

H-10
G-10

THE
TRADITIONAL GAMES

Of England, Scotland, and Ireland

WITH

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

COLLECTED AND ANNOTATED BY

ALICE BERTHA GOMME

VOL. II.

89542
418108.

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

LONDON
DAVID NUTT, 270-71 STRAND

1898

almost military precision."—W. C. Wade (*Western Antiquary*, April 1881).

From this description of the "Snail Creep," it is not difficult to arrive at an origin for the game. It has evidently arisen from a custom of performing some religious observance, such as encircling sacred trees or stones, accompanied by song and dance. "On May Day, in Ireland, all the young men and maidens hold hands and dance in a circle round a tree hung with ribbons and garlands, or round a bonfire, moving in curves from right to left, as if imitating the windings of a serpent."—Wilde (*Ancient Cures, Charms, and Usages of Ireland*, 106).

It is easy to conjecture how the idea of "winding up a watch," or "rolling tobacco," would come in, and be thought the origin of the game from the similarity of action; but it is, I think, evident that this is not the case, from the words "a bundle o' rags," the mention of trees, and the "jogging" up and down, to say nothing of the existence of customs in Ireland and Wales similar to that of "Snail Creep." It is noticeable, too, that some of these games should be connected with trees, and that, in the "Snail Creep" dance the young men should carry branches of trees with them.

See "Bulliheisle," "Eller Tree."

Wind, The

- I. The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
The rain comes pouring from the sky;
Miss So-and-So says she'd die
For the sake of the old man's eye.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the lass of the golden city;
She goes courting one, two, three,
Please to tell me who they be.
A. B. says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her,
Let the boys say what they will
A. B. has got her still.
—Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire (Miss Matthews).
- II. The wind, wind blows, and the rain, rain goes,
And the clouds come gathering from the sky!

Annie Dingley's very, very pretty,
 She is a girl of a noble city ;
 She's the girl of one, two, three,
 Pray come tell me whose she'll be.

Johnny Tildersley says he loves her,
 All the boys are fighting for her,
 All the girls think nothing of her.
 Let the boys say what they will,
Johnny Tildersley's got her still.

He takes her by the lily-white hand
 And leads her over the water,
 Gives her kisses one, two, three,
 Mrs. *Dingley's* daughter !

—Berrington, Eccleshall (*Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 510).

III. When the wind blows high,
 When the wind blows high,
 The rain comes pelting from the sky.
 She is handsome, she is pretty,
 She is the girl in all the city.
 She [He ?] comes courting one, two, three,
 Pray you tell me who she be.
 I love her, I love her,
 All the boys are fighting for her.
 Let them all say what they will,
 I shall love her always still.
 She pulled off her gloves to show me her ring,
 To-morrow, to-morrow, the wedding bells ring.

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

IV. The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
 The rain comes falling from the sky.
 She is handsome, she is pretty,
 She is the girl of London city.
 She goes a courting one, two, three,
 Please will you tell me who is he ?
 [Boy's name] says he loves her.
 All the boys are fighting for her.
 Let the boys do what they will,

[Boy's name] has got her still.
 He knocks at the knocker and he rings at the bell,
 Please, Mrs. —, is your daughter in?
 She's neither ways in, she's neither ways out,
 She's in the back parlour walking about.
 Out she came as white as snow,
 With a rose in her breast as soft as silk.
 Please, my dear, will you have a drop of this?
 No, my dear, I'd rather have a kiss.
 —Settle, Yorks. (Rev. W. G. Sykes).

V. The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
 The rain comes sparkling from the sky,
 [A girl's name] says she'll die
 For a lad with a rolling eye.
 She is handsome, she is pretty,
 She is the flower of the golden city.
 She's got lovers one, two, three.
 Come, pray, and tell me who they be.
 [A boy's name] says he'll have her,
 Some one else is waiting for her.
 Lash the whip and away we go
 To see Newcastle races, oh.
 —Tyrie (Rev. W. Gregor).

[Another version after—

— says he'll have her,
 is—
 In his bosom he will clap her.]

[Another one after—

She has got lovers one, two, three.
 continues—
 Wait till [a boy's name] grows some bigger,
 He will ride her in his giggie.
 Lash your whip and away you go
 To see Newcastle races, O!]

—Pittulie (Rev. W. Gregor).

[And another version gives—

— says she'll die
 For the want of the golden eye.]
 —Fochabers (Rev. W. Gregor).

VI. The wind blows high, and the wind blows low,
 The snow comes scattering down below.
 Is not — very very pretty ?
 She is the flower of one, two, three.
 Please to tell me who is he.
 — says he loves her,
 All the boys are fighting for her.
 Let the boys say what they will,
 — loves her still. —Perth (Rev. W. Gregor).

A ring is formed by the children joining hands, one player standing in the centre. When asked, "Please tell me who they be," the girl in the middle gives the name or initials of a boy in the ring (or *vice versa*). The ring then sings the rest of the words, and the boy who was named goes into the centre. This is the Forest of Dean way of playing. In the Shropshire game, at the end of the first verse the girl in the centre beckons one from the ring, or one volunteers to go into the centre; the ring continues singing, and at the end the two children kiss; the first one joins the ring, and the other chooses in his turn. The other versions are played in the same way.

Northall (*English Folk-Rhymes*, p. 380) gives a version from Warwickshire very similar.

Wink-egg

Elworthy (*West Somerset Words*) says—When a nest is found boys shout, "Let's play 'Wink-egg.'" An egg is placed on the ground, and a boy goes back three paces from it, holding a stick in his hand; he then shuts his eyes, and takes two paces towards the egg and strikes a blow on the ground with the stick—the object being to break the egg. If he misses, another tries, and so on until all the eggs are smashed. In Cornwall it is called "Winky-eye," and is played in the spring. An egg taken from a bird's nest is placed on the ground, at some distance off—the number of paces having been previously fixed. Blindfolded, one after the other, the players attempt with a stick to hit and break it.—*Folk-lore Journal*, v. 61.

See "Blind Man's Stan."