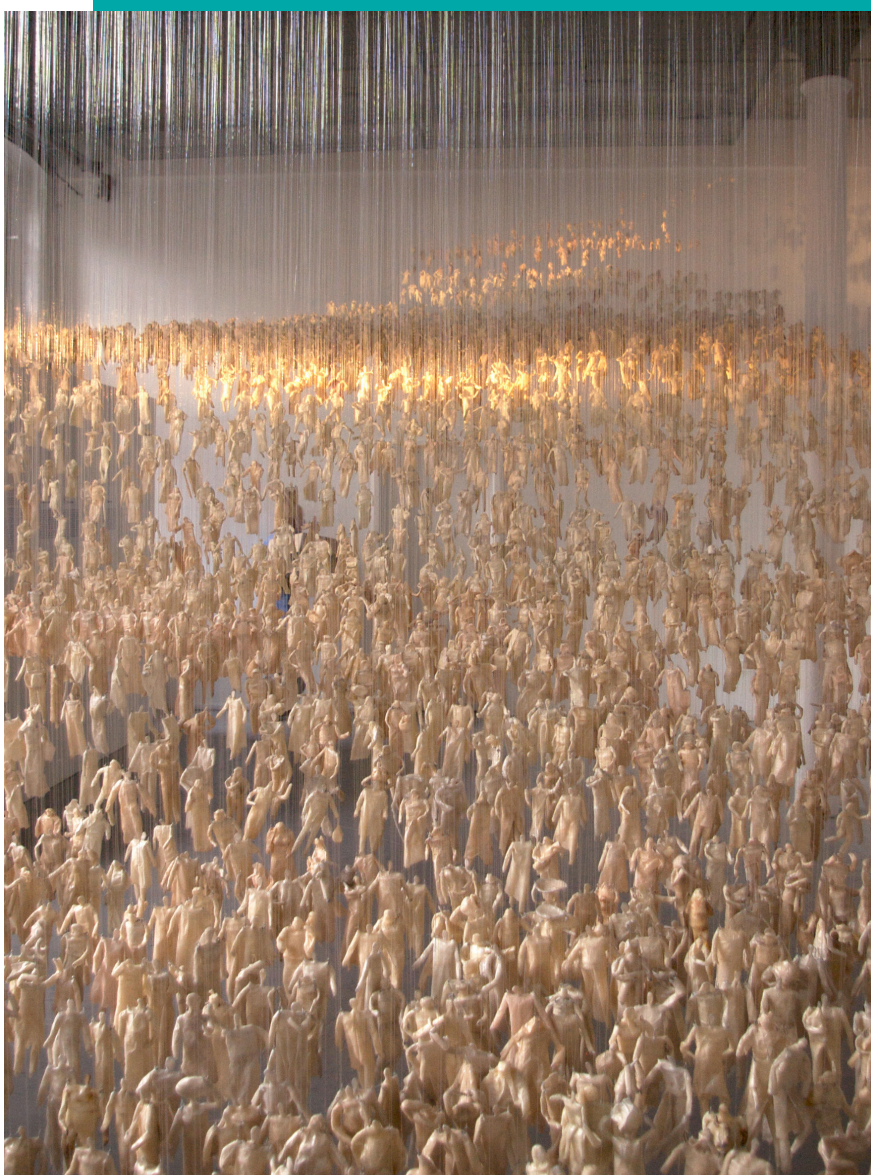


VOX HOLLOWAY

IN ASSOCIATION WITH  
ST LUKE'S CHURCH, WEST HOLLOWAY  
PRESENTS

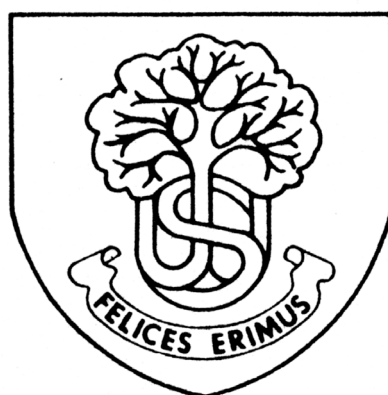
# SONGS OF EXILE

A CONCERT IN AID OF SYRIAN REFUGEES



SUNDAY  
DECEMBER 1ST 2013  
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## VOX HOLLOWAY

in association with St. Luke's Church,  
West Holloway presents

## SONGS OF EXILE

A concert in aid of Hand in Hand for Syria

## Soloists

Clara Sanabras and Reem Kelani

The Elysian Quartet

Andy Hamill

Fred Thomas

Fariborz Kiani

Arash Moradi

Vox Holloway

## Conductors

Justin Butcher and Harvey Brough

## PROGRAMME

## First Half

SONGS OF  
SPANISH EXILE

Adéu, Serra de Montsant

Absència

Solo serán Tres Meses

For Whom the Bell Tolls

Jamie Foyers

Scattered Flight

Rumba sin Rumbo

Havanera del Comiat

## Second Half

The world premiere of  
CRY PALESTINE

A new work by Reem Kelani,  
Harvey Brough, and Justin Butcher

## A NOTE OF THANKS

Vox Holloway thanks Dave and Pat Tomlinson and the wardens, PCC, and community of St. Luke's Church for their generous support; our rehearsal sectional leaders Ruth Melhuish and Matthew Evan Smith; Chris Somes-Charlton of The Miktab Limited; Margaret Obank of the Banipal Trust for Arab Literature; Joanna Harries of The Forge, Jif Thompson for stage management; Ginny Cooper for flyer and programme design; Oscar Cainer for the PA system and sound mixing; Tricia Zipfel; Anna Skalski; Joanna Sholem; our front-of-house and bar volunteers; our anonymous donor; and all of our advertisers and supporters.

