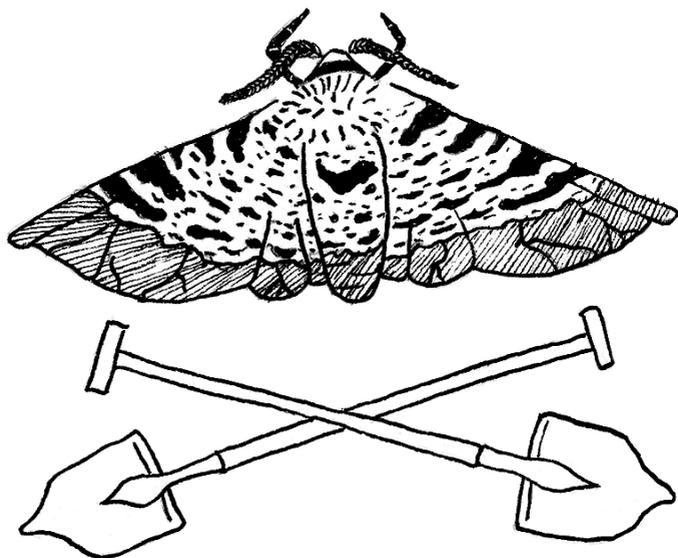


MOTH CLUB

~ 2.8.2021 ~

Shovel Dance Collective



ORDER OF SERVICE

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*

*Special thanks to Broadside
Hacks, Black Cat White Cat
Promotions, Moth Club, and
Thrysis.*

THE BOLD FISHERMAN



MY HUSBAND'S GOT NO COURAGE IN HIM

Oh dear oh

Oh dear oh

My husband's got no courage in him

Oh dear oh

As I rode out one may morning
Down by the riverside
There I beheld three maidens fair
And one of them her hands was ringing.

Oh dear oh etc.

My husband he can dance and sing,
Do anything that's fitting for him,
But he cannot do the thing I need
Because he's got no courage in him.

Oh dear oh etc.

There's many things I'm cooking for him,
Anything that's fitting for him,
Oyster pies and rhubarb too
But still it won't put courage in him.

Oh dear oh etc.

Oh seven long years I've laid beside him,
And seven long years I've made his bed,
But this morn I awoke with my maiden-
head

Because he's got no courage in him.

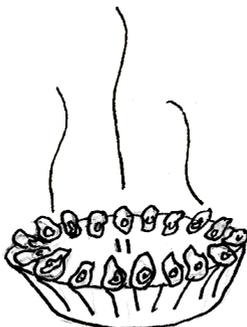
Oh dear oh etc.

I wish to God that he was dead
And in his grave I'd quickly lie him.
And I'd go and find another to wed
And hope he had some courage in him.

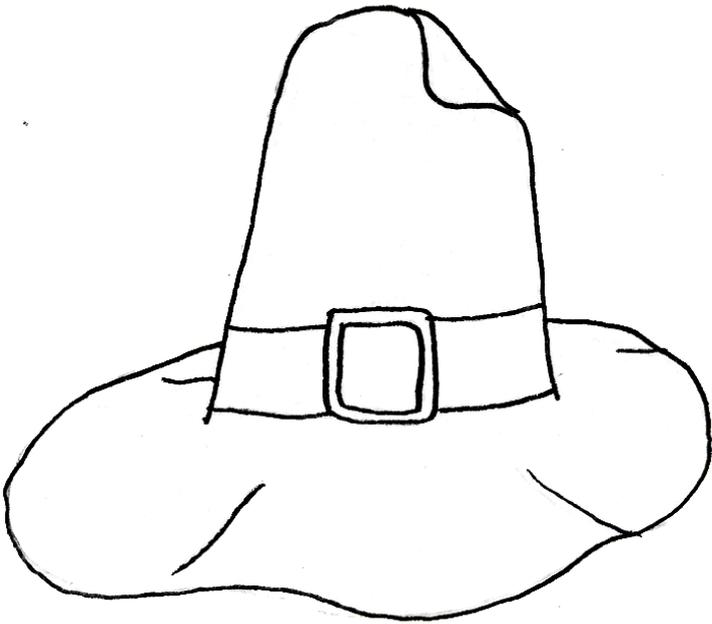
Oh dear oh etc.

So all you girls come listen to me:
Better try a man before you marry
For if you don't you'll end up like me
When you find he's got no courage in
him.

Oh dear oh etc.



