

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
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In 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 Roper

Karen Patrick **Newsreader**

CONDUCTED BY HARVEY BROUGH

THE CITY IN THE SEA

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 my 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's 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

THE MUSIC

PART ONE THE CITY UNDER THE SEA

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 criarde 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 alow, 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 -

PART ONE THE CITY UNDER THE SEA

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.



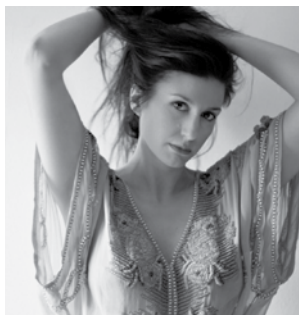
BIOGRAPHIES



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 *Valeta 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

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 BROCCQ

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* and *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.

THE MUSIC

PART TWO ONA'S FLOOD

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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

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
Prequem 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.

PART TWO ONA'S FLOOD

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, shouldst 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.

PART TWO ONA'S FLOOD

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!

PART TWO ONA'S FLOOD

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

VOX HOLLOWAY

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

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

YOUTH CHOIR

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

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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My Beloved Spake
Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei

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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.

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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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