



November 10, 2015, 7:15 p.m.
Baisley Powell Elebash Recital Hall

New York Andalus Ensemble
Dr. Samuel R. Torjman Thomas, Artistic Director
Vocals, Oud, Nai, Bendir

Choir:

Prosper Lankry
Judy Gelman Meyers
Ola Galal
Natalie Haziza

Khadidja Guendil
Fatiha Makloufi
Ouidad Kadri

Musicians:

Megumi Saruhashi (violin)
John Murchison (acoustic bass)
Dror Shahaf (darbuka, bendir)

Moshe Weidenfeld (piano)
Jonathan David (qanun)

- 1. Tushia – Instrumental Piece in “Hidjaz al-Mashriqi”**
- 2. Dror Yiqra**
- 3. Lamma Bada**
- 4. Alta Alta Es La Luna**
- 5. Lamuni Li Gharu Menni / Lamoledet Shuvi Rani**
- 6. Ya’alah, Ya’alah**
- 7. Ester Mi Bien**
- 8. Hija Mia Mi Querida**
- 9. Ala Wahida**



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Notes on the Program

The New York Andalus Ensemble is an ensemble dedicated to performing and sharing aspects of the illustrious musical traditions of the *Maghreb* – Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia. The Maghreb is the inheritor of centuries of cultural efflorescence stemming from the Golden Age of al-Andalus. This region of Iberia, which encompasses the southern part of modern-day Spain and Portugal, was the capital of the Islamic West. During the Golden Age, music, poetry, art, mathematics, philosophy, fashion, and so many more humanistic expressions were cultivated and refined. The different ethnic and religious groups involved in this world of cultural expression left a legacy of cooperation, tolerance, and a reverence for humanity that endures to this very day.

Please visit us at: **www.NewYorkAndalusEnsemble.com** for more information about the ensemble, to join our mailing list for upcoming performances, and for ways to support ensemble operations, guests, and programming with your tax-deductible donations.

We would like to thank our sponsors, the Foundation for Iberian Music, the Music Programs at the Graduate Center—City University of New York, the Institute for Sephardic Studies, and the Middle Eastern—Middle Eastern American Center (MEMEAC), American Sephardi Federation, and our friends the Algerian American Association of New York, Brooklyn Arts Council, Brooklyn Music School, Nahmias et Fils, Noufissa Henna and Crafts, and JAMs (Jewish Awareness through Music).

For extended program notes of tonight's performance, including texts and translations, and to sign up for our email newsletter to receive a FREE audio download of tonight's performance, visit our show page on our website.



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Translations

Dror Yiqra

He will proclaim freedom for all his children
And will keep you as the apple of his eye
Pleasant is your name and will not be destroyed
Repose and rest on the Sabbath day.

Seek my sanctuary and my home.
Give me a sign of deliverance.
Plant a vine in my vineyard.
Look to my people, hear their laments.

Tread the wine-press in Basra,
And in Babylon that city of might
Crush my enemies in anger and fury.
On the day when I cry, hear my voice.

Plant, Oh God, in the mountain waste
Fir and acacia, myrtle and elm
Give those who teach and those who obey
Abundance peace, like the flow of a river.

Know wisdom, that your soul may live,
And it shall be a diadem for your brow.
Keep the commandment of your Holy One
Observe the Sabbath, your sacred day.



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Lamma Bada

When he started to sway,
My love, his beauty enchanted me

His glance brought me to my knees,
Like a branch that bends until it folds

My promise! And oh, my embarrassment!
Who will have mercy towards my complaint,

Because of my love and torment,
Except for the king of beauty?

