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## VOX HOLLOWAY

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

## ONA'S FLOOD

(LONDON PREMIERE)

BY **HARVEY BROUGH**

WORDS **CLARA SANABRAS**

AND THE WORLD PREMIERE OF

## THE CITY IN THE SEA

BY **HARVEY BROUGH**

A SUITE OF POEMS ABOUT  
SUBMERGED CITIES BY EDGAR  
ALLAN POE, JOHN OXENHAM,  
FRANÇOIS COPPÉE ET AL.

# ONA'S FLOOD

**SUNDAY 29TH  
MARCH 2015  
7.30 PM**

**TICKETS £13 / £8 CONCESSIONS**

BOOK ONLINE VIA EVENTBRITE

**MARK LE BROcq** COACH DRIVER

**CLARA SANABRAS** ONA

**NICHOLAS GARRETT** MEL

HOLLOWAY PLAYERS

**JUNIOR VOICES** FROM PARLIAMENT HILL  
SCHOOL & WILLIAM ELLIS SCHOOL  
LED BY NAOMI ROPER

**CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER**

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ONA'S FLOOD



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Emma Thompson  
Kevin McCloudIn association with St. Luke's Church, West Holloway  
we are excited to present**ONA'S FLOOD****PROGRAMME****THE CITY UNDER THE SEA**Harvey Brough  
(world premiere)

1. Overture
2. La Vague et La Cloche *Francois Coppée*
3. The Bells of Ys *John Oxenham*
4. Infinity Pools *Clara Sanabras*
5. The City under the Sea *Edgar Allan Poe*

**INTERVAL****ONA'S FLOOD**

(London premiere)

Clara Sanabras **Ona**Mark le Brocq **Coach Driver**Nick Garrett **Mel**Catherine Fleming **Recorders**Andy Massey **Piano**Michael Haslam **Organ**Joe Pearson **Percussion**Matthew Thorpe **Timps**Tom Piggott-Smith **Violin**Emma Smith **Violin**Rachel Robson **Viola**Ian Burdge **Cello**Chris Richards **Contrabass**James Murray, Caitlin Wren, Katharina Ribbe, Siobhan Wren **Handbells**Kirsty Loosemore, Phil Smith, Gianni Bruno, William Bennett **Bugles**Richard Leigh **Assistant Conductor****Junior Voices**from Parliament Hill School (Celia Banks)  
and William Ellis School (Oliver Singleton)  
led by Naomi RoperKaren Patrick **Newsreader**

CONDUCTED BY HARVEY BROUGH

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## THE CITY IN THE SEA

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**Welcome** to this Vox Holloway concert, the second in our 5th anniversary year.

We are proud to present the first London performance of Harvey Brough's *Ona's Flood* and the world premiere of a new suite of poems about submerged cities.

*Ona's Flood* was commissioned as a companion piece to Benjamin Britten's *Noye's Fludde*, by Bradford on Avon Barnstorm for performances in the magnificent Tithe Barn in 2013. It tells the story of a young girl Ona, who has a premonition of a modern day flood. The piece is concerned with the effect that human kind has on our environment and poses questions about whether climate change is now a reality.

*The City in the Sea* is a Vox Holloway commission made possible by lottery funding - public funding by Arts Council England.

We welcome an amazing array of talented performers tonight; choirs and bellringers from Parliament Hill and William Ellis Schools (led by Naomi Roper), the Holloway Players led by Tom Piggott-Smith and our soloists Mark le Brocq, Nicholas Garrett and Clara Sanabras.

Vox Holloway couldn't exist without so many people who give their time and energy out of love for what we do. The committee of course, but too many other individuals to mention here. We thank them all for everything they give. And we thank you for coming to support us tonight: we have built a remarkable audience that is prepared to trust that we will offer them something interesting, something unusual and often completely new. That gives us huge inspiration to make each concert even better than the last. We hope you enjoy this very special concert.

### The concept behind *Ona's Flood*

I sit at London City Airport, writing this foreword, observing the businessmen and women around me, hurriedly going about their moneymaking business. And I wonder if they wonder about the state of the planet we inhabit together. As we are all about to irreversibly increase our carbon-footprint, we consume drinks in disposable paper cups, use plastic cutlery, buy goods wrapped in beautifully elaborate packaging that we chuck away straightaway in a hole-in-the-wall garbage disposal unit - most airports don't yet provide recycling bins.

*Ona's flood* is a piece about observation, a piece about how we all see things differently, when shown the same subject matter. When I see businessmen and women at airports, I feel apprehension. Others will feel admiration, envy, and aspire to become businessmen and women themselves. I feel apprehension and despair at their apparent greed for things they don't need, their separation from nature, and yet perhaps, not all is what it seems.

