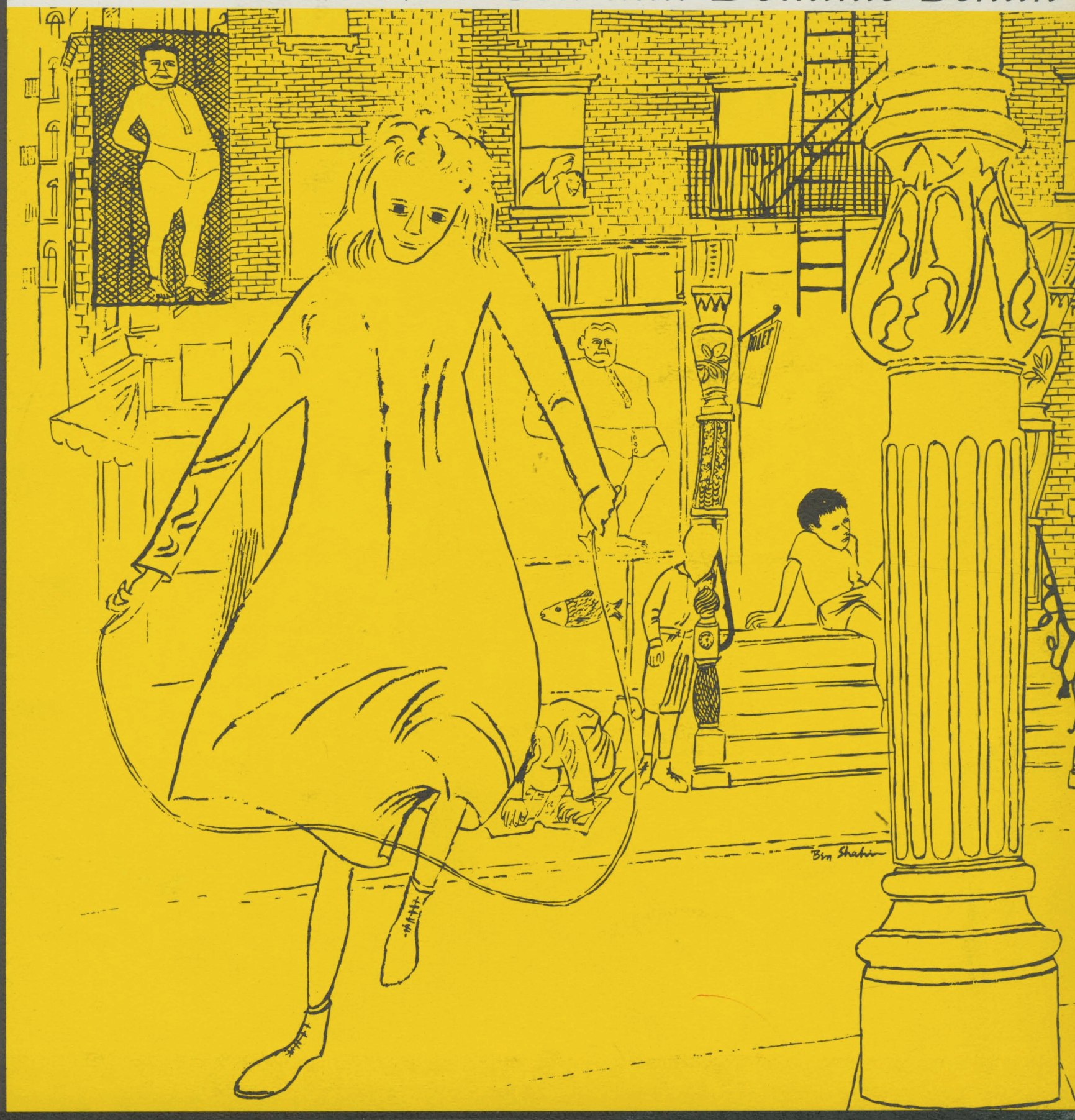
*By Arrangement with Topic Records, England*

*Folkways Records FW 8501*

# The Singing Streets

## *Childhood Memories of Ireland and Scotland*

## *Ewan MacColl and Dominic Behan*



# The Singing Streets

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 8501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AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE
by
KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

The past six years have seen a development in the recording industry of vast importance to the academic study of the social sciences. Prior to this period, scholars, instructors and students in the fields of cultural Anthropology, psychology, sociology, folklore, ethnomusicology, history and related fields could find little in the recordings catalogues to supplement classroom texts and specialist monographs in these areas.

In recent years, however, recording companies have increasingly, turned their microphones and recording equipment to the job of supplying documented sound supplements to printed studies in these fields. Indeed, at the present time, more than 400 such albums of recordings are released each year. The importance of this development cannot be overstressed. Now, a new and vital dimension has been added to the instruction techniques developed for classroom use. Students can hear, as well as read, examples of materials related to their pursuit of knowledge. The recording has become as valid as the printed page in presenting specialized knowledge, and bibliographers in specific disciplines will have to include such items in their reference lists if any serious attempt at comprehensiveness is intended.

The present recording is an excellent example of just such a document. It is as important to students in the fields of cultural anthropology, folklore, sociology, and musicology as have been any of the numerous books and articles written on the life of children in urban societies. It is one thing to read about the effects of environment on urban children, the products resulting from that environment, and the patterns of thought developed by such an environment in the individuals comprising it; it is a far different thing (and of great assistance in supplying insights into these problems) to hear the resulting materials and the attitudes of the individuals creating and passing on such materials. The 'field' can now be moved into the classroom; no longer will the study of such materials be restricted to those few who are able to obtain grants to study at first hand such phenomena.

In this recording, FOLKWAYS RECORDS presents two talented individuals, Ewan MacColl and Dominic Behan, who are themselves the products of urban childhood, environments in Scotland and Ireland. Here, we are presented not only with the oral materials created by and out of such environments, but with the mature, adult observations and attitudes towards these materials of individuals who, as a result of their experiences in such environments, are excellent 'informants' to the students of the various disciplines which include in their area of study just such materials as may be found in this recording.

In listening to this recording, one will find three distinct types of oral children's lore. First there are the items which have little or no restrictions of national boundary. Some of the pieces recited and sung in this recording are known throughout the English-speaking world, originating, perhaps, in the British Isles and spreading out from there to all of the many countries culturally and linguistically effected by the British and their far-flung empire. Who, in the English-speaking world, for example, has not heard one or another versions of the singing-game "The Farmer Wants a Wife" (heard in a Dublin Irish version on this recording), or "Poor Mary Sat A-Weeping" (from Salford, Scotland, on this recording). You may know these pieces by other names, and in forms differing quite radically from those presented on this recording, but it will require little imagination or insight to realize the relationship of the versions you know to those presented here.

A second category of pieces found in this recording are those which appear to have strictly national boundaries, being known either only in the British Isles or, perhaps, only in a single country or national group. Such pieces are frequently related to festivals or events which are purely national in character and incidence, or are so dependent upon purely national events or references as to make them almost meaningless outside of the national boundary of the country in which they may be found. Such pieces include the holiday song "Christmas is coming" (item number 67, from Dublin, Ireland, but known throughout the British Isles), and the Scottish jibe, "Wha saw the tattie howkers" (item number 62, from Glasgow, Scotland, but known in other parts of Scotland) among numerous others.