Cover image from 'Return of the Soul' by Jane Frere.  
Photo by Malcolm Crowthers.



# VOX HOLLOWAY

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Justin Butcher

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# LIVING IN THE AGE OF THE EXILE

*We live in the age of the refugee, the age of the exile.*

Ariel Dorfman

**The Syrian refugee problem erupted in the spring of 2011, when the Syrian government used lethal force in response to anti-government protests. To escape the violence, more than 1.7 million Syrian refugees have since fled to neighbouring countries and beyond. But far more Syrians have become internal exiles: by August 2012, the United Nations estimated that about 4 million Syrians were 'internally displaced' (forced to flee their homes but still living in Syria) because of the civil war. Refugees in all but name, the millions of women, children and men displaced within Syria receive little or no international aid.**

As one of the few charities currently able to work inside Syria, Hand in Hand for Syria has been at the forefront of international humanitarian assistance inside the country, delivering aid to thousands of people across Syria. The violent conflict has shattered Syria's health system when the need is greatest, so Hand in Hand for Syria is working to rebuild the country's medical infrastructure by establishing two children's hospitals and a large general hospital with seven specialist clinics. Food scarcity is also a growing threat facing people in Syria. Hand in Hand for Syria has responded by reopening bakeries and distributing food to tens of thousands of families. Current projects include opening a textile workshop to provide employment, and opening a school to get local children back into education.

To support Hand in Hand for Syria's work, Vox Holloway is tonight performing songs of exile originating from two other countries with a history of internal conflict, Spain and Palestine, and featuring two talented musicians whose roots are buried deep within those two countries, Clara Sanabras and Reem Kelani.

Born in France and raised in Barcelona before finally settling in London, Clara Sanabras tonight presents a selection of songs from her forthcoming album, *Scattered Flight: Songs of Spanish Exile*, which have been arranged for choir and soloist by renowned British composer (and Clara's partner) Harvey Brough. Songs of Spanish Exile is an elegy to the experience of exile, told in Catalan, Spanish and English. Clara sees it as an homage to her Hispanic roots, featuring brand new compositions, as well as traditional material referencing not only the Civil War but also the Spanish Diaspora of 1492.

At the heart of her performance is Clara's musical setting of "El Recer del Vol Dispers", a poem by Joan Llongueras (1880-1964) a celebrated Catalan poet, musician, teacher

and Clara Sanabras' great-grandfather. Translating as "Shelter from the scattered flight", it describes the sentiment of exile that so many Spanish citizens endured during and after the Civil War of 1936. Some never returned to their homeland and those who did felt estranged for the rest of their lives.

Reem Kelani was born in Manchester to Palestinian parents and raised in Kuwait, where she was exposed to the music of the Arabian Peninsula, Iran, East Africa, the Levant and Egypt as well as to Jazz. Reem has made a career recording and collating folk songs from women in Nazareth, in the refugee camps of Palestine, Lebanon and Syria, and elsewhere in the Palestinian Diaspora. She is one of the foremost researchers and performers of Palestinian music. "An extraordinary musical map of Palestine emerges from her work, more vibrant than any historical document." (*The Guardian*).

Earlier this year, Vox Holloway commissioned Reem, together with Vox Holloway founder and Artistic Director Justin Butcher and Composer-in-Residence Harvey Brough, to produce a new work that would combine traditional Palestinian songs with new musical settings of modern poems and literature, telling the Palestinian story through an observation of its hardships as well as a celebration of its culture and history. The resulting work, *Cry Palestine*, combines new songs with fresh arrangements of songs from Reem's acclaimed 2006 debut CD, *Sprinting Gazelle: Palestinian Songs from the Motherland and the Diaspora*. Tonight, *Cry Palestine* receives its international debut.

Along with lots of great music, we also have other ways to broaden your cultural experience this evening: Zaytoun has a range of artisan Palestinian produce to buy, the Banipal Trust for Arab Literature has Palestinian literature for sale, St Thomas's Finsbury Park and the North London Mosque are selling crafts, and The Forge, a Camden music and arts venue that hosts classical, jazz, folk and world music, is offering one lucky winner a pair of tickets to a concert of your choice. Proceeds from some of these activities will go to Hand in Hand for Syria.

We hope you find tonight's exploration of journeys, longing and exile an engaging and enlightening way to help some of today's most vulnerable displaced people.

# FIRST HALF SONGS OF SPANISH EXILE

## ADÉU, SERRA DE MONTSANT

Trad. / Clara Sanabras

Adéu Serra de Montsant  
Adéu Serra de la Llena  
Ulldemolins està al pla  
devant Santa Magdalena

Donzelleta agraciada  
A quí vos compararé  
A la flor de la perera  
O a les roses del roser?  
A la flor de la perera  
Vos comparo per blancor  
I a les roses del roses  
Vos comparo pel color.

Cavaller de Santa Terra  
A qui m'heu de comparar  
Doncs vos veniu de la guerra,  
i a la guerra heu de tornar?  
Doncs vos veniu d'una guerra  
Plena de sang i fosc  
i jo sóc d'aquesta serra,  
plena de pau i claror.

## FAREWELL, MONTSANT MOUNTAIN

Farewell, Montsant Mountain  
Farewell, hills of the Llena  
Ulldemolins is in the valley  
in front of Santa Magdalena

Fair damsel  
what shall I compare you to?  
To the flower of the pear tree  
Or the buds of the rosebush?  
To the flower of the pear tree  
I compare you for its whiteness  
To the buds of the rosebush  
I compare you for their colour.