When I first visited the Pantà de Sau as a 12-year-old, it made a big impression on me. Walking towards it, I could see a shimmering lake in the distance, and a church spire against the horizon that appeared normal, familiar, until I got close enough to discern that foreground and background had merged into one, that there was no church in front of no lake, that in fact the church was **in the lake**, half-submerged. I thought of how upset the God that my catechism teachers talked about would be, if he saw this. I also knew that he wasn't the only God in the world, and it made me wonder if the lake represented in

fact, the other, bigger, badder God, exerting his/her power. As a teenager I became obsessed with the legend of Atlantis and other Arthurian tales and druidic stories about submerged cities. The Breton myth of Ys, tells the story of King Gradlon, whose kingdom is ruined by his daughter Dahut. A frivolous greedy man-hunter, her favourite pastime is organising orgies and systematically humiliating all her suitors before she kills them; until one day, she is seduced by the devil in disguise. She steals the key of Ys from her father while he sleeps, and the devil floods the city. The town of Sau was artificially flooded in the 1960s to create what is now the main water supply for Barcelona and other neighbouring towns. So, it wasn't a Act-of-God-flood, but man-made. A beautiful scenic place, the Pantà de Sau is also a strange place. In mind, mind I've always compared it to Ys, that old city flooded by greed.

The other poems set to music by Harvey Brough for tonight performance, were also chosen as further examples of flood-related writings. Oxenham's *The Bells of Ys*, Edgar Allan Poe's *The City in the Sea* and François Coppée's *La Vague et la Cloche*, all revisit the theme of submerged cities. In the latter, the narrator tells his account of an inebriated nightmare where he is shipwrecked; he ends up holding on to an enormous tolling bell as his sole anchor to the mortal world. Infinity Pools brings us back to this our current era of airports and excess and reflects upon man's relentless quest for hedonism and immortality, powered by an ambition that knows no bounds, that constantly talks of growth, a growth which can no longer be healthy or benign, a growth that makes skyscrapers taller everyday and crowns them with Infinity Pools.

*Clara Sanabras*

### An additional note about *The Bells of Ys*

William Arthur Dunkerley (1852-1941) business man, mountain climber and writer also wrote under the name of John Oxenham. This poem refers to the legend of Ys - the mythical city built on the coast of Britany and later consumed by the sea. Many works of art have been inspired by this ancient legend, among them *La Cathédrale Engloutie* by Claude Debussy.

The day before I wrote this movement, I learned of the death of a good friend and musical collaborator, viola player Vince Sipprell. Vince played with Vox Holloway just over a year ago as a member of the Elysian Quartet and was someone I loved and admired. Clara and I recorded and performed her *Songs of Spanish Exile* project with the Elysians several times.

The John Oxenham poem has quite a consoling tone - the bells are always soft and sweet and low - it deals with the great mystery of where we go after this life. Affected by Vince's really untimely death, I imagined a place where, as in the poem, normal life goes on to a degree under the waves. And so anger, regret and passion might still be battling with the /sea currents for supremacy.

*Harvey Brough*

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## THE MUSIC

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### PART ONE THE CITY UNDER THE SEA

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#### LA VAGUE ET LA CLOCHE / THE WAVE AND THE BELL

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

Une fois, terrassé par un puissant breuvage,  
J'ai rêvé que parmi les vagues et le bruit  
De la mer je voguais sans fanal dans la nuit,  
Morne rameur, n'ayant plus l'espoir du rivage.

L'Océan me crachait ses baves sur le front  
Et le vent me glaçait d'horreur jusqu'aux entrailles;  
Les lames s'écroulaient ainsi que des murailles,  
Avec ce rythme lent qu'un silence interrompt.

Puis tout changea. La mer et sa noire mêlée  
Sombrèrent. Sous mes pieds s'effondra le plancher  
De la barque... Et j'étais seul dans un vieux clocher,  
Chevauchant avec rage une cloche ébranlée.

J'étreignais la crierde opiniâtrement,  
Convulsif, et fermant dans l'effort mes paupières;  
Le grondement faisait trembler les vieilles pierres,  
Tant j'activais sans fin le lourd balancement.

Pourquoi n'as-tu point dit, ô rêve ! où Dieu nous mène?  
Pourquoi n'as-tu point dit s'ils ne finiraient pas,  
L'inutile travail et l'éternel fracas  
Dont est faite la vie, hélas! la vie humaine?

*Once, when struck down by a powerful beverage,  
I dreamed that, among the waves and the noise  
of the sea, I was rowing without beacon in the night,  
dismal oarsman, with no hope of the coast left.*

*The ocean spat its foam on my brow  
and the wind froze me to the gut with dread.  
The waves crumpled like walls,  
with this slow rhythm that a silence interrupted.*

*Then all changed. The sea and its black brawl  
sank. Beneath my feet the bottom of the boat  
caved in... And I was alone in an old belfry,  
sitting with fury astride a ringing bell.*

*Obstinately I was gripping the screaming thing,  
convulsive, and closing my eyelids with the effort;  
the rumbling set the old stones trembling,  
so ceaselessly was I actuating the heavy swing.*

*Why did you not say, o dream, where God is leading us?  
Why did you not say if they would not end,  
the useless toil and the eternal tumult  
of which life, alas, human life is made?*

