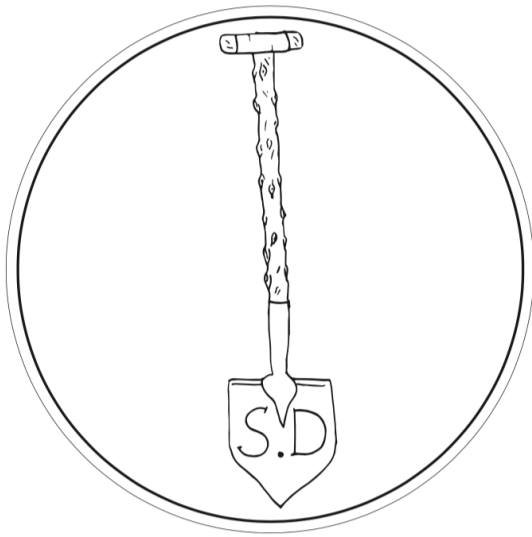


## Shovel Dance Collective



### Featuring:

Alex Mckenzie  
Daniel Evans  
Fidelma Hanrahan  
Jacken Elswyth  
Josh Barfoot  
Mataio Austin Dean  
Nick Granata  
Oliver Hamilton  
Tom Hardwick-Allan

We would like to dedicate tonights musical programme to the Labour Party activists who worked so tirelessly the past few weeks to fight for an honest, empathetic politics. As socialists inside and outside of the Labour Party we stand together, and we will continue to fight.

Solidarity.

### Tonights Programme:

Group Set 1: Tunes (30mins)

Jacken Elswyth solo set (30mins)

Group Set 2: Songs (45mins)

## **Group Set 1: Tunes**

*Performers: Alex, Mckenzie, Daniel Evans, Fidelma Hanrahan, Jacken Elswyth, Josh Barfoot, Oliver Hamilton*

### **Newcastle**

An English country dance famously found in John Playford's collected volume 'The Dancing Master' (first published 1651). It is a tune meant to accompany round dancing and probably has origins going back much further than the 17th century.

### **Polska från Hälleforsnäs / Flatworld**

This idiosyncratic medley begins with a Swedish Polska from the small settlement of Hälleforsnäs, we base our arrangement off one played by Scottish piper Brighde Chaimbeul (whose album 'The Reeling' is one of our favourites of this year). The strange timing and piping inflections she utilises in her playing really endeared us to her version. We then go into the contemporary tune 'Flatworld' written by melodeon player Andy Cutting, which we play in a way that sounds almost like early music!

### **The Bold Fisherman**

This famous English folk song was collected in the mid 20th century and has been sung by all the greats of the English Folk Revival such as Shirley Collins, The Young Tradition, Peggy Seeger, Ewan McColl and the great Copper Family. A Copper Family tale tells of how the younger generation, much to the surprise of their parents and grandparents, sung this song to the elder Bob Copper on Christmas Day. The surprise of having his grandchildren learn and sing this song back to him brought a tear to his eye as it ensured the songs would live on for one more generation in the family.

### **Abbots Bromley Horn Dance**

One of our favourites, this tune traditionally accompanies a dance of the same name. The dance takes place in the small village of Abbots Bromley on Wakes Monday, and dates back as far as the Middle Ages. Six Dancers carry real Reindeer Antlers on sticks, whilst others play instruments and act as the Jester, the Horse and the Bowman (who always seems to be in a constant process of shooting and killing the Horse). Carbon dating estimated the antlers to originate from around 1065. The dance will often travel around the farms (and pubs!) of the village from 8am until 8pm when the antlers are returned to the village church.

### **The Cherping of the Lark**

This is another tune found in Playford's 'The Dancing Master'. It is a lesser played Playford Dance and our version is based heavily off the more minor arrangement heard on Leveret's album 'Diversions'. Our heavily extended version explores different combinations of timbres and instrumentation, starting soft and rising to an emotive crescendo.

## **Jacken Elswyth solo set**

### **Down in yon forest**

A traditional English carol, related to the medieval poem now sung as the Corpus Christi Carol – a Christian allegory condensed into a single haunting scene.

### **Lone prairie**

An Appalachian fiddle tune, learned from the playing of John Bekoff. The tune is derived a song – Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie, which was collected with present lyrics by John Lomax in 1910, and which appeared as an instrumental in the 1930s in North Carolina.