The third category consists of those pieces of a purely local nature, existing almost exclusively in a single community, town or county, but rarely found elsewhere. The reasons for such limitation of tradition are similar to those given for the second category mentioned above, but with considerably more localized references or language. Such pieces include "Up the Mucky Mountains" (item number 64) and "Jessie Stockton" (item number 68), both from Salford, Scotland, and "Cheer up, Russell Street" (item number 56) from Dublin, Ireland. Into this last category must also go those pieces which are the creative efforts of a moment, in use for only a short period of time, and fading into the world of lost traditions almost before they were born. Occasionally such pieces fall into the collector's lap, but the collector (at best, just an accident in time, in such instances) has no way of sorting out these pieces from those which are more than just mere ephemera.

The album contains an even 100 pieces of diverse examples of children's lore. Here will be found game songs, nonsense rhymes and ditties, counting games, ball-bouncing games and rhymes, skipping-rope pieces, jibes, taunts, oaths, street ballads, seasonal songs, and insults. What is the origin of these pieces? For most of them we cannot even begin to speculate on the question of origins. Some few can be pinpointed to historical occurences and personages (e.g., "King Henry, King Henry", item number 12, tells of the affairs of love of a well-remembered English monarch): others are the

breakdown of older traditional ballads and tales (e.g., "I know a woman, she lives in the woods", item number 23, obviously derives from the ballad of "The Cruel Mother" (Child #20). Some few are children's parodies of more recent creations, including music hall and popular songs (see items numbered 4, 56 and 59). Most of the pieces are created out of happenings and sights of everyday life. The possibility of their origin in any place or at almost any time, because of the universality of their subject matter, makes such a task an impossible one.

While the lore itself is of vast importance to the social scientists hearing this recording, to a great number of them at least equally important will be the contextual setting for these pieces presented by our two 'informants'. Here we are presented with a slice of pie turned out by the huge bakery which is urban Scotland and Ireland. Here we have not only the filling, but the topping, the crust, the pie tin, and most important, the bakers, as well.

First, we are introduced to the cultural milieu with which we are dealing. Poverty, a proud working-class inheritance, slum conditions, and the everyday, mundane things and occurences affecting the individuals concerned. Next, we are presented with the oral products of that environment, set off against a train of thought concerning those products, not of the children living, playing and reciting those pieces of lore, but of two adult bearers of this urban tradition whose sensitivity to the setting is expressed in terms of mature afterthought. The opportunity presented by this recording to study the whys and wherefores of urban childhood traditions is almost an ideal one. At least, it is the next best thing to working in the field with the children themselves.

One fascinating problem suggested by working with children's lore, and, even more specifically, with the lore of working-class children, is the question of class boundaries of such lore, of this question, Dominic Behan has written:

"It can - so far as kids are concerned - be made only by children who own so little other rights to amusement that they must sing and make up songs about themselves and the places they inhabit: tenement house schools, neighbors, and, most and biggest of all, their playground -- the streets. Maybe this is not quite true, maybe other classes of folks' children make up other classes of songs. All I can say is if they do, I have never heard them.

"So much for the songs; what of the games? Are they "class" bound? Do they belong to certain people or are they the property of <u>all</u>? Once again, I don't know. Once again I will guess, and say <u>all</u>."

The challenge has been issued. It is the duty of folklorists, socialogists, and psychologists to take it up and answer the question. An attempt to do so from a library chair will prove futile; the data is insufficient and largely undocumented in most of the existing works on children's lore. By utilizing the existing tools of each discipline we can expect to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. We are fortunate in dealing with children's lore to be working in area which appears to have no beginning or end in time, and while some scholars have bemoaned the dying of oral tradition generally (such claims have been made for the past century, though I for one prefer to think of traditions changing and evolving rather than dying), none will be so rash as to deny the very vital nature of children's songs and games. There is no question of the existence of sufficient material for study.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS, in association with the Topic Record Company of England, is proud to present THE SINGING STREETS, childhood memories of Scotland and Ireland, created and performed by EWAN MacCOLL and DOMINIC BEHAN.

## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

EWAN MacCOLL was born in Auchterarder, Perthshire, Scotland, the son of a Lowland Scots father and a Gaelic-speaking mother. Both parents had an extensive repertoire of Scots folk songs and ballads, and a large part of MacColl's tremendous repertory was learned from them.

Of his early childhood, excellent commentary is given in this recording. After leaving school at the age of 14, he spent the next 10 years working at odd jobs between periods of unemployment. While working as a street singer, he was picked up by a B.B.C. director and given his first radio broadcast in a program called Music of the Streets. In 1935, MacColl began to devote an increasing amount of his time in writing programs for the B.B.C., including his first group of Folklore broadcasts. Included among his many folkmusic activities have been the collecting of folksongs for the B.B.C. archives, the production of regular folkmusic concerts, touring concert halls in England and Scotland presenting folkmusic at a popular level, and performing folksongs on radio broadcasts from every major city in Europe. He has also made numerous recordings of British folk songs available in most parts of the English-speaking world.

In addition to being one of Great Britain's leading folksingers, it should be noted that MacColl is a leading figure in British writing and acting circles. In 1947, George Bernard Shaw was sufficiently inspired by MacColl's work to remark: "Apart from myself, MacColl is the only man of genius writing for the theatre in England today."

MacColl is also the editor of three excellent pocket-size anthologies of folksongs: "Scotland Sings," "Personal Choice", and "The Shuttle and the Cage," the latter being the first general collection of British industrial songs ever published.

Ewan MacColl

Dominic Behan

DOMINIC BEHAN was born in Dublin, Ireland, having a traditional Irish fiddler as a father and a folksinger as a mother. Born into a family of entensely partisan I.R.A. supporters, it was not surprising that he joined the Na Fianna h-Eireann (The Republican Boy Scouts) at the age of six, and was an active fighter for the I.R.A. at 16. His activities on behalf of his political convictions have resulted in his being imprisoned, in Dublin and in London, four times between 1951 and 1954. Following in the footsteps of his uncle, the noted rebel songwriter Peadar Kearney, he has become one of Ireland's leading political writers, his published works including poetry, rebel ballads, and political articles in leading Irish and British periodicals.

He has previously recorded an excellent album of I.R.A. songs for Riverside Records, and has prepared several other album of Irish folksongs which will be released shortly in this country.

THE SINGING STREETS
Childhood Memories of Ireland and Scotland
EWAN MacCOLL and DOMINIC BEHAN

(The following is a complete script of this recording. Comments on the sources for each of the folklore items recited here are given at the end of the script).

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# The Singing Streets

## *Childhood Memories of Ireland and Scotland*

## *Ewan MacColl and Dominic Behan*

BAND ONE

MacColl:

My old man was an iron-moulder, and a good one. He served his time in the Carron Iron Foundries, got married and raised a family... a short, stocky man with shoulders on him like an ox and the swarthy looks of a Scots tinker.

He was fond of a glass, a joke, a song...and his biggest fault was that he couldn't keep his mouth shut. When he wasn't singing, he was arguing about the condition of Scotland, the future of the race, or the trade-union. People would shake their heads and say: "Ay, he's a rum one." or "He's his ain worst enemy."

