



Peace Concert Saturday 29th August 2015

Sabrina Tent 18.45 to 23.45

Part 1 *Beyond the Barrage* - a folk narrative 18.45 – 20.40

Through verse and song, *Beyond the Barrage* follows a story as it flows from the shores of Suvla Bay 1915, through Passchendaele and Armenia, reflecting on the true nature and futility of war right up to today. Along the way we feature songs of commemoration, peace, reconciliation and friendship. Over half of these songs have great choruses so plenty of opportunity to join in!

This year the narrative includes references to Gallipoli, The Armenian Genocide, Flanders Fields, the end of WW2, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and through to current conflicts. In it we focus particularly on the ordinary individual people who became involved.

Part 1 *Beyond the Barrage* will be performed by Janet Russell, Peter Hopkins, Paula Ryan, The Bird Scarers, The Laners and the Peace Through Folk Choir, with guests Lester Simpson, Boff Whalley, Barry Coope and others.

Part 2 *In Flanders Fields* by Coope Boyes & Simpson 20.50 – 22.40

'The more we learn about war, the more important it becomes to sing about peace.'

This bold and concise statement is reflected in the latest double CD set *In Flanders Fields* by Coope Boyes & Simpson, released to mark the centenary of what was known as the 'War to end all Wars'. Of course the conflict didn't live up to that promise and so the truth of that opening statement remains, but through combining fresh, insightful writing of their own, with songs and poetry contemporary with the conflagration and others pulled from the tradition, they remain very much on message. It's been a consistent focus of their work for over 20 years.

As then, the power of that message finds its equal in the power of the voices of what many have come to regard over those intervening two decades as UK folk's finest a cappella trio.

In Flanders Fields combines their own writing with the biting humour of the Tommies' wartime observations and music. Songs such as Jim Boyes' *Spring 1919*, Lester Simpson's *Standing in Line* and Barry Coope's singing of *Robin's Song* were also the reason that the author, Michael Morpurgo, asked them to join him in concert performances of his novel *Private Peaceful*. *In Flanders Fields* is the culmination of this involvement, bringing together newly written songs, existing and first time recordings of songs from Peace Concerts, Passchendaele songs and music of the 'War to end all Wars'.

Shrewsbury Folk Festival is proud to host the premiere of the 2015 autumn tour of *In Flanders Fields*.

Part 3 *The Final Push* 22.50 – 23.45

Paula Ryan 22.50

The winner of the Peace Song Competition at Peace Tent Shrewsbury 2014, Paula will deliver a short set of her own songs in her unique style, opening the door for a Final Push by -

The Young'uns 23.00

The Peace Concert at Shrewsbury is dedicated to marking the centenary of the second year of The Great War, recognising the wasteful futility of war and conflict and especially celebrating Peace, Reconciliation and Friendship with great songs in good company. The repertoire of The Young'uns is the epitome of all of these things.

The 'Young folk of Folk' are really making us think and Davie, Michael and Sean (The Young'uns) will provide a dynamic and exciting finale to the Sabrina Peace Concert 2015.

Peace through Folk is an independent trust which celebrates

Peace, Reconciliation and Friendship through Folk Music.

We were delighted to be asked to produce this Peace Concert for Shrewsbury Folk Festival . To find out more about what we do see our websites www.peacethroughfolk.org and www.thefolkgathering.org



Peace Concert Sabrina Tent Shrewsbury 29th August 2015. – starts at 18.45

Part One "Beyond the Barrage" - reflecting on the impact of conflict on ordinary individual people.

