

THE JOYOUS BOOK OF SINGING GAMES

HORNBY

74
24

The
Joyous Book of Singing Games.

*Collected and Arranged with Pianoforte
Accompaniments.*

By
JOHN HORNBY.



TORONTO:
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA,
LIMITED.

1914.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
CALGARY

PRINTED BY E. J. ARNOLD AND SON, LTD.,
AT THEIR WORKS,
RUTHERFORD STREET, HUNSLET LANE, LEEDS.

CONTENTS.

No.	PAGE	No.	PAGE
1. M.O. FOR MAUDIE-O	1	47. WHEN I WORE MY FLOUNCES	69
2. THE MULBERRY BUSH	2	48. THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY	70
3. CAN YOU SHOW ME HOW THE FARMER?... 3	3	49. DRAW BUCKETS O' WATER	72
4. BUNNY'S ACCIDENT	4	50. THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON	73
5. FAIR ROSIE	6	51. HAVE YOU SEEN THE MOCKING-BIRD? .. .	74
6. THE YULE LOGS	7	52. HAVE YOU SEEN THE BEGGAR-MAN? .. .	75
7. BE BA BABITY	8	53. BINGO	76
8. THE DOCTOR IS A VERY FINE MAN	10	54. SAY, BONNIE LASSIE	78
9. THE CAPTAIN HAD A SPYING GLASS	12	55. THE WIND BLOWS HIGH	80
10. I'M THE GABEL HUNTSIMAN	13	56. SEE THE BUNNY SLEEPING	83
11. IN DIXIE LAND	14	57. THE MUFFIN MAN	84
12. THE SQUIRREL	16	58. WE ARE ALL LITTLE GIRLIES	86
13. HARRY MCGARRY	18	59. RING A RING O' ROSES	87
14. ON THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON	20	60. COME, COME, MY PRETTY MAN	88
15. DO YOU LACK?	22	61. DO YOU KNOW THE WAY?	90
16. SALLY WATERS	23	62. SEE THE LITTLE HANDS	91
17. MY MOTHER SENT ME UNTO YOU	24	63. WE ARE THE SOUNDING BUGLERS	92
18. HERE COMES AN OLD MAN FROM HULL .. .	26	64. LA MARGUERITE	94
19. TO PUSH THE BUSINESS ON	28	65. HOW MANY MILES TO BANBURY?	96
20. TWO LITTLE MAIDENS	30	66. MY FATHER WAS A TAILOR	98
21. WALLFLOWERS	32	67. HERE COMES AN OLD WOMAN FROM SWITZER- LAND	100
22. MONDAY NIGHT	33	68. HOW OATS AND BEANS AND BARLEY GROW .. .	102
23. SEE WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL	34	69. DOORS OF MORNING	105
24. A-HUNTING WE WILL GO	36	70. MINE'S A LOVELY HOUSE	106
25. WHEN BERTIE GOES TO THE BALL	37	71. THE TYROLESE ARE JOLLY	108
26. HERE COMES ONE DUKE A-RIDING	38	72. THERE WERE THREE JOLLY FISHERMEN .. .	109
27. ROUND AND ROUND THE VILLAGE	39	73. THE GREEN LEAVES GREW ALL AROUND .. .	110
28. ON A MOUNTAIN STANDS A LADY	40	74. MUSICAL CHAIRS	111
29. JILLY JO	42	75. WITH A HEY-DING-DING	112
30. QUEEN MARY	44	76. HOW SWEETLY THE LARK	114
31. ROMAN SOLDIERS	46	77. THE LOST LETTER	116
32. ROSY APPLE	48	78. IF I WERE A FAIR ONE	117
33. HERE COMES ONE JEW	50	79. ORANGES AND LEMONS	118
34. POOR ELLEN	53	80. ONE MAN WENT TO MOW	120
35. ISABELLA	54	81. BLACKTHORN	121
36. MOTHER, WILL YOU BUY?	56	82. ROUND THE CORN-STOOKS	122
37. THE BIG SHIP SAILS	58	83. THE KING OF THE BARBAREES	123
38. ALLE GALOO!.. .. .	59	84. MY MOTHER SAID	124
39. THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER	60	85. TO BECCLES	126
40. THE DAY'S FAR SPENT	61	86. THE SEVEN GAME	127
41. OLD ROGER	62	87. THE WOLF AND THE LAMB	128
42. THE FARMER'S IN HIS DEN	64	88. LONDON BRIDGE	130
43. HERE WE COME, LOOPY LOO	65	89. WHO IS THIS SO LATE?	132
44. NUTS IN MAY	66	90. COME AND JOIN OUR ROUNDELAY	134
45. WHAT WILL YOU DO IN SUMMER-TIME .. .	67	91. MAYPOLE STYLE	136
46. LOAVES ARE BURNING	68	92. GREEN GROW THE LEAVES	139



INTRODUCTION.

MAN doth not live by bread alone but by all things gracious and comely within the circumference of God's world, and Education marcheth not only along the line of direct and strenuous work but lives even in play and the lilt of joyous game.

To minister to a felt need and to help those who would follow a wise suggestion of the Board of Education in the matter, this book of Singing Games has been compiled.

Among its contents will be found things useful, not only for tinies, infants, and juniors, but even for upstanding youths and maidens, not only, it may be, for Schools, but for Guilds of Play, Girls' Friendly Societies, Open Air Fêtes, and for all home and social gatherings where the world-shaking question may arise, "What shall we do next?" Among the collection are many old favourites, as well as others, both home and foreign, that appear for the first time. Some have been written for the present collection, and others, of which only obvious fragments could be remembered, have been completed in words or music on the pleasant lines of the old and time-tried favourites. In the case of children's games from other lands, the chief aim has been to preserve the spirit of the game even at some sacrifice of the letter. Hence, the translations are for the most part distinctly "free."

In games, where it is necessary for some one to be in the centre—to be "It"—there is often some slight difficulty in the selection. The difficulty is settled by the use of counting rhymes, of which "O.U.T. out goes she" is a modern and very pallid example. Some of the older and still surviving examples seem to partake of the nature of incantation, as though the game itself had once been some solemn and possibly fearsome rite, and "It" must therefore have special and magical sanction, and as holding for the nonce, an onerous and perhaps dangerous position requiring peculiar and supernormal protection. Space has been left for recording other games that the reader may come across in his own district, and some notes for use of collectors have been briefly set down. The pianoforte accompaniments have been kept in touch with the feeling of the melody as closely as may be. They are, however, intended mainly for teaching purposes, for resting the voice, and possibly for concert purposes. The ideal is being approached when the children pitch and play the games without any outside suggestion whatever.

The writer would wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Lucy Lund, of Ilkley, Miss Smith, of New Earswick, York, Mrs. Stubbs, of London, Miss Mary Champness, of King's Norton, Miss Hilda Hearn, of Bromley, Kent, Miss Blok, Miss Andersen, Miss Garbutt, Miss Winifred Helm, and Mrs. Harold Wager, of Leeds, Mr. H. Holman, of London, and Mr. Ibberson, of Ilkley, and all friends both at home and abroad, who, by contribution or suggestion, have helped to make this book, what the compiler hopes it will be—a real help and friend to all who are themselves friends of the bright eyes, the rosy cheeks, and the green fields of that Merrie England that has been and is yet to be.

Now the collecting of a book of Singing Games is not the effort of a day, nor is it, as a rule, the unaided work of one shepherd. The in-gathering of the present collection has been no exception to this rule, for the net has been cast widely, in many places, and by many hands. Many of the English games herein set down were played by the writer in his own boyhood in the farmhouses of quiet Yorkshire dales. These have been revived and augmented by the

assistance of child friends in one of the poorer parishes of a great industrial centre of the North. Others have come from friends in the busy towns of Lancashire; this from the windswept cliffs about Whitby; this from the smoky purlieus of Birmingham; this from a quiet vicarage in Westmorland; this from the streets of Coleraine, and this from within ken of the Broomielaw. Others have come from kindly helpers in Denmark, in France, in Holland, in Germany, in Switzerland. Most of the English games have been duplicated over and over again, and one week's post brought the same little stranger—a foreigner—from Charlottenburg, from Amsterdam, and also from Copenhagen. These duplications differ, indeed, in detail of word, and, it may be, of note, but the type and traditional form emerges and prevails.

Now as to the origins of the games themselves it is not easy to speak. Many of them are doubtless survivals of religious, civic, or domestic activities of an earlier time, discarded or outgrown by those who for ages had found pleasure in them, yet preserved and perpetuated by virtue of that ingrained conservatism which is so characteristic of all childhood. To the folklorist the games are a veritable treasure house of world-old fragments and reliques. Lady Gomme, in her fascinating writings on this theme, suggests that some of the games hark back to a civilization that was not merely Celtic, but actually pre-Aryan, and that the real and original significance of parts of the ritual is only to be found by a comparison with tribal customs still obtaining among the more primitive races of Asia or Africa.

And yet this is not so surprising when we remember that stone mauls were used as late as the Battle of Hastings (how curiously near this makes the Stone Age seem to be)—that the squares of our game of Hop Scotch have been found scored on ancient pavements recently bared in Rome near to, and co-eval with, the Colosseum itself—that the figures on the brazen facepieces of the very cart-horses in our street find their origin in the magic and nature worship of Egypt—that the great convivial and immortal strains to "He's a jolly good fellow" were brought to this country from the East by returned Crusaders, and are to this day, as one writer says, the only Western tune that is able to disturb the Oriental calm of the native Egyptian as he listens to the music of our Regimental bands in the squares of Grand Cairo. If these things of sight and sound and ritual have so successfully weathered the storm and stress of the centuries, is it so surprising that in our children's singing games there should be found traces of earth-worship, of well-dressing, of magic bread, of blood sacrifice, of courtship by ambassador, of marriage by capture, and a score of other things wholly unknown to the little singers themselves and but little suspected even by the elders who are looking on?

But how are we to account for the persistence of the games? Why, in the welter of modern things, have they refused to go down into silence? There have been competitors enough, there have been opposition, cold indifference, and even a cheap superciliousness. Schemes of breathing, organized games, new songs, fresh dances, and what not, by hosts of talented writers have been simply rained on us—yet, here we are dancing "On the Bridge of Avignon," or tripping "Round the Mulberry Bush" as blithely as ever.

They have stood the test, they live in their own right and the need of childhood. They live because the appeal of the old games is to something deep down and constant in the very fibre and fabric of child-being. They are of the earth, and the wind, and the home, and the heather, and all the gracious commonplaces of human life and circumstance. "For Heaven's sake," says Whitman, "give us songs that do not sound ridiculous in the open air." From this test both songs, words, and ritual emerge triumphant. They are children of the open air. The words express it, and dance and ritual are attuned to it. They persist, as does the beauty of the gorse and the lark's song.

The Shepherd Psalmist sings "Let us rejoice in the way," and every little child cries "Amen."

And in these games there is a hale heartiness in honest doing, in sowing and ploughing, in land-faring and sea-faring; there is a wholesome pleasure in the sweet content of childhood, of youth, of maidenhood, of motherhood; there is joy in living and loving, and little fear even in dying. Into this precious heritage we enter, dimly reviving ancient race memories, and, it may be, unconsciously posturing towards that fuller life that already begins to beckon us along. Ever rejoicing in the way—yet this joyance, coming, not by analysis and introspection, but upspringing from the deeper harmonies within as the genius for self-expression, finds rich outlet in the ritual of the world-old game—limited, indeed, and outlined by the form of the game, but ranging, with the utmost freedom for its themes, among the great simplicities of kindly human life, and enacting them with untrammelled zest upon the broad stage of the green earth, blown upon by the free wind, and beneath the broad dome of "the most ancient heavens fresh and strong," encircling the game idea with the delight and varied artistry of song, dance, and dramatic action, and calling into play all the swing of youth and liting exuberance of young blood in the veins. Here, indeed, is joy in well-doing visibly manifested and outwardly expressed—joy strong and rhythmic—surging up from the subconscious harmonizing of mind and body, and forthshowing itself in the gaiety of the movement and in the kindling eye of the young players, so that even now we begin to apprehend something of what he meant, who said,

Beauty born of murmuring sound
Has passed into her face.

From this it is clear that one thing will be required of the person who teaches the game. Here, as elsewhere, it is the spirit that quickeneth. The letter killeth. In teaching the games there will, of necessity, be precision in the outline of music and words and ritual, but within this the greatest joy and liberality of expression. The teaching atmosphere will be the frank and kindly relationship of the game, not the rigid and unbending drill of the barrack squad. It is this latter that has made it possible for a well-known collector of folk-songs roundly to declare that once song or game is taught in school it loses all chance of survival as enjoyable art elsewhere. The letter killeth. The spirit quickeneth. In the presence of free play rigidity and barriers break down and relationships become gracious and kindly, and players themselves become indeed a happy family. The teacher or guild leader who declines to enter freely and fully into this spirit, which is the very essence of the game, is in parlous state and hath about her neck already, so far at least as games are concerned, the very millstone of pedagogical submergement.

The songs themselves are strongly rhythmic, and rhythm makes a universal appeal. Their melodic form also is not without significance. They are simple and diatonic. The accidental in the older tunes is simply non-existent. The melodies for the most part are within the octave. An examination of fifty of the oldest English singing games shows a pretty even division between songs that lie in the octave between tonic and tonic (Doh to Doh¹), and those in the octave between dominant and dominant (Soh¹ to Soh). They consist but rarely of more than a single phrase. They are easily learned, and they "stick."

Most of them have probably been derived from adult dance tunes or ballads, have been pressed into service, and kept. The tune to "Here comes one Jew" is in some districts used as a Hymn tune to words beginning "O happy day." Whether the singing game or the hymn has the prior claim to the tune is not easy to say off-hand, but the chances are in favour of the children. The great question with them is, "Will it fit?" "Does it go?" The tune to the

Dixie land game has been lifted bodily into the children's set from a plantation ditty, and that within fifty years, while the tune to the second part of "On a mountain" bears more than a remote resemblance to a tune connected with "Kind words can never die." But what would you? Is not "Robin Adair" a depraved version of a pure Irish melody "Eileen aroon," and is not the popular tune to "When mothers of Salem" one of the roystering drinking song-tunes of Holland and Germany to this day?

The words of the songs are plain, forceful, and but little latinized. The sentiments expressed are devoid of subtlety. If hidden meaning there be, it is not felt by the child players. Sometimes the words are pure nonsense, as in

Here we come gathering nuts in May
This fine and frosty morning,

though an attempt has been made to show a sweet reasonableness here by reading *Knots for nuts*, and tracing an allusion to old-time customs of gathering May-blossoms as part of the May Day festivities. Yet our games are not wholly rural even in their setting, for here and there is the flavour of court and palace, glimpses of silks and satins, of sweeping curtsey and the grand manner.

Tunes, words, and ritual, however, have many variations, and rarely are collections made, even in adjacent districts, that are altogether alike. For it is the great characteristic of the folk-song—as distinguished from the art song—that it is ever in a state of flux. It is never quite fixed—hence the reader must not be surprised if he find the present version occasionally differ from his own local and acceptable rendering.

Except for the very strongest reasons, it is best in such case to leave well alone and to let the local version remain undisturbed, for the strain of alteration, unless it fully and spontaneously commend itself to the people most concerned, namely, the children themselves, will always mar that full and almost unconscious concentration which is the life breath of all real self-expression.

If the games, even in their joyous make-believe, be taught aright, with that "beauty of expression and fine consonance that are subservient to the good disposition," they will stir into response deep and sweet things of the soul, and in their own way will preach a true temperance and self-control, give balance and poise in movement, forth-show the joy of perfect doing, help towards the fitting of oneself to the social unit of the game and of life, and, in fine, they will become part of that comely fabric upon which walks all that is best in common citizenship and kindly human society.

So she beheld those maydens' merriment
With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came
Them-selves to ground with gracious humbleness bent
And her ador'd by honorable name
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame;
Then on her head they sett a girlonde green
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who, in her self resemblance well beseeue
Did seeme, such as she was, a good maiden Queen.
Then gan they sprinkele all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day
They all perfume with frankincense divine
And precious odours fetcht from far away
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.

UPGROWNS as well as children are remarkably shy when asked to sing over a tune. It is this shyness that has to be overcome; we have to win the confidence of our hearer. Now we shall not gain that by any sort of a patronising preliminary conversation. Converse, to be of any use, must be free and sympathetic. Kindly talk about old customs helps; an implied reverence for old and simple ways of life helps, and this not as solo but as dialogue. It helps if one calls to mind one's own delight of oldtime merry-makings. It helps to exchange experience of old games, ancient rhymes, dandling songs and the like, even if they sound ridiculous. For one must risk something to gain any confidence worth having. It helps if you hum over snatches of old tunes of dance or singing games; and you needn't sing them too well—nay, it will hurt nothing if you break down in your attempt and start again, or blunder on till at last your hearer out of a full heart is bound in pity to help you to get the tune right—and the more familiar the tune is, the better. Once you have got your hearer to sing even one note the ice is broken, and with care there will be no more trouble on the score of shyness. For the collector, in his attempt to win this "homey" atmosphere, must use all his effort, because till this is won little or nothing can be done. Once this step is passed the rest is a matter of patience and care in writing of note and word.

With children there must be a certain indirect coaxing. In ordinary school life simply to watch an old game and show approving interest, and perhaps to ask a kindly question or two, will make the game itself popular in a remarkably short time; and when it is found that these things are appreciated, memories will be ransacked and new and extra games will be forthcoming in a remarkably short time. The writer wrote down a list of half a dozen old games on a sheet of foolscap, hung it up in a school, and asked the elder girls to put any others down they knew and sign their name to each one they mentioned. The result was that three foolscap sheets were filled in quite a short time. True, many were ordinary play-games without music, but there were at least thirty singing games in a more or less complete state.

On further enquiry incomplete games were often filled up by statements, "I know a girl who says they always say so-and-so for the last line at Ripon," or my mother says "They used to play it this way," and in one case it was "My grandmother says the last line was 'I pray you, good people, come out of the water.'" This very uncommon and very interesting line in No. 16 actually was recovered in this way.

In regard to actually taking down words and music the collector will be wise to take the words down first, encouraging his helper to sing it rather than say. Do not stop your singing if you miss a line—leave a space and catch up where you can; you can always fill up afterwards. Incidentally you will, by the time the singer is through, have a good hold of the tune yourself. Next bar the words putting the bar *before* the strong beat as thus:—

The | farmer's in his | den—
The | farmer's in his | den—
| He Hi | Daidy O
The | farmer's in his | den.

You will thus have got your tune naturally barred. Then you sing over your tune, say to solfa, and write it so:—

s, | d d d r | d
s, | d d d r | d
| s s | m r d d | r r s, t, | d

The rhythm is obviously two pulses to the measure or two beats to the bar, and, therefore, by beating it out slowly you can insert your pulse marks as below:—

s, | d d : d r | d : s, | d d : d r | d : — | s : s | m r : d | &c.

Now the lilt in the first pulse in bar one will show you that the first doh is longer than the second, and you will finally get the complete form as given on *page 64*.

Collectors should note that all tunes do *not* begin on the first beat of the bar. This seems an absurd thing to say, but the writer's experience shows that while many people can correctly record a melody as far as pitch of note is concerned, yet grasp of rhythm is comparatively undeveloped; and one of his best correspondents sent him many songs quite note perfect so far as note-pitch and note-length were concerned, but quite unsingable as they stood because the bars seemed to be put in more as an aid to beauty of appearance than as a guide to rhythmic form. One favourite way was to make all tunes to start on the first beat of the bar. The reader has only to try this way with the old melody of "For He's a jolly good fellow" to realize the hopelessness of this correspondent's method. Put the bar before the strongest beat. Again, after writing out the tune in old notation, it is often wise to ask a friend who doesn't know it to play it just as it is. Mistakes in manuscript often come to light in this way.

In regard of the game ritual, the collector must use the simplest and most direct terms, and everything must be kept strictly in order of sequence; thus, "A ring game—couples formed—all join hands to make the ring—'It' in the centre, etc.—ring dances round singing," etc. It is often a good plan to test your method by using, say, a heap of counters on a table and putting them into position exactly as the words of direction state—not as you yourself think—or to get a friend to read your instruction and then describe the game. This independent test is generally conclusive.

