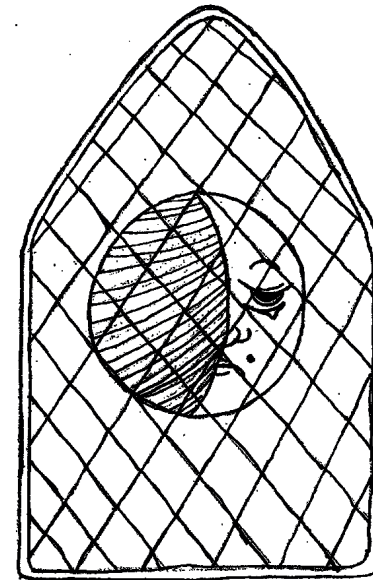
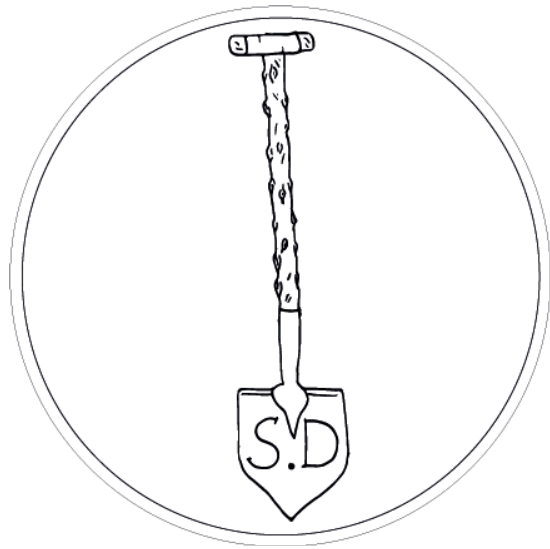


LIMEHOUSE TOWN HALL

~ 10.12.2021 ~

Shovel Dance Collective



ORDER OF SERVICE

So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn!
May God send our master a good crop of corn,
And a good crop of corn that we may all see;
With the wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear!
Pray God send our master a happy new year,
And a happy new year as e'er he did see;
With our wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

Chorus

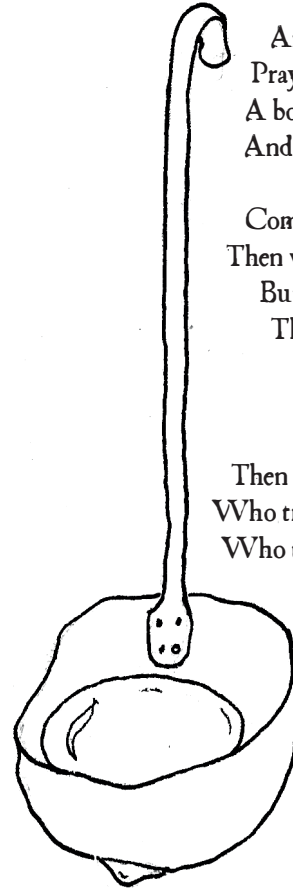
And here is to Colly and to her long tail!
Pray God send our master he never may fail.
A bowl of strong beer; I pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Come, butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,
Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest;
But if you do draw us a bowl of the small,
Then down shall go butler, bowl and all!

Chorus

Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock;
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin,
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

Chorus x2



THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL

One of the most common Wassail songs, having been collected by Cecil Sharpe in Pembridge, Herefordshire in 1909 and published in the Oxford Book of Carols. The Gloucestershire Wassail falls into the second category of wassail songs - an opportunity to impose petty demands on one's betters. Alongside carolling, pace-egging, souling (and later, trick-or-treating), there is a rich history of calendar celebrations being turned to this purpose. Sometimes these traditions are gentle, and sometimes (like Plough Monday at the end of wassailing season) they're backed up with active threat. The Gloucestershire Wassail contains an amazing evocation of the motley wassailing crew, a threat against parsimonious butlers, and a celebration of the conspiratorial maid who eventually lets them in.