Whenever there was a dispute about wages or conditions in the foundry, the old man would be well to the fore, and a couple of weeks later he'd be handed his cards. So off he'd go and find a job in another part of the country, and in a few weeks we'd follow him... Falkirk, Alloa, Paisley, Glasgow, Greenock, Gateshead, Liverpool, Manchester, Salford. Many towns but one world....my world. And Good Queen Bess never slept there.

Come up and see my garret
Come up and see it noo;
Come up and see my garret
For it's a' furnished noo;
A second-handed table,
A chair without a leg,
A humpy-backit dresser
And an auld iron bed. (1)

Behan:

I am the seventh son of a house-painter, was born, reared and, but for the impact of architecture on government, would have died in number 14 Russell Street, Dublin. My home town was Monto and the inhabitants of south of the Liffey were as foreign to us as the Mau-Mau. Many's the time the lads from the Liberties tried to invade our North-side way of life, only to be severely rebuffed by the followers of the Monto brigade.

Like rich families we lived in a big house with a big staircase leading into big rooms; the only difference between us and rich people being that our big residence was shared by twenty other families.

This was a land of dockers, cobblers, coalmen, brewery workers, mill men and hard-as-iron seamen.

My father's method of livelihood was a rather refined occupation in face of all this, though, not for one moment, did it make any difference to his children. They were reared just as hard, could fight just as tough and play just as rough as any of the Monto battalion.

The stair in our house has no floorboards,
The lobby is just a big hole,
Ol' Reilly has burned the hall door,
Too mean to send out for coal.

In Monto you can't wash the lobby,
It's always with lodgers too full;
And if you walk too near the landing,
You'll fall down and open your skull. (2)

MacColl:

In Glasgow, we lived at the toon-heid, a jungle of tenements as drab as prisons and warehouses as drab as tenements. But if Glasgow was a jungle, then Salford was a desert...a petrified desert of blackened and decayed brick; a city of cotton-mills, coal-pits, factories and streets so alike that they might have been turned off a conveyor belt. It's bleakness was such as to cripple the imagination of any but the toughest kid. And black! Black as the Earl o' Hell's waistcoat!

Here lived spinners and weavers, back-tenters, little-piecers, bleachers, lathe-minders, machine-tool-makers, copper, brass and iron moulders, wood butchers, brickies, locomen, spidermen and coughing-johnnies from the asbestos mills.

Here, the kids practiced finger-holds on the twenty-foot wall of the docks, collected spent cartridges from the fair on Spike Island, hunted for treasure on the Strawberry-Hills' rubbish tip, and guided corrugated iron sleds down the clay slopes of The Mucky Mountains.

That was my city, my childhood world of streets full of the yells of playing kids. I grew up in those streets, sailed paper boats in the gutters, stalked Indians among the dustbins, raided neighboring gangs for bonfire wood, and knew the first, sharp pangs of love.

I found my love on the gasworks croft,
Dreamed a dream by the old canal;
Kissed my girl by the factory wall,
Dirty Old Town, Dirty Old Town.

Heard a siren from the docks,
Saw a train set the night on fire,
Smelt the spring on the smoky wind,
Dirty Old Town, Dirty Old Town. (3)

Behan:

Night and day the district echoed to the shouts of

"Relievey, I. O."
"Last man out is a rasher!"
"Liney up, we're picking the team!"

While down on the banks of the Royal Canal, the elderly 16 year old apprentices would be finding Cupid at work even in the depths of despair, to the accompaniment of a million factory sirens and ships' hooters... and the jeers and taunts of the younger generation.

What's the use of having a wife
To keep her all your life?
You give her all your wages,
You dress her in the latest.
Have a wife all your life,
What d'ye think of that?
A shilling a week for powder,
A shilling a week for paint,
Sixpence worth of Glauber salts,
In case she goes in a faint.
With the head of her hair stuck in a chair,
Still she has the cheek
To ask you for your wages...
Fifty bob a week. (4)

MacColl:
The street was our theatre, our gymnasium and our battlefield. In it raids were planned, initiation ceremonies took place, binding oaths of loyalty were taken.

Behan:
Criss-cross the maggot's paws,
Tell a lie and your soul is lost. (5)

MacColl:
You see that's wet, you see that's dry,
Cut my throat if I tell a lie. (6)

Behan:
Cross me throat and hope to die. (7)

MacColl:
I swear on my God's honor. (8)

And there wasn't one of us that wasn't a magician. Once in the street we could transform ourselves into aeroplanes, tanks, wild mustangs, and express trains.

Behan:
Paddy on the railway, picking up stones,
Along comes the engine and breaks his bones;
O, says Paddy, that's not fair!
O, says the engine, I don't care.

Paddy on the railway made a smell,
Along comes the Devil and he's in Hell;
O, says Paddy, that's all wrong!
O, says the Devil, come along (9)

MacColl:
Gimme some steam! Gimme some steam!
I will carry you over the stream.
Over the mountains, over the sea,
Gimme some steam and they won't catch me.

Steam in the boiler, fire in the pan,
Blow the whistle for the engine man. (10)

BAND TWO

Behan:
We made swings on the lamp-posts, used clothes-lines taken from the backyards for skipping, played hole-in-three with ball-bearings from the North-side garage for marbles. And, of course, there were the singing games.

MacColl:
We inherited the singing games from the kids who were just a bit older than ourselves. At a time when you were still too young to be accepted into the street gang, the girls would take you and initiate you into the ring-games.

Up and down the street,
A window made of glass;
Isn't our wee Jeanie
A bonnie looking lass?
She can dance, she can sing,
She can show a wedding ring.
Fie, fie, fie for shame!
Turn your back to the wall again. (11)

Behan:
Even one of the unfortunate wives of Henry the Eighth became the subject of one of our games.

King Henry, King Henry, one by one,
You in the middle must follow the drum;
The drum shall play and the whistle shall blow,
King Henry, King Henry says you must go. (12)

MacColl:
And the girls acted out the tragic drama of betrayed love with its familiar pattern of hope, despair and death.

Poor Mary sat a-weeping,
A-weeping, a-weeping,
Poor Mary sat a-weeping,
On a bright Summer's day.

O, Mary, what you weeping for,
What you weeping for, what you weeping for?
O, Mary, what you weeping for
On a bright Summer's day.

I'm weeping for my lover,
For my lover, for my lover.
I'm weeping for my lover
On a bright Summer's day. (13)

Behan:
How green is the grass? Surely never as green as in the meadows we sang about.

Down in yonder meadow where the green grass grows,
Where little Mary bleaches all her clothes;
She sang, she sang, she sang so sweet
That she sang Finton across the street.
She huddled him and cuddled him and put him on her knee,
Saying, take this ring, my darling,
And I hope you will agree,
Agree, Agree, I hope you will agree,
For tomorrow is my wedding day
And I must go.

Mary made a dumpling,
She made it so sweet,
She cut it up in slices
And gave us all a piece.
Saying, take this, take this,
Don't say no,
For tomorrow is my wedding day
And I must go. (14)

MacColl:
And I wonder where we got our vision of the Golden City from?

The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
Rain comes dashing from the sky,
For her lover she must die,
For the want of the Golden City.

She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the girl of the Golden City;
She has lovers, one, two, three
Pray now tell me who they be. (15)

Behan:
Ah, green meadows, sweet dumplings, kings, and Golden cities.....the stuff of our fantasies. Reality provided us with the polis (police) and prisons.