#### THE BELLS OF YS

JOHN OXENHAM

When the Bells of Ys rang softly - softly,  
Soft - and sweet - and low,  
Not a sound was heard in the old gray town,  
As the silvery tones came floating down,  
But life stood still with uncovered head,  
And doers of ill did good instead,  
And abroad the Peace of God was shed,  
When the bells aloft sang softly - softly,  
Soft - and sweet - and low,  
The Silver Bells and the Golden Bells,  
Aloft, and aloft, and alow.  
And still those Bells ring softly - softly,  
Soft - and sweet - and low.  
Though full twelve hundred years have gone,  
Since the waves rolled over the old gray town,  
Bold men of the sea, in the grip of the flow,  
Still hear the Bells, as they pass and go,  
Or win to life with their hearts aglow,  
When the Bells below sing softly - softly,  
Soft - and sweet - and low,  
The Silver Bells and the Golden Bells,  
Aloft, and aloft, and alow.  
O the Mystical Bells, they still ring softly,  
Soft - and sweet - and low,  
For the sound of their singing shall never die  
In the hearts that are tuned to their melody;  
And down in the world's wild rush and roar,  
That sweeps us along to the Opening Door.  
Hearts still beat high as they beat of yore,  
When the Bells sing softly - softly - softly,  
Soft - and sweet - and low,  
The Silver Bells and the Golden Bells,  
Aloft, and aloft, and alow.

#### INFINITY POOLS

CLARA SANABRAS

We live in an age of Infinity Pools,  
of virtual worlds, of variable rules  
Infinity pools made to merge with the ocean  
And you swim like a God  
in your own self-devotion;  
- To swim  
or not to swim in Infinity Pools  
that is the question -.

When your body is a temple,  
so your mind is a tease  
will you lead by example  
when you do as you please?  
No you won't -



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## PART ONE THE CITY UNDER THE SEA

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if you worship the Lord of Misrule  
 the Abbot of Unreason, those Feasting old Fools  
 who sit back and relax  
 and exceed and extort  
 At exclusives estates, at exotic resorts,  
 where extortion, excess and perverse luxury  
 are the key to success:  
 "The New Currency".

Infinity Pools....? is that a euphemism?  
 I'm asking you guys who keep tabs on reason...

Inequality casts its threatening shadow  
 The negative edge conceals every meadow.  
 Infinity Pools, in all sizes and shapes  
 Flood distant horizons,  
 beloved landscapes  
 And the views panoramically  
 hide the favelas, the hunger,  
 the hardship, the dodgy street sellers  
 the human detritus  
 then empty fish tank  
 and all that is left  
 when even our water  
 belongs to the bank.

Insidious skyscrapers  
 Infinity Pools  
 built by penniless workers  
 who don't own the right tools  
 Say you've got too much money  
 say you've not enough sense  
 you don't know any different  
 that's your only defence?  
 You've a place in the sun  
 and you wanna keep cool  
 do you need to play God?  
 own Serenity Pods,  
 and Infinity Pools?

Infinity Pools Heavens! who are they for?  
 Well I hope they are only a cheap metaphor....

We live in an age of Infinity Pools,  
 of virtual worlds, of variable rules  
 We live in an age where enough is enough  
 and it's me versus you  
 and I'm calling your bluff  
 And I'm asking you this:  
 Please don't take it amiss  
 but what gives you the right  
 what makes you so strong  
 so shallow, so cruel  
 you can swim in the wrong  
 of Infinity Pools?

- To swim  
 or not to swim in Infinity Pools  
 that is the question-.

### THE CITY IN THE SEA EDGAR ALLAN POE

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne

In a strange city lying alone  
 Far down within the dim West,  
 Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
 Have gone to their eternal rest.  
 There shrines and palaces and towers  
 (Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)  
 Resemble nothing that is ours.  
 Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
 Resignedly beneath the sky  
 The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
 On the long night-time of that town;  
 But light from out the lurid sea  
 Streams up the turrets silently -  
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free -  
 Up domes - up spires - up kingly halls -  
 Up fanes - up Babylon-like walls -  
 Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers -  
 Up many and many a marvelous shrine  
 Whose wreathed friezes intertwine  
 The viol, the violet, and the vine.  
 So blend the turrets and shadows there  
 That all seem pendulous in the air,  
 While from a proud tower in the town  
 Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves  
 Yawn level with the luminous waves;  
 But not the riches there that lie  
 In each idol's diamond eye -  
 Not the gaily-jeweled dead  
 Tempt the waters from their bed;  
 For no ripples curl, alas!  
 Along that wilderness of glass -  
 No swellings tell that winds may be  
 Upon some far-off happier sea -  
 No heavings hint that winds have been  
 On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!  
 The wave - there is a movement there!  
 As if the towers had thrust aside,  
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide -  
 As if their tops had feebly given  
 A void within the filmy Heaven.  
 The waves have now a redder glow -  
 The hours are breathing faint and low -  
 And when, amid no earthly moans,  
 Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
 Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
 Shall do it reverence.



