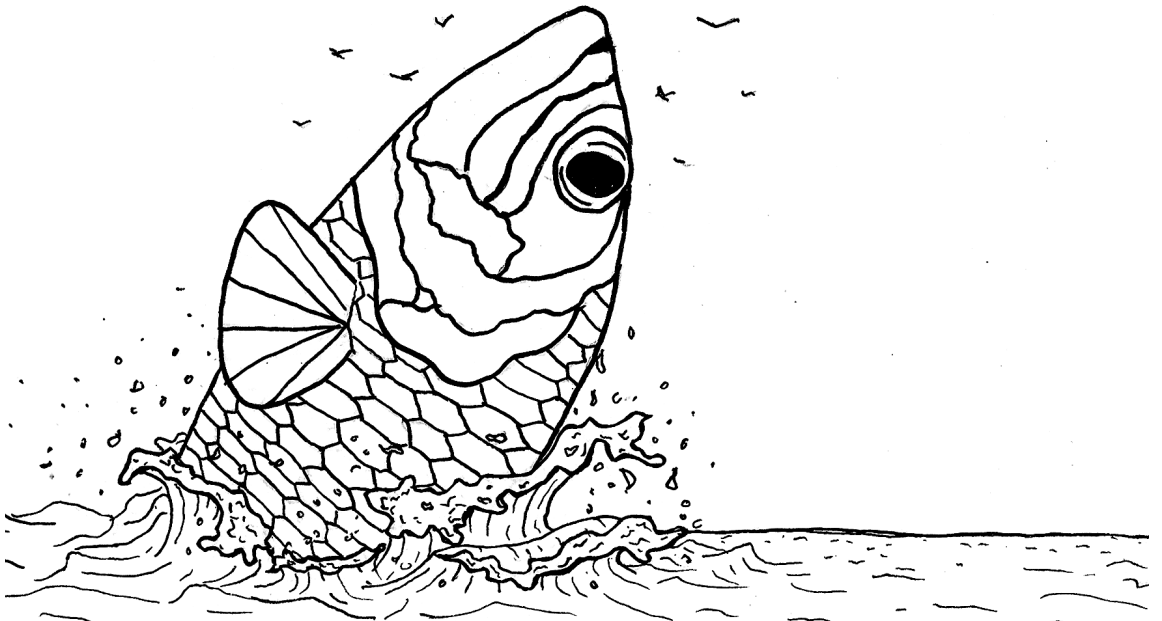


SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST

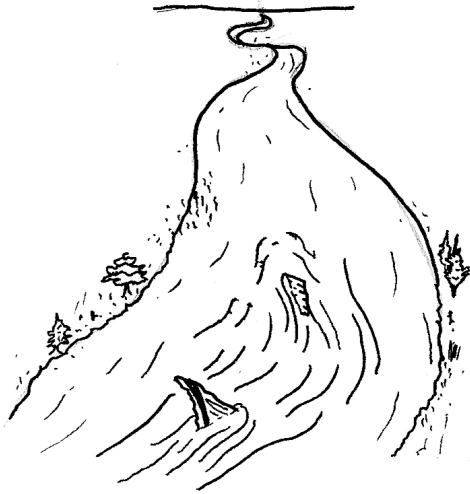
~ 18.3.2022 ~

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

Special thanks to Naomi, Crispin
and everyone at British Under-
ground for backing our trip here.
Also thanks to the friends, family,
and fans who've given us the en-
couragement (financial and verbal)
that we needed to get us and our in-
struments all the way to Texas. We
couldn't have done it without you.

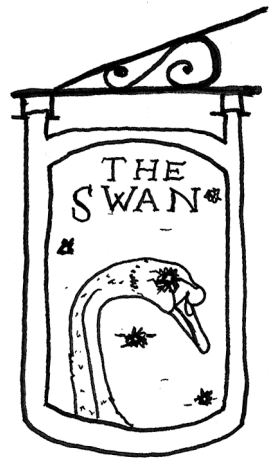
O'SULLIVAN'S MARCH

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).