See the robbers passing by,
Passing by, passing by,
See the robbers passing by,
My fair lady.

What did the robbers do to you,
Do to you, do to you?
What did the robbers do to you?
My fair lady.

Stole my watch and stole my chain,
In Limbo Lane, In Limbo Lane;
Stole my watch and stole my chain,
My fair lady.

What did the polis do to them,
Do to them, do to them?
What did the polis do to them?
My fair lady.

Put them in a big prison,
Big prison , big prison,
Put them in a big prison,
My fair lady.

Will the polis let them out,
Let them out, let them out?
Will the polis let them out?
My fair lady.

Not till the gate is opened wide,
Open wide, open wide;
Not till the gate is opened wide,
My fair lady. (16)

MacColl:
The six and seven year olds, the Maries and Bessies and Jennies, were preoccupied with the patterns of love and courtship.

My name is sweet Jenny, my age is sixteen,
My father's a farmer in yonder green;
He's plenty of money to dress me in silk,
And nae bonnie laddie'll tak' me a walk.

I rose in the morning, I looked in the glass,
I said to myself, What a handsome young lass.
My hands by my side and I gave a ha-ha,
And nae bonnie laddie'll tak' me awa'. (17)

Behan:
We measured life with the yardstick of our own needs and saw the world as a vicious circle of unfulfilled desires.

The farmer wants a wife,
The farmer wants a wife,
Ee-O, my daddy-O,
The farmer wants a wife

The wife wants a child,
The wife wants a child,
Ee-O, my daddy-O,
The wife wants a child.

The child wants a nurse,
The child wants a nurse,
Ee-O, my daddy-O,
The child wants a nurse.

The nurse wants a dog,
The nurse wants a dog,
Ee-O, my daddy-O,
The nurse wants a dog.

The dog wants a bone,
The dog wants a bone,
Ee-O, my daddy-O,
The dog wants a bone.

The dog won't bark,
The dog won't bark,
Ee-O, my daddy-O,
The dog won't bark. (18)

MacColl:
By the time we were five or five-and-a-half, we looked on the girls' ring games with lofty contempt; so, more often than not, the 'bonnie wee laddie' of their songs was some snotty-nosed kid who had to be pushed and guided through the routine.

Where are you going, my bonnie wee lass?
Where are you going, my dearie?
Where are you going, my bonnie wee lass?
A message for my mammy.
Haliky, daliky, daliky dee,
Haliky, daliky, dearie,
Haliky, daliky, daliky dee,
A message for my mammy. (19)

Behan:
The question of royalty may have been a vexed one with our parents, but, to us, the princes of Christendom were familiars who weren't above lending a hand with the housework.

There came three Jews,
Just home from Spain,
To call upon my sister Jane.
My sister Jane is far too young,
I cannot bear her rattling tongue.
So I'm away, away, away,
But I'll come back some other day.
Come back, come back,
Your coach is free,
And who's the fairest one you see?
The fairest one that I can see,
Is bonnie Mary, won't you come with me?

The dirty old thing, she wouldn't come,
She wouldn't come, she wouldn't come
The dirty old thing, she wouldn't come
To help me with my washing.
So I'll get the Prince of Wales,
The Prince of Wales, the Prince of Wales,
So I'll get the Prince of Wales,
To help me with my washing. (20)

MacColl:
We could philosophize, too, and sum up the fate of man in a phrase.

Water, water, wallflower,
Growing up so high;
We are all maidens
And we must die.
Except Jeannie MacColl,
She's the youngest of them all,
She can dance and she can sing
And she can knock them all down.
Fie, fie, fie for shame,
Turn your back to the wall again. (21)

BAND THREE

Behan:
All kinds of singing games, the stock in trade of every kid, handed down from generation to generation. The breakdown of the old ballads, the flotsam and jetsam of a tradition set to the rhythm of a skipping rope.

MacColl:
Single and double whip!

Jelly on the plate,
Jelly on the plate,
Wiggle, waggle,
Wiggle, waggle,
Jelly on the plate.

Sausage in the pan,
Sausage in the pan,
Turn them over,
Turn them over,
Sausage in the pan.

Ghostie in the house,
Ghostie in the house,
Turn him out,
Turn him out,
Ghostie in the house. (22)

Behan:
Or the cross-over style to the ballad of "The Cruel Mother".
I know a woman, she lives in the woods,
Weela, weela, wila,
I know a woman, she is no good,
Down by the River Sila.

She had a baby three months old,
Weela, weela, wila,
She had a baby with no clothes,
Down by the River Sila

She put the baby in a pond,
Weela, weela, wila,
She put it in with no clothes on,
Down by the River Sila. (23)

MacColl:
Double and turn to a Scots ballad older than the streets we played in.

Broken hearted I wandered,
For the loss of my true lover,
He's a jolly, jolly horseman,
In the battle he was slain.

He had but one sixpence,
And he broke it in two,
And he gave to me the half o't (of it)
Before he went away.

He wrote me a letter
In the month of November,
And he told me not to worry
As he was coming home. (24)

Benan:
Frenchy threes!

I sent a letter to my love
And on the way I dropped it;
I dropped it once, I dropped it twice,
I dropped it three times over,
Over, over, in amongst the clover. (25)

MacColl:
Belgian Cross, and over!

Up and down Jamaica Street,
Riding on an Eagle;
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel. (26)

Behan:
Or, Double twos!

How would you like to be me?
Up in an apple tree?
A lump of jelly stuck on my belly,
How would you like to be me. (27)

MacColl:
Side and Round!

Green grows the laurel,
And sweet falls the dew,
Sorry was I
When I parted from you;
But I hope the next meeting,
I hope you'll prove true,
And change the green laurel
For the violets so blue.

He wrote me a letter
All rosy and kind,
But I wrote another
All twisted and twined.
Saying, "Keep your love letter,
And I will keep mine,
You stay with your sweetheart
And I'll stay with mine." (28)

Behan:
Songs for round games, songs for skipping,
.....ay, and songs for just bouncing a ball.

MacColl:
As I rose up one morning,
Just before two,
There I saw a navvy,
Tying up his shoe.
He's a navvy, ha ha ha,
He's a navvy, he he he,
He's a navvy I can see.

As I rose up one morning,
Just before three,
There I saw a navvy,
A-supping of my tea.
He's a navvy, etc.

As I got up one morning,
Just before four,
There I saw a navvy
Knocking on my door.
He's a navvy, etc. (29)

Behan:
Billy Boland, biscuit baker,
Bally Bough Bridge;
If she won't go then he'll
Take her to the bridge.
Don't eat Boland's bread,
It sticks in your belly like lead,
You'll roar like thunder
And no wonder,
In and out the bakery,
Bally Bough Bridge. (30)

MacColl:
O, Jeannie, my dear, would you marry me?
O, Jeannie, my dear, would you go?
O, Jeannie, my dear, would you marry me,
Whether you're willing or no'?

I've a pottie for boiling my porridge,
I've a skillet for boiling my whey,
I've a set of new cups and saucers, ay,
And a kettle for boiling my tea.

