THE FLORY JAGODA SONGBOOK

Memories of Sarajevo





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Flory Jagoda

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PREFACE

This book dedicated to the life and artistic activity of Flory Jagoda presents unique documentation about her extraordinarily creative personality, as well as about the particular tradition which she has represented for years as one of the rare and authentic followers of the musical heritage of Sephardic Jews from Bosnia.

Unfortunately, the appearance of this book comes at the moment of the destruction of Bosnia and Herzegovina and its capital Sarajevo, and once again the Jewish community is threatened, not just physically but culturally. Five hundred years ago the Jews were persecuted and had to leave their homeland in Spain; fifty years ago they suffered terrible persecution and had to leave Bosnia and Herzegovina. Now history is repeating again: just when the once significant Sarajevo Jewish community had succeeded partially in recovering from the sufferings of the Second World War, it seems that its members and their culture are once again condemned to dispersion, or total assimilation with other cultures in new homelands.

This book about the last traces of Bosnian Sephardic culture—which Flory Jagoda brought with her to the United States almost fifty years ago, and which she transplanted here—serves as an extraordinary contribution to the enlightenment about one rich tradition threatened with disappearance, but also to the fighting for its existence under new conditions.

The forms of Sephardic traditional songs which Flory Jagoda performs and composes are in style closest to the features of Bosnian Muslim lyric songs, generally named *sevdalinkas*. They share: certain melodic patterns; a relatively wide melodic range; a variety of Arabic scales, previously closer to the Turkish *makam*, but nowadays reduced to the minor-major system; emphasis on melisma, which in some songs influences free rhythmic formation; and a very intimate nature, expressed through subtle single voice tone quality.

Flory's interpretation of Sephardic songs, even being geographically and temporally distant from the sources of inspiration, are true expressions of the cultural atmosphere of Bosnia, and especially of Sarajevo, which always tended to be cosmopolitan, but also a very intimate place for all the people who lived there.

Moreover, this book is a significant representation of the unique role of Flory Jagoda as direct transmitter of the Bosnian Sephardic musical tradition, being a singer, composer, investigator, story-teller and ambassador for the culture to which she once belonged.

Dr. Ankica Petrovic
Sarajevo, Bosnia
January 1993

Prof. Dr. Ankica Petrovic
Ethnomusicologist
University of Sarajevo, Academy of Music

DEDICATION

My gratitude and deep affection

To my wonderful husband, Harry Jagoda, who for 47 years has been listening to the same old songs, giving me endless support and encouragement, and who for those same 47 years has been carrying my heavy accordion and asking "Couldn't you play a piccolo?"

To my children, Eliot, Betty & Lori, whose harmony, both vocal and emotional, has made these attempts to preserve the legacy of Sephardic music such a joy, adding not just their voices and their instruments, but pouring their very hearts into carrying on the traditions of the Altarac Singing Family.

To my son Andy and his wife Silvana for recording Ocho Kandelikas, whose lights have reached out farther than any other song I have written.

To Evie, Greg and Jeremy, for sharing their spouses with me and for their generous willingness to carry the ball on the home front while we're out making music.

To my grandson Josh, the fifth singing generation of my family I have known, whose singing of the children's songs, particularly Chichi Bunichi, in our concerts was always a source of pride and delight.

And finally, to Josh, Ian, Aaron and Ariel, for just being my *nyetus* (grandchildren) and giving me the pleasure of being their *Nona*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To Dr. Elayne Robinson Grossman, whose enormous efforts in transcription and musical editing have succeeded in maintaining the authentic Bosnian style and sound.

To my publisher, Velvel Pasternak and his wife Goldie, for giving me a chance to share my life story and songs.

To Suzy Van Massenhove, who took my words about the songs and my memories and applied her artistic editing and creative writing to help rekindle the world I knew and loved.

And last but not least, to my daughter Betty, for the long hours, the hard work, the late trains home, and for her tears as well, as she took this long life story and made it into a biography, with the feeling and understanding that only a daughter can have.

THE JEWISH COMMUNITY IN SARAJEVO

The Jewish community in Sarajevo is one of the oldest in Yugoslavia. According to the preserved documents, Jews are mentioned as residents of Sarajevo as early as 1565.

Even before the destruction of the Jewish state in Palestine, Jewish settlements existed among other Mediterranean countries and on the Balkan peninsula. When the Romans had conquered Judea and destroyed the Temple in Jerusalem, the Jews dispersed throughout the Mediterranean to Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco, Algeria, the Balkans, Sicily and the Iberian peninsula. Connected by the traditional ties to the remnants of communities in Jerusalem, they made pilgrimage there and remade their old settlements in Palestine. Those Jewish emigrants were known as "Jehudim be sefard" (Jews on the west of Palestine).

Upon the Moors' arrival in Spain, Jews were allowed all rights as equal citizens. They established their communities, built synagogues, gathered to study Torah, as well as literature, medicine, astronomy, mathematics, and architecture. Numerous cities in Spain were founded and named by Jews, having therefore Hebrew names like those of ancient Palestinian cities and mountains, e.g., the city of Toledo (Hebrew *Toldoth*)= generation, Acceca-Ashkalon, Maqueda-Massada.

The time during which the Jews lived in Spain is considered "The Golden Era" in culture, literature, art and science. The works of literature by Yehuda Halevi, Ben Gabirol, Ben Ezra, Maimonides and others had been translated from Hebrew to Spanish, Arabic and Latin. Once the Moors were driven from the peninsula, however, the situation changed radically. The influence of the Catholic clergy grew stronger; hatred against Jews and their faith spread. By the end of the fourteenth century the persecution of Jews increased as a result of the newly founded Inquisition. Constantly persecuted, finally in March of 1492, the Jews were ordered to leave the country in three months time. Thousands and thousands of them left Spain and emigrated, some to France, Italy, the Netherlands, England, Germany, Poland, and Russia, while others went to the Ottoman Empire, the Balkans and countries of North Africa.

The Jews who came to the Ottoman Empire were warmly accepted. During the reign of Sultan Mehmed the Second, the decree (*Berat)* was issued, promising the Jews all rights and unlimited religious autonomy (the right to build synagogues, to keep kosher, to open schools), and freedom of trade and handicraft. Jews were accepted in government service and received special permission to keep contact with co-religionists and maintain commercial connections with Dubrovnik and Venice.

Jews came to Sarajevo via Italy, Greece, and Bulgaria. Their origin could be traced by their family names, e.g., Finci-Florence, Parenzo-Perech, Todros from Greece, Samokovlia from Bulgaria, while those from Spain had the names of Spanish cities

and provinces like Pinto, Pardo, Kaion, Toledano, Tolentino and so on.

Soon after arriving in Sarajevo and receiving the consent of Siavush Pasha, in 1581, they started building the first synagogue. The Jewish quarter known as "El Cortio", by no means a form of ghetto, was located on the right bank of the river Miljacka; it was formed around the synagogue and the Han, a building in which impoverished Jews could live free of charge. The houses were usually one-storied or two-storied, and inhabited by more than one family. They were decorated in a Spanish way with a lot of colorful flowers.

While the other Spanish Jews who had emigrated to Europe had given up the Spanish language, those who came to Ottoman Empire kept the language and cultural tradition. The Spanish language was spoken at home. Using the special letters of Rashi Script (similar to hand-written Hebrew and Arabic), they corresponded and translated the Holy Book, prayer books, wrote novels, plays, and poetry, and published the newspaper "La alborada". In that way they preserved the Spanish language from the time of Cervantes that can not be heard in the Spain of today. This kind of literature: romances, proverbs, songs and customs, preserved from the ancient times, possesses a unique value for modern Spanish linguists.

Jews in Sarajevo were closely bound to their Jewish community which even possessed its own Statute. The first one was hand-written and dates from 5382 of the Jewish calendar (1622 CE). Although the Statute was written more than three hundred years ago, the rights and obligations were prescribed in a democratic and contemporary way.

After the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1878, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy brought obvious economic and industrial progress. Ashkenazi Jews, among them many intellectuals, from Austria, Hungary, Galicia and Poland, came to Sarajevo and founded a community in 1880. In 1902 they built their Temple, in pseudo-Moorish style and decorated with magnificent arabesques, which is the only one left in Sarajevo today. With the fall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1918, the Kingdom of Yugoslavia was established and the Jewish community continued to flourish.

When the Nazis came to power in Germany, anti-semitism began to spread in Yugoslavia too. Many articles against Jews appeared in newspapers and in 1938-39, drastic sanctions were issued against them. In July of 1941, the first deportations to various concentration camps started; in September, October and November of the same year, a majority of the Jewish community in Yugoslavia was deported.

Almost no Jews were left in Sarajevo by the end of the Second World War. Although a certain number who survived the Holocaust made aliyah to Israel, others remained and gradually the Jewish community re-established itself in Bosnia and

Herzegovina. The old Ashkenazi synagogue in Sarajevo, which was the only one not destroyed during the war, is today the center of Jewish life.

Of great pride to the Jewish community to this day is the Sarajevo Haggadah, which is a significant specimen of the art of illumination, not unworthy to take its place among the historic medieval manuscripts. The Haggadah of Sarajevo is one of the oldest original Hebrew manuscripts, whose importance lies not only in the text but in a noble series of illuminations. It tells the story of the liberation of the Jews from Pharaoh and slavery in Egypt. The Haggadah is hand-written and dates from the second half of the 14th century. The Cohen family, long established in the ancient Sephardic community of Sarajevo, brought the script from Spain, probably Barcelona.

Its reputation was widespread so that when the Nazis occupied Sarajevo in April 1941, one of their first actions was to try to get hold of the Haggadah. By the brilliant and courageous action of the Director of the National Museum, this was averted. The codex was in safe custody in a remote mountain village during the Second World War.

The original Haggadah is now on exhibition in the Bosnian National Museum.



We all have dreams. Some people wait a life time and it never happens. But sometimes we are lucky and our dreams come true. For me it was a special trip home, a fortieth anniversary gift from my husband. I had been back as a tourist—but this trip was different. This time I went back to sing! And I brought my family with me! With guitars, tambourines, costumes and cameras, we went from one small Jewish community to the next...to share the songs I remembered and taught my children with the few who could still share them with me. Belgrade, Sarajevo, Novi Sad, Zagreb. After the concerts, many people would be waiting for me to tape songs that they remembered, bits and pieces of ancient ballads, singing the songs of their own *Nonas*. I had gone back with my family to bring them some joy with songs of their past. And they returned the joy! In the photo above, a concert in Belgrade, we were joined by **Bracha Baruh**, a choir, once entirely Jewish, who proudly maintain Hebrew, Yiddish and Ladino songs in their repertoire.

INTRODUCTION

Vlasenica (Photo #1), is a picturesque Bosnian mountain village where my great grandfather, Avram Altarac (Photo #2), his wife, and their three sons settled in 1870. Vlasenica was the final stop on a long journey that began in 1492 when King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain decided to expel all the remaining Jews from their kingdom. After 1500 years of relative peace, the Jews of Spain were offered the difficult choice of conversion to Christianity or banishment. My family's ancestors chose to leave. Since the Ottoman Sultan Bajazit of Turkey offered asylum, they settled there first, then went on to Salonika (now, Greece), and finally to Sarajevo, Bosnia. In search of new business opportunities, Sephardic merchants like my great grandfather traveled to smaller Bosnian villages like Travnik, Rogatica, Zvornik, and my village, Vlasenica, where the Altarac family established a thriving Sephardic community with its own synagogue, ritual bath and *maldarim* (religious school). My grandfather and his two brothers flourished and became so influential that they sat together with the town's Greek Orthodox and Muslim elders on the village council. (Photo #3)

Into this religious close-knit Sephardic community my mother, Rosa, was born in 1900. Her family, like the other Sephardim in Vlasenica, among themselves spoke only in "djidyo," otherwise known as Judeo-Espanol or Ladino, the language that had been brought from Spain and lovingly preserved, which they considered their "Jewish" language. (Photo #4)

Rosa, her four sisters and three brothers, had wonderful voices and under the direction of their mother, my Nona, were known as the Altarac Singing Family. They accompanied themselves with violins, tambourines, guitars, and tamburitzas, and no community gathering was complete without their Sephardic *romancas*, epic songs from medieval Spain, and *sevdalinkas*, the traditional Bosnian folksongs. (Photo #5)

But traditions weren't enough for Rosa. She was a rebel and yearned for change and the experiences of modern city living, so different from the secluded life of a small village. And so, she went to live with an aunt (*Tiya Esperanza*) in Sarajevo, an important trade center, where goods from all over the world were available in the markets, and there was a lively nightlife. (Photo #6) At that time, Sarajevo's bustling Sephardic community was about 350 years old and, because of all the Jewish activities, and the beautiful synagogue, *Il Kal Grandi*, (Photo #7) the city was referred to as "chiko Yerushalayim" (little Jerusalem) by the 6,000 Sephardim who lived there.

She met a very handsome young man, Samuel Papo, a local musician who played the accordion and guitar and had a beautiful voice. They fell in love, and decided to get married. Rosa's father was vehemently against the marriage. Even though Samuel was Sephardic, he earned his living playing music in a nightclub and that was simply unacceptable. Now, in Sephardic families, the father was treated like royalty; his opinions and teachings were usually not questioned. But Rosa had made up her mind and even that tradition could not withstand her.

The marriage lasted less than a year. Rosa found herself spending her nights alone while Samuel spent his nights at the nightclubs playing *sevdalinkas*.. So Rosa wrote my Nonu (grandfather) and asked to come home. Despite the awful disgrace, my grandfather arranged for a divorce (the first in his family, and nearly unheard of among Sephardic Jews) for Rosa, and brought his willful daughter — and his brand new granddaughter, Florica — home to Vlasenica. (Photo #8)

We moved into la *casa di mis nonus* (my grandparents' house, Photo # 9) Almost immediately, my Nonu contacted *Los Kazamenteros* (the Matchmakers, who knew every Sephardic family in Bosnia) to find Rosa a husband. As it turned out, they found the perfect match: Michael Kabilio, from a merchant family, who also liked city life.



1. Vlasenica



1a. The Altarac Family 1925



2. Avram Altarac



3. Town Council



4. Rosa



5. The Altarac Singing Family

(Photo # 10)

A meeting was finally arranged. The bridegroom's family traveled to Vlasenica to meet Rosa and examine *la dota* (the dowry). A percentage of the agreed upon dowry was paid to the matchmaker and Rosa and Michael Kabilio married and moved to Zagreb to begin a necktie manufacturing business. And I was thrilled to remain at Nona's until my mother was settled and could send for me.

Those years with Nona were the happiest a child could know. All of the longlasting feelings that I have for my Sephardic culture, its stories and especially its songs, were a loving gift from her to me. She taught her daughters and granddaughters the woman's *Birahas* and *Bendiziones* (prayers and benedictions) that she had learned from her Nona and Biznona (grandmother and great grandmother). Included in her teachings was the important tenet of *Ts'daka* (charitable acts). Just before every Shabbat evening, my cousins and I would hurry home from school to take baskets of food that Nona had prepared for the poor. Nona would tell us in her Bosnian Judeo-Espanol "Nu asperis ke ti digan grasjas—sos mazaloza ke poidis dar" (Don't wait for them to say "thank you", you are fortunate that you are able to give).

While the men were in the synagogue with their sons on *Shabbat*, Nona's daughters and daughters-in-law would come with their children "a bizar la manu di Nona" (to kiss her hand) and wish her a *Buen Shabbat*. And we children always knew that her pockets would be filled with *bonbonikos* (candies).

All my life my Nonu had worn a fez. One day when I was eleven, I saw him put on a brand new European-style hat and I knew that what I had been suspecting was about to happen: it was time to take me to live with my mother and new father in Zagreb.

The mother I found was not the Rosa I knew in Vlasenica; in her place was a business woman, a society lady, who had dropped her Sephardic religious background, and now mingled mostly with Ashkenazi Jews, of German and Austrian background, speaking only German at home. She believed them to be extremely modern and refined. All of the things that my mother had longed for herself in Vlasenica were now scheduled for me: besides a brand new school, (Photo #11) my afternoons were filled with piano and art lessons, ballet, gymnastics and theater. I, on the other hand, missed my Vlasenica family, Nona's warm religious home, her kosher cooking and the comforting sounds of Judeo-Espanol, as we now spoke only Serbo-Croatian.