Title	Composer	Performer	
The Barrage		Recordings	The ominous barrage that continued night after day prior to a battle foretold of the dreadful silence before the attack. The Passchendaele barrage lasted for 13 days and nights
Poem 'Home'	Francis Ledwidge - Passchendaele 1917	Peter Hopkins	In the silence we get a glimpse into the mind of a man at that dreadful moment. A Robin singing on a broken tree inspired Ledwidge to write of 'Home' - his last poem!
The Robin's song	Old English Tune 'Robin's Lied' discovered by L Pilartz, arr. S Houben. Lyrics - J Boyes & L Simpson -1996	Barry Coope + Lester Simpson & The Peace through Folk Choir	A sad response from the Robin to Ledwidge. Barry Coope sang it first on the Passchendaele Suite album, in a single take on the morning after Jim and Lester wrote it.
Dona Nobis Pacem	Unknown (Haydn, Mozart, Palestrina?)	Peace through Folk Choir	A simple plea - 'Grant us Peace'
Singing out the days	Chumbawamba 2010	Peace through Folk Choir + Boff Whalley and others!	A graphic insight into the hearts and minds of the ordinary Tommy.
Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground	Walter Kittredge 1863	Peter Hopkins	A song popular with enlisted men on both sides during the American Civil War.
Reconciliation	Ron Kavana 1993	Peace through Folk Choir	A powerful plea for reconciliation amongst individuals and nations
O my blue eyed one	Paula Ryan 2014	Paula Ryan	A common story of a reluctant recruit and his dilemma, torn between duty, a desire for peace, and love.
And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda	Eric Bogle 1971	The Laners	Describing war as futile and gruesome, while criticising those who seek to glorify it; this is the account of an ANZAC soldier who was maimed at Gallipoli in 1915
Salonika	Traditional - collected from Mrs. Ronayne, Cork	Janet Russell	A popular anti-war rant from Cork between wives of Irish soldiers paid extra for fighting alongside the British and those who refused and were tagged 'slackers'.
Flanders Tommy	Mick Ryan 1989 From 'A Day's Work' Musical play.	The Laners	"Come come to Flanders Tommy" was the call to ordinary men and boys, but how the dreams of glory faded.
1917 The French Prostitute	David Olney 1999	Bird Scarers	A prostitute in Paris foresees the imminent death of the soldier, while he is making love "too hard, too fast". Two ordinary people in an extraordinary situation.
Home Lads Home	Sarah Morgan 1983 from a poem by Cicely Fox-Smith 1916.	Peter Hopkins + The Laners	Ordinary working men and horses first in the leafy lanes of Hampshire at the end of a tiring day & then in the bloody fields of war. 8 million horses died in WW1.
Sodjer's Cairn *	Poem by Mary Symon 1933, tune by Janet Russell 2010	Janet Russell	Each Highland soldier going to battle placed a stone on a pile, & upon his return each survivor would remove a stone. Any that remained would be used to build a cairn to express the desperate grief at the loss of sons. "An' it's nae wi stane or airn But wi' brakkin' hearts, and memories sair That we're biggin' the sodjer's cairn." *
Peat Bog Soldiers	Words - J Esser & W Langhoff music - R Goguel, H Eisler & E Busch. First sung by Zircus Konzentrazani at Börgermoor Concentration Camp, 28 August 1933	The Laners	" - sixteen singers of the Solinger workers choir, marched in holding spades and thousands of prisoners sang the chorus. Even the SS guards were singing because they too thought themselves "Peat Bog Soldiers". Rudi Goguel
The 51st Highland Division's Farewell to Sicily*	Words Hamish Henderson, music 'Farewell to the Creeks' by Pipe Maj James Robertson 1944	Janet Russell	A lament written on hearing the Pipes play 'Farewell to the Creeks' for Scottish soldiers leaving Sicily. Tired men away to yet another bloody theatre of war and leaving recently made friendships behind; occupiers saying a sad farewell to the occupied.*
Child of Hiroshima	Translated from a poem by Nazim Hikmet, sung to a traditional Orcadian tune 'The Great Silkie'	Janet Russell	In August 1945 2 US atomic bombs killed over 200,000 instantly and many more over the years. This is a prayer from a Child of Hiroshima for all children.
Children Cry	Val Williamson 2013	Bird Scarers	It is happening to children now - in Syria, Iraq, Darfur, Eritrea, Myanmar, Afghanistan, and elsewhere. Weeping terrified children are the innocent victims of war.
I Ain't Afraid	Holly Near 2000	Bird Scarers	Holly's powerful anthem reminds us that it's not religions but what mankind does in the name of their religions that causes so much grief and suffering.
Pilgrimage	Lyrics by Jess Arrowsmith 2008 Trad Flemish tune - De Pelgremstocht	Janet Russell	"Where are they going, your sons and daughters, where are they going with games and fun? Under the moon, over and done, under the moon and the rising sun". Such prescient words anticipated the escalating distress of all parents whose children are recruited into war.
Shine On	John Richards 1980	The Laners plus all	An anthem of hope and optimism. A secular song inspired by Methodist Chapel hymns.

* 'Sodjer's Cairn' & '51st Highland Division's Farewell to Sicily' are sung in dialect by Janet Russell. Transliterations will be listed as appendices on the web version of this programme see www.peacethroughfolk.org

The Sodjer's Cairn

– poem by Mary Symon, tune and transliteration by Janet Russell

Gie me a hill wi' heather on't
An' a reed sun drappin doon
An the mist o' the mornin' risin' fast
Wi' the reek o' a wee grey toon
Gie me a Howe by the lang glen road
It's there mangst whin and fern
Are ye hearin' Will? Dae ye mind on't Dod?
That they're biggin' the sodjer's cairn

Far, far awa, in the Flanders land
Wi' fremmit France atween
There's mony a howe o' them baith the day
Wears a hap o' the Gordon green
It's them we kent that's lyin there
An' it's nae wi stane or airn
But wi' brakkin' hearts, and memories sair
That we're biggin' the sodjer's cairn

