen's day,
He'll work your work for ever and aye.

BC. 34, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*, etc.

* Mr. Denham has "Monday."

† According to *Christmas Carols*, p. 18, Percy Soc. vol. iv. the MS. of the fifteenth century has—

"Yf Crystmas on the *Sunday* be," etc.

For some unexplained reason St. Stephen's Day was a great period with our ancestors for bleeding their horses, which was practised by people of all ranks, and recommended by the old agricultural poet Tusser, in his *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* (ch. xxii. st. 16), who says—

“Yer Christmas be passed, *let horse be let blood,*
 For manie a purpose it dooth him much good ;
 The day of S. Steeven old fathers did use ;
 If that do mislike thee, some other day chuse.”

Mr. Douce says the practice was introduced into this country by the Danes.

Naogeorgus, according to his translator, Barnaby Googe, refers to it and assigns a reason—

Then followeth St. Stephen's Day, whereon doth every man,
 His horses jaunt and course abrode, as swiftly as he can,
 Until the doe extreemely sweate, and then they let them blood,
 For this being done upon this day, they say doth do them
 good,
 And keepes them from all maladies, and sicknesse through the
 yeare,
 As if that Steven any time took charge of horses heare.

In explanation, it may be stated that the saint was the patron of horses, and that on this day, which the Germans call *Der Grosse Pferdstag*, the Pope's stud was physicked and bled for the sake of the blood, which was supposed to be a remedy in many disorders.

Aubrey, in his *Remaines of Gentilisme* (MS. Lansd. 226 [now published by the Folklore Society]) says: “On St. Stephen's Day the farrier came constantly and blouded all our horses.” In the *Receipts and Disbursements of the Canons of St. Mary, in Huntingdon*, is the following entry: “Item, for letting our horses blede in Chrystmasse weke, iijjd.” *Med. Ævi. Kalend.*, 1841, i. 118. P. 492.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Old people are careful to note how the wind blows on New Year's Eve, as they think it significant of the weather during the following season, according to the old rhymes—

If New Year's Eve night wind blow south,
 It betokeneth warmth and growth :

If west, much milk, and fish in the sea :
If north, much cold, and storms there will be :
If east, the trees will bear much fruit :
If north-east, flee it man and brute.

AS. 75 : Denham's *Proverbs* 1846 : **CJ.** iv. 535 : etc.

WEATHER.

CLOUDS.

A blue and white sky,
Never four and twenty hours dry.

A mackerel sky,
Never holds three days dry.

Northamptonshire. D. ii. i.

A mackerel sky and mares' tails,
Make lofty ships carry low sails.

CS. i. 458: G. 264. In Berkshire they say—
Maayres taails an' mackerel sky,
Not long wet, nor not long dry.—AD. 108.

East and ^{wast,}
west, the sign of a blast,
North and south, the sign of a drought.

This is said of the *Noah's Ark*—a long dark cloud stretching across the heavens, broad in the centre, and tapering at each end; resembling the figure of the ark, and supposed to portend great floods. *Northamptonshire.* D. ii. 59.

Evening red and morning grey,	Evening red, etc. Will set the traveller on his way;
A sure sign of a fine day;	But evening grey, etc.
Evening grey and morning red,	Will bring down rain upon his head.
Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head.	<i>Popular Educator</i> , vi. 370.
<i>Gloucestershire.</i>	

Evening grey, etc. Evening red, etc., are sure, etc.
 Make the shepherd hang his head.—**BK.** 41. But evening grey, etc.
 Sends the poor shepherd home
 wet to his bed.

Forby's *Vocab. East Anglia*,
 1830, p. 416.

Sky red in the morning,
 Is a sailor's sure warning ;
 Sky red at night,
 Is the sailor's delight.

BK. 41. See also **SUN.**

If clouds look as if scratched by a hen,
 Get ready to reef your topsails then.—**BK.** 58.

In Carr's *Dialect of Craven*, 1828, i. 221, *Hen Scrattins* are said to be "small and circular white clouds denoting rain or wind."

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,
 No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's day.

BE. 150.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
 The earth's refresh'd by frequent showers.—**BE.** 150.

When the clouds are upon the hills,
 They'll come down by the mills,
 When the clouds go up the hill,
 They'll send down water to
 turn a mill.—**AQ.** iv. 130.

FOG.

A fog, and a small moon,
 Bring an easterly wind soon.

Cornwall. **AQ.** iv. 129 : **CI.** ii. 184.

FROST.

A hoar frost ;
 Third day crost ;
 The fourth lost.

Frost on the shortest day, is said to indicate a long winter.
Lancashire. **BA.** 231.

Farewell frost,
Nothing got is nothing lost.—**BC.** 137.

Many frosts and many thowes (thaws).
Many rotten yowes (ewes).

Norfolk. **CB.** 157.

When the days lengthen,
The frost is sure to strengthen.—**N.** 26.

ICE.

If the ice gives it will bear,
But if it cracks, it'll swear (*sic*).

Sheffield. **R.** 90.

MIST.

A moorn hag mist,
Is worth gold in a kist (chest).

Whitby, **AI.** 88.

A northern harr,
Brings fine weather from far.

Hag or harr = mist with small rain.

Mr. Hazlitt, in his *English Proverbs*, 1882, has "A northern bar, brings drought from far": and he explains *bar*, as a mist or fog. The former reading is, however, the more correct.

An old moon in a mist,
Is worth gold in a kist;
But a new moon's mist,
Will never lack thrist (thirst).—**BK.** 42.

As safe as treasure in a kist,
Is the day in an old moon's mist.—**N.** 15.

The new moon's mist,
Is better than gold in a kist.

Yorkshire. **AS.** 115.

When the mist comes from the hill,
Then good weather it doth spill;

When the mist comes from the sea,
Then good weather it will be.

BK. 64 : **AR.** i. 164.

MOON.

A Saturday moon,
If it comes once in seven years, comes once too soon.

M. ii. 203 : **G.** 538.

Or—

A Saturday's moon, Always comes too soon.—**BC.** 35.

A Saturday's moon and a Sunday's prime,
Never brought good in any man's time.

Northumberland. **AS.** 114.

Saturday new and Sunday full, Never did good and never ööl (will).	Saturday's new, etc., Was never fine, and never wool.
--	---

Shrops. **AP.** 259.

Suffolk. **BC.** 341.

Saturday new, etc., Never was good and never wull.	A Saturday's moon <i>with</i> Sun- day full, Was never, etc.— CI. 384.
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Norfolk. **CI.** 196.

Saturday change and Sunday full,
Is always wet and always wull.

Northamptonshire. **D.** ii. 409.

Mr. Hazlitt seems to think that *and* is used in the sense of *or* (**BC.** 341) ; but the contributor who gives *with* (**CI.** i. 384), argues that the rhyme relates to the phases of the same moon.

Another version is—

A Saturday's change and a Sunday's full moon
Once in seven years is once too soon.—**BK.** 43.

A Saturday's change brings the boat to the door,
But a Sunday's change, brings it upon t' mid-floor.

N. 18.

Far burr, near rain,
Near burr, far rain.

Suffolk—"burr" = halo, which, if large, is a sign of rain.—
CV. 166.

Another rhyme relating to the halo is—
When round the moon there is a brugh,
The weather will be cold and rough.

BC. 478, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*.

Friday's moon,
Come when it will, it comes too soon.

H. 319: **G.** 538.

If the moon shows a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field.

Lancashire. **BA.** 233. To which these lines are sometimes added—

But if she rises haloed round,
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

BK. 45. Presumably, a modern addition.

In the old of the moon,
A cloudy morning
Bodes a fair afternoon.—**CQ.** 27.

Or—

In the waning of the moon,
A cloudy morn—fair afternoon.—**BE.** 150.

Pale moon doth rain, red moon doth blow,
White moon doth neither rain nor snow.

BC. 326, quoting Clarke's *Paramiologia*, 1639.

The Michaelmas moon
Rises nine nights alike soon.—**BJ.** 230.

I.e. the harvest moon. **N.** 57.

The moon and the weather
May change together;
But change of the moon
Does not change the weather:

If we'd no moon at all—
 And that may seem strange,
 We still should have weather
 That's subject to change.

CJ. vi. 246. Modern, most likely.

The nearer to twelve in the afternoon, the drier the moon,
 The nearer to twelve in the forenoon, the wetter the moon.

Herefordshire. **BB.** 45.

When the new moon lies on her back,
 She sucks the wet into her lap.

Shropshire. **AP.** 259.

RAIN.

A sunshiny shower
 Never lasts half an hour.

Bedfordshire. **BK.** 67. In *Warwickshire* they say *an hour*.
 In *Devonshire* they say—

Sunshiny rain will soon go again.

Long foretold, long last,
 Short notice, soon past,

Proverb. Folklore, p. 23 ; and **BC.** 278.

If it rain on Sunday before mass,
 It'll rain all the week more or less.

Shropshire. **AP.** 261.

"Mass" is more often written *mess*. See **N.** 11, quoting
Audelay's Poems, p. 28, l. 10.

In Norfolk they say—

Rain afore chutch (church),
 Rain all the week, little or much.

CH. ix. 757 : **AQ.** iv. 130.

<p>If the rain comes before the wind, Lower your topsails and take them in ;</p>	<p>When the rain comes before the winds, You may reef when it begins ; But when the wind, etc.,</p>
---	--

If the wind comes before the rain,
 You may hoist your topsails
 up again.—**BK.** 47.

Lower your topsails and hoist
 them again.—**G.** 264.

Or sometimes in this form—

When the wind comes before the rain,
 You may hoist your topsails up again,
 But when the rain comes before the winds,
 You may reef when it begins.—**N.** 20.

More rain, more rest ;
 More water will suit the ducks best.

CG. v. 208. Or—

Fine weather isn't always best.—**CI.** x. 494.

The first line is often given alone, as a harvest proverb. See
Ray.

Night rains
 Make drown'd fens.

East Anglia. **CE.** vi. 601.

Rain before seven,
 Fine before eleven.

M. ii. 203 : **G.** 264. Or—

Lift before eleven.—**BK.** 66.

Rain from the east,
 Wet two days at least.—**BC.** 337.

The morn to the mountain,
 The evening to the fountain.—**N.** 13.

BC. 242, quoting Herbert's *Outlandish Proverbs*, 1640, has—

In the morning mountains,
 In the evening fountains,

which may be a version of the above : or it may refer to bodies
 of dense rain-clouds.

When it rains with the wind in the east,
 It rains for twenty-four hours at least.

Suffolk. **CV.** 168.

RAINBOW.

A rainbow in the morning,
Is the shepherd's warning ;
But a rainbow at night,
Is the shepherd's delight.

The rainbow in th' mornin',
Gies the shepherd warning',
To car' his girt cwoat on his
back :

BD. i. 335.

Sometimes *skipper* is given
instead of "shepherd."—AV.
155.

. . . at night, Is, etc.
For then no girt cwoat will he
lack.

Wilts. Akerman's *Springtide*.
CE. i. 413.

In the morning the rainbow is seen in the clouds westward, the quarter from which we get most rain, and of course in the evening in the opposite quarter of the heavens. AB. 155.

If the rainbow comes at night,
The rain is gone quite.

Suffolk. CV. 168.

If there be a rainbow in the eve,
It will rain and leave :
But if there be a rainbow in the morrow,
It will neither lend nor borrow.—BD. i. 335.

A rainbow in the morn, put your hook in the corn,
A rainbow at eve, put your hook in the sheave.

AR. v. 192.

Cornwall. BC. 34, has "head in the sheave."

Rainbow to windward, foul fall the day ;
Rainbow to leeward, damp runs away.—BK. 69.

SUN.

If red the sun begins his race,
Expect that rain will fall apace.

BA. 189 : BE. 150

If the sun in red should set,
The next day surely will be wet ;
If the sun should set in grey,
The next will be a rainy day.

BC. 232, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*. Compare, "Evening red," etc. **CLOUDS.** But the present example is a joke one would think.

If the sun goes pale to bed,
'Twill rain to-morrow it is said.—**BK.** 40.

It is an omen bad the yeomen say,
If Phœbus show his face the second day.—**BC.** 247.

There is never a Saturday in the year,
But what the sun it doth appear.—**AR.** v. 219.

When the sun sets black,
A westerly wind will not lack.

Whitby. **AI.** 214.

Or—

A sunset and a cloud so black,
A westerly wind you shall not lack.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 23. See below.

When the sun sets bright and clear,
An easterly wind you need not fear.—**BK.** 40.

When the sun sets in a bank,	When the sun, etc.
A westerly wind we shall not want.— N. 12.	A westerly wind we shall not lack.— BK. 41.

THUNDER.

Early thunder,
Late hunger.

BC. 124, quoting *Notes and Queries*. See below.

If it sinks from the north,
It will double its wrath ;
If it sinks from the south,
It will open its mouth ;
. . . west,
It is never at rest ;

. . . east,
It will leave us in peace.

Kent. **Cl.** ii. 184.

Thunder in spring,
Cold will bring.—**BK.** 15.

Winter's thunder,
Summer's wonder.—**BD.** i. 335.

See also Willsford's *Nature's Secrets*, 1658, p. 113.

Winter's thunder,
Is the world's wonder.—**AV.** 156.

Winter thunder,
Bodes summer's hunger.—**BK.** 18.

Winter's thunder,
Poor man's death, rich man's hunger.

CE. xi. 8. The meaning being that it is good for fruit, and bad for corn. **BJ.** 46.

Mr. Hazlitt, in his *Proverbs*, 1882, p. 124, has—

Winter thunder,
Rich man's food and poor man's hunger.

Winter thunder and summer flood,
Bode England no good.

CE. vii. 81. Or—

Never boded Englishman good.—**BC.** 495.

WIND.

a. *East.*

A right easterly wind,
Is very unkind.—**BC.** 34.

aa. *East and South.*

When the wind's in the east,
It's neither good for man nor beast:
When the wind's in the south,
It is in the rain's mouth.—**BD.** i. 335.

Ray says, of the first portion of this rhyme : " The east wind with us is commonly very sharp, because it comes off the continent. Midland counties of the same latitude are generally colder than maritime, and continents than islands ; and it is observed in England that near the seaside, as in the county of Cornwall, etc., the snow seldom lies three days."

b. North.

A northern air,
Brings weather fair.—**BK.** 48.

Northerly wind and blubber,
Brings home the Greenland lubber.

A satirical proverb made use of by sailors. **N.** 20.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow.

BC. 394, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*. The lines occur in the old nursery song—

The north wind doth blow,
And we, etc.
And what will the robin do then, poor thing, etc.

ba. North and East.

The wind at north and east,
Is neither good for man nor beast ;
So never think to cast a clout,
Until the end of May be out.

Yorkshire. **CS.** 41. This is made up of two proverbs.

bb. North-west.

When the wind is north-west,
The weather is at the best ;
If the raine comes out of east,
'Twill raine twice twenty-four houres at the least.

Aubrey, *Nat. Hist. Wilts.*, p. 16. **AN.** 242.

c. South.

A southerly wind with showers of rain,
Will bring the wind from west again.—**BK.** 51.

An out (southerly) wind and a fog,
Bring an east wind home snug.

Cornwall. **CL.** ii. 184.

d. West.

The wind in the west,
Suits every one best.

Lancashire. **CH.** vi. 211.

When the wind is west,
Health is always best.

BA. 232.

When the wind's in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

BC. 483.

Or—

When the wind's, etc.
The weather's always best.—**D.** 12.

Wind west,
Rain's nest.

Devonshire. **BK.** 52.

Summary a, b, c, d.

Wind east or west,
Is a sign of a blast ;
Wind north or south,
Is a sign of a drought.—**BK.** 47.

When the wind is in the north,
Hail comes forth ;
When the wind is in the west,
Look for a wet blast ;
. . . south,
The weather will be fresh and good ;
. . . east,
Cold and snow come neist (next).—**G.** 71.

North-west wind is far the best ;
North-east is bad for man and beast.—**BC.** 310.

The south wind brings wet weather,
The north wind wet and cold together ;

The west wind always brings us rain,
The east wind blows it back again.

BC. 398, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*.

Various.

First rise after low,
Foretells stronger blow.

Said of the barometer. BK. 90. And—

When the glass falls low,
Prepare for a blow ;
When it rises high,
Let all your kites fly.—*Id.*

No weather is ill,
If the wind be still.—BD. i. 335.

The sharper the blast
The shorter 'twill last.

Proverbial Folklore, p. 17.

The winds of the daytime wrestle and fight,
Longer and stronger than those of the night.
BK. 46.

When the wind backs, and the weather-glass falls,
Then be on your guard against gales and squalls.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 23.

When the wind veers against the sun,
Trust it not for back 'twill run.—BK. 52.

When the smoke goes west,
Good weather is past ;
When the smoke goes east,
Good weather comes neist (next).

BC. 481, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*, etc.

ANIMALS, as Signs.

Ass.

Hark ! I hear the asses bray,
We shall have some rain to-day.

Rutland. BK. 74. Or—

When the ass begins to bray,
Be sure you will have rain that day.

CJ. ii. 395. In Lancashire they say—

When the donkey sounds his horn,
It is quite time to house your corn.—BA. 233.

BEEES.

If bees stay at home,
Rain will soon come :
If they fly away,
Fine will be the day.—BK. 82.

CAT.

If the cat washes her face o'er the ear,
'Tis a sign that the weather 'll be fine and clear.
AS. 206.

COCK AND HEN.

