

SOLSTICE AT THE IVY HOUSE

~ 18.6.2022 ~



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

Our performers for the evening are:

Naima Bock
Aga Ujma
Rowan Gatherer
Bridget and Kitty
Old Palace Clog

And all who choose to sing along, or
offer a song during our session.

Special thanks to Faux Fancy, and
everyone at the Ivy House, especial-
ly Sam who was so welcoming to all
our ideas for the event.

PART ONE WAS THE
PROCESSION TO THE
IVY HOUSE

WHAT FOLLOWS IS PART
TWO

WELCOME TO THE IVY
HOUSE

IF YOU WISH TO SING IN THE FINAL PART OF THE EVENING, PLEASE

FIND A SHOVEL DANCER AND HAVE THEM WRITE YOUR NAME

NAIMA BOCK

We're thrilled to have Naima on the bill tonight, and are so pleased that she's doing a set of trad songs for us, with some accompaniment from our own Oliver Hamilton. Whether it's been her trad work with Broadside Hacks, or her own compositions, we are such fans of Naima's work and look forward to the release of her debut solo album 'Giant Palm' on July 1st.



AGA UJMA

Aga usually performs experimental folk music under her own name, accompanied by harp and sasando. Some of us were first introduced to her music via her incredible version of the traditional polish song, Uwoz Mamo Roz, which appears on the Broadside Hacks 'Songs Without Authors Vol 1' compilation album, and have since fallen in love with her voice and music. Tonight she'll be accompanied by Nat Philipps.



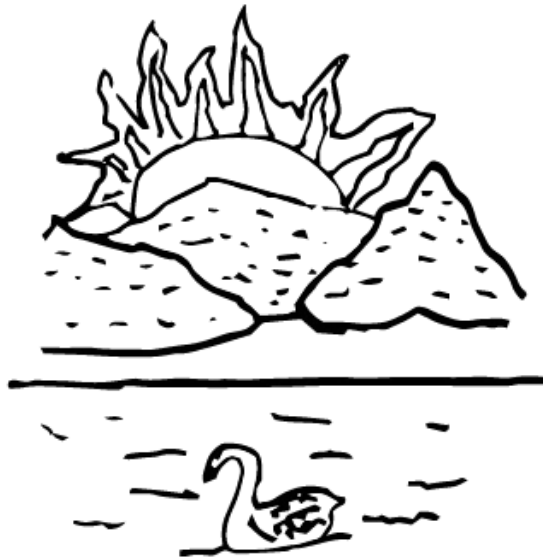
ROWAN GATHERER

Rowan Gatherer is an English artist turned folk singer based in London whose special interest in folk song and medieval music lead him to take up the Hurdy Gurdy as his primary instrument. The Hurdy Gurdy has its origins in the Middle Ages and produces sound via a crank-turned wheel rubbing against many strings.



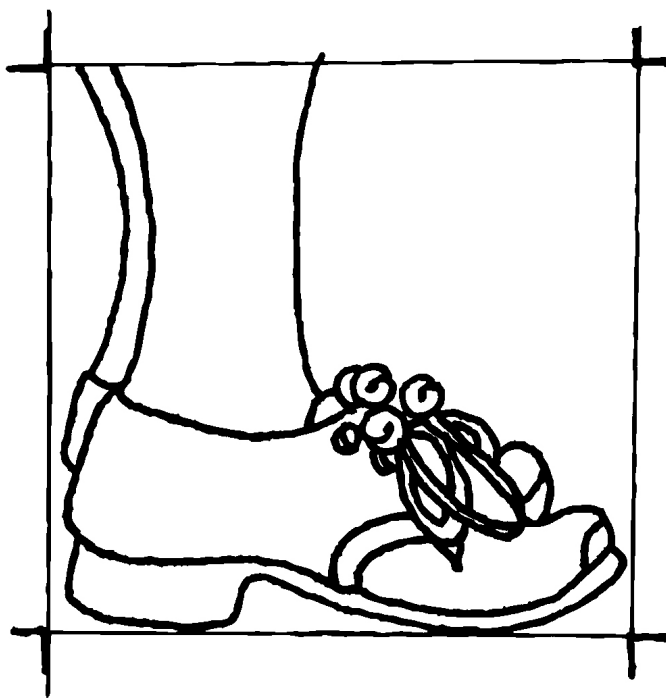
BRIDGET AND KITTY

Bridget and Kitty are sisters from South London who sing in close harmony from the English and Irish folk Canon. They are drawn to songs about love, drinking, and workers. They do not remember when they started singing together, but have shared a passion for traditional music throughout their teenage years that's developed into their own unique shared voice. They run a bi-weekly folk night at Match stick piehouse in Deptford.



