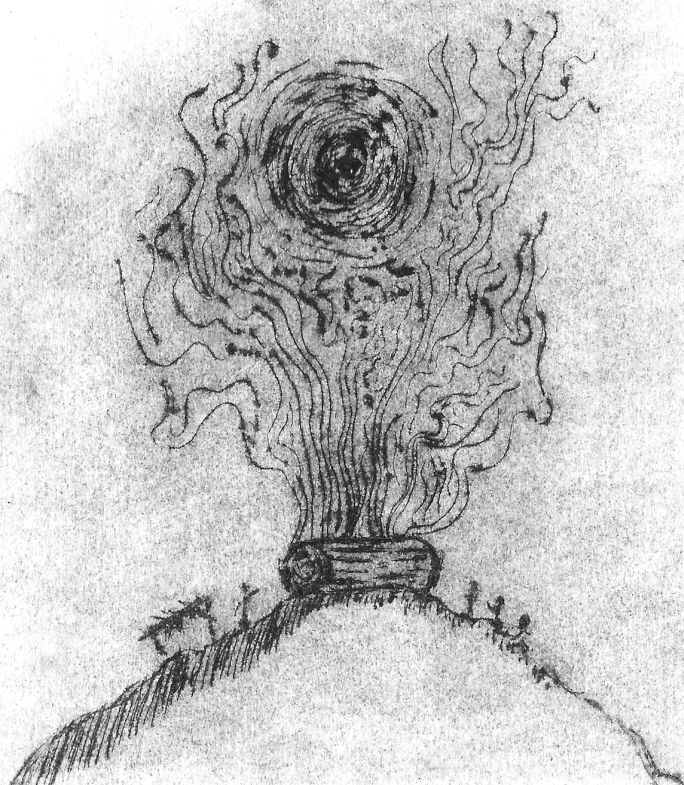


SHOVEL DANCE COLLECTIVE
CHRISTMAS
09/12/23



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

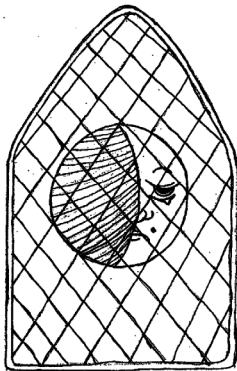
Joining us tonight are:

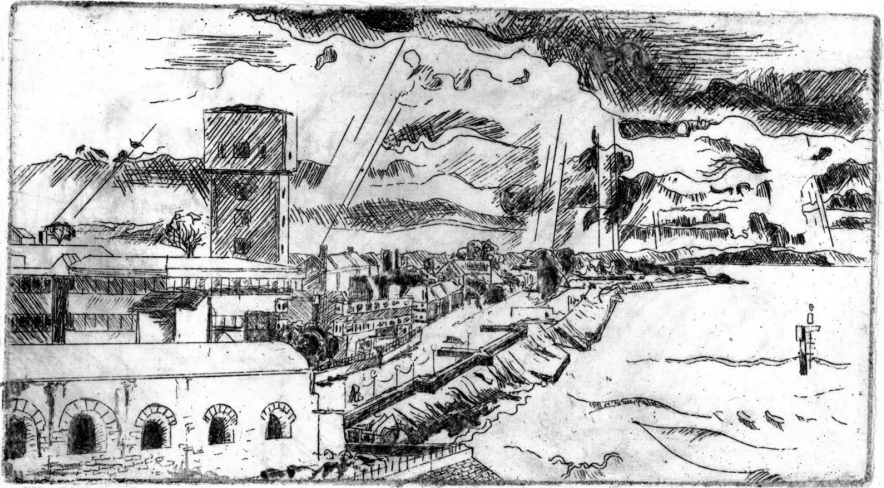
Sam Grassie
Kiran Leonard

Special thanks to:

Grand Junction for hosting us. Anthony of Baba Yaga's Hut, for making the night possible.

