The Old Cryes of London

By

Sir Frederick Bridge

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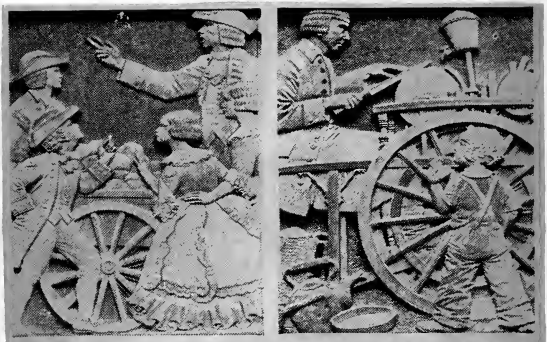
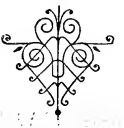


LONDON CRIES in stone will decorate the new business building which is being erected in St. James's-square. Here are two of the panels: Left, "The Orange Seller"; right, "The Tinker."

THE OLD CRYES
of
LONDON

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
AND
MUSICAL EXAMPLES

BY
SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE
Commander of the Royal Victorian Order
Gresham Professor of Music.
&c &c



NOVELLO AND COMPANY LIMITED
LONDON
MCMXXI

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

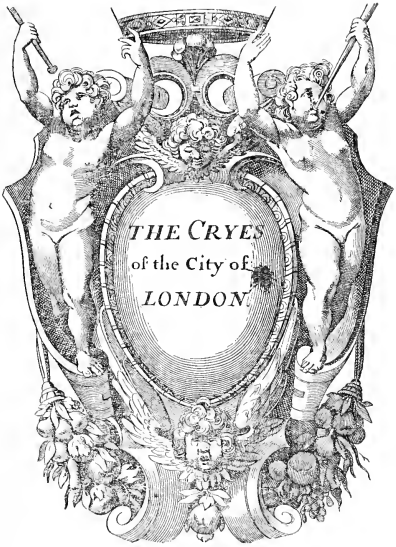
SIR JOHN JAMES BADDELEY

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

THIS BOOK

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED


THE CRYES
of the City of
LONDON

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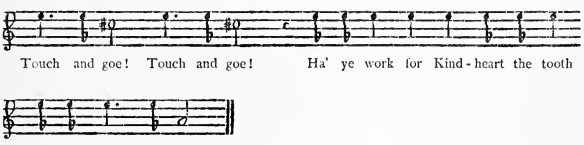
PREFACE

I HAVE to thank my friend, F. L. Holdsworth, Esq., for kindly allowing the frontispiece to be included with the illustrations of the present volume. It is a reproduction of a picture in his possession.

Although the Crye



occurs in Deering's "Fancy," there is unfortunately no wood-cut of this dentist. By a fortunate chance my attention was drawn to Mr. Holdsworth's unique picture. The original is on glass, and, though not so old as the Crye, or the wood-cuts of other Cryes, yet its clear relationship to the subject is obvious, by its reference to "a Touch." It is described as "Designed by Harris, and improved by drawings after the Life of J. Dixon. Published according to Act of Parliament, A.D. 1761. Dixon fecit." Then follows the quatrain reproduced under the frontispiece. It is interesting to speculate if the Harris in question was the Henry Harris who was chief engraver to the Mint, 1690-1704. However that may be, the "design" is a very forceful delineation of a

singularly characteristic episode of the days of Deering's "Fancy," and probably this Crye, along with others, at a later date induced Dr. Johnson to write in the "Adventurer," ". . . the attention of a new-comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of the cries that stun him in the streets."

The music in this book has been set up by the Oxford University Press in the type used for the "Oxford Hymn Book." The Preface to that book informs us that this quaint fount was "specially cut for the work," and is "based upon the fount for which punches were cut in Oxford about 1683 by Peter de Walpergen." It is perhaps not inappropriate that in rescuing this old music from its long oblivion, it should, in appearance as in speech, re-create the picturesque attributes of its period.

The Print Room of the British Museum has been laid under contribution for the illustrations reproduced in the following pages. Some among them were evidently originally "drawne after the life" and "engraven" on copper—as Tempest says of the blocks appearing in his "The Cryes of the City of London," published in 1688. Several are very finely wrought, and are characteristic specimens of the engraver's art of the period. Others are crude wood-cuts; but, however archaic, they serve to show in lively fashion the life that they portray.

Chapter I.

LONDON LACKPENNY

THE Old Cryes of London have been the subject of many interesting poems, pictures, and articles during the past four or five centuries. The earliest record of the Cryes seems to be the well-known poem "London Lickpenny," or "Lackpenny," ascribed to John Lydgate (1370-1450), a Benedictine of Bury St. Edmund's Abbey. This poem is the somewhat pathetic tale of a poor fellow who had been cheated out of his property, and who travelled up to London to seek redress. He lacked money, and so could get no attention from the Courts at Westminster Hall. The poem relates his walking from Westminster to London, and thence to Billingsgate, in hope of reaching his home in Kent by water. Incidentally he mentions the many street cryes that he heard in "Chepe": "Velvet," "Silk and Lawn," "Paris thread," "Hot sheep's feet," "Mackerel," "Rushes grene," "A hood for the head," "Hot peascods," "Strawberry ripe," "Cherries," "Spices, Pepper, and Saffron." He had his hood stolen in Westminster, and, when he arrived at Cornhill, already saw it for sale with "moche stolne gere amonge."

The authorship of this interesting and valuable old poem is generally credited to John Lydgate. But there seems room for considerable doubt in this matter. It appears that it is to John Stow that we owe the ascription of its authorship to Lydgate. A copy of the poem is in the British Museum in the autograph of Stow. Our English men of letters

seem to have accepted this ascription to Lydgate as correct, but a recent edition of Lydgate's poems, edited by Prof. MacCracken, of Yale University, and published by the Early English Text Society (London, 1911), throws doubt upon it. The Professor writes:

"'London Lickpenny' is extant in two forms, of which the poorer and later one is always printed. Miss Hammond, in her parallel text print in 'Anglia,' Vol. xix.? [should be xx.], 400f., shows that an eight-line version has been turned into a seven-line one, by simple omission of the fourth, fifth, or seventh line. Neither MS. antedates Stow's time, who owned the older version. (The copy is in Stow's own hand.) Style and rhyme[1] are utterly at variance with Lydgate's practice, and it is impossible therefore to accept Stow's unsupported word with regard to this poem, though every friend of Lydgate, if there be such, will give it up regretfully. Lydgate once wrote a poem on this theme, 'Amor Vincit Omnia.' Let anyone read this poem and then ask himself whether, on the word of a worthy collector a century later, he will believe that the same man wrote 'London Lyckpenny.'" (From H. N. MacCracken, "The Lydgate Canon," pp. xliii. and xliv.)

Come buy ſome Brooms, come buy of me;
Birch, Heath and Green, none better be:
The ſtaves are ſtraight, and all bound ſure:
Come Maids, buy Brooms will laſt indure.
Old Boots or Shoes I'll take for Brooms;
Come buy to make clean all your rooms.

[1] Gonn: come, 10; chauncerie: me, 34; by: why, 53; prime: dyne, 58; people: simple, 74; grete: spede, 86.

This seems rather to weaken Lydgate's claim, and yet on the authority of Sir Sidney Lee, in the Dictionary of National Biography, it appears that the Corporation of the City acknowledged Lydgate's merit, and invited him to celebrate Civic Ceremonies in verse. He wrote a "Ballade" to the Sheriffs and Aldermen of London on a May Day at a dinner at Bishop's Wood, and he devised Pageants for both the Mercers' and the Goldsmiths' Companies in honour of William Estfield, who was Mayor in 1429 and 1437. The Chapter of St. Paul's also commissioned him to write verses to be inscribed beneath a pictorial representation in the Cloisters of the "Dance Macabre," or Dance of Death!

Buy a fine Tefting-fork for Toaft,
Or fine Spice-grater, tools for an Hoaft:
If theſe in Winter be lacking, I fay,
Your gueſts will pack, your trade decay.

Lydgate also wrote a poem describing the expedition of Henry V. to France (1415), the Battle of Agincourt, and the King's reception in London on his return. This is very interesting, and contains many graphic touches. I have not space to give it here, but may say that he tells us of the landing at Dover, and of the King going to Canterbury to the Shrine of Thomas à Becket and then to Eltham, where, I believe, there was a royal palace. The Lord Mayor rode with the Crafts of the City, all clothed in red, to Black Heath, where he met the King, the Chronicle says, and Henry came to Black Heath, saw the City, and saluted it:

Hail, royall London, said our King,
Christ thee keep ever from care.
And then gave it his blessyng
And praised Christ that it were faire.

Lydgate goes on to mention Cornhill, and the Cross in Chepe, and continues :

Into Paules then rode our Kyng,
XIII Bysshops heir mette them right,
The greate Belles thann did they ring,
Upon his feet full faire he light
And to the high Altar he went right.
Te Deum for joye thann they gan sing
And then he offered to God Almyght,
And then to Westminster he went without dwellyng.
Gloria Tibi Trinitas.

I have been very loth to give up Lydgate, particularly as he has been so widely credited with the poem. But besides the opinion (already quoted) of Prof. MacCracken, I have had the help of my friend, Mr. Henry Bergen, in investigating the matter. He has carefully studied the MS. in the British Museum, and kindly furnishes me with the following note :

"In his 'Survey of London' (ed. C. L. Kingsford, Oxford, 1908, Vol. i., p. 217), Stow says: 'And to proove this Eastcheape to bee a place replenished with Cookes, it may appeare by a song called "London Lickepennie," made by Lidgate, a Monke of Berrie, in the raigne of Henrie the fift,' &c. This is Stow's only mention of the verses in connexion with Lydgate. He did not supply Lydgate's name to the copy in his own hand in MS. Harley 542, nor did he include the 'London Lickpenny' in his list of Lydgate's works. So it must have been the 'Survey of London' that led subsequent editors to believe that the poem was by Lydgate.

"In her edition of both the seven and eight line versions in 'Anglia' (Vol. xx., p. 404ff), Miss Eleanor P. Hammond says (p. 409) that the evidence supporting Lydgate's authorship is not older than 1560, *i.e.*, Stow's time, and that Stow's unsupported statement is of no value—in short, that there is not a shred of evidence."

In any case we ought to be thankful to the old poet, whoever he was, who preserves to us such a picture of Old London and its busy trades-men and trades-women of the 15th and 16th centuries.

There are two versions of the poem, one of seven lines and one of eight. Mr. Bergen has kindly furnished me with the text of the eight-line version, of which he writes:

"The following version, which is apparently older and certainly better (except for evident corruption of the metre) than the seven-line stanza version, is in Stow's own hand, and without any ascription by him to Lydgate."

