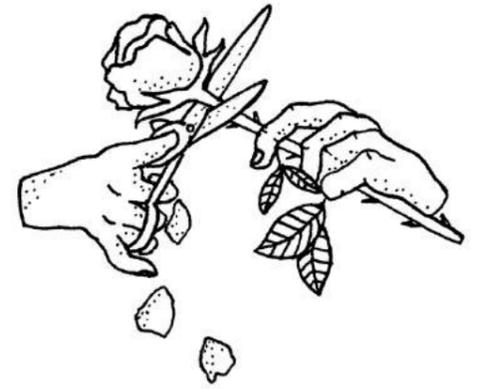
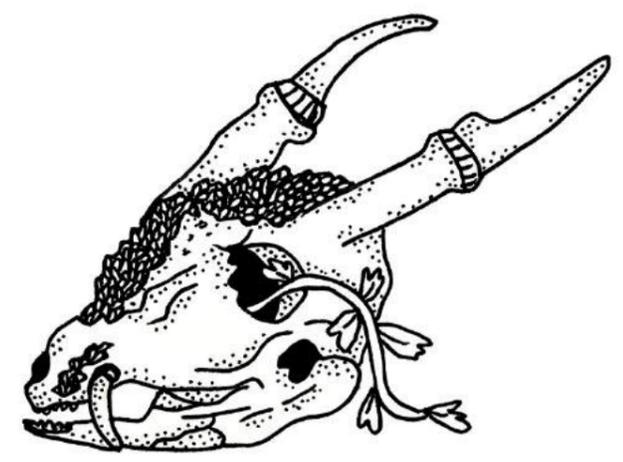


MOB-HANDED PRESS || COLLABORATIVE SONGBOOKS  
ISSUE ONE: THE END



*“All my trials /  
Lord, soon be over”*

The above is the refrain from ‘All My Trials’, a traditional Bahamian lullaby that spoke of THE END of struggles. It was co-opted by the folk music movement and recorded by numerous artists including PAUL McCARTNEY, CERYS MATTHEWS, and LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM. Though retaining the same essence, the versions vary; different atmospheres pervade each recording depending on the era in which it was made and the artistic voices of those involved.

It is from this song’s message and history that we find our starting point, THE END, and present the inaugural issue of the MOB-HANDED PRESS COLLABORATIVE SONG BOOK.

For this project, the contributing artists have been asked to provide a song based around the theme of THE END, the only rule being that they should not deviate from how they would usually write down their music. Each piece is presented as it was submitted, with any annotations intact.

This songbook contains audio recordings, demos, lyrics, images, chords, and rough notes. It is hoped that these songs will give an insight into not only the writers’ feelings on their own personal ‘end’, but also how they remember their music and teach it to others.

- C.Y, 2017

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## FINALLY DONE

by Jim Blackmann

There is a difference between what you want to say and how you say it. There are two good rules of writing that I learned from poetry: the first is avoid clichés, the second is show, don't tell.

I write in drafts. When I first started songwriting I wanted someone to sit next to me and play the melody so I could write around it, but that wasn't practical, so I got a Dictaphone. Best thing I ever did. The final draft is settled by playing the song through and hearing how the lines sound.

When I work with other musicians, I send them mp3 files of the songs with lyrics on a sheet of paper, and then we meet up and have practice sessions. It works.

<http://bit.ly/mhp01jim>



When this is finally done  
When we have risen  
Laid out the vision  
Stayed up to right every wrong  
Trampled the flowers  
Storming the tower  
And in good honour  
We got all we wanted  
And yes I know I could go on  
It will not matter

When this is finally done  
When I have learned how to bear  
The cattle the calling  
The depth of it all and I've  
Got the world out of my hair  
And given a minute  
I'm no longer in it  
Then tell me the sense in it  
Show me the fence and then  
Give me my day in the sun  
Till then I'm waiting for  
When this is finally done

To stand on solid ground  
Demand release  
And then to set it down  
And so to be  
Finally..

When I have finally won  
The wine and the courting  
Has paid its reward and I've  
Taken your queen with my pawn  
And given a night  
Put out the light  
And let me go under  
And maybe just once I could  
Wake on the right side of dawn  
Till then I'm waiting for  
When this is finally done



