Score in C

Nikki Franklin

Over the Curzon Line

Ensemble

Choir

Narrator

Instrumentation

Narrator – The narrator should be an older male, ideally Polish speaking.

Choir – minimum 16 voices split SSAATTBB

Violin

Trumpet

Electric Guitar

Accordion

Double Bass

Drum Kit

List of Works

i. 5am

ii. Due North

iii. Displaced Persons

iv. Amnesty 1941

v. Beloved

vi. Boat to Persia

vii. Hallucinations

viii. Due South

ix. Little Poland

Duration: ca. 50-60 minutes

Pronunciation Guide

Due North

All place names – not all still in existence

Swisłocz [swɨʂwɔʂ]
Volkowysk [vɔlkɔwvsk]
Baranovici [baranɔvit͡ʂi]
Minsk [mɨnsk]
Smolensk [smɔlɛnsk]
Roslav [rɔslav]
Orel [ɔrɛl]
Tula [tua]
Stupino [stupinoʊ]
Ryazar [riaʑar]
Saransk [særænsk]
Oktybrianski [ɔktibriænski]
Ufa [ʊfæ]
Chelyabinsk [t͡ʃɛlæbinsk]
Kusztym [kʊʃtim]
Karabasz [kærɑbæʃ]

Amnesty 1941

Niekończąca się pordróż'
Meaning: endless journey

Niekończąca [niɛkoɲt͡ʂzat͡ɕa]
się [siɛ]
pordróż' [pɔdruʑ]

Little Poland

Tańczę do melodii, której jeszcze muszę się nauczyć
Meaning: I dance to a melody that I have yet to learn

Tańczę [taj̃t͡ʂ̺ɛ̃]
do [dɔ]
melodii [mɛlɔdii]
której [kturɛj]
jeszcze [jɛʂt͡ʂɛ]
muszę [muʂɛ̃]
się [siɛ̃]
nauczyć [naut͡ʂɨt̻͡ɕ̻]

Full Text

Prologue

NARRATOR: My name is Mieczyslaw Ranosz. I would like to share with you my recollections of experiences and ordeals during the World War II and life after, outside the Homeland. Our parents were born in Southern Poland (Podkarpacie), part of the Carpathian Mountains. Mother was born in Zadziele, near the town of Dobra on 25/11/1899. Father was born in Jurkow, district Limanowa, on 26/02/1898. They were married in Dobra on 30/7/1922.

In the late 1921, following the 1920 'Bolshevik' war, our father, as a military volunteer fighting the Soviet Union's army incursion into Poland, received 64 acres of land in the hamlet of Jatwiesk, close to the town of Swislocz.

Soon after marriage, our parents moved to the granted land, settling on the Southern side of the railway line. The railway line ran through the property.

They had to start from scratch as there was no house or farm buildings or equipment necessary for farming. However, with hard work, determination and effective management, our parents built (with years) an efficient and prosperous farm holding with all good prospects for the future.

All four children were born here:

Helena (Hela), b.1923, Stanislawa (Stasia), b.1925, Mieczyslaw (Mietek), born 22/04/1927, Waleria (Wala), b. 26/04/1930.

On September 1, 1939, the powerful German army attacked Poland signalling the start of World War 2 and our prospects for the future suddenly looked bleak. On the 17th day of fighting the Soviet Union army crossed the border into Poland attacking the Polish army from the rear.

Overwhelmed by two powerful armies, the war was over in three and a half weeks. Poland was occupied along the so-called Curzon line, by Germany, West of the line and the Soviet Union seized the territory East of the line, according to the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact, signed by Germany and the Soviet Union prior to the start of the war. We were in the Soviet Union occupied part of Poland.

CHOIR: So cold, taken from our bed at night from home. So cold, just taken from our simple life at home. So cold, taken from our home, so cold, just taken from our simple life at home. Taken.

Taken from our home, ne'er to return, taken, taken, taken. Taken from our home taken, never to return, taken, taken, taken, taken, taken.

NARRATOR: On February 10th, 1940, a Russian army Colonel and four soldats with rifles on the ready, arrived at our house a 5am and lined the family up in the bedroom.
The temperature outside was close to minus 40 C and we had to wait outside for nearly 2 hours. At the railway station families were ordered with baggage into small, two axle cattle wagons, 30 people per wagon. For beds there were rough planks, 3 levels high at each end of the wagon. In the centre, a potbelly stove and a little wood, enough for a few days. At nights it was so cold that the blankets froze to the wall of the wagon. The toilet was a metal pipe mounted in a hole in the floor at the rear wagon door, which was permanently locked from the outside.

CHOIR: Swislocz, Volkowysk, Baranovici, Minsk, Smolensk, Roslav, Orel, Tula.

NARRATOR: We travelled, under military escort with doors locked from the outside, day and night for two weeks. Stops were made only to get water and on two occasions we were given soup. Sometimes the train stopped for hours in uninhabited places. There was no medical aid for the sick. The dead were left in the snow near the railway line.

CHOIR: Stupino, Ryazar, Saransk, Oktybrianski, Ufa, Chelyabinsk, Kusztym, Karabasz.

NARRATOR: Karabaz, the final destination. Upon arrival, the people on the train were divided into two groups and placed in temporary accommodations, one group near the copper mine and the other near the smelting works. Later on, people were moved to a specifically built barracks with one family per room. The two sites of the barracks were located on the outskirts of the town: one 2km North, near the mine where 147 families (725 persons) were placed, and another, 6km South of the town, near the smelting works, 175 families (934 persons). Our family was at the North side. All rooms (32 per barracks) were of the same size, 12x16 feet, had 2 wooden plank platforms for beds, a small table, 2 stools, wood stove and one small window. No running water. One water pump outside for the whole site of five barracks.
We were clarified as 'Specpieresiedlency', as sort of Displaced Persons (about 30 million of them in Stalin's time) who were forcibly relocated from their homes, losing all their possessions, to far away places and forced to reside in the designated locations, called 'Posiolki'. Komendant, NKWD (nowadays KGB) officers had an absolute authority over people in the Posiolek. He was referred to as the Master of Life and Death.
According to the Soviet's slogan 'who does not work does not eat', sounds like one had a choice, but in fact, there were none for us. Everyone over 16 years old had to work at a designated place. Refusals were punished with a fine and/or imprisonment. Under 16's had to attend school, taught in Russian.

CHOIR: No furrow to plough. No pride nor possession. Only this meagre existence. He who does not work, is he who does not eat. He who does not work does not eat.
No land to plough, no possessions. No seed to sew, no name, no home. Who does not work, does not eat. Who does not work, does not eat.
No song to be sung, no future ambition. No war to be won, we live here with death and starvation. He who does not work, is he who does not eat. He who does not work does not eat. No song to sing, nowhere to turn, no war to win, no future to hold. Who does not work, does not eat. Who does not work, does not eat.
Nowhere to call, where to call home no more, nowhere to call, where to call home. Nowhere to call home no name to call myself. Forgotten, forsaken, no hope left to find. Destroyed by the system, destroyed by design. Nowhere to call, where to call home no more, nowhere to call, where to call home. Nowhere to call home no name to call myself. Forgotten people, forgotten lives. Forgotten people just left to die.
Nowhere to call, where to call home no more, nowhere to call, where to call home. Nowhere to call home no name to call myself. Forgotten, forsaken, no hope left to find. Destroyed by the system, destroyed by design. Nowhere to call home no name to call myself. Forgotten people, forgotten lives. Forgotten people just left to die.
No furrow to plough. No pride nor possession. Only this meagre existence. He who does not work, is he who does not eat. He who does not work does not eat.
No song to be sung, no future ambition. No war to be won, we live here with death and starvation. He who does not work, is he who does not eat. He who does not work will die.

NARRATOR: Father and sister Hela worked in the copper mine, deep down below the ground in in very bad conditions: water up to the knees and the management of the mine most likely never head the word '*safety'.* Mother worked in construction, and in the summer in a bog field, digging and stacking peat to dry. It was very hard work. Sister Stasia worked in different jobs and also with mother in the peat bogs. Wala and I went to the regular Russian school, starting one level lower than we were in Poland. At the school we were treated pretty well.
People were paid for the work performed, but the pay was low considering long hours, hard work and under unsafe conditions, especially in the copper mine and smelting works. Food was rationed and on a card system, but rations were too small to sustain reasonably healthy bodies, even for children. When (though not often) some food items or other goods were available without the need of ration cards at one of the shops in town, long lines of people would form in the evening, waiting all night until the shop opened in the morning. When the shop opened, there was no more line. People pushed and shoved with no mercy just to get to the door to have a chance to buy whatever was available. There were never enough goods for every customer. There were fights, broken bones, and there were occasions when I

thought I would be squeezed to death. To get firewood we had to go about 6km up and down the hills into the woods with the barrow, or sleigh in the milder days of winter.
In June 1941, Germany attacked the Soviet Union. The two nations that together conquered and occupied Poland, suddenly became enemies. With the announcement of 'amnesty' the Russian authority recognized our Polish citizenship and we were free to travel (with some war time restrictions), refuse to work, if you could afford it (no work, no ration cards), and supposedly have all the rights as Russian citizens, but in practice it wasn't so.

CHOIR: Niekończaça się pordróż' (repeated)
Ah, Barbarossa, Barbarossa, Barbarossa. Save our children's souls, Barbarossa, save our children's souls. Barbarossa, save our children's souls. Barbarossa. Save our children's souls. Save our children, save my family.

NARRATOR: People at both Posiolki started to plan to leave Karabasz for Kuibyshev, where the Polish army was being organised under the command of General Wladyslaw Anders.
The journey was very hard, railway carriages were not heated, overcrowded and hardly any food. The train was stopping often, but we never knew for how long. When the train stopped at a station, people were running out to try and buy or barter (or steal) for food. Sometimes people were left behind because the train suddenly moved away without warning. Eventually, after many changes of destination, we found that our final destination was to be in the town of Burnoye, Kazakhstan at which we arrived around midnight on December 2nd 1941.After nearly a month of living on a railway carriage it was a welcome change to spend a couple of days where we were put up in public buildings, the cinema, schools, Kolkhoz house club.
Food and work was very scarce. For the little work we could get, if I remember right, the food was 100 gm of flour per person per day, and not always every day. If there was a chance, we would steal. One day, helping to unload wheat grain into storage, I would let the grain fill the boots I was wearing (my father's) with wide uppers reaching to the knees, and large pockets of the cloak I had on. Then on one or the other pretext, went to our room emptying the grain and go back and forth until loading was completed. Boiled wheat grain tasted very good!
Father joined the army at the beginning of March and was stationed at the Shahta camp. Unfortunately, soon after, he became very ill with typhoid fever. Sister Stasia joined the army to take care of father. Luckily he survived, but never fully recovered.
Mother, sisters Hela, Wala and I remained for the time being in the kolkhoz. About two weeks after father became ill, Hela developed a very high fever that turned out to be the Typhus sickness. She was taken to hospital where she died within a few days of arrival, on April 4th, 1942.

Mother and I went to the hospital to claim and bury Hela's body. We had quite a shock seeing how the human corpses were treated.
Dead bodies were kept in the half broken shack with gaps in the walls. Partly frozen naked corpses (snow was still on the ground) without any identifications were piled up on the table in the middle of the shack. More bodies were scattered around the dirt floor.
After finding Hela's body, we buried her, wrapped in a white bed sheet, in a shallow grave in the hospital grounds 'cemetery'.
She was so young, just 2 months into her 19th year.

Underscore

NARRATOR: As for Guzar, terrible rumours had been circulating for some time about that place. Diseases such as typhus, typhoid fever, dysentery, malaria had been raging among emaciated Polish people. Thousands died: soldiers, twice as many civilians, mainly women and children. And these were not rumours, as we soon found out and many of us experienced illness in our short stay in Guzar.
I contracted a severe case of dysentery, and a few days later typhus caught up with me. 16 days in hospital, 12 of which mostly unconscious due to the high fever.
On the 5th or 6th day a nurse woke me to tell me that sister Stasia (who had been working in this hospital) passed away a couple of hours ago. I thought it was a bad dream, but unfortunately, it really happened. Stasia died at the beginning of June 1942, at the age of 17 and was buried in the Polish Military cemetery in Guzar, Uzbekistan.

CHOIR: Save our children's soul. Save our children's souls. No furrow to plough. No pride nor possession. Only this meagre existence. He who does not work, is he who does not eat. He who does not work does not eat. My child gone to a shallow grave. So many children are gone. Shallow grave. Shallow grave.