The original is in the British Museum (Harley 542, fol. 102 *recto*).

london lickpenye.[1]

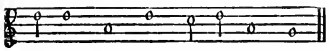
In london there I was bent,[2]
I saw my selfe, where trouthe shuld be a-teynte ;[3]
fast to westminstar ward I went,
to a man of lawe, to make my complaynt.
I sayd, "for maris love, that holy seynt,
have pity on the powre, that would procede,—
I would gyve sylvar, but my purs is faynt" ;
for lacke of money I may not spede/

As I thrast thrwghe out the thronge,
amonge them all, my hode was gonn ;
netheles I let not longe,
to kyngs benche tyll I come.
by fore a Juge I kneled anon,
I prayd hym, for gods sake he would take hede,
full rewfully to hym I gan make my mone ;
for lacke of money I may not spede/

benethe hym set clerks, a great Rowt,
fast they writen by one assent ;
there stode vp one, and cryed round about,
Richard, Robert, and one of Kent.
I wist not wele what he ment,
he cried so thike there in dede.
there were stronge theves shamed & shent,
but they that lacked money mowght not spede/

vnto the comon place y yowde thoo,
where sat one with a sylken houde ;
I dyd hym reverence as me ought to do,
I tolde hym my case, as well as I coude,
and seyd, all my goods, by nowrd and by sowde,
I am defrawdyd with great falshed ;
he would not geve me a momme[4] of his mouthe,—
for lake of money, I may not spede/

[1] Except for the modernized punctuation, the expansion of contractions, and the substitution of *th* for *y*(th), the text is as written by Stowe. [2] Stowe has "lent" ; probably a slip of the pen. [3] attained. [4] a sound.



New Oy - sters, new wall-fleete Oy - sters.

Then I went me vnto the Rollis,
before the clerks of the chauncerie ;
there were many qui tollis,
but I herd no man speke of me.
before them I knelyd vpon my kne,
shewyd them myne evidence, & they began to reade ;
they seyde trewer thinge might there nevar be,
but for lacke of money I may not spede/

In westminster hall I found one
went in a longe gowne of Ray ;[1]
I crowched, I kneled before them anon ;
for marys love, of helpe I gan them pray.

[1] striped cloth.

as he had be wrothe, he voyded away
bakward, his hand he gan me byd ;
" I wot not what thow menest," gan he say,
" ley downe sylvar, or here thow may not spede "/

In all westminstar hall I could find nevar a one
that for me would do, thowghe I shuld dye ;
with out the dores, were flemings grete woon,[1]
vpon me fast they gan to cry
and sayd, " mastar, what will ye copen or by,
fine felt hatts, spectacles for to rede "—
of this gay gere, a great cawse why,
for lake of money I might not spede/

Then to westminster gate y went,
when the sone was at highe prime.
Cokes to me, they toke good entent,
called me nere, for to dyne,
and proferyd me good brede, ale & wyne,
a fayre clothe they began to sprede,
rybbes of befe, bothe fat and fine,—
but for lacke of money I might not spede/

In to london I gan me hy ;
of all the lond it bearethe the prise :
" hot pescods," one gan cry,
" strabery rype, and chery in the ryse."[2]
one bad me come nere and by some spice,
pepar and saffron they gan me bede,
clove, grayns, and flowre of Rise ;
for lacke of money I might not spede/

Then into Chepe I gan me drawne,
where I seye stond moche people :
one bad me come nere, and by fine cloth of lawne,
paris thred, Coton, and vmple.[3]
I seyde, there-vpon I could no skyle,
I am not wont there-to in dede ;
one bad me by an hewre[4] my hed to hele.
for lake of money I might not spede/

[1] quantity, here number. [2] ryse, a branch, twig. [3] linen cloth. [4] a hat or cap.

Then went I forth by london stone,
thrwghe-out all canywike[1] strete ;
drapors to me they called anon,
"grete chepe of clothe," they gan me hete.
then come there one, and cried, "hot shepes fete,"
"Risshes faire & grene," an othar began to grete ;
bothe melwell[2] and makarell I gan mete,
but for lacke of money I myght not spede/

Then I hied me into estchepe :
one cries, "ribes of befe, and many a pie,"
pewtar potts they clatteryd on a heape ;
ther was harpe, pipe and sawtry.
"ye by cokke," "nay by cokke," some began to cry ;
some sange of Jenken and Julian to get them selvs mede :
full fayne I wold hadd of that mynstralsie ;
but for lacke of money I cowld not spede/

In to Cornhill anon I yode,
Where is moche stolne gere amonge,
I saw wher henge myne owne hode,
that I had lost in westminstar amonge the throng ;
then I beheld it with lokes full longe,
I kenned it as well as I dyd my crede
to by myne owne hode agayne, me thowght it wrong,
but for lacke of money I might not spede/

Then came the taverner, and toke my by the sleve
and seyd, "ser, a pint of wyn would yow assay,"
"syr," qwod I, "it may not greve ;
for a peny may do no more then it may."
I dranke a pint, and therefore gan pay,
sore a-hungred away I yede :
for-well london lykke peny for ones & eye ;
for lake of money I may not spede/

Then I hyed me to byllingsgate
and cried, "wagge, wagge gow hens."
I praye a barge man for gods sake
that they would spare me myn expens.

[1] Now Cannon Street. [2] cod.

he sayde, "ryse vp, man, and get the hens;
what wenist thow? I will do on the no [1] almes dede,
here scapethe no man, by-nethe ij pens."
for lacke of money I myght not spede/

Then I conveyed me into Kent,
for of the law would I medle no more,
by-caws no man to me would take entent.
I dight me to the plowe, even as I ded before.
Iesus save london, that in bethelem was bore,
and every trew man of law god graunt hym souls med,
and they that be othar, god theyr state restore:
for he that lackethe money with them he shall not spede,
explicet london likke peny/

[1] *my*, corrected to *no*.

Chapter II.

THE MUSIC OF THE CRYES.

AS to the music of the Cryes, we learn very little from historians, whether purely literary men or musicians. Hindley, in his interesting but rather discursive book on "The Cryes of London," says:

"From the time of Elizabeth to that of Queen Victoria authors, artists, and painters combined have presented the Cryes of Itinerant Traders of London in almost similar forms and in various degrees of quality, from the roughest and worst wood-cut blocks to the finest of copper and steel plate engravings or skilfully wrought etchings. While many of the early English dramatists often introduced the subject, eminent composers were wont to 'set to music' in a catch, glee, or roundelaye all the London Cryes then most in vogue. They were, I hear, 'ryght merry songs and the music well engraved'."

Now the last part of this quotation needs explanation. Rounds were written by various eminent composers, the words consisting of well-known London Cryes. But the Cryes were *not* "set to music" by the various composers; they took the words *and the music* which the traders sang, and arranged them as rounds. The number of the Cryes thus presented to us is small and quite insignificant in comparison with the works of which I am to speak later, and which for so long seem to have been

passed over by those interested in Cryes and Folk-Song. Besides "London Lackpenny," one of the most valuable of the old poems is contained in a "Collection of Ancient Songs and Ballads" written on various subjects, and printed between the years 1560 and 1700, known as the "Roxburghe Ballads." The verses are entitled "The Cryes of London," and contain over a hundred and thirty Cryes (*see* page 36). Hindley mentions a fine collection of engravings on copper in the Earl of Bridgwater's library at Ellesmere House. This collection is called, in the handwriting of the second Earl of Bridgwater, "The Manner of Crying Things in London." They are said to be of a date anterior to 1686, in which year the second Earl of Bridgwater died. There are thirty-two of these engravings.

But it will be seen that musicians have done splendid service in the direction of preserving the old Cryes—not only the words but the original music. In works of three of the best composers of Shakespearian times—Weelkes, Gibbons, and Deering—there are to be found almost every Old London Street Crye. It is singular that these historical treasures have hitherto almost escaped notice, with the exception of a few quoted by Miss Lucy Broadwood in the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (June, 1919). Miss Broadwood also notices the Fancies of Gibbons and Deering, and the historical value of the vocal parts. She does not mention the Fancy by Weelkes, but calls attention to a part-song in the Bodleian Library which contains many Cryes. I have not myself seen that interesting MS.

My own interest in the Cryes came about by accident. In the quaint old Library of Westminster Abbey—once the dormitory of the monks—I have, during my long residence in the Cloisters, had the opportunity for looking through a valuable collection of music, chiefly published in Elizabethan times, and consisting for the most part of Madrigals. I think there is no doubt this interesting section of the Library comes from the music-loving Dean Williams. He was Dean in 1620, and we are told

> "... he procured the sweetest music, both for the viols and for voices of all parts, that ever was heard in English music. In those days the

Abbey and the Jerusalem Chamber, when he gave entertainments to his friends, were the votaries of the choicest songs that the Land has heard, the greatest Masters of the art of that delightful faculty frequented here above all others."

I have fresh Cheese and Creame, I have fresh.

As I looked through the shelves on one occasion my eyes fell upon a collection of sacred Motets by Richard Deering, a composer who has been strangely neglected by musical historians.

Burney speaks of his music as "very sober, innocent, pedantic, dry, and uninteresting." Sir Frederick Ouseley says "his style was severe and correct, but very dry." Even Sir Hubert Parry dismisses him with the

single sentence: "Deering died in 1630." Others content themselves with repeating: "Oliver Cromwell was fond of Deering's music." The verdicts of Burney and Ouseley show that they were entirely ignorant of the great Motets of Deering, which are splendid specimens of the composer's genius, and afford surprising evidence of the musical advancement of his period. This is not the occasion to dwell upon the Motets, but it was the discovery of these remarkable works (many of which have since been printed, and are now performed in the Abbey and in various Cathedrals) that caused me to follow up my researches into Deering's music, and resulted in my unearthing some delightful specimens of his secular compositions, the MSS. of which are in the British Museum. The first example, entitled "Country Cryes," is a very interesting and picturesque musical work, devoted to country sports—Hawking, Hunting, Harvest Home, &c.

I purpose returning to this work later. Meanwhile, its discovery led to the resurrection of three works by three contemporary English composers—Weelkes, Gibbons, and Deering, to name them chronologically—each of whom took the Old Cryes of London and embodied them in musical works of a new form, founded on the instrumental Fancy.

In these compositions there are nearly a hundred and fifty different Cryes and Itinerant Vendors' songs. This is a greater number than is to be found in the various poems containing the words of the Cryes.

Musical historians are in a great measure to blame for the oblivion which overtook so many of these Cryes and Vendors' songs. Burney does not mention the Fancies that contained them. Hawkins names a few, but he is not very correct in his particulars. He says: "It was formerly a practice with the musicians of the time to *set the Cryes of London to music*"—which is entirely wrong. The composers did not "set the Cryes to music," but incorporated the words and music in the Fancy, a really new form of composition. It is with some characteristic examples that I propose to deal.

Cooper
olde Dublets
Tinker
THE
CR
LO
Camphires
Cherrimipe
Alminake
Coonie Skins
The Week
Kitchen stuffe
glasses
Cockels
Harttichaks
Macrrill
Orenges Lemens
Lettice


Bui a matte
Cooles
Bui Brumes
ON
N.
Olde Iron
Aqua vita
pens and inke
Olde Bellowes
Herrings
Bytam milke
pippins p'rs
Shades
Turneps
Rossmari Baie
Onions

For some reason or other, the three great contemporary musicians named wrote in a new form of composition for strings and voices, the vocal parts consisting exclusively of the words and music of the Old London Cryes. That the words are set to the original music is proved by the fact that each composer frequently used *the same words and music* for the Cryes he introduced.

It is difficult to conceive why these 17th century musicians should have undertaken this very interesting task, seemingly outside their usual output. And surely it were a pity to let such works remain unknown in the British Museum, particularly at a time when so much consideration is being given to folk-song. Here was a remarkable and rare collateral group!