Chorus:

*Wassail, wassail all over the town!
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;
With the wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!*

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek!
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef,
And a good piece of beef that we all may see;
With the wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye!
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
And a good Christmas pie that we may all see;
With our wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

Chorus

Shovel Dance Collective are:

Alex Mckenzie
Daniel S. Evans
Fidelma Hanrahan
Jacken Elswyth
Joshua Barfoot
Mataio Austin Dean
Nick Granata
Oliver Hamilton
Tom Hardwick-Allan

Our guest performers are:

Sarah Lloyd and Ian Kennedy

Aga Ujma

Kitty and Bridge Walker

Special thanks to everyone at Limehouse Town Hall, Charlie Loane for sound engineering, our door, merch stand, and donations bar operators, and everyone who's supported us throughout 2021.

There was an old farmer and he had an old cow,
But how to milk her he didn't know how.
He put his old cow down in his old barn.
And a little more liquor won't do us no harm.

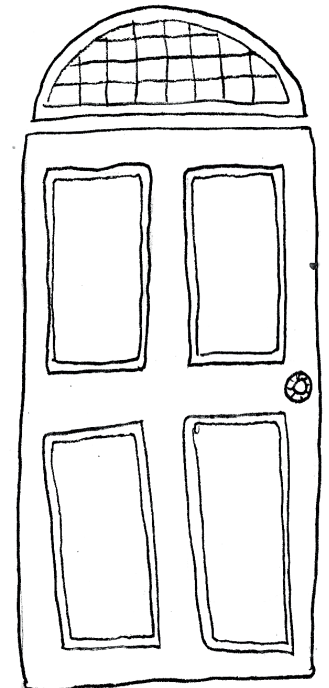
Harm me boys harm, harm me boys harm,
A little more liquor won't do us no harm.

Chorus

○ the ringles and the jingles and the tenor of the song
goes
Merrily merrily merrily.
○ the tenor of the song goes *merrily.*

HATFULS, CAPFULS,
THREE-BUSHEL BAGFULS,
LITTLE HEAPS UNDER
THE STAIRS.

HIP HIP HOORAY!



THE APPLE TREE WASSAIL

Wassailing is a double tradition, usually observed around Christmas, the New Year, or on Twelfth Night. In some places it's performed in orchards as a blessing for the new year's (cider) crop; in others it takes a house-visiting form - singing for drinks and cake. The Apple Tree Wassail exhibits elements of both, but leans into the apple-tree blessing - alongside a diversion concerning a confused farmer. It originates somewhere in the West Country or on the south coast, and comes bracketed by a threat towards the tree and a toast of the apples to come. We learned it from the singing of the Watersons.

APPLE TREE APPLE TREE, BEAR GOOD FRUIT,
OR DOWN WITH YOUR LEAVES, AND UP WITH
YOUR ROOT!

O lily-white lily, o lily-white pin,
Please to come down and let us come in!
Lily-white lily, o lily-white smock,
Please to come down and pull back the lock!

Chorus:

(It's) Our wassail jolly wassail!

Joy come to our jolly wassail!

How well they may bloom, how well they may bear

So we may have apples and cider next year.

O master and mistress, o are you within?
Please to come down and pull back the pin

Chorus

PART ONE

GEORGIE

A ballad with a complex history, and many variations, Georgie was collected in England (in the 17th century) and Scotland (in the 18th century). Sometimes Georgie is a nobleman, sometimes an outlaw, on this occasion he is a mysterious poacher: some kind of labourer, expropriated by the Enclosures, to be executed for hunting deer in order to feed his starving family. Normally poachers were transported rather than executed, and our Georgie is shackled in 'chains of gold' and owned a 'broad, bright sword' so there must be something especially subversive about him.

