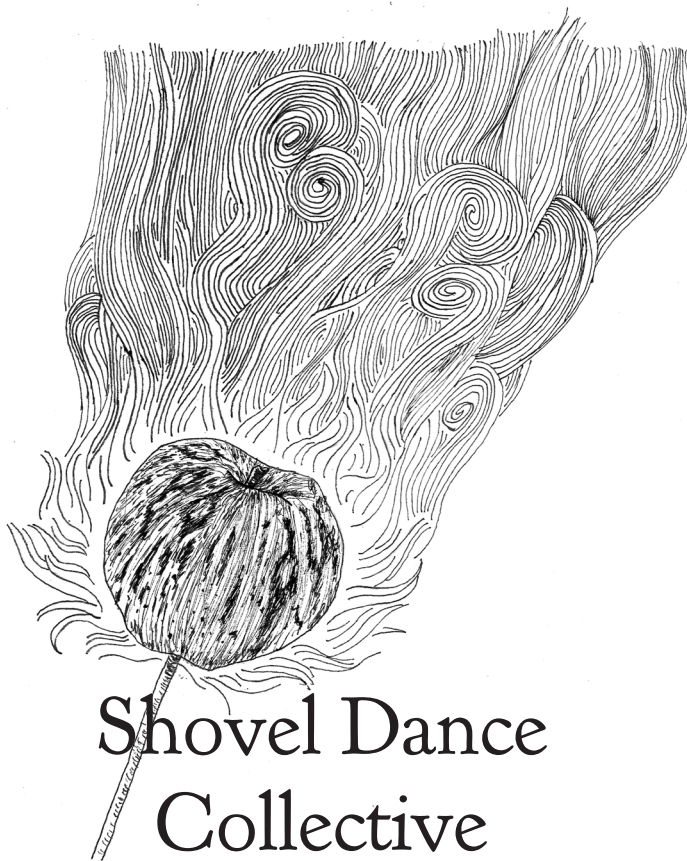


BONFIRE NIGHT ABBEYDALE PICTURE HOUSE

~ 5.11.2022 ~



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

Tonight, Shovel Dance Collective
will be:

Daniel S. Evans
Joshua Barfoot
Mataio Austin Dean
Nick Granata

Special thanks to Abbeydale Picture
House, Mark Riddington in particu-
lar, and Zac Barfoot for housing us
this weekend .

SUSSEX BY THE SEA

Sussex by the sea was written in 1907 by William Ward-Higgs as kind of informal anthem for the great and ancient county of Sussex (both east and west - a controversial division imposed on the people of the county). We weren't as taken with it's tune as with that of 'the Rose of Allendale' from the Copper Family, also of Sussex. This song is another folk song which is not a folk song in the normal way: it has a known author: Charles Jefferys, written in 1836 as a quaint parlour song. But both songs have become a part of the lively living tradition of working class music in Sussex. 'Sussex by the sea' is one of the key songs sung by the bonfire societies and the people of Sussex during the famous Lewes bonfire celebrations.

Now is the time for marching, Now let your hearts be gay,
Hark to the merry bugles Sounding along our way.
So let your voices ring, my boys, And take the time from me,
And I'll sing you a song as we march along,
Of Sussex by the Sea!

Refrain

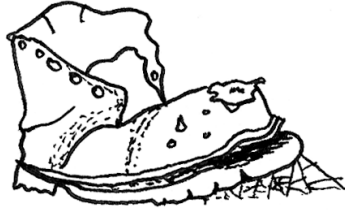
*Oh Sussex, Sussex by the Sea!
Good old Sussex by the Sea!
You may tell them all we stand or fall,
For Sussex by the Sea.*

Up in the morning early, Start at the break of day;
March till the evening shadows Tell us it's time to stay.
We're always moving on, my boys, So take the time from me,
And sing this song as we march along,
Of Sussex by the Sea.

Refrain

Sometimes your feet are weary, Sometimes the way is long,
Sometimes the day is dreary, Sometimes the world goes wrong;
But if you let your voices ring, Your care will fly away,
So we'll sing a song as we march along,
Of Sussex by the Sea.