If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He'll certainly rise with a watery head.

BK. 76. Mr. Hazlitt, quoting Denham's *Proverbs* has *crow* instead of *cock*.

If the cock moult before the hen,
We shall have weather thick and thin ;
But if the hen moult before the cock,
We shall have weather as hard as a block.

BD. i. 335 : BC. 231, with these remarks from Ray : " These prognostics of weather and future plenty, etc., I look upon as altogether uncertain ; and, were they narrowly observed, would, I believe, as often miss as hit."

In Aubrey's *Nat. Hist. Wilts.*, p. 16, is this variant—

When the hen doth moult before the cock,
The winter will be as hard as a rock ;
But if the cock moults before the hen,
The winter will not wett your shoes seame.

AN. 242.

DOTTEREL. See **Birds**, **Animal Kingdom**, *ante*.

DUCKS.

When ducks are driving thro' the burn,
That night the weather takes a turn.—**BK.** 77.

FOWLS.

If fowls roll in the sand,
Rain is at hand.—**BK.** 76.

GLOW-WORM.

When the glow-worm lights her lamp,
The air is always damp.—**BK.** 81.

MACKEREL.

The mackerel's cry,
Is never long dry.—**AY.** 74.

PEACOCK.

When the peacock loudly bawls,
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls.—**BK.** 79.

ROBIN.

If the robin sings in the bush,
Then the weather will be coarse ;
But if the robin sings on the barn,
Then the weather will be warm.

Norfolk. **CB.** 154: Forby's *Vocab. East Anglia*, 1830, p. 416.

ROOKS.

When rooks fly sporting high in air,
It shows that windy storms are near.—**BK.** 78.

SNAILS.

When black snails cross your path,
Black clouds much moisture hath.—**BK.** 81.

PLANTS, etc., as Signs.

GOSSAMER.

When you see gossamer flying,
Be sure the air is drying.—**BK.** 84.

HAWS, ETC.

Many haws, many sloes,
Many cold toes.

Or—

Many hips and haws,
Many frosts and snaws.—**CB.** 156.

See also SLOES : HUSBANDRY MAXIMS. *b.*

LEAVES.

If on the trees the leaves still hold,
The winter coming will be cold.

Lancashire. **BA.** 233.

OAK AND ASH.

The oak and ash, both sacred trees—and the ash in particular, the cloud tree of the Norsemen, with sacred fountains springing from every root—still supply us with a weather prophecy—

If the oak's before the ash (in leaf),
You will only get a splash ;
If the ash precedes the oak,
You will surely have a soak.—**AS.** 76.

When the oak is before the ash,
The summer will be dry and mash.

Bedfordshire. Or—

If the oak before the ash come out,
There has been or there will be drought.

From the *Surrey Comet*, May 22. **CJ.** ii. 113.

Oak, smoke,
Ash, squash.

Kent. **CH.** xi. 421 : **AQ.** iv. 126.

The following examples, strange to say, entirely differ from the above.

When the ash is out before the oak, Then we may expect a choke (drought) ; When the oak is out before the ash, Then we may expect a splash (rain). <i>Shropshire. AP. 243.</i>	If When the oak is out comes out be- fore the ash, 'Twill be You'll have a summer of wet and splash ; But if the ash is When the ash comes out be- fore the oak, 'Twill be You'll have a summer of fire and dust and smoke. <i>All the Year Round, June 8, 1889. A.Q. iv. 126.</i>
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The first readings are probably the better.

Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*, gives the following data : " In the years 1816, 1817, 1821, 1823, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1838, 1840, 1845, 1850, and 1859, the ash was in leaf a full month before the oak, and the autumns were unfavourable. In 1831, 1833, 1839, 1853, 1860, the two species of trees came into leaf about the same time, and the years were not remarkable either for plenty or the reverse ; whereas in 1818, 1819, 1820, 1822, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1842, 1846, 1854, 1868, and 1869, the oak displayed its foliage several weeks before the ash, and the summers of those years were dry and warm, and the harvests abundant." Dr. Brewer inadvertently mentions 1833 twice.

ONION.

Onion's skin very thin,
 Mild winter coming in ;
 Onion's skin thick and tough,
 Coming winter cold and rough.

Gardener's rhyme. **BK.** 18.

ROWANS.

Many rains, many rowans,
 Many rowans, many yawns.

Rowans are the fruit of the mountain ash, and an abundance

thereof is held to denote a deficient harvest. **BC.** 286, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*.

"Yawns" = light grains of wheat, oats, or barley.—**N.** 54.

WEATHER AT PLACES.

See **ENGLAND**: *St. Austell*, **CORNWALL**; **HAMPSHIRE**; *Severn*, **GLOUCESTERSHIRE**; *Dover*, **KENT**; *Norwich*, **NORFOLK**.

SEASONS.

SPRING.

A late spring,
Is a great blessing.—**BK.** 15.

As the days grow longer,
The storms grow stronger.—**BK.** 15.

As the days lengthen,
So the cold strengthen.—**BD.** i. 335.

Or—

As the day lengthens, The cold strengthens.

The meaning seems to be, that after midnight the cold increases toward sunrise. **BC.** 78.

Ray observes, however, "The reason is, for that the earth having been well heated by the sun's long lying upon it in summer time, is not suddenly cooled again by the recess of the sun, but retains part of its warmth till after the winter solstice; which warmth, notwithstanding the return and access of the sun, must needs still languish and decay; and so, notwithstanding the lengthening of the days, the weather grows colder, till the external heat caused by the sun is greater than the remaining internal heat of the earth; for as long as the external is lesser than the internal (that is, so long as the sun hath not force enough to produce as great a heat in the earth as was remaining from the last summer), so long the internal must needs decrease. The like reason there is why the hottest time of the day is not just at noon, but about two of the clock in the afternoon; and the hottest time of the year not just at the summer solstice, but about a month after; because till then the external heat of the sun is greater than the heat produced in the earth. So if you put a piece of iron into a very hot fire, it will not suddenly be heated so hot as the fire can make it; and though you abate your fire before it be thoroughly heated, yet will it grow hotter and hotter, till it comes to that degree of heat which

the fire it is in can give it. *Cresce di, cresce 'l peddo, dice il pescatore.*" (Ital.) See Chambers' *Book of Days*, i. 19.

SUMMER.

Summer in winter, and summer's flood,

Never boded ^{England}
an Englishman good.

BK. 18 : Denham's *Proverbs*.

WINTER.

An early winter,

A surly winter.—**BK.** 17 : **BC.** 55.

A frosty winter and a dusty March,

And a rain about Aperill,

And another about the Lammas time (August),

When the corn begins to fill ;

Is worth a ploughy of gold

And all her pins theretill.

BK. 35 : **BC.** 14, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*.

Little mead.

Little need.

Somerset. A mild winter hoped for after a bad summer. **Ray.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

A dry March, a wet April, a dry May, and a wet June,

Is commonly said to bring all things in tune.

AQ. iii. 83, quoting Ellis's *Modern Husbandman*, vol. iv. pt. i. p. 50.

Be it dry, or be it wet,

The weather 'll always pay its debt.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 16.

Between twelve and two.

You'll see what the day will do.

Norfolk. **CB.** 156.

If during the night the temperature fall and the thermometer
rise,

We shall have fine weather and clear skies.—**N.** 11.

HUSBANDRY MAXIMS.

a. ACTION.

BARLEY-SOWING.

When the elmen-leaf is as big as a mouse's ear,
Then to sow barley never fear :
When the elmen-leaf is as big as an ox's eye,
Then says I, Hie, boys, hie !

Or—

Then sing Hie, etc.

CG. x. 25 : *All the year Round*, June 8, 1889. See an article in the *Field* for April 28, 1866. (?)

When the oak puts on his goslings gray,
'Tis time to sow barley night and day.—N. 46.

When the sloetree is as white as a sheet,
Sow your barley, whether it be dry or wet.

BD. i. 335.

BEAN-SOWING.

One for the mouse, one for the crow,
One to rot, one to grow.

How to sow beans. CE. ii. 515.

Sow beans in the mud,
They'll grow like a wood.

Ellis's *Modern Husbandman* (1750), vol. i. pt. 2, p. 9. AQ. iii. 84 : CB. 157. Ray has *like wood*.

BREWING AND BAKING.

When the elder is white, brew and bake a peck,
When the elder is black, brew and bake a sack.—N. 47.

CHEESE-MAKING.

If you will have a good cheese, and hav'n old,
You must turn'n seven times before he is cold.

Somersetshire. Aubrey, *Nat. Hist. Wilts.*, p. 105: **AN.** 243.

COW, ETC.

Look to the cow, and the sow,
And the wheat mow,
And all will be well enow.

Somersetshire. **CQ.** 182.

DEALING.

When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn,
Sell your cow, and buy your corn;
But when she comes to the full bit,
Sell your corn and buy your sheep.—**BD.** i. 335.

I.e. a late spring is bad for cattle, and an early spring is bad for corn. **BK.** 15.

FRUIT.

If you would fruit have,
You must bring the leaf to the grave.

That is, you must transplant your trees just about the fall of the leaf, . . . not sooner, because of the motion of the sap; not later, that they may have time to take root before the deep frosts. **CQ.** 30.

PROVERB FOR APPLES, PEARES, HAWTHORNS, QUICKSETTS,
OAKES.

Sett them at Allhallow tyde, and command them to grow,
Sett them at Candlemas and entreat them to grow.

Nat. Hist. Wilts., p. 105. **AN.** 242.

HAV AND CORN.

'Tis time to cock your hay and corn,
When the old donkey blows his horn.

Farmers' Magazine, iv., pt. i. p. 304 (1836): **CF.** xii. 447.

KIDNEY-BEAN PLANTING.

When elum leaves are as big as a farden
It's time to plant kidney-beans in the garden.

Or—

When elum leaves are as big as a shillin',
It's time to plant kidney-beans if you're willin';
When elum leaves are as big as a penny,
You *must* plant kidney-beans if you mean to have any.

West Worcestershire. S. 38 : CF. i. 429. See also BEAN-SOWING.

MUSHROOMS.

When the moon is at the full,
Mushrooms you may freely pull ;
But when the moon is on the wane,
Wait ere you think to pluck again.

Essex. CF. x. 247.

PEAS AND BEANS.

Sow peas and beans in the wane of the moon,*
Who soweth them sooner he soweth too soon.—N. 42.

PLOUGHING.

Plough deep while others sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

CB. 158 : N. 14. This proverb is in *Poor Richard Improved* 1758, but *sluggards* is given instead of "others." See BC. 331. Sometimes the proverb is given in this form—

There is no gains without pains,
Then plough deep while sluggards sleep.—N. 14.

* "That they, with ye planet, may rest and rise,
And flourish with bearing most plentiful wise."—*Tusser.*

"Peas and beans, sown during the increase do run more to hawm and straw ; and during ye declension, more to cod, according to the common consent of countrymen."—*Tusser, Redivivus*, 8vo, London, 1744, p. 16.

RYE.

In July, some reap rye,
 In August, if one will not the other must.

Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire. **BE.**

SAGE AND RUE.

Plant your sage and rue together,
 The sage will grow in any weather.

Warwickshire. B'ham and Midland Institute Archæolog.
 Transactions, November 24, 1875.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

You may shear your sheep,
 When the elder blossoms peep.—**BK.** 17.

SOWING AND SETTING.

This rule in gardening never forget,
 To sow dry and ^{set} wet.
 - - - - - ^{plant}

CB. 158: **CQ.** 28.

THISTLES.

Cut thistles in May,
 They grow in a day;
 Cut thistles in June,
 That is too soon;
 Cut thistles in July.
 Then they will die.

South Worcestershire. **S.** 38.
 In Shropshire they say—

Cut 'em in June,
 They'll come again soon;
 Cut 'em in July,
 They *may* die?
 Cut 'em in August,
 Die they *must*.—**AP.** 579.

TRUFF AND PEEL.

When the aspen leaves are no bigger than your nail,
It is the time to look out for truff and peel.—**CE.** ii. 511.

WHEAT-SOWING.

Sow in the slop,
Heavy at top.

That is, wheat sown when the ground is wet is most productive. **CB.** 154. Forby, *Vocab. East Anglia*, agrees with this, p. 417. Mr. Halliwell says, "A statement, however, somewhat questionable."

When the weirling shrieks at night,	When, etc. Sow, etc.
Sow the seed with the morn- ing light;	Heed ye well the cuckoo's note,
But 'ware when the cuckoo swells its throat,	Harvest lies in the mooncall's throat.— CH. i. 534.
Harvest flies from the moon- call's throat.— AL. 114.	

At Wilby, Norfolk, this is called "The Wilby Warning." Mr. Hazlitt says the saying has also been met with in Yorkshire. In **CH.** i. 614, the cuckoo and mooncall are judged to be one and the same bird. But the Rev. C. Swainson, *Provincial Names and Folklore of British Birds*, 1885, p. 114, thinks *mooncall* signifies nightingale.

WHEAT AND BARLEY.

Sow wheat in mud,
'Twill stand a flood:
Barley in dust,
Be dry that must.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 21.

b. INACTION.

APPLES.

At Michaelmas time or a little before,
Half an apple goes to the core;
At Christmas time or a little after,
A crab in the hedge, and thanks to the grafter.

Suffolk. **BJ.** 230.

A wink a pip blow,
Brings apples enow.

West Worcestershire. S. 39.

If apples bloom in March, In vain for 'um you'll sarch ; If apples bloom in April, Why then they'll be plentiful ;	When the apple blooms in March, You need not for barrels sarch ;
---	---

If apples bloom in May, You may eat 'um night and day.	But when the apple blooms in May, Search for barrels every day.
--	---

E. Sussex. CJ. vii. 447.

I.e. for cider. Herefords. CJ. ix. 258.

If the apple tree blossoms in March,
For barrels of cider you need not sarch ;
If the apple tree blossoms in May,
You can eat apple dumplings every day.

Herefordshire. CJ. iv. 55.

Till Culmstock fair be come and gone,
There mid be apples and mid be none.

West Somersetshire. The fair is on May 21st. Z. 191.

When the snow is in the orchard,
A crab is worth a costard.

Shropshire. AP. 579.

APPLE AND PEAR TREES.

Who sets an apple tree may live to see it end,
Who sets a pear tree may set it for a friend.

Herefordshire. BB. 49. See PEARS.

ASHWOOD.

Ash, when green,
Is fire for a queen.

AQ. iii. 84, quoting Ellis's *Modern Husbandman*, vol. i. pt. ii. p. 9.

Or—

Burn ashwood green, 'Tis fire for a queen,
Burn ashwood sear, 'Twill make a man swear.

CM. 98 : *All the Year Round*, June 8, 1889.

Keep me either wet or dry,
The heart of oak I do defy.

Said of the ash, neighbourhood of *Sheffield*. **R.** 6.

BACON.

Unless your bacon you would mar,
Kill not your pig without the R.

Lancashire. **BA.** 224. *I.e.* kill only in months containing the letter R.

BEEES.

Where the scythe cuts, and the plough rives,
No more fairies and bee bikes.

The term is still in use for a bee's nest in a wild state. It is likewise an archaism. "A byke of waspes bredde in his nose." *MS. Cot. Calig.*, a. ii. fol. 109. **N.** 17.

BENTS.

When the dove goes a-benting,
The farmers lie lamenting.

Benting time is when pigeons and doves feed on bents, before peas are ripe. **CH.** ii. 300. See **BIRDS**, PIGEON.

BIRCH.

Heart of oak is stiff and stout,
Birch says, If you'll keep me dry I'll see you out.

Herefordshire. **BB.** 49.

BIRTH.

Between the sickle and the scythe,
What is born will never thrive.—**AR.** ii. 279.

BUYING.

He that buys,
Ought to have a hundred eyes.

AQ. iii. 83, quoting Ellis's *Modern Husbandman* (1750), vol. i. pt. i. p. 127.

Or—

Who buys
Hath need of an hundred eyes ;
Who sells, hath enough of one.

New Help to Discourse, 1721, p. 135. A chi compra bisogna haver cent' occhi, a chi vende, ne basta d'uno (Ital.). Caveat emptor. Let the buyer look to himself ; the seller knows both the worth and price of his commodity. **Ray.**

He that buys land buys many stones,
He that buys flesh buys many bones ;
He that buys eggs buys many shells,
He that buys good ale buys nothing else.

CQ. 155. In Lancashire they have a similar rhyme—

He that buys beef buys bones, He that buys land buys stones,
He that buys eggs buys shells, He that buys ale nought else.

BA. 183. The inference is that though there be drawbacks in most purchases, the buying of ale is wilful waste, and a habit that grows.

BREWING.

Vorty gallon o' *Never Vear*,
Vorty gallon o' *Taayble beer*,
Vorty gallon o' *Wus nor that*,
Vorty gallon o' *Rattletap*.

Berkshire. A description of a country brewing. The *Never Vear* = strong beer ; the *Rattletap* = poor stuff. In haymaking time or harvest, a man who drank *beer* would require a gallon a day.

In *The Scouring of the White Horse*, we find—

“ Zartinly the sixpenny's the very best I've seed yet,
I do not like the fourpenny, nor yet the intermediate.”

AD. 48.

CHAMOMILE.

A camomile bed,
The more it is trodden,
The more it will spread.

Dyer, *Folklore of Plants* (1889), p. 141.

CHERRIES, ETC.

A cherry year, a merry year,
A plum year, a dumb year.