No. 1.—M.O. FOR MAUDIE-O.

M. O for Maudie-O! Bon nie, bon-nie Maudie-O! I love a fresh rose: Call up-on me.

KEY G. |d :d ,r |m ,r :d |r ,r :r ,m |f ,m :r |s :s ,s |s :s |s ,s :s |s :-|

Ped.

A ring is formed. Hands are joined. Maud stands in the centre. The ring walks round, singing:—

M.O. for Maudie-O!
 Bonnie, bonnie Maudie-O!
 I love a fresh rose;
 Call upon me.

At "Me" the ring stops. All raise their right hands, like children in class wishing to answer, but in this case desiring to be chosen. One is chosen—Ethel. She enters the ring.

The ring moves round, singing "E.O. for Ethel-O! Bonnie, bonnie Ethel-O! etc."

At the same time Maud and Ethel, joining right hands, dance round each other quickly, but stop with the ring at "me."

Ethel chooses another (Annie), Maud rejoining the ring. The verse is now "A.O. for Annie-O!" and the movement continues as before till all have been "It."

This game differs from some of the older games, in that "It" is a desirable position. In many of the earlier games, "It" appeared to be under some form of taboo, and could only be chosen by means of the wizardry of a counting-out rhyme.

No. 2.—THE MULBERRY BUSH.

Here we go round the mul-berry bush, The mul-berry bush, the mul-berry bush,
 Key F. | d :d :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | d :- :d | r :- :r | r :- :d | t, :- :l | s, :- : :-

Here we go round the mul-berry bush, This cold and frost-y morn-ing.
 | d :d :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | d :- :d | r :- :r | s, :l :t, | d :- : | d :- : ||

Form a ring. Join hands and dance round singing:—

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
 The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,
 Here we go round the mulberry bush,
 This cold and frosty morning.

The ring breaks and stands still. Everybody sings, suiting the action to the words:—

This is the way we wash our hands,
 We wash our hands, we wash our hands,
 This is the way we wash our hands,
 This cold and frosty morning.

Then the ring forms again and, in strict time, dashes off into the dance, singing:—

Here we go round the mulberry bush, etc.

Again the ring breaks and the verses in turn become:—

This is the way we wash our face; brush our hair; etc.

There is room in this game for the whole sequence of domestic activities.

This game is in some districts known as "Here we go round the angry bush." In Scotland, "Here we go round the jing-a-ring" is the variant.

No. 4.—BUNNY'S ACCIDENT.

Here we come, bunnies in the sun! See us prancing, see us prancing

Key E.7. ♭ | s : f | m : | r m : f r | d : | m . f : s m r m : f r |

Gai - ly dance - ing, gai - ly dance - ing, Till the day - time is done.

| m . f : s m | r m : f r | m : f | s : | f m : f r | d : ||

All dance round in a ring, with hands joined, singing:—

Here we come, bunnies in the sun;
See us prancing, see us prancing,
Gaily dancing, gaily dancing,
Till the daytime is done.

They now loose hands and move about on all fours, pretending to nibble grass, and singing:—

Now we go in a row.
After pastime, after pastime,
Comes the grass-time, comes the grass-time,
Till each bun home will run.

At one end of the room enters a man with a gun. Bunnies cease nibbling grass and begin to creep away into the other corner, singing:—

Come away; come, I say.
I'm a-fearing, I'm a-fearing
Some one's nearing, some one's nearing.
There's the one—with a gun.

BUNNY'S ACCIDENT (*continued*).

All have crept away except one, who remains in the centre, nibbling and playing in spite of warning. They lie down to sleep, singing :—

Now we rest; sun is in the west.
Skies are rosy, skies are rosy;
Bunnies cosy, bunnies cosy.
Good-bye, sun. Day is done.

Bang! The man has shot, and the centre bunny drops. The bunnies all start up, and the man goes slowly away. The wounded bunny is very still. After a pause they all creep back to look, bringing a doctor with a big bottle and a bell. They sing softly :—

Hark! Hark! Hark! Bunny's in the dark;
Doctor Pottle, Doctor Pottle,
With his bottle, with his bottle,
And his bell makes him well.

The doctor administers medicine, and then rings his bell slowly three times. The children count (softly) "One!" (louder) "Two!" (very loudly) "Three." The wounded bunny jumps up. All join hands and dance round, singing :—

Ding-dong, bell. Bunny now is well.
See the morning light is coming,
And the bees will soon be humming.
Hip hurray! Here's the sun.

At the end all rush to the centre, raise hands towards the sun, and shout "Hurray!"

The tune is a Danish Folk Melody.

No. 5.—FAIR ROSIE.

Fair Ros - ie was a love - ly girl, Love - ly girl, love - ly girl, Fair

KEY E. ♭. : : s | l : s | m : r | d : m | m : - | r : f | f : - | m : s | s : s }

Ros - ie was a love - ly girl, Love - ly girl.

: l : s | m : r | d : m | m : - | s : - | s : - | d : - | ||

A ring is formed and hands are joined. "Fair Rosie" stands in the middle. The "handsome prince" is outside.

- (1) Fair Rosie was a lovely girl,
Lovely girl, lovely girl,
Fair Rosie was a lovely girl,
Lovely girl.
- (2) An ancient castle was her home, etc.
- (3) Fair Rosie sits in her high tower, etc.
- (4) A wicked fairy found her there, etc.
- (5) Fair Rosie sleeps a hundred years, etc.
- (6) A forest grew around her tower, etc.
- (7) A handsome prince comes riding by, etc.
- (8) Fair Rosie now need sleep no more, etc.
- (9) The prince is dancing with his bride, etc.
- (10) And all the guests make merry there, etc.

The ring moves round singing.

The ring raises arms and closes up.

Rosie sits and the ring Tower stands still all round.

The ring waves arms of enchantment.

The ring becomes the Tower again and Rosie sleeps.

The ring unlooses hands and raises them high, as trees.

The prince comes through trees.

The prince wakes Rosie in the traditional manner.

The prince and Rosie dance.

Ring, now representing guests, dances round in couples; and so the game ends.

No. 6.—THE YULE LOGS.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Yule logs are waiting, boys, In the forest old and grey, Come, come and fetch them home, Too-ral-oo-ral-ay." Below the lyrics is the key signature "KEY G." and a rhythmic notation: "r . d : d | t, d : r . n | f . n : n | n : n , n | r . d : d | t, d : r . t, | d : - ||". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time, and the bottom staff is a bass line in 2/4 time.

A large ring walks round, with hands joined, and singing the first verse. Two in centre are trees. Woodmen stand outside the ring.

Yule logs are waiting, boys,
In the forest old and grey;
Come, come and fetch them home,
Too-ral-oo-ral-ay.

The ring stands and, with appropriate action, sings as follows:—

Snow, snow is falling fast; Too-ral-, etc.	The ring imitates with raised hands.
Wind, wind is blowing strong; Too-ral-, etc.	Waves hands and swings bodies.
Woodmen are coming now; Too-ral-, etc.	Woodmen dance up.
Make, make a way for them; Too-ral-, etc.	The ring opens.
Down soon the yule trees come; Too-ral-, etc.	The ring dances.
Turn up your sleeves, my lads; Too-ral-, etc.	Woodmen imitate.
Chop, chop away, my lads; Too-ral-, etc.	Woodmen imitate.
Yule trees are steady yet; Too-ral-, etc.	The "trees" stand firm.
Trees, trees are shaky now; Too-ral-, etc.	They sway.
Down come the trees at last; Too-ral-, etc.	All imitate.
Now bear them off, my lads; Too-ral-, etc.	On shoulders they carry the two "trees" out of the ring.
Make up the fire, my lads; Too-ral-, etc.	They throw garments on the "trees" as fuel, and the ring gathers round.
Blow, blow the flame to raise; Too-ral-, etc.	They pretend to blow the fire.
Warm, warm your hands, my boys; Too-ral-, etc.	Imitate.
Dance round the jolly logs; Too-ral-, etc.	The ring is re-formed and dances round the logs.
Too-ral-oo-ral-ay.	

All rush to the centre, shouting "Hurrah!" and waving hands on high.

No. 7.—BE BA BABITY.

Wha learned you to dance Bab - i - ty, Bab - i - ty?
I wid na hae a lass - ie oh, A lass - ie oh, A lass - ie oh? I

KEY A. ♭. d | f :m | r .t₁ :s₁ | d .r :m | d .r :m |

Wha learned you to dance Bab at the bow - ster braw - ly?
I wid na hae a lass - ie oh, I'd ra - ther hae a lad - die.

If :m | r .t₁ :s₁ | s .s .s :f .m | r :d ||

A ring is formed with a girl in the centre. Hands are joined, and the children dance round, singing:—

- (1) Wha learned you to dance,
Babity, Babity?
Wha learned you to dance,
Bab at the bowster brawly?

Girl replies singing:—

- (2) I widna hae a lassie ho!
A lassie ho! a lassie ho!
I widna hae a lassie ho!
I'd rather hae a laddie.

BE BA BABITY (*continued*).

The ring stops. She spreads her handkerchief on the ground before a boy. Both kneel and salute. They rise, and all dance round, singing:—

- (3) Kneel down, kiss the ground,
Kiss the ground, kiss the ground.
Kneel down, kiss the ground,
Kiss a bonnie wee laddie.

Then the girl joins the ring, which dances round singing, "Wha learned, etc." Thus the game re-commences, the boy being left in the centre. "Laddie" in the song is now changed to "lassie." And instead of "Kneel down, etc.," the line becomes "Choose, choose, wha ye'll hae, wha ye'll hae, wha ye'll hae. Choose, Choose, . . . Kiss a bonnie wee lassie."

The tune is that of a court-dance of the time of Charles II. The game is well known in Scotland.

No. 8.—THE DOCTOR IS A VERY FINE MAN.

The doc - tor is a ve - ry fine man; A ve - ry fine man is he. If your

KEY G. <:d r | n :n | n :d r | n n :n | n :d r | n n :n | f :n | r : - | :t,d >

FINE.

head should ache, he makes you well; He does by one, two, three, He

<:r :r | r :t,d | r :r | r :t,s | s | f :r | d : - | || n r >

turns you once, he turns you twice, He turns you round a - bout. "Two

<:d :l, | l, | n r | d :l, | l, | n r | d :l, | t, | s, | l, : - | :n r >

D.C.

ta - ble - spoons of this, my dear, I think will make you shout." Oh!

<:d :l, | l, | n r | d :l, | l, | n r | d :r | n :f e | s : - | s ||

THE DOCTOR IS A VERY FINE MAN (continued).

The doctor is a very fine man ;
A very fine man is he.
If your head should ache, he makes you well ;
He does by one, two, three,

He turns you once, he turns you twice,
He turns you round about.
"Two tablespoons of this, my dear,
I think will make you shout." Oh!

The players join hands and form a ring, with the doctor and patient in the centre. The patient obviously has a headache. The ring moves round, singing to "three." Then they stand, but continue to sing while the doctor, taking the patient's right hand, raises it and turns her to the right. At "twice" he changes hands and turns her to the left. After "about" the ring is silent and the doctor sings alone as far as "shout," at the same time pretending to pour a draught into the patient's right hand ; the latter drinks at "shout."

The ring throws up arms at "Oh!" and, joining hands, romps round at increased speed to *Fine* in the music. This ends the first display.

Re-commence, and for "head" substitute "neck," or "arm," or "elbow," or "wrist," or "knee," *ad lib.* The game is played as before.

No. 9.—THE CAPTAIN HAD A SPYING GLASS.

KEY D. ♩ | m | n | s | d | : - n | m | n | r | - : r | r | f | t₁ | : - r | r | d | d | n | m | n | s | d | : - n |

The Cap-tain had a spy-ing glass, The Cap-tain had a spy-ing glass, The Cap-tain had a

spy - ing glass, And he looked out to sea. I don't know what he looked for, I

don't know what he looked for, I don't know what he looked for, But I've dis-cov-ered thee.

The Captain had a spying glass,
The Captain had a spying glass,
The Captain had a spying glass,
And he looked out to sea.

I don't know what he⁽¹⁾ looked for,
I don't know what he⁽²⁾ looked for,
I don't know what he⁽³⁾ looked for,
But I've discovered⁽⁴⁾ thee.

A ring of girls is formed. They join hands. A smaller ring of boys is within, and these likewise join hands. The girls move round sunwise; boys contrariwise, all singing, "The Captain, etc." At "sea," each boy joins his right hand with the right hand of the girl then opposite to him. They march round within the ring in couples. At (1) they all look to the left, as though scanning the horizon. At (2) they all look to the right. At (3) they all look skywards. At (4) the ring stops. Partners cross and join hands, the boy's right hand being uppermost. Singing again "I don't know, etc.," the couples polka outwards (one bar), retire (one bar), inward (one bar), and retire (one bar). In the next bar each boy raises his right hand and his partner's left over the girl's head, turning her round. This leaves the boy's left and the girl's right over the girl's head for the word "discovered." This pose is continued one bar.

The circles re-form and begin at the beginning again, changing partners.

No. 10.—I'M THE GABEL HUNTSIMAN.

The musical score is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (F major/D minor) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system covers the first line of lyrics, and the second system covers the second line. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some triplet rhythms in the bass line.

I'm the Ga - bel hunt - si - man, Just come from the Isle O' - man;
 I'll do all that ev - er I can To fol - low the Ga - bel hunt - si - man.

I'm the Gabel huntsiman,
 Just come from the Isle o' Man;
 I'll do all that ever I can
 To follow the Gabel huntsiman.

This is a musicians' game. The conductor stands in front. The rest form a band. All pretend to have different instruments and act accordingly. The conductor beats time; all play the tune. Suddenly the conductor ceases beating and begins to play—say the flute. Instantly the flutes must stop fluting and begin beating time, till the moment when the conductor resumes beating; then the flutes must resume. A touch of drollery in your conductor makes this a very merry game. Failure in any player means a forfeit and he is out of the game.

Gabel huntsiman may be a corruption of the Scottish gaberlunzie, *i.e.*, a beggar man, but some folk-lorists connect it with Gabriel's hounds. These hounds survive in north-country legend. They are said to race down the blast in the midnight, and there survives a story of two sweethearting couples who once heard them. One of the young men mocked; the hounds turned and rent him to pieces. For supernatural dogs, compare the dog in Goethe's "Faust"; Barguest in Halliwell Sutcliffe Romances; Padfoot and Guytrash in North of England folk tales.

No. II.—IN DIXIE LAND.

In Dix - ie Land, there I was born So ear - ly on a frost - y morn, For

Key F ♯: d | n : f | s : f | n : r | d : d | d : n | s : s | l : s | r : r >

I'm off to Dix - ie, Dix - ie far a - way. I've

♯: r : - | r : - | n | f : l | : | s : n | r : - | n | d : - | - : d >

got no time to tar - ry, I've got no time to stay; For

♯: d : n | r : d | l, : d | - : d | d : n | r : - | d | s : - | - : d >

I'm off to Dix - ie, Dix - ie far a - way.

♯: d : - | n : - | r | d : l | : | : | s : n | r : - | n | d : - | - : >

IN DIXIE LAND (*continued*).

A ring is formed, boys and girls standing alternately. They join hands. A couple is in the centre. The ring dances round, to a polka step, singing:—

In Dixie Land, there I was born
So early on a frosty morn;
For I'm off to Dixie,
Dixie far away.⁽¹⁾

At "away" (1) the centre couple chooses a new couple. They enter the ring, and the ring stands still and sings:—

I've got no time to tarry,
I've got no time to stay;
For I'm off to Dixie,
Dixie far away.⁽²⁾

While this is being sung, the two couples march eastwards (two bars), then westward (two bars), joining their right hands and holding them high up. Then they polka to the last four bars. During this, the ring beats time in plantation style, twice in the bar—slapping the leg for the first beat and clapping hands for the third beat.

Then all polka round, repeating:—

"I've got no time to tarry," etc.⁽²⁾

Then first couple re-joins the ring and the second couple becomes the centre.

No. 12.—THE SQUIRREL.

Danish Folk Melody.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

We caught a young squir-rel, right here in our wood, He tries to get out; and he will if he's
 KEY D. :m | r :d :d | d :d :s | l :f :f | m : :s | l : :t:d | s :f :m | r :d :r >

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal line.

good— If on - ly he's good, if on - ly he's good. He tries to get out; and he will if he's good.
 <|d : :m | r :m:d | r : :m | r :m:d | r : :s | l : :t:d | s :f :m | r :d :t, | d >

The players form a ring, with the "squirrel" inside; the ring walks round and sings, while the "squirrel" tries to get out.

We caught a young squirrel, right here in our wood.
 He tries to get out; and he will, if he's good—
 If only he's good, if only he's good.
 He tries to get out; and he will, if he's good.

The wind, it was shaking the nuts from the trees;
 One dropped on his nose and made him to sneeze.

The action is to be suited to the words. The ring moves round and lifts arms at "shaking."

The "squirrel" sneezes at the end of the verse, and generally performs all and says nothing.

THE SQUIRREL *(continued)*.

He picked them all up—yes, he did—with his toes,
And laid them in order in beautiful rows.

Then he knelt in the grass and he made him a nest,
And ate up his nuts and sat down for a rest.

And he dropt off to sleep on that warm afternoon,
And he slept on and on till the middle of June.

The cuckoos were calling, one fine day in June,
And they woke him with trying to teach him the tune.

In the last verse all creep nearer and nearer; at the end, all call "Cuckoo!" in his ear and then run away. He chases and catches one, who in turn becomes the "squirrel"; and the game begins again.

No. 13.—HARRY MCGARRY.

Hur-rah for Har-ry Me Gar-ry! Hur-rah for Har-ry Me Gee! Hur-

KEY G. ♯: m : : d | d : d : d : d : d : | : m | m : : d | d : d : d : d : - : | : m |

rah for Har-ry Me Gar-ry! Hur-rah for the Ju-bi-lee! For we've come here to be

♯: m : : d | d : d : d : d : d : - : | : d | l, : - : l | r : : r | t, : : - : | : s, | s, : : s, | s : s : s :

mer-ry; So why should we be sad? We'll clap our hands to-gether, And we'll

♯: m : : - : r | d : : m | s : : s | n : : - : | - : s | l : : s | f : : m | f : : f | r : : r |

dance like some-bo-dy mad; We'll dance like some-bo-dy mad; We'll dance like some-bo-dy

♯: d : : d | t, : d : r | d : : - : | - : s, | d : - : d | d : d : d : d : - : | - : d | r : : r | r : : r |

HARRY MCGARRY (continued).

mad, We'll clap our hands to - geth - er, And we'll dance like some-bo-dy mad.

|r:-:-: :r |n:-:n |n:-:n |f:-:f |f:-:f |n:-:n |r :r :r d:-:-:-: |

Hurrah for Harry McGarry!
 Hurrah for Harry McGee!
 Hurrah for Harry McGarry!
 Hurrah for the Jubilee!
 For we've come here to be merry;
 So why should we be sad?
 We'll⁽¹⁾ clap our hands together,
 And we'll⁽²⁾ dance like somebody mad;
 We'll dance like somebody mad,
 We'll dance like somebody mad;
 We'll dance like somebody mad;
 We'll dance like somebody mad.

The players dance round, with hands joined, in a ring. At (1) clap hands in time; at (2) suit action to the words to the end.

In second verse substitute "hop" for "dance," and later "jump," or "whistle," or "shout."

This is a distinctly open-air and boisterous game; it is popular in Birmingham



No. 14.—ON THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON.

On the bridge of Av - ig - non, Ev - ry - one is danc - ing gai - ly; On the bridge of Av - ig - non, How the folk go trip - ping round!

KEY G. ♯: d .d | d .d : r .r | r : n .f | s .d : d .t₁ | d .s₁ : d .d | d .d : r .r }

The gentlemen, they go so, And then a - gain just so. On the bridge of Av - ig - non Gai - ly go the dancers round.

♯: r : n .f | s .d : d .t₁ | d : | .d : d .d | d : r | d : | .d : d .d |

On the bridge of Av - ig - non Gai - ly go the dancers round.