### **[Improvisation]**

### **Going across the sea**

Another fiddle tune that originated as a song (which was first recorded by Uncle Dave Macon, in 1941). Appalachian, from Cumberland Plateau region (south Kentucky).

### **Whiskey before breakfast / St Anne's Reel**

A set of early 20th Century Canadian fiddle tunes – both so well adopted into Appalachian and Irish playing that they're taken for natives of those traditions. Whiskey Before Breakfast was popularised through copyrighted arrangement in the 1957 book Canadian Fiddle Tunes from Red River Valley, while St Anne's Reel was first recorded by Québec fiddler Joseph Allard in the 1930s.

### **[Improvisation]**

### **In Christ there is no East or West**

A hymn tune (though it may have had a previous life as a slave spiritual), learned from John Fahey's version. He apparently learned it from the Episcopal Hymnal as a child.

### **The bitter withy**

Another traditional English carol, traceable to stories of Jesus' childhood in the apocryphal Infancy Gospels of Thomas and Pseudo-Matthew (as are many of the stories told in folk carols). This one was well known in Herefordshire and Shropshire in the early 20th Century, where various people collected versions.

### **Last chance**

One more Appalachian fiddle tune, first recording is by Hobart Smith, of Saltville, Virginia.

## Group Set 2: Songs

*Performer: Mataio Austin Dean*

### **The Four Loom Weaver**

The Four Loom Weaver is an 'industrial ballad' written in the late 18th/early 19th century by an Oldham weaver, after the Napoleonic Wars. The Wars devastated Britain's economy and saw the ruling class engage in increasingly paranoid counter-revolutionary authoritarianism: inflicting on workers everything from wage cuts, to land expropriation, to laws restricting the gathering of people in any notable number. Developments in weaving technology meant that many hand weavers became unemployed and, in their extreme poverty, were reduced to eating nettles. The song records the experience of the capitalistic destruction of a particularly militant, eloquent, and politically sophisticated group of workers. By singing this song I hope to invoke their memories and their struggles for their class.

*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 now 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 Husband with no Courage in Him**

A song collected in and around Dorset in the 19th century, but likely to be much older, it is one of many proto-feminist folksongs. 18th and 19th century recordings of female subjects discussing their sexual agency, or lack thereof, is very rare outside of folksong.

*Oh dear oh, oh dear oh, my husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh*

*As I walked out one may morning  
Down by the riverside  
Twas there I beheld three maidens fair  
And one of them her hands was ringing*

*Oh dear oh, oh dear oh...*

*Seven long years I've made his bed  
And every night I lie beside him  
But this morning I awoke with my maidenhead  
Because he's got no courage in him*

*Oh dear oh, oh dear oh...*

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

*Oh dear oh, oh dear oh...*

*Oh many things I cook for him  
Anything that's fitting for him  
Oh oyster pies and rhubarb too  
But still it won't put courage in him*

*Oh dear oh, oh dear oh...*

*I wish to god that he was dead  
And in his grace 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, oh dear oh...*

*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, oh dear oh...*

### **What will we do if we have no money?**

An Irish travellers' song collected in southern England from the great singer Mary Delaney in the 20th century.

*What will we do if we have no money? Oh true lovers what will we do then?  
Only hawk through the town for a hungry pound  
And we'll yodel it over again*

*And what will we do if we marry a sailor?  
Oh true lovers what will we do then?  
Only sail on his ships and we'll play on his lips  
And we'll yodel it over again*

*And what will we do if we marry a soldier?  
Oh true lovers what will we do then?  
Only play with his guns and we'll fight for the fun  
And we'll yodel it over again*

*And what will we do if we have a young daughter?  
Oh true lovers what will we do then?  
Only sling her o'er our backs and go on for the craic  
And we'll yodel it over again*

*What will we do if we have no money? Oh true lovers what will we do then?  
Only hawk through the town for a hungry pound  
And we'll yodel it over again.*

## **The Coal-owner and the Pitman's Wife**

A powerful workers' song from the north of England on which A.L. Lloyd wrote: "(it) has entered on a lively second existence since a miner at Whiston, Lancashire, unearthed it in 1951. Seemingly it was made at the time of the 1844 Durham strike by a collier, William Hornsby of Shotton Moor. ... In using a classical ballad form, the pitman-songmaker was not inspired by a romantic wish to revive the beauties of past folk song. In fact, no doubt involuntarily, his ballad emerges rather as a witty caricature of the lyric of former times. The tune belongs to the great family of "Henry Martin" and a score of ballads with 'derrydown' refrain..."