CQ. 30. A rhyme without reason, as far as I can see. *Id.*

If they blow in April,
You'll have your fill;
But if in May
They'll all go away.

Kent. Not so in 1742, they were late but plentiful. **AH.** 75.

CORN.

A corn that's crook
Brings more to t' rook.

Lancashire. **BA.** 227.

Bad for the barley, and good for the corn,
When the cuckoo comes to an empty thorn.

I.e. before the hedges are green. *Shropshire.* **AP.** 221. See
"When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn." **Max.** 1. DEALING.

Look at your corn in May,	Go in the May, and come
And you'll come weeping	weeping away;
away;	Go in the June, and come
Look at the same in June,	home another tune.
And you'll come home in	<i>Shrops.</i> Said of green [or
another tune.— CQ. 26.	growing] corn. AP. 579. See
	OATS; WHEAT.

CORN AND CATTLE.

Up horn,
Down corn.

Meaning that when the price of cattle is up, that of corn is down. *Lancashire.* **CH.** vi. 259. Yet **Ray** has a proverb, "Corn

and horn go together," adding: *i.e.* for prices; when corn is cheap cattle are not dear; and *vice versa*. See **BC.** 112.

Cows.

A quey out of a quey,
Will breed a byre full of kye.

Byre, byar, or byer = a house in which cows are bound up.
N. 14.

ELDER STAKE, ETC.

An eldern stake and blackthorn ether,
Will make a hedge to last for ever.

Sussex. **CM.** 40. Or—

Made a hedge for years together.

Berkshire. **AD.** 78.

The saying is also known in Wiltshire. See Akerman's *Wilts. Gloss.*, p. 18. Akerman observes they say that an elder stake will last in the ground longer than an iron bar of the same size.

Ether or *edder* = a hedge, or pliant underwood wound between the stakes of a new made hedge.

FIRING OR LIGHT.

Punch Cole (*sic*), cut candle, set brand on end,
Neither good housewife, nor good housewife's friend.

CQ. 157.

FOLD AND FLOCK.

He that would have his fold full,
Must keep an old tup, and a young bull;
He that would have a full flock,
Must have an old stagge, and a young cock.

Stagge = a gander. *Lancashire.* **BA.** 201.

FOOD.

Two-ast your bread,
An' rasher yer vlitch,
An' as long as 'e lives
Thee 'ool never be rich.

Berkshire. **AD.** 30.

After a famine in the stall (bad hay crop),
Comes a famine in the hall (bad corn crop).

This proverb is in tenor contradictory to the other proverbs concerning a dry summer in England, and to general experience. BK. 17.

Ray has a proverb, "A famine in England begins at the horse-manger;" and adds "in opposition to the rack: for in dry years, when hay is dear, commonly corn is cheap; but when oats (or indeed any one grain) is dear, the rest are seldom cheap."

Some think that "a famine in the stall" refers to want of provender for cattle for feeding purposes, hence little dealing in stock, and a scarcity of money.

FODDER, ETC.

Hay is for horses,
Straa is for cows,
Milk is for little pigs,
And wash for old sows.

Oxfordshire. AF. 102.

FRUIT.

Fruit out of season	Fruit, etc.,
Sounds out of reason.	Sorrow out of reason.

Dyer, *Folklore of Plants* (1889), 109, 142.

GAMBREL.

Soon crooks the tree,	Timely crooketh the tree,
That good gambrel would be.	That will good cammock be.
	Heywood's <i>Proverbs</i> , etc., 1562.

Gambrel, Cambril, or Camock. See Nares' *Gloss.*, 1859, art. GAMBREL; and Moor's *Suffolk Words*, 1823, p. 48; Lewis's *Herefords. Gloss.*, 1839, *in voce*. "A gambrel is a crooked piece of wood on which butchers hang up the carcasses of beasts by the legs, from the Italian word *gamba*, signifying a leg. Adeò á teneris assuescere multum est" (Ray). See BC. 354.

GORSE.

Under the ^{furze} gorse is hunger and cold,
Under the broom is silver and gold.

CJ. xii. 309: CQ. 183.

Does this allude to the nature of the soil?

GRAFTING.

Let the grafts be very good,
Or the knife be where it stood.—**BC.** 268.

GRASS, QUAKING.

A trimmling jock i' t' house,
An' you weaant hev a mouse.

A Yorkshire name for the quaking grass (*Briza media*) is "trembling jockies," . . . this plant being, it is said, obnoxious to mice. Dyers, *Folklore of Plants*, 1889, pp. 143, 144.

LABOUR.

Man to the plough,
Wife sow,
Boy flail,
Girl pail.

This is of date 1722. The *Times*, in contrast, added in the year 1822.

"And your rents will be netted.
But man, tallyho!
Miss, Piano,
Boy, Greek and Latin,
Wife, silk and satin,
And you'll soon be gazetted."

CF. ix. 344-392.

MARUM. (? MARJORUM.)

If you set it,
The cats will eat it;
If you sow it,
The cats will know it.

AV. 179: Dyer's *English Folklore* (1884), p. 107.

MARL.

He that marls sand may buy (the) land,
He that marls moss shall have no loss,
He that marls clay flings all away.

Quoted in Evans and Ruffey's *Farmer's Journal*, May 3rd, 1819.
See **CG.** iii. 246: **AB.** 218.

MILK, ETC.

Farmer's wives when the leaves do fall,
'Twill spoil your milk and butter and all.

Huntingdon. At the fall of the leaf, cows will eat the fallen leaf in their pasture. This makes it bitter, and prevents milk, etc., from keeping. **CE.** x. 364.

NUTS.

Many nits (nuts),
Many pits (graves).

^m If hazelnuts, haws, hips, etc., be plentiful, many deaths will occur. **CE.** ii. 510.

OATS.

I looked at my oats in May, and came sorrowing away,
I went again in June, and came away in a thankful tune.
Cheshire. **AB.** 450. See CORN : WHEAT.

OATS AND HAY.

Cuckoo oats, and woodcock hay,
Make the farmer run away.

If the spring is so backward that the cuckoo is heard when oats are sown ; and the autumn so wet that the woodcocks come over before the eddish hay is cut, the farmer must suffer great loss.—*Brewer, Dict. Phrase and Fable.*

PASTURE.

To break a pasture will make a man,
To make a pasture will break a man.

Suffolk. The laying down of land to permanent pasture is an expensive and tedious proceeding. **CJ.** xi. 106.

PEARS.

A pear year,
A dear year.—**CE.** xii. 260.

A pear must be eaten to the day,
If you don't eat it then, throw it away.—**CK.** ii. 506.

Plant pears
For your heirs.

A proverb which no longer holds true, since pears are now made to yield well after a few years; but formerly the tree was, it appears, of particularly slow growth, though according to the *French Gardener*, 8vo, 1658, the varieties at that time in cultivation were extremely numerous. **BC.** 330.

PLOUGHING.

Whip and whurre,
Never made good furwe.

Ralph Roister Doister, 1566. This appears to be an agricultural saying, and *furwe* is the old form of *furrow*. **BC.** 487.

See also "He that will thrive," etc., **SLEEP AND SLOTH.**
General Maxims, ultra.

POPLAR.

In the northern counties, the poplar, on account of its bitter bark, was termed the bitter weed (*Johnston's Botany of the Eastern Borders*, 1853, p. 177).

Oak, ash, and elm-tree,
The laird can hang for a' the three;
But fir, saugh, and bitterweed,
The laird may flyte, but make naething be'et.

Dyer's Folklore of Plants (1889), p. 216.

SAGE.

If the sage tree thrives and grows,
The master's not master, and that he knows.

Birmingham and Midland Institute of Archæological Transactions, November 24, 1875, p. 22.

SHEEP.

A leap year
Is never a good sheep year.—**N.** 17.

The best shepherd that ever run,
Can't tell whether a sheep goes twenty weeks or twenty-one.

I.e. in breeding time. *Northern Counties.* **CE.** x. 180.

They'll bite a bit quicker,
An' run a bit thicker.

Said of well-bred sheep in contrast to others ; *i.e.* eat a little more, and the same land will be able to sustain a greater number. *Lincolnshire. AG.* 252.

SLOES.

Many slones (sloes).

Many groans.—**CE.** ii. 511.

Compare "Haws," etc., WEATHER SIGNS : PLANTS, *ante*.

Sow.

Quiet sow,

Quiet mow.

A saying with reference to land or lease held on lives. If the seed is sown without notice of the death of "the life," the corn may be reaped, although the death took place before the sowing. **CE.** ii. 512.

In Heywood's *Proverbs* (1562), we get : "Still swine eat all the draff." Mr. Hazlitt says, "A still sow" is common in early English as a synonym for what we call a *slyboots* or *fox*. *Stille seugen eten al het draf op* (Dutch). **BC.** 348.

But surely this is confusion. The verb "to sow" is intended. Clarke, *Paræmiologia*, 1639, has "Early sow, early mow."

THRIFT.

Never go whoam,

Wi'out stick or stwun.

Berkshire. AD. 31.

VETCH.

A thetch will grow through

The bottom of an old shoe.

Vetches are "a most hardy grain according to the comparison of an old saying." **AQ.** iii. 85, quoting Ellis's *Modern Husbandman* (1750) viii. 242.

WEED.

A weed that runs to seed,

Is a seven years weed.

Dyer's *Folklore of Plants*, 1889, p. 129.

WHEAT.

He that goes to see his wheat in May
Comes weeping away.—**BF.** 667.

See CORN : OATS.

WILLOW.

When one of the sallows (willows) gets a body of about a foot diameter, they are then red-hearted. . . . If kept dry (it) is said to last as long as oak, which occasioned the old proverb—

Be the oak ne'er so stout,
The sollar red will wear it out.

AQ. iii. 85, quoting Ellis's *Modern Husbandman* (1750), vol. vii. pt. i. p. 98.

GENERAL MAXIMS.

AGE.

A chap be called a hobble-de-hoye,
As be short of a man, but moor'n a boy.

Berkshire. **AD.** 91. In the neighbourhood of Sheffield they say—

Hobble-de-hoy,
Neither man nor boy.

Brewer, *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, art. **HOBEDYHOY**, writes: "Tusser says the third age of seven years is to be kept 'under Sir Hobbard de Hoy.'" He gives this fanciful derivation, *Hobeden* (diminutive of Hob, a clown) and Hoeden, Welsh (a tomboy, male or female) contracted into hobedy-hoy, a clownish tomboy.

As foolish as monkeys till twenty or more ;
As bold as lions till fourty and four ;
As cunning as foxes till three score and ten ;
Then they become asses or something—not men.

Lancashire. **BA.** 188.

At ten a child ; at twenty wild ;
At thirty, tame if ever ;
At forty, wise, at fifty rich ;
At sixty, good, or never.—**G.** 550.

In West Worcestershire they say—

Twenty, young ; thirty, strong ;
Forty, wit, or never none.—**S.** 39.

CHILDREN.

As tall as your knee, they are pretty to see ;
As tall as your head, they wish you were dead.

Northamptonshire. **CJ.** ix. 106.

Children and chicken
Must always be picking.—*Cornwall*.

“That is, they must eat often, but little at a time. Often, because the body growing, requires much addition of food ; little at a time, for fear of oppressing and extinguishing the natural heat. A little oil nourishes the flame ; but a great deal poured on all at once, may drown and quench it. . . . Hence old men, who, in this respect also, I mean by reason of the decay of their spirits and natural heat, do again become children, are advised by physicians to eat often, but little at once.” **CQ.** 20. This adage, I believe, is not local. “If I do not continually feede them, as the crowe doth hir brattes, twentie times in an houre, they will begin to waxe colde.” Gascoigne’s *Supposes*, 1566 (Poems by Hazlitt, i. 242). **BC.** 107.

Children pick up words as pigeons pease,
And utter them again as God shall please.—**CQ.** 157.

Foul in the cradle
Proveth fair in the saddle.

BC. 146, quoting Clarke’s *Paræmiologia*, 1639.

Give a child his will,
And a whelp his fill,
And neither will thrive.

Or—

Give a child till he crave,
And a dog till his tail wave,
And you shall have a fair dog and a foul knave.

BC. 151.

If ye’ve got one, you can run,
If ye’ve got two, you may goo,
But if ye’ve got three,
You must bide where you be.

Sussex. **CM.** 18. In Cornwall they say—

One is a play,
And two is a gay (toy).

CG. v. 208. Another version is—

With one child you may walk,
With two you may ride ;
When you have three, at home you must bide.—*Id.* :)

Quickly too'd (toothed), and quickly go,
Quickly will thy mother have moe.

Yorks. **CQ.** 35. In Lancashire they say—

Soon i' th' goom
Quick i th' woom.—**BA.** 221.

Soon todd
Soon with God.

A northern proverb when a child hath teeth too soon. **CQ.** 16.

Tuck babies in May,
You'll tuck them away.

Cornwall. **AR.** v. 210. To tuck = to short-coat them. *Id.*

When children stand still,
They have done some ill.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 41.

CLOTHING.

A sempstress that sews,
And would have her work redde (scarce)
Must use a long needle,
And a short thread.—**AW.** 98.

Better a clout
Than a hole out.—**CG.** v. 208. (? *Cornwall.*)

He that wears black
Must hang a brush at his back.—**BC.** 197.

Mend your clothes upon your back,
You never will be worth a rack.

Devonshire. "Rack" = bacon rack. Sometimes they say *grat*
= fourpennybit. **CY.** i. 145.

Often to the water,
Often to the tatter.

Said of linen. **CQ.** 183.

While the leg warmeth,
The boot harmeth.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, etc., 1562. **BC.** 487.

Wide will wear,
But narrow will tear.

Said of cloth. **BC.** 493.

They that wash on Monday, Have all the week to dry ;	They that, etc., Have a whole week, etc. ;
They that wash on Tuesday, They have pretty nigh ;	. . . Tuesday, Are not far agye (awry) ;
They that wash on Wednesday, Have half the week past ;	. . . Wednesday, May set their clothes clean ;
They that wash on Thursday, Are very near the last ;	. . . Thursday, Are not so much to mean ;
They that wash on Friday, Wash for need ;	. . . Friday, Wash for their need ;
They that wash on Saturday, Are sluts indeed.	But . . . Saturday, Are clartypaps indeed.

Northamps. **D.** ii. 384.

N. 16.

Wash on a Monday, You have all, etc. ;	They that wash Monday Get all, etc. ;
. . . Tuesday, Very nigh ;	. . . Tuesday, Are pretty near by ;
. . . Wednesday, A very good day ;	. . . Wednesday, Make a good housewife ;
. . . Thursday, Wash all away ;	. . . Thursday, Must wash for their life ;
. . . Friday, Wash for need ;	. . . Friday, Must wash in need ;
. . . Saturday, Sluts indeed.	. . . Saturday, Are sluts indeed.

CI. viii. 77.

West of England. **BH.** 430.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Happy is the wooing
That is not long in doing.—**CQ.** 32.

He that would the daughter win,
Must with the mother first begin.—**CQ.** 33.

Advent, marriage doth deny ;
 But Hilary gives the liberty ;
 Septuagesima says thee nay,
 Eight days from Easter says you may ;
 Rogation bids thee to contain ;
 But Trinity sets thee free again.

Everton, Notts. CJ. i. 234. At the beginning of the old register book of St. Mary's, Beverley, is written—

“When Advent comes do thou refraine
 till Hillary set y^e free again ;
 next Septuages[s]ima saith the nay ;
 but when Lowe Sunday come[s] thou may,
 yet at Rogation thou must tarric
 till Trinitie shall bid the mary.—Nov. 25[th], 1641.

CL. iii. See Poulson's *Beverlae*, ii. 749. CJ. i. 384. The characters in brackets are not given by the former authority.

A man may not wive,
 And also thrive,
 And all in a year.

Towneley Mysteries, p. 86. BC. 28.

As your wedding ring wears,
 You'll wear off your cares.

This is slightly different from Ray's version. I do not think the saying is confined to Somersetshire, as he seems to have supposed. BC. 82.

Be a good husband and you will get a penny to spend,
 A penny to lend and a penny for a friend.—BC. 87.

Before you marry,
 Have where to tarry.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 34.

First cousins may marry,
 Second cousins can't,
 Third cousins will marry,
 Fourth cousins won't.

South Devonshire. BC. 141.

From the marriages in May,
All the bairns die and decay.

Norfolk. CB. 16. See **Superstition**, CREDULITIES.

He's a fule
That marries at Yule ;
For when the bairn's to bear,
The corn's to shear.—N. 65.

Marry in Lent,
And you'll live to repent.

East Anglia. BC. 289.

They that wive
Between sickle and scythe,
Shall never thrive.

Norfolk. CB. 16.

Wives must be had,
Be they good or bad.—CQ. 33.

HEALTH.

An ague in the spring
Is physic for a king.

That is, if it comes off well ; for an ague is nothing but a strong fermentation of the blood, . . . etc. CQ. 19.

There is a long paragraph, *ibid.*, on the subject, including an observation of Dr. Sydenham's on autumnal fevers.

After dinner sit awhile,
After supper walk a mile.

*"Post epulas stabis
Vel passus mille meabis."*

"I know no reason for the difference, unless one eats a greater dinner than supper" . . . Then follows a long paragraph, concluding thus—"Some turn this saying into a droll ; thus—

'After dinner sleep awhile, after supper go to bed.'—Ray.

The saying is referred to in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* 1620 (works, ed., Dyce, i. 240). See BC. 46.