NARRATOR: I must have had a complete lapse of memory for a period of a month or longer. This is not unusual after the bout with typhus.
I found out I was in the town of Kitab, about 70km North of Guzar, where our Junaki school unit had been transferred in preparation of moving out from the Soviet Union into Iran. Our temporary 'quarters' were in the orange grove with standing water in the irrigation ditches. An ideal breeding ground in the hot climate for mosquitoes. We slept on the bare ground under the sky with mosquitos feasting on our blood and infecting many with the malaria bug. Within two weeks I had my first bout of malaria.
On August 11th or 12th 1942, we boarded the train in Kitab. It took 3 ½ days across mostly uninhabited steppes and numerous tunnels around Samarakand and Ashkhabad mountains. The train stopped on the way at the Mary station (Turkmenostan) where we were treated to a dinner of rice and meat that was dry and hard like leather (probably old camel or donkey meat). Apparently this 'banquet' was Stalin's gesture of farewell (most likely wishing "eat and choke on it")

On the morning of the 4th day, the train stopped 7km from the Krasnowodsk Port. We were only allowed to take a small amount of baggage with us. The sick and infirm were not allowed on the boat and were taken to hospitals.
The walk was hell. The sun was still high in the sky; Terribly hot, nothing to drink. The majority of people were too weak to walk, but the great desire to get out of this terrible place, were determined to make it somehow to the boat.
Eventually, about 9am on August 16th the boat pushed off and we were on our way to 'Freedom'. The sea was calm, sailing smooth. However the 24 hours passage was extremely hard for passengers. Crowded, no drinking water, only one washroom for which there were long lines, with so many people suffering from diarrhoea. It was early morning on August 17th when the boat came to stop near the small port of Pahlevi in Persia. The natives were watching with bewilderment seeing thousands of emaciated, weak and sick men, women and children in rags being bought by boats to the shore. Many hundreds, mostly children and old people were buried in the newly established Polish cemetery outside Pahlevi Port.

CHOIR: We sail o'er the Caspian Sea, so fragile my cargo on board. Just one more day at sea, yet lives can be saved for sure. Flesh and bones these rotting corpses yet still breathe this air. Empty eyes yet desperate minds still rise above despair. No more pain, end this war. Man must fight no more.

NARRATOR: Pahlev was a nice, small town with lots of trees, shrubs and flowers. Clean, wide streets with shops full of goods, restaurants, cafés full of smiling and laughing people. After only 2 ½ years in the Soviet Union, it was difficult to comprehend that such a place still existed, and especially was hard to induce the brain to accept the fact that there were shops full of all kinds of food, and for that matter, any goods that anybody could buy, as much as they would like.
Naturally, I was happy (and lucky) to get away from that dictatorial system, but I was not really in a shape to enjoy this 'new life'. I was weak, had problems in holding food, and was worried whether Mother and Wala were still in Guzar or had managed to get on the boat. Fortunately, they did.
Altogether our family went through very hard times in the last 5 months. Two sisters and father passed away due to the diseases and malnutrition. Wala and I had typhus, dysentery and now malaria. I don't know how our mother survived through this terrible period of time. All that hardship and pain must have had an effect on her early death at the age of 56.
I became a 'regular customer' at the tent hospital where I was treated for malaria (orally taking quinine, extremely bitter substance), fed nourishing food, plus vitamin B injections. When the tent hospital was closed down, I was moved to hospital in Tehran, the capital of Persia. After about 3-4 weeks, I learned that mother and Wala were staying in

the civilian camp in Tehran. We stayed together for about 4 months, however, during that time I had 3 stays in hospital of 2 ½ to 3 weeks each.

CHOIR: Oh my love, my love.

NARRATOR: The doctor (I think his name was Alexander) suggested to my mother that I should, if possible, move to a different climate (he probably had enough of me!), explaining that since the treatment here does not work for me, and each recurrence does more damage to the liver, the change of climate helps sometimes to get rid of the malaria bug for good.

In February 1943, the transport was being organized to move about 150 boys (stragglers like I) to Palestine to join the Junaki school. I signed up, and back in uniform, was anxiously waiting for the move. Unfortunately, I suffered another bout of malaria, but coincidentally the departure to Palestine was also delayed. After the discharge from the hospital, and goodbyes to Mother and Wala, I started on the long trek to the biblical 'Promised Land', at the beginning of April 1943.

CHOIR: Quaswin, Hamadan, Zagros, Kermanshah, then into the Iraq (the Irak), Qasr-E-Shirin, Khanaqin. Habinyah, Transjordania, Al Azraq, Amman, River Jordan, Jericho, Jericho, Jericho, Jericho, Nablus, Nablus, Natanya, Natanya, O'er the Jordan river, Hericho, Jericho, o'er the Jordan river, o'er the Jordan river, Barbara, Barbara.

NARRATOR: Quaswin, Hamadan, Zagros, Kermanshah, Into Iraq (the Irak), Qasr-E-Shirin, Khanaqin, (where Polish troops were getting ready to join the Allied forces in preparation for landing in Sicily, to start the Southern front against Germany and its allies.) Habinyah, Desert. Transjordania (Jordan), Al Azraq, Amman, Cross the Jordan river via General Allenby Bridge, Jericho, Nablus, Natanya, Junaki School, Camp Barabara, Palestine.

After medical and other formalities, I was assigned to the group of about 300 guys that was to continue to England to join the Air Cadets under Air Force Command. Now my 'good friend' malaria had interfered again. Just a week prior to the departure to England, I found myself in military hospital in the town of Rehovot. While undergoing treatment, my group left for England.I felt sorry at first, because I was already seeing myself fighting Germans in the air and my Spitfire or Mosquito plane covered with crosses of the shot enemy planes. However, my kismet was different, and I am glad it turned out as it did.

I spent 4 ½ wonderful years in Palestine at the Junacka Szkola Kadetow (Cadet's School), Camp Barbara. The camp was simply a place of sun baked grounds with traces of burnt grass and several barracks made up of thin wooden boards. Large tents, each equipped with 8 beds and a table in the middle, were our living quarters.

Classes were held in barracks, and the school Command did everything they could to improve the facilities and to provide suitable conditions for hundreds of young people who had already lost 3 years of schooling to continue their education.
In June 1946, I received that certificate of 'Mala Matura', and passed the entry exam for Advanced Liceum.
After two months of completing 1st year of Liceum in June 1947, the camp Barabara was liquidated, and the school moved to England.

From Camp Barbara by train to Port Said, Egypt, then by boat we sailed into Southampton Port, September 1947. From the port by train to the military camp in Bodney, near Norwich, Norfolk.
School started soon after arrival. I successfully completed 2nd lyceum, and obtained the certificate of Matriculation (Swiadectwo Dojrazalosci) that entitled to study at the university level, in March 1948.

Three weeks after final exams, the cadet school was officially dissolved. It was expected, nevertheless, it was a sad event. For nearly 5 years it was my home. I am ever so grateful to the Polish Army for taking us along, from the hell of the Soviet Union in 1942, when it moved to the Middle East. It gave the chance to many hundreds of sick and undernourished people, and especially children, to survive, to get medical care, and eventually education.
By this time, Mother and Wala had arrived in England from Lebanon, and were temporarily located in Wales, on Anglesea Island.
Now it was time to decide what to do. Essentially there were 4 choices for the Polish people, army and civilian, after WWII.
First choice: go back to Poland, that now had a communist government, highly influenced by Moscow. For our family, like many that went through hell in the Soviet Union, there was no home to go to, since that part of Poland was in the Soviet Union now.
Second choice: the British Military were offering to join the British Army, with attached conditions: must sign for 5 years minimum. 1st assignment to fight the communist rebels in the Borneo jungle and Malaysia. Only 3 of our school mates signed up.
Third choice: to settle in other countries – Australia, Canada, South Africa, USA, South America.
Or finally: To demob and settle in England, and that's what we did. Now our official status was 'Displaced Persons', people without country or citizenship.

CHOIR: Tańczę do melodii, której jeszcze muszę się nauczyć. We dance to a melody, we dance, we dance, we sing to a melody, but we haven't yet learned the tune. Come join in our melody, come join, come join, unite in a melody, and together we'll learn the tune. We dance, we sing to a new tune. We dance, we sing to a melody. Tańczę do melodii, której jeszcze muszę się nauczyć. Our tune.

Over The Curzon Line

Nikki Franklin

Prologue

NARRATOR: My name is Mieczyslaw Ranosz. I would like to share with you my recollections of experiences and ordeals during the World War II and life after, outside the Homeland. Our parents were born in Southern Poland (Podkarpacie), part of the Carpathian Mountains. Mother was born in Zadziele, near the town of Dobra on 25/11/1899. Father was born in Jurkow, district Limanowa, on 26/02/1898. They were married in Dobra on 30/7/1922.

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On February 10th, 1940, a Russian army Colonel and four soldats with rifles on the ready, arrived at our house a 5am and lined the family up in the bedroom.

NARRATOR: *continue under opening of 5am*
The temperature outside was close to minus 40 C and we had to wait outside for nearly 2 hours. At the railway station families were ordered with baggage into small, two axle cattle wagons, 30 people per wagon. For beds there were rough planks, 3 levels high at each end of the wagon. In the centre, a potbelly stove and a little wood, enough for a few days. At nights it was so cold that the blankets froze to the wall of the wagon. The toilet was a metal pipe mounted in a hole in the floor at the rear wagon door, which was permanently locked from the outside.

At [D] (underscore)

NARRATOR: We travelled, under military escort with doors locked from the outside, day and night for two weeks. Stops were made only to get water and on two occasions we were given soup. Sometimes the train stopped for hours in uninhabited places. There was no medical aid for the sick. The dead were left in the snow near the railway line.

5am

♩ = 60
Choir S
A
Choir TB
Violin 1
Trumpet in B♭
Accordion
Electric Guitar
Double Bass
Drum Set
arco
p
mp
deliberate, menacing
6
1.
2.
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Play 2x only
Db.
Dr.
mf

9
A
Vln. 1
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
mf
pizz.
mf
13
Vln. 1
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
16
Vln. 1
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

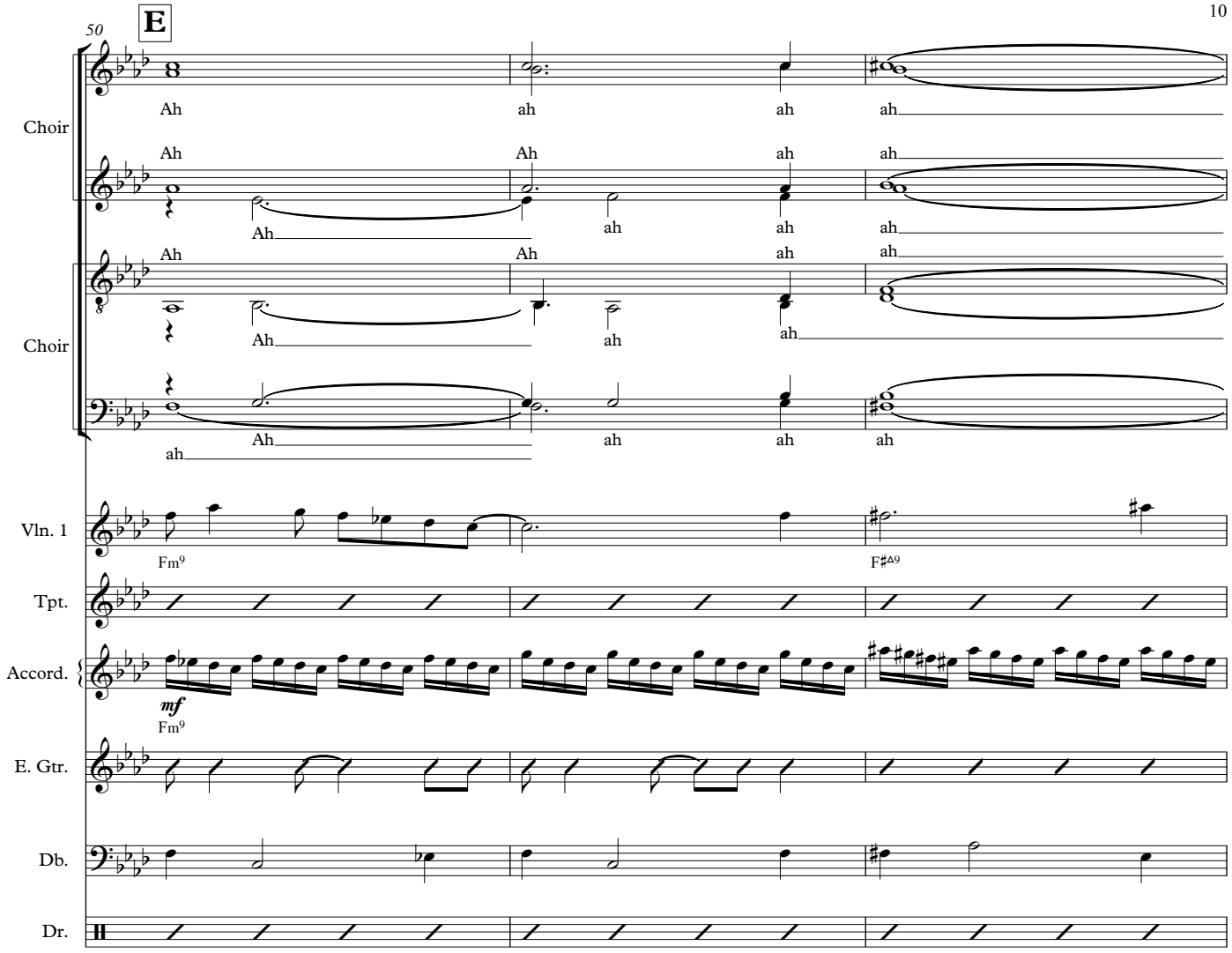
19
B
Choir
mf
So co ld ta-ken from our bed at night from home so
So cold ta - - ken from our home so
So cold ta - - ken from our home so
So co ld ta-ken from our bed at night from home so
Vln. 1
mp
str. mute
Tpt.
Accord.
3
pick slide
Cm13
Fm9
A♭Δ7
E. Gtr.
pizz.
Db.
Dr.