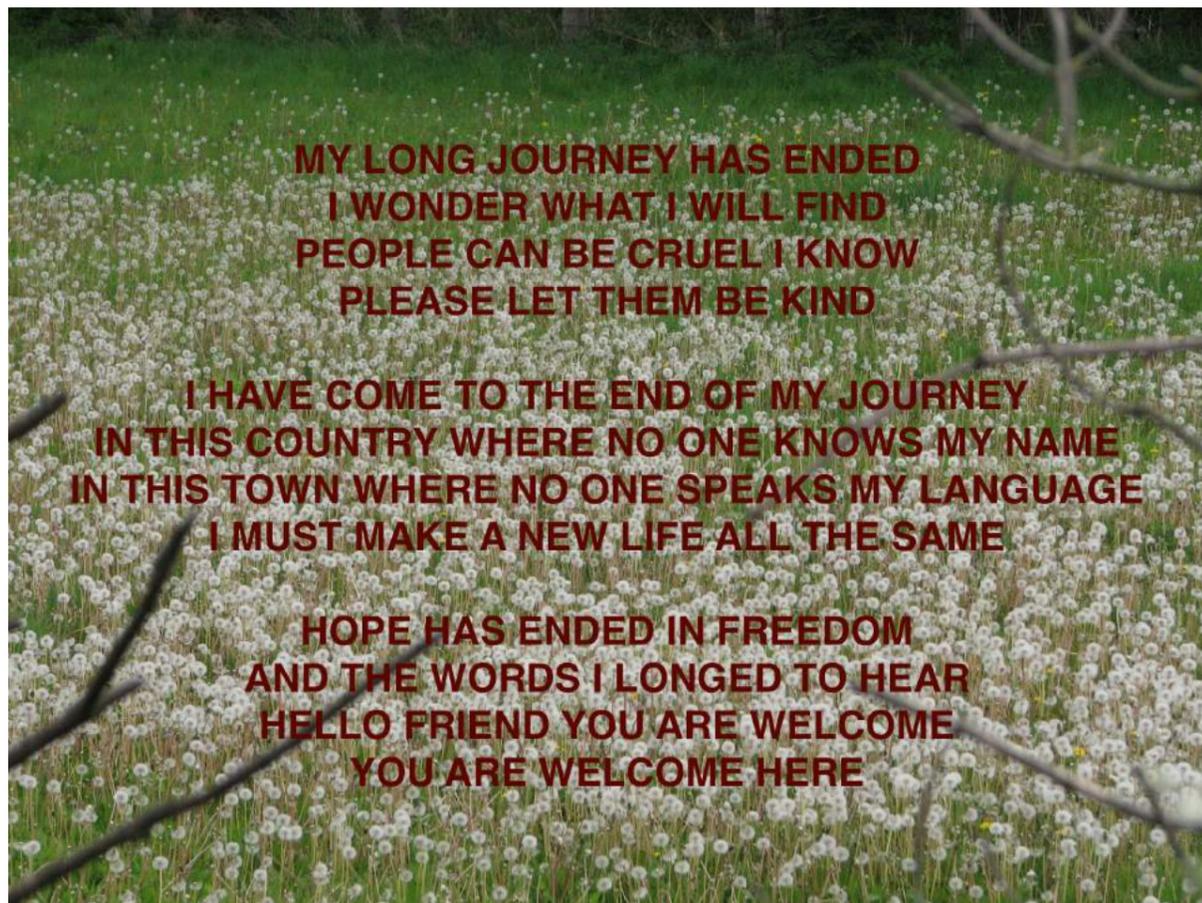
## ENDINGS

by Alison Hustwitt

I was inspired by a gig I played at a cafe that hosts an evening for refugees and asylum seekers. I was struck by a chap who said that he was the only person from his country outside of London. How lonely must that be! Yet he was remaining positive, volunteering and learning English.

Language is very important to me, so when I am writing, I spend quite a bit of time finding the exact word or phrase, though songs do also evolve as I perform them. My songs have always come to me as verses here and there. What usually happens is that I am very angry about some injustice, or amused by something, and the basis of a song forms in my head. The shortest time it has ever taken me to write a song is an hour or so, but some songs remain unfinished for years until something prompts a reaction and the final verses come to me.

I am very definitely a singer-songwriter who uses an instrument to enhance the songs. I would never claim to be a true instrumentalist – the guitar is definitely used to accompany my work, rather than being the main aspect.



**C** MY LONG JOURNEY HAS ENDED  
**F** I WONDER WHAT I WILL FIND  
**C** PEOPLE CAN BE CRUEL I KNOW  
**G** PLEASE LET THEM BE KIND

**I** HAVE COME TO THE END OF MY JOURNEY  
**I** IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE NO ONE KNOWS MY NAME  
**I** IN THIS TOWN WHERE NO ONE SPEAKS MY LANGUAGE  
**I** I MUST MAKE A NEW LIFE ALL THE SAME

**H**OPE HAS ENDED IN FREEDOM  
**A**ND THE WORDS I LONGED TO HEAR  
**H**ELLO FRIEND YOU ARE WELCOME  
**Y**OU ARE WELCOME HERE

C F  
MY LONG JOURNEY HAS ENDED

C G  
I WONDER WHAT I WILL FIND

C F  
PEOPLE CAN BE CRUEL I KNOW

G G  
PLEASE LET THEM BE KIND

I HAVE COME TO THE END OF MY JOURNEY  
IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE NO ONE KNOWS MY NAME  
IN THIS TOWN WHERE NO ONE SPEAKS MY LANGUAGE  
I MUST MAKE A NEW LIFE ALL THE SAME

HOPE HAS ENDED IN FREEDOM  
AND THE WORDS I LONGED TO HEAR  
HELLO FRIEND YOU ARE WELCOME  
YOU ARE WELCOME HERE

*For everyone at "We're Open Swindon"*



## 22:23

by Philip Goodland

Usually I'll think of a lyric or a line and write around it. I like to play with words and the rhythm in 'em. Otherwise it's a more sentimental affair and I'll end up writing a whole set of lyrics in an evening. In general that's a reaction to something unpleasant that's happened.

As far as the tune goes, I just write the chords down. I'll record it on my phone if there's a particular relationship between notes or some strange timing that I want to remember.

It took me a while to get started on this because usually I'll have started writing before I know what I'm writing about, whereas this time I was writing about something on purpose. When I stopped thinking about it, it became a lot easier.

This song's supposed to sound like 30s jazz, so if you mean to play it and you don't like Freddy Taylor, we may never be friends.

Dm, G, C, E, Am

Dm, G, C, C7

Dm, G, C, Am

Dm, G, C, C7

Dm, G, C, Am

Dm, G, C, C7

Dm, G, C, E, Am

Dm, G, C, C7

I gave her back her keys

And got on the twenty two twenty three

With two fewer to choose from

Two fewer to choose

And then the rain came

And spat a pattern on the pavement

Spat a tattoo on the railings

And on the roofs of cars

And then the rain came

And spat a pattern among the beer stains

Among the rings on the table top

Where it had met my cup

From which I sip until I bring it up

The rain, it came again

But it was less insistant than before

The rain came again

And it'll probably rain some more



## THE START OF THE END

by Emma Shoosmith

I often focus on the lyrics before even writing a melody or chords. Most of the time the lyrics are based off something that has happened to me personally, or about someone that I know. But I also like to make the song relatable to other people, to allow the listener to make their own judgement. I think that's most important to me.