MERRILY KISSED
THE QUAKER



JOHNNY'S SO LONG
AT THE FAIR

GEORGIE

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.*

Once I lived on shooters knoll
And vassals I had many

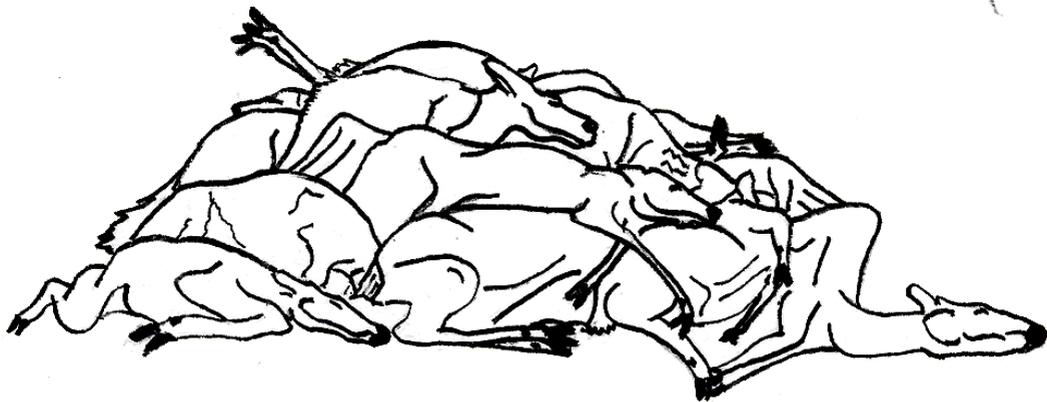
I'd be giving the silver to every man
Who could spare me the life of me
Georgie

*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





MY SINGING BIRD

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
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.*

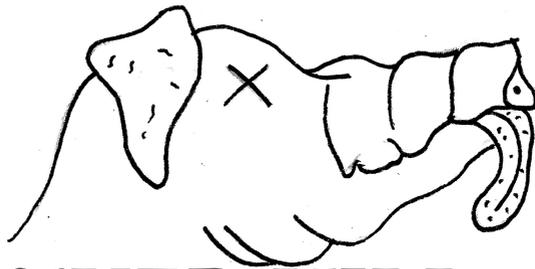
So I'll go climb some high high tree
And rob that poor bird's nest



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.*



BYKER HILL

If I had another penny
I would have another gill,
I would bid the piper play
The Bonny lass of Byker Hill

*Byker Hill and Walker shore, collier
lads forever more
Byker Hill and Walker shore, collier
lads forever more*

The pitsman and the keelman trim
They drink bumble made from gin
Then to dance they do begin
To the tune of Elsie Marley

Byker Hill and Walker shore etc.

Georgie Johnson had a pig
Hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig
All the way to Byker Hill
To the tune of Elsie Marley

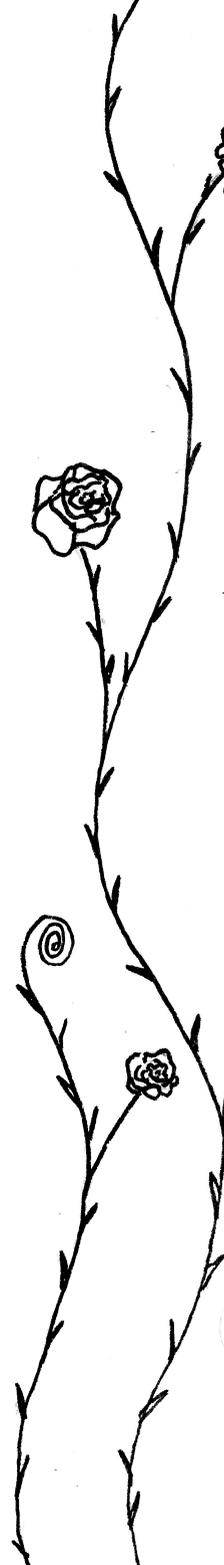


Byker Hill and Walker shore etc.

When first I went down to the dirt
I had no cap and no pitshirt
Now I'm wearing two or three
Boy, the pit's done well by me

Byker Hill and Walker shore etc.

~



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.*

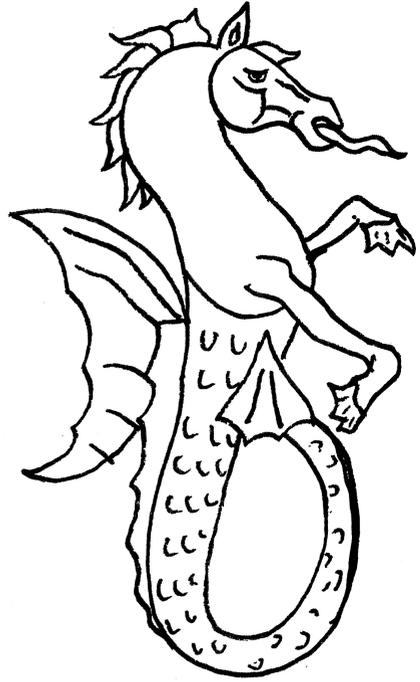
NEWCASTLE

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

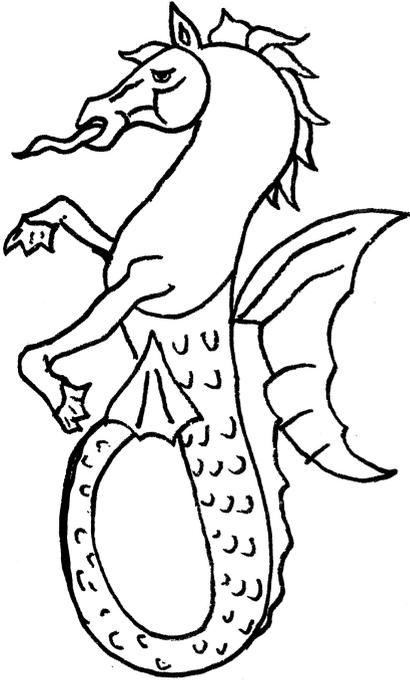
*Why can I not love my love?
Why can my love not love me?
Why can I not speed after him
If love to all is free?*

