THE ENGLISH FOLK-PLAY

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

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By

E. K. CHAMBERS

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
1933

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMEN HOUSE, E.C. 4
London Edinburgh Glasgow
Leipzig New York Toronto
Melbourne Capetown Bombay
Calcutta Madras Shanghai
HUMPHREY MILFORD
PUBLISHER TO THE
UNIVERSITY

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
BY JOHN JOHNSON, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

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THE MUMMERS' PLAY AND ITS CONGENERS

The Mummers' Play.

THIRTY years ago, I attempted, in *The Mediaeval Stage*, to give an account of the Mummers' Play, as one of several *ludi* of the folk which involve an element of *mimesis*. Since then, much additional material has been collected on the play and its congeners, notably by the late Reginald Tiddy and Cecil Sharp, and by Professor C. R. Baskervill, Mr. Douglas Kennedy, and Mr. Stuart Piggott; and fresh light has been thrown on the possible origin of such *ludi* by the discovery of close analogues still surviving in various parts of the Balkans. It seems, therefore, worth while to go over the ground again, and to bring together the threads of the old and the new evidence with regard to this singular and long-enduring seasonal ceremony. In 1903 I was able to make use of twenty-nine examples of the play. I can now draw upon well over a hundred, more or less complete, together with a few entangled in *ludi* of other types. Probably there are others, even in print, which have eluded my search, and there are references, in Tiddy's valuable study and elsewhere, to performances at various places from which no texts, so far as I know, are upon record. But my hundred or so examples cover the greater part of the country, and extend to Wales, the Isle of Man, the eastern coast-line of Ireland, and the Lowlands of Scotland. From the more purely Celtic

parts of Scotland and Ireland I have none. In England itself, they seem to come most thickly from Wessex and from the areas of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire about the Cotswolds, but that may be largely due to accidents of collection. The plays are known in Surrey and Essex, but I have no texts.[1] No evidence is at present forthcoming for their existence in Suffolk and Norfolk. Elements from them form part of the composite Plough Monday plays of Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, and sometimes invade the characteristic Sword Dances of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. The performances are seasonal. The usual date, in most districts, is Christmas, but in Cheshire All Souls' Day (2 November), and in some other parts of the north-west Easter. The Easter plays are called 'Pace Egg' plays. It should be 'Pasch Egg', from *Pascha*, the liturgical name for Easter. In Derbyshire Beelzebub sometimes gives a title. But generally one is borrowed from the actors. They are normally 'Mummers', which may be perverted into 'Mummies', but often also 'Guisers' or 'Guizards', which only means 'Disguisers'. In Cornwall they become 'Geese-dancers' and the play is a 'Giz-dance'. In Sussex they are 'Tipteers' or 'Tipteerers', possibly from the 'tip' asked as a reward, but more likely from 'tip', a dialectic form of 'tup', which is a common name for a ram.[2] Other names are 'The

[1] Lady Gomme in *F.L.* xl. 293 (Barnes, Surrey). Miss E. H. Evans tells me of a performance at South Weald, Essex.

[2] Cf. p. 215.

Seven Champions' in Kent, 'Johnny Jacks' in Hants and Wilts, 'Soulers' or 'Soul-Cakers' in Cheshire, 'Paceakers' in Yorkshire, 'Christmas Boys' in Wilts and the Isle of Wight, 'Christmas Rhymers' in Belfast, 'White Boys' in the Isle of Man, 'Galatians' in Scotland. Analogous customs have lent 'Sword Dancers' in Cumberland and Durham, and 'Morris Dancers', 'Murry Dancers' or 'Merry Dancers' in Shropshire. Mummers' Plays, Plough Plays, and Sword Dances are exclusively male performances, even when there is a woman among the characters. I owe to Dr. Marett the saying of an Oxfordshire participant, 'Oh, you wouldn't have women in that; it's more like being in church'; but I do not suppose any such subconscious atavism, if it is that, to be usual. Tiddy writes of the Mummers' Play.[1]

> It is now performed by young lads, sometimes by the schoolboys of a village; while for the last fifty years it has been unusual for married men to take part. Farmers, for instance, never perform in the South or Midlands. Nor have I any evidence that it was at any time performed by the more well-to-do.

This is no doubt true, so far as the past fifty years, or even more, are concerned. But it may be doubted whether it was equally true of earlier periods, before the present sharp social distinction between tenant farmers and labourers had established itself.

[1] Tiddy, 89.

A normalized text may be given at the outset, as a basis for discussion.

[*Enter the Presenter*]

Presenter. I open the door, I enter in;
I hope your favour we shall win.
Stir up the fire and strike a light,
And see my merry boys act to-night.
Whether we stand or whether we fall,
We'll do our best to please you all.

[*Enter the actors, and stand in a clump*]

Presenter. Room, room, brave gallants all,
Pray give us room to rhyme;
We're come to show activity,
This merry Christmas time;
Activity of youth,
Activity of age,
The like was never seen
Upon a common stage.
And if you don't believe what I say,
Step in St. George—and clear the way.

[*Enter St. George*]

St. George. In come I, Saint George,
The man of courage bold;
With my broad axe and sword
I won a crown of gold.
I fought the fiery dragon,
And drove him to the slaughter,
And by these means I won
The King of Egypt's daughter.
Show me the man that bids me stand;
I'll cut him down with my courageous hand.

Presenter. Step in, Bold Slasher.

[*Enter Bold Slasher*]

Slasher. In come I, the Turkish Knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight.
I come to fight St. George,
The man of courage bold;
And if his blood be hot,
I soon will make it cold.
St. George. Stand off, stand off, Bold Slasher,
And let no more be said,
For if I draw my sword,
I'm sure to break thy head.
Thou speakest very bold,
To such a man as I;
I'll cut thee into eyelet holes,
And make thy buttons fly.
Slasher. My head is made of iron,
My body is made of steel,
My arms and legs of beaten brass;
No man can make me feel.
St. George. Then draw thy sword and fight.
Or draw thy purse and pay;
For satisfaction I must have,
Before I go away.
Slasher. No satisfaction shalt thou have,
But I will bring thee to thy grave.
St. George. Battle to battle with thee I call,
To see who on this ground shall fall.
Slasher. Battle to battle with thee I pray,
To see who on this ground shall lay.
St. George. Then guard thy body and mind thy head,
Or else my sword shall strike thee dead.
Slasher. One shall die and the other shall live;
This is the challenge that I do give.

[*They fight. Slasher falls*]

Presenter. O cruel Christian, what hast thou done?
Thou hast wounded and slain my only son.
St. George. He challenged me to fight,
And why should I deny't?
Presenter. O, is there a doctor to be found
To cure this deep and deadly wound.
Doctor, doctor, where art thee?
My son is wounded to the knee.
Doctor, doctor, play thy part,
My son is wounded to the heart.
I would put down a thousand pound,
If there were a doctor to be found.

[*Enter the Doctor*]

Doctor. Yes, there is a doctor to be found,
To cure this deep and deadly wound.
I am a doctor pure and good,
And with my hand can stanch his blood.
Presenter. Where hast thou been, and where hast come from?
Doctor. Italy, Sicily, Germany, France and Spain,
Three times round the world and back again.
Presenter. What canst do and what canst cure?
Doctor. All sorts of diseases,
Just what my physic pleases;
The itch, the stitch, the palsy and the gout,
Pains within and pains without;
If the devil is in, I can fetch him out.
I have a little bottle by my side;
The fame of it spreads far and wide.
The stuff therein is elecampane;
It will bring the dead to life again.
A drop on his head, a drop on his heart.
Rise up, bold fellow, and take thy part.

[*Slasher rises*]

[*Enter Big Head*]

Big Head. In come I, as ain't been yet,
With my big head and little wit,
My head so big, my wit so small,
I will dance a jig to please you all.

[*Dance and Song ad libitum*]

[*Enter Beelzebub*]

Beelzebub. In come I, old Beelzebub.
On my shoulder I carry a club,
In my hand a dripping-pan.
Don't you think I'm a jolly old man?

[*Enter Johnny Jack*]

Johnny Jack. In come I, little Johnny Jack,
With my wife and family at my back,
My family's large and I am small,
A little, if you please, will help us all.

[*Enter Devil Dout*]

Devil Dout. In come I, little Devil Dout;
If you don't give me money, I'll sweep you out.
Money I want and money I crave;
If you don't give me money, I'll sweep you to the grave.

[*Quête*]

When I call this a normalized text, I do not mean that anything just like it is found anywhere, or even that I regard it as an archetype from which all the existing texts were derived, but merely that it is put together, as far as possible, from constantly recurring formulas, and represents the general succession of incidents and run of dialogue which one may conceive to lie behind the widely variant versions.

An archetype, in any strict sense, is unattainable. There have been too many cross-currents for that. No doubt there was a common original, but it has been much corrupted. The order of incidents has been dislocated, and speeches have been transferred from character to character. The result is often incoherent. There is also, of course, much verbal degradation. It is interesting to observe, however, how rhyme helped the memory of the folk. A rhyme-pair, or at least a rhyme-sound, often clings, when the sense of the context has been hopelessly perverted. But there must also have been a good deal of deliberate rehandling, both in shortening and in lengthening. One may guess at some of the reasons. Shortening may be due, not merely to lapse of memory, but also to a desire to get round as many houses as possible, in the interests of the *quête* or collection of gifts, for which the performance had come to be little more than an excuse. Lengthening, on the other hand, would provide better entertainment for larger audiences. I am not sure whether there was originally one combat or more.[1] But in any case the sword-play, which perhaps proved more exciting than the dialogue, has often been much prolonged. For this additional characters are brought in. Others appear, who are altogether superfluous to the action; they merely come and go. They are borrowed from related *ludi*, or they are personages much in the national or local

[1] Cf. p. 192.

eye at this or that epoch. The dialogue also has been much farced. Fragments have been written in from Robin Hood and other ballads or from popular songs, and from the repertories of travelling professional actors. And there are many bits, especially in the Doctor episode, of purely rustic humour. On the whole, the versions tend to be longer than my norm, although some are much shorter, and so logical a dialogue as mine is rarely preserved in full. Some of the accretions are themselves so widespread as to indicate much give and take among places, even far apart. The migrations of individual performers may help to account for this. The duplication of the fighting is sometimes effected by putting together two distinct versions as two acts of a play. And it is occasionally varied by letting one or more contemplated combat come to nothing. An extreme case of fertilization from a distance is at Icomb in Gloucestershire, where a second act must have been added from a Scottish source. Something must be allowed for the dissemination of chap-book versions of the play, such as emerge in the eighteenth century. These are known to have been used, for example, by local players in the West Riding of Yorkshire. There is more trace of their influence in the north than in the midlands and the south. They were themselves, however, generally based on traditional versions, with a certain amount of literary sophistication. The same version was often printed for booksellers in different towns. One type is found in

Lancashire and Yorkshire, another in Newcastle and Whitehaven, a third in Belfast. There is not much evidence for individual attempts at regularizing the language of the plays by local parsons or schoolmasters. For the most part the folk had it its own way. Clearly it was an illiterate folk, very different from that which in earlier days became responsible for the variations, often very beautiful, in the medieval ballads. The original text, indeed, is not likely to have had the quality of a ballad. But in many versions it has suffered almost incredible degradation, both through the familiar processes of oral transmission, and at the stage when one performer, for the benefit of his successors, or at the request of Tiddy or another, tried to write down not only his own part but also those of his fellows, which he naturally knew even less well than his own. One must remember that the life of the plays endured well into the middle of the nineteenth century, when the advance of enclosures, in the interests of high farming, had brought about the ultimate degeneration of the agricultural labourer. In the remarks that follow, by way of a commentary on my normalized version, I shall not concern myself so much with the state of the text, although that will incidentally appear, as with the general structure and the nature of the characters represented. It is, after all, the origin of the play, rather than its latter end, which is of interest to the folk-lorist.

It will be observed that there is a good deal of

metrical variation. Couplets, decasyllabic and octosyllabic, and quatrains all appear. I have given the preference to decasyllabic couplets, where possible, but the variation may quite well have been a characteristic of the original. There is no prose, except a few words in the Doctor episode. Structurally, the piece falls into three parts: the Presentation (ll. 1–16), the Drama (ll. 17–90), the *Quête* (ll. 91–106). And the Drama may further be resolved into the Vaunts (ll. 17–59) at the entry of the combatants and in their dispute, the Combat or Agon, which is dumb sword-play, the Lament (ll. 60–71), and the Cure (ll. 72–90). On each of these sections much comment is necessary.

The Presentation.

At Sudbury there is an opening 'promenade' of performers with a Christmas wish, and at Ross they rush in suddenly without knocking. But as a rule they are introduced by a Presenter, and stand in a clump by the door until each in turn is called upon to step forward and take his part. At Rogate the Presenter blows a cow-horn to announce the approach. The Presenter himself is often anonymous, or has such colourless appellations as Caller, First Man, First Speaker, Foreman, Headman, Leader, Leading Man, Marshal, No. 1, Open-the-Door, Page, Prologue, Ringer-in, Talking Man. No doubt, if we had descriptions as well as texts, his nature would sometimes be clearer. At West Wittering

the First Man is addressed as Prince Feather. In the south and midlands, by far the most common presenter is Old Father Christmas. I believe him to be an intruder upon the original play, but that must be considered later. At Ovingdean Father Christmas calls himself the Noble Captain. In the north a more usual type is the Fool, Clown, Jester, Punch, Hunchback or Johnny Funny. I think that the Old Hind-before of Icomb is also a Fool.[1] The midlands know the Fool as Hey Down Derry at Wooburn and Old Don Derry at Penn. In the text of the Lancashire and Yorkshire chap-books he becomes Old Bold Ben. The Jack of Skelton is less distinctive, since all the characters of the plays, whatever their proper names, have a way of addressing each other as 'Jack'. The Fool presenter is clearly related to the personages of the *Quête*. From here too come the Beelzebub of Coxwold and Thenford and the Little Devil Doubt of Leigh; from the Cure, as we shall see, the John Finney of Weston-sub-Edge, who may not be distinct, by origin, from Johnny Funny; and from the combatants the Captain Slasher of Lutterworth, the Sambo of the Isle of Man, the Knight of an unlocated Oxfordshire version, and the Alexander of the Newcastle and Whitehaven chap-books, and of an early Scottish version. The Rim Rhu of Dundalk is probably a projection from the words of the Presenter's speech, although the collector suggests that Rhu may represent the Irish *ruad*, 'red'.

[1] Cf. p. 227.

An even more surprising projection, the Rumour of Overton, may be helped by the use of Rumour or Fame as a prologue-speaker in more sophisticated drama. Very occasionally the Presenter is a woman, who comes in as an anonymous old woman or girl at Lower Heyford, Chiswick, Sudbury, and Halton, as Molly at Islip and in Berkshire, as Old Molly at Chesterfield, and as the Caller and Old Mother Christmas at Ilmington. Occasionally one of the combatants is introduced or referred to as the son or eldest son of the Presenter.[1]

The words of the Presentation show much divergence. The two formulas I have given occur together at Newport, but more often singly. I will not quote, here or elsewhere, too many trivial or merely stupid variants. But there are some which illustrate the way in which, as already noted, the rhyme-sound of a couplet persists in memory and leads to the substitution of an alternative line when the original one has been forgotten. Thus for line 2 we get:

Whether I lose or whether I win,

or,

To see a merry act begin,

or,

I hope the game will soon begin;

and for line 4:

To see my merry active knight,

[1] Cf. p. 225.

or,

For in this house there will be a fight,

or,

And see King George and the Turkey fight.

The second formula may be earlier than the first. Its 'room', 'gallants', 'activity' are used in old-fashioned senses which have puzzled the transmitters. 'Room' is a good medieval term, which survives into the seventeenth century, for the floorspace required by dancers or other performers. Shakespeare has it in *Much Ado*, II. i. 87, 'The revellers are entering, brother: make good room', and with an alternative in *Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 28:

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

A call for room opens three of Ben Jonson's masks, *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* (1619), *The Metamorphosed Gipsies* (1621), and *The Masque of Owls* (1626). In our texts 'Room' often becomes 'a room', and further misconceptions, both of 'room' and of 'gallants', yield some delightful results. Thus Sapperton has:

A room for gallant store.

Sudbury has:

A room, a room, a garland room.

Overton has:

There 's room and room and gallons of room.

Camborne puts it into prose, 'I am come to ask you to favour us with a few gallons of room in your house'.

If 'rum' is in the speaker's mind there may be a touch of rustic humour, or even a hint at the *quête*. A Hants version regards 'acres' of room as more natural. A variant of lines 8 and 10 links 'ride' and 'Christmas-tide'. Tiddy suggested that this might be the original form and a reminiscence of the St. George ridings. Alternatively, the players might have come in on hobby-horses. But it is better to regard the more usual 'rhyme' and 'Christmas time' as original. Sapperton, in fact, has 'rhyme' and 'tide'. Another stumbling-block is 'activity'. Elizabethan 'common stage' players used the term for acrobatic performances, which were often mimetic, and might, no doubt, include sword-play. But it became obsolete, and many curious variants emerge. Lines 11 and 12 become:

Activity of you, activity of me,

or,

Acting youth and acting age,

or,

I've acted youth, I've acted age,

or,

Acting well or acting vain,

or,

The night is young, and an act is old,

or,

Apt to the aged, apt to the life,

or even

Act Timothy of youth, act Timothy of age.

So, too, 'common stage' is replaced by 'public stage'

or Christmas stage or 'Christian stage' or 'King George's stage' or by some name of local significance, such as 'Andrew's stage' or 'St. Mary Andrew's stage'.

There are several other formulas, and a good deal of give and take between them. I need only quote those which are fairly distinct. Some are much shortened, but the call for 'room' is generally preserved. The following furnishes another example of a substituted rhyme-word.

Room, room, gallant room do I require;
Step in, King George, and show thy face like fire.

Another is:

I beg your pardon for being so bold,
I enter your house, the weather 's so cold.
Room, a room! brave gallants, give us room to sport,
For in this house we do resort.

and another:

Room, gentlemen, room I pray,
And we'll quickly have the fighting men this way.

and another:

A room, a room,
I do presume,
For me and my brave men.

But this, as the failure to rhyme shows, is corrupt. Elsewhere it is:

Room, room,
For me and my broom.

And in fact the Presenter sometimes comes in with

a broom in his, or her, hand, sweeping. Thus we get:

> In comes I, Old Hind-before,
> I comes fust to open your door.
> I comes fust to kick up a dust,
> I comes fust to sweep up your house;

and,

> In comes I hind before,
> With my broad broom to sweep up the floor;

and,

> A room, a room, a rousty toust,[1]
> I've brought my broom to sweep the house;

and,

> A room, a room,
> A douse, a douse,[2]
> I'll sweep your house,
> So clane, so dace,
> So hansom nice.

The object of sweeping here might be merely to clear a space or to reduce the dust made by the leaps of the combatants. I may again quote Shakespeare, *M.N.D.* v. i. 396, where Puck, introducing a mask, says:

> I am sent with broom before,
> To sweep the dust behind the door.

But sweeping is also found in the *Quête*, and I shall have to recur to it.[3]

Another type of opening has nothing about

[1] rouse, touse, 'bustle' (Wright, *Dialect Dictionary*).
[2] douse, 'dust' (*ibid.*).
[3] Cf. pp. 67, 211.

'room', but introduces the actors as a 'jolly family' or 'merry' men.

> We are the merry actors that traverse the street;
> We are the merry actors that fight for our meat;
> We are the merry actors that show pleasant play;
> Step in, St. George, thou champion, and clear the way.

This is a chap-book version, but the following is more traditional.

> In comes I that 's never been before.
> Six merry actors stand at your door,
> They can merrily dance and sing,
> And by your leave they shall walk in.

When Old Father Christmas is the Presenter, he often works in one or more of the formulas already quoted. But he also has, almost invariably, distinctive lines of his own.

> In come I, old Father Christmas,
> Welcome or welcome not,
> I hope old Father Christmas
> Will never be forgot.

Tiddy would trace in the second line a hint of the puritan hostility to Christmas rejoicing in the seventeenth century. Great Wolford has a special variant of its own.

> In comes I, Old Father Christmas,
> In comes I to make the fun.
> My hair is short, my beard is long,
> And me hat 's tied on with a leathern throng.

To his normal lines Father Christmas may add others which are not really 'proper' to the play, but are

also found as independent *quête*-songs of the Christmas season, and are indeed sometimes relegated in the play itself to the *Quête*. Such are:

> Christmas comes but once a year,
> And when it comes it brings good cheer.[1]

To this the Newcastle chap-book prefixes:

> Bounser Buckler, velvet 's dear,

which was a seventeenth-century proverb of scorn as:

> Bounce Buck-ram, velvet 's dear.[2]

An alternative is:

> We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year,
> A pocket full of money, and a cellar full of beer,
> And a good fat pig to last you all the year.[3]

Cornwall prefers 'a skin full of beer'. Father Christmas does not, I think, sweep, although he has a 'pop and touse' at Camborne. But at Cinderford he makes room with a sword.

At the close of the harangue the first actor is summoned forward, and each in turn may be similarly introduced by his predecessor or by the Presenter. Common signals are 'Step in', 'Walk in', 'Come in', 'I call in'. Possibly 'Enter' shows the influence of a chap-book. Overton has 'Fall from the door', where Tiddy thinks that 'Fall' may be an error for 'Forth'. In any case, the actors are probably already in the room, huddled near the entrance, and each, as

[1] J. Ray, *A Collection of English Proverbs* (1670), 211.
[2] John Clarke, *Paræmiologia Latina* (1639), 71.
[3] G. F. Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes*, 183.

summoned, steps into the open space. I take 'clear the way' to be addressed to the spectators. The Nuntius in the Chester *Nativity* says:

> Make rowme, lordinges, and geve us waie,
> And let Octavian come and plaie.[1]

But the Presentation is not always over yet. Before the Drama begins, there are sometimes supernumeraries to be introduced. We may call them sub-Presenters. Father Christmas may be only a sub-Presenter; it is another hint of his intrusive character. Stragglers from the combat or the *Quête* bring their normal rhymes with them. Mince Pie at Cocking, St. Mary Bourne, and in Wiltshire, and probably Fly at Wooburn are projections from the dialogue. More interesting is the King of Egypt. He is fairly widespread, although not common. It is just possible that he is of chap-book origin. Occasionally he uses borrowed lines, but his proper speech is as follows:

> Here am I, the King of Egypt,
> As plainly doth appear;
> St. George he is my only son,
> My only son and heir.

At Lutterworth he is replaced by the King of England, with similar lines, and at Bampton by the King of Prussia, with lines that savour of the Napoleonic wars. Bearsted has a Guard. A Molly, in two very corrupt versions from Badby and Ilmington, seems to be mother of one of the combatants. At Stourton Miss Duchess and at Bovey

[1] *Chester Plays* (ed. Deimling), vi. 177.

Tracey Mother Dolly sweeps as a sub-Presenter. The Bovey Tracey lines run:

> In comes I Mother Dolly.
> Drinking gin is all my folly.
> Before I begin I likes to make room;
> I'll sweep it away with my little broom.

In the Scottish *Galations* the Presenter calls in before the fighters a 'farmer's son', who is 'afraid he'll lose his love because he is too young'. This appears to be a stray from the 'calling on' lines usual before Sword Dances.[1] The Ripon play, which is called a Sword Dance, similarly opens with 'calling on' lines, which are sung by the whole company, and the characters named are irrelevant to the subsequent action.

The Combatants.

The culminating point of the Drama is of course the Combat. It will be convenient to call the champion who falls the Agonist and his vanquisher the Antagonist. As a rule, each combatant enters with a 'Here come I' or similar phrase and a laudatory self-description. There are many of them, but four are outstanding: St. George, Slasher, the Turkish Knight, the Black Prince of Paradise. George appears in almost all normal plays; I have only seen about a dozen that lack him. He is apt to be called King rather than Saint, once King George the Third, once King George of Paradise,

[1] Cf. p. 128.

sometimes Prince George, twice Prince George of Ville, once simply Great George. He is more often Antagonist than Agonist, in the proportion of two to one. His commonest opening speech is that given in my normal text. It is often fragmentary, and has minor variants. The 'crown of gold' (l. 20) may be 'three golden crowns', 'ten crowns of gold', 'ten tons of gold', 'ten thousand pounds in gold'. At Chithurst the three crowns are:

> The He, the She, and the Shamrock,

and at Hamstall Ridware:

> The emer-she-mer, sham-mer rock-a.

The 'daughter' (l. 24) may be 'King George's daughter', 'King William's daughter', 'the King of Briton's daughter', 'the queen's eldest daughter', 'Queen Alice's fairest daughter', and even, in a performance of 1870, 'the Queen of Denmark's daughter'. Once only, in Cornwall, is the lady named, as

> fair Sabra,
> The King of Egypt's daughter.

The 'hand' (l. 26) may be 'bold', 'iron', 'mighty', 'victorious', and by more obvious auditory errors, 'creatious', 'creeagus', 'created', 'graded', 'gracious', 'audacious'. St. George has, however, an alternative and longer narrative in decasyllabic lines. This also is fairly widespread. It is fullest, but already corrupt, in the Belfast chap-book, but there are fragments also in other north-western and western versions,

and as far away as Mylor in Cornwall, Sudbury in Middlesex, and Selmeston in Sussex, so that one can hardly take it as a chap-book invention. I think it originally went somewhat as follows:

I am St. George, who from Old England sprung,
My famous name throughout the world has rung.
Full seven years in prison I was kept,
And out of that into a cave I leapt,
And out of that into a rock of stone;
'Twas there I made my sad and grievous moan.
Many were the giants that I did subdue;
I ran the fiery dragon through and through,
'Twas I that freed fair Sabra from the stake.
What more could mortal man then undertake?

Eccleshall misunderstands:

It 's I who slew Slabberer from the stake;

and Broadway:

I have led the fair Sarepta from the snake.

For 'giants' the Isle of Man has 'lions'. Either would fit, but the 'many a gallant' of Belfast points to 'giants', and so does a further confusion at Eccleshall.

It 's many a joint where I so do,
Where I'd ram the fiery dagger through.

The Isle of Man omits the Sabra couplet, and substitutes:

With a golden trumpet in my mouth
I sounded at the gates divine the truth.

This might be a perversion of the Newcastle chap-

book, which has the normal shorter narrative, but adds:

In Egypt's fields I prisoner long was kept,
But by my valour I from them soon 'scaped:
I sounded at the gates of a divine,
And out came a giant of no good design;
He gave me a blow, which almost struck me dead,
But I up with my sword, and did cut off his head.

Here, too, 'divine' can hardly be right.[1] The Yorkshire chap-book has neither of the usual narratives, but has:

I followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,
Confined in dungeon deep to meet her fate;
Then I resolved, with true knight-errantry,
To burst the door and set the prisoner free,
When a giant almost struck me dead,
But by my valour I cut off his head.

The traditional biography, in whichever form, may be followed or replaced by a bit of patriotic fervour.

I am Prince George, a worthy knight,
I'll spend my blood for England's right,
England's right I will maintain,
I'll fight for old England once again.

Or it may be:

For England's rights, for England's wrongs,
For England 's my salvation.

A memory, clinging to the rhyme-sound, substitutes at Mylor:

England's wright, England admorration,

and in the Isle of Man:

Right from Egypt's station.

[1] Cf. p. 177.

Mr. Piggott finds at Hoe Benham:

With ist manells so brave and vallets so true.

and as it follows the 'daughter' line, conjectures 'menials' or 'meinie' and 'varlets'. But, as he notes, Burghclere has:

Manhood so free and valiant of old.

Another phrase is:

I fought them all courageously,
And still have gained the victory,
And will always fight for liberty.

Stanford-in-the-Vale has:

I fought the man at Tollatree,
And still I gained the victory.

At Selmeston it is Tillowtree and at Tenby Tillotree. One might conjecture Talavera (1805). But the Stanford reporter, whose version apparently came from Tetbury in Gloucestershire, said, 'You can say what you like, but we always said Tollatree'. Broadway makes of it:

Stand forth! thou figure of a tree,
And see who gains the victory!

St. George goes in the popular mind with the Turkish Knight, who is by no means so omnipresent, but where he comes generally takes part in the primary combat, if there is more than one. His gambit is:

In come I, the Turkish Knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight.

He is almost invariably Agonist. The name is sometimes Turkish Champion, or by corruption, Turkish or Turkey Snipe. A Bulgard at Hamstall Ridware and a Boldgier at Repton are both 'from Turkey land'. Perhaps Bulgarians and Turks have been confused or perhaps a descriptive Bold Soldier has become Boldgier and that Bulgard. In Cheshire the Turkish Knight is addressed as 'black Morocco dog'; and in fact he is generally replaced in the north, perhaps under chap-book influence, by a very similar personage, the Black Prince of Paradise, Paradine, or Paladine, who is also 'Morocco dog' or 'Morocco King'. A version, rather doubtfully ascribed to north Somerset, makes him also Black Prince of Darkness, and here the insult is 'black and American dog'. His opening lines are usually:

> I am Black Prince of Paradise, born of high renown,
> Soon I will fetch St. George's lofty courage down.

In the north Somerset version he is 'born in a fiery hole'.

In some ways the most interesting combatant is Slasher. This is a description rather than a name, and has many variants; Captain Slasher, Valiant Slasher, Bold Slasher, Beau Slasher, Bue Slash, Bull Slash, Stacker (perhaps a mere misprint in a chap-book), Bold Slaughterer, Bold and Slalter, Bold Striker, Bold Captain Rover, Bold Roamer, Bold and Hardy, Cuterman Slasherman, Cutting Star, Whip him and Slash Him, Swish Swash and Swagger,

Tall and Smart, Flashard. Sometimes he is merely Valiant Soldier. His opening lines are those of my text. The buckler being obsolete, we get 'sword and buckle', 'sword and drawn buckle', 'bockel and staff', 'broadsword and cutlash and buckle', 'broadsword and spear', 'broadsword and bayonet', 'broadsword and jolly Turk' (dirk), 'bow and jolly Turk', 'sword and pistol', and even 'gold-laced hat and dagger'. Slasher is more widespread than the Turkish Knight, coming in the north as well as elsewhere. He more often comes in a secondary combat, and is Agonist and Antagonist in about equal proportions. The two types remain fairly distinct, although very occasionally Slasher is also called a Turkish Knight or a Turkey dog, or comes from Turkey land.

One would expect the Dragon to be among the combatants, but as a rule he is remarkably successful in concealing himself.[1] Naturally where he does appear, he is Agonist. Probably, although his vaunt is borrowed and he describes himself as the biggest man in Northumberland, he is the Speckleback who fights Slasher at Sapperton. He was in a performance at South Weald in Essex, of which I have not the text. In three other cases his opponent is George. At Swallowfield he is again a borrower, and in Cornwall, although he has a distinctive speech, neither this nor that of St. George, to which it is a reply, is quite free from echoes.

[1] Cf. p. 177.

St. George. Here come I, St. George, from Britain did I spring,
I'll fight the Dragon bold, my wonders to begin,
I'll clip his wings, he shall not fly;
I'll cut him down, or else I die,

Dragon. Who 's he that seeks the Dragon's blood,
And calls so angry, and so loud?
That English dog, will he before me stand?
I'll cut him down with my courageous hand.
With my long teeth and scurvy jaw,
Of such I'd break up half a score,
And stay my stomach, till I'd more.

Much the same dialogue, with 'scurly' for 'scurvy' and 'mourn' for 'more', passes at Weston-sub-Edge between George and the Turkish Knight, who must have inherited it from the Dragon, and at the Cure in this play a wolf's tooth is removed from the Agonist. At Bovey Tracey some one wore 'a wooden thing for a head with bullock's teeth', and after the Drama comes:

Here am I the Giant from the Giant's rest,
With my long teeth and scury jaws
I'll tear the flesh from off thy nose.

There are many other fighters, some of whom only take part in secondary combats. Probably they are all either perversions or accretions. A few are heroic. Singuy, also called Singhiles, at Newport, Sing Ghiles at Eccleshall and St. Gay in Derbyshire probably represent Sir Guy of Warwick, who like St. George was a dragon-slayer. Giant Turpin appeared fitfully in Cornwall. The Newcastle-Whitehaven chap-

book has Alexander, who is also found at Peebles in Scotland, and by some accident at Icomb in Gloucestershire. Falkirk has St. Lawrence. But the chief feature of the Scottish versions is the regular replacement of St. George by a hero called Galatian, Galations, Golashans, Galacheus, or Galgacus. Presumably this last is the original form, since Tacitus makes Galgacus or Calgacus the leader of the Picts in their battle with Agricola at the Mons Graupius. Irish versions naturally introduce St. Patrick, with a gibe in which St. George is called St. Patrick's boy. But Braganstown deals more honestly with the source by putting it the other way round.[1] King Charles at Skelton is presumably a derivative from King George, who is also called 'the druded White King' at Repton. Later substitutes are King William and even the Royal Prussian King. And here, perhaps, comes in the influence of the Napoleonic wars, which also give Bonaparte, 'just come from Thumberloo', and a Noble Captain or French Officer.

> In comes I, the valiant soldier,
> Just arrived from France,
> With my broad sword and spear,
> I'll make King George to dance.

History may possibly explain a mysterious personage whom I cannot unravel. At Great Wolford King George says:

> And if any man can conquer me,
> The French Captain Collier he shall be.

[1] Cf. p. 182.

In fact he only fights Slasher. But at Penn he fights Captain Curly 'from the Isle of Wight', who is similarly described at Wooburn, where he is 'Kearley' and fights a Duke of Cumberland, who is also 'George', and at Stourton, where he fights a Duke of Northumberland. Moreover, the Turkish Knight is described as 'curly' at Rugby, Beelzebub has a 'curly wig' at Sapperton, and Curly is the name of the Fool in a Leicestershire Morris Dance.[1] Sir George Collier (1738–95) was a naval officer, and so were Sir Robert Calder (1745–1818), Sir Benjamin Caldwell (1737–1820), Sir William Cornwallis (1744–1819) and Lord Collingwood (1750–1810). Any name can be corrupted by the folk, but none of these heroes were French. Calder, whose action against Villeneuve helped to stave off invasion by Bonaparte in 1804, is the most likely. The only George Duke of Cumberland was Queen Anne's husband (1689–1708). A more probable personage is William Augustus, the 'butcher of Culloden' (1726–65). The Duke of Northumberland also appears at Islip. The only military Duke was Hugh, of the 'Smithson' house (1742–1817). Scotland has an Admiral of the Hairy Caps, who 'won the battle of Quinbeck'. Is it Quebec (1759), which is also mixed up with an admiral in the Mylor text?[2] Anyway, the 'hairy caps' must be play costume.[3] Combatants who have strayed from other parts of the play are Father Christmas,

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 198. [2] Cf. p. 83. [3] Cf. pp. 85, 90, 126.

the King of Egypt, Mince Pie, Room, Activity and Age, who are again 'projections', Beelzebub, Twing Twang, and Jack Vinney. With Sambo and Hector I shall deal later.[1] Farmer Dick, in Cumberland, may have strayed from a Sword Dance.[2] Prince Valentine, at Ross and in the Isle of Man, might be a 'projection' from 'valiant' or might come from the stage-play of *Valentine and Orson*.[3] In Dorset, however, General Valentine is coupled with Colonel Spring, and suggests St. Valentine's Day. Hy Gwyer, at Hollington, 'with my face red as fire' owes his position to a rhyme which we have also found in the Presentation. The Bold Prince of Steyning and the Grenadier of Burghclere are quite colourless. But at Hoe Benham the Grenadier is amusingly transformed into Bold Granny Dear.

The Dispute.

The distribution in my text of the vaunting which follows the introductory speeches is an arbitrary one. The dialogue shows the tendency to cumulative repetition characteristic both of folk-rhymes and of ballads. It is seldom so long as I have made it, and the formulas, or fragments of them, are freely interchangeable among the participants, with the exceptions that the warning not to speak so bold is generally addressed to the Turkish Knight, and that the lines about iron and steel are nearly always put

[1] Cf. p. 60. [2] Cf. p. 128. [3] Cf. p. 191.

in Slasher's mouth. To their origin I shall have to recur.[1] They not unnaturally became unintelligible. The first two lines are fairly well preserved, although 'brass' or 'lead' or 'cannon-balls' may be substituted for 'iron' or 'steel', and a touch of rationalism may replace 'made of' by 'lined with', and even give:

My hamlet 's (helmet 's?) lined with steel,

or, still more plausibly:

My body 's not lined with brass,
My head 's not lined with steel.

The two last lines show greater variation. 'Beaten brass' was thought less plausible than 'knuckle-bones' or 'crooked bones', although it is not so easy to explain 'pipe-stalks' and 'paven-stones', and the last line became:

I challenge thee to feel,

and then,

I challenge thee to field.

There is often a more complete and comic recast:

My trousers touch my ankle-bones,
That thou shalt quickly feel,

or,

My garter fits my legs so tight,
My trousers drag my heel.

There is a similar adaptation to the *milieu* of the performers in lines 56–7. Some Bentley, more

[1] Cf. p. 178.

familiar with fisticuffs than with sword-play, bethought him of:

> So mind your eyes and guard your blows,
> Or else I'll tap you on the nose.

One other passage gets a very odd development. As it stands in my text, it is:

> I'll cut thee into eyelet holes,
> And make thy buttons fly.

This is only my reconstruction. The nearest approach to it is at Mylor.

> I will cut thy doublats ful of Hylent hols
> And make thy buttens fly.

I think that 'Hylent hols' can only be 'eyelet holes' and both this and 'doublet' suggest an early date. I do not find 'eyelet holes' again, although this or 'doublets' may account for the Derbyshire

> I'll jam his giblets full of holes,
> And in those holes put pebble stones,

or,

> I'll fill thy body full of pellets,
> And make thy buttons fly.

and the Rogate

> I'll cut your driblets through and through,
> And make your buttons fly.