Beer a bumble,
'Twill kill you afore 'twill make ye tumble.—**BC.** 88.

Bread at pleasure,
Drink by measure.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 78.

Bread when you're hungry, drink when you're dry,
Rest when you're weary, and heaven when you die.

Herefordshire. **BB.** 49.

Bread with eyes,
Cheese without eyes,
And wine that leaps up to the eyes.—**BC.** 100.

Cider on beer	Cider on beer—
Never fear ;	No fear ;
But beer on cider	Beer on cider—
Makes a bad rider.	No rider.

Devonshire. **CI.** iii. 58.

South Devonshire. **CI.** x. 65.

Drink in the morning staring,
Then all the day be sparing.—**CQ.** 24.

On p. 156 there is this rhyme—

Our fathers, which were wondrous wise,
Did wash their throats before they wash'd their eyes.

Dry feet, warm head,
Bring safe to bed.

BC. 123, quoting Herbert's *Outlandish Proverbs*, 1640.

Eat an apple going to bed	Eat an apple, etc.
Make the doctor beg his bread.	Knock the doctor on the head.

Devons. Dyer's *Folklore of Plants*, 1889, p. 287.

Friend, *Flowers and Flower Lore*, 1884, p. 205.

“The vulgar in the *West of England* do call the month of March, Lide. A proverbial rhythm—

Eate Leeks in Lide, and Ramsins in May,
And all the year after Physitians may play.”

Aubrey, *Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, p. 13. See also **CW.** 34, where the almanac of Gadbury the astrologer, for 1695, is quoted. ? if Lide is from Nlyd, because it is the boisterous or noisy month. **CY.** i. 88. *Ramsins* were a species of garlic formerly much cultivated in gardens, and used in pharmacy. **B.C.** 125.

He that would live for ay,
Must eat sage in May.

“That sage was by our ancestors esteemed a very wholesome herb, and much conducing to longevity, appears by that verse in *Schola Salernitana*. ‘Cur moriatur homo cui salvia crescit in horto.’” **CQ.** 22.

If cold wind reach you thro’ a If draught comes to you, etc.
hole, Go make your will, and mind,
Say your prayers and mind etc.—**CH.** 10. 83.
your soul.—**N.** 16.

If they would drink nettles in March,
And eat Mugwort in May,
So many fine maidens,
Wouldn’t go the clay.

BC. 233, quoting Denham’s *Proverbs*.

If you would live for ever,
You must wash the milk off your liver.

“Vin sur laict c’est souhait, laict sur vin c’est venin.” (Fr.)
“This is an idle old saw, for which I can see no reason, but rather for the contrary.” **Ray.**

King Grin,
Better than all medecin.

This rhyme which might be supposed a variation of “Laugh and grow fat,” is said by Parish to refer to greenmeat as a purge. *East Kent.* **AE.** 155.

New beer, new bread, and green wood,
Will make a man’s hair grow thro’ his hood.

AQ. iii. 81, quoting Ellis’s *Modern Husbandman*, vol. i., pt. i., p. 91.

Often drunk, and seldom sober,
Falls like the leaves in October.—**BC.** 315.

The head and feet keep warm,
The rest will take no harm.—**BC.** 386.

The window opened more,
Would keep the doctor from the door.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 77.

He who bathe(s) in May,
They
Will soon be laid in clay;
. . . June,
Will sing a merry tune;—**BF.** 315.
. . . July,
Will dance like a fly.

BC. 203, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*.

Those who wish to be fair and stout,
Must wash their faces with the dishclout,
Those who wish to be wrinkled and grey,
Must keep the dishclout far away.

Lancashire. **BA.** 239.

Tobacco hic { If a man be well it will make him sick.
Will make a man well if he be sick.

CQ. 157.

In **AV.** 180, it is pointed out, with regard to a similar version to the second given, that tobacco was formally held in great esteem as a medicine.

Swift, in one of his letters to Stella in January 1710-11, observes: "It is a good proverb that the Devonshire people have—

'Walk fast in snow, in frost walk slow,
And still as you go tread on your toe;
When frost and snow are both together,
Sit by the fire, and spare shoe leather.'"

CI. xi. 67.

HORSE.

Buy a horse wid a weamm (body or belly),
And a meer wi neann.

Cumberland. **X.** 110.

<p>If you have a horse with four white legs, Keep him not a day ; If you have a horse with three, etc. Send him far away ; If you have a horse with two, etc. Sell him to a friend ; If you have a horse with one white leg, Keep him to the end. <i>West of England.</i> CJ. vi. 179 : CI. vii. 299.</p>	<p>One white foot—buy him, Two white feet—try him ; Three white feet—look about him ; Four white feet—go without him.—CJ. v. 427. Or— One white leg, buy a horse, etc.—CJ. vi. 357. In the Midlands— One white foot—buy him ; Two, etc. Three white feet—no go ; Four white feet—give him the crow.—CJ. vi. 179.</p>
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Up the hill take care of me,
Down the hill take care of thee,
Give me no water while I am hot,
On level ground spare me not.

“The speech of the horse that spoke to his master,” from *Gammer Gurton's Garland* (1783). In a footnote, the editor of a reprint (1866) observes : “Don't you think he might as well have kept the last piece of advice to himself?” Sometimes the speech of the horse reminds his master of that which is better—

Up hill, ride me not ; Down hill, gallop me not ;
On level ground, spare me not ; In the stable forget me not.
CR. 32.

MEN AND WOMEN.

a. Men.

A red beard and a black head,
Catch him with a good trick, and take him dead.
CQ. 156.

With a red man reede thy reed,
To a red man read(e)
With a brown man break thy bread,

At a pale man draw thy knife,
From a black man keep thy wife.

CQ. 156 : **CE.** xi. 299 : **BC.** 422. To which we explicate after this sort.

“ The redde is wise,
The browne trustie,
The pale peevish,
The black lustie.”

The Passion of the Minde in General, by Thos. Wr(ight), 4to. 1604 (in which also the foremost rhyme occurs). See also Varchi's *Blazon of Jealousie*, translated by R. Tofte, 1615, p. 21, which also contains the first rhyme. Tofte remarks in the note where he gives the foregoing: “The Persians were wont to be so jealous of their Wiues, as they neur suffered them to goe abroad, but in Waggon close shut; but at this day the Italian is counted the man that is most subject to this vice, the sallow-complectioned fellow, with a blacke beard, being hee that is most prone, as well to suspect, as to be suspected about Women's matters, according to the old saying.”

This is in opposition to many English proverbs, in which red-headed men are deemed concupiscent.

“ I'll neuer trust a redhair'd man againe,
If I should liue a hundred yeares, that's flat;
His turne cannot be serued with one or twain,
And how can any woman suffer that?”

BC. 422, quoting Rowland's *'Tis Merry when Gossips Meete* (1602), reprint of edit. 1609, p. 20.

See also “Faire and foolish,” etc. under MEN AND WOMEN, *ultra*.

He that loves Glass without a G,
Take away L and that is he.—**CQ.** 31.

Manners make a man,
Quoth William of Wickham.

“William of Wickham was Bishop of Winchester, founded New College in Oxford, and Winchester College in this county [Hants]. This generally was his motto, inscribed frequently on the places of his founding. So that it hath since acquired a proverbial reputation.” **Ray**.

In his *Lyfe of Saint Werburge*, 1521, Bradshaw says—

“ . . . by a prouerbe certan,
Good manners and conynges maken a man.”

Edit. 1848, p. xiii. See **BC**. 284.

May the man be damned and never grow fat,
Who wears two faces under one hat.—**BC**. 290.

b. Women.

A whistling woman and a crowing hen,
Will come to good but God knows when.

CH. xi. 282.

The last line is variously written—

Will fear the old lad out of the den.

Cheshire. Id. 475.

Will frighten the devil out of his den.

Shropshire. AP. 229.

Are liked by neither gods nor men.

CL. xii. 93.

Is neither fit for God nor men.

Midlands.

Are two of the unluckiest things under the sun.

CE. xii. 37.

A wicked woman, and an evil,
Is three half-pence worse than the devil.—**CQ**. 54.

Or—

Is some nine points worse than the devil,

Proverb. Folklore, p. 4.

A young wife and a harvest goose,
Much cackle with both ;
A man that hath them in his clos (possession [?]),
He shall rest wroth.

MS. beginning of the fifteenth century in *Reliq. Antiq.*, ii. 113.
See **BC**. 44.

Better be an old man's darling,
Than a young man's warling.—**CQ.** 34.

If a woman were as little as she is good,
A pease cod would make her a gown and a hood.
BC. 225.

I'll tent thee, quoth Wood,
If I can't rule my daughter I'll rule my good.
Cheshire. **CQ.** 35.

Let no woman's painting,
Breed thy stomach's fainting.—**CQ.** 13.

Maidens should be mild and meek,
Swift to hear, and slow to speak.—**BC.** 282.

Many a man singeth,
When he home bringeth,
His young wife :
Wist he what he brought,
Weep he mought,
Ever his life sith,
Quoth Hendyng.

Proverbs of Hendyng, quoted from *Reliq. Antiq.*, i. 112. **BC.**
285.

Misses one, two, and three, could never agree,
While they gossiped round a tea-caddy.—**AW.** 133.

One year a nurse,
And seven years the worse.

Because feeding well and doing little, she becomes liquorish,
and gets a habit of idleness. **Ray**

Quite young and all alive,
Like an old maid of forty-five.

The crab of the wood is sawce very good—**B.C.** 336.
For the crab of the sea ;
But the wood of the crab is sawce for a drab,
That will not her husband obey.—**CQ.** 155.

There's no mischief in the world done,
But a woman is always one.—CQ. 34.

The smaller the peas, the more to the pot,
The fairer the woman the more giglot.

MS. Sloane, 1210 (15th cent.) in *Reliq. Antiq.*, ii. 40. Giglot = slut, giddy-heels; the same, I suppose, as the provincial phrase, jig. BC. 398. The word "giglot" is generally applied to a woman loose otherwise than with her heels.

The wife that expects to have a good name,
Is always at home as if she were lame;
And the maid that is honest her chiefest delight,
Is still to be doing from morning to night.—BC. 403.

Young wenches,
Make old wrenches.—CQ. 34.

a. AND b.

A man may spend, and God will send,
If his wife be *good to ought*;
But man may spare, and still be bare
If his wife be good to nought.

Cumberland. X. 40.

As the good man saith, so say we,
As the good ^{woman} wife saith, so it must be.—CQ. 34.

Better one house fill'd,
Than two spill'd.

This we use when we hear of a bad Jack, who hath married as bad a Jill. CQ. 34.

The following rhyme I apply to men and women. It may have been restricted to the former, however. See "With a red man," etc., under *Men, ante*.

Faire and foolish, little and lowde,	Faire and foolish, little and loud,
Long and Lazie, black and prowde,	Long and lazie, blacke and proud,

Fatte and merrie, leane and sadde,	Fat and merry, leane and sad, Pale and peevish, red and bad.
Pale and pettish, redde and badde.	W. Vaughan's <i>Directions for Health</i> , 1617. CL . ii. 385.

*The Passion of the Minde in
General*, by Thos. Wr(ight), 4to.
1604. **CE**. xi. 299.

Lads' love and lasses' delight,
And if lads don't love lasses will flite (scold).

Cheshire. **AB**. 451.

Mr. Hazlitt gives a version from Craven—

Lads' love is lassies' delight,
And if lads won't, etc.

And adds *Lads' love* has a double meaning, being one of the names of *southernwood* or *old man*. **BC**. 264.

Lasses is cumbersome,
Lads is lumbbersome.

Lincolnshire. **AG**. 162.

Many estates are spent in (the) getting,
Since women, for tea, forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for their beer forsook hewing and splitting.

Chirbury, Shropshire. **AP**. 578. In **BC**. 285, *punch* replaces "beer."

Many men has many minds,
But women has but two ;
Everything is what they'd have,
And nothing would they do.

Lancashire. **BA**. 183.

My son's a son till he hath got him a wife,
But my daughter's a daughter all the days of her life.

CQ. 35.

Show me a man without a spot,
And I'll show you a maid without a blot.

BC. 348.

SERVICE AND VICTUALS.

a.

All work and no ploy (play),
Makes Jack a dull boy.—**CY.** i. 182.

I can riddle and I can rie,
Toss a pancake and rear a pie.

Shropshire. To riddle and to rie, are two kinds of sifting.
AP. 578.

I stout, and thou stout,
Who shall carry the dirt about.

CG. xii. 225. This rhyme, presumably addressed by a master to his man, will be made more clear by the following variant from Heywood's *Proverbs*, etc., 1562—

“ I proud, and thou proud, who shall bear the ashes out ? ”

Make a page
Of your own age.

I.e. Do it yourself. **Ray.**

May day, pay day,
Pack rags and go away.

I.e. go away to fresh service, or to hiring fair. *Shropshire.*
AP. 465.

In Pishey Thompson's *History and Antiquities of Boston*, *pagrag* is said to be the day when servants change their places, and either May-day or Martinmas. Holloway, in his *Provincial Dictionary*, calls it old Michælmás Day. See the Philological Society's Transactions for 1866, *Dict. Reduplicated Words*, by Wheatley.

Saturday servants never stay,
Sunday servants run away.

Northamptonshire. **CT.** 169.

Two good haymakers
Worth twenty crackers (boasters).

From *Words in use at Hawsted, Suffolk*, by the Rev. J. Cullum, Bart. *Additions*, p. 87.

Two sticks, a leather, and throng,
Will tire a man be he ever so strong.

I.e. in threshing. *Kent.* **AE.** 59.

Yule is come, and Yule is gone,
 And we have feasted well ;
 So Jack must to his flail again,
 And Jenny to her wheel.

BC. 511, quoting Denham's *Proverbs*.

b.

Apple pie and cheese, butter with a crust,
 Two shillings a day, and no trust.

Whixall, Shropshire; current in 1884. These things go to make up a good place for a farming man. **AP.** 578.

A spur in the head is worth two in the heel ;
 Gi' me a glass and I'll show 'ee my skeel.

West Cornwall. Spur = glass of spirits. **V.** 54.

In parts of Cheshire farm servants, when not satisfied with their food, say—

Brown bread and mahley pies,
 Twiggen Dick full o' eyes,
 Buttermilk instead o' beer,
 So I'll be hanged if I stay here.

Middlewick version. Or—

Barley bread and barley pies,
 Twiggen Dick and full of eyes,
 Sour milk and small beer,
 Makes me stop no lunger here.

Wilmslow. *Mahley* = mouldy. *Twiggen Dick* = coarse kind of cheese, with very little fat in it. *Eyes* = holes full of rancid liquid seen in badly made, poor cheese. **AB.** 116.

In South Cheshire the rhyme runs—

Maily bread an' maily pies,
 Skim Dick full o' eyes,
 Buttermilk astid o' beer,
 I'm sartin I shanna stop here.—**W.** 253.

Tea and whay (whey) a feckless day,
 An' willn't pay I'll bet a crown ;

But beef and breid have at thy heid,
 An' good strong yal, an' I'll swash thee down.
Cumberland, mowers' victuals, etc. **X.** 46.

SLEEP AND SLOTH.

a.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
 Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639. **CQ.** 23.

In **CJ.** ix. 136 the rhyme relates to *woman*; and concludes thus—

Live while you live, and live to grow old,
 And so keep the doctor from getting your gold,
 And the sexton from putting you under the mould.

Nature requires five (hours of sleep),

Custom takes seven,
 gives

Idleness takes nine,
 Laziness

And wickedness eleven.

G. 387; **AP.** 578.

Also—

Them as 'öön thrive
 Mun rise at five,
 Them as haw thriven,
 May lie till seven.

Shropshire. **AP.** 578.

These lines—of course not in dialect—are in Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639, p. 93. "He" replaces "them," however. In the *Countryman's New Commonwealth*, 1647, is this addition—

And he that will never thrive,
 May lie till eleven.

Instead of this couplet, Mr. Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*, 6th ed. p. 72, has—

And he that by the plough would thrive,
 Himself must either hold or drive.

When the fern is as high as a spoon,
 You may sleep an hour at noon ;
 When the fern is as high as a ladle,
 You may sleep as long as you're able ;
 When the fern begins to look red,
 Then milk is good with brown bread.

“ The custom of sleeping after dinner in the summer time is general in Italy and other hot countries . . . The *Schola Salernitana* condemns this practice. ‘ Sit brevis aut nullus tibi somnus meridianus : Febris, pigrities, capitis dolor, atque Catarrhus : hæc tibi proveniunt ex somno meridiano.’ But it may be this advice was intended for us English (to whose king this book was dedicated) rather than the Italians, or other inhabitants of hot countries, who in the summer would have enough to do to keep themselves awake after dinner. The best way for us in colder climates is to abstain ; but if we must needs sleep (as the Italian physicians advise), either to take a nod sitting in chair, or, if we lie down, strip off our clothes as at night, and go into bed, as the present Duke of Tuscany himself practises, and advises his subjects to do, but by no means lie down upon a bed in our clothes.”

“ It is observed by good housewives that milk is thicker in the autumn than in the summer, notwithstanding the grass must be more hearty, the juice of it being better concocted by the heat of the sun in summer time. I conceive the reason to be, because the cattle drink water abundantly by reason of their heat in summer, which doth much dilute their milk.” CQ. 20, 21.

b.

Fever lurk, (listlessness)
 Two stomachs to eat,
 And never a one to work.

Northamptonshire. D. 229.

