The Singing Streets
Childhood Memories of Ireland and Scotland
Ewan MacColl and Dominic Behan
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AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE
by
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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 processes 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 nature, 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 related 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 affected 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 Went A-Walking' (heard in a Dublin Irish version on this recording), or 'Poor Merry Fat A-Blowing' (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 festivities 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, 'Who saw the tattie boxers' (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 'By the Nucky Mountains' (item number 64) and 'Jesse Stockton' (item number 65), 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 falling 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 occurrences and personages (e.g., 'King Henry, King Henry', item number 10, tell of the affairs of love of a well-remembered English monarch); others are the
null
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MacColl:

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 battalions.

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 boon-held, 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 cringe the imagination of any but the toughest kid. And blank! Black as the Earl o'Hall's waistcoat!

Here lived spinners and weavers, back-tasters, little-pliers, bleachers, lathe-smiths, machine-tool-makers, coppers, brass and iron moulders, wood butchers, brickies, locomotives and coughing-johnnies from the asbestos mills.

Here, the kids practiced finger-holds on the twenty-foot wall of the dooks, 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 Monkey Mountains.

That was my city, my childhood world of streets full of the palls of playing kids. I grew up in those streets, sailed paper boats in the gutters, stalked Indian among the ditches, raise neighboring gauges for bonfire wood, and knew the first, sharp pang 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, Sate the spring on the smoky wind, Dirty Old Town, Dirty Old Town. (3)

Behan:

Rye and day the district echoed to the shouts of

"Halley, I. O."

"Last man out is a rasher!"

"Line 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. Temperance worth of Glaser 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)
The nurse wants a dog,
The nurse wants a dog,
Be-0, my daddy-0,
The nurse wants a dog,

The dog wants a bone,
The dog wants a bone,
Be-0, my daddy-0,
The dog wants a bone.

The dog won't bark,
The dog won't bark,
Be-0, my daddy-0,
The dog won't back. (18)

MacColl:
By the time we were five or five-and-a-half,
We looked on the girls ring games with
Left contempt; so, more often than not,
The 'bonnie laddie' of their songs was
Some smelly-nosed kid who had to be pushed
And guided through the routine.
Where are you going, my bonnie wee lad?
Where are you going, my daughter?
Where are you going, my bonnie wee lad?
A message for my nanny.
Halfly, dallyly, dalliky dear,
Halfly, dallyly, dalliky dear,
A message for my nanny. (19)

Behan:
The question of royalty may have been a
Vexed one with our parents, but, to us,
The prince of Christendom were famillies who
weren't above lending a hand with the
housework.
There came three Jews,
Just done 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 another 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 philosophise, too, and sum up the
Fate of men 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 laments and jestes of a tradition set to the
Rhythms of a skipping rope.

MacColl:
Single and double whip.

Jelly on the plate,
Jelly on the plate,
Wiggle, wiggle,
Wiggle, wiggle.

Jelly on the plate,
Wiggle, wiggle,
Sausage in the pan,
Sausage in the pan,
Turn them over,
Turn them round,
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,
She's a wife, she's a wife, she's a wife, she's a wife,
Down by the River Sula.

She had a baby three months old,
White, white, white, white,
She had a baby with no clothes,
Down by the River Sula. (25)

She put the baby in a pond,
White, white, white, white,
She put it in with no clothes on,
Down by the River Sula. (25)

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 exisence,
And he broke it in two,
And he gave to me the half o'it (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. (26)

Behan:

Franxly three:

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 two:

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 twisted.
Saying, "Keep your love letter,
And I will keep mine,
You stay with your sweetheart
And I'll stay with mine." (26)

Behan:

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

MacColl:

As I rose one morning,
Just before two,
There I saw a savvy,
Tying up his shoe.
He's a savvy, he's a savvy,
He's a button, he is button,
He's a savvy I can see.
As I rose one morning,
Just before two,
There I saw a savvy,
A-upping of my tea.
He's a savvy, etc. (29)

Behan:

Billy Boland, biscuit baker,
Bally Bough Bridge.

MacColl:

O, Jeanies, my dear, would you marry me?
O, Jeanies, my dear, would you go?
O, Jeanies, my dear, would you marry me,
She'll be your loving one.