(Repeat first stanza) (31)

Behan:
Jimmy Myer, blew the fire,
Puff, puff, puff;
When he goes to bed at night
He snuff, snuff, snuffs,
When he rises in the morn
He cough, cough, coughs,
Going out at night
He is a toff, toff, toff. (32)

MacColl:
Ickywick, the butters thick,
Sent a monkey up a stick;
Flick, flick, catch it quick,
Wigga-wagga, swaggering dick,
Smelly Nelly, yellowbelly,
A pound of streaky bacon. (33)

Behan:
Open the gate and let me in, sir,
I am soaking to the skin, sir,
Open the gate and let me in, sir,
Just to post me letter.
One, two, three, O'Leary,
Four, five, six, O'Leary,
Seven, eight, nine, O'Leary,
Ten O'Leary, postman. (34)

MacColl:
And there were the counting games.

Behan:
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven,
When they die their sins are forgiven,
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
Eight, nine, ten, eleven,
John was given to the devil,
Over his head the ground was level,
Eight, nine, ten, eleven. (35)

MacColl:
Are you going to golf, sir,
No, sir! Why, sir?
Because I've got a cold, sir.
Where did you catch the cold, sir?
Up at the North Pole, sir.
What were you doing there, sir?
Catching Polar bears, sir.
How many did you catch, sir?
One, two, three, four, you're out! (36)

Behan:
Black puddings, white puddings,
One, two, three.
Sausage and liver
For you and me.
Who sells the best in all the land?
We say Kennedy's. (37)

MacColl:
A house to let,
Apply within.
A lady went out to buy some gin.
Drinking gin's a very bad thing.
A house to let,
Apply within. (38)

Behan:
Jenny Mack, my shirt is black,
What'll I do for Sunday?
Take it off and give it a wash
On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday. (39)

MacColl:
Policeman, policeman, don't take me,
Take that man behind the tree;
I took brass, he took gold,
Policeman, policeman, don't take hold. (40)

BAND FOUR

Behan:
Knock on a door and run away! That was the way of the streets; tie two door-knockers together, fix a catherine-wheel squib to the door of a house you didn't like and wait for the bang; march up and down, kicking a tin-can, drumming on an upturned bucket, or rattle the lamp-post with an iron bar. Yell, scream, shout....do anything noisy. Above all...sing.

MacColl:
My father died a month ago,
And now I'm full of riches;
A barbed-wire fence and fourteen pence,
And a pair of wooden britches,
A broken spout for pouring out
And a jug without a handle,
An old tom-cat and a furry hat
And half a ha-penny candle. (41)

Behan:
Her eyes are red, her lips are blue,
Doo dah, doo dah,
And she could go the whiskey, too,
Doodah, doodah day.
Row, boys, row, to Californi-O,
There's lots of gold, so I've been told,
Down in the streets of Monto.

I fell into a box of eggs,
Doo dah, doo dah,
And all the yoke run down my legs,
Doo dah, doo dah day.
Row, boys, row, to Californi-O,
There's lots of gold, so I've been told,
Down in the streets of Monto. (42)

MacColl:
As I was going on a certain call,
I spied some kippers on a coster's stall,
I asked the price of the coster there,
He said, "Mate, they're a penny a pair."

I paid the penny, got ready to slope,
I stuck them kippers under my coat.
He said, "Mate, just leave them alone,
Like Bo Peep's sheep, they'll all go home."

Them golden kippers to the door I led,
Our tom-cat smelt 'em and he dropped down dead;
My wife said, "Charlie, tha'll be my death,
Tha's drunk again, I can smell thy breath."

Said the sanitary-man, "I'm just in time,
with condy's fluid and chloride of lime."
The cat complained, "It still remains."
"I'll send some men to clean out the drains."

O, them golden kippers,
O, them golden kippers,
I love to throw,
Down by the golden stream. (43)

Behan:
O, the wearing of the green,
Stick your nose in margerine,
For they're hanging men and women
Upside down on Stephens Green. (44)

MacColl:
My ma's a millionaire,
Big feet and curly hair;
Walking up and doon the street,
Wi' her big banana feet,
My ma's a millionaire. (45)

Behan:
Our landlady is so very fat,
Our landlady can empty half a vat,
Our landlady keeps porter in her hat,
For the time when the boozer's closed.

At election time we all became politicians and supported our adopted candidates with songs.

MacColl:
Vote, vote, vote for Ben Tillet,
Who's that knocking on the door?
For we'll get a salmon tin,
And we'll put old Jackson in,
And we'll never see old Jackson anymore. (47)

Behan:
Vote, vote, vote for Dermot Kelly,
In comes Paddy at the door,
For Paddy is the one
That'll have a bit of fun,
And we don't want Dermot anymore. (48)

MacColl:
Don't get the idea that it was a carefree existence. It wasn't. You had to tread warily and keep your peepers open. There were enemies lying in wait everywhere: the schoolboard man, the kids in the next street, and the policeman....he was a real bogy; the shadow in the doorway, the peeping-tom with the torch, the alien!

Watch out! The polis! The coppers! The rozzers! The peelers!
The tecks! The flatties! (49)

Behan:
O, Bobby, can you run, run, run?
You're old and beat and done, done, done.
You are a disgrace, grace, grace
Run, Bobby, give us all a chase. (50)

MacColl:
On the croft, on the croft,
Where we played pitch-and-toss,
And the copper come and chased us away,
So we hit him on the head
With a bloody big lump of lead
And the sly little beggar run away. (51)

And, of course, no slum would be complete without its prison. That super-tenement with bars across the window is a constant reminder that there's somebody worse off than you. In Glasgow, the prison is called Berlinnie.

The porridge is made,
You don't need a spade,
You just need to hold out your tinnie;
If you break the law,
You're welcome to ca'
At the big mansion-hoose
Ca'd Berlinnie, ha-ha. (52)

Behan:
In Dublin, it's Mountjoy....there's a fine name for a nick! Some official poet must have thought that one up.

In Dublin's big town there are first-class hotels,
Where they give board and lodging to all the big swells;
Blinds on the windows and bells on the doors,
And beautiful carpets laid down on the floors,
It's in such a spot that you get a great view,
Of the Royal Canal and the ships that pass through,
I was there once myself so I'm able to tell
That there's no digs in Dublin like Mountjoy hotel. (53)

MacColl:
And in Salford, there was Strangeways Jail, a Victorian-Gothic threat in black brick backed by a desert of clay hills which we called "The Mucky Mountains".

Up the Mucky Mountains,
Down by Donkey's Hollow,
Where the hangman's waiting
To fit you with a collar. (54)

Every shadow was a hiding place for Red Indians, gangsters, gorillas, and secret agents. Every lamp-post was a tree, a stake, a gallows. The distance between two sides of the street was a prairie, a jungle, a desert, an ocean, a deadly universe inhabited by hostile tribes and monsters with death-ray eyes. And the kids in the next street, and all the other streets...they were enemies, too....the pole gang, the square gang, the jumpers, the diehards, the peanut boys, the Percy Street boys.....

We are the boys of Percy Street,
We got big heads and we got big feet.
Raid 'em!

We are the boys of Unwin Square,
Ride on the tram without any fare.
Raid 'em!

We are the boys of Hanky Park,
Got cat's eyes, can see in the dark.
Raid 'em! (55)

Behan:
Cheer up, Russell Street,
It's known everywhere,
We knocked down Emmett Street
And left it lying there;
It called for mercy
And Mercy wasn't there,
Cheer up, Russell Street,
It's known everywhere.