Refrain



THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY

The story of *The Handsome Cabin Boy* is one of many where the central character alters their appearance in order to gain passage on a ship or go to war. Often, the protagonist is a woman, hoping to follow her love, finally revealing her true identity (inclusive of gender) in the face of, for example, their imminent cannibalisation at the hands of their boo (*The Silk Merchants Daughter*), or else whenever the time might be right for a happy ending. This song is one of the few which is markedly different, in the respect that the cabin boy isn't *following* anyone but defies his assigned gender to ramble 'into some foreign land', which appears to mean much more than simply work on a ship. Our hero gets very well acquainted with both the captain and his wife, the fun coming almost to an abrupt end when he gives birth on the ship, seemingly unaware of his pregnancy up to that point, thinking he must be dying. Having misheard A L Lloyd's version of this, we thought that neither the captain nor his wife could work out which of them made the boy pregnant - a happy misreading, conjuring imagined epilogues of an 18th century pan-sexual thrupple raising a baby on the high seas. A song as overtly queer, and so joyfully so, is a rare thing to find, and even without the odd lyrical change and misheard line, the song retains that. We're re-framing the punchline of what may have been understood as a joke, but these mishearings, recontextualisings, omissions, alterations and reclamations are at the very heart of what keeps folk music alive - as an expression of an un-historied but never forgotten past.

Here's hoping for a jolly lot more like the handsome cabin boy!

It's of a pretty 'female', or as you might understand
His mind being bent on rambling into some foreign land
He's dressed himself in sailor's clothes, or though it does appear,
And he's signed up with a captain to serve him for a year

The captain's wife, she being on board, it gave to her great joy
To think her husband had engaged such a handsome cabin boy
So now and then she slipped him a kiss, and her and him did toy
But it was the captain who found the secret out of the handsome
cabin boy

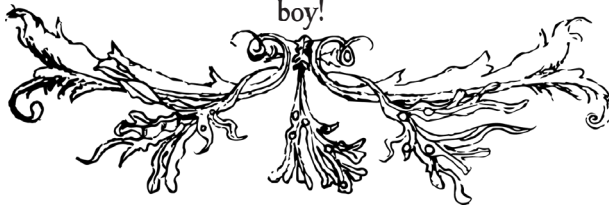
His cheeks they were like roses, his hair all in a curl
The sailors often smiled and said, 'he looks just like a girl!'
But eating of the captain's biscuit, his colour did destroy
And the waist did swell of pretty Nell, the handsome cabin boy

'Oh doctor dear! Oh doctor!' The cabin boy did cry
'My time has come, I am undone, and I should surely die!'
The doctor came a-running in and smiled at the fun
To think this handsome sailor lad should have a daughter or a
son

The sailors, when they heard of it, they all did stand and stare
The child belonged to none of them, they solemnly did swear
The captain's wife, she said to her husband, 'I wish us both great
joy!

For it's either you or I've betrayed the handsome cabin boy.

So each man took his tot of rum and drank success to trade
And likewise to the cabin boy, who was neither man nor maid
Here's hoping the wars don't rise again, us sailors to destroy
And here's hoping for a jolly lot more like the handsome cabin
boy!



ME NAH DEAD YET

'Me nah dead yet' is a Guyanese folk song collected by the great Wordsworth McAndrew. In Guyana, the Dutch are remembered as the worst of the colonisers and the worst of the slave-owners. Even worse than the British. There are several folk sayings and practices and traditions that reference this fact, particularly regarding the treatment of spare change, and particular trees - haunted by the evil Dutch. One Dutchman tree had a road built in a curve around it to avoid having to cut it down: this has led to many fatal car accidents, but whenever a worker is hired to cut down the tree (from the 20th century until now) he has either been killed or injured. Some of these trees were used by the Dutch to hide their treasure. In so doing, the Dutchman would have one of his slaves bury the treasure among the roots of the tree and when the riches were well hidden, he would kill the enslaved person. This would ensure that no one knew where the treasure was other than the Dutchman, and provided the tree and its hidden riches with a spirit guardian and protector. It is from this practice, and the perspective of the enslaved spirit, that the song is thought to originate. Much of the folklore and folksong of Guyana records the deep, inter-generational trauma of slavery and colonialism in these strange, often oblique and sometimes seemingly playful or joyous ways.