Once I had such a purty little boy
As good a little boy as any
He could run five miles in one half an hour
To bring a letter for me Georgie

*My Georgie's gonna be all in some chains of gold
In chains that you don't see many
With a broad bright sword hanging down by his side
And I'll fight for the life of my Georgie*

My Georgie never stole no silver or gold
Never murdered or hurt anybody
Only stole sixteen of the queens white deer
For to feed his poor family

My Georgie's gonna be all in some chains of gold etc.



PORTSMOUTH

Come come my brave boys
Never mind how she rolls
As soon as the gale is over we'll sling a fresh bowl
While straight across our masthead it blows a
sweet gale
We'll soon see the Isle of Wight if we clap on
more sail

We have arrived at Spithead, and we are at our
ease
We'll pipe hands to skylark and do just as we
please
While no more cries our Captain: it blows a
sweet gale
We'll soon take our whack if the bank it do not
fail

NEWCASTLE

Come you not from Newcastle
Come you not there away?
Oh met you not my true love
Riding on a bonnie bay?

Why can I not love my love?
Why can my love not love me?
Why can I not speed after him
If love to all is free?

In spite of all blame and danger
With Willie I'll roam,
His arms my safe dependar
His breast my happy home.

Why can I not love my love?
Why can my love not love me?
Why can we not together roam
If lover to all is free?



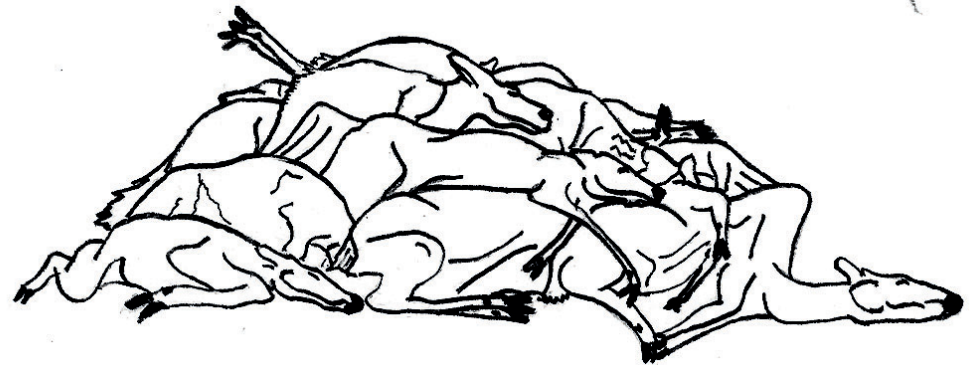
Once I lived on shooters knoll
And vassals I had many
I'd be giving the silver to every man
Who could spare me the life of me Georgie

My Georgie's gonna be all in some chains of gold etc.


I've had six children now already
And the seventh lies in my belly
I'd be giving the silver to every man
Who would fight for the life of me Georgie

*My Georgie's gonna be all in some chains of gold
In chains that you don't see many
With a broad bright sword hanging down by his side*

And I'll fight for the life of my Georgie



THE FOGGY DEW



One of those songs old enough to crop up in both English and American traditions, in different versions. The foggy dew here is symbolic of those moments of fleeting euphoria that are so impossible to grasp: the dew settles overnight and by the morning is gone. The song connects with a state of love and loss as the dew evaporates into the ephemeral, punctuated by the sad fact that two lovers will never be able to see each other again. The Foggy Dew carries the memory of all those souls who weren't allowed to love each other for long, and for all the ways love has been suppressed through history – and that's quite a weight.

When I was a bachelor, young and bold,
I followed the roving trade,
And the only harm that ever I'd done
Was in courting a handsome maid.

I courted her all in the summertime
And part of the winter too,
And the only harm that ever I'd done
Was to keep off the foggy dew.

It was one night about twelve O'clock
When I lay fast asleep,
There came that maid to my bedside
And bitterly she did weep.

KISSIN'S NAE SIN



Some say that kissing's a sin

But I think it's least of all

For kissing has wandered this world

Ever since there was two.

If it wasn't lawful
Lawyers wouldn't allow it.

If it wasn't holy
Ministers wouldn't do it.