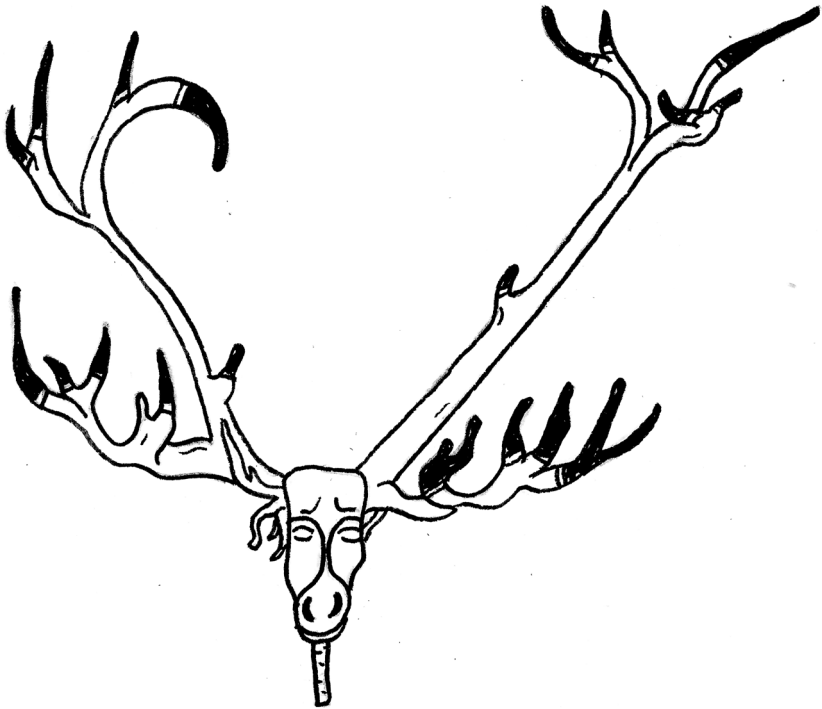
OLD PALACE CLOG

Old Palace Clog is a women's Morris side in the style of north-west Lancashire clog dancing. We dance a mixture of traditional dances and some we have composed ourselves, always to live music. We use sticks, garlands and hankies in our signature green, red and white (and we like red and white spots!). We are based in Croydon, currently practising near Norwood Junction station on Thursday evenings. If you like to give it try, contact bagopc@gmail.com for further details.



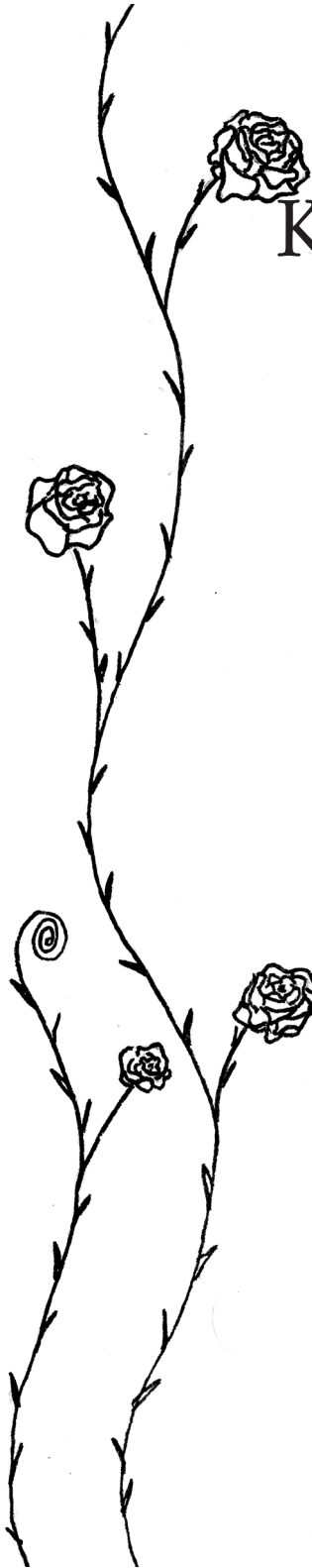
PART THREE IS A
PERFORMANCE BY
SHOVEL DANCE
COLLECTIVE

ABBOTS BROMLEY HORN DANCE



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.