Michael adopted me and I became Florica Kabilio, but I was extremely unhappy and he was very sensitive to this. In an effort to help me accept my new life and draw me closer to him, Michael bought me a little Hohner accordion — the instrument I had always dreamed of playing. My accordion became my most cherished friend. I depended on it time and time again throughout my life and it has never let me down. (Photo #12) While I did adjust to being a city girl, I couldn't wait for summer vacations spent with Nona in Vlasenica. (Photo #13)

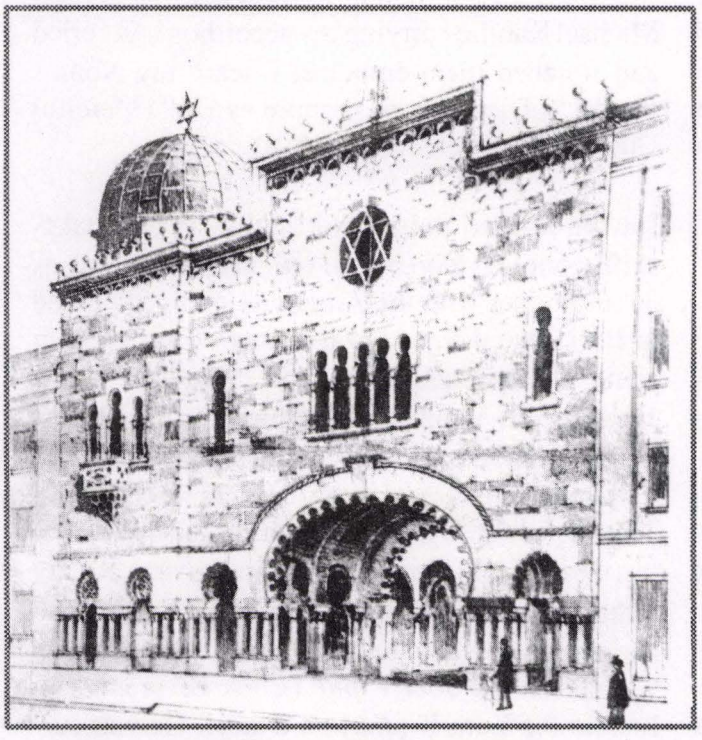
In April 1941 my whole life changed. War! Yellow metal badges with the letter Z for *Zidov* (Jew) pinned to our shoulders. I was ejected from my school. Michael's business was taken, his machines stolen. Curfews. Property seized and families taken away. And most devastating to me...my music teacher, whom I had adored, told me never to come back.

Michael worked frantically to get us out of Zagreb. We were luckier than countless others, because Michael had a lifelong friend, Josef Finci, who got us three forged identity cards and train tickets to Italian-occupied Split. But how could three people wearing Jewish badges (in case anyone recognized us) and carrying gentile identification papers walk together to the train station without being arrested? (Photo #14)

The solution was to send me first. Michael's in-



6. Sarajevo



7. Il Kal Grandi-The Grand Synagogue



8. Flory as an infant



10. Michael Kabilio



9. La Nona I El Nonu

structions were: "Florica, from the minute you sit in that train compartment, don't open your mouth, just play your accordion." And that's exactly what I did. For hours, from Zagreb to Split, I played every song I knew. Terrified, traveling through danger, hugging my accordion, my music gave me strength and made me feel safe. As I played, the compartment filled with music and people, as all the soldiers and travelers sang together. Even the conductor joined in without asking for my ticket. My accordion saved my life that day. (Photo #15)

My parents arrived four days later and we began our lives as refugees. The Italians who controlled the Dalmatian Coast, instead of sending us to concentration camps to the North, placed all the Jews on different Dalmatian Islands. We were sent to the island of Korchula, where we were interned along with 300 other Jews for two and a half years (Photo #16).

We were isolated from the rest of the world and the men were desperate with fear from not knowing what to expect each day. In order to fill the days, especially since there was no school for the children, the men scheduled lessons. We learned whatever anyone could teach- history, math languages and stenography. I became the island accordionist and also gave lessons to the local butcher's daughter for meat, the baker's daughter for bread and the grocer's daughter for olive oil. So, again thanks to my cherished friend, my family ate well. (Photo #17)

As the war drew finally to a close, with the Germans fleeing up the coast, the Italians could no longer protect us and the Jewish community became frantic. We searched for any transportation to leave the island and so we escaped on an unforgettable stormy night, by tugboat, southward toward the Italian mainland. Through a series of confusing events, my mother and I were separated from Michael and each of us tragically thought the other had not survived.

Italy! Her kindness to strangers will never leave my memory. As we and other boats laden with miserable refugees approached her shores lined with women holding baskets of grapes to welcome us, we felt like we had reached the promised land. The Italian Relief Organization supplied us with our daily needs and a place to live until we could be on our own.

We were safe, but Rosa was heartbroken without Michael. The streets were teeming with refugees searching for lost relatives or simply waiting for news. A week after we arrived, my mother and I were walking and suddenly, with a piercing scream, she froze. There, right in front of us, was the lost Michael Kabilio carrying my accordion! As I cried and watched them embrace, I heard my Nona's words "Il Dio piadozu siempre ayuda" (Merciful God always helps). (Photo #18)

Having learned Italian and English in our makeshift school on Korchula, I quickly found a job as an interpreter with the American Army stationed in Bari. One day, as I was sitting at my desk, in came a very handsome Tech. Sergeant, Harry Jagoda from Youngstown, Ohio. For the longest time, I thought his name was BTO, which is what they called him; later I found out that stood for Big Time Operator. By then, though, he had invited me to a dance. I told him he would first have to ask my father. When Harry arrived, his hands full of food and gifts, his eyes stared in disbelief when he saw a *Mahazor de Jom Kipur* (Book of prayers in Ladino for Yom Kippur) on a table. He was surprised and pleased to find out I was Jewish.

We were soon very much in love and with my parents' delighted approval we became engaged. Dress material and other things being scarce just after the war, you can't imagine my delight when Harry walked in one day with half a silk parachute for my wedding dress and trousseau and a piece of leather for my wedding shoes. We were married under a homemade *chupah* (canopy) by a rabbi specially flown in from Naples, with most of the refugees in Bari as our guests. The entire 225th Quartermaster Company kissed the bride and generously treated us to the best party the American Army could throw and sent us to Rome for the



11. Jewish School in Zagreb



12. Florica with her accordion



13. Florica as a city girl



14. Zagreb Train Station



15. Split



16. Island of Korchula

honeymoon! The only cloud on my horizon was that the Singing Altarac Family was not there to complete my happiness. When we returned we found Rosa nearly in a state of collapse, with a letter in her hand from her brother Lezo telling her he was the only one to survive of the entire family. (Photo #19).

In April 1946, I walked the decks of the Red Cross ship "Algonquin" with my accordion, entertaining 300 seasick or pregnant Italian war brides, all of us on our way to join our husbands in America. The day I arrived in New York, I decided this was the moment to make a new start in all ways: my new family was Ashkenazi, my new country was America, my future began now. And so I closed the book on the past, or so I thought. This country gave me all I could dream of having: freedom, family, friends, warmth and stability. And I concentrated only on being an American wife, raising an American family and having a happy home filled with music and dance. I was blessed with four wonderful children and an interesting life... and I let the past stay where it was. The majority of survivors have one thing in common~ which is part of their survival technique: silence. They do not talk about their past; it's too painful and they prefer to forget. As you get older, though, you discover you do not forget and one day I realized that it was also not fair blotting out the past like that. First of all, I wanted to share with my children the beautiful and wonderful things I had known and to pass down the songs and history that had formed the very structure of my life — because it was their past too,

And then I became conscious that my memories were stirring, that I needed to face and deal with the pain and tie up the loose ends; I felt the overwhelming need growing in me to find out what had happened to the family I had loved so much in Vlasenica. So, 40 years after fleeing Yugoslavia, I returned to Vlasenica with Harry,

Of the 80,000 Jews in Yugoslavia only 6,000 survived World War II. My mother, her brother Lezo, and their cousin Jakica and I were the only ones of the 41 Altarac Family from Vlasenica to survive. Lezo had a daughter after the war and named her Berta in memory of my Nona; she and Jakica are the only surviving Altaraces today. The town I remembered from my childhood had been one of a peaceful coexistence between Muslims, Christians and Jews. The women visited each other, the children played together and the men drank their Turkish coffee and Raki at the neighborhood cafe. Now we found a town of silence. No one remembered what happened to my family, or if they did, no one was talking.

Only a young journalist, Zoran Jovanovic, understood my needs and, along with Berta helped me search out the truth. One day he took us to a farm eight kilometers outside of the village and there, in a serene valley surrounded by beautiful fragrant pine trees is a small tree with a ravine near it. The farmer who owns this land told us "the Ustashi (Croatian Fascists), with the help of the local Muslims, brought all the Jews from Vlasenica here on May 6, 1942 and put them in the big barn where they were beaten and killed and thrown into the ravine." Babies, Nona, Nonu, las tiyas (aunts), *lus primus ermjanus* (cousins)...all of them. (Photo #20)

Harry said *Kaddish* (the Jewish prayer for the dead) and we stood there silent, heartbroken, but in a way at peace that we had finally learned the truth, terrible as it was. It was at that moment that I really came to understand that the Altarac Family would always live inside me, and now would also live in my children. Because every holiday song in this book that I have composed continues the memory of my family in Vlasenica; I am still sharing the holidays with them. The love of music, of singing and dancing which they instilled in me, I see continued in my own children, and my grandchildren, in the hope that they may remain vibrant and alive for generations to come.



17. Florica and her students



19. Wedding of Flory and Harry Jagoda



18. Rosa, Michael, Florica-Refugees in Italy



20. The tree with the ravine



21. Flory, Betty, Elliot and Lori

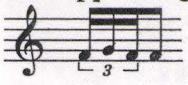
Flory Jagoda is the living embodiment of folk music. At the same time that she brings us a vast repertoire of Judeo-Spanish music of the past, she continues to write and create new Judeo-Spanish music.Through her life's work, Flory Jagoda has preserved and renewed the musical tradition of the Sephardic community of her native Yugoslavia. Some of these wonderful songs are presented in this volume. In conjunction with Mrs. Jagoda's recordings, it is hoped that this vibrant tradition can be passed down in the hearts and voices of a new audience.

Mrs. Jagoda's songs, like other Sephardic songs for women, express a unique cultural and religious identity through home centered "women's" activities and responsibilities. We find songs of childhood, love, romance, weddings, childbirth, *Shabbat*, holidays, prayers and Jewish observances and practices.

The songs presented here were transcribed from three previously recorded cassettes made by Flory Jagoda from 1989 to 1992, entitled: *Kantikas di mi Nona: Songs of My Grandmother*, *More Sephardic Songs; Memories of Sarajevo*, and *La Nona Kanta; The Grandmother Sings*. Every attempt was made to notate the songs exactly as they were recorded and yet, at the same time, to preserve their integrity as folk songs. Accordingly, there will be a few differences between the recordings and the transcriptions.

Musically, Mrs. Jagoda's songs, like other European folk songs fall into two categories: melody songs and rhythm songs. Melody songs are often romances in which the melody weaves a beautiful thread often defying a sense of meter. The song is sung freely so that the singer can express herself without undue concern for exact rhythmic values. The singer controls the melody which often grows more animated towards the climax of a phrase and then becomes a little slower as the phrases comes to it's rest. (Or, the opposite effect can sometimes be found: a phrase begins in a slow pace and then speeds towards completion.) "Melody" songs are marked: freely, ad lib, or flexible. It is as if the beat is sometimes delayed, anticipated, or, "bent". Some examples are *Anderleto*, *Noches*, *Noches*, *Buenas Noches*, *La Bendision di Madre*, and *Porke Yoras Ermoza Mujer*, To understand this technique of singing, listen to the recordings, sing the songs, internalize the poetry, experiment with the melody and personalize an interpretation. One can mirror Mrs. Jagoda's beautiful interpretations and embellishments, or, one can tailor the songs to fit the individual. A folk singer's interpretation will vary with each performance. The dichotomy is that the "old" song is being created "anew" each time it is sung.

Embellishments are tones that are added to make the melody more interesting. Listen to *Chiko Ianiko* and *La Bendision di Madre*. Their embellishments lend flavor, style and emotion to the songs. Two common embellishments are the mordant and the trill. The mordant, notated by ∿ is an embellishment which alternates the main note with its upper neighbor in a quick pattern:



The trill, notated by *tr* is a musical ornament which rapidly (as fast as possible) alternates a given tone with its upper neighbor. It often closes with a turn, and sometimes introduces an anticipation or neighboring tone before resting on the closing pitch. Trills often suspend slightly the sense of beat until the anticipation or the turn is approached by returning to the metered pulse.

Extended embellishments are cited with footnotes in the score and appear in pages 21-22. Although all the embellishments were notated as closely as possible to the recorded performances, the many notes and nuances of this style can never be fully notated in our Western system of notating rhythm and meter.

A final word about the melodic style is that the melody is often a richer component of the music than the harmony. Sometimes a single chord will linger over many beats and measures while the melody continues to entice the listener. Furthermore, pitches often move consecutively and when they don't, embellishments are easily created to fill in the spaces.

Rhythm songs are also called dance songs. They are based on the popular dance rhythms

of the area: for *la Mezuzza di Aroniko* it is Greek, for *Buena Semana* it is a Spanish Habanera and for Las Tiyas it is Balkan. *Madam Gashpar* has the feeling of a tarantella. In songs like these, the melody and harmony must strictly fit the rhythm.

It is no secret that Jewish art has always taken from its host culture that which it needed. In the songs at hand, we find scales in the western constructs of major and minor and also in more exotic varieties. For the convenience of the reader, I have notated such songs in major or minor and adjusted the appropriate scales degrees with accidentals. Most interesting is the use of three Arabic scales:

1 - *Hadjaz* is familiar to Ashkenaz synagogue song. Its first tetrachord uses the augmented 2nd on the second step of the scale and the second tetrachord uses the melodic minor construct. The scale is used in *Hamisha Asar*, *Simhat Torah*, *Yo Hanina Tu Hanina* and *Noches, Noches*, *Buenas Noches*. Its pattern is:

½ - 1½ -½ - 1- ½ - 1 - 1

D- E- F♯-G A- B♭-C- D

2 - *Makam Bayat* is a very popular scale in Arabic lands and can be heard in *La Tore*. Its pattern is:

½ - 1 - 1 - 1 ½ 1 1

G-A♭- B♭- C- D-E♭ -F-G

3 - *Basta Nakar* is heard in *Una Noche Al Lunar*. Its first tetra chord is that of a major scale and its second is that of a harmonic minor scale:

1-1- ½ - 1- ½- 1½- ½

A-B-C♯-D- E-F♮-G ♯-A

These non-western scales lend a unique character to both the melody and the harmony. An apparent melodic skip in this style of consecutive notes is often merely the result of the augmented 2nd interval. Harmonically, the resulting chords alter the harmonic colors and functions as well. Sometimes, the major chord built on the seventh (or second) scale degree will proceed cadentially to the tonic, or first chord of the scale.In contrast, Western harmony resounds with V-I cadences. Also, it is common to find songs that begin on the fourth chord of the scale instead of the first, or, to find songs that have the flavor of two tonalities, one after the other.

When I noted *Anderleto*, I was haunted by the beauty of the songs and the intricacy of its performance. I asked Flory: "How do you sing all those notes so effortlessly?" She replied: "Oh, it is not me who is singing. It is my Nona." As we take out our guitars, open our pianos and raise our voices in song, we not only give tribute to the Nona, the folk singer and the traditions they represent, we enrich ourselves with a colorful expression of the Jewish people. May we learn to emulate this example and proceed, some day, to craft expressions of our own lives and times. *Am Yisrael Chai!*

Dr. Elayne Robinson Grossman

ORTHOGRAPHY

The Ladino language I learned in Vlasenica was very diluted from the Spanish our ancestors brought out of Spain and is a mixture of many words from the different lands where they settled. Ours was a Bosnian dialect version, but to a baby, a child, the *mishpacha*, it was simply **la lingua di la madri** (the mother tongue), which we learned at home and wrote in Bosnian orthography:

mucu = mucho (a lot), fizu = hijo (son), abasu = abajo (down), njetu = nieto (grandchild), la madri = la madre (mother)

The Jews who settled elsewhere made their own adjustments in vocabulary and pronunciation. For this reason you will find the same words spelled differently in different songs, because I tried to preserve the flavor of the songs as I learned them, since they reflected the background of the people who taught them to me.