Alta Alta es la Luna

High, high is the moon when dawn is breaking
A beautiful, hapless girl should never have been born

My eyes have swelled up from gazing so much at the sea
Steamboats come and go There is no letter for me

My beloved is handsome He has two weaknesses:
One is that he shoots craps the other that he plays backgammon

My beloved is tall and vain just like a clothes line pole
My mother hung up her laundry and let him hold the line

Lamuni Li Gharu Menni

People who are jealous of me, blamed me
and told me why do you like her?
I answered who are ignoring my taste
Take my eye, and try to see through it

The girl which you got jealous of
and you told me to forget about her
I can't get far from her
And I am like a fish in her water



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I am charmed and in love with her completely
And fascinated by the sight of her eyes

I'm Adam in her eyes
She is Eve in mine
They asked me "why do you love those?"
I told them "stop your speech"

I can sell the whole world for this brunette,
and all the world will want her too

Lamoledet Shuvi Rani

To your birthplace, I will return and rejoice
My cheer, beautiful daughter of mine
In your midst will I pitch my dwelling
I will build it on Mount Moriah

Rejoice o gracious one, because your light has come
And forget the days of your humiliation
Awake o beautiful one, sing your song
For the days of your exile are finished
Build Your palace and Your temple
There in that precious land

Return to your dwelling place
Return and I will reciprocate
I will liberate your captives
They will be tens of thousands
I will console you on your soil
You will be a fruitful grapevine



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Ya'alah, Ya'alah

Come, enter my garden. The pomegranate is budding. My vine is blossoming too.

Let my lover come, with rushed steps, to eat from my luscious fruits
□ If my beloved lingers so long, how can I sit here alone where I am?

Come to me, beloved daughter! You come and I will reciprocate. □
Look, we have promise between us. Behold, in your court I want to set up my dwelling.

My companion, my lover, you have redeemed my soul. You betrothed me long ago as yours □
Now, among the nations, you have estranged yourself from me. How can you say that you love me?

You are awesome to me. Only for good reason did I become estranged from you.
In fame and glory I will once again honor you. As I love you with an eternal love, I will place you again on my pedestal.

May it be as you say, my lover. Quickly gather me from my exile! □
And in your holy city, may my multitudes dwell. There I will once again bring my offering.

Let your palate be fortified with good wine. For my redemption sprouts lushly and green. □
Your shackles I will cut and break. And I will speedily send my emissary.

Ester Mi Bien

Ester my love, let us built a Holy House
With the help of heaven, and of the One who said "I am (the Lord your God)"
Moshe went up to heaven, without food and water,
He brought down the two tablets, on which it said "I am (the Lord your God)"
Act like Abram, our beloved, who was circumcised at the age of ninety.
Act like Isaac, our beloved, who offered his throat to be slaughtered.
Act like Jacob, our beloved, from who the twelve tribes descended.



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Hija Mia Mi Querida

My daughter, my dear
Aman, aman, aman
Don't throw yourself into the sea

For the sea is stormy
It is going to carry you away

May it take me, may it pull me down
Aman, aman, aman
Seven fathoms deep

May a black fish swallow me up
To save me from love

'Ala Wahida

I wasted my youth, and left my loved ones. My o my!
Because of Wahida, every day is a new affliction.

At night, my friends, my suffering grows. My o my!
I cried my eyes out, even my enemies petty me. My o my!

Love has exhausted me, at night I find no ease. My o my!
I wasted my days, and abandoned my family. My o my!

Restless in my passion, my sleep does me no good. My o my!
Day and night, I complain in distress. My o my!

O my goodness! My tears have burnt my eyelashes. My o my!
Confused in my madness, I don't know what's happening to me. My o my!



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Mazilni

I am still stuck, and I suffer because of Wahida,
I had wished to spend my entire life with Wahida.

I am still crazy in my promise to Wahida,
Each day I wish to complete my happiness with Wahida.

I am still enduring hardship in my passion for Wahida,
Night and day I constantly think of Wahida.

I am still lost in my dreams of Wahida,
I am hungry to spend all my days with Wahida.

I am still patient and desirous of Wahida,
I hope to spend my whole life with Wahida.

I am still a servant, singing about Wahida,
I would be happy and troubles gone by with Wahida.