I don't feel this song is properly finished, so I would say to someone learning it: make it your own, and put your own take on it. Most importantly, you should be able to relate to the song; then the way you would sing it or play it can reflect that.

My biggest challenge for this song was figuring out what I wanted to say to this person who ended things with me, but not to say it in such a literal way. And also to not say too much. I have a habit of losing the meaning because I'm rambling.

On you know  
I'd have shown you my heart  
and every beating part  
if we get to the end of the story  
On I know, I was expecting this  
It was bound to happen.  
But not so soon <sup>it was so</sup>  
~~instead we got to the start~~

I've been in this place before  
same old story, counting flaws  
and we've been making plans  
as whilst I've been building walls  
that were never built to last  
<sup>c</sup> lost  
I've ~~lost~~ my heart in foreign places  
same old story, different faces  
and I have made mistakes  
<sup>times</sup> and have again  
clearly I never ever learn.  
FM  
but this time its different

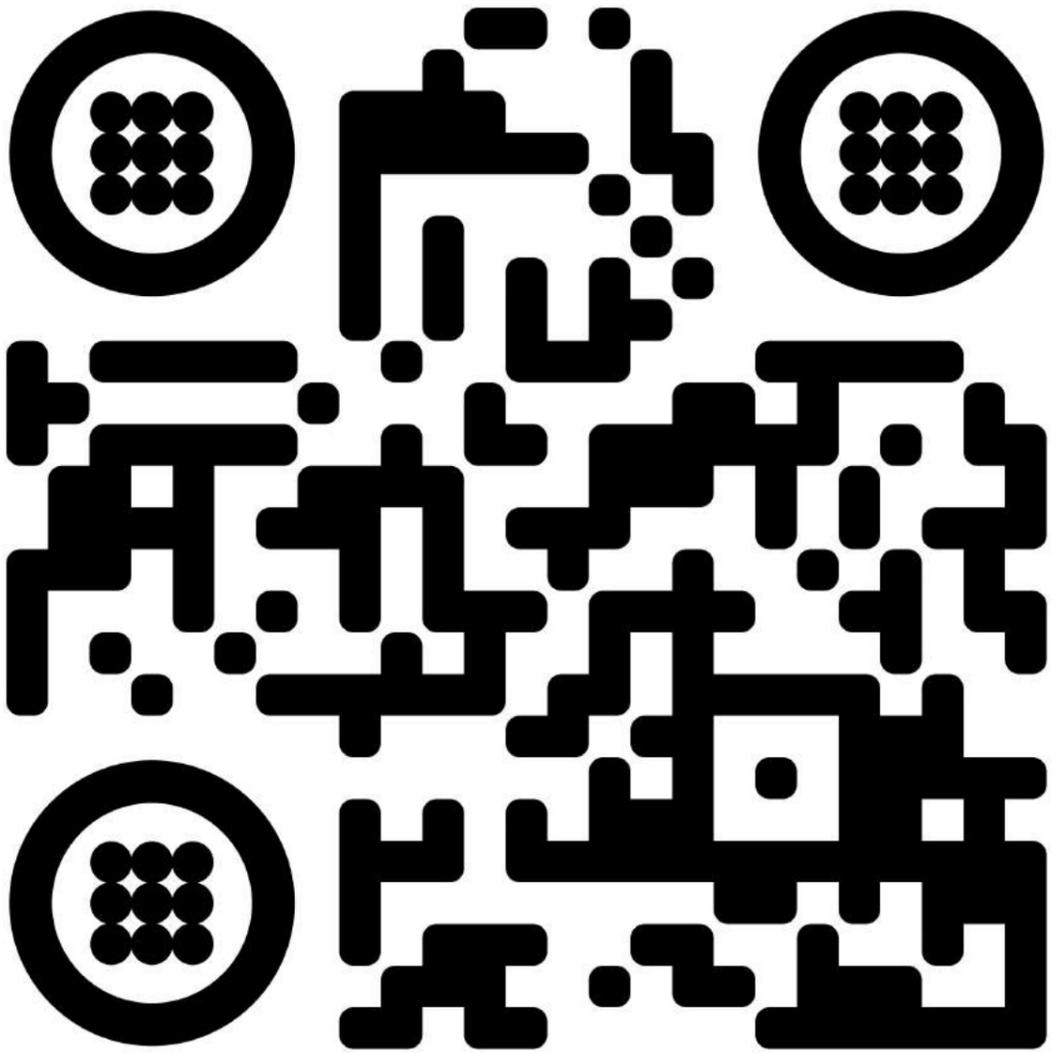
Start of the end  
disappointed but not  
unexpected.  
we would've been <sup>end,</sup>  
electric to happen?  
(It was meant to happen)  
we made plans.  
not built to last  
building walls  
Strangers.  
wanting what I can't have  
been in this place before  
where I've lost my heart in foreign  
places  
same old story just different  
faces

A - G  
D - F  
G - Fm - Fm

I've been in this place before  
same old story, counting flaws  
we've been making plans  
while I've been building walls  
that we never built to last

I've lost my heart in foreign places  
same old story, different faces  
and I have made mistakes  
time and time again  
clearly I never ever learn  
but this time is different

On you know we would've  
been electric  
I'd have shown you my heart  
and every beating part  
if we got to the end of the start



But to be honest, I haven't  
been honest.  
To tell the truth, I haven't  
been true.