I've a pottage for boiling my porridge,
I've a skillet for boiling my stew,
I've a set of cups and saucers, nay,
And a kettle for boiling my tea.

(Repeat first stanza) (31)

Behan:

Jimmy Nye, blew the fire,
Ruff, ruff, ruff,
When he goes to bed at night
He snorts, snorts, snorts,
When he rises in the morn
He coughs, coughs, coughs,
Gonna be up at night
He's a toff, toff, toff. (30)

MacColl:

Ickywick, the buttery thick,
Sent a monkey up a stick;
Flick, flick, catch it quick,
Wings-waggies, swaggering dick
Smelly smell, yellowly,
A pound of streaky bacon. (33)

Behan:

Open the gate and let me in, sir,
I am scooting to the skin, sir,
Open the gate and let me in, sir,
Just to post a letter.
One, two, three, O'Leary,
Four, five, six, O'Leary,
Seven, eight, nine, O'Leary,
Ten O'Leary, O'Leary, O'Leary. (31)

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,
So, so, so, so,
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, man, wife, wife,
I took brass, he took gold,
Policeman, policeman, don't take hold. (40)

BROADS
The police
Knock on a door and run away!
This was the way of the streets; tie two door-knockers together.
Fix a cathedrinal sash 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...ring.

Behan:

O, Bobby, can you run, run, run?
MacColl:
On the croft, on the croft,
Where we played pitch-and-toss,
And the copper came and chased us away,
So we hit him on the head.
With a bloody big lump of lead
And the silly little beggar ran away. (51)

And, of course, no alarm would be complete
without its prison. That super-t镜头 with
bars across the window is a constant reminder
that there's somebody worse off than you.
In Glasgow, the prison is called Belvidere.

The porridge is made,
You don't need a scone,
You just need to be out of your senses;
If you break the law,
You're welcome to ca' At the big mansion-house
Ca'd Belvidere, ha-ha. (52)

Behan:
In Dublin, it's Mountjoy....there's a fine
name for a nick: Some official must have
tought that one up.
In Dublin's big town there are first-class
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
Belvidere. (53)

MacColl:
And in Galloway, there was Strangeways Hall, a
Victorian-Gothic threat in black brick
backed by a desert of clay hills which we
called "The Rocky Mountains."
Up the Hunky Mountains,
Down by Doctor's Hollow,
Where the language's waiting
To frit you with a collar. (54)

Every shadow was a hiding place for Red
Indians, gaunters, 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,
a 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 eldest, the peanut boys, the
Perry Street boys.....

We are the boys of Perry Street,
We got big heads and we got big feet.

We are the boys of White Square,
Ride on the tram without any fare.
Said 'em! (55)

MacColl:
What's the tattie brokens,
What's the gang av's?
What's the tattie brokens,
Marching through the Broonistlaw?
Some of them bloods of stockings,
Some of them nabes of tape,
Some of them had thistles,
Marching through the Broonistlaw. (62)

Behan:
Russian boots and no breakfasts! (63)

MacColl:
Poverty and Piano! (64)

Behan:
Hey! Save the crumbs. (65)

MacColl:
For 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 broonistlaw-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 as a rose-red employee,
Bright are the stars,
Happy the birds, their wings wing in the air,
Happy the fishes that swim in the sea,
For we are happy.
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.
Pul de rol de rol dolo,
Pul 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.
Fur de rol de rol sol, dolo
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
relativity funeral in Glasgow cemetery.
And 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 trees rise to Beaton 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,
Sixty coppers are after us
And we don't know where we are.

Behan:
(Repeat stanza.) (70)

MacColl:
Cheer up, the ha'penny bus,
It's now 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 now everywhere. (71)

