

Nafissatou Batu-Daramy
Hannah Lee
Lisha Zhong

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Blyth Gallery

Home



For our loved ones , and for those who shared their precious time with us.

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Performed as part of the Blyth Art Fellowship Exhibition 2024 | @Blyth_Arts

Programme

Home-land

Spoken word, song & music by:

Voice **Nafissatou Batu-Daramy**
Flute/Voice **Hannah Lee**
Piano **Lisha Zhong**

this homeland
written by Lisha, performed by Hannah

in my skin
written by Nafissatou, performed by Nafissatou and Hannah

ca' the yowes
words by Robert Burns, arranged by Hannah,
performed by Hannah and Lisha

아리랑
traditional lyrics, arranged by Nafissatou,
performed by Nafissatou, Hannah and Lisha

origin - eaten
written and performed by Nafissatou

for these are my mountains
traditional words, composed by Hannah,
performed by Nafissatou, Hannah and Lisha

this homeland

written by Lisha, performed by Hannah

On this isle where
Melancholy holds me close.
Encompassing and encroaching,
I will leave it behind at the entrance.
Seeking refuge like a child,
Sheltering from their gaze.

Here I shed my weight,
unborn and reborn.
Laying in this cradle of limbs;
These are the rolling hills,
These are the sloping valleys,
the ones which are mine to know.

Where each tender crease and fold,
belies the haunting trace of flight.
And where each creak and groan,
signals the turning of the seasons.
There is no outrunning this time.

So let me lie here a little longer,
while this fire remains alight.
While the water runs and the land thrums,
for there is no returning when it quiets.
Only the ashes that I will carry.

I know I will soon wander again,
And just as I turn
faltering,
I worry,
Please be there still.

in my skin

written by Nafissatou,
performed by Nafissatou and Hannah

Home is not home.
Where there is pain
and fearful memories.
Crossing the threshold
is to go back in time.

The body grows slow.
Thick smog descends and
worms its way through
every passage of the mind.

enough

Home is outside.
In the gentle bustle
of the day's passersby.
In the smell of
freshly made coffee.

And when you
welcome it in -
There is your home.

It is there in the laughter
of dear friends;
in stories exchanged
past and present.

Where there is joy,
recognition, understanding
and validation,
the body grows lighter.
The fog lifts.

The first shoots
you didn't know you'd planted
gently make themselves known.

Hope is no longer a fantasy.
It stands at the threshold
of your heart and mind.

Our understanding of our "home" and our relationship with the "land" is complex and ever changing. Even more so as we flicker between the global and the local, becoming more connected and disconnected than ever. It can be hard to find solace in these shifting sands.

In families fractured by dysfunction and disorder, our safety and wellbeing are compromised. The building that houses us within this structure of trauma is suffocating and forces us outwards. We end up seeking and creating our home in other spaces and in 'found family'. Ultimately, we seek to ground ourselves in our skin.

ca' the yowes

words by Robert Burns, arranged by Hannah
performed by Hannah and Lisha

Chorus

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonie dearie.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang,
Then a-fauldin let us gang,
My bonie dearie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou 'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die — but canna part,
My bonie dearie.

Chorus

Drive the sheep to the hills,
Drive them where the heather grows
Drive them where the stream flows,
My beautiful dear.

Hark! the thrush's evening song
Sounding among Cluden's woods,
Then let us drive the sheep into the fold,
My beautiful dear.

We'll go down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
Over the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon so clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine's midnight hours,
Over the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance so cheerfully.

Ghost nor hobgoblin shall you fear;
You are to love and Heaven so dear,
Nothing of ill may come you near,
My beautiful dear.

Fair and lovely as you are,
You have stolen my very heart;
I can die — but cannot part,
My beautiful dear.

English translation

ca' the yowes

Originally written by Isabel Pagan, in his revision of the poem, Burns captures an idyllic pastoral scene telling the story of lovers meeting in the Scottish countryside herding sheep.

Love can present itself in many - and not always kind - ways. Our relationships around us can often play a profound part in how we present ourselves and our cultural identity. This song represents love in its purest and most authentic form which we may not all experience.

아리랑

traditional lyrics in hangeul & romanization,
arranged by Nafissatou,
performed by Nafissatou, Hannah and Lisha

아리랑, 아리랑, 아라리요...
arirang, arirang, arariyo...

아리랑 고개로 넘어간다.
arirang gogaero neomeoganda.

나를 버리고 가시는님은,
nareul beorigo gasineun nimeun,

십리도 못가서 발병난다.
simnido motgaseo balbyeongnanda.

청천하늘엔 잔별도 많고,
cheongcheonhaneun janbyeoldo manta.

우리네 가슴엔 희망도 많다.
urine gaseumen huimangdo manta.