## BIOGRAPHIES



### HARVEY BROUGH

Harvey Brough is the Turner Sims Professor of Music at the University of Southampton and 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); *Beached* (2011), an opera commissioned by Opera North; and a new oratorio of *The Pilgrim's Progress* (2014), performed by Bedford School and his band of players. Harvey is starting a new youth choir *Young Dissenters* in Hackney, their first performance will be on April 18th - see [youngdissenters.org](http://youngdissenters.org)

Photo by Hannah Barton



### CLARA SANABRAS

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*. In July Clara's new choral and orchestral work *A hum about mine ears* will be recorded for a CD by the Britten Sinfonia, The Chorus of Dissent and London Voices, conducted by Harvey Brough. In it, she returns to her roots with an elegy to exile, told in Spanish, Catalan, French and English.



### NICHOLAS GARRETT

Nicholas studied voice and piano at Trinity College of Music and is a Wolfson award winner. Initially a member of the Swingle Singers, Nicholas made his operatic debut at the ROH in Palestrina and at ENO as Angelotti in *Tosca* with Sir David McVicar. He has sung numerous roles for the Opera National de Paris, Scottish Opera, Opera North, Opera de Nantes, English Touring Opera and Teatro de la Zarzuela, Madrid. For Théâtre du Châtelet: Count Carl Magnus/Malcolm A Little Night Music; Anthony, Sweeney Todd; Max, The Sound Of Music; Jigger, Carousel; Boatman, Sunday In The Park With George; Baker, Into the Woods. For Opera Holland Park: Escamillo, Carmen; Don Giovanni, Title Role; Alfonso, *Così fan tutte*; Sonora Fanciulla del West; Scarpia *Tosca*.



### MARK LE BROCC

Mark Le Brocq held a choral scholarship at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge where he read English. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music with Kenneth Bowen and later continued at the National Opera Studio where he was sponsored by The Friends of English National Opera. Upon completing his studies, Mark became a Company Principal with English National Opera. Roles at ENO included Tamino *The Magic Flute*; Paris King Priam; Count Almaviva *The Barber of Seville*; Narraboth *Salome*; Cassio *Otello*; Don Ottavio *Don Giovanni*; Don Basilio *Figaro and Doctor Maxwell* *The Silver Tassie*. Mark's guest appearances include Loge *Das Rheingold* for Longborough Opera; Aron Moses und Aron, the Painter/Client *Lulu*, *Le Medecin La chute de la maison Usher* for Welsh National Opera. On the concert platform Mark has appeared as a soloist worldwide. Performances include *Tristan und Isolde* and *Goldschmidt's Mediterranean Songs* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra; *Dixit Dominus* at the BBC Proms



### NAOMI ROPER

Naomi Roper, originally from the Scottish Borders, has been working with London choirs for the last seven years. Primarily a singer and songwriter, Naomi leads choirs of all age groups, writing arrangements and composing new pieces for them. Naomi has played an integral role with the Camden Youth Choir and Capital Choir, where she has taken part in many performances at a variety of high profile London venues, from the Royal Albert Hall to Twickenham Rugby Ground.



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# THE MUSIC

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## PART TWO ONA'S FLOOD

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### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

<b>Ona</b>	a young girl suffering from ESP or "hearing voices"
<b>Mel</b>	a young man passionate about climate change
<b>Choirs of Voices</b>	voices in Ona's head
<b>Driver</b>	a wise and funny man who drives a tourist coach
<b>Sceptics</b>	a coach party of package tourists

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### OVERTURE

(A choir sings a hymn in Catalan, meditatively, as if at church. One of the girls in the choir drops out for the last verse, and starts her own song in English at the end of the hymn.)

Choirs of Voices:

AIRE, que ens dones vida  
TERRA, que ens portes sort  
ONA, que ens encamines al  
CEL, principi de la mort

MORT, un llarg viatge  
VIDA, sols un instant  
FOC, aquella espurna  
d'AMOR, pel nou infant

Que sigui benvingut  
El nostre serafi  
Preguem perquè no es perdi  
i ens mostri el bon camí.

Ona:  
If prayer is searching and truth what's been found  
Forgive me father I can't make a sound.

Choirs of Voices:  
Let him be welcome our seraphim,  
Let us pray he goes not astray  
And let us pray he finds the right way.

Ona:  
Truth hath many guises, one of them fact,  
with fact versus fiction begins the first act.

### ACT I ONA

Ona:  
Ona means Wave and that is my name  
I follow the tides searching for answers  
I'm not insane.  
I was born on a boat, my balance is good  
I would help change the world - if only I could  
Sometimes I hear voices, friendly, most of the time  
they help me decide things, without reason or rhyme.  
But I know that they're right when it comes to the crunch  
And can shut them up  
if they beat me to the punch.  
My condition is called:  
Extra Sensory Perception  
also known as sixth sense,  
a gut feeling, a hunch....  
but never deception.

Ona means Wave in the Catalan tongue  
A language of ages, of cathars, of song  
very different to Spanish, mustn't get it wrong!