A few words as to the new form of composition in which the Cryes are introduced may fittingly be included here.

In the early part of the 17th century the popular form of concerted music for strings was the so-called "Fancy." This, the great instrumental form of the period, was composed as a rule for strings, and consisted for the most part of elaborate contrapuntal writing, full of points of Imitation. Nearly all the composers of that day wrote Fancies. Even up to the time of Purcell they were in vogue, Purcell himself contributing some remarkable examples before he ventured on the new form of Sonatas. But the Fancy had no vocal parts, and what I am now concerned with is the delightful development that the form sustained when, to the usual four or five parts for strings, there were added vocal parts consisting of the Old London Cryes, with their words and the original music; not new settings by the composer of the Fancy.

In the three compositions now under notice there are, as already stated, so many as nearly a hundred and fifty different Cryes and Itinerant Vendors' songs. Thus, as concerning their period, the musicians have been informatory in generous measure—a fact which suggests fruitful possibilities in the way of historical research.

(It will be seen later that these songs are longer than ordinary Cryes, and particularly interesting in at least two cases for their connection with Shakespeare.)

All three composers have used some of the same Cryes—words as well as music—and two of them employ a great number of similar examples. The variety of the wares to be sold is remarkable. Included in the three Fancies are :

13	kinds of fish.
18	,, ,, fruit.
6	,, ,, liquors and herbs.
11	,, ,, vegetables.
14	,, ,, food.
14	,, ,, household stuff.
13	,, ,, clothing.
9	tradesmen's Cryes.
19	tradesmen's Songs.
4	Begging Songs for prisoners and "poor naked Bedlam."
1	Town Crier.
5	Watchmen's Songs.

Chapter III.

A HUMOROUS FANCY

By Weelkes.

THE Fancy by Weelkes is shorter and less elaborate than those of Gibbons and Deering. Weelkes gives the Cryes to one voice only, the *Cantus—i.e.*, the melodic part. They can be sung, therefore, by sopranos only, or, if preferred, by the various voices in turn. The accompaniment is for viols, and is in all respects a Fancy for strings.

The Cryes in Weelkes's Fancy include nine kinds of Fish (one being "Quick perewincles"), four kinds of Pies ("Hott aple pyes"), and eight kinds of Fruit. At this point the Cryes are dropped for a time, and a charming little dance-tune to the odd words "Twincledowne Tavye" is introduced. This is a distinct imitation of the old ballet which Madrigalian composers also wrote, and which occasionally breaks off into a little dance measure similar to this. After the dance the Cryes are again introduced, the first one being "Have you any work for a Tinker?" followed by "Bellows to mend" and "Wood to cleave."

Then we have the first real song in Weelkes's work, "Have you any boots, mayds." The words are very interesting, as we find them, with slight variation, in an old play entitled "A ryght excellent Comedy, Three Ladies of London," published as early as 1584. It was sung by a character named "Conscience," and without doubt to the beautiful old tune Weelkes incorporated in his score.

After this episode the Fancy is resumed with the cry of "Chimney-Sweep." This is only a Crye. It is a pity Weelkes did not use the longer Chimney Sweep song found in the other two Fancies, which has a beautiful tune, perhaps the most delightful of all the Tradesmen's songs. The Cryes of "Salt," "Kitchen stuff," "Coney skins," "Silke," "Fruit," "Cheese and cream," "Whyte cabbage, turnips, parsnips, lettuce, and radish," quickly follow, and then the Fancy concludes with a beautiful bit of melody, rather like an anthem in style, to the words:

Now let us sing and so we will make an end with Alleluia!

From the first to the last bar the viols play music of a contrapuntal character, quite independent of the Cryes, but binding the various vocal parts together in a manner both effective and expressive.

There are two MSS. of Weelkes's Fancy in the British Museum. Oddly enough, neither set of parts (the Fancies were, of course, written in part-books, *i.e.*, a separate book for each part, and not in score) is complete. One part is missing in one set and a different part in the other set. This enables us to get a complete set by comparing the two MSS. One MS. is shorter than the other, and it is this copy I have followed. The other version contains some uninteresting matter, while the words deviate somewhat into vulgarity. On the whole, therefore, the MS. I have reproduced is the best for modern ears. The Alleluia occurs in that MS. which I have not generally followed, but as it forms a significant addition I thought it well to adopt this version.[1] While not so long or elaborate as Gibbons's, this Fancy by Weelkes is quite interesting musically—although it does not preserve so many of the old Cryes. I have suggested that certain parts may be sung in harmony, the music for the various additional parts being taken exclusively from Weelkes's viol parts.

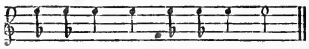
[1] Alleluia occurs also in a MS. part of the Fancy by Gibbons to which I have had access, but having given the Weelkes version, I have kept to the words which appear in the British Museum copy of Gibbons.

Chapter IV.

ROUNDS, AND A FREEMAN'S SONG

BEFORE proceeding to consider the other important musical works founded on the Cryes, attention may be called to some of the shorter specimens of musical compositions which have the Cryes for their subject. A celebrated composer of the early part of the 17th century—Thomas Ravenscroft—seems to have had a particular liking for these, both words and music. Ravenscroft was a Londoner, and would of course be in daily contact with itinerant vendors. In a preface to a treatise on music which he published in 1614, and which is dedicated to the Gresham Committee, he tells us that he attended the Gresham Music Lectures in their early years, when no doubt he listened to the learned disquisitions of Dr. Bull, the first Professor. Probably also he was

Buy a Bresh or a table Booke.



Will ye buy a ve - ry fine Brush?

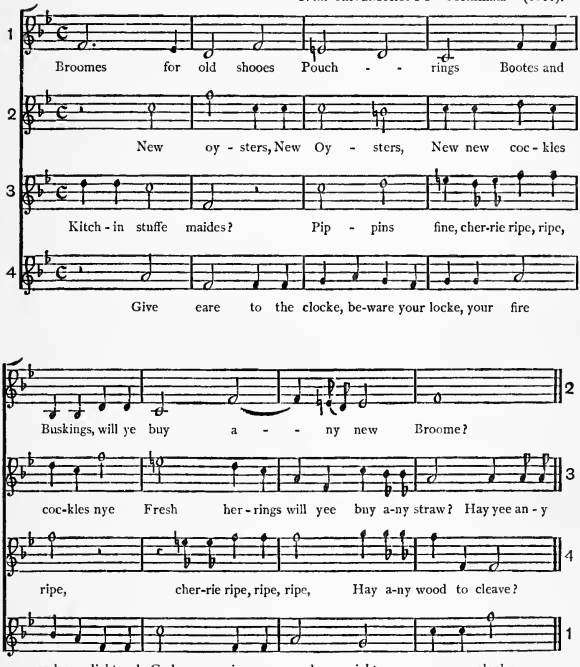
at one time organist to Christ's Hospital. He has left us four really good specimens of his musicianship in the form of rounds, the words of which consist of some of the well-known Cryes. Perhaps the best of the group is one composed for four voices, in which he cleverly manages to introduce as many as twelve Cryes, with the original music. They are as follows :

1. "Broomes for old shooes."
2. "Pouch rings."
3. "Bootes and buskings."
4. "New oysters."
5. "New cockles."
6. "Fresh herrings."
7. "Will yee buy any straw?'
8. "Hay yee any kitchin stuffe, maides?
9. "Pippins fine."
10. "Cherrie ripe."
11. "Hay any wood to cleave?"
12. The Watchman's Song,
    "Give eare to the clocke."

I append the music, together with another round of Ravenscroft's for three voices (*see* page 32).

"BROOMES FOR OLD SHOOES."

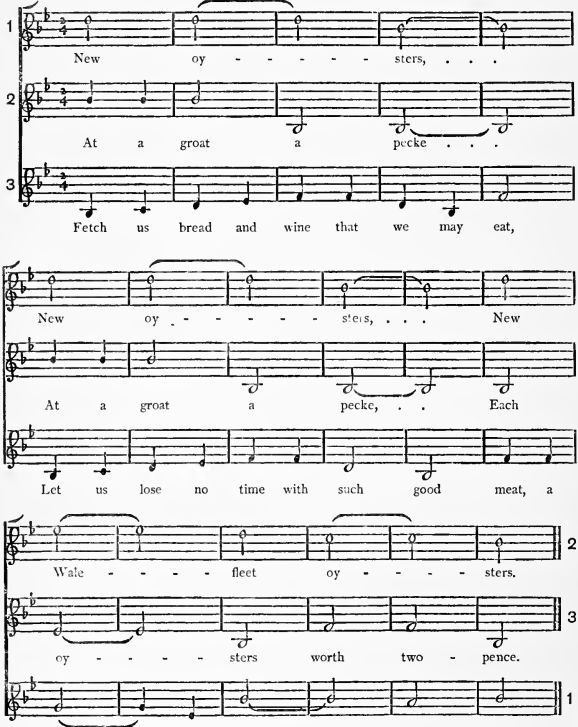
From RAVENSCROFT'S "Melismata" (1611).[1]



[1] "Melismata: Musicall phansies, Fitting the Court, Citie, and Countrey Humours. To 3, 4, and 5 voyces."

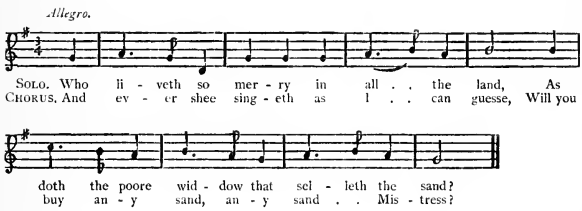
ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

From RAVENSCROFT'S "Pammelia" (1609).[1]



[1] "Pammelia: Musick's Miscellanie or mixed varietie of pleasant Roundelayes and delightful Catches of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Parts in one. None so ordinarie as musicall, none so musical, as not to all, very pleasing and acceptable."

Another interesting specimen by the same composer may be added. This is a song with chorus, in which, to original music by Ravenscroft, the sellers of sand and many representatives of avocations of City tradesmen are introduced in a delightful manner. The composer calls it "A Freeman's Song." It is set to the following simple and sprightly tune :[1]



The words of the song are subjoined :

"A FREEMAN'S SONG."

Ver. 1. Who liveth so merry in all the land,
As doth the poore widdow that selleth the sand ?
Cho. And ever shee singeth as I can guesse,
Will you buy any sand, any sand Mistress ?
Ver. 2. The Broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of broomes from street to street :
Cho. Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
Then all the day long to doe nothing but sing ?
Ver. 3. The Chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soote away :
Cho. Yet when he comes home although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.
Ver. 4. The Cobbler he sits cobling till noone,
And cobbleth his shooes till they be done ?
Cho. Yet doth he not feare, and so doth say,
For he knows his worke will soone decay.

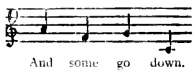
[1] The complete song is published by Messrs. Novello.