Other combinations of 'cut' and 'fly' are not uncommon, especially in outlying areas. Thus, in Cumberland:

> I'll cut his body in four parts,
> And make his buttons fly,

and in the Isle of Man:

He cut my coat so full of rents,
And made my buttons fly.

Lutterworth has:

I'll cut you down the middle,
And make your blood to fly.

Here 'blood', I suppose, might be either a perversion of the 'buttons' or its origin. And now, at Heptonstall, comes, in prose, a link with a very widespread formula:

I struck his doublet into ten parts and sent 'em over the sea. I sent 'em over the sea to Jamaica to make mince pies.

There is no 'fly' here, but it is generally part of a mince-pie threat, in some such form as this:

I'll cut him and slash him as small as flies,
And send him to Jamaica to make mincepies.

The threat is very persistent. I have noted about thirty examples, from all parts, but largely from the midlands. Very rarely 'flies' becomes 'dust' and even 'mint-dust', and the rhyme is to 'mincepie crust'. The verb is generally 'cut', sometimes replaced or supplemented by 'pierce', 'hack', 'hew', 'hit', or 'slay'. Obviously the connexion with the Christmas season, as well as the rhyme, helps to explain the mince-pies. Mylor has 'appel pyes'. I do not think that the appearance of the formula at Mylor, side by side with the 'Hylent hols', necessarily militates against my theory of its origin. Why 'Jamaica', I do not know, except that criminals were transported to Jamaica in the seventeenth century. It is the

commonest destination for the mince-pies in the formula, but by no means the only one. They may be sent, through another association with Christmas feasting, to Turkey, or again to Gibraltar, to London, to Yorkshire, to Blacksand, to Black Sam, to Satan, to the Devil, to the Old Man, to King George, and more reasonably to the kitchen, to the bakehouse, to the cookshop. Sometimes there are repetitive lines, which work in the street-cry 'Mince pies hot, mince pies cold!' and add as a rhyme 'Nine days old'. Mince-pies were a traditional viand at the London Lord Mayor's feast on November 9. Mr. Percy Manning would trace a relation to the Bringing in the Fly, which was a Whitsun custom of Oxford cooks. He thinks that they ate the fly, and notes that in Lincolnshire flies were said to disappear in autumn, because they were made into flies for Scawby Feast.[1] But surely the Whitsun Fly was the butterfly, as a symbol of spring, or perhaps, for cooks, the mayfly, which brings the trout. I have not used in my text an occasional formula in which one combatant says that another 'swears he will come in', and expresses fear that he will 'pierce' or 'brace' or 'tan' his skin. This is certainly an accretion. It comes from the actors' 'jig' of *Singing Simpkin.*

Servant. He swears and tears he will come in,
And nothing shall him hinder.
Simpkin. I fear hee'l strip me out my skin,
And burn it into tinder.

[1] *Folk-Lore*, xxv. 198.

The jig is in Robert Cox's *Acteon and Diana* (n.d., 2nd ed. 1656) and in *The Wits, or Sport Upon Sport* (1662), but is already adapted in the German *Engelische Comedien und Tragedien* (1620). Perhaps Professor Baskervill is a little hazardous in identifying it with a jig of William Kempe's, registered on 21 October 1595.[1]

The Lament.

This episode is handled in several ways. It often contains the three formulas of my text, the Reproach, the Apology, the Call for the Doctor. The Reproach and Call may be given either to the Presenter or to a character, usually the King of Egypt or a Woman, who may already have been a sub-Presenter, or, in the north, may now intervene for the first time. At Frodsham she is Martha. The 'cruel Christian', or, as it may be, 'cursed Christian' of the Reproach is not, of course, appropriate to every Antagonist. The Newcastle-Whitehaven chap-book uses it in error of Alexander. Sometimes it is replaced by 'O George, O George' or the like, or by 'Horrible, terrible', on which we shall come again. The chap-books seem also to be responsible for some variant forms of Apology.

> He gave me a challenge, no one it denies,
> How high he was, but see how low he lies.

[1] Baskervill, *The Elizabethan Jig*, 108, 123, 235, 444 (text).

and,

Please you, my liege, my honour to maintain;
Had you been there, you might have fared the same.

There are Scottish versions in which the Antagonist attempts to throw the blame upon a bystander.[1] The Apology is sometimes omitted, and if so the Reproach may either remain unaltered, or be merged in the lamenting Call for the Doctor. The most constant element in all this variation is the assertion of the sonship of the Agonist to the lamenter. He is generally called 'only' son, less often 'eldest' or 'chiefest' son. Multiplied combats produce two sons at Overton and Witley, and four in the Isle of Wight. At Overton the Presenter, who is Father Christmas, says after the first fight, 'Oh dear, oh dear, out of eleven sons I've only got one left', and after the second fight, 'Oh dear, oh dear, out of eleven sons I haven't got one left'. And this links with a set of rhymes which belongs in the *Quête* to Beelzebub at Icomb, and more plausibly to Johnny Jack in several Wessex plays.

Out of children eleven I've got but seven,
And they be started up to heaven;
Out of the seven I've got but five,
And they be starved to death alive;
Out of the five I've got but three,
And they be popped behind a tree;
Out of the three I've got but one,
And he got round behind the sun.

I do not find this in Northall's *Folk-Rhymes*,

[1] Cf. p. 129.

although there are some sets of numerical rhymes used in forfeit games to test rapidity and accuracy of speech.[1] Another, in Lady Gomme's *Traditional Games*, is *The Twelve Days of Christmas*, and possibly those days or the twelve months may be intended here.[2] But this hardly explains the sonship of the laments, since the lamenter is by no means always Father Christmas. And although he is sometimes the King of Egypt, it is not so in all cases in which the King calls George his 'son and heir' in the Presentation. Nor again, is the son of the Lament always George. In one exceptional case, at Bearsted in Kent, the Reproach is simply:

Oh King George, what have you done?

and the Antagonist himself says:

I've killed my own beloved son,

Another form of the episode, particularly favoured in Sussex, but also found so far away as Sudbury, Leigh, Malvern, and Tenby, has no Reproach and no Apology in the strict sense. Either the Presenter or the Antagonist may call the Doctor; but first the Antagonist, addressing either the Presenter, or occasionally the audience as 'Ladies and gentlemen', exclaims:

See what I have done,
I have cut him down like the evening sun.

At Ovingdean it becomes 'like a flying eagle in the sun'. I can only suppose that 'sun' here is a perver-

[1] Northall, 405. [2] Gomme, ii. 315.

sion of a forgotten 'son', and possibly 'evening' of 'eleventh'. There may be a link at Peebles, where the outcry is:

I've killed my brother Jack, my father's only son.

At Bursledon an eighteenth-century Antagonist substituted a vaunt:

Oh you turkey snipe,
Go home to your own lands to fight,
And tell the Americans what I have done;
I've killed ten thousand to your one.

Finally, there may be no preliminary dialogue, but merely the Call to the Doctor by the Presenter or an intervener or the Antagonist. This is probably the commonest method, and as it never, I believe, incorporates any hint of sonship, it may be the original one. At Pillerton the Doctor comes without being called. There is no very great variation in the formulas of the Call, but lines 66–9 of my text are really a variant of lines 64–5, rather than their complement. With the offer of a reward I shall deal presently.

The Weston-sub-Edge Play.

The structure of the Mummers' Play is that of a melodrama, and it is to the Cure that it looks for its comic relief. This has led to a good deal of farcing of the original text. Much of it turns on the social and professional pretensions of the Doctor, and in particular on his financial ability, as seen from the

angle of village humour. But there are other elements involved, and it will enable me to be more brief, if I give, for comparison with the normalized text, a much elaborated version from Weston-sub-Edge in Gloucestershire.

John Finney. A room, a room, a roust, a roust
I brought this old broom to sweep your house.
Father Christmas. In comes I old Father Christmas,
Christmas or Christmas not
I hope old Father Christmas will never be forgot.
I am not here to laugh or to cheer,
But all I want is a pocket full of money and a cellar full of beer.
So, Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't believe what I say,
Step in Turkish Knight and clear the way.
Turkish Knight. Open your doors and let me in
For your favour I am sure to win.
Whether I rise or whether I fall
I do my best to please you all.
For King George is here and swears he will come in,
And if he do he'll pierce me to my skin.
So, Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't believe what I say,
Step in King George and clear the way.
King George. I am King George, this noble Knight
Came from foreign lands to fight
To fight that fiery dragon who is so bold
And cut him down with his blood cold.
Turkish Knight. Who 's he who seeks the Dragon's blood
And curse so angry and so loud?
King George. I'm he who seeks the Dragon's blood
And curse so angry and so loud.

Turkish Knight. You? you black-looking English dog,
will you before me stand?
I'll cut thee down with my courageous hand.
With my long teeth and scurly jaws I break up half a
score
And stay my stomach till I mourn.
So to battle to battle and you and I will try
To see which on the ground shall lie.

Father Christmas. Oh is there a doctor to be found or any
near at hand
To heal this deep and deadly wound and make this dead
man stand?

Doctor. Oh yeas, here is a doctor to be found all ready
near at hand
To heal this deep and deadly wound and make this dead
man stand.
Take one of my pills, bold fellow, rise up and fight
again.

The Turkish Knight and King George fight.

Father Christmas. Oh is there a doctor to be found or any
near at hand
To heal this deep and deadly wound and make this dead
man stand?

Doctor. Oh yes, here is a doctor to be found all ready near
at hand
To heal this deep and deadly wound and make this dead
man stand.
Ladies and gentlemen, all here a large wolf's tooth
growing in this man's head and must be taken out
before he'll recover.

Father Christmas. What 's thy fee, Doctor?

Doctor. Ten guineas is my fee,
But fifteen will I take of thee.
Before I set this gallant free.

Father Christmas. Work thy will, Doctor.

Doctor. I will. Where 's Jack?

John Finney. Oh yer 's Jack. Jack 's coming.

Doctor. Hold my horse, Jack Finney.

John Finney. My name ain't Jack Finney, my name 's Mr. John Finney, a man of great strength. Cured an old magpie of the toothache, twisted his old yud off, throwed his body in a dry ditch and drowned him; I went off the morrow about nine days after, picks up this little yud magpie, romed my arm down his throat, turned him inside outwards, and made as good a magpie as ever walked in a pair of pattens.

Doctor. Hold my hoss, Mr. John Finney.

John Finney. Will he bite?

Doctor. No.

John Finney. Will he kick?

Doctor. No.

John Finney. Take tow to hold him?

Doctor. No.

John Finney. Hold him yourself then.

Doctor. What 's that, you saucy young rascal?

John Finney. Oh, I hold him, sir.

Doctor. Give him a bucket of ashes and a fusket for his supper and well rrrrom down with the bissum stick.

John Finney. Do it yerself, sir.

Doctor. What 's that, you saucy young rascal?

John Finney. Oh, I do it, sir.

Doctor. Bring me my spy glass, Mr. John Finney.

John Finney. Fetch it yerself, sir.

Doctor. What 's that, you saucy young rascal?

John Finney. Oh, I fetch it, sir. There it is, sir.

Doctor. What 's throw it down there for?

John Finney. Ah, for thee to pick it up agen, sir.

Doctor. What 's that, you saucy young rascal?

John Finney. Oh, for me to pick it up agen, sir.
Doctor. Fetch me my lance, John Finney.
John Finney. Fetch it yerself, sir.
Doctor. What 's that, you saucy young rascal?
John Finney. Oh, I fetch it, sir.
Doctor. What 's throw it down there for?
John Finney. Ah, for thee to pick it up again, sir.
Doctor. What 's that, you saucy young rascal?
John Finney. Ah, for me to pick it up again, sir.
Doctor. Fetch me my pinchers, John Finney.
John Finney. Fetch them yerself, sir.
Doctor. What 's that, you saucy young rascal?
John Finney. Oh, I fetch them, sir.
Doctor. What 's throw them down there for?
John Finney. Ah, for thee to pick them up agen, sir.
Doctor. What 's that, you saucy young rascal?
John Finney. Oh, for me to pick them up agen, sir.
Doctor. Fetch me one of the strongest hosses you've got in yer team.
John Finney. Fetch um yerself, sir.
Doctor. What's that, you saucy young rascal?
John Finney. Oh, I'll fetch him, sir.

John Finney brings in one of the mummers and pretends he is a horse.

woa, woa, woa; woa, woa, woa.
Doctor. You call that the strongest hoss you've got in the team?
John Finney. That's him, sir.
Doctor. Hold him tight then, John Finney.
John Finney. Hold him yerself.
Doctor. What's that, you saucy young rascal?
John Finney. Oh, I've got him, sir, fast by the tail.
Doctor. Hold him fast then.

This is repeated until all the other mummers have

been brought on in turn, with the exception of Father Christmas who remains in the room watching and sweeping with his broom to make fun.

Doctor. Now boys, a long pull short pull, pull all together boys. Oh, we've got him this time, John Finney. Ladies and gentlemen, all this large wolf's tooth has been growing in this man's head ninety-nine years before his great grandmother was born: if it had n't have been taken out to-day, he would have died yesterday. I've a little bottle by my side called Eelgumpane, one spot on the roof of this man's tongue, another on his tooth, will quickly bring him to life again. Rise up, bold fellow, and fight again.

King George and the Turkish Knight fight.

Father Christmas. Peace, peace, peace. Walk in Beelzebub.

Beelzebub. In comes I old Belzebub
And on my back I carries my club
And in my hand the dripping-pan,
I thinks myself a jolly old man.
Round hole, black as coal,
Long tail and little hole.

I went up a straight crooked lane. I met a bark and he dogged at me. I went to the stick and cut a hedge, gave him a rallier over the yud jud killed him round stout stiff and bold from Lancashire I came, if Doctor has n't done his part, John Finney wins the game.

Last Christmas night I turned the spit,
I burnt me finger and felt it itch,
The sparks flew over the table,
The pot-lid kicked the ladle,
Up jumped spit jack
Like a mansion man
Swore he'd fight the dripping pan

With his long tail,
Swore he'd send them all to jail.
In comes the grid iron, if you can't agree
I'm the justice, bring um to me.
As I was going along, as I was standing still,
I saw a wooden church built on a wooden hill,
Nineteen leather bells a going without a clapper
That made me wonder what was the matter.

I went on a bit further, I came to King Charles up a cast iron pear tree. He asked I the way to get down. I said put thee feet in the stirrup iron and pitchee poll headfust into a marl pit where ninety-nine parish churches had been dug out besides a few odd villages. I went on a bit further, I came to a little big house, I knocked at the door and the maid fell out. She asked if I could eat a cup of her cider and drink a hard crust of her bread and cheese. I said 'No thanks, yes if yer please.' So I picked up me latters and went me ways. I went on a bit further.

I came to two old women winnowing butter.
That made me mum mum mummer and stutter.

I went on a little bit further: I came to two little whipper snappers thrashing canary seeds: one gave a hard cut, the tother gen a driving cut, cut a sid through a wall nine foot wide killed a little jed dog tother side. I went of the morroe about nine days after, picks up this little jied dog, romes my arm down his throat, turned him inside outards, sent him down Buckle Street barking ninety miles long and I followed after him.

John Finney. Now my lads we've come to the land of plenty, rost stones, plum puddings, houses thatched with pancakes, and little pigs running about with knives and forks stuck in their backs crying 'Who'll eat me, who'll eat me?'

Father Christmas. Walk in clever legs.

Cleverlegs. In comes I ain't been hit.
With me big hump and little wit.
Me chump's so big, me wit's so small,
But I can play you a tune to please yer all.

Father Christmas. What tune's that then?

Cleverlegs. One of our old favourites tunes Ran tan tinder box Cat in the fiddle bag Jonnie up up the orchard.

Father Christmas. Let's have him the.

Now the three-handed reel takes place.

Father Christmas. If this old frying pan had but a tongue,
He'd say 'chuck in yer money and think it no wrong.'

Here and elsewhere, the elaborations of the Cure are mainly, like its nucleus, in prose. There is some rough fun in the loutish impudence of Jack Finney. But most of the patter is such as appeals solely to the unlettered. It is purely verbal jesting, without salt of mind. It may take the form of an incongruous juxtaposition of contradictories:

I went up a straight crooked lane

and,

I said 'No thanks, yes if yer please.'

Or there may be a simple inversion of ideas:

I met a bark and he dogged at me,

and,

She asked if I could eat a cup of her cider and drink a hard crust of her bread and cheese.

All this comes straight from the village. It is the folk at its worst. 'Rustic paradox', one may call it; 'topsy-turvydom', says Tiddy, but it is a far-

fetched suggestion that it might 'be regarded as an art-form of magical incantations, like saying the Lord's Prayer backwards'.[1] He finds it in the clown Mouse of *Mucedorus*, who says, 'A was a littel, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, wel favoured fellow', and 'I can keepe my tongue from picking and stealing, and my handes from lying and slaundering'.[2] In company with all this dross is found the romantic touch of adventure in an Earthly Paradise. Tiddy traces it rightly to the early fourteenth-century anti-monastic satire of *The Land of Cokayne*.[3]

Ther is a wel fair abbei,
Of white monkes and of grei.
Ther beth bowris and halles.
Al of pasteiis beth the walles,
Of fleis, of fisse, and rich met,
The likfullist that man mai et.
Fluren cakes beth the scingles alle,
Of cherche, cloister, boure, and halle.
The pinnes beth fat podinges,
Rich met to princes and kinges . . .
Yite I do yow mo to witte,
The Gees irostid on the spitte
Fleegh to that abbai, God hit wote.[4]

The theme is found in popular matter of Germany, but may be of literary origin. Through what channel it reached the Mummers' Play is not clear. There is a bit of it in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*:[5]

[1] Tiddy, 84, 115. [2] *Mucedorus*, i. 4. 128; iv. 2. 56.
[3] Tiddy, 116.
[4] F. J. Furnivall, *Early English Poems* (1862, *Trans. of Philological Soc.* for 1858), from *Harl. MS.* 913. [5] *Barth. Fair*, iii. 2.

Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we doe not looke about for't? will it run off o'the spit, into our mouths thinke you? as in *Lubberland*? and cry, *we, we*?

Both the rustic paradox and Lubberland seem to have their main home in the Cure, but they overflow into the *Quête*, as at Weston-sub-Edge, and also into the Presentation.

The Cure.

I return to the normalized text. In the north and the west midlands the Doctor is often:

Dr. Brown,
The best doctor in the town.

This is, no doubt, for the sake of the rhyme. So, too, Dr. Good (Berks) will 'stop his blood', and Dr. Lockett (Chesterfield) has 'a bottle in his pocket'. Elsewhere the character is usually anonymous. But I find Dr. Hero (Cinderford), Dr. Airo (Long Hanborough), Mr. Peter Lamb (Burghclere), Mr. Peter Gray (Hoe Benham), William Bentinck (Bovey Tracey), Dr. Ball (Thame), Dr. Dodd (Penn). Some of these may be the names of real local practitioners. A Dr. William Dodd of Wing in Bucks, who however was not a physician but a divine, was hanged for forgery in 1777. 'Jack' or 'Mr.' Viney (Ilmington), Mr. Spinney (Islip), Philip Vincent (Somerset), Dr. Finley (Stourton), are due to a confusion with the Doctor's assistant, of whom more below. For Es-vo I-vo Ick-tick-tay (Coxwold), the medicine

chest itself must account. Broadway has a 'little Italian Doctor'. Tiddy reports the Doctor as saying at Chadlington, from which I have no text, 'In comes I, one of the seventeenth sons of an over Doctor', and finds a better version in the Ampleforth Sword-Dance, 'In comes I the seventh son of a new-born doctor.'[1] It is, of course, to the seventh son of a seventh son that popular belief attributed exceptional powers. But in the plays this is quite an isolated phrase.

The Doctor's opening speech gives another example of incremental repetition. His colloquy with the Caller, which follows, deals, not always in the same order, with his travels and his skill, and with his fee, if that has not already been disposed of by the Caller's offer of a reward. I think that the reward was the original conception. It may, in the texts, be anything from five shillings to ten thousand pounds, and often no more is said about it. But sometimes the offer of a low reward has to be raised or, absurdly, lowered, before the Doctor will come. And as a rule, a reward at discretion is less within the experience of the performers than a fee to be bargained about. The Doctor may be straightforward:

King. What is your fee?
Doctor. Ten pounds is true.
King. Proceed, noble Doctor.
You shall have your due.

[1] Tiddy 88.

He may be confident:

> My fee 's ten pounds, but only five,
> If I don't save this man alive.

He may be generous:

> Twenty pounds down is my fee,
> But half of that I'll take from thee,
> If it is St. George's life I save,
> That sum this night from you I crave,

or,

> Fifteen pounds, it is my fee,
> The money to lay down,
> But as 'tis such a rogue as he,
> I'll cure him for ten pound.

He may, elsewhere, as at Weston-sub-Edge, be paradoxically grasping.

> Five pounds, Martha. Thee being an honest woman, I'll charge thee ten.

or,

> Well, as you are a poor man, I will throw off a farthing: that will make it fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings and eleven pence three farthings.

There may be an elaborate dispute, and a threat to go away. Some hard bargaining is in a Scottish play. The Doctor wants ten pounds and a bottle of wine, and won't even bate the bottle. But in the Yorkshire chap-book he meets his match, for the Presenter has an aside, 'You'll be wondrous cunning if you get any'. The travels, of course, point to a time when a medical qualification was best acquired

abroad. An alteration in the order of the countries named may lead to a variant rhyme.

> From France, from Spain, from Rome I come,
> I've travelled all parts of Christendom.

Sicily proved a stumbling-block, and a jingling rhyme to Italy was substituted. I find Jitaly, Pitaly, Spittaly, Titaly, Tickerly. An insular temper gave 'England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales' and an imperialist one at Sunningwell, 'all the biggest parts of the Dominion'. A journey to Cockaigne and one 'from bedside to fireside, and from fireside to my mother's cupboard' are found in northern versions. 'We be n't like you Bee Shee Shard doctors. We travels for ours' is a vaunt at Leafield. Conceivably the obscure phrase, which puzzled Tiddy, might conceal the description of some diploma such as B.Sc. But Longborough has 'one of these yer shim-shams', which sounds much the same. A repudiation in some form of the charge of being a quack doctor often occurs.

The list of curable diseases naturally takes some odd forms, of which that at Heptonstall is an extreme instance:

> Itchy pitchy polsh of a golsh.

It is also expanded by others, such as rheumatism and corns, familiar in rustic life. Camborne gives us:

> The hipigo limpigo and no go at all.

But there has also been a literary influence. Tiddy cites *The Infallible Mountebank; Or, Quack Doctor,*

published without date by J. Robinson, who is doubtless Jacob Robinson (1737–58).[1]

All ills
Past, present and to come;
The Cramp, the Stitch,
The Squirt, the Itch,
The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs,
The Bonny Scrubs,
And all *Pandora's* Box.

This may itself owe something to the play. But its 'Mulligrubs' and '*Pandora's* Box' are clearly recognizable at Lockinge in 'the squolly grubs, the molly-grubs', at Sunningwell in 'Molly-grubs, Polly-grubs or any Ran-tan-tory disieces', at Shipton-under-Wychwood in 'all the rantantorious boxes', and at Ilmington in 'the Mullygrups and all other vain-glorious diseases'. The line about the devil gets much variation, such as

If there 's nine devils in, I can kick ten out,

and there is a distinct formula, which rings the changes on two different rhymes:

Fetch me an old woman, seven years dead and seven years laid in her grave,
I'll maintain her life and soul to save,

and,

Bring me an old woman, fourscore and ten,
If she 's ne'er a tooth in her head,
I'll bring her round young and plump again.

[1] Tiddy, 213.

This last links with an episode to which we shall come.

The elecampane of the cure was a remedy well known in the seventeenth century. It appears as 'halycompagne', 'helly com pain', 'elecome pain', 'hallecomb pain', 'elegant paint', 'elegant plaint', 'jollup and plain', and even at Cuddesdon, where, as Tiddy points out, there is a theological college, as 'champagne'. Probably it is also the 'inkum pinkum' found in Scotland, although Maidment says that 'inky pinky' was a Scottish eighteenth-century name for the smallest kind of beer. As 'hokum smokum alecampane' or 'icum spicome, spinto of Spain' it merges in the mere 'hocus pocus' or gibberish of 'the okum pocum drop', 'im-cum-curum', 'oham, poham, githeram, oceam', 'ekee-okee, adama pokee', 'hocum slocum aliquid spam', 'nixum-naxum, prixum-praxum, with i-cock-o'-lory'. Other popular medicaments, of various dates, are discernible. There is Jerusalem balsam. Golden Philosopher Drops yield 'golden foster drops', 'Golden Slozenger drops', and 'frosty drops'; Tic Doloureux Pills 'tic tolerune pills'. There are galvanic drops, Jupiter pills, virgin pills, silver pills, Dutch pills, and Scotch pills. Mr. Piggott cites a payment for Scotch pills in a Berkshire farmer's account of 1760.[1] The formula of administration varies. It may be:

> Take a little of this bottle,
> And run it down thy throttle,

[1] *Folk-Lore*, xxxix. 272.

or: Take a little of my nip-nap,
And run it down thy tip-tap.

Sometimes the cure takes place in silence. And the victim generally rises in silence. The play is over. If he gets a speech, I suspect that it is always an accretion. Scottish versions give him:

Once I was dead, and now I am alive,
Blessed be the doctor that made me to revive.

Ireland adds an 'other world' touch.

Aloft, aloft, where have I been,
And oh! what strange and foreign lands I've seen.

or,

I have been half puffed and huddled in the sky:
These moons and stars have caused me to die.

Chap-books have :

O hark! St. George, I hear the silver trumpet sound,
That summons us from off this bloody ground;
Farewell, St. George; we can no longer stay.
Down yonder is the way.

More common is the following:

Oh horrible, terrible, the like was never seen,
A man drove out of seven senses into seventeen.

I find it or something like it chiefly in the north, but also so far afield as Newport in Shropshire, Malvern and Leigh in Worcestershire, Waterstock in Oxfordshire, and Keynsham in Somersetshire. And it is certainly an accretion, being borrowed from a speech of Mouse when frightened by a bear in *Mucedorus*,[1] 'O horrible, terrible! Was ever poore Gentleman so

[1] *Mucedorus*, i. 2. 1.

scard out of his seauen Senses?' The origin is confirmed by George's addition in the Isle of Man:

> It was neither by a bull, nor yet by a bear,
> But by a little devil of a rabbit there.

Jack Finney.

I pass now to an elaboration of the Cure, which appears to be mainly confined to the Cotswolds and some other parts of the central area, where in one stage or other of its development it is common. It occurs, sporadically, as far north as Chesterfield. Weston-sub-Edge gives a good example. Three factors are involved, which may occur separately or in combination. Firstly, the normal healing by a medicament may be replaced or supplemented by drawing of a tooth from the Agonist. Occasionally the episode is detached from the combat, and the patient is a woman. This links up with one of the Doctor's vaunts.[1] At Weston-sub-Edge, as already noted, the tooth is called a wolf's tooth, and the Turkish Knight, who is the Agonist, is called a dragon. It is humorously described as 'more like a helephant's tooth than a Christian's'. It will 'hold a sack of beans one side and a quart of best ale t'other'. It is 'as long as a two-inch nail, and got roots like a poplar-tree'. At Icomb and Drayton an actual horse's tooth was shown, at Pillerton a donkey's tooth, at Hardwick a cow's tooth. Secondly the Doctor may be represented as coming on horse-

[1] Cf. p. 54.

back.[1] How far this was visualized is not always clear from the texts and descriptions of the plays. Sometimes the horse seems to be merely spoken of, and may be supposed to be outside the door. But in three or four cases the Doctor certainly rode in on the back of one of the other mummers. At Longborough, we are told, 'they called Beelzebub, on whose back the Doctor came in, "the doctor's horse": but Beelzebub was also known to them as the "old woman" and was dressed in a frock.' And thirdly with the horse generally goes a horse-boy. He is called Jack and much of the patter of the scene belongs to him. It generally yields another toothy reference. Jack has 'cured an old magpie of the toothache, twisted his old yud off, throwed his body in a dry ditch and drowned him'. Often Jack is not a mere horse-boy, but the Doctor's assistant, and then he is generally Jack Finney, resents the 'Jack', and claims to be Mr. Finney. Occasionally the name is Vinney or Pinney. He fetches the instruments for the tooth-drawing and may help to give the pull. The team of mummers, which he organizes at Weston-sub-Edge for the purpose, is exceptional. At Stanford-in-the-Vale, it is Mary who fetches the instruments in his place. And finally he may become the Doctor's substitute in working the cure. The Doctor, having perhaps already cured a wound, may hesitate before the death of the same Agonist or another, and Jack Finney may step

[1] Cf. p. 212.

in, with the tooth cure or a normal one. On some other plays Jack Finney has merely left a shadow. The Doctor himself may bear that name or one derived from it, or under some other name may claim the 'Mr.', or may use the 'magpie' joke. At Chithurst it is a jackdaw. Occasionally Jack Finney is a combatant, or is in the *Quête*, from which, indeed, he possibly came.[1]

Multiplied Combats.

The Jack Finney episode, it will be observed, may involve a duplication of the combat. But this is only one example of the way in which the Sword-play, more exciting both to performers and spectators than the dialogue, is often extended. Even when there is only one combat, it may be diversified. A pardon is craved and when it is refused, the sword-play continues. The Agonist inflicts a wound, before he himself falls. He is cured and again slain by the same Antagonist. But there is often a series of distinct combats. The Agonist, wounded and spared by one Antagonist, is taken on and slain by another. The victorious Antagonist is vanquished in his turn by a third combatant. Sometimes the prolongation is artless enough. Entirely fresh pairs of adversaries appear, to renew the vaunting and the fight. More often, however, a single Antagonist, almost invariably St. George, faces a succession of opponents, perhaps only disputing with some and slaying others. An

[1] Cf. p. 68.

extreme case is at Ross, where St. George slays in turn Prince Valentine, Bold Captain Rover, the Turkey Snipe, Little John, Bold Bonaparte, Sambo, and when they are cured, is finally himself slain by the Doctor. It is likely, from the variety of the devices used and their reliance for dialogue upon orts and scraps of the normal vaunts, that as a rule we have to do with nothing more than independent attempts in various places to spin out the interest of the piece. In two cases, however, the introduction of a second Presentation suggests that a version from elsewhere has been tacked on to that proper to the locality. At Bampton the second part may have been contributed by a Somersetshire rector. That of Icomb in Gloucestershire almost certainly comes from as far as Scotland. The only figure in the extensions which needs any further comment is that of Sambo. At Ross he is called upon by Bold Bonaparte to revenge him as his master. At Mylor in Cornwall, in the Isle of Man, and in the Newcastle-Whitehaven chap-book he has a similar role, although here the appeal comes from the Agonist's father. And in the Yorkshire chap-book and in Derbyshire the episode recurs with the substitution of Hector for Sambo. There is a fairly constant formula, somewhat as follows:

King of Egypt. O Sambo! Sambo! help with speed,
For I was never in more need;
For thou to stand with sword in hand,
And fight at my command.

Sambo. Yes, yes, my liege, I will obey,
And by my sword I hope to win the day.
If that be he who doth stand there,
That slew my master's son and heir,
If he be sprung from royal blood,
I'll make it flow like Noah's flood.

Generally the champion fails. In the Newcastle-Whitehaven version he excuses himself from fighting, because 'my sword-point is broke'. But in the Isle of Man he does revenge the original Agonist to whom, rather awkwardly, the broken sword is transferred.

Apart from the Jack Finney cases, the duplication of combats only rarely leads to a duplication of the Cure scene. Sometimes two or more Agonists may be comprehended in a single cure. Sometimes an alternative wind-up is adopted for the subsidiary conflicts. Pardon may be given or peace made by the bystanders. The chap-books might be responsible for the adjournment of a dispute with an offer to 'cross the water at the hour of five'. But this is found also in the south at Sudbury and Rogate, and it recurs in the children's game of *Lady on Yonder Hill*, where also the lady is stabbed and revives.[1] Finally, as on the Elizabethan stage, a dead body may be disposed of by carrying it out. This is done at Ross and at Bovey Tracey, and very elaborately at Camborne.

Beelzebub. I have a fire that is long lighted,
To put the Turk who was long knighted.

[1] A. B. Gomme, *Traditional Games*, i. 303.

With the help of the others he gets the Turk on to his back and goes out with him, saying,

Here I goes old man Jack
With the Turk upon my back.

The Mason comes in with a trowel in his hand and a hod on his shoulder.

The Mason. Here comes I little Tom Tarter,
I am the boy for mixing marter.

He takes St. George by the hand and walks him out saying,

With my trowel and my hod
I will build a house for you and God.

There was an alternative ending.

Father Christmas. We must bury the child.
Let two take his feet and two take his arm
And we will carry him out like a ship in a storm.

He takes a book out of his pocket.

We will sing a tune to him.
You will find the Hymn 120 pound beef—
If you can't find it there, turn over a leaf.

Then they carry him out, singing.

This poor old man is dead and gone,
We shall never see him no more,
He used to wear an old gray coat
All buttoned down before.

In an unlocated version we get:

Another performer enters and says,

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If uncle Tom Pearce won't have him, Aunt Molly must.

Evidently folk-rhymes were drawn upon. An Easter *quête* song recorded from Oxfordshire by White Kennett (1660–1728) had:

> Here sits a good wife,
> Pray God save her life;
> Set her upon a hod,
> And drive her to God.[1]

A version of the children's burial game of *Jenny Jones* has:

> Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
> If God won't have you, the devil must.[2]

And in fact such endings merge in the variety entertainment, which accompanies that inevitable feature of the play, the *Quête*.

The Quête.

The four types of my text—Big Head, Beelzebub, Jack with the wife and family, the Sweeper—are all common and reasonably distinct, although it need hardly be said that they occasionally get each other's lines or functions. Big Head seems to be primarily a musician and dancer; Jack and the Sweeper collectors of money. Beelzebub may take over either activity, but more often is content with his burst of self-laudation. Any of them may contribute patter, or scraps of lines also found in the Presentation. I do not think that they ever all come together. Jack belongs to the southern and the

[1] J. Aubrey, *Remains of Gentilism and Judaism* (1881), 161.
[2] A. B. Gomme, *Traditional Games*, ii. 432.

Sweeper to the northern half of the country. The confusions between them are on the boundary of their areas. Both are found at Rugby, but here Beelzebub is missing. Their nomenclature suggests that they have diverged from a common original Jack.

Big Head is also Head Per Nip, Fool, Tom Fool, Clown, I as Ain't Been Yet, Mazzant Binnit, Fiddler, Fiddler Wit, Old Father Scrump, Boxholder, Little Man Dick, Little Dick Nipp. The formula in his opening line may be 'that never come yet', 'that's never been yet', 'that's never been in it', 'that didn't come yet', 'that haven't been yet', 'as ain't been it', 'as hant been it', 'as ain't been yet', 'as ain't been hit', 'as can't be hit', 'which ain't been yet', 'who hant bin it', 'who's never been yet', 'who've never been hit'. I enumerate these variants, partly to show the flexibility of the English language, and partly to note the persistence of the rhyme to 'wit'.[1] The fourth line is also subject to modification. It may promise 'a song', 'a tune', 'my music', 'my fiddle', 'my hurdy-gurdy'. It may borrow a phrase from the Presentation:

I'll do my duty to please you all,

or it may abandon the rhyme to 'small' and repeat that to 'wit'.

Here comes I that never come yet
With a quat head and little wit,
If you please to throw in my hat what you think fit.

[1] Cf. p. 10.

Beelzebub becomes Beelzebub the Fool, Old Billy Beelzebub, Belcibub, Belzeebug, Bellzie Bub, Bellsie Bob, Bellesy Bob, Bells Abub, Baal Zebub, Hub-bub-bub-bub, Lord Grubb. On the whole, apart from orthography, the Bible has kept his name in remembrance. Instead of a 'club', he may carry a 'nub' or 'nob', and the 'frying-pan' may be a 'dripping-pan', 'warming-pan', 'pack and pan', 'empty can'. His last line may be:

Pleased to get all the money I can.

Lockinge furnishes a different rhyme:

And on my elbow I carries my bell,
And don't you think I cut a great swell.

and Sapperton another:

With my hump back and curly wig
You play me a tune, I'll dance you a jig.

Jack, to whose name 'Little' is generally prefixed, may be Johnny Jack, Jim Jack, Black Jack, Fat Jack, Happy Jack, Hump-backed Jack, Humpty Jack, Saucy Jack, Little Man Jack. His last line may be:

I think myself the best man of you all,

or,

I am the biggest rogue among you all,

or,

I've brought a rattle to please you all.

Rugby has a variant:

Times hard, money small,
Every copper will help us all,

and Burghclere an addition:

> The roads are dirty, my shoes are bad,
> So please put a little into my bag.

The reference to a wife and family is persistent, and may be elaborated by:

> Some at the workhouse, some at the rack,
> I'll bring the rest when I come back,

or by the cumulative rhymes already given in connexion with the Lament. And its third line is curiously echoed in a version of a song used at the Hunting of the Wren on St. Stephen's Day (December 26).

> The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
> St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze,
> Although he is little, his family's great,
> I pray you, good landlady, give us a treat.

The custom is known in Essex and the Isle of Man, but this particular third line comes from the south of Ireland. Essex has:

> Although he be little, his honour is great.[1]

The coastal counties of Hants and Sussex seem to be responsible for an accretion by which Jack is also Little or Tommy Twing Twang or Twin Twain,

> Headman of this press-gang,

and in taking recruits for a 'man-o'-war'. Corruption produces:

> Nobleman of this press-gang,

[1] T. F. Dyer, *British Popular Customs*, 497; Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes*, 229; citing T. C. Croker, *Researches in the South of Ireland* (1824), 233.

and,

Left hand of this press-gang,

and,

With my left-handed press-gang.