Wayfaring knight from holy lands  
Why must you compare me to anything?  
Since you come from War  
And have to return to War?  
Since you come from a war  
that's bloody and dark  
and I am from this mountain  
full of piece and light!

## ABSÈNCIA [1947]

Words - Joan Oliver (Pere Quart)

Music - Clara Sanabras

Translation - Clara Sanabras

Tan fonda, amiga meva, tan estranya  
la distància de mar i continent!  
I tan alta i tan freda la muntanya  
que ha de sobrevolar el meu sentiment!  
I aquesta soledat que m'acompanya,  
avarament fidel, entre la gent!

Si ets en mon somni tan present, tan clara  
que percebo la fressa del trepig,

que sento el teu alè en la meva cara  
i el sabor de tants besos entremig,  
¿com és possible que l'absència encara  
no hagi cedit, vençuda pel desig?

No pas com l'escultor que espera glòria  
ans com l'amant que només pensa amor,  
he refet en una obra transitòria  
la teva imatge amb afanyós rigor  
damunt el marbre dolç de la memòria  
i amb el cisell blaníssim de l'enyor.

I així tu ets meva en la presó secreta  
d'on mai ningú no trobarà el camí,  
i de nit, com qui fa una malifeta,  
que ni l'àngel mateix no em pot sentir,  
arriba fins a tu, a la quieta  
i en pensament, allò més pur de mi.

## ABSENCE

So deep, so strange, my friend  
Is the distance between sea and continent  
And so high and cold is the mountain  
that my heart has to fly over!  
And this solitude that comes with me  
so greedily faithful amongst people.

If you're so present and clear in my dreams  
that I hear the sound of your footsteps  
that I feel your breath on my cheeks  
and can taste your kisses in between  
How is it possible that absence  
hasn't yet given up, defeated by desire?

Unlike the sculptor eager for glory  
but like the lover who only thinks love,  
I have recreated, in a transitory masterpiece,  
your semblance with detailed accuracy  
upon the sweet marble of memory  
with the sharp chisel of longing.

And thus, you are mine in the secret prison  
from which no one ever escapes  
And at night, mischievously  
so as not to wake the angel,  
all that is purest in me  
shall reach you without din.

## SOLO SERÁN TRES MESES

Words, music & translation - Clara Sanabras

1. Me fui, sin quererme marchar  
callé, por no querer llorar  
Dejé a mi familia en Guernica  
y no quiero que crean que soy un llorica

2. Subí a bordo de la Habana  
cuidé de mi hermano y mi hermana  
Mentí, por no hablar de ruptura  
Y les hice creer en la gran aventura

Tras la tormenta en Vizcaya  
que casi nos hizo naufragar...  
Se olvida el sabor a metralla  
solo hay cielo, solo hay mar...

y en el mecer de las olas  
mi madre me acuna a solas  
y me susurra al oído  
lo que viene prometido:

Solo, solo serán tres meses  
y ya verás que bien te lo pasas con los ingleses  
solo, solo serán tres meses  
y yo ya cuento los días hasta que regreses

Tres meses són unos noventa días  
y aquí llevamos ya ciento diez  
Por Díos que termine esta guerra  
y que caiga el caudillo de una maldita vez!

Tres meses són toda una vida  
Vivida pensando en volver  
volver a casa a estas alturas...  
...y quién me va a reconocer...

## ONLY FOR THREE MONTHS

I left, without wishing to go  
I remained silent, for not wanting to cry  
I fled from my family in Guernica  
I don't want to be a cry-baby

I boarded the Habana  
I looked after my brother and sister  
I lied, to ease the pain of parting  
And made them believe in the great adventure

After that storm in the Bay of Biscay  
That nearly shipwrecked us  
We swapped the taste of ammunition  
For the open skies and the sea  
And in the cradling of the waves  
my mother cuddles me alone  
and whispers in my ear  
that which had been promised to us:

"Only for three months  
with the English you shall have lots of fun  
Only for three months  
and I am counting the days to your return"  
Three months are approximately ninety days  
And we've been here a hundred and ten  
I ask God, make this war end soon  
And bring the dictator down, once and for all!

Three months are a whole lifetime  
Lived in hope of returning  
Coming back home after all this time...  
Who would recognise me...?

## FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Words - John Donne  
adapted by Clara Sanabras  
Music - Clara Sanabras

Now this bell tolling softly for another says to me  
Thou must die, thou must die

No man is an island,  
Entire of itself,  
Every man is a piece of the continent.

A piece of the continent  
A part of the main  
Ev'ry man a piece of the main.

Now this bell tolling softly for another says to me  
Thou must die, thou must die

If a clod be washed away by the sea,  
Europe is the less.

As well as if a promontory were.  
As well as if a manor of thy friend's  
Or of thine own were:

Any man's death diminishes me,  
Because I am involved in mankind,  
And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;  
It tolls for thee.

## JAMIE FOYERS (1812)

Trad. arr. Clara Sanabras

Far distant, far distant, lies Scotia the brave,  
No tombstone memorial shall hallow his grave,  
His bones they are scattered on the rude soil of Spain,  
For Young Jamie Foyers in the battle was slain.

From the Perthshire Militia to serve in the line,  
The brave Forty-second we sailed for to join.  
To Wellington's army we did volunteer,  
Along with young Foyers, that brave halberdier.

The night that we landed, the bugle did sound,  
The general gave orders to form on the ground.  
To storm Burgos Castle before break of day,  
And young Jamie Foyers to lead on the way.

