

Infected Blood Inquiry

Reflections

20 May 2024 Central Hall Westminster

Music

London Contemporary Voices choir

Director of Music and Arranger: Meg Ella Brookes Soloists: Lydia Clowes, Anne Holloway

Choir of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, London Director of Music: lestyn Williams

String Quartet

Fraser Bowles, Jimmy Cullen, Phoebe Snelling, Romana Szczepaniak

Piano

Barny Jones

Read All About It, Pt.III

The combined choirs of London Contemporary Voices and St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, London *Written by Emeli Sandé, Professor Green, Iain James, Tom Barnes, Ben Kohn and Pete Kelleher*

> You've got the words to change a nation But you're biting your tongue You've spent a life time stuck in silence Afraid you'll say something wrong If no one ever hears it how we gonna learn your song? So come on, come on Come on, come on

You've got a heart as loud as lions So why let your voice be tamed? Maybe we're a little different There's no need to be ashamed You've got the light to fight the shadows So stop hiding it away Come on, come on

I wanna sing, I wanna shout I wanna scream 'til the words dry out So put it in all of the papers I'm not afraid They can read all about it Read all about it

At night we're waking up the neighbours While we sing away the blues Making sure that we're remembered, yeah 'Cause we all matter too If the truth has been forbidden Then we're breaking all the rules So come on, come on Come on, come on Face-to-Face 2018 Insights from people infected and affected in September 2018

This Is What We Know Now Reading

Testimonies

Voices of women and men giving evidence to the Infected Blood Inquiry

Roads

London Contemporary Voices choir. Soloist: Lydia Clowes Written by Geoffrey Paul Barrow, Beth Gibbons and Adrian Francis Utley

> Ohh, can't anybody see We've got a war to fight Never found our way Regardless of what they say.

How can it feel, this wrong From this moment How can it feel, this wrong Storm in the morning light.

I feel No more can I say Frozen to myself I got nobody on my side And surely that ain't right Surely that ain't right.

Ohh, can't anybody see We've got a war to fight Never found our way Regardless of what they say How can it feel, this wrong From this moment How can it feel, this wrong. **Face-to-Face 2024** Insights from people infected and affected in May 2024

What is Justice? Spoken by Seb Carrington Written by Peter Moffat and Seb Carrington

This is Me

The combined choirs of London Contemporary Voices and St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, London Soloist: Anna Holloway *Written by Benj Pasek & Justin Paul. String arrangement by Meg Ella Brookes*

The Message Reading

Music When Soft Voices Die

The combined choirs of London Contemporary Voices and St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, London *Written by Percey Shelley 1821, arr Charles Parry 1897*

> Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory; Odours, when sweet violets sicken, Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, Are heap'd for the belovèd's bed; And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone, Love itself shall slumber on.

Adagio for Voices – Lighting of Candles

The combined choirs of London Contemporary Voices and St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, London *Samuel Barber 1936. Arranged by Meg Ella Brookes*

Silence – A Moment of Reflection

Your Eyes Fall Upon Us – Anthem for Remembrance

Choir of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, London Music by Andrew March. Words adapted by Sue Threakall from the following scripture sources: Psalm 90: 2-5, 9, 17; Psalm 34: 15; Psalm 65: 5; Psalm 126: 4; Jeremiah 31: 9; Ecclesiastes 12: 7.

> O Lord, your eyes fall upon us and your ears are open to our cry. When we weep, you are near. When we stumble, you lead us back. You let us walk by the brooks of water, You restore our fortunes as the river restores the desert. And the beauty of the Lord, our God, is upon us.

You are the hope of the ends of the earth And of the farthest seas. From everlasting to everlasting You are God! And the beauty of the Lord, our God, is upon us.

A thousand years in your sight Are but as yesterday! We spend our years as a tale that is told And like a watch in the night they pass away. And you carry us, as if in a dream, And we fade away like the tender grass.

As our days come to an end You turn us back to dust. We return to the earth like a sigh, And our spirit returns to you. And the beauty of the Lord, our God, is upon us.

Something Inside So Strong

The combined choirs of London Contemporary Voices and St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, London *Written by Labi Siffre*

> The higher you build your barriers The taller I become The further you take my rights away The faster I will run You can deny me, you can decide To turn your face away No matter 'cause there's

Something inside so strong I know that I can make it Though you're doing me wrong, so wrong You thought that my pride was gone, oh no There's something inside so strong Oh, something inside so strong

The more you refuse to hear my voice The louder I will sing You hide behind walls of Jericho Your lies will come tumbling Deny my place in time, you squander wealth that's mine My light will shine so brightly it will blind you

Because there's, something inside so strong, strong I know that I can make it Though you're doing me wrong, so wrong You thought that my pride was gone, oh no There's something inside so strong Oh, something inside so strong

Brothers and sisters When they insist we're just not good enough Well we know better Just look him in his eyes and say We're gonna do it anyway, we're gonna do it anyway

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