If it wasn't modest
Maidens wouldn't have it.

If it wasn't plenty
Poor folk wouldn't get it.

A set of tunes opened with a song. Kissing's Nae Sin is a short exposition on the blessed nature of an amorous and affectionate gesture, which came to us via Ewan MacColl. Newcastle and Portsmouth are both dance tunes published in Playford's Dancing Master in the 1600s. The words to Newcastle seem to have been added within a century of its publication. The words to 'Portsmouth' were added by us, taken from the Portsmouth song 'Come come my brave boys,' collected from merchant seaman Fredrick Fennemore in the Portsmouth workhouse in 1907. The song hasn't been collected anywhere else and is likely to be of Fennemore's own creation. The tune of 'Come come my brave boys' is less agreeable than that of Portsmouth and we thought the latter tune more accurately conveys the sense of joy at seeing the familiar Hampshire coastal waters around the Isle of Wight, Spithead, and Southsea after a long voyage - and knowing pay is soon to be on its way!

She wept, she moaned, she tore her hair
And she cried 'What shall I do?'
So I held her tight for all that night
Just to keep off the foggy dew.

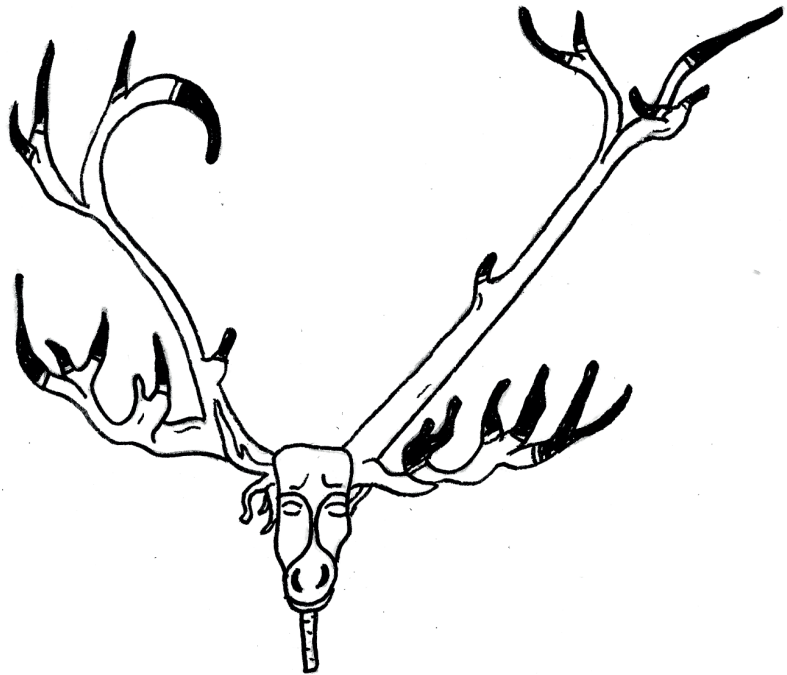
For the first part of that night,
How we did sport and play
Then for the second part of that night
Snug in my arms she lay.

Then when the broad daylight arose
She cried, 'I am undone!'
'Oh, hold your tongue, you silly young girl,
For the foggy dew has gone'

I never told nobody her name
And damned be if I do.
But it's many's a time I think on that night
When we kept off the foggy dew.

This tune is named after a traditional dance of the same name. The annual event - which happens every Wakes Monday in the small village of Abbots Bromley, Staffordshire - involves several dancers and musicians performing in procession through the village, visiting farms, houses and (most importantly) pubs as they go. A central prop is the use of large reindeer antlers which date back to the 11th century. The namesake horns feature alongside other archetypal characters: a hobby horse, a fool and Maid Marian. Some historical sources note that the dance was performed at Christmas, New Year and Twelfth Day although it has now been confined to a single day every year since the 1600s.