The press-gang got as far north as Witley in Berks and Alton Barnes in Wilts, but at Alton Barnes its point is forgotten; Twing Twang and Jack, each referring to his family, are distinct figures in the *Quête* and Twing Twang says:

I'm the best in this rough gang.

At Ovingdean Twin Twain is a sub-Presenter and Jack a *quêteur*. At Overton and Witley, Twing Twang's *quête* is preceded by victory in a subsidiary combat, after which he laments:

Oh dear, oh dear, see what I've been and done,
Killed my poor old Father, Abraham Brown.

The Sweeper is most often Devil Dout, which may be modified into Dairy Dout, Jerry Dout, Diddle Dout, Dilly Dout, Diddie Dout, Diddlie Dots, while one very modern small boy made it Chucker Out. Devil Dout, too, gets the prefix 'Little'. You 'dout' a fire or a light.[1] But Dout often becomes Doubt. Tiddy would, I suppose, have scented theological influence here. Newport, at any rate in genteel households, substituted Jack Dout, but 'Sometimes we say, ma'am, Little Jack Devil Dout'. The lines show little variation, where Dout

[1] Cf. p. 212.

is concerned. Some alternative names lead to changes of rhyme. Thus Johnny or Billy Sweep has:

All the money I get I mean to keep.

Dicky Hissum comes

With a new second-hand old bissum,

which is a good example of the rustic paradox. Johnny Funny or Little Bibble and Funny has:

I am the man to collect the money.

It would seem natural to regard Johnny Funny's name as leading to that of Jack Finney. It may be so. But in the plays before me, while Jack Finney is a southerner, I only find Johnny Funny in Cumberland and Ireland, and although Jack Finney, whether he has been in the Cure or not, is sometimes a *quêteur*, it is always Big Head's lines and not the Sweeper's that he borrows. On the other hand at Chesterfield it is Fat Jack, with the wife and family, who replaces Jack Finney in the Cure. Jack is, indeed, an uncomfortably generic name on which to base any argument.

The Woman invades the *Quête*, as she does other parts of the play. She has Big Head's lines as Molly Tinker at Stanford-in-the-Vale, Molly at Kingsclere, the Old Woman at Burghclere, and Mother Christmas in the Isle of Wight. Here she also sweeps. She replaces Beelzebub as Mrs. Beelzebub at Repton, Slipslop in Derbyshire, and Molly or Mary Tinker, who is also Old Mother Alezeebub, at Lockinge. Perhaps this perversion explains her use at Lockinge

and Stanford-in-the-Vale of lines traced by Mr. Piggott to the folk-song *When Joan's Ale was New.*[1]

> The next to come in was a tinker,
> Likewise no small beer drinker.

Elsewhere in Berkshire Molly, who is Presenter, collects the money in silence, and so does a Little Judy at Icomb. Was she once Judas, who takes his boy round at Peebles? Perhaps the latest recruit for the play is the Suffragette of Heptonstall.

> In steps I, a suffragette,
> Over my shoulder I carry my clogs.

One would expect to find Sabra in a St. George play, but there is very little trace of her. Sometimes she would 'step out', generally as a mute, in Cornwall. She is not in the published Dorset versions, but Thomas Hardy appears to have seen her.[2] Coxwold in Yorkshire had and lost a Bride.

Other figures appear in the *Quête*. The Presenter, the Doctor, or a combatant may speak again. The Bloody Warer of Mylor is an epitome of the play. Oliver Cromwell, 'with my copper nose', and Lord Nelson are from history. The Prince of Peace, Old Almanac, and Compliments of the Season belong to Christmas itself. The Giant from the Giant's Rest of Bovey Tracey I have already noted. Little Box explains himself. Familiar village types are represented by the Policeman, Farmer Toddy, and

[1] *Folk-Lore*, xxxix. 273. The song is in A. Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, 276.

[2] W. Archer, *Real Conversations*, 34.

Tom the Tinker, who gets at Bampton the 'drinker' rhyme given in Berkshire to Molly Tinker. The Old Squire 'as black as any Friar' of an unlocated version may be a variant of the Old Fool. The Old Tosspot or Tossip of Midgley and Heptonstall is proper to the Easter date there favoured.

> Although I am ragged and not so well dressed,
> I can carry a pace egg as well as the best.

Essentially, of course, the *Quête* is the collection of a reward. It sometimes ends with a blessing of the 'pocket full of money' type on the household visited.[1] Music, dance and song, helped by patter, often turn it into an afterpiece, something like a *revue*. The musical instrument is generally a fiddle, or a rustic substitute called a hurdy-gurdy or humpen-scrump. It may be a drum or even a tin whistle, a mouth-organ, or a rattle. The dances named are the jig, the step-dance, the three-handed reel, the broom-stick dance. There are sword-dances, performed singly, in Derbyshire. The tune *Greensleeves* was probably once traditional in several southern districts. It has left traces in some characteristic textual corruptions: 'Blue sleeves and yellow laces', 'Green sleeves and yellow waists', 'Green sleeves and yellow leaves'. I need not dwell on most of the songs, which may be anything from carols or other folk-songs to patriotic or music-hall ditties. An exceptionally interesting one is at Keynsham in Somerset. This is a wooing-dialogue. It begins, as Professor Basker-

[1] Cf. p. 21, 220.

vill points out, with a passage between Father Christmas and a Shepherdess, which is from a droll of *Diphilo and Granida* in *The Wits* (1673), and slips into another between the Shepherdess and a Prince, which is from the Wessex folk-song *Old Moll*.[1] A bit of this is also used at Broadway.

The Mylor Play.

The after-piece itself becomes definitely dramatic in the very singular text from Mylor in Cornwall, which I will now give.

William Solomon first part ⟨*Presenter: Turkish Knight's Father*⟩

Rume, rume, gallants, rume, give me rume to rime,
For in this house I mine to shew some of my past time.
Now, gentlemen an Ladys, it is Christmas time.
I am a blade,
That knew my trade,
All people doth a dear[2] me;
I will swagger and banter an I
Will drive the town before me;
If I am naked[3] or if I am prict,
I will give a man an answer;
The very first man or boy I mits,
My soard shall be is fencer.
Behind the doar
Thare lye a scoar;
Pray Git it out, if you can, sur.

[1] Baskervill, *Modern Philology*, xxi. 270, and *Elizabethan Jig*, 165; A. Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, 95.

[2] adore. [3] knocked.

I walke away,
Have nothing to pay,
An let in the swagering man, sur.

John Rowe part the second
Father Christmas

Here comes I, ould father Christmas, welcom or welcom not;
I hope ould father Christmas will never be forgot.
Ould father Christmas a pair but woance a yare;
He lucks like an ould man of 4 score yare.

Penty Landin part the third ⟨*Turkish Knight*⟩

Hopen the doar and Lat me in,
I hope your faver I shall wind;
Wether I rise or wether I foll,
I will do my endeavour to please you all.
St. George is at the doar,
And swear he will com in
With soard and buckler by is side
I fear he will purs my skin.
I now he is no fool,
I now he is some stoute,
Whyke will say more by wan inch of candle than I can performe while ten pound born out;
And if you would not believe what I say,
Let the king of Eagipt com in and clare the way.

Wm Williams King of Egipt Fourth

Here am I the King of Eagipt,
Ho plainly doth apare;
St. George he is my only son,
My only son an hear.
Walk in, St. George, and boldly act they part;
Let all the royal family see the royal act.

F. Rowe ⟨*Beelzebub*⟩

Here comes I, ould belzey bob,
Upon my shoulder I carry my club,
And in my hand a drippen and.[1]
Ham I not a hansom good looking ould man.

Henry Crossmans part 5 ⟨*St. George*⟩

Hear comes I, son George,
From England have I sprung.
Sum of my wondras works
Now for to begin;
First into a Closet I was put,
Then into a Cave was lock;
I sot my foot upon a Rokke stone,
Their did I make my sad an grievus mone.
How many men have I slew,
And runnd the firche[2] dragon thrue;
I fought them all Courrageously,
And still got thire Victory,
England's wright, England admorration.
Now ear I drow my bloody weepon;
Ho is the man that doth before me Stand?
I will cut him down with my courrageous hand.

Penty Landin 6 ⟨*Turkish Knight*⟩

Hear comes I the Turkish Knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight;
I will fight Sun George, that man of courage
And if his blood is hot, soon will I make it Could.

Henry Crossman 7 ⟨*St. George*⟩

Thee come so far,
To fight such a man as I!
I will cut thy doublats ful of Hylent[3] hols
And make thy buttens fly.

[1] pan. [2] fiery *or* fierce. [3] eyelet?

Penty Landin 8 ⟨*Turkish Knight*⟩

I am a man of vallour
I will fight untill I die
Sun George, thou never will face me,
But a way from me will fly.

Henry Crossman 9 ⟨*St. George*⟩

Ha! proud Turk, what, will thou tell me so
With threting words and threting oaths?
Drow thy sord and fight,
Draw thy fees and pay,
For satisfaction I will have
Be fore I go away.

Penty Landin 10 ⟨*Turkish Knight*⟩

No satisfaction shall you have,
But in a moment's time I will bring thee to thy grave.

Henry Crossman 11 ⟨*St. George*⟩

Thee bring me to my grave!
I will fight with thee, no pardon shall you have;
So drow thy sord and fight,
For I will concour you this night.

⟨*Fight. Turkish Knight falls*⟩

Solomon 12 ⟨*Presenter*⟩

O docter, docter, wat is thy fee,
This champion for to rise?
The site of him doth trouble me,
To see how dead he lies.

W. Williams 13 ⟨*Doctor*⟩

Full fifty ginnes is my fee,
And money to have down,
But sunes tis for is majesty,
I will do it for ten pound.

I have a little bottle in the wrestbond of my britches that goes by the name of halycompane,
Shall make this goodly champion rice and fight a gain.
Are,[1] Jack! take a little of my drip drop, pour it up in the tip top, arise, Jack, slash and fight again.
Behold this motal now reviving be;
Tis by my sceel and strength the ficik, see,
Which make this goodly night revive
And bring is aged father now alive.
Awacke thou lustros[2] knight also,
And I will take thee by the hand and try if thou canst go.

P. Langdon 14 ⟨*Turkish Knight*⟩

What places is are!
What seens appare!
Whare ever I torn mine eye,
Tis all around
In chantin ground
And soft delusions[3] rise:
Flowry mountins,
Mossy fountins,
What will[4] veriety Surprize.

Tis on the alow[5] walks we walks,
An hundred ecos round us stock:[6]
From hils to hils the voices tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Ecos resounding,
Not one single words was lost.

Henry Crossman 15 ⟨*St. George*⟩

Behold on yander risen ground
The bour that woander,

[1] Here *or* Ah. [2] illustrious. [3] Elysiums.
[4] With wild. [5] hollow. [6] talk.

Ever ending,
Ever blending,
Glades an[1] glades,
Shades an shades,
Running on eternal round.

⟨*Another Fight*⟩

P. Langdon 16 ⟨*Turkish Knight*⟩

O pardon, pardon, St. George, one thing of thee I crav;
Spair me my life and I will be thy constant slave.

H. Crossman 17 ⟨*St. George*⟩

Yes, proude Torke, but arise, and go in to thy on land and tell
What a bould champion there doth in England stand.
Had it been a thousand or ten thousand such men as thee, I would fight,
For to mantain grait Britain's right;
Great Britian's right I will mentain,
And fight for England wance again.

Wm. Solomon ⟨*Presenter*⟩

As I gist stiping[2] out of my bed,
In hearing this my honly son was dead,
O cruel Christan, what ast thou don?
Thou ast ruin'd me and killed my only Son.

Henry Crossman ⟨*St. George*⟩

He was the first that chalins'd me, and how can I deny
To see the Turkish dog stand up and folldon and die?

William Solomon ⟨*Presenter*⟩

I will seek the bouldest champion in my relam,
This cruel Christan's blood to overwealam.
O help me, Sampo, help me; was thare ever a man in greater need?
To fight like a sowlejar make thy hart to bleed.

[1] on. [2] just stepping.

John Rowe ⟨*Sambo*⟩

Are am I, Sampo, I will slafter the man that spilt my master blood,
And with my body I will make the oacken[1] flood.

⟨*Another fight*⟩

William Solomon ⟨*Presenter*⟩

O docter, docter, is there nary docter to be found,
Or to be had this night,
Can cuer this bloody wound,
And make him stand upright?

William Williams ⟨*Doctor*⟩

O is there[2] a docter to be found,
Or to be had this night,
Can heal this man's bloody wound
And make him stand upright.

Wm. Solomon ⟨*Presenter*⟩

Pray ware ast thou travld?

Williams ⟨*Doctor*⟩

I have travld to London, Garmenay, Scotland and Spain,
By all my rich fortune safe returned to England again.

Solomon ⟨*Presenter*⟩

What canst thou cure?

Williams ⟨*Doctor*⟩

I can cure the hick, the stick, the pox, the gout,
All deses and compppleases.
If any man as got a scolin wife,
My balsom will cure her;
Take but one drop of this, upon my life,
She will never scoul no more.

[1] ocean. [2] there is.

⟨*Part ii*⟩

Wm. Williams 19 ⟨*Bloody Warrior*⟩

Hear am I, the bloody Warer! O, have I spent my time in bloody War! Slash, cornary,[1] dam the Ribal's carse! Sholl I walk ones, twoes, thrise over the dark with out hat, stockin? Shart I bow dack to every drunkerd or proud sot? No, by this Etarnal sord! The man that is not fit to dye is not fit to live. Stand, delever, push your pikestaf by the Hyeway! Hoop! that man's neck is not very big that fears a little rope. I pray, Mrs. Doldorty, git me gud shir for supper, for I main to have gud shir.[2] 'Tis not your fether fowl nor Apple pyes I main, as your chised[3] ches crids[4] nor crym; I can't eat none. Ad it been a bit soceen[5] pig, I might have a chance to pic a bone. All I leve and all I lack, in come my man Jack, and carried all away in my nalsack[6]

Wm. Solomon 20 ⟨*Little John*⟩

Here comes I, little man John, with a Sord in my hand,
And if any man offend me I will make him to stand.
I will cut him and slash him so small as the flys,
And send him to Jemecka to make Appel pyes.

Wm. Solomon 21 ⟨*King of France*⟩

Hear am I, the King of France! King Henry I har is Riseing a army against France. But let him come, I will thonder him back, he can not me with stand. My milk wite corls, my rid caps, my yallow fethers, deccar my resoralson stout and bould. The Crown I will not spear. I am the King of France, and with my sord I will advance.

Penty 22 ⟨*Page*⟩

My mester sent me onto you.
Ten ton of gold that is due to him,

[1] cuckold, fool. [2] cheer. [3] chiselly, friable.
[4] curds. [5] sucking. [6] knapsack.

And if you dont send him is tribut home,
Sone he in France land you see.

William Solomon 23 ⟨*King of France*⟩

Go tell your mester that he is yung and of tender years,
Not fit to come within my degree,
And I will send three tennas bols,
That with him he may learn to play.

Penty Landin 24 ⟨*English Page*⟩

Hark, hark! wot sonding vads my ears?
The conquers a porch I hear.
'Tis Henry's march, 'tis Henry time I now.
He comes, victorus Henry comes!
With obboys, Tropets, fifes and drums
Send from afar
And sound of war,
Foll of grief and every wind.
From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From strim to poolin strim convaid,
Thrue all the minglin of the grove,
Thrue all the minglin tracks of love,
Tyrnin,
Burnin,
Changin,
Rangin,
Full of grife and full of woe,
Impashent from my Lord's return.

Henry Crossman 25 ⟨*Henry V*⟩

Whot nuse, whot nuse, my lovely Page,
Whot nuse have you brought onto me?

⟨*Penty Landin: Page*⟩

I have brought such nuse from the King of France,
That you and he will never agree.

For he says you am young and of tender years,
Not fit to come in your degree,
And he will send you three tinnes bolls,
That with them you may Learn to play.

Henry Crossman 26 ⟨*Henry V*⟩

From yender march King Henry,
With all my gallent company.

Now I have taken upon me a charge,
To govern these poor ants,
That the may wolk more large,
And in these wonts

That the may wolk more safe,
And bring home thire relife,
And keep that wich I have
From every Idol Theft.

But now the King is hear,
I will bow down lowe my knee.
All those that ventered hear
Is subject unto me.

God bless the Roral King,
And send him a long to reain,
And joy in Everything,
And free him from all pain.

I an my men and mine,
My Ants and all I have,
I command them the her mime,
So the King god save.

Wm. Solomon 27 ⟨*King of France*⟩

O pardon, pardon, King Henry!
The Ton of gould I will pay to thee,
And the finest flour that is in all France
To the rose of Ingland I will give free.

P. Langdon 28 ⟨*Admiral Byng*⟩

Hear am I, bing bing,
Ho in an alter of to swing,
Ho did the battle falter.
O corced was the day,
That first I went to sea,
To fight the French,
And then to run away.
Now are I stand,
With sord in hand,
And now I will fight any man.

H. Crossman 29 ⟨*Edward Vernon*⟩

Here am I vornal bould.
Took six ships and lead the Spanyard gould,
Took shear of thare castle and port below,
Made the proud Spanyards look dismal and yellow,
But we was not daunted a toll,[1]
Until their come a boll,
And took us in the goll,
And Queback foll
From our hands.
The first brod side the Frinch did fire,
They kild our Englesh men so free.
We keeld ten thousand of the Frinch,
The rest of them the rund away.
O! as we march to the Frinch gates
With drums and Trumpets so merrely,
O! then be spock the old king of France,
So he foll on his bended knee,
Prince Henry.
I one of his gallent company,
I soon forsook bold London Town.
We went and took the Spanish crown.

[1] at all.

We soun then won.
And now we have shoud you all our fun.

30 ⟨*Presenter*?⟩

Gentlemen and ladies, all your sport is don, I can no longer stay;
Remember, still St. George will bear the sway.
Gentlemon and ladies all, I hope you will be free
For to subscribe a little part to pay the doctor's fee.

31 ⟨*Big Head*⟩

Here comes I that never come yet,
With a quat[1] head and little wit,
If you please to throw in my hat what you think fit.

The original text is written continuously in prose, and I have divided it metrically. The Bloody Warrior's speech is really prose, and may be a late addition. I have introduced some capitalization and punctuation and indicated the characters in angular brackets, but left the spelling alone. It will be observed that there is some doubling of parts. I am not sure whether Sambo is meant to fight.[2] In any case the Cure has been much dislocated. Tiddy found most of the quatrains in the late eighteenth-century ballad of *King Henry Fifth's Conquest of France*, but those of Speech 26 must be from another source.[3] The lyrical passages he found in Addison's opera *Fair Rosamond* (1707). He identified the Vornal of Speech 29 with Edward Vernon, who boasted that he would take Portobello from the Spanish with six ships and did take it with

[1] squat. [2] Cf. p. 60. [3] Child, no. 164.

nine in 1739. But the event has been mixed up with the capture of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759, as well as with Henry V. The Admiral Byng of speech 28 was shot, not hung, in 1757.

Costume.

It is unfortunate that the recorders of Mummers' Plays have not always been careful to describe the appearance of the performers. As to this, therefore, the material is comparatively scanty. One may start from the account given in dialect by William Sandys for the Cornwall of 1846.[1] Most of the company were 'en white weth ribands tied all upon their shirt sleeves with nackins and swords and sich caps as I never seed. They was half a fathom high maade of pastyboord, weth powers of beads and loaking glass, and other noshions, and strids of ould cloth stringed 'pon slivers of pith hanging down'. Old Father Christmas came 'weth a make-wise feace possed on top of his aun, and es long white wig'; the Doctor 'with a three-corner piked hat, and es feace all rudded and whited, with spurticles on top of es nawse'. It was presumably Sabra who wore 'a maiden's bed-gound and coats with ribands, and a nackin en es hand and a gowk', which Sandys glosses as a bonnet with a flap or curtain behind. Many of the features here noted are still, in one place or another, *de rigueur*. Nowadays, no doubt, the combatants often wear military uniform or

[1] Uncle Jan Trenoodle, *Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect*, 52.

some colourable pretence thereof. But this is probably a modern development; the uniform is in fact khaki at Drayton. The white shirt or smock gave a name to the White Boys of the Isle of Man, and occasionally survives elsewhere. But the smock of the English agricultural labourer is practically extinct, and ordinary clothes have generally replaced it as the basis of the costume. There is still, however, the same overlay of floating ribbons or bits of cloth, or of closely laid strips of paper, often gaily coloured wall-paper. I have not noticed any special use of 'nackins' or 'napkins', although this is likely enough. It is largely a matter of the rustic conception of ornament. Thomas Hardy writes of a Dorsetshire play:

> The girls could never be brought to respect tradition in designing and decorating the armour: they insisted on attaching loops and bows of silk and velvet in any situation pleasing to their taste. Gorget, gusset, bassinet, cuirass, gauntlet, sleeve, all alike in the view of these feminine eyes were practicable spaces whereon to sew scraps of fluttering colour.[1]

Whether a representation of armour was ever intended, I am not clear. One folk-lorist has thought that the 'paper scales' of certain costumes once in the Anthropological Museum at Cambridge imitated the leaves of trees.[2] Another found in them the scales of the dragon.[3] A third sees in Berkshire examples 'a strange garb resembling sheep-skins',

[1] *Return of the Native*, Bk. ii, ch. 3.
[2] G. L. Gomme in *Nature* (23 Dec. 1897).
[3] T. F. Ordish in *Folk-Lore*, iv. 163.

and that indeed is rather the impression which Mr. Long's Hampshire photographs leave upon me.[7] The tall head-dresses of the Cornish play also survive, here and there. They are described as 'conical' or 'pointed', or as 'foolscaps' or 'mitres'. They may be adorned with plumes; at Kempsford in Gloucestershire, with flags from the river. In the Isle of Man they are turbans, with holly-sprigs. On the other hand, a combatant at Thenford wore a fox- or hare-skin cap, and in Scotland we have the Admiral of the Hairy-caps. At Broadway Beelzebub's large black hat is said to have been called his 'dripping pan', but that may rest upon a misunderstanding. Sometimes the head-dress, too, has pendant strips of paper, which cover the face. Occasionally masks are worn, or faces are blackened. All the performers had black faces at Witley, Longborough, and Ross. More usually it is a peculiarity of one or more of them, Beelzebub or Little Devil Dout, or again, the King of Egypt or the Black Prince. A black-faced Doctor in the Isle of Man is exceptional. But Beelzebub has a red mask at Ballybrennan, and the Fool's face, too, may be ruddled. Here we get the explanation of the formulas 'black as a friar' and 'red as fire'. At Camborne the lamenter uses red ochre to simulate blood on the neck of the Agonist. Beelzebub has a tail at Weston-sub-Edge, and says he had one, but dropped it on the way, at Dundalk. Many things have got dropped

[1] P. H. Ditchfield, *Old English Customs*, 9.

on the way in the history of our play, and many things picked up. Thus at Ballybrennan the Fool was dressed as Punch, and he is so figured in the Manchester chap-book. More often he, or Big Head, has a bauble, or a bladder on a stick. At Thenford there is a calf's tail at the other end of the stick. St. George may wear a red cross; it is less congruous that the Turkish Knight should wear another at Newbold. Father Christmas has usually a white beard. I do not know what his 'pop and touse' at Camborne may have been; perhaps it means no more than 'bustle'.[1] The Doctor's piked hat of Cornwall has usually become a top hat, but his appearance remains professional, with black clothes, spectacles, and a black bag. The Giant, or Dragon, at Bovey Tracey wore 'a wooden thing for a head with bullock's teeth', a mask with whiskers, and a long-tailed coat with tin buttons. Two other recurrent features require mention. One is the use of a bell. At Sapperton Beelzebub wears a sheep-bell and Morris bells, and Big Head has a bell on his rump. Beelzebub also wears a bell on his back at Eccleshall and Newport, and a bell on his, or rather her, elbow at Lockinge. At Compton he opens the *Quête* with 'my old bell shall ring'. In Derbyshire no such adornment is mentioned, but a bell rings all through his part. At Eversley, where 'nob' replaces 'club' in his lines, he wears a ball of silver paper on a top hat. At Thenford the Doctor has a bell on his back.

[1] Cf. p. 19.

Secondly, one or other of the characters often has his jacket or head-dress padded with straw to represent a hump. It may be Big Head, or Beelzebub, or Father Christmas, or the Doctor. But it is most noticeable in Jack, who nearly always either has a hump, or has a number of rag dolls tied on his back and regarded as his wife and family.

Abnormal Mummers' Plays.

So far I have been dealing with a widespread mass of texts, which bear evidence, for all their innumerable oblivions, accretions, and verbal perversions, of gradual derivation from a common original archetype. I must now consider some major variants, of much more limited range.

Thame, in Oxfordshire, but remote from the Cotswold area, yields a quite exceptional version. The combatants, who enter in turn without a Presenter, are King Alfred and his Bride, King Cole, King William 'of blessed memory', Giant Blunderbore and his man Little Jack, St. George accompanied by a Morris Dance, and the Dragon. The fight takes the form of a general mêlée, after which Dr. Ball cures all the company except the Dragon, whom his pill kills. Finally appears Father Christmas who conducts a *Quête*. The play is said to have been given as far back as 1807, but to me it suggests a literary *remaniement*. Except for a phrase or two in the Doctor's part, there is little trace of the normal formulas.

From west Dorsetshire come three texts. In one the main action and its dialogue follow more or less ordinary lines. King George successively vanquishes the Turkish Knight, Marshalee, Slasher, Cutting Star and the sub-Presenter Room, all of whom are said to be sons of the Presenter Father Christmas, and the Doctor cures the lot. In the other two, which are from Symondsbury, the dialogue, although normal in substance, has been rewritten in paraphrase throughout. Room is again a sub-Presenter, with Anthony, the Egyptian King. And St. George is accompanied by St. Patrick, whom he had delivered from a 'wretched den', and who in gratitude disposes for him of Captain Bluster, leaving Gracious King, General Valentine, and Colonel Spring to fall before George himself. The Doctor, too, is an Irishman, Mr. Martin Dennis, and his fee will keep him in whisky for a twelve-month. But all three versions are peculiar, in that the *Quête* is replaced by a comic after-piece, in which there is a quarrel between Father Christmas, also called Jan, and his wife, Old Bet, also called Dame Dorothy, who has Big Head's lines in the single version, but in the others is only 'rather fat, but not very tall'. Jan knocks her down and the Doctor's services are again required. In the single version the quarrel is for a quid of baccy, but after the Cure it is resumed about the way to cook an old jack hare. Father Christmas then rides off on a hobby-horse. The other versions have only the hare quarrel, and the wind-up is a

rhyming dialogue between Father Christmas and a Servant Man. I should add that in the Isle of Wight version the *Quête* is preceded by a similar fight between Father and Mother Christmas. Here, too, she has Big Head's lines and annoys her husband by sweeping the house. They belabour each other with cudgel and broom on backs stuffed with straw.

Two versions, from Kempsford in Gloucestershire and Shipton-under-Wychwood in Oxfordshire, may have been conflated with some play from the Robin Hood cycle, which had been dramatized, possibly for use in folk-*ludi*, in the fifteenth or sixteenth century.[1] There is no St. George. The combatants are Robin Hood, Arthur Abland, and Little John, and the dialogue is based on the ballad of Robin Hood and Arthur a Bland, the Tanner of Nottingham.[2] There are traces of the same ballad in the Presentation at Keynsham. Little John is an Agonist at Ross. Both Robin Hood and Little John are *quêteurs* at Bampton, and Little Man John at Mylor and Potterne. He seems to merge into the Little Man Jack or Little Jack of the *Quête*. I am told that a distinct Robin Hood play is still known in Derbyshire.

The Plough Play.

More important than these minor variants are the Plough Plays, of which over a dozen specimens are on record. They are almost entirely confined to

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 177. [2] Child, no. 126.

Lincolnshire, but there are two from Nottinghamshire, which seems to have been a border-line area, since Clayworth yields both a Plough Play and one of the normal type. They belong, broadly speaking, to the Christmas season, but more precisely to Plough Monday, the first Monday after Epiphany, on which agricultural labour was resumed after the mid-winter holiday. Plough Monday observances are found in a long range of other north-eastern and northern counties, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Northumberland. Plough-boys, often in white shirts, harness themselves to a Fool Plough, Fond Plough, White Plough, or Stot Plough, and drag it in procession round the village. There is a *Quête*. The churl, who does not contribute, runs the risk of having the ground before his house ploughed up. The performers call themselves Plough Jacks, Plough Jags, Plough Stots, Plough Bullocks, Plough Boggons, Plough Witchers, or Morris Dancers. They sometimes wear patches of cloth, cut in the shapes of ploughs and farm animals. In Northants they blacken their faces. Their leader is a Fool, Billy Buck, or Captain Cauf's Tail, and with them goes a man in woman's clothes called the Bessy. One or other of these, or the driver, may wear a bullock's tail, or a fox-skin hood, or a coat of skins or shreds of cloth, or flourish a whip with a bladder tied to it. In Northants there are two Red Jacks or Fools, with hunched backs, and knaves of

hearts sewn on them. Henry Parker, in his *Dives and Pauper* (1493), speaks of 'ledinge of the Ploughe aboute the Fire as for gode begynnyng of the yere, that they shulde fare the better all the yere followyng'. The charm acquired ecclesiastical sanction. John Bale tells Bishop Bonner in irony that he ought to be punished 'for not sensing the Ploughess upon Plough Monday', and many churchwardens' accounts show that the proceeds of the 'gathering', or part of them, went to the maintenance of a 'plough-light' in the village church. Hence the day in Norfolk is 'Plowlick Monday'. At Holbeach the plough, or a representation of it, appears to have been kept in the church.[1]

The Plough Plays, as a group, differ from the normal type, in that, while there is generally a Combat with its Cure, this is only loosely attached to a sentimental drama, which may be called *The Fool's Wooing*. Many of the texts are degenerate. The best preserved were written down in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and found by Professor Baskervill in a British Museum manuscript. From him I borrow the Bassingham play, premising that I have pieced together two versions, neither of which seems to be logically quite complete.

The main text is the men's play; the passages in

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 120, 150, 208; Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], viii. 325; J. Brand, *Observations on Popular Antiquities* (ed. H. Ellis), i. 278; T. F. T. Dyer, *British Popular Customs*, 37; P. H. Ditchfield, *Old English Customs*, 47; *County Folk-Lore* (F.L.S.), ii. 231; v. 171; *Folk-Lore*, iv. 163; xli. 196.

square brackets are from the children's play; the directions in angular brackets are editorial.

⟨*Enter Fool*⟩

Good evening, Ladys and Gentlemen all!
This merry time at Christmas I have made it bold to call.
I hope you will not take it ill what I am a going to say.
I have some more Boys & Girls drawing on this way,
I have some little Boys stands at the Door,
In Ribons they are neatly dressed,
For to please you all they shall do their best.
Step in Merrymen all.

⟨*Enter players and sing*⟩

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you sit by the Fire,
Remember us poor Ploughlads,
That runs through Mud and Mire.

The mire it is deep,
And we travel far and near.
We will thank you for a Christmas Box
And a mug of your strong Beer.

⟨*Enter Eldest Son*⟩

I am me Father's eldest Son
And Heir of all his land;
I hope in a short time
It will all fall in my hand.

I was brought up in Linsy Coat,[1]
All the Days of my Life;
There stands a fair Lady,
I wish she was my Wife.

[1] Lindsey is the northern division of Lincolnshire, but I cannot identify Linsy Coat, which is Lincecort in the children's play, Linsecourt at

With fingers long and rings upon,
All made of beaton gold,
Good master and good Mistress,
I would have you to behold.

⟨*Lady*⟩

[It tis my clothing you admire,
Not my beauty you desire.
So, gentle sir, I must away,
I have other suteers on me stay.]

⟨*Enter Farming Man*⟩

Here comes the Farming Man,
Upon my principle for to stand.
I'm come to woo this Lady fair,
To gain her Love his all my care.

Enter Lady

To gain my love it will not do,
You speak too Clownish for to woo;
Therefore out of my sight be gone,
A witty man, or I'l have none.

Enter Lawyer

A man for wit I am the best,
So Chuse me from amongst the rest.

⟨*Lady*⟩

A Lawyer I suppose you be,
You plead your Cause so wittely;
But by an by I'l tell you plain,
You plead a Cause that's all in vain.

Broughton, and Lindsey Court at Revesby. Lincoln may be meant, but Henry of Huntingdon's incorrect identification of this with a Celtic Cair Luit Coyt (Haverfield, ***Roman Occupation of Britain***, 291) can hardly have got into local parlance.

⟨*Enter The Old Witch*⟩

Here comes old Dame Jane,
Comes dableing about the Meadow,
Comes Jumping about, to show you such sport;
Look about you, old Maids and Widows.
Long time I have sought you,
But now I have found you.
Sarrah, come take your Bastard.

⟨*Fool*⟩

Bastard! you Jade, it's none of mine,
It's not a bit like me.
I am a Valient Hero lately Come from Sea.
You never saw me before, now did you?
I slew Ten men with a Seed of Mustard,
Ten thousand with an old Crush'd Toad.
What do you think to that, Jane?
If you don't be of, I'l serve you the same.

⟨*Enter Old Man*⟩

Here comes the poor old ancient Man,
I'l speak for myself the best I can,
My old grey Hairs they Hang so low,
I'll do the best for myself the best I know.
Me thinks me sees that star shine bright;
On you I've fix'd my heart's delight.

In comes the Lady

Away, Away from me be gone!
Do you think I'd Marry such a Drone?
No, I'l have one of high degree,
And not such an helpless wretch as the.

Old Man

Kick me, lady, out of the door,
I'l be hang'd over our Kitchen Door,
[If ever I come near you any more.]

⟨*Enter St. George*⟩

In comes Saint George,
The Champeon bold.
With my blooddy spear
I have won Ten Thousand pounds in Gold.
I fought the finest Dragon
And brought him to a slaughter,
And by that means I gaind
The King of Egypts Daughter.
I ash him and smash him as small as Flys,
Send him to Jamaica to make Minch pies.

⟨*Fool*⟩

You hash me and smash me as small as flys,
Send me to Jamaica to make Minch Pies?

⟨*St. George*⟩

Yes, I'l hash you and smash you as small as Flys,
And send you to Jamaica to make Minch Pies.

⟨*Fight. Fool falls*⟩

The old Witch.

Five pounds for a Docter my Husband to cure!

The Docter

I'm the Docter.

⟨*The Old Witch*⟩

Pray, what can you cure?

⟨*The Doctor*⟩

I can cure the Itch and the Veneral & the Gout,
All akes within and pains without.
You may think I am mistain,
But I can bring this Man to Life again.

The old Witch Says

Where have you learnt your skill, Docter?

The Docter

I have traveled for it.

The Old Witch says

Where have you traveled?

The Docter says

I have traveled from my Old Grandmother's Fireside, to her Bread and Cheese Cupboard Door, And there had a many a rare piece of Bread and Cheese.

The old Witch says.

Try your skill, Docter.

The Docter says

I will feel of this Man's Pulse. Very bad, Very bad indeed! take a little of this Medicine.

This man his not Dead but in a Trance.
Arise, my Lad and take a Dance!

[*Foole rises*]

THE FINISHING SONG

⟨*Fool*⟩

Come write me down the power above,
That first created A man to Love.
I have a Diamond in my eye,
Where all my Joy and comfort ly.

I'l give you Gold, I'l give you Pearl,
If you can Fancy me, my Girl.
Rich Costley Robes you shall wear,
If you can Fancy me, my Dear.

⟨*Lady*⟩

Its not your Gold shall me entice
Leave of Virtue to follow your advice;
I do never intend at all
Not to be at any Young Man's call.

⟨*Fool*⟩

Go away, you Proud and scornful Dame!
If you had been true, I should of been the same.
I make no dought but I can find
As handsome a fair one too my mind.

⟨*Lady*?⟩

O stay, Young Man, you seem in haste,
Or are you afraid your time should waste?
Let reson rule your roving mind,
And perhaps in time she'l proof more kind.

⟨*Fool*⟩

Now all my sorrows is comd and past,
Joy and comfort I have found at last.
The Girl that use to say me nay,
She comforts me both Night and Day.

[*Foole and lady and Doctor dances.*]

[*Fools part*]

[I am come to invite you all to my wife's weding; what you like best you must bring on with you. How should I no what every body likes? Some likes fish, others likes flesh, but as for myself I like some good pottaty gruel, so what you like the best you must bring on with you.

Lady and fool Sings.

We will have a jovel weding, the fiddle shall merrily play.
ri forlaurel laddy ri forlaurel lay.
We'll have long taild porage, a puding of barley meal.
ri forlaurel laddy ri forlaurel lay.
We'll have a good salt hering and relish a quart of ale.
ri forlaurel laddy ri forlaurel lay.
We'll have a lim of a lark and We'll have a louse to roast.
We'll have a farthing loaf and cut a good thumping toast.
ri forlaurel laddy ri forlaurel lay.
We'll have a jovel weding, the fiddle shall merrily play.

St. George and the Eldest son and the farmer man Sing this song.

Good master and good mistres, now our fool is gone,
We will make it our busness to follow him along,
We thank you for sobillity as you have shown us here,
So I wish you all your healths and a hapy new year.]

A very similar text, so far as the main substance is concerned, comes from Broughton. But here the Combat and Cure are missing, and the sentimental theme of *The Fool's Wooing* stands by itself. And to it is prefixed a rather surprising passage. The Fool's presentation ends:

> My name is noble Anthony,
> I'm as live and as blyth and mad
> And as melancholy as that mantletree.
> Make room for noble Anthony
> And all his Jovial Company.