Ona's my name and Mel is my friend  
I would follow him blindly, right unto the world's end.  
He's a climate change buff  
an adorable nerd  
takes the smooth with the rough  
he's determined to be heard!  
Mel's a geek who loves facts,  
- a total anorak -  
he goes on quite a bit  
but I love the sound of his deep  
velvety, gentle, kind, quite gorgeous voice.

Mel:  
Did you know that without the atmosphere  
to create a greenhouse-type effect,  
the average temperature here,  
on Earth, would be just 5° Fahrenheit (F).

Choirs of Voices:  
Just Five Degrees Fahrenheit. Fact.

Ona:  
Mel's voice embellishes all things;  
He's sweet, caring and bonny  
His name in Catalan, of course,  
translates as "honey".

Choirs of Voices:  
Translates as honey. Fact.

Mel:  
Apparently, scientists expect a 3.5° F increase  
in average global temperatures by the year 2100,  
resulting in the warmest temperatures  
in the past million years.

Choirs of Voices:  
...in the past million years. Fact.

Ona:  
When the going gets tough he's a optimist  
and he brings me good luck  
not that I'm pessimist  
but let's face it,  
things aren't looking up.

Choirs of Voices:  
Let's face it, things aren't looking up. Fact.

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## PART TWO ONA'S FLOOD

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**ACT II FACT**

Mel:

During the Pliocene epoch  
1.8 million years ago,  
when the earth's temperatures  
were roughly equivalent to today,  
sea levels were 12-18 feet higher.

Choirs of Voices:

sea levels were 12-18 feet higher...

Mel:

For the past million years,  
cool climate conditions  
have prevailed throughout the world.  
It was under these conditions  
that the human species evolved.

Ona & Voices in her head (as if in a trance):  
12-18 feet higher...

Raise the levees!

put this town under alert  
buckets ready

pile up the sandbags

swim to safety

"The fludde is nye, you maye well see,

Therefore tarye you naughtle!"

Ona:

Shhhh....!

I'm losing my grip...

I'm making myself sick.

So we're taking a holiday

in the area of Vic.

A package deal is all we could afford

Mel says he hates "traveling with the horde"

We're nearly at a place called The Pantà de Sau

(We're heading for the Pantà de Sau)

Which they all want to see, I wonder why....

(Ona, Mel and the rest of the coach party catch a first glimpse  
of the Pantà de Sau)

Everybody:

Wow...

**ACT III DE PROFUNDIS**

Choirs of voices:

De profundis clamavi ad te Domine,

Domine exaudi vocem meam fiant aures tuae

intendentes in vocem deprecationis meae

Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine

Domine, quis sustinebit?

Out of the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord:

Lord, hear my voice!

[Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall  
stand?]

Ona:

If seeing is believing and faith is at stake

Now I'm a believer, praise God,

for goodness sake!

Am I dreaming or awake

Does there stand a church

half-submerged in a lake?

**ACT IV FICTION**

Mel:

How cool is that?!

that's the coolest thing that I have ever seen.

Choirs of Voices:

An optical illusion set to create confusion. It's fiction!

Mel:

How cool is that?!

It's like Waterworld

where Kevin Costner rescues that girl....

That is so cool!

Choirs of Voices:

SCIENCE-FICTION!

a paranormal curse, a parallel universe

Weee! Oooo!

Mel:

That is so cool,

it's like God's taking a dip in his private swimming-pool!

Look at those water-skiers circling around the spire...

That is so cool!!

Choirs of Voices:

How cool is that?

That is one of the Seven Wonders of the World!

A visual syncopation, it's no hallucination.

It's supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

Ona:

No!

Mel:

It's wonderful, it really is the most wonderful, incredible, most  
incredible....

Ona:

Nooo!

Mel:

Ona, what's wrong.... are you unwell?

Driver:

Ladies and gentlemen,

We 'ave reached our destination.

Welcome to the Pantà de Sau.

The dam was comple'ed in 1962

creatin' a reservoir what covered

the former town of Sant Romà de Sau.

The romanesque church is visible

when wa'er levels are low,

and the house of the crea'or,

now serves the purpose

of a wa'er level indica'or.

A base for wa'er sports and hiking,

Welcome to the Pantà de Sau!

I hope it's to your liking.

You 'ave 'alf an hour

to walk around the sight

and make of it what you will.

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## PART TWO ONA'S FLOOD

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Mel:  
Ona, tell me, what is the matter...

### ACT V PREMONITION

Ona and the Voices in her Head:  
You meant to show me beauty, magnificence and bliss  
Yet what I saw was this:

I had a premonition the end of time is near  
I saw a world of darkness, of silence and of madness  
of souls that cannot hear...

I saw those souls walk around bereft  
And hold on to their fear,  
the only thing that's left.

I saw the end of all things, religion, love  
The end of mankind  
I saw into the future, the unknown  
I saw the blind leading the blind

You meant to show me wonder, a marvel so divine  
You meant to show me things that cannot be designed, that  
cannot be defined,  
Ancient treasures lost in time, yet newly found...  
Yet what I saw was this:

I saw the mouths of monsters  
Of death, theirs was the kiss  
I saw the face of doom and the eye of the abyss.