I think it is especially important today, when the language which our ancestors stubbornly clung to and kept alive is slowly threatening to die out, that we hold onto all the variations which existed because they represent a rich legacy and a record of our history.

In my third volume, though, of children's songs, I use the language as I learned and spoke it at home, the language of my childhood.

PRONUNCIATION KEY

SH	=	SHOOT
CH	=	CHECK
DJ	=	GENTLE
NY	=	KENJA
Z	=	ZEBRA
J	=	french JOUR, JACQUES
TZ	=	PRETZEL
Y	=	YES
I	=	KEEP
H	=	HEAVEN
G	=	GOOD

TABLE OF EMBELLISHMENTS

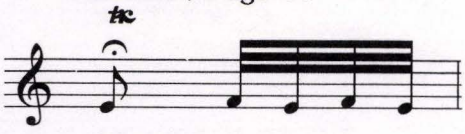
Ken Es Esto / Page 33



Durme / Page 39



Asheriko / Page 44



begin trill on the note above

Andemoz Al Kafe / Page 47

*1st time, embellish with trill



On repeats, no fermata

Porke Yoras / Page 54

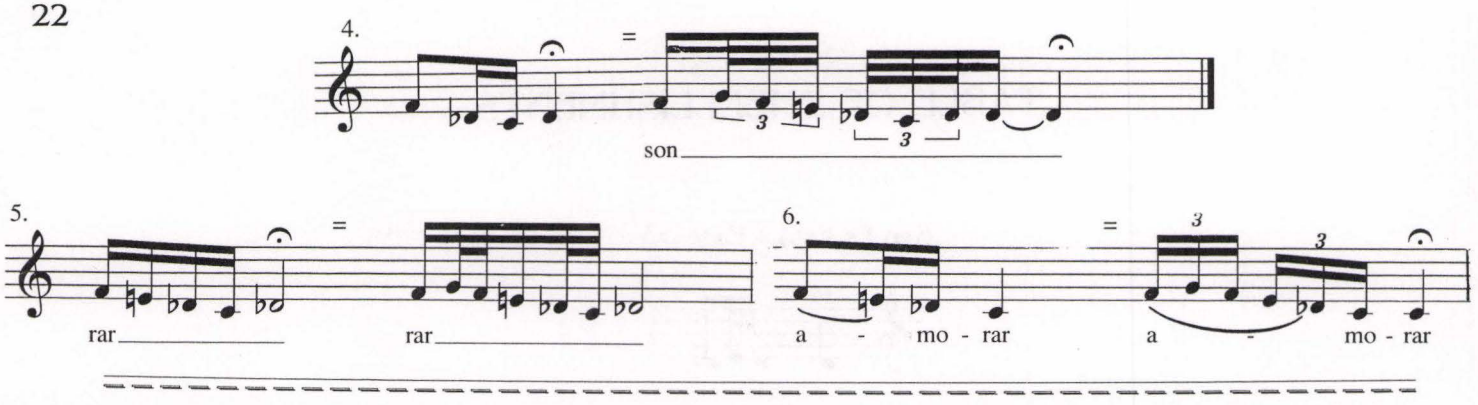




Noches, Noches / Page 58

Trill to note above





Ken Kere / Page 60



Yo Parti / Page 66



La Bendision di Madre / 74



L'amor / Page 79



Kantikas di Mi Nona





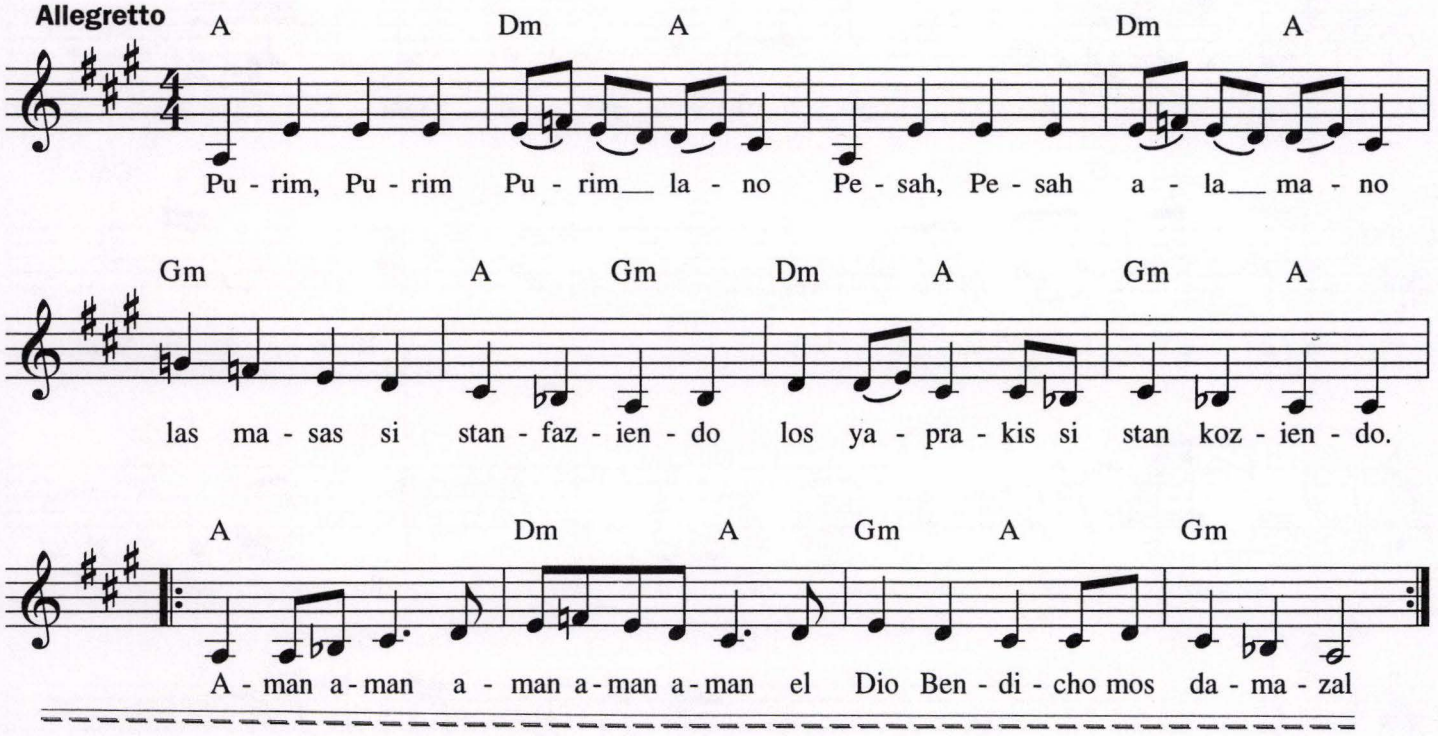




PESAH ALA MANO

For the Jewish women of the village, the excitement of Purim ended with a great sigh as they contemplated the work of preparing for Passover: turning out all the furniture, whitewashing, Grandmother leading her troops against every crumb, every drop of dust, readying the house for the Rabbi's inspection. For the young people, the special Pesach oven (*il fornu*) in the center of town afforded a chance to look each other over, as every family would send a daughter to help with the baking of the *boyus* (unleavened bread which was hard as a rock) which the young men would gather in special white cotton bags for delivering to Jewish homes.

Music and Lyrics
FLORY JAGODA



Purim, Purim, Purim lano
Pesah, Pesah ala mano
Las masmam si stan faziendo
Los japrakis si stan koziendo
Aman (4 x)
Il Dio Bendicho mos da mazal
Aman (4 x)
Il Dio Bendicho mos da mazal

Purim, Purim, Purim lano
Pesah, Pesah ala mano
La Nona sta diziendo a los nyetos
Alimpia il puelvo kantones i loz techos
Aman (4x)
Il Dio Bendicho mos da mazal
Aman 4 x)
Il Dio Bendicho mos da mazal

Purim, Purim, Purim lano
Pesah, Pesah ala mano
Il Sinyor Rubi disho a las tiyas
No kumer il pan ocho diyas

Purim, Purim, Purim is over
Passover is at hand
Matzot are being made
The stuffed leaves are being baked
Aman (4x)
Almighty God gives us good fortune
Aman (4x)
Almighty God gives us good fortune

Purim, Purim, Purim is over
Passover is at hand
The grandmother is telling the
Grandchildren, clean the dust
Corners and ceilings.
Aman (4x)
Almighty God gives us good fortune
Aman....
Purim, Purim, Purim is over
Passover is at hand
The Rabbi tells the aunts
Not to eat bread for eight days
Aman...

IL BASTIDOR

The pride of every groom was to wear the beautifully embroidered vest—*Il Bastidor* — made for him by his bride. This young bride hasn't gotten around to making it yet and, with a mournful sigh, gives a day-by-day account of her overburdened life to explain why: Friday, I prepare Shabbat; Saturday, I must pray and sing; Sunday, wash clothes, etc... It may be a long time before he gets his vest.

Bosnian Folk Song



Vyarnes, gizo i skumparto
Vyarnes, marido asibivaj Vos
Kuando ke Vos lavro este
Lindo bastidor
Kuando ke Vos lavro este
Lindo bastidor

la la la.....
Shabat maldo i kanto
Alhad la kulaḍa
Lunis dublar la kulada
Martis kuzir kun la kusuegra
Myerkulis alimpyar la kaza
Dyuevis vizitar la mi Madri

Kuando ke Vos lavro este
Lindo bastidor

Friday, I cook and chop
My husband, long life to you
When will I find time to embroider you
A beautiful vest?

Sabbath, I pray and sing
Sunday, there is all the wash to do
Monday, fold the clothes
Tuesday, to sew with the Mother in law
Wednesday, clean the house
Thursday, to visit my Mother

When will I find time to embroider you
A beautiful vest

LA TORE

Many of the Sephardim migrated to Split and Dubrovnik on the Yugoslavian coast from the Venetian Republic, bringing with them legends, many about the sea. "La Tore" tells of a young princess, only child of a king who, when told his daughter would die at age 19 from a rattlesnake bite, built a tower in the middle of the sea to keep her safe. Lonely, she looked through the window each night, calling out to the sailors, one of whom fell in love with her.

Ad lib, espresivo

Music and Lyrics
Sarajevo, Romanza



En la mar ay una tore
En la tore ay una ventana
En la ventana ay una ija
Ke a los marineros yama

Dame la mano tu Paloma
Kero suvir onde ti
Maldicha ke durme sola
Durmire yo kon ti

Se la mar si faze leche
Jo me fago peshkador
Peshkare por mis dolores
Kon palavrikas di amor

In the sea there is a tower
In the tower there is a window
In the window there is a maiden
Who loves the sailors

Give me your hand, my Dove
I want to climb to you
Cursed is she who sleeps alone
I will sleep with you

If the sea became milk
I would become a fisherman
And fish for my sorrows
With little words of love

LOS SIETE IJOS DI HANA

In many Sephardic communities, the seventh night of Hanukkah is traditionally for recalling the heroic actions of Jewish women, particularly Hannah, devoted mother of seven sons, who had raised them to be proud and faithful Jews. When the king summoned them and offered them even his crown and throne if they would reject their faith, they refused, saying they could not give up their Holy Law. Angered, the king killed them one by one in front of their mother, who, when offered the life of her youngest if she could persuade him to change his mind, instead encouraged him to emulate his brothers. I have tried in the accompaniment to simulate the rhythm of the beating heart of all the strong and faithful Jewish women who have preserved the faith through the ages.

Music: FLORY JAGODA
Lyrics: Traditional

With a Drone accompaniment





Siete ijos tiene Hana
Hana, la buena Djudiya
Los mando a yamar el Re
A todos siete en un diya

Ven aki, ijos di Hana
Hana, la buena Djudia
Te dare la mi korana
Asentate en la mi siya

Yo no kero tu korona
Ni me asento en la su sia
Yo no piedro mi Ley Santa
No entro en la falsiya

Hannah has seven sons
Hannah, the good Jewess
The king had summoned them
All seven in one day

Come here, sons of Hannah
Hannah, the good Jewess
I will give you my crown
And you will sit upon my throne

I do not want your crown
Nor will I sit upon your throne
I will not forsake my Holy Law
Nor believe in idolatry

ANDERLETO

A favorite song of Bosnian grandmothers, mine in particular, this actually rather risque story about a Queen who was in love with her slave Anderleto had innumerable verses, which was too much for most of the children, even me; thus, while Nona was singing this *romansa,* one by one the children would creep from the room.

Molto cantabile, ad lib

Music and Lyrics
Traditional Bosnian Romansa



"s" indicates a vocal slide

Anderleto, mi Anderleto
Mi kerido i namorado
Ay mi kerido i namorado

Mas te kero, i mas te amo
Ke el Re kon su renado
Ay ke el Re kon su renado

Dos ijikos de ti tengo
I dos del Re ke son kuatro
Ay, i dos del Re ke son kuatro

Los del Re tienen kavayos
I los tuyos son in mis brasos
Ay, i los tuyos son in mis brasos

Anderleto, my Anderleto
My dear one, my beloved

I want you more, I love you more
Than the king and all his kingdom

Two sons have I from you
And two from the king makes four

The king's sons have horses
And your sons are in my arms

LA KAPARA

How well I remember the morning before Yom Kippur: we would be awakened at 5:00 a.m. and, half asleep, run downstairs where my grandfather would be waiting with a shrieking chicken in his hand. Each of us would stand shivering in the autumn chill as he would wave the unhappy bird three times around our heads to expiate our sins. One thing which made all this bearable to us cold sleepyheads was the smell of the *burikitas* which the daughters of the family were baking, delicate puff pastry filled with meat or with spinach and cheese. The chicken was rewarded by being prepared for the baskets delivered to the poor for their pre-fast meal.



Il nono mos yama
Alas sinko de la manyana
Il gayo sta gritando
A todos despertando

Desha me a dormir
No me kero alvantar
Desha me a dormir
Il Dio mi va perdonar

Ermozas ijikas
Fazieron las burikitas
Todos las stan komiendo
Il raki ya stan biviendo

Grandfather calls us
At five in the morning
The rooster is shrieking
Waking everyone

Let me sleep
I don't want to get up
Let me sleep
God will forgive me

Beautiful young girls
Made the filled pastries
Everybody is eating them
And drinking brandy

KEN ES ESTO?

Women were very much into romantic songs, tucked away as they were in this village, as a means of expressing their love and their desire for romance and beauty. This song was a particular favorite of my Nona, who used to say "Si nu kantas kun alma, nu kantis!" (If you can't sing with soul, don't bother to sing!)



"S" indicates a vocal slide

Ken es esto en la ventana
Ke mi amostra tanta amor
0 sono las streyas de la manyana
0 son los ojos de mi amor

Se mi korason ventana tenia
De poder adientro mirar
Kampos i vinyas se despertavan
De veder tanta dolor

Who is this in the window
Showing me so much love?
It could be the morning stars
Or the eyes of my beloved

If my heart had a window
And could glimpse inside
Fields and vineyards would awake
From seeing such pain

ADIYO KERIDA

Modern interpretations of this song have changed it from what I remember from the 1940s when this was the most loved song in Balkan countries, the hottest tango in town. It has classical attributes as well, since Giuseppe Verdi incorporated it into his "La Traviata." We Sephardim feel that he borrowed the melody from us, although he did change the rhythm.

Tango mood

♩=72

Music and Lyrics
Traditional



Tu madre kuando te pario
I te kito al mundo
Korason eya no te dio
Para amar segundo

Adiyo, adiyo kerida
No kero la vida
Me l'amargates tu

Va bushkate otra amor
Aharva otras puertas
Aspera otra ardor
Ke para mi sos muerta

When your mother bore you
And brought you into the world
She gave you no heart
To love another

Farewell, farewell beloved
I no longer wish to live
You made life bitter for me

Go and look for another love
Knock on other doors
Wait for other ardor
Because for me you are dead

HAMISHA ASAR

This is one of the songs based on family life and holidays in Vlasenica. I loved *Hamisa Asar* (*Tu B'Shevat*), the celebration that marks the time when sap begins to flow from fruit and nut trees, because we children would go house to house, carrying a colorful bag made by our mothers, to gather the customary 15 kinds of fruit and join in the festivities. There is a beautiful saying in Ladino, "Si kazan lus arvolis i impesan a salir las primeras floris" (The trees marry and then the first flowers start to appear),

Music and Lyrics
FLORY JAGODA

Festive-lively



Hamisha Asar, Hamisha Asar
Ven a ver mos, vamos kantar

La balabaya mos aspera
Kon kintze platos de fruta

Bendicho su nombre, Sinyor del mundo
Frutas de Israel

Hamisha Asar, Hamisha Asar
Ven a ver mos, vamos balyar

La balabaya mos aspera
Kon la baklaba i kave
Bendicho...