I suppose I deserve this

Oh I know I must deserve this

~~I hope~~ I wasn't  
if ~~that~~ the bar/bon wasn't  
I got inside myself.  
Well we kept catching ~~eyes~~  
and probably catching ~~eyes~~  
at that ~~point~~ September  
late night

9-10  
September

I hope she treats you well.

I hope she feels how I felt

~~when you lit up the dark.~~

but your glowing cigarette

burning brighter than the stars

I wasn't

When we kept catching eyes

~~in~~ September night

and probably catching cold

light up that cold September night

light up the dark.

the glow of cigarette - light away

the crackle of the cigarette end.

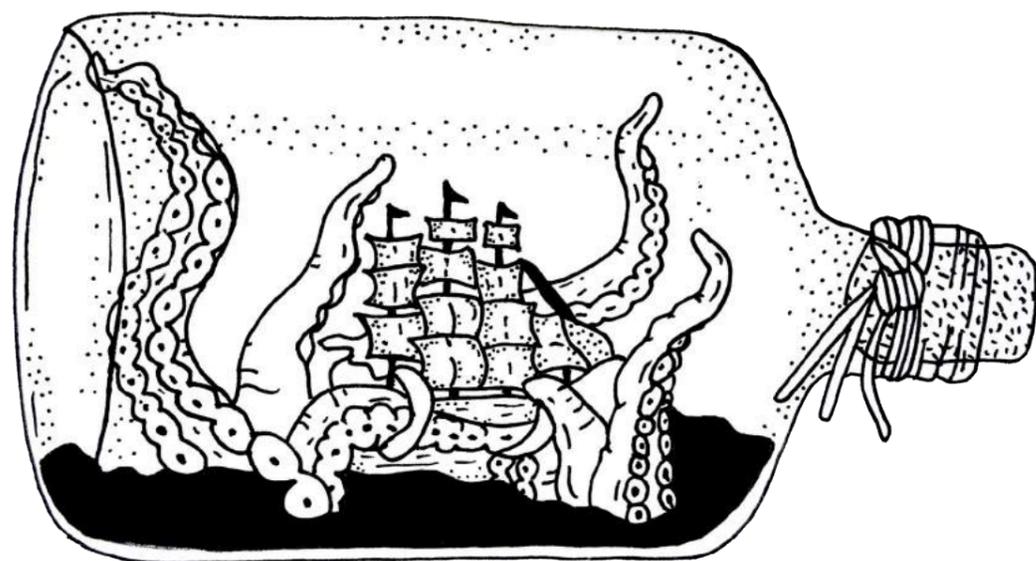
know it lit up your face in

the September chill.

Catching eyes, catching cold

cheap tobacco.

September



## I REALISED IN THE END

by Martyn Plant

I was very interested in the collaborative and interpretative nature of this project, and that my creation might be open to reinterpretation by others. Being primarily a visual artist, I saw an opportunity to express my ideas both visually and musically.

I decided to structure the song around four verses, for each of the natural elements: Earth, Air, Fire and Water. So, the Earth fracturing beneath our feet, Storm Clouds gathering on the horizon, Fire burning in the city, and Waves crashing on the shore.

I tend to scribble all sorts of words and ideas down onto the page, and gradually fashion them into a recognisable form of rhythms and rhymes, over several versions. I chose an A Minor key, and found a chord structure to fit the developing lyrics. In terms of tempo, I was aiming for something upbeat, not too slow or doom-laden. I do find my songs can vary slightly from performance to performance, so there may be no definitive version.

The transcription of the song presented here is primarily visual, and I imagine it would be difficult to recreate the original version of the song. I am intrigued to hear how someone else might perform it.

crisis

Am F MA7 C Gc

INTRO INSTRU

Help

You tell me there's dark clouds on the horizon  
Thunder and lightning on the way  
Rain is pouring down, swallowing the ground  
And all we know will be washed away  
All will be washed away  
All will be washed away

chorus

C G Em Am C G Em G Am

Storm

chorus..

Judgment

And I never saw it coming  
I'd close my eyes and pretend  
But we were fragile, we were fleeting  
The game in which we were competing  
I only realised in the end  
I only realised in the end

You ask me did I feel the hard earth trembling  
See the cracks and chasms in the ground  
We're being torn apart, in the beating of a heart  
Lost in the chaos all around  
Lost in the chaos all around  
There's chaos all around