Me not dead yet fire fallow me bam bah, me nah dead
Me not dead yet fire fallow me bam bah, me nah dead
 Me not dead yet fire fallow me bam bah
Me not dead yet fire fallow me bam bah, me nah dead

Me not dead yet ants a-biting me bam bah, me nah dead
Me not dead yet ants a-biting me bam bah, me nah dead
 Me not dead yet ants a-biting me bam bah
Me not dead yet ants a-biting me bam bah, me nah dead

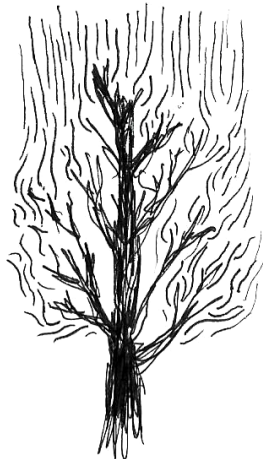
Me not dead yet go up in me boat bam bah, me nah dead
Me not dead yet t go up in me boat bam bah, me nah dead
 Me not dead yet go up in me boat bam bah
Me not dead yet go up in me boat bam bah, me nah dead

Me not dead yet fire fallow me bam bah, me nah dead
Me not dead yet fire fallow me bam bah, me nah dead
 Me not dead yet fire fallow me bam bah
Me not dead yet fire fallow me bam bah, me nah dead

Mr. Capcap me nah dead yet bam bah, me nah dead
Mr. Capcap me nah dead yet bam bah, me nah dead
 Mr. Capcap me nah dead yet bam bah
Mr. Capcap me nah dead yet bam bah, me nah dead

Me not dead yet pastor pray for me bam bah, me nah dead
Me not dead yet pastor pray for me bam bah, me nah dead
 Me not dead pastor pray for me me bam bah
Me not dead yet pastor pray for me bam bah, me nah dead

Me not dead yet bell a-toll for me bam bah, me nah dead
Me not dead yet bell a-toll for me bam bah, me nah dead
 Me not dead yet bell a-toll for me bam bah
Me not dead yet bell a-toll for me bam bah, me nah dead



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;

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.

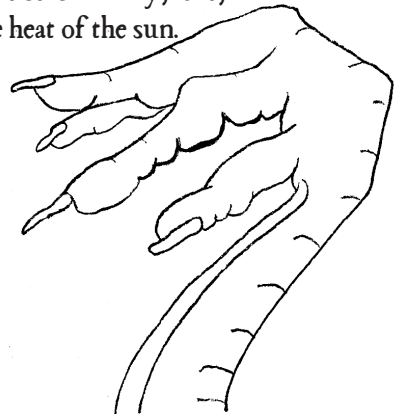
‘Oh willy dear, oh handsome Willy,
Where is that colour you’d some time ago?
‘Oh Mary dear, the clay has changed me,
I am the ghost of your William.

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.’

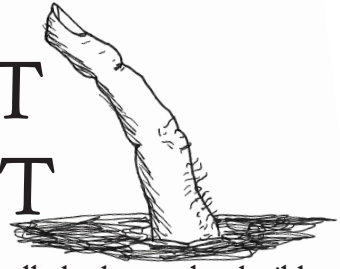
But the cock it crew, and it crew so fully,
It crew three hours before it was day.
And before it was day, my love had to go away,
Not by the light of the moon nor the light of the day.

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 HOT ASPHALT



Written by Ewan MacColl for his radio ballad about the building of the M1, *The Hot Asphalt* gives voice to the migrants (in this case, the Irish) who, road by road and brick by brick, built the UK. Our version is a nod to Luke Kelly's, who sang it with The Dubliners. The policeman's unfortunate end, melted and laid into the smooth tar road, is juxtaposed by a celebration of the navy's skill in their craft. As satisfying as it is to look at that perfectly smooth motorway is our hero's triumph over the prying policeman. Unfortunately, the police still insist on bothering migrants to this day, so we hope the navy's honest craft remains just as satisfying.