24
1.
2.
Choir
cold from home just ta-ken from our home ta ken from our sim ple life a-way from
cold just ta ken from our sim ple life at home ta life at home ta ken
Choir
cold just ta ken from our sim ple life at home ta life at home ta ken
cold from home just ta-ken from our home ta ken from our sim ple life a-way from
Vln. 1
open
Tpt.
Accord.
B♭9 /C /A♭ Gm7(♭9) /F E♭9 Cm13 Cm13
E. Gtr.
1.
2.
Db.
Dr.

C
28
Choir
home
Choir
home
Tpt.
Bbm9(#11)
SOLO
Accord.
Fm9
Bbm9
E. Gtr.
Fm9
Bbm9
Bbm9(#11)
2
mf
Db.
mf
Dr.
mf

33
Play 2x only
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
mf
Fm9
B♭m9
sim.
36
B♭m9(♯11)
Fm(Δ7)
39
1.
2.

42
D
Vln. 1
Fm9
F♯Δ9
Tpt.
Accord.
mp
Fm9
sim.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
45
Vln. 1
Cm11
D♭maj11
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
48
Vln. 1
B♭m9
B♭m9(♯11)
Tpt.
Accord.
B♭m9
B♭m9(♯11)
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.


50
E
Choir
Ah
ah
Choir
Vln. 1
Fm9
F♯Δ9
Tpt.
Accord.
mf
Fm9
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

53
Choir
ah
ah
Choir
ah
ah
ah
ah
Vln. 1
Cm11
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

55
Choir
ah
ah
ah
ah
ah
ah
ah
Choir
ah
ah
ah
ah
ah
ah
ah
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
D♭maj11
B♭m9
B♭m9(♯11)
END SOLO
B♭m9
B♭m9(♯11)

F
58
Choir
ta - - ken from our
f
f ta - ken from our home ta -
Choir
f ta - ken from our home ta -
ta - - ken from our
Vln. 1
Accord.
Fm9
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
60
Choir
home ne - ver to re - turn
ken ne'r to re - turn ne'r to re - turn
Choir
ken ne'r to re - turn ne'r to re - turn
home ne - ver to re - turn
Vln. 1
Accord.
B♭m9
B♭m9(♯11)
Fm(maj9)
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

63

Choir: ta - ken ta - ken ta - ken

Choir: ta - ken ta - ken

Choir: ta - ken ta - ken ta - ken

Vln. 1

Tpt. *f*

Accord. B♭m9 B♭m9(♯11)

E. Gtr.

Db.

Dr.

66 **G**

Choir: ta - ken from our home ne-ver to re -

Choir: ta-ken from our home ta - ken ne'r to re - turn

Choir: ta-ken from our home ta - ken ne'r to re-turn

Choir: ta - ken from our home ne-ver to re -

Vln. 1

Tpt.

Accord. Fm9 B♭m9 B♭m9(♯11)

E. Gtr.

Db.

Dr.

70
Choir
turn ta - ken ta - - ken
ne'r to re - turn ta - - ken
Choir
ne'r to re - turn ta - - ken
turn ta - ken ta - - ken
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
Fm(maj9)
B♭m9
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
73
Choir
ta - - ken ta - - ken ta - ken
ta - - ken ta - - ken ta - ken
Choir
ta - - ken ta - - ken ta - ken
ta - - ken ta - - ken ta - ken
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
B♭m9(♯11)
B♭m9
B♭m9(♯11)
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

NARRATOR: Karabaz, the final destination. Upon arrival, the people on the train were divided into two groups and placed in temporary accommodations, one group near the copper mine and the other near the smelting works. Later on, people were moved to a specifically built barracks with one family per room. The two sites of the barracks were located on the outskirts of the town: one 2km North, near the mine where 147 families (725 persons) were placed, and another, 6km South of the town, near the smelting works, 175 families (934 persons). Our family was at the North side. All rooms (32 per barracks) were of the same size, 12x16 feet, had 2 wooden plank platforms for beds, a small table, 2 stools, wood stove and one small window. No running water. One water pump outside for the whole site of five barracks.
We were clarified as 'Specpieresiedlency', as sort of Displaced Persons (about 30 million of them in Stalin's time) who were forcibly relocated from their homes, losing all their possessions, to far away places and forced to reside in the designated locations, called 'Posiolki'. Komendant, NKWD (nowadays KGB) officers had an absolute authority over people in the Posiolek. He was referred to as the Master of Life and Death.
According to the Soviet's slogan 'who does not work does not eat', sounds like one had a choice, but in fact, there were none for us. Everyone over 16 years old had to work at a designated place. Refusals were punished with a fine and/or imprisonment. Under 16's had to attend school, taught in Russian.

Due North

Steady ♩ = 120
Choir
Violin 1
Trumpet in B♭
Accordion
Electric Guitar
f
pizz.
Double Bass
f
Drum Set
f
sim.
5
A
Accord.
mf
E. Gtr.
Db.
sim.
Dr.
9
Tpt.
3
3
3
mf
Accord.
mf
E. Gtr.
mf
Db.
mf
Dr.
mf

B
spoken
13
Choir
Swis - locz
Ba-ra-no - vi - ci
Vol-ko-wysk
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
mf
mp
18
Minsk
Minsk

C
23
Choir
Smo-lensk
Ros - lav
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
sim.
Dr.
mf
mp
28
O - rel
Tu - la
Tu - la
D
33
Open Repeat - underscore
p
mf

37
E
Vln. 1
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
mf
mp
sim.
F
41
Choir
3
Stu-pi-no
Sa-ransk
Rya - zar
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
mf
mp
sim.

46
Choir
U - fa
3
Ok-ty-bri - an - ski
Vln. 1
mf
Tpt.
mf
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
51
Choir
3
Chel - ya - binsk
3
Chel - ya - binsk
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
sim.
Dr.

54
Choir
Kusz - tym
Ka-ra-basz
Kusz - tym
Ka-ra-basz
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

NARRATOR: Father and sister Hela worked in the copper mine, deep down below the ground in in very bad conditions: water up to the knees and the management of the mine most likely never head the word '*safety'.* Mother worked in construction, and in the summer in a bog field, digging and stacking peat to dry. It was very hard work. Sister Stasia worked in different jobs and also with mother in the peat bogs. Wala and I went to the regular Russian school, starting one level lower than we were in Poland. At the school we were treated pretty well.
People were paid for the work performed, but the pay was low considering long hours, hard work and under unsafe conditions, especially in the copper mine and smelting works. Food was rationed and on a card system, but rations were too small to sustain reasonably healthy bodies, even for children. When (though not often) some food items or other goods were available without the need of ration cards at one of the shops in town, long lines of people would form in the evening, waiting all night until the shop opened in the morning. When the shop opened, there was no more line. People pushed and shoved with no mercy just to get to the door to have a chance to buy whatever was available. There were never enough goods for every customer. There were fights, broken bones, and there were occasions when I thought I would be squeezed to death. To get firewood we had to go about 6km up and down the hills into the woods with the barrow, or sleigh in the milder days of winter.
In June 1941, Germany attacked the Soviet Union. The two nations that together conquered and occupied Poland, suddenly became enemies. With the announcement of 'amnesty' the Russian authority recognized our Polish citizenship and we were free to travel (with some war time restrictions), refuse to work, if you could afford it (no work, no ration cards), and supposedly have all the rights as Russian citizens, but in practice it wasn't so.

Amnesty 1941

B
20
Solo Tenor
mp
T.Solo.
Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah
Choir T B
ah ah Nie - kon-cza-ça sie por - dróz Nie - kon-cza-ça sie por-dróz
ah ah Nie - kon-cza-ça sie por - dróz Nie - kon-cza-ça sie por-dróz
26
mf 3
T.Solo.
Ah Ah Oh ah ah Bar-ba-ros-sa Bar-ba-ro-ssa
Choir T B
Nie - kon-cza-ça sie por - dróz ah ah Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por - dróz
Nie - kon-cza-ça sie por - dróz ah ah Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por - dróz
32
mf
T.Solo.
Bar - ba-ro-ssa Bar-ba - ro - - - o - sa Bar - ba - ro -
Choir T B
Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por-dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por - dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie
Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por-dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por - dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie
37
mp
T.Solo.
sa Bar-ba - ro - - sa Bar - ba - ro - sa
Choir T B
por - dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por-dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por - dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie
por - dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por-dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por - dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie
E. Gtr.
p
C
43
T.Solo.
Save our chil-dren's souls Bar-ba - ro - sa Bar-ba - ro - sa Bar-ba - ro - sa Bar-ba - ro - sa
Choir T B
por - dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por-dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por - dróz
por - dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por-dróz Nie - kon-cza - ça sie por - dróz
E. Gtr.

48
T.Solo.
Save our chil - dren's So - uls
Choir T B
Nie-kon-cza-ça sie por - dróz Nie-kon-cza-ça por - dróz Nie-kon-cza-ça sie por - dróz
Nie-kon-cza-ça sie por - dróz Nie-kon-cza-ça sie por-dróz Nie-kon-cza-ça sie por - dróz
E. Gtr.
♩ = 104
54
D
E. Gtr.
p
E
59
Vln. 1
sul pont
p
E. Gtr.
p–mp
p - mp
Accord.
2nd x ONLY
arco
move freely through harmonic series - fast, un-even notes
sim...
Db.
mp
2nd x ONLY
add ambient scrapes / squeaks - create unrest
Dr.
mp
64
Vln. 1
1.
2.
mp
E. Gtr.
Accord.
4
1.
8
2.
Db.
Dr.

F

71

Choir S
A

mp

ros - sa Bar - ba ros - sa

Sop2 Bar - ba ros - ssa Bar - ba

ord.

Vln. 1

E. Gtr.

Accord.

Db.

Dr.

mf

77

T.Solo.

save our chil - - dren's souls save

Choir S
A

ros - sa Bar - ba ros-sa

Bar - ba ros - ssa Bar - ba Bar - ba

Vln. 1

mf

port.

3

Tpt.

mf

E. Gtr.

mf

Accord.

mf

Db.

mf

Dr.