worries

Floods expected

HURT

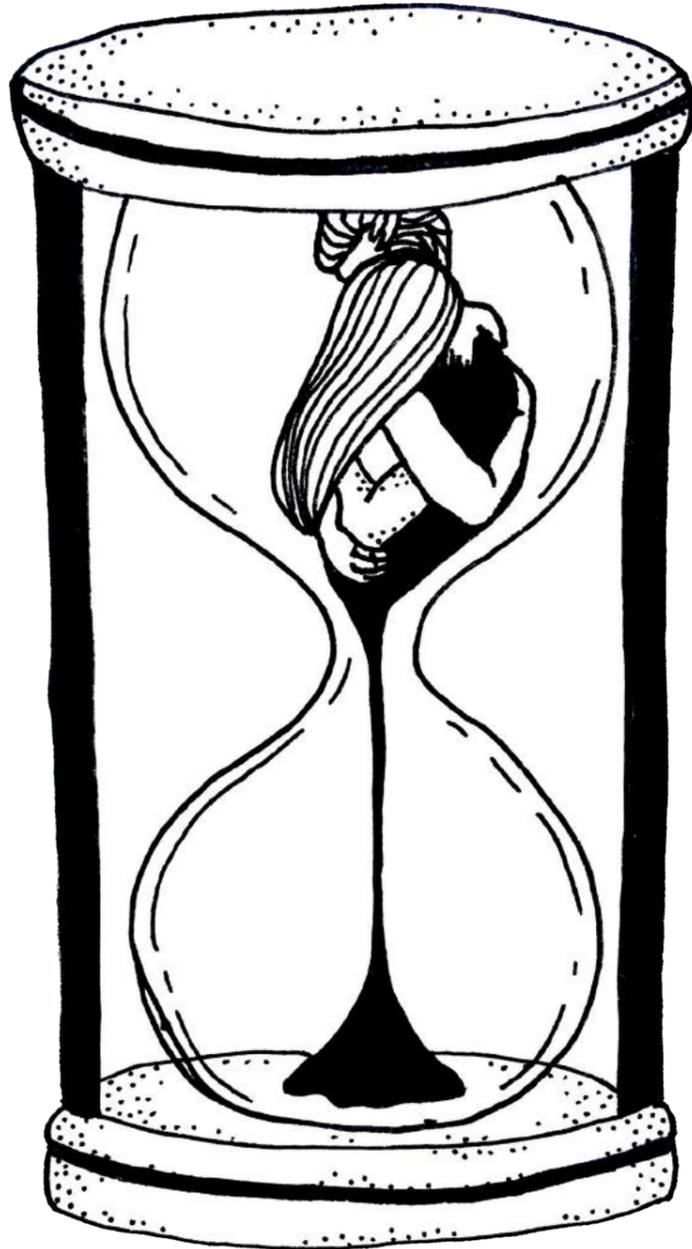
There's a fire raging in the city  
Consuming all that we have made  
Everything is ash, returned to the past  
No time left to be afraid  
No time left to be afraid  
Don't be afraid

Am C Am F MA7 Am F MA7 C Am

Verse...

I hear the waves battering the shoreline  
They flood and drown the landscape as they come  
Fracturing the stone, splintering the wood and bone  
There's nowhere left to run  
Nowhere left to run  
Nowhere left to run

time runs out



## THE END?

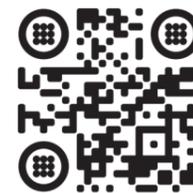
by Sharon Lazibyrd

My approach can combine many methods, from a line that enters my head to hearing a sound on an instrument. I always write lyrics down, and although I play chords, I don't know them all by name.

I will occasionally note down a melody. I think every part of songwriting is important but I think my particular strength is melody. If I were to teach someone this song, I would ideally play it with them so they could learn it by ear.

I wanted to approach the theme of THE END in a way that was hopefully open to interpretation and ambiguity. The challenge was to think about THE END and see what happened and where it took me. It took me a while longer to work out what I wanted to say, and I don't want to spell it out too much as there should, in my opinion, be a certain open-endedness to it. I didn't want to write a song that was too melancholic, but I did want the audience to experience emotion while listening.

<http://bit.ly/mhp01sharon>



Time passes  
All I'm asking is  
Can't you stop for me?  
Day is breaking  
Dreams are waking  
Close your eyes to see  
And I'm asking you again  
Are you my foe, are you my friend?  
Is this the start or just the end?

Hearts beating  
Time seems fleeting  
We change like the trees  
Storms bring rainbows  
What do we know?  
The tide still needs the sea  
And I'm asking you again  
Are you my foe, are you my friend?  
Is this the start or just the end?

Shadows falling  
Birds are calling  
The night-time beckons me  
But flowers open  
Keep on hoping  
The darkness sets you free  
And I'm asking you again  
Are you my foe, are you my friend?  
Is this the start or just the end?