But mounting the ladder for scaling the wall,  
By a shot from a French gun, young Foyers did fall,  
He leaned his right arm upon his left breast,  
And young Jamie Foyers his comrades addressed.  
'For you Robert Percy, that stands a campaign,  
If goodness should send you to Scotland again,  
Please tell my old father if yet his heart warms,  
That young Jamie Foyers expired in your arms.'

'Oh! If I could drink of Baker Brown's well,  
My thirst it would quench and my fever would quell.'  
But his very life-blood was ebbing so fast,  
And young Jamie Foyers soon breathed his last.

The bugle may sound and war drum may rattle,  
No more will they raise this young hero to battle.  
He fell from the ladder a hero so brave'  
And rare Jamie Foyers doth lie in his grave.

## SCATTERED FLIGHT

Words and music - Clara Sanabras

Home is where the heart is.  
Where my heart is - I know not.  
I left it in the shrine of my ancestors  
I put it in the hands of the protesters  
Then I heard a shot.

Don't look back -said the seagull,  
Fly away and accept  
you're with us now,  
this is your plight -  
You're always in motion  
Follow the Scattered Flight.

Hurt is round the corner  
you're not allowed to cry  
War is never far away  
Dictatorships won't die  
they pull out your roots, bloody your boots, clean up after  
they've stolen your grain, messed with your brain  
so keep perspective but don't look back...



Trees have to be planted  
Else growing deserts reign  
Freedom has been granted  
They're taking it away again!

"Yo ya no soy yo, ni mi casa es ya mi casa.  
Compadre quiero morir, decentemente en mi cama"

What if that shot was not gunfire?  
But a shutter slamming in the wind  
We call that hope, love and desire  
But can it ever win?  
Home is where the heart is.

## RUMBA SIN RUMBO

(Medley: Si me quieres escribir / Ay Carmela)  
Trad. from the trenches, 1930s  
Music and adapted lyrics - Clara Sanabras

Si me quieres escribir, ya sabes mi paradero:  
En el frente de batalla primera linea de fuego.  
Si tu quieres comer bien, barato y de buena forma.  
En el frente de Gandesa, allí tienen una fonda.  
En la entrada de la fonda, hay un moro Mojamed  
Que te dice, "Pasa, pasa que quieres para comer?"  
El primer plato que dan, són granadas rompedoras  
El segundo de metralla para recordar memorias  
El Ejército del Ebro,  
rumba la rumba la rumba la  
una noche el río pasó,  
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela!  
Y a las tropas invasoras,  
rumba la rumba la rumba la  
buena paliza les dió,  
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela!  
Pero nada pueden bombas,  
rumba la rumba la rumba la  
donde sobra corazón,  
¡Ay Carmela! ¡Ay Carmela!  
Y cuando me hacen caer  
Me levanto y me derrumbo  
y me vuelvo a levantar  
con esta rumba sin rumbo!

## AIMLESS RUMBA

If you wish to write to me, you know where I am:  
On the battle field, first line of fire  
If you wish to eat well, cheaply and a-plenty  
On the front line at Gandesa, there is a tavern  
By the door of this tavern, there is an arab Mohamed  
Who will say, "Come, come, what do you want to eat?"  
The first dish they serve, are bursting hand grenades  
the second dish, bullets, to help you remember  
The Army of the Ebro  
rumba la rumba la rumba la  
crossed the river one night  
Oh, Carmela, oh Carmela  
And beat the invading troops  
rumba la rumba la rumba la  
fought them to the ground  
Oh, Carmela, oh Carmela  
But bombs are powerless  
rumba la rumba la rumba la  
Where there's abundance of hearts  
Oh, Carmela, oh Carmela  
And when I get knocked out  
I get up again, and as I fall,  
And get up again  
I follow the aimless rumba

## HAVANERA DEL COMIAT

Words, music & translation - Clara Sanabras

M'acomio, m'en haig d'anar  
Faig com va feia l'havanera  
Travessant el gran oceà  
Però sense oblidar  
D'on sóc ni d'on era....

L'havanereta blanca dels meus records  
princesa, va de nits d'estiu vestida  
donzella, perfumada de "rom cremat"  
embriaga l'enamorat,  
i a tots endolçeix la vida.

Quan jo era xic, cantaven a Tamariu  
l'Hermós, el Niño i l'Abelardo  
I entre havaneres passava el temps  
Els pares deien: Anem!  
I jo els hi deia: no tardo, no tardo!

Malaguanyada doncs l'Hora del Adeús  
I aquells que marxaren amb l'Exili  
Jo puc tornar a la vora dels meus  
Però molts pregaren als Deus  
sense rebre mai auxili

Sempre recordarem als que ens van deixar  
I que mai no ens falli la memòria!  
Son élls els defensors d'aquesta nació  
pares de la tradició  
Que forma la nostra història

## HAVANERA OF FAREWELL

I am leaving, I have to go  
I will do as the havanera did  
crossing many a vast ocean  
but without forgetting  
where she is from or where she belongs

The young and fair havanera of my childhood  
is a princess, dressed in summer robes  
a damsel, perfumed by rum that burns  
inebriating all lovers  
and sweetening our lives.

When I was little, in Tamariu  
Hermós, Niño and Abelardo  
would sing havaneras all night  
the hours would go so fast,  
my parents would say let's go  
and I'd reply... I won't be long!

Sad is the hour of farewell  
for those who left with Exile  
I'm lucky, I can return to my loved ones  
But many prayed to the Gods  
Never to find solace.

We shall always remember those who left  
And let our memory never disappoint!  
For they are the defenders of our nation  
forefathers of the tradition  
that has shaped our history.