Illustrations by Mataio Austin Dean, Daniel S. Evans, and Nick Granata





This, our fourth Christmas celebration, comes to us in a time of great anger and grief at the situation unfolding in Palestine. We are reminded of the nativity story and its aftermath - Jesus, Mary and Joseph fleeing Palestine for Egypt as King Herod was ordering the death of all the newborn children in Judea. We are seeing our own massacre of the innocents today, before our very eyes, day after day. As popular narratives go (particularly in the west) we humans like to think of ourselves as in some way more moral, less brutal and cruel, than we were two thousand years ago. This Christmas however we ask ourselves why those same gates to Egypt, and to the rest of the world, are shut to innocent people seeking to escape violence. We see not only the deaths of newborn infants, but the indiscriminate killing of all. This shutting off is not just physical, but ideological too, as we see concerted efforts to close off and re-write the plight of the Palestinian people and the colonial injustice of the occupation and settlement of Palestinian land.

Our little gig in London is a small fish in the greater political ocean we see before us, and nothing we can really say will match up to the vast scale of the violence and injustice we see across the globe, not only in Palestine but also Sudan, Yemen, Libya, Myanmar, The English Channel, The Mediterranean - the list sadly goes on. We hope however that in the spirit of solidarity we can sing, hope, cry and simply be together tonight, against those governments and systems which simply do not represent us. Tonight we have set up a raffle with proceeds split evenly between MAP (Medical Aid for Palestinians) and Palestine Action. There is a chance to win some fun Shovel Dance objects for a good cause so please buy as many tickets as you can afford. We also normally ask for an optional donation towards our Orders of Service production, however tonight we ask you donate instead to causes supporting the humanitarian crisis in Gaza, either personally or you can make a donation at the merch table.

Sam Grassie

Sam Grassie is a guitarist & songwriter from Biggar, Scotland, and grew up steeped in Scotland's rich traditional music scene. Through forming his first band "Avocet" (Iona Zajac, Herbie Loring) he began channeling his interest in the work of 60's fingerstyle guitarists Bert Jansch & John Renbourn. The trio won a Danny Kyle Award at Celtic Connections and spent summers playing across Scotland's vibrant independent festival circuit. Moving to London in 2020 found him playing at the sessions that would later form the folk collective Broadside Hacks with whom he continues to perform and record, recently sharing the stage at the Hacks Moth Club Nights with Wizz Jones & Jacqui McShee. The Bert Jansch foundation is supporting Sam in the recording of his debut album.

Kiran Leonard

Kiran Leonard is from Saddleworth and will be playing acoustic and electric guitars.

THE WORMS CREPT OUT / WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

A medley of morbid children's songs, as so many of the best children's songs are. It begins with one found in Folkways' *An Anthology of English Folk Music* by a singer called Mr. Erwin. The worm and its creepings pop up in numerous songs of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, however there is also reference to worms crawling in and out in the songs of lace weavers (who also had a love for the macabre), so the trope could be much older. The simple truth that death comes to all, though well worn, cannot be overstated.

Then from death to the funeral - Cock Robin's sad fate is a well told tale. We've combined lyrics from those found in Robert Ford's *Children's Song's and Games*, and the McPeake family's version. Children are also known for seeing through the obfuscations of the adult world. Since the jobs and roles of adults can seem so arbitrary to children, the roles of the funeral procession being tallied out to the birds and insects based on species and rhyme (rhythmanative determinism) might make as much sense as the realities of chance and circumstance. We've tried to give our version the feeling of a funeral procession.

A lady walked the churchyard 'round
And saw a corpse lay on the ground
And from her mouth, and to her chin
The worms crept out, the worms crept in

The lady to the sexton said,
'Will I be so when I am dead?'
'Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!' he cried
She gave a gulp, and then she died



Who killed Cock Robin? 'I' said the sparrow
'With my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin'

Who saw him die? 'I' said the fly
'With my little eye, I saw him die'

Who caught the blood? 'I' said the fish
'With my little dish, I caught the blood'

Who'll make the shroud? 'I' said the beetle
'With my thread and needle I'll make the shroud'

All the birds in the air fell a'sighing and a'sobbing
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin

Who'll dig his grave? 'I' said the owl
'With my spade and shovel, I'll dig his grave'

Who'll carry the link? 'I' said the linnet
'I'll fetch it in a minute, I'll carry the link'