I saw torrents of blood  
engulf entire cities  
like a ghastly Noah's flood.  
I saw Katrina, the Tsunami  
destroy town after town...

I saw all colours turn into grey  
all blues and reds, yellows and greens  
I heard sad music with violins...  
A death march to New Orleans

You meant to show me beauty, magnificence and bliss  
Yet what I saw was this.

### ACT VI LEGEND

Driver:  
Blimey! I couldn't agree more sweetface!  
And I'm sorry for eavesdropping....  
But If more people took to listenin'  
like you and I do  
the world would be a better place.  
No one's curious  
Nobody cares  
'bout this town's former glory  
No one asks me  
nobody dares  
to ask me about its real story.  
No one gives a dam - "a dam... get it?!"  
*(laughing at his own joke)*

Anyway,  
Legend has it, Sau was sacrificed  
for reasons good and ill-advised.

Twas during times of terrible drought  
that this idea came about  
to turn this town which was a "goner"  
into thirsty Barcelona's water supply.  
Nuff said, yeah?

What's your name sweetface?

Ona:  
Ona

Driver:  
Ona...Rhymes with Barcelona...!  
Anyway,  
But this town wasn't a "goner"  
there were good people who lived here  
they worked the land and went to church  
and prayed to have their sins all purged.  
And when they knew they had to leave  
in order never to return  
through grief they made themselves believe  
a lesson lived is a lesson learned.

And now they live up in the hills  
where from their new windowsills  
they see that their former lodgings host  
an array of fish, of debris and of ghosts.

I did once hear that mournful knell  
Of drowned St Roma's howling bell  
deep from the waters  
of its own sunken hell.

### ACT VII WE ARE THERE

(Tourists start to board the bus again and begin to argue with  
the driver and each other)

Sceptics:  
You what?  
What are you talking about?  
That is the stupidest thing that I have ever heard!

You what?  
That is ridiculous  
You've watched too many films you say this place is cursed?

Driver:  
I think this site is an omen of things to come, that's all I'm  
sayin', innit?!

Sceptics:  
You what?  
What are you talking about?  
Are you referring to global warming killing us all?

You what?  
That is ridiculous  
You've watched too many films, get real for God's sake!

Mel:  
I think he's right, it's an omen for a flood, innit?!

Sceptics:  
You what?  
What are you talking about  
Come on give us a break and shut your mouth, you flake!



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## PART TWO ONA'S FLOOD

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Driver, Mel, Ona's Voices:

We think this site is an omen of things to come, that's all we're saying, innit?!

Sceptics:

Well, you would, wouldn't you mate?

But you're a tree-hugger!

There's nothing happening to the so-called "climate", mate!

Climate change is a hoax

people like you total jokes

Of course the planet's getting warmer,  
it's the sun, stupid!

Mel:

Probability is the language of science.

There is no proof!

Sceptics:

Oooooeoooo!

Mel and Voices:

There are no absolute certainties.

But what certainty there is

is close enough to 100 percent.

Sceptics:

The scientists aren't even sure

if it's our fault or it is not.

If they don't know for sure,

why should we bother ourselves, why worry yet?

I'm not worried, you're scare-mongering

You need to get a life, who do you think you are?!

Who cares about the polar bears!!!

Mel, Driver and Voices:

Don't wait for proof that we are there!

Sceptics:

There is no proof we are there!

Everybody:

We Are There.

### ACT VIII THAT SINKING FEELING

Ona:

When people fight

who're on the same side

one person's right

the other bonafide

I get that feeling...

Everybody:

I get that sinking feeling...

Choirs of Voices:

When those in charge

say they've taken an oath

to rescue us all by

going back to growth

I get that feeling...

Everybody:

I get that sinking feeling...

Well Noah's leaving, get on board

Or swim to safety of your own accord

we're all in the same boat, help us Lord!

Driver:

You different species, get on board!

Ona:

Why should some be entitled to more

that's what the bull said to the matador...

Ona, Driver, Mel and Voices:

if you're to live, why should I die

so you can have a bigger slice of the pie?

Everybody:

I get that sinking feeling...

Well Noah's leaving, get on board

Or swim to safety of your own accord

we're all in the same boat, help us Lord!

Driver:

Listen to the Radio...

As the radio speaks, everybody listens:

*....Super-storm Sandy has caused a record surge of seawater*

*in New York City, flooding subway and road*

*tunnels and leaving much of Lower Manhattan without power.*

*The US is counting the cost of the*

*'unthinkable' devastation wrought by the storm and urges*

*politicians to admit that climate change is now a*

*reality....*

Ona & Voices in her head (again):!! !

De profundis clamavi....

12-18 feet higher... Raise the levees!

"Unthinkable devastation", put this town under alert!!

buckets ready, pile up sandbags, swim to safety!!!

"The fludde is nye, you maye well see,

Therefore tarye you naughte.

### ACT IX HEARING VOICES

Everybody:

Air... you give us Life

Earth... you bring us Luck

Wave... you take us to

Heaven... of Death, the Viaduct.