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!



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.

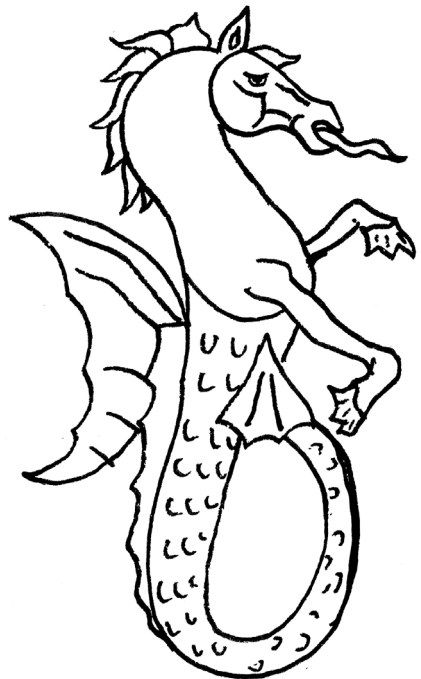
NEWCASTLE

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
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

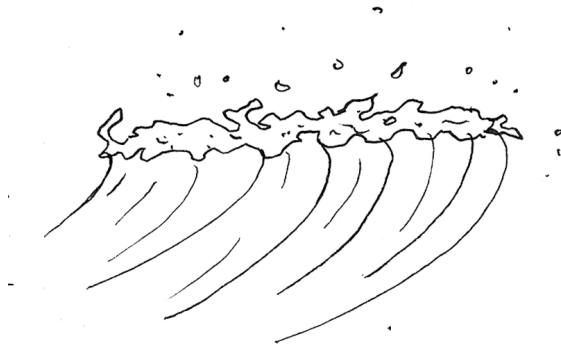
O'SULLIVAN'S MARCH

A whistle duo to open a set of tunes. O'Sullivan's March is well-known thanks to the Chieftains' pipe-led rendition, and is actually a jig, despite the title's claims to be a march. It was, presumably, once a march – tradition states that it was the march of the Kerry-based Irish Clan of O'Sullivan. However, antecedents to the melody are widespread – they can be found in the Scottish Highlander's March (printed in the Caledonian Pocket Companion, c. 1760) and in the English Montrose's March (printed in Playford's Musick's Hand-Maid in 1663).



THE ROLLING WAVES

Usually the titles of Irish tunes don't seem to have any connection to the actual content, but this one really does have the feel of rolling waves, and the B in particular feels like it crashes, rolls, and drags like surf. This tune is well known and often-played, either under the name the Rolling Wave (or Waves), or as The Humours of Trim (though that seems to efface something of its nature). As such it's hard to pinpoint any particular version through which it came to us – though Willie Clancy's rendition is wonderful.



THE MERRY GOLDEN TREE

There are many different versions of this old song. In England it is known variously as 'The Golden Vanity' and the 'Sweet Trinity', in Scotland as the 'Sweet Kumadee' and 'The Golden Victory', in Wales as 'The Green Willow Tree', and in Ireland as 'Sailing for the Lowlands Low'. In each version the enemy is different: sometimes they are Turkish, sometimes Spanish, in this case they are British pirates. The British enemy points to the American origin of these particular lyrics. The song is a Child Ballad (collected with the English names, 'The Sweet Trinity/The Golden Vanity') and has its origins in a song, first collected in the 17th century, 'Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Lowlands'. The 'lowland sea' in the song could refer either to the North Sea off the coast of Holland or to the Mediterranean Sea, this, together with the ever-changing enemy ship, reflects shifting British involvement in various imperialist conflicts from the Anglo-Dutch Wars, to the French Revolutionary Wars and the related Anglo-Spanish Wars of the 18th century. In all versions, the lowly cabin boy is the hero of the tale and saves the titular ship from the enemy ship by sinking the latter. In most versions he is betrayed by the captain who first offers him great riches and marriage to his daughter, and then drowns him rather than keep his promises. In the versions with Raleigh, he keeps some of his promises to the cabin boy but does not permit marriage to his daughter. The tale laments the expendability of lower class crew and demonstrates how the officer class are always ready to endanger the lives of ordinary workers to save their own skins. Shirley Collins learned 'The Merry Golden Tree' in America while collecting folk songs with Marxist ethnomusicologist Alan Lomax. We have used her lyrics but altered the melody of the second and third lines of each verse according to our own composition. This song is part of a vast, watery, trans-Atlantic culture which carried workers' songs from these islands to the Americas as a by-product of processes of colonisation and imperialism.

