

MUSICIANS

REZ ABBASI: guitars

LOUIS SIMAO: accordion & organ

ROBBIE GRUNWALD: accordion & organ on Tum Dekhoge & Jaane Jahan

RICH BROWN: bass

RAVI NAIMPALLY: tabla

DAVIDE DERENZO: drum set

MARK DUGGAN: percussion

JOAQUIN NUNEZ : djembe & percussion on Tum Dekhoge & Jaane Jahan

PRODUCTION

Producer: REZ ABBASI

All songs arranged by Rez Abbasi, (Ban Koulchi arranged by group)

JULIAN DECORTE: Recording Engineer, Canterbury Music Company

JEFF WOLPERT: Mixing Engineer, Desert Fish Studios

HOWIE BECK: Mixing Engineer for Ban Koulchi Redux

MICHAEL FOSSENKEMPER: Mastering, Turtle Tone Studio

STUART SCHENK: Editing

ROBBIE GRUNWALD: Editing, Raven Tape Music Room

English translation of Tum Dekhoge by KRUPA SHANDILYA

English translation of Arabic lyrics in Ban Koulchi Redux by ATLAS PHOENIX

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SPECIAL THANKS

to Ayaz Ahmed, Krupa Shandilya, Ian Menzies, Danielle Devlin, Jeremy Darby, Ellen Stanley, Patrick Schuster, Megha Kalia, Joseph Matthew, Erika Oliveira, Dale Sood, Robin Easton, Bob Duskis & everyone at Six Degrees, to all our families.

We acknowledge the support of the Canada Council for the Arts.

We acknowledge the support of FACTOR and Canada's Private Radio Broadcasters.

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JAANE JAHAN

LYRICS & MUSIC KIRAN AHLUWALIA

This song is a musical response to cultural intolerance. My words are aimed at reminding us that we all bleed the same red; our tears taste of the same salt – we're the root of one tree – we're all part of the same human species, but can we call ourselves humans when we lack humanity? The impetus for this song is the rise of Hindu fundamentalism. This movement marginalizes Muslims and other ethnic minorities and is an ideology embodied in the political party which currently governs India. This wave of religious hatred has also spread in the Indian Diaspora, and many who are against it do not speak out for fear of repercussions. Social preservation dictates that they stay quiet even in the face of injustice to others. The wound I refer to in these lyrics is the partition of India and Pakistan – once a united people – it is the story of the loss of brotherhood. I wrote the song for my motherland but I see the same tribalism in my adopted homelands of Canada and the USA and in other parts of the world.

Dark night, dark day, this revolution sees no light
Can we say we are human if we have no humanity
We're part of one nation, bound by one wound
The same red we bleed, the same salty tears
What can be said about India –
Is it a keeper of hearts, or just a name of a ground
Loved ones – new paths call out to you
freeing you from the suffocating narrowness of old ways
If others suffer under tyranny, our silence is consent
When did hatred surpass faith entirely
In birth, breath and death if we consider only ourselves
Can we say we are human if we lack humanity

ZAMEEN PAR

LYRICS RASHEED NADEEM

MUSIC KIRAN AHLUWALIA

This is a poem by Pakistani-Canadian poet Rasheed Nadeem. It has an underlying current of being unhappy with the state of things in the world. It's time for a new 'book' to fall from the heavens – it is time to give new meaning to our existence. Indian writers writing in English have gained much popularity in the West, however there is another underground yet vibrant group of writers, like Rasheed, who write in their own tongue. The poem in Urdu is written in the ghazal style – a genre that dates back to the 12th century.

On earth there is once again a
need for a celestial book
Life's definition demands a
refreshing look
We wander, lost and strayed from
our path
Like a character yearning for a
narrative to grasp
In our journey we've reached
that place
From where we are compelled to
move once again

COMFORT FOOD KIRAN AHLUWALIA



DIL

LYRICS & MUSIC KIRAN AHLUWALIA

I wrote this in the style of a modern Punjabi folk song; it's a song about throwing away shame. When it comes to exhibiting physical desire – there's a double standard the world over. Society is tolerant of men expressing physical desires publicly, yet women frequently face unjust scrutiny and shame for doing the same. This song is about ignoring societal norms and parading my desires publicly without shame.

Desires in the depths of my heart remain unspoken
The yearning to hold your hand stays hidden
I'm casting aside fear and shame
Let neighbours gossip, let family have their say
I'm shedding these worldly worries
My heart won't tolerate hiding love's flame
I've schemed plenty of hide and seek romances
No more will I love in a secret game
I shall openly claim you as mine in love's name

TERA JUG

LYRICS & MUSIC KIRAN AHLUWALIA

This song is about feeling overwhelmed with the current state of political polarization in the world. Nationalist politicians around the globe are targeting ethnic minorities and immigrants. Most of us have strong opinions on these issues and it's sadly often impossible to talk with those we disagree with without the conversations turning into yelling matches. I've found it very hard to control my anger when talking to family members about the cons of fundamentalism and tribal thinking. So instead of talking, I'm singing my opinion – this song reminds us that we are all from one root; we all bleed the same shade of red.