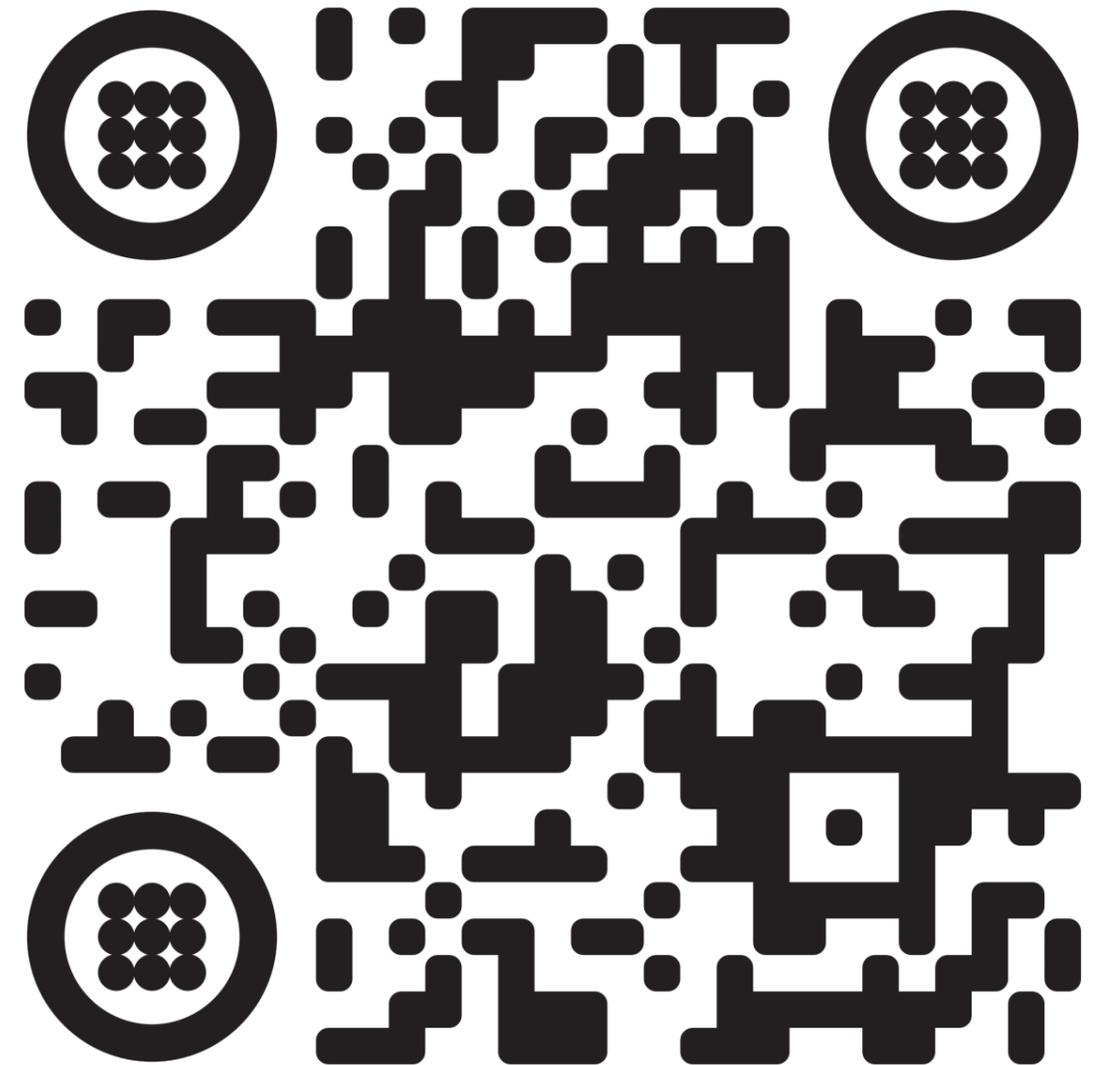


## BROOSE: THE ENDOMUSIA

by Broose Dickinson

For six months in 2013 I recorded and archived earworms (catchy tunes that continually repeat in the mind) whenever they would arise in my head. As a result, at the end of the six months, I created Broose: The Endomusia to express the experience. I then decided to continue the process for another two and a half years, which will be represented in an art exhibition at 44AD in February 2018.

<http://bit.ly/mhporbroosedickinson>





## DOES TIME REALLY HEAL

by Alex Priddice\*

'Does Time Really Heal' is song about bereavement and the void that is left when someone close to you passes away. But it is also about the comfort of feeling their presence and cherishing those memories.

My songwriting process starts with experimenting with chord sequences. If one connects with me then I pursue it, developing the idea and constructing verses, bridge and chorus while humming melodies over the top. Then particular lyrics or expressions inspire me to theme the lyrics for a particular song, and I fit the lyrics into the melody.

\*additional vocals provided by Craig Priddice.

I can hear your voice, echoes in the room.

Empty chair, empty heart

Tie your lover down with words and bribe

Ignite

I believe in her next to me

Because in my arms tonight

I feel you all the time

This void will never be filled

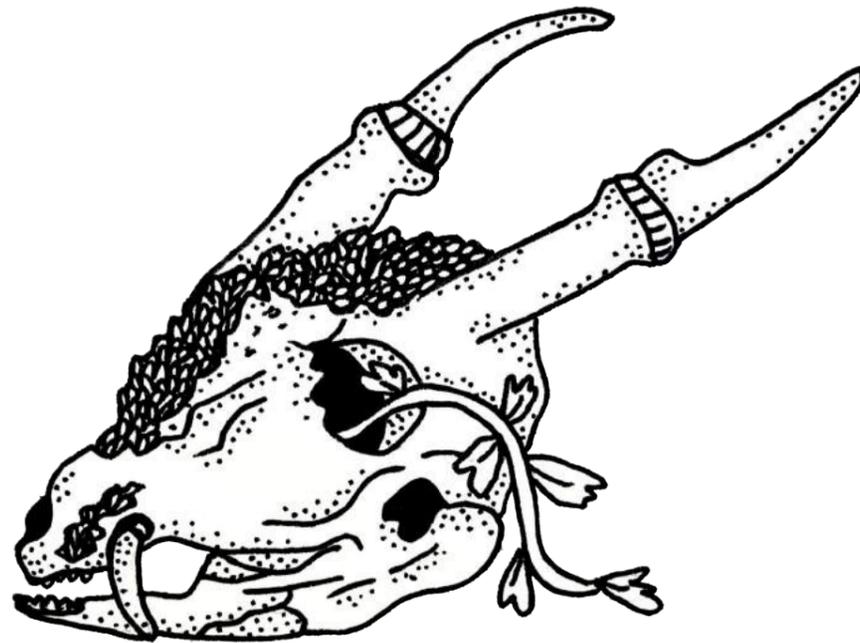
Does Time Really Heal?

The night draws in, close the curtains, open your heart.

Another year looms, stand up and reach from the dark.

In my head, I believe in her next to me.

It's not the way we meant, back to you.