Hamisha Asar, Hamisha Asar
Come to visit us, we will sing

The hostess awaits us
With 15 platters of fruit

Blessed by his name, Lord of the Universe
Fruits of Israel

Hamisha Asar, Hamisha Asar
Come to visit us, let us dance

The hostess awaits us
With baklava and coffee

BUENA SEMANA

The pious Jew prays after *Havdalah* for those things which would make the week a good one for him: health, life, and that his sons might study Torah and pray, with tallis and tefillin.

Music and Lyrics
Traditional



Buena semana mos de el Dio
Buena semana mos de el Dio
Buena semana mos de el Dio
Salud i vida

Ke mis fijos vengan al Kal
Ke mis fijos vengan al Kal
Para maldar la Tora
Salud i vida

Para maldar kon Talesim
Para maldar kon Talesim
Para trayer los Tefillin
Salud i vida

May God give us a good week
Health and life

May my sons come to the Synagogue
To study the Torah
Health and life

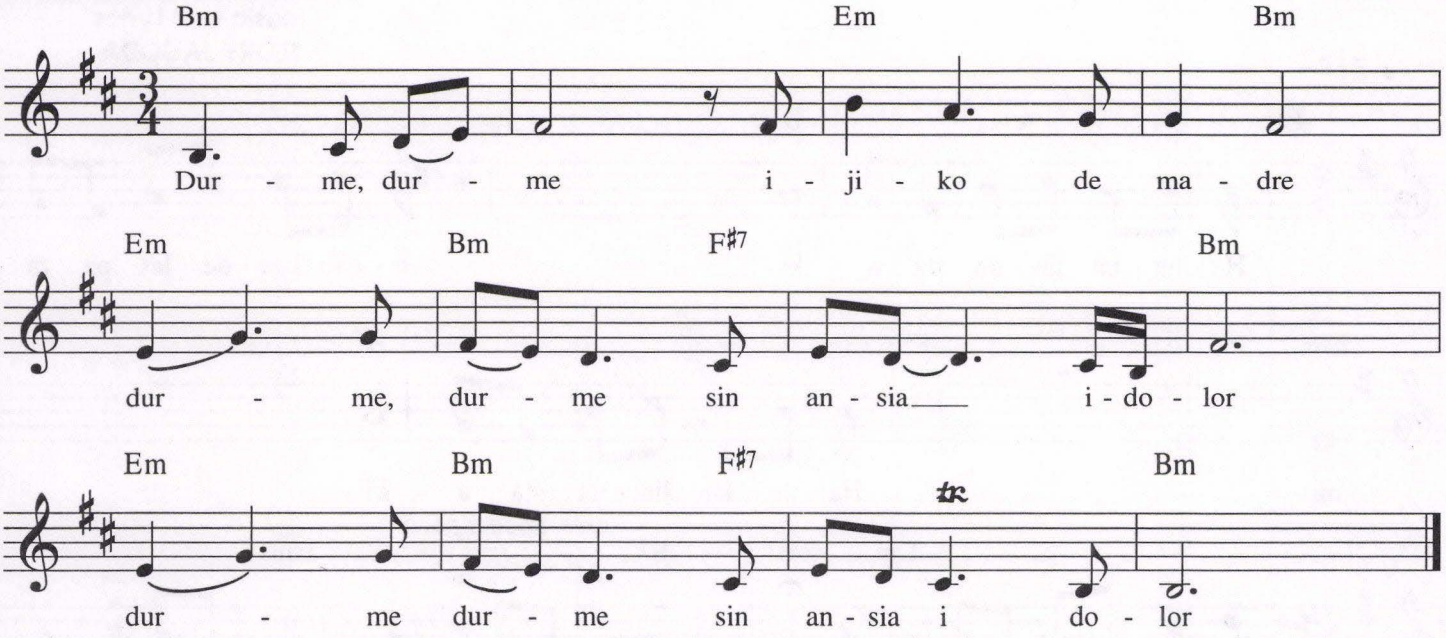
To pray with the Talllis
And bring the Tefillin
Health and life

DURME, DURME

For Sephardic women through the generations, Judaism has centered around the home and has been part and parcel of every moment and activity; God was a member of the household; Ladino was their holy language, as well as their daily speech. Thus it was quite normal that the first words that the Sephardic child heard, in this lullaby crooned by his mother, were those of the central prayer of Judaism, the *Shema*, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One."

Music and Lyrics
Traditional

Larghetto, molto rubato



Durme, durme ijiko de madre
Durme, durme sin ansia i dolor
Durme, durme sin ansia i dolor

Sienti djoia palavrikas de tu madre
Las palavras de Shema Israel
Las palavras de Shema Israel

Durme, durme ijiko de madre
Kon ermozura de Shema Israel
Kon ermozura de Shema Israel

Sleep, sleep Mother's little boy
Free from worry and pain
Free from worry and pain

Listen joy to your Mother's words
The words of Shema Israel
The words of Shema Israel

Sleep, sleep Mother's little boy
With the beauty of Shema Israel
With the beauty of Shema Israel

OCHO KANDELIKAS

Hanukkah...what exciting memories. Because on each of the eight nights "matchmaking parties" were held; and while the young sang and danced, their parents and grandparents enjoyed planning their children's weddings. Little almond honey cakes were eaten to assure luck and happiness -- and a good match. The next year at the wedding, the bride was customarily asked "At which Hanukkah party did you meet?" This Hanukkah song I wrote for young children. One day my younger son, Andy, and his wife, Silvana, came to the studio with me and recorded this song, which turned out to be the most liked Ladino children's song I have written.



Hanuka linda sta aki
Ocho kandelas para mi
O.....
Una kandelika
Dos kandelikas
Tres kandelikas
Kuatro kandelikas
Sintyu kandelikas
Sej kandelikas
Siete kandelikas
Ocho kandelas para mi

Muchas fiestas vo fazer
Kon alegriyas i plazer
0.. Una kandelika..
Los pastelikos vo kumer
Kon almendrikas i la myel
0.. Una kandelika..

Beautiful Hanukkah is here
Eight candles for me
O.....
One candle
Two candles
Three candles
Four candles
Five candles
Six candles
Seven candles
Eight candles for me

Many parties I will have
With happiness and pleasure
One candle...

The little pastries we will eat
Filled with almonds and honey
One candle...

KLARO DEL DIYA

Life for a woman in Vlasenica was lived from *Shabat* to *Shabat*; they started getting ready on Thursday cleaning house, shopping, etc; by the time of *Havdala* prayers Saturday evening, my Nona was exhausted and usually had a headache (partly because she hadn't had a cigarette since *Shabat* started). Slicing a potato into a handkerchief, she would place it on her forehead (to draw the heat) and, with the first puff, all was well. The young men, on the other hand, had different ideas. They had had enough of praying and were eager to taste the delights of the Shadrvan Club, just outside the Jewish quarter in Sarajevo, where the next dawn would often find them with the dancing girls.

Music and Lyrics
Traditional, Sarajevo



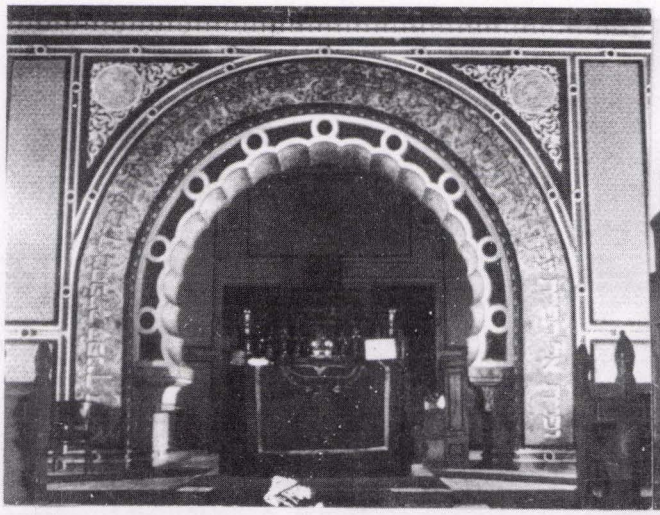
Los gayos empesan a kantar
Ya es la ora de alvantar
Non asperemos el sol i el diya
Impies la alegra kompania

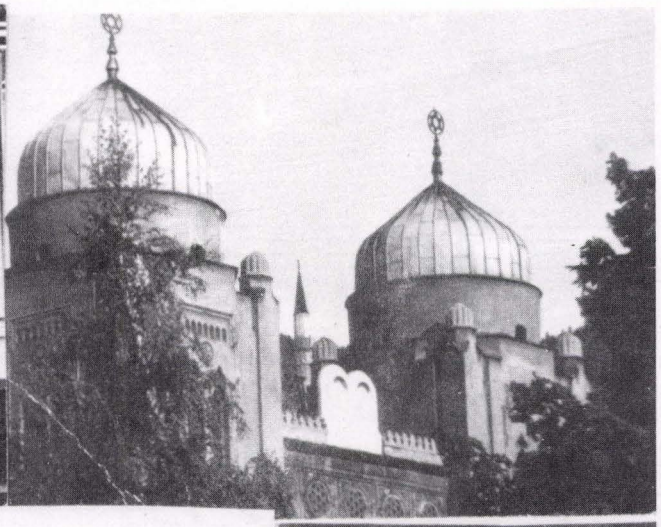
Despues l'avdala a Shadrvan
Kon las chichekas balyar i kantar
Ala manyana al klaro del diya
Se disfazio la kompania

The roosters start to sing
It is time to get up
Let us not wait for the dawn of day
On your feet, happy companions

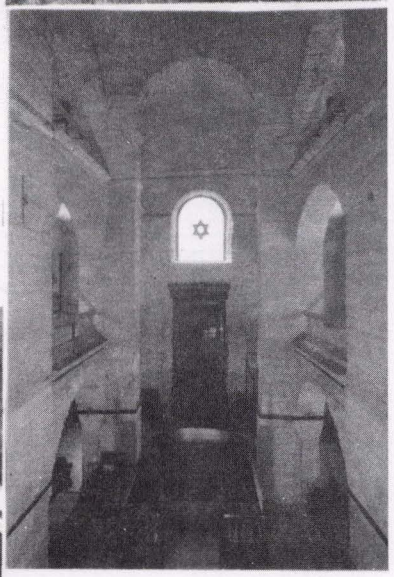
After Havdalah, on to Shadrvan
To dance and sing with dancing girls
At dawn, in the light of day
The friends disperse

Memories of Sarajevo





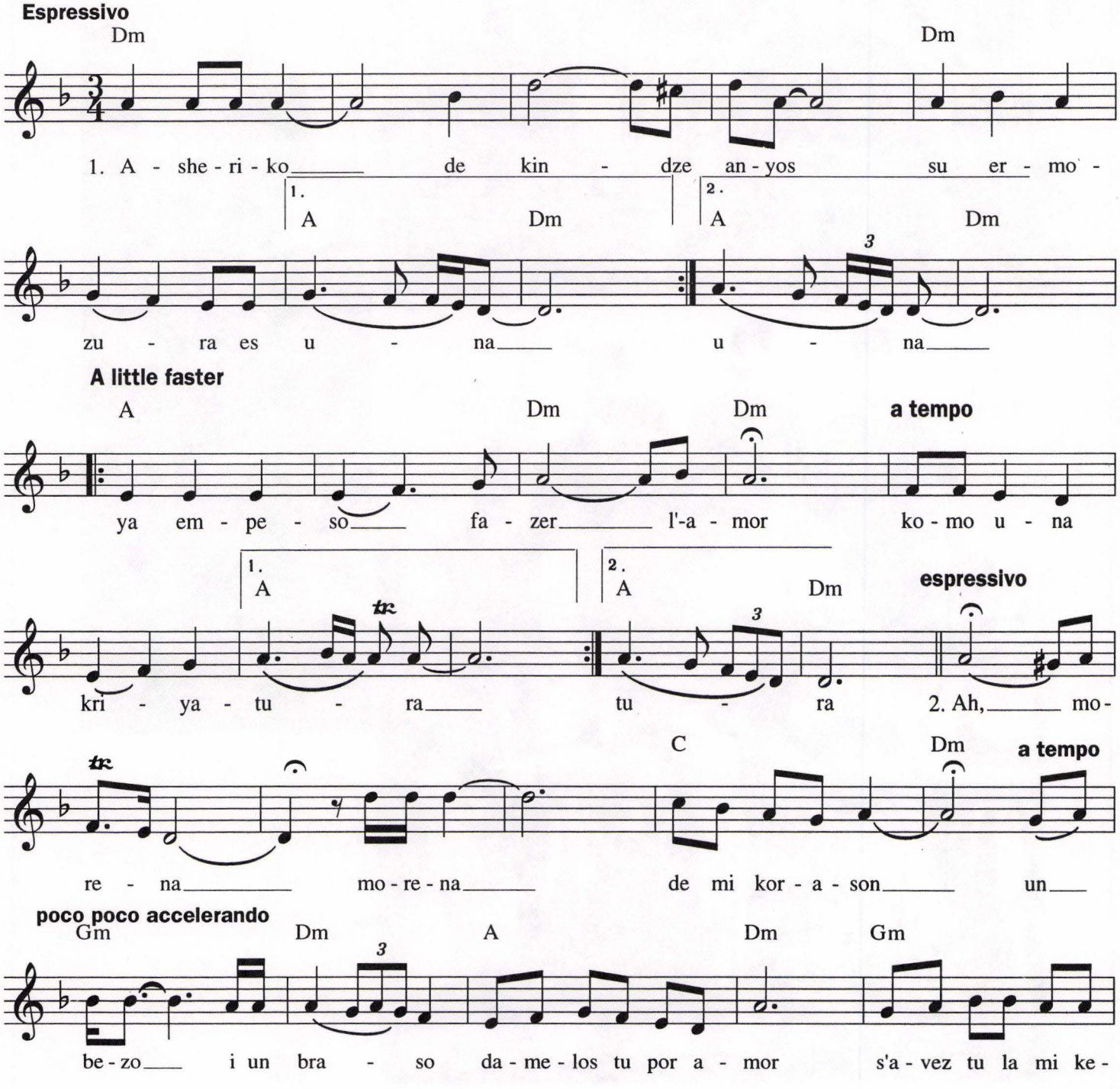


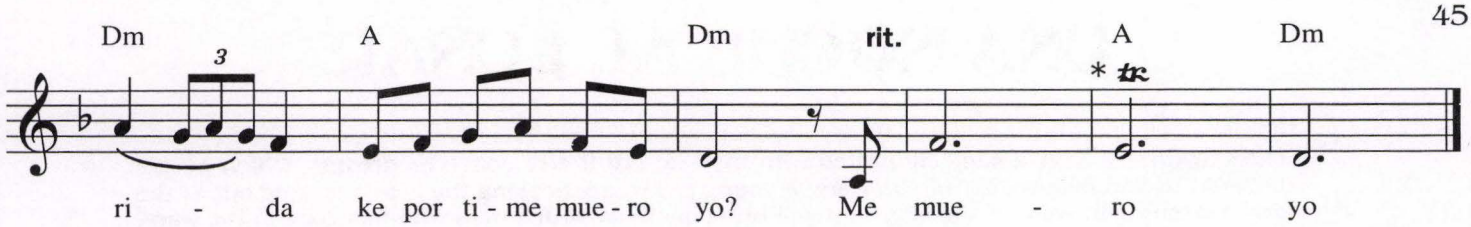


ASHERIKO DE KINZE ANYOS

This old *romansa* from Sarajevo about a young man who, in all his travels through the "seven cities between Paris and London" has found no one as sweet as the 15 year old dark-eyed beauty (the *morenica*) he has returned to, was a favorite for generations among Bosnian Sephardic Jews. *Morenica* refers back to the old Spanish ideal of womanly beauty which included almond eyes and dark hair.