Ver. 5. The Marchant man doth saile on the seas,
And lye on the ship-board with little ease:
Cho. Alwayes in doubt the rocke is neare,
How can he be merry and make good cheare?
Ver. 6. The Husband-man all day goeth to plow,
And when he comes home he feedeth his sow:
Cho. He moyleth and toyleth all the long yeare,
How can he be merry and make good cheare?
Ver. 7. The Serving-man waiteth fro' street to street,
With blowing his nailes and beating his feet:
Cho. And serveth for forty shillings a yeare,
That 'tis impossible to make good cheare.
Ver. 8. Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,
As those that be of thy poorer sort?
Cho. The poorer sort whereso'er they be,
They gather together by one, two, and three.
Bis. 9. And every man will spend his penny,
What makes such a shot among a great many?

A round for four voices, by John Cobb, organist of the Chapel Royal (in 1630), begins:

These are the Cries of London Town,
Some go up street and some go down.

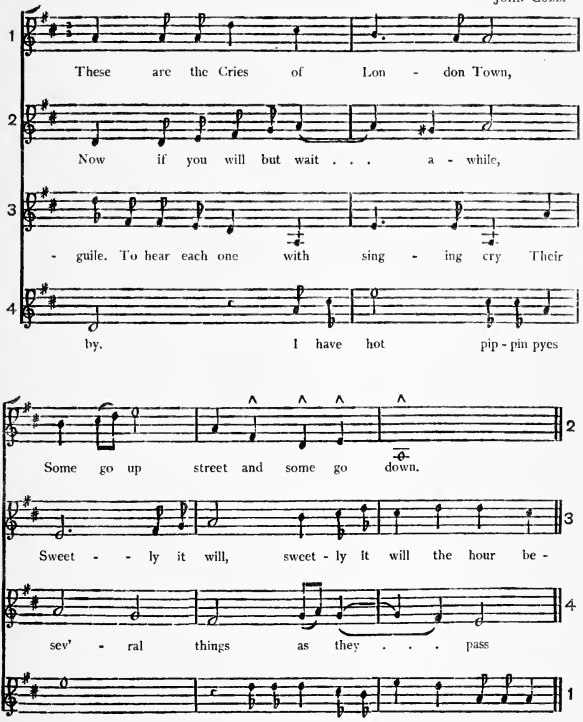
A point of particular interest is that the words, "and some go down," are fitted to one of the chimes so familiar to those who live near "Big Ben," at Westminster:



This is very curious, and really looks as if the well-known chime-phrase was a quotation from some London belfry of the time. I append the round because of this "quotation," but it contains only three "Cryes":

"THESE ARE THE CRIES OF LONDON TOWN."

JOHN COBB.[1]



[1] Add. MS. 31463. Some archaic spelling has been modernised.

The existence of these rounds has, of course, been well known, and some have been reprinted. But interest in the subject seems to have stopped there, and except for casual references to Gibbons and others, no particulars of the really important compositions which are founded on the Cryes have been forthcoming. Poets and artists, however, along with musicians have done something to preserve for us the words of the Cryes and the personalities of the vendors of the various articles. The poem ascribed to Lydgate can be referred to at page 16. Another, culled from the "Roxburghe Ballads," is that already mentioned, entitled "The Cryes of London" (tune, "The Merry Christ Church Bells"), which contains over a hundred and thirty Cryes. The text is appended:[1]

"THE CRYES OF LONDON."

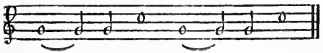
Hark! how the Cries in every street make lanes and allies ring:
With their goods and ware both nice and rare,
All in a pleasant lofty strain;
Come buy my gudgeons fine and new.
Old cloaths to change for earthen ware.
Come taste and try before you buy, here 's dainty poplin pears.
Diddle, diddle, diddle dumplins, ho! with walnuts nice and brown.
Let none despise the merry, merry cries of famous London-town.

Any old cloaths, suits, or coats? Come buy my singing-birds.
Oranges or lemons. *Newcastle* salmon.
Come buy my ropes of onions, ho!
Come buy my sand, fine silver sand. Two bunches a penny turnips, ho!
I'll change you pins for coney-skins. Maids, do you want any milk below?
Here 's an express from Admiral *Hawke*, that Admiral of renown.
Let none despise, &c.

Maids, have you any kitchen-stuff? Will you buy fine artichoaks?
Come buy my brooms to sweep your rooms.
Will you buy my white-heart cabbages, ho!
Come buy my nuts, my fine small nuts, two cans a penny, crack and try.
Here 's cherries round, and very sound.
Maids, shall I sweep your chimnies high?
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes the tinker's pan, with a merry chearful sound.
Let none despise, &c.

[1] From the "Roxburghe Ballads," edited by J. Woodfall Ebsworth, vol. vii., 1893, p. 57. *See* Roxburghe Collection, iii., 466; Douce, i., 7 *verso*. Date about 1759.

Here's fine herrings, eight a groat. Hot codlins, pies, and tarts.
New mackerel I have to sell.
Come buy my *Wellfleet* oysters, oh!
Come buy my whitings fine and new.
Wives, shall I mend your husbands' horns?
I'll grind your knives to please your wives, and very nicely cut your corns.
Maids, have you any hair to sell, either flaxen, black, or brown?
Let none despise, &c.



Work for a Cooper, maids give ear, I'll hoop your tubs and pails.
Come *Nell* and *Sue*, and buy my Blue.
Maids, have you any chairs to mend ?
Here 's hot spice-gingerbread of the best, come taste and try before you buy.
Here 's elder-buds to purge your bloods. But black your shoes is all the cry.
Here 's hot rice-milk, and barley-broth. Plumb-pudding a groat a pound.
Let none despise, &c.

Here 's fine rosemary, sage, and thyme. Come buy my ground-ivy.
Here 's fetherfew, gilliflowers and rue.
Come buy my knotted marjorum, ho !
Come buy my mint, my fine green mint. Here 's fine lavender for your cloaths.
Here 's parsley, and winter-savory. And heart's ease, which all do choose.
Here 's balm and hissop, and cinquefoil, all fine herbs, it is well known.
Let none despise, &c.

Here 's pennyroyal and marygolds. Come buy my nettle-tops.
Here 's water-cresses and scurvy-grass.
Come buy my sage, of virtue, ho !
Come buy my wormwood and mug-wort. Here 's all fine herbs of every sort.
Here 's southernwood that 's very good, dandelion and houseleek.
Here 's dragon's-tongue and wood-sorrel, with bear's-foot and horehound.
Let none despise, &c.

Here 's green coleworts and brocoli. Come buy my radishes.
Here 's fine savoys, and ripe hautboys.
Come buy my green *Hastings*, ho !
Come buy my beans, right *Windsor* beans.
Two-pence a bunch young carrots, ho !
Here 's fine nosegays. Ripe strawberries. With ready pick'd sallad also.
Here 's collyflowers and asparagus. New prunes two-pence a pound.
Let none despise, &c.

Here 's cucumbers, spinnage, and *French* beans. Come buy my nice sallery.
Here 's parsnips and fine leeks [for *Taffy* with his freaks.]
Come buy my [new] potatoes, ho !
Come buy my plumbs, and fine ripe plumbs.
A groat a pound ripe filberts, ho !
Here 's corn-poppies and mulberries. Gooseberries and currants also.
Fine nectarines, peaches, and apricots. New rice two-pence a pound.
Let none despise, &c.

Buy a rabbit, wild duck, or fat goose. Come buy a choice fat fowl.
Plovers, teal, or widgeons, come buy my pigeons.
Maids, do you want any small-coal?
Come buy my shrimps, my fine new shrimps, two pots a penny, taste and try.
Here's fine saloop, both hot and good, but *Yorkshire* muffins is the cry.
Here's trotters, calf's feet, and fine tripes. Barrel figs three-pence a pound.
Let none despise, &c.

Here's new-laid eggs for ten a groat. Come buy [my] water'd cod.
Here's plaice and dabs, lobsters and crays.
Come buy my maids and flounders, ho!
Come buy my pike, my fine live pike. Two-pence a hundred cockles, ho!
Shads, eels, and sprats. Lights for your cats;
With haddocks, perch, and tench also.
Here's carp and tench, mullets and smelts. Butter six-pence a pound.
Let none despise, &c.

It is certainly very singular that these historical musical treasures should have hitherto almost escaped notice, and—with the exception of the few quoted by Miss Lucy Broadwood, and to which reference has already been made—have rested quietly in their home in the British Museum until the last two or three years.

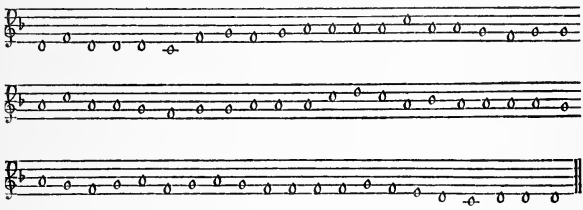
Chapter V.

IN NOMINE

By Orlando Gibbons.

THE work by Orlando Gibbons is longer and in some respects more striking than that by Weelkes. It is written for five viols and four voices. The third viol part is one of a peculiar nature, and makes this work unusually interesting, inasmuch as it shows that Gibbons chose an older form of the Fancy than that employed by the other members of our triumvirate. It takes the shape of an "In Nomine." This is a form of Fancy which contained a plainsong melody—a bit of ancient ecclesiastical music—allotted to one viol, while the other instruments executed elaborate contrapuntal figures, and in Gibbons's example the four voices (S.A.T.B.) sang the very secular Cries! The "In Nomine" was a popular form among composers of the end of the 16th and the beginning of the 17th century, but the specimens extant are always for instruments. The composition now under notice is the first I have met with in which vocal parts are used. The curious thing is that the same bit of ecclesiastical music, *i.e.*, the plainsong, is used by all the composers of the "In Nomine" whose works I have examined. It is the *Canto* of the first

antiphon at Lauds and vespers on Trinity Sunday, viz., "Gloria Tibi Trinitas aequales," and is taken from the Sarum Missal. It is found in works by Byrde, Ferrabosco, Crauford, and others, and is a fine old melody:



It is occasionally broken for a bar or two in Gibbons, when the voice part has a "Crye." It is given above in its complete form, as used by Byrde.

A very good account of an "In Nomine" is that by Roger North, and is worth quoting. He says:

> "Before the introduction of Fancies whole Consorts for instruments of 4, 5, and 6 parts were solemnly composed, and with wonderful art and variation, while one of the parts (commonly in the middle) bore only the Plain Song throughout, and I guess that in some time little of other Consort music was coveted or in use. But that which was styled 'In Nomine' was yet more remarkable, for it was onely descanting upon seven notes with which the syllables 'In Nomine Domini' agreed. And of this I have seen whole volumes of many parts."

The form used by Gibbons agrees with the first part of this paragraph.

The Cryes introduced into Gibbons's "In Nomine" include eleven different kinds of fish, seven kinds of fruit, four kinds of liquors and herbs, six of vegetables, four of different pies, seven kinds of household goods, four of clothing, four tradesmen's Cryes, four tradesmen's Songs, three begging Songs, one Town Crier, and three Watchmen's Songs.

The opening is very impressive. A short, quiet passage of imitation on the viols gives a picture of the quiet London street in the early morning. Then the voice of the Watchman is heard as he goes his round, singing on a monotone,

> God give you good morrow, my masters,
> past three o'clock and a faire morning.