*ABBOTS BROMLEY
HORN DANCE*



THE BOLD FISHERMAN



An instrumental setting of a song from the repertoire of the Copper Family of Rottingdean, traditionally performed unaccompanied. The words tell of a woman courted by a lord who she initially takes for a common fisherman. The folklorist and singer A. L. Lloyd has a theory that the song plays on the symbolism of early Christian mysticism (the Royal Fisherman, the three Vestures of Light, the Recognition and Adoration, and the House of the Father). This might be a bit far-fetched - but either way it's a great song, and a wonderful tune when allowed to stand on its own.

THE GREY COCK

This very old song tells a story which is sung under many different names: The Lover's Ghost, Willie's Ghost and The Cock, amongst others. Much like The Foggy Dew and My Singing Bird, this song is concerned with the melancholy temporality of love, with all the contradictory yet familiar feelings that evokes. It tells of a lover returning from the dead to visit their former partner. The ghost is at first depicted as any normal person, guided across the apocalyptic burning river Thames. He is only allowed to remain in the realm of the living until the morning is signalled by the crowing cockerel. Despite his desperate pleading, the cock calls and the fleeting moment of reunion disappears. There is mirrored imagery in the hellish scene that births the ghost in the first verse, and then the vision of the world's end in the final verse, within which the two lovers may finally be reunited.

I must be going, no longer staying,
The burning Thames I have to cross.
And I will be guided without a stumble
Into the arms of my dear lass.

And as I came to my true love's window
I knelt down gently upon a stone
And through a pane of glass I whispered softly,
'My dear girl, are you alone?'

She raised her head from her down-soft pillow
And heavy was her beating breath,
She said, 'Who's there, who's there at my bedroom
window?
Disturbing me from my long night's rest?'

'I am your lover, and don't discover.
I pray love rise and let me in
For I am fatigued from my long night's journey,
And besides I am wet down to the skin;



THE CHERRY TREE CAROL

Derived from a story in the apocryphal gospel of Pseudo-Matthew, this song is old indeed. First evidenced in some form as a song associated with the high-summer feast of Corpus Christi in mystery plays of the Midlands, it survived in both English and American traditions into the 20th century – but by that point associated more with Christmas than with the season of Trinity. We learned it from Shirley Collins' masterful renditions on Sweet England and Folk Roots, New Routes.

Joseph was an old man, an old man was he
When he courted the virgin Mary, the queen of Galilee.
As Mary and Joseph were walking one day
To an orchard of cherry trees they happened to stray.

Said Mary to Joseph so meek and so mild,
'Fetch me some cherries, Joseph, for I am with child'
Then Joseph flew angry, so angry flew he,
'Let the father of your baby gather cherries for thee'

Then up spoke lord Jesus from in his mother's womb,
'Bow down, yonder cherry trees, bow low to the ground'
Then the cherry trees they bowed down, bowed low to the ground
And Mary gathered cherries whilst Joseph stood around

Then Joseph he knelt down and a question gave he:
'Come and tell me, pretty baby, when your birthday shall be?'
'On the fifth day of January, my birthday shall be
And the stars in the heavens shall all bow down to me'

She quickly rose and put on her clothing
Then she let her true love in.
They kissed, held hands, and embraced each other
Until that long night was at an end.

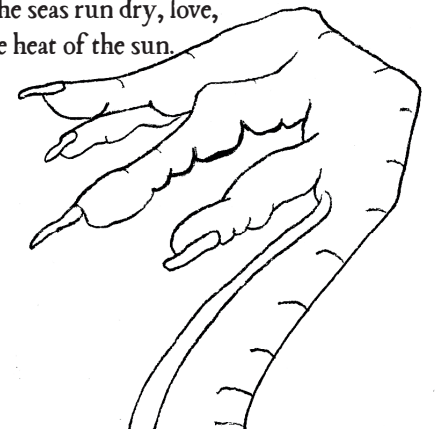
'Oh willy dear, oh handsome Willy,
Where is that colour you'd some time ago?
'Oh Mary dear, the clay has changed me,
I am the ghost of your William.