Death, the longest voyage

Life, a shorter mile

Fire, a sparkling ember

of love for the Newborn Child

If prayer is searching and truth what's been found

When times are hard and hopes have drowned

We promise to listen before making a sound.

Lord hear my voice.

THE END

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## VOX HOLLOWAY

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### ABOUT US

Founded in 2009 by Justin Butcher, Vox Holloway ('the voice of Holloway') is a community choir open to all: there are no auditions and members are not required to have previous singing experience, belong to any faith, or live in a particular postcode. Vox Holloway performs at least three times per year, singing an eclectic range of classical, spirituals, folk, pop, and world music. Previous concerts have included Handel's Messiah and Foundling Hospital Anthem; A Particulare Care; Thecla; Cry Palestine and The Prophet; Tavener's Ex Maria Virgine; Rachmaninov's Vespers; Ariel Ramirez's Misa Criolla; and Vivaldi's Gloria. Vox Holloway is a registered charity and has raised more than £60,000 for other charities all over the world, including over £10,000 for Hand in Hand for Syria in December 2013.

**For more information, including how to join, visit our web page [voxholloway.com](http://voxholloway.com)**

#### SOPRANOS

Polly Barker  
Helen Barnett  
Sarah Bennison  
Emma Bloomfield  
Helen Britten  
Rosa Cagnoni  
Bruna Cattini  
Araminta Crace  
Susan Daniels  
Ulrike Dewhurst  
Frances Diamond  
Susi Drake  
Oenone Dudley  
Natasha Gomperts  
Barbara Grender-Jones  
Kathy Grimes  
Sue Hallam  
Maureen Hanscombe  
Patricia Higgins  
Lona Jones  
Emma Leigh  
Louise Lyon

Elle Mcall  
Elizabeth McHale  
Sue McIntosh  
Storm Moncur  
Lucy Northeast  
Eryl O'Day  
Yemi Oloyede  
Suzy Pearson  
Annette Riel  
Pippa Stubbs  
Jane Sugarman  
Farah Syed  
Deirdre Vereker  
Tammy Walker  
Inga Wolf  
Grace Wroe

#### ALTOS

Beatrice Addo  
Caroline Brown  
Ros Brown  
Freddie Byron  
Fay Clark

Lynda Colingwood  
Susan Davey  
Sandra Debo  
Perpetual Emovon  
Susan Fox  
Taahra Ghazi  
Karen Gledhill  
Helen Haigh  
Janet Henfrey  
Mandy Hosking  
Sarah Kent  
Jan Logan  
Amy MacGibbon  
Isobel Mitchell  
Naomi Owereh  
Maddy Paxman  
Jenny Settrington  
Joanna Sholem  
Anna Skalski  
Ruth Skinner  
Lauren Souter  
Nicolette Spera  
Elaine Spicer  
Maggie Tomlin

Jo Tunnard  
Chris Wise  
Tricia Zipfel

#### TENORS

Terry Bennett  
Joern Janssen  
Richard Leigh  
David Moreno  
Dan Northam-Jones  
Mark Reihill  
Phoebe Reith  
Adam Skalski  
Philip Woods

#### BASSES

Jonathan Adams  
Tim Bushe  
Matthew Evan Smith  
Jim Joseph  
Tim MacFarlane  
Keith Mason  
Martin McEnery

Assistant Conductor Richard Leigh

Sectional Leaders Ruth Melhuish, Richard Leigh and Matt Evan Smith

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## YOUTH CHOIR

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Gabriel Adler  
Pablo Tranchell  
Oliver Paul  
Alexander Thorne  
Aison Howell  
Daniel Carver  
Sean Porter

Manu Raffray  
BB Ubsdell  
Lily Fleet  
Layla Pereira  
Sasha Lewis  
Maya Chinnappa  
Kiera Walakera

Hasanatu Carew  
Nora Besley  
Sarah Trieu  
Rachel Woodward - Carlton  
Darmonelle Johnson  
Sive Malik  
Safia McKinney Askeur

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### WITH THANKS

Judy Eglington and John Edwards of Iford Arts who commissioned Ona's Flood;  
Handbells loaned by the National Theatre - Thank you Matthew Scott;  
Organ Hire - David Wilkinson; Timps + Percussion Hire - Bell Percussion;  
and Ruth Whitehead and Maurice Wren.

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## OUR NEXT CONCERT

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# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S CONFECTION

## THE MUSIC OF HENRY PURCELL - THE GREATEST OF ENGLISH COMPOSERS

Funeral Music for Queen Mary  
My Beloved Spake  
Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei

## A FAIRY DREAM

by Harvey Brough  
The Masque of the Four Seasons from Purcell's Fairy Queen  
interspersed with movements for children's voices  
with words from Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream.