Then follows a very incoherent dialogue between the Fool and one of the lovers, which has been shown by Professor Baskervill to be a perversion of the Induction to the play of *Wily Beguiled*, printed in 1606. This also gives the 'mantletree', but not the name Anthony, although a player is addressed as 'noble Cerberus'. It might, I suppose, be the name of an actual player, or it might be from *Julius Caesar*, in which Shakespeare's habitual fondness for the word 'noble' is very marked.[1]

Shorter fragments from *Wily Beguiled* also introduce a third play from Professor Baskervill's manu-

[1] *J.C.* iii. 2. 69, 'Noble Antony, go up'; Antony has the epithet also in iii. 2. 121, 170, 211, 239.

script, the precise locality of which is not specified. But here that part of the sentimental theme, which precedes the Fool's own wooing, is altered. The text is headed *Recruiting Sergent*, which recalls the 'Twing Twang' bits in the south-coast plays, although here the recruiting is for military, not naval, service. The Bassingham string of rejected suitors is only represented by the Old Man, who is brought in awkwardly. And the main theme is furnished by a young man who laments the falsehood of his lady, and when she finally scorns him as a 'looby', yields to the blandishment of the Serjeant, and enlists. It is the *Recruiting Serjeant*, rather than what may be suspected to be the earlier type of the wooing theme, which has left its traces, often faint enough, in all the other examples of the Plough Play known to me. A little further summary of the features of the group as a whole is desirable, in order to clarify their relation to the normal Mummers' Play. The Presenter, when named, is always the Fool, Tom Fool, Bold Tom, Clown, or Merryman. In the boys' version at Bassingham he has the familiar Big Head lines. Father Christmas is unknown. The Presentation formula generally includes the introduction of the company of whom some can dance (or whistle) and some can sing, which is one of the less usual Mummers' variants. There are occasionally sub-Presenters or interveners, a Music Jack, a Farmer's Boy, a Threshing Blade, a Hopper Joe, who also calls himself 'Sanky Benny', which suggests St.

Benedict, although his day, 21 March, is not particularly marked in English folk-custom. More interesting is the appearance, at Somerby and Hibaldstow and elsewhere, of one or more Hobby Horses. At Somerby they bring the Plough with them. The entrance of the Recruiting Serjeant is generally followed by some chaff with the Fool about their respective powers of dancing and singing. The lovers are sometimes called in the stage-directions Ribboners, presumably from their costume. There are normally two female characters, the Lady and the Old Woman, for the fitful one woman of the Mummers' Plays. But the Lady is proper to the wooing theme. She seems to have been known in Lincolnshire as 'Sweet Sis', although the name does not occur in the normal texts.[1] At Swinderby she is 'bucksome Nell' and the Old Woman is replaced by 'bucksome Jones', but Professor Baskervill points out that these have come in from the ballad of *Young Roger of the Mill.* I may add that in 1781 Parson James Woodforde saw at the Norwich theatre an 'interlude' of *Buxom Joan or the Farmer's Journey to London.*[2] The other plays of the group have almost invariably an Old Woman, as Jane, Old Jane, Dame Jane, Lame Jane, Lady Jane. She has 'a neck as long as a crane', and goes 'dabbling', 'dib dub', 'rambling', 'tripping', 'leaping' over the meadows.[3] Generally she offers the Fool a bastard,

[1] *County Folk-Lore*, v. 175. [2] *Diary* (ed. J. Beresford), i. 308.

[3] The crane proper was at one time known in England but is now extinct. The name is sometimes given to the heron (Swainson, *Provincial Names of Birds*, 145).

which may be represented by a doll. Her intervention is awkwardly placed at Bassingham and elsewhere, since the Fool's own wooing has not yet begun. In one version it comes more naturally after the invitation to the wedding. Where the bastard theme is omitted, Jane may appear in the Presentation or the *Quête* or before the wedding, and sweep, like the woman of the Mummers' Play, and then she may bear the second name of Besom Betty. At Swinderby *Young Roger of the Mill* also furnishes a variant of the rejection of a Husbandman by the Lady, with a dialogue different from that of Bassingham; and a rival, who does not appear, is spoken of, not as a 'father's eldest son', but as 'a farmer's son'.[1]

The Broughton and Swinderby plays have no Combat, although at Broughton, as at Bassingham, the Fool boasts his valour to Jane. And here Jane replies, somewhat ambiguously, of his victims:

> I have a sheep skin
> To lap them in.

Elsewhere a Combat is abruptly introduced, often between the wooing and the wedding. There is much heterogeneity in the choice of combatants. George himself only appears at Bassingham, at Kirton-in-Lindsey, and probably in the *Recruiting Serjeant*, although here he is only called 'Second Ribboner'. At Bassingham the Fool is the Agonist, and this is the only case in which there is any logical link with the wooing theme, in that in the boys'

[1] Cf. pp. 23, 232.

text the Lady is the lamenter. The substitution of Jane, here called 'the Old Witch', in the men's text is probably a perversion. At Kirton the Serjeant is the Agonist, but in the *Recruiting Serjeant* he is the Antagonist. And this is his normal *rôle*. For Agonists he has at Kirmington, Somerby, and probably Hibaldstow a suddenly emerging Indian King, who is also called 'Slasher' and 'Slaughter'; at Clayworth and in an unlocated play 'Old Eesum Squeezum' or 'Esem Esquesem'; and in the latter perhaps also the Recruit. In both cases Eesum Squeezum carries a besom and pan, and he is in fact none other than our old friend Beelzebub. Under his own name Beelzebub appears at Axholme, Bulby, and Cropwell, but here he is Antagonist, while Dame Jane is pressed into the service for an Agonist. This of course recalls the woman Agonist of the Dorsetshire afterpiece. Finally, in another unlocated version, the Fool is said to have been, not Agonist, but Antagonist. It is, I think, clear that, in spite of its sentimental setting, and in spite of the rarity of St. George, the Combat of the Plough Plays is essentially the same as that of the Mummers' Plays. The 'iron and steel' vaunt recurs, in Jane's mouth, and even such a comparatively late perversion as the mincing for Jamaica. So, too, in the Lament we get:

O Belze, O Belze, what hast thou done?
Thou killed the finest young woman under the sun;

or,

Killed poor old dame Jane, and lamed her son.

And, as in the Mummers' Play, the Combat is followed by a Cure. It is on familiar lines, although with some slight peculiarities of its own. More regularly than in the Mummers' Play, the Doctor's travels include that to the cupboard; and I do not think I have noted in the Mummers' Play a persistent jest by which the Doctor feels for his patient's pulse in the wrong place, the stomach, the ankle, 'the back of the neck underneath the elbow'. He has a donkey at the door at Bulby and a pony at Clayworth. Jack Finney does not appear.

The Fool's invitation to the wedding occurs at Bassingham, Broughton, Swinderby, Somerby, Kirmington and elsewhere in Lincolnshire. Professor Baskervill has traced its origin to the early eighteenth-century song of *The Blythesome Wedding*, but it is developed with characteristic rustic humour as to the nature of the dishes to be provided. At Bassingham the *quête* song is part of the Presentation; it resembles songs used in many *quêtes* of the winter season from All Souls' Day onwards. More often it or something similar follows the performance. Broughton, Somerby, and Clayworth have variants of a special quatrain:

> We are not the London Actors,
> That act upon the stage;
> We are the country plough lads,
> That ploughs for little wage.

At Kirmington the Fool says, 'Sing about lads while I draw stakes'; and at Broughton, 'Hedge

about, boys, and I'll knock down stakes', to which the Ancient Man replies, 'And I'll help to bind'. The phrase recalls the request for 'a stick and a stake' for the bonfire on 5 November.[1] There may be a blessing on the house, and the performers nearly always end by saying that they must go, 'now our Fool is gone'.

The wooing dialogues in the Plough Plays make a good deal of use of language which is also found elsewhere. Professor Baskervill notes that the 'finishing song' of Bassingham is an independent folk-song in Sussex, and that the phrase 'Is she not like a diamant in thy eye?' is as old as the sixteenth-century play of *Misogonus*. Similarly he finds the offer by one suitor or another of 'gold and silver' to the lady and her preference for 'a nice young man', which runs through the Plough Plays, in the Lincolnshire dialogue of *The Handsom' Woman*.[2] It is echoed in the children's game of *Lady on the Mountain*.[3]

The Revesby Play.

One Lincolnshire Plough Play is so divergent from the rest that it will be well, in spite of its length, to give it in full. It is from Revesby, and its text of 20 October 1779 antedates that of Bassingham by nearly half a century, and is the oldest version of any actual village play which we possess.

[1] Northall, 245.
[2] *Modern Philology*, xxi. 237, 245.
[3] Gomme, *Traditional Games*, i. 320.

THE PLOW BOYS, OR MORRIS DANCERS

Enter Fool.

You gentle Lords of honour,
Of high and low, I say,
We all desire your favour
For to see our pleasant play.

Our play it is the best, kind sirs,
That you would like to know;
And we will do our best, sirs,
And think it well bestowd.

Tho' some of us be little,
And some of a middle sort,
We all desire your favour
To see our pleasant sport.

You must not look on our actions,
Our wits they are all to seek,
So I pray take no exceptions
At what I am a-going to speak.

We are come over the mire and moss;
We dance an Hobby Horse;
A Dragon you shall see,
And a wild Worm for to flee.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

We are come both for bread and beer,
And hope for better cheer
And something out of your purse, sir,
Which I hope you will be never the worse, sir.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

Come now, Mr. Musick Man, play me my delight.

Fidler. What is that, old father?

Fool. Ah! boy, times is hard! I love to have money in both pockets.

Fid. You shall have it, old father.

Fool. Let me see it.

The Fool then calls in his five sons: first Pickle Herring, then Blue Britches, then Ginger Britches, Pepper Britches, and last calls out:

Come now, you Mr. Allspice!

They foot it once round the room, and the man that is to ride the Hobby Horse goes out, and the rest sing the following song:

Come in, come in, thou Hobby Horse,
And bring thy old fool at thy arse!
Sing tanter[a]day, sing tanter[a]day,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down a!

Then The Fool and the Horse fights about the room, whilst the following song is singing by the rest:

Come in, come in, thou bonny wild Worm!
For thou hast ta'en many a lucky turn.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

The wild Worm is only sprung three or four times, as the man walks round the room, and then goes out, and the Horse and The Fool fights again, whilst the following song is sung:

Come in, come in, thou Dragon stout,
And take thy compass round about!
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

Now you shall see a full fair fight
Between our old Fool and his right.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

Now our scrimage is almost done;
Then you shall see more sport soon.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

Fool. Up well hark, and up well hind!
Let every man then to his own kind.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

Come, follow me, merry men all!
Tho' we have made bold for to call,
It is only once by the year
That we are so merry here.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys,
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

Then they all foot it round the room and follows The Fool out. They all re-enter, and lock their swords to make the glass, The Fool running about the room.

Pickle Herring. What is the matter now, father?

Fool. Why, I tell the[e] what, Pickle Herring. As a I was a-looking round about me through my wooden spectacles made of a great, huge, little tiney bit of leather, placed right behind me, even before me, I thought I saw a feat thing—

P. H. You thought you saw a feat thing? What might this feat thing be, think you, father?

Fool. How can I tell, boy, except I see it again?

P. H. Would you know it if you see it again?

Fool. I cannot tell thee, boy. Let me get it looked at.

Pickle Herring, holding up the glass, says:

[*P. H.*] Is this it, father?

The Fool, looking round, says:

[*Fool.*] Why, I protest, Pickle Herring, the very same thing! But what might thou call this very pretty thing?

P. H. What might you call it? You are older than I am.

Fool. How can that be, boy, when I was born before you?

P. H. That is the reason that makes you older.

Fool. Well, what dost thou call this very pretty thing?

P. H. Why, I call it a fine large looking-glass.

Fool. Let me see what I can see in this fine large looking-glass. Here's a hole through it, I see. I see, and I see!

P. H. You see and you see? and what do you see?

Fool. Marry, e'en a fool, just like the[e]!

P. H. It is only your own face in the glass.

Fool. Why, a fool may be mistain sometimes, Pickle Herring. But what might this fine large looking-glass cost the[e]?

P. H. That fine large looking-glass cost me a guinea.

Fool. A guinea, boy? Why, I could have bought as good a one at my own door for three half-pence.

P. H. Why, fools and cuckolds has always the best luck!

Fool. That is as much to say thy father is one.

P. H. Why, you pass for one!

The Fool, keeping the glass all the while in his hands, says:

Fool. Why was thou such a ninnie, boy, to go to ware a guinea to look for thy beauty where it never was? But I will shew thee, boy, how foolish thou hast wared a deal of good money.

Then The Fool flings the glass upon the floor, jumps upon it; then the dancers every one drawing out his own sword, and The Fool dancing about the room, Pickle Herring takes him by the collar and says:

P. H. Father, father, you are so merrylly disposed this good time there is no talking to you! Here is very bad news.

Fool. Very good news? I am glad to hear it; I do not hear good news every day.

P. H. It is very bad news!

Fool. Why, what is the matter now, boy?

P. H. We have all concluded to cut off your head.

Fool. Be mercyfull to me, a sinner! If you should do as you have said, there is no such thing. I would not lose my son Pickle Herring for fifty pounds.

P. H. It is your son Pickle Herring that must lose you. It is your head we desire to take off.

Fool. My head? I never had my head taken off in all my life!

P. H. You both must and shall.

Fool. Hold, hold, boy! thou seem'st to be in good earnest; but I'll tell thee where I'll be buryed.

P. H. Why, where will you be buried but in the churchyard, where other people are buried?

Fool. Churchyard? I never was buried there in all my life!

P. H. Why, where will you be buried?

Fool. Ah! boy, I am often dry; I will be buried in Mr. Mirfin's ale-celler.

P. H. It is such a place as I never heard talk off in all my life.

Fool. No, nor nobody else, boy.

P. H. What is your fancy to be buried there?

Fool. Ah! boy, I am oftens dry, and, when they come to fill the quart, I'll drink it off, and they will wonder what is the matter.

P. H. How can you do so when you will be dead? We shall take your head from your body, and you will be dead.

Fool. If I must die, I will dye with my face to the light, for all you!

Then The Fool, kneeling down, with the swords round his neck, says:

Fool. Now, gentlemen, you see how ungratefull my children is grown! When I had them all at home, small, about as big as I am, I put them out to good learning: I put them to Coxcomb Colledge, and then to the University of Loggerheads; and I took them home again this good time of Christmas, and I examin'd them all one by one, altogether for shortness. And now they are grown so proud and so presumptious they are a-going to kill their old father for his little means. So I must dye for all this?

P. H. You must dye, father.

Fool. And I will die for all the tother. But I have a little something, I will give it amongst you as far as it goes, and then I shall dye quietly.

P. H. I hope you will.

Fool. So, to my first son, Pickle Herring,—
I'll give him the roaned nag,
And that will make the rogue brag.
And to my second son,—
I'll give him the brindled cow.
And to my third son,—
I'll give him the sanded sow;
And hope I shall please you all enow.
And to my fourth son,—
I'll give him the great ruff dog,
For he always lives like a hog.
And to my fifth son,—
I'll give him the ram,
And I'll dye like a lamb.

Then they draw their swords, and The Fool falls on the floor, and the dancers walk once round The Fool; and Pickle Herring stamps with his foot and The Fool rises on his knees again; and Pickle Herring says:

P. H. How now, father?

Fool. How now, then, boy? I have another squeak for my life?

P. H. You have a many.

Then, the dancers puting their swords round the Fool's neck again.

Fool. So I must dye?

P. H. You must dye, father.

Fool. Hold! I have yet a little something more to leave amongst you, and then I hope I shall dye quietly. So to my first son, Pickle Herring,—

I'll give him my cap and my coat,—
A very good sute, boy.

And to my second son,—

I'll give him my purse and apparel,
But be sure, boys, you do not quarrel.

As to my other three,
My executors they shall be.

Then, Pickle Herring puting his hand to his sword,

Fool. Hold, hold, boy! Now I submit my soul to God.

P. H. A very good thought, old father!

Fool. Mareham churchyard, I hope, shall have my bones.

Then the dancers walk round The Fool with their swords in their hands, and Pickle Herring stamps with his foot and says:

[*P. H.*] Heigh, old father!

Fool. Why, boy, since I have been out of this troublesome world I have heard so much musick of fiddles playing and bells ringing that I have a great fancy to go away

singing. So, prithee, Pickle Herring, let me have one of thy best songs.

P. H. You shall have it, old father.

Fool. Let me see it.

They sing.

Good people all, I pray you now behold,
Our old Fool's bracelet is not made of gold,
But it is made of iron and good steel,
And unto death we'll make this old Fool yield.

Fool. I pray, forbear, my children small;
For, as I am lost as parent to you all,
O, let me live a while your sport for to advance,
That I may rise again and with you have a dance.

The Sons sing.

Now, old father, that you know our will,
That for your estate we do your body kill,
Soon after death the bell for you shall toll,
And wish the Lord he may receive your soul.

Then The Fool falls down, and the dancers, with their swords in their hands, sings the following song.

Good people all, you see what we have done:
We have cut down our father like ye evening sun,
And here he lies all in his purple gore,
And we are afraid he never will dance more.

Fool rises from the floor and says:

[*Fool.*] No, no, my children! by chance you are all mistaen!
For here I find myself, I am not slain;
But I will rise, your sport then to advance,
And with you all, brave boys, I'll have a dance.

Then the Foreman and Cicely dances down and the other two couple stand their ground. After a short dance called

'Jack, the brisk young Drummer,' they all go out but The Fool, Fidler, and Cicely.

Fool. Hear you, do you please to hear the sport of a fool?
Cicely. A fool? for why?
Fool. Because I can neither leap, skip, nor dance, but cut a caper thus high. [*He capers.*] Sound, music! I must be gon; the Lord of Pool draws nigh.

Enter Pickle Herring.

P. H. I am the Lord of Pool,
And here begins my measure,
And after me a fool,
To dance a while for pleasure
In Cupid's school.
Fool. A fool, a fool, a fool,
A fool I heard thou say,
But more the other way,
For here I have a tool
Will make a maid to play,
Although in Cupid's school.
Come all away!

Enter Blue Britches.

Blue B. I am the Knight of Lee,
And here I have a dagger,
Offended not to be.
Come in, thou needy beggar,
And follow me!

Enter Ginger Britches.

Ginger B. Behold, behold, behold
A man of poor estate!
Not one penny to infold!

Enter Pepper Britches.

Pepper B. My money is out at use, or else I would.

Enter Mr. Allspice.

Allspice. With a hack, a hack, a hack,
See how I will skip and dance
For joys that we have found!
Let each man take his chance,
And we will all dance around.

Then they dance the sword dance which is called 'Nelly's Gig'; then they run under their swords, which is called 'Runing Battle'; then three dancers dances with three swords, and the Foreman jumping over the swords; then The Fool goes up to Cicely.

Fool. Here comes I that never come yet,
Since last time, lovy!
I have a great head but little wit.
Tho' my head be great and my wits be small,
I can play the fool for a while as well as [the] best of ye all.
My name is noble Anthony;
I am as meloncholly as a mantle-tree.
I am come to show you a little sport and activity,
And soon, too!
Make room for noble Anthony
And all his good company!
Drive out all these proud rogues, and let my lady and I have a parl!

Cicely. O, ye clown! what makes you drive out my men so soon?

Fool. O, pardon, madam, pardon! and I
Will never offend you more.
I will make your men come in as fast
As ever they did before.

Cicely. I pray you at my sight,
And drive it not till night,
That I may see them dance once more
So lovely in my sight,

Fool. A-faith, madam, and so I will!
I will play the man
And make them come in
As fast as ever I can.—

But hold, gip! Mrs. Clagars,
How do you sell geese?
Cicely. Go, look, Mister Midgecock!
Twelve pence apiece.

Fool. Oh, the pretty pardon!
Cicely. A gip for a frown!
Fool. An ale-wife for an apparitor!
Cicely. A rope for a clown!
Fool. Why, all the devise in the country
Cannot pull this down!

I am a valiant knight just come from the seas:
You do know me, do you?
I can kill you ten thousand, tho' they be but fleas.
I can kill you a man for an ounce of mustard,
Or I can kill you ten thousand for a good custard.
I have an old sheep skin,
And I lap it well in,
Sword and buckler by my side, all ready for to fight!
Come forth, you whores and gluttons all! for, had it not been in this country, I should not have shewen my valour amongst you. But sound, music! for I must be gone.

[*Exit Fool.*]

Enter Pickle Herring.

P. H. In first and formost do I come,
All for to lead this race,
Seeking the country far and near
So fair a lady to embrace.

So fair a lady did I never see,
  So comely in my sight,
Drest in her gaudy gold
  And silver shining bright.

She has fingers long, and rings
  Of honor of beaten gold:
  My masters all, behold!
It is now for some pretty dancing time,
And we will foot it fine.

Blue B. I am a youth of jollitree;
Where is there one like unto me?
My hair is bush'd very thick;
My body is like an hasel stick;

My legs they quaver like an eel;
My arms become my body weel;
My fingers they are long and small:
Am not I a jolly youth, proper and tall?

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,
  Whatsoever may be my chance,
It is for my ladie's love and mine,
  Strike up the morris dance.

Then they foot it once round.

Ginger B. I am a jolly young man of flesh, blood and bone;
Give eare, my masters all, each one!

And especially you, my lady dear,
  I hope you like me well.
Of all the gallants here
    It is I that doth so well.

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,
Whatsoever may be my chance,
It is for my ladie's love and mine,
Strike up the morris dance.

Then they foot it round.

Pepper B. I am my father's eldest son,
And heir of all his land,
And in a short time, I hope,
It will fall into my hands.

I was brought up at Lindsey Court
All the days of my life.
Here stands a fair lady,
I wish she was my wife.

I love her at my heart,
And from her I will never start.
Therefore, Mr. Musick Man, play up my part.

Fool (*rushing in*). And mine, too!

Enter Allspice, and they foot it round. Pickle Herring, suter to Cicely, takes her by the hand, and walks about the room.

P. H. Sweet Ciss, if thou wilt be my love,
A thousand pounds I will give thee.

Cicely. No, you're too old, sir, and I am too young,
And alas! old man, that must not be.

P. H. I'll buy the[e] a gown of violet blue,
A petticoat imbroidered to thy knee;
Likewise my love to thee shall be true.

Cicely. But alas! old man, that must not be.

P. H. Thou shalt walk at thy pleasure, love, all the day,
If at night thou wilt but come home to me;
And in my house bear all the sway.

Cicely. Your children they'll find fault with me.

P. H. I'll turn my children out of doors.
Cicely. And so, I fear, you will do me.
P. H. Nay, then, sweet Ciss, ne'er trust me more,
For I never loved lass before like the[e].

Enter Fool.

Fool. No, nor behind, neither.
Well met, sweet Cis, well over-ta'en!
Cicely. You are kindly wellcome, sir, to me.
Fool. I'll wipe my eyes, and I'll look again!
Methinks, sweet Cis, I now the[e] see!

Cicely. Raf, what has thou to pleasure me?
Fool. Why, this, my dear, I will give the[e],
And all I have it shall be thine.
Cicely. Kind sir, I thank you heartelly.

P. H. (*to The Fool*). Stand back, stand back, thou silly old swain!
This girl shall go with none but me.
Fool. I will not!
P. H. Stand back, stand back, or I'll cleave thy brain!

Then Pickle Herring goes up to Cis, and says:

O, now, sweet Cis, I am come to thee!

Cicely. You are as wellcome as the rest,
Wherein you brag so lustilly.
Fool. For a thousand pounds she loves me best!
I can see by the twinkling of her ee.

P. H. I have store of gold, whereon I boast;
Likewise my sword, love, shall fight for the[e];
When all is done, love, I'll scour the coast,
And bring in gold for thee and me.

Cicely. Your gold may gain as good as I,
But by no means it shall tempt me;
For youthfull years and frozen age
Cannot in any wise agree.

Then Blue Britches goes up to her, and says:

[*Blue B.*] Sweet mistress, be advised by me:
Do not let this old man be denyed,
But love him for his gold in store;
Himself may serve for a cloak, beside.

Cicely. Yes, sir, but you are not in the right.
Stand back and do not council me!
For I love a lad that will make me laugh
In a secret place, to pleasure me.

Fool. Good wench!

Pickle Herring. Love, I have a beard as white as milk.

Cicely. Ne'er better for that, thou silly old man!

P. H. Besides, my skin, love, is soft as silk.

Fool. And thy face shines like a dripping pan.

P. H. Rafe, what has thou to pleasure her?

Fool. Why a great deal more, boy, than there's in the[e].

P. H. Nay then, old rogue, I thee defye.

Cicely. I pray, dear friends, fall not out for me!

P. H. Once I could skip, leap, dance, and sing;
Why will you not give place to me?

Fool. Nay, then, old rogue, I thee defye;
For thy nose stands like a Maypole tree.

Then goes up Ginger Britches to Cisley and says:

[*Ginger B.*] Sweet mistress, mind what this man doth say,
For he speaks nothing but the truth:
Look on the soldier, now I pray;
See, is not he a handsome youth?

Cicely. Sir, I am engaged to one I love,
And ever constant I will be,
There is nothing that I prize above.
P. H. For a thousand pounds, she's gone from me!
Fool. Thou may lay two!

Cicely. (*to Pickle Herring*). Old father, for your reverend years,
Stand you the next man unto me;
Then he that doth the weapon bear;
For I will have the hind man of the three!

Fool. (*to Pickle Herring*). Old father, a fig for your old gold!
The soldier, he shall bear no sway!
But you shall see, and so shall we,
'Tis I that carries the lass away!

Then the dancers takes hold of their swords, and foots it round the room; then every man makes his obeisance to the master of the house, and the whole concludes.

FINIS.

The special interest of this text is that it links the Mummers' Plays, the Plough Plays, the Sword Dances of the north, and even, in its heading, the Morris Dances. It has the 'evening sun', 'big head' and 'iron and steel' formulas, which are common in the Mummers' Plays. The last of these takes a curious form in the lines:

Our old Fool's bracelet is not made of gold,
But it is made of iron and good steel.

From the Mummers' Play it has also the 'sword and

buckler by my side', and still more notably, the Dragon. He may be also the Wild Worm, since as the text stands, although it is clear that a Wild Worm enters, it is not so clear that a distinct Dragon does. After the Presentation, which, as in other Plough Plays, is by the Fool, the action falls into three parts. The first is a combat between the Fool and a Hobby Horse, in the midst of which enters and departs the Wild Worm or Dragon, who is 'sprung'. The fighting seems to resolve itself into a dance, and there is no death. The second part is even more clearly a dance. Here, after the curious episode, in which the Fool sees his face in a looking-glass formed by the linked swords, he makes his will, is killed by his sons, and rises again, without the help of a Doctor. The third part is a *Fool's Wooing*, of the Bassingham and Broughton and not the *Recruiting Serjeant* type, but much elaborated. The lady is here Cicely or 'Sweet Cis'.[1] The rejected suitors are Rafe the Fool's own sons. He has five: Pickle Herring, Blue Breeches, Ginger Breeches, Pepper Breeches, and Mr. Allspice. But Pickle Herring is also the Lord of Pool and Blue Breeches the Knight of Lee. Apparently they were once all suitors. But the woo-ings of Allspice and Pepper Breeches, the 'eldest son', dies out, and at the end only Ginger Breeches and Pickle Herring are the Fool's rivals. Pickle Herring is a stage figure. In Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* Gluttony claims Peter Pickle-Herring as one of his god-fathers.[2]

[1] Cf. p. 100.

[2] *Dr. Faustus*, ii. 2. 153.

The English clown actor, Robert Reynolds (1616–26), took the name as his sobriquet in Germany, and possibly in England also.[1] There is no Dame Jane at Revesby, but the Fool's 'mustard and custard' vaunt is here, as at Bassingham and Broughton, and it is now he who says:

> I have an old sheepskin,
> And I lap it well in.

Like Bassingham and Broughton, too, Revesby has the 'noble Anthony', who is 'melancholy as a mantle-tree', of *Wily Beguiled*. And there are other bits of identical dialogue. One of these is of great antiquity.

> I am my father's eldest son,
> And heir of all his land,
> And in a short time, I hope,
> It will fall into my hands.

Professor Baskervill finds this in *The Enterlude of Youth*, a morality of the first half of the sixteenth century.[2]

> By the masse I reck not a chery
> What so ever I do
> I am the heyre of my fathers lande
> And it is come into my hande
> I care for no more.

But the old sense of 'and' as 'if' has fallen into oblivion. From lines which immediately precede in

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 208; *Elizabethan Stage*, ii. 285, 336.

[2] *Modern Philology*, xxi. 232. *Youth* is reprinted in Hazlitt-Dodsley, ii. The lines quoted are 39–58.

Youth, Revesby, although not the other Plough Plays, has a second borrowing. Youth says:

My name is youth I tell the
I florysh as the vine tre
Who may be likened vnto me
In my youthe and Iolitye
My hearre is royall and bushed thicke
My body plyaunt as a hasel styck
Myne armes be bothe fayre and strong
My fingers be both faire and longe.

And Blue Breeches:

I am a youth of jollitree;
Where is there one like unto me?
My hair is bush'd very thick;
My body is like an hasel stick,

My legs they quaver like an eel;
My arms become my body weel;
My fingers they are long and small:
Am not I a jolly youth, proper and tall?

The Revesby text is so free, comparatively, from verbal and metrical irregularities, that I think it must have passed through literary hands. But the confusions as to the Wild Worm and the Dragon and the wooers suggest that there has been some departure from the original structure.

The Sword Dance.

From Revesby I pass to the Sword Dances of the north.[1] These survive mainly in Yorkshire,

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 182; *C. F. L.* ii. 231; C. J. Sharp, *Sword Dances*

Durham, and Northumberland, an area in which the Mummers' Play is also found. Sporadic examples have been noted in Cheshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Devonshire, Hampshire, and Sussex, and as far north as Shetland. A few Sword Dances have long been on record, but the greater number have been recently collected by the late Cecil Sharp and his colleagues of the English Folk Dance Society, and described with an elaborate notation of steps and figures. The Sword Dance requires space, and is generally performed out of doors. It belongs to the Christmas season, and in a group of agricultural villages on the moorlands behind Whitby, where it once flourished greatly, to Plough Monday in particular. Here the performers were known as Plough Stots, and at Sleights and Goathland took a plough round with them. The Sleights costumes, like those of some Plough Jacks, were decorated with patches of cloth cut into agricultural shapes.[1] When the dancers went to Whitby, they were pelted by the fisher-wives. Such conflicts between inland and shore dwellers are not uncommon in folk-custom. The Goathland company responded by leading a Fisherman on a hobby-donkey. There are other signs of a special connexion between the Sword Dance and the plough. Askham Richard has no

of Northern England, i. 9; K. Meschke, *Schwerttanz und Schwerttanzspiel*, 56; A. W. Johnston, *The Sword Dance, Papa Stour* in *Viking Club, Old Lore Miscellany*, v (1912), 175.

[1] Cf. p. 90.

plough, but a banner inscribed 'God speed the Plough'. At Ampleforth it has become 'God Save the Queen'. At Bellerby there are again animal patches, but not apparently plough patches. But at Flamborough and Beadnell the performers are themselves fisherman, and in several places they are coal-miners. The dancers proper vary in number from five to eight. But there are supernumeraries. Every company has one or more Fools or Clowns. They are often called Toms. At Escrick one has the curious name Woody Garius, and another is Mr. Fox-tails. *Woodycock* is known as a tune.[1] At Bellerby one is Hector, and describes himself as 'the devil's own sister-in-law clothed in lamb's wool'. There is usually also a man dressed as a woman. She is Bessy, Betty, Besom Betty, Dirty Bet, Bridget, Madgy, Madgy Peg. At Escrick she is Madam Sylvester. Here and in Wharfedale she is the Clown's wife. Sometimes she sweeps. There may be a Captain or a King and Queen. The King is sometimes the leader of the actual dancers. At Sleights, where the whole company sometimes amounted in old days to a hundred, with two dancing teams and many Toms, the procession was led by three men 'like gentlemen' on grey horses. Skelton also had an old gentleman and a lady, who, quite exceptionally, was a real woman. The *Quête* may be carried out by the Clowns, or by special officers called Beggars. There may be flagbearers, and the dance is always accom-

[1] Baskervill, *Elizabethan Jig*, 363.

panied by music, from a fiddle, drum, concertina, accordion, tin whistle, or the village band. A favourite tune is *Th' Owd Lass of Coverdill.* Shetland apparently had its bagpipes. The dancers are dressed in uniformity. Usually the basis is a white shirt or tunic; sometimes a coloured one. Three teams at Goathland used orange, pink, and blue, which were local political colours. At Earsdon the white shirts are supplemented by crimson plush jackets and breeches, adopted at a recent performance before royalty. A few places use military costume, and fisherman wear their blue jerseys. At Hunton small mirrors were placed on breast and back. The head-dress, if any, is usually a cap. Occasionally high hats are worn at first, and removed, as inconvenient for dancing. At Askham Richard, they are then replaced by wreaths. Sharp distinguishes two types of sword; a long sword, found in Yorkshire, and a short sword or 'rapper', found in Durham and Northumberland, and said to have been sometimes fitted so that it could be grasped at both ends. The material is normally steel or iron, but wooden substitutes are known. The dress of the supernumeraries is differentiated from that of the dancers and is more fantastic. That of the Clowns ranges from the familiar ribbon or shred-covered coat to the parti-coloured garb of the circus. They sometimes wear fox-tails or bits of skin on their backs or heads, and at Kirkby Malzeard and Ampleforth bells on their backs. The Captain at Grenoside has the head and

skin of a rabbit on a cloth helmet. The Askham Richard Clown carries a bladder on a stick, and so do the plough-drivers at Goathland. The Goathland Clowns blacken their faces, as the dancers themselves are said to have formerly done at Flamborough and Sowerby. They do still at Sleights, and add beards so that 'no one might know them', and for the same alleged reason the Toms sometimes wore large wooden spectacles.

Sometimes the dance begins straight away, without a Presentation. Where there is one, it may be conducted by the Captain, the King, the Clown, the Bessy, or a dancer, or by more than one of these in dialogue. As in the Mummers' Play, there may be a promise of pastime or a call for 'room', and the latter gets new modifications in 'Rumble, rumble,' or 'A-rambling here I've comed'. There may be a little rustic foolery. This is a marked feature at Bellerby, where echoes both of the Mummers' Plays and of the Plough Plays occur. But the main feature is generally a set of 'calling-on' verses, in which each of the dancers is briefly named and characterized. Examples will be found in the Ampleforth text, to which I shall come. 'Calling-on' lines show little sign of old or consistent tradition. Some unity is attained in Shetland with the Seven Champions; at Kirkby Malzeard with Sampson and six Philistines; at Earsdon, in a professedly 'modern' version, with the sons of 'brave Elliott', of Lords Duncan, Nelson, and Wellington, and of Buonaparte

himself. Elsewhere heroic personages only stray sporadically into a company, who normally represent no more than social types. Such are Pitman, Coal Hewer, Skipper, Ship's Cook, Sailor, Jack Tar, Dick the Cobbler, Mr. Snip or Obadiah Trim the Tailor, Love-Ale the Vintner, Highland Laddie the Merchant, Mr. Spark, Mr. Stout, Mr. Wild, Trimbush a comical lad, True Blue, Foppish Knight, Jolly Dog, Tosspot. A Tom is not infrequent; he may be Tom the Tinker, Big Walloping Tom, King Tom, Tom the Clown's Son. Little Foxey, at Houghton-le-Spring, may be more significant. Linton in Craven has Miser, a woman, and Ampleforth a 'little Diana'. It does not appear that either was dressed like a woman. One or more personage is often credited with amorous tendencies. A Squire's son, who has lost his love, recurs at several places and recalls the wooing of the Plough Plays. At Houghton-le-Spring he is Alick.

At Earsdon the Presentation takes a dramatic form. At the end of the older calling-on verses, the Captain says 'Now I am going to kill a bullock'. One thinks of the Plough Monday Bullocks. There is no further reference to the bullock, but promptly two of the dancers quarrel and fight, and one falls. Bessy says:

> An actor he is dead,
> And on the ground he's laid;
> We'll have to suffer for it,
> Brave boys, I'm sore afraid.

A third dancer interposes:

I'm sure it's none of me,
And never in my time;
It's he that followed I,
That did this bloody crime.

And a fourth adds:

O now that he is dead,
And his body it is cold,
We'll take him to the Church yard
And bury him in the mould.

Then follows a short Cure, on Mummers' Play lines, after which Bessy calls for the dance to proceed. Earsdon, however, is not in this respect typical. There is often an element of drama in the Sword Dances, but in all other examples known to me it develops out of the dancing itself, and forms a wind-up to the whole performance. There is a persistent figure, sometimes occurring more than once in the course of a dance, in which each dancer presses the hilt of his sword under the point of his neighbour's, so as to mesh the swords together tightly and securely in a form which may be anything from a pentagon to an octagon, according to the number of dancers. This is called the Lock or Nut, which probably means Knot, and at Whitby the Rose. In Shetland it was the Shield. It is the Glass of the Revesby play. The Lock, when formed, is variously treated. It may be laid on the ground, or raised breast-high or overhead, by the dancers as a body, or by their leader alone.