And it's oh cock, oh cock, oh handsome cockerel!
I pray don't crow before it's day.
Then your wing's I'll make of the very first beaten gold
And your comb I'll make of the silver grey.'

But the cock it crew, and it crew so fully,
It crew three hours before it was day.
And before it was day, my love had to go away,
Not by the light of the moon nor the light of the day.

And when she saw her love disappearing
The tears from her eyes in streams did fall
He said, 'Weep for me no more, dear Mary,
I am no longer your William.'

'And it's Willy dear, oh handsome Willy,
Whenever will I see you again?'
'When the fish do fly, love, and the seas run dry, love,
And the rocks they melt in the heat of the sun.



THE WHITE COCKADE

~

JOE BANES

A pairing of two tunes, one Scottish, the other Irish. The White Cockade originated as a Jacobite marching tune in the late 17th and early 18th Centuries, played by Scottish and Irish rebels - supporters of James II & VII's descendants' claim to the British throne, including Bonnie Prince Charlie. Although the Jacobite cause was necessarily tied up with the greed, imperialism, and authoritarianism of the Stuarts, for many working class people and oppressed and marginalised Catholics, it represented a fight for liberty and against imperialist British unionism. Several versions of the words to the White Cockade were in circulation by the time Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs was published in 1776, but the ones we sing come from Robert Burns. Joe Bane's is an Irish tune: technically a schottische or a barndance, given its swung 4/4 metre. It's very similar to The White Cockade so pairs nicely while providing an opportunity for a shift in tone. We learned it from the playing of Jack Talty & Cormac Begley.

My love was born in Aberdeen
The bonniest laddie that you've e'er seen
But now he makes my heart fu' sad
He's taken to the field wi' his white cockade

Chorus:

*He's a rantin, a rovin lad
He is a brisk and a bonny lad
Whate'er betide, I will be glad
To follow the laddie wi' the white cockade*

From his high and cosy nest,
Then I would take my singing bird
and warm him to my breast.

Because there's none of them can sing so sweet etc.

So I'll go climb some high, high tree
And rob that poor bird's nest
And I'll take home my singing bird
To the arms that I love best.

Because there's none of them can sing so sweet etc.

*There's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you
Ahh Ahh
My singing bird as you.*



MY SINGING BIRD

Edith Wheeler, who, with her two sisters, travelled the northern counties of Ireland collecting songs and tunes, wrote the words to this song. She said of the tune "The melody to which the words were written were taken down from William Simpson, of Moneyrea, one of the few remaining handloom weavers in Co. Down. He played it upon the fiddle, and called it "The Banks of Claudy." By all accounts, the tune we play it to, coming from the McPeake family of Belfast, is somewhat different to the one Wheeler sang. Francis McPeake learned the song from his father, Frank, and supposed he might have learned it from his. Wherever it's from, it fits into the tradition beautifully, containing that well known folkism of climbing high trees to steal birds. To us, it captures the bitter sweetness of a beautiful, ungraspable moment passing by too fast, much like the experience of listening to the song itself.

I've seen the lark sore high at morn,
Heard his song up in the blue.
I've heard the blackbird pipe his note,
the thrush and the linnet too.

*But there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you
Ahh Ahh
My singing bird as you.*

If I could lure my singing bird

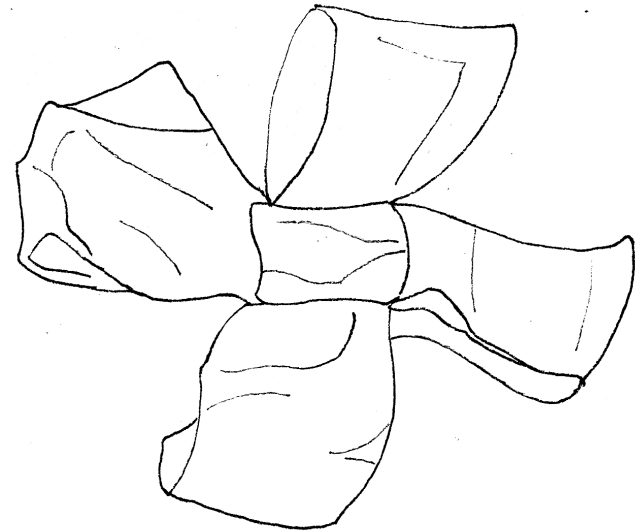


I'll sell my roke, my reel, my tow
My good grey mare and hawkkit cow
To buy myself a tartan plaid
To follow the laddie wi' the white cockade