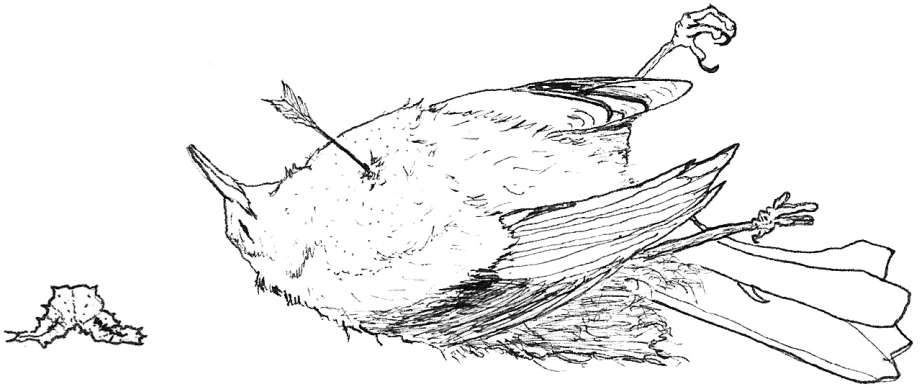
Who'll be chief mourner? 'I' said the dove,
'I'll mourn for my love, I'll be chief mourner'

Who'll be the parson? 'I' said the rook
'With my little book, I'll be the parson'

Who'll be the clerk? I said the lark,
'If it's not in the dark, I'll be the clerk'

Who'll ring the bell? 'I' said the bull,
'Because that I can pull, I'll ring the bell'

All the birds in the air fell a'sighing and a'sobbing
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin



DIVES AND LAZARUS

A Christmas song derived from a story that Jesus tells in the Gospel of Luke. His story tells the tale of an unnamed rich man, and a poor beggar named Lazarus. The narrative evolved into a song whereby workers (agricultural and urban) gained the confidence to give the ignoble rich man a name: Dives (based on the Latin for rich or splendid). As a song, it was collected all over England in the 19th century, and was popular with workers because of its symbolic punishment of the ruling class for their exploitation and hatred of the poor.

As it fell out upon one day, rich Dives gave a feast
And he invited his neighbours in, and gentry of the best.
And it fell out upon that day, poor Lazarus he was so poor
That he laid him down and down, even down by Dives's door

That he laid him down and down, even down by Dives's door.
'Some meat, some drink brother Dives: do bestow upon the poor'
'Thou art none of mine brother Lazarus lying begging at my door,
No meat nor drink will I give you, nor bestow upon the poor.'

Then Lazarus he laid him down and down, even down by Dives's
wall.

'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives, or surely starve I shall.'
'Thou art none of mine brother Lazarus, lying begging at my wall,
No meat, no drink shall I give you, so surely starve you shall.'

Then Dives sent his hungry hounds, for to bite poor Lazarus away,
They had not will to bite one bite, but licked his wounds away.
Then Dives he sent his merry men all, for to whip poor Lazarus away,
They had not will to whip one whip but threw their whips away

Then it fell out upon one day, Poor Lazarus he sickened and died
There came two angels out of heaven, his soul there for to guide.
'Rise up! Rise up brother Lazarus, and come you along with me,
There is a place prepared in Heaven, for to sit on an angel's knee'

Then it fell out upon one day, rich Dives he sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of Hell, his soul there for to guide
'Rise up! Rise up, brother Dives, and come you along with me,
There is a place prepared in Hell, for to sit on a serpent's knee
For to sit on a serpent's knee'