There is a clock-wise movement with or round it, also sometimes called the Rose. In Shetland it was placed in turn on the head of each dancer. This, no doubt, suggests a coronation. But in another example from the Highlands, not fully recorded, there was apparently no Lock. The dancers, surrounded by swordsmen, performed in pairs over two swords laid on the ground, and when the last was exhausted, his fellows made a ring round him with their swords pointed at his throat.[1] Here the implication is clearly that of a mimic death analogous to the killing of the Fool at Revesby. And this is apparent also in several of the English dances, in which, when a Lock has been formed, an outsider steps into the ring, and the Lock is placed, in one case on his head, but in all the others round his neck. Usually he is one of the supernumeraries, the Captain, the Queen, the Bessy, more often a Tom. But at Ampleforth he is a bystander in ordinary dress. At Flamborough it is said that in former days a stranger to the village was captured and held within the locked swords for ransom, and there is an old account of a Durham dance in which the intervener was, actually or by impersonation, the parish clergyman. In this case, the limits of a purely choreographic representation had clearly been passed, for there was the sequel of a Doctor and a Cure. And so it is in several of the extant dances, which end in something indistinguishable from a Mum-

[1] D. Kennedy, in 2 *E.D.S. Journal*, iii. 22.

mers' Play. It is a matter of degree. At Escrick the victim is the Clown called Woody Garius. After the Lock, the leading dancer knocks Woody's hat off with the tip of his sword, and he falls, as if dead, and rolls out of the ring. At Haxby the Clown falls, Besom Betty runs into the ring, revives him, and leads him out. It appears to be a dumb show. At Askham Richard a Doctor is called to the Fool and fails. Besom Betty then says 'A'll cure him', and does so by brushing his face with her broom. At Earsdon the dancers would sometimes, of old, 'hang the Betty', but now, as we have seen, a play on rather different lines has got into the Presentation. But at Bellerby, where Bessie is the victim, and at Sowerby, where it is the Clown, there are fairly elaborate Cures, preceded in both cases by an episode of repudiation, like that at Earsdon. But the 'An actor he is dead' of Earsdon becomes at Sowerby 'Bold Hector now is dead'. Whitby once had a farce, with a King, Miller, Clown, and Doctor.[1] Goathland had an elaborate play, which lasted two hours. Most of it is unfortunately lost, but fragmentary recollections show that it included a death, not by the sword, but by falling from a hobby-horse, and a Cure, and a wooing scene.

The Ampleforth Play.

The Goathland play can hardly have been more elaborate than that of Ampleforth which, with its

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 192, from G. Young, *Hist. of Whitby* (1817), ii. 880.

Presentation, I will now give in full. My text was sent me long ago by Cecil Sharp; that in his *Sword Dances of Northern England* is a good deal sophisticated, but may include a few lines which he recovered later.

FIRST PART

King. Make room, make room for these jovial lads
That are a wooing hound;[1]
For I can handle a sword
With any man in town.
Last night I went to see
Miss Madam Molly;
She was so fair and comely
And not adorned with pride;
I am so deep in love with her
Till I dont know how to bide.
Tonight I went in to see
Miss Susannah Parkin;
She was so fine and gay,
But the dogs made such a barking
I forgot all I had to say.
So I pray the[2] honest Christian
What next must I say to her?

Clown. Thou must give her gallant speeches,
And honestly must woo her.

King. Aye man, her Mother likes me well; she has forty thousand pound of her own and she'll give it all to myself.

Clown. I'll stand a friend right Jarvey.
I'll stand thee friend, my lad;
I'll stand thee friend right Jarvey.[3]
See thee my heart's full glad.

[1] bound. [2] thee. [3] joyfully.

King. And many a better thing she'll give us when we get wed.

Clown. Come thee ways I'll a want[1] thee we'll get her.

Enter Queen.

Clown Sings. Madam, behold a lover!
You shall quickly see my Son.

Queen Sings. Long time have I been waiting
Expecting Ben would come;
Ben's grown a smart young fellow,
And his face I long to see.

Clown Sings. Here's one that doth me follow,
And perhaps it may be he.
O Ben how dost thou do, my lad?
Thou'st welcome from the seas.

King. Thank you, father, how do you do?
I am very well at ease.

Clown. O Ben let me kiss thee
For with joy I am fit to cry.

King. O father I'd rather kiss
That lady standing by.

Clown. O Ben come shew thy breeding.
Give to her a gentle touch
She's got such a face to feed upon,
The seas could afford none such.
She's a sweet and modest creature,
And she's of a noble fame,
She's a sweet and modest creature,
And Susannah is her name.

King. Father that's well remembered.
How is Dick and Val?

Clown. Did not I write last summer
That pale death has closed his sides?[2]

[1] warrant. [2] sight.

King. It's as true as I'm a sinner!
I had forgotten quite.
Clown. Then it's o my[1] will retire,
For fear I'll spoil her sport;
For while I'm standing by yer
Our Ben can't frame to court.
So, madam, don't be cruel,
Since you're a charmer fair,
Spare him as a jewel,
For you'll like to be my heir.

Exit Clown.

King. Madam, my father has declared
You are to be my bridge;[2]
Or otherwise I am inclined
To lead a single life.
For when a man gets married
He's down like a galley slave
Bachelors like sailors,
When the liberties there air.
Queen. O sorrow does compel you
Against your will to wed.
Indeed, I needs must tell you,
You but a logger's head.
Your cheek is none so charming
As to kindle Cupid's fire;
You've neither wit nor learning,
Nor beauty to admire.
King. (*Goes up to the Queen*) O, madam, do but hear me;
I've got something more to say.
Queen. (*Gives him a prick*) Don't stand so near hard by me;
Stand further off, I pray!
I have not lost my hearing,

[1] home I. [2] bride.

Nor yet I am not dumb;
But, in spite of all your jeering,
I can exercise my tongue.

King. Says thee so, thou Mistress Cheesemouth?
Thee might give me better words.
Although thou's a genteel caucase,[1]
Thy face to be observed,
Thy cheeks are like two cakes of tallow,
Thy lips are blue all o'er,
Thou's tawny black and yellow,
And forty colours more!

King goes up to the Queen again; she gives him a prick, and stamps her foot and says—

Queen. Begone, thou piece of valour!
For thou smells of pitch and tar.
Go hang theeself on the mainmast
Where I shall never see thee more.
Take along with thee my wishes
To the bottom of the sea;
Thou's fitter for the fishes,
Than a woman's company.

Exeunt King and Queen.

SECOND PART

Clown. Here comes I, that never come yet,
With great head and little wit.
Though my head be great
And my wit be small,
I've six fine lads
'll please you all.
My head's made of iron,
My heart's made of steel,

[1] carcase.

My hands and feet of knuckle-bone,
I challenge thee out to feel.

Enter King. King and Clown rattle their swords together.

King. How long will this unthinking fool
Disturb us of our private see[1]
Fair Rose thou may with boldness come
And banish him from our company.

Enter Queen.

Queen. That would betray for want of skill;
It's good to keep two strings for one bow.
Perhaps I might bear him as much goodwill
As what that I might do to you.

Clown. O that's well answered, my dear Rose.
I love the girl that's plain and free
Thou may be packed in,[2] snotty nose;
Small hopes I find there is for thee.

King. Sure I this woman's worse than mad!
Judge, gentlemen, as well as me
In taking such a snotty lad,
And despising such a spark as me.

King straightens himself up.

Queen. Spread your affection civilly
And I shall tell you what I think.
In you the small . . . . . .
There's no mistake to choose and wink.

Clown. Pox take her! There's nowt to please her with.
So saving thy debauchery!

King. I'll call thee liar to the teeth!
I'll will at that accepted be.
I'll make thee lies to the town estate
The captain crown nor his estate.

[1] privacy. [2] packing.

But if I in my duty fail,
But come to me and I'll call it my fate.

Clown. Perhaps thou's got some tenement,
Some palace on some Irish shore;
Perhaps thou lives by three ha'pence rent;
It's enough for thee to rent withal.

King. Now I'm maintained by sailors' wives,
When their husbands are out all in protence,
While you poor eunuchs leads poor lives,
And I am swaggering by my rents.

Queen. My father calls, I must obey.
Be sure you both in peace remain,
Until you hear further what I say
The next time we meet again.

Exit Queen.

King. Thou are a fool, O then say I,
My reasons are expounded clear.
For women may riddle, but none can tell
By plain subtraction what they mean.

Clown. Still greater fool than half than I!
If thou would know the certainty
Of what a woman says,
Is meant quite contrary way.

Exit King.

Clown. The devil go with them, for now they're gone
And left me here behind; see if all well at home,
Faith man! And I'll away an all.

Exit Clown.

THIRD PART

King. I'm a King and a Conqueror too,
And here I do advance!

Clown. I'm the clown of this noble town,
And I've come to see thee dance.

King. The clown come to see a King dance!

Clown. A King dance! Ask thee good fellow? didn't I see thee tending the swine 'tother day—stealing swine I meant to say?

King. Now you've given offence to your Majesty, thee must either sing a song, or off goes your head.

The King tries to knock him about with his sword.

Clown. I only know a lame song.

King. I like a lame song.

Clown sings. How can I be merry and wise,
And in my heart contented be?
When bone of my arm is out of place,
And he mun put his nose where the bone should be.

King. I put my nose where the bone should be?
You old fool! sing it over again, and sing it right.

Clown. I'll nobbut sing it again.

Clown sings song as before but indicates another man.

King. As you've sung that so well, you must sing us another.

Clown. How can I sing another when I don't know one?

King. I must have one, or off goes your head.

Clown. Let me study a minute. I've studied a love song about murder, my grandmother learned me seven years after she was dead.

King. O I like a love song.

Clown sings. O love it is a killing thing.
Its both for heart and mind
And he that doesn't come before
He needs must come before.

King. You old fool what difference is there between befour and before? Sing it over again, and sing it right.

Clown. I'll nobbut sing it again.

King. Sing it over again, and sing it right, or off goes your head!

Clown sings. O love it is a killing thing,
Its both for heart and mind,
And he that doesnt come before
He needs must come before.

King. What difference is there between before and befoure?

Clown. It's the way I learned it. Sing it yourself.

King. If I sing it, see that you learn it.
(*Sings*) O love it is a killing thing,
It's both for heart and mind;
And he that doesn't come before,
He needs must come behind.

King and Clown exeunt.

FOURTH PART

Enter King.

King. I'm a King and a King of high renown
I'm sorry that I shall be offended with that ragly fellow that's called a clown.

Enter Clown.

Clown. What needs thou be offended at me,
And make that great, ugly, long face at me?
If thou was hanged in yonder tree,
I could make a far better King than thee.

King. Going up to Dancers who are behind the door.
Come all ye young men and draw your swords straight,
And take this fool clean out of my sight,
For if I talk to him, he talk to me all night.

Dancers rattle their swords. Exit King.

Clown. Ye gentlemen all who in mirth take delight
And intends our sport for to see,

I've come for to tell you that I am the Clown,
And, pray you, how do you like me?
Although I am little, my strength it is great;
I would scorn for to tell you a lie.
I once killed a hedgehog as big as myself
And it made me a rare apple-pie,
(And he made me a delicate fry).
Now my Grandmother; one of the Bambury breed
As big as an old gilt in her twang,
She would serve by the tinker at peddling trade,
If that isn't a lie I'll be hang'd.
My father was tapsman[1] and tideman[2] three years,
Alas he was tiled so high;
It was all for stealing 3 lusty grey mares.
If that isn't true it's a lie!
As for myself I'm a butcher so good,
I can hit both the mark and the square;
I can stick a young heifer and never draw blood,
And that I can do to a hair.
I always was jovial and always will be,
Always at one time of the year.
Since Adam created both oxen and plough,
We get plenty of store and strong beer.
So now I've told my birth,
And the place from when I come;
So now I will set forth
Our noble dancers on.
Our dancers will appear
In splendour by and bye.
Gooks Bobs! I'll do them here.[3]

Dancers rattle their swords, and keep out of sight.

Clown. Silence! Silence! I cry.
Our dancers will appear

[1] taxman. [2] titheman. [3] I do them hear.

In splendour, red and white,
Goops Bobs! and do them see,
They're coming in to sight.

The King just shows himself.

King comes in first.

Clown. The first that come on is King Henry by name,
He's a King and a Conqueror too;
And with his broad sword he will make them to fall;
But I fear he will fight me enoo.

King and Clown rattle swords together.

(*First verse repeated after each verse*).

Enter No. 2.

Clown. The next is Progallus, as some do him call,
He's a General to the same King;
And with his broad sword he will make them to fly;
Isn't that a desperate thing?

Enter No. 3.

The third I shall name without any offence;
A gentleman just come from Cork;
He's witty and pretty in every degree,
And amongst the girls he will sport.

Enter No 4.

The fourth is Hickman, a rival,
Sticks close to his back.
Bewitched already by beautiful lass,
But young Cupid his ruin shall be.

Enter No. 5.

The fifth is Jerry he's a passionate friend,
He follows his master indeed;
He's been a true trudger as ever did bend,
And I wish we'd some more of his breed.

Enter No. 6.

There's little Diana I'd like to forget,
Whose beauty shines much like our own;
But if ever we do get our heads to the pot,
We'll drink till it strikes fourteen at noon.

Exeunt all.

Clown. Go on, my brave heroes!
Our valour has been tried;
From off the plains of Waterloo
These six fought side by side.
They fought against Napoleon bold,
And made him run away;
Sent him to St. Helena,
And there they made him stay.
All you pretty lasses,
That's sitting roundabout,
These are six handsome young lads,
As ever was turned out.
They'll make you loving sweethearts,
For ever they'll be true;
They'll fight for you as manfully
As they did at Waterloo.

Enter No. 1.

The first I do call,
He's a handsome young man,
As ever the sun shone on;
He's like his brother Cupid
Looks on the charming boy
And when he meets with a bonny lass
With her he loves to toy.

Enter No. 2.

The next he is a bashful youth,
He's brother to the moon;

But first he gets his name up
In country and in town.
Amongst the pretty wenches,
He drives a roaring trade;
And when he meets a bonny lass
His valour is displayed.

Enter No. 3.

The next he is a spanking lad,
His father is a Squire;
For Betsy their sweet chambermaid
He got a great desire.
He huddled her, he cuddled her,
Until he made her yield;
But when the truth they came to know,
He was forced to quit the field.

Enter No. 4.

The next he is a rakish youth;
I've heard his Mother say
She would give him good advice
Before he went away.
He was never to kiss a black lass
When he could kiss a white,
And when he met a bonny lass
To stay with her all night.

Enter No. 5.

The next he is a valiant youth,
He's been in all the wars;
When he returned from Waterloo
The bells did loudly ring.
He won the day in splendour,
He fought a valiant man,
His countrymen did all rejoice
When he returned again.

Enter No. 6.

The next he is a brave young man
As ever you did see;
So well did he act his part
For his King and Country.
He had no fear about him;
For ever he'll be true;
He'll fight for you as manfully
As he did at Waterloo.

So lasses prepare your lips,
Else before your eyes
These six lusty lads
Will roll you in their arms.
So speak spectators all,
If you'll not take it amiss,
If these lads will dance their shares,
These lasses I will kiss.
So now you've seen us all go round,
And heard our pedigree,
Gentlemen and ladies all
What do you think of me?
So now you've seen us all,
Think of us what you will;
Music! strike up and play.
T'aud wife of Coverdill.

Here follows the dance.

After the man (not the Clown) is killed at the conclusion of the dance, the dancers leave the stage, the Clown and the dead man being left alone.

FIFTH PART

The Clown walks about and tumbles over corpse.

Clown. It's rough ground.

Clown turns round and tumbles over again.

King enters.

King. Hello! Hello! What's the matter here?
Clown. A man dead!
King. I fear you have killed him.
Clown. No! he has nearly killed me!

Stamps his feet.

Come all you villians and clear yourselves!

No. 2 *enters.*

No. 2. I am sure it's none of I
That did this bloody act;
Its he that follows me
That did it for a fact.

No. 3 *enters.*

No. 3. I'm sure it's none of I
That did this awful crime;
Its he that follows me
That drew his sword so fine.

No. 4 *enters.*

No. 4. Don't lay the blame on me,
You awful villains all!
I'm sure my eyes were shut
When this young man did fall.

No. 5 *enters.*

No. 5. How could your eyes be shut,
When I was looking on?
I'm sure you were with us
When first our swords were drawn.

Enter No. 6.

No. 6. Our King has done the deed
And he lays the blame on me!
Before I'll take the blame
I'll try my sword with thee!

King and No. 6 fight and rattle their swords together.

King. O ray! alas! what shall I do?
I've been the cause of all this war!
Oray I am that it should happen so,
That I should slay this poor old man.

Clown. How can he be an old man? Young man like me his father. I got him this morning before I got my breakfast. Bury him! we'll sing a psalm over him.

All kneel round the dead man.

The Clown then gives out the following psalm.

Clown. When first King Henry ruled this land,
He was a right generous King. (*repeated by mourners*).
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a large pudding. (*repeated.*)
And when this pudding it was boiled,
They filled it full of plums;
There was lumps of suet in as big
As my two thumbs. (*repeated.*)
The King and Queen they both did eat,
And gentlemen likewise;
And what they couldnt eat that night
Next morning had it fried. (*repeated.*)

The Clown now reads his Will.

Clown. God in Heaven take this soul!
Churchyard take his bones!
And that man, that holds my sword,
Take his Wife and bairns!

Clown hands his sword to another man.

King. How can we this man bury
When people all around us stand?
But if we mean to escape a halter
We must send for a doctor.

All shout for a doctor.

King. I have heard of doctors both far and near;
Have heard of one, tho' he lives in Spain,
I'll lay ten pounds if he was here
He would bring this man to life again.
Five, ten, fifteen, twenty pounds for a doctor!

Enter Doctor.

Doctor. See, Sir, a doctor here, who travels much at home.
Take these here my pills; they cure the young, the old, the hot, the cold, the living and the dead.
What's the matter here?

King. A man dead.

Doctor. How long has he been dead?

King. Seven minutes. Can you cure him?

Doctor. If he has been dead seven years I can cure him!

King. What is your fee?

Doctor. Nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, eleven pence three farthings, peck of ginger bread and some oats for my horse.

King. It is an imposition. I wont give it.

Doctor. Gee ball! *Exit.*

King. Hi! Hi! Doctor, is that the lowest you'll take?

Enter Doctor.

Doctor. I'll throw off the oats and the ginger bread.

King. You must try your skill.

The Doctor feels his pulse.

Doctor. He has got a raging pulse.

Clown. How can a dead man have a raging pulse?

The Doctor pretends to give him a pill. The Clown pulls him away.

Clown. Give a dead man physic?

King. Can you cause a stomach in the morning?

Doctor. I can cause a stomach in the morning, make his

victuals fly down his throat like a wheelbarrow, and rattle in his throat like a pair of chests of drawers.

King. Can you do anything for a fair lady?

Doctor. Yes! if ever a fair lady in this room wants a husband trimming, bring him to me and soon she shall have one.

King. Can you do anything for a big bellied mare?

Doctor. Yes! I can cure the big bellied mare, the old fools, the gaol and the pepper vixit cracks; thousands which I cure is none here I can tell. It's all done with this little vandorous box; take that and you well.

King. Well doctor, what is your name?

Doctor. I don't like to tell it to a ragamuffin like you!

King. I must know your name.

Doctor. Well you shall know it, but it takes a good scholar to read it. My name is Ivan-Lovan-tanaman-laddie, seven Son of a new-born doctor. Here I've travelled through 55 kingdoms and now return to my own country; cure men with their heads off, men with their hearts out, the itch, the stitch, the stone, the bone, the pulse and the gout if there was nineteen devils.

King. Hi! Doctor! he's a long time coming to life.

Doctor. Well I must bleed him.

Doctor gives the King the dead man's arm to hold up and then runs at him with his sword. The King falls and knocks his knee cap off, which the Doctor then puts right.

The Doctor then bleeds the dead man.

Doctor. I've travelled for my education.

King. How far have you travelled?

Doctor. All the way from the fireside upstairs and knocked the chamber pot over and back again.

King. Is that all you've travelled?

Doctor. Oh no! not by a great deal. I've travelled all the

way from Itti Titti where there's neither town nor city, wooden chimes, leather bells, black pudding for the bell rope, little pigs running up and down street, knives and forks stuck in their backsides crying 'God save the King.'

King. Well doctor, he is a long time in coming to life.

Clown. I will bring him to life.

Clown takes his sword and pulls down the man's middle. Whereupon the dead man came to life and jumps up and says.

Good morning, gentlemen,
A sleeping I have been;
I've had such a sleep
As the like was never seen!
And now I am awake,
And alive unto this day.
Our dancers shall have a dance
And the doctor have his pay.

All those standing round now start dancing and this concludes the entertainment.

This curious play bears all the marks of a compilation. The performers are introduced three times and the second attempt borrows the 'big head' and 'iron and steel' formulas of the Mummers' Play. There are two sets of calling-on verses. The Queen is Susannah in the First Part and Rose in the Second Part, and while the Second Part is a variant of *The Fool's Wooing*, the First Part is largely pieced together, as Sharp pointed out to me, from scraps of Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695) iii. 3, although this does not give the name Susannah. The Third Part is chaff about dancing and singing, such as we

find in the Plough Plays. The Fourth Part has a phrase about sticking a heifer, which corresponds to the killing a bullock at Earsdon. The Fifth Part is clearly the same in origin as the slighter versions of Earsdon, Bellerby, and Sowerby. Its Cure proper also closely resembles some of the more elaborate scenes in the Mummers' Plays. The Land of Cockaigne bit is there. The repudiation and suggested burial have also analogues, more or less remote, in the Mummers' Plays, but the 'psalm' used consists of a set of verses, which I have also found independently, with King Arthur instead of King Henry as their subject.[1] The victim's will recalls that of the Fool at Revesby.

The Morris Dance.

There is little to throw light upon the early history of the Sword Dance in these islands. A performance at Edinburgh, after the coronation of Anne of Denmark in 1590, has been taken for one, but, I think, in error.[2] It is otherwise with the Morris Dance, which replaces the Sword Dance over the greater part of England.[3] A *Moresca* or *Morisco* first appears in the fifteenth century among the dances used as

[1] *Arthur of Britain*, 189.

[2] Meschke, 57, citing W. Plenkers in *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, 35, no. 9, 390 (1888). I have not seen this, but the contemporary descriptions in *Papers Relative to the Marriage of King James the Sixth* (1828, Bannatyne Club) and the verses in Hadrian Damman's *Schediasmata* (1590), clearly point to a morris-dance.

[3] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 195; C. J. Sharp and H. C. Macilwaine, *The Morris Book*, Part 1.

intermedii in the courtly *ludi* of Italy, Burgundy, and France.[1] It seems to have been traditionally regarded as of Moorish origin, and is probably to be identified with the *choreae Sarracenicae* of an earlier Paris *ludus* in 1393. In England it is known from the sixteenth century onwards both as a court dance and as a widespread folk dance. It is probably also the dance called the Buffons in *The Complaynt of Scotland* (*c.* 1549). Jehan Tabourot (pseud. Thoinot Arbeau), indeed, in his *Orchésographie* (1588) distinguishes between the *Morisque* and the *Bouffons ou Mattachins*, which was a sophisticated Sword Dance. But Randle Cotgrave, in his dictionary of 1611, translates *Buffons* as 'Morris'. There is, no doubt, a close resemblance between Morris Dance and Sword Dance. TheMorris Dance is still found in many parts of the country. It has made a special feature of the bells, which are only sporadic in the Sword Dance. And the swords, if it once used them, have been reduced to short wooden staves, to trowels at Shrewsbury, and perhaps even to handkerchiefs, since at Ilmington Sharp found these manipulated much like the weapons in some Sword Dances. Morris Dancers, like Sword Dancers, occasionally blacken their faces. It is possible that this practice, rather than any real oriental origin, led to the notion that the dance was one of Moors, and gave it its name. The actual dancers are generally accompanied by supernumeraries.

[1] H. Prunières, *Le Ballet de Cour en France* (1914), 3, 8; E. Welsford, *The Court Masque* (1927), 25, 118.

Of these the most persistent is the Fool, with his stick and bladder, and sometimes a cow's tail. He is the Squire or Rodney in Oxfordshire, Curly in Leicestershire, King Coffee, Owd Sooty-face, or Dirty Bet in Lancashire and Cheshire. There are others; a King and Queen, a Lord and Lady, a Moll or Fool's wife, a Hobby Horse. I do not propose to discuss the Morris Dance in detail for several reasons. Firstly, the earlier notices of it often come from literary, rather than folk sources. One cannot be sure, for example, that the linking of it with the personages of the Robin Hood cycle is not wholly, as it certainly is in part, literary. Secondly, it is a performance which owes allegiance to no fixed season, and in fact is perhaps more often found at summer festivals than at those of winter to which the plays and Sword Dances belong. The supernumeraries with which it is associated may not, therefore, be strictly its own, and one cannot, therefore, lay stress on the occasional presence of St. George and the Dragon among them.[1] The summer festivals have certainly their independent claim to a King and Queen. And although it is intriguing to find sword-bearers, sometimes with cakes impaled upon their swords, accompanying morris-dancers at a group of ceremonies in Oxfordshire and Berkshire, these mostly seem to be hunting festivals, like the analogous Horn Dance of Abbot's Bromley in Staffordshire, which, although doubtless of folk

[1] Cf. p. 156, and *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 197.

origin, is not directly germane to the Mummers' Play. Thirdly and finally, the Morris Dance does not appear, at any rate apart from Robin Hood, to have issued in drama. The only exception, of which I am aware, comes, oddly enough, from the place in which I write. At Eynsham, says Sharp, the dancers in the last figure 'gradually closed in upon the "victim" (if that is the right interpretation), seized him in their arms, and with a barbaric shout threw him up into the air'.[1]

Jack of Lent.

So far, this discussion has been mainly epideictic, devoted to bringing out the dramatic element in the Mummers' Play and in a group of other folk-customs to which, in spite of regional differences, it evidently bears a close relation. Some of them have developed upon choreographic rather than strictly dramatic lines. The maximum of divergence is shown by the Morris Dance. But the Mummers' Play, the Plough Play, and the Sword Dance, at least, are closely linked by common features: by attachment to the festivals of the rustic calendar, to Christmas or to the resumption of agricultural work which follows upon Christmas, or to Easter; by the inevitable *quête* or 'gathering'; by the omnipresent Fool; by the Man-Woman, that unquiet spirit, for whom there is no obvious function, but for whom a place always has to be found; above all by the persistent theme of

[1] *The Morris Book*, iii. 83.

the Mock Death and the Cure which is its almost invariable sequel.

In turning to the problem of origins, one is at once faced by a difficulty. There are many descriptions of the performances and many versions of the dialogue used. But these have all been collected during the last century and a half, and show traces of serious degeneration. They are incoherent, for the most part; they are overlaid with reminiscences of the Napoleonic wars and so forth. James Woodforde saw 'the fine Mummers' at Ansford in Somerset on 2 January 1769, but does not tell us what they did.[1] The earliest text of a Mummers' Play is of 1788, and that is already in a chap-book, a print of which was known to John Brand in 1777.[2] The Revesby Plough Play, from a manuscript of 1779, is only a little younger. On the other hand a notice of rude masking with a Doctor scene at Boston in America before 1782 points to emigration at what may be a considerably earlier date.[3] Pioneers in the study of festival customs, such as John Aubrey in 1687 and Henry Bourne in 1725, are surprisingly silent. Even Brand has but little to say. We know of Sword Dances and Morris Dances in the sixteenth century, although mainly from court and literary sources, but there is nothing said of a Mock Death and a Cure. The Coventry Hock Play had a sword-fight, but again

[1] *Diary* (ed. J. Beresford), i. 83.

[2] *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 185.

[3] G. L. Kittredge in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii. 394, citing H. E. Scudder, *Recollections of Samuel Breck* (1877), 35.

no Cure, and appears to derive from a somewhat different type of folk-custom.[1] Only one sixteenth-century analogue to the Cure has come down to us and that, indeed, is a remarkable one. Henry Machyn, a London merchant tailor, probably an undertaker by occupation, and in any case much interested in pageantry, records a procession of 1553.

The xvij day of Marche cam thrugh London, [from] Algatt, master Maynard, the shreyff of London, wyth a standard and dromes, and after gyants boyth [great and] smalle, and then hobe-horsses, and after grett horsses and men in cotes of velvet [with chains] of gold a-bowt ther nekes, and men in harnes; [and then] the mores dansse, and then mony mynsterels; and af[ter came] the sergantes and yomen on horsse-bake with ribbyns [of green] and whytt abowtt ther nekes, and then my lo .... late behyng lord of myssrulle, rod gorgyusly [in cloth?] of gold, and with cheynes of gold abowt ys neke, with hand fulle of rynges of grett waluw; the w[orshipfull?] serjants rod in cotes of velvet with cheynes of [gold;] and then came the dulle and a sawden, and then [a priest?] shreyffyng Jake-of-lent on horss-bake, and a do[ctor] ys fezyssyoun, and then Jake-of-lent wyff brow[ght him] ys fessyssyons and bad save ys lyff, and he shuld [give him] a thowsand li. for ys labur; and then cam the carte with the wyrth hangyd with cloth of gold, and fulle of ban[ners] and mynsterels plahyng and syngyng; and a-for rod master Coke, in a cot of velvett with a cheyn off gold, and with flowres.[2]

Machyn is of course describing, not a normal folk-performance, but a sophisticated urban procession,

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 154, 187; ii. 264.

[2] J. G. Nichols, *Diary of Henry Machyn*, 33, from *Cotton MS. Vitellius*, F. v.

like that of Lord Mayor's Day, in which civic officials mingled with familiar figures known to the London populace, such as the Lord of Misrule, who had reigned at the previous Christmas, and the tutelary giants, Gogmagog and Corineus. But it is impossible not to be struck with the analogy between the Doctor who is offered £1,000 to save Jake of Lent's life, and the Doctor to whom a precisely similar appeal is made in the Mummers' Play. And the hint of dialogue may mean either that the procession stopped on its way for the episode, or that Machyn was reading into it words which he had heard on a more normal occasion. It is not clear whether the 'sawden' and the 'dulle' belonged to Jake of Lent's group. The former occurs again in a May game of 1557:

> ix wordes dyd ryd; and they had speches evere man, and the morris dansse and the sauden, and an elevant with the castyll, and the sauden and yonge morens with targattes and darttes, and the lorde and the lade of the Maye.[1]

Another May game of 1559 had:

> sant George and the dragon, the mores dansse, and after Robyn Hode and lytyll John, and M[aid] Marian and frere Tuke, and thay had spechys round a-bowt London.[2]

It may be added that at Plymouth in 1581 a payment was made 'for the picture of the Turke on maye daye', and that John Higgins, translating in 1585 the *Nomenclator* of Adrianus Junius, has for

[1] Machyn, 137. [2] *Ibid.*, 201.

Manducus, 'A Giant or Turke, such as they vsed in maygames and shewes, made of brown paper.'[1] A Soldan, therefore, may have had a place in festival processions, apart from St. George, for some reason which has eluded us. In the entry of 1553 Machyn's editor prints 'dullo' for 'dulle' and glosses it 'devil'. Elsewhere Machyn has 'a dulle with squybes borning', who was clearly a devil, although he also spells the word as 'duwlle', 'duwylle', 'duyllyll', 'dullvyll'. Professor Wyld, who has made a special study of Machyn's spelling, assures me that 'dullo' would be very hard to account for as a variant of 'devil', and suggests the possibility of an Italianized form of 'dull', in the sense of 'fool'. I should like to find a Fool in the pageant, but on looking at the manuscript I feel little doubt that a badly written 'e' has been read as an 'o'. In any case, even if the Jake of Lent and the Soldan and devil of 1553 belong together, we can hardly link them with the St. George of 1559, since Jack of Lent himself is quite a distinct and recognizable figure in folk-custom.[2] He was a puppet, set up on Ash Wednesday and decorated with fish-emblems of the penitential season, used as a target for missiles during the six weeks of Lent, and finally destroyed in triumph on Palm Monday. Machyn's entry is dated as of March 'xvij', but it comes between entries for March 22

[1] R. M. Worth, *Plymouth Municipal Records*, 124; Baskervill, *Elizabethan Jig*, 355.

[2] Brand, *Popular Antiquities* (ed. Ellis), i. 57.

and April 3, and must really belong to March 'xxvij', which was in fact Palm Monday in 1553. The fullest account of Jack of Lent is in William Elderton's ballad (1570) of *Lenton Stuff*.

> Then Jake-a-lent comes justlynge in,
> With the hedpeece of a herynge,
> And saythe, 'repent yowe of yower syn,
> For shame, syrs, leve yower swerynge.'
> And to Palme Sonday doethe he ryde,
> With sprots and herryngs by hys syde,
> And makes an end of Lenton tyde.[1]

Of other literary allusions, one may add Jonson's *Tale of A Tub:*

> Thou cam'st but halfe a thing into the world,
> And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds:
> Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,
> Travaild'st to *Hamsted* Heath, on an *Ash-we'nsday*,
> Where thou didst stand sixe weekes the *Iack* of *Lent*,
> For boyes to hoorle, three throwes a penny, at thee.[2]

In Protestant days Jack of Lent became, as Elderton's lines suggest, a mouthpiece for the moralizing satire of ballad and pamphlet. That may be the reason why the custom is more clearly traceable in London than elsewhere in England. But Lenton 'in whyte and red heryngs skinns' accompanied the King of Christmas at a Norwich Shrovetide riding in 1443.[3] White Kennett (1660–1728) quotes some Jack of Lent rhymes used by Oxfordshire

[1] T. Wright, *Songs and Ballads* (1860), 188, from *Ashmolean MS.* 48.
[2] *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 2. 45.
[3] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 261.

children, to the accompaniment of little clacks of wood, in an Easter *quête*.[1]

> Harings Harings white and red,
> Ten a penny, Lent's dead.
> Rise, dame, and give a Negg,
> Or else a peice of Bacon,
> One for Peter, two for Paul,
> Three for Jack a Lent's all,
> Away, Lent, away.

There are many continental analogues to the ceremonial dismissal of Lent, which are fully studied by Sir James Frazer, under such titles as 'Carrying out Death', 'Sawing the Old Woman', and 'The Burial of Carnival'. A Swabian variant yields a 'Dr. Ironbeard', but to that I shall return.[2] Ecclesiastical adaptations, known in England as well as abroad, are the 'Funeral of Alleluia', the 'Making Christ's Bed,' the 'Rising and Burying Peter,' and perhaps the 'Ducking of Judas Iscariot'.[3] These are all spring customs, although the final scene is often on Laetare Sunday in mid-Lent, or on Good Friday, rather than on Palm Monday; and the root-idea appears to be the rejection of the decayed life of the old year at the advent of the new. The straw, of which the effigy is usually made, was no doubt the sheaf preserved from harvest through the winter to the following spring. The precise original season for the ceremony may of course, as with so many other

[1] J. Aubrey, *Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme* (1881), 161.

[2] Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], iv (*The Dying God*), 220 *sqq.*

[3] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 186.

folk-dates, have been variously adapted to a primarily ecclesiastical calendar. The Bury St. Edmunds accounts for 1370 and 1402 seem to link 'forthdrove' with the wassail of Christmas.[1]

Medieval Parallels.

If then we can trace, as it seems that we can, so characteristic an episode of the Mummers' Play as the Cure beyond this great hiatus between 1553 and the close of the eighteenth century, it is at least reasonable to suppose that it may be much older still, and that a further silence which meets us in the Middle Ages is not necessarily conclusive against a primitive origin. Certainly that silence is provokingly complete. Ecclesiastical prohibitions tell us, in England as well as elsewhere, from the thirteenth century onwards, of *choreae* and *cantilenae*, of *arietum levationes*, of *ludi de Rege et Regina* and *ludi quos vocant Inductionem Maii sive Autumni*, which we can reasonably equate with surviving folk-festivals, but nothing of a Mock Death and a Cure.[2] Nor do the records of individual medieval *ludi* give us any help. *Ludus* is of course a comprehensive term enough. There are *ludi* in villages and small towns from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and perhaps earlier, which appear to be dramatic. But their subjects, in the few cases in which they are known, are of the religious order, and the derivation of the religious drama from a liturgical and not a folk

[1] Baskervill in *Studies in Philology*, xvii. 33, from *Hist. MS. Comm.* xiv, app. viii, 124.

[2] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 90, 161.

origin is clear enough. There are some faint traces of a medieval secular drama, but these are related to *fabliau* and *romance*, which again are not of the folk. There are Robin Hood plays by the end of the fifteenth century, such as we have found entangled with the Mummers' Play. The surviving examples suggest literary hands, working upon the ballads.[1] Romance may perhaps preserve one hint of the theme for which we are in search. That is the 'beheading game', as we find it in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and elsewhere. The Knight enters Arthur's hall, and challenges any champion to cut off his head, on condition of submitting to the same ordeal in a twelve-month and a day. Gawain strikes the blow. The knight picks up his head and retires, reminding Gawain of his promise. When it is redeemed, Gawain is only slightly wounded, and the knight reveals that the whole affair was an enchantment of Morgan la Fay. It is called 'a Crystemas gomen', and Arthur says that it may supply the lack of 'enterludez'.[2]

Naturally the religious drama has itself been searched for parallels to the Mummers' Play, which, if established, might serve as evidence of influence in either direction. Some of those which have been suggested are not very convincing. No doubt the language of Octavian and Herod and

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 177.

[2] *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (ed. J. R. R. Tolkien and E. V. Gordon), 283, 471.