## SECOND HALF CRY PALESTINE

### CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS YAA RAAHYIN EL-NABI VISITING THE PROPHET'S SHRINE

Trad. Palestinian  
Arr Reem Kelani

**Solo** Those of you visiting the Prophet's shrine,  
Please take me aboard.  
I am not as heavy as steel;  
I shall not even bring my children along.

Oh my eyes, please stop crying, or you will burst.  
My tears are pouring, pouring without cease  
Over those who allowed our inheritance to be lost.

**Solo + Choir** Bring me the pen and the ink  
Fit for a Sultan's letter  
And I will write letter upon letter  
About what I had, but have no more.

**Solo** They put on their travelling gear;  
They said they'd be gone for two days,  
But they ended up going for a whole lifetime.

They put on their travelling gear  
And they said they'd be gone for two days,  
But I didn't realise that parting from them  
Would break my back.

**Solo + Choir** Bring me the pen and the ink  
Fit for a Sultan's letter  
And I will write letter upon letter  
About what I had, but have no more.

### EXILE HABL EL-GHIWA A BAKER'S DOZEN

Trad. Palestinian  
Arr. Reem Kelani

The Pull of Seduction with narrative from "A Country Of Words",  
by Abdel Bari Atwan, adapted by Justin Butcher.

**Spoken** It was a cold day, the day we left Isdud,  
The day my life changed forever.  
People were frightened by the news of Deir Yassin;  
Frightened they would come for us next.  
Many had already left for Gaza – they said  
Gaza was the only safe place now.  
So sad to see old men and women hurrying away,  
Dragging or carrying the remnants of their lives  
In handcarts and bundles on their backs.  
Your father insisted that we stay; he refused  
To be driven from his family home, he said.

**Solo** How can I recognise him?  
All headdresses look alike!  
How can I recognise him?  
You long eternally for your mate.  
Even the fish in the water longs for its mate!  
The moon is rising.  
Oh, my loving mother, the moon is rising -  
Let's welcome our loved ones!  
If they visit for only an hour,  
Let's welcome our loved ones!

For God's sake, beloved, for God's sake,  
Don't torment your soul!  
Don't make me worry!  
Tell me what hurts you!  
Don't make me worry!

**Spoken** Suddenly, we heard trucks roaring on the road  
And shots being fired in the air.  
We heard harsh voices blaring through loudspeakers  
And we rushed into the village square to see.  
The Zionist brigades, the Irgun, the Haganah,  
Were shouting in Arabic and brandishing their guns.  
"Leave your houses and go to Gaza!  
If you don't leave, we will kill you."

**Solo** We fled our homeland,  
And the tyranny of fate estranged us further.  
We left at night, not daring to look back,  
And left our homes open to the stars.

**Solo + Choir** They did not bid us farewell.  
They moved their tents by night,  
not bidding us farewell.  
Oh eyes of mine, if you have compassion, pour out your tears.

**Spoken** The villagers were panicking; no one knew what to do.  
Your father looked at me and told me not to worry; soon  
The Arab armies would be coming to our rescue.  
Then we heard the gunshots, and two of our neighbours  
Were lying in a spreading pool of blood.  
At point blank range, they'd shot them through the heart;  
Their women and their children were screaming in horror.

**Solo + Choir** They did not bid us farewell.  
They moved their tents by night,  
not bidding us farewell.  
Oh eyes of mine, if you have compassion, pour out your tears.

**Spoken** Silently, they herded us into the trucks, like cattle;  
The shock of death so close at hand had made us all obedient.  
We had no time to pack; we left only with the clothes  
We were wearing, and all around, the sound of women wailing  
And explosions of mortar fire.

**Solo + Choir** They did not bid us farewell.  
They moved their tents by night,  
not bidding us farewell.  
Oh eyes of mine, if you have compassion, pour out your tears.

### DARKNESS THE VINEGAR CUP

Mu'een Bseiso (1927-84)  
Translated by May Jayyusi and Naomi Shihab Nye  
Music Harvey Brough

**Solo** Cast your lots, people,  
Who'll get my robe after crucifixion?  
The vinegar cup in my right hand,  
the thorn crown on my head,  
and the murderer has walked away free  
while your son has been led to the cross.  
But I shall not run from the vinegar cup,  
nor the crown of thorns  
I'll carve the nails of my cross  
from my own bones and continue,  
spilling drops of my blood on to this earth  
For if I should not rip apart  
how would you be born from my heart?  
How would I be born from your heart?  
Oh, my people!

## THE DARK NIGHT'S CALL

Words Justin Butcher

Music Harvey Brough

**Choir** The dark night's call is the travelling, the journeying,  
the questing, the seeking, the pilgrimage alone,  
Alone into the thick darkness where God is.  
The dark night's call is the travelling alone.

The soul's call is the wrestling with God,  
Who blocks you, threatens you, bars your way,  
Wrestling all through the night with an unknown foe,  
The soul's call is the wrestling with God.

Between dark night and the dawn  
there is suffering and loss.  
Between Babel and Pentecost  
falls the shadow of the cross.  
Always, the call leads to the darkness –  
Always the call leads through the dark.  
He will throw you, dislocate you, put out of joint,  
But hold Him fast, never let Him go  
Till he gives you His blessing and changes your name.  
Hold Him fast, never let Him go,  
Till He gives you His blessing and changes your name.

## THIRST DRINKING THE SEA AT GAZA

Words Sarah Maguire

adapted by Justin Butcher

Music - Harvey Brough

**Spoken** The rusted municipal standpipe  
scalds in the noonday sun.  
Wrenched open, it gasps, then stops,  
then coughs up a wretched stuttered stream,  
a warm brown bile, metallic and briny,  
that even the donkeys won't drink from choice.