*I'll tell you a story just as true as my life,  
Between a coal-owner and a poor pitman's wife.  
As she was out walking on down the highway  
She met a coal owner and this she did say  
Derry down, down, down derry down*

*"Good morning Lord Firedamp" this woman she said  
"I'll do you no harm now so don't be afraid  
If you'd been where I've been for most of my life  
You would not turn pale at a poor pitman's wife"  
Derry down, down, down derry down*

*"Where do you come from?" The man he cries  
"I come from Hell this woman replies."  
"If you come from Hell then tell me right plain  
How you contrived to get out again"  
Derry down, down, down derry down*

*"I'll tell you the answer and I'll tell you it well  
They're throwing the poor folks all out of hell  
Just to make room for the rich wicked race  
For there's a growing number of them in that place"  
Derry down, down, down derry down*

*If you be a coal-owner please take my advice  
Agree with your workers, give them a fair price  
For if n' you don't you'll know very well  
You'll be in great danger of going to hell  
Derry down, down, down derry down*

*Performer: Nick Granata*

### **T Stands for Thomas**

An old Irish ballad (also known by 'P Stands for Paddy') about how crazy and stupid the dating scene can be. This version is inspired heavily by the Watersons'. Wenliam? Wielliumn? Welian? Weeliumn?

*As I was walking on a May morning  
I sat down by an old lofty tree,  
all for to hear two lovers talk to hear what they had to say  
and to find out something more about courting.*

*(Chorus)*

*T stands for Thomas I suppose,  
J O N stands for Jon,  
W E and N stands for my sweet William  
because he is a clever young man.  
Come and sit with me together on the grass,  
sit down on the grass so very green.  
It has been a long three quarters of a year, darling dear,  
since together you and I have been seen.*

*(Chorus)*

*No, I won't sit with you together on the grass,  
not now nor at any other time.  
Because I heard you fell in love with another pretty girl  
and your heart it wasn't any longer mine.*

*(Chorus)*

*So, I'll go and climb a lofty, lofty tree,  
and I'll rob a poor bird of its nest.  
And if ever I should then come down without having a fall  
I'll get married to the lass I love best.*

*(Chorus)*

*Then I'll go and climb a higher tree than that,  
and harry a far-reaching nest.  
And if ever I should then come down without having a fall  
I'll get married to the lad I love best.*

*(Chorus)*



### **One Night as I Lay on My Bed**

A 'window song' from Dorset, collected in 1907. 'Window songs' were a precursor to holding your boombox up outside your lover's window. This version is based on Ewan MacColl's recording.

*One night, as I lay on my bed,  
I dreamt about a pretty maid.  
I was so distressed I could take no rest,  
love did torment me so.  
So, away to my true love I did go.*

*As I came to my love's window  
I gently called her by her name,  
saying 'It's for your sake I've come here so late  
through the bitter frost and snow.  
So open the window my love do.'*

*My mum and dad are wide awake  
and they are sure to hear us speak.  
There'll be no excuse then just sore abuse  
such bitter words and blows.  
So come from my window my love do.'*

*'Your mum and dad are fast asleep,  
And they won't surely hear us speak.  
'Cos they're sleeping sound in their bed of down  
breathing heavy and so low.  
So come let me in my love do.'*

*Then as she came down from the stairs  
her father chanced for to hear,  
saying, 'Who is there, making such ado!  
Bang and rattling so.'  
She said, 'Hark, father, how the winds do blow.'*

## **Sovay the Female Highwayman**

Sometimes love must be put to the test, the failure of which may cost you your life.

*Sovay, Sovay, all on the day  
she dressed herself in man's array.  
With a sword and a pistol at her side,  
to find her true love, to fine her true love  
away did ride.*

*And as she rode out on the plane  
She met her true love and bid him stand.  
'Stand and deliver!' to him she said,  
'And if you do not, and if you do not  
I'll shoot you dead.'*

*So he offered her up his stores,  
she said 'kind sir, there's one thing more.  
That golden ring that I see you wear,  
give it to me, give it to me  
and your life I'll spare.'*

*'That golden ring a token is,  
the ring I'll keep, my life you'll have.'  
Being tendered hearted like a dove,  
she rode away, rode away  
from her one true love.*

*The next day in the garden green  
just like two lovers they could be seen,  
he spied his watch hanging by her clothes  
and it made him blush, it made him blush  
like any rose.*

*'Oh what makes you blush at so silly a thing,  
I thought to have your golden ring.  
It was I that robbed you on the plain,  
so here's your watch, here's your watch  
and your gold again.*

*'I did intend and it was to know  
If that you were my true love or no.  
For if you'd given me that ring,' she said,  
'I'd have pulled the trigger, I'd have pulled the trigger  
and shot you dead.'*

*Performers: Nick Granata w/ accompaniment by Alex Mckenzie and Daniel Evans*

**Willie O'th'Winsbury**

If the king loves him so much, why doesn't he marry him? Based on one of Anne Briggs' most loved recordings.