♯: d : r | d : | : d .d | d .d : r .r | r : n .f | s .d : d .t₁ | d ||

ON THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON (*continued*).

On the bridge of Avignon
Everyone is dancing gaily ;
On the bridge of Avignon
How the folk go tripping round !⁽¹⁾
The gentlemen, they go so,⁽²⁾
And then again just so.⁽³⁾
On the bridge of Avignon
Gaily go the dancers round.

A ring is formed and all join hands. All dance round till (1), when the speed slackens. The "gentlemen" bow elaborately at (2) and (3). Then the players resume the original lively time and finish.

In the next verse substitute "ladies," and curtsy in the grand manner.

In the next verse change to "coachmen," and slap hands across the chest as in cold weather ; then "bakers," "tailors," "sportsmen," and so on, *ad lib.*

This is a French game of universal popularity.

No. 15.—DO YOU LACK?

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The top system contains the vocal melody with lyrics: "Do you lack for silk or sat - in? Do you lack a sil - ver pin? Do you lack for gold or sil - ver? Do you lack a wed - ding ring?". Below the lyrics is a key signature: "KEY G. -|m : - :s |m : - :s |r :m :d |t, :l, :s |m : - :s |f :l :s |f :m :r |d : - :||". The middle system is a treble clef accompaniment, and the bottom system is a bass clef accompaniment. Both accompaniment systems use a 6/8 time signature.

Do you lack for silk or satin?
 Do you lack a silver pin?
 Do you lack for gold or silver?
 Do you lack a wedding ring?

He's no lack of silk or satin,
 She's no lack for silver pin;
 She's no lack for gold or silver,
 But she wants a guinea gold ring.

This is a ring game in a double sense. A small ring is threaded on a long string. This string is joined at the ends and a circle formed. The players take hold of the string, forming a ring—one in the centre. As they sing, they pass the ring secretly from hand to hand, keeping the time meanwhile by raising and lowering hands twice in the bar. The one in the centre has to find the hidden ring. When that has been done, the possessor enters the circle and becomes "It," the original central player joining the ring.

The tune is part of a dance known as "Sheepshearing," which had considerable vogue in the latter part of the 18th century.

No. 16.—SALLY WATERS.

Little Sally Waters.

The ring goes round singing, while Sally Waters kneels in the centre.

O Sally Waters, sprinkle in my pan.
 Rise, Sally; rise, Sally. Follow the young man;
 Choose for the best, choose for the worst,
 Choose for the pretty one you love the best.⁽¹⁾

Sally's⁽²⁾ got married; I hope she'll enjoy
 First a girl and then a boy;
 Seven years after, son and daughter.
 I pray you, good people, come out of the water.

The movement of the ring ceases. (1) Sally chooses one who enters the ring and joins hands with her. The movement of the ring is resumed, (2) Sally and her partner going round inside. They kiss at the last line; and then Sally joins the ring. Her partner becomes the centre, and the game goes over again.

No. 17.—MY MOTHER SENT ME UNTO YOU.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

My mo - ther sent me un - to you. What to do? What to do? My

KEY F. (*Diminor*)

♩ | n : - : n | r : - : n | d : - : t₁ | l₁ : - : t₁ : - : d | r : - : d | r : - : n | n : - : n |

CHORUS

mo - ther sent me un - to you To do with one as I do, To

♩ | l : - : l | s : f : n | f : - : f | n : - : l₁ | t₁ : d : r | d : - : t₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ : - : l₁ |

do with one as I do, To do with one as I do.

♩ | t₁ : d : r | d : - : t₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ : - : l₁ | t₁ : d : r | d : - : t₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ : - : l₁ |

MY MOTHER SENT ME UNTO YOU *(continued)*.

My mother sent me unto you,
What to do? What to do?
My mother sent me unto you
To do with one as I do,
To do with one as I do,
To do with one as I do.

The players are seated for this line game. One in front sings:—

“My mother sent me unto you.”

To which the line replies,

“What to do? What to do?”

The one in front makes answer,

“My mother sent me unto you
To do with one as I do.”

At the same time moving one hand.

The chorus sings, “To do with one as I do, etc.,” repeating the gesture.

In the second verse for “one” substitute “two,” thus, “To do with two as I do.” Two hands are moved.

The chorus imitates. In third verse it becomes “To do with three”—two hands and one foot—and so on.

This is a strenuous game.

No. 18.—HERE COMES AN OLD MAN FROM HULL.

KEY G. $\langle s_1 | d : d | s_1 : : s_1 | l_1 : : | : : s_1 | d : d | s_1 : : s_1 | l_1 : : | : : s_1 | d : d | r : : r \rangle$

Here comes an old man from Hull; .. He carries a pack of wool..... And whether the wind is

land or sea, He al-ways bows to me,..... He al-ways bows to me,..... He

always bows to me,..... And whether the wind is land or sea, He always bows to me.....

The players form a ring, join hands, and dance round the "Old Man" in the centre, singing:—

Here comes an old man from Hull;
 He carries a pack of wool.
 And whether the wind is land or sea,
 He always bows to me,⁽¹⁾
 He always bows to me,⁽¹⁾
 He always bows to me,
 And whether the wind is land or sea,⁽²⁾
 He always bows to me.

(1) Break ring— all bow
 right and left

(2) Resumes dance.

The ring stops and addresses the "Old Man."

Ring. Pray, say how's trade at Hull?

HERE COMES AN OLD MAN FROM HULL (continued).

O.M. Dear! dear! it's frightfully dull.
We only work from one to two;
There's never enough to do.

Ring. Beyond this one to two
Please tell us what you do.

O.M. Oh! up to one and after two,
Well, this is what we do.

The "Old Man" suddenly becomes erect and imitates a dandy. The ring breaks, and, repeating the last four lines of music, walks round imitating the dandy.

Oh! this is what they do.
Oh! this is what they do.
And up to one and after two.
Oh! this is the thing they do.

In the second verse, for the dandy substitute a lazy man, a nurse-girl, a coachman, a soldier, and so on, *ad lib.*

Chase and ...

No. 19.—TO PUSH THE BUSINESS ON.

We'll hire a horse and steal a jig, And all the world shall have a jig; And I'll do all that

Key G. ♯s₁ | d : : d | s₁ : : s₁ | l₁ : : l₁ | s₁ : : s₁ | d : : d | r : : r | n : : n | d | d : : d | n : : n | n : : n

ever I can To push the business on, To push the business on, To

♯f : : ♯f | f : : r | d : : d | t₁ : : t₁ | d : : - | - : : s₁ | d : : d | d : : d | d : : - | - : : d

push the business on, And I'll do all that ever I can To push the business on,

♯r : : r | r : : r | r : : - | - : : r | n : : n | n : : n | f : : f | f : : r | d : : d | t₁ : : t₁ | d : : - | - : : -

TO PUSH THE BUSINESS ON (continued).

We'll hire a horse and steal a gig,*

*"We'll hire a horse and wheel a gig" may be substituted for the first line, if thought desirable.

And all the world shall have a jig;

And I'll do all that ever I can

To push the business on,⁽¹⁾

To push the business on,

To push the business on.

And I'll do all that ever I can⁽²⁾

To push the business on.

Take partners. Then all the players join hands and form a ring. They dance round singing to (1). Partners then face each other and clap hands in time to the music to (2). Partners dance round to the end; and in the last bar the boy hands the girl on to the next boy on the left. Hence each girl moves to a fresh partner, clock-wise, for every verse.

No. 20.—TWO LITTLE MAIDENS.

Two lit-tle maid-ens all a-lone, Nothing to do but mind their own; Choose to the East, and

KEY F. [s : s | n : n | s : s | n : : | r : r | n | f : : r | s : s | n : : | s : s | s | n : : n]

choose to the West, Choose to the one you love the best. Why don't you marry the girl, Ha, Ha! Why

[s : s | n : : | r : n | f | n : : | r | d : : d | d : : s | s : : d | d : d | d : : d | d : : r]

don't you marry the girl?... You've got the ring and ev'rything; Why don't you marry the girl? ...

[n : : n | n : n | d | r : : | : n | s : s | s : n | f : s | l : : d' | s : : f | n : : r | d : : | : : |]

Two little maidens all alone,
 Nothing to do but mind their own;
 Choose to the East⁽¹⁾ and choose to the West,
 Choose to the one you love the best.

TWO LITTLE MAIDENS (*continued*).

Why don't you marry the girl, Ha, Ha!
Why don't you marry the girl?
You've got the ring and everything;
Why don't you marry the girl?

This is a ring game. The two maidens are seated in the centre, sewing, or engaged in other domestic work. The ring moves slowly round. At (1) the maidens rise and each of them chooses a partner from the ring.

In the second verse the ring dances round at a very much quicker speed—the two couples within also dancing round. At the end of the verse there is the usual salute, the two chosen ones remain in the centre, the original two join the ring, and the game is repeated.

No. 21.—WALLFLOWERS.

Wall flow-ers, Wall flow-ers. Growing up so high! We're all pret-ty maid-ens, We all have to die; Ex-
 KEY F. [s :n .f | s :n .f | s :l .f | r :-n | f :r .n | f :s .f | n :-n]

cepting Ma-ry John-son, She's the young-est one. Ha! Ashame. Ha! Ashame. Turn your face to the wall again.
 [s :s :n .f | s :n .f | s :s :l .f | r :-l .f | r | l .f | r | s :s :s .f | n .r | d ||

Wallflowers, Wallflowers,
 Growing up so high!
 We're all pretty maidens,
 We all have to die;
 Excepting⁽¹⁾ Mary Johnson,
 She's the youngest one.
 Ha! Ashame. Ha! Ashame.
 Turn your face to the wall again.⁽²⁾

This is a ring game, without any central player. The ring moves round singing. At (1) the name of the youngest member is inserted. At (2) this child turns its back to the middle of the ring.

The ring moves round again, repeating the tune and words. At (1) the next youngest member is named, and at (2) she turns. And so over and over again, till all the ring is reversed.

Then the ring is unwound one at a time, the last line being changed to "Turn your face to the ring again," till the original ring-form is achieved once more.

No. 22.—MONDAY NIGHT.

Monday night; Tuesday night; Wednesday night; Thursday night; Friday night. Pick me, O! (Sal-ly) was a
 KEY E. - | s ., s : s | n ., r : d | s ., s : s | n ., r : d | s ., s : s | s : d' : d' | s ., s : s ., s

la - dy Dress'd in cal - i - co. Of all the girls that I like, I like (Sal - ly), O!
 < s : d | s : s | s ., s : d ., d | s ., s : s ., s | s : d' | s : s | n ., r : d ||

Monday night; Tuesday night;
 Wednesday night; Thursday night;
 Friday night. Pick me, O!

(Sally) was a lady
 Dressed in calico.
 Of all the girls that I like,
 I like (Sally), O!

In this line game, a girl stands in front of the centre of the line; all arms are straight down in front. In the line each girl sings and, standing erect, keeps the rhythm by moving arms up and down, emphasizing the accent by striking the front of the leg on the 1st and 3rd beats; at the 2nd and 4th beats their arms are outstretched skywards. At "Pick me, O!" they stretch arms towards the girl in front. The girl chooses one. Then the two dance round in front, right hands grasped hard; while the line girls sing more quickly to the end.

The first girl then returns to the line, and the process begins anew.

No. 23.—SEE WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL.

See what a pret-ty lit-tle girl is mine! She brought me many a bot-tle of wine—A

KEY F. ♯ : s : s .l | s : f : n .f | n : r | d : .s | s : s .l | s : f | n .n : r | d : s

bot-tle of wine and a bis-cuit too, See what a pret-ty lit-tle girl can do!

♯ : l .l : l | s : s .s | d' : d' | d' : - | s : s .l | s : f : n .f | n : r | d : -

On the car-pet you shall kneel, While the grass grows round your feet;

♯ : s : - .l | s : f | n : f | s : - | s : .l | s : f | n : f | s : -

Stand up, stand up, on your feet, And pick the one you love so sweet.

♯ : s : .l | s : f | n : f | s : s | d' : - n | n : r | r : d | d : - ||

SEE WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL (*continued*).

See what a pretty little girl is mine!
She brought me many a bottle of wine—
A bottle of wine and a biscuit too,
See what a pretty little girl can do!

On the carpet you shall kneel,
While the grass grows round your feet;
Stand up,¹ stand up, on your feet,
And pick the one you love so sweet.

In this ring game, one kneels in the centre. Others walk round singing. At (1) the centre child rises and chooses one. At the end of the verse they kiss, the new choice becomes the central player, and the game starts *de novo*.

No. 24.—A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system has three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line. The lyrics for the first system are: "A - hunt - ing we will go, A - hunt - ing we will go, We'll". The second system also has three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line. The lyrics for the second system are: "catch a fox And put him in a box, And nev - er let him go,". The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

A-hunting we will go,
 A-hunting we will go,
 We'll catch a fox
 And put him in a box,
 And never let him go.

The children form up in twos, as if for marching. The couples join hands. One is in front and acts as the fox.

* * * *
 Fox *
 * * * *

The fox starts off to run; and the others, singing, dance after him—all in strict time to music. The chase continues till the fox is caught. When this happens, a ring is formed and the "fox" is put inside. The "fox" tries to get out by dashing under the arms of the players. Wherever the attempt is made, the ring surges up to this point to prevent it succeeding—hands always being kept joined and the ring always dancing round. When the "fox" escapes, he has the privilege of choosing the next "fox"; and the game begins again. As a fox is ever foxy, the more twists and turnings there are in his course, the greater is the enjoyment and fun of the hunt. This game requires plenty of room.

No. 25.—WHEN BERTIE GOES TO THE BALL.

This is played to the tune of "A Hunting we will go" (*see opposite page*).

Chairs to be placed as in Musical Chairs. All must be seated except Bertie, who, with a small cane in his hand, struts round the chairs while all sing,

When Bertie goes to the ball,
So many things he wants.
He requires his mother,
His sister and brother,
And all his uncles and aunts.

At the end of the verse he touches one of the players on the head with his cane, saying "Eyeglass."

The verse is sung again, the second line now being, "His eyeglass now he wants," and Bertie, with his eyeglass carrier behind him, struts round as before, each pretending to adjust his pince-nez.

For the next verse he touches another child and says *best gloves*. The three now strut round pretending to put on gloves. This can be continued *ad lib.*, inserting sleeve-links, studs, dress tie, and whatever other garments may be necessary, till all the players are up.

At any time Bertie may announce the line "To practice now he wants." Then everyone must take their place in the line and march round, or dance round. Whenever Bertie desires he may throw his cane in the air, and when this is done everyone must get his chair, and the one who fails, is out.

A chair is then removed, as in Musical Chairs, and then the game begins again, but instead of going through the whole game the "practise verse" only will be sung. Bertie throwing up his stick for dispersal at a fitting moment as before.

Founded on a laughable French song, "When Biron goes to the Ball."

No. 26.—HERE COMES ONE DUKE A-RIDING.

Here comes one Duke a - rid - ing, a - rid - ing, a - rid - ing, Here
 KEY G. < s | d : - : d | d : - : m | s : - : | d : - : d | r : - : | r : - : d | t₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ >

comes one Duke a - rid - ing, For Nan - cy - pan - cy - tis - ma - tee,
 < l_d : - : d | d : - : m | s : - : | d : - : d | r : - : r | s₁ : - : s₁ | d : - : d | d : - : ||

The players form a line, and the Duke comes stepping up, singing:—

Duke. Here comes one Duke a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,
 Here comes one Duke a-riding,
 For Nancy-pancy-tis-matee.

Chorus. Pray, what is your good will, Sir—will, Sir—will, Sir?
 Pray, what is your good will, Sir,
 For Nancy-pancy-tis-matee?

Duke. My good will is to marry, to marry, etc.,

Chorus. Pray, pick you one of us, Sir, etc.,

Duke. You're all as brown as gipsies, etc.

Chorus. We're good enough for you, Sir.

Duke. You're all as stiff as pokers.

Chorus. We can bend as well as you, Sir.

Duke. My house is lined with silver.

Chorus. Our house is lined with gold, Sir.

Duke. Then come along with me, love.

He chooses one; and these two come up, singing,

“Here come two Dukes a-riding,” etc.

A Courtship game—courtship by ambassador. The visit of the Duke of Buckingham to Spain in 1623, will come to mind in this connection.

No. 27.—ROUND AND ROUND THE VILLAGE.

Round and round the vil - lage, Round and round the vil - lage,
 Key F. r : n | r : d | t : r | : f : f | n : r | d : n | : - >

Round and round the vil - lage, As we have done be - fore.
 s : s | d' : t | t : l | : l | s : s | f : r | d : | : ||

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs.

(1) Round and round the village,
 Round and round the village,
 Round and round the village,
 As we have done before.

(2) In and out the window,
 In and out, etc.

(3) Stand and face your lover.

(4) Shake hands before you leave her.

(5) Follow ~~her~~ to London.

The players, with hands joined, form a ring. One remains outside. All sing the first verse standing still, except the outside girl, who walks round the "village" in time to the music. At verse (2) she threads her way in and out under the girls' arms; at verse (3) she is in the ring facing her "lover." At verse (4) they shake hands; and at verse (5) she is chased by the "lover," threading her way as before till she is captured. Then the "lover" takes the lead and the game begins again.

No. 28.—ON A MOUNTAIN STANDS A LADY.

On a moun-tain stands a la-dy; Who she is I do not know. She has lots of

KEY D. ♯ : - . l | s : m | s : . l | s : m | s : - . l | s : m | r : r | d : - . | s : - . l | s : m >

gold and sil-ver, All she wants is a nice young man. So come in, my Jen-nie dear,

♯ : - . l | s : m | s : . l | s : d . r | m : r | d : s | d' : - | t : l | s : d' | m : - >

Ped.

Jen-nie dear, Jen-nie dear; So come in, my Jen-nie dear, While I go out to play.

♯ : f | r : - | l : s | m : s | d' : - | t : l | s : d' | m : m | s : s | f : r | d : - | - : - ||

ON A MOUNTAIN STANDS A LADY (*continued*).

On a mountain stands a lady;
Who she is I do not know.
She has lots of gold and silver,
All she wants is a nice young man.
So come in, my (Jennie) dear, (Jennie) dear, (Jennie) dear;
So come in, my (Jennie) dear, while I go out to play.

All hands are joined for this ring game. The "lady" is in the centre on a "mountain" (a stool). The chorus dance round, singing the first four lines. Then the "lady" sings the next line, naming one in the ring. The chorus at once joins in the song and sings to the end. The "mountain-lady" descends. She kisses the chosen one, who now ascends the "mountain"; and the game re-commences, the original "It" returning to the ring.

No. 29.—JILLY JO.

I've come to see Jil-ly Jo, Jil-ly Jo, Jil-ly Jo; I've come to see Jil-ly Jo, Where is she now?
 KEY A. :s; d : d :d :d :d :n :s; l; r :d t; l; s; d : d :d :d :n :s; l; r :t; d : - ||

In this line game, the "mother" stands in front with her children in line behind her, each one lightly holding the waist of the one in front. Jilly Jo is at the end of the line, but slightly to the right.

Lover (approaches Mother, singing):—

I've come to see Jilly Jo, Jilly Jo, Jilly Jo;
 I've come to see Jilly Jo, Where is she now?

Mother and line (all swaying from side to side, as they step to the rhythm). This strange and insistent rhythmic movement is continued by the line to the very end of the game, and gives the slow unfolding of the action a curiously tragic effect.

Oh, Jilly Jo's washing,* she's washing, she's washing;
 Oh, Jilly Jo's washing. You can't see her now.

Jilly Jo, kneeling on the ground, imitates the occupation mentioned; and the steady stepping of the line goes on without intermission to the end of the game.

Lover (turning away and stepping in time).

I'll call to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow;
 I'll call to-morrow, if this will not do.

Lover (returning).

I've come to see Jilly Jo, etc. (as in first verse).

Mother and line.

Oh, Jilly Jo's baking,* she's baking, etc.

Lover (turning away).

I'll call to-morrow, etc.

Lover (returning).

I've come, etc.

Mother and line.

Jilly Jo's poorly.