In this world of yours how shall I chart my way
whose hearts shall I appease, who shall I sway
How to erase sorrow, write compassionate dreams
From a common root we stem, the same red we bleed
Find me a place where rituals don't matter
where customs fall like leaves, where the past is
left behind
where my voice at last resounds
Cast away those hollow bonds, forget their judging gaze
I'm shedding worldly chains, join me – do the same
Though the path is steep, keep your courage steady
draw a breath of strength, make yourself ready

BAN KOULCHI REDUX

LYRICS & MUSIC SQUAD MASSI & KIRAN AHLUWALIA

This is a collaboration with the wonderful Algerian singer songwriter Souad Massi. I first explored the connections between West African and Indian music when I recorded Mustt Mustt with Tuareg supergroup Tinariwen in 2011. This song is a continuation of West African influence in my life.

Souad

When we began to reason, they wronged us.

Times of distress are revealing

We taught them how to walk, now they obstruct us

And block our way.

We levitated them to the sky

We gave them fragrant roses,

They envied us even our glass of water

May God protect us! may God protect us!

Kiran

*Come friend, lets find the one who steers
your heart's desires*

Leave behind the world's chatter

This babble is centuries old

Souad

He who said, "live and you will see it all.", was right!

We lived, we saw it all, we shed tears.

He who chooses to beat around the bush,

Will end up fishing in the air

He who said, "live and you will see it all.", was right!

We lived, we saw it all, we shed tears.

He who chooses to beat around the bush,

Will end up weeping next to me.

HAR KHAYAL

LYRICS & MUSIC KIRAN AHLUWALIA

When you've broken up with someone but aren't ready to stop thinking about them – on the one hand you have the bitterness of the breakup and on the other their memory still evokes a sweetness that you want to linger in. Central to the song is the mesmerizing guitar riff that I heard my husband/guitarist Rez Abbasi playing one day while sitting on our sofa. It immediately entered my heart and I wanted to write words that echo the same kind of sweet aching that resonates in me when I hear that ridiculously good guitar riff.

Not every thought of you is seeped in sadness
Sweetness lingers in bitter memories
They've come to tally my heart's ache
Can I confide, it is anguish I crave
To dwell in thoughts of you
To endure this sweet sorrow
I'll weep if I wish, the world needn't see,
love's hidden river flows silently
Madness thirsts a sacrifice from me
The flower fades, still, the garden needs to be

PANCAKE

LYRICS & MUSIC KIRAN AHLUWALIA

In this song I'm recounting the time my husband/guitarist, Rez Abbasi and I were dating and on vacation in Puerto Vallarta and his breakfast pancakes were finished; I offered him mine and he enthusiastically said 'I love you'.

My pancake eating foreigner from Multan
When I offered you a share of my pancake
You embraced me tight, showering kisses
Grasping my hand, falling on your knees
to lock our lives together
No one else enchants my heart in
such a way

My beloved forges a unique love
Makes me his in such a way
Slowly slowly draws near, himself blushing
Drops delightful words of love
Plays my heart's tambourine with
a tinkling melody

I desire him fiercely
Let his magic spread like wildfire
Forget the great Bulleh Shah, I myself
become a poet
I forget the antics of my enemies
I make up with whoever is annoyed

TUM DEKHOGE

LYRICS HUSSAIN HAIDRY, MUSIC KIRAN AHLUWALIA

These words are a protest poem by Hussain Haidry, which he wrote in response to police brutality during a peaceful women's protest in New Delhi's Shaheen Bagh against the Citizenship Amendment Act. This law proposed by the Indian Hindu fundamentalist government would marginalize Muslims and bar them from becoming Indian citizens even if their families have lived in India for centuries.

Hussain has written many poems of dissent against the Hindu fundamentalist movement and current government in India, and has suffered the maligning of his name across news outlets and on social media with damaging repercussions for his professional career as a screenwriter and lyricist in Bombay.

You will see
It's necessary for you to see too
This night spent on the streets, this ice in our breath,
This night of tyranny and injustice, will be in your fate too
When the tyrant attacks you and you will stifle your screams
If you beg for justice and get beaten instead
When in saffron cages, everyone will eat roti dipped in water
All our dead faces will then appear before your eyes
We will come to curse you, spit on your face
Hindustan will just be a word- which will be scared, cowardly
hell and also slaughterhouse – then you will lament
That I was there and so were you
And the tyrant will laugh at you
That I was there and so were you