*The king has been a prisoner  
a prisoner long in Spain,  
and Willie of the Winsbury  
has long with his daughter lain.*

*What ails ye what ails ye my daughter Janet?  
Well you look so pale and wan -  
Have you had any sore sickness?  
Or yet been sleeping with a man?*

*I have not had any sore sickness,  
nor have yet been sleeping with a man,  
but it's for your sake father dear  
for biding so long in Spain.*

*Was it a lord or a duke or a knight,  
or a man of wealth and fame?  
Or was it one of my serving men,  
Who bode not with me in Spain?*

*It wasn't a lord or a duke or a knight,  
or a man of wealth and fame.  
It was one Willie of Winsbury  
who alone I could no longer abide.*

*So the king fetched all of his merry men on  
by thirty and by three,  
saying, 'fetch me this Willie of Winsbury,  
for hanged he shall be!'*

*But when he came the king before  
he was dressed all in red silk.  
His hair was like strands of gold,  
his skin as smooth as milk.*

*'It's no surprise that my daughter Janet  
for a bed-fellow has chosen thee.  
If I was a woman as I am a man  
my bedfellow you would be.*

*But will you marry my daughter Janet,  
I'll make you the lord of my land.'  
'I will marry your daughter Janet,  
but all I'll need is her hand.'*

*So he's mounted her on a milk white steed,  
and him on a dappled grey,  
and he's made her the lady of as much land  
as can be ridden on a long summer's day.*

*Performers: Mataio Austin Dean and Nick Granata*

**Claudy Banks**

Another folk song (there are many) about putting love to the test. We've decided it makes more sense if Johnny returns from sea 'all beard and eyes' rather than the original source's 'being all in disguise', nevertheless it is a cruel trick Johnny plays on Betsy, and he doesn't sound worth her time. This was also the first song collected from the Copper Family, and you could say triggered the founding of the English Folk and Dance Society.

*Tw'as on one summer's evening all in the month of May  
Down by a flow'ry garden where Betsy did stray.  
I overheard that young girl in sorrow to complain,  
All for her absent lover that ploughs the raging main.*

*I stepped up to this fair maid and put her in surprise,  
She owned she did not know me, I being all beard and eyes.  
I said, "My charming creature, my joy and heart's delight,  
How far have you to travel this dark and rainy night?"*

*"Away, kind sir, to the Claudy banks if you will please to show,  
Pity a poor girl distracted for there I have to go.  
I am in search of a young man and Johnny is his name,  
And on the banks of Claudy I'm told he does remain."*

*"If Johnny he was here this night he would keep me from all harm  
But he's in the field of battle all in his uniform,  
He is in the field of battle his foes he will destroy,  
Like a roaring King of honour all in the wars of Troy.*

*"It was six months or better since my Johnny left the shore,  
He's a-cruising the wide ocean where the foaming billows roar,  
He's a-cruising the wide ocean for honour or for gain,  
But I'm told his ship got wreck-ed all on the coast of Spain."*

*When Betsy heard this dreadful news she fell into despair,  
In a-wringing of her hands and a-tearing of her hair.  
"Since Johnny has gone and left me no man on earth I'll take,  
Down in some lonesome valley I'll wander for his sake."*

*Young Johnny hearing her say so he could no longer stand,  
He fell into her arms crying, "Betsy, I'm that man,  
I am that faithful young man and whom you thought was slain,  
And since we met on Claudy banks we'll never part again."*

## **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) had 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 meant, 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 hounds on him, 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 hell, 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*

## **Babes in the Wood**

The Copper family's Christmas song. It originates from a folktale dating from 1601, or as is more likely, before that date. It is set in the summer and tells the tale of the death of two young children, and so it seems like an odd choice for a Christmas song. However, there is a verse about robins and their sweet songs of lamentation.