84
mp
mf
our chil - - - dren's souls
save
Sa - ve our
ros - sa
Bar - ba
ros - sa
ros - ssa
Bar - ba
Bar - ba
Choir S
A
Vln. 1
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.
pizz.
90
mp
mf
our chil - - - dren's souls
save
chil - - - dren's souls
Sa -
ros - sa
Bar - ba
ros - sa
ros - ssa
Bar - ba
Choir S
A
Vln. 1
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

95
mp
our chil - - - dren's souls
Choir S
A
- ve Save our chil - - - - dren's souls
ros - sa Bar - ba ros - sa
Bar - ba ros - ssa Bar - ba
Vln. 1
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
mf
Accord.
mf
Db.
Dr.
100
mf
intense whisper
Bar-ba-ros-sa
Bar-ba-ros-sa
Bar-ba-ros-sa
intense whisper
mf
Bar-ba-ros-sa
Bar-ba - ros - sa
Bar-ba-ros-sa
Vln. 1
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

104
G
Choir S
A
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
intense whisper
Choir T
B
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
intense whisper
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba -
Vln. 1
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

107
Choir S
A
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Choir T
B
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ros - sa
Bar - ba -
Vln. 1
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
slide
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

H

110
Sa - - - - - - ve our chil - - dren's
Choir S
A
Ah Sa - - - - - ve our chil -
Sa - ve our child - ren souls
Ah Bar - ba - - - - ros - sa
Bar - ba - ro - sa Bar-ba - ro' Bar-ba - ro -ssa Bar-ba - ro -ssa
Choir T
B
Bar-ba - ro' Bar-ba - ro -ssa Save our chil - - dren
Bar - ba - ro - ssa Save our chil - - dren
ros - sa Bar-ba-ro- Bar-ba - ro -ssa Save our chil - dren
Vln. 1
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

113
Choir S
A
Choir T
B
Vln. 1
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.
souls
ve
our
dren's
souls
Sa - - - - - ve
sa
sa
sa
ba - - - -
Bar-ba-ro-ssa
sa
Bar-ba-ro-ssa
ba - - - -
Bar-ba-ro-ssa
Save my fa - mi - ly
Save our
save my fa - mi - ly
Save our
souls
Save my fa - mi - ly

116
chil - dren's souls save my fa - mi - ly ly
Choir S
A
our chil - dren save my fa - mi - ly
sa
sa
sa Bar-ba-ro-ssa Bar-ba-ro sssa save my fa - mi - ly
Choir T
B
chil - dren save my fa - mi - ly
chil - dren
save my fa - mi - ly
Save our chil - dren souls Save my fa - mi - ly
Vln. 1
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

I
f
120
Sa - - - - - - ve , our chil - - dren's
Choir S
A
Ah Sa - - - - - - ve our chil -
Bar - ba - ros - sa Bar-ba - ro' Bar-ba - ro - sa Bar-ba - ro -ssa
Sa - ve our chil - dren, save our chil- dren,
Bar - ba' Bar-ba - ro -ssa Bar-ba - ro -ssa our chil - - dren
Save our chil - dren
Choir T
B
Bar-ba - ro' Bar-ba - ro ssa Save our chil - - dren
Sa - - - - ve ou - - - - r Chil - - - - dren.
Ah Bar - ba - ro - ssa, Sa - - ve ou - - r
Vln. 1
f
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

123
souls
ve
our
Choir S
A
dren's
souls
Sa - - - - - - ve
Bar-ba-ro-ssa
Bar-ba-ro-ssa
Bar-ba-ro-ssa
save
our chil-dren, save
our child-ren
save
our chil-dren
save my fa - mi - ly
Save
our
Choir T
B
Sa - - - ve
ou - - - - r
chil - - - - dren
Chil - dren, my fa - mi - ly.
Save
our
Vln. 1
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

126
chil - - dren's souls save my fa - mi - ly
Choir S A
our chil - dren save my fa - mi - ly
Bar-ba-ro-ssa
save our chil-dren save. Save my fa - mi - ly
chil - - dren save my fa - mi - ly
Choir T B
Sa - - - - - - - ve
chil - - dren. Save my fa - mi - ly
Vln. 1
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
arco
Dr.

J = 60
129
Choir S
A
Choir T
B
Vln. 1
Cornet in B♭
freely
The Saint Mary's Bugle Call, Krakow
Cor.
E. Gtr.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.
133
Cor.

NARRATOR: People at both Posiolki started to plan to leave Karabasz for Kuibyshev, where the Polish army was being organised under the command of General Wladyslaw Anders.
The journey was very hard, railway carriages were not heated, overcrowded and hardly any food. The train was stopping often, but we never knew for how long. When the train stopped at a station, people were running out to try and buy or barter (or steal) for food. Sometimes people were left behind because the train suddenly moved away without warning. Eventually, after many changes of destination, we found that our final destination was to be in the town of Burnoye, Kazakhstan at which we arrived around midnight on December 2nd 1941.After nearly a month of living on a railway carriage it was a welcome change to spend a couple of days where we were put up in public buildings, the cinema, schools, Kolkhoz house club.
Food and work was very scarce. For the little work we could get, if I remember right, the food was 100 gm of flour per person per day, and not always every day. If there was a chance, we would steal. One day, helping to unload wheat grain into storage, I would let the grain fill the boots I was wearing (my father's) with wide uppers reaching to the knees, and large pockets of the cloak I had on. Then on one or the other pretext, went to our room emptying the grain and go back and forth until loading was completed. Boiled wheat grain tasted very good!
Father joined the army at the beginning of March and was stationed at the Shahta camp. Unfortunately, soon after, he became very ill with typhoid fever. Sister Stasia joined the army to take care of father. Luckily he survived, but never fully recovered.
Mother, sisters Hela, Wala and I remained for the time being in the kolkhoz. About two weeks after father became ill, Hela developed a very high fever that turned out to be the Typhus sickness. She was taken to hospital where she died within a few days of arrival, on April 4th, 1942.
Mother and I went to the hospital to claim and bury Hela's body. We had quite a shock seeing how the human corpses were treated.
Dead bodies were kept in the half broken shack with gaps in the walls. Partly frozen naked corpses (snow was still on the ground) without any identifications were piled up on the table in the middle of the shack. More bodies were scattered around the dirt floor.
After finding Hela's body, we buried her, wrapped in a white bed sheet, in a shallow grave in the hospital grounds 'cemetery'.
She was so young, just 2 months into her 19th year.

Underscore
NARRATOR: As for Guzar, terrible rumours had been circulating for some time about that place. Diseases such as typhus, typhoid fever, dysentery, malaria had been raging among emaciated Polish people. Thousands died: soldiers, twice as many civilians, mainly women and children. And these were not rumours, as we soon found out and many of us experienced illness in our short stay in Guzar.

I contracted a severe case of dysentery, and a few days later typhus caught up with me. 16 days in hospital, 12 of which mostly unconscious due to the high fever.
On the 5th or 6th day a nurse woke me to tell me that sister Stasia (who had been working in this hospital) passed away a couple of hours ago. I thought it was a bad dream, but unfortunately, it really happened. Stasia died at the beginning of June 1942, at the age of 17 and was buried in the Polish Military cemetery in Guzar, Uzbekistan.

Beloved

In Loving Memory

intense passion
13
Vln.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.
ff
sfz
A
18
Choir
Solo Voice
p
guttural moan
f
mp
sub p
sim.
22
mf

26
Choir
mf
Vln.
f
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

29
Choir
Tutti
f
Wah ya wah ya wah ya
Tutti
f
Wah ya wah ya wah ya
Vln.
sfz
sfz
sfz
Accord.
sfz
sfz
sfz
Db.
f
Dr.

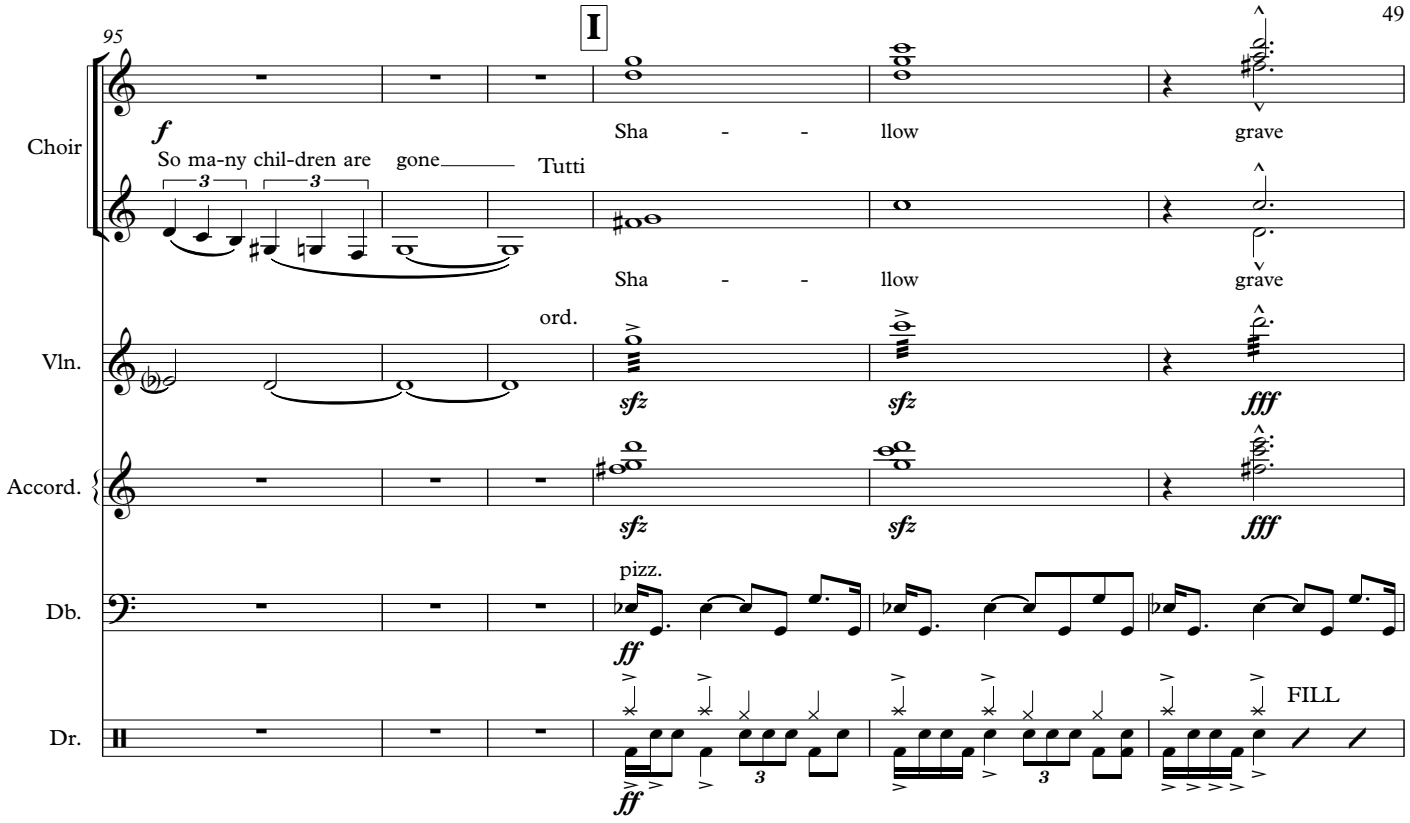
33
Choir
Vln.
sfz
Accord.
sfz
Db.
Dr.
B
35
♩ = 100
mf
UNDERSCORE
Choir
tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn
mf
tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn
Vln.
mf
Db.
C
38
1.2.3 ETC.
LAST X ON CUE
Choir
Sa - dah sa - dah ya sa - dah sa - dah ya
gliss.
Sa - dah sa - dah ya sa - dah sa - dah ya
gliss.
Vln.
Accord.
f open, expressive