Herod's soldiers, of Pilate and Caiaphas, even, according to Tiddy, of God the Father, bears some resemblance to the vaunts of St. George and his opponents.[1] 'Agans me dar noman stand', says Herod, and Pilate:

> Þus schall I brittyn all your bones on brede,
> And lusshe all your lymmis with lasschis.[2]

But how else, in unsophisticated drama, are tyrants and fighting men to talk? One might as well cite Tamburlaine, who in his less inspired moments threatens to 'lanch his greedy thirsting throat' for an adversary.[3] Nor is it possible, as a rule, to find any clear relationship between Jack Finney and the cheeky boys who occasionally enliven the pieties of miracle play and morality. Perhaps an exception should be made for a particular form of impudence such as meets us in *Kyng Daryus* (1565):

Iniquytie. You are two as dronken Knaves
As are betwene this and your owne skyns, so God me saue.
Parcyalytie. Why, Iniquytie, what doest thou saye?
Iniquytie. I sayd, ye were two honest men, by my faye.
But surely, I dyd not so thynke,
No, that I dyd not, I sweare by thys drynke.[4]

This sort of thing recurs in later morals, and is not unlike Jack's fooling.[5] But the humour of the

[1] Tiddy, 97. [2] *Townley Plays*, xiv. 9; *York Plays*, xxxi. 9.
[3] *1 Tamburlaine*, i. 2. 146. [4] *Kyng Daryus* (ed. Brandl), 263.
[5] *Trial of Treasure* (Hazlitt-Dodsley, iii, pp. 270, 289, 291); *Marriage between Wit and Wisdom* (*Sh. Soc.*), p. 19; *Conflict of Conscience* (H.-D. vi, p. 77).

equivocation may have appealed to more than one mind independently. Here and there, too, there may be a phrase which recalls, not very closely, the rustic paradox of the Mummers' Play.[1] An earlier moral (*c.* 1475) is *Mankind.* Here the initial speech of Mercy is interrupted by Mischief, who says:

> Yowur wytt ys lytyll, yowur hede ys mekyll, ye are full of predycacyon.

Later in the play, Mankind beats Now-a-days on the head with a spade, and Mischief consoles him with:

> I xall smytt of thi hede, & sett yt on agayn.

A *quête* follows, before the arrival of the devil Titivillus, who is described as 'a man with a hede that is of grett omnipotens'.[2] Here we may certainly, if we like, see a double analogy to Big Head's lines, while the remedy offered by Mischief to Now-a-days recalls less the 'beheading game' than Jack Finney's 'magpie' jest. Nearer to the Mock Death and Cure is a scene of John Redford's educational moral of *Wyt and Science* (*c.* 1541–8), in which Wit is killed by Tediousness, and revived, not by a Doctor, but by Honest Recreation, Comfort, Quickness, and Strength.[3] It proved popular, and was copied by several imitators.[4] Turning back to the

[1] Tiddy, 115.

[2] *Mankind* (Furnivall and Pollard, *Macro Plays*), 47, 428, 447.

[3] *Wyt and Science* (ed. Manly), 210.

[4] *Marriage of Wit and Science* (Hazlitt-Dodsley, ii), iv. 2, 3; *Marriage between Wit and Wisdom* (*Sh. Soc.*), p. 35; cf. S. Gosson in *Playes Confuted* (*Eliz. Stage*, iv. 217).

miracle-plays, we of course find a Beelzebub, who might have given a name to the *quêteur* of the Mummers' Play, although it might also have come direct from Scripture. I am not sure that the *quêteur's* habit of wearing a bell has not had something to do with his christening. Beelzebub, in fact, in such miracle-plays as have come down to us, is only a minor devil in the train of Satan. It is possible that he played a more important part in Skelton's moral of *Nigramansir* (1504), if indeed that ever really existed.[1] We may, I think, disregard some rather fantastic theories which derive Beelzebub and his club from club-bearing 'deities', such as the Cerne Giant, or take the Combat in the Mummers' Play to be a racial one between primitive club-fighters and invading sword-fighters.[2] Beelzebub is rarely a combatant, and miracle-play devils certainly had their clubs. They had forks, too, for the benefit of the bad souls in Hell, and it is likely enough that they sometimes had frying-pans. They wore vizards, or were, like the bad souls themselves, painted black.[3] But these are obvious forms of theatrical disguise, and it is impossible to lay much stress upon the analogy to the blackened face of Beelzebub. The moralities inherited the devil from the miracle-plays, and Harsnett tells us that 'the nimble Vice would

[1] Hazlitt-Warton, iii. 287; cf. *Mediaeval Stage*, ii. 440.

[2] S. Piggott in *Folk-Lore*, xl. 193; A. B. Gomme, *ibid.*, xl. 292.

[3] *Mediaeval Stage*, ii. 142; M. L. Spencer, *Corpus Christi Pageants in England*, 226.

skip up nimbly like a Jack-an-apes into the Devil's necke and ride the Devil a course'.[1] There is only one example of this in a morality known to us.[2] But we may reasonably compare it with the episode of the Camborne Mummers' Play, in which Beelzebub carries out the Turkish Knight on his back.

Finally, we come to the Doctor of the Mummers' Play. I do not think that there is any close resemblance between his travels and those which the Vices of the moralities sometimes claim to have undertaken. But there is an interesting, if rather intangible, parallel to that fee business, which we have already traced as far back as 1553. It is an episode which goes back to the liturgical form of the Easter Play, which is known as the *Visitatio Sepulchri*.[3] This, in the course of the thirteenth century, came to include an episode, in which the Marys, on their way to the sepulchre, stop to buy their spices of a *Mercator*. It was a matter of gradual development; the *Visitatio* itself is as old as the tenth century. At first the Marys only enter bearing thuribles, and with these cense the altar, which stands for the *sepulchrum*. Then they begin to add spices, in gold or silver *vascula*, *ampullae*, *pyxides*, or *phialae*. They may now leave the incense to a distinct *thuribularius*. As they pass up the choir, they lament

[1] S. Harsnett, *Declaration of Popish Impostures* (1603), 114.

[2] *Like Will to Like* (Hazlitt-Dodsley, iii, p. 356).

[3] *Mediaeval Stage*, ii. 9; K. Young, *The Drama of the Medieval Church* (1933), an exhaustive account, which I follow here.

and express their intention of anointing the holy body. Liturgical phrases are used at first; then metrical stanzas. One set of these has a passage referring to the purchase of the ointment.

> Sed eamus unguentum emere,
> Ut hoc corpus possimus ungere,
> Quod nunquam vermes possint comedere.
> Heu, quantus est dolor noster![1]

Then the purchase itself is mimed. The Marys turn on their way to a side-altar and take the *vascula* from it. Possibly these may be handed to them by a priest in silence. But at the next stage there is an *Unguentarius*, *Specionarius*, or *Apothecarius*, and a dialogue is supplied.

> *Mariae.* Aromata precio querimus;
> Christi corpus ungere volumus:
> Holocausta sunt odorifera
> Sepulturae Christi memoria.
> *Ungentarius.* Dabo vobis ungenta optima,
> Salvatoris ungere vulnera,
> Sepulturae eius ad memoriam,
> Et nomini eius ad gloriam.[2]

In the most fully developed versions of the *Visitatio*, this dialogue is much elaborated. It is possible that there may be some influence from a distinct liturgical play of the twelfth century, on the subject of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, known as the *Sponsus*.[3] Here the Foolish Virgins attempt to buy oil from

[1] Young, i. 285. [2] *Ibid.*, i. 405. [3] *Ibid.*, i. 677; ii. 361.

Mercatores, but in vain. Similarly in the *Visitatio* of Origny St. Benoite, while the Magdalen already has her box, the other Marys go to buy. The dialogue here is in the vernacular, and is probably an addition to the original text. And the question of price arises. The merchant offers an ointment for five besants and a better one for a talent, but when he hears the intended use,

> iel vous donrai pour mainz bien deuz besans
> pour le Signeur cui vous parames tant.

The Marys address him as 'Jouenes marchans', and he accompanies them to the sepulchre.[1] Two other texts are in Latin, but in these also, for some reason which is not obvious, the *Mercator* is *iuvenis*. One is from Tours. Here he asks a talent, and then an *Alius Mercator* intervenes and asks *mille solidos*.[2] The other is from a Benedictbeuern manuscript, which may have been the play-book of a band of *vagantes*. In this it is the *Uxor* of the *Mercator* who fixes the price, at a talent.[3] Another piece from the same manuscript is not a *Visitatio Sepulchri*, but a Passion Play.[4] It is partly in Latin and partly in German, and may have been meant for a performance independent of the liturgy. Here the *Mercator* theme has been adapted to serve as an introduction to the scene in the house of Simon the Pharisee. The Magdalen comes in with her Lover and buys cosmetics. Then she falls asleep, is converted by an

[1] Young, i. 412. [2] *Ibid.*, i. 438. [3] *Ibid.*, i. 432.
[4] J. A. Schmeller, *Carmina Burana*, 95.

angel in a dream, returns to the *Mercator iuvenis*, pays her talent for ointment, and takes it to the Master's feet. In the later vernacular religious drama of Germany, the *Mercator* scenes enjoyed a wide popularity, and the adventures of the *Mercator*, his wife and his boy Rubin lent themselves to a broadly comic treatment, of which, like Professor Karl Young, I find no trace in the *Visitatio Sepulchri* itself.[1]

It is impossible, however, not to recognize a similarity between the chaffering here, dignified as it is, and the cruder handling in the Cure of the Mummers' Play. The very lines of the Origny text quoted above get a rather startling echo in those of our Mylor version.

Full fifty ginnes is my fee,
And money to have down,
But sunes tis for is majesty
I will do it for ten pound.

The slain combatant at Mylor is not in fact a King. At the same time, the quack, in one form or another, is a pervasive figure, found in classical as well as medieval literature, and his ramifications are many. The *Mercator* episode itself seems to have started in France or Spain and to have made its way thence to Germany. In English religious drama there is hardly any trace of it. There are insular examples of the *Visitatio Sepulchri*, from Dublin and from Barking, as well as one of the earliest from Win-

[1] W. Creizenach, *Geschichte des neueren Dramas*, i. 108, 244, 409.

chester, but they have not reached that stage of development.[1] Nor is there any *Mercator* either in the Corpus Christi plays, or in those specially devoted to the Magdalen. Whether he appeared in plays now lost, we cannot of course say. Only three analogies to the fee business have come to light, and two of those are rather remote. Sir David Lindesay's *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis* (1552) has a scene in which a Pardoner, who has a boy, not here particularly impudent, bargains with a Pauper to sell him a pardon for a groat.[2] In the Cornish play of *St. Meriasek* (1504), the Emperor Constantine, who is a leper, sends for a Doctor, and gives him £10 for a remedy. The Doctor promises to return with it, but says aside to his clerk that he knows of none, and they agree that there is no better herb for a physician than falsehood.[3] Somewhat nearer to the Mummers' Play, if not to the *Visitatio Sepulchri*, is the Croxton play of *The Blyssed Sacrament*, which comes from the latter part of the fifteenth century.[4] Here is a *Mercator*, Sir

[1] Young, i. 249, 347, 381. No text is known of the *Visitatio* at Eynsham Abbey, thus described (*c.* 1197) in Adam's *Vision of the Monk of Eynsham* (H. E. Salter, *Eynsham Cartulary*, ii. 294), ch. vii, 'matutinis percantatis et, sicut in eadem ecclesia illa die annua consuetudine fieri solet, uisibiliter exhibita representatione dominice resurrectionis et angelice manifestationis, mulieres ad sepulchrum alloquentis, ac regis sui peractos tam triumphos ipsis et per ipsas discipulis denuntiantis, ac deinde apparitionis ipsius Christi dilectricem suam Mariae in ortolani effigie compellantis, missis etiam celebratis, sacra communionis meruit participatione saginari.'

[2] Lindesay, *Works* (ed. Hamer), ii. 216.

[3] *Beunans Meriasek* (ed. Whitley Stokes), 1378–1485.

[4] *The Blessed Sacrament* (ed. J. M. Manly, *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*, i), 1–238, 445–572.

Aristorius, who gives a long list of the foreign countries with which he has traffic. To him comes the Jew Jonathas, who wants to buy a host for nefarious purposes. He offers £20 and then £40, but Aristorius stands out for £100. Jonathan's sacrilege costs him the loss of his hand, and he applies to a leech, Master Brendyche of Braban. The leech's man Colle, who has some touches of Jack Finney's humour, proclaims a long list of diseases which his master's art will cure. It savours very much of the list in the Mummers' Play, and ends with:

All tho that haue the poose, the sneke, or the tyseke,
Thowh a man were ryght heyle, be cowd soone make hym seke.

Putting it all together, one may perhaps judge that the evidence permits, rather than compels, the conjecture of some give and take between the Mummers' Play and the religious drama, at least in its later stages.

Saint George.

I have not, of course, forgotten that in the Mummers' Play the most prominent character is St. George, and that St. George may well have figured more largely in religious drama than the surviving examples reveal. The legend and cult of the saint have been minutely studied, and may be briefly summarized.[1] A *Passio* which already existed in the fifth century attributed his sufferings to

[1] K. Krumbacher, *Der heilige Georg in der griechischen Überlieferung* (1911); J. B. Aufhauser, *Das Drachenwunder des heiligen Georg in der griechischen und lateinischen Überlieferung* (1911); J. E. Matzke,

Dadianos King of Persia, and made him die under torment and come to life again before he was finally beheaded. But this came to be regarded as heretical, and only faint traces of the miraculous revival survive in later legend. In the orthodox *Passio* he is an officer of the Roman army, who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian in 303. His vogue was primarily oriental, spread from Russia in the north to Abyssinia in the south. St. George is still a popular herdsman's saint and the centre of much folk-custom in eastern Europe. This is not so in England, although the hagiological cult of him ultimately came westward. There is an Anglo-Saxon church dedicated to St. George at Southwark, and about 1074 Robert d'Oili founded a College of St. George in his new-built castle at Oxford, of which the most famous member was Geoffrey of Monmouth. But the medieval veneration of St. George as a soldier saint is mainly due to the mingling of East and West in the Crusades. His day, 23 April, was declared a public holiday by a Council held at Oxford in 1222, and in 1343 he was made the patron of the newly established Order of the Garter. To eastern legends is due the accretion, possibly based upon classical reminiscences of Perseus and Andromeda or the like, whereby he became a dragon-slayer and the deliverer of a

Contributions to the History of the Legend of St. George (*P.M.L.A.* xvii. 464; xviii. 99; xix. 449; J. G. Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], ii. 75, 79, 324–48; *Arch. Journal*, lvii. 204; *F.L.* xliv. 123; *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 224.

princess who had been offered in tribute to the monster. A western version of this first appears in a twelfth-century *Prologus* to the *Passio*. Here the princess is an unnamed daughter of King Sevius, and the city is Lasia in Cappadocia. There is no combat. At the sign of the cross the dragon becomes tame as a lamb, and the maiden leads him into the city with a cord of her hair. The people are converted and St. George kills the captive dragon. In the thirteenth-century *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine the event has been transferred to 'Silene', presumably Cyrene, in Libya, and the princess and her father are anonymous. Later, she may be Cleodolinda. A vernacular legend was still being read in English churches at the end of the fifteenth century.[1] Hagiology has many dragon-slayers, since the dragon lent itself well to homiletic interpretation as the devil. But from St. George may well derive the dragon-slayers of such secular romances as *Sir Bevis of Hampton* and *Sir Guy of Warwick*, both of which were put into print in the sixteenth century.[2] Many of the social gilds of the later Middle Ages honoured St. George as their especial saint, and held their annual feasts on his day.[3] One was founded at Chichester in 1368, at Norwich in 1385, at Coventry in 1424. There were others, certainly

[1] S. Rudder, *Hist. of Gloucestershire*, 461; *County Folk-Lore*, i. 1. 48.

[2] *Sir Beues of Hamtoun* (ed. E. Kölbing), *E.E.T.S.* e.s. 25, 26, 46, 48, 65; *Guy of Warwick* (ed. J. Zupitza), *E.E.T.S.* e.s. 42, 49, 59.

[3] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 221.

or probably, at Leicester, York, Dublin, Reading, Salisbury, and Louth, and even at quite small places, such as Aston in Warwickshire, New Romney in Kent, and Woodbridge in Suffolk. One was established at Chester as late as 1537 for the special encouragement of shooting. The chief ceremony of the feast-day, often observed also by gilds, such as that of Holy Cross at Stratford-on-Avon, not primarily devoted to the saint, was a procession or 'riding', in which figures of St. George and the Dragon were carried about. Some places had also the rescued princess and her parents. At Dublin they were the King and Queen of Dele, and an Emperor and Empress also appeared. The maiden led the Dragon.[1] This recalls the *Prologus*. So does a fresco, now no longer visible, in the Gild Chapel at Stratford, where she is accompanied by a lamb.[2] But at Norwich, from which our records are the fullest, the 'lady', perhaps through ecclesiastical influence, was St. Margaret, who, according to her legend, had beheld the devil as a dragon in a vision. Here the procession went to a wood outside the town, and it was ordered in 1408 that the George should 'make a conflict with the Dragon'. Sir John Paston in 1473 complained of a truant horse-keeper, whom he had kept 'thys iij yer to pleye Seynt Jorge and Robyn Hod and the Shryff off Notyngham'. The playing was probably at Norwich, where several Pastons appear in the register of the gild. This gild survived

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, ii. 365.

[2] *See* Plate i (Frontispiece).

to 1732. The George and Margaret were suppressed in 1552, but the Dragon was to continue to 'show himself for pastime'. A figure, known as Snap-dragon, is still preserved. In the eighteenth century it was borne by a man concealed in its basket-work body, and accompanied by a train of 'whifflers', who juggled with their swords, and 'Dick Fools', in motley and decked with cats' tails and small bells. This seems to bring us rather near to the folk-plays. The Norwich notices of 1408 and 1473 may suggest something more than a dumb show. But the only clear evidence for an actual drama of St. George is at Lydd in Kent in 1456 and probably both here and at New Romney in other years, at Bassingbourne in Cambridgeshire on St. Margaret's Day in 1511, and at York in 1554.[1] For Lydd and York there are no details; a mention of 'Tormentors' at Bassingbourne points to a martyrdom. Conceivably a revival from death and arming by the Virgin, known in English iconography, was, here or elsewhere, presented.[2]

The Seven Champions.

In the *Faerie Queene*, St. George is still the chivalric warrior of the Red Cross and Una takes the place of the anonymous Libyan princess. But Spenser's tangle of knights may well have inspired the Elizabethan hack-writer Richard Johnson to

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, ii. 338, 383; L. T. Smith, *York Plays*, xxxv.
[2] W. L. Hildburgh in *F.L.* xliv. 123.

bring together the figures of national heroes in his *Famous Historie of the Seaven Champions of Christendom.* This was a romance in prose. It was registered and a first part printed in 1596. A second part followed in 1597. A third was added by one W. W. in 1686. It is only the first part that need much concern us. Johnson's champions, other than St. George, are St. Dennis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, and St. David of Wales. For St. George he drew, of course, upon the traditional legend and probably also upon *Sir Bevis of Hampton.* But he worked up the whole into a fantastic story, or contexture of loosely related stories, of his own. Before St. George's birth, his father visits Kalyb, Lady of the Woods, at whose gate hangs a brazen trumpet. He blows it, and hears an oracle of the hero's fortunes. Kalyb steals St. George as a boy and later loves him. But he encloses her in a rock of stone and redeems the six other knights, whom she has imprisoned there. They go on their separate adventures. St. George reaches Egypt, slays the burning Dragon, and rescues Sabra, the daughter of King Ptolomy. He loves her, but is betrayed by Almidor, the black King of Morocco, and is sent to the Soldan of Persia. He slays two lions who are set upon him, but remains in a dungeon for seven years. Ultimately he finds in it a rusty iron engine, digs his way out, slays the Soldan's stable grooms, and escapes. He meets a lady at the gate of a tower.

She warns him that it is held by a giant, and then warns the giant of his approach. He slays the giant. He finds Sabra at the court of Almidor, who is absent. The lovers depart together. Sabra is shown to be still a maiden by the fact that a lion will not harm her. This is, of course, from the *Faerie Queene*.[1] Fear of a pagan invasion of Europe now brings the Seven Champions together. They make war on Almidor, who yields to St. George in combat, and is thrown into a vessel of boiling lead. The Champions proceed to Egypt. Ptolomy accepts conversion and banquets them. A messenger tells that Sabra, left in England, has been falsely accused of murdering the Earl of Coventry. Ptolomy, in distress, flings himself from a tower, and is killed. St. George is chosen king, departs for England, and rescues Sabra. The Champions now make war on Persia. An heroic speech by St. George breaks an enchantment thrown by a necromancer on his companions. The Soldan is taken, and kills himself by running his head against a pillar. Here Part I ends. In Part II Sabra dies, and St. George and his sons have further adventures, which need not be followed here. Where Johnson got the name Sabra for the hitherto anonymous princess is uncertain. Sir Bevis had a foster-father Saber, but Hartland says that the rescued maiden is Sava in a Bosnian ballad. This may come from the Sevius of the twelfth-century *Prologus*.[2]

It is clear that the text of the Mummers' Play, as

[1] *F. Q.* I. iii.

[2] Cf. p. 172.

we have it, owes much, directly or indirectly, to Johnson's narrative. He furnishes the King of Egypt, the Black Prince of Morocco, the Soldan, although he has become in the play a Turk instead of a Persian. It is curious that Sabra herself, who figured in the ridings, hardly ever gets a part, since we cannot identify her with the Woman, who, if she intervenes in the main action at all, seems to be represented as the mother, rather than the mistress of the Agonist. Normally Sabra is relegated to St. George's initial vaunt. Here too, in one version, we get, much obscured, St. George's adventure with Kalyb.[1] It seems to have been mixed up with that in which he meets a lady at a giant's gate and slays the giant, and perhaps also with one of St. Anthony, who frees ladies from a giant's tower, which St. George does not. But the 'trumpet' at the 'gates divine' suggests the earlier visit of St. George's father to Kalyb. One might have expected the 'gates divine' to mean Jerusalem, but although the Seven Champions do ultimately visit Jerusalem in Johnson's Part II, it is not in pagan hands, and requires no trumpet challenge. A Sabra seems needed, at least in those plays in which the Dragon is himself a combatant. They are not very many, on the face of it. Perhaps the Dragon proved difficult to represent under village conditions. But I believe that he does figure, rather cryptically, more often than is at first sight obvious. A favourite combatant is Slasher, to the many variants of whose

[1] Cf. p. 24.

name Johnson's story affords no direct clue. And to Slasher, more than to any other, belongs the vaunt:

> My head is made of iron,
> My body is made of steel,
> My arms and legs of beaten brass;
> No man can make me feel.

I formerly rejected a theory which made Slasher the representative of the hardness of the frost-bound earth in winter, and thought that the lines might merely refer to the armour of a champion. But I am now sure that I was wrong. They are the description of a dragon. The following *catena* will, I think, place this beyond doubt.

> His sides wer hard ase eni bras,
> His brest was hard ase eni ston.
>
> *Sir Beues of Hamtoun, Auchinleck MS.* (1330–40), 2676.

> His skales bryghter were than glasse,
> And moche harder than any brasse.
>
> *Ibid.*, ed. Pynson (*c.* 1503), 2427.

> And ouer, all with brasen scales was armd,
> Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
> That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be harmd
> With dint of sword, nor push of pointed spere.
>
> *Faerie Queene* (1590), I. xi. 9.

> His scales glistering as silver, but far more hard than brass.
>
> Johnson, ch. iii.

> His skin more hard than brass was found,
> That sword or spear can pierce or wound.
>
> *Seventeenth-century Ballad.*

They are all dragons.

The enduring popularity of Johnson's romance is shown by many reprints.[1] The later ones were often abridgements, and ultimately took the form of chapbooks, which continued to circulate through the eighteenth century and even later. Of these there were two types, representing different selections, although the Sabra incident appears in both. One was *The Life and Death of St. George*; the other *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, of which there appear to have been three Parts. The types are already distinguished in an advertisement by William Thackeray about 1685, and again in one by Cluer Dicey of Aldermary Churchyard in 1764.[2] It is worth noting, therefore, that a description of West Yorkshire 'sword-actors' about 1875 credits them with two plays.[3] One, *The Pace Egg*, was clearly a normal Mummers' Play. The other, 'most usual', was *The Seven Champions*, and in it appeared the King of Egypt and his daughter, St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. David, St. Denys, and St. James, but not St. Anthony, who was replaced, sometimes by St. Thewlis, and sometimes by St. Peter. There is, I believe, no such saint as Thewlis. St. Thorlac of Iceland is more

[1] H. W. Willkomm, *Über Richard Johnsons Seven Champions of Christendom* (1911); A. J. K. Esdaile, *List of English Tales and Romances* (1912), 81.

[2] C. Gerring, *Notes on Printers and Booksellers* (1900), 110; J. W. Ebsworth, *Bagford Ballads*, 1. liv. Thackeray's *St. George* is in *Bodl. Wood*, 254. 1; the Aldermary *St. George* in *B.M.* 1079, i. 14 (5), and Parts i and ii of the Aldermary *Seven Champions* in *B.M.* 1079, i. 13 (12). All are undated.

[3] T. M. Fallow in *Antiquary*, xxxi. 138.

likely to be meant than St. Theliau or Teilio of Wales, or an obscure St. Theolus of Nicopolis. St. George fought each of the other knights for the hand of the princess. Nothing is said of a Dragon or of a Doctor, but a Fool, Little Devil Doubt, closed the performance with his usual 'sweeping' lines. Unfortunately the observer, although he gives photographs of the costumes, does not print the text. Similar plays are reported, with little detail, from Sussex and from Minety in Wilts.[1]

The chap-books, however, reduce Johnson's long narrative to a very few pages, and there are other possible intermediaries between Johnson and the Mummers' Play, which must be taken into account. There are several ballads of St. George. One, which exists in several broadsheet copies, with different imprints, probably none of them earlier than the middle of the seventeenth century, was also appended by William Thackeray to his St. George chap-book. It is entitled *St. George for England and the King's Daughter of Egypt*, and its first line runs:

Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing.[2]

This follows Johnson pretty closely in most of the points relevant to the Mummers' Play. I have quoted its description of the dragon above. But it omits the Lady of the Woods in her rock of stone

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, ii. 1; *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 221.

[2] Texts in Percy, *Reliques* (ed. H. B. Wheatley), iii. 224 (*Pepys Coll.*); *Roxburghe Ballads* (Ballad Soc.), i. 380 (*Roxburghe Coll.* i. 128, 129). Another copy is in *Bodl. Wood*, 401, f. 115.

and the lady at the giant's gate, who have got into one version of St. George's vaunt. On the other hand, as in this vaunt, Sabra is found tied to a stake when St. George arrives. This is not from Johnson, who has a stake, but only in the later episode of the Earl of Coventry. In the printed copies of the ballad Sabra has become Sabrine, presumably under the influence of some follower of Geoffrey of Monmouth. She is, however, Sabra in a fragmentary version of the same ballad found in the Shirburn MS., and this, in a hand ascribed by its editor to 1609–16, is probably a good deal earlier than any of the broadsheets.[1] These carry no evidence as to the date of original publication. Nor do the ballad entries in the *Stationers' Register* take us much further. 'Saint George' is in a long list of ballads entered to Thomas Pavier and others on 14 December 1624, but a note of reservation of any existing rights make it clear that they were not all new.[2] On 15 June 1657 a 'St. George for England' was entered to Nathaniel Brookes, and on 1 March 1675, both 'St. George' and 'St. George for England' appear in a second long list of entries to Francis Coles and others.[3] This, again, certainly includes some transfers of existing copyrights. Coles and his associates published one of the copies of the ballad already described. They also published another entitled *St. George and the Dragon*, which begins, 'Why should

[1] Text in A. Clark, *Shirburn Ballads*, 96.

[2] Arber, iv. 131.

[3] Eyre, ii. 130, 497.

we boast of Arthur and his knights?'.[1] It may well be the 'St. George for England' of 1657 and 1675. But it is only a *rifacimento* of another early ballad, of which a unique copy in the Pepys collection was printed by W. W., presumably William White, in 1612.[2] Here the title is *Saint George's Commendation to all Souldiers*, and the first line, 'Why doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes?' In this pair of ballads, no story of George or of the other Champions is told. Their names are merely reviewed, together with those of many other classical and romantic heroes, in stanzas, each ending with a refrain, which runs in 1612:

> S. George for England, S. Dennis is for France,
> Sing Hony soit qui mal y panse.

That in the later version is practically the same. And both have, slightly varied, one other passage which is of interest:

Saint Patricke of Ireland, which was saint George's boy,
And seuen yeeres he kept his Horse, that then stole him away.
From which filthy fact, as slaves they do remain:
Saint George, saint George, the Dragon he hath slaine.

We have found this perverted in Irish examples of the Mummers' Play. Another *rifacimento*, but without the St. Patrick lines, has the imprint of William

[1] Text in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 727 (*Roxb. Coll.* 716, 720). An early reprint is in *Collection of Old Ballads* (1723), i. 24.

[2] Texts in H. E. Rollins, *Pepys Ballads*, i. 39 (*Pepys Coll.* i. 87); Percy, *Reliques* (ed. Wheatley), iii. 288; *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 780.

Gilbertson, and is subscribed S. S., which may stand for Samuel Sheppard.[1] John Grubb's *The British Heroes* (1688), on similar lines, is a piece of literary facetiousness from Cambridge, and a *Birth of St. George* in Percy's *Reliques* is also sophisticated.[2] These do not help us. Finally, there is a *Seven Champions of Christendom* in a *Collection of Old Ballads* (1723), the editorship of which is ascribed to Ambrose Philips.[3] This covers the dragon episode, as well as that of St. George's escape from the Lady of the Woods, but does not add anything to what was already available in the earlier ballads, so far as St. George is concerned. It incorporates, however, some adventures assigned by Johnson to other Champions, including that of St. Anthony, who slew a giant and released seven ladies from his castle. Apart from ballads, Thomas Corser, in his *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, describes a manuscript verse-translation of Johnson's romance by one G. B. under the title of *The Famous History of St. George*, which he had acquired from the Heber collection.[4] G. B. was once taken to be Sir George Buc, but an allusion to the interment of Cromwell makes that impossible, and Corser conjectures the authorship of Gaudy Brampton, since the name of a Dorothy Brampton is on the manuscript. I do not know where it now is, but the version is obviously not likely to have had

[1] *Bodl. Wood*, 401, f. 117.
[2] Percy, *Reliques* (ed. Wheatley), iii. 215, 293.
[3] i. 28.
[4] Corser, iii. 172.

a popular circulation, and the passages quoted by Corser furnish no link.

The London stage, as well as the ballad-writers, made use of St. George. The only seventeenth-century text which has come down to us is John Kirke's romantic *Seven Champions of Christendom* (1638). The traditional combats of the hero form no part of the action, but are relegated to a descriptive chorus.[1] This is based on Johnson or on the chief ballad. Sabra is again Sabrine, and Ptolomy becomes Pomill. John Warburton, during the first half of the eighteenth century, included in a list of old manuscript plays, which he said had been burnt by a servant, 'St. Geō. for England, by Will. Smithe.' Of this, if it ever really existed, nothing further is known, nor can the author be safely identified with any traceable dramatist of the name of Smith.[2] *The Theatre of Compliments* (1688) says of Bartholomew Fair:

Here's valiant St. George and the Dragon, a farce;[3]

and Pope, in the *Dunciad* (1728), chaffs Elkanah Settle, driven in his old age to contribute to the amusements of the Fair, with:

> Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
> Reduced at last to hiss in mine own dragon.
> Avert it, Heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
> Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair![4]

[1] Act iii, sign. $F2^{v}$.

[2] *Elizabethan Stage*, iii. 493; W. W. Greg in *3 Library*, ii. 231.

[3] H. Morley, *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*, 227.

[4] *Dunciad*, iii. 285. According to Isaac Reed in *Biographia Dramatica*

So, too, Edward Young has:

> Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,
> For bread in Smithfield Dragons hissed at last,
> Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
> And found his manners suited to his shape.[1]

For later periods Professor Nicoll records a *St. George's Day; or Britains Rejoice* at Covent Garden in 1789, and a *Saint George and the Dragon or the Seven Champions of Christendom* at the Royal Amphitheatre in 1822.[2]

The Stage and the Folk.

Bartholomew Fair was only remotely of the folk. But travelling companies, in the eighteenth as in the seventeenth century, were still carrying London plays abroad, not merely to the standing theatres which were coming into existence in the larger provincial centres, but even to small towns and villages, such as those from which our Mummers' Plays come. We have, for example, the manuscript journal of a company led by one Mr. Jones in 1741. They were on their way between Wales and London, and performed, for trifling profits, at many small places in and about the Upper Thames Valley. They are found at Malmesbury, Cricklade, Swindon, Highworth, Faringdon, Lechlade, Marcham, Bampton,

(1782), i. 398, Settle appeared as 'a dragon, enclosed in a case of green leather, of his own invention'.

[1] *Epistle to Mr. Pope* (1730), i. 261.

[2] A. Nicoll, *Eighteenth Century Drama*, ii. 342; *Nineteenth Century Drama*, ii. 520.

and Witney. Their repertory is noted. Besides *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Tamburlaine*, *Jane Shore*, and other dramas, it included a group of 'entertainments', among which is, not indeed a *St. George*, but a *Mock Doctor*.[1] To the recollection of such performances we may at any rate ascribe the various echoes of the literary drama which have already been noted, of Addison's *Fair Rosamond* at Mylor, of *Youth*, *Wily Beguiled*, *Buxom Joan*, and perhaps *Julius Caesar* in the Plough Plays, of Congreve's *Love for Love* in a Sword Dance, of *Singing Simpkin* and still more of *Mucedorus* in many places.[2] But to *Mucedorus* I shall return.

The possibility of contact between the stage and the folk is not difficult to establish. It is not to be supposed that, after the Reformation and the growth of the professional travelling companies, local plays entirely ceased to be performed. Notices of them are long to be found, scattered over the municipal and family records which Professor Murray and others have printed.[3] Perhaps they are most common in the north and in other areas remote from London. And no doubt they are of various types. Some are survivals of the religious drama. The Coventry gilds were still giving their Corpus Christi plays, at home and abroad, up to 1573, and in 1584

[1] E. Colby in *P.M.L.A.* xxxix. 642, from *Add. MS.* 33488.

[2] Cf. pp. 37, 49, 56, 82, 98, 100, 122, 149, 190, 191.

[3] J. T. Murray, *English Dramatic Companies* (1910); *Malone Society Collections*, ii. 258 (Ipswich).

abandoned them for John Smith's new show of *The Destruction of Jerusalem.*[1] Some are school-plays produced by the local Holophernes. Some are May games. There was a Robin Hood play at Bridgnorth in 1588, and players with hobby-horses were at Nottingham in 1569, Plymouth in 1575, and Newcastle-on-Tyne before 1594. Davy Jones and his company furnished a Whitsun pastime at Stratford-on-Avon in 1583.[2] Perdita saw it.[3] There were Christmas plays, such as the 'young men of the city' gave at Bath in 1601–6. These might of course be anything; they might even be the Mummers' Play. The Shuttleworth family of Smithhills in Lancashire entertained during 1588–92 players from their neighbours at Preston, Nantwich, Downham, Rochdale, Blackburn, and Garstyng. All the payments seem to have been made in December or January. Generally in such records we only get the name of the town or village from which the visitors came. I have noted Romney (1562), Hull (1568, 1569), Tavistock (1569), Cambridge (1571), Derby (1575), Ipswich (1578), Durham (before 1594), and St. Budeaux (1567), Anstey (1572), Cropwell (1572), Barton (1579), Selston (1579), Germoe (1584). This last group is one of quite small places. From Cropwell in Nottinghamshire one of our Plough Plays comes. Occasionally we find a payment for a play to some individual who cannot be traced as a

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, ii. 361.
[2] *William Shakespeare*, i. 9.
[3] *Winter's Tale*, iv. iv. 133.

professional actor, James Candler at Ipswich in 1569, Thomas Triplyn at Plymouth in 1571. At Ipswich, too, the town minstrels under William Martyn more than once entertained the Bailiff and his brethren; sometimes it may be with music only, but in 1572 certainly with a play, and in 1569 with 'playing the ffooles in the halle'. The legislative and administrative restrictions on plays, mainly aimed at vagrancy, were not likely to prove an obstacle to such things.[1] All such regulations have their elasticity, and a strictly local performance under the aegis of a mayor or of some provincial magnate, himself a justice of the peace, may be assumed to have been fairly safe from any interference from a distant Master of the Revels. Abuses, no doubt, might arise. In 1597 the Privy Council wrote to stop Whitsun plays at Hadleigh in Suffolk, fearing disturbance in a time of scarcity.[2] And during 1610–19 a group of Yorkshire handicraftsmen, led by a family of Simpsons, who took to travelling with Catholic plays, more than once got into trouble.[3] But as a rule local players did not move far from home. The notices of them are sparser in the seventeenth century than in the sixteenth, but they never entirely die out. Thus in 1622 Lord William Howard of Naworth Castle rewarded the players of Penrith, in his own county, and in 1624 those of Warwick, where perhaps he was on a visit.[4] Even more

[1] *Elizabethan Stage*, i. 269 sqq.
[2] *Ibid.*, iv. 321.
[3] *Ibid.*, i. 304.
[4] Murray, ii. 334.

illuminating are the accounts of Francis Earl of Cumberland at Skipton Castle.[1] In 1606 he gave 4*s*. 'to the yonge men of the toun being his lordships tenants and servants, to fit them for acting plays this Christmas'. In 1635 he paid 5*s*. to Adam Gerdler, whom he 'sent for from York to act a part in "The Knight of the Burning Pestell".' I suspect that such a temporary organization, as the Earl of Cumberland patronized in 1606, accounts for the large number of players of lords and gentlemen who appear once and once only, or at long intervals, in the records, and who certainly must be distinguished from the regularly established companies. And the second entry shows that, as might have been expected, such performers often found it easier to borrow plays from the London stage than to write them for themselves.

