Joanna Marsh

Arabesques

mixed voices unaccompanied (A, A, T, Bar, Bar, B)



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Arabesques (2012)

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Total duration c.13'

ISMN 979-0-9002355-4-1

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Arabesques

A commission for the Kings Singers, Arabesques are settings of four short but highly evocative poems by contemporary male Arab poets. Each tells the story of a woman they have known: 'A Woman', remembers a passionate encounter, 'You want', muses on her acquisitiveness, 'Fading', observes her aging, 'Seeds in Flight', finds rebirth after her death. 'Fading' was premiered at the London A Cappella Festival, on 29th January 2015. 'A Woman', and 'Seeds in Flight', were premiered at The American School in Doha, on May 7th 2015. The pieces were revised in November 2015 and the fourth piece 'You want' added to the set.

1. A Woman

How will I drag my feet to her now? In which land will I see her, And on which street of what city Should I ask about her? And if I find her house, Let's say I do, Will I ring the bell? How should I answer? And how will I stare at her face As I touch the light wine Seeping between her fingers. How should I say hello... And how will I take the pain Of all these years? Once twenty years ago, In an air-conditioned train, I kissed her all night through...

Sa'adi Youssef b.1934 Iraq

2. You want

You want, like all women,
Solomon's treasure.
You want pools of perfume,
Combs of ivory.
You want a horde of slaves.
Sharazad, like all women want.
You want me to give you
The stars, the heav'ns.
You want me to give you
The stars in the heav'ns

Nazir Kabbani 1923-1998 Syria

3. Fading

Imagine where this dove will go; Imagine when her wings turn grey, When her call grows old. Will she turn to the mirrors of young sparrows

Who slide into delusion?

Or will a deaf sparrow offer her

A perch to sing?

How will she apologise to a traveller

Wanting to stroke her feathers

When the flock scatters?

How will she strut through the courtyard

Or impress the grass?

Will she look for a kind boy to grind her

A grain of wheat,

Or an old flame to relight aging passions?

Perhaps she will divide her sadness

Between a window and a metal cage.

Perhaps she'll become a professional mourner

At the funerals of birds.

Imagine where this dove will go

When the trees donate their lowest branch.

Imagine when neighbours

Are indifferent to her past, fading.

Abboud al Jabiri b.1963 Iraq

4. Seeds in Flight

An ancient woman, who has lived all seasons,

Wanders the earth gathering camomile.

Each flower in her apron is a star,

Her apron is the sky.

When she reaches the house,

She strews them to dry

Like shells on a beach -

To bring good luck,

To whisper the future.

In the sun her tattoo glistens,

A star glints in her golden earing,

The camomile dries.

Her hand, hennaed with God's names,

Spun the wool of the flock,

Embroidered the wedding clothes,

Gathered the dried flowers.

But next season, when the future arrived,

It silenced the whispers.

She was buried with her ancestors.

And yet as if by chance,

As if by magic,

As if by a miracle

The camomile grows each season.

Many seeds have flown.

These seeds remain.

Khaled Abdallah b.1970 Gaza

Arabesques

1. A WOMAN















2. YOU WANT

Nazir Kabbani 1923–1998 Syria Joanna Marsh



you want,

you want,

wo - men

you want,

want,





















3. FADING

Abboud al Jabiri Joanna Marsh b.1963 Iraq = c.92mpALTO 1 Where this mp -ALTO 2 dove_ mm seamless **mp** =sim. **TENOR** ma - gine, ma - gine, ma - gine, seamless mp sim. BARITONE 1 ma - gine, ma - gine, i ma - gine, BARITONE 2 BASS **p** cresc. dove will when her go; mp**p** cresc. when 0, o; go,_ i - ma - gine, gine ma - gine, ma gine, ma - ma - gine, i gine, i ma - gine, i ma gine, i ma mpairy sigh (ahhh)_ fad (ng) ing p mpfad (ng) ing