## VOX HOLLOWAY

with baroque orchestra and outstanding soloists,  
included Sophie Junker, Clare Wilkinson and Michael Solomon Williams

## JOIN US

**REHEARSALS START TUES 14 APRIL, 7:30PM**  
**CONCERT DATE: SUN 28 JUNE**

If you're interested in singing with us next term or coming to our summer concert, you can sign up to our mailing list at the door or contact us at [voxhollowayn7@gmail.com](mailto:voxhollowayn7@gmail.com).

# CARTERS CHEMIST

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We are an independent community pharmacy where you can have your prescriptions dispensed, access knowledgeable advice about medicines, healthy living or other related queries.

We offer repeat medication services, medication reviews, monitored dosage presentation, disposal of unwanted medication and a smoking cessation service.


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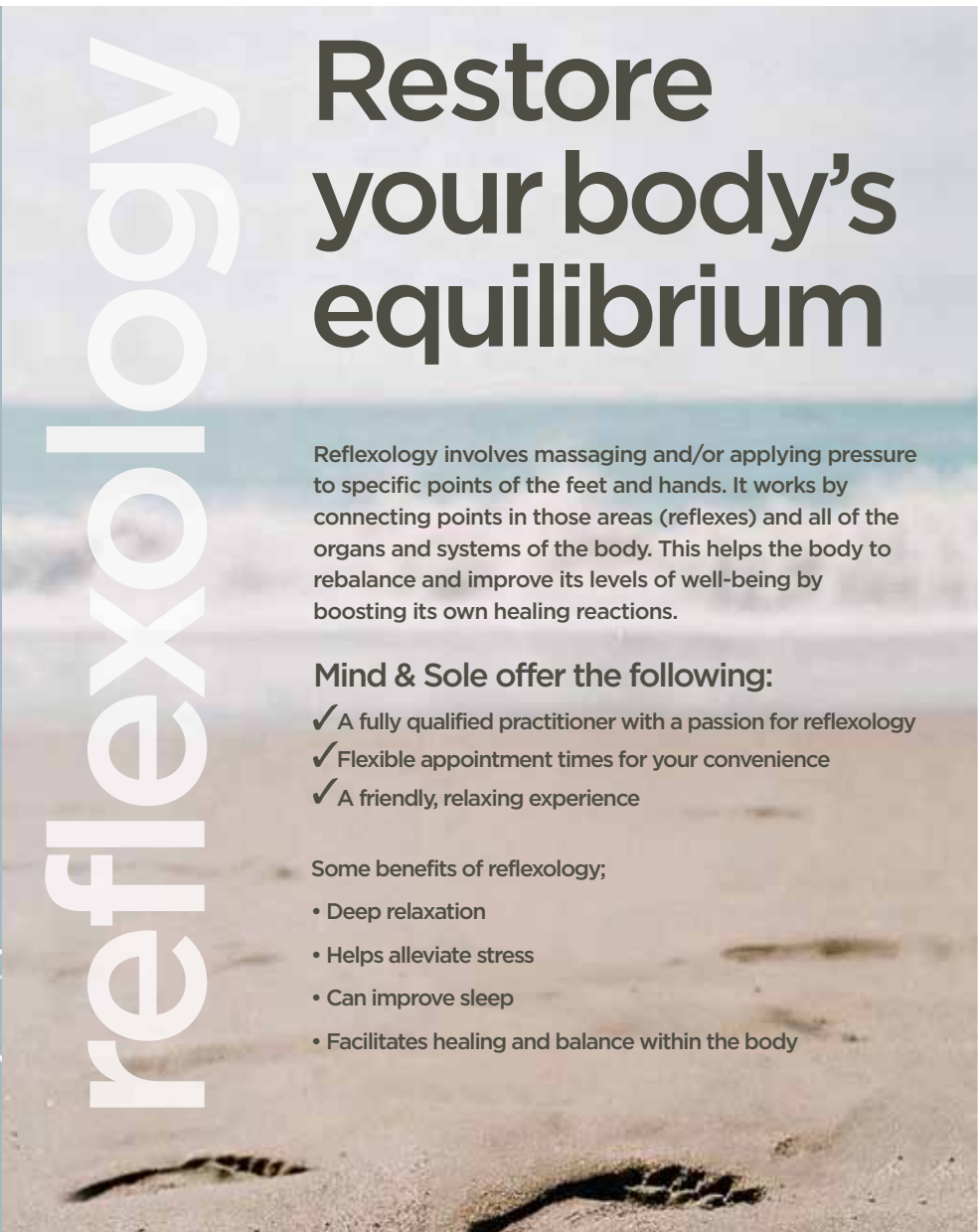
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# reflexology

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- ✓ A friendly, relaxing experience

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- Deep relaxation
- Helps alleviate stress
- Can improve sleep
- Facilitates healing and balance within the body



**OXFAM**

From the UK to the Philippines, climate change has become a massive issue for Oxfam. The changing weather patterns that cause the headline-grabbing floods, storms and droughts are hitting the world's poorest and most vulnerable people hardest, forcing them into a life of hunger. But all around the globe, Oxfam is helping people to get back on their feet.

We are thrilled that Vox Holloway is using the London premiere of Ona's Flood to highlight this critical issue for humanity.

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