Good evening, all my jolly lads, I'm glad to find you well
If you'll gather all around me, now, the story I will tell
For I've got a situation and begorra and begob
I can whisper all the weekly wage of nineteen bob

'Tis twelve months come October since I left me native
home
After helping them Killarney boys to bring the harvest
down
But now I wear the geansaí and around me waist a belt
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the hot asphalt

Chorus

*Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I
never felt
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt*

The other night a copper comes and he says to me, McGuire
Would you kindly let me light me pipe down at your boiler fire?
And he planks himself right down in front, with hobnails up, till late
And says I, me decent man, you'd better go and find your bait

He ups and yells, I'm down on you, I'm up to all yer pranks
Don't I know you for a traitor from the Tipperary ranks?
Boys, I hit straight from the shoulder and I gave him such a belt
That I knocked him into the boiler full of hot asphalt

Chorus

We quickly dragged him out again and we threw him in the tub
And with soap and warm water we began to rub and scrub
But devil the thing, it hardened and it turned him hard as stone
And with every other rub, sure you could hear the copper groan

I'm thinking, says O'Reilly, that he's lookin' like old Nick
And burn me if I am not inclined to claim him with me pick
Now, says I, it would be easier to boil him till he melts
And to stir him nice and easy in the hot asphalt

Chorus

You may talk about yer sailor lads, ballad singers and the rest
Your shoemakers and your tailors but we please the ladies best
The only ones who know the way their flinty hearts to melt
Are the lads around the boiler making hot asphalt

With rubbing and with scrubbing, sure I caught me death of cold
For scientific purposes, me body it was sold
In the Kelvin grove museum, me boys, I'm hangin' in me pelt
As a monument to the Irish, making hot asphalt

THE CRUEL MOTHER

A wide ranging song performed with many variations and names (Greenwoody Sidey, The Lady Dressed in Green, The Lady of York, All Around the Loney-O, Weilo Weilo Weilo). The story involves a mother engaged in the infanticide of her illegitimate children, and the resulting visit from their ghosts and eventual damning to the fires of hell. It is densely packed full of motifs and common folksong imagery. From the babes killed in the wood, the liminality of children passing away, the blade whose blood will never wash away and the cautionary tale of having children out of marriage. This song in Ireland and Scotland has even become a children's song, a ballad of young death sung over skipping ropes and playgrounds across the island. Inherent in the fable of the story is the control over gendered bodies, and reproductive capacity more widely. There are many stories of fathers singing it to their daughters, as a warning for what might happen if they fall pregnant. Our version repeats over and over (with newly written lines) the various stages of liminal purgatory that the mother must go through before she is finally damned to hell. The beautiful repeated refrain has a hypnotic, meditative quality, further drawing us closer into the temporal weight of this tragic narrative. We hope that by stretching out time in this way, and revealing the absurdity of these archaic notions of childbirth, we can draw out a new story. Namely spotlighting and resisting the historic violence placed upon reproductive bodies, and the underground violences they thus had to reproduce in order to survive, and a call for corporeal emancipation worldwide!

A minister's daughter from the north
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
She fell in love with her father's clerk
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

He's courted her for a year and a day
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
'Til she that young man did betray
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

She's leaned her back against a thorn
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And there two bonny boys she has born
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

So she took out her little pen knife
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And there she's twined them of their lives
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

As she looked oer her father's wall
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
She's seen two bonny boys playing the ball
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

'O bonny boys, if you were mine
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
I'd dress you all in silks so fine'
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

'Cruel mother, when we were thine
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
We didn't see ought of your silks so fine'
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

'Then bonny boys please tell to me
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
What sort of death that I should die?'
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

'Seven years a bird in the wood
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
Seven years a fish in the flood
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

Seven years a working plough
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And seven years a seed in the ground
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

Seven years a log on the sea
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And seven years a log on the beach
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

Seven years a stepping stone
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And seven years the creek it's upon
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

Seven years a tongue in the warning bell
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And seven years in the flames of hell'
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

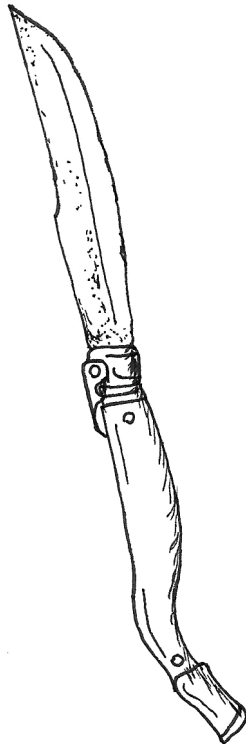
'O welcome, welcome fish in the flood
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And welcome, welcome bird in the wood
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