It's a rare old street to play for,
It's a rare old street to know,
And when you read about our history,
It's enough to make your heart grow sad.
We don't care whether we win or draw,
For all the hair we care;
All we know, there's going to be a row,
And good old Russeller will be there. (56)

Yes, our street was private; nobody could come through our territory without getting beaten back. And if they were too big for that, we just stood at a safe distance from them and sung jeers at their disappearing figures.

You're all too dirty,
Dirty, dirty;
You're all too dirty,
I'll tell you.
You can't come into our street,
Our street, our street;
You can't come into our street,
I'll tell you. (57)

MacColl:
You can't put your muck in our dustbin,
Our dustbin, our dustbin.
You can't put your muck in our dustbin,
Our dustbin's full. (58)

Behan:
Please keep far away,
You can't come here to play,
You can't come to our town,
Please keep far away. (59)

MacColl:
In Miller Street, in Miller Street,
They never wash their dirty feet;
They're growing spuds and sugar beets
Inside their dirty ear-holes. (60)

Behan:
They came in all shapes and sizes, the kids in our street, and, providing you identified yourself with the other kids, you had an even chance of surviving. But just get too big for your boots, act stuck-up like and your life became a hell. You know the kind of thing... "I'm going to music"..... "My sister is attending the dance school". No they couldn't get away with that!

Your old one's a lavatory cleaner,
Your old fella's terribly mean,
They sits in the pub drinking porter,
Her washing has never been clean. (61)

MacColl:
Wha' saw the tattie howkers,
Wha' saw them gang awa'?
Wha' saw the tattie howkers,
Marching through the Broomielaw?
Some of them had bits of stockings,
Some of them had nane at a',
Some of them had umberellas,
Marching through the Broomielaw. (62)

Behan:
Russian boots and no breakfast! (63)

MacColl:
Poverty and Pianos! (64)

Behan:
Hey! Save the crumbs. (65)

MacColl:
Fur coat and no drawers. (66)

BAND FIVE

Behan:
No farmer was ever more conscious of the seasons as we were. They came in with a chant and went out with a song.

Christmas is coming,
The goose is getting fat,
Please 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. (67)

MacColl:
Winter passing, giving way to Spring. The days lengthening out and the month of May approaching. May Day in three weeks.... two weeks. The little girls have bought colored tissue-paper and paper streamers to decorate a broomstick-Maypole. On the first day of May they crown Jessie Stockton Queen of the May street and go from door to door singing for biscuits and apples and pennies.

We come to greet you here today,
And we hope you will not turn us away,
for we dance and sing in a merry ring
Our Maypole lay.
For we all, for we all.
Bright are the roses,
Bright are the stars,
Happy the birds that fly in the air,
Happy the fishes that swim in the sea,
For we all, for we all,
As happy, as happy can be.
Last year we had a Maypole,
It was a pretty sight,
For gentle Jessie Stockton
Was crowned the Queen of May.
With hearts and voices calling
Our gentle little queen,
For gentle Jessie Stockton
Was crowned the Queen of May.
Fol de rol de rol dol,
Fol de rol de rol;
This is our lay,
This is our day,
Bright and gay,
Listen to our happy lay,
We can dance, we can sing,
Fol de rol, de rol dol dol dol,
Happy news we bring. (68)

Behan:
The only bit of grass we ever saw in our whole lives was when we were taken to a relative's funeral in Glasneven cemetary. And still we had songs for the spring.

Daily, daily bring upon us,
All the wonders of the Spring.
Bringing with it all the flowers,
Happy days of which we sing.
When the Robin in the meadow
Calls the Summer quickly in,
Daily, daily bring upon us
All the wonders of the Spring. (69)

MacColl:
Spring doesn't last long and the kids leave off playing marbles and the other rites of Spring. And the Summer comes with games that take you beyond the confines of the street. Summer! and the tram rides to Heaton Park and the poor children's outings organized by the ladies and gentlemen who know that "you have to be firm with them or they take advantage. "Still, there's an orange and a bun for everyone and a glass of milk. Best of all there is a free ride on a motor coach.

We're off, we're off,
We're off in a motor car,
Sixty coppers are after us
And we don't know where we are.

Behan:
(Repeat stanza). (70)

Cheer up, the ha'penny bus,
It's snowing everywhere,
It knocked down the penny bus
And left it lying there.
It called for mercy
But Mercy wasn't there;
Cheer up, the ha'penny bus,
It's snowing everywhere. (71)

MacColl:
Autumn. Darkness coming a little earlier every day and the evening sky looking like the belly of a dead mackarel. And the lads prepare for Halloween by dressing up in old rags, turning their jackets inside out, and blackening their faces. They go from door to door singing a song and rattling a few pennies in a cocoa tin.

Molly dancers kicking up a row,
Kicking up a row, kicking up a row,
Molly dancers kicking up a row,
My fair lady.
Cheese and bread, the old cows dead,
Roast it in a lantern;
A bit for you and a bit for me
And a bit for the Molly dancers. (72)

BAND SIX

MacColl:
Ours was the wisdom, the poetry and the music they never taught in school. Maybe it wasn't art....I don't know. What is art to those who live in the desert? Is it something to do with the crumbling plaster-of-paris dryads in the public park...those plump, Victorian Maidens who cower in knock-kneed shame?

Art! The smell of furniture polish and dust in the museum-cum-art gallery. "This picture is the bequest of Alderman so-and-so...". "Psyche at the Well"....a sleek Edwardian matron about to take a bath she obviously doesn't need. "The Three Graces"....Ophelia mad in triplicate. The public art of civic centers, the larger-than-life effigies of the soot-blackened great.....Cobden, Bright, Wellington in marble immobility; permanently thoughtful, hopeful, truculent....white-haired, white-shouldered, white-nosed..... for the pigeons are artists, too. Art! Is it animal, mineral, or vegetable?

Behan:
As far as the street's concerned, the answer is a lemon. And yet we were all poets.

MacColl:
The boy stood on the burning deck,
Selling peas a penny a peck;
Did he wash his dirty neck?
No, did he heck! (73)

Behan:
The boy stood on the burning deck,
His feet were full of blisters,
His father stood in the pub,
While the beer rolled down his whiskers. (74)

MacColl:
Sam, Sam, the dirty man,
Washed his face in a frying pan,
Combed his hair with a donkey's tail,
Scratched his belly with his big toe nail. (75)

Behan:
Pat and Mick went up a stick
And couldn't get down for thorns;
O, says Pat, that's a rat,
O, says Mick, catch it quick!
And that was the end of Pat and Mick. (76)

MacColl:
Johnny, get your gun,
There's a ghost in the garden,
Lying on its back
With its belly to the sun.
Johnny got his gun
And the gun was loaded,
Stuck it in the ghost
And the ghost exploded. (77)

Behan:
There was always something to watch...a funeral, a wedding, or, down by the canal, some drunk getting cleaned up for the coroner. But these were all 'seldoms'; the constants were the fights and the only question the men around our way asked was: "Is it private or can we all join in?"