Lover (turning away).

I'll call to-morrow.

Lover (returning).

I've come, etc.

* This part is sometimes prolonged by the introduction of other domesticities.

JILLY JO (continued).

Mother and line.

Jilly Jo's dying, etc.

Lover (weeping, turns away).

I'll call to-morrow, etc.

Lover (returning).

I've come, etc.

Mother and line.

Oh, Jilly Jo's dead, etc.

Lover.

I'll come to her funeral, her funeral, her funeral.

I'll come, etc., I can't see her now.

Lover.

I'll come in blue, in blue, in blue;

I'll come in blue, if that will but do.

Mother and line.

Oh, blue's for a sailor, and that will not do.

Lover.

I'll come in red, etc.

Mother and line.

Oh, red's for a soldier, etc.

Lover.

I'll come in white, etc.

Mother and line.

White's for a wedding, etc.

Lover.

I'll come in black, etc.

Mother and line.

Oh, black's for a funeral, etc., and that will just do.

Then six girls carry Jilly Jo, shoulder high, to burial. The rest come weeping behind. They lay her down. Suddenly, after a moment or two, she starts up and pursues, and pretends to strike them, she catches one who becomes the lover for the next time, the game starting from the first again. A very striking game, played with a curious solemnity of make-believe. Cf. S. Matthew, xi, 17.



No. 30.—QUEEN MARY.

Queen Ma-ry, Queen Ma-ry, My age is six-teen: My fa-ther's a farm-er on yon-der green. He's

KEY D. <:s :m :s :m :s :d' :t :l | s : :s | s :f :m | r :m :f | l : :s | s : :s >

plen-ty of mon-ey to dress me in silk; So come a-long, (Char-lie), and mar-ry me.

<:s :m :s | s :m :s | d' :t :l | s : :s | l :t :d' | m :f :m | m : - :r | d : - ||

Quick time.

Ting, Ting, Tra la la la, Tra la, Tra la la la; Ting, Ting, Tra la la la: My sweet heart!

<:s :s | s :d' :s :m | f :f | f :s :f :r | s :s | s :d' :s :d | m :r | d : - ||

Queen Mary, Queen Mary, my age is sixteen;
 My father's a farmer on yonder green.
 He's plenty of money to dress me in silk;
 So come along, (Charlie), and marry me.

QUEEN MARY (continued).

I rose up one morning and looked in the glass,
To see what a handsome young girl I was;
With my hands on my hips I gave a Ha! Ha!
And nobody loves me but you.

The children stand in a line. Queen Mary (in front) sings. At "come along" all the children stretch out their right hands as if asking to be chosen, and Queen Mary chooses one by name. The couple are now in the front and facing each other, and Queen Mary sings the next verse to her partner.

They then join right hands and swing round each other, while the chorus sings quickly :--

Ting, Ting, Tra la la la,
Tra, la; Tra la la la;
Ting, Ting, Tra la la la;
My sweetheart!

Queen Mary returns to the line and her partner occupies her position. Then the game starts over again.

No. 31.—ROMAN SOLDIERS.

We will fetch you a pint of wine; We are the rovers!

KEY F. $\text{d}^{\flat} : \text{n} \mid \text{d}^{\flat} : \text{n} \text{ n} \mid \text{d}^{\flat} : \text{n} \mid \text{s} : - \mid \text{d}^{\flat} : - \mid \text{t} : \text{t} \mid \text{l} : - \mid \text{s} : - \text{}$

We will fetch you a pint of wine; We are the English soldiers.

$\text{d}^{\flat} : \text{d}^{\flat} \mid \text{n} : \text{n} \text{ n} \mid \text{s} : \text{s} \mid \text{s} : - \text{s} : - \text{.} \mid \text{l} \text{ s} : \text{n} \mid \text{r} : - \mid \text{d} : - \text{}$

Two long lines of players are formed, one being the "English," the other the "Romans." The lines face each other, at some distance apart. The "English" march up singing (four paces), retire (four paces), advance and retire again in strict time—all holding hands. The "Romans" are standing still.

English. We will fetch you a pint of wine;
 We are the rovers!
 We will fetch you a pint of wine;
 We are the English soldiers.

The "Romans" march up in the same way, whilst the "English" are standing still.

Romans. A pint of wine won't serve us all;
 We are the rovers!
 A pint of wine won't serve us all:
 We are the Roman soldiers.

English. We will fetch you a quart of wine; etc.
Romans. A quart of wine won't, etc.
English. We will fetch you a barrel, etc.
Romans. A barrel of wine, etc.

ROMAN SOLDIERS (continued).

English. We will fetch the new police; etc.

Romans. What care we for the new police?

English. We will fetch the new Town Hall.

Romans. What care we, etc.

English. Are you ready for a fight? etc.

Romans. Yes, we're ready, etc.

All. Now we're on the battle-field.

(Join hands in
ring and swing
round, singing.)

He, Hi, Over!

Now we're on the battle-field.

We are the ^{English} _{Roman} soldiers.

(Shouting) Bang! Shoot!! Fire!!!

At "What care we,"
the "Romans" un-
clasp hands and
march up, swagger-
ing in their walk.

At "Are you ready,"
the "English" imi-
tate, begin to roll
sleeves up, and, by
obvious gestures, to
invite the foe "to
come on."

The ring repeats "Now we're on, etc.," at a much quicker rate; and all again shout "Bang! Shoot!! Fire!!!" with great noise.

Then follows a tug-of-war—the "English" side of the ring against the "Romans," still keeping the ring-form.

The side containing the one who gives way is condemned to be the "Romans." The victors are the "English" in the next game.

Possibly an echo of tribal warfare. Note the envious reference to the new police.

No. 32.—ROSY APPLE.

Ro - sy ap - ple, lem on, or a pear, A bunch of ro - ses she shall wear; A gold - en pis - tol

KEY F. $\langle f : m | s : m | r : r | r | d : d | d : m | s : m | r : r | d : d | d : m | s : m \rangle$

by her side; Who shall win a bride? Take her by the li - ly-white horse,

$\langle f : l | l : - | s : - | s : - | m : r | d : - || d : m | s : - | m | r | r : d : - \rangle$

Row her o'er the wa - ter; Give her a kiss by one, two, three—She's a la - dy's daugh - ter.

$\langle d : m | s : m | r : - | d : - | d : m | m | s : m | f : l | l : - | s : - | l | s : m | r : - | d : - ||$

ROSY APPLE (*continued*).

Rosy apple, lemon, or a pear,
A bunch of roses she shall wear ;
A golden pistol by her side ;
Who shall win a bride ?⁽¹⁾

Take her by the lily-white horse,
Row her o'er the water ;
Give her a kiss by one, two, three—
She's a lady's daughter.

This is a stately ring-game. Hands are joined and held high. Ring paces round one in the centre, and sings. At (1) the central player chooses one from the ring and, between arched hands of two of the ring, leads her forth to the singing of the second verse, saluting at the third line and returning to the ring-centre. The chosen one becomes the central figure and the game begins over again.

Marriage by capture, *Cf.* Judges xxi., 23. Some variants have "Throw her o'er the water." In ancient Rome, the bride was lifted over the threshold. *Cf.* also—

Let the faithful threshold greet
With omens fair those lovely feet
Lightly lifted over.



No. 33.—HERE COMES ONE JEW.

Here comes one Jew Just come from Spain, To ask the lord For daughter

KEY G. ♯ : d r | m :- s₁ : d r | m :- m : f m | r :- d : m r |

Jane. Our daughter Jane is far too young To un-der-stand your flatt'ring tongue.

♯ : d :- s₁ : d r | m :- s₁ : d r | m :- m : f m | r :- d : m r d :- . |

Key G. ♯ : d :- d | d :- m | s :- m | d :- d | r :- r | r :- d | t₁ :- l₁ | s₁ :- . |

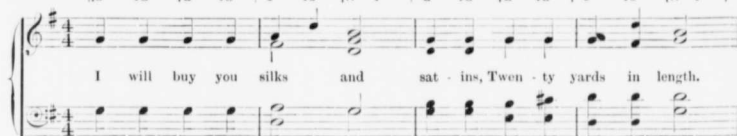
Naugh - ty girl! she won't come out. She won't come out, she won't come out.

♯ : d :- d | d :- m | s :- m | d :- d | r :- r | s₁ : l₁ | t₁ | d :- :- | d :- :- ||

Naugh - ty girl! she won't come out To see the la - dies danc - ing.

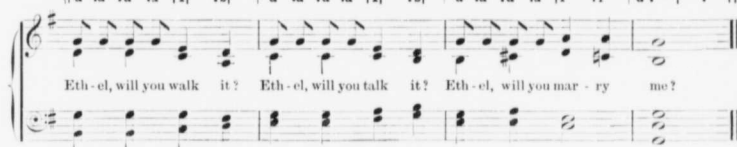
HERE COMES ONE JEW (continued).

KEY G. ♯ | d :d | d :d | r :s | n :— | d :d | d :d | r :s | n :— |



I will buy you silks and sat-ins, Twen-ty yards in length.

♯ | d :d | d :d | l, :s, | d :d | d :d | l, :s, | d :d | d :d | r :r | d :— | — ||



Eth-el, will you walk it? Eth-el, will you talk it? Eth-el, will you mar-ry me?

The players are a family or tribe, standing in a line. The Jew approaches, singing:—

Here comes one Jew
Just come from Spain,
To ask the lord
For daughter Jane.

Family (singing):—

Our daughter Jane
Is far too young
To understand
Your flattering tongue.

Family (speaking with great vehemence):—

“Go away! (*stamping feet*) Corkscrew!”

Jew (in anger, yet with a sorrowful dignity):—

My name is not Corkscrew, and I'll stamp (*stamps*)
my foot and away I'll go. (*Retries, singing sadly*):—

Farewell! Farewell,
And happy be!
I'll call again
Some other day.

HERE COMES ONE JEW (*continued*).

Family (rather alarmed at sudden loss of suitor), sings:—

Turn back! Turn back!
And you shall have
The fairest one
That you can see.

Jew (returning). The fairest one
That I can see
Is pretty (Ethel);
Come with me!

He invites her to come. She refuses.

Family. Naughty girl! she won't come out,
She won't come out, she won't come out.
Naughty girl! she won't come out
To see the ladies dancing.

Jew. I will buy you silks and satins,
Twenty yards in length.
Ethel, will you walk it?
Ethel, will you talk it?
Ethel, will you marry me?

She refuses. The chorus sings:—
Naughty girl, etc.

Jew. I will buy you a little arm-chair,
To sit in the garden and take a little air.
Ethel, will you walk, etc., etc.

Ethel declines. The chorus again sings, "Naughty girl, etc."
Naughty girl, etc.

Jew. I will buy you the Keys of Heaven,
To open the gates at half-past eleven,
Ethel, etc., etc.

She consents, and the chorus sings:—
Good girl! she has come out, etc.

The game now starts again. "Here come two Jews, etc."

An example of 'Marriage by purchase.' Note the resemblance to that delightful folk-song "The Keys of Heaven," both in tune and words.

No. 34.—POOR ELLEN.

In the centre of the ring is a girl sitting "weeping." Another girl covers her head with a pinafore.

(The ring moves slowly round, singing.)

- (1) Poor Ellen is a weeper,
A weeper, a weeper;
Poor Ellen is a weeper,
On a bright summer's day.

- (2) Pray tell me what she weeps for,
She weeps for, etc.

(Sung by the friend with the pinafore.)

- (3) She's weeping for a sweetheart,
A sweetheart, etc.

(The ring moving more quickly.)

- (4) Pray go round and pick one,
And pick one, and pick one.
Pray go round and pick one.
On a bright summer's day.

(She chooses, and the ring dances round very quickly, and the game ends.)

- (5) And now she's got her sweetheart,
Her sweetheart, etc.

The "sweetheart" now becomes the "weeper," and the game begins once again.

No. 35.—ISABELLA.

Is - a - bel - la, Is - a - bel - la, Is - a - bel - la, fare - well! Last night, when we

KEY Ev. < s .s | d' :t :f .f | l :s :m .m | s :f :r | d : || s d' :t :f >

part - ed, I left her broken hearted, And on the green mountains I spied her young man.

< l :s :m | s :f :r .r | l :s :s d' :t :f | l :s :s | l :t :t | d' : - ||

< s .s .s | s d' :t :f .f .f | l :s :m .m .m | s :f :r | d : - ||

* Who will you have, love? Who will you have, love? Who will you have, love? Fare - well!

In this ring game the players join hands and dance round one in the centre, singing:—

Isabella, Isabella,
Isabella, farewell!

Last night, when we parted,
I left her broken-hearted,
And on the green mountains
I spied her young man.

- (1) *Who will you have, love?
Who will you have, love?
Who will you have, love?
Farewell!⁽¹⁾

(1) He chooses one and stands in front of her.

* The ungrammatical "who" is retained, as being the traditional word.

ISABELLA (continued).

- (2) Take her in, love,⁽²⁾
Take her in, love,
Take her in, love.
Farewell!⁽³⁾
- (3) Open the gates, love,
Open the gates, etc.
- (4) Go to church, love, etc.
- (5) Kneel down, love, etc.
- (6) Put the ring on, etc.
- (7) Say your prayers, love.
- (8) Read the Bible.
- (9) Stand up, love.
- (10) Come back, love.
- (11) Open the gates, love.
- (12) Now time is for parting,⁽⁴⁾
For parting, for parting,
Now time is for parting,
So kiss and goodbye!

(2) He leads her round within the ring, holding her hand.

(3) The ring now stands, and under arched hands the couple pass out.

The couple move a little further.

The couple kneel.

All these are performed by the couple as required.

(4) The couple re-enter the ring, which dances round faster and faster, and with the salute of the couple the game ends.

The chosen one becomes the "lover" and the game begins once more.

No. 36.—MOTHER, WILL YOU BUY?

Mother, will you buy me a milk - ing can, A milk - ing can, a milk - ing can?
 Where shall I get my mo - ney from, My mo - ney from, my mo - ney from?

KEY F. <:d .d :d .d |d :d .m |s :m |d :- .d |r :r |r :- .d |t_i :l_i |s_i :- >

Moth - er, will you buy me a milk - ing can, This cold and frost - y morn - ing?
 Where shall I get my mo - ney from, This cold and frost - y morn - ing?

<:d .d :d .d |d :d .m |s :m |d :- .d |r :r |s_i :t_i |d :- |d :- ||

This is a line game, with the "Mother" in front. The line sings:—

- (1) Mother, will you buy me a milking can,
 A milking can, a milking can?
 Mother, will you buy me a milking can,
 This cold and frosty morning?

Mother replies:—

- (2) Where shall I get my money from,
 My money from, my money from?
 Where shall I get my money from,
 This cold and frosty morning?
- (1) Sell my father's bedstead,
 His bedstead, etc.
- (2) Where shall your father sleep? etc.
- (1) Sleep in my sister's bed.
- (2) Where shall your sister sleep?

MOTHER, WILL YOU BUY? *(continued)*.

- (1) Sleep in my brother's bed.
- (2) Where shall your brother sleep?
- (1) Sleep in the pig-sty.
- (2) Where shall the pig sleep?
- (1) Sleep in the peggy tub.
- (2) What shall I wash in?
- (1) Wash in the baking-bowl.
- (2) What shall I bake in?
- (1) Bake in a thimble.
- (2) What shall I sew with?
- (1) Sew with your fingers.
- (2) How if I prick myself?

All shout together,

- (1) Serves you right for letting the porridge boil
over last Wednesday night.

They all run away. She chases them and pretends to beat them. The tune is part of an old dance—"Nancy Dawson."

No. 37.—THE BIG SHIP SAILS.

The big ship sails thro' the Il - ly Al - ly O, Il - ly Al ly O, Il - ly Al - ly O! The

KEY G. < .s | d :d | d .r :n .f | s .s :s .s | n : - | f .f :f .f | r : - | n .n :n .n | d :s | >

big ship sails thro' the Il - ly Al - ly O, He Hi, Il - ly Al - ly O!

< |d :d | d .r :n .f | s .s :s .s | n : - | l : - | l t : - | d .d :d .d | d : - ||

The big ship sails through the Illy Ally O,
 Illy Ally O, Illy Ally O!
 The big ship sails through the Illy Ally O,
 He Hi, Illy Ally O!

The players all join hands and form a line. Two girls, (1) and (2), at top of the line stand and form an arch with their hands, and the girl at the other end of the line becomes the leader. All singing, they march, and the leader conducts them, all still holding hands, between (1) and (2), who are forming the arch. When all have gone through, (2) turns outwards with crossed hands, and the leader brings her train under a new arch between (2) and (3). Then (3) turns and the rest of the train pass again after their leader under arch of (3) and (4), and so on till all are turned. Then, all facing outwards and hands crossed, a ring is formed and they move round, still singing "The big ship sails." Then the ring is broken again, the action is reversed, and the coil unwound, till all are facing inwards with hands uncrossed.

Then an ordinary ring is formed; all dance round for the last time with rapidly increasing speed, and so finish.

No. 38.—ALLE GALOO!

Alle ga-loo ga-loo! Alle ga-loo ga-loo! Al - le ga-loo ga-loo ga-loo! Oh!

REV B7. [s, s, s] : s [s,] s : | l, l, l, l : l, , l, l, l . : | t, : - r : r | d , d | d . : ||

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with chords and some melodic lines. The bottom staff is a bass line with chords. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

An ordinary ring is formed, hands are joined, and all dance quickly round, perpetrating a shrill scream and high kick at "Oh!"

Alle galoo galoo!
 Alle galoo galoo!
 Alle galoo galoo! Oh!

A northern variant of—"Here we go round the sun;
 Here we go round the moon."



No. 39.—THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

There was a jol-ly mill er And he lived by him self ; As the wheel went round, He ^{made} his pelf. One

KEY B♭. < .s, | d .d :d .d :d .d :s, .s, | d :d .d | d :r .m f :m | r :d | t, :l, | s, :s, | >

hand in the hop- per And the oth- er in the bag, As the wheel went round, He ^{made} his grab.

< d :d .d | d .d :s, .s, | d .d :d .d | d :r .m f :m | r :d | t, :l, | s, :s, | >

There was a jolly miller

And he lived by himself;

As the wheel went round,

He made his pelf.

One hand in the hopper

And the other in the bag,

As the wheel went round,

He made his grab.

*The right step forward
the left step back.*

Played in couples. The couples march round behind each other—boys inside, girls outside. Inside the circle is the "miller." They march round arm-in-arm with partners, and singing till the word "grab" is reached. Then every boy must make himself partner of the girl in front. The "miller" tries to get a partner at the word "grab," and, when he gets her, some other boy is, of course, without. He, therefore, goes in the middle and becomes "miller."

No. 40.—THE DAY'S FAR SPENT.

He's an old (bach-e-lor), He's an old (bach-e-lor), He's grow-ing old, So
 He may be hap-py, He may be hap-py, As he grows old, The

KEY F. | d : d : d | m n : s : | d : d : d | m n : s : - | s : - | f : - : f | m : - : - : | : m . f >

all you young men In your youth - ful days A - laugh-ing and sing-ing a - long the ways.
 day's far spent, And the night's coming on; So give us your arm, Let's be jog-ging a - long.

♯s : s : s | s : f : m | f : - : f | f : - : r | n : m : n | s : f : m | r : r : r | r : r : - : - ||

The ritual is the same as with "Jolly Miller." The "grab" is made at "jogging."

She's an old spinster,
 He's an old bachelor,
 He's growing old.
 So all you young men,
 In your youthful days
 A-lughing and singing along the ways.

He may be happy,
 He may be happy,
 As he grows old.
 The day's far spent,
 And the night's coming on;
 So give us your arm,
 Let's be jogging along.

This is popular in Birmingham district. Unlike most of the old game tunes, which are generally in the major scale, this tune has a distinct Dorian flavour. It is also curiously like the Dutch lullaby, "Staa, kinde, slaap."

OLD ROGER (continued).

The ring imitates the falling off at (b), and the centre girl becomes the old woman picking them (c).

(4) There came an ^{old} old woman a-picking them up, etc.

At (d) "Old Roger" comes to life and suits action to words.