## WE'RE MOVING TO THE BIG CITY WHERE WE WILL GET BURIED

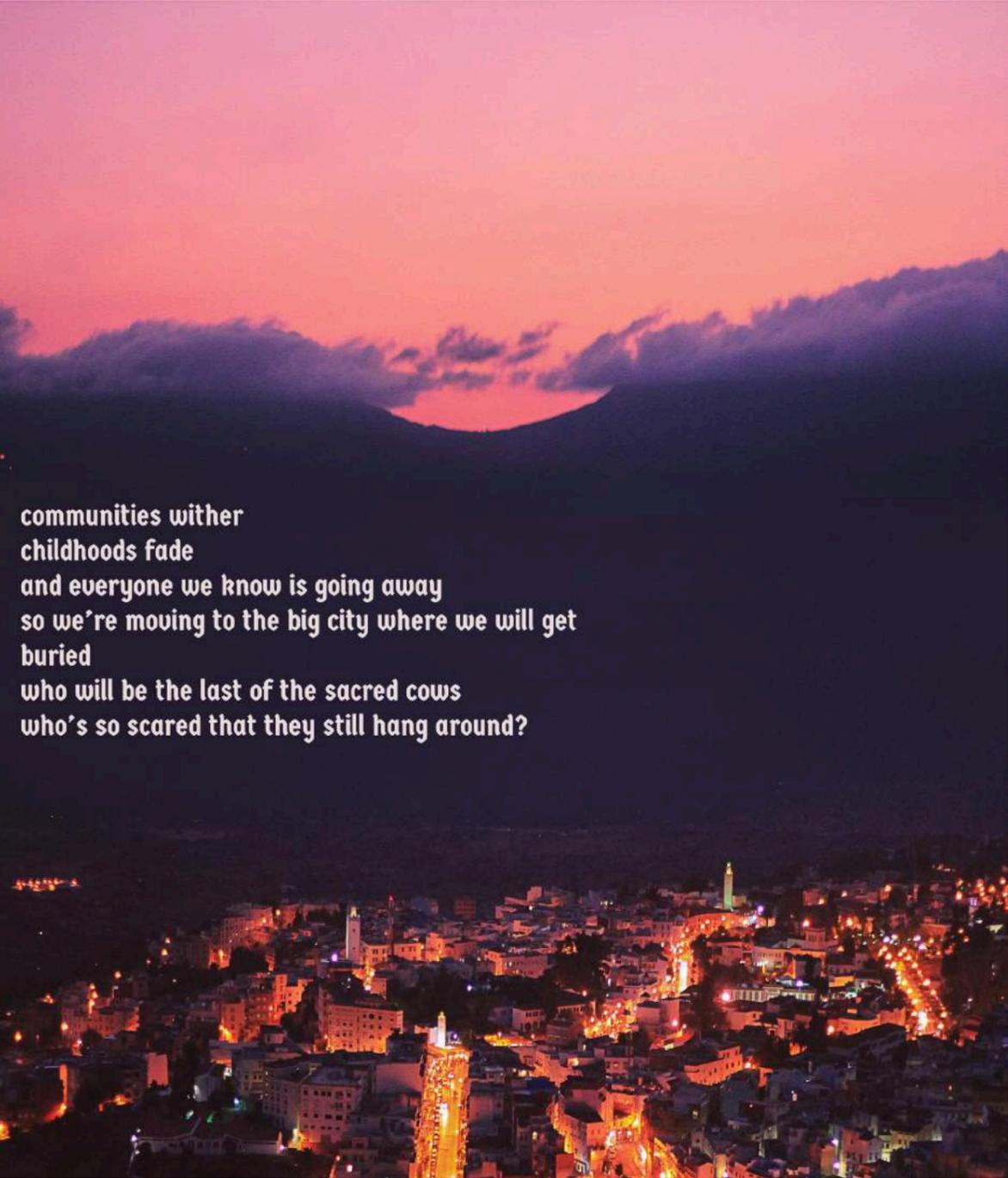
by Matchfixers

I was trying to write a melancholic ballad, but it came out as this energetic, kind-of 'surf' sounding piece. I wrote the lead to it on the spot, which is rare for me as I usually labour over guitar parts. I got my writing partner Henry to play the bass and advise me on whether he thought the different ideas gelled well. I have a big ol' lyrics folder on my phone, which has tonnes of complete and incomplete ideas.

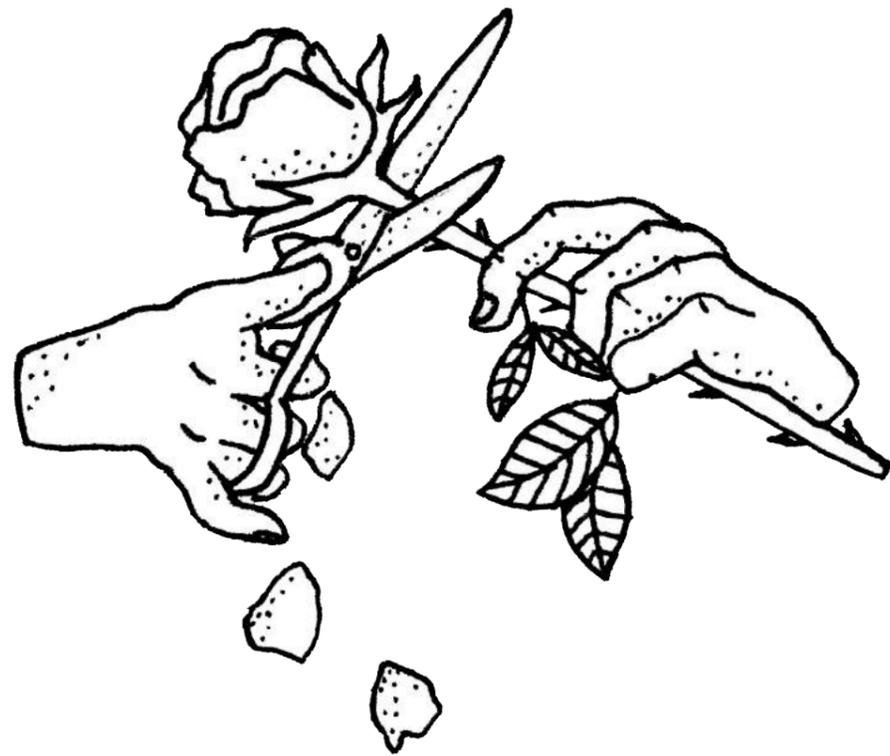
Losing a sense of self or the idea of home comes up in my writing a lot as all my favourite musicians have a real sense of themselves flowing through their music. The main riff is just a variation around an Em chord while the verse is based around A, G and B7. The simple lead part all takes place on the B string and is quite rigid to complement the more flowing chords underpinning. The song itself came together pretty naturally, and THE END is never too far from my mind.

