

NOTTINGHAM ART WEEKENDER

Saturday 14 and Sunday 15 May 2016

#NottinghamArtMap

Explore

Nottingham
Contemporary



Luddite Walk

Saturday 14th May

We will be following the footsteps of the Luddites, between 1811 and 1818. Through spoken word, contemporary songs and written accounts we shall explore this movement of resistance by working class people in the town. Visiting sites which are part of this story.

Toilet facilities are available at Nottingham Contemporary at the start and finish of the walk or at Broadway in Broad St (if you are a customer).

The walk of about 2 Miles will last up to 2 hours. The walk is on pavements with no steps although there are some short hills and pavement edges to navigate.

If you would like more information about the Luddites and their history, please contact Roger Tanner at info@nottinghamcontemporary.org

General Ludd's Triumph

Chant no more your old rhymes about bold Robin Hood,
His feats I but little admire
I will sing the Achievements of General Ludd
Now the Hero of Nottinghamshire
Brave Ludd was to measures of violence unused
Till his sufferings became so severe
That at last to defend his own Interest he rous'd
And for the great fight did prepare.

The guilty may fear, but no vengeance he aims
At [the] honest man's life or Estate
His wrath is entirely confined to wide frames
And to those that old prices abate
Those Engines of mischief were sentenced to die
By unanimous vote of the Trade
And Ludd who can all opposition defy
Was the grand Executioner made.

He may censure great Ludd's disrespect for the Laws
Who ne'er for a moment reflects
That foul Imposition alone was the cause
Which produced these unhappy effects
Let the haughty no longer the humble oppress
Then shall Ludd sheath his conquering Sword
His grievances instantly met with redress
Then peace will be quickly restored.

Let the wise and the great lend their aid and advice
And ne'er their assistance withdraw
Till full fashioned work at the old fashioned price
Is established by Custom and Law
Then the Trade when this arduous contest is o'er
Shall raise in full splendour its head
And colting and cutting and squaring no more
Shall deprive honest workers of bread.

Hunting a Loaf

Good people I pray, now hear what I say,
And praydo not call it sedition;
For these great men of late they have cracked my poor pate:
I'm wounded, in a woeful condition.

For in Derby it's true and in Nottingham too,
Poor men to the jail they've been taking;
They say that Ned Ludd, as I understood,
A thousand wide frames has been breaking.

Now it is not bad there's no work to be had,
The poor to be starved in their station;
And if they do steal they're sent straight to jail,
And they're hanged by the laws of the nation.

Since this time last year I've been very queer,
And I've had a sad national cross;
I've been up and down from town to town,
With a shilling to buy a big loaf.

The first that I met was Sir Francis Burdett,
He told me he'd been in the Tower;
I told him my mind a big loaf was to find,
He said, "You must ask them in power."

Then I thought it was time to speak to the Prime,
For Perceval would take my part;
But a Liverpool man soon ended the plan:
With a pistol he shot through his heart.

Then I thought he'd a chance on a rope for to dance,
Some people would think very pretty;
But he lost all his fun, through the country he'd run,
And he found it in fair London city.

Now ending my song I'll sit down with my ale,
And I'll drink a good health to the poor;
With a glass of good ale I have told you my tale,
And I'll look for a big loaf no more. x2

The Hand-Loom Weavers Lament

You gentlemen and tradesmen, that ride about at will,
Look down on these poor people; it's enough to make you krill;
Look down on these poor people, as you ride up and down,
I think there is a God above will bring your pride quite down.

Chorus:

You tyrants of Old England, your race may soon be run,
You may be brought unto account for what you've surely done.

You pull down our wages, and shamefully to tell;
You go into the markets, and say you cannot sell;
And when that we do ask you when these bad times will mend,
You quickly give an answer, "When the wars are at an end."

When we look on our poor children, it grieves our hearts full sore,
Their clothing it is worn to rags, while we can get no more,
With little in their bellies, as they to work must go,
Whilst yours do dress as manky as monkeys in a show.