풍년이 온다네 풍년이 와요,
pungnyeoni ondane pungnyeoni wayo,

이 강산 삼천리 풍년이 와요.
i gangsan samcheolli pungnyeoni wayo.

아리랑, 아리랑, 홀로 아리랑,
arirang, arirang, hollo arirang,

아리랑 고개를 넘어가보자.
arirang gogaereul neomeogaboja.

가다가 힘들면 쉬어가더라도,
gadaga himdeulmyeon swieogadeorado,

손잡고 가보자 같이 가보자.
sonjapgo gaboja gachi gaboja.

Arirang is a Korean folk song thought to have been sung for over 600 years. Some hypothesise that "Ari" (아리) means "beautiful" (아름다운) and "rang" (랑) refers to a "beloved one" (사랑) or "bridegroom" (신랑). Thus becoming "My beloved one". This arrangement of the standard Arirang ends with a final refrain and verse from Lonely Arirang (홀로 아리랑).

아리랑, 아리랑, 아라리요...
arirang, arirang, arariyo...

아리랑 고개로 넘어간다.
arirang, going over the hill.

나를 버리고 가시는님은,
my love, if you abandon me,

十里도 못가서 발病난다.
your feet will be sore before you go ten ri.

晴天하늘엔 잔별도 많고,
just as there are many stars in the clear sky,

우리네 가슴엔 希望도 많다.
there are also many wishes in our hearts.

豊年이 온다네 豊年이 와요,
abundance is coming this year, yes it is coming,

이 江山 三千里 풍년이 와요.
abundance is coming to these rivers and mountains.

아리랑, 아리랑, 홀로 아리랑,
arirang, arirang, lonely arirang,

아리랑 고개를 넘어가보자.
arirang, let us go over the hill.

가다가 힘들면 쉬어가더라도,
if we should need to rest on the way,

손잡고 가보자 같이 가보자.
let us go together, hand in hand.

The song is beautiful in its simplicity and the deep sense of yearning. The beloved is home embodied, something that many of us seek in romantic relationships. In a broader context, this song has come to be considered as an unofficial national anthem, open to individual interpretation. To note: ri is a traditional unit of distance.

with hanja and English translation

아리랑

origin - eaten

written and performed by Nafissatou

Where are you from?

- ORIGINALLY?

*My roots don't touch the ground.
The tree of my life hangs in limbo.
Bonds yet to be made.
My lines are steeped in voyages.
Echoes of a promised land intoned.
We heard, it lay not on our own shores.
Distant calls beyond our waters.
The voices of our ancestors.*

Where are you from? Can I touch your hair? Why do you look like us but don't sound like us? So, English is not your first language...?

*Do not court Shame.
Let Excellence
Guide your paths.
Stand tall.
Do as the Romans do.*

*We slip seamlessly,
One costume to another.
Names are exchanged.
Adapted.
We hope to
Melt into their shadows.
At times we fool -
Mostly we fail to
Master the Art of
Chaméléoniste.*

whence have i come?
who ought i be?
why am i here?

*My tongue is a language I have yet to learn.
The rivers of my heritage
Bleed their grief,
Forced to bear witness
As Amnesia stains my palate
Red, white and blue.
Sounds of subjugation
In daily usage.*

Who am I?

Where are my kin?

Shame is a powerful emotion that can overwhelm us in our search for belonging. Confusion shadows our daily lives as we navigate the customs of the nation in which our parents chose to abide, alongside the cultural values of our ancestors instilled and often drilled into us. In times of hardship and low self-esteem, this dysphoria can feel all-encompassing.

*traditional words,
composed by Hannah, performed by
Nafissatou, Hannah and Lisha*

*For fame and for fortune I wandered the earth,
And now I've come back to the land of my birth.
I've brought back my treasures but only to find,
They're less than the pleasures I first left behind*

Chorus

*For these are my mountains, and this is my glen.
The braes of my childhood will know me again.
No land's ever claimed me tho' far I did roam.
For these are my mountains and I'm going home.*

*The burn by the road sings, at my going by.
The whaup overhead wings, with welcoming cry.
The loch where the scart flies, at last I can see.
It's here that my heart lies, it's here I'll be free.*

*Kind faces will meet me, and welcome me in,
And how they will greet me, my ain kith and kin.
The night round the ingle, old sangs will be sung.
At last I'll be hearing, my ain mother tongue.*

...and I have come home.

Scots words: whaup - curlew (bird) kith and kin - relations
scart - cormorant (bird) ingle - open hearth

'Home' can often be a difficult and confusing subject for some. For me [Hannah] it's here in Glasgow surrounded by the people and the things I love. This song is a love letter for those who appreciate their little place that they have called 'Home.'

for these are my mountains