O welcome, welcome working plough
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And welcome, welcome seed in the ground
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

Welcome, welcome log on the sea
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And welcome, welcome log on the beach
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

Welcome, welcome stepping stone
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
And welcome, welcome creek it's upon
Down by the greenwood sidey-o

Welcome, welcome tongue in a bell
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o
But God save me from the flames of hell!
Down by the greenwood sidey-o



THE CUTTY WREN

The Cutty Wren is an ancient ceremonial king-killing song with revolutionary potential, collected all over England and Wales. The English Marxist folksong collector and singer, A. L. Lloyd, called this song a 'totem song' which became an 'anthem of the partition and sharing of the body of royal sacrifice, in this case the king of the birds, the wren.' The notion of the Wren as the king of the birds is an ancient and curious one: paradoxically, the wren achieves this status because it is the smallest of the British birds. A. L. Lloyd notes that the wren is, to this day, still 'considered a power of evil' by some. Countless legends feature the wren as 'a tyrant' going by the names of: the King, the Little King, the King of the Birds; it is still called the "hedgeking" in some parts of England. Traditions of 'wren hunting' were common in recent centuries and sometimes continue to this day in symbolic and performative residual forms. In the case of *The Cutty Wren*, the Wren has taken on the form of the hidden weakness of the ruling class, the hidden quantitative physical poverty of ruling class power, but also, in Lloyd's words, the form of 'baronial property, preparations for whose seizure and redistribution to the poor was... a formidable task, to be carried out in great secrecy.' In the song's imagery, the wren's wings, severed from its body, make the gesture of death: the ritual death of kingly, totemic power.

In the song, *the Cutty Wren* is ritually slain, carried, and shared out with the use or attempted use of specific symbolic tools: the knife, the fork, the hatchet, the cleaver, the bow and arrow, the gun, the cannon, the four strong men, the cart, the wagon, and the cauldron, and it is given (as is proclaimed in the final verse) not to the nobles, but to the poor. This ritual death calls for the death of imperial power. *The Cutty Wren* is a ritualistic, magical, totemic song of king-killing. Lloyd also notes that the king-killing song was, and is, a common song form in British, (residually) pre-Christian folklore and folksong. The folksong figures of John Barleycorn and the Corn King (kings of the field), and the Herring's Head (king of the fish), etc., are a part of this same tradition. Lloyd proclaims (with little evidence) that the song of *The Cutty Wren* took on revolutionary meaning at the time of the 1381 Peasants Revolt, when kingly, feudal power was fundamentally challenged.

Despite the lack of evidence backing up Lloyd's claim, the ironic notion of the tiny bird's immense and beastly size certainly speaks to a kind of revo-

lutionary, liminal, transformative folk ontology: the radical transformation of small into big, and big into small: the almighty machine of state power is realised as diminutive compared to the mighty weight of the people's power. The small and meatless creatures of the sky become beasts to be defeated, shared, and heartily consumed. This notion of a creature so impossibly big that it can only be realised as communal property and not as private property reflects the reality of the 'doomed' economy of the late Middle Ages from the point of view of the feudal ruling class. A major shift occurred in the power relations between workers and Lords between 1350 and 1500 as wages increased and rents declined. Thus, as the feudal mode of production's ability to rule over the mass corpus of the population began to decline, and as the oppressed classes' ability to endure feudal rule declined, the feudal economy could not reproduce itself and the new high-wage regime allowed for the "wealth of the people," but excluded the possibility of capitalistic wealth. This contradiction between practicable communal wealth and impractical private wealth is embodied in central mystical paradox of *The Cutty Wren*.