(5) Old Roger^{old} got up and he gave her a knock, etc.

At (e) all sing and limp round.

(6) ^{old}This made the old woman go ^{hickety-hock.} hicketty hock, etc.

This is a curious relic of the old-time belief that the spirits of the dead passed into trees. If a tree happened to spring up by the grave of one departed, it was thought that his spirit was in the tree. Tragic drama probably had its origin in the annual funeral sports held at the graves of chiefs or heroes. At these sports, the exploits of the hero were re-enacted by his grave. Cf. The soldier's horse and all the panoply of war that follows the coffin of the dead soldier to the grave even in our own time—*now*, because it is deemed fitting; *then*, because it was thought to please the departed spirit.

No. 42.—THE FARMER'S IN HIS DEN.

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: "The far-mer's in his den; The far-mer's in his den; He-i-dad-dy-o! The far-mer's in his den." Below the first system, there is a key signature indicator: "KEY A. s, d : d | d : r | d : - | - : s, d : d | d : r | d : - | - : - : >". Below the second system, there is another key signature indicator: "s : - | s : - | m : r | d : d | r : r | s, : t; | d : - | - : ||".

For this ring game all join hands and dance round, singing. The "farmer" is "It" and is in the centre.

(1) The farmer's in his den;
The farmer's in his den;
He-i-daddy-o!
The farmer's in his den.

(2) The farmer wants a wife;
The farmer wants a wife;
He-i-daddy-o!
The farmer wants a wife.

He chooses one and brings her into the ring.

(3) The wife wants a child, etc.

A "child" is chosen and brought inside.

(4) The child wants a nurse, etc.

They choose a "nurse."

(5) The nurse wants a dog, etc.

A "dog" is chosen.

When the verse is ended, every one chases the "dog" and pretends to beat it.

Then the "dog" becomes the "farmer" and the game begins again.

The Dutch children's song, "In Holland staat'n huis," is very close to this both in words and in melody.

No. 43.—HERE WE COME, LOOBY LOO.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Here we come, Looby Loo, Here we come, Looby Light; Here we come, Looby Loo On a Sat-ur-day night." Below the lyrics is a rhythmic notation: "KEY F. -|| d . d . d : n . d | s : - | d . d . d : n . d | r : - | d . d . d : n . d | s : - | s . s : f . n . r | d : - ||". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment for the right hand, and the bottom staff is for the left hand, both in 4/4 time.

- (1) Here we come, Looby Loo,
 Here we come, Looby Light;
 Here we come, Looby Loo⁽¹⁾
 On a Saturday night.

Put your right foot in,
 Put your right foot out;
 Shake it a little, a little,
 Turn yourself about.

- (2) Here we come, etc.

Put your left foot in, etc.

- (3) Put your right hand in, etc.

- (4) Put your left hand in, etc.

- (5) Put your noses in, etc.

All join hands for this ring game and go round, singing. At (1) the ring stands still. Hands are then loosed. They put right foot inwards in front, and then outwards behind them, and shake it a little at "shake," turning quickly round in the last line. Then, joining hands again, they go round for the second verse, performing actions as named.

No. 44.—NUTS IN MAY.

Here we come gath-er-ing nuts in May, Nuts in May, nuts in May;
 Key G. d :d :d | d :d :m | s : :m | d :- : - | r :- :r | r :- :d | t, :- :l, | s, :- : - }

Here we come gath-er-ing nuts in May, This cold and fros-ty morn-ing.
 d :d :d | d :d :m | s :- :m | d :- :d | r :- :r | s, :l, :t, | d :- : - | d :- : - ||

- (1) Here we come gathering nuts in May,
 Nuts in May, nuts in May;
 Here we come gathering nuts in May,
 This cold and frosty morning.
- (2) Who* will you have for nuts in May,
 Nuts in May, nuts in May?
 Who will you have for nuts in May,
 This cold and frosty morning?
- (3) We'll have (Ethel Rhodes) for nuts in May,
 Nuts in May, etc.
- (4) Who will you have to pull her away,
 To pull her away, etc.
- (5) We'll have (Tom Johnson) to pull her away, etc.

* Grammarians may read *whom* for *who*.

NUTS IN MAY (*continued*).

Two lines of players (*A* and *B*) face each other.

A is stationary. *B*, singing verse (1), advances and retires twice.

Then *A* sings verse (2), similarly advancing and retiring twice.

B marches up, singing verse (3).

A " " " " (4).

B " " " " (5).

Then Ethel and Tom come to the front and a tug-of-war ensues. The winner takes the loser back to his own side and she becomes one of them. The game then begins again.

No. 45.—WHAT WILL YOU DO IN SUMMER-TIME?

This is played as a ring game. "It" is in the centre and the ring joins hands and walks or dances round singing:—

What will you do in summer-time?
In summer-time, in summer-time.
What will you do in summer-time?
On a cold and frosty morning.

The ring now pauses. "It" says "*shuttlecocks*." The ring breaks up and all march round pretending to play at *shuttlecocks*, singing—

Shuttlecocks for summer-time, etc.

The ring then joins hands and marches round singing the first verse again. "It" now says "Toss the hay."

Ring breaks, and all suit the action to the word, marching in a ring behind each other. As many summer activities may be introduced as desired.

This game may also be adapted to Cleaning-Time, Washing-Day, Harvest-Time, or Christmas-Time, the activities peculiar to the time being introduced as above.

Christmas-Time would bring in,

Skating round, etc.
Hang the stocking, etc.
Eat roast beef, etc.
Bring in the pudding, etc.
Cheer our mother, etc.

And at the end of the last verse all should rush to the centre and give a loud cheer.

No. 46.—LOAVES ARE BURNING.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has four measures of music, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is split between a right-hand treble clef and a left-hand bass clef, both with four measures of music.

Loaves are burn - ing, Ready for turn - ing, On a Mon - day morn - ing.

KEY B \flat . :|d :d |l₁ :t₁ | d .d :d :l₁ :t₁ | d :d |l₁ :d | t₁ :- |s₁ :- ||

Loaves are burning,
 Ready for turning,
 On a Monday morning.

This is a game for very little ones. They all sit in a straight line on the floor, between each other's knees, with arms round each other's waists, and sing "Loaves are burning, etc.," meantime swaying from side to side in time to the song. Two other girls walk up and down the sides of the line, tapping heads to see if the "loaves" are baked enough. When the first one is supposed to be done, they try and pull "it" loose from the others. Thus a "loaf" is taken out. The game is continued till all are taken out.

No. 47.—WHEN I WORE MY FLOUNCES.

KEY C.

<:s | d' :-t :d'.r' | n' :d' :n | f :l :f | s :d' :s | r' :-d':r'.n' | f' :r' :t >

When I wore my floun - ces, My floun - ces, my floun - ces, When I wore my floun - ces, 'Twas

:|s :l :t | d' :-s | d' :d :s | r' :r :s | n' :n' :r' | d' :- ||

this way went I. 'Twas this way, And that way, And this way went I.

When I wore my flounces,
 My flounces, my flounces,
 When I wore my flounces,
 'Twas this way went I.⁽¹⁾
 'Twas this way,
 And that way,
 And this way went I.

When I was a teacher, etc.

When I was a nursemaid, etc.

Join hands for this ring game. Go round singing; at (1) break the ring. All, still marching round and behind each other, imitate the characters named.

This is a west-country variant of "When I was a Lady."

No. 48.—THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

KEY D. <[s .s :s .s | l :l .l | s .,l :s .f | m :d .s | f .m :r .d | r :r .f >

Through the gold en mea - dows, All in the joy - ous May - time, There come the knights and la - dies. Tra

<[m .n :r .r | d :d | s .s :s .s | d' :m .f | s .,l :s .r | m :s >

la la la la lay. To his true love one bring - eth The li - lacs' scent - ed spray. Rich

<[f .m :r .d | r :r .f | m .n :r .r || d :s | s :-s :s .s | d' :-m >

vi - o - lets and ro - ses, And all the wealth of May. He spreads his cloak of blue, And
Then join they in the dance, O

<[s :l :s | m :-s | f :m :r | d :r :m | f :-s :l | s :-f >

with a smile In - vi - teth his fair one To rest a - while. Tra
danc - ing of May; There nev - er were danc - ers That frolic - ked as they. Tra

<[m :m .f :r .m | d :d :f | m :m .f :r .m | d :d :s || d :d : >

la la la la la lay lay, Tra la la la la lay lay. Then lay lay.

1st time. D.C. 2nd time.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY (continued).

Couples are formed. They make a ring, join hands, and move round singing. The "knight" is in the centre.

Through the golden meadows,
All in the joyous Maytime,
There come the knights and ladies.
Tra la la la la lay.

To his true love one bringeth
The lilacs' scented spray,
Rich violets and roses,
And all the wealth of May.

The "knight" spreads his "cloak" (handkerchief) before one in the ring.

He spreads his cloak of blue,
And with a smile
Inviteth his fair one
To rest awhile.
Tra la la la la lay lay.
Tra la la la la lay lay.

They kneel thereon.
The "knight" kisses
the "lady's" hand.

The ring quickens its speed, and the couple dances round in the centre.

Then join they in the dance,
O dancing of May;
There never were dancers
That frolicked as they.
Tra la la la la lay lay,
Tra la la la la lay lay.

Repeat the triple time. The ring breaks into couples, and all dance round to the end.

The "fair one" becomes the "knight," and the game begins again.

A very popular singing game of Denmark, "Munken og Jomfruen," freely translated. It corresponds to "Het Paterje" of the Dutch.

No. 49.—DRAW BUCKETS O' WATER.

KEY F. ♯f : : | r : m : f | m : : | d : : | f : : f | r : : f | m : : | d : : d >

Draw buckets o' wa - ter For my la - dy's daugh - ter; A

gui - nea gold ring and a sil - ver pin, Please, la - dy, pop un - der.

♯f : f | r : m : f | s : : m | d : : | f : : | r : m : f | m : : | d : : | : ||

Draw buckets o' water
 For my lady's daughter;
 A guinea gold ring and a silver pin,
 Please, lady, pop under.⁽¹⁾

This game is played by any number of groups of 4 children.

A, B, C, D are the four children.

A and *C* facing one another join hands.

B and *D* then join hands across those of *A* and *C*.



The square thus formed in the centre is the "well."

In time to the music they all pretend to draw water, bending backwards and forwards with feet firm. The second couple always move forward one beat later than the first couple.

At (1), *A* slips under the arms of *B* and *D* into the "well." Hands always kept joined. Repeat the verse, and at (1), *C* slips into the "well." This continues until all are in the "well." Then they dance round, singing

"Jig, jig, bottle of wine"

to the tune of the first line, until satisfied.

Probably a remnant of some sort of well worship. There are traces of this cult in the pin wells and rag wells which are still common in the North of England, in Scotland, and in Ireland. Certain wells had their own special genius to whom offerings and prayers were made. Later, the wells were dedicated to this or that saint, and in some cases were used for Christian baptism.

Holy wells and Roodwells and Rothwells are still common names in the topography of the country side. But the old feeling or magic virtue still in some cases remains, and in places processions are made by children, or pins are thrown in for 'luck,' or pieces of the garments of sick folk are hung about in the belief that the virtue of the spring well, by a kind of sympathetic magic, be transferred in healing to the owner of the fragment.

The game is very widely distributed, and has many variants with added water detail. Even in the four lines given above there is the rich devotee, the ceremonial descent into the well, and the bountiful offering to the guardians of the well.

NO. 51.—HAVE YOU SEEN THE MOCKING BIRD?

KEY A. $\dot{[}$ s₁ : d | d : - r | d : t₁ | t₁ : - t₁ | t₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - t₁ | l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : >

Have you seen the mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird, the mock-ing bird?

Have you seen the mock-ing bird, Sit-ting on a stone?

The children sit round in a ring, with "It" in the centre. "It" goes out of the room. While "It" is away, the leader of the ring goes and touches, say, the necktie of one of those in the ring. Care should be taken that every one in the ring sees what is touched. Then all begin singing:—

Have you seen the mocking bird,
 The mocking bird, the mocking bird?
 Have you seen the mocking bird,
 Sitting on a stone?

The child outside at once knows that it is time to return. His task is to find which person, and what part of him has been touched. The ring goes on singing all the time, softer and softer as the seeker gets nearer, and louder as he gets away; till at last he reaches the right person and discovers the part touched. Then the children in the ring clap their hands; and the three players on each side of the person touched discover, by a counting rhyme, who has to be "It" for the next round.

No. 52.—HAVE YOU SEEN THE BEGGAR-MAN?

The beggar, with an old hat on his head and a sack on his back, sits in the middle of the ring.
All the rest join hands and walk round, singing :—

Have you seen the beggarman?
The beggarman, the beggarman,
Have you seen the beggarman?
Sitting on a stone.

Beggar (to one of the players). "Will you please give me some?"

Player. "Some what?"

Beggar. "Some soup."

Player. "I cannot give you soup, I will give you porridge."

The beggar-man must always ask for something with *S* in it.

The reply must never contain *S*, and whoever fails is out of the game and pays a forfeit.

The ring then goes round again with dialogue in the manner named above. All the forfeits must be redeemed at the end of the game.

No. 53.—BINGO.

KEY G. <:s₁ | d :d |s₁ :s₁ | l₁ :l₁ |s₁ :s₁ | d :d |r :r | n :- | d :- >

There was a farm - er had a dog, His name was Bob - by Bin - go;

<|n :- |n :- | f :f |f :- | r :- |r :- | n :n |n :- >

B - I - N - G - O, B - I - N - G - O,

<|d :- |s₁ :- | l₁ :f |n :r |d :d |t₁ :t₁ |d :- |d :- >

B - I - N - G - O, his name was Bob - by Bin - go.

<|d :d d |s₁ |s₁ | l₁ :l₁ |l₁ |s₁ :- |d :d d |s₁ :s₁ | l₁ :l₁ |l₁ |s₁ :- >

B with an I, and I with an N, N with a G, and G with an O,

<|d :- |r :- | n :- |f :- |s :- |f |n :d |r :t₁ |d :- |d :- ||

B - I - N - G - O, His name was Bob - by Bin - go.

BINGO (*continued*).

There was a farmer had a dog,
His name was Bobby Bingo;
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,
B-I-N-G-O, his name was Bobby Bingo.

B with an I, and I with an N,
N with a G, and G with an O,
B-I-N-G-O,
His name was Bobby Bingo.

In this ring game, one stands in the centre. The ring moves round, singing the entire verse. At the end of the verse, all stand still and the centre one points rapidly to five people in different parts of the ring, that is, one for each letter of "Bingo," each person as pointed to quietly naming his respective letter. The one failing to do this becomes "It." If no one fails, the ring goes round again and the trial is repeated till a failure occurs.

No. 54.—SAY, BONNIE LASSIE.

Say, bon-nie las-sie, will ye gang wi' me To the bon-nie bon-nie house of Aa-ron?
 <[d :d .d |d :r | n .n :n .n |r :n .f |s .s :s .s |f :r | d : - |t : - . >

SOLO. CHORUS.

Say, bon-nie las-sie, will ye gang wi' me To feed my fa-ther's ducks? With a
 <[d :d .d |d :r | n .n :n .n |r :n .f |s :s |f :r | d : | :s, s, >

quack, quack here, and a quack, quack there, Here a quack, there a quack, ev-'ry where a quack, quack.
 <[d :d |r :r .r |d :d |r : - |d .d :d |r .r :r |d .d :d .d |r :r ||

Say, bonnie lassie, will ye gang wi' me
 To the bonnie, bonnie house of Aaron?
 Say, bonnie lassie, will ye gang wi' me
 To feed my father's ducks?

Chorus. With a quack, quack here, and a quack, quack there,
 Here a quack, there a quack, ev'rywhere a quack, quack.

SAY, BONNIE LASSIE (*continued*).

All sit round, except one in the centre whose only solo is the name of the animal newly introduced in the eighth bar, *e.g.*, "ducks."

In the next verse the words are as before, except that the name of another farmyard creature is introduced, *e.g.*, "cows." Then the words are "With a *moo, moo* here," etc.

Then the previous "quack, quack" is added to the end of this.

Every verse adds a fresh animal, which must have its four bars of imitation; and every animal must be imitated in every chorus.

When all are done, the leader instead of "ducks" says "farmyard." All stand here and sing through every imitation, from the ducks to the verse end.

A cumulative game, in structure somewhat like the old ditty song of which "I have a song to sing, O" in the "Yeomen of the Guard" is a pretty, modern example.

No. 55.—THE WIND BLOWS HIGH.

KEY G. <|d :d |d :d ,t₁| l₁,t₁:d ,l₁| s₁ :s₁ |d :d |r :r |n:—|s₁ |d :d |d :d ,t₁>

Three times round goes the gallant,gallant ship, And three times round goes she. And three times round goes the

<|l₁ ,t₁:d ,l₁| s₁ :n ,r |d :d ,d |t₁ ,d :r ,t₁| d :— :— || s₁ |d :—d |d :s₁ >

gallant,gallant ship, And she sinks to the bottom of the sea. The wind, the wind, the
(Tom - my John-son)

<|d :n |s :n |r :r |r.r:d |r :n |f :r |d :d.d |d :s₁ |d :n |s : >

wind blows high, The rain comes pattering through the sky. She goes a-walking, one, two, three ;
says he loves her ; All the boys are fight-ing for her. Let the boys say what they will,

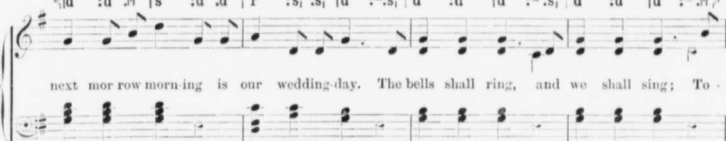
<|l :— |s :d |n :r |d :— . |d .d :d .n |s :d .d |r .r :s₁ ,s₁ |d :d >

Please tell me who it be, (Sal-ly) made a pud-ding, she made it o-ver sweet, She
(Tommy John-son) loves her still.

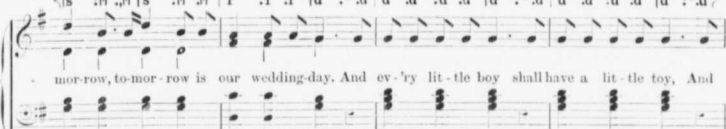
<|d :d .n |s :d ,d |r .r .r :s₁ ,s₁ |d :— |d .d :d .n |s :s :d |r :s₁ |l :—d >

daren't stick a knife in till Tommy comes home at night, Tommy, will you have a bit? Don't say no! For

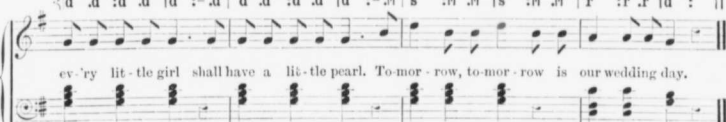
THE WIND BLOWS HIGH (continued).

$\langle d : d \text{ } \text{m} | s : d \text{ } \text{d} | r : s_1 \text{ } s_1 | d : -s_1 | d : d | d : -s_1 | d : d | d : d | d : -\text{m} \rangle$


next mor row morn-ing is our wed-ding-day. The bells shall ring, and we shall sing; To -

$\langle s : \text{m} \text{ } \text{m} | s : \text{m} \text{ } \text{m} | r : r \text{ } r | d : -d | d \text{ } \text{d} : d \text{ } \text{d} | d : d | d : d | d \text{ } \text{d} : d \text{ } \text{d} | d \text{ } \text{d} : d \text{ } \text{d} \rangle$


- mor-row, to-mor-row is our wed-ding-day. And ev-'ry lit-tle boy shall have a lit-tle toy, And

$\langle d \text{ } \text{d} : d \text{ } \text{d} | d : -d | d \text{ } \text{d} : d \text{ } \text{d} | d : -\text{m} | s : \text{m} \text{ } \text{m} | s : \text{m} \text{ } \text{m} | r : r \text{ } r | d : ||$


ev-'ry lit-tle girl shall have a lit-tle pearl. To-mor-row, to-mor-row is our wed-ding day.