The sluggards guise
 Loth to bed, loth to rise.

N. 16 : A. 46.

The sickle and the scythe,
 That love I not to see ;
 But the good ale tankard,
 Happy might it be.

BC. 398, quoting Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639.

SUNDRY SAWS.*

A given bite
Is soon put out of sight.

Yorks. A *geen* bite in the local vernacular. **BC.** 15.

A good wife, and health,
Are a man's best wealth.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 28.

A hedge between,
Keeps friendship green.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 87.

A January haddock,
A February bannock,
And a March pint of ale,
are to be preferred before those of any other month. **N.** 25.

A leg of mutton boiled,
Is a good joint spoiled ;
A leg of mutton roasted
Is a joint to be boasted.

Heard in Gloucestershire, but common, I think.

* Familiar couplets such as—

“There's many a slip,
'Twixt the cup and the lip,” etc.

are not included.

A little house well fill'd,
 A little land well till'd,
 And a little wife well willed.—CQ. 35.

To which is sometimes added—

Are great riches.

Written in a coeval hand in a copy of edit. 1561 of *The Grete Herball*, etc. See *Notes and Queries* for January 2, 1869, and BC. 24.

A nice wife, and a back door,
 Do often make a rich man poor.—CQ. 33.

Mr. Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882, quoting *The Countryman's New Commonwealth*, 1647, has—

A fair wife, a wide house, and a back door,
 Will quickly make, etc.

A Pope's bull,
 A dead man's skull,
 And a crooked trull,
 Are not all worth a fleece of wool.

Countryman's New Commonwealth, 1647.

“Do not well agree.”

Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639, p. 32. BC. 33.

A pullet in the pen
 Is worth a hundred in the fen.

AY. 71. A play upon “A bird in the hand,” etc.

A spaniel, a woman, and a walnut tree,
 The more they're beaten the better still they be.

CQ. 33, adding as equivalent—

Nux, asinus, mulier simili sunt lege ligata.
 Hæc tria nil rectè faciunt si verbera cessant.
 Adducitur a cognato, est tamen novum.—MARTIAL.

Mr. Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882, gives several quotations bearing upon this old saw—

“*Sam* : . . . Why, hee’s married, beates his wife, and has two or three children by her; for you must note, that any woman beares the more when she is beaten.” *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, edit. 1619, sign A, *verso*.

“*Flamineo* : Why do you kick her, say?
Do you think that she’s like a walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgell’d ere she bear good fruit?”

Webster’s *White Devil*, 1612, iv. 4 (Works, ed. Hazlitt, ii. 105). See also Nash’s *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, reprint, Collier, 82.

A Switzer’s bellie and a drunkard’s face,
Are no true signes of penitentiall grace.

Quoted by Cotgrave. See also Lower *Patron. Brit.*, p. 336.

A thousand pounds and a bottle of hay
Is all one thing at Doom’s day.

Howell’s *English Proverbs*. Bottle = bundle, from French boteler. See **CG.** xi. 178.

A waiting appetite,
Kindles many a sprite.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 101.

Come aw ye buttermilk sellers that have buttermilk to sell,
Ah’d have ye give good mizzer, and scrub yo’r vessels well,
For there’s a day o’ reckoning, an’ hell will have its share,
An’ the devil will have you nappers as Mossy ketched his mare.

To catch a person *napping as Moss caught his mare* is a Cheshire proverb. **AB.** 455. Ray says, “Who this Moss was is not very material to know; I suppose some such man might find his mare dead, and taking her to be only asleep, might say, ‘Have I taken you napping?’”

Title of a ballad registered for publication in 1569-70; Clarke’s

Paræmiologia, p. 298; *Wit Restor'd*, 1658. See *Notes and Queries*, 1st ser., i. 320, and 4th ser., ii. 325. See also Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882.

Eggs, apples, and nuts,

You may eat after sluts.—**CH.** vi. 131.

Because the shells and paring prevent their fouling the meat.

Find a sluggard without a scuse,
And find a hare without a meuse.

“A muse or mewse,” says Miss Baker [*Gloss. of Northamptonshire Words*, etc.], “is an ancient term still in use for the beaten track of a hare through a fence.”

Take a hare without a muse,
And a knave without excuse,
And hang them.

Howell's *Proverbs* (1659). See **BC.** 140.

Five score to the hundred of men, money, and pins,
Six score to the hundred of all other things.

Given in dialect in *Dialect of Cumberland*, by Dickinson, 1878, p. 55. The saying is common.

“Nails, quills, and eggs are still sold at six score to the hundred. The stat. Hen. III., *De Mensuris*, and the stat. 31 Edw. III. st. ii., A.D. 1357, *de alece vendendo*, ordained that a hundred of herrings should be accounted by six score.” “Stat. of the Realm,” quoted in *Teesdale Glossary*, 1849, iii.

Follow love and it will flee,
Flee love, and it will follow thee.

This was wont to be said of glory, *Sequentem fugit, fugientem sequitur*. Just like a shadow. **CQ.** 31.

Good words without deeds,
Are rushes and reeds.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 80.

Gooid, brade, botter, and cheese
Is gooid Yorkshire and gooid Friese.

CF. vi. 204. Mr. Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882, has—

“Bread, butter, and green cheese,
Is very good English and very good Friese.”

Adding (Bell's *Shakespeare's Puck*, i. 7) the identity between the two languages exemplified in this distich is confined to the sound of the *spoken* words; the orthography and mode of writing both differ. The phrase is also used of *Halifax* and *Friese*.

Hard upo' poother an' light upo' shot,
And then you'll kill dead o' the very spot.

Lincolnshire. AG. 196.

He that goeth out with often loss,
At last comes home by weeping-cross.

CQ. 132; *i.e.* repents or grieves.

There is a weeping-cross in Oxfordshire. See BP. iii. 275, another in Staffordshire, near Stafford, where the road turns off to Walsall, another near Shrewsbury; so called because the bodies of the dead taken for burial were set down there. *Id.*

The saying is quoted in Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, etc. See BC. 187.

“Few men have wedded . . . their paramours . . . but have come home by weeping-cross.” Florio, *Montaigne*.

He that hath it and will not keep it,
He that wants it and will not seek it,
He that drinks and is not dry,
Shall want money as well as I.—CQ. 155.

Him as steals what isn't is'n,
When he's *cotch'd* mun go to prison.

Lincolnshire. AG. 69. A similar rhyme is current in parts of Warwickshire. . . . *Copp'd* (caught) is there the dialect word.

If you sing afore bite,
You'll cry before night.

Cornwall. AR. v. 220.

It is merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.

Camden's *Remaines*, 1614.

Life of Alexander, 1312, wrongly attributed to Adam Davie.
There the lines run—

“Swithe mury hit is in halle,
When burdes wawen alle.”

It is quoted in the *Merie Tales of Skelton* (1567). “When all are eating, feasting, or making good cheer. By the way we may note that this word cheer, which is particularly with us applied to meats and drinks, seems to be derived from the Greek word *χαρὰ*, signifying joy: as it doth also with us in those words cheerly and cheerful.” **Ray**. **BC**. 251.

It is not alone for calf that cow loweth,
But it is for the green grass that in mead groweth.

BC. 252.

In Wright's *Political Songs*, 1839, p. 332, it is given—

“Hit nis noht al for the calf that cow louweth,
Ac hit is for the grene gras that in the medewe grouweth.”

Land without church
Shall be left in the lurch;
Church without land,
For ever shall stand.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 74.

Like a ribbon double dyed,
Never worn and never tried.

Cornwall. **CG**. v. 209.

Little said, soon amended; little good soon spended,
Little charge, soon attended; little wit soon ended.
BC. 276, quoting Heywood's *Proverbs*, etc, 1562.

Man alive an ox may drive
Into a springing well

For to drink, as he may think ;
But this he can't compel.

CE. x. 180. This seems to be a variant of the popular phrase, "One man may lead a horse to the water, but forty can't make him drink."

Many talk of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow,
And many talk of Little John that never did him know.

CL., 1877, p. 7. Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639, Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 310, and Fuller's *Worthies*, 1662, contain the first part. Another version is—

There be some that prate of Robin Hood and his bow
That never shot therein, I trow.

Gutch's *Robin Hood*, 1847, i. 58. "That is, many talk of things which they have no skill or experience of," etc. **Ray**. For other authorities see **BC**. 287.

Milk is white,
And lieth not in the dyke,
But all men know it good meat ;
Ink is all black,
And hath an ill smack
No man will it drink or eat.

BC. 292, quoting Heywood's *Proverbs*, etc. 1562. See "Snow is white," etc., *ultra*.

Of a little take a little,
Manners so to do ;
Of a little leave a little,
That is manners, too.

A table maxim for meal-times. *Northamptonshire*. **D**. ii. 7.

Patch—and long sit,
Build—and soon flit.

CQ. 13. That is, one that repairs a house is loth to remove ; but he that builds a house soon tires of it.

Pity without relief,
Is like mustard without beef.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 115.

Snow is white, and lies in the dyke,
And every man lets it lie ;
Pepper is black, and hath a good smack,
And every man doth it buy.

“Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra lenguntur” *Virg.* See **CQ.** 155. Compare “Milk is white,” etc., *ante*.

Speak of a person, and he will appear,
Then talk of the dule, and he'll draw near.

Said of a person who makes his appearance unexpectedly, when he is spoken of. **AV.** 183.

This rhyme seems to be formed from two phrases. “He is good to talk of ; here's the man himself we were speaking of,” Walker's *Paræmiologia*, 1672. “Talk of the Devil, and see his horns,” *Cataplus, a Mock Poem*, 1672, p. 72, etc. See **BC.** 363, 364. In the Midlands they say, “Talk of angels, and you'll hear their wings.”

Still stand by kin,
Through thick and thin.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 87.

The after-thought
Is good for nought—
Except it be
To catch blind horses wi'.

South Devonshire. **BC.** 368.

The aler
Is as bad as the staler.

I.e. the concealer is as bad as the stealer. *Cornwall*, etc. “The motto which was inserted under the arms of William Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown, was, “Non rapui sed recepi” [I did not steal it, but I received it]. This being shown

to Dean Swift, he said, with a sarcastic smile, 'The receiver is as bad as the 'thief.'" **BC.** 368, quoting *The Jest Book*, by Mark Lemon, 1864.

The children of Holland take pleasure in making
What the children of England take pleasure in breaking.

Alluding to toys, a great number of which are imported into this country from Holland. **AV.** 187. "A face like a Dutch doll" is a well-known simile.

The Englishman weeps, the Irishman sleeps,
But the Scotchman goes while he gets it (food, etc.).

BC. 380. English readers may better understand the variation of the last line given in *Proverb. Folklore*, p. 48, "And the Scotchman gangs till he gets it."

The higher the plum-tree the riper the plum,
The richer the cobbler the blacker his thumb.—**CQ.** 155.

The like I say,
Sitteth with the jay.

BC. 389, quoting *Booke of Merry Riddles*, 1629.

The mistress of the mill,
May say and do what she will.

Cornwall. **CG.** v. 208.

The more haste the worse speed,
Quoth the tailor to his long thread.—**BC.** 392.

Compare "A sempstress that sews," etc. **CLOTHING.**
GENERAL MAXIMS, ante.

The more you heap,
The worse you cheap.

The more you rake and scrape, the worse success you have;
or the more busy you are and stir you keep, the less you gain.
Ray.

The nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh,
The nearer the grun' the greener the gress.

Lincolnshire. AG. 125. The first line is in Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639.

Too mich o' owt
Is gooid for nowt.

Yorkshire. Y. 93. Common.

To scrat where it itches
Is better than fine cloäs or riches.

Kerton-in-Lindsay, Lincolnshire. AG. 215.

Two women in one house, two cats and one mouse,
Two dogs and one bone, will never accord in one.

MS. Lansd., 762, *temp.* Hen. V. in *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 233. . . . It also occurs with a slight variation in the *Book of St. Albans*, 1486, reprint, 1881, sign. F. BC. 461.

Walk groundly ; talk profoundly ;
Drink roundly ; sleep soundly.

BC. 465, quoting Heywood's *Proverbs*, etc., 1562.

When caught by the tempest wherever it be,
If it lightens and thunders beware of a tree.—N. 19.

When corpselight shineth bright,
Be it by day or night,
Be it in light or dark,
There corpse shall lie both stiff and stark.

CG. xii. 467, where the verse is said to be copied from MS. notes ; but no further particulars are given.

Corpselight = Will o' the Wisp. See *Süperstition, Charms, WILDFIRE.*

When the rain raineth, and the goose winketh,
Little wots the gosling what the goose thinketh.

Skelton's *Garlande of Lawrell*, 1523. Sir W. Vaughan, in his *Golden Fleece*, 1626, sign. p. *verso*, substitutes the gander for the gosling. There is another version: "When the cat winketh, little wots the mouse what the cat thinketh." **BC.** 481.

Whoso heweth over high
The chips will fall in his eye.

Parlament of Byrdes (circa 1550). "For an old Prouerbe it is ledged: He that heweth to hie, with chippes he may lese his sight." *The Testament of Love* (Chaucer's Works, 1602, fol. 279 *verso*). "In the choyce of a wife, sundry men are of sundry mindes; one looketh high, as one y^r feareth no chips." Lyly's *Euph. and his England*, 1580, reprint, Arber. p. 467. Howell and Ray afford different but inferior versions. **BC.** 492.

Who that builds his house of shallows,
And pricks his blind horse over the fallows,
And suffereth his wife to go seek hallows,
Is worthy to be hanged on the gallows.

Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Prologe*; MS. Lansd., 762, *temp.* Hen. V., in *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 233. See also Herbert's *Ames*, p. 129. **BC.** 491.

One who would hold his house very clean,
Ought lodge no priest nor pigeon therein.

AL. 169. The lines, according to Mr. Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882, occur in Wodroephe's *Spared Houres of a Souldier*, etc., 1623.

Wilful waste makes weasme want,
An' you may live to say—
I wish I had that sharve o' bread
That yance I flang away.

Whitby. **AJ.** 215.

Winter time for shoeing,
Peascod time for wooing.

See art. PEASCOD, Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*; and *Literary Gazette* for July, 1846, p. 626. **N.** 64. See also Hazlitt's *Pop. Antiqs. of Gl. Britain*, 1870, ii. 57.

Women be forgetful, children be unkind,
 Executors be covetous, and take what they find :
 If anybody asks where the dead's goods become?
 They answer so God me help and holydoom
 He died a poor man.

Reliq. Herniana, p. 215. This is quoted from Stowe, who calls it an "old proverb." See Southey's *Commonplace Book*, 3rd. ser., p. 139. **BC.** 499.

Yeow mussent sing a Sunday,
 Becaze it is a sin,
 But yeow may sing a' Monday,
 Till Sunday cums agin.

In Suffolk, children are frequently reminded of the decorum due to the Sabbath by the above lines. **AY.** 73.

MISCELLANY.

A. B. C.

D. E. F. G.

H. I. J.

If you look you'll see ;

L. M. N. O. P. Q.

R. S. T. U. V. W.

X. Y. Z.

A rhyme to remember the alphabet. **AV.** 140.

A guinea it would sink,
And a pound it would float,
Yet I'd rather have a guinea,
Than your one pound note.

Mr. Halliwell says, "Proverbial many years ago, when the guinea in gold was of a higher value than its nominal representative in silver." But surely the one pound note was at no time the representative of the guinea. The pound note is still in circulation in North Britain, but is not esteemed. **BC.** 19.

A roof to cover you, and a bed to lie,
Meat when you're hungry, and drink when you're dry,
And a place in heaven when you come to die.

A wedding wish used by an old woman at Offley Hay, Eccleshall, July, 1885. **AR.** iv. 359. See "Joy go with her," etc., *ultra*.

The dominical letters attached to the first days of the several months, are remembered by the following lines—

At Dover Dwells George Brown Esquire,
Good Christopher Finch And David Friar.

An ancient and graver example, fulfilling the same purpose, runs as follows—

Astra Dabit Dominus, Gratisque Beabit Egenos,
Gratia Christicolæ Feret Aurea Dona Fideli.—**AY.** 77.

Between the stirrup and the ground,
I mercy asked, I mercy found.

See Camden's *Remaines*, etc., 1636, p. 392 : **CH.** viii.

Bounce buckram, velvet's dear,
Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer,
And when it's gone it's never the near.—**CQ.** 155.

See Hazlitt's ed. of Brand's *Pop. Antiqs. of Gt. Britain*, 1870, i. 268, and Brockett's *North Country Glossary*, 66. This forms the conclusion of one of the old Christmas mumming plays, and Brand supposed the expression to refer to the coarseness of the dresses worn by the characters in the rustic pageant. . . . This nursery jingle (for I suspect it to be nothing more) seems to be made up of two proverbs ; the first portion is in Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1637, p. 71. **BC.** 99.

The rhyme seems to me to convey this meaning, "Let us be as happy as possible in our present condition."

By Ledger laws, what I receive
Is *Debtor* made to those who give ;
Stock for my debts must *Debtor* be,
And *Creditor* by property ;
Profit and loss accounts are plain,
I *Debit* loss and *Credit* gain.

Arrangement of accounts in book-keeping. *Popular Educator*, ii. 155.

Cooing and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

This saying arose from the Philip and Mary shilling exhibiting the king and queen with their effigies in very close juxtaposition. The type was introduced from Spain, where we find it on the coinage of Ferdinand and Isabella. The same design occurs also on the common little medalet of Prince Charles and Henrietta Maria. **BC.** 112.