MacColl:
There once was a man,
His name was Paddy Knight;
He challenged a navvy
Out for to fight.
Hit him on the jaw
And he nearly broke it,
Didn't know the navvy
Had a hammer in his pocket.
And he hit Paddy Knight
And he fell;
And now, I'm sad to tell,
He's either in heaven
Or Patricroft,
And I don't give a bugger
Which it is! (78)

Behan:
Murder! Murder! Polis!
Three stairs up....
The woman in the middle door
Hit me with a cup.
My nose is bleeding,
My head is cut;
Murder! Murder! Polis!
Three stairs up.
Murder! Murder! Polis!
I've broke my knee,
You might catch my brother
But you won't catch me. (79)

MacColl:
If anyone came down the street limping, they were greeted with....

Behan:
Limpy Dan, Limpy Dan,
Lift your leg
And you'll see a wee man (80)

MacColl:
Hawky duck, hawky duck,
Broke my leg and I can't get up. (81)

Behan:
A tale-bearer, a snitcher, a tell-tale-tit got this....

MacColl:
Tell-tale-tit,
Your tongue will split,
And all the dogs around here
Will have a little bit. (82)

Behan:
Tell-tale-tit,
Your mother can't knit,
Your father can't walk
With a walking stick. (83)

MacColl:
If you were tall and thin, they sang about you....

Behan:
Taller, Taller.
Taller than you oughter be;
Like a streak of water.

Skinny Lizzie,
Skinnier than you oughter be;
Like a stick of celery. (84)

And if you were undersized, they sang....

MacColl:
Awa' ye wee daft article,
Ye are na' worth a particle,
For common-sense it tak's
To make a man.
You're no' the size o' tuppence
And your income's only threepence;
You maybe think you'll get a wife,
But you'll no get Mary Anne. (85)

Behan:
And pity the poor judy trying out her first pair of high-heeled shoes.

There she goes, there she goes,
Peery heels and pointed toes;
Look at her feet, she thinks she's neat,
Black stocking and dirty feet. (86)

MacColl:
And the young blade wearing his first man's hat!

If you can't fight, wear a big hat! (87)

Behan:
Seghead! (88)

MacColl:
Rhymes about everything and nothing.

Behan:
Particularly nothing.

Hack ball, bore a hole,
Push a toff into the coal;
When he shouts for his granny,
Tell him that he hasn't any. (89)

MacColl:
What's your name?
Baldy Bane.
Where do you live?
Down the lane.
What number?
Cucumber. (90)

Behan:
Amen means so be it.
Half a loaf and a three penny bit.
Two men, four feet,
Walking down O'Connell Street,
Shouting out Pig's feet,
One-and-two a pound. (91)

MacColl:
Smoking glass, smoking glass,
Watch the moon up high;
Kicked the sun up the bum,
Chased it from the sky. (92)

BAND SEVEN

Benan:
The winter nights were really the best of all for then we really ruled the streets... when you got safely and snuggly huddled under the lamp-post and began a game of leap-frog or Jack Jack, who'll stay up the longest? And when we tired of playing games, we just sang for the fun of it; songs about us, about them, about our world of the tenements.

MacColl:
Here comes the nurse
With a red-hot poultice,
Dabs it on and takes no notice.
O, said the patient, that's too hot,
O, said the nurse, I'm sure it's not.

Goodbye to Doctor Fletcher,
Goodbye to Sparrow, too,
Goodbye to all the nurses,
And Goodbye Monsall, too. (93)

Behan:
Says your old one to my old one,
Will you come to the Waxy Dargle?
Says my old one to your old one,
Sure, I haven't got a farthing.
I've just been down to Monto town,
to see Uncle MacCardle,
He wouldn't lend me half a crown,
To go to the Waxy Dargle. (94)

MacColl:
Down in Broughton runs the Irwell,
You can smell it any time;
O, it smells just like a khazi,
Worse than working down a mine. (95)

Behan:
Holy Moses, I am dying,
Send for the doctor before I die,
The cat is sitting in the lavvy,
Turn her out before she cries for
Holy Moses all the time. (96)

MacColl:
Ting-a-ling, the fire alarm.
Tell the butts to flee,
Tell the engine for to stop
At number ninety-three,
Fetch a bucket of water,
That's what we require,
This end of the toon is tumbling doon,
Our chimney's caught on fire. (97)

Behan:
With your left, right,
Right about turn;
This is the way they go,
Marching with fixed bayonets,
The terror of every foe;
A credit to old Ireland,
Ten thousand bucaneers,
And a terror to creation
Are the Dublin Fusileers. (98)

MacColl:
All that glitters is not gold,
Take for instance Freddy's nose,
For it shines like a light
In the middle of the night,
All that glitters is not gold.

All that shivers is not jelly,
Take for instance Freddy's belly,
For he shivers like a fish
In the middle of a dish,
All that shivers is not jelly. (99)

Behan:
Ah, poor old Dicey Riley
Has taken to the sup,
Ah, poor old Dicey Riley
Will never give his up,
For it's off each morning to the pop,
She goes in for a little drop,
For the heart of the roll is Dicey Riley.

She'll walk along Fitzgibbon Street,
With an independent air;
Then it's down by Summer Hill
And at the people stare.
She'll say, "It's nearly half-past-one,
So I'll nip in for another little one."
For the heart of the roll is Dicey Riley.(100)

MacColl:
The singing streets! That is what they were like....And now night falls over the street, the early spring night wearing the quartered moon as a young blade might wear his first wrist-watch...one with a luminous dial.

And the street is no longer a rigid line of houses, but a world of shadows where the imagination flowers.

The last song is sung, the last rhyme repeated, and the young minstrels make their way home. The marbles are pocketed, the rope is taken off the lamp-post arm. Mary stops a-weeping and goes hopping home, carefully avoiding the cracks between the paving stones. The hooded terror adjusts the range-finding knob of his invisible levitation kit and goes zooming through the darkness to number senty-one at a million miles a minute.

"Ta-ra, Johnny."

"See you tomorrow, Alec. G'night! G'night... G'night."

The minstrels go, and the searchers take over. It is their world now....a world where adolescents walk in an ecstasy of loneliness or stand in idle groups where street lamps shed their pools of light....a world where young Prometheus becomes a trembling-kneed Apollo on the gasworks' croft.

THE END

(The following source notes and commentary on each of the folklore items included in the above script were prepared by Ewan MacColl and Dominic Behan. The number before each note below corresponds to the number appearing immediately after each item in the script. )

(1) Learned from my father in childhood. This ironical little fragment is common throughout urban Scotland. (E.M.)

(2) Learned in Dublin as a child. (D.B.)

(3) Words and music by Ewan MacColl. (E.M.)

(4) A typical music-hall catch with nonsense lines interpolated. A good example of the folk process. (D.B.)

(5) Children's oath, common in Catholic communities. (D.B.)

(6) The swearer holds up a wet finger and a dry one. Learned in Falkirk as a child. (E.M.)

(7) A Dublin oath. (D.B.)

(8) Salford children's oath. (E.M.)

(9) Learned in Dublin as a child. The rhyme is common throughout the British Isles. (D.B.)

(10) Small boys form a line, and, holding each other's elbows, imitate piston thrusts with their arms. Learned in Salford as a child (E.M.)

(11) Ring dance, learned in Falkirk as a child, (E.M.)

(12) Players form two ranks, and from each one a player steps out alternately. The last man out is 'executed'. Dublin children's street game. (D.B.)