And now, my lads, for to conclude, it's time to make an end;
Let's see if we can form a plan that these bad times may mend;
Then give us our old prices, as we have had before,
And we can live in happiness, and rub off the old score.

The Miseries of the Framework Knitters (Derry Down)

Ye kind-hearted souls, pray attend to our song,
And hear this true story which shall not be long;
Frame knitters of Sutton, how ill they are used,
And by the bag-masters how sorely abused.

Derry down, down, down derry down x2

They've bated the wages so low for our work
That to gain half maintenance we slave like a Turk;
When we ask for our money comes paper and string,
Dear beef and bad mutton or some suchlike thing.

Derry down, down, down derry down x2

Bad weights and bad measures are frequently used--
Oppressive extortion--thus sorely abused;
Insulted and robbed, too--we mention no names--
But pluck up our spirits and bowl in their frames.

Derry down, down, down derry down x2

(Slow minor verse)

Good people, oh pity our terrible case,
Pray take no offence though we visit this place;
We crave your assistance and pray for our foes,
Oh may they find mercy when this life we lose.

Derry down, down, down derry down x4

Weft Away- (Turn the Tide)

I ply my trade upon the loom and on the stocking frame
Until the factory came along, a happy was my game
The work was hard but in the yard I propagate some harvest
But now I'm poor I've got no more, the winter is the hardest

Weft away warp away
We're not prepared to hide
Burn the factory to the ground
Then we'll turn the tide

They say there's some that face the block and others transportation
But that's the price we're having to pay in this despondent nation
To Australia I am bound, and without trepidation
To tell the tale of General Ludd and spread his reputation

Weft away warp away
We're not prepared to hide
Burn the factory to the ground
Then we'll turn the tide

Solo (slowly and mournfully)

And if to England I return when I am old and weary

I'll raise a glass to General Ludd, who I shall still love dearly
And when I'm dead and in my grave, my struggles they be over
I'll sing his name e'en from the grave until our struggles over

Everyone:

Weft away warp away
We're not prepared to hide
Burn the factory to the ground
Then we'll turn the tide

Turn the Tide x4

Welcome Ned Ludd

Welcome Ned Ludd, your case is good,
Make Perceval your aim;
For by this Bill, 'tis understood
Its death to break a Frame.

With dexterous skill, the Hosier's kill
For they are quite as bad;
And die you must, by the late Bill-
Upon my bonny lad!

You might as well be hung for death
As breaking a machine
So now my Lad, your sword unsheath
And make it sharp and keen

We are ready now your cause to join
Whenever you may call;
So make foul blood run clear & fine
Of Tyrants great and small!

You might as well be hung for death
As breaking a machine
So now my Lad, your sword unsheath
And make it sharp and keen

We are ready now your cause to join
Whenever you may call;
So make foul blood run clear & fine
Of Tyrants great and small!

The Cutty Wren

Oh where have you been to? Said Martha to Moulder
Oh I cannot tell you! Said Festel to Fose
We've been to the greenwood! Said John the Red Nose
We've been to the greenwood! Said John... the Red Nose

And what did you do there? Said Martha to Moulder
Oh I cannot tell you! Said Festel to Fose
We *shot* the Cutty Wren! Said John the Red Nose
We *shot* the Cutty Wren! Said John... the Red Nose

Oh how did you kill it? Said Martha to Moulder
Oh I cannot tell you! Said Festel to Fose
With bows and with arrows said John the Red Nose
With bows and with arrows said John... the Red Nose

Oh where have you been to? Said Martha to Moulder
Oh I cannot tell you ! Said Festel to Fose
We've been to the greenwood! Said John the Red Nose
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*There are many versions of this song, which is usually linked to the Peasants' Revolt of 1381. The wren is supposed to be the young king Richard II, who is killed (and, in many versions, fed to the poor). This idea may have originated in A.L. Lloyd's 1944 book *The Singing Englishman*, but the liner notes to Chumbawamba's album *English Rebel Songs 1381-1914* state categorically that the song was written in the fourteenth century. What is not in doubt is that this is an English rebel song, and, once a rebel song, always a rebel song