*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?*



PORTSMOUTH

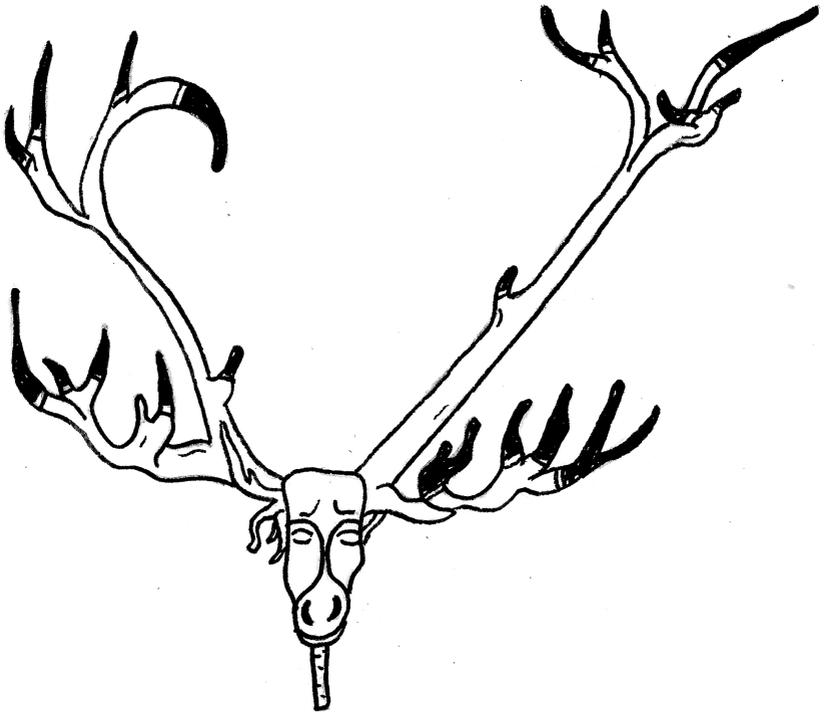


*Come come my brave boys
Nevermind how she rolls
As soon as the gale is over we'll sling a
fresh bowl
While straight accross our masthead it
blows a sweet gale
We'll soon see the Isle of Wight if we
clap on more sail*

*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*

~

*ABBOTS BROMLEY
HORN DANCE*



THE FOUR LOOM WEAVER

*I'm a four loom weaver as many a one knows,
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out my clothes,
My clogs are both broken and stockings I've*

none

*And they barely give me tuppence for all that I
done*

*Old Billy o bent, he kept telling us right
We might have better luck if we'd just hold
our tongues.*

*I've holden my tongue till I near lost my breath
And I feel in my own heart I'll soon clem to
death*

*I'm a four loom weaver as many a one knows,
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out my clothes,
My clogs are both broken and stockings I've*

none

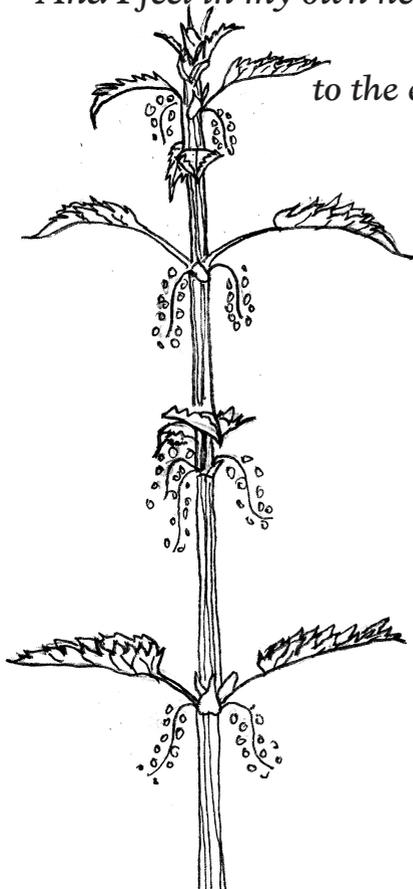
*And they barely give me tuppence for all that I
done*

*We held out for six weeks, thought each day
was the last,*

We tarried and shifted and new we're quite
fast
We feasted on nettles when nettles were good
And Waterloo porridge was the best of our
food

I'm a four loom weaver as many a one knows,
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out my clothes,
My clogs are both broken and stockings I've
none
And they barely give me tuppence for all that I
done
And I feel in my own heart I've woven myself

to the end



THE FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor, young and
bold,
I followed the roaving 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.

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.*

