

**THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY, FOR  
COLLECTING AND AND PRINTING  
RELIQS OF POPULAR ANTIQUITIES,  
&C.: THE FOLK-LORE RECORD,  
VOL. III. PART II, PP. 154 - 318**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649108831

The Folk-Lore Society, for collecting and and printing relics of popular antiquities, &c.: The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. III. Part II, pp. 154 - 318 by The Folklore Society

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Cover @ 2017

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ESTABLISHED IN

THE YEAR MDCCLXXVIII.



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PUBLICATIONS  
OF  
THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY,  
**VI.**

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26/6/99

THE  
FOLK-LORE RECORD,

VOL. III. PART II

CONTAINING—

TWO ENGLISH FOLK-TALES. By Professor Dr. GEORGE STEPHENS,  
F.S.A.

FOLK-LORE TRADITIONS OF HISTORICAL EVENTS. By the Reverend  
W. S. LACH-SZYRMA.

SINGING GAMES. By Miss EVELYN CARRINGTON.

ADDITIONS TO "YORKSHIRE LOCAL RHYMES AND SAYINGS."

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DANISH POPULAR TALES. By Mrs JANE MULLEY.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY,  
BY MESSRS. NICHOLS & SONS,  
25, PARLIAMENT STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

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1881.

## TWO ENGLISH FOLK-TALES.

BY PROFESSOR DR. GEORGE STEPHENS, F.S.A.

### STUPID'S MISTAKEN CRIES,

AS TOLD IN ESSEX ABOUT THE YEAR 1800.

**T**HERE was once a little boy, and his mother sent him to buy a sheep's head and pluck; afraid he should forget it, the lad kept saying all the way along:—

Sheep's head and pluck !  
Sheep's head and pluck !

Trudging along, he came to a stile; but in getting over he fell and hurt himself, and, beginning to blubber, forgot what he was sent for. So he stood a little while to consider; at last he thought he recollected it, and began to repeat:—

Liver and lights and gall and all !  
Liver and lights and gall and all !

Away he went again, and came to where a man was sick, bawling out:—

Liver and lights and gall and all !  
Liver and lights and gall and all !

Whereon the man laid hold of him and beat him, bidding him say:—

Pray God send no more up !  
Pray God send no more up !

The youngster strode along, uttering these words, till he reached a field where a hind was sowing wheat:—

Pray God send no more up !  
Pray God send no more up !

This was all his cry. So the sower began to thrash him, and charged him to repeat :—

Pray God send plenty more !  
Pray God send plenty more !

Off the child scampered with these words in his mouth till he reached a churchyard and met a funeral, but he went on with his—

Pray God send plenty more !  
Pray God send plenty more !

The chief mourner seized and punished him, and bade him repeat :—

Pray God send the soul to heaven !  
Pray God send the soul to heaven !

Away went the boy, and met a dog and a bitch going to be hung, but his cry rang out :—

Pray God send the soul to heaven !  
Pray God send the soul to heaven !

The good folk nearly were furious, seized and struck him, charging him to say :—

A dog and a bitch a-going to be hung !  
A dog and a bitch a-going to be hung !

This the poor fellow did, till he overtook a man and a woman going to be married, " Oh ! oh ! " he shouted :—

A dog and a bitch a-going to be hung !  
A dog and a bitch a-going to be hung !

The man was enraged, as we may well think, gave him many a thump, and ordered him to repeat :—

I wish you much joy !  
I wish you much joy !

This he did, jogging along, till he came to two labourers who had fallen into a ditch. The lad kept bawling out :—

I wish you much joy !  
I wish you much joy !

This vexed one of the folk so sorely that he used all his strength, scrambled out, beat the crier, and told him to say :—



The one is out, I wish the other was !  
The one is out, I wish the other was !

On went young 'un till he found a fellow with only one eye ; but he kept up his song :—

The one is out, I wish the other was !  
The one is out, I wish the other was !

This was too much for Master One-eye, who grabbed him and chastised him, bidding him call :—

The one side gives good light, I wish the other did !  
The one side gives good light, I wish the other did !

So he did, to be sure, till he came to a house, one side of which was on fire. The people here thought it was he who had set the place a-blazing, and straightway put him in prison. The end was, the judge put on his black cap and condemned him to die.