Dame, what makes your ducks to die?
What the pize ails 'em, what, etc.,
Dame, what makes your chicks to cry,
What the pize ails 'em now?

For there's one goes hitch, and another goes lame, etc.,
And another goes huckleback, like my dame, etc.

Dame, what makes, etc.,
They kick up their heels and there they lie, etc.

Dame, what ails your ducks to cry?
Heigh ho, Heigh ho,
Dame, what ails your ducks to die?
Eating o' Polly-wigs now.

Dame, put on your holiday gown,
And follow 'em lightly, follow 'em lightly,
Follow 'em lightly through the town,
Heigh, ho! now.

These stanzas, says Mr. Whiter, are common in Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridge. Mr. Stevens, in his *Notes to Shakespere*, informs us that the Rev. Dr. Farmer, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought of the henroost being robbed, a facetious old squire, who was present, sang these stanzas, which, says he in conclusion, have an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jacques in *As you like it*, [?] Act ii. scene v. **CU.** 401.

DAYS.

Monday is Sunday's brother,
Tuesday is such another,
Wednesday you must go to church and pray,
Thursday is half holiday,

On Friday it is too late to begin to spin,
The Saturday is half holiday agⁱn.

Taylor's *Divers Crabtree Lectures*, 12mo, Lond. 1639. N. 15.

But of course the idea is much older. "One asked Tarlton why Munday was called Sundaies fellow? Because he is a sausie fellow, saies Tarlton, to compare with that holy day," etc. Tarlton's *Fests*, 1638 (*Old English Fest Books*, edit. Hazlitt, ii. 243). BC. 294.

Thursday come,
And the week's gone.—G. 538.

Friday
Keep your nose tidy.

Warwicks. Possibly a mere crank.

This is silver Saturday,
The morn's the resting day,
On Monday up, and to't again,
And Tuesday push away.—N. 18 : G. 538.

Sunday, all saints,
Monday, all souls,
Tuesday, all trenchers,
Wednesday, all bowls,
Thursday, tough Jack,
Friday, no better,
Saturday, pea soup, with bread and butter.

Christ's Hospital rhyme. The breakfast till 1824 was plain bread and beer, and the dinner three times a week consisted only of milk porridge, rice-milk, and pea soup. G. 47.

To-morrow come never,
When two Sundays come together.

This is sometimes addressed to one who promises something "to-morrow," but who is often in the habit of making such engagements, and not remembering them. AV. 184.

Thirty daies hath September,
 Aprill, June, and November,
 Februarie twentie and eight alone,
 And all the rest have thirtie and one.

From a MS. of the sixteenth century (? 1555), and maybe a year or two earlier. **CH.** vii. 525.

1. "A rule to knowe how many dayes euery moneth in the yere hath.

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
 Aprill, June, and September,
 February hath xxviii alone,
 And all the rest haue xxxi."

Grafton's *Abridgement of the Chronicles of England*, 1570, 8vo, *i.e.* Ric. Grafton, cit. London.

2. "The which ordination of the moneths, and position of dayes (by Julius Cæsar) is vsed to this present time, according to these verses—

Sep. No. Jun. Ap. dato triginta : reliquis magis vno :
 Ni sit bissextus, Februus minor esto duobus.

Which is—

Thirtie dayes hath September,
 Aprill, June, and November,
 The rest haue thirtie and one,
 Saue February alone.

Which moneth hath but eight and twenty meere,
 Saue when it is bissextile or leap yeare."

Arthur Hopton, *A Concordancy of Yeares*, 1615, 8vo, p. 60. Arthur Hopton, A.B. Oxon, the miracle of his age for learning. **CE.** v. 463.

Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November,
 February eight and twenty all alone,
 And all the rest have thirty and one,
 Unless that leap year doth combine,
 And give to February twenty-nine.

The Young Man's Companion, circa 1703. It likewise appears in an old play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 4to, Lond. 1606, etc. See *Rara Mathematica*, p. 119. **N.** 19.

There are modern versions in most of the "Table-books."

Dog draw—stable stand,
Back berand—bloody hand.

That is, (1) Holding a dog in leash. (2) Standing concealed with bow ready drawn. (3) Detected carrying off a dead deer. (4) The hands stained with blood.

Any of these circumstances was deemed conclusive evidence of guilt. Forest rhyme. **M.** ii. 160.

Does your goose lay,
Does your maid stay.

Shropshire. **AP.** 578.
Chitchat between housewives.

Heih ho! my heart is low,	Heigh ho! etc.
My mind runs all on one,	My mind is all on one,
W. stands for William true,	It's W. for I know who,
But J. for my love John.	And T. for my love Tom.

Lancashire. **BA.** 182.

AV. 140.

A rhyme used by a damsel with two suitors.

If Fortune favour I may save her,
For I go about her ;
If Fortune fail you may kiss her tail,
And go without her.—**CQ.** 156.

If thou be hurt with wound of hart,
'Twill bring thee to thy bier :
But barber's hand can boar's hurt heal,
Therefore thou need not fear.

A saying of our hunting ancestors. *Proverbial Folklore*, p. 78.

“It seemed a disgrace for a gentleman to have but one single name, as the meaner sort and bastards had. For the daughter and heir of FitzHamon, a great Lord (as Robert of Gloucester in the Library of the industrious Antiquary, Master John Stow writeth) when King Henry the First would have married her to his base son Robert, she first refusing, answered—

‘It were to me a great shame
To have a Lord withouten his twa name.’

“Whereupon the King, his father, gave him the name of Fitz Roy, who, after, was Earl of Gloucester, and the only Worthie of his Age in England.” See *Remains concerning Britain*, by Camden, 1674, pp. 139, 140.

Jane’s old stays, and John’s old breeches,
The one as lives longest shall have all the riches.

Gloucestershire. Said to a filed will, but is more likely a pleasantry.

Joy go with her and a bottle of moss,
If she never comes back she’ll be no great loss.

Said of an unpopular bride. “Bottle” is equivalent to *bundle*, from the French *boteler*. “A bottle of straw” is a very popular phrase in Scotland, and was once common in England. A bottle of moss is a thing of no value. *Dyer’s English Folklore*, 1884, p. 205. Compare “A thousand pounds and a bottle of hay,” etc. SAWS.

Made i’ Bristol,
Sell’d i’ York,
Putten i’ a bottle,
An’ call’d a curk.

Lincolnshire. AG. 77.

My pen is bad, my ink’s the same,
Or else I should have sent my name.

Midlands. A concluding phrase for an anonymous valentine, declaration of love, etc.

No sooner up,
But the head in the aumery and the nose in the cup.

Clarke’s *Paræmiologia*, 1639. Watson’s *Gloss. of Halifax Words*, appended to the *Hallamsh. Gloss.*, art. AUMERY. The aumery is the cupboard where the viands are kept. BC. 309.

“Rap, tap, at the window,
My love, my life, my dear.”
“The wind’s in the west and the cuckoo’s in his nest,
And what brings my true love here?”

This, which at sight appears a pretty enough conceit, is really a version of *The Cuckold Sailor*, a song which is given in Buchan's *Ballads and Songs, North of Scotland*, 1875, ii. 210. It is also in Herd's Collection, I think, etc. The rhyme, as given above, was well known in Warwickshire some fifty years ago.

Red ink for ornament, black for use,

The best of things are open to abuse.—**BF.** 282.

A scribe or Book-keeper's maxim.

To which this may be added—

'Tis a slovenly look To blot your book.—*Ibid.*

Riddle me, riddle me right,
Where was I last Saturday
night?

[Up in the ivy tree.]

I saw a chimpchamp champ-
ing on his bridle,

I saw the old fox working
himself idle,

The trees did shiver, and I
did shake,

To see what a hole the fox
did make.

Polperro, Cornwall. **CY.** iii.
79 and 97.

Riddle me, etc.,

Where was I, etc.,

Up a high tree :

The wind blew,

The cocks crew,

There was an old fox under
the tree,

Digging a hole to bury me.

Ely, Cambridge. **CH.** vi.
123.

Riddle, come, riddle come
right,

Where was I, etc.

The leaves did shake,

And I did quake,

To see what a hole the fox
did make.

Gloucr. **CK.** iii. 410.

Riddle, etc.,

Where was I, etc.,

The winds, etc.,

The cocks, etc.,

The leaves did shake,

My heart did ache,

To see the hole

The fox did make.

Lincolns. **CH.** vi. 123.

Come riddle a riddle aright,
Where was I last *Sunday* night?

The cock crew, the wind blew,
 The clock in Heaven struck eleven,
 The little child in the ivy tree,
 Cried Mama, Mama, pity me.—**CH.** v. 351.

Versions of different beginning are—

One moonlight night as I sat high,
 I looked for one, but two came by,
 My heart did ache, the leaves did shake
 To see the hole the fox did make,
 The clock in Heaven struck eleven,
 The little birds cried, "Pity patty, bury me!"

Yorkshire. **CK.** iii. 149.

In Derbyshire—at any rate in the vicinity of Derby—the following version used to be in every child's mouth forty years ago. The lines were known as *Riddle me, riddle me right*—

Oh read me this riddle and read it aright,
 Where was I last Saturday night?
 The wind blew, the cock crew,
 I waited for one, and there came two,
 The woods did tremble, the boughs did shake,
 To see the hole the fox did make;
 Too little for a horse, too big for a bee,
 I saw it was a hole just a fit for me.

There was no riddle intended, but the lines served as the introduction to a tale which varied considerably according to the powers of the teller. **CK.** iii. 229.

As I sat up in an ivy tree,
 A wicked fox was under me,
 Digging a hole to bury me,
 But yet he could not find me,
 The boughs did bend, and the leaves did shake,
 To see what a hole, etc.

Buckinghamshire. **CK.** iii. 410.

There is a variant in Miss Peacock's *Tales and Rhymes in Lindsey Folk Speech.* **CK.** iii. 230.

The tale usually told is to the effect that a young gentleman

having seduced a lady requested her to meet him in a wood, ostensibly that they might converse on the future, but really to murder and bury her. The lady arriving first, and being in terror at the darkness and lonely situation, managed to climb into a tree. Soon after the lover arrived, and, not seeing her, commenced to dig a hole. His design being thus disclosed, the young woman kept silent until the time of tryst being long past, the lover, thinking she would not come, went away. The verse is supposed to be the enigmatical speech in which she conveys a semblance of the truth to her friends.

There is an old school tale that the boys were once given a theme to versify, on which one of their number could write no further than this—

When the sun's perpendicular height
Points out the depths of the sea.

Having left his paper for a time, a waggish companion added—

And when the fishes in the water sweat,
Damn it, how hot it would be !

The first fellow having been told that his companion had finished the exercise, gave it in to the tutor without examination, with dire results. There are several versions of the above. See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., vol. xii. p. 482, where it is stated that this freak was played at Trinity College, Cambridge, by Dr. Mansel on a brother undergraduate. The rhyme is slightly different to the above, the English and the fancy better.

The following rhyme is intended to familiarize a child with the design on the "willow-pattern plate"—

Two pigeons flying high,
A little ship sailing by ;
A weeping willow drooping o'er,
Three workmen and no more ;
Next the warehouse ; near at hand
A palace for the lord of land ;
An apple tree with fruit o'erhung,
The fencing round will end my song

Dorsetshire. CG. xi. 406.

There are these variants—

Two pigeons flying high, a little vessel passing by ;
 A bridge with three men or with four,
 A Chinese mansion with an open door ;
 A tree with thirty apples on,
 And with a fence this ends my song.—**CJ.** vi. 345.

Two birds flying high,	Two little birds, etc.,
A little ship passing by ;	A little boat sailing by,
The gates where the sun shines	A river with a bridge hanging
over,	o'er,
Three men going to Dover ;	With three men on and some-
The apple tree,	times four ;
The little cottage by the sea.	A giant's castle there it stands,
	As if it was the lord of lands ;
	An apple tree with apples on,
	A fence below, so ends my
	song.

Weaste.

Two birds flying high, a little ship sailing by ;
 Wooden bridge they cross over,
 Three little men going to Dover ;
 Iron bridge sun shines on, apple tree with apples on ;
 Chinese mansion, willow tree,
 And a little cottage by the sea.

Blackley. **CJ.** vii. 32. Compiled from *Manchester City News*,
 but no date given.

When v and i together meet
 They make the number six conpleat ;
 When i with v doth meet once more
 Then 'tis they two can make but four ;
 And when that v from i is gone,
 Alas ! poor i can make but one.—**AY.** 78.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.



PLACES AND PERSONS.

CUMBERLAND.

If *Skiddaw*, etc. Mr. Denham, *Proverbs*, p. 13, says that "Scruffel" in this rhyme should be written "Criffell."



DERBYSHIRE.

ALDERWASLEY.

Alderwasley (pronounced, Arrowslea) originally formed part of the ancient park of Belper, and belonged successively to the families of Ferrars, Earls of Lancaster, and Lowe, a descendant of whom married the ancestor of the present owner. A portion of the estate called "Shyning Cliff" was granted by Edward I. in the following quaint rhyme—

"I and myne,
Give thee and thyne,
Milnes Hay and Shyning Cliff,
While grass is green and berys ruffe."

Murray's *Derbyshire*, 1868, p. 18. Compare "While the ivy is green," etc., **Staffordshire**.



The turnpike road to Buxton runs through the same pleasing scenery which prevails about Bakewell to one mile and a half. Ashford, distinguished as Ashford in the Waters. . . . This has given rise to a local distich—

Ashford in the water,
Bakewell in the spice,

Sheldon in the nutwood,
And Longsdon in the lice.

Murray's *Derbyshire*, 1868, p. 35.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

O Grantham, Grantham ! these wonders are thine,
A lofty steeple, and a living sign !

A swarm of bees was once the sign of an inn at the entrance.
Proverbial Folklore, by the author of *Songs of Solace*. Dorking,
N. D.

NORFOLK.

The country gruffs [or gnoffs], etc. The writer of a thoughtful review on *A Dictionary of Slang, Fargon, and Cant*, by Albert Barrère and Charles G. Leland, *Athenæum*, February 14, 1891, says, "Within the present century (probably) a good many Hebrew words have come into English slang through the medium of 'Yiddish' . . . gonoph, a thief (Hebrew) gannābh, pronounced gonnof by Polish Jews, Mr. Leland writes incorrectly *ganef*, . . . correctly pointing out that gonnof has nothing to do with the obsolete English *gnoffe*, a churl or boor."

That "gonnof" has no connection with "gnoffe" is, after all, most likely, for it is not easy to imagine the initial and probably silent "g" of the latter recovering itself with the additional syllable. But I wish to point out that in country places "gonoff" never means *thief*. It signifies a flat, or natural, or boor, and I used to regard it as a sort of telescope word formed from "gone" and "off" of some such phrase as "He's gone off it" (*i.e.* his "chump," "head," etc.). But several etymologists, including Davies in his recent *Supplementary English Glossary*, have attempted to connect gnoffe and gonnof.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

KIDDERMINSTER.

King Cador saw a pretty maid, etc. The following lines should precede the rhyme. In the *Rambler in Worcestershire*, 1851, pp. 2, 3, the author after noticing several definitions of antiquaries as to the name Kidderminster, says, "Others facetiously assert that one King Cador resided there in the glorious days of the round table, and that Cador's Minster is thence derived; in proof of which, they advance the following versified tradition. . . ."

ODDINGLEY.

Before the words *It would be childish*, etc., should come these: "Dr. Nash, *Hist. Worcesters.*, ii. p. 200, says . . ."

The Doctor has some remarks on the derivation of the name, *Ibid.*, and ii. 437. So has **B.** 324; and their conclusion is that it alludes to the god Odin, the place, probably, having been one of the Anglo-Saxon "marks."

HISTORY.

Prince Henry, eldest son of James, to whom Queen Elizabeth was godmother, born February 19th, 1593, died November 6th, 1612, . . . was very popular, especially among the Puritan party, who were in the habit of saying—

"Henry the Eighth pulled down the abbeys and cells,
But Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and bells."

Ballad Soc. Pubs., vol. ii., part ii., p. 138 notes.

Hops, *Reformation*, etc. These rhymes contain little actual truth. Facts gathered from Rogers's *Agriculture, and Prices in England*, vol. iv., show that *hops* were sold at 12s. 2d. the cwt. in Norfolk, in 1482; *beer* is mentioned frequently in the fourteenth century; *pikerell* and *pike* are found in that century, too. Of *Reformation* it is unnecessary to speak. In 1560, the price of a *turkey* was 5s., showing that the bird must have been a comparative rarity in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign; in 1562, a *carp* was bought for 2s., a price which confirms the popular view that the fish was of late introduction.

In the *Drafer's Dictionary* by S. William Beck, art. BAYS, we read, "Once an article of considerable importance in our manufactures very similar to the baize now made, but slighter. Bays, bayze, and baize, are all used in records as pertaining to this material, which was first introduced here in 1561. Hasted in his *History of Kent*, 1797, says, 'Those of the Walloon "strangers" who came over to England and were workers on serges, baize, and flannel, fixed themselves at Sandwich, at the mouth of a haven, where they could have an easy communication with the metropolis and other parts of the kingdom. The Queen, in her third year,

1561, caused letters patent to be passed under her great seal, directed to the mayor, etc., of Sandwich, to give liberty to certain of them to inhabit that town for the purpose of exercising their manufactures, which had not before been used in England.'” Norwich, Colchester, Maidstone, and Southampton, also became places of renown for Bays and Says [serge] thanks to the Protestant Netherlanders. See the *History of Britain*, 1670.