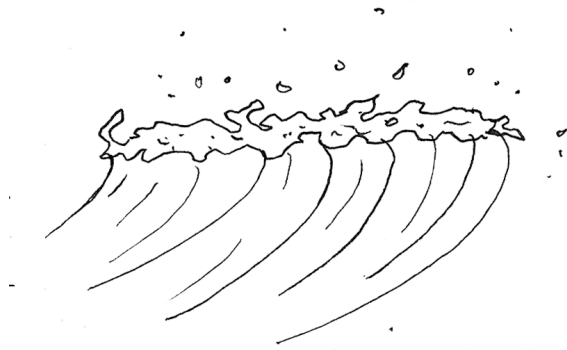
ELSIE MARLEY

The second tune in the set is an instrumental version of a mid-18th century song, named to celebrate Elsie Marley, the landlady of the Swan in County Durham. The sign of the Swan bore a motto: 'The Swan doth love the water clear, and so does man good ale and beer', the metre of which was taken for the song, extolling the rum, gin, and ale that Elsie has available for every farmer, tradesman, pitman, and keelman. Despite her fame, Elsie seems to have led a hard life – the Swan was used for target practice by Dutch mercenaries on their way to quell Jacobite uprisings in 1745 and remained in disrepair for years after. By the time of her death in 1768 she was ill and weakened – the Newcastle Chronicle recorded her passing: "Thursday sen'night, in the morning, Alice Marley, Vigo, near Chester-le-Street, remarkable for the celebrated song composed upon her, was found drowned in a pond near that place."



THE ROLLING WAVES

The closing tune in the set is another Irish jig, which we paired with Elsie Marley because their similar A sections allow the B of the Rolling Wave to really break through as we shift tunes. 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

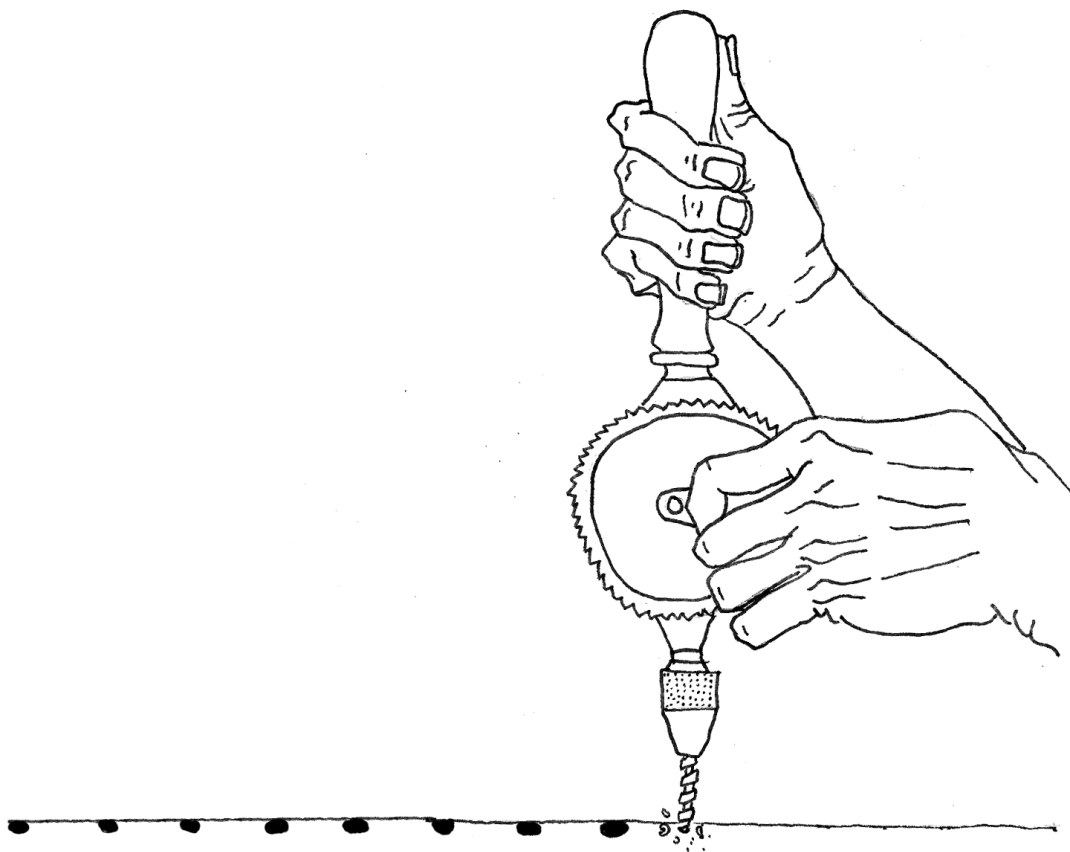
Well he turned on his back and away swam he
Until he came to the Merry Golden Tree
Sailing on the low and lonesome low
Sailing on the lonely lowland sea

“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.”