MacColl:
Autumn. Darkness coming a little earlier
every day and the evening sky looking
like the belly of a dead mammal.
And the kids prepare for Halloween by dressing
up in old rags, turning lanterns inside
out and blackening their faces.
They go from door to door, to door singling 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 Halt 'em!
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 there. I don't know.
What is art to those who live in the
desert? Is it something to do with the
crumbling plaster of-parties dances in the
public park...those plump, Victoria
Maidens who cover in knob-kneed bloomers?
Art? The smell of furniture polish and dust
in the museum-cum-art gallery. "This picture
is the bequest of Allerman and so on..."
"Psynce at the Wall..." a sleek Edwardian
matron about to take a bath she obviously
doesn't need.
"The Three Graces..." Obelisk
mad in triplicate. The public art of civic
centers, the larger-than-life effigies of the
root-backed great....Golliwog, Bright,
Wellington in marble immobility; permanently
thoughtful, hopeful, tranquil...white-
haired, white-shouldered, white-noosed...
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 pack.
Did he wash his dirty neck?
No, did he break? (73)
Behan:
The day stood on the burning deck,
His feet were full of blisters,
In the middle of the pub,
While the beer rolled down his whiskers. (74)

MacColl:
Jim, Jim, the Ghirr 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 wounded,
Stuck it in the ghost
And the ghost exploded. (77)

Behan:
There was a great moment to watch...a
Funeral, a wedding, or, down by the
Canal, some drunk getting cleaned up for
The coroner. But these were all "rivals";
The constables were the fights and the only
Question the men around us ever asked was:
"Is it private or can we all join in?" (78)

MacColl:
There once was a man,
His name was Paddy Knight;
He challenged a rusty
Out for a fight.
Hit him on the jaw
And he nearly broke it,
Didn't know the rusty
Had a hammer in his pocket.
And he hit Paddy Knight
And he fell;
And now, I'm told to tell,
He's either in heaven
Or Patrick's Cap;
And I don't give a bugger
Which it is! (79)

Behan:
Mamie! Mamie! P الإسرائيلي:
Three stairs up...
The woman in the middle door
Hit me with a cup.
My nose is bleeding,
My head is cut;
Mamie! Mamie! Israeli:
Three stairs up;
Mamie! Israeli!
I've broken my knee,
You might catch my brother
But you won't catch me. (80)

MacColl:
If anyone came down the street limping,
you would have greeted........
Behan:
Limby Den, Limby Den,
Lift your leg
And you'll see a wee man. (81)

MacColl:
Badly duck, badly duck,
Brook your leg and I can't get up. (82)

Behan:
A tale-bearer, a snitcher, a tall-tale-tit
Got this.

MacColl:
Tell-tale-tit,
Your tongue will split,
And all the dogs around here will have a little bit. (83)

Behan:
Tell-tale-tit,
Your mother can't knit,
Your father can't walk
With a walking stick. (84)

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,
Skinner than you oughter be;
Like a stick of celery. (85)

And if you were underfed, they sang...

MacColl:
Avra ye wees daft article,
Ye are na' worth a particle,
(0) Salford children's oath. (E.M.)

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

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

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

(4) 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.)

(5) 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 swept over by 'Mary'. Learned in Salford as a child. The game is common throughout Great Britain, to a variety of tunes. (E.M.)

(6) Ring game from Dublin. Girls stands in centre of ring, male nurse child, then counts out until the word 'do'. At this point another player is designated to take her place. (D.B.)

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

(8) Players form three ranks. One of these ranks, designated as the robbers, marches between the other two ranks and each robber is chased 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.)

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

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

(11) A ring game learned in 1957 from Sylvia Rapport, a 30 year old London housewife who learned it as a child in the Gorbals district of Glasgow. (E.M.)

(12) 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.)

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

(14) Skipping rope with both feet together and doubling up leaps on the refrain. Learned in Dublin. (D.B.)

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

(16) 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.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(24) For bouncing a ball on the pavement and cocking the leg over on the repeated rhyme words, 'pull', 'yell', 'cough', and 'tuff'. Learned in Dublin. (D.B.)

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

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

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

(28) Counting out rhyme, learned from Sylvia Rapport in 1957. (E.M.)

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

(30) Boys' counting out game, learned from Sylvia Rapport. (E.M.)

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

(32) Counting out rhyme, learned from Sylvia Rapport. (E.M.)

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

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

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

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

(37) Learned in 1957 from E.B. Brooks, of Manchester. (E.M.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(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 70 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 grimiest 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) Holly dancer 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 of a Whit Low 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 Salford during childhood. (D.B.)

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

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

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

(80) Learned 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) Learned in Dublin during childhood. (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 Salford. (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 Salford during childhood. (E.M.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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