**Choir** In Gaza, in Beach Camp in Gaza  
They are drinking the sea  
The rusted municipal standpipe  
stands in a puddle of slime,  
a playground for cockroaches  
as they freefall through drains,  
then slip down the long-busted sewer  
oozing its cloacal juice.

The foul stream seeps down blundering alleyways,  
past kicked-in doors,  
past that tentative shop stocked with yellowing boxes,  
past sheetiron and snowcem,  
past barbedwire and razorwire,  
past children, barefooted,  
the enamel already stripped from their teeth,  
lugging scratched plastic jerrycans bigger than they are  
which they fill to the brim with what-passes-for water  
in Beach Camp, in Gaza,  
where people are drinking the sea.

In Gaza, in Beach Camp in Gaza  
They are drinking the sea  
Deep underground the aquifer is emptied of rain.

The thick beds of sandstone  
(open-pored, permeable, cool)  
interleaved with layers of silty clay and clayey silt,  
are being sucked dry.

The watertable plummets.

The sea trickles in, to be seasoned with chlorine  
then plumbed along pipelines to this rusting municipal standpipe  
scalding in the noonday sun,  
(gasp) Oaff!

In Gaza, in Beach Camp in Gaza  
They are drinking the sea  
beating down without mercy on Beach Camp,  
to oversee the people drinking the sea –

## MAWWAAL VARIATIONS ON LOSS

Words - Mahmoud Darwish

Music - Reem Kelani

**Solo** I lost a beautiful dream!  
I lost the lilies' sting.  
My night has been long,  
stretched over the garden walls,  
But I have not lost the way.

My palm has grown accustomed  
to my wounded hopes.  
Shake my hands with vigour  
and passion! A river of songs will flow,  
O Guide of my colt and my sword!

**Choir** O Mother! I can endure the daggers' stabbing,  
But not the rule of a coward.

## DYING SABBAL 'OUYOUNO HE GENTLY CLOSED HIS EYES

Trad. Palestinian

Arr. Reem Kelani

He shut his eyes so gently  
And stretched his hand ready for Henna  
A small gazelle,  
He is shrouded in white cloth

O, mother, prepare my mattress and pillows  
I left home without bidding my sisters farewell

O, mother, help me fold my clothes  
I left home without bidding my peers farewell

## STATE OF SIEGE

Words - Mahmoud Darwish

Music - Harvey Brough

**Solo + Choir**

A woman asked the cloud: please enfold my loved one.  
My clothes are soaked with his blood.  
If you shall not be rain, my love,  
Be trees  
Saturated with fertility, be trees;  
If you shall not be trees, my love,  
Be a stone  
Saturated with humidity, be a stone;  
If you shall not be a stone, my love,  
Be a moon  
In the loved one's dream, be a moon.  
So said a woman to her son  
In his funeral.  
During the siege, time becomes a space  
That has hardened in its eternity;  
During the siege, space becomes a time  
That is late for its yesterday and tomorrow.



## NO EARTH FOR US TO WALK TOGETHER MIRAGE

By Dalia Taha

**Spoken** You keep dying and I keep longing,  
and there is no earth for us to walk together  
but the one that grows in abandoned poems.  
How will we be guided, then,  
when the deserts we follow keep escaping into us?  
How are we guided, then,  
when Joseph doesn't know where his blood fled?  
Nor do we know  
which planets will emerge from our dream.

## SONG OF THE OLIVE TREE

Words - Leon Rosselson

Music - Harvey Brough

My father's father's father planted here,  
on this now-broken earth, an olive tree.  
And as a child, I sang to it my secrets,  
and as I grew, I felt it part of me.

Its branches gave me shelter from the storm,  
Its grey-green leaves shaded my young dreams.  
The fruit it gave was like a gift of hope;  
Of all the olive trees, I loved this one.

The settlers came, they beat us black and blue.  
They said, "Next time, we shoot you - understand?"  
But still we dared to come, we had no choice;  
We came at night, like thieves, to our own land.

Men and women, children, young and old -  
To pick the crop, as we had always done.  
For centuries, we harvested in peace.  
The oil we pressed was sweet, precious as gold.

Now look, this is a cemetery for trees.  
Their great machines crushed hope into despair.  
They ripped the heart from every living tree,  
except for one - my tree they chose to spare.

They dug it up, they carried it away,  
This ancient tree, they saw it as a prize  
for some settler who was rich enough to pay  
five thousand dollars' worth, that's what they say.

Do you believe in ghosts? Last night I dreamed  
my father's father's father came to me.  
He took my hand and held it in his own,  
and said, "Take this - here is my olive tree."

And when I woke, it was a kind of birth -  
and in my hand I held an olive stone.  
And in the field, where once my tree had grown,  
a thousand shapes arose, out of the earth:

I saw them standing, women, children, men,  
and each hand held a perfect olive stone;  
And each heart held a vision of to come,  
when all our olive trees will rise again.

## VENI, EMMANUEL! KHAWAATIR WA-ASDA YEARNING

Words - Rashid Husain

Music - Reem Kelani

**Solo** The sky cried out in rain, giving solace  
to the burnt-out man;  
it made him more impassioned.

Can one drowning in the open sea  
ask for a helping hand from the sky?  
Does he want rain to freeze his body  
and add to his torments?

No! I ask the sky,  
"Stop your tears!"

This broken-hearted man is  
at the end of his tether ...

**Choir** Veni, veni, O Oriens  
Solare nos adveniens  
Noctis depelle nebulas  
Dirasque noctis tenebras

## BRING 'EM ALL IN

Words - Mike Scott

Music - Mike Scott Harvey Brough

Bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in,  
bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in, bring 'em all into my heart!  
(repeats)

Bring the little fishes, bring the sharks!  
Bring 'em from the brightness, bring 'em from the dark!

Bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in,  
bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in, bring 'em all into my heart!  
(repeat)

Bring 'em from the caverns, bring 'em from the heights!  
Bring 'em from the shadows, stand 'em in the light!

Bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in,  
bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in, bring 'em all into my heart!  
(repeats)

Bring 'em out of prison, bring 'em out of store!  
Bring 'em out of hiding! Lay them at my door!

Bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in,  
bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in, bring 'em all into my heart!  
(repeats)

Bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in,  
(repeats)  
bring 'em all in, bring 'em all into my heart!

Bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in,  
bring 'em all in, bring 'em all in, bring 'em all into my heart!

Bring the unforgiven, bring the unredeemed;  
Bring the lost, the nameless - let 'em all be seen!  
Bring 'em out of exile! Bring 'em out of sleep!  
Bring 'em to the portal! Lay them at my feet!

Veni, veni, Rex Gentium,  
Veni, Redemptor omnium,  
Ut salvas tuos famulos  
Peccati sibi conscios.  
Gaude! Gaude!  
Emmanuel nascetur pro filiis Abrahæ

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## BIOGRAPHIES

**CLARA SANABRAS** was born in France, raised in Barcelona, and lives in London. She has appeared at many international festivals and venues, from Glastonbury to Sydney Opera House, and has collaborated with James Horner, Jarvis Cocker, The Count & Sinden, Natacha Atlas, Luke Concannon (Nizlopi), The Ukelele Orchestra of Great Britain, and 21st century orchestra. She has acted at the National Theatre and The Globe and has appeared alongside Al Pacino in the film, *The Merchant of Venice*, on radio with Bill Nighy, and in concert under the guidance of Karlheinz Stockhausen, the forefather of electronica. She is featured in several Hollywood soundtracks, including *The Hobbit*, *The Hunger Games*, and *Snow White and The Huntsman*. Clara's fourth album, *Scattered Flight: Songs of Spanish Exile*, will be released in soon. In it, she returns to her roots with an elegy to exile, told in Spanish, Catalan, French and English.

**JUSTIN BUTCHER** is a writer, director, actor and musician. Works include award-winning play *Scaramouche Jones*, the anti-war satire *The Madness Of George Dubya* and its sequels, *A Weapons Inspector Calls* and *Guantanamo Baywatch*, the controversially-acclaimed *Go To Gaza*, *Drink The Sea*, and five plays for BBC Radio 4. His first book, *Jimmy – A Legacy Of Peace*, the biography of Jimmy Mizen, was published in 2013. His latest plays are *Childhood in Berlin*, German-Jewish memoirs of pre-war Berlin, and *The Last Great Quest*, commissioned by Wales Millennium Centre for the centenary of Scott's Antarctic Expedition, to premiere in 2014. He studied organ with Colin Myles at University College School and singing with Michael Pearce at Oxford and Teresia van Sertima at Drama Studio London, where he is now a tutor and director. He is founder-director of Vox Holloway and has been organist and choirmaster of St Luke's, West Holloway, since 1992.

Palestinian musician **REEM KELANI** has been connecting with people across the UK over many years, through her concerts, lectures, workshops and radio work. She has also pioneered the introduction of Arabic song in schools and to local choirs. In 2012, Radio 4 broadcast 'Songs for Tahrir' about Reem's experiences in Cairo during the revolution in 2011. Her earlier Radio 4 series 'Distant Chords' led to new interest in the music of migrant communities in the UK. Reem's collaborative work has been notable in its variety and quality: the *Anti-Capitalist Roadshow* album (2012), with Gaelic singer Catriona Watt on BBC Alba (2009), live in concert with legendary Turkish gypsy clarinetist Selim Sesler (2008), with Portuguese Fado singer Liana (2008 & 2009). She will perform with Turkish collective *Kardes Turkuler* in April and with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra in May 2014. Her album "Sprinting Gazelle" has won many plaudits from all over the world. Photo: Reem Kelani in concert, World Music Shanghai, May 2011, courtesy of Nono Hu.

**HARVEY BROUGH** is one of the UK's most accomplished and diverse musicians. Harvey and the Wallbangers had great success in the 1980s throughout Europe. Harvey worked with Jocelyn Pook on the music for the films *Merchant of Venice* and *Eyes Wide Shut*, and television work includes the BBC2 series *In a Land of Plenty*. Harvey's *Requiem in Blue* (1999) has been performed more than 40 times throughout Europe. Other compositions include *Valete in Pace* (2004), *Thecla* (2008), *A Fairy Dream* (2009), and *Beached*, an opera commissioned by Opera North. Current commissions include a new oratorio of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, to be performed March 2014 by Bedford School and his band of players, and a new piece for the 2014 Cognita Music Festival at St John's, Smith Square, London. Harvey is the Turner Sims Professor of Music at the University of Southampton.



## BIOGRAPHIES

*'Feisty boundary pushers, four supremely talented classical musicians'* London Metro

## THE ELYSIAN QUARTET

is a British string quartet specialising in contemporary, experimental and improvised music. They have performed all over the world in a multitude of diverse scenarios: prestigious concert halls, theatres, sweaty clubs, a volcano, helicopters, wild meadows, multimedia art installations, beaches, fire sculptures, forests and once in a barn being dive bombed by bats. In recent years the Quartet has worked with the legendary vocalist and composer Meredith Monk, poet/rapper Kate Tempest and, more recently, with Syrian Kanun player Maya Yousseff. They have also premiered many new commissions including recent works by Graham Fitkin, Gameshow Outpatient and Keith Tippett.