This is followed by a sudden change of key from minor to major, and the fish-women begin their Cryes. Gibbons starts with mussels, not oysters: these come later. Then we have a charming little song for the seller of ink, and a truly comical Town Crier is heard, who cries a mare lost "on the 30th day of February." A dramatic touch is supplied by a very interesting "Begging Song" for the inmates of Bedlam:

> Poor naked Bedlam, Tom's a-cold.
> A small cut of thy bacon, or a piece of thy Sow's side, good Besse.
> God Almighty bless thy witts!

Shakespeare uses many of these very words in "King Lear" (Act 3, Sc. 4, Edgar disguised as a madman)—"Bless thy five wits. Tom's a-cold." No doubt the poet had often heard the Crye in the streets of London.

The work is divided into two parts, of which the first concludes with a beautiful piece of five-part harmony, that all who know Gibbons's Church music will immediately recognise as very characteristic of this great musician.

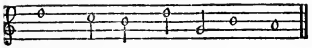
The second part is short, but contains what is probably the most beautiful song in the whole series of Cryes and Songs. It is given to the Chimney Sweepe, and is used by Deering (whose Fancy is yet to be described) in the same way and with the same words:

> Swepe, chimney-swepe, Swepe, chimney-swepe,
> Swepe, chimney-swepe,
> Mistris, with a hey dery, dery, dery Swepe.
> From the bottom to the top.
> Swepe, chimney-swepe.
> Then shall no soot fall in your poridge pot,
> With a hoop, dery, dery, dery Swepe!

The Watchman, who had his morning round at 3 a.m., now again appears on the scene, and concludes a vivid picture of a day in Old London, with the words:

> Twelve o'clock.
> Look well to your locke, your fier, and your light,
> and so, Good-night.

Radishes or Lettis tow bunches a peny.



This, of course, refers to the custom which required householders to hang out a lantern at night to help the belated pedestrian.

In Hindley's book on the Cries of London we are told that

> ". . . as early as 1416, the Mayor, Sir Henry Barton, ordered lanthorns and lights to be hanged out on the winter evenings

betwixt Allhallows and Candlemass. For three centuries this practice subsisted—constantly evaded, no doubt, through the avarice or poverty of individuals, sometimes probably disused altogether, but still the custom of London up to the time of Queen Anne. The cry of the Watchman, 'Hang out your Lights!' was an exhortation to the negligent, which probably they answered only by snores, equally indifferent to their own safety and the public preservation. A worthy Mayor in the time of Queen Mary provided the Watchman with a bell, with which instrument he accompanied the music of his voice down to the days of the Commonwealth. The 'Statutes of the Streets' in the time of Elizabeth were careful enough for the preservation of silence in some things. They prescribed that 'no man shall blow any horn in the night, or whistle after the hour of nine o'clock in the night, under pain of imprisonment'; and, what was a harder thing to keep, they also forbade a man to make any 'sudden outcry in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wife'! Yet a privileged man was to go about knocking at doors and ringing his alarum—an intolerable nuisance, if he did what he was ordered to do."

The amusing scene of Dogberry with the Watch in Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing" (Act 3, Sc. 3) gives what is probably a reliable picture of the times:

Dogberry. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and tattle is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2nd Watch. We will rather sleep than talk. We know what belongs to a watch. . . . Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the Church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Milton also speaks of:

. . . . The Bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

And Herrick is reminiscent of the Shakespearean scene:

Past one o'clock and almost two,
My masters all, Good-day to you.

As already said, Gibbons's vocal parts are distributed over the four voices, S.A.T.B., while his string parts are a little more elaborate than those of Weelkes. It is altogether a worthy and very interesting specimen of the art of our great "English Palestrina." This delightful work, and that by Deering, next to be described, were copied in 1616 into MS. volumes containing many rare examples of the best composers of the time. The title-page (in Latin in the original MS.) may be rendered as follows :

A remedy against sadness.
Select Songs of various Authors
and on various subjects, set
down by the labour and hand of
THOMAS MYRIELL.
A.D. 1616.

Thomas Myriell was Rector of St. Stephen's Wallbrook, and showed good judgment in compiling these volumes. He also wrote a most beautiful hand. So far as I know there are no other complete copies of Weelkes and Gibbons. The example by Deering is in Christ Church Library, Oxford. We owe Thomas Myriell a great debt of gratitude for helping to preserve these things for us.

Chapter VI.

FANCY, "WHAT D'YE LACKE?"

By Richard Deering.

RICHARD DEERING'S work is a Fancy, not an "In Nomine." It is the longest of the three, and gives evidence of his great musical gifts. The accompaniment is for viols, the Cryes being allotted to the four voices, S.A.T.B. Much skill is shown in grouping the Cryes and making the various voices answer each other—the vendors of fruit to jostle with Cryes of "Cherry ripe," "Pips fine," "Pears fine," "Medlars fine," like a crowd of competing costermongers.

But the great charm of this work lies in the numerous beautiful tradesmen's Songs that are preserved along with the Cryes. There is a distinct touch of humour in some of the Cryes, and of pathos in some of the begging Songs for the poor. In this Fancy there are Cryes for eight kinds of fish, eleven of fruit, three of liquors and herbs, five of vegetables, four of pies, three of food, ten of household goods, four of clothing, five tradesmen's Cryes, and no fewer than thirteen tradesmen's Songs, three begging Songs, one Town Crier, and one Watchman.

This Fancy is entitled "What d'ye Lacke?"—after the words found at the beginning. The opening is clearly intended to pourtray the scene of early morning. But it is not the scene which Gibbons represents—the

early morning with the Watchman going his rounds—nor that which Weelkes gives us, with noisy Cries of fish women. Deering depicts the

Apprentices, standing at the shop doors and advertising their goods in competing monotone. The opening is divided between the four voices—each in turn—in short monotone recital:

(*Alto*)—What doe ye lack, do ye buy, sir, see what ye lack?
Pins, points, garters, Spanish gloves or silk ribbons?
(*Bass*)—Will ye buy a very fine cabinet, a fine scarfe or a rich girdle and hangers.
(*Soprano*)—See here, madam, fine cobweb lawn, good cambrick or faire bone lace.
(*Tenor*)—Will ye buy any very fine silk stocks, sir?
(*Bass*)—See here a faire hat of the French block, sir.

Then, as in the other Fancies, the fish hawkers begin. These include the usual kinds of fish, and a very special Crye of:

Sprats—sprats—sprats,
Twopence a peck, twopence a peck, twopence a peck
at Milford Stairs.

One of the tradesmen's Songs—that of the Blacking seller, who sometimes carried a barrel of blacking on his back—is a very spirited and effective number:

Buy any black, buy any black?
Here cries one dare boldly crack.
He carries that upon his back
Will make old shoes look very black.
Will ye buy any blacking, maides?

Another song, that of a Cooper, is of particular interest, for it is the very tune "Heartsease" that Shakespeare mentions in the dialogue between Peter and the 1st Musician ("Romeo and Juliet," Act 4, Sc. 5):

Peter. Musicians, O Musicians, Heart's ease, Heart's ease,
O, an ye will have me live, play Heart's ease.
1st Mus. Why Heart's ease?
Peter. O Musicians, because my heart itself plays
"My heart is full of woe."
O play me some merry dump to comfort me.

The Song is given to the bass, and is as follows:

A Cooper I am and have been long,
And hooping is my trade;
And married I am to as pretty a wench
As ever God hath made.
Have ye worke for a Cooper?

The fine Chimney Sweep song which we find in Gibbons is also used by Deering.

A song by the seller of Marking Stones is quite charming. It does not appear in either of the other Fancies:

A round and sound and all of a colour,
Will ye buy any very fine Marking Stones?
It is all sinews and no bones,
And yet very good Marking Stones.

Marking stones were either of a red colour or composed of blacklead. They were used in marking of linen, so that washing could not take the mark out.[1]

The Town Crier, who "Crys" the lost mare so humorously, is here, but I have had to omit a few bars of his song, as the words savoured of vulgarity. The omission has been made without any real injury to the music.

This is followed by a facetious and melodious Rat-catcher's Song[2]:

Rats or Mice,
Ha' ye any rats, mice, pol-cats or weasles?
Or ha' ye any old Sows sick o' the measles?
I can kill them, and I can kill moles,
And I can kill vermin
That creepeth up and creepeth down
And peepeth into holes.

A sudden change from the humorous to the pathetic is made with the Beggars' Song:

Pity the poor women for the Lord's sake.
Good men of God, pity the poor women.
Poor and cold and comfortless in the deep dungeons.[3]

[1] About fifty years ago it was the custom of those persons who let lodgings in St. Giles's, above the twopenny admittance, when sheets were afforded at *6d.* the night, to stamp their linen with sticks or marking stones of ruddle with the words "Stop thief," so that if stolen the thief should at once be detected and detained.

[2] Mr. Walter G. Bell, in his book "About Unknown London," makes the following interesting comment on the lyric, and on the two other Beggars' Songs—one that craves:

Bread and meat for the poor prisoners of the Marshalsea:
Bread and meat;

and the suppliant appeal

Pitiful gentlemen of the Lord, bestow one penny to buy a loaf of bread among a number of poor prisoners.

Says Mr. Bell:

"Amid the bustle and the life and the laughter there is always the pathos of the prisons, not hidden in some concealed corner, but at the City gates. Newgate and Ludgate are the chief of them—in the last the debtors lie—and the Sheriffs also have their 'compters.' Their inmates are so little thought of that they have not even food supplied without begging for it."

[3] *See* page 77.

Deering's accompaniment to this pathetic little melody is most effective. After the welcome touch of emotion a very lively gentleman brings again the sprightly vein with the Crye:

Buy any ink,
Will ye buy any ink,
Very fine writing ink;
Will ye buy any ink and pens.

A very interesting song is "Rosemary and Bays," which has already been made known by Miss Lucy Broadwood, in her book of folk-songs. It is quite a long ditty, and seems to be the advertisement of a sort of birch-rod for bad boys who steal plums!

Rosemary and Bays,
Will ye buy any Rosemary and Bays?
'Tis good, 'tis good to lay upon their bones
Which climeth over walls to steal your plums.
Then buy my wares so trim and trick,
Yet gentle is, yet very, very, very, very quick.

A melodious little Crye is given to the soprano:

Sweet Juniper, juniper,
Will ye buy my bunch o' juniper?

The popular Crye of "Sweet Lavender" does not appear in any of these Fancies, but the line, "Here 's lavender for your clouthes" is in the "Roxburghe Ballads." The herb is mentioned by Shakespeare, but I suppose it was not in very general use. At any rate, the Crye—which many people are very fond of—does not seem to date so far back as those with which we are now concerned.

Another Crye—"Hot Cross Buns"—was very common when I was a boy, and is undoubtedly very old, but it does not appear in these works. It is referred to at page 60.

Two humorous Cryes must be specially mentioned. The first is that of the travelling chiropodist, "Ha' ye any corns on your feet or toes?" and the other is the very welcome Crye of the travelling *dentist*. This gentleman evidently was skilled in what all present-day dentists agree

is a real test of a good practitioner—he could remove a tooth painlessly. He describes himself by the encouraging name of "Kind Heart"!

Touch and goe! Touch and goe!
Ha' ye work for Kind Heart, the tooth-drawer?
Touch and goe.[1]

A particularly effective song for the seller of garlick must be quoted:

Garlick, good garlick, the best of all the Cries,
It is the only Phisick against all maladies.
It is my chiefest wealth good garlick for to cry,
And if you love your health, my garlick then come buy!