JER THE RIGGER / THE FOXHUNTER'S REEL / THE HERRING'S HEAD

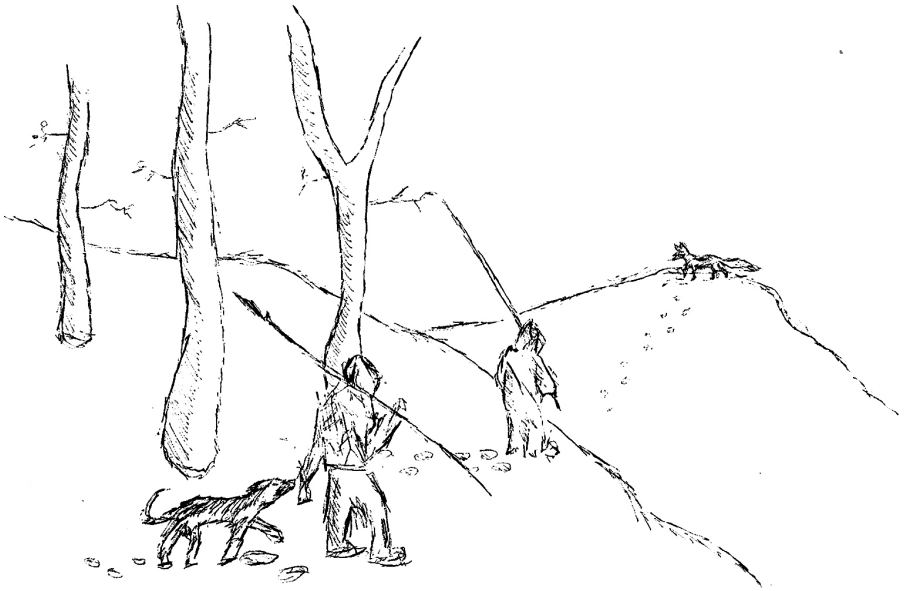
Jer (or Ger) the Rigger is an Irish tune from Sliabh Luachra, Co.Kerry; a region famous for its fast polkas. It was originally played as a polka but has frequently been played as a hornpipe, giving it a more relaxed feel. It is attributed to Tim 'Thadelo' O' Sullivan. Maybe written in the 1950s, it was collected in *Ceol Rince na hÉireann Vol. 2 (Dance Music of Ireland Vol. 2)*. A rigger in this case apparently refers to a carpenter who roofs houses.

The Foxhunters Reel is an Irish reel and common session tune in Ireland, usually paired with another fast reel when the session takes flight! It is said to have been brought from Co. Kerry to Co. Clare by the fiddle player Patrick Kelly in the late 1800s. It is known by many other names, including, 'Patrick Kelly's' and 'The Fox Chase', maybe due to it's frantic speed and challenging 5 part structure.

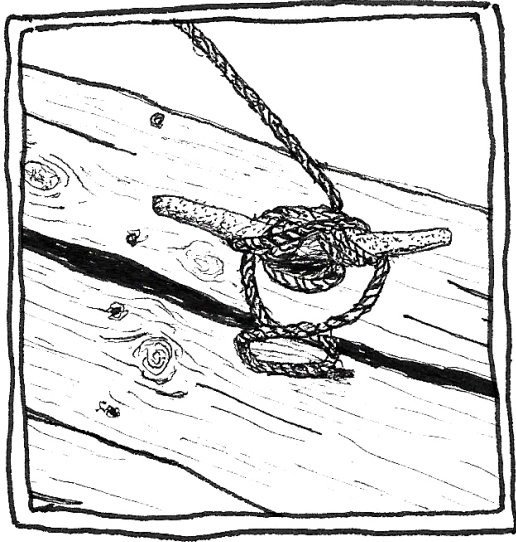
'The Herrings Head' is one of a series of ritual king-killing songs, such as 'the Cutty Wren', 'John Barleycorn', 'the Derby Ram', found throughout England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, whereby the king (here the king of the sea) is ritually slain and its small body unfolded and shared on an impossible scale. We see these strange, often comical, totemic, magical songs as anthems for revolutionary change.

Oh what will we do with old herring's head?
We'll bake it in loaves and sell 'em for bread!
That's herring's head and loaves of bread and all such things as that.

(Well of all the fish that live in the sea the herring is the fish for me!)



THE ROLLING WAVE



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.

JOWL, JOWL AND LISTEN LADS

To 'jowl' is miner's jargon for testing the coal face by tapping it first with the haft of your pick and listening. A trained ear would know if it was safe enough to hew, or unstable and likely to cause an accident. For the most part, workers couldn't rely on their bosses' protection in the mines and depended on their skill and intuition to prevent disaster, but even then, too often, that wasn't enough. We sing it in memory of those who have, and will yet, lose their life in dangerous work. We heard it first on a documentary about Bert Lloyd, who came across it after a call out he made on the radio for miner's songs. He received a huge number of letters telling touching tales of a hard job which was none-the-less hard to lose. The second verse comes to us by way of a mistake made by a forum user on 'mudcat cafe' (a folk forum as old as Jesus Christ himself), who mixed up the verses Jack Elliott sung for another called *Rap her the Bank*. Elliott's grandchild piped up and corrected the commenter, but we felt their mistake made it also into a story about the kind of advice fathers sometimes give their children: persistent, stubborn, maybe a bit overstated. Just as the misheard lyric at a folk club can become canon, why not the misquoted lyric on the folk forum?