Music and Lyrics
Sarajevo Romansa





Asheriko de kinze anyos
Su ermozura es una
Ya empeso fazer l'amor
Komo una kriyatura

Syete sivdades yo pasi
De Paris hasta Londra
Yo komo ti yo no topi
Tan dulse i morena

Ah, morena, morena
De mi korason
Un bezo i un braso
Damelos tu por amor
Saves tu la mi kerida
Ke por ti me muero yo

Aseriko at fifteen
Her beauty is unique
She began to love
Childlike

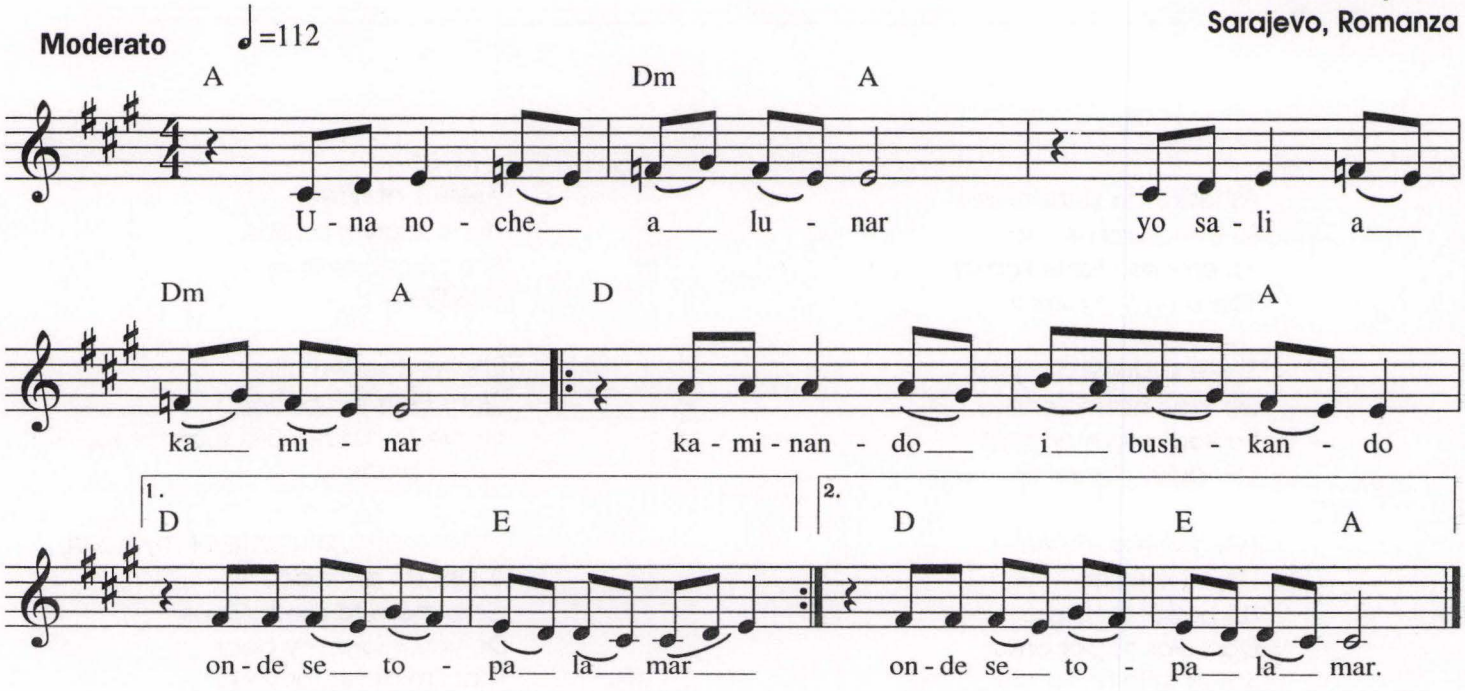
I passed seven cities
From Paris to London
I have found no one such as you
Sweet brunette

My brunette, brunette of my heart
A kiss, an embrace
Give them to me for love
Do you know, my dear
That I'm dying for you

UNA NOCHE AL LUNAR

Once again, we have a song connected with the sea; but it also concerns dreams, which people believed in and followed faithfully. Here, a young girl wanders along the beach staring out at the sea, searching in vain for the ship that will bring back her young man who has gone to the wars, because she has dreamed that the war is over, and it must be so. This Sarajevo song (which was a favorite of the Altarac family singers) lends itself to a natural harmony, which was their forte.

Music and Lyrics
Sarajevo, Romanza



Una noche a lunar
Yo sali a kaminar
Kaminando i bushkando
Ondo se topa la mar

Los ojos mi si abufarun
Di tanto mirar a la mar
Vapores ya van i vyenen
Letras para mi no ay

Letras alegras resiviremos
I las karas mos veremos
En un nido durmiremos
Presto mos adjuntaremos

Madre miya la mi madre
Un suenyo mi sonyava
Un suenyo mi sonyava
Ke la gera se skapava

One moonlit night
I went for a stroll
Strolling and searching
For the sea

My eyes became swollen
From staring into the sea
And the ships, coming and going
There are no letters for me

We will receive happy letters
We will see each other's faces
And we will sleep in one nest
We will be reunited

Mother mine, my mother
One dream I dreamt
One dream I dreamt
That the war was over

ANDEMOS AL KAFE

One of the great pleasures of performing these songs which evoke for me the world I knew in Yugoslavia is hearing from people who share their own memories of other childhoods and other *nonas*, particularly when they send me stories or lyrics which were a part of their experience. When I do not know the melody for these songs, I call upon my recollections of the authentic Bosnian musical style of the late 1930s and 1940s to set those words to music.

Music: FLORY JAGODA
Lyrics: Traditional



Yo non avlo kon ninguno
Solo kon mi primo amor
Oy, le le le oy, le le lo

Andemos al kafe
Yo sare tu kavalyer
Oy, le le le....

Tu sos una roza
Tu sos una flor
Kresida en la freskura
Onde el sol no dyo
Oy, le le le ...

I talk with nobody
Only with my first love

We will go to the cafe
I will be your cavalier

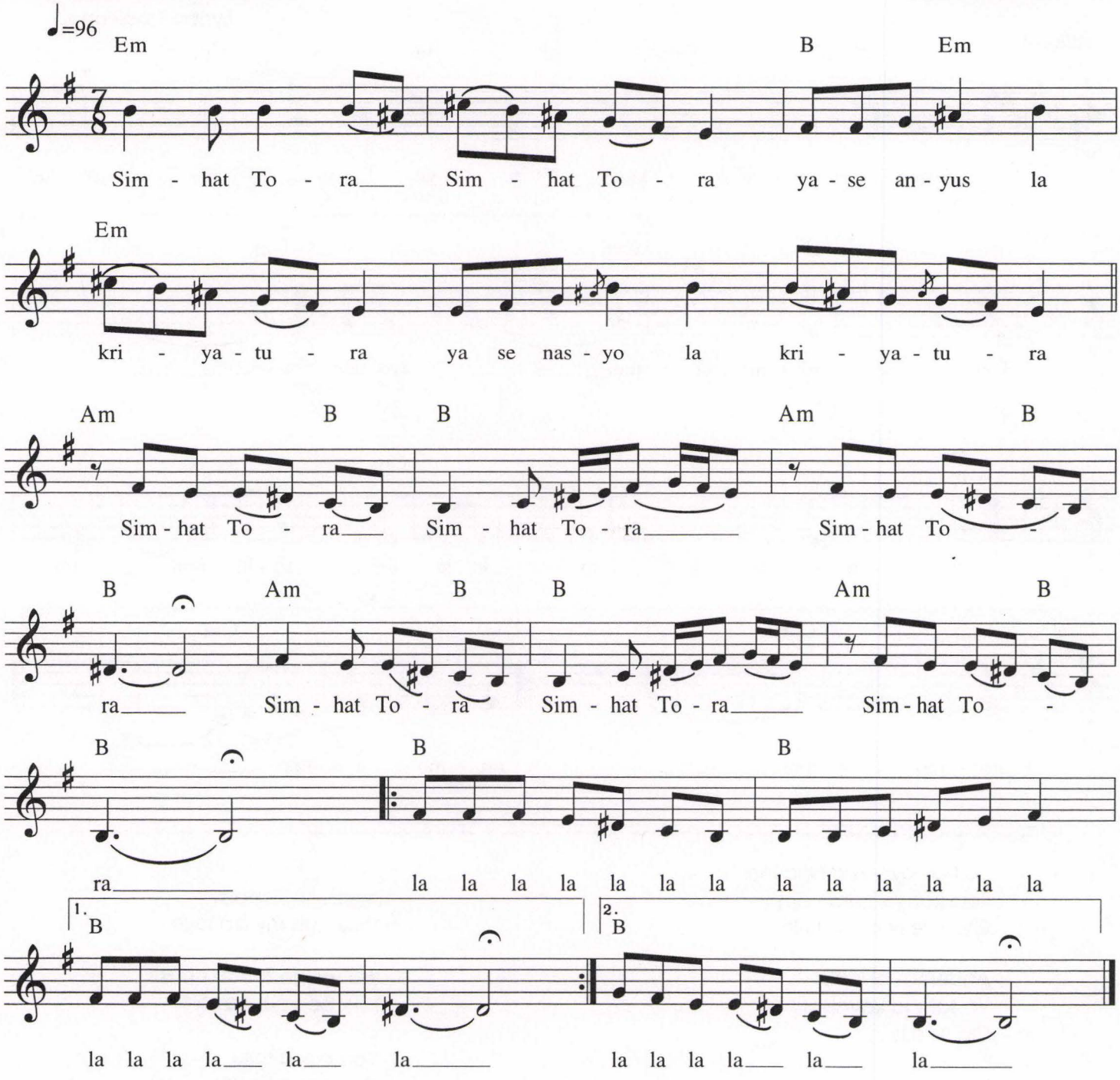
You are a rose
You are a flower
Raised in a cool shady glade
Untouched by the sun

SIMHAT TORA

Hours before coming to synagogue, dressed in our new clothes, the children would gather flowers for blanketing the Torah with blooms for dancing our joy with the Torah. Then we would wish each other Buenus Anyus (a good year) and return home, where all the aunts would have arrived laden with fruit pies, particularly those made with honey (for a sweet year) and cherries, or apples (for a good year). For me, they were always intertwined: a new year, a new Torah and *mansanas, myel i sirezas* (apples, honey and cherries).

Festive-Balkan dance rhythm

Music and Lyrics
FLORY JAGODA



Simhat Tora, Simhat Tora
Ya se anyus las kriyatura

Kon las kantikas di alegriyas
Buenus pastelis di mis tiyas

Las mansanas, myel i sirezas
Il anyu muevu kon las dulsezas

Rejoicing of the law
A new child is born

With songs of happiness
My aunts arrive laden with pies

Apples, honey and cherries
To sweeten the new year

LA YAVE DE ESPANYA

When the Jews were expelled from Spain in the 15th century, legend has it that each family took with it the key to their home, treasuring it and passing it on through the centuries from father to son. Indeed, whenever a person was given a gift of great value or importance he was admonished to care for it like *la yave in kashon* (the key in the drawer). This legend was very much alive in my childhood and to this day I have an old key on my wall, a little bit like those long ago Jews, in nostalgia for what was lost in my own exile.

Music and Lyrics
FLORY JAGODA

Andante, with nostalgia



Onde sta la yave ke stava in kashon?
Mis nonus la trusheron kon grande dolor
De su kaza de Espanya, de Espanya,
S'huenyos de Espanya

Onde sta la yave ke stava in kashon
Mis nonus la trusheron kon grande amor
Disheron a loz fijos, esto es il korason
De muestra kaza de Espanya, de Espanya,
S'huenyos de Espanya

Onde sta la yave ke stava in kashon
Mis nonus la trusheron kon grande amor
La dyeron a los nyetos a meter la a kashon
Muestra yave de Espanya, de Espanya,
S'huenyos de Espanya

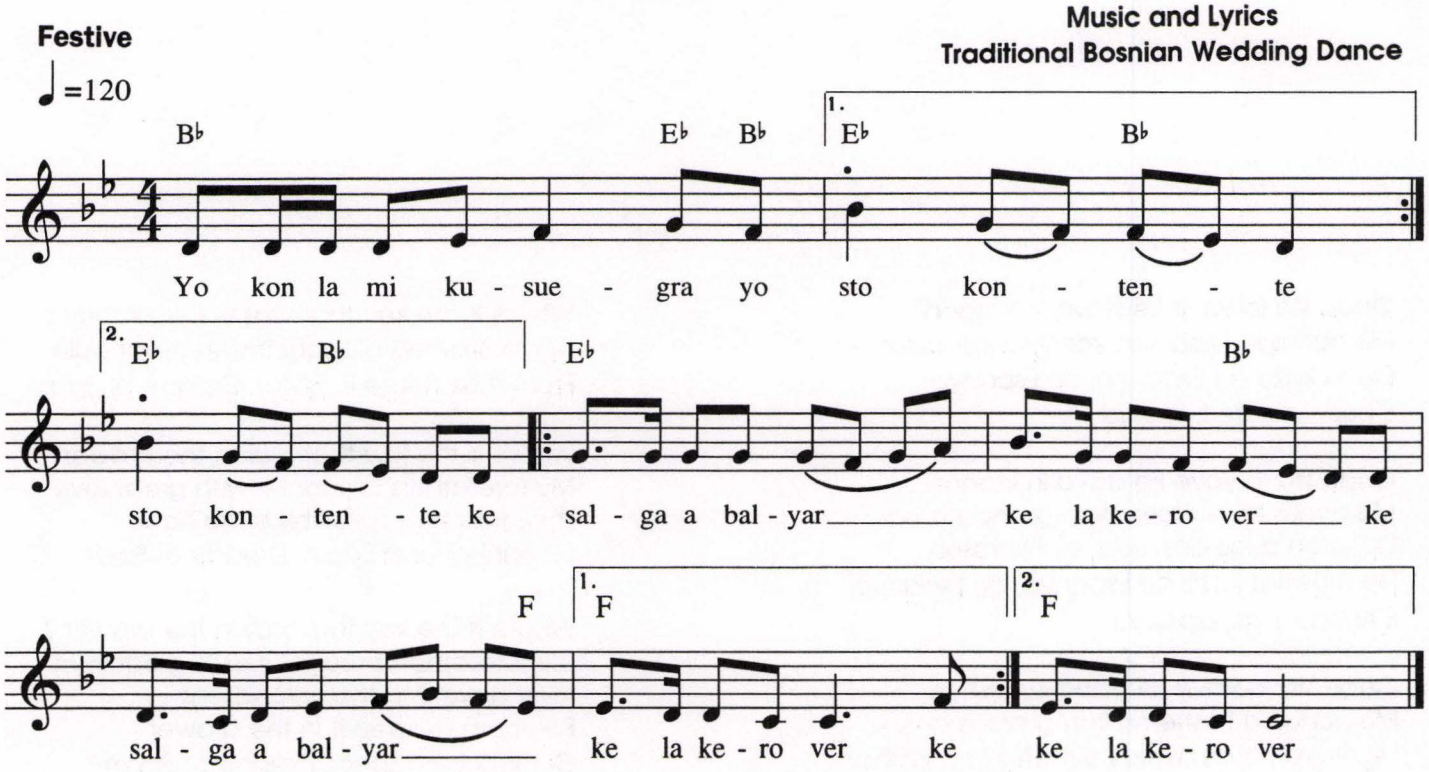
Where is the key that was in the drawer?
My forefathers brought it with great pain
From their house in Spain, Dreams of Spain

Where is the key that was in the drawer?
My forefathers brought it with great love
They told their sons, this is the heart
Of our home in Spain, Dreams of Spain

Where is the key that was in the drawer?
My forefathers brought it with great love
They gave it to their grandsons
For them to keep it in the drawer
Our key from Spain, Dreams of Spain

YO KON LA MI KUSUEGRA

This circle dance helped the families of the bride and groom to mingle. It could go on for hours, depending on the size of the *mishpaha* (family). First the bride expresses pleasure in her new mother-in-law and invites her to dance. Then the mother-in-law reciprocates, joins the circle and calls for a specific member of the other family to be introduced— and so it goes until both families, one by one, have entered the dance.