There was a little ship and it sailed on the sea
The name of the ship was the merry golden tree
Sailing on the low and lonesome low
Sailing on the lonely lowland sea

They hadn't been out scarce two days or three
Until they sighted the British Robbery
Sailing on the low and lonesome low
Flaunting the Jolly Roger on the lowland sea

Up jumped the captain a ringing of his hands
He cried "Oh Lord now what shall we do?
They'll sink us in the low and the lonesome low
They'll sink us to the bottom of the lowland sea"

Up and spoke the little cabin boy
Saying "what will you give me if I then destroy?
If I sink 'em in the low and the lonesome low
Sink 'em to the bottom of the lowland sea"

"Well I'll give you gold and I'll pay you fee
My youngest daughter and she will marry thee
If you sink 'em in the low and the lonesome low
Sink 'em to the bottom of the lowland sea"

So he turned on his back and away swam he
Until he came to the British Robbery
Sailing on the low and lonesome low
Flaunting the Jolly Roger on the lowland sea

Where some was playing cards and some were at the dice
And some were taking taking their best friends advice
Sailing on the low and lonesome low

Flaunting the Jolly Roger on the lowland sea

Well he had a little tool just right for the use
He bore nine holes just to let in the juice
Sailing on the low and lonesome low
Flaunting the Jolly Roger on the lowland sea

Well some threw their hats and some threw their caps
But they could not stop those salt water gaps
Sailing on the low and lonesome low
Flaunting the Jolly Roger on the lowland sea

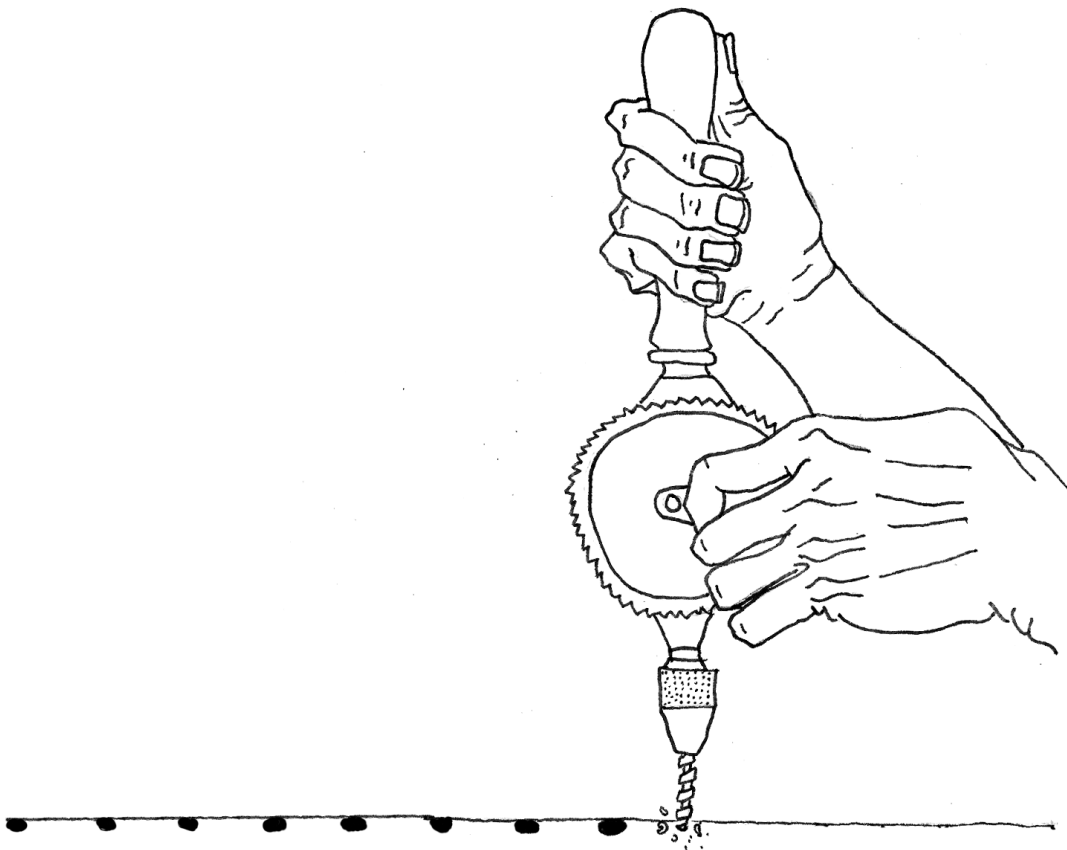
Well he turned on his back and away swam he
Until he came to the Merry Golden Tree
Sailing on the low and lonesome low
Sailing on the lonely lowland sea