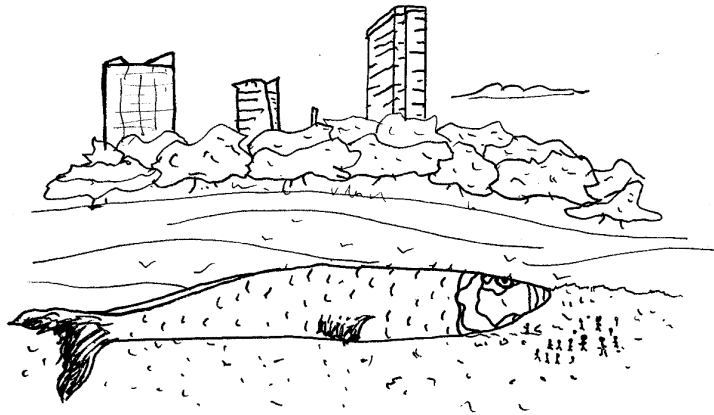
“I’ll not pay you gold nor yet pay your fee
My youngest daughter she’ll never marry thee
I’ll sink you in the low and the lonesome low
Leave you to drown in the lowland sea.”

“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 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 l o v e 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.

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.

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.

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.

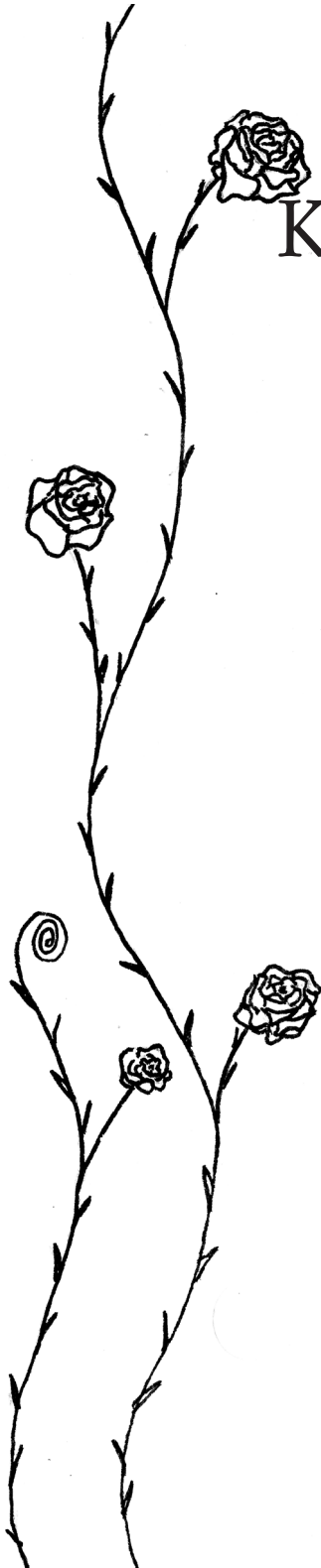
I've had six children now already
And the seventh lies in my belly
I'd be giving the silver to every man
Who would fight for the life of me Georgie

*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



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.

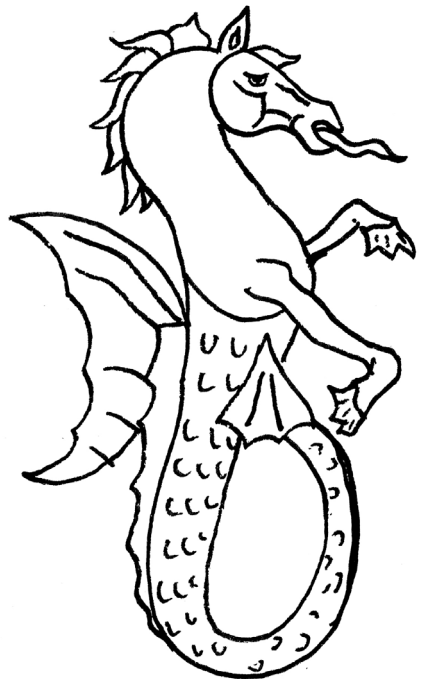
NEWCASTLE

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 depender
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

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.