Rhymes of the Rebellion, temp. Richard II. It is necessary, perhaps, to print the fuller versions of these from Stow. One only is printed in verse form. Charles Mackay included the set in his *Songs and Ballads of the affairs of London generally*, edited for the Percy Society (vol. i.), but modernized the spelling in some cases.

“Libel of Iohn Ball.—Iohn Shepe, sometime Saint Mary Priest of Yorke, and now of Colchester, greeteth well Iohn Namelesse, and Iohn Miller, and Iohn Cartar, and biddeth them that they beware of Gillinbrough * (*alias* Gitenbrough), and standeth together in God’s name, and biddeth Pierce Ploghman goe to his worke, and chastice well Hob the robber, and take with him Io. Trueman, and all his fellowes, and no more. † Iohn the Miller hath yground small, small, the King’s sonne of heauen shall pay for all, beware or ye be woe, know your friend from your foe, haueth ynough, and saith hoe, and doe well and better, and fleeth sinne, and seeketh peace, and holde therein, and so biddeth John Trueman and all his fellowes.”

. . . “Some other epistles of the said Ball [Ball was hanged and beheaded at St. Albans on July 15, 1381. . . . He confessed, at the place of execution, that he wrote these epistles—half prose and half verse—and distributed copies of them among the populace] have I seen, which also I thinke goode (as afore) here to insert.”

“Epistle of Iohn Ball.—Iohn Ball, Saint Mary Priest, greeteth well all manner of men, and biddeth them in name of the Trinitie, Father, Sonne & Holy Ghost, stand manlike together in truth, & helpe truth, and truth shall helpe you: now reigneth pride in price, couetise is holden wise, letchery without shame, gluttony without blame, enuie raigneth with reason, and sloth is taken in great season, God doe boote, for now is time. Amen.”

“Iacke Miller,—Iacke Miller, asketh help to turne his mill

* Walsingham, *Historia Anglicana*, has “gyle in borough,” and this seems to be the accepted meaning.

† [“And loke scharpe you to on heued, and no mo”] *Bibl. Reg.*, 13 E. ix. fol. 287a (MS. Coll. King’s Library, British Museum). See *Chronica Monasterii St. Albani, Historia Anglicana*, by Th. Walsingham, edit. by H. J. Riley, M.A., 1864, ii. 33, 34. Rolls. Pubs.

aright, he hath ground small, small, the Kings sonne of heauen shall pay for all : looke thy mill goe right with four sailes, and the post stand in stedfastness with right and might, and skill and will, let might helpe right, and skill before will, and right before might, then goeth our Mill aright : and if might goe before right, and will before skill, then is our Mill misdight."

IACKE TRUEMAN.

"Iacke Trueman doeth you to vnderstond,
That falsenesse and guile hath raigned too long :
And trueth hath beene set vnder a locke,
And falsenesse raigneth in euery flocke.
No many may come truth to,
But he must sing, si dedero.
Speake, spend and speed, quoth Iohn of Bathon, and
therefore,
Sinne fareth as wilde floud,
True loue is a way that is so good.
And clarkes for wealth witcheth them woe,
God doth boote, for now is time."

"I leave out Iohn Carters Epistle, a libell, so named," etc. *Annales, or a General Chronicle of England*, continued by Edmvd Howes, Gent, Lond., 1631.

In **AV.** 9 there is a verse quoted as part of a political song, relating to these troubled times—

"My father he died, I cannot tell how,
But he left me six horses to drive out my plough,
With a wimmy lo ! wommy lo ! *Jack Straw, blazey boys,*
Wimmy, etc., wob, wob, wob."

It is perhaps necessary to say that there is another version of the same song, in which the italicised words do not occur. It is entitled, "The search after fortune," and is preserved in *Gammer Gurton's Garland* (1783). First verse—

"My father he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plow,
With my wing, wang, waddle oh,

Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys bubble oh,
Under the broom."

The singer goes on to say that he sold his horses and bought a cow, sold his cow and bought a calf, sold his calf and bought a cat, sold his cat and bought a mouse, the mouse carried fire in his tail and burnt down the house : farewell, fortune.

Rhyme on Carr, Earl of Somerset. At the end of a volume of small printed books, A.D. 1614-19, in the British Museum, labelled 'Various Poems,' and marked $\frac{C. 39, a}{1.5}$ there is a variant. It has been brought to light by F. J. Furnivall, and printed with the other "Poems" under the title *Love Poems and Humorous Ones. Ballad Soc. Pubs., No. ii.*

I.C.U.R. [= I see you are],
Good Monsieur Carr, about to fall.
V.R.A.K. [= You are a knave],
As most men say ; but that's not all.
V.O.Q.P. [= You occupy (?)],
With your anullitie that naughtie packe.
S.X.Y.F.* [= So ax your wife (?)],
Whose wicked life, hath broke your backe.

(Leaf 12)—p. 200.

SUPERSTITION.

I. DIVINATION.

a. LOVE. (By Apples and Pins.)

. . . Yet I have another pretty way for a maid to know her sweetheart, which is as follows : Take a summer apple of the best fruit, stick pins close into the apple to the head, and as you stick them, take notice which of them is the middlemost, and give it

* "Essex's wife" is the proper reading, I think. The part she played in the favourite's dramatic career is notorious.

what name you fancy ; put it into thy left hand glove, and lay it under thy pillow on Saturday night after thou gettest into bed ; then clap thy hands together, and say these words—

“ If thou be he that must have me
To be thy wedded bride,
Make no delay, but come away
This night to my bedside.”

Mother Bunch's Closet newly broke open, 12mo, N. D. Percy Soc., vol. xxiii. pp. 10-11.

Miscellaneous Divinations.

Girls of Erdington, co. Warwick, pluck a holly leaf, saying—

“ I pluck this holy leaf to see
If my mother does want me.”

They then count the prickly points of the leaf thus, “ yes,” “ no,” “ yes,” “ no,” etc., and accept as answer the word which tallies with the last point.

II. CHARMS AND SPELLS.

Protection.

A charm similar to “ Mathew, Mark, Luke,” etc.—

“ For ferde we be fryght a crosse let us kest,
Cryst crosse, benedyght, eest and west,
For dreede,
Jesus o' Nazorus,
Crucyefixus.
Marcus, Andreas,
God be our spede.”

Townley Mysteries, p. 91. [Surtees Soc. Pubs., vol. iii.] See a paper in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxvii. p. 253, by Rev. Launcelot Sharpe, M.A., and the notes to Halliwell's *Nurs. Rhys.*, p. 181. Percy Soc., vol. iv.

Wants.

DRINK.

Upon Good Friday I will fast, etc. Some notes to this remarkable charm are given by James Crossley, Esq., in his edition

(Chetham Soc. Pubs., 1845, vol. vi. pp. 29, 30), of Pott's *Discovery of Witches in the County of Lancashire*, 1613.

Ligh in leath wand. Leath is no doubt lithe, flexible. What "ligh in" is intended for, unless it be lykinge, which the *Promptorium Parvulorum* [edit. by Way for the Camden Society, vols. 25 and 54] (*vide part i. p. 304*), explains by lusty, or craske, *Delicativus, crassus*, I am unable to conjecture. It is clear that the wand in one hand is to steck, *i.e.* stake, or fasten, the latch of hell-door, while the key in his other hand is to open heaven's lock.

Let Crizum child goe to its mother mild. The chrisom, according to the usual explanation, was a white cloth placed upon the head of an infant at baptism, when the chrisom or sacred oil of the Romish church was used in that sacrament. If the child died within a month of its birth, that cloth was used as a shroud; and children so dying were called chrisoms in the old bills of mortality.

A light so farrandy. Farrandy or farrantly, a word still in use in Lancashire, and which is equivalent to fair, likely, or handsome.

Harne panne, *i.e.* cranium. *Promptorium Parvulorum*, p. 237.

Vpon the ground of holy weefe. I know not how to explain this, unless it mean the ground of holy weeping, *i.e.* the Garden of Gethsemane.

Shall neuer deere thee. The word to dere, or trust, says Mr. Way, *Prompt. Parv.*, p. 119, is commonly used by Chaucer and most other writers until the sixteenth century.

III. CREDULITIES.

FRIDAY.

Sailors have the greatest objection to starting on a Friday.

Friday's sail

Always fail.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 153.

SPRITES.

Gin Hob mun hae nowght, etc. The original rhyme seems to be included in "How Robin Goodfellow helped a mayde to worke." *Second Part of Robin Goodfellow*, 1628, Percy Soc., vol. ii.

WIND.

If the wind do blow aloft,

Then of wars shall we hear oft.—**BC.** 232.

Credulities misplaced. See **Animal Kingdom**, BIRDS, FLY-CATCHER, ROBIN AND WREN, YELLOWHAMMER; **Various**, SNAKE; **Miscellaneous Customs**, BEES.

CUSTOMS.

THE LORD.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR THE EPIPHANY.

Mr. Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, duo., 1849, says: The following verses are said to be in some way or other connected with the amusements of this festival. They refer probably to the choosing the king and the queen on Twelfth Night.

“Lavender’s blue, dilly dilly, lavender’s green,
When I am king, dilly dilly, you shall be queen.
Who told you so, dilly dilly, who told you so?
'Twas mine own heart, dilly dilly, that told me so.

Call up your men, dilly dilly, set them to work,
Some with a rake, dilly dilly, some with a fork,
Some to make hay, dilly dilly, some to thresh corn,
Whilst you and I, dilly dilly, keep ourselves warm.

If you should die, dilly dilly, as it may hap,
You shall be buried, dilly dilly, under the tap;
Who told you so, dilly dilly, pray tell me why?
That you might drink, dilly dilly, when you are dry.”

He gives another version of the first two verses, “dilly dilly” is replaced by “fiddle faddle,” and “keep ourselves warm” rhymes with “some to the farm.”

In *Gammer Gurton’s Garland* (1783), another version occurs, called “The Lady’s Song in Leap year”—

Roses are red, diddle, diddle,
Lavender’s blue,
If you will have me, diddle diddle,
I will have you.

Lilies are white, etc.,
 Rosemary's green,
 When you are king
 I will be queen.

Call up your men, etc.,
 Set them to work,
 Some to the plough,
 Some to the cart.

Some to make hay, etc.,
 Some to cut corn,
 Whilst you and I, etc.,
 Keep the bed warm.

SAINTS' DAYS.

ST. MICHAEL, APPARITION OF. (May 8th.)

Furry-day festival. The dance tune is given in the appendix to Davies Gilbert's *Christmas Carols*, Chappell's *National English Airs*, and other popular collections. . . . "The dance tune has been confounded with that of the song, but Mr. Sandys, to whom the editor is indebted for this communication, observes, 'the dance tune is quite different.'" *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, edited for the Percy Soc. (vol. xvii. pp. 187, 188), by J. H. Dixon.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY. (December 26th.)

Hunting the Wren. A version of the Isle of Man song is given by Mr. Halliwell, *Nurs. Rhys.*, Percy Soc., vol. iv., Notes, p. 184.

THE MONTHS.

MAYDAY.

At Erdington, co. Warwick, when the children go from door to door with their toy maypoles, they say—

"All round the maypole, trit trit trot,
 See what a maypole we have got ;
 The garden's high, the garden's low,
 See what a maypole we can show."

Or—

The first of May
Is a very happy day,
Please to remember the maypole-day.

MISCELLANEOUS CUSTOMS.

TELLING THE BEES.

In Worcestershire the idea seems to be that the bees will forsake the hive, should their keeper die. In this county the nurse of the family goes to the hive and says—

“The master’s dead but don’t you go,
Your mistress will be a good mistress to you.”

She then pins a piece of black crape on the hive. *Gent’s Mag.*, 1856, part i., pp. 38-40.

HUMOUR.

Mr. Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882, has—

In silk and scarlet walks many a harlot.

Adding, this is sometimes accompanied by the couplet, “By time and rule work many a fool.” He gives no note, but I was told a tale many years ago which included the above lines. A certain lady renowned for her wit, but not for her virtue, observing a mason carefully working said, “By *line* and rule, works many a fool, good morning, Mr. Stonemason,” to which the man readily responded, “In silk and scarlet walks many a harlot, good morning, madam.” I suppose the tale has been applied to each famous demirep in turn, but I cannot give another printed reference.

Thomas-a-Didymus. Mr. Halliwell, *Nurs. Rhys.*, Percy Soc., vol. iv. p. 185, has this version—

Thomas-a-Didymus had a black beard,
Kiss’d Nancy Fitchett, and made her afeard.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

“ Good night, God bless you,
Go to bed, and undress you.”

Midlands. Said in jest when companions part for the night.
Sometimes—

“ Good night and sweet repose,
Half the bed and all the clothes.”

“ That’s a rhyme
If you’ll take it in time.”

Said by one that utters a jingle without attempt, during a conversation.

NOMINIES OR FORMULAS.*

NATURAL PHENOMENA.

MOON.

Another version of rhyme i.

“ I see the moon and the moon sees me,
God bless the moon, and God bless me.”

(1783.) CR. 29.

Nurses point out the moon to children, and say—

Moon penny bright as silver,
Come and play with little childer.

Near *Sheffield.* R. 322.

* Formulas connected with flowers are given in Dyer’s *Folklore of Plants*, 1889, 216, 217, 220, 226, 228, and in Friend’s *Flowers and Flowerlore*, pp. 254, 264, 265. I seem to trace a modern touch in all, and do not include them, therefore. The *Early Calendar of English Flowers*, a lengthy chain of these couplets, pp. 264, 265 of the Rev. Mr. Friend’s book, has evidently been tacked together by one hand.

SNOW.

The men of the East
 Are picking their geese,
 And sending their feathers here away, there away.

G. 535.

MISCELLANEOUS NOMINIES.

“Liar, liar, lick-spit,” etc. Mr. Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882, quotes Chettle’s *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631 (written long before it was printed) thus—

“Liar, liar, lick-spit,
 Your tongue shall be slit ;
 And all the dogs in the town
 Shall have a little bit.”

Lines 2, 3, 4, usually follow “Tell-tale tit,” etc., as pointed out in **Quips and Cranks**.

GAMES.**FORMULAS.**

HIDE AND SEEK.

“Miminy Piminy where be ’e to ?
 Miminy Piminy I zee you.”

West Somerset. Z. 478.

MARBLES.

“White alley moozer,
 Cap taw boozer.”

Descriptive terms applied to their marbles by boys.

CHOOSING PARTNERS.

In *Gammar Gurton’s Garland* (1783), the following rhyme is given, but without description—

Up street and down street, each window’s made of glass,
 If you go to Tom Tickler’s house you’ll find a pretty lass ;
 Hug her and kiss her, and take her on your knee,
 And whisper very close, Darling girl, do you love me ?

Reprint, 1886, p. 44. In Warwickshire and the adjoining counties a variant is used as a game rhyme—

“Up the street and down the street, the windows made of
glass,
Isn't (*girl's name*) a nice young lass?
Isn't (*boy's name*) as nice as she?
They shall be married if they can agree.”

Then one of the familiar wedding choruses is sung.

Miss Dorothy Tennant, in a paper entitled, “The London Ragamuffin,” *English Illustrated Magazine*, June, 1885, says, “I cannot refrain from quoting here a song of the slums, interesting only as affording an illustration of the thriftlessness before alluded to—

‘Up and down Pie Street,
The windows made of glass,
Call at number thirty-three,
You'll see a pretty lass.

Her name is Annie Robinson,
Catch her if you can,
She married Charlie Anderson,
Before he was a man.

‘Bread and dripping all the week,
Pig's head on Sunday,
Half-a-crown on Saturday night,
A farthing left for Monday.

‘She only bought a bonnet-box,
He only bought a ladle,
So when the little baby came
It hadn't got no cradle.’”

HUSBANDRY MAXIMS.

COUNTRY.

The country is best for the bider,
That is most cumbersome to the rider.

Heywood's *Dialogues*, etc., 1576. A rich, heavy soil, good for arable purposes, but inconvenient for traffic. BC. 376.

Cow.

The cow little giveth,
That hardly liveth.—BC. 376.

GENERAL MAXIMS.

COURTSHIP.

Ay be as merry as he can
For love ne'er delights in a sorrowful man.—CQ. 31.

HEALTH.

If physic do not work,
Prepare for the kirk.—BC. 229.

Often drunk and seldom sober. Leigh Hunt, *Autobiography*, says that during his imprisonment [for libel on the Prince Regent] he often heard the debtors singing—

“He that drinks and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October.”

In *The Bloody Brother, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, act ii. sc. 2, we get—

“And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.”

These are variants of a portion of the traditional song, “The Jolly Fellow.” Of this song there are several extant versions, the one commencing, “Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl,” being most popular. The fourth verse is—

“He that drinks small beer and go to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do that die in October.”

See Chappell's *Pop. Mus. Olden Time*, ii. 670.

To rise at five,
And dine at nine ;

To sup at five
 And bed at nine,
 Will make a man
 Live ninety-nine.

Proverbial Folklore, p. 130.

Two things doth prolong thy life,
 A quiet heart and a loving wife.

BC. 461, quoting Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1629, and Deloney's *Strange Histories*, 1607.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Weal and women cannot pan,
 But woe and women can.

Pan = to fit in with or harmonize. See Atkinson's *Cleveland Gloss.*, 1868, p. 371. BC. 468.