Yo kon la mi kusuegra, yo sto kontente
Ke salga a balyar, ke la kero ver

Yo kon la mi nuera, yo sto kontente
Ke salga a balyar, ke la kero ver

Yo kon el mi kusuegro, yo sto kontente
Ke salga a balyar, ke lo kero ver

Yo kon el mi nuero, yo sto kontente
Ko salga a balyar, ke lo kero ver

Yo kon los mis kusuergos, yo sto kontente
Ke salgan a balyar, ke los kero ver

I am satisfied with my mother-in-law
She should come out and dance
I want to see her

I am satisfied with my daughter-in-law
She should come out and dance
I want to see her

I am satisfied with my father-in -law
He should come out and dance
I want to see him

I am satisfied with my son- in-law
He should come out and dance
I want to see him

I am satisfied with my in-laws
They should come out and dance
I want to see them

YO HANINO TU HANINA

Weddings were not simply a matter of falling in love; family, position, prospects and dowry were all important ingredients. This usually required the services of *los kazamenteros* (matchmakers), who zeroed in on any eligible male for immediately offering their services. Learning all they could about what he was looking for in a wife, they then usually arranged a party with a good selection of eligible girls. If the young man found a girl whose looks he liked, that was fine; but it helped if his family liked the looks of her *dota* (dowry). The *kazamenteros* liked it as well, because though many may have acted out of love, most did so because they got a portion of the bride's *dota*. It was said that sons were easier to have, because as soon as a daughter was born, you had to start working on her dowry.

♩=69

Music: FLORY JAGODA
Lyrics: Traditional Sarajevo



Yo hanino, tu hanina
Mos tomaremos los dos
Los ijikos ke mos nasen
Komo la luna i el sol
Aman.. komo la luna i el sol

Muchas grasyas manseviko
Ke mandates koredor
Muchas liras me demandas
Non mi acheta mi sinyor
Aman..non mi acheta mi sinyor

I am handsome, you are beautiful
Let us marry
We shall be blessed with children
Like the moon and the sun
Aman.. like the moon and the sun

Thank you very much, young man
For giving me this offer
But you ask for too many liras
My father is not accepting it
Aman..my father is not accepting it

PORKE YORAS ERMOZA MUJER

When women used to get together, they would pour out their hearts to each other in songs; sadly, the sentiment in this romantic love ballad probably did apply to some relationships.

Music and Lyrics
Traditional



Porke yoras ermoza mujer?
Kual es el tu grande desplazer?
0 yoras por l'arompida flor
0 yoras por el perdido amor
No yoro por l'arompida flor
Ma yoro por el perdido amor

No jores ermoza muzer
No jores kon tan grande desplazer
La flor ez komo la mansevez
Vjene i si va kon la vizez
L'amor ez komo la mansevez
Vjene i si va kon la vizez

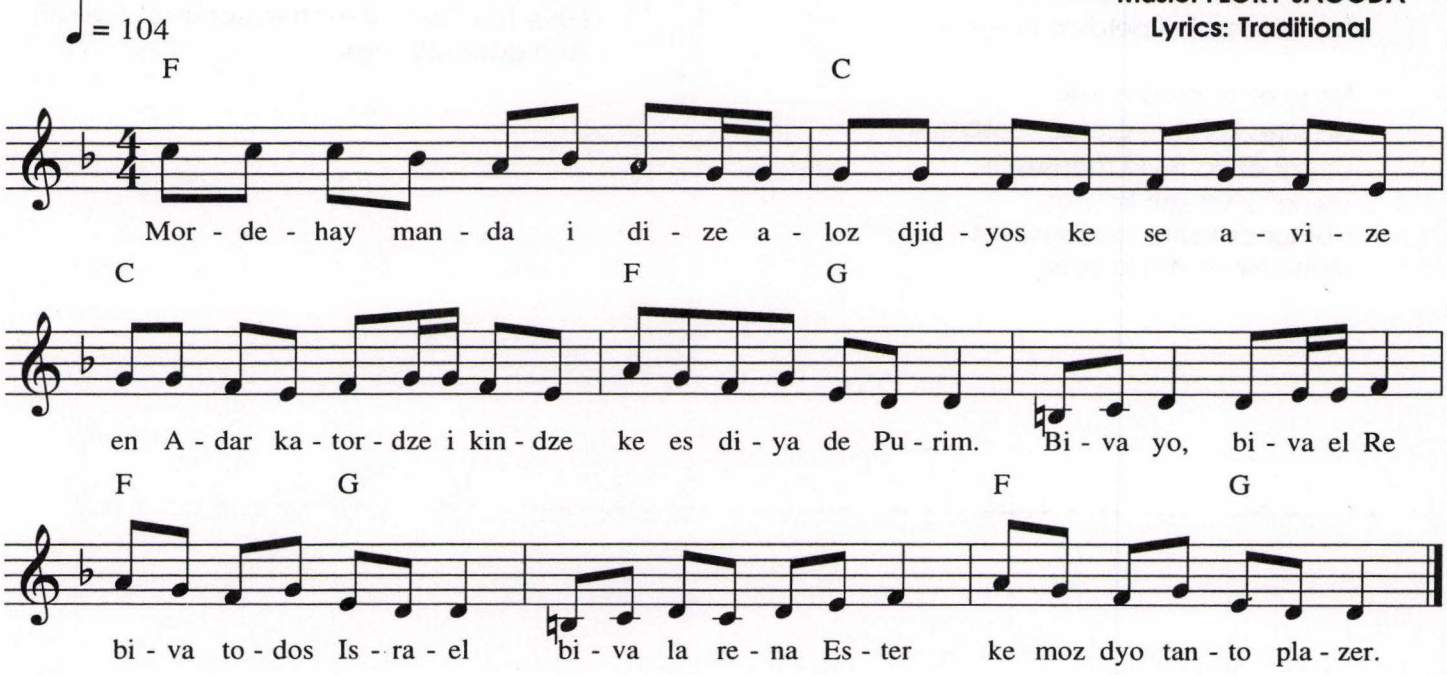
Beautiful women why do you cry?
A broken flower, a lost love?
It is lost love which makes me cry
The flower is like youth
Which comes and then goes with old age
Love too, for that matter, comes like youth
And goes with age

EL DIYA DE PURIM

Purim was the ultimate children's holiday: for weeks ahead, mothers would sew costumes for the children who were rehearsing plays and singing and dancing with tambourine, which group after group would perform door to door (particularly at the houses of the rich) in exchange for homemade halvah (made from sugar, flower and oil) and dinars (coins). It was a little like Halloween, except that you had to present something for your treat. If your spending money was exhausted, you were sure to replenish it at the family Purim party, especially if you could come up with a new *copla* (couplet) for the Purim song (worth an extra dinar). It was also the custom for girls to send to boys they liked *platikus di Purim* (plates filled with their own special homemade sweets), to show what treats were in store for them; mothers sent the families of their married children *pastilikos di Purim* (traditional Sephardic pies filled with meat or sweet filling), perhaps to remind of the treats they had left behind when they left their Mama.

Happily

Music: FLORY JAGODA
Lyrics: Traditional



Mordehay manda i dize
Aloz djidyos ke se avize
En Adar katordze i kinze
Ke es diya de Purim

Mordechai's proclamation
To all the Jews is
That the 14th and 15th of *Adar*
Is the day of Purim

Biva yo, biva el Re
Bivan Todos Israel
Biva la Rena Ester
Ke mos dyo tanto plazer

Long life to me, long live the King
Long live all the Israel
Long live Queen Esther
Who gave us so much pleasure

Il Aman mamzer segundo
Asitenga negro mundo
Kijo echar djidyos al fundo
En los diyas de Purim

Haman was one of many persecutors
May he be cursed
He wanted to do away with the Jews
In the days of Purim

Biva yo, biva el Re..

Long life to me, long life to the King

Yama todos los chikitikos
Bolsas yenas de bombonikos
Ke si merkan los djugetikos
Kon los denaros de Purim

Biva yo, biva el Re..

Kon la asukri i la farina
Ya mos vyene la madrina
Pars fazer la halva fina
Para l'dia de Purim

Biva yo, biva el Re..

Al Rubi de los muchachikos
Dalde tantos regalikos
Akel ke puede dukadikos
Ke ansi es el dever

Biva yo, biva el Re..

Call all the little ones
The bags are full of candy
They should buy little toys
With their Purim money

Long life to me, long life to the King..

With sugar and flour
The godmother is coming to us
To make fine halvah
For the days of Purim

Long life to me, long life to the King

To the Rabbi of the young boys
Give him many little presents
If you can afford it, give him gold pieces
For that is the custom

Long....

NOCHES, NOCHES, BUENAS NOCHES

Another favorite long-winded *romansa* of my nona's about three sisters of marriageable age who are all in different stages with regard to getting married: the oldest is anxious, because, by tradition, she has to marry first; the second one is still interested in having a good time and the third is still clinging to childhood.

Music and Lyrics
Sarajevo Romansa

Molto cantabile, ad lib



Noches, noches, buenas noches
Noches son d'enamorar
Ah, noches son d'enamorar

Dando bueltas por la kama
Komo l'peshe en la mar
Ah l'peshe en la mar

Tres ermanikas eyas eran
Todas tres en un andar
Ah, todas tres en un andar

Salto la primera i disho
Gozemos la mosedad
Ah, gozemos la mosedad

Salto la segunda i disho
Gozemos la novyedad
Ah, gozemos la novyedad

Nights, nights, good nights
Nights are for falling in love

In my bed I am restless
Tossing, turning like a fish in the sea

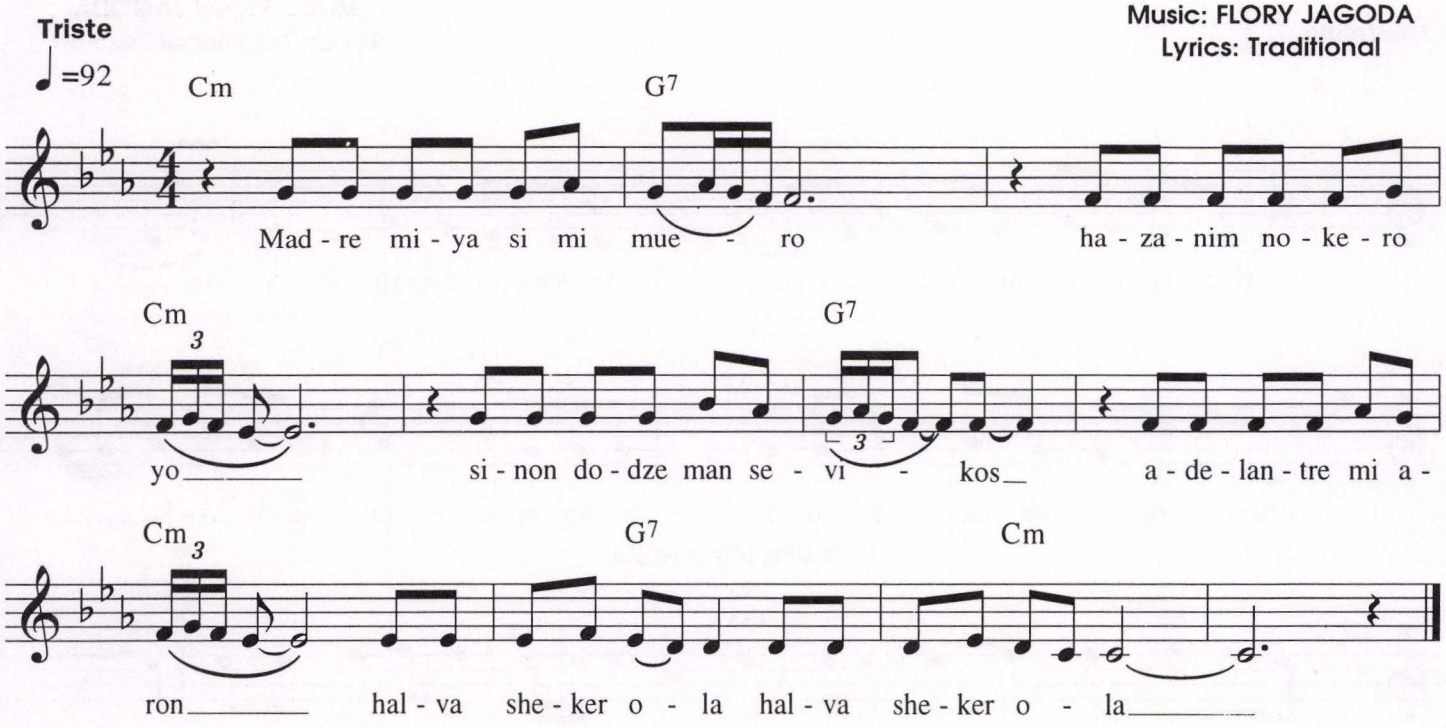
There were three little sisters
All three equally alluring

The first exclaimed
"Let us enjoy our youth"
The second exclaimed
"Let us enjoy our wedding day"
The youngest one exclaimed
"How will I leave my mother?"

MADRE MIYA SI MI MUERO

A song whose message has not changed over the centuries: a young girl, feeling ignored, hopes that everyone will be sorry when she dies, especially the young men who failed to pay attention to her.

Music: FLORY JAGODA
Lyrics: Traditional



Madre miya si mi muero
Hazanim no kero yo
Si non doze mansevikos
Adelantre l'mi aron
Halva sheker ola

Madre miya si mi muero
Ke me yevan davagar
Ke veyan ke so muchachika
Ke se metan a yorar
Halva sheker ola

Mother mine, if I die
Cantors I do not want
But twelve young men
Walking before my coffin
Halva and sugar

Mother mine, if I die
Let them carry me gently, slowly
So they may see that I am a young maiden
Then they will cry
Halva and sugar

KEN KERE TOMAR KONSEJO

A warning to bachelors to beware of marrying late in life, from an "old man" of 36 who married a 16 year old. It is hard to change bachelor ways, and his spendthrift habits (and hers) quickly ate up his money and her dowry. Now he must labor as a longshoreman, and his poor wife whose "little white hands were made for working silk," must card wool.