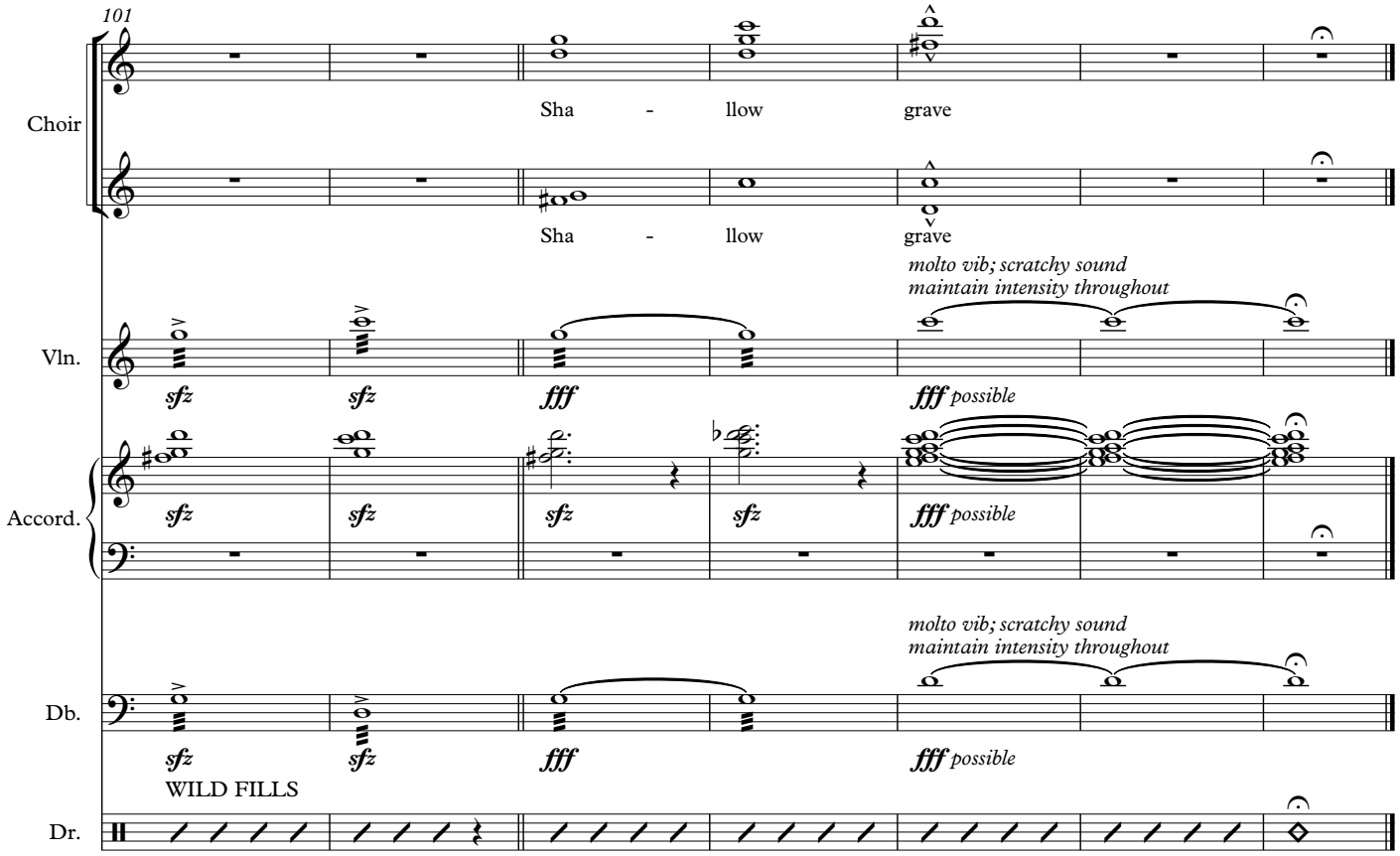
42
Choir
tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn tn
Vln.
Accord.
snare off
Dr.
p
45
Choir
Sa - dah sa - dah ya save our chil - dren's soul
Vln.
Accord.
Dr.
47
Choir
Vln.
sub p
p
Accord.
Dr.
mf

50
Choir
Save our Chil - dren's soul
save our chil - dren's souls
Save our Chil - dren's soul
save our chil - dren's souls
Vln.
Accord.
Dr.
52
D
Choir
Vln.
solo based around Bb Ahava Raba (phrygian dominant)
Accord.
Db.
sim.
Dr.
E
With Acc.
solo based around Bb Ahava Raba
(phrygian dominant)
57
Vln.
With Violin
Accord.
Db.
Snare On
Dr.

61
F
1.
Choir
Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah
Vln.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.
65
2.
rall.
Choir
Vln.
Accord.
rall.
2.
to bow
Db.
Dr.
G
68
mf
♩. = 52
Choir
No fur-row toplough
No pride nor pos-sess - ion
sul G
scratchy vib.
Vln.
mf
arco
scratchy vib.
Db.
mp
Dr.
mp

74
mf
he who does not work
mf
Choir
No seed to be sown
On-ly this mea-gre ex - is - tence
he who does not
Vln.
Db.
Dr.
79
f
is he who does not eat
he who does not work does not eat
f
work
he who does not eat
he who does not work does not eat
Choir
ord.
Vln.
p
Db.
p
Dr.
p
H
SOLO VOICE
85
mf scratchy, desperate
To a shal - low grave.
My
Child
Gone
Choir
sul G
Vln.
mf


95
I
Choir
Vln.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.
f
So ma-ny chil-dren are gone
Tutti
Sha - - llow grave
Sha - - llow grave
ord.
sfz
fff
pizz.
ff
FILL


101
Choir
Vln.
Accord.
Db.
Dr.
Sha - llow grave
Sha - llow grave
molto vib; scratchy sound
maintain intensity throughout
sfz
fff
fff possible
WILD FILLS

NARRATOR: I must have had a complete lapse of memory for a period of a month or longer. This is not unusual after the bout with typhus.
I found out I was in the town of Kitab, about 70km North of Guzar, where our Junaki school unit had been transferred in preparation of moving out from the Soviet Union into Iran. Our temporary 'quarters' were in the orange grove with standing water in the irrigation ditches. An ideal breeding ground in the hot climate for mosquitoes. We slept on the bare ground under the sky with mosquitos feasting on our blood and infecting many with the malaria bug. Within two weeks I had my first bout of malaria.
On August 11th or 12th 1942, we boarded the train in Kitab. It took 3 ½ days across mostly uninhabited steppes and numerous tunnels around Samarakand and Ashkhabad mountains. The train stopped on the way at the Mary station (Turkmenostan) where we were treated to a dinner of rice and meat that was dry and hard like leather (probably old camel or donkey meat). Apparently this 'banquet' was Stalin's gesture of farewell (most likely wishing "eat and choke on it")
On the morning of the 4th day, the train stopped 7km from the Krasnowodsk Port. We were only allowed to take a small amount of baggage with us. The sick and infirm were not allowed on the boat and were taken to hospitals.
The walk was hell. The sun was still high in the sky; Terribly hot, nothing to drink. The majority of people were too weak to walk, but the great desire to get out of this terrible place, were determined to make it somehow to the boat.
Eventually, about 9am on August 16th the boat pushed off and we were on our way to 'Freedom'. The sea was calm, sailing smooth. However the 24 hours passage was extremely hard for passengers. Crowded, no drinking water, only one washroom for which there were long lines, with so many people suffering from diarrhoea. It was early morning on August 17th when the boat came to stop near the small port of Pahlevi in Persia. The natives were watching with bewilderment seeing thousands of emaciated, weak and sick men, women and children in rags being bought by boats to the shore. Many hundreds, mostly children and old people were buried in the newly established Polish cemetery outside Pahlevi Port.

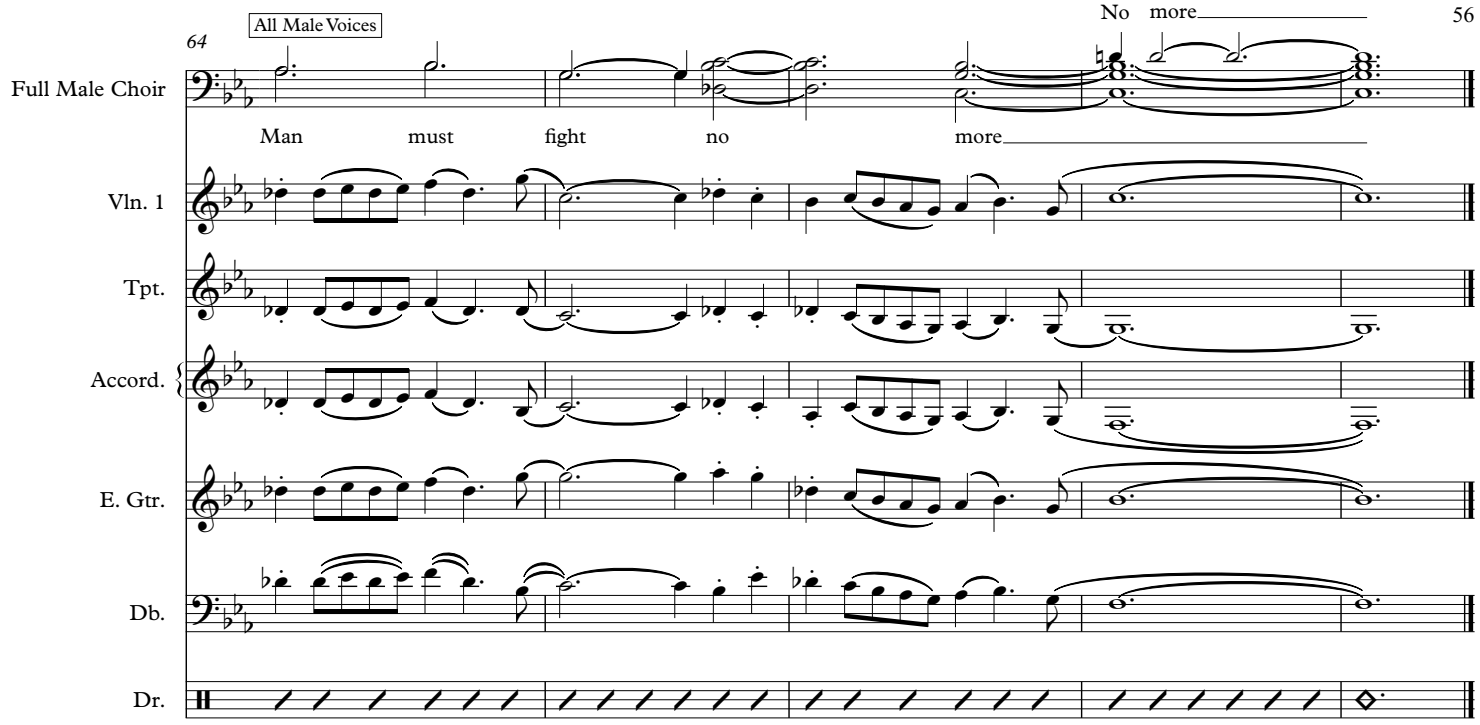
Boat To Persia

13
Accord.
B♭m9/D♭ /C D♭m(Δ7) /C C7/B♭ C7 C7(♭9)/B♭ Cm(Δ7)
E. Gtr.
B♭m9/D♭ /C D♭m(Δ7) /C C7/B♭ C7 C7(♭9)/B♭ Cm(Δ7)
Db.
Dr.
17
A
Vln. 1
mf
Tpt.
mf
Accord.
mp
Cm/D Cm/E♭ B♭m/D♭ Cm Gm/D Cm/E♭ Gm/D Cm Cm/D Cm/E♭
E. Gtr.
mp
Cm/D Cm/E♭ B♭m/D♭ Cm Gm/D Cm/E♭ Gm/D Cm Cm/D Cm/E♭
Db.
mp
sim.
Dr.
mp
22
Vln. 1
f
Tpt.
Accord.
mf
B♭m9/D♭ A♭+7/C G° D♭m(Δ7)/C C7/B♭ C7 Cm11(♭9) /E♭ B♭m11/D♭ A♭/C
E. Gtr.
mf
B♭m9/D♭ A♭+7/C G° D♭m(Δ7)/C C7/B♭ C7 Cm11(♭9) /E♭ B♭m11/D♭ A♭/C
Db.
mf
sim.
Dr.

27
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
Gm A♭ D♭m/A♭ G /B Cm(sus4)/D Cm/E♭ B♭m9/D♭ /C D♭m(Δ7) /C
E. Gtr.
Gm A♭ D♭m/A♭ G /B Cm(sus4)/D Cm/E♭ B♭m9/D♭ /C G D♭m(Δ7)/C
Db.
Dr.
32
B
f
C7/B♭ C7 C7(♭9)/B♭ Cm(Δ7)
sim.
37
sim.

C
42
B. Solo
We sail o'er the Cas-pi-an Sea, so fra gile my car-go onboard
mf
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
Cm/D Cm/E♭ B♭m/D♭ Cm Gm/D Cm/E♭ Gm/D Cm
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
47
Just one more day at sea, yet livescan besaved for sure Fleshand Bones,these
Cm/D Cm/E♭ B♭m9/D♭ A♭+7/C G° D♭m(Δ7)/C C7/B♭ C7 Cm11(♭9) /E♭
sim.
52
rot-ting corp-ses yet still breathe this air Emp-ty eyes yet
B♭m11/D♭ A♭/C Gm A♭ D♭m/A♭ G /B Cm/D Cm/E♭

56
To Basses
B. Solo
des-p'rate mindsstill rise a - bove des - pair
Accord.
B♭m9/D♭ /C D♭m(Δ7) /C C7/B♭ C7 C7(♭9)/B♭ Cm(Δ7)
E. Gtr.
B♭m9/D♭ /C D♭m(Δ7) /C C7/B♭ C7 C7(♭9)/B♭ Cm(Δ7)
Db.
Dr.
D
60
f All Basses
To Male Choir
B.
No more pain, End this war,
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
sim.
Dr.