MONEY.

Account not that work slavery
 That brings in penny savory.—BC. 45.

Be it for better, be it for worse,
 Do you after him that beareth the purse.

Camden's *Remaines* (1614). See "I wot well," etc., *ultra*.

He that doth lend,
 Doth lose his friend.

See the very curious ballad, "I had both Monie and a Friend," printed by Dr. Rimbault, in his *Little Book of Songs and Ballads*, 1851, p. 42. "Qui prete aux amis perd au double" (French). "He that lends to his friend loseth double"; *i.e.* both money and friend. Ray: BC. 185.

He that gets money before he gets wit,
 Will be but a short time master of it.—BC. 186.

Similar to the familiar adage, "A fool and his money are soon parted.

He that goes a-borrowing
 Goes a-sorrowing.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 95.

He that in his purse lacks money,
Has in his mouth much need of honey.—**BC.** 190.

I wot well how the world wags ;
He is most loved that hath most bags.

Walker, *Paræmiologia*, 1672. It was wont to be said, "Ubi amici ibi opes ;" but now it may (as Erasmus complains) well be inverted, "Ubi opes ibi amici." **Ray.**

"For I have heard a prouerbe old,
Be rul'd by him that hath the gold."

King's *Halfepenny-worth of Wit in a Penny-worth of Paper*, 1613, sign. B. 4. **BC.** 223.

Money makes the mare to go
Whether she has legs or no.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 93.

Money borrowed
Is soon sorrowed.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 95.

Pay as you go,
And, what you have you know.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 96. Or—

"Pay what you owe,
And what you're worth you'll know."—**BC.** 327.

Scrape and save and thou shalt have ;
Lend and trust and thou shalt crave.

MS. of the fifteenth century in *Reliq. Antiq.*, i. 316. It appears to contain a different version of the second line, not rhyming with the first. **BC.** 343.

When I lent I was a friend,
When I asked, I was unkind.

BC. 476, quoting MS. of the sixteenth century, in *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 208.

SLEEP AND SLOTH.

The cock does crow to let us know,
If we be wise 'tis time to rise.—**BC.** 376.

SUNDRY SAWS.

A maid oft seen, a gown oft worn,
Are disesteem'd and held in scorn.—**CQ.** 10.

Advice whispered in the ear
Is worth a jeer.—**BC.** 45.

After drought cometh rain,
After pleasure cometh pain ;
But yet it continueth not so ;
For after rain
Cometh drought again,
And joy after pain and woe.

BC. 47, quoting MS. Cotton Vespas. A. xxv., in *Reliq. Antiq.*,
i. 323.

After melon
Wine is a felon.—**BC.** 47.

As the fool thinks,
So the bell chinks.

Or—

As the fool sings,
So he thinks the bell rings.

Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639. But the original form of the
saying is in *Lingua*, 1607 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 403)—

“As the fool thinketh,
So the bell clinketh.”—**BC.** 79.

Be the day never so long
At length cometh evensong.

BC. quoting Walker, *Paræmiologia*, 1672. According to Warton,
this is the “one fine line” that Stephen Hawes (who died about

1512) wrote. The form he gives it (? *The Pastime of Pleasure*) to figure man's life and death, is—

“After the day there cometh the dark night;
For though the day appear ever so long,
At last the bell ringeth to evensong.”

It is most likely that Hawes merely adapted the sentence.

Cobblers and tinkers
Are the best ale drinkers.—**CQ.** 3.

Dogs bark as they are bred,
And fawn as they are fed.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 134.

Every land has its laugh,
An' every corn has its chaff.—**BC.** 130.

Friends may meet,
But mountains never greet.

Mons cum monte non miscebitur : pares cum paribus. Two haughty persons will seldom agree together. Deux hommes se recontrent bien, mais jamais deux montagnes (French). **Ray.**

He that buys a house ready wrought,
Hath many a tile and pin for nought.

Clarke, *Paræmiologia*, 1639. Il faut acheter maison faite et femme à faire (French). **Ray.**

He that buys lawn before he can fold it,
Shall repent him before he hath sold it.

BC. 184, quoting Clarke's *Paræmiologia*.

He that could know what would be dear,
Need be a merchant but one year.

BC. 184, quoting Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1562. Such a merchant was the philosopher Thales, of whom it is reported, that to make proof that it was in the power of a philosopher to be rich if he

pleased, he, foreseeing a future dearth of olives the year following, bought up, at easy rates, all that kind of fruit then in men's hands. **Ray.**

He that gives his goods before he be dead,
Take up a mallet and knock him on the head.

This is illustrated by a story in *Mery Tales and Quicke Answers* (circa, 1540), No. 103. **BC.** 186.

They have a figurative but forcible saying in the Midlands, "I shan't undress myself before I go to bed," *i.e.* "shan't strip myself of property before death."

He that hath a good neighbour hath a good morrow ;
He that hath a shrewd wife hath much sorrow ;
He that fast spendeth must need borrow,
But when he must pay again, then is all the sorrow.

BC. 188, quoting MS. of the fifteenth century in *Reliq. Antiq.*, i. 136.

He that hears much, and speaketh not all,
Shall be welcome both in bower and hall.

Parla poco, ascoltai assai e non fallirai (French). **Ray.**

He that is a blab,
Is a scab.

A spanish shrug will sometimes shift off a lie as well as a louse. **Ray.**

He that lets his horse drink at every lake,
And his wife go to every wake,
Shall never be without a whore and a jade.—**Ray.**

He who the squalling cannot bear,
Should never take the sow by the ear.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 9.

I may see him need,
But I'll not see him bleed.

Clarke, *Paræmiologia*, 1639. "Parents will usually say this of prodigal or undutiful children; meaning, I will be content to see them suffer a little hardship, but not any great misery or calamity."
Ray.

If wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I wauld wear one by my side.

Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*.

This is merely an extended form of the old proverb. Mr. Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882, p. 233, draws attention to the fact that a large silver watch is called a turnip in popular phraseology. He gives this variant of the first two lines, also—

If wishes would bide,
Beggars would ride.

In time of prosperity friends will be plenty;
In time of adversity one out of twenty.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 89. BC. quoting Howell, has the last line, "In times of adversity not one amongst twenty."

It is a sin,
To steal a pin.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 123.
In Suffolk they add—

"Much more to steal a greater thing."

Mr. Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882, has "He that will steal a pin, will steal a better thing."

It is hard to split the hair,
That nothing is wanted and nothing to spare.—BC. 255.

It's good crying Yule,
On another man's stool.

Or—

"It is good to cry yule, at another man's cost."

N. 65. Heywood, *Proverbs*, 1562, has a version but slightly differing from the latter.

The Italians say, "Le feste son belle a casa d'altri." This rule the Spaniard is sure to keep. **Ray**.

Nothing agreeth worse,
Than a lady's heart and a beggar's purse.

Heywood, *Proverbs*, 1562. The later and weaker form is "a proud heart," etc. **BC**. 312.

Out of the north,
All ill comes forth.

A Winter Dreame, 1649, p. 13.

In a letter from James Rither, of Harewood, to Lord Burleigh, in 1588, quoted in Wright's *Elizabeth and her Times*, ii. 377, *Omne malum ab aquilome* is called an old English adage. It refers to the mischief which was always to be apprehended from the Scots before the Union. But see a French tract printed in 1628, and given by Fournier in the sixth volume of his *Variétés Historiques et Littéraires*. **BC**. 317 and 326.

The proverb anciently referred, perhaps, to the superstitious idea with regard to the North so often met with in folklore. But its later application is again evident by another couplet in Mr. Hazlitt's *Proverbs*, 1882—

Three great evils come out of the North,
A cold wind, a cunning knave, and a shrinking cloth.

Say well, and do well, end with one letter ;
Say well is good, but do well is better.

BC. quoting Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639.

She that's fair, and fair would be,
Must wash herself with furmity.

East Anglia. **BC**. 348. "Furmity," presumably the same as *frumanty* (Latin, *frumentum*) is a pottage of wheat and milk, to which currants are sometimes added. To wash in this, of course before its boiling, might serve the same purpose as the present use of oatmeal water, cleanse without irritating the skin.

Singers and ringers,
Are little home bringers.—**I**. 148.

Tongue breaketh bone,
 And herself hath none,
 Quoth Hendyng.

Proverbs of Hendyng (Reliq. Antiq., i. 112). Also in Heywood (*Woorkes*, 1562, part ii. cap. 5). *Though herself have none*, is perhaps the preferable reading of an early MS. cited in the *Retrospective Review*, 3rd ser., ii. 309. **BC.** 455.

Of the same character is—

Fair words break no bone,
 But foul words many a one.

See *Cotgrave v. Escorcher*, and **BC.** 135.

This is the reverse of the well-known saw, "Hard words break no bones."

Trust nor contend,
 Nor lay wagers, nor lend,
 And you'll have peace to your end.—**BC.** 458.

Truth may be blamed,
 But shall never be shamed.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 113.

Under the greenwood tree,
 Hard weather endured must be,
 Quoth Hendyng.

Reliq. Antiq., i. 113. Mr. Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, 1882, says, "I wonder that this has never been brought forward as an illustration of the famous song in *As You Like It*. The original runs: Under boske shall men weder abide."

Well's a fret:
 He that dies for love,
 Will not be hanged for debt.

Notts. See *Notes and Queries*, 1st ser., viii. 197, and **BC.** 470.

Well to work and make a fire,
 It doth care and skill require.—**CQ.** 17.

What God will,
No frost can kill.—**BC.** 470.

When bale is hext,
Boot is next,
Quoth Hendyng.

Reliq. Antiq., i. 112; "When bale is att hiest, boott is at next." *Sir Aldingar*. "When the bale is in hest, thenne is the bote nest." "When bale is greatest, then is bote a nie bore." *The Testament of Love* (Chaucer's works, 1602, fol. 288 *verso*). When things are come to the worst, they'll mend. "Cùm duplicantur lateres venit Moses." "When the tale of bricks is doubled, then comes Moses." *Mediæval.* **BC.** 474.

When you are an anvil hold you still,
When you are a hammer strike your fill.—**CQ.** p. i.

Who can sing so merry a note,
As may he that cannot change a groat.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, etc., 1562. "Who lyue so mery, and make such sporte, as they that be of the poorest sort?" is the title of a ballad licensed in 1557-8. See Rimbault's *Little Book of Songs and Ballads*, 1851, p. 83, and **BC.** 488.

MISCELLANY.

Archdeacon Pratt would eat no fat,
His wife would eat no lean,
'Twixt Archdeacon Pratt and Joan his wife,
The meat was eat up clean.

BG. (1659) 20. **BC.** 257 quotes Clarke's *Paræmiologia* thus—

Jack will eat no fat, and Jill will eat no lean,
Yet betwixt them both they lick the dishes clean.

The following is one of the nursery versions of this rhyme—

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
Between the two they lick'd the dish,
And kept the platter clean.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy or there's none.
If there is one, try and find it.
If there is not, never mind it.

Proverb. Folklore, p. 125.

Little Peg-a-Ramsey,
With the yellow hair,
Double ruff around his neck,
And ne'er a shirt to wear.

Dorset. **CJ.** ix. 328. Sir Toby Belch says, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, *Twelfth Night*, ii. sc. 3. In the article in Nares' *Glossary*, Peg-a-ramsey or Peggy Ramsey, is said to be, on the authority of Percy, an indecent ballad, the tune of which has been preserved by Sir John Hawkins.

There are two tunes under this name, as old as Shakespeare's time, and several ballads to each. No. 169 [*National English Airs*, part i.] is the one given by D'Urfey to the song of "Bonny Peggy Ramsey" (see *Pills*, vol. v., 1719), and to which he wrote the song, "O London is a fine town," printed in a book entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660; in vol. iv. of the *Pills*. It is also in *The Dancing Master*, under the name of "Watton Town's End," and is so referred to in the second part of "Robin Goodfellow, commonly called Hob Goblin," in 1628. No. 170 [*National English Airs*] is called Peg-a-Ramsey in William Ballet's Lute Book [MS., Trinity College, Dublin—possibly older, and certainly more richly stored in popular tunes than Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book—*National Airs*, p. 115], and is given by Sir John Hawkins, as the tune quoted in *Twelfth Night*. (See Stevens' edition of Shakespeare.) He says: "Peggy Ramsey is the name of some old song; the following is the tune of it;" but, as usual, does not cite his authority. "Little Pegge of Ramsie" is one of the tunes in a manuscript by Dr. Bull, which formed a part of Dr. Pepusch's, and afterwards of Dr. Kitchener's library—*A Collection of National English Airs*, ed. by W. Chappell, F.S.A., 1840, pp. 130-2. It is

well to say that the verses given would fit neither of these tunes exactly. The beat would have to be altered in places. Mr. Chappell states that Ramsey Abbey ["Ramsey the rich"], *Hunts.* is the place meant.

In *Warwicks.*, fifty years ago, the following verse, evidently from the same model, was common—

Blow, blow, blacksmith,
 Make a little light.
 Yonder stands a pretty girl,
 I wish she was my wife.
 Fine shoes [?] . . . fine curly hair,
 Double ruffle round her neck,
 And never a smock to wear.

These rhymes are now used when dandling children, I believe ; but the inner meaning is not beyond conjecture.

Madame Parnel,
 Crack the nut and eat the kernel.—**BC.** 282.

This must be read in a figurative sense, I think. *Parnel* is another name for wanton, and the rhyme but suggests the familiar process of "skinning" an admirer. There is a folktale containing a rhyme of somewhat similar character. Two companions find a nut (sometimes an oyster), and dispute as to full ownership. They become litigants, and the representative of the law to whom they appeal, cracking the nut, hands each of them a shell, and, eating the fruit, says—

"Here's a shell for thee, and a shell for thee,
 But the ^{oyster} chestnut it is all for me."

It must be remembered, however, that the name *Parnel* is of the Latin *Petronilla*—a little rock, and a play upon this word may be intended also.

Old father greybeard,
 Without tooth or tongue,
 If you'll give me your finger
 I'll give you my thumb.

Gammer Gurton's Garland, 1783. "Greybeard," says Moor, *Suffolk Words*, p. 155, was the appropriate name for a fine, large,

handsome stone bottle holding perhaps three or four or more gallons, having its handle terminating in a venerable Druidic face.—**AV.** 143.

Says t'auld man tit oak tree,
 “Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee;
 I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
 Young and lusty was I mony a long year,
 But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
 Sair fail'd am I sen kenn'd thou.”

This is called “a north country song,” in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, 1783.

Rap tap at the window. Mr. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, i. 142, has—

“Go from my window, my love, my love,
 Go from my window, my dear;
 For the wind's in the west,
 And the cuckoo's in his nest,
 And you can't have a lodging here.”

Adding that it is a traditional version supplied by R. M. Bacon, of Norwich. He goes on to say, that “the tune is very like that of Ophelia's song, ‘And how should I your true love know?’ the first and last strains being the same in both. The words promise an improvement of the original [see *Popular Music*, pp. 140-1. On the 4th March, 1587-8, John Wolfe had a license to print a ballad called ‘Goe from *the* windowe,’—tune in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, etc.]; and it is to be regretted that my informant had only heard the first stanza, which is here printed to the music?” It will be gathered from this that the Warwickshire version previously given is out of metre in the first two lines.

Sing jig my jole the pudding-bowl,
 The table and the frame,
 My master he did cudgel me
 For kissing of my dame.

Gammer Gurton's Garland, 1783, and *Infant Institutes*, 1797. “Jigmijole” is the form of the burden in the last work. It is probably a corruption of “cheek by jowl.”

Sirrah your dog, but sirrah not me,
For I was born before you could see.—**BC.** 350.

There was a old woman drawn up in a basket,
Three or four times as high as the moon,
And where she was going I never did ask it,
But in her hand she carried a broom.
A broom! a broom! a broom! a broom!
That grows on yonder hill,
And blows with a yellow blossom,
Just like a lemon peel.
Just like a lemon peel, my boys,
To mix with our English beer,
And you shall drink it all up,
While we do say Goliere.
Goliere! Goliere! Goliere! Goliere!
While we do say Goliere!
And you, etc.

A Sussex musical toast. **CK.** i. 154. It is perhaps necessary to call attention to the fact that the first four lines resemble a well-known nursery rhyme or song, the tune of which is said to have been adapted to the political song *Lilli-Burlero* in the revolution of 1688. This latter song is in Percy's *Reliques*.

"We are new-knit and so lately met,
That I fear we part not yet,"
Quoth the baker to the pillory.—**BC.** 466.

"When I was young and had no sense,
I bought a fiddle for eighteenpence,
And all the tunes that I could play,
Was *Nix my dolly, pals, fake away.*"

This reads like the first verse of a song, but although well known throughout the midlands in its present form, nobody seems able to add to it. According to Edmund Yates, *Recollections*, i. 26, "Nix my dolly, pals," was set by George Rodwell, "the composer of much beautiful music." It was made popular in "Jack Sheppard."

In Suffolk, "Was over the hills and far away" is the common rendering of the last line ; but this is usually a portion of "The Piper's Son," which has this addition also—

"Over the hills and a long way off,
And the wind has blown my topknot off."

When I was young and in my prime,
I'd done my work by dinner time ;
But now I'm old and quite forgot,
I'm obliged to work till seven o'clock.

[I] Won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my mother's Jill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will,
T'other little tune, t'other little tune,
Prythee, love, play me t'other little tune.

Gammer Gurton's Garland, 1783.