As many as will, join hands and dance round, singing "Three times round, goes the gallant, gallant ship"; and at the "bottom of the sea" all drop on to the grass. The last down is "It." This player stands in the middle. All walk round singing "The wind blows, etc." At "Who it be" "It" asks what her sweetheart's name is. It is given and the ring moves round, inserting the name at the beginning very pointedly, and proceeding to the "padding," before which the girl's name is inserted. At "Bells shall ring" the ring stops and claps hands in time to the song. At "To-morrow, to-morrow," every one seizes a partner and dances round on the spot, resuming the clapping at "Every little boy" and continuing it till "To-morrow," when jigging round begins again.

- (1) Three times round goes the gallant, gallant ship,
 And three times round goes she.
 And three times round goes the gallant, gallant ship,
 And she sinks to the bottom of the sea.
- (2) The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
 The rain comes pattering through the sky.
 She goes a-walking, one, two, three;
 Please tell me who it be.

THE WIND BLOWS HIGH (continued).

(Tommy Johnson) says he loves her;
All the boys are fighting for her.
Let the boys say what they will,
(Tommy Johnson) loves her still.

(Sally) made a pudding, she made it over sweet,
She daren't stick a knife in till Tommy comes home at night.

(Tommy), will you have a bit? Don't say no!
For next morrow morning is our wedding-day.
The bells shall ring, and we shall sing;
To-morrow, to-morrow is our wedding-day.
And ev'ry little boy shall have a little toy,
And ev'ry little girl shall have a little pearl.
To-morrow, to-morrow is our wedding-day.

The pudding probably harks back to the magic love-bread, which maidens baked. If the dear one ate, a spell was over him, and he was hers for ever.



No. 56.—SEE THE BUNNY SLEEPING.

KEY D. <|d .,r :m .,f | s .s :s .s | l :d' .l | s :- . | s .,f :f .f | f .m :m .m >

See the bun - ny sleep - ing Till it's near - ly noon. Come and let us rouse him With our

mer - ry lit - tle tune. Oh, how still! Is he ill? Wake up soon.

Hands are joined for this ring game. All go round the "rabbit," who is asleep in the middle, and sing:—

See the bunny sleeping
Till it's nearly noon.
Come and let us rouse him
With our merry little tune.
Oh, how still!
Is he ill?
Wake up soon.

The "bunny" springs up and tries to get out of the ring. After three tries he begins to hop round in bunny style in the centre. The ring breaks up and imitates till satisfied. Then another takes the centre. Or, as a variant, after the three attempts to escape, the ring breaks up and the "bunny" chases till he catches one. This one becomes "bunny" for the next repetition of the game.

This popular game for little ones, from Charlottenburg (Germany), has Danish and Dutch equivalents.

No. 57.—THE MUFFIN MAN.

Do you know the muf - fin man? The muf - fin man, The muf - fin man,

KEY A. <math>\langle \! \langle d : d | d : r | n : d : d : t_1 | l_1 : r | r : - d | t_1 : l_1 : s_1 \rangle \! \rangle >

Do you know the muf - fin man Who lives in (College) Lane?

<math>\langle \! \langle d : d | d : r | n : d | d : t_1 | l_1 : r | d | t_1 | d : - | - : - > >

He doesn't know the muf - fin man, The muf - fin man, the muf - fin man,

<math>\langle \! \langle s : s | s : f | n : d | d : - t_1 | l_1 : r | r : - d | t_1 : l_1 | s_1 : - > >

L.H. L.H.

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

He doesn't know the muf - fin man Who lives in (Dru - ry) Lane.

<math>\langle \! \langle s : s | s : - f | n : d | d : t_1 | l_1 : r | d | d : t_1 | d : - | - : - || > >

THE MUFFIN MAN (*continued*).

Do you know the muffin man?
The muffin man,
The muffin man,
Do you know the muffin man
Who lives in (Drury) Lane?

This is a line game. "It" stands in front blindfolded. The line marches up and retires, singing,
"Do you know, etc."

"It" touches one of the players in the line, and asks him a question which he must reply to. "It" tries to find out whom he touches, by the sound of his voice. He may ask three questions. If he cannot guess correctly, the players swing themselves into a circle round him, singing:—

He doesn't know the muffin man,
The muffin man, etc.

Then they break into line and advance and retire again, singing, "Do you know, etc." If he guesses correctly this time, they dance round him singing:—

Yes, he knows the muffin man, etc.,

and the one who has been discovered is blindfolded and becomes "It."

No. 58.—WE ARE ALL LITTLE GIRLIES.

KEY D: ♯ : d ̣ s : s : d ̣ s : s : d' d' t : f : l . l | s : s : d ̣ s

We are all lit - tle girl - ies, You must watch how we shall do it, When we're

rock - ing our doll - ies And go turn - ing a - round.

All join hands for a ring game and dance round, singing the first verse. Repeat the verse, breaking the ring and imitating the motions of "rocking our dollies."

- (1) We are all little girlies,
 You must watch how we shall do it,
 When we're rocking our dollies
 And go turning around.

In verse (2) sing the verse through in ring as before, and then break and imitate "whip cracking," etc.

- (2) We are all little laddies,
 You must, etc.—cracking our whips, etc.
- (3) Pretty ladies—curling our tresses.
- (4) Splendid gentlemen—waxing our moustaches.
- (5) Nice old ladies—knitting our stockings.
- (6) Fine old gentlemen—taking our snuff. (*Sneeze.*)

This is a German game of the type of our English "Mulberry Bush," the Scottish "Jing-a-ring," and the French "Sur le Pont d'Avignon."

No. 59.—RING A RING O' ROSES.

Ring a ring o' roses, A pocket full o' posies,
 KEY G. <f : - : f | r : m : f | n : : | d : - : d | f : : f | r : m : f | n : : | d : : : |

Atisha! Atisha! All fall down,
 <s : : | d : - : | s : - : | d : - : | s : : | t : - : | d : - : | - : : |

Ring a ring o' roses,
 A pocket full o' posies,
 Atisha! Atisha!
 All fall down.

In this ring game the children dance round and, after the two sneezes, all fall down in the grass.

Some folk-lorists have suggested that the falling down is a fragment of prostration that was practiced when the shadows swept over the cornfield, and the corn spirit was passing by. There is a German equivalent which has a sacrificial line that is missing in our English version.

COME, COME, MY PRETTY MAN (*continued*).

Break the ring and come to a halt. Then wave hands in the air, singing:—

For the ring, the merry ring,

For the ring, the merry ring.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Show us, show us how you play.

At "Ah! Ah! Ah!" all turn themselves round, clapping hands three times. Then take hands and spring off in the dance again.

In the next verse dance round and sing words as before, except that now the fourth line becomes,

Music for our violin.

Then break the ring as before; and, while singing as far as "Ah! Ah! Ah!" all imitate the playing of the violin. Then turn and clap hands as before and spring off into dancing, singing the last line.

For subsequent verses, insert "sounding flute," "kettle drum," and names of other musical instruments; but at every verse sing over the music of bars 8 to 12, and put in all the imitations of instruments that have been used up to that point. A cumulative game.

No. 61.—DO YOU KNOW THE WAY?

KEY F. <:d :d | d : :n | s : - :d' | s : :n | d : : | t, : :d | r : :r | d : - :r | n : - :>

Do you know the way to plant the *choux*? Are you real - ly sure you do?

<|d :d :n | s : - :d' | s : :n | d : - :d | r :n :f | n : - :r | d : : | - ||

Show us how to plant the *choux*, In hol - i - day-time at home.

Do you know the way to plant the *choux*?*
 Are you really sure you do?
 Show us how to plant the *choux*,
 In holiday-time at home.

A ring is formed. All walk round, singing the first verse. At verse two, the ring stops and sings :

Look, we plant it with the foot,
 With the foot, with the foot;
 Look, we plant it with the foot,
 In holiday-time at home,

at the same time imitating the action with the foot. Re-form the ring and sing the first verse again. Then break the ring and sing :—

Look, we plant it with the hand, etc.,

and so on—in each verse naming another part of the body and imitating its action, e.g., the heel, the knee, the head, etc. A merry game, which tinies enjoy immensely.

The above is a free translation, with its own tune, of the popular French game, "Savez-vous planter les choux?" "Choux" has been retained because it is one of that class of sounds that little ones like to use.

* French for "cabbage."

No. 62.—SEE THE LITTLE HANDS.

FINE.

See the lit-tle hands go clip, clip, clap; Then the feet go trip, trip, trap.
Gaily now we dance a round just so; Then we bow and home we go.

KEY ET. $\langle d : r : n : f | s : s | l : l | s : - | f : f | n : n | r : r | d : - ||$

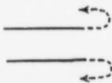
D.C.

I've one word to say to you. Come, shake hands. Pray how d'ye do?

$\langle s : s | f : f | n : n | r : - | s : s | f : f | n : s | n | r : - ||$

See the little hands go clip, clip, clap;
Then the feet go trip, trip, trap.
I've one word to say to you.
Come, shake hands. Pray how d'ye do?
Gaily now we dance around just so;
Then we bow and home we go.

Two little ones, or as many couples as will, face each other and sing, making the actions indicated by the words. In case there are a number of couples, the game is to be repeated as follows:—All turning outward and singing the tune to words Tra-la-la, take the course indicated by dotted lines below, and form up as before—



If the leader of one of the lines will attach himself, as he passes, to the end of his line, this will finally leave him at the extreme end of the new lines; all will have new partners and the game may be begun again.

A popular German song, freely translated.

No. 63.—WE ARE THE SOUNDING BUGLERS.

Here come the sound-ing bu-glers, The bu-glers of the band. And when they blow their

KEY F. ♯: d . r | n : : n | r : : r | n : : - | l : : t₁ | d : : l | l : : l | l : : - | : : t₁ | d : : - | t₁ | d : : - | r >

bu-gles, They wak-en up the land. And ev-ry-thing's in time, boys; In

♯: r : : - | r | n : : fe | s : : fe | s : : - | - : : s | l : : l | l : : l | s : : | n : : n >

time it must be done, Till ev-ry-bo-dy moves as if they were one.

♯: r : : - | n | r : : d | l : : - | d : : - | r | n : : - | n | n : : n | n : : n | r | d : : t₁ | l : : - | - : : - | : : - | : : - ||

Here come the sounding buglers,
 The buglers of the band.
 And when they blow their bugles,
 They waken up the land.
 And everything's in time, boys;
 In time it must be done,
 Till everybody moves as if they were one.

WE ARE THE SOUNDING BUGLERS *(continued)*.

Players in two lines face each other, about eight paces apart. Buglers, four in number, stand looking down the avenue of the lines.

Both lines, holding hands, advance and retire (four paces). This is done four times, bringing us to the end of the verse and the original position.

Without any pause the buglers in line march down the avenue, pretending to bugle to the music of the last bars (*A to B*) and to the words Tarantara, Tara, Tara, etc.

At the other end of the avenue the buglers make a stiff right-about-face, and, in one voice, give the order, "Company! Prepare and wash faces! In strict time, One, Two, Three!" At once the buglers bugle again; and the two lines, in perfectly automatic and rigid manner, pretend to wash faces and necks, etc., until the word "Halt!" The whole process should be marionette-like in its rigidity.

Then all join hands in the ring and sing the verse,

They are sounding buglers, etc.

dancing round in strict time, swinging open, forming their two lines, and springing to attention exactly at the last note.

The "buglers" again in high tones give the order, "Company! In strict time! Prepare for shaving by lathering. One, Two, Three!" The same bugle-performance takes place as before, with sudden halt.

Then all dance round, as before. Other actions may be taken, such as "Prepare to shave," "Prepare for porridge," etc.

The game makes a very laughable concert-item. Added gaiety is given by a certain amount of military garnishing, in the way of paper helmets, etc.; and preliminary drilling may, of course, be given, if thought desirable.



No. 64.—LA MARGUERITE.

Oh! where is Mar-gar-it-a? O gai! O gai! O gai! Oh!

Oh! where is Mar-gar-it-a? O gai! O gai! O gai! Oh!

where is Mar-gar-it-a, O gal-lant cav-al-ier?

where is Mar-gar-it-a, O gal-lant cav-al-ier?

In this ring game, "Margarita" is in the centre, kneeling with her pinafore over her face. Round her stand other children, each holding their own skirts up over her head. This represents the castle-keep. The rest of the children form the ramparts or wall.

One child is outside the walls; he is the "gallant cavalier." He comes singing:—

Cavalier. Oh! where is Margarita?
O gai! O gai! O gai!
Oh! where is Margarita,
O gallant cavalier?

The ring. She's safe within her castle.
O gai! O gai! O gai!
She's safe within her castle,
O gallant cavalier.

Cavalier. And yet that shall not stay me,
O gai! etc.

LA MARGUERITE (*continued*).

The ring. Too high! the lofty ramparts,
O gai! etc.

Cavalier. One stone away I'm taking,
O gai! etc.

(The "cavalier" takes one away from the ring. The rest close in.)

The ring. One stone, that will not serve you.

Cavalier. Two stones away I'm taking. (*He takes away another.*)

The ring. Two stones, they will not serve you.

Cavalier. Three stones, etc.

This goes on till all the ring is taken. Then says the "cavalier," looking at the hidden maiden,

What is hidden inside this?

The children answer,

Surely it is white linen from the laundry.

Cavalier. "Ah! then I must cut it open with my pretty dagger."

At this "Margarita" jumps up and flees. The "cavalier" overtakes, captures, and salutes her; and all the children, joining hands, dance round them and sing the first verse twice over.

An old French game with its own tune.

Carryover

No. 65.—HOW MANY MILES TO BANBURY?

KEY G. ♯ :| s :s :m | f : : r :| s : : m | d : : - :| r : : m | f : m : r :| s : - : | d : - : >

How ma - ny miles to Ban - bu - ry? Three score and ten, Sirs.

< s : s : m | f : : r :| s : : m | d : - : :| r : : m | f : m : r :| s : - : | d : - : : ||

Can you get there by can - dle-light? Yes, and back a - gain, Sirs.

FINE.

< s : : m | s : : m | r : m : f | m : : d | s : s : m | s : s : m | r : d : r | d : - : : ||

Grind me need - les, thread me need - les, Thro' the long valley we go, we go.

D.S.

<| d : t, : d | l, : - : l, | r : - : d | t, : s, | d : t, : d | l, : - : l, | r : r : d | t, : - : - : ||

O - pen the gates as wide as wide, To let King George go thro' with his bride.

How many miles to Banbury?

Three score and ten, Sirs.

Can you get there by candle-light?

Yes, and back again, Sirs.

Open the gates and let us through.

Not without your beck and bow.

Here's our ^obeck, and here's our ^obow.

Here's our ^ocurtsy; let us through.

HOW MANY MILES TO BANBURY? *(continued).*

The children form a long line and join hands. The two at one end raise hands to form an arch. The other end of the line advances towards the arch, singing "How many miles, etc." At the fourth line the gates are lowered. The line alone sings lines 1, 3, 5, 7, and 8, in the last two lines bowing at (a) and (b) and curtsying at (c). The arch-keepers respond with 2, 4, and 6. The arch is now uplifted; and the line, passing through, sings as below. The first two who pass through detach themselves and likewise make an arch, and so do the next two, all children passing through raising arches till the tune is ended. Then the last two under the arch become the new first archway, and the game starts afresh.

Grind me needles, thread me needles,
Through the long valley we go, we go.
Open the gates as wide as wide,
To let King George go through with his bride.
Grind me needles, thread me needles.
Through the long valley we go, we go.

No. 66.—MY FATHER WAS A TAILOR.

My fa-ther was a tail or man, And oft a fine top coat he'd wear. Tra la la la

KEY A. <: d : r | d : s | l : t | d : d d : r | d : s | l : t | d : : d : n | r : d >

la la lay, Fol di de rol de, Fol di de rol de, Tra la la la la la lay,

<: t : l | s : : n | n : n | s : : s | n | n : n | s : : s | d : : n | r : d | t : l | s : >

Fol di de rol de rol de ray. He made it him-self, so what did he care? Fol di de rol de,

<: n | n : n | s : : d | t : : r | d : : d d : d n | r : : d | t : t | l | s : : | n | n : n | s : : s >

Fol di de rol de, Tra la la la la la lay, Fol di de rol de rol de ray.

<: n | n : n | s : : s | d : : n | r : : d | t : : l | s : : | n | n : n | s : : d | t : : r | d : : ||

MY FATHER WAS A TAILOR (*continued*).

All dance round in a ring with joined hands, and sing :—

My father was a tailor man,
And oft a fine top-coat he'd wear.
Tra la la la la la lay,
Fol di de rol de,
Fol di de rol de,
Tra la la la la la lay,
Fol di de rol de rol de ray.
He made it himself, so what did he care ?
Fol di de rol de,
Fol di de rol de,
Tra la la la la la lay,
Fol di de rol de rol de ray.

At the word "care" the ring stops, and pretends to measure the garment in question (if all turn to the left, each can measure the one in front); and, after two bars of time, all spring off at the dance, and finish the round.

The next verses are the same, except for the second line, where the name of another garment is substituted, as "waistcoat," "hat," etc., *ad lib*, the pauses being made for measurement or fitting as above. If the word introduced be of one syllable, a two-syllabled adjective will be required in front instead of "fine," such as "lovely," "charming," etc.

A French children's game with its own characteristic tune.

No. 67.—HERE COMES AN OLD WOMAN.

Here comes an old woman from Switz - er - land, She has ten chil - dren by her side.

KEY A: <:s₁ d :d :s₁ d :d :r n : : n r : : n r : : d t₁ : : l₁ s₁ : - 1 >

One can knit, and one can sew, And one can make a li - ly - white bow, And

<d : - :s₁ d : :s₁ d : : r n : : n r : : n r : : d t₁ : : l₁ s₁ : - s₁ >

one can sit by the fire and spin; Please take one in,.....

<d : :s₁ d :d :s₁ d :d : r n : : r : : n : : r d : : : - : >

Please take one of my daugh - ters, Please take one in,.....

<s : - : f : - : n r :d r : - :s₁ d : - : r : - :s₁ d : - : - : >

HERE COMES AN OLD WOMAN (*continued*).

In this line game the Old Woman from Switzerland and her daughters form the line. In front is the wealthy native, who is to hire one of the daughters. The old woman and children march up in line, singing:—

Here comes an old woman from Switzerland,
She has ten children by her side.
One can knit, and one can sew,
And one can make a lily-white bow,
And one can sit by the fire and spin;
Please take one in,
Please take one of my daughters,
Please take one in.

To this the hirer replies in the music of the first eight bars:—

The fairest one that I can see
Is pretty (Ethel); come with me.

A slight pause occurs here, while Ethel goes and stands by the hirer. Then the family continues:—

And now, poor Ethel, she has gone
Without a farthing in her hand,
Without as much as a guinea gold ring.
Good-bye! Good-bye!

This takes the melody as far as the word "spin." During the singing of "Good-bye! Good-bye!" the family has been stepping back in time.

The old woman and her children now come up again, starting from the beginning:—

Here comes an old woman from Switzerland,
She has nine, etc., etc.

No. 68.—HOW OATS & BEANS & BARLEY GROW.

How oats and beans and bar-ley grow, How oats and beans and bar-ley grow, Do you or I or

KEY B2. <:s₁ | n : :m | r : :r | d : :d | s₁ : :s₁ | n : :m | r : :r | d : :d | s₁ : :s₁ | d : :d | d : :d >

an-y one know How oats and beans and bar-ley grow? First the far-mer sows his seeds,

<:d : :d | d : :d : :m | s : :f | m : :r | d : :d | d : :d | d : :d : :m | d : :s₁ | d : :m | d : :d : :d >

Then he stands and takes his ease; Stamps his foot and claps his hand, And turns him round to

<:d : :m | d : :s₁ | d : :m | d : :d : :d : :m | d : :s₁ | d : :m | d : :d : :d | d : :d | d : :d : :d >

view the land. Yo ho! Wait-ing for a part-ner, Wait-ing for a

<:d : :d | d : :s : :s : :m : :m | r : :r | d : :s₁ : :m : :m | r : :r >

HOW OATS AND BEANS AND BARLEY GROW (continued).