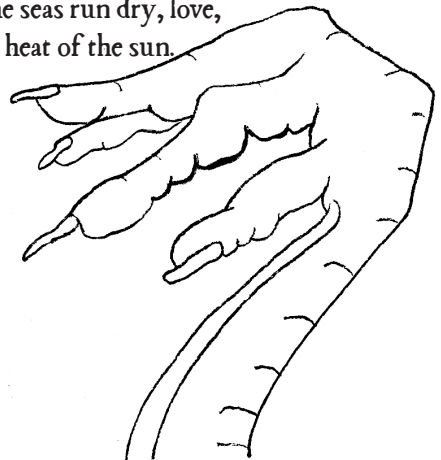
‘Oh willy dear, oh handsome Willy,
Where is that colour you’d some time ago?
‘Oh Mary dear, the clay has changed me,
I am the ghost of your William.

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.’

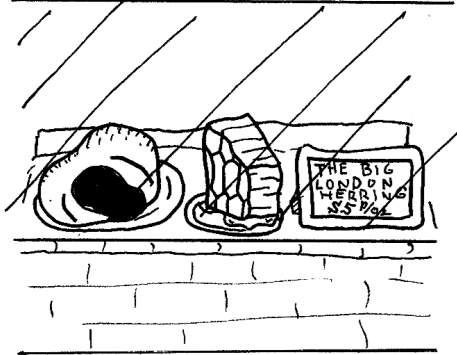
‘And it’s Willy dear, oh handsome Willy,
Whenever will I see you again?’
‘When the fish do fly, love, and the seas run dry, love,
And the rocks they melt in the heat of the sun.





FRESH
DAILY

FISHN



BRITISH UNDERGROUND HAPPENING

AT SELLERS UNDERGROUND

presents a film titled

THE BROADSIDE HACK

with live performances from

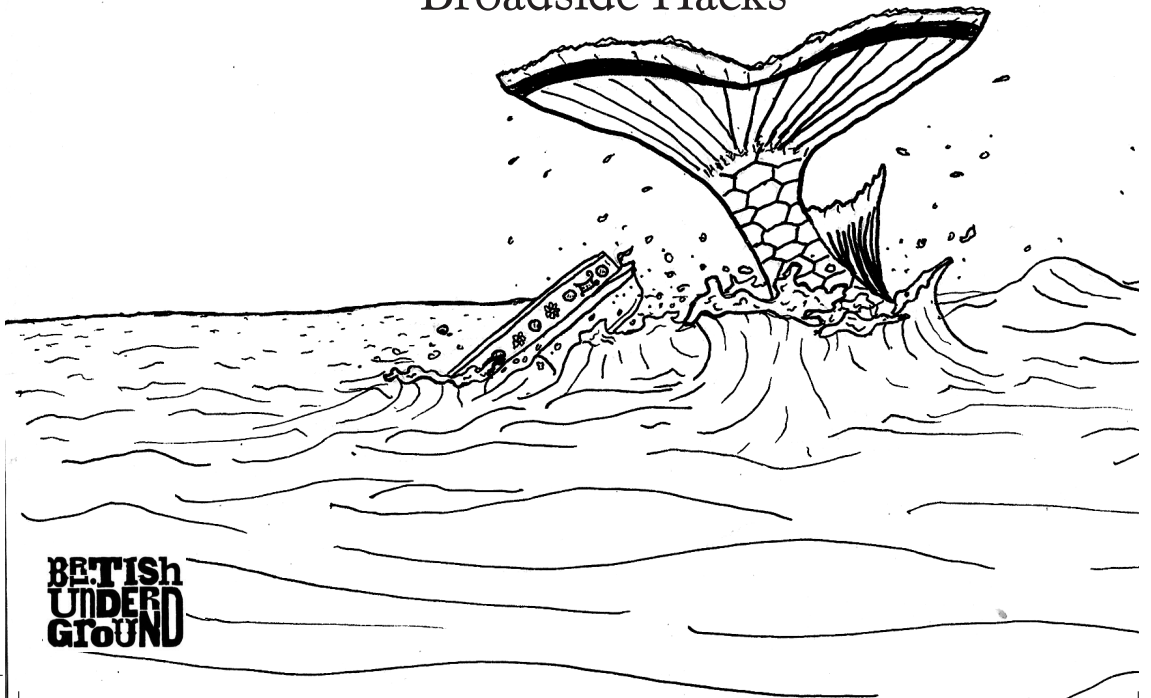
Shovel Dance Collective

Sinead O'Brien

Naima Bock

Katy J. Pearson

Broadside Hacks



**BRITISH
UNDERGROUND**