"Small Coal," "Sausages," and "A good Tinder Box," complete the goodly list used by Deering, and the Fancy concludes with the Song of the Night Watchman:

Lanthorns and Candle-light hang out, maids.
Twelve o'clock, look well to your locke,
Your fire and your light,
And so Good-night.

The conclusion is in beautiful five-part harmony of a sacred character, as in Weelkes and Gibbons.

[1] It must have been a rough and ready performance; but it afforded opportunity for at once rushing out and getting rid of the offending grinder, to the encouraging refrain, "Touch and goe," of the no doubt genial operator. The oft-times tiresome journeys to latter-day practitioners, and tedious time spent in dreary waiting-rooms, compel comparison, and place the old Crye on the whole in a favourable light. There does not appear to be a contemporary wood-cut of the exponent. I am, however, permitted to reproduce a curious picture of the peripatetic dentist, painted on glass. The title under the picture, "The Dentist, or Teeth Drawn with a Touch," is at once "judicious, clear, succinct," as Cowper somewhere says. It is amplified by the following quaint invitatory verse:

Ye worthies of the British nation,
Attend to my new operation!
Let colt's teeth or decay'd ones come,
My pinchers quick shall ease your gum.

The words "a Touch" show its connection with the Crye, "Touch and goe," and, I hope, vindicate the inclusion of the illustration in the present text.

Deering's Fancy gives a complete picture of a long day, beginning with the Apprentices at their posts, before the fish vendors appear, and ending the portrayal only with the warning voice of the Watchman at 12 p.m.

Both Weelkes's Fancy and Gibbons's "In Nomine" are delightful and valuable possessions that seize the imagination, but the Fancy by Deering is specially beautiful because, as already said, of the many fine songs that it preserves to us. I have a particular satisfaction in making known this work, because it has been my good fortune to help to place Deering in his right position as a great English composer of the early 17th century.

He is said to have studied in Italy, though I have not been able to discover the origin of this report. We know for certain that he was in England in 1610, and in that year he supplicated as a member of Christ Church, Oxford, for the degree of Mus.Bac. There is no record of his having matriculated, or of having taken his degree, but on his Motets published in 1618 he subscribes himself "Mus.B." He was then organist to the English nuns at Brussels, the Abbess of that religious house being Lady Mary Percy, and it was at Brussels that he published the splendid Motets by which he is now best known. These were set to Latin words, as Deering was a Roman Catholic, and therefore wrote little for the English Cathedrals (the anthem preserved in the Durham book excepted). There is a very fine set of these Motets, the original publications of 1617 and 1618, in the Chapter Library at Westminster, and it was from this set that I have been able to reproduce several, with English translations, which have now found their way into our Service Books. They are beautiful specimens, showing a wonderful advance, as regards modern harmony, on anything written by an Englishman, and, I venture to say also, by any foreign contemporary musician.

Deering returned to England and became organist to Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles I. He died in 1630.

Playford published a collection of his Motets for two voices. It is probably these which Cromwell is said to have admired, as there is no evidence of the publication of the Motets in five and six parts in this country.

Chapter VII.

NEW FASHIONS

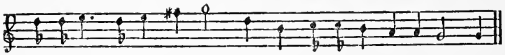
FANCY BY W. COBBOLD.

THERE is yet another example of a Fancy with vocal parts, written about this period by W. Cobbold, an East Anglian composer who contributed a fine Madrigal to "The Triumphs of Oriana." It is entitled "New Fashions," and is for viols and four voices. In the vocal parts great use is made of a well-known air, "The leaves be green," which forms the groundwork of the whole Fancy. Cobbold's work is in four movements, and is made specially interesting by the inclusion of many well-known songs, words and music, of the Elizabethan period. These comprise "Green sleeves" (a very early and excellent version of this air, which is mentioned by Shakespeare), "Little Peg of Ramsey with the golden hair," "The shaking of the sheets," "Clout leather," "There were three Ravens," "And why may not maids marry," and "Robin Hood, said Little John."

It is difficult to see the point of the Fancy, or what the songs have to do with "New Fashions." It is by no means so remarkable as the Fancies already discussed, and at present I have not been able to make a very satisfactory score. But it is significant to find still another composer essaying this form. I hope it may yet be possible to add this example to the list of Humorous Fancies which I have been able to unearth, and which

seem to me to show desire on the part of our English composers to enrich secular music with something outside the scope of the Madrigal, and to combine interesting instrumental work with vocal effects.

My Gresham Lectures have afforded an opportunity for producing these interesting works of some of our greatest composers of Madrigals and music for the Church, and demonstrating their success in developing and combining instrumental and vocal music in a new and most valuable form. It is, perhaps, fitting that Gresham College, founded in 1597—when these Cryes and Fancies were known to the citizens of London—should have been the means of restoring and re-introducing them to present-day music-lovers in the old City of London.



Chapter VIII.

THE CRYES OF LATER YEARS

IN the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College there are preserved a number of the "Tempest" Cryes of London, published in 1688. Pepys accumulated a great collection of interesting pictures and pamphlets, and these pictures were published twenty years after the close of the Diary.

It is a remarkable fact that no mention of the Cryes is made by the Diarist. Pepys was so fond of music, and so prone to chronicle anything which he heard connected with music, that I cannot help thinking the Cryes were very much allowed to die out and came nigh to extinction during the Commonwealth. Probably the Puritans would not have banned street cries as they did Church music, but doubtless the disturbances during the Civil War and the resultant unrest and upheaval in the Kingdom reacted on the old custom of singing the Cryes for the sale of wares, and caused them to be neglected. There are some curious lines in Butler's "Hudibras" which seem to suggest that this was the case:

> Did they for this draw down the Rabble
> With zeal and noises formidable;
> And make all *cries* about the town
> Join throats to cry the *Bishops* down?
> . . . . .
> When Tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
> *Church-discipline*, for patching *Kettle*.
> . . . . .
> The *Oyster-Women* locked their fish up,
> And trudg'd away, to cry, *No Bishop*.

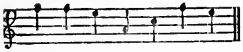
The *Mouse-trap* men laid *save-alls* by,
And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.
Botchers left *old cloathes* in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread;*
And some for *Brooms*, old *Boots* and *Shoes*,
Bawl'd out to purge the *Commons House:*
Instead of *Kitchen-stuff*, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry.
And some, for *Old Suits, Coats* or *Cloaks*
No *Surplices* nor *Service-Book*.
A strange harmonious Inclination
Of all Degrees to *Reformation*.

Butler's "Hudibras," Part 1, Canto 2 (1612-80).

Although the music of the Cryes, as given in the works here drawn upon, seems to have been generally forgotten, yet of course a number of Cryes have always been prevalent. This is shown by Addison in his well-known article in the *Spectator*. But I suspect the Cryes which annoyed the Country Squire were real, noisy shouts, such as we hear now from the vendors of coal or the sellers of newspapers, and not melodious phrases like those which appealed to Weelkes, Gibbons, and Deering. And in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" there is a violent attack upon street Cryes—notably that of the Watchman—which shows that the streets were not so quiet as Smollett would have wished! Speaking of London (in very disparaging terms) he says:

> "I go to bed after midnight, jaded and restless from the dissipations of the day. I start every hour from my sleep at the horrid noise of the Watchman bawling the hour through every street and thundering at every door; a set of useless fellows who serve no other purpose but that of disturbing the repose of the inhabitants, and by five o'clock I start out of bed in consequence of the still more dreadful alarm made by the Country Carts, and noisy rustics bellowing 'Green peas,' under my window!"

Addison's Country Squire and poor Smollett ought to have lived in the days of Dogberry and his famous "Watch," and certainly the quiet monotone of the Watchman as given in the Fancy by Orlando Gibbons is quite soothing in its simplicity, whether in the early morning with its "God give you good-morrow, my Masters," or at midnight with its command to hang out "lanthorns" and "candle light," and its friendly and reassuring "Good-night."



Will you buy my dish of Eels?

Another amusing bit of evidence of the continued existence of street Cryes has been kindly sent to me by Bishop Welldon. It relates to a man named Shuter who was, I believe, a well-known actor in the 18th century:

> "To return to Shuter: he was never without a joke or a whimsical story. He used to give the cries of London on his annual benefit at the theatre; and the day before one of these benefits, he followed through several streets a man whose cry of his wares was peculiar. At last Shuter stopped him, told him he was Ned Shuter, and had followed him for half an hour in hopes to hear his usual cry. 'Why, Master Shuter,' said the man, 'my wife died this morning, and I can't cry.'"[1]

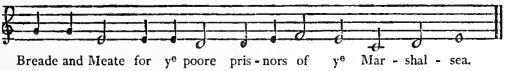
Although the great collection of Cryes and Tradesmen's Songs fell into oblivion, yet of course various cryes have been continued and many new ones invented. "Sweet Lavender" is perhaps the best known, and constantly I have been asked if this popular example was not amongst those preserved in the compositions now laid under contribution. "Sweet Juniper" is there, and a very pretty Crye it is, but "Sweet Lavender" is wanting. The Journal of the Folk Song Society (No. 22) gives a great number of Cryes which for the most part seem to be very modern. Since first calling attention to this subject I have received a great number of Cryes from all over the country. But my task was merely to unearth some specimens by composers of such eminence and of a period interesting to us all. There is one little Crye which I can contribute from my own youthful experience, and which I believe still lives. It is the "Hot Cross Buns" Crye on Good Friday morning. Hindley, in his book "The Cryes of London," says:

> "Perhaps no cry, though it is only for one day in the year, is more familiar in the ear of a Londoner than that of 'One-a-penny, two-a-penny, hot cross buns.'"

Eliza Cook has also written a poem on the subject of "Hot Cross Buns." But we do not find this Crye in the old 17th century collections. "Hot spiced Gingerbread" is there, and seems to come a little near to it; yet in my young days at Rochester this Crye was a

[1] *See* John Taylor's "Records of my Life," vol. i., p. 372.

most attractive one to me, and always on Good Friday morning—very early—as I lay in bed in the quiet old Cathedral City, the boys and men employed by the various bakers started crying "Buns," *singing them*, as the men of Shakespeare's time sang, to a delightful tune, a real old Crye.