The ring is now broken. All stand still, singing and imitating :—

First the farmer sows his seeds,
Then he stands and takes his ease;
Stamps his foot and claps his hand,
And turns him round to view the land.⁽¹⁾ Yo-ho!

At (1) all turn and look outward, shading eyes with hand, and singing "Yo-ho!" Then, joining hands and still standing, sing :—

Waiting for a partner,
Waiting for a partner,
Open the gate⁽²⁾ and take one in.
And now you're married you must obey,
You must be true to all you say,
You must be kind, you must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood. Yo-ho!

At (2) he leads one into the ring. The ring gradually closes in and shakes emphatic and warning fingers in time to the music, till the centre couple is almost lost in the crowd. Then, turning round, the children sing "Yo-ho!" and, re-forming the ring, begin again. The last chosen is now the "farmer."



No. 69.—DOORS OF MORNING.

KEY G. $\{d \ r \ n \ d \ | \ f \ n \ r \ d \ | \ n \ f \ :s \ n \ | \ l \ :s \ :f \ n \ | \ s \ .s \ :s \ .s \ | \ l \ .s \ :f \ n \}$

Doors of morn are o-penswinging, Out the lit-tle birds are winging; Thro the trees they go a-roaming.

$\{f \ f \ :f \ f \ | \ s \ f \ :n \ r \ | \ s \ .s \ :l \ .l \ | \ s \ .t_1 \ :d \ | \ s \ .s \ :l \ .l \ | \ s \ .t_1 \ :d \ ||$

Till the night brings time for hom-ing, And the stars shine in the heav'n, One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

Doors of morn are open swinging,
 Out the little birds are winging;
 Through the trees they go a-roaming,
 Till the night brings time for homing,
 And the stars shine in the heaven,
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
 Stars are shining in the heaven.
 Mothers now the doors are closing,
 Children soon will be reposing;
 Warm and snug in mother's breast
 All the birdies take their rest.

This is a ring game for children of different ages. The older girls form an outer ring. With hands joined, the players stand close together. The little ones are within; and, as the singing begins, the elder ones spread themselves apart wider and wider and raise their joined hands as high as possible. The little ones—the “birdies”—waving their hands in imitation of wings, run outside the circle or thread in and out and round the ring-members.

At the beginning of the second verse, the outer ring begins by seven steps to close up, and the little ones must take care to get within. At the conclusion, all the little ones must be crowded and squeezed into the very centre by the outer ring. This is great fun for the “little birdies.”

The game is of German origin.

No. 70.—MINE'S A LOVELY HOUSE.

KEY G. $\dot{2}$:s₁ .s₁ | d :m | r :f .f | m .d :r .t₁ | d :s₁ .s₁ | d :m | r :f .f | m .d :r .t₁ | d ||

Mine's a love - ly house, Tra la la, la la la lay; Mine's a love - ly house, Tra la la, la la la lay.

FINE.

$\dot{2}$:m .m | d :m | r :r .d | d .t₁ :t₁ | s₁ :m | r :m | r :r .d | d .t₁ :t₁ | s₁ ||

Ours is pret - tier far, Tra la la, la la la lay; Ours is pret - tier far, Tra la la, la la la lay.

Two rings—one large and one small—are formed at some short distance from each other. They move round singing. The smaller circle begins:—

- (1) Mine's a lovely house,
Tra la la, la la la lay;
Mine's a lovely house,
Tra la la, la la la lay.

The larger circle replies:—

- (2) Ours is prettier far,
Tra la, etc.
- (1) Down your walls we'll throw,
Tra la, etc.
- (2) Which stone dare you take?
Tra la, etc.
- (1) Susie Henderson. (*A name of one of those in the larger circle.*)
Tra la la, etc.
- (2) What will you give for her?
Tra la la, etc.
- (1) Sixteen horses fine,
Tra la la, etc.

MINE'S A LOVELY HOUSE (continued).

(2) We will not take that,
Tra la, etc.

(1) A fine new gown,
Tra la, etc.

And so on. The small ring makes offer after offer till Susie finally accepts. The large ring sings:—

“That will suit us well,”
Tra la la, etc.

and Susie joins the smaller circle. So the game goes on till all the girls are in what was at first the smaller ring. The game concludes with all singing and dancing at a quicker pace the first section of the music to *Fine*.



No. 71.—THE TYROLESE ARE JOLLY.

Key F. <math>s_1 | s_1 \cdot d : d \cdot t_1 d | r \cdot l_1 : r \cdot r | t_1 \cdot t_1 \cdot l : s \cdot t_1 | d \cdot d \cdot l : s \cdot s_1 >

The Ty - ro - lese are jol - ly, The Ty - ro - lese are gay, are gay, They

$s_1 \cdot d : d \cdot t_1 d | r \cdot l_1 : r \cdot r | t_1 \cdot t_1 \cdot l : s \cdot s_1 | d \cdot m : d \cdot ||$

sell their love - ly bed - steads, And sleep up - on the hay, the hay.

$m : l | s : m \cdot d | r \cdot r \cdot l : s \cdot t_1 | d \cdot m \cdot l : s ||$ *1st time.* *D.S.* *2nd time.*

Tra la, la la la, Tra la la la la la la. la la la.

The Tyrolese are jolly,
 The Tyrolese are gay, are gay,
 They sell their lovely bedsteads,
 And sleep upon the hay, the hay.
 Tra la, la la la,
 Tra la la la la la la.

The children, in a ring, join hands and walk slowly at first, but at "Tra la la" begin to quicken up to a run at top speed.

This makes a simple, enjoyable, yet strenuous game, admitting of repetition over and over again. It is of Swiss origin, as is also the tune.

No. 72.—THERE WERE THREE JOLLY FISHERMEN.

KEY G. <:s₁ | d :- :s₁ | d :- :r | m :- :r | d :- :d | r :- :r | d :- :t₁ | d :- : - | :- : ||

There were three jol - ly fish - er - men, And they put out to sea;

They threw their nets in - to the sea, And drew them out by one, two, three, To

see what they had got, had got, To see what they had got.

Forming a ring, the players join hands. Three fishermen are within. The ring moves round, singing:—

There were three jolly fishermen,
 And they put out to sea;
 There were three jolly fishermen,
 And they put out to sea;
 They threw their nets into the sea,
 And drew them out by one, two, three,
 To see what they had got, had got,
 To see what they had got.

At the fourth line the fishermen each choose a partner, and dance round inside the ring to the end.

The game begins again, the three chosen ones becoming the fishermen.

No. 73.—THE GREEN LEAVES GREW ALL AROUND.

(1d)

There was a wood in val-ley green, The fair-est wood that ev-er was seen. And the

KEY F. :s₁ d :r |m :f |s :.l |s :f |m :m |r :r |d .d :d |d :s₁ .s₁

Recurrent Bar.

wood was in the val-ley, And the green leaves grew all around, a-round, a-round, and the green leaves grew all a-round.

<|d .d :t₁ .l |s₁ .s₁ |d :r |m :f .f |s .d :t₁ .l |s :f |m :r |r :r |d :—|—||

- (1) There was a wood in valley green—
The fairest wood that ever was seen.
And the wood was in the valley,
And the green leaves grew all around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew all around.
- (2) Now in this wood there was a tree—
The fairest tree that you ever did see.
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood was in the valley,
And the green leaves grew all around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew all around.
- (3) Now on this tree there was a branch—
The fairest branch you ever did see.
And the branch was on the tree,
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood was in the valley, etc., etc., etc.

THE GREEN LEAVES GREW ALL AROUND (*continued*).

- (4) Now on this branch there was a twig, etc., etc.
- (5) Now on this twig there was a nest, etc., etc.
- (6) Now in this nest there was a bird, etc., etc.
- (7) Now on this bird there was a feather, etc., etc.
- (8) Now on this feather there was a quill, etc., etc.

N.B.—All the added lines are chanted, on their several repetitions, to the music marked (*A*).

This game is known in Holland as "De boom stond in de Schaduc." There is no movement; it may be taken sitting, the fun lies in the piling up of line upon line.

No. 74.—MUSICAL CHAIRS.

Music by Piano.

A row of chairs is placed down the centre of the room—one chair fewer than the number of players—all the even chairs, 2, 4, 6, etc., facing left, and all the odd ones facing right. The players dance round the chairs in a ring to the sound of the music. Suddenly, in the middle of a phrase, or exactly where it is least expected, the pianist ceases playing. The moment this happens everyone must try to get a seat. One, of course, will be left without. He or she is out of the game now. Then one chair is taken away. The ring is formed, music begins, and all dance round again. Again a stop, a scramble, and there is yet another without a seat, and consequently out of the game. Another chair is removed, and so on till there are two dancers and one chair. The one who contrives to occupy it is accounted the winner of the game.

No. 75.—WITH A HEY-DING-DING.

KEY G. <:s₁ ,s₁ | d :d :d | n :r ,d | r ,s₁ :s₁ ,s₁ | s₁ :t₁ ,d | r ,r :r | r | r ,n :f ,s >

In the sweet-scented meadows how glad I would stray, When the larks are singing in the
Ah! and then to my side oft one or there would come, While the brooklet laughed and bubbled and the

Slower.

mor - ry, mor - ry May! And the birds know, And the brooks know,
bees did soft - ly hum. And the bees know, But do you?

Can you guess who walked be - side me Through the me - dows and the May?

Come, join the ring with a hey - ding ding, With a hey - ding ding, With a hey - ding ding. In the

sweet, sweet spring, We'll dance and sing, We'll dance and sing, With a hey ding ding, With a hey ding, hey ding, Hey-ding-ding.

WITH A HEY-DING-DING (*continued*).

Two rings are formed—a larger outer one and a smaller inner one. The outer one walks round clock-wise, the inner in the opposite direction. With joined hands, they sing to the music of the first four bars repeated.

In the sweet-scented meadows how gladly I would stray,
When the little birds are singing in the merry, merry May:
Ah! and then to my side oft one other there would come,
While the brooklet laughed and babbled and the bees did softly hum.

The rings stand. To the slower music of the next two bars the inner ring moves one step to the left and curtsies, and then one to the right and curtsies.

This is repeated, all singing:—

And the birds know,
And the brooks know,
And the bees know,
But do you?

The time changes, and all sing:—

Can you guess who walked beside me
Through the meadows and the May?

The outer ring keeps standing, and the inner ring runs with little quick steps to the left (first line), and to the right (second line). Then all sing:—

Come, join the ring
With a hey-ding-ding,
With a hey-ding-ding,
With a hey-ding-ding.
In the sweet, sweet spring,
We'll dance and sing,
We'll dance and sing,
With a hey-ding-ding,
With a hey-ding, hey-ding,
Hey-ding-ding.

The players of the inner ring each take at the same time partners from the outer ring, and waltz to the end of the music.

The chosen ones now form the inner ring, and the game begins again.

This is a Danish game, with its own tune.

No. 76.—HOW SWEETLY THE LARK.

KEY G. <:s₁ | d : .d :d | d :- :s₁ | d :- .d :d | d :- :m .m | s :- .s :s | m :- r :d | m :- :- | r :- :s₁ >

How sweet ly the lark is trill ing on high! Yet 'tis all for his mate on the ground. So

<|d : .d :d | d :- :s₁ | d :- .d :d | d :- :m .m | s :- .s :s | m :- r :d | m :- :- | r :- :f >

ev - er to you my thoughts turn a - new, Tho' I'm wand'ring the whole world a - round. Then

<|m :- :f | s :- :d | t₁ :- :l₁ | l₁ :- :l₁ | s₁ :- :f | m :- :r | r :- :- | d :- :f >

take my hand and lead me forth, And turn me round and round. In

<|m :- :f | s :- :d | t₁ :- :l₁ | l₁ :- :l₁ | s₁ :- :f | m :- :r | r :- :- | d :- :||

state - ly mea - sure let us move, To mu - sic's mel - low sound.

<|s₁ .d :d .d | t₁ .r :r .r | f .r :t₁ .s₁ | d :d | s₁ .d :d .d >

Join we gai - ly in the throng, While round the dance is swing - ing; Blithe - ly rings the

HOW SWEETLY THE LARK (continued).

mer-ry song, So join we in the sing-ing. Join we gaily in the throng, While
 round the dance is swing-ing; Blithely rings the mer-ry song, So join we in the sing-ing.

How sweetly the lark is trilling on high!
 Yet 'tis all for his mate on the ground.
 So ever to you my thoughts turn anew,
 Though I'm wand'ring the whole world around.

Then take my hand and lead me forth,
 And turn me round and round.
 In stately measure let us move,
 To music's mellow sound.

Join we gaily in the throng,
 While round the dance is swinging;
 Blithely rings the merry song,
 So join we in the singing.

Two rings are formed, a larger and a smaller. The outer ring walks round clock-wise, and the inner ring in the opposite direction (eight bars), all singing.

Then the outer ring stops. Each of the inner ring chooses one from the other. The couples join right hands and turn each other clock-wise (four bars), then break and join left hands and turn the opposite way (four bars), all singing. The rest of the outer ring stands still.

Then (sixteen bars) all of the inner ring polka round within the ring to the end. After this, all the original members of the smaller ring join the larger one, the chosen ones become the new inner ring, and the game recommences.

This is a pretty Danish game—"Der brander en Ild"—freely translated, with its own tune.

No. 77.—THE LOST LETTER.

I sent a let - ter to my love, And on the way I dropped it.

KEY G. ♯: s₁ | d :- : m | d :- : s₁ | d :- : m | d :- : s₁ | d :- : m | d :- : m | l :- : | s :- : >

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I sent a let - ter to my love, And on the way I dropped it." Below the lyrics is a rhythmic notation: "KEY G. ♯: s₁ | d :- : m | d :- : s₁ | d :- : m | d :- : s₁ | d :- : m | d :- : m | l :- : | s :- : >".

One of you has picked it up, And put it in his ^{her} pock - et.

< f :- : l₁ | l₁ :- : f | m :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : m | r :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | t₁ | d :- : | d :- : ||

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "One of you has picked it up, And put it in his ^{her} pock - et." Below the lyrics is a rhythmic notation: "< f :- : l₁ | l₁ :- : f | m :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : m | r :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | t₁ | d :- : | d :- : ||".

I sent a letter to my love,
 And on the way I dropped it.
 One of you has picked it up,
 And put it in ^{his}_{her} pocket.

The ring walks round, singing "I sent, etc." "It" is outside the ring, walking the opposite way; and at the word "dropped" he drops the letter or handkerchief behind one of the ring, who must at once leave the ring and catch the owner before he can get into the vacant place. If he fails, the game begins again and he remains outside—the original "It" having now won a place in the ring. If he succeeds, there is the usual forfeit, and "It" still remains outside.

No. 78.—IF I WERE A FAIR ONE.

KEY C.
 <:m | d':-: | d':-: | t:-: | t:-: | l:-: | l:-: | t | l: | s | m: | r | s: | s: | m | r: | m | s:-: | s >

If I were a fair one, fair - er than an - y, O! I'd mar - ry a car - pen - ter be -

<| l: | l: | t: | t: | s | m: | m | d':-: | d':-: | t:-: | t:-: | t | l: | l: | t: | t: | s | m: | r >

fore I'd mar - ry an - y, O! For he'd chip, and I'd chip, and we'd chip to - geth - er, O! And

<| s :-: | s | s: | m | r: | m | s:-: | l:-: | l: | l:-: | t | l:-: | s | m: | s: | || >

what a jol - ly time we'd have, chip - ping one an - oth - er, O! *Piano Alone.*

If I were a fair one, fairer than any, O!
 I'd marry a carpenter before I'd marry any, O!⁽¹⁾
 For he'd chip, and I'd chip, and we'd chip together, O!⁽²⁾
 And what a jolly time we'd have, chipping one another, O!

A ring game. The ring join hands, and walk or dance round singing. At (1) the ring break and suit the action to the words. At (2) form couples and dance round each other to the end of the verse.

In the other verses substitute for "carpenter," "soldier" (shoot), "tailor" (stitch), "nailer" (hammer), "boatman" (row), "coachman" (whip), etc., etc.

This is an Irish game, with its own modal tune. It was observed at Coleraine, Ulster.

No. 79.—ORANGES AND LEMONS.

Introduction. Key F. | s : s : m : s | m : d : r m | f : r : s >

"Or-an ges and Lem - ons," say the bells of St.

| m : d : s | m : d : s | m : d : r m | f : r : s | m : d : - | r : t₁ : r >

Clem-ent's, "You owe me five farth-ings," say the bells of St. Mar - tin's; "When will you

<| t₁ : s₁ : l₁ . t₁ | d : l₁ : r | t₁ : s₁ : - | r : t₁ : r | s₁ : - | l₁ . t₁ | d : l₁ : r >

pay me?" say the bells of Old Bai - ley; "When I grow rich," say the bells of Shore -

| s₁ : - | s : m : s | m : d : r m | f : r : s | d : - | s : m : s >

ditch; "When will that be?" say the bells of Step - ney; "I do not

| m : d : r m | f : r : s | m : d : d' || t : l | s . s : f | m : r . r | d : d' >

know," says the great bells of Bow. Here comes a candle to light you to bed; Here

UNIVERSAL PIANO CO. NEW YORK
 7-11

ORANGES AND LEMONS (continued).

< t :l | s .s :f | m :r .r | d :d | d :d | d :d | d :d | d :d : >

comes a chopper to chop off your head, The last, last, last, last, last man's head.

“Oranges and Lemons,” say the bells of Saint Clement’s;
 “You owe me five farthings,” say the bells of Saint Martin’s;
 “When will you pay me?” say the bells of Old Bailey;
 “When I grow rich,” say the bells of Shoreditch;
 “When will that be?” say the bells of Stepney;
 “I do not know,” says the great bells of Bow.

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

Two children are the pillars of an arch, joining hands to form it. One of the children is “Oranges” and the other is “Lemons.” Which is one and which is the other is a secret between the two. The rest of the children, holding hands, march in a line under the arch and round the pillars and under the arch again, singing the words above. At the last word, “head,” the arch falls and catches the one who happens to be passing under. This one is asked in a whisper which he will choose, “Oranges” or “Lemons.” He stands behind the one he has happened upon. The singing goes on again, and the game proceeds as before till all the players are behind one or other of the pillars. Then comes the tug-of-war between the “Oranges” and the “Lemons,” to decide which is the stronger.

No. 80.—ONE MAN WENT TO MOW.

KEY G. ♯

One man went to mow, Went to mow a mea-dow;

One man and his dog, Went to mow a mea-dow.

All sitting round sing the following song, which, it will be observed, is cumulative in character.

One man went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow;
One man and his dog,
Went to mow a meadow.

Two men went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow;
Two men, one man and his dog,
Went to mow a meadow.

Three men went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow;
Three men, two men, one man and his dog,
Went to mow a meadow.

This goes on till ten men are engaged. After this the process may be reversed and the number diminished by one for each verse till the original "one man" is reached.

No. 81.—BLACKTHORN.

KEY C.

Black - thorn, black - thorn. But - ter and milk and bar - ley - corn.

How man - y geese have you to - day? More than you can catch and car - ry a - way.

This is a catching game. A long line of players stands at one side and "It" stands opposite the centre at some distance. "It" sings:—

Blackthorn, blackthorn.

To which the line replies,

Butter and milk and barley-corn.

"It" sings,

How many geese have you to-day?

And the reply is,

More than you can catch and carry away.

All the line rush across past "It," and "It" must try and catch one. The line re-forms at the opposite side; and "It" and his capture advance again, singing as before,

Blackthorn, etc.

The same rush as before and the same capturing takes place.

Hence, one party, the "blackthorn" party, should be steadily increasing, and the line as steadily diminishing till all are caught.

No. 82.—ROUND THE CORN-STOOKS:

KEY F.

♩ (s) : d : m | s : - : m | r : - : t₁ | d : - : s₁ | m : - : m | r : - : t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : - : s₁ >

Round the corn stooks see us wind - ing, Gold - en sheaves full light - ly bind - ing;

Har - vest moon is in the sky, Har - vest moon is in the sky.

♩ (s) : - : r | m : - : d | s : - : r | m : - : | f : r : s | m : d : m | r : m : r | d : - : - : ||

The children form a line, holding hands. A tall one is at either end. One tall girl stands fast; and all the others wind round her and sing the first verse.