(13) A dance drama. Girl kneels in center of ring. The other girls join hands and sing. A small boy is pushed into ring during the third verse and is wept over by 'Mary'. Learned in Salford as a child. The game is common throughout Great Britain, to a variety of tunes. (E.M.)

(14) Ring game from Dublin. Girl stands in centre of ring, mimes nursing child, then counts out until the word 'Go'. At this point another player is designated to take her place. (D.B.)

(15) Girls' ring game. Learned in Glasgow as a child. (E.M.)

(16) Players form three ranks. One of these ranks, designated as the robbers, marches between the other ranks and each robber is chopped on the head with the clasped hands of the other players until, at the end of the verse, one of the robbers is caught. Dublin children's game. (D.B.)

(17) Singing game, learned in Glasgow as child. (E.M.)

(18) Ring game learned in Dublin during childhood. Common throughout the British Isles. Players form circle with one girl in the center, and wheel around her as they sing. Center girl calls the name of the player she selects as 'wife', who joins her within the circle. (D.B.)

(19) A ring game learned in 1957 from Sylvia Rapoport, a 36 year old London housewife who learned it as a child in the Gorbals district of Glasgow (E.M.)

(20) Singing game learned in Dublin as a child. A row of girls stand against the wall, one player being 'out'. She marches up and down while all sing. At the mention of the Prince of Wales, the girl who is 'out' relents and joins the others. (D.B.)

(21) Hide-and-go-seek game, learned in Glasgow as a child. (E.M.)

(22) Skipping rope with both feet together and doubling up tempo on the refrain. Learned in Glasgow as a child. (E.M.)

(23) Skipping onto alternate feet. From Dublin. (D.B.)

(24) Both feet together and turning a half circle at each skip. Learned in Glasgow as a child. The song is also used for a ring game in Scotland. (E.M.)

(25) Three girls skipping together, with both feet of each girl together. From Dublin. (D.B.)

(26) High stepping or trotting during first line of song, changing to both feet together on second and fourth lines. Learned from Sylvia Rapoport, who learned it as a child in Glasgow. (E.M.)

(27) Both feet together, two extra high jumps at the end of each line of the song. From Dublin. (D.B.)

(28) Two girls skip back to back, and reverse their positions at the beginning of every couplet. Learned from my mother in 1947. (E.M.)

(29) Used for bouncing a ball on the pavement. During the "ha ha ha, he he he" section, the right and then the left leg is cocked over the ball. Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(30) For accompanying a somewhat elaborate ball-bouncing game. Learned in Dublin as a child. (D.B.)

(31) For bouncing a ball on the pavement and cocking the leg over. Learned from Jeannie Robertson of Aberdeen in 1957. (E.M.)

(32) For bouncing a ball on the pavement and cocking the leg over on the repeated rhyme words, 'puff', 'snuff', 'cough', and 'toff'. Learned in Dublin. (D.B.)

(33) For throwing a ball at a wall and catching it. Learned in Salford as a child. (E.M.)

(34) For bouncing a ball on the pavement and against the wall. From Dublin. (D.B.)

(35) Boys' counting out game. Learned in Dublin as a child. (D.B.)

(36) Counting out rhyme, learned from Sylvia Rapoport in 1957. (E.M.)

(37) Counting out game from Dublin. (D.B.)

(38) Counting out rhyme, learned form Sylvia Rapoport. (E.M.)

(39) Counting out rhyme, learned in Dublin as a child. (D.B.)

(40) Boys' counting out game, learned in Salford as a child. (E.M.)

(41) Children's street song, learned in Salford as a child. (E.M.)

(42) Children's street song, learned in Dublin as a child. (D.B.)

(43) Learned in 1957 from Ern Brooks, a 47 year old artist who grew up in the Miles-Platting district of Manchester. (E.M.)

(44) Children's street song, learned in Dublin in childhood. (D.B.)

(45) Learned in Glasgow during childhood. (E.M.)

(46) Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(47) Learned during childhood in Salford. (E.M.)

(48) Learned in childhood in Dublin. (D.B.)

(49) Colloquialisms for police common throughout British Isles. (E.M.)

(50) Common throughout Ireland and Scotland. Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(51) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(52) Learned from the singing of Sylvia Rapoport, who learned it in Glasgow. (E.M.)

(53) Learned during childhood in Dublin. (D.B.)

(54) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(55) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(56) Another example of the music-hall type of song adapted to children's uses. Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(57) Learned during childhood in Dublin. Both melody and first verse belong to a row game called "The King's Arrival". (D.B.)

(58) Learned during childhood in Salford. (E.M.)

(59) Parody on popular song of the 1920s. Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(60) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(61) Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(62) Learned in Glasgow during childhood. The "tattie howkers', or potatoe pickers, were the droves of Irish laborers who shipped to Scotland on cattleboats during harvest periods. (E.M.)

(63) A reference to the Russian-boot fashion of the late 1920s. From Dublin. (D.B.)

(64) An interesting comment of idealized extremes. (E.M.)

(65) Addressed to an extravagant person. (D.B.)

(66) Certainly the last word in contempt. (E.M.)

(67) Children's rhyme common throughout Britain and Ireland. (D.B.)

(68) Learned in Salford during childhood. In 1953 I made some recordings for the B.B.C. of a Salford street and, among other items, made a number of recordings of this song. It was sung to me by a group of children ranging from four to six years of age, and by an old woman of 76 who said that it was a very old song when she was a child. Why this somewhat artificial song should have survived only in one of Britain's grimmest towns is a mystery to me. (E.M.)

(69) Learned in Dublin as a child. (D.B.)

(70) Learned during childhood in Salford. (E.M.)

(71) Learned during childhood in Dublin. (D.B.)

(72) Molly dancers is still used in parts of rural Britain as a substitute for Morris dancers. It is more than likely that this interesting fragment was originally part if a whitsun Morris dance. Learned in childhood in Salford. (E.M.)

(73) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(74) Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(75) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(76) Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(77) Learned from Ern Brooks, of Manchester. (E.M.)

(78) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(79) Common both in Glasgow and Dublin. (D.B.)

(80) Common both in Glasgow and Dublin. (D.B.)

(81) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(82) Learned in childhood. Common throughout Britain. (E.M.)

(83) Common Dublin variant of the previous rhyme. (D.B.)

(84) One of the many children's street songs made to fit a Salvation-Army hymn tune. From Dublin. (D.B.)

(85) Learned during childhood in Falkirk. (E.M.)

(86) Learned during childhood in Dublin. (D.B.)

(87) A North of England street cry. (E.M.)

(88) Meaning swollen head. (D.B.)

(89) Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(90) Learned in Glasgow during childhood. Variants of this are found throughout Britain. (E.M.)

(91) Schoolboys' rhyme, common throughout Ireland and Britain. (E.M.)

(92) A description of an eclipse of the sun. Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(93) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(94) A child sings ironically of his mother's passion of the music hall (the Waxy Dargle), explaining that she even visits the pawnshop (Uncle MacCardle) in order to pay for this passion. Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(95) Thus the children of Salford immortalize the Irwell river, surely the dirtiest in the world. (E.M.)

(96) Another Salvation-Army tune which has been taken over by Dublin children. (D.B.)

(97) Learned in Falkirk during childhood. (E.M.)

(98) Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

(99) Learned in Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

(100) This picture of a female sot is accurately observed and entirely without malice. Learned in Dublin during childhood. (D.B.)

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