Here then we get the contact between the stage and the folk from another angle. I have not, unfortunately, the material on which to follow the same theme through the Restoration and the eighteenth century, periods during which, it must be remembered, the folk was probably on a higher level of education and culture than that to which enclosures and Speenhamland doles reduced the village labourers from whom our texts are mostly drawn. Two examples of local playing, of very different dates, are, however, much in point. Of the first the scene is again the Upper Thames Valley.

[1] Murray, ii. 255.

In the autumn of 1652 certain 'countreymen, most of them, for any thing I can heare, all of Stanton-Harcourt Parish', began to learn an old play of Mucedorus and Amadine. They played it privately every week and later 'in a more publike manner about Christmas', three or four times in Stanton Harcourt itself, and then in neighbouring parishes such as 'Moore', no doubt Northmoor, Stanlake, South Leigh, and Cumnor. Finally, on 3 February 1653, they essayed a representation in Witney. Here they were unfortunate. Failing to secure the Town Hall, they went to an old malting-room at the White Hart. There was an audience of three or four hundred. The play began at seven o'clock and was to take three hours. But at the end of the second hour, while Bremo was promising to feed Amadine with quails and partridges, the floor collapsed into a shovel-board room below, and several persons were killed.[1] John Rowe of Corpus, a nonconformist lecturer at Witney, tells the sad tale in his *Tragicomedia* (1653). With his moral, which is itself as old as the second century, I am not concerned. But we have already found the traces of *Mucedorus* at more than one point in the Mummers' Play. I may add, as a further evidence of its popularity, that Francis Coles, the ballad publisher, issued editions up to 1668, and that *Mucedorus, a Play* is one of the chap-books in William Thackeray's list of about 1685.[2] And it

[1] *Mucedorus*, iv. 3. 32.

[2] W. W. Greg in *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, xl. 95; cf. p. 179.

was still being given by local players, a century and a half later, together with—*St. George and the Fiery Dragon.* Sir Offley Wakeman described in 1884 the performances, forty or fifty years before, but still within living recollection, at the parish wakes of a group of villages on the borders of Shropshire and Montgomery. A few other reminiscences have been collected by Miss Burne.[1] The earliest notice is of 1777. The plays were in the open air. The performers were all men, who borrowed finery from neighbouring houses. The stage consisted of a couple of wagons, and there were rarely more than two actors on the boards together. At one end sat a chairman, who was also prompter and call-boy. A prologue offered 'pastime', and at the end sixpence was asked from each spectator. The most usual plays were *Prince Mucidorus*, *St. George and the Fiery Dragon*, *Valentine and Orson*, *Dr. Forster*, and *The Rigs of the Times.* Strange survivals, mostly from the sixteenth century, if one may assume that *Dr. Forster* was *Dr. Faustus.* It was only from *The Rigs of the Times*, unfortunately, that Sir Offley could recover a textual fragment, which is literary in form. In all the plays, he says, a Fool or Jester was prominent, wearing bells at his knee, a paper mask, and a cap of hareskin with the ears pointing upwards. He 'played all manner of megrims', and was 'going on with his manoeuvres all the time'. The Dragon was

[1] Wakeman, *Rustic Stage Plays in Shropshire* (*1 Trans. Shropshire Arch. Soc.* vii. 383); G. F. Jackson and C. S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, 499.

a wooden one, worked from the side of the stage by a pole, and a squib in its mouth yielded fiery breath. In the last scene it reared up, but St. George struck off its head with his sword. There was a dragon, too, 'all in green', at Stretton. The coalition of literary drama and folk-play seems to have been fairly complete in Shropshire.

The Residual Problem.

It will be well to pause at this point and consider what advance has been made towards an explanation of the Mummers' Play. It is clear, I think, that the traditional text, so far as Saint George is concerned, is based upon Johnson's romance or some derivative thereof. It cannot, therefore, be earlier than the end of the sixteenth century, and may have been composed a good deal later. It has only come down to us in corrupt forms, and although the general resemblance of these, widespread as they are, points to a single archetype, it remains doubtful what the exact outline of this may have been. Did Saint George, as the romance might suggest, originally fight, one after another, with the Dragon (Slasher), the Soldan of Persia (Turkish Knight), and Almidor of Morocco (Black Prince of Paradise), or only with one or two of these, and if so, with which? We can hardly say. The text has been 'farced' with reminiscences of plays such as were being carried abroad in the seventeenth and even the eighteenth century. Nor is there anything in the phraseology which

need be of an earlier date than Johnson. Even the hastily withdrawn insolence of Jack Finney, which seems to recall the moralities, is no exception. It passed from the Vices to the clownish serving-men of the later drama.[1] There is an exact parallel, for example, in William Rowley's *Match at Midnight* (1633).

Sim. An old diuell in a greasie Sattin doublet, keepe you company.

Bloodhound. Ha, what's that?

Sim. I say, the Sattin doublet you will weare too morrow, will be the best in the company, sir.

Beelzebub, again, is in the miracle-plays, but he is also in *Dr. Faustus*, and that survived in Shropshire to the nineteenth century. The Presentation and afterpiece of the Mummers' Play are on the model of the regular stage. Father Christmas may or may not have been the original Presenter, but he, too, is probably not earlier than the seventeenth century. No doubt Christmas had been personified long before. Early carols know 'syre Cristemas our kynge'.[2] A 'Kyng of Crestemasse' rode at Norwich in 1443, and 'Yule' and 'Yule's wife' at York up to 1572.[3] The revels at St. John's, Oxford, in 1607 were under a Christmas Prince.[4] He is one type of the familiar Christmas Lord of Misrule.[5] But his people are a court, not a family. Jonson's *Christmas*

[1] Cf. p. 162.

[2] *Early English Lyrics*, 233.

[3] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 261.

[4] G. Higgs, *The Christmas Prince* (1922, ed. F. S. Boas).

[5] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 403.

his Masque (1616) is perhaps responsible for a change in the notion of him. Here he is 'Christmas, old Christmas, Christmas of London, and Captain Christmas', and again 'old Gregory Christmas'. And he has eight sons and two daughters, who do the dancing. Mince-Pie, who is in the Mummers' Play, is one of them. 'There should a been and a dozen I ween', but only Log could be found besides, and he was too heavy to dance. The actual term 'Father Christmas' does not emerge, so far as records go, before two pamphlets related to the puritan attack on the feast, *The Arraignment, Conviction and Imprisonment of Christmas* (1645) and *The Examination and Tryal of old Father Christmas* (1678). But no doubt its use in these suggests that it was known earlier.

There are, however, some important features in the Mummers' Play which neither Johnson nor the borrowings from the drama give us. They do not explain the Fool, so different in quality from the stylized Court Fool of the stage. They do not explain the pervasive Woman, whose dramatic function is so obscure. Above all, unless there was a revival from death in the miracle-plays of St. George, as to which so little is known, they leave untouched the Doctor and his Cure, and that bargaining for a fee, which are precisely the incidents found, apart from St. George, in the Jack of Lent procession of 1553 described by Machyn. To the possibility of a remoter origin for such fundamental elements of the Play we must now turn.

THE PROBLEM OF ORIGIN

Parallels from Western Europe.

Continental analogues, such as have already been noted for Jack of Lent, throw some further light on the Mummers' Play itself. There are plenty of them, and I cannot pretend to be exhaustive. In many parts of Germany the 'Carrying out of Death' is linked to acts of another character, which suggest, not death, but revival.[1] These take various forms. Sometimes the procession which bears the death effigy is accompanied by songs which hail the coming of spring or summer. Sometimes it is followed by another procession in which a green tree is carried into the village with similar songs. Sometimes there is a conflict. Rival songs, celebrating in turn winter and summer, are sung; and there may be a combat between a group clad in straw or furs and another in green or leaves. There is an example of this also in the Isle of Man, and another in Sweden. In other places there is no effigy of death. The tree is brought in, and with it goes a lad covered from head to foot in leaves and flowers. He is the Pfingstl or Wild Man, the equivalent of the English Wod-woz and Jack-in-the-Green. But his treatment is ambiguous. He is ducked in a stream or pool. That is only a rain-charm. But sometimes he is also hunted, and either shot or decapitated. The rite may stop here, nowadays at

[1] Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], iv (*The Dying God*), 206–11, 233–58.

least. But also it may be followed, or show signs of having once been followed, by a revival. Thus in Saxony and Thüringen the Wild Man falls to the ground, but is bled by a doctor and comes to life again. From Swabia there are two accounts, which probably have to be pieced together to get the full story. In a Shrovetide ceremony, Dr. Ironbeard bleeds a sick man, who falls as dead, and the Doctor thereupon restores him to life by blowing air into him through a tube. On Whit-Monday, the Wild Man, as elsewhere, is executed. No revival is described, but Dr. Ironbeard, together with a sooty-faced Moorish king, is in the procession. All this is very much like the Mummers' Play. The German rites do not take place at Christmas, but most often at Whitsuntide or on May Day, and occasionally at Shrovetide or mid-Lent. In Carinthia and among the gipsies of Transylvania and Rumania the Wild Man becomes Green George, and goes at Easter or on St. George's Day, but here is no death or combat.[1] Sir James Frazer also describes some Russian seasonal customs in which mythical beings are lamented as dead, and in one of these the corpse springs to life again, amid cries of rejoicing.[2]

A very remarkable ceremony is the Basque Carnival Masquerade, as performed in the villages of La Soule in southern France, between Béarn and Navarre.[3]

[1] *G.B.*[3] ii. 75, 343. [2] *Ibid.*[3] iv. 261.

[3] V. Alford, *The Basque Masquerade* (*Folk-Lore*, xxxix. 68), *The Spring-time Bear in the Pyrenees* (*ibid.* xli. 266).

There are many characters, who form two groups, *Les Rouges* or *Les Beaux*, and *Les Noirs*. The former are elegantly dressed; the latter, ragged and dirty, are regarded as representing alien non-Basque elements. The central figure of the *Rouges* is a Hobby-Horse, the *Zamalzain* or *Chibalet*, with a crowned rider. He is accompanied by a *Cantinière*, said to have replaced a ruder *Bohémienne*, a Sweeper, a *Chat* with a rattle, a flag-bearer, three shoeing-smiths, and a number of other attendants, who should carry beribboned sticks. The *Beaux* also include a *Monsieur* and *Demoiselle* and a *Paysan* and *Paysanne*. The *Noirs* are Tinkers with lambs' tails on their backs, Knife-grinders, Gipsies with wooden swords, and two Horse-gelders. These last, unlike the other *Noirs*, are tidy. The troops visit each other's villages, crossing rope-barricades, formerly set up by old women, but now by men with blackened faces. It is thought proper for the local *curé* to go away on a holiday. The procession goes from house to house, with much ribaldry by the *Noirs*. Then follows a series of elaborate figure dances in the *place*. These culminate in the *Godalet Danza*, given as a *pas seul* by each of the *Beaux* in succession about a glass of red wine set on the ground, and finally by the Hobby-Horse himself. It is a critical moment, for the rider cannot see the glass. When the last evolution is successfully performed, he makes the sign of the Cross with his forefoot. Now comes the turn of the *Noirs*, who dance noisily in parody.

The Gelders pursue the Horse, and make a feint of operating upon him. He recovers, and dances again. Certain features have dropped out in recent years. Once the Gelders made an attack on the *Cantinière*. Once a Tinker's wife gave birth to a baby. Once a barber shaved the master-Grinder and cut his throat, and a Doctor, after boasting of his travels, effected a Cure. An observer of 1856 notes both the Doctor and an Apothecary, and a Black Horse who parodied that of the *Beaux*. He also describes an episode in which a skin-clad Bear pursued little boys dressed as Lambs, and was driven off by a Shepherd. But it is doubtful whether this properly belongs to the Masquerade. The Bear is found elsewhere in the Pyrenees as a Carnival figure. He is masked or has a blackened face, makes a *quête*, and pursues the girls to kiss them. Sometimes he is shot and comes to life at a blast of a horn or at the incision of a knife in his throat to dispatch him. Sometimes he is revived by a Doctor.

The Masquerade has many points in common with the Mummers' Play, but evidently represents an even more elaborate development on choreographic lines than the English Sword Dances. The Sword Dances themselves have a wide continental range, especially in Teutonic-speaking districts.[1]

[1] K. Meschke, *Schwerttanz und Schwerttanzspiel im Germanischen Kulturkreis* (1931); R. Wolfram, *Sword Dances and Secret Societies* (*Journal of English Folk Dance and Song Society*, i (1932), 34); *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 190, 201. I have not seen Fr. de Witt Huberts, *Zwaarddansen* (1931), which makes some additions from the Netherlands to Meschke's list.

They are known in Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, and as far east as Warsaw in Poland and Siebenbürgen in Rumania. There may be some traces of them in antiquity. Tacitus describes a *spectaculum* among the Germans in which naked youths leapt among swords and spears. *Beowulf* has *sweorda-gelac* as a metaphor for battle. Gregory of Tours knew of a sword-fight in a sixth-century heathen cult. Goths in masks and skins led a procession at Byzantium, clashing staves and shields, in the tenth century. But there are no shields in northern Sword Dances. Early *mimi* may have adapted the *ludus* for their entertainments. There is, however, little to go upon for the earlier Middle Ages. It is not until the end of the fourteenth century that any continuous record begins. It has been most fully studied for Germany and Austria. Here sword-dancing was practised by the gilds of many towns throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and only died out under religious opposition in the seventeenth. From the sixteenth century onwards it is also found in villages and here it still survives. One need not assume that it had its origin in the towns, since gilds are a late development of social life, and obviously it is from towns alone that early records, such as entries of payments in municipal account-books, are likely to come. But there is always give and take between town and village, and some of the elaboration of figures may well be due to the gilds. On the other

hand, although village life does not make for mental alertness, it is not unfavourable, at least in youth, to the co-ordination of muscular movements. Olaus Magnus in his *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus* (1555), describes two types of dance as prevalent, apparently in Sweden.[1] One was a Sword Dance, accompanied by pipes or *cantilenae*, and in it a *rosa* of swords was formed and placed on the head of one of the performers. The other, which was danced not with swords but *arcubus seu circulis*, also had a *rosa*. The performers wore bells on their knees, and a preliminary song told of the deeds of heroes. Here are clearly the Rose, the bells, and the calling-on rhymes of the English dances. The same two types recur in the German and Austrian examples, where there is a general resemblance between the Sword Dances proper and others known as Ring, Hoop, or Garland Dances. And here too the Sword Dances come very close to the English model. They are performed by young men, in the open, at various seasons, but most often at Shrovetide. The dancers are generally in white, and nearly always wear bells, in bands on their knees, ankles, hips, or hats. Sometimes their heads or swords are wreathed. The swords are of metal, or occasionally, in villages, of wood. The Vortänzer, who may be called a King, and Nachtänzer are prominent. There are always one or more accompanying Fools, often with fox-tails. Occasionally, but not regularly, there is a

[1] Text in *Mediaeval Stage*, ii. 270.

Woman, called at Ruckendorf the *Mehlweib*. There is a *quête*. The figures lead up to a final one, almost invariably called the Rose, but once, at Nuremberg, the *Knopf*. The Rose, when made, is often used much as in England. It is laid on the ground. It is placed on the head or heads of one or more dancers. But it may also serve the purpose, not recorded in England, of a platform, which is mounted by the Vortänzer, and from which he may address the spectators. The idea of coronation or exaltation is apparent. There is an early sixteenth-century woodcut of the Emperor Maximilian standing upon a Rose, laid on the ground.[1] On the other hand the Rose is not, as in England, lifted by the Vortänzer alone. And it is only exceptionally, and never in villages, that it is placed round the neck of a performer. Rather more often, the notion of a death is introduced in a bit of initial or final dialogue. From Sweden come some rather obscure verses, which may be really of German origin. They suggest the execution of one of the soldiers of Meister Hildebrand, presumably the hero of the early *Hildebrandslied*. Lübeck and Clausthal in the Harz Mountains have sets of calling-on rhymes, which are remarkably like the English ones. At Lübeck the dancers are six of the 'Worthies', Kaiser Karl, Joshua, Hector, David, and Judas Maccabaeus. At Clausthal they are the Kings of England, Saxony, Poland, Denmark, and Moorland. With the dancers come in each case two Fools. At Lübeck they are

[1] Reproduction in Meschke, 114.

Klâs Rugebart, who may be St. Nicholas, and Sterkader, who may be the Danish hero Stercatherus mentioned by Saxo Grammaticus. At Clausthal they are Hans and Schnortison. And in both cases the rhymes wind up with a fight and the killing of one of the Fools. The Austrian dances have also calling-on rhymes. In these the names are not heroic, but represent fanciful characters taken from village life, such as Grünwald, Edles Blut, Wildmann. A similar variation of type has already been noted in England.[1] The Death, too, is differently managed in Austria. It comes at the end of the performance, not at the beginning. When the Rose is over, one of the Fools falls to the ground and the other claims to have killed him. Sometimes this is elaborated. Before the Fool is killed, he is shaved, or has a tooth drawn. One may compare the tooth-drawing in some Mummers' Plays.[2] But this is in the Cure and may arise independently from the Dragon's tooth. There is a Cure, 'by all sorts of ridiculous means', in some of the Austrian plays, but I do not find any specific notice of a Doctor. Nor do either St. George or the Dragon appear. There is, indeed, an engraving after a picture by Pieter Brueghel (1525–64) which represents a village *Kirmess*.[3] Here are both a Sword Dance and a St. George play, but they do not appear to be related. The Sword Dance turns its back to a scene in which the Dragon is wheeled towards the princess and her father, while St. George rides to

[1] Cf. p. 127. [2] Cf. 57. [3] *See* Plate ii.

A KIRMESS IN THE NETHERLANDS

meet it with levelled spear. There is no sign of any combatant to be killed other than the Dragon, and probably the episode is a 'riding' much like those of medieval England. Here, too, as at Stratford-on-Avon, the maiden has a lamb. Fürth, in Bavaria, also had a similar *ludus*, although the hero is not called St. George. There was a folk-element in it, for the Dragon's blood was used to fertilize the flax-fields.[1] Southern Europe seems to be less rich in Sword Dances; perhaps it has been less thoroughly ransacked. Examples, however, have been found in several countries, often in proximity to German borders.[2] France has its *Bacubert* at Briançon in the Hautes Alpes.[3] Here the swords are placed round the neck of the leader, but the figure does not appear to be called a Rose. Tabourot in his *Orchésographie* (1588) describes a dance called *Les Bouffons ou Mattachins*, with bells and swords and shields.[4] The *mattacino* of Italy was also known in Spain and England, but the use of shields may, as at Byzantium, point to a type of dance different from that of the north. A Sword Dance is described, without much detail, in *Don Quixote*, and another by a Spanish writer of 1611 in which a figure had the significant name of *la degollada*, 'the beheading'.[5] There seems to be no sound evidence for a Celtic Sword Dance.

[1] Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], ii. 163.

[2] Meschke, 99; Wolfram, 35; E. v. d. Ven-ten Bensel in *J.E.F.D.S.S.* i. 65.

[3] Meschke, 103. I have not seen R. Blanchard, *Le Ba'cubert* (1914).

[4] Cf. p. 151.

[5] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 203.

Parallels from the Balkans.

The closest congeners of the Mummers' Play itself have been revealed by recent exploration in those districts of the southern Balkans which were the Thrace, Macedonia, and Thessaly of antiquity.[1] The fullest account comes from one of a group of villages around Viza in Thrace. That its name is Haghios Gheorghios is, no doubt, a mere coincidence. These villages keep festival on Cheese Monday in Carnival with dramatic ceremonies. The leading actors are two Kalogheroi. They wear head-dresses of goat-skin, or sometimes fox-skin or wolf-skin, which are brought down over their faces to form masks. Their shoulders are heavily padded, their hands blackened, and sheep-bells are tied round their waists. One bears a cross-bow, made to shoot ashes from a horn, the other a phallus. They must be married men. Two unmarried boys, the Girls (κορίτσια) or Brides (νύφες), are their wives. An old woman, the Babo, carries in a basket a piece of wood wrapped in rags to represent a cradled child (λικνίτης), which is regarded as a bastard. Two or more Gipsies (κατσιβέλοι), of whom one is a woman, have also blackened hands, and carry long rods.

[1] J. C. Lawson, *A Beast-Dance in Scyros* (*Annual of the British School at Athens*, vi. 125), *Modern Greek Folk-Lore and Ancient Greek Religion* (1910); R. M. Dawkins, *The Modern Carnival in Thrace and the Cult of Dionysus* (*Journal of Hellenic Studies*, xxvi. 191), *A Visit to Skyros* (*B.S.A.* xi. 72); A. J. B. Wace, *North Greek Festivals and the Worship of Dionysus* (*B.S.A.* xvi. 232), *Mumming Plays in the Southern Balkans* (*B.S.A.* xix. 248).

A bagpiper and some Policemen (φύλακες), with whips and swords, and a length of chain for captures, complete the troop. In the morning there is a *quête*, with some robbing of hen-roosts, and obscene pantomine by a Gipsy and his wife on the straw-heaps before the houses. In the afternoon the drama proper takes place before the church. There is a dance, in which the Policemen brandish their swords. Then the Kalogheroi withdraw. A Gipsy and his wife sit on the ground. He pounds with a stone, and she fans with her skirts. It is understood to be the forging of a ploughshare. The Babo says that her child is now too big for the basket, and demands much food and drink and a wife. He apparently becomes identified with the phallus-bearing Kalogheros, between whom and one of the girls a marriage takes place. A new scene begins. The bow-bearer stalks the phallus-bearer and shoots him. There is lamentation, led by the girl, who throws herself across the prostrate body. Suddenly the victim comes to life and arises. It is perhaps at this point that some one rides upon a donkey, but the accounts are obscure. It will be observed that there is no mention of a Doctor. The forging is now repeated with a real ploughshare, and at the end the implements are thrown in the air with cries of 'Next year also!' Now a complete plough is brought in, and drawn round, contrary to the way of the sun, by the girls, while the Kalogheroi drive and guide it. Then the Gipsies and possibly then the Kalogheroi take

up the drawing. Meanwhile there are further cries, expressing hopes for a good crop. It may be at this stage that the Kalogheroi are beaten over their padded shoulders with rods. The act is mentioned in the accounts, but not located. The Cheese Monday festival has been found elsewhere in Thrace, notably at Kostí and at Adrianople, and also in the Aegean islands of Skyros and Skopelos. Skyros is believed to have been depopulated in the seventeenth century, and not improbably repopulated from Thrace. But in these places, there is now little more than a *quête*. In Skyros an Old Man, a Bride, and a Frank make horse-play in the streets. All three are masked. The Old Man wears a shepherd's coat with the fleecy lining outwards, and on him are tied as many as fifty or sixty bells. At Adrianople the Kalogheros himself carries a rod, as his name would suggest. At Kostí a King, wearing the skin-mask and bells, and with an oven-broom in his hand, is drawn in a cart to the church. With him he takes seed, for which two groups, of married and unmarried men, struggle, but he casts it on the ground. He is then ducked in the river. There is a trace of this also at Adrianople, where the King seems to be distinct from the Kalogheros.

In Macedonia and Thessaly the local festival is more often at the New Year or Epiphany than later. The fullest description is from Kokkotoi, near Mt. Othrys in Thessaly.[1] The drama took a different

[1] *A. of B.S.A.* xvi. 232.

form from that of Thrace, and was given, not in public, but in house-to-house visits. The troop numbered twelve: a Bridegroom in a fustanella with bells on his waist and elbows, a Bride, an Arab in sheepskin with a mask and sometimes a tail, a Doctor in professional costume, and eight singers. The songs were fitted to the dwellers in the house, bidding a blessing on the crops of a farmer or the flocks of a shepherd. Meanwhile the Arab approached the Bride, and offered some familiarity. A dispute arose. The Bridegroom was killed and lamented by the Bride. Then she summoned the Doctor, who wrought a Cure. Some obscenity between Bridegroom and Bride was followed by chicken-stealing and a *quête*. Refusal brought songs of ill-omen. Such was the custom before the annexation by Greece. Since then it has fallen into decay, but survivals, more or less truncated, are still to be found both in Thessaly itself, and also in Macedonia, perhaps more frequently in Vlach than in Greek districts. Only slight traces of it have been observed in Greece proper, where boys sometimes run about with bells, masks, fox-brushes, and a 'bear' during the twelve nights, or on the last day of February. Naturally there are a good many variants. The victim may be the Arab and not the bridegroom, or he may be an interfering bystander. At Elassona he is shot with ashes from a blunderbuss. There is generally a Doctor; a Cure is not always mentioned. On Mt. Pelion the Doctor will not

come without a horse, and an Old Woman carries him in. Elsewhere the Old Woman sometimes appears, as at Haghios Gheorghios, with a baby. There may be supernumeraries in skins, representing bears, vampires or devils. Masks, blackened faces, and bells are constant features.

It is impossible not to be struck by the close resemblance of these Balkan ceremonies to the English folk-plays. Here are the skin-clad figures which correspond to the hairy caps and tails of the Fools, and possibly underlie the traditional costumes of curled paper. Here are the masks, still sometimes worn by the Mummers, or replaced by pendant strips on the head-dress. Here are the blackened hands and faces, which combine with the tails to turn the Fool into a Devil. Here are the inevitable bells, and the padded shoulders, which become the humps of Happy Jack and his fellows. Here, at Haghios Gheorghios at least, is the dance with its brandished swords. Here, again at Haghios Gheorghios, is the connexion with the plough. It is not in the English Mummers' Play, but of this, apart from St. George in the one and the 'wooing' element in the other, one can only regard the Plough Play as a variant. Here is the old woman with the bastard. She too belongs to the Plough Play, but is she not suggested by the dolls which Happy Jack carries? Above all, here are the Mock Death and the Revival, and in many places, although not at Haghios Gheorghios, the Doctor who is its agent.

A Primitive Ludus.

Perhaps, therefore, we may go a step further, and guess at the existence, unrecorded by the ecclesiastical prohibitions, of some original European *ludus*, with just this Mock Death and Revival as its central point and with men dressed as animals for its performers. There are regional differences. I think it is quite possible, in view of the distribution of Sword Dances in this island and on the Continent, that the Sword Dance represents a Danish variant and the Morris Dance its English equivalent. But if the *ludus* was widespread here, it becomes a little more easy to understand the transmission over so large a part of the country of a more or less literary text, fitted to it in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. In the north and east other elements, choregraphy here and wooing there, probably themselves of comparatively late development, have resisted the complete domination of this text. And the east may have preserved, in the connexion with the plough, at least one original feature which has been lost elsewhere.

The *ludus*, again, may very well have attracted to itself fragments of folk-custom which were not primarily its own. There is, for example, the sweeping with a broom.[1] One cannot lay much stress on the isolated oven-broom borne by the King at Kostí. I do not think that the Mummers' broom is a witch's broom, as has been suggested. No doubt

[1] Cf. pp. 19, 23, 67, 101, 125, 131, 208.

the Woman is sometimes, for obvious reasons, chosen to wield it, and in the Bassingham Plough Play the Woman is the Old Witch. But at Askham Richard alone is she a rival healer. The broom, however, is not without a meaning. Of course, it serves a practical purpose in clearing a space for the Mummers or avoiding a dust, but it also, especially as used by Little Devil Dout, carries a suggestion of good or ill luck about it. Presumably it reflects the superstition against removing fire or ashes from the house on New Year's Day, which is just what Little Devil Dout threatens to do. This was already known to Caesarius of Arles in the sixth century: 'Sunt enim qui calendis ianuariis auguria observant, ut focum de domo sua . . . cuicumque petenti non tribuant'.[1] It was the sacred 'new fire', lit from that made for the community at the beginning of each year.[2] A more difficult problem is presented by the Hobby-Horse. The Balkans only yield a doubtful donkey at Haghios Gheorghios and the Old Woman who bears the Doctor on Mt. Pelion. There are a few English plays in which he is brought in similarly, and at Longborough his steed is called both Beelzebub and the Old Woman. In others the presence of a horse at the door is suggested. In an unlocated play, the Turkish Knight, after a second Combat, is not cured, but taken away on horseback. Mr. Douglas Kennedy regards the Hobby-Horse and

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 217, 238, 269; ii. 297, 303.
[2] Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], x. 120–46, 246–69.

the Doctor as having been originally one and the same character.[1] It would, I think, be as easy to argue for the identification of the Hobby-Horse with the Agonist. At Revesby he fights with the Fool. At Goathland the death is brought about by a fall from his back. There is an analogy in the Basque Masquerade, where it is the Hobby-Horse who suffers at least a minor death. But, generally speaking, I feel that the relation of the Hobby-Horse to the plays is rather a loose one. He belongs as much or more to the summer games. At Padstow he is dipped on May Day in water, like the King at Kostí and the Wild Man of the German Whitsun rites. In the plays themselves he is often a supernumerary. At Goathland a Fisherman on a Hobby-Donkey accompanies the dancers. In Dorset the Presenter rides away when all is over. Near Bridport 'Pony' is brought on in the afterpiece, and teases the girls. Mr. Kennedy would make 'Pinney', rather than the more usual 'Finney', the original name of the Doctor's boy. At Frodsham in Cheshire, where the play is on All Souls' Day, two Drivers bring in Dick when the *Quête* is over, and sing a dialogue which records his travels through 'Icky-Picky' and the land of Cockaigne, and his poverty in old age. Similarly at Ormskirk in Lancashire comes Old Hob with a speech by his Groom:

> He's travelled through Ireland, France, and Spain,
> And now he's back in Old England again.

[1] 2 *J.E.F.D.S.* iii. 17.

Old Hob, like Pony, attacks the spectators. Mr. Kennedy notes the resemblance between the Horse's travels and those of the Doctor. But I doubt whether he is right in calling the Ormskirk episode a 'fragment' of a play. It seems to be an independent Hobby-Horse *quête* by Pace-eggers, introduced by calling-on rhymes, like those of the Sword Dances. And of such independent *quêtes* there are examples elsewhere. In Yorkshire mummers with masks and black faces take a white horse round at Christmas, with a song of *The Poor Old Horse*.[1] This gives him no 'travels', and is found, apart from any *quête*, in Oxfordshire and Wilts.[2] But Wilts with a Hob Nob at Salisbury, Wales with a Mari Lwyd, Cheshire with a 'Dobby-Horse', Gloucestershire, and Derbyshire also have the *quête*, and it is widespread, under the name of 'Hoodening', in Kent.[3] There are similar rites with animals other than a Horse. Dorset has its horned 'Ooser', which was probably so used;[4] Wilts its 'Christmas Bull' at Stourton;[5] Gloucestershire its 'Old Broad', also a bull, at Kingscote;[6] and the Scottish Highlands a cow.[7] In Wilts, too, a 'Wooset' appears, not seasonally, but as part of the 'rough music' for village offenders.[8]

[1] W. Henderson, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, 67; R. Bell, *Ancient Poems of the Peasantry of England*, 184.

[2] A. Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, 155.

[3] P. Maylam, *The Hooden Horse* (1909).

[4] *Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries*, ii. 289.

[5] *Antiquary*, n.s., iv. 380.

[6] Ditchfield 28.

[7] Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], viii. 322.

[8] *Wilts Arch. Magazine*, i. 88.

Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire have a Ram', or 'Christmas Tup'.[1] Lincolnshire has its 'Old Sow' at harvest suppers.[2] Occasionally there is a link with the plays. At Worksop in Nottinghamshire Beelzebub takes part in a dialogue about the Christmas Tup, using his familiar lines and Big Head's. At Walton-le-Dale a servant-girl from a distance was alarmed by a man disguised as a sheep, who knocked at the door to introduce the Plough Jags.[3] The frightening of girls is a usual incident in these *quêtes*. It is a function also of the Pyrenean Bear.[4] William Barnes would derive 'Ooser', from *wurse*, which Layamon uses in the sense of 'devil'.[5] Naturally these local Hobbies are of ruder type than the elegant combinations, with robes disposed so as to furnish both a mantle for the rider and trappings for the steed, which prance in the Basque Masquerade or the May games of courtly revels. An actual dried skin or an old skull is often employed and manipulated by concealed men. I am inclined to think that there must have been an early variant of the *ludus*, in which a single beast-figure was alone represented. It is easy to understand that some merging of the types might later come about. And here we do seem at last to arrive at some confirmation from ecclesiastical prohibitions, for these

[1] 9 *N.Q.* ii. 348, 511; *J. of Derbyshire Arch. Soc.* xxix. 31; Ll. Jewitt, *Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire*, 115.

[2] 9 *N.Q.* ii. 348.

[3] *County Folk-Lore*, v. 186.

[4] Cf. p. 200.

[5] *Glossary of the Dorset Dialect*, s.v.

often, and from dates as early as the fifth century, include a *cervulus*, *hinnicula*, *vitula* or *iuvenca* among the *portenta* of pagan festivals specifically reprobated for Christians. They are mostly continental, but a letter of the West Saxon St. Aldhelm (*c.* 685) refers to the abandonment of the *cervulus*.[1] However this may be, the Hobby-Horse seems to represent an even more complete incorporation of man with animal than the skin coats and masks and fox-tails of the plays. It is conceivable that a folk-belief may also explain the singular passage of the Revesby play, in which the Fool, looking through his spectacles at the Lock, which is here called a 'Glass', beholds his own face. He has apparently slain the Hobby-Horse, and is to be slain himself. Sir James Frazer records the superstition that it is an omen of your own death to see your face in a mirror while a death is in the house.[2] I have noted the wearing of bits of looking-glass by Cornish Mummers and Yorkshire Sword-Dancers.[3]

The Significance of the Ludus.

A primitive *ludus*, still performed by the folk on seasonal occasions, may be expected to have some significance other than that of mere amusement, even though it may only dimly survive in a vague notion that the whole thing is done for 'luck'. That significance, in the case of the Mummers' Play, must now

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 258, 330; ii. 302.
[2] *Golden Bough*[3], iii. 94.
[3] Cf. pp. 83, 126.

be considered. One cannot, of course, get beyond a theoretical reconstruction, based on the study by anthropologists of the mental habits of men in various stages of civilization and in all parts of the world. Early man obtained his food by searching for natural products. In open country he became a hunter of wild animals. In time arose, here a pastoral culture, through the taming of animals, and there an agriculture, through the deliberate sowing and tending of food-plants, also originally wild. It is believed that agriculture began with the activities of women, collecting seeds for their own sustenance in the absence of the hunters. Then, perhaps because of the shrinkage of hunting-grounds through changes in climatic conditions, men also took to agriculture, and a nomadic or semi-nomadic existence was replaced by the settled life of villages. Man is distinguished from other creatures by his capacity for reflection and imagination; and in his quest for food he came to conceive of some potency in the food-animal or food-plant itself which might supply his needs or, if withdrawn, might leave him to starvation. Let us adapt a phrase from Matthew Arnold, and call it a stream of tendency which makes for fertility. It was absent in the lull of winter, came again with the budding of all things in the spring. He sought to stimulate it, with cries of lamentation or rejoicing. He had also the mimetic instinct. He splashed water to bring rain and lit fires to bring warmth. He leapt high, that the crops might grow high. And he

essayed to bind the potency to himself by physical contact, making a solemn ceremony of his eating and drinking at critical seasons, dressing himself in green leaves, or in the skins of slaughtered animals. Presently the potency began to take shape for him as something vaguely akin to his own spirit. There it was, incarnate in some particularly splendid beast or flowering tree. Man is upon the point of inventing a god, but as yet a phytomorphic or theriomorphic god, not an anthropomorphic one. When agriculture became a male pursuit, the men took the theriomorphic notion with them. The vegetation spirit is not only in the tree or sheaf, but also in the animals that haunt the cornfield, and communion with it in either form makes for well-being.[1] Meanwhile there is a parallel development; one can hardly synchronize the stages. But all men are not equal in capacity. Some one, more gifted mentally or physically than his fellows, takes the lead. He is the medicine man who works the charms. He slays the sacred animal or cuts the sacred tree, and is the first to wrap himself in leaves or skin. A double portion of the indwelling spirit becomes his. Anthropology has shown in detail how out of the medicine man grows the priest, and out of the priest grows the semi-divine king. Unfortunately the potency thus acquired does not endure. It fades in the winter, and another arises to slay the exhausted leader, and takes his place in the festival of a new spring. The

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 102, 116.

story does not end quite here. The medicine man is, after all, the most cunning, as well as the boldest, of his clan. He proves his value in war or government. And he manages to prolong his reign; for a second year perhaps at first, then for three, or eight, or nine, or twelve, or until his vitality does in fact show signs of decay. He may be allowed to fight a would-be supplanter for his life. In the end he maintains his position, until a natural death overtakes him. And if somebody must be slain annually, let it be a substitute, a son of the king, a volunteering tribesman, a criminal, a captured stranger. Let him enjoy the attributes of a king for a few days and do some priestly rites, and then let him fall. Ultimately, as manners soften, nobody is really slain, but the festival has still its Mock King, and very likely a Mock Death. The proto-history, here so briefly summarized, may be studied at length in the pages of Sir James Frazer, although he does not, perhaps, always distinguish with sufficient clearness between the divine fertilization spirit and the still human priest-king into whom a measure of the divine potency has passed.[1] One ought not, I think, to call the slaying of the old priest-king a sacrifice. It may come to be so regarded, by a confusion, in later myth. But the actual sacrifice, at the festival at which it forms part, is of the fertilization spirit in animal form, and

[1] *Golden Bough*[3]; i, ii (*The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings*); iv (*The Dying God*), 1–195; *The Magical Origin of Kings* (1920); cf. *The Mediaeval Stage*, i. 134.

it is in animal-skins that the worshippers array themselves.