Round the corn-stooks see us winding,
Golden sheaves full lightly binding;
Harvest moon is in the sky,
Harvest moon is in the sky.

At the second verse they unwind; and, the other girl becoming the centre of the mill-wheel, all the line wheels round her—the verse being sung twice, if necessary.

Now the sheaves we start unwinding,
Turn the millstones for the grinding,
Changing yellow grain to flour;
Changing yellow grain to flour.

For the third verse the first and second girls make an arch of their hands, and the others, still holding hands, pass under it. When they are through, they make a ring for the last verse and finish with a round.

Flour is streaming from the milling,
And the sack is slowly filling,
Close the sack when it is full;
Close the sack when it is full.
Nights are waxing, days are waning;
What care we for snow or raining?
We are ready for the storm;
Everything is housed and warm.

No. 83.—THE KING OF THE BARBAREES.

KEY G.

♩ | m : r . r | d : r | m : r . r | d : r | s : s . s | s . s : s . f | m m m : r . r | d : — ||

Will you sur-ren - der, Will you sur-ren - der, Will you surrender? I'm the King of the Barbarees!

A line of children represents the soldiers. One behind them is the Queen. One in front is the King. Two children further in front join hands and stand for the castle.

The King walks round the castle singing :—

Will you surrender,
 Will you surrender,
 Will you surrender?
 I'm the King of the Barbarees!

The castle replies :—

We won't surrender,
 We won't surrender,
 We won't surrender
 To the King of the Barbarees!

The King (in a loud voice) says, "I'll fetch one of my soldiers." He fetches one. The King and the soldier then march round the castle, singing "Will you surrender?" as before. To which the castle replies, "We won't surrender, etc."

The King says, "I'll fetch another of my soldiers." Then the King and two soldiers march round the castle, singing as before and receiving the same answer. This goes on till all the soldiers have joined the line. Then the Queen advances and motions to one of the soldiers to try and break the castle down. This is done by trying to break through the clasped hands. One after another, the Queen indicates who shall try. If none succeed, the castle has won. If otherwise, the King of the Barbarees has won.

This is a well known English game, with a French equivalent.

No. 84.—MY MOTHER SAID.

My moth-er said that I nev-er should Play with the gip-sies in the wood;

KEY G. <|s; :d d |m :-m |f :m m |m : |m :r r |r :-m |r :d |d : >

If I did, she would say— "Naugh-ty girl to dis-o-bey."

<|s; :d |m :- |f :m |m : |m :r |r :-m |r :d |d :- >

Dis-o-bey, dis-o-bey, naugh-ty girl to dis-o-bey,

<|s; :s; |s; : |l; :s; |s; : |m :r |r :-m |r :d |d : >

Dis-o-bey, dis-o-bey, naugh-ty girl to dis-o-bey.

<|s; :s; |s; : |l; :s; |s; : |m :r |r :-m |r :d |d : ||

MY MOTHER SAID *(continued)*.

My mother said that I never should
Play with the gipsies in the wood;
If I did, she would say—
“Naughty girl to disobey.”
Disobey, disobey, naughty girl to disobey,
Disobey, disobey, naughty girl to disobey.

Form couples. The couples join hands in a ring and go round singing. At “disobey,” the ring breaks up and the couples, joining right hands and holding them high, trip after the leading couples to polka step, till a double line is formed, the music being repeated till this is done. Boys are on one side, girls on the other. They face each other with a space between. They sing and beat time with clapping of hands; the last couple polkas up the space in the centre and becomes the top couple. The next couple does likewise, and so on till all have gone through the alley. Then all, still singing, polka round in a circle, following the top couple; and so reach the original ring, when the game may be restarted.

No. 86.—THE SEVEN GAME.

KEY G. $\langle d : r | n : f | s : s | s : s | l : s | f : n | r : - | d : - | d : - | n : - : f \rangle$

Come! no time for i - dle slum - ber, Join our game of num - ber; Sev - en things I

show to you— Things I know you can do. In your sides your hands you place,

Slight - ly turn your sniil - ing face; That's one. That's seven.

Repeating Bar. $\langle r : - : r | r : - : r | s : - : s | s : - : s | d : - : | : s | d : - : | : : \rangle$
Final Bar. $\langle d : - : | : : \rangle$

In this ring game all join hands and move slowly round, singing:—

Come! no time for idle slumber,
 Join our game of number;
 Seven things I show to you—
 Things I know you can do.
 In your sides your hands you place,
 Slightly turn your smiling face;
 That's one.
 That's seven.

At “do” loose hands and suit the action to the words. At “That’s one” put the left foot forward in strict time on “one.”

Re-join hands and go round from the beginning as before. At “That’s one” repeat the previous action. Then place the right foot forward. “That’s two.”

Repeat as before, and for “three” jump in with both feet; for “four” kneel on the left knee. For “five” kneel on the right knee. For “six” kneel on both knees. For “seven” sit on the floor, and so bring the game to a conclusion. It is a cumulative game; at every verse-end all the actions done up to that point must be gone through.

It is of Dutch origin, and has its own tune.

No. 87.—THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

KEY A. ♯ | m : m | n : - r | d : d | d : | d : d | d . t₁ : d . r | m : - | r : >

Gone is win - ter's storm and rain, Tra la la la la la lay,.....

Gon - te spring is here a - gain, So lamb - kins come and play.

The "lamb" join hands, form a ring, and dance round singing. The "shepherd" stands in the middle; the wolf out of sight.

Gone is winter's storm and rain,
Tra la la la la la lay.
Gentle spring is here again,
So lambkins come and play.

The ring stands still and the "shepherd" sings,
All are now from danger free.

The "lamb" reply,
Tra la la la la la lay.

The "shepherd" sings,
Wolves and bears I never see.

The "lamb" reply,
Tra la la la la la lay.

Then all dance round again, singing,
Gone is winter's, etc.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB *(continued)*.

A sudden growl is heard. The "wolf" trots up barking and howling. The ring stops and breaks up. All the "lamb" get into a line behind the "shepherd."

The "wolf" says,

I am the wolf, and I am come to eat you all up.

And the "shepherd" rejoins,

I am the shepherd and I shall keep all safe.

Then says the "wolf,"

I shall catch the little one with the golden hoof.

The "shepherd" extends his arms and tries to stop him. The "wolf" dares not touch the "shepherd." Whichever way the "shepherd" turns, the "lamb" get behind in line, holding each other's waists. If the "wolf" gets behind and catches one, that one he takes to his den. The game ends when all are thus made prisoners. All pay forfeits, including the "shepherd." The last caught becomes the "wolf"; and the "wolf" is the "shepherd" for the next game.

No. 88.—LONDON BRIDGE.

KEY Eb. ♩ :| s :l | s :f | m :f | s :- | r :m | f :- | r :m | f :- |

Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down, Fall - ing down, fall - ing down.

♩ :| s :l | s :f | m :f | s :- | d :- | m :- | r :- | d :- ||

Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down, My fair la - dye.

- (1) London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down.
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair ladye.
- (2) Build it up with iron bars,
Iron bars, iron bars.
Build it up with iron bars,
My fair ladye.
- (3) Iron bars will rust and break,
Rust, etc.
- (4) Build it up with sticks and stones, etc.
- (5) Sticks and stones will soon fall down, etc.
- (6) Build it up with pudding pie crust, etc.
- (7) Pudding pie crust will break away, etc.
- (8) Here's a prisoner we have got, etc.
- (9) What will you take to let him go? etc.

LONDON BRIDGE (continued).

- (10) A golden guinea to let him go, etc.
- (11) A golden guinea he has not got, etc.
- (12) Stamp on his toes and let him go, etc.

The method of play is as in "Oranges" and "Lemons." Two children form an archway. The line goes through, singing. This is, however, in duet form. The line sings (1). The two pillars of the archway sing verse (2). The line sings (3) and the archway (4), and so on alternately to the end. At (8) the archway encloses the one who is passing through. Then follow the verses remaining. All stand till (12), when the captive must choose "Oranges" or "Lemons," "Gold" or "Silver," "Silk" or "Satin," or whatever the alternatives be; having selected, he takes his place, as in "Oranges and Lemons." The game begins again and goes on as before. A tug-of-war finishes it.

The words are thought to refer to the sacrificial building of bridges. Bridge-building was a great religious act; the Pope is still called the Supreme Pontiff. Captives were buried beneath the foundations; without this, the bridge was held to be ever in jeopardy. Cf., The bottle of red wine broken over the bows at the christening of a ship.

No. 89.—WHO IS THIS SO LATE?

KEY C.

<|l :- :d' | n' :- :n' | r' :- :n' | d' :- :|d' :- :t | l :t :d' | t :- :l | se :- :n | l :- :d' >

Who is this so late doth come? Gal-lants gay of the broom and heath-er! Who is

this so late doth come? Hey, ho! stars of the sea!

The children form a line. The "knight-lover" stands in front. The children begin and the "knight" replies, verse for verse.

Line. Who is this so late doth come?
Gallants gay of the broom and heather!
Who is this so late doth come?
Hey, ho! stars of the sea!

Knight. Knight am I from over the foam.
Gallants gay of the broom and heather!
Knight am I from over the foam.
Hey, ho! stars of the sea!

Line. Why so late and far from home? etc.

Knight. One I've come in love to sue, etc.

Line. How can there be one for you?

Knight. I've been told by one believed.

Line. Don't you think you've been deceived?

Knight. Ah! that I might see my fair.

Line. Ten's the hour to see her here.

WHO IS THIS SO LATE? (continued).

- Knight.* Ten o'clock is ringing free.
Line. Eleven's the time your love to see.
Knight. Eleven is sounding from the tower.
Line. Try the quiet midnight hour.
Knight. Midnight here my watch I keep.
Line. Maidens now are all asleep.
Knight. Yet there's one that wakes for me.
Line. What give you that one to see?
Knight. Gold and silver, jewels fair.
Line. Not for these doth true love care.
Knight. Heart and life I give for her.
Line. Thine is she to choose, fair Sir.

The "knight" chooses one. They run away. The line pursues them, and dances round the couple in a ring. With a salute the game ends.

This is a well-known French game freely translated, with its own tune.

No. 90.—COME AND JOIN OUR ROUNDELAY.

Come and join our round e - lay; Come and join the dancers gay; We'll dance and sing, While

KEY F.

<:d :r | n :d | n :d | r : - | :r, n | f :r | f :r | n : - | :f, s | l :s | l :t >

FINE.

bells do ring Their bin, bom, bay. Now look at me, I pray, And

<:d' :t | l | s :f | n : - | r : - | d : - | || s, | d, t, :d | r | d :t, | l, : - | - | l, >

D.C.

hearken what I say, And turn me graceful - ly a-round, And so good - day!

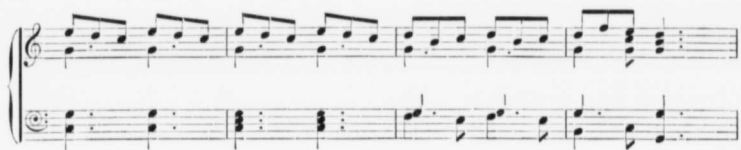
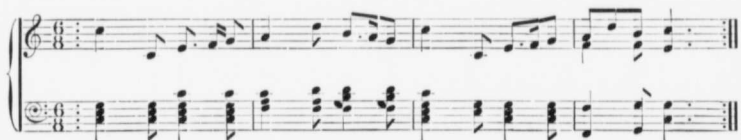
<:r | d :r, n | r :d | t, : - | :r | d :t, | l, :s, | d' :t | l | s :f | n : - | r : - | d, s, : - | - | >

Come and join our roundelay;
 Come and join the dancers gay;
 We'll dance and sing,
 While bells do ring
 Their bin, bom, bay.
 Now look at me, I pray,
 And hearken what I say,
 And turn me gracefully around,
 And so good-day!

COME AND JOIN OUR ROUNDELAY (continued).

The players, in couples, join hands and form a ring. They dance round and sing (eight bars). The couples face and, bending slightly outwards, clap hands in time to the music (two bars). They then bend inwards and clap again (two bars); join hands and turn each other clock-wise (two bars); loose hands and bow and curtsy elaborately (two bars). Then in couples, all polka round to the finish (eight bars). At the last bar every boy turns his partner to the next boy on his right. Thus the game begins again, all having new partners.

A Kentish game, probably of French origin.



No. 91.—MAYPOLE STYLE.

All around the May-pole Mer-ri-ly we go; Chip-a-chip-a-cheer-y, Singing as we go.

Key C. <[s .l :s .f | m :s | m' .r' :d' .l | s : - | s .l :s .f | m :s | m' .r' :d' .l | s : - >

Thro' the hap-py pas-tures, Round the vil-lage green, Wait-ing in the sun-shine, Hur-rah for the Queen!

<[s .l :s .f | m :s | m' .r' :d' .l | s : - | l .t :d' .l | s :d' .r' | m' :r' | d' : - ||

I'm a Queen, don't you see! Just come from the mea-dows green; If you'll wait a

<[s : - m | d' : - | t :f | l : - | s :r | f : - s | l :s | m : - | s :m | d' : - d' >

lit-tle while, I will dance you the Maypole style. Hail to this month, This merry month of May!

<[t :l | l : - | r' :d' | t :s .s | l :t | d' : - || s :m .f | s : - s | l .d' :t .l | s : - >

MAYPOLE STYLE (continued).

Hail to the trees and flow - ers! Hail to this month, This merry month of May. While we come to show our

⟨d : d .r | n : s : n : - | r : - | s : n , f | s : .s | l d' : t .l | s : s .s | d : d .r | n : n ⟩

how - ers! A - way to the May - pole he, To crown an earth - ly Queen; And

⟨r : - | d . : .s || s .s | d' : - : t | l : : - : | l l : : l | r' : - : d' | t : : - : | : d' : r' ⟩

trip, and trip, and trip, and trip, And trip it up and down.

⟨n' : - : d' | r' : - : t | d' : t : l | s : - : n | l : - : r' | d' : - : t | d' : : - : | - : - : ||

This is a Maypole game, played in the streets on May-Day. The May Queen is in front; and behind her, two by two, are her maids. The Queen carries a brush-handle, decorated with ribbon streamers in the Maypole manner. They dance along to the Scottish reel step, singing:—

All around the Maypole
Merrily we go;
Chip-a-chip-a-cheery,
Singing as we go.

MAYPOLE STYLE (continued).

Through the happy pastures,
Round the village green,
Walking in the sunshine—
Hurrah for the Queen!

The Queen sings :—

I'm a Queen, don't you see!
Just come from the meadows green;
If you'll wait a little while,
I will dance you the Maypole style.

While the Queen has been singing, the maidens have been getting the streamers ready, and they begin plaiting the Maypole which is held by the Queen. At the same time they sing :—

Here's a Queen, don't you see?
Just come, etc.

and the Queen, still holding the Maypole, dances in time to the music. Then all march in procession, still holding the streamers and singing :—

Hail to this month,
This merry month of May!
Hail to the trees and flowers!
Hail to this month,
This merry month of May,
While we come to show our bowers!

Then they march out of the street, singing :—

Away to the Maypole hie,
To crown an earthly Queen;
And trip, and trip, and trip, and trip,
And trip it up and down.

While the performance is going on, two serving maidens (in cap and strings) take round collecting boxes in the rear. The money is shared as among mummers, or a little tea is made with it.

No. 92.—GREEN GROW THE LEAVES.

KEY G. ♯d :d .d |d :s₁ .s₁ | d :m |d : | m :m .m |m :d .d | m :s |m :m .r |

Green grow the leaves on the old oak tree; Green grow the leaves on the old oak tree, With a

jingle and a ringle. And we cannot well agree, And the tenor of the song goes merrily,

Merri-ly, merri-ly, The tenor of the song goes merrily, Merrily, merrily, The tenor of the song goes merrily.

With "It" in the centre, all the rest join hands in a ring and dance round, singing:—

Green grow the leaves on the old oak tree;
 Green grow the leaves on the old oak tree,⁽¹⁾
 With a jingle and a ringle.
 And we cannot well agree,
 And the tenor of the song goes merrily,
 Merrily, merrily,
 The tenor of the song goes merrily.

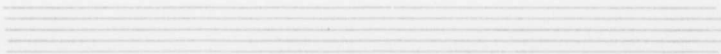
The ring stops.

At (1) "It" puts down a handkerchief before his choice; and the usual salute follows. The ring stamps to emphasize the time and dances round at a quicker rate—the two in the middle also dancing round—with arms linked.

The game begins again. The two in the middle choose partners and the game goes on as before, all four remaining within. Then all four choose as before. When the inside couples get too numerous, the outside ring simply walks round individually till all are in. Then all dance round in the original ring.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE
A-hunting we will go	36	My mother said that I never should	124
All around the Maypole	136	My mother sent me unto you	24
Alle galoo galoo!	59		
Blackthorn, blackthorn	121	O come, come, my pretty man	88
Can you show me how the farmer	3	Oh! where is Margarita	94
Come and join our roundelay	134	Old Roger is dead and he's laid in his grave..	62
Come! no time for idle slumber	127	On a mountain stands a lady	40
Doors of morn are open swinging	105	One man went to mow	120
Do you know the muffin man	84	On the bridge of Avignon	20
Do you know the way to plant the choux ..	90	Oranges and Lemons	118
Do you lack for silk or satin	22	O Sally Waters, sprinkle in my pan	23
Draw buckets o' water	72		
Fair Rosie was a lovely girl	6	Poor Ellen is a weeper	53
Gone is winter's storm and rain	128	Queen Mary, Queen Mary, my age is sixteen..	44
Green grow the leaves on the old oak tree ..	139		
Have you seen the beggar-man	75	Ring a ring o' roses	87
Have you seen the mocking-bird	74	Rosy apple, lemon, or a pear	48
Here comes an old man from Hull	26	Round and round the village	39
Here comes an old woman from Switzerland..	100	Round the corn-stooks see us winding	122
Here comes one Duke a-riding	38		
Here comes one Jew	50	Say, bonnie lassie, will ye gang wi' me	78
Here come the sounding buglers	92	See the bunny sleeping	83
Here we come, bunnies in the sun	4	See the little hands go clip, clip, clap	91
Here we come gathering nuts in May	66	See what a pretty little girl is mine	34
Here we come, Looby Loo	65		
Here we go round the Mulberry bush	2	The big ship sails through the Illy Ally O ..	58
He's an old bachelor	61	The Captain had a spying glass	12
How many miles to Banbury?	96	The doctor is a very fine man	10
How oats and beans and barley grow	102	The Emperor Napoleon had fifty thousand men	73
How sweetly the lark is trilling on high ..	114	The farmer's in his den	64
Hurrah for Harry McGarry	18	There was a farmer had a dog	76
		There was a jolly miller	60
If I were a fair one	117	There was a wood in valley green	110
I'm the Gabel huntsman	13	There were three jolly fishermen	109
In Dixie Land, there I was born	14	The Tyrols are jolly	108
In the sweet-scented meadows	112	Three times round goes the gallant, gallant, ship	80
Isabella, Isabella	54	Through the golden meadows	70
I sent a letter to my love	116	To Beccles, to Beccles	126
I've come to see Jilly Jo	42	Two little maidens all alone	30
Loaves are burning	68		
London Bridge is falling down	130	Wallflowers, wallflowers	32
Mine's a lovely house	106	We are all little girlies	86
M.O. for Maudie-O	1	We caught a young squirrel	16
Monday night; Tuesday night	33	We'll hire a horse and steal a gig	28
Mother, will you buy me a milking can ..	56	We will fetch you a pint of wine	46
Musical chairs	111	Wha learned you to dance	8
My father was a tailor man	98	What will you do in summer-time	67
		When Bertie goes to the ball	37
		When I wore my flounces	69
		Who is this so late doth come	132
		Will you surrender	123
		Yule logs are waiting, boys	7





Handwritten text on the right margin, possibly a page number or reference code, including the number 74.





Handwritten text on the left margin, possibly a page number or reference.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.



Handwritten text in a vertical box on the left margin, possibly a page number or reference code.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff.