Jowl, jowl and listen lads
Before you go a-hewin'
There's many a miner missin' lads
Because they wouldn't listen, lads

My father always used to say
That pit work's more than hewin'
You've got to coax the coal along
And not be drivin' or chewin'

So, jowl, jowl and listen lads
Before you go a-hewin'
There's many a miner missin' lads
Because they wouldn't listen, lads

And when that awful day arrived
The last shift for my father
A fall of stones and broken bones
And yet above the clatter

He said, jowl, jowl and listen lads
Before you go a-hewin'
There's many a miner missin' lads
Because they wouldn't listen, lads

BOLD CAPTAIN AVERY

This lesser known English ballad probably began circulating in the late 17th century, soon after the death of the Pirate Captain, Henry Every, also known as Henry Avery, or John Avery. At this time, myths of the invincible Avery began to spread throughout England, providing a mode of fantasy and utopian thinking for downtrodden English workers. The song was collected in c.1907 exclusively in Hampshire: from John Hatch in Winchester and Richard Titheridge in Privett - by George B. Gardiner.

The song we sing comprises the two Hampshire versions mixed with pre-existing London broadside versions (the first of these was published in 1694). We have altered the melody that was originally collected from John Hatch, according to our own composition. The song is a fictionalised monologue given, we are to suppose, by the famous Pirate Captain Avery, who by all accounts, was a thoroughly awful man. However, the song is not concerned with historical or biographical fact, but instead with stories that the working classes of the era wanted to tell themselves. History and fiction have always been intimately linked: the ruling class know this fact and constantly use it to their advantage; so too have workers in opposition to bourgeois historiographical tyranny.

The real Henry Every worked in the slave trade, he murdered, stole, and brutalised women. But the 'Captain Avery' of the song is a poor and innocent man who is expropriated from his land in the West Country, as many English labourers were by the Enclosures. Being "disown'd" by the land, he seeks freedom, gold, and riches on the high seas. He comes to Spithead at Portsmouth, and invites the listener to join him there, promising to crown us in gold, and calling upon us to board the ship that is a ticket away from poverty and expropriation. The song also nods to the popular myth that Avery founded a pirate utopia on Madagascar. There is no evidence that this ever happened on Madagascar, but this song provides us with an alternative reading of British imperialist history, it provides us with a potential for radical utopian fictive historiographies: it is a workers' vision of seafaring and piracy. The song's enduring popularity in broadside and oral traditions alike is in part due to its rejection of the political and social norms regarding criminality and piracy normally enforced by broadsides of the 18th century.

You sons of bold heroes of courage so bold,
Come venture 'long with me, my boys, I will crown you
with gold;
Come down to Spithead, for there you will find,
A bold ship call'd the Linnet, she will pleasure your mind.

Bold Avery commands her and calls her his own,
And he'll box her about, my boys, before he has done;
French, Spaniards and Portuguese, and heathens likewise,
He says he'll make war with them till the day that he dies.

She's rigg'd and well mann'd and most neatly trimm'd,
She's moulded like waxwork and sails like the wind;
She's everything in readiness fit for your design;
God prosper the Linnet, she's bound for the main.

"Farewell to Plymouth, may Catwater be damn'd,
For once I was owner of part of the land,
But since I'm disown'd my adieu I will take,
And my person from England my fortune to make.

Three shivers of gold on a red flowery field,
Embroider'd with gold, my boys, it shall be our shield.
So call you for quarter as soon as you see
Our bloody flag hoisted, this is our decree.

My commission is large, for I made it myself,
My capstan may stretch it far wider by half,
'Twas dated at Spithead, believe me, my friend,
In the year of '92 unto my life's end."



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.



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 Waterasons.

Apple tree, apple tree, bear good fruit,
Or down with your top 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, our 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

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

O the ringles and the jingles and the tenor
of the song goes
Merrily merrily merrily.
O the tenor of the song goes merrily.

Hatfuls, capfuls, three-bushel bagfuls,
Little heaps under the stairs.

Hip hip hooray!



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

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