"O where are you going?" said Milder to Maulder

"O we may not tell you," said Festle to Foes

"We're off to the woods," said John the Red Nose

"We're off to the woods," said John the Red Nose

"What will you do there?" said Milder to Maulder

"O we may not tell you," said Festle to Foes

"We'll hunt the Cutty Wren," said John the Red Nose

"We'll hunt the Cutty Wren," said John the Red Nose

"How will you shoot her?" said Milder to Maulder

"O we may not tell you," said Festle to Foes

"With bows and with arrows," said John the Red Nose

"With bows and with arrows," said John the Red Nose

"That will not do then," said Milder to Maulder

"O what will do then?" said Festle to Foes

"Great guns and great cannons," said John the Red Nose

"Great guns and great cannons," said John the Red Nose

“How will you bring her home?” said Milder to Maulder

“O we may not tell you,” said Festle to Foes

“On the backs of strong men” said John the Red Nose

“On the backs of strong men” said John the Red Nose

“That will not do then,” said Milder to Maulder

“O what will do then?” said Festle to Foes

“Big carts and big waggons,” said John the Red Nose

“Big carts and big waggons,” said John the Red Nose

“How will you cut her up?” said Milder to Maulder

“O we may not tell you,” said Festle to Foes

“With knives and with forks,” said John the Red Nose

“With knives and with forks,” said John the Red Nose

“That will not do then,” said Milder to Maulder

“O what will do then?” said Festle to Foes

“Big hatchets and cleavers,” said John the Red Nose

“Big hatchets and cleavers,” said John the Red Nose

“O how will you cook her up?” said Milder to Maulder

“O we may not tell you,” said Festle to Foes

“In a bloody great big couldron” said John the Red Nose

“In a bloody great big couldron” said John the Red Nose

“Who’ll get the spare ribs?” said Milder to Maulder

“O we may not tell you,” said Festle to Foes

“We’ll give them all to the nobles,” said John the Red Nose

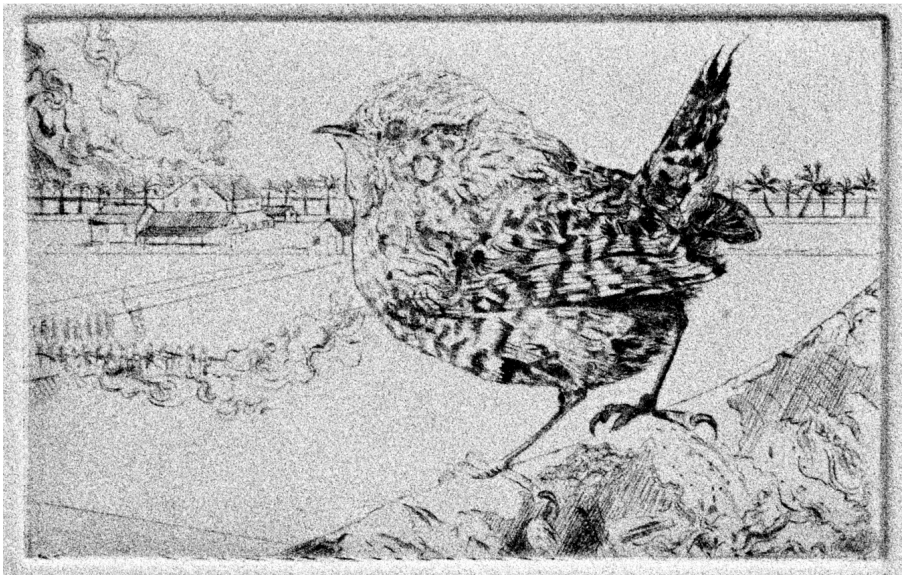
“We’ll give them all to the nobles,” said John the Red Nose

“That will not do then,” said Milder to Maulder

“O what will do then?” said Festle to Foes

“We’ll give them all to the poor,” said John the Red Nose

“We’ll give them all to the poor,” said John the Red Nose



The Wren surveys the Demerara Rebellion of 1823, Mataio Austin Dean, 2021, drypoint on paper.

THOUSANDS OR MORE

A favourite of the Copper family, from which this song is drawn, it encapsulates that spirit of coming together and sharing our happiness, despite our trials and tribulations. It's a song that is so entirely good for the soul, and (like the Copper family themselves) we often can't help but finish the night with it.

The time passes over more happy and gay,
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away.
Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away,
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away.

Bright Phoebe arises so high in the sky
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye,
Sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye,
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye.

If you ask for my credit, you'll find I have none,
With my bottle and friend you will find me at home.
Find me at home, find me at home, find me at home,
With my bottle and friend you will find me at home.

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more,
Thousands or more, thousands or more, thousands or
more,
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more.