The Elysian Quartet has also received much acclaim for its completely improvised performances and live scores for silent film, also developed through improvisation. The Quartet's live film scores, including the Mary Pickford classic "My Best Girl", and Hepworth's "Helen Of Four Gates", have been performed at the BFI London and venues across the UK. In 2011 the group opened the BFI's major retrospective on Russian cinema in collaboration with Max De Wardener and Ed Finnis on a new score for Eisenstein's "The General Line". They also opened the 2010 London Film Festival accompanying Herbert Ponting's "The Great White Silence", a collaboration with electronic composer Simon Fisher Turner.

For the London 2012 Cultural Olympiad the Elysian Quartet performed Karlheinz Stockhausen's infamous Helicopter String Quartet, in which the players perform from four separate helicopters flying through the air, as part of the first ever complete staging of the epic opera Mittwoch aus Licht. In October 2013 they were delighted to take to the skies again to perform this piece in Paris for the Nuit Blanche festival.

**FRED THOMAS** studied piano at the Royal Academy of Music and is one of London's most sought after multi-instrumentalists and composer/arrangers. A member of the F-IRE Collective and curator of the contemporary music series F-IRE Klang Codex, his latest projects are the Fred Thomas Trio with Aisha Orazbayeva and Lucy Railton, which performs Bach's Chorale Preludes; The Beguilers, a band that interprets Fred's songs set to the poetry of William Blake and other English poets; a duo with Alex Bonney that plays improvised compositions using prepared piano filtered through live electronics; a quintet that interprets music from the medieval Chantilly Codex; and a solo Baroque organ recital, all of which have forthcoming album releases. Other projects include collaborations with the Basquiat Strings, the Memory Band, Oren Marshall, The Magic Lantern, Fly Agaric, KK Sound Archive, Mor Karbasi, Leo Abrahams, Lisa Knapp and the CBSO. Recent performances include TED and Aldeburgh Festival.

**ANDY HAMILL**, bassist, harmonica player and producer, has played bass with Mark Murphy, Carleen Anderson, Omar, Ursula Rucker, Shea Seger, Anita Wardell, Tony Penultimate and Jeb Loy Nichols, all of whom appear on his own album 'Bee for Bass'. He has also worked with Natacha Atlas, Laura Mvula, Eska, 4 Hero, Cara Dillon, Clara Sanabras, Lou Rhodes, Rumer, Larry John Wilson, Nitin Sawhney, Tracey Thorn, Kylie, Narina Pallot, Martha Reeves and the Vandellas, Tim Minchin, Tim Vine, Lee Mack, John Hegely and Harry Hill. He has produced albums for Hester Goodman of the Ukulele Orchestra of Great Britain, two kids' albums for Jane Ruby ('My Dog Ronnie' features the singing and kazoo playing of Andy's daughter Ruby), and two albums for his wife, singer-songwriter Rebecca Hollweg: 'June Babies' and 'Orange Roses'. He is currently working on a new album with Rebecca due to be released this year called 'Country Girl'.

[www.andyhamill.com](http://www.andyhamill.com)





## BIOGRAPHIES

**FARIBORZ KIANI** started learning Tombak firstly by himself and later on with one of Iran's leading Tombak players, Morteza Ayan. He studied Daf with Iran's Daf legend Bijan Kamkar. He has participated in numerous concerts throughout the world performing with some of the finest Iranian musicians. Fariborz has also worked and performed extensively with internationally acclaimed musicians of other music cultures. He has participated in various festivals including the Rhythm Stick and WOMAD. He holds regular percussion workshops in London and has given talks on percussion instruments of Iran at various educational institutions throughout the UK. He is currently teaching Persian percussion as well as leading the Middle Eastern Ensemble as part of the music degree programme at City University. In 1995 Fariborz founded the Nava Arts, which has since become one of the best known promoters of classical and folk Persian music of the highest standards in the UK.

**ARASH MORADI** was born in the Kurdish city of Kermanshah in Western Iran. He is the eldest son of Iran's leading tanbour player Ali Akbar Moradi. Arash started learning this ancient art form from an early age from his father whom he has since accompanied in numerous concerts and festivals throughout the world. Arash lives in London where he teaches tanbour and runs workshops on Persian music.



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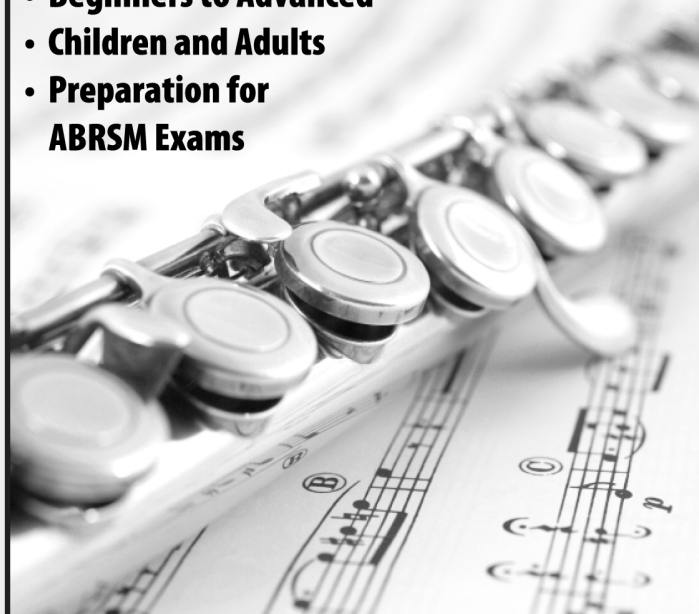
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