Music: FLORY JAGODA
Lyrics: Traditional Bosnian



Ken kere tomar konsejo
Ke venga aki yo le dare
Ken kere gozar mansevo
Ke no se kaze a la vijes

Digo yo por mis pekados
Ke me kazi de trenta sej
Ke no tenia dizisej
Eya era mujer pompoza
Yo un ombre gastador
Gasti lo mio i lo suyo
I loke su padre mos dyo

Agora por este pekado
Yo me fize kargador
Eya avre la lana
Yo enkargo el algodon

A mi non me pario mi madre
Para ke avre lana yo
Sino mis manikas blankas
Para ke sea enkargador
Gastimos miyo i lo tuyo
I loke tu padre mos dyo

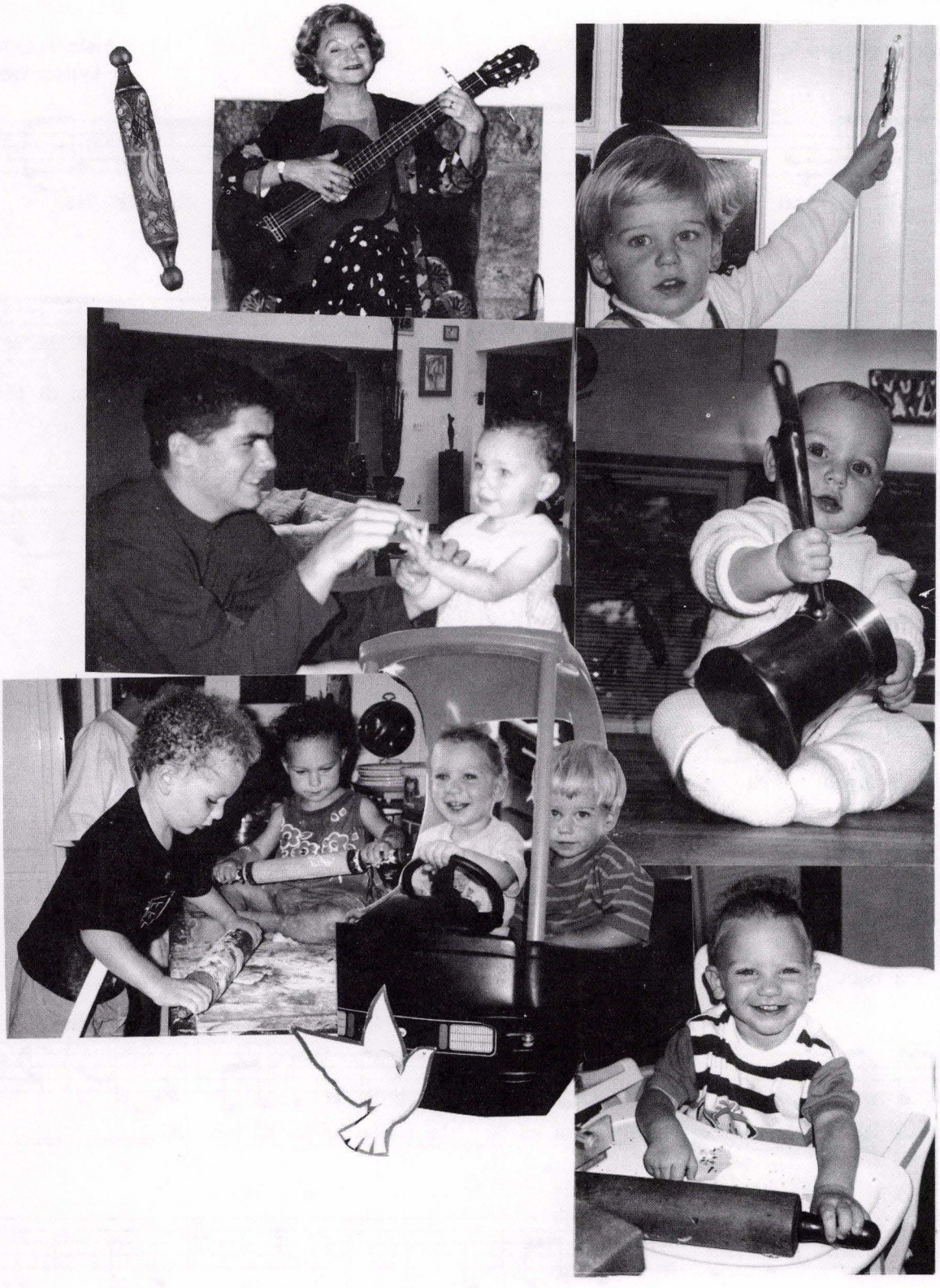
Whoever wants advice
Should not marry in his old age
He who wishes to enjoy bachelorhood
Shoulld not marry in his old age

I am talking about my sins
I married at thirty-six
They gave me a little girl
Who wasn't even sixteen
She was a pompous woman
I was a spendthrift
I spent my money and hers
And all that her father gave us

Now because of this sin
I became a longshoreman
She cards wool
And I am carrying bales of cotton

My mother didn't bear me
So that I should card wool
My little white hands
Should work with silk
My mother didn't bear me
To become a longshoreman
We spent my money and yours
And all that your father gave us

La Nona Kanta



LAS TIYAS

The Jewish holidays were so important and so much fun when I was growing up in Vlasenica, especially those which lasted more than one day, like Pesah, Hanuka, Sukot. The whole *mishpaha* (family) would gather at the home of a different aunt each night to eat and sing, carrying on the custom of family closeness which had helped preserve our culture for more than 450 years. The names of my aunts reflected the lovely Sephardic tradition of giving beautiful names to their daughters, each with a special meaning: Luna-moon, Safira- Sapphire, Estreja-star, Paloma-dove.

Rhythmically, allegretto

Music: FLORY JAGODA
Lyrics: Traditional



Tiya Mazalta mus va ajamar nochi di Hanuka
Tiya Grasya mus va a jamar nochi di Hanuka
Para sinder laz kandelikas kun toda la mispaha
Laz hanukiyas di sirma blanka mus kali alimpyar

Tiya Luna mus va a jarnar nochi di Hagada
Tiya Safira mus va ajamar nochi di Hagada
Para kumer laz albondikas kun toda la mispaha
Kantaremus "Un Kavritiko" dispuez di laz birahas

Tiya Paloma mus va a yamar A kumer in la Suka
Tiya Estreja mus va ajamar A kumer in la Suka
Kun frutas i flores di muchas kolores
Kun toda la mishpaha

Aunt Mazalta will invite us the night of Hanukkah
Aunt Grasja will invite us the night of Hanukkah
To light the little candles with the whole family
The *menorahs* of white silver must be cleaned

Aunt Luna will invite us the night of Passover
Aunt Safira will invite us the night of Passover
To eat the matzoh balls with the whole family
We will sing "Had Gadya" after the prayers

Aunt Paloma will invite us to eat in the Sukkah
Aunt Estreia will invite us to eat in the Sukkah
With fruits and flowers of many colors
With the whole family.

YO PARTI PARA LA GERA

Music is one of the most powerful ways of carrying on traditions and culture, especially when, as in the case of Sephardic songs, there is little or nothing being written anymore and they threaten to die out. This old *romansa* of the type my nona used to sing was in a group of songs sent to me by an elderly Sephardic song collector and singer in Skoplje, Yugoslavia (close to the Greek border), who was anxious to pass them on to "the lady in America" who was helping to nurture a new generation for appreciating the old music.



Yo parti la gera	I leave for the war
Dos besos al aire yo echi	I'm sending two kisses
Uno es para mi madri	One is for my mother
Il otru es para ti	The other one is for you
Ninya de mi korason	Girl of my heart
Il otru es para ti	The other one is for you
Ken pensa de se enamurar	Whoever thinks of falling in love
Ke fuiga de lunar	Stay away from the moonlight
Ke lunar es mentiroso	The moonlight is a liar
Save enganyar	And can fool you
Nu yoris ijika linda	Don't cry beautiful girl
Ke mi fiju mus va turnar	My son will return to us
Il beziko ke echo a mi	The kiss that he gave me
Lo desho para ti	I pass it on to you
Ija yena de dulor	Girl full of pain
Lo desho para ti	I pass it on to you
Ken pensa de se enamurar	Whoever thinks of falling in love

Editor's note:
The melody has been transcribed here in its traditional form.
It has been slightly changed in Mrs. Jagoda's recording.

CHIKO IANIKO

Oh what fun to bake with Nona. I remember the delicate pastry dough the Sephardic women took such pride in making. But when the grandchildren "helped"' the flour was everywhere and the kitchen was a mess ... but Oh! We had such fun! Now I am the Nona and my greatest pleasure is to make *burek* with my own grandchildren.

Happily

♩ = 100

Music and Lyrics
FLORY JAGODA



Chiko Ianiko, komu il pashariko
Ya mus fazi las burekas
Kun il kezu i la manteka

Chiko ianiko, komu il pashariko
Kun la flecha i la farina
Sta faziyendu masa fina

Little Ian, like a birdie
He's making burek for us
With cheese and butter

Little Ian, like a birdie
With a rolling pin and flour
He's making a fine dough

CHICHI BUNICHI

Chichi Bunichi is an old finger counting song that taught us to respect *Sinjor Rubi* (the Rabbi) before we could walk! After all, he was the most important person in our Jewish community, combining the roles of rabbi, psychiatrist, lawyer, advisor, and father if you didn't have one. We eagerly ran to kiss his hand whenever we saw him so he would pat our heads and bless us.

Music and Lyrics
Old Sarajevo nursery rhyme

Simple, a cappella



Chichi Bunichi
Redi lainichi
Esti dimanda pan
Esti dimanda kezu
I esti si nu es buen djidyo
Vamus a yamar al Sinyor Rubi

Chichi Bunichi
Redi lainichi
Esti dizi dami un paketiko
La gayinika echo un goviziko
Aki, Aki, Aki, para aki
Ala bokita di mi ijiko (ijika)

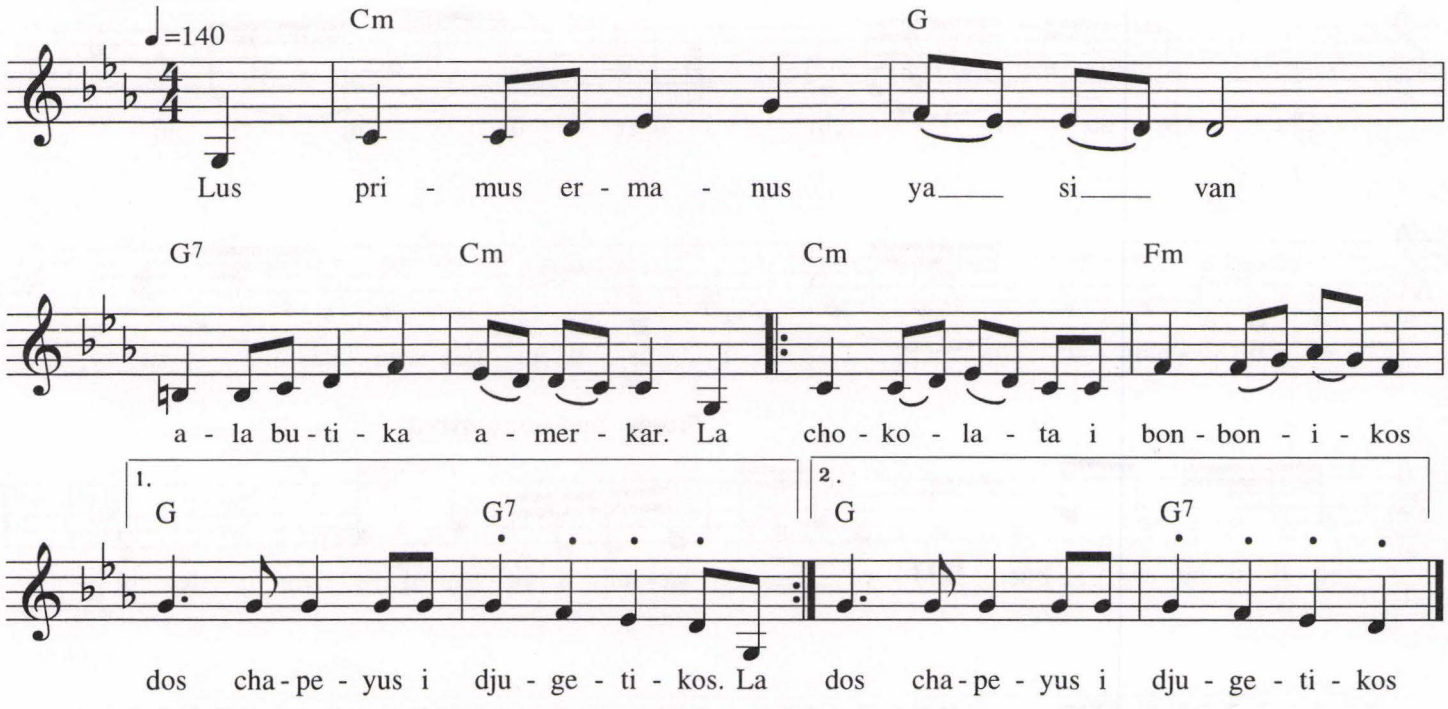
Chichi Bunichi
Redi lainichi
This one wants bread
This one wants cheese
And if this one isn't a good Jew
We will call the Rabbi

Chichi Bunichi
Redi lainichi
This one said give me a little package
The little hen laid a little egg
Here, here, here up to here
Into the mouth of my little boy (girl)

LUS PRIMUS ERMANUS

How much I enjoy playing house with the grandchildren, Aaron and Ian, who are here sent shopping for chocolates and other delights. You may have noticed in the songs the number of words which end in diminutives (pan - bread-paniziko; bonbon- candy- bonbonikos). This reflects the old superstition that if you had too much of anything or were too prosperous, it would attract the evil eye (*mal di oju*). Diminutives were a way of persuading the evil eye it could do better elsewhere.

Music and Lyrics
FLORY JAGODA



Lus primus ermanus ya si van
Ala butika a merkar
La chokolata i bonbonikos
Dos chapeyus i djugetIkos

Lus primus ermanus ya si van
Ala butika a merkar
Dos narandjas, un paniziko
Dos kamizas, un panderiko

Cousin Aaron is taking Cousin Ian shopping.
And, they are going to buy some
Chocolates, little candies
Two hats and toys

The cousins are going
To the store to buy
Two oranges, a little bread,
Two shirts and a tambourine

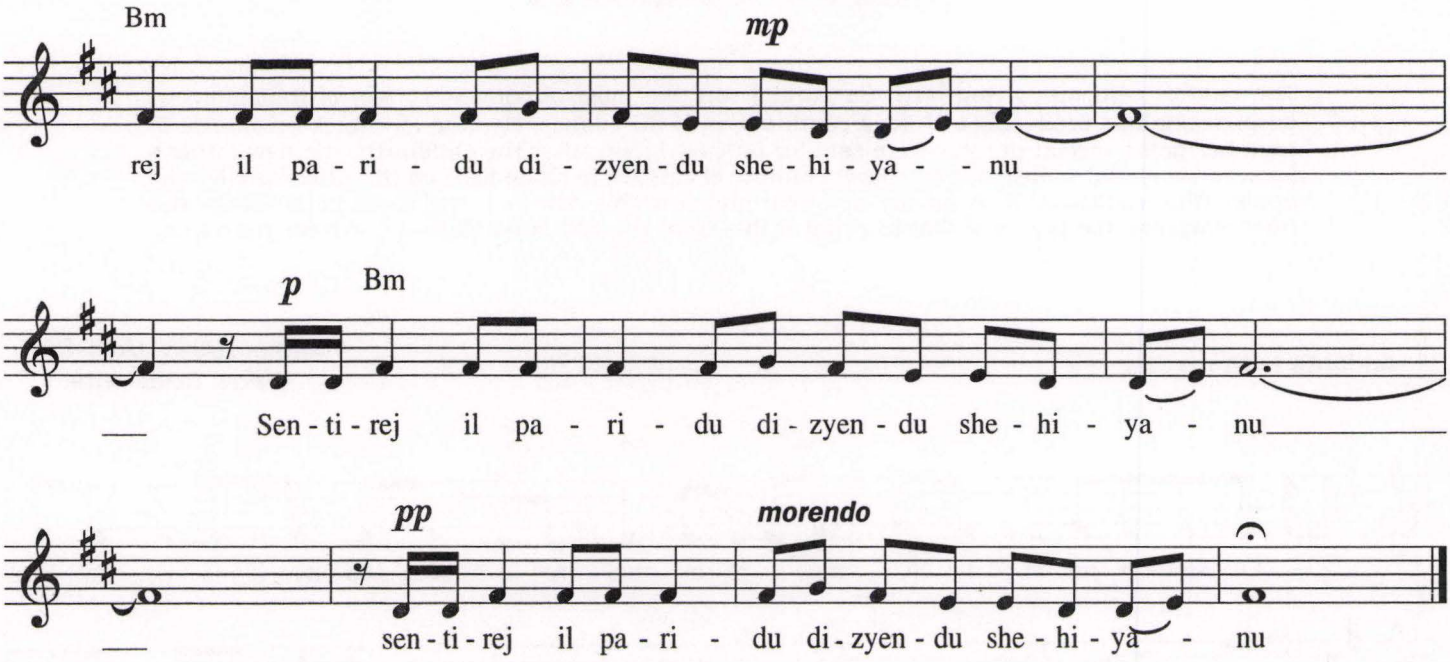
LA PARIDA

The mother who was giving birth (*la parida*) was the most important person of that moment because she was producing a child, a continuation of the community, and all efforts were made to ease her pain; special prayers were said for an easy labor. After the childbirth, the new father's joy was expressed in bringing in a large number of candles to shine light on the whole family, and apples (the traditional fruit for the new year and now this new life), and most importantly, the *Shehecheyanu*, the prayer of thanksgiving at this great gift that *la parida* and G-d have given him.

Andante with rhythm

Music: FLORY JAGODA
Lyrics: Traditional





Dishu la parida
"Mi muero, mi muero"
Arespondjo il maridu
"Pasensja mi mujer
Mi parrirej un iju
I mus alegraremus
Sea buen siman esta alegriya"
Ke muz biva la parida
I ke tenga buena vida
Ja vyene il paridu
kun manus yenas
In una manu yeva mansanas
I peras
In la otra manu yeva un masu
Di kandelas
Para ke arelumbri toda
La parintera.