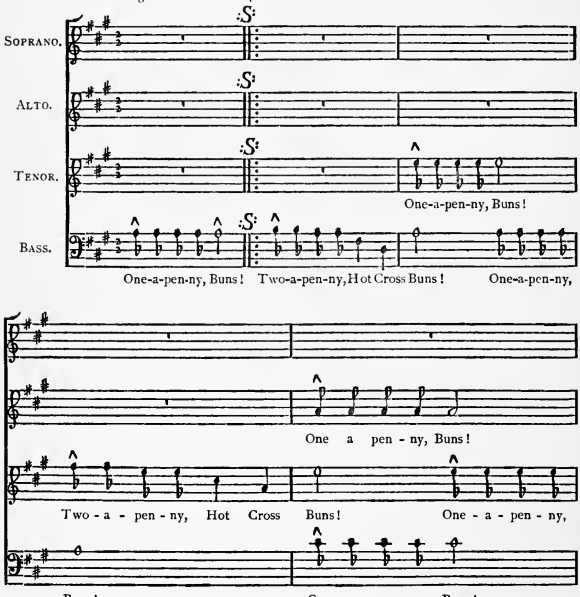


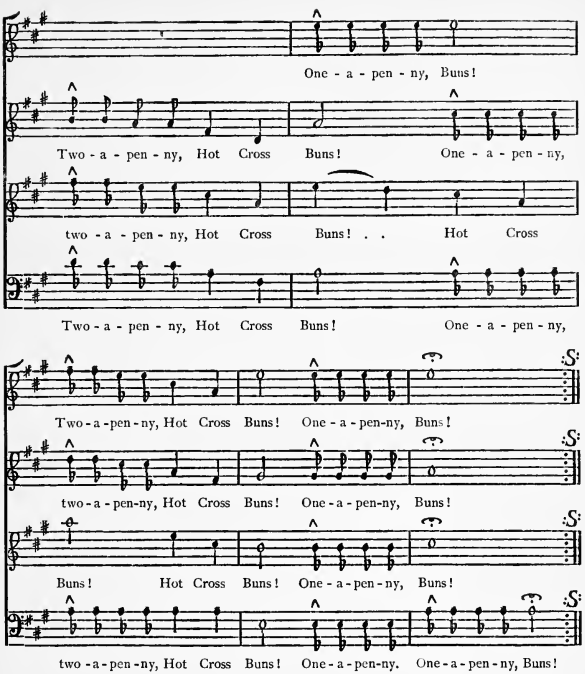
The effect of the various voices, some under my window and some a long way down the High Street, some at one pitch and some at another, was to me—of course, a musical little boy—truly delightful. Perhaps the thought that we should have hot cross buns for breakfast—which we

always did on Good Friday ; it would have seemed a real calamity if they had been missing from the table—made the singing more than ever sweet.

I have endeavoured to preserve this Crye, and to give some of the effect produced by various voices by arranging it as a little four-part ditty, which I venture to append. It should be sung rather softly at first, and repeated three times. At each repetition the speed and tone should be increased, beginning *Lento* and ending *Presto*.

"HOT-CROSS BUNS."





I must not omit to pay a tribute to a very earnest and enthusiastic student of musical history. As early as January, 1917, the late Dr. T. Lea Southgate wrote an article on Deering in the *Musical Times*, and made particular allusion to Lydgate and the Cryes. In the autumn of that year I was able, greatly through his help, to produce the Cryes by Weelkes and

Gibbons at one of my Gresham Lectures, and the last article he wrote, and which he did not live to print, was on this subject. Since then I have given largely of my spare time to studying and preparing for publication these interesting musical treasures. I have already mentioned the excellent work, in the same direction, of Miss Lucy Broadwood. She attended my lecture in Westminster School in 1919, and afterwards sent me the Journal of the Folk-Song Society, published in June of that year. Until I received that interesting paper I had no idea that she or the Folk-Song Society were engaged in these investigations. The Journal contained the first article that I had read on the outcome of to-day's musico-archæological research in these fields. It is very interesting and valuable, and will help to preserve many modern Cryes. Some of these, as is pointed out in the Journal, have a clear affinity with earlier examples. I have not ventured to discuss them here. My task, as I have said, has been to bring to light some hidden treasures of Shakespearian times, and the great interest taken in this matter has been encouraging and gratifying. It has brought me much correspondence, and some useful information that I cordially acknowledge.

Now that the Fancies are published in a cheap form (by Messrs. Novello), I hope they may find a place in many programmes. They could very appropriately be sung at School concerts, and, with a little explanation of their meaning, could be made a vehicle for much instruction in the ways of Old London in the days of Shakespeare, as shadowed forth in the Cryes.

Chapter XX.

COUNTRY CRYES

IN "Country Cryes," by Richard Deering, we find a delightful picture of country life in the time of Shakespeare. It was the discovery of this humorous Fancy in the British Museum which led the way to my researches among the Cryes of London. With the assistance of my old friend, Dr. T. Lea Southgate, I was able to produce a version of this interesting work at one of my Gresham Lectures in 1917. Dr. Southgate, greatly assisted by Miss Ethel Higgins, took infinite pains to make a score from the part-books, and he was engaged upon the work up to the time of his death. Indeed, it was at a rehearsal of this Fancy at Trinity College of Music that we met for the last time this side the veil.

The labour of constructing a score from old part-books is very difficult. Dr. Southgate was not able to correct his work, and after producing it at my Lectures I came to the conclusion that it must be carefully revised and corrected. This has now been done by Mr. Jeffrey Pulver, and I feel confident that we now have as perfect a copy as can well be made.

The humorous Fancies of Weelkes, Gibbons, and Deering were all, no doubt, written in the early years of the 17th century. (The copies of the Fancies by Gibbons and Deering are dated 1616.) Deering's Fancy, "Country Cryes," must have been written about the same time. This is proved by the reference to "Mr. Courtnell the King's cart taker"—the allusion being to King James I.

Unlike the Cryes of London, this Fancy, with one exception, does not seem to include any folk-songs. The exception is the charming little song "Harvest home," which is undoubtedly an old tune. The work is a representation of a day of country life, and is written for five voices and viols. There is a charming mixture of dialect. The opening, "God give you good-morrow, Sir Rice ap Thomas ap William ap Shones," is clearly Welsh, while the reply of "Jack" to his father's inquiry, "Sleepst or wakst?" "Vast asleep, vather, cham vast asleep," is suggestive of Somersetshire. "Harvest home," words and music, is purely English. It is not possible to describe every detail; the music must be heard to be understood. But I will try to give a general view of the character and scope of this very arresting musical curiosity.

Like the Fancies of the Cryes of London, this Fancy opens with a short imitative symphony for the viols. Afterwards a single voice enters, as if saluting the master of the house very early in the morning, with:

> God give you good-morrow, Sir Rice ap Thomas
> ap William ap Shones,
> Past three o'clock and a fair morning.

The work of the day begins with the men attending to the horses, one being told to "fling her collar on her head." We hear the master calling to his boy:

> O! Jack, sleepst or wakst? . . .
> Rise and feed the cattle and the sheep.

Jack says:

> Nay, vurst chill [first I'll] ha' my breakfast.

Then other voices come in with familiar Cryes to the pigs, cattle, and chickens: "Tig, tig, tig," "Coop, coop, coop," "Biddy, biddy, biddy," &c. Robin is told:

> . . . 'tis time to rise
> Easter must have herring pies,
> For huntsmen that kill not their hare.

Then various hounds are named, Jugler, Woodman, Jowler, &c.; and the hunting begins. "The hare is newly up" when the noise of the

hounds in full cry is heard, "Yebble yabble, yebble yabble," together with the horn, "Tararera, tararera." After this excitement the Fancy becomes, for a time, very placid, punctuated by a few exclamations or "Heigh-ho," "Gee, gee," "Ree, hut, hut, hut," &c., which seem to be merely little encouraging calls to the horse a man is riding, curiously interspersed with directions to "whistle"—also, perhaps, to encourage

his mount. Then ensues a dialogue between the horseman and a neighbour whom he meets:

Morrow, neighbour, whither go you?

To which the neighbour replies in true Somerset dialect:

Who? What zay?
Why, whither, gay man?

The reply to this is very interesting :

> Chuz [I was] warn'd by Mr. Courtnell, the King's cart taker,
> To carry beans unto the Court, for His Majesty's brown baker.

The rider evidently passes on, and begins to encourage his dogs : "Hey, soy dogs, soy dogs." Another voice says, "Whirr, hey dogs," and suddenly the rider calls out, "A mark, a mark," and we are projected into a picture of "Hawking" :

> 'Ware hawk, 'ware hawk, this flight was bravely flown,
> Let's seek another hunt, this partridge is our own.

A curious episode now occurs. The soprano calls out :

> O Lord, O Lord, O good Master,
> Quaeso, quaeso, quaeso praeceptor.

It looks as though, for some fault, he were being chastened by his preceptor.

Then the country "Town Crier" appears. This is very similar to the Town Crier of the London Cryes (who had lost a grey mare). But the country Crier gives notice of a play :

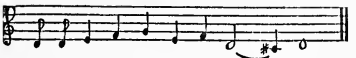
> O Yes ! All that can sing and say
> Come to the Town Hall.
> And there shall be a Play
> Made by the scholars of the Free School,
> Where shall be both a devil and a fool ;
> At six o'clock it shall begin,
> An you bring not money,
> You come not in.

This allusion to the play containing a devil and a fool is an interesting touch. Such characters occur in many plays before the time of Shakespeare.

As soon as the Crier has finished we hear the sound of the Sow gelder's horn to the words :

> Da poope, da poope,
> Ha' ye any pigs or lambs to geld ?

Then comes a real country scene—the swarming of bees ! "Buzz, buzz, buzz," sing the chorus, and a voice above the buzz sings



"Ho Mother Crab, your bees are flown!" At this point a change of time occurs, and a curious and noteworthy effect is produced. The bass continues to sing "Buzz, buzz," for twenty bars on one continuous note, and the player on the bass viol is directed to *drum with the back of the bow* on this one note. This effect, an imitation of the humming of the bees, is a remarkable point. So far as I know it is the first time that it occurs in the music of an Englishman (modern composers have used it), and the

introduction of this novelty may be a proof that Deering had studied in Italy in his youth, a fact constantly stated but on what authority I know not, except an allusion in the Preface to his fine Motets, which, he says, were begotten in "the first city in the world." Deering was a Roman Catholic, and to him, I suppose, Rome would be that city. It is possible that this very effect—striking the strings of the viol with the back of the bow—was invented by Monteverde, the great Italian composer (1567-1643), who also used *pizzicato*, and it seems more than likely that it was of him that Deering learned it.

(Since writing the above I have been assured by Mr. Adam Carse that Monteverde does not appear to have used the expedient of drumming with the back of the bow. And I am indebted to Miss Higgins for kindly indicating an example of a similar nature, and also of *pizzicato*, employed by an Englishman in 1605! These occur in a collection of Ayres, &c., for "Viole de Gambo, by Tobias Hume, Gentleman," printed by "John Windet, dwelling at the Signe of the Crosse Keyes, at Powles Wharfe, 1605." The number is entitled "Hark! Hark!" and contains the following directions: (1) "Play nine letters with your finger"; (2) "Your finger as before" (*i.e.*, *pizzicato*). At the last phrase we find "Drum this with the back of your Bow." Of course, Deering may have written his Fancy before 1605, but of this there is no proof. In any case, such early exploration of the field of orchestral effect, by an Englishman, affords valuable first-hand evidence of the advance of technical means in this country at the beginning of the 17th century.)

While the Buzzing and Drumming continue, the chorus sings a lively strain in fugal imitation to the words:

Ring out your kettle of purest metal
To settle, to settle the swarm of bees:
For men new wiving, the way to be thriving
Is hiving, is hiving, &c.
Then no time lose to hive your bees.[1]

[1] The loud beating of a tray or kettle is a common method of settling a swarm of bees.

After this bright and busy scene the time of the music again changes, and a delightful "Harvest home" tune follows:

Harvest home, harvest home,
Our fields are reaped,
Our meads are mown:
Then may we sing and sport and play,
To-morrow we'll make holiday.
And now farewell all sorrow,
Our fields are broke to-morrow.
And what if it be so?
The bagpipes and the merry, merry maids
A-milking go.