“Captain oh captain take me onboard
You’ll do unto me just as good as your word
For I sank ‘em in the low and the lonesome low
I sank ‘em to the bottom of the lowland sea.”

“I’ll not pay you gold nor yet pay your fee
My youngest daughter she’ll never marry thee
I’ll sink you in the low and the lonesome low
Leave you to drown in the lowland sea.”

“If it wasn’t for your daughter nor yet for your men
I’d do unto you just as I did to them
I’d sink you in the low and the lonesome low
Sink you to the bottom of the lowland sea”

But he turned on his back and away swam he
“Farewell to you, you Merry Golden Tree
I’m drowning in the low and the lonesome low
I’m drowning in the lonely lowland sea.”



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 the imperialist British Union. 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*

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

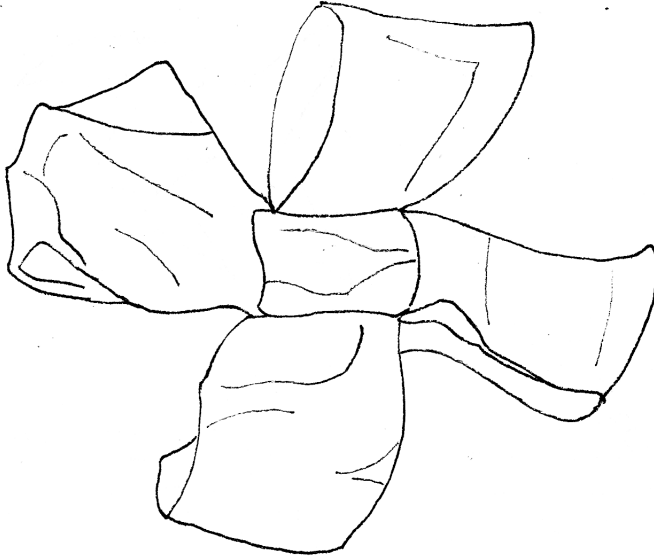
Chorus

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

I'll sell my roke, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kane and my spinning wheel
That every loyal Buchan lad
May take the field with the white cockade.

etc.



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.

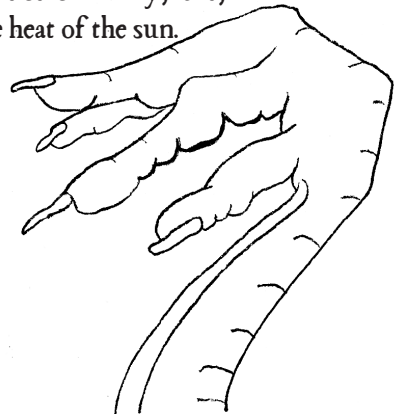
'Oh willy dear, oh handsome Willy,
Where is that colour you'd some time ago?
'Oh Mary dear, the clay has changed me,
I am the ghost of your William.

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 FINAL PART IS A
PERFORMANCE BY US
ALL

BRING US A SONG, OR
TUNE, AND JOIN IN