Aboltavoj parida para
Il verandadu
Sentirej il paridu dizyendeu
Sehiyanu

The mother in childbirth says
I'm dying, I'm dying"
Responds the husband
"Have patience, my wife
You will give me a son and we will rejoice
At this sign of happiness"
Here comes the new father
Bringing apples and pears
In one hand and in the other hand
Is a basket full of candles
To shine a light on the whole family.
Turn and listen to your husband chanting
Shehecheyanu
The prayer of thanksgiving.

ARIEL

How proud the grandparents were when their granddaughter grew old enough to brew the strong Turkish coffee and serve it to them and their guests on a tray carrying a *djezva* and *findjans* (Turkish coffee pot and accompanying little cups)!

Music and Lyrics
FLORY JAGODA

Introduction and interlude



Ariel, Ariel
Linda fija de Israel
Il kave ya mus va a buiir
Para lus nonus i el musafir
Il kave ya mus va a buiir
Para lus nonus i el musafir

Ariel, Ariel,
Linda fija de Israel
Es muy dulsi komu la myel
Muestra chika Ariel
Es muy dulsi komu la myel
La princesita, Ariel

Ariel, Ariel
Beautiful daughter of Israel
She will brew the coffee
For the grandparents and guest.

Ariel, Ariel, beautiful daughter of Israel
She's sweet like honey
The little princess, Ariel

LA BENDISION DE MADRE

"Bendision di Madre" is a mother's prayer taken from a small prayerbook compiled in 1932 by Hajim Papo in Sarajevo especially for older Sephardic women who considered Ladino written in Yugoslav orthography as their Jewish language, since they had never had the opportunity to study Hebrew.

Music: Traditional
Lyrics: Yom Kippur Machzor, Sarajevo

Parlando con sentimento





Padre Santo
En esta klara i solemna ora
Ke esto despuesta para
Bendizir a mis fijus
Segun el dezeo de madre ke konsiento
Se, 0 Diyo siempre pronto
A eskuchar de los altos sielos
Mi orasion i bendision ke yo
Bendigo a mis fijus
Mi Diyo
Tu ke me iziste alargar la vida
En dandome fijus a mi lado
As me esta buendad
Emprezenta me los para
Buena vida
I ventura
I meresime a ver, kun mis
Ojus, sus muzal
I sus prospero inflorisido
Padre piyadozo

Almighty God
In this clear and solemn hour
I wish to bless my children
As a mother who feels deeply
Please, G-d, always be willing
To listen in the heavens above
To my prayer and benediction
For my children
My God

You have lengthened my life
By giving me children to stay by me.
Let me deserve
That you give them a good life
And fortune
And let me see with my own eyes
Their good fortune
And their prosperity
Merciful God

LA MEZUZA DE ARONIKO

As a child, whenever I would leave the house, in addition to a hug and kiss goodbye, there was always the reminder "Bizatis la mezuza?" (Did you kiss the mezuzah?) If we hadn't, we ran back immediately, since it was firmly believed that if we did this we would remain safe until we returned home. Upon our return, we would kiss it again in thanks.



Kuandu entras la kaza
Beza la mezuza
Kun un beziko
Dulsi i savroziko

Kuandu salis di kaza
Beza la mezuza
Kun un beziko
Dulsi i savroziko

When you enter the house
Kiss the mezzuzah
With a little kiss
That's sweet and tasty

When you leave the house
Kiss the mezzuzah
With a little kiss
That's sweet and tasty

HANUKA, HANUKA

When I was a child, Hanuka was a simpler, less extravagant holiday than it has become today. Of course we lit candles, did lots of singing and dancing and received little gifts. Besides knitting warm gloves for her grandchildren or sewing shirts for her sons, one of Nona's biggest projects for Hanuka was to send *cidaka* (charity) to *los disgrasjadus i provis* (the unfortunate and the poor) in the form of *pan farina aros i muneda* (bread, flour, rice and a little money).



Hanuka, Hanuka
Ocho diyas di felisita
Lai, lai...

Hanuka, Hanuka
Ocho diyas di kantar
Lai, lai...

Hanuka, Hanuka
Ocho diyas di baliyar
Lai, lai...

Hanuka, Hanuka
Ocho diyas di guzar
Lai, lai...

Hanukah, Hanukah
Eight days of happiness

Hanukah, Hanukah
Eight days of singing

Hanukah, Hanukah
Eight days of dancing

Hanukah, Hanukah
Eight days of enjoying

L'AMOR

Sometimes the old sayings tell it best: if you are blessed with love in your youth, it will enrich your old age.

Music: Jordon Rabinowitz
and Flory Jagoda
Lyrics: Flory Jagoda

Flexible, cantabile





L'amor es komu las flores
La ermozura di mucha kolor
Komu la roza dulsi i rozada
Komu il guezmu di fresku yazmin

L'amor es komu las flores
La ermozura di mucha kolor
Komu la kuna kun la madri i el fijiko
I la orasion di Shema Israel

Si'l Dyo mus da, buena mansives
Kun amor, vyene buena vijes

Komu la roza dulsi i rozada
I las flores di Shabat

Love is like the flowers
The beauty of many colors
Like a rose, sweet and blushing
Like the scent of fresh jasmine

Love is like the flowers
The beauty of many colors
Like the cradle with mother and child
Like prayer of Shema Israel

If God gives us good youth
With love, comes good old age

Like a rose, sweet and blushing
And the flowers of Sabbath

NON KOMO MUESTRO DIO

EIN KELOHEINU; THERE IS NONE LIKE OUR GOD

This version of Ein Keloheinu seems to delight children very much and I enjoy watching their pleasure when I teach it to them.

Allegretto, in 2

Music: Traditional
Lyrics: From the Siddur



Ein Keloheinu, ein Kadoneinu, ein Kemalkeinu, ein Kemoshieinu
Non Komo muestro Dyo, Non komo muestro Sinyor
Non komo muestro Re, Non komo muestro Salvador

Mi heyloheinu, mi hadoneinu, mi hemalkeinu, mi hemoshieinu
Ken domo muestro Dyo, ken komo muestro Sinyor
Ken komo muestro Re, ken komo muestro Salvador

Node Leiloheinu, node Ladoneinu, node Leimalkeinu, node Lemoshieinu
Loaremos a muestro Dyo, loaremos a muestro Sinyor
Loaremos a muestro Re, loaremos a muestro Salvador

Baruh Eloheinu, baruh Adoneinu, baruh Malkeinu, baruh Moshieinu
Bendicho muestro Dyo, bendicho muestro Sinyor
Bendicho muestro Re, bendicho muestro Salvador

Ata hu Eloheinu, ata hu Adoneinu, ata hu Malkeinu, ata hu Moshieinu
Tu el muestro Dyo, Tu el muestro Sinyor
Tu el muestro Re, Tu el muestro Salvador

MADAM GASHPAR

My cousin, Marcel Samakovlija, who taught me so many songs, used to sing this little fantasy to me: "Right after Purim, Madame Gashpar, a very kind, rich lady in Sarajevo, gathered the children with their *il dinaro di Purim* (Purim money) in the town square (*Il Charshi*) near the Jewish Quarter. Then they would go shopping for little animals." The fun of the song is about a little game where the children made Madame Gashpar guess how much each little animal cost. If she guessed wrong, she owed them one dinar. Naturally, she never guessed right, so each child collected a special dinar from Madame Gashpar.

Playful

Music and Lyrics
Sarajevo nursery rhyme

♩ = 108, Fast in one



Madam Gashpar salyo al charshi
Kun il dinaro di Purim
Un poyiko me merki
Il poyiko Biri-biri-bi
Si savej la mi sinyora
I pur kuanto lo merki

Madam Gashpar salyo al charshi
Kun il dinaro di Purim
Una gayinika me merki
La gayinika Gi-Gi-Gi
Il poyiko Biri-biri-bi
Si savej la mi sinyora
I pur kuanto lo merki xl

Madam Gashpar saliyo al charshi
Kun il dinaro di Purim
Un gayiko me merki
Il gayiko Giri-giri-gi
La gayinika Gi-gi-gi
Il poyiko Biri-biri-bi
Si savej la mi sinyora
I pur kuanto lo merki xl

La vakita Mu-mu-mu
Il gayiko Giri-giri-gi
La gayinika Gi-gi-gi
Il poyiko Biri-biri-bi
Si savej ....

Il pashariko Tvi-tvi-tvi
La vakita Mu-mu-mu
Il gayiko Giri-giri-gi
La gayinika Gi-gi-gi
Il poyiko Biri-biri-bi
Si savej ....

M. Gashpar went to the market
With the Purim money
I bought myself a little chick
It chirps biri-biri-bi
Guess, my lady
How much did I pay for it?

M. Gashpar went to the market
With the Purim money
I bought myself a little hen
It clucks gi-gi-gi
The chick chirps biri-biri-bi

The little rooster

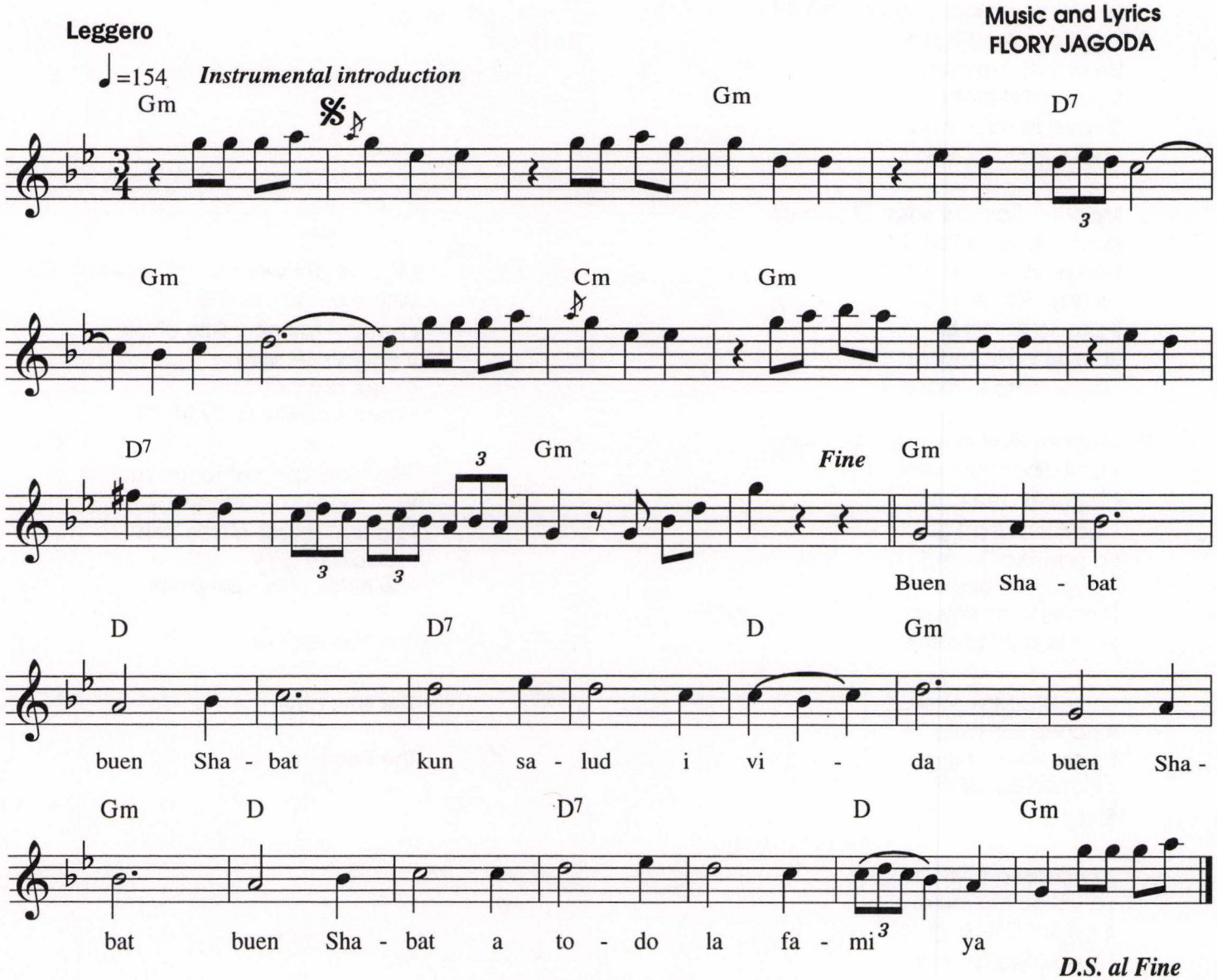
The little cow

The little bird

Editor's note:
Repeat the starred measures as needed to accumulate all the animals and animal sounds. For the last verse, sing "si savej..." slowly. Begin the repeat allegro then accelerate, little by little, to the end.

BUEN SHABAT

The Friday night would usually begin with kissing the grandfather's hands and receiving his blessing. Nona didn't light candles, but a *kandil* (a lamp hanging from the ceiling holding water, oil and wicks) which was traditionally the first item brought to the home of a new bride for hanging over the table. I can still see her there in her *tukadu,* the traditional head covering for a married woman, making the blessing, and then serving the dinner, customarily beginning with a big fish accompanied by a prayer that our merits might multiply like the fish in the sea.



Buen Shabat, buen Shabat
Kun salud i vida
Buen Shabat, buen Shabat
A toda la familya

Buen Shabat, buen Shabat
Kun salud i vida
Anyus muchus, anyus muchus
Kun pas i alegriya

On Sabbath we wish good health
Good life and many years of
Peace and happiness to the
Whole family

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GLOSSARY

Adar: Month in the Hebrew calendar

Aman: Amen

En Keloheinu: Morning liturgy, both weekdays and Sabbath

Had Gadya: Poem recited at the close of the Passover Seder.

Haman: Villain of the Purim story

Hamisa Asar: Tu Beshvat. Literally the fifteenth day in the Hebrew month of Shvat. Also known as the "New Year of the Trees "

Hanukkah: The Festival of Lights

Havdala: The ceremony marking the end of the Sabbath or a festival, to distinguish it from the weekday

Ladino: Judeo-Spanish dialect which is spoken by the Sephardic Jewish communities in their Diaspora

Machzor: The prayerbook containing the annual cycle of prayers for festivals, fast days and High Holidays

Matzot: Unleavened bread eaten during the Passover Festival period

Menorah: Candelabra

Mezuzzah: Parchment scroll affixed to the doorpost of rooms in the Jewish home

Mordechai: Uncle of Esther and hero of the Purim story

Pesach: Passover-one of the three pilgrimage festivals. It commemorates the Exodus from Egypt.

Purim: Festival commemorating the delivery of the Jews of Persia in the time of Esther

Sephardic: term describing Jews of Spanish origin. In popular usage, it has become a general term for Jews from Oriental countries as well.

Shabbat: The Sabbath

Siddur: The traditional prayerbook for weekdays and Sabbath. There are various versions according to different rites

Sukkah: literally hut, or booth

Sukkot: One of the three pilgrimage festivals that commemorates the booths built by the children of Israel as they wandered in the desert.

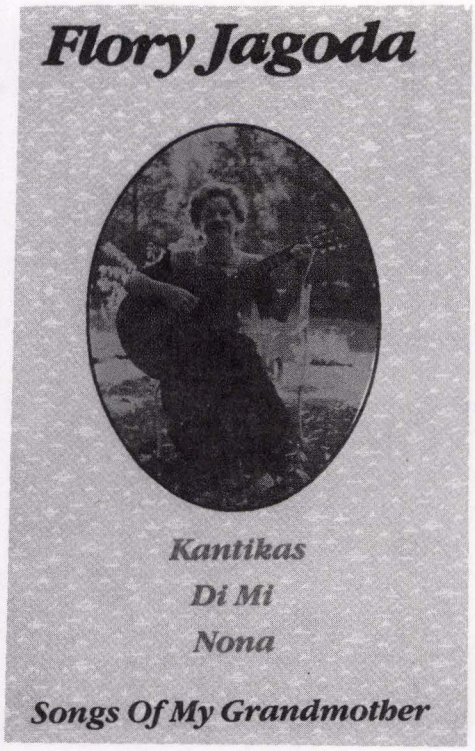
Tallis: Prayer shawl

Tefillin: Phylacteries

