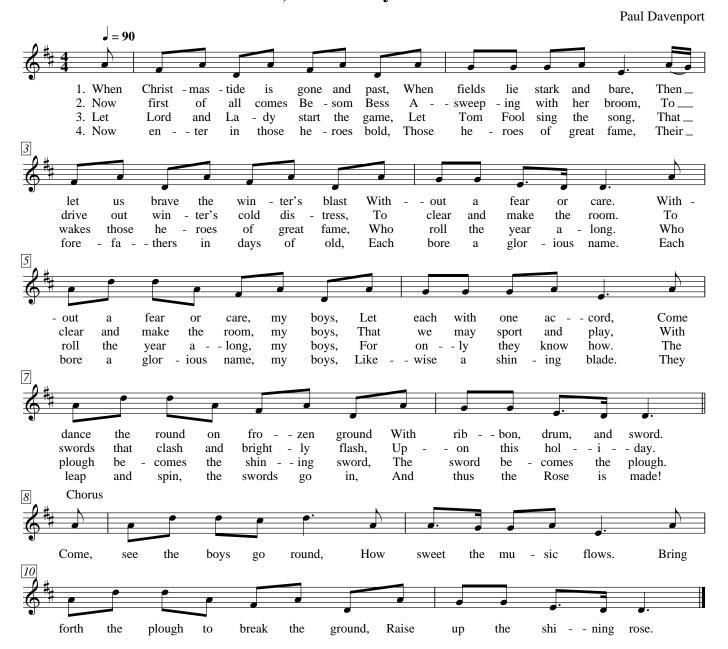
## Come, See the Boys Go Round



Written in 2012 by Yorkshire songwriter, Paul Davenport, to describe the longsword dance performance of the Goathland Plough Stots. The Plough Stots are one of the remaining traditional longsword teams in England. The Stots were originally more of a mumming group who went around with a plough on Plough Monday soliciting money for Epiphany candles for the church and for seeds for crops. According to an article (reproduced on their website), written in the 1920s by Frank Dowson to describe the team's revival in 1922:

They shouted and sang as they went on their rounds, and gradually a sort of rude pageant or play came into being. In time a "Lord" and "Lady" or "Gentleman" and "Lady" appeared at the head of the company, with collectors (known locally as "Toms"), and an old couple, "Isaac" and "Betty" ("T'awd man", and "T'awd woman") brought up the rear. It is not known when teams of Sword Dancers joined the Plough Stot companies, but such would almost naturally follow in the course of time. The Sword Dancers had quite distinct origin however, and such ritual dances have been in existence from time immemorial. ... Most villages or districts in North Yorkshire formerly had Sword Dance teams accompanying the Stots or the Mummers. These teams have all died out in course of time with the exception of those of Goathland and Sleights, and the last named company has not gone out in recent years.

The dances are described in Ivor Allsop's "Longsword Dances from Traditional and Manuscript Sources". Goathland, or at least its train station, is also famous as the movie set for Hogsmeade in "Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone".

- 1. When Christmastide is gone and past
  When fields lie stark and bare
  Then let us brave the winter's blast
  Without a fear or care
  Without a fear or care my boys
  Let each with one accord
  Now dance the round on frozen ground
  With ribbons, drum and sword
- 2. Now first of all comes Besom Bess
  A-sweeping with her broom
  To drive out winter's cold distress
  To clear and make the room
  To clear and make the room my boys
  That we may sport and play
  With swords that clash and brightly flash
  Upon this holiday
- 3. Let Lord and Lady start the game
  Let Tom Fool sing the song
  That wakes those heroes of great fame
  Who roll the year along
  Who roll the year along my boys
  For only they know how
  The plough becomes the shining sword
  The sword becomes the plough
- 4. Now enter in those heroes bold,
  Those heroes of great fame
  Their forefathers in days of old
  Each bore a glorious name
  Each bore a glorious name my boys
  Likewise a shining blade
  They leap and spin, the swords go in
  And thus the Rose is made!

Chorus
Come, see the boys go round
How sweet the music flows
Bring forth the plough to break the ground
Raise up the shining Rose

The song begins and ends with the chorus, repeated twice. Otherwise, the chorus is sung once between each verse.