The Balkan *ludi*, especially that at Haghios Gheorghios, and presumably therefore the conjectural old English *ludus*, to which they show so close a resemblance, can hardly be anything but survivals of ceremonies intended to promote agricultural fertility. The ceremonial ploughing and the scattering of the seed at Kostí would by themselves be sufficient to establish this.[1] It is indeed explicit in the language used at Haghios Gheorghios. Many of the minor features represent well-known crop charms; the dipping in a river at Kostí;[2] the ashes of a fire blown from bow or blunderbuss and perhaps also used to blacken hands and faces;[3] the beating with rods;[4] the clashing of iron, always potent, in swords and bells;[5] the actual or suggested sexual intercourse.[6] The *Quête* represents a perambulation taking the beneficent influence from house to house. Conceivably the men dressed as women may carry on some recognition of the original dominance of women in agriculture. Above all, here is the slain priest, who has become the Agonist of the drama. As elsewhere, festival usage is both conservative and reconstructive. The death remains, but its old significance has been forgotten, and it is given a new

[1] *G.B.*[3] ii. 282; iv. 149. [2] *Ibid.* v. 236; *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 121.
[3] *G.B.* x. 336–40; *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 124.
[4] *G.B.* viii. 322; ix. 259–73.
[5] *Ibid.* iii. 232; ix. 247, 251. [6] *Ibid.* ii. 97–104.

one. The mimetic instinct appears again in a new aspect, as an element of play, which accompanies the serious business of the festival with the free and self-sufficing activities of minds and limbs released from labour, and stimulated by unusual meat and drink. Thus arises a simple drama, in which a revival is added to the death, and a consciousness of the waning and waxing of the seasons is reflected. It becomes an integral part of the festival ceremonies, done like the rest for the luck of the village in field and fold. So, at least, one may conjecture that things went. It is possible, however, that the linking of death and revival may have been motived by the existence of two ceremonies, one of lamentation in mid-winter, the other of hopefulness in spring. But for this there is not much evidence beyond that of a natural logic. Our *ludi* are clearly, as they stand, spring *ludi*, attaching themselves to the beginning of agricultural work when winter is over. In fact they occur at various dates from Christmas to Easter, and in Germany even invade the full summer festival of Whitsun. But that is not of importance. Rites, which were originally seasonal, have been curiously dislocated in the process of adaptation to superimposed calendars. It is a little odd, perhaps, that no such *ludi* seem to belong to the autumn ploughing and sowing of wheat, which is the real beginning of the agricultural year. But so it is. Was the plough merely brought back for a ceremonial rite, at the time when the first crops ought to be springing?

Or can we infer that not wheat but barley, which is sown in spring, was the first grain to come under cultivation? The use of both goes back far beyond human record, and a priority between them has never been established. So far as the Balkans are concerned, if a winter rite is to be taken into account, it must be upon a ground other than that of survivals. And one cannot quite disregard the possibility that their *ludi* may have been affected by later developments of what may now be called religious cult than those which they primarily represent. For the evolution of belief went on. In time the phytomorphic or theriomorphic conception of divinity became an anthropomorphic one. Man has now made a god in his own image, and the animals and plants are merely attributes. It is prayer that now establishes contact between god and man. The primitive sacrificial meal of communion passes into an oblation by which goodwill may be obtained. Temples are built at tribal centres, and a new class of priests arises, temple ministrants who devise legends, some of which have it for their object to give an explanation of features in the traditional rites. Viza was the seat of Thracian kings. Here the god was Dionysus, and from Thrace the cult of Dionysus seems to have spread with Thraco-Phrygian peoples into Asia Minor and possibly into pre-Hellenic Crete.[1] It spread also into Hellas itself, where Dionysus became associated with native divinities, such as Apollo at Delphi,

[1] I follow chiefly L. R. Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, v. 85 sqq.

Athene at Athens, and Demeter at Eleusis. He remains primarily a fertility-god, with the bull, and perhaps the goat, and the *phallus* as his attributes, and a special connexion with viticulture. Women take a large part in his worship. The actual Thyiades of Delphi correspond to the Maenads of legend, and the name of one of the latter, Baubo, sounds very like the Babo of Haghios Gheorghios. Reminiscences both of the slain priest and of the sacrificial meal may account for the legends in which he is torn to pieces and devoured. The notion of the sacrifice of a man-god has crept in. Even at Delphi, however, the death of Dionysus was more soberly commemorated. Here he had a tomb near the seat of the oracle, and there was a secret ceremony in the temple of Apollo 'whenever the Thyiades awaken Liknites'. Thus he became to some extent a god of the underworld, as well as of fertility. In Asia, too, his cult may have influenced that of the Phrygian Attis and the Syrian Adonis, both of whom died with lamentation and arose with rejoicing. The name Liknites links Delphi with Crete, where another legend told of the cradling of the god in a λίκνον. And here it was as a child that he was believed to have been slain and to have come to life again. The Delphic ceremony was in winter, but celebrated the revival rather than the death. At Athens Dionysus had several festivals from December to March, and some shifting of original dates may have taken place. The chief evidence for two dates

comes from Plutarch, who says that the Phrygians observed a sleep of the god in winter and an awakening in spring.[1] On the other hand, the death and revival of Attis came close together in spring. We are still left in doubt as to what the primitive Thracian custom may have been, and consequently as to the precise contribution of *mimesis* to the *ludus*.

In the Haghios Gheorghios ceremony, too, we find the Liknites, and a birth, miraculous growth, and marriage are curiously interwoven with the drama of death and revival. Conceivably the λίκνον might originally have been nothing more than a basket in which the seed-corn was carried. But if the child in it came out by reaction from a later temple gloss, the emergence of Dame Jane and her bastard in Lincolnshire would be a puzzle. Moreover, there are other elements at Haghios Gheorghios which suggest a linking of the notions of human and agricultural fertility. It may be, therefore, that in the primitive festival itself a child was laid in the seed-basket to promote child-birth during the coming year.

It would take me too far from my subject, even if I had the necessary learning, to discuss the much controverted topic of the possible relation of such a *ludus* as we find at Haghios Gheorghios to the origin of drama in Greece; of its πάθος to tragedy, of its

[1] Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride* (378[F]), Φρύγες δὲ τὸν θεὸν οἰόμενοι χειμῶνος καθεύδειν, θέρους δὲ ἐγρηγορέναι, τοτὲ μὲν κατευνασμούς, τοτὲ δ' ἀνεγέρσεις βακχεύοντες αὐτῷ τελοῦσι.

ribaldry to comedy.[1] I will only note that in the earliest Greek comedy emerge two figures which can be traced through the ages, and still endure. One is the Quack Doctor, the other the padded Humpback, an invaluable resource for all makers of rude fun, who desire to combine the maximum of noise with the minimum of discomfort to the performers.[2] Our concern is with the English *ludi*, and here we must be content to discern, dimly enough beneath the accretions of dance pattern, chivalric romance, histrionic and folk-lore borrowings, and sentimental wooing, a primitive nucleus in which skin-clad worshippers, accompanied by a traditional Woman, capered about the slain figure of a man who had been King of the feast. Originally they were all Fools together, but various grotesque types have emerged. The name 'Fool' derives from the Latin *follis*, a wind-bag, through the puffed cheeks of *mimi*. In this respect the Revesby play, with its multiplicity of Fools, may resemble the original type most closely. Here the chief Fool is the Agonist and other Fools are his sons. Elsewhere an Agonist is sometimes the son of a Fool Presenter or of Father Christmas, who has replaced him.[3] There is some confusion, because St. George is also son of the King of Egypt, whose daughter he married. That the Woman should sometimes become

[1] W. Ridgeway, *The Origin of Tragedy* (1910); G. G. A. Murray, *The Ritual Forms Preserved in Greek Tragedy*, in J. E. Harrison, *Themis* (1912); F. M. Cornford, *The Origin of Attic Comedy* (1914); A. W. Pickard-Cambridge, *Dithyramb, Tragedy, and Comedy* (1927).

[2] Pickard-Cambridge, 230, 261, 418. [3] Cf. p. 39.

mother of the Agonist is intelligible enough. I do not think that the relation of father and sons indicates anything beyond the relation of the leader of the revel to his *familia* or troop. Tiddy suggests that the Agonist was originally regarded as the son of the Antagonist.[1] The Bearsted play, where the Antagonist says 'I've killed my own beloved son', might point in this direction. It recalls the Sohrab and Rustum theme. One cannot, however, argue from a single exceptional case, which may be a corruption. It would be more logical to think of the Antagonist, as the New Year, slaying his father the Old Year. Such a notion might be found in the Revesby play. But one must be chary of attributing too much symbolism to primitive man. The performers are also Mummers. That term, however, is of very general significance, and may have been taken over from more sophisticated revels. Mumming, from the fourteenth century onwards, seems to mean little more than 'disguising'. The folk Mummers, indeed, are also Guisers. A derivation has been sought both from some equivalent to the low German *mumme*, 'a mask', and from 'mum' in the ordinary sense of 'mute'. Some early court mummings, which introduced, not drama, but dice-playing for seasonal luck, took place in silence. Our plays are not silent, but an observer of 1890 thought that she had seen one which was, at Mullion in Cornwall. She adds that it was understood that the anonymity of the

[1] Tiddy 74.

actors should be strictly respected.[1] No doubt also a Mummer will sometimes tell you that he wears spectacles, or puts a smear of black on his face, so that he may not be recognized, but disguising, after all, is part of the convention inherent in all drama. And although a primitive *ludus* may have been largely in dumb-show, it formed part of a public cult, and there can have been no secrecy about it. The most we can suppose is that ecclesiastical opposition led to secrecy later. I hardly think that secrecy can be the explanation of the curious phrase 'In comes I hind before' or 'all hind before' in the Presenter's speeches at Sapperton and Lower Heyford, and incorporated as his name Old Hind-before at Icomb. It is true that there are savage initiation rites in which the initiate suffers a mock death, and must profess oblivion of his past. When he re-enters his home, he must stumble in backwards, as if he had forgotten how to walk.[2] But I suspect that 'Old Hind-before' is merely a corruption of 'Old Aint Been Before', as a variant of the familiar self-description of Big Head. I have not, in fact, noticed that particular form in the *Quête*, but at Peebles the Presenter, in introducing his troop, seems to give a further corruption of it, by saying:

Muckle head and little wit, stand ahint the door.

The notion of secrecy, however, has been developed by a student of the Sword Dances into a theory which

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 211, from *F. L.* x. 351.

[2] Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], xi. 251.

finds their origin, not in seasonal rites but in initiation rites.[1] The Austrian dances are performed by youths who form rigid associations, and the shaving and tooth-drawing which there precede the death can be paralleled from the initiation ceremonies of other close corporations. That is true; it is also true that a Mock Death is itself a feature of savage initiations. Nevertheless it may be suggested that the Austrian associations have merely taken over the tradition of what was once a public *ludus*, just as the late *sociétés joyeuses* of western Europe took over the Feast of Fools when it was abandoned by the churches.[2]

It may, perhaps, be taken for granted that dance, as well as drama, was a feature of the original *ludus*, since dance, like *mimesis* itself, is play, in the free exercise of energies released at festival from the control of labour. The Haghios Gheorghios ceremony began with dance, and it survives as the predominant feature in the Sword and Morris Dances. From the Mummers' Play proper it has practically vanished. Here and there, however, traces of rhythmical motion are to be found. They have been noted, for example, in Sussex, together with the formation of a Lock, which suggests an affinity to the Sword Dance.[3] And Thomas Hardy recalled how, in the Dorset of his youth, 'the performers used to carry a long staff in one hand

[1] R. Wolfram in *Journ. of English Folk Dance and Song Soc.* i. 38.
[2] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 372. [3] Sharp, *Sword Dances*, i. 12.

and a wooden sword in the other, and pace monotonously round, intoning their parts on one note, and punctuating them by nicking the sword against the staff'.[1]

Wooing Plays.

In conclusion, something must be said of the wooing episodes in the English plays. These, of course, only occur in Plough Plays, although there are some faint traces elsewhere of rivalry for a woman as a motive for the Combat.[2] The Balkan *ludi*, as already noted, have a sexual element, and in those of Macedonia and Thessaly the motive of rivalry is prominent. It is interference between a bride and bridegroom, which provokes the death. This is reported also from Castleborough in Ireland, although unfortunately the text of the play is not recorded.[3] At Castleborough, as in some of the Thessalian examples, the interferer is not a member of the troop, but a bystander. One remembers that the temporary priest-king, slain as a substitute for the real one, might be a captured stranger. In Epirus, where the inhabitants are mainly Hellenized Vlachs, there is a spring revival ceremony without a combat.[4] A girl or young boy lies on the ground to play Zaphíere. The body is covered with leaves and flowers. There is a dirge and Zaphíere leaps up

[1] W. Archer, *Real Conversations*, 34.

[2] J. Jackson, *Hist. of Scottish Stage* (1793), 409, 'in a remote part of England', possibly Yorkshire; J. Mactaggart, *Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopaedia* (ed. 1876), 502 (Galway).

[3] P. Kennedy, *Banks of the Boro*, 223. [4] *A. of B. S. Athens*, xix. 249.

amid cries of joy. An attractive modern variant comes from Briançon in Dauphiné. Here a leaf-clad man falls asleep and is awakened by the kiss of a maiden. A similar custom is known in Russia.[1] I have heard of no English parallel, although of course a festival King often has his Queen. The notion of a sleep and an awakening seems to represent an exercise of *mimesis* distinct from that which joined a death and revival. One may fancy it underlying the story of the Sleeping Beauty. A special study of the English wooing episodes has been made by Professor Baskervill, to whose learning I am at many points indebted.[2] He regards the theme, no less than that of the death and revival, as derived from a primitive *ludus* much like that traceable in the Balkans:

> In the grouping and relation of the stock characters and in the symbolic rites the plays of the two regions are close akin. In both it is customary for a young couple to mate and for an old and previously mated pair to play some part in connection with this new marriage; for another man, often an old man or daemon, to claim the lady or bride, though in the English plays it is not clear that this is the motive for the slaying, as it is in a number of the Greek; and for an old woman to appear with a bastard child, though she does not lay claim to the bridegroom in the Greek as in the English plays.

And of the Plough Plays, in particular, he says:

> The constant element in the wooing plays of England

[1] Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], ii. 92.

[2] *Mummers' Wooing Plays in England* (*Modern Philology*, xxi. 225); *The Elizabethan Jig* (1929).

is the wooing of the 'Lady' by a man who is usually represented as old. In all in which the wooing is more than a slight fragment he is rejected for another suitor, who is usually a young man and the leader of the games, often in the rôle of the 'Fool'. In a number, an old woman with a child is also rejected. There is little doubt that the rejection and marriage symbolize the virgin union of the representatives of the new season and the displacement of the representatives of the old season. With the wooing a renouveau, or slaying and reviving of one of the chief characters, is often found in a form that seems to be an integral part of the symbolism of the wooing plays.

And he adds:

The form peculiar to the wooing plays represents not only the rejection of an old person, but the slaying in addition.

Professor Baskervill thinks that the wooing theme, passed from the primitive *ludus* to medieval folk-*ludi*, inspired the *caroles* and through them various forms of literary poetry such as the *pastourelles*, and were continued in the 'pastimes' attributed to shepherds and shepherdesses by Elizabethan writers. From these it was taken up into the plays and 'jigs' of the professional stage, and finally handed back by travelling companies to a later folk. But throughout it remained prominent in popular songs and ballads, including many dialogues in which a girl reviews her suitors, and rejects the old for the young or the rich for the poor. With the latter part of Professor Baskervill's history, from the *caroles* onwards, I have no quarrel. Such a double interaction

between the folk and the stage is likely enough. And the Fool's Wooing, in particular, goes a long way back. It is in a scene of Lindesay's early sixteenth-century *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*, where a Courtier, a Merchant, and a Clerk woo the Auld Man's wife Bessy, while he sleeps, but she takes the Fool for his personal attractions.[1] It is in the stage jig of *The Wooing of Nan*, printed by Professor Baskervill from a late sixteenth-century manuscript, where a rejected lover, the 'father's eldest son' of the Plough Plays, is already, as in some other perversions of the original theme, a 'farmer's son'.[2] It seems to be remembered in the induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*.[3]

Lord. This fellow I remember,
Since once he played a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally performed.
Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Here Soto, who has been looked for elsewhere, may well, as Professor Baskervill suggests, be the Sotto or Fool. It is with the derivation of the *caroles* from the primitive *ludus* that my doubts come in. There is a considerable hiatus. Certainly the *caroles* concerned themselves with love and wooing. And probably they advanced from song accompanied by dance to something very like drama in such themes

[1] *Works* (ed. D. Hamer), ii. 22, ll. 142–75, 208–37.
[2] *Elizabethan Jig*, 432.
[3] *T. of S.* Induction, i. 83.

as those of Bele Aelis and Robin and Marion. The singing games of children, in which they survive, are often more or less dramatic.[1] But the *caroles* are not primarily seasonal performances. No doubt they made their appearance at festivals and occasionally bear a trace of the *regina avrillosa* and her *jelos*. But they were also the amusement of any leisure hour. And they were the amusement of girls, who do not take part in the ritual *ludi*, except through their androgynous representative. One must not forget, moreover, that the mimetic instinct did not operate once and for all in primitive days. It is a permanent factor in the human make-up, and may have taken a fresh start in the *caroles*, as it obviously did in the liturgical drama. The theme of wooing, as Professor Baskervill himself points out, is a natural one in any age of society. It does not, like the unnatural notion of a revival after death, require any such recondite explanation as the survival of a fragment of early mentality affords. I am sceptical too about the stress laid in Professor Baskervill's theory upon the antithesis between age and youth as symbolizing the replacement of the old by the new year. Apart from the undesirability of ascribing to the makers of the agricultural *ludus* a tendency to symbolism which really belongs to a philosophic habit of thought, I do not feel that either the Balkan Plays or the Plough

[1] *Mediaeval Stage*, i. 166–72, 188; R. Meyer, J. Bédier, P. Aubry, *La Chanson de Bele Aelis* (1904); A. B. Gomme, *Traditional Games* (1894–8).

Play really observe the pattern which he lays down for them. At Haghios Gheorghios it may be intended that the child should become the Kalogheros who marries, but he is the slain and not the slayer, and nobody is described as old except the Babo, and she is clearly his mother and not a rival of his bride. In the very numerous Macedonian and Thessalian examples, again, it is not 'often', but twice only, that the Arab or other interferer is said to be old.[1] And so too with the Plough Plays. There are fourteen, of which two, from Bassingham and Broughton, may be of an earlier type than the rest, into all of which the recruiting theme is introduced. At Bassingham and Broughton and in one other case a specifically Old Man is a rejected suitor, but both at Bassingham and Broughton he is only one among four or five, of whom one other at least, the 'eldest son', must be young. So, of course, must be the rejected Recruit of the larger group. The accepted Fool is called 'young man' at Bassingham and Swinderby and in one other case. In the Revesby play, which is on different lines from the normal Plough Plays, he is old and the father of sons, who become his rivals, although one of them, Pickle Herring, is 'old'. Nor is the slaying always of the old. There are few of the characters in our plays who do not sometimes figure as Agonists. The old Dame Jane appears in thirteen of the Plough examples, and in three she is killed, not by a young man, but by the

[1] *A.B.S. Athens*, xvi. 244; xix. 255.

equally old Beelzebub. He is himself killed twice, but it is the 'young' Fool who is killed at Bassingham. The ordinary Mummers' Plays certainly give no support to Professor Baskervill's theory. In them, if there is any distinction of age, it is the 'son' who falls. It is, no doubt, the Fool 'father' at Revesby.

My own impression is that it is safest to regard the divergence of the Plough Plays from the ordinary type of Mummers' Play as due to the merging of the traditional *ludus*-motive of Death and Revival with an independent Wooing Play of later origin. That the repertory of even the nineteenth-century folk was not limited to St. George and the Dragon we know from the Shropshire record. The Plough Plays, in fact, do not always include a Combat. There is none at Broughton and none at Swinderby. And from Mumby in Lincolnshire comes a description, unfortunately without a full text, of a Fool's Wooing, which is not called a Plough Play, and is said to have been given by Morris dancers in the week before Christmas. Here again there was no Combat, and part of the dialogue appears to have been in prose, between a Tom Fool, a Farmer's Son, a Lady or Witch, and a Parson for the wedding.[1]

[1] *County Folk-Lore*, v. 220.

LIST OF TEXTS

[The plays, unless otherwise specified, are by Mummers, certainly or probably at Christmas. Names of plays or players given in the sources are in inverted commas. The references not cited in full are to C. R. Baskervill, *Mummers' Wooing Plays in England* (1924, *Modern Philology*, xxi. 225 mostly from *Addl. MS.* 33418); R. Bell, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (1857); P. H. Ditchfield, *Old English Customs* (1896); J. M. Manly, *Specimens of the Pre-Shaksperean Drama* (1897); C. J. Sharp, *The Sword Dances of Northern England*, i–iii (n.d., 1912, 1913); R. J. E. Tiddy, *The Mummers' Play* (1923); and to *Notes and Queries*, the publications of the *English Dialect Society*, the *Folk-Lore Record*, *Folk-Lore Journal*, *Folk-Lore* and *County Folk-Lore* of the *Folk-Lore Society*, and the *Journal of the English Folk-Dance Society*. I have to thank Mr. Douglas Kennedy, the Director of that Society, for some unprinted versions.]

Berkshire

1. *Drayton.* MS. of Miss Hobson.
2. *Hoe Benham.* S. Piggott in *F. L.* xxxix. 273.
3. *Lockinge.* S. Piggott in *F. L.* xxxix. 271.
4. *Stanford-in-the-Vale.* S. Piggott in *F. L.* xl. 262.
5. *Sunningwell.* MS. of Mrs. C. S. Sidgwick.
6. *Swallowfield.* Lady Constance Russell, *Swallowfield*, 336.
7. *Witley.* S. Piggott in *F. L.* xl. 265.
8. *Unlocated.* Ditchfield, 310.

Buckinghamshire

9. *Penn.* A. H. Cocks in *Records of Bucks*, x. 172.
10. *Wooburn.* A. H. Cocks in *Records of Bucks*, ix. 222.

Cheshire

11. *Frodsham.* 'Soul-Caking Play' (Nov. 1). M. W. Myres in *F.L.* xliii. 97, with photograph.
12. *Halton.* 'Soulers' Play' (Nov. 1). R. Holland in *English Dialect Soc.* xvi. 506.

CORNWALL

13. *Camborne.* 'Christmas Play.' Tiddy, 144.
14. *Mylor.* 'Play for Christmas.' Tiddy, 148; T. Peter in *12 N.Q.* i. 390.
15. *Unlocated.* W. Sandys (Jan Trenoodle), *Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect* (1846), and with variants in *Christmas Carols* (1833), 174, and as 'Christmas Play of St. George and the Dragon' in *Christmastide* (1852), 298.

CUMBERLAND

16. *Whitehaven*? 'Alexander; or the King of Egypt.' W. Hone, *Every Day Book* (1838), ii. 1646, from chap-book of T. Wilson, Whitehaven, practically the same version as that of the Newcastle chap-Book.
17. *Unlocated.* Easter Pace Egg Play. F. Gordon Browne in *10 N.Q.* vii. 30.
18. *Unlocated.* 'The Sword-dancers.' S. Piggott in *F. L.* xl. 272.

DERBYSHIRE

19. *Brimington.* MS. of Mr. J. W. Shipley.
20. *Chesterfield.* MS. of Mr. J. W. Shipley.
21. *Church Broughton.* S. Piggott in *F. L.* xl. 268.
22. *Repton.* 'Guisers' Play.' S. Piggott in *F. L.* xl. 270.
23. *Unlocated.* Copied by Mr. J. W. Shipley from a local paper.
24. *Unlocated.* J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps]. *Contributions to Early English Literature* (1849).
25. *Compiled.* Christmas. 'George and the Dragon' or 'The Pace Egg'. G. John in *F. L.* xxxii. 181, from several NE. Derbyshire versions, probably including chap-book elements.

DEVONSHIRE

26. *Bovey Tracey.* Tiddy, 157.

DORSETSHIRE

27, 28. *Symondsbury.* (*a*) Before 1874. J. S. Udal in *F.L.R.* iii. 92; (*b*) 1880. J. S. Udal in *Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries*, ix. 9.
29. *Unlocated.* J. S. Udal in *F.L.R.* iii. 102.

DURHAM

30. *Houghton-le-Spring.* Sword Dance. W. Henderson, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties* (1879), 67.
31. *Swalwell.* 'Sword-dancers' or 'Guizards'. Sharp, i. 72.
32. *Winlaton.* Sword Dance. Sharp, iii. 91.
33. *Unlocated.* Sword Dance. Bell, 175, from Sir C. Sharpe's *Bishoprick Garland.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

34. *Cinderford.* Tiddy, 161.
35. *Icomb.* Tiddy, 174.
36. *Kempsford.* Tiddy, 248.
37. *Longborough.* Tiddy, 180.
38. *Sapperton.* Tiddy, 170.
39. *Weston-sub-Edge.* Tiddy, 163.

HAMPSHIRE

40, 41. *Burghclere.* (*a*) Tiddy, 185; G. E. P. A. in *N.Q.* cxlvi. 436; (*b*) possibly from Dorset. Tiddy, 189.
42. *Bursledon.* Tiddy, 192.
43. *Kingsclere.* G. E. P. A. in *N.Q.* cxlvi. 453.
44. *Overton.* 'Johnny Jacks Play.' Tiddy, 195.
45. *St. Mary Bourne.* J. Stevens, *St. M. B.* (1888), 339.
46. *Unlocated.* W. C. in *2 N.Q.* xii. 493.
47. *Compiled.* G. Long, *The Folklore Calendar* (1930), 222, from Overton, Longparish, and other places, with photographs.

KENT

48. 'The Seven Champions.' Bearsted. MS. of Miss Coombes.

HEREFORDSHIRE

49. *Ross.* E. M. Leather, *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire* (1912), 141.

LANCASHIRE

50. *Manchester.* Easter? 'The Peace Egg.' Chap-book of J. Wrigley in B.M. 1077, g. 37 (27), with cuts of characters; probably the same version as those noted as bearing imprints

of other booksellers in Manchester (*10 N.Q.* vii. 32; R. Holland, *Glossary of Cheshire Words*), Rochdale (D. Kennedy in *2 J.E.F.D.S.* iii. 31), and Preston (*12 N.Q.* i. 390), and substantially the same as that of the Yorkshire chap-book (*infra*).

51. *Satterthwaite and Hawkshead.* Pace Egg Play. H. Stonehewer-Cooper, *Hawkshead*, 334. I have not seen this.

Leicestershire

52. *Lutterworth.* W. Kelly, *Notices of the Drama at Leicester* (1865), 53; Manly, i. 292; *Mediaeval Stage*, ii. 276.

Lincolnshire

53, 54. *Bassingham.* Plough Plays (1823): (*a*) Men's Play. Baskervill, 241; (*b*) Children's Play. Baskervill, 246.

55. *Broughton.* Plough Play. 'A Christmas Play' (1824). Baskervill, 250.

56. *Bulby.* Plough Play. Tiddy, 237.

57. *Hibaldstow.* 'Ploughboys.' *C. F. L.* v. 178.

58. *Kirmington.* 'Plough Jacks' Play.' Tiddy, 254.

59. *Kirton-in-Lindsey.* Plough Play. *C. F. L.* v. 183.

60. *Revesby.* 'The Plow Boys, or Morris Dancers.' *F.L.J.* vii. 338; Manly, i. 296.

61. *Somerby and Briggs.* 'Plough Jaggs.' M. Macnamara in *Drama*, x. 42.

62. *Swinderby.* Plough Play (1842). Baskervill, 262.

63. *Unlocated.* Plough Play. 'Recruiting Sergent.' Baskervill, 259.

64. *Unlocated.* 'Plough-Jags' Ditties.' *C. F. L.* v. 182.

65. *Unlocated.* Plough Play. *C. F. L.* v. 176.

66. *Unlocated.* Plough Play. H. G. M. Murray-Aynsley in *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, iv. 609.

Middlesex

67. *Chiswick.* G. W. S. Piesse in *2 N.Q.* x. 466.

68. *Sudbury.* L. F. Newman in *F. L.* xli. 95.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

69. *Badby.* 'Mumies.' Tiddy, 222.
70. *Thenford.* A. E. Baker, *Glossary of N. Words and Phrases* (1854), ii. 429.

NORTHUMBERLAND

71. *Beadnell.* Sword Dance. Sharp, ii. 39.
72. *Earsdon.* Sword Dance. 'Morris Dancers.' Sharp, i. 82.
73. *Newcastle*? 'Alexander and the King of Egypt. A mock Play, as it is acted by the Mummers every Christmas.' W. Sandys, *Christmastide*, 292, from Newcastle chap-book (1788), practically the same version as that of the Whitehaven chap-book.
74. *North Walbottle* (from *Bedlington*). Sword Dance. Sharp, iii. 103.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

75, 76. *Clayworth.* (*a*) Plough Monday. Tiddy, 241; (*b*) Tiddy, 246.
77. *Cropwell.* Plough Monday. Mrs. Chaworth Musters, *A Cavalier Stronghold* (1890), 388.

OXFORDSHIRE

78. *Bampton.* Ditchfield, 320.
79. *Cuddesdon.* 'The Mummers' Act.' Tiddy, 217.
80. *Islip.* Ditchfield, 316.
81. *Kirtlington*? G. A. Rowell in *F.L.J.* iv. 97.
82. *Leafield.* Tiddy, 214.
83. *Long Hanborough.* A. Parker in *F. L.* xxiv. 86.
84. *Lower Heyford.* 'The Mummers' Performance.' Tiddy, 219.
85. *Shipton-under-Wychwood.* 'Bold Robin Hood.' Tiddy, 209.
86. *Thame.* F. G. Lee in 5 *N.Q.* ii. 503; Manly, i. 289.
87. *Waterstock.* Tiddy, 206.
88. *Unlocated.* Edward Jones, *Welsh Bards* (1794), 108.

SHROPSHIRE

89. *Newport.* 'Guisers' Play.' G. F. Jackson and C. S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, 484.

SOMERSETSHIRE

90. *Keynsham.* 1822. Baskervill, 268, from J. Hunter's *Additional MSS.* (B.M.), 24542, 24546.
91. *Unlocated.* Tiddy, 159.
92. *Unlocated.* J. A. Giles, *Bampton* (1848), 176 (fragments eked out by composition from memory).

STAFFORDSHIRE

93. *Eccleshall.* 'Guisers' Play.' C. S. Burne in *F.L.J.* iv. 350.
94. *Hamstall Ridware.* 'The Mummers' Play.' D. Kennedy in *2 E.F.D.* iii. 33.
95. *Stone.* W. W. Bladen, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of North Staffordshire.* I have not seen this; cf. *F. L.* xiii. 107.

SUSSEX

96. *Chithurst.* MS. of Mr. Clive Carey.
97. *Cocking.* 'Tipteerers' Play.' Tiddy, 200.
98. *Compton.* 'Tipteerers' Play.' MS. of Mr. Clive Carey.
99. *Hollington.* 'The Seven Champions.' S. Arnott in *5 N.Q.* x. 489.
100. *Ovingdean.* Tiddy, 203.
101. *Rogate.* 'Tipteerers' Play.' MS. of Mr. Clive Carey.
102. *Selmeston.* 'The Mummers' Play.' W. D. Parish, *Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect* (1875), 136.
103. *Steyning.* 'Tipteers' or Tipteerers' Play.' F. E. Sawyer in *F.L.J.* ii. 1.
104. *West Wittering.* 'Tipteers' Play'. J. L. C. Boger in *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, xliv. 178.

WARWICKSHIRE

105. *Great Wolford.* Tiddy, 229.
106. *Ilmington.* Tiddy, 226.
107, 108. *Newbold.* W. H. D. Rouse in *F. L.* x. 186, with variants from *Rugby* and photographs.
109. *Pillerton.* Tiddy, 224.

WESTMORLAND

110. *Ambleside.* Pace Egg Play. D. Kennedy in *2 F.D.S.* iii. 36.

WIGHT, ISLE OF

111. *Unlocated.* 'The Christmas Boys.' D. A. Chart in *10 N.Q.* vi. 481.

WILTSHIRE

112. *Alton Barnes* (from *Stanton St. Bernard*). D. Kennedy in *2 F.D.S.* iii. 32.
113. *Potterne.* 'The Christmas Boys' or 'Mummers'. W. Buchanan in *Wilts Archaeological Magazine*, xxvii. 311.
114. *Stourton.* E. E. Balch in *Antiquary*, n.s., iv. 380.
115. *Compiled. Wilts Arch. Mag.* i. 79, from Avebury, Wootton Rivers, and other places.

WORCESTERSHIRE

116. *Broadway.* A. Taylor in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii. 389.
117. *Leigh.* Cuthbert Bede in *2 N.Q.* xi. 271.
118. *Malvern.* Tiddy, 232.

YORKSHIRE (*East Riding*)

119. *Escrick.* Sword Dance. Sharp, iii. 19.
120. *Ripon.* Sword Dance. D. Kennedy in *2 F.D.S.* iii. 23.

YORKSHIRE (*North Riding*)

121. *Ampleforth.* Sword Dance. Sharp, iii. 50.
122. *Arkengarthdale.* Sword Dance. M. Karpeles in *2 F.D.S.* ii. 33.
123. *Bellerby.* Sword Dance. M. Karpeles in *2 F.D.S.* ii. 35.
124. *Coxwold.* D. Kennedy in *2 F.D.S.* iii. 38.
125. *Flamborough.* Sword Dance. Sharp, ii. 28.
126. *Goathland and Egton.* Sword Dance. M. Karpeles and D. Kennedy in *2 F.D.S.* ii. 47; iii. 27.
127. *Haxby and Wigginton.* Sword Dance. Sharp, iii. 86.
128. *Hunton.* Sword Dance. M. Karpeles in *2 F.D.S.* ii. 42.
129. *North Skelton* (from *Loftus*). Sword Dance. 'Plough Stots.' *2 F.D.S.* i. 28.
130. *Skelton.* D. Kennedy in *2 F.D.S.* iii. 26.
131. *Sleights.* Sword Dance. 'Plough Stots.' Sharp, ii. 13.

YORKSHIRE (*West Riding*)

132. *Acaster Malbis.* 'Mummers' Book for Plough Stottes', written on copy of 'The Pace Egg (St. George and the Dragon), Joust for (Plough) boys', a Chap-book of William Walker and Sons, London and Otley, apparently identical with the Leeds Chap-book. D. Kennedy in *2 F.D.S.* iii. 27.
133. *Askham Richard.* Sword Dance. Sharp, iii. 77.
134. *Grenoside.* Sword Dance. 'Morris Dancers.' Sharp, i. 54.
135. *Handsworth* (from *Woodhouse*). Sword Dance. Sharp, iii. 37.
136. *Heptonstall.* Easter. 'Paceakers' Play.' Tiddy, 234.
137. *Kirkby Malzeard.* Sword Dance. Sharp, i. 37.
138. *Leeds.* 'Peace Egg.' F. W. Moorman in *Essays and Studies* (English Association), ii. 134, from chap-book sold in Leeds and other towns, clearly the same version as that of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], *Popular Rhymes* (1849), 231, and that of the Lancashire chap-books (*supra*).
139. *Linton-in-Craven.* Sword Dance. Bell, 181.
140. *Midgley.* 'Pace Egg'. Easter. Adapted from no. 138. *Halifax Courier and Guardian*, March 28 and April 4, 1931.
141. *Sowerby.* Sword Dance. M. Karpeles in *2 F.D.S.* ii. 43.
142. *Wharfedale.* Sword Dance. Bell, 172.
143. *Unlocated.* Sword Actors. 'The Seven Champions.' Described, with photographs, by T. M. Fallow, *Antiquary*, xxxi. 138, as distinct from 'The Pace Egg'.

WALES

144. *Tenby.* R. Chambers, *Book of Days* (1864), ii. 739, from *Tales and Traditions of Tenby.*

MAN, ISLE OF

145. *Unlocated.* 'The White Boys' Play' (1845). S. Piggott in *F. L.* xl. 273.

IRELAND

146. *Ballybrennan* (*Wexford*). P. Kennedy, *Dublin University Magazine*, lxii. 584, and *The Banks of the Boro*, 226.

147, 148. *Belfast.* (*a*) W. H. Patterson, 'The Christmas Rhymes' in *4 N.Q.* x. 487, from a chap-book; (*b*) Tiddy, 141, probably from *The New Christmas Rhyme Book*, a chap-book of J. Nicholson, Belfast.

149. *Braganstown* (*Louth*). B. Jones in *F. L.* xxvii. 304.

150. *Dundalk* (*Louth*). B. Jones in *F. L.* xxvii. 302.

SCOTLAND

151. *Falkirk* (*Stirling*). Hogmanay (New Year's Eve). W. Hone, *Every Day Book* (1838), ii. 18.

152. *Fife.* Description in *C. F. L.* vii. 144.

153. *Papa Stour* (*Shetland*). Sword Dance. *Mediaeval Stage*, ii. 271, from W. Scott, *The Pirate* (1821).

154. *Peebles.* R. Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (1870), 165.

155. *Roxburgh.* Description by J. Curle in *Times Literary Supplement* (26 Nov. 1931).

156. *Stirling.* 'Guisards.' [J. Maidment], *Galations* (*c.* 1815).

UNLOCATED

157. *Sharpe's London Magazine*, i (1846), 154.

158. *Archaeologist*, i. 176. H. Sleight, *A Christmas Pageant Play or Mysterie of St. George, Alexander and the King of Egypt.* This is said to be 'compiled from and collated with several curious ancient black-letter editions'. I have never seen or heard of a 'black-letter' edition, and I take it that the improbable title is Mr. Sleight's own.

159. Sword Dance. K. Müllenhoff, *Festgaben für G. Homeyer* (1871), 138, from *Ausland* (1857), no. 4, f. 81.

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