Chorus

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest laddie that you've ever seen
But now he makes my heart fu' sad
He's taken to the field wi' his white cockade

Chorus

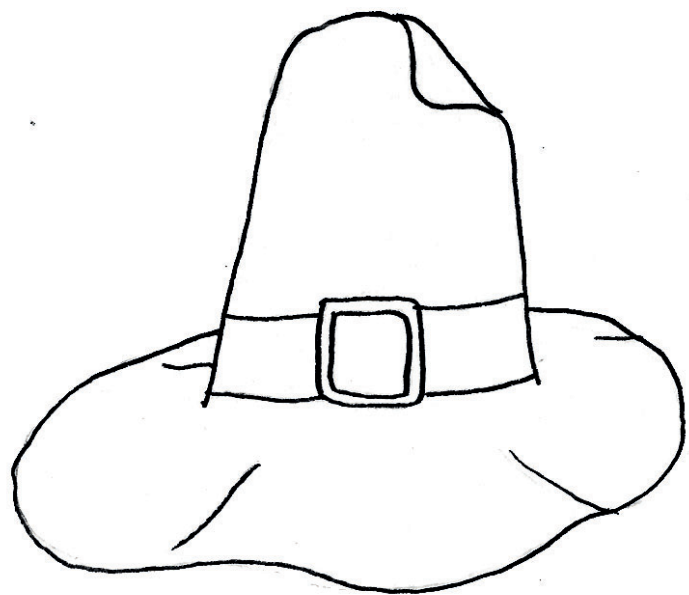


MERRILY KISSED THE QUAKER

~

JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR

A pairing of one Irish tune and one English tune. Merrily Kissed the Quaker came to us through versions by Planxty and by Fin Moore, and through playing in Irish pub sessions. It's a very well known tune, as it was published in Bulmer and Sharpley's 1974 *Music from Ireland Vol 1*, an important source of Irish music for the folk revival generation. We learned Johnny's So Long at the Fair from the playing of Arnold Woodley, featured on one of Topic Records' *Voice of the People* albums. It's the tune of an old English nursery rhyme, which crossed over into folk tradition, and became used as a Morris dance tune.



PART TWO

ON CHRISTMAS DAY IT HAPPENED SO

An English folk song, first appearing in broadsides of the late 1800s and early 1900s. While some take this as the tale of a spiteful curse bestowed by Christ, we take it instead as a folk defence of festival, mobilising divine threat in their favour. It might date to times when Puritans derided Christmas as 'Foolstide' and landowners used the excuse of anti-Papism to wring an extra day's work out of their labourers, or it might date to the era in which Scrooge and others of his class insisted on their employees working through Christmas – either way, it seems unlikely that the farmer's 'need' is truly his own. The song is a warning for those who would profane the holy holiday with work. We learned it from the singing of May Bradely.

On Christmas day it happened so,
Down on those meadows for to plough.
As he was ploughing all on so fast,
There came sweet Jesus himself at last

'Oh man, oh man, why dost thou plough
So hard upon the lord's birthday?'
The man he answered him with great speed,
'To plough this day I have got need'

His arms did quaver, through and through,
His arms did quaver, he could not plough.
The ground did open and loose him in
Before he could repent of sin

His wife and children out of place,
His beasts and cattle almost lost.
His beast and cattle did die away
For ploughing on old Christmas day -

His beasts and cattle did die away
For ploughing on the Lord's birthday.