Doon, doon laich doon, the Dullan sings
And I ken o' an aul' seuch tree
Whaur a wee loon's wahnies hingin' yet
That's deid in Picardy
And ilka wind frae the Conval's broo
Bends aye the buss o' earn
Whaur aince he fuddled a name that noo
We'll read on the sodjer's cairn

So build it high and build it fine
Till it leaps tae the moorland sky
Mair, mair than death is symbolled there
Than fear or triumphs by
It's a dream divine of a starward way
Our laggard feet wad learn
It's a new earth's cornerstone we'd lay
As we're biggin the sodjer's cairn

Lads in yer plaidies lyin' still
In lands we'll never see
This lanely cairn on a moorland hill
Is a' our love can dae
And fine and braw we'll mak' it a'
But oh, ma bairn, ma bairn
It's a cradle's croon that'll aye blaw doon
Tae me frae the sodjer's cairn'

Give me a hill with heather on it
And a red sun setting
And the morning mist rising fast
With the smoke of a small grey town
Give me a hillock on the long glen road
It's there amongst whin and fern
Do you hear Will? Do you remember, Dod?
That they're building the soldiers' cairn

Far, far away in Flanders
With foreign France between
There's many a hillock in both today
Has a covering of Gordon green
It's those we knew who lie there
And it's not with stone or iron
But with breaking hearts and painful memories
That we're building the soldiers' cairn

Down, way down, the Dullan (river) sings
And I know of an old willow tree
Where a little boy's shirt still hangs
Who is dead in Picardy
And each wind from the top of Conval
Still bends the stalks of corn
Where once he whistled a name that now
We read on the soldiers' cairn

So build it high and build it fine
Till it leaps to the moorland sky
More, more than death is symbolled there
Than by fear or triumphs
It's a dream divine of a starward way
Our lazy/dragging feet would learn
It's a new earth's cornerstone we'd lay
As we're building the soldiers' cairn

Lads in your plaids lying still
In lands we'll never see
This lonely cairn on a moorland hill
Is all our love can do
We'll make it all fine and beautiful
But oh, my child, my child
It's a lullaby that will always drift down
To me from the soldiers' cairn.

The 51st Highland Division's Farewell to Sicily

Tune: Farewell to the Creeks, Pipe Major James Robertson

Words: Hamish Henderson - transliteration by Janet Russell

The pipie is dozie, the pipie is fey
He wullnae come roon for his vino the day
The sky ow'r Messina is unco and grey
And a' the bricht chaumers are eerie

Sae fareweel ye banks o' Sicily
Fare ye weel ye valley and shaw
There's nae Jock will mourn the kyles o' ye
Puir bliddy swaddies are weary
Fareweel ye banks o' Sicily
Fare ye weel ye valley and shaw
There's nae hame can smoor the wiles o' ye
Puir bliddy swaddies are weary.

Then doon the stair and line the waterside
Wait your turn the ferry's awa
Then doon the stair and line the waterside
A' the bricht chaumers are eerie.

The drummie is polisht, the drummie is braw
He cannae be seen for his webbin' ava'
He's beezed himsel' up for a photy an a'
Tae leave wi' his Lola, hes dearie

Sae fare weel, ye dives o' Sicily
Fare ye weel ye shieling and ha'
We'll a' mind shebeens and bothies
Whaur kind signorinas were cheerie
Fare weel ye banks o' Sicily
Fare ye weel ye shieling and ha'
We'll a' mind shebeens and bothies
Whaur Jock made a date wi' his dearie

Then tune the pipes an' drub the tenor drum
Leave your kit this side o' the wa'
Then tune the pipes an' drub the tenor drum
A' the bricht chaumers are eerie.

The piper is sleepy, the piper is fey
He won't come round for his wine today
The sky over Messina is brooding and grey
And all the bright rooms are chill

So farewell you banks of Sicily
Farewell you valley and field
No Scot will mourn your surrounding waters
Poor bloody squaddies are weary
Farewell you banks of Sicily
Farewell you valley and field
No thoughts of home can smother your charms
Poor bloody squaddies are weary

Then down the stairway and line the waterside
Wait your turn the ferry's gone
Then down the stairway and line the waterside
All the bright rooms are chill

The drummer is polished, he is handsome
He can't be seen for all his straps and belts
He's made himself smart for a photograph
To leave with his Lola, his darling.

So farewell to the bars and clubs of Sicily
Farewell to houses and halls
We'll all remember drinking dens and bothies
Where kind signorinas were cheerful
Farewell you banks of Sicily
Farewell to houses and halls
We'll all remember drinking dens and bothies
Where Jock made a date with his darling

Then tune the pipes and sound the tenor drum
Leave your kit this side of the wall
Then tune the pipes and sound the tenor drum
All the bright rooms are chill