Another change of time introduces the final song, of a pastoral and lively character:

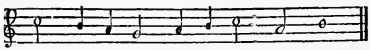
And some will go thither their heels to shake,
And some will go for their sweethearts' sake;
And some will carry a good spiced cake,
And some good syllybubs to make.
And thus they sing, as I have heard,
With Hey, jolly buckets to milking-ward.

And so pleasantly and effectively ends this delightful picture of a day in the country from early morn to dewy eve in the period of Shakespeare.

One wonders who wrote the words? And also what prompted Deering to set them in such novel form. His setting affords further proof that in Richard Deering, so disparaged by musical historians, and so long overlooked by English musicians, we have a composer of extraordinary versatility, and one whose name stands out among his contemporaries as that of a man of real genius.

As already said, so far as I can discover, the only tune he quotes is the little song "Harvest home." It suggests a fragment of village

music, with a possible imitation of the chimes of church bells, and I am told on good authority that the tune is still sung in Cornwall at many "Harvest homes." The rest of the music, including of course its well-written and tuneful parts for strings, is all by Deering, and in many



respects it is more original and effective than even the admirable Town Cryes. I rejoice in having been the medium—assisted by my friend Dr. T. Lea Southgate, and by Mr. Pulver and Miss Higgins—of bringing this masterpiece to the light of day. The complete poem, with a short glossary, will, I think, be of interest:

COUNTRY CRYES.[1] *Richard Deering, d.* 1630.

God give you good-morrow Sir Rice ap Thomas ap William ap Shones,
Past three o'clock and a fair morning.
Why hold her scrape, you fitteling knave?
Get her from her mistress' window.
Harle, fling her collar on her head, for her play all night at Whipper Whipper Shinny.
O Jack Jack sleepst or wakst?
Vast asleep vather, Cham vast asleep vather.
O, Jack, rise and feed the cattle and the sheep.
Nay, vurst chill ha' my breakfast, for all Cham fast asleep.
Tig, tig, tig, tig, &c. Coop, coop, coop, &c., Biddy, biddy, &c.
Ho mal, ho mal, ho mal, ho.
Up Robin, 'tis time to rise,
Easter must have herring pies,
For huntsmen that kill not their hare,
Therefore Robin do not spare,
But if thou find her at the squat,
Easter's near, lay on thy bat.
No, no, no, no, Jugler 's good at start,
And Woodman he will do his part,
But Jowler I hold twenty pound
Shall kill her if she go on ground.
Hark! Hark! Hark!
Now watt, watt, watt,
Look well unto thy squat.
So ho, So ho, the hare is newly up;
Yebble yabble, yebble yabble,
To her again; that 's he hunny;
Yebble, yabble,
Tararera tararera tararera sing.
The hare is almost spent,
Now Jowler, Jowler hold thine own,
So farewell, Jack-a-Lent.
Heigh-ho. [*Whistle.*] Gee, gee. [*Whistle.*] Ree, hut, hut, hut. [*Whistle.*]
Ball, haste a-God's name.

[1] The spelling has been modernised generally, but phonetic imitations of dialect have been retained. One or two words have been altered.

Morrow, neighbour, whither go you?
Who? What zay?
Why, whither gay, man?
Chuz warn'd by Mr. Courtnell the King's cart taker,
To carry beans unto the Court, for his Majesty's brown baker.
Hey, soy dogs, soy dogs.
Whirr, hey dogs, hey dogs, hey.
Phree hay hunt quando, hey hunt quando.
A mark, a mark! Ret chance, hie ret fortune.
'Ware hawk, 'ware hawk, this flight was bravely flown,
Let's seek another hunt, this partridge is our own.
O Lord, O Lord, O good master,
Quaeso, quaeso, quaeso praeceptor.
O Yes, all that can sing and say,
Come to the Town Hall,
And there shall be a play,
Made by the scholars of the Free School,
Where shall be both a devil and a fool;
At six o'clock it shall begin,
An you bring not money,
You come not in.
Da poope, da poope, &c.,
Ha' ye any pigs or lambs to geld?
Buzz, buzz, buzz, &c.
Ho Mother Crab, your bees are flown;
Ring out your kettle of purest metal
To settle, to settle, the swarm of bees;
For men new wiving, the way to be thriving
Is hiving, is hiving, &c.
Then no time lose to hive your bees.
Harvest home, harvest home,
Our fields are reaped,
Our meads are mown;
Then may we sing and sport and play,
To-morrow we'll make holiday.
And now farewell all sorrow,
Our fields are broke to-morrow.
And what if it be so?
The bagpipes and the merry, merry maids
A-milking go.

And some will go thither their heels to shake,
And some will go for their sweethearts' sake ;
And some will carry a good spiced cake,
And some good syllybubs to make.
And thus they sing as I have heard,
With Hey, jolly buckets to milking-ward.

A GLOSSARY OF DEERING'S "COUNTRY CRYES" IS APPENDED:

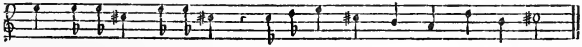
Cham	I am.
Chance and Fortune	May be names of dogs.
Chill	I will.
Chuz	I was (?).
Fitteling	Babbling, or possibly "fiddling."
Harle	Pull.
Hie	Cry used to encourage dogs on to game.
Hut	Call to a careless horse.
Ree	Call to a horse.
Ret	May be abbreviation for "Retrieve."
Shinny	A game like hockey.
Squat	Impression, or form of the hare.
Syllybub	A sweet dish.
Vast	Fast (Somerset dialect).
Vather	Father „ „
Vurst	First „ „
Watt	A hare (Norfolk dialect).
Yabble	To bark rapidly.

APPENDIX

THIS Section comprises some selected Cryes and Tradesmen's Songs that are not illustrated in the foregoing chapters. Also it includes the Rat-catcher's Song of Deering. These are typical examples, culled from the large number yielded by research in the British Museum and elsewhere. Those by Richard Deering will be found as complete part-songs in the "Cryes of London" (Novello).

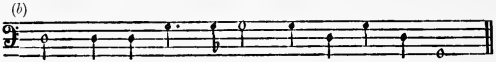
In these days of stupendous upheaval of the whole national life, it is good to pause for a moment and, by way of the quaint little melodies preserved in the Cryes, so eloquent of manners and customs of days that are accomplished, to sense the simpler, less strenuous age that evolved them. Two representative examples are appended. The first (*a*), that lilts so bonnily, tells of a period when every great house had its "herbary," and every housewife's domestic lore its recipes for potions to charm all ills. The aromatic juniper entered into not a few of these; and, too, its use was not unknown in the preparation of strong waters:

(*a*)



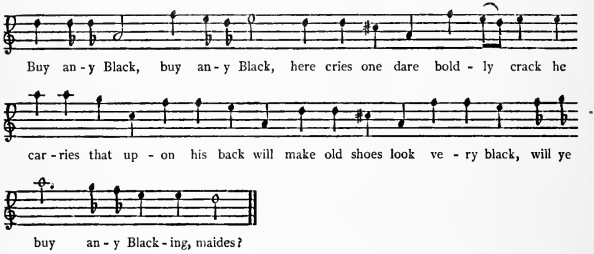
(*b*) gives us the sonorously-vibrant and full-throated Crye of the Watchman (or Bellman, as he became in the reign of Mary Tudor) :—

(*b*)



Pepys delightfully introduces this warden of the night when he writes : "I staid up till the bellman came . . . and cried, 'Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.'" The Diarist is particular in his information, for he interpolates, ". . . just under my window, as I was writing of this very line"—and so vividly brings before us the lighted window in Axe Yard in January, 1660, and the copiously-shawled admonitory worthy outside, with bell and horn lanthorn.

When, in history, did the Blacking Seller first step upon the scene? And when, along with his keg that he carried on his back, did he step out of it, to make way for Day & Martin, used by Sam Weller—as a parenthesis informs us, when first we meet that worthy in the "yard of the 'White Hart,' High Street, Borough"? The little sequential melody of the blacking man sounds curiously modern :—



The Blacking Seller does not figure among the purveyors of cacophony that prompted Hogarth's delineation of "The Enraged Musician," in which plate the artist depicts a distracted composer standing at his window, clenching impotent fists at the industrious

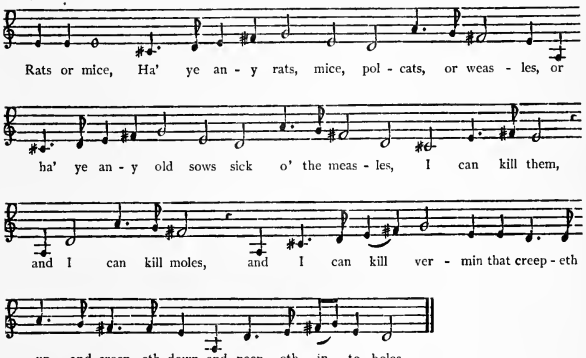
mechanic grinding a cleaver, the shrill milk-maid, the sow-gelder with raucous horn, the mackerel-seller, the ballad-vendor, the dustman with clanging bell, the sweep, emerging from a distant chimney-top, hoarsely vocal, with menacing broom. Hogarth's selection was a contemporary one, and doubtless is apt in suggesting the discords that make the title apposite.

It will be noted that none of the Songs here selected for illustration are comprised in Hogarth's harsh catalogue: which, probably, was harsh only relatively, for "Will you buy any milk to-day, Mistris?" has a charm all its own, and the "Chimney Sweep" with his "hoop de-re" can be made arresting by Gibbons and Deering.

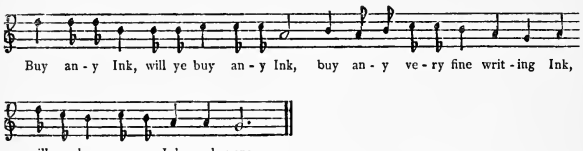
The Rat-catcher's Song no doubt had a peculiar significance at the period when the Cryes flourished. In a city that knew its Alsatia, where "in dark dwellings, with subterranean passages, narrow streets, and trap-doors that led to the Thames, dwelt all the rascaldom of the time," the art of him who could

"... kill vermin that creepeth up and down and peepeth into holes,"

was doubtless esteemed beyond the worth of the song that now interests us :—



The Rat-catcher has persisted to this day, and the modern necessity for war on rats has given him an official status. But the Ink seller has long since been gathered with customs that have vanished. Here is his song :—



There are several variants of the words, *e.g.*,

My ink is good—as black as jet;
'Tis used by Princes, and the State . . .

Judging from the fine preservation of some old MSS., there were traditional recipes of nut-gall and copperas known to the picturesque vendors of this scholars' fluid, far transcending any ink that may now be purchased. The Ink seller was also a dealer in pens (*vide* his Song), and is generally depicted with a sheaf of very large quills, and with his flagon of ink pendent from a bandolier.

Exhaustively to pursue the subject would demand a very large volume. The scheme of the present book is not to explore to finality. Rather is it my purpose to ask the reader to walk with me reflectively in an age whose impress upon the national character is at length being viewed in its right perspective—and such an excursion is rendered possible viâ the Songs and Cryes that preserve so much of the domestic life of the period.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