<http://bit.ly/mhp01matchfixers>





communities wither  
childhoods fade  
and everyone we know is going away  
so we're moving to the big city where we will get  
buried  
who will be the last of the sacred cows  
who's so scared that they still hang around?



## ALL MY TRIALS

traditional (arranged by Chris Yeoh)

Countless musicians have reinterpreted the message of ‘All My Trials’. I have stripped the song back to some generally agreed upon chords (popularised by artists like PETER, PAUL, AND MARY), and included only the verses pertinent to MOB-HANDED PRESS: discussions of THE END, allusions to a “book”, and a mention of the River Jordan (a photo of which features heavily in online content for this project).

However, we cannot ignore the problematic implications of adaptations such as these. In taking the roots of the song from a Bahamian lullaby, musicians co-opted the hopes of a post-slavery salvation and ‘updated’ them to suit an audience facing 20th century social issues in the USA. Therefore, the song is presented here opposite a doctored photograph of a statue of infamous colonialist Christopher Columbus, which stands on the island of Nassau. The picture was taken in 1900 by Alan Lomax , an American documenter of folklore traditions, whose journey took him from the West Indies to the coast of Scotland, where MOB-HANDED PRESS was born.

<http://bit.ly/mhp01trials>



C Am Dm G C  
All my trials Lord, soon be over

C Gm  
I had a little book was given to me  
C F Fm  
and every page spelled "liberty"

All my trials Lord, soon be over

If religion were a thing that money could buy,  
then the rich would live and the poor would die

All my trials Lord, soon be over

C C  
Too late my brothers,  
C F Fm  
too late but never mind

All my trials Lord, soon be over

The river of Jordan is muddy and cold,  
it chills the body but not the soul

C Am Dm G F Fm C  
All my trials Lord, soon be over



## THE END

Created, produced, and edited by CHRIS YEOH. Artwork by ELACIA VAUGHAN. Additional editing by MARION EELE. It was self-published at the Glasgow Publication Studios. All additional images were provided by the artists and The Library of Congress. All sound recordings were provided by the artists.

Thanks to LAINE PEARCE-REES, RAMSEY MARWAN, BETH MONK, JESSICA PIETTE, the CCA, Glasgow Publication Studios, the Library of Congress, MARION EELE, Studio 44AD, and everyone who shared or talked about this publication.

\*

ELACIA VAUGHAN is a freelance illustrator based in Basingstoke and Bristol.

[INSTAGRAM.COM/ELACIA.VAUGHAN]

JIM BLACKMANN grew up in Canada, where he learned folk music. He wrote novels and poetry before he came to songwriting. He started performing in public about four years ago. [FACE BOOK.COM/JIMBLACKMANNMUSIC]

ALISON HUSTWITT began writing songs and performing in her early 30s. Since then she has performed in community choirs, with acapella trio The Very Women, and for the last few years as a solo performer. Alongside music she works as a mental health recovery worker. [ALISONHUSTWITT.COM]

PHILIP GOODLAND is from Chippenham. He plays guitar and sings. He would like to thank you very much for taking the time to read what he has to say. He hopes you enjoy his song and all of the other things in this book. Xx

Based in Somerset, EMMA SHOOSMITH combines acoustic, country and folk genres and makes them her own. Accompanied by an acoustic guitar, her distinctive, pure vocals capture the melancholy content of her songs while mixing it up with catchy melodies. [EMMASHOOSMITH.COM]

MARTYN PLANT spends his time appreciating and making art in several forms. He teaches visual art, and organises arts events including the Midsomer Arts Festival. [THEARTOFTHE PLANT.WEEBLY.COM]

BROOSE DICKINSON established himself in Texas as an influential and prolific musician and visual artist. As a painter, band frontman, and producer, Broose helped define the fledgling Deep Ellum underground art scene in Dallas, Texas. Broose is currently an artist in residence at 44AD Artspace in Bath. [BROOSE.COM]

SHARON LAZIBYRD is an award-winning singer-songwriter. Her striking, melodic songs are influenced by musicals, music hall and everything from Julian Cope to English folk. She has been featured on the 'BBC Introducing Mixtape' for BBC Radio 6 Music. [FACEBOOK.COM/SHARON-LAZIBYRD]

Matchfixers is JOSEPH FULLER, a musician and writer from Bath. Along with several collaborators, Joseph tries to figure shit out through home-recorded guitar-pop [MATCHFIXERS.BANDCAMP.COM]

ALEX PRIDDICE and his brother Craig have played at Glastonbury Festival, Thekla, Louisiana and Ashton Gate Stadium. The duo continue to build and hone their craft of melodic and poignant songs. [CRAIGANDALEXPRIDDICE.COM]



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'DEADLINE' (2017), Katie O'Brien