*Oh don't you remember a long time ago,  
Those two little babies their names I don't know.  
They strayed far away, one bright summer's day,  
Those two little babies got lost on their way*

*Pretty babes in the wood  
Pretty babes in the wood  
Oh don't you remember those babes in the wood*

*Oh the day being gone, and the night coming on,  
Those two little babies sat under a stone.  
They sobbed and they sighed, they sat there and cried,  
Those two little babies they laid down and died*

*Pretty babes in the wood  
Pretty babes in the wood  
Oh don't you remember those babes in the wood*

*Oh the robins so red, how quickly they sped,  
They threw out their wide wings and over them spread  
And all the day long on the branches they thronged,  
They sweetly did whistle and this was their song:*

*Pretty babes in the wood  
Pretty babes in the wood  
Oh don't you remember those babes in the wood*

*Performers: Mataio Austin Dean and Nick Granata w/ accompaniment by Alex Mckenzie, Daniel Evans, Josh Barefoot and Tom Hardwick-Allan*

### **Byker Hill**

A Northumberland miners' song, dating from before 1812 when it was first written down.

*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 tube of Elsie Marley*

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

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

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



## **Georgie**

A ballad with a complex history, and many variations, it 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 so there must be something especially subversive about 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 in some chains of gold  
In chains that you don't see many  
With the 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 in some chains of gold  
In chains that you don't see many  
With the broad bright sword hanging down by his side  
And I'll fight for the life of my Georgie*

*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 in some chains of gold  
In chains that you don't see many  
With the broad bright sword hanging down by his side  
And I'll fight for the life of my Georgie*

*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 in some chains of gold  
In chains that you don't see many*

*With the broad bright sword hanging down by his side  
And I'll fight for the life of my Georgie*

### **The Dalesman's Litany**

A song based on a dialect poem collected and probably written in late 19th century Yorkshire. It documents the horrors of the Industrial Revolution and the disruption caused by the growing capitalist economy's expropriation of workers from the land: an expropriation which forced workers to labour in England's urban manufacturing centres.

*Its hard when folks can't find their work  
Where they've been bred and born  
When I was young I always thought I would bide with fruits and corn  
But I've been forced to work in the town so here's my litany  
From Hull and Hell and Huddersfield, good Lord deliver me*

*When I was courting Mary Jane, the old squire he says to me  
We have no room for wedded folk  
Choose whether to leave or to stay  
I couldn't give up the girl I loved to town I was forced to flee  
From Hull and Hell and Huddersfield, good Lord deliver me*

*I've worked in Leeds and Rotherham  
And I've earned some honest brass  
In Bradford, Keighly, Rotherham I have kept my bairns and lass  
I've travelled all three Ridings round and once I went to sea  
From Hull and Hell and Huddersfield, good Lord deliver me*

*I've walked at night through Sheffield lanes,  
'Twas just like being in Hell  
Where furnaces pour out fiery tongues that howl like the wind on the fell  
I've summed up coal from a Barnsley pit, with muck up to my knee  
From Hull and Hell and Huddersfield, good Lord deliver me*

*But now that all my children have grown,  
To the country we've come back  
There's forty miles of heathery moor  
Betwixt us and the coal-pit stack  
And as I sit by the fire at night I will laugh and shout with glee  
From Hull and Hell and Huddersfield the good Lord has delivered me*

*From Hull and Hell and Huddersfield the good Lord has delivered me  
From Hull and Hell and Huddersfield the good Lord has delivered me*

### **Down By the Green Groves**

A song from the repertoire of the Copper Family of Sussex. It was also collected in other counties of the South of England and likely finds its origin in the 18th century. Its careful, delicate, and respectful veneration of the small birds of the South, and their songs, is reminiscent of the tradition of radical, labourers' pastoralism and descriptive materialism typified by the poet John Clare.

*One May morning I chanced for to roam,  
And I came to a field by the side of a grove,  
It was there I did hear the harmless birds sing  
And you never heard so sweet  
You never heard so sweet  
You never heard so sweet as the birds in the spring*

*By the end of the grove I sat myself down  
And the song of the nightingale echoed all round,  
Their song was so charming, their notes were so clear:  
No music no songster  
No music no songster  
No music no songster could with them compare*

*So all you who come here the small birds to hear,  
I'll have you pay attention so pray all draw near.  
And when you're growing old, you will have this to say:  
That you never heard so sweet  
You never heard so sweet  
You never heard so sweet as the birds on the spray*

*We invite you all to sing along for this final song.*

### **Thousands or More**

The Copper family and Bob Copper's favourite song.

*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 up 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 who got thousands or more*