64
All Male Voices
Full Male Choir
Man must fight no more
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

NARRATOR: Pahlev was a nice, small town with lots of trees, shrubs and flowers. Clean, wide streets with shops full of goods, restaurants, cafés full of smiling and laughing people. After only 2 ½ years in the Soviet Union, it was difficult to comprehend that such a place still existed, and especially was hard to induce the brain to accept the fact that there were shops full of all kinds of food, and for that matter, any goods that anybody could buy, as much as they would like.

Naturally, I was happy (and lucky) to get away from that dictatorial system, but I was not really in a shape to enjoy this 'new life'. I was weak, had problems in holding food, and was worried whether Mother and Wala were still in Guzar or had managed to get on the boat. Fortunately, they did.

Altogether our family went through very hard times in the last 5 months. Two sisters and father passed away due to the diseases and malnutrition. Wala and I had typhus, dysentery and now malaria. I don't know how our mother survived through this terrible period of time. All that hardship and pain must have had an effect on her early death at the age of 56.

I became a 'regular customer' at the tent hospital where I was treated for malaria (orally taking quinine, extremely bitter substance), fed nourishing food, plus vitamin B injections. When the tent hospital was closed down, I was moved to hospital in Tehran, the capital of Persia. After about 3-4 weeks, I learned that mother and Wala were staying in the civilian camp in Tehran. We stayed together for about 4 months, however, during that time I had 3 stays in hospital of 2 ½ to 3 weeks each.

Hallucinations

Prestissimo - mosquito-like

B

29

continue audible breath - choir in sync

S.

A.

T.

B.

Mute
swing

Tpt.

mp

Fm7 B♭9 D° E♭7 Fm7 B♭9 D° E♭7

heavy swing

E. Gtr.

mp

Fm7 B♭9 D° E♭7 Fm7 B♭9 D° E♭7

pizz.

Db.

mp heavy swing
toms

Dr.

mp

C

37

1x ONLY

S.

'panting'

1x ONLY

A.

2x ONLY *very breathy/raspy / sinister*

T.

Ah Ah

2x ONLY

very breathy/raspy / sinister

B.

Ah Ah

1/2 plunger growl

Tpt.

Dm7 G9 B° C7 Dm7 G9 B° C7

E. Gtr.

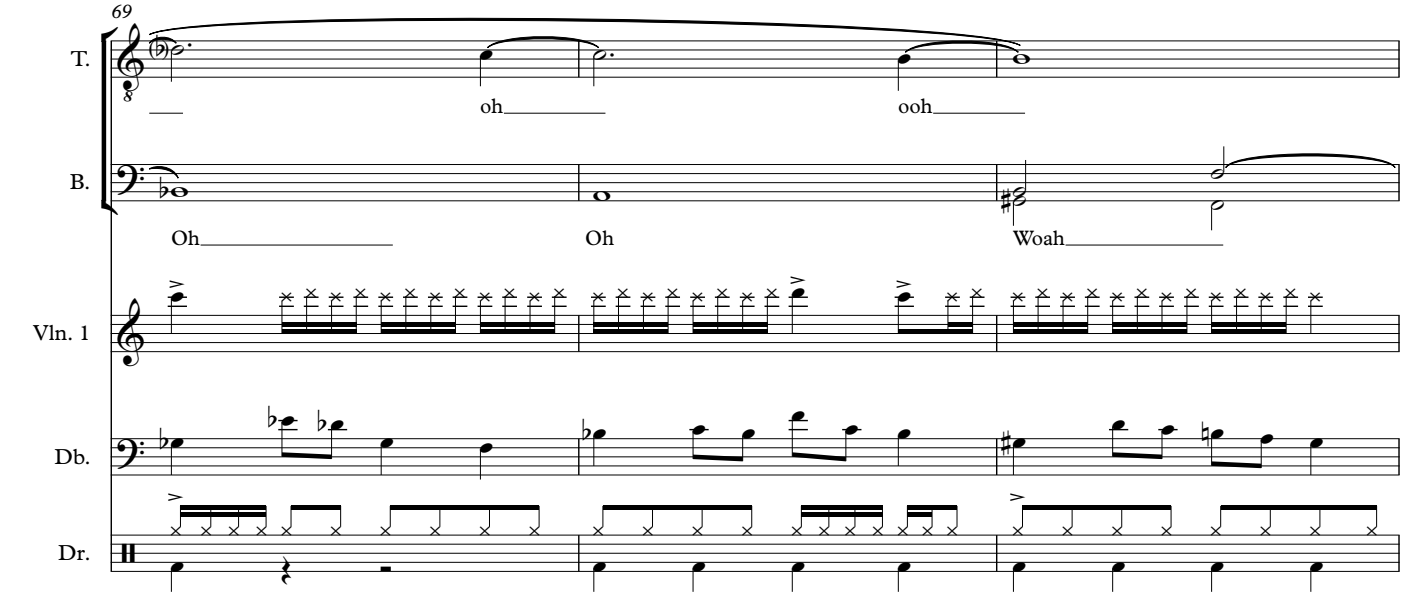
Dm7 G9 B° C7 Dm7 G9 B° C7

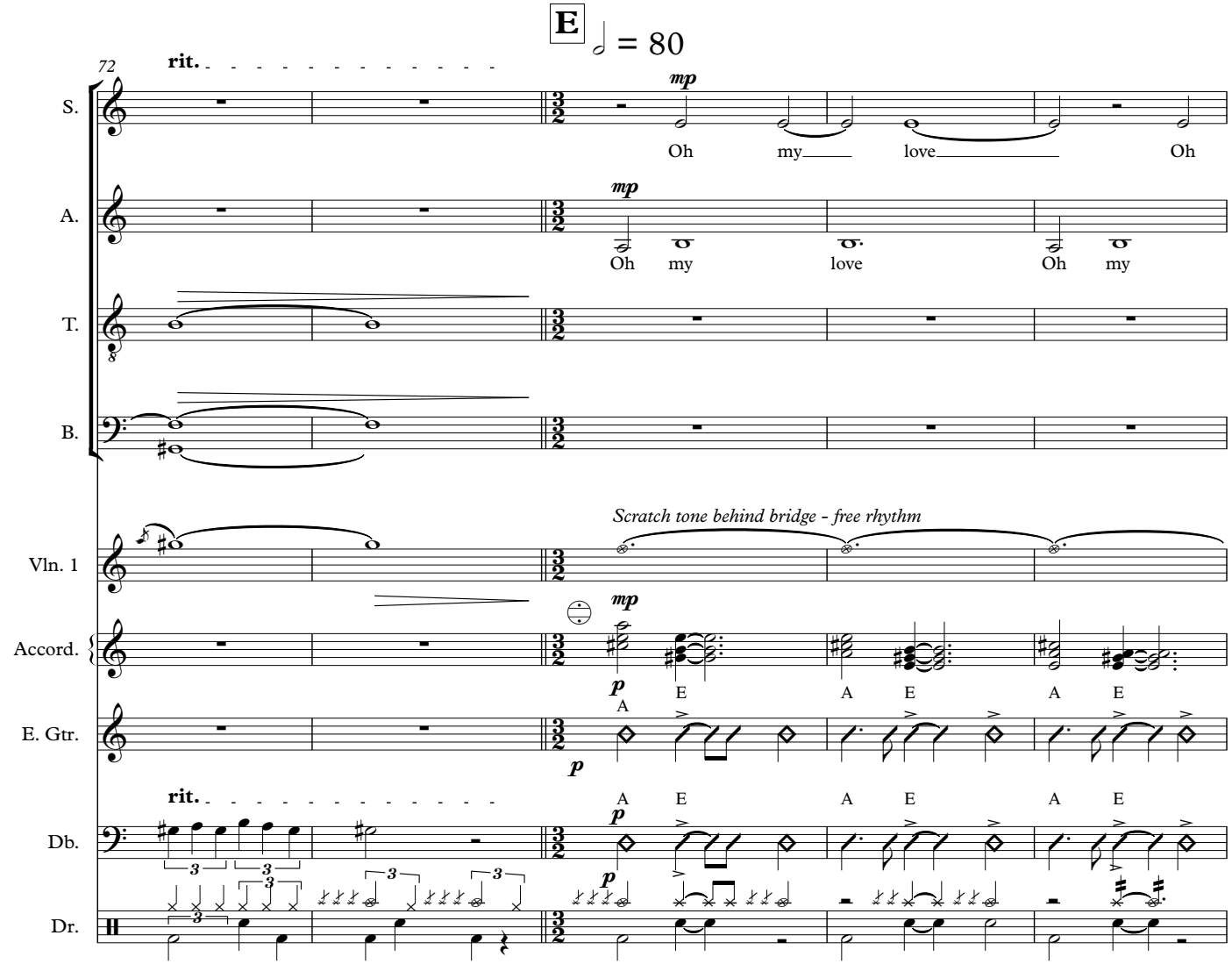
Db.

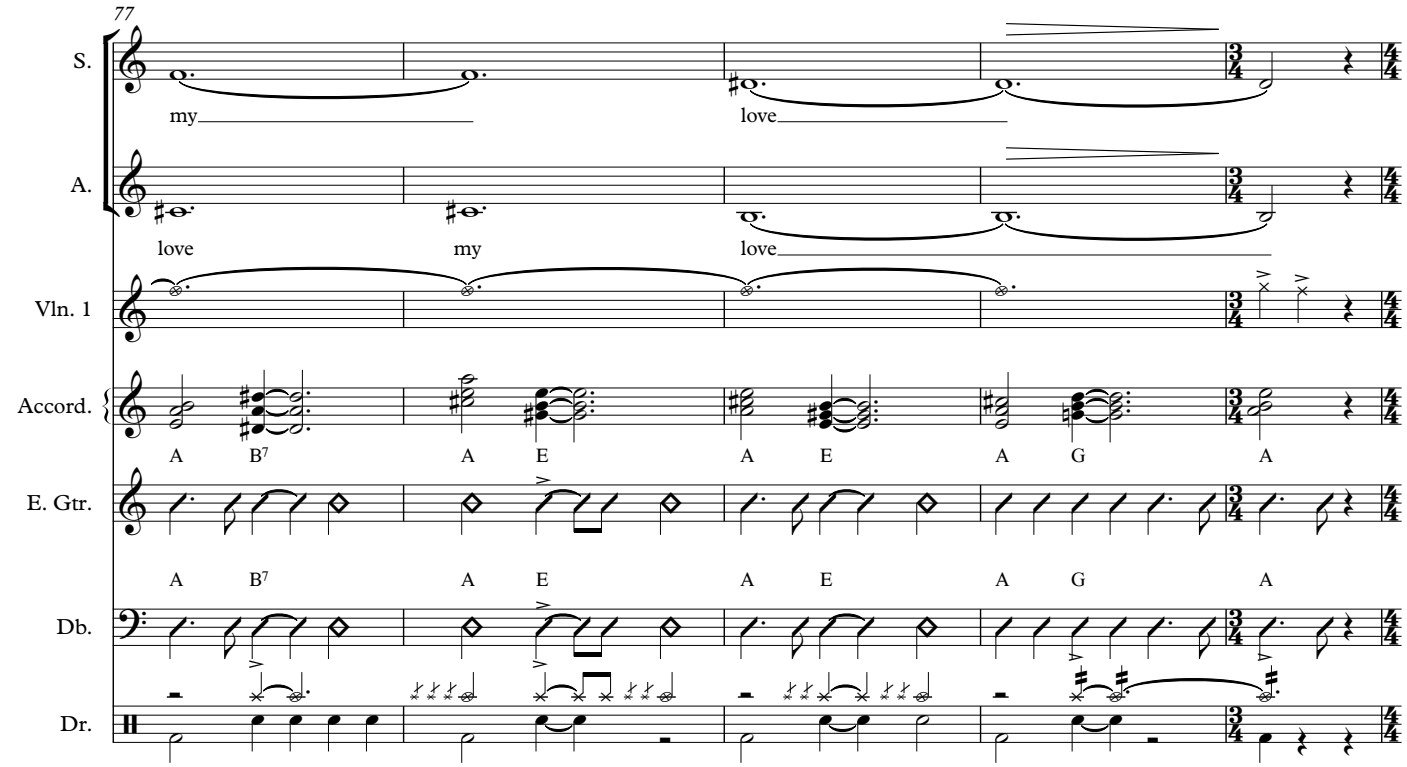
Dr.