For parallels see the Danish folk-tale, *Den tossede Dreng*, Dannebrog, Kjöbenhavn, July 28, 1854 ; the German *Up Reisengohn*, in Grimm's *Kinder u. H. M.* Göttingen, 1850, vol. ii. p. 304, and others ; Ireland, Kennedy's *Fireside Stories of Ireland*, p. 30.

### THE THREE NOODLES, OR THE HEAVEN MIGHT HAVE FALLEN,

AS TOLD IN ESSEX ABOUT THE YEAR 1800.

There was once an old woman who left her daughter at home to get dinner ready when she went to church. On coming back she found nothing in order, and her daughter crying by the fireplace. "Heyday! what now?" said the incomer. "Why, do you know," replied the girl, "as I was going to cook the dinner a brick fell down the chimney, and, you know, it *might* have killed me!"

In a little while the husband came in, and, finding both weeping, began, "What's the matter here? All in tears?" "Why," said his wife, "do you know, that as Sally was going to get the dinner ready a brick fell down the chimney, and, you know, it *might* have killed her!"

Shortly after entered Sally's sweetheart, and, seeing the confusion, burst out, "Why! how now? What! all weeping?" "Why, do you know," whimpered the father, "as Sally was going to cook the dinner a brick fell down the chimney, and, you know, it *might* have killed her!"

"Well," said the young man, "of all the fools I've seen you are the three greatest, and when I find three as great as you I'll come back and marry your daughter."

So away he went, till he came to where an old body should bake, but bewailed her ill fortune, for she was trying in vain to drag the oven with a rope to the table where the dough lay. "Oh! you ninny!" exclaimed the young man; "you should take the bread to the oven, and not pull the oven to the bread. Well, that's indeed fool number one." "I didn't think of that," mumbled she.

Then he wandered further—a long, long way—till he reached a place where an old wife should feed her cow with grass that grew on the roof of her cottage; but, instead of throwing down the grass to the cow, she was trying to draw the cow up to the roof. "Hallo! stupid!" exclaimed he, laughing, "cut the grass and cast it down to the cow, to be sure. Well, that's fool number two, but it will be long enough ere I meet such another."

But, as he jogged along after this, he came to where a man was trying to put his breeches on. But, instead of holding them in his hand, he had propped them up with sticks, and was, to no purpose, taking run after run, to jump right into them. "Well, here indeed I have fool number three," cried the lass's sweetheart, turning homewards. So he went back to her cottage, and married Sally, the old woman's daughter.

Parallels: Norse, Asbjörnsen and Moe, vol. i. p. 10, *Somme Kjæringeser stige*. German, Grimm, *Die kluge else*. Irish, Gerald Griffin, *Collegians*, p. 139; Kennedy's *Fireside Stories of Ireland*, p. 9. Another English version, from Oxfordshire, in *Notes and Queries*, April 17, 1852, p. 363.

## FOLK-LORE TRADITIONS OF HISTORICAL EVENTS.

BY THE REVEREND W. S. LACH-SZYRMA.

[Read at the Meeting of the Society on November 12th, 1880.]

**T**HERE is one test of the effect of great events in history on the popular mind which has not been, I think, sufficiently appreciated or utilised—the folk-lore traditions of them.

What did the peasants of the period think of such or such an occurrence? How did the old men relate it by the winter's fire to their children's children? How does it grow in oral tradition into a quaint legend? How does the truth draw to itself the old Aryan myths, and incorporate them with real facts and real personages? These are curious subjects of inquiry—curious from an historical, a psychological, an antiquarian point of view, and may, if systematised, be utilised in the search for the real truth in history.

Probably the most curious instance of traditions gathering around an historic personage, or rather an historic epoch, are the Arthurian legends, but as there are some doubts as to there being any real foundation for these tales, even though I cannot quite assent to those doubts, they are practically for my purpose put out of court.

We must turn then to more modern instances, of events which actually have occurred, and persons who have actually lived, without any shadow of a doubt. It is curious that two of the historic personages around whom our folk-lore traditions of the West of England gather are Judge Jeffrey and Oliver Cromwell. The Battle of Sedgemoor, the Bloody Assize, the persecution of Monmouth's fol-