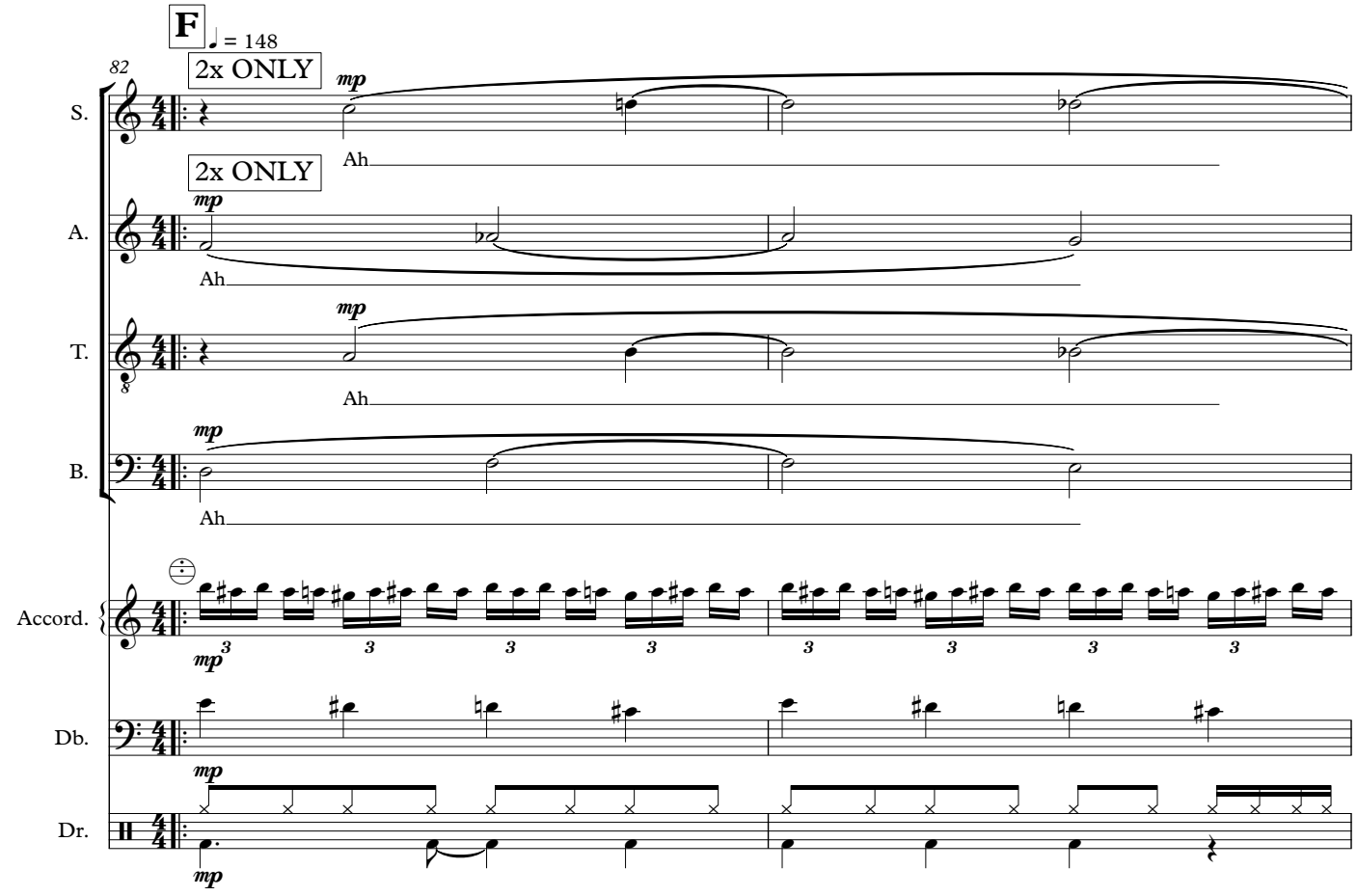
45
S.
A.
T.
B.
Ah
Ah
Ah
Oh
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
E7
E♭m7
A♭9
C°
D♭7
E♭m7
A♭9
52
1.
2.
straight
soft mallets
pp
p

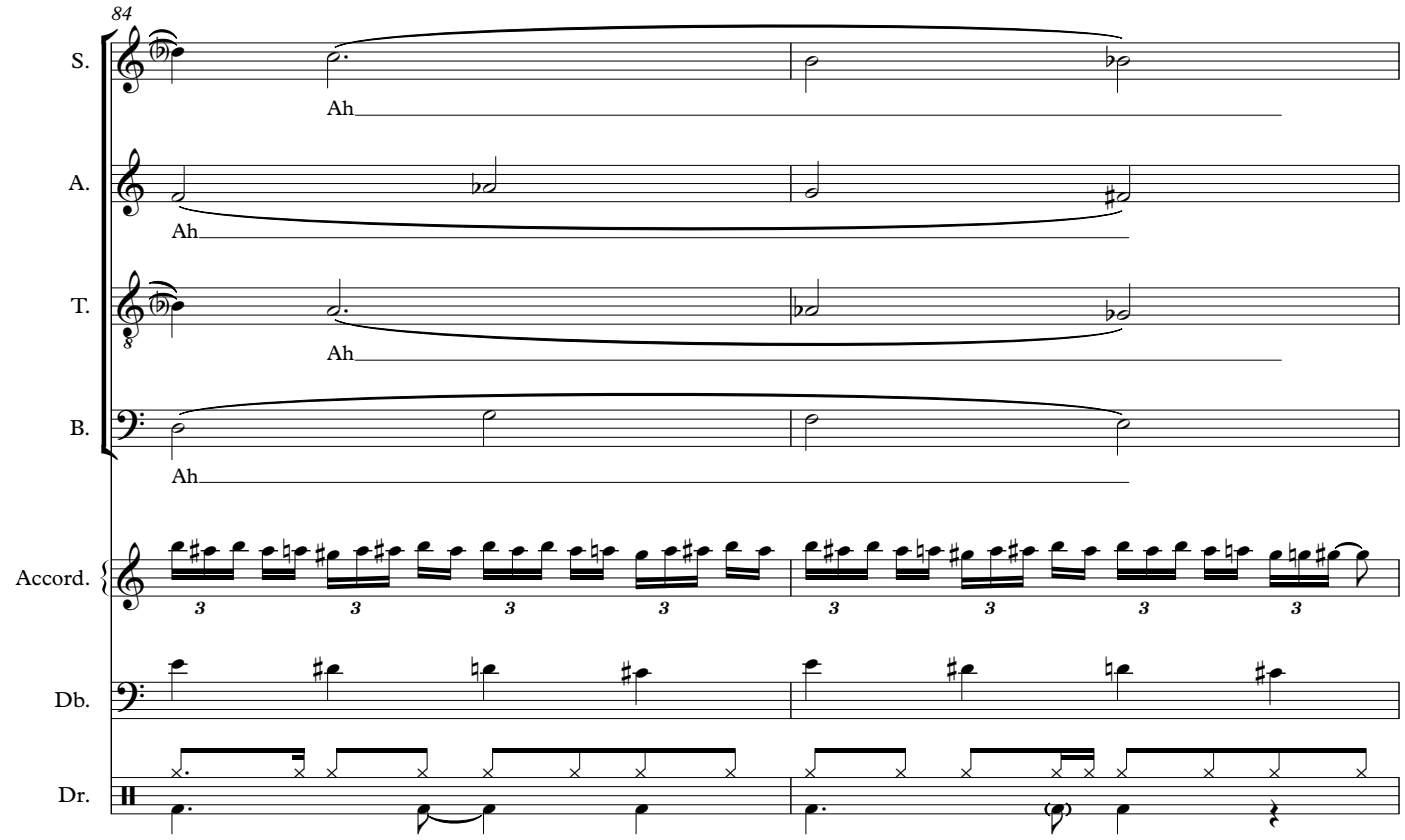
D
60
T.
B.
Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah
fast 'screech' bow behind bridge
Vln. 1
play
notated
pitch
quiet, but driving
Db.
mp
ord.
Dr.
mp
63
T.
B.
Ah
Ah
Vln. 1
Db.
Dr.
66
T.
B.
Ah
Oh
Oh
Ah
Vln. 1
Db.
Dr.


69
T.
oh
ooh
B.
Oh
Oh
Woah
Vln. 1
Db.
Dr.


E
♩ = 80
72
rit.
S.
mp
Oh my love Oh
A.
mp
Oh my love Oh my
T.
B.
Scratch tone behind bridge - free rhythm
Vln. 1
Accord.
mp
p
A E A E A E
E. Gtr.
p
rit.
A E A E A E
Db.
p
Dr.


77
S.
my
love
A.
love
my
love
Vln. 1
Accord.
A B7 A E A E A G A
E. Gtr.
A B7 A E A E A G A
Db.
Dr.


F
♩ = 148
82
2x ONLY
mp
Ah
2x ONLY
mp
Ah
S.
A.
T.
B.
mp
Ah
mp
Ah
mp
Ah
Accord.
mp
Db.
mp
Dr.
mp


84
S.
Ah
A.
Ah
T.
Ah
B.
Ah
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

86
S.
Ah
Ah
A.
Ah
Oh
T.
Ah
Ah
B.
Ah
Oh
Accord.
Db.
Dr.

89

S. Oh oh

A. Ah Oh

T. Oh oh

B. Ah Oh

Accord.

Db.

Dr.

92

1. 2.

S. ooh

A. Oh ooh

T. ooh ooh

B. Oh Woah Oh Woah

Accord.

Db.

Dr.

G

Solo - free & enigmatic

96

E. Gtr. $E^{7(\sharp 11)}$ $A^{7(\frac{\sharp 9}{\sharp 5})}$

Db. $E^{7(\sharp 11)}$ $A^{7(\frac{\sharp 9}{\sharp 5})}$

Dr.

mf

102 E7(♯11)
E. Gtr.
E7(♯11)
Db.
Dr.
106 A7(♯9 ♯5)
straight
A7(♯9 ♯5)
arco
p
H
110 ♩=60
♪ = 120
Vln. 1
mp
arco
116
sim.

I

123

♩ = 60

S. *mp* Oh my love Oh my

A. *mp* Oh my love Oh my love

T. *mp* Oh my love Oh my love

B. *mp* Oh my love Oh my

Vln. 1 open straight

Tpt. *mf*

E. Gtr. *mp* D7(♯11) pizz.

Db. *mp*

Dr. *mp*

130

S. love

A. my love

T. my love

B. love

Vln. 1

Tpt. *mf*

E. Gtr.

Db.

Dr.

137
S.
My
love
A.
My
T.
My
B.
My
love
Vln. 1
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
142
S.
my
A.
love
my
T.
love
my
B.
my
Vln. 1
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

146
J
S.
My love
My love
A.
love
T.
love
B.
My love
My love
Vln. 1
mp
Tpt.
Accord.
mp
E. Gtr.
mp
Db.
mp
Dr.
mp

149
molto rall.
S.
A.
T.
B.
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
molto rall.
Db.
Dr.

NARRATOR: The doctor (I think his name was Alexander) suggested to my mother that I should, if possible, move to a different climate (he probably had enough of me!), explaining that since the treatment here does not work for me, and each recurrence does more damage to the liver, the change of climate helps sometimes to get rid of the malaria bug for good.

In February 1943, the transport was being organized to move about 150 boys (stragglers like I) to Palestine to join the Junaki school. I signed up, and back in uniform, was anxiously waiting for the move. Unfortunately, I suffered another bout of malaria, but coincidentally the departure to Palestine was also delayed. After the discharge from the hospital, and goodbyes to Mother and Wala, I started on the long trek to the biblical 'Promised Land', at the beginning of April 1943.

Due South

♩ = 90
SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
Violin 1
Trumpet in B♭
Accordion
Electric Guitar
C♯m7(♭13)
pizz.
Double Bass
Drum Set
A
Vln. 1
Tpt.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
sim.

7
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
mp
G♯m(Δ7)
12
F♯m(Δ7)
Em(Δ7)
D♯7(♭13 ♭9)
B
15
A.
T.
mf
Qa - swi - n Ha - ma dan, Qa - s - wi - n Ha - ma-dan Qa - -
Ker - ma - n - shah Ker-man,
C♯m7
C♯m7(♭9)
sim.

20
S.
A.
T.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
Then in-to The I - rak,
- swi - n Ha - - - ma - da - n
Ker - man-sha - ah, Ker-man sha - ah
Then in-to I - rak, In-to the
25
Qa-sar-E - Shi - rin, Kha - na-gin. Then in-to The I - rak, Qa-sr-E - Shi - rin,
Za - gro - s, Za - gro - s. Then in-to I - rak, the I - rak, Qa-sr E - Shi,
I - rak, in - to the - I-rak Qa-sr E - Shi - rin Qa - sr Qa-sr E - Shi,
Qa - swi - n, Ha - ma - dan, Za - gros, Ker - man - sha - ah.

30
S.
Kha na - gin. Then in-to The I - rak, qa-sar-E - Shi - rin, Kha-na - gin.
A.
Qa-sr - E Shi - rin Kha - na - gin Kha - na, Kha na - gin Kha-na - gin
T.
Qa-sr - E Shi-rin Kha - na - gin Kha - na, Kha na - gin Kha-na - gin
B.
In-to I-rak The i - rak. Qa - sar - E - Shi - rin Kha - na-gin, Kha-na gin
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

35
C
Tpt.
Accord.
G♯m(Δ7)
F♯m(Δ7)
Em(Δ7)
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

D
38
S.
A.
T.
B.
spoken
Ha-bin-yah
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
mp
Eb7(b13 b9)
Dm9
sim.
f

E
43
S.
A.
T.
B.
Trans Jo - da - ni - a
Al-Az-rak
A - mman
Vln. 1
Play 2x Only
Tpt.
Accord.
Dm9
Gm9
sim.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
48
porr.

53
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Play 1x
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Am9
B♭Δ9
Db.
Dr.
57
S.
A.
T.
B.
Ri
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
B∅7
A9/C♯
Am9
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.

60
S.
ver Jor - - - - - - dan
A.
ver Jor - - - - - - dan
T.
ver Jor - - - - - - dan
B.
ver Jor - - - - - - dan
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
B♭Δ9 Bø7 A9/C♯
E. Gtr.
B♭Δ9 Bø7 A9/C♯
Db.
Dr.
F
63
2x only
S.
cho - - - - - - - Je - ri - cho Je - ri -
2x only
A.
Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho,
2x only
T.
cho Je - ri - cho Je - ri - cho, Je - ri -
2x only
B.
Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho,
E. Gtr.
Db.
mf
Dr.

66
1.
S.
cho
Je - ri - cho
A.
Je - ri - cho,
Je - ri - cho,
T.
cho
Je - ri - cho
B.
Je - ri - cho,
Je - ri - cho
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
70
2.
Je - ri -
Na - blus
Na - blus
Na - blus
Na - blus
Je - ri
Na - blus
Na - blus
Na - blus
Na - blus

G
73
S.
A.
T.
B.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
Na - tan - ya
Na - tan - ya
O'er the Jor - dan
76
Je - ri - cho
Je - ri - cho
O'erthe Jor-dan Ri - ver
1.

80
S.
A.
T.
B.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
2.
O'erthe Jor-dan Ri - ver
O'erthe Jor-dan Ri - ver
O'erthe Jor-dan Ri - ver

84
rit.
S.
A.
T.
B.
Db.
Dr.
Bar - ba - ra
Bar - ba - ra
let ring

NARRATOR: Quaswin, Hamadan, Zagros, Kermanshah, Into Iraq (the Irak), Qasr-E-Shirin, Khanaqin, (where Polish troops were getting ready to join the Allied forces in preparation for landing in Sicily, to start the Southern front against Germany and its allies.) Habinyah, Desert. Transjordania (Jordan), Al Azraq, Amman, Cross the Jordan river via General Allenby Bridge, Jericho, Nablus, Natanya, Junaki School, Camp Barabara, Palestine.

After medical and other formalities, I was assigned to the group of about 300 guys that was to continue to England to join the Air Cadets under Air Force Command. Now my 'good friend' malaria had interfered again. Just a week prior to the departure to England, I found myself in military hospital in the town of Rehovot. While undergoing treatment, my group left for England.I felt sorry at first, because I was already seeing myself fighting Germans in the air and my Spitfire or Mosquito plane covered with crosses of the shot enemy planes. However, my kismet was different, and I am glad it turned out as it did.

I spent 4 ½ wonderful years in Palestine at the Junacka Szkola Kadetow (Cadet's School), Camp Barbara. The camp was simply a place of sun baked grounds with traces of burnt grass and several barracks made up of thin wooden boards. Large tents, each equipped with 8 beds and a table in the middle, were our living quarters. Classes were held in barracks, and the school Command did everything they could to improve the facilities and to provide suitable conditions for hundreds of young people who had already lost 3 years of schooling to continue their education.
In June 1946, I received that certificate of 'Mala Matura', and passed the entry exam for Advanced Liceum.
After two months of completing 1st year of Liceum in June 1947, the camp Barabara was liquidated, and the school moved to England.

From Camp Barbara by train to Port Said, Egypt, then by boat we sailed into Southampton Port, September 1947. From the port by train to the military camp in Bodney, near Norwich, Norfolk.
School started soon after arrival. I successfully completed 2nd lyceum, and obtained the certificate of Matriculation (Swiadectwo Dojrazalosci) that entitled to study at the university level, in March 1948.

Three weeks after final exams, the cadet school was officially dissolved. It was expected, nevertheless, it was a sad event. For nearly 5 years it was my home. I am ever so grateful to the Polish Army for taking us along, from the hell of the Soviet Union in 1942, when it moved to the Middle East. It gave the chance to many hundreds of sick and undernourished people, and especially children, to survive, to get medical care, and eventually education.
By this time, Mother and Wala had arrived in England from Lebanon, and were temporarily located in Wales, on Anglesey Island.

Now it was time to decide what to do. Essentially there were 4 choices for the Polish people, army and civilian, after WWII.
First choice: go back to Poland, that now had a communist government, highly influenced by Moscow. For our family, like many that went through hell in the Soviet Union, there was no home to go to, since that part of Poland was in the Soviet Union now.
Second choice: the British Military were offering to join the British Army, with attached conditions: must sign for 5 years minimum. 1st assignment to fight the communist rebels in the Borneo jungle and Malaysia. Only 3 of our school mates signed up.
Third choice: to settle in other countries – Australia, Canada, South Africa, USA, South America.
Or finally: To demob and settle in England, and that's what we did. Now our official status was 'Displaced Persons', people without country or citizenship.

END

Little Poland

12
Vln. 1
Accord.
E. Gtr.
A9 Bm Em A9/E Em A/E Bm A(add9)
Db.
A9 Bm Em A9/E Em A/E Bm A
Dr.

17
A
Choir
Tan-czê do me-lo - dii, k'tó - rej jeszc - ze mu - sze - sie
Choir
Tan-czê do me-lo - dii, k'tó - rej jeszc - ze mu - sze - sie
Vln. 1
Accord.
mp
E. Gtr.
Em Am/E Bm Em Am
mp
Db.
Em Am/E Bm Em Am
mp
Dr.
mp

24
Choir
nau - czyc Tan - czê do me-lo - - - dii,
Choir
nau - czyc Tan - czê do me-lo - - - dii,
Vln. 1
Accord.
Bm Em A9 Em A/E
E. Gtr.
Bm Em A9 Em A/E
Db.
Dr.

28
Choir
k'tó - rej jeszc - ze mu - sze - sie nau - czyc
Choir
k'tó - rej jeszc - ze mu - sze - sie nau - czyc
Vln. 1
Accord.
A9 Bm Em A9/E Em A/E Bm A
E. Gtr.
A9 Bm Em A9/E Em A/E Bm A
Db.
Dr.

33
Choir
Choir
Vln. 1
Tpt.
mf
Accord.
E
F♯m
G
A
E. Gtr.
E
F♯m
G
A
Db.
Dr.

B
37
Choir
We dance to a me - lo-dy we dance we dance we sing to a me - lo-dy
We dance We sing to a me-lo - dy We dance We sing
Choir
We dance to a me - lo-dy we dance we dance we sing to a me - lo-dy
We dance We sing to a me-lo - dy We dance We sing
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
A E A E A E A B7 A E A E
E. Gtr.
sim.
A E A E A E A B7 A E A E
Db.
sim.
Dr.

43
Choir
but we ha-ven't yet learned the tune Come join in our me - lo-dy Come_join come_join
to a new tune We dance We sing to a me-lo - dy
Choir
but we ha-ven't yet learned the tune Come join in our me - lo-dy Come_join Come_join
to a new tune We dance We sing to a me-lo - dy
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
A G A E A E7 A E7 A E A B7
E. Gtr.
A G A E A E7 A E7 A E A B7
Db.
Dr.

49
To Coda
Choir
U - nite in a me - lo-dy and to-ge-ther we'll learn the tune
We dance We sing to a new tune
Choir
U - nite in a me - lo-dy and to-ge-ther we'll learn the tune
We dance We sing to a new tune
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
mp
A E7 A E A B E A B A B
E. Gtr.
To Coda
A E7 A E A B E A B A B
Db.
Dr.
55
C Tutti
Choir
mp
Tan-czê do me-lo - dii, k'tó - rej jeszc -
Choir
Tan-czê do me-lo - dii, k'tó - rej jeszc -
Vln. 1
Accord.
A B F♯m B E E△7 A/E B6 E
E. Gtr.
A B F♯m B E E△7 A/E B6 E
Db.
Dr.

62
Choir
ze mu - sze-sie nau-czyc Tan-czê do me-lo - dii, k'tó - rej jeszc -
Choir
ze mu - sze-sie nau-czyc Tan-czê do me-lo - dii, k'tó - rej jeszc -
A G B E E△7 A9 E A/E A9 B6 E A9/E
E. Gtr.
A G B E E△7 A9 E A/E A9 B6 A9
Db.
Dr.
70
D
Choir
ze mu - sze-sie nau-czyc
Choir
ze mu - sze-sie nau-czyc
Solo
B Em Am/E Bm
Tpt.
B Em Am/E Bm
Accord.
E A/E B7 A B Em Am/E Bm
E. Gtr.
E A B7 A B Em Am/E Bm
Db.
Dr.
78
Em Am Bm Em A9 Em
Tpt.
Em Am Bm Em A9 Em
Accord.
Em Am Bm Em A9 Em
E. Gtr.
Em Am Bm Em A9 Em
Db.
Dr.

84
A/E
A9
Bm
Em
A9/E
Em
A/E
Bm
A
Tpt.
Accord.
E. Gtr.
Db.
Dr.
90
E
D.S. al Coda
Vln. 1
F♯m
G
A

F
G
94
and we'll sing the tune
Choir
to a new tune We dance to a me - lo - dy we dance we dance we sing to a
and we'll sing the tune
We dance We sing to a me - lo - dy We dance
to a new tune We dance to a me - lo - dy we dance we dance we sing to a
Choir
and we'll sing the tune Tan-shuh doh me-lo - dyie, k'to - ray yes -
to a new tune We dance We sing to a me - lo - dy We dance
Vln. 1
Tpt.
Accord.
A B E B7
E. Gtr.
A B E B7
Db.
Dr.

102
Choir
me - lo - dy but we ha-ven't yet learned the tune Come join in our me - lo - dy Co-me join
We sing to a new tune We dance We sing to a
me - lo - dy but we ha-ven't yet learned the tune Come join in our me - lo - dy Co-me join
Choir
chuh mew - se shuh neow - shish Tan - shuh doh me-lo - - dyie,
We sing to a new tune We dance We sing to a
Vln. 1
f
Tpt.
A E A E A E
Accord.
A E A E A E
E. Gtr.
A E A E A E
Db.
f
fill
Dr.
f

108
Choir
Co - me join
U - nite in a me - lo - dy
me - lo - dy
We dance
We sing
Co - me join
U - nite in a me - lo - dy
Choir
k'to - - - ray yes - - chuh mew - -
me - lo - dy
We dance
We sing
Vln. 1
Tpt.
A B7 A E A E
Accord.
A B7 A E A E
E. Gtr.
A B7 A E A E
Db.
Dr.

111
Choir
and to - ge - ther we'll learn the tune our tune
ff
to a new tune
and to - ge - ther we'll learn the tune our tune
ff
Choir
se shuh neow - shish our tune
ff
to a new tune our tune
ff
Vln. 1
ff
Tpt.
ff
A B E E△7 Amaj11
Accord.
ff
ff
A B E E△7 Amaj11
E. Gtr.
ff
A B E E Amaj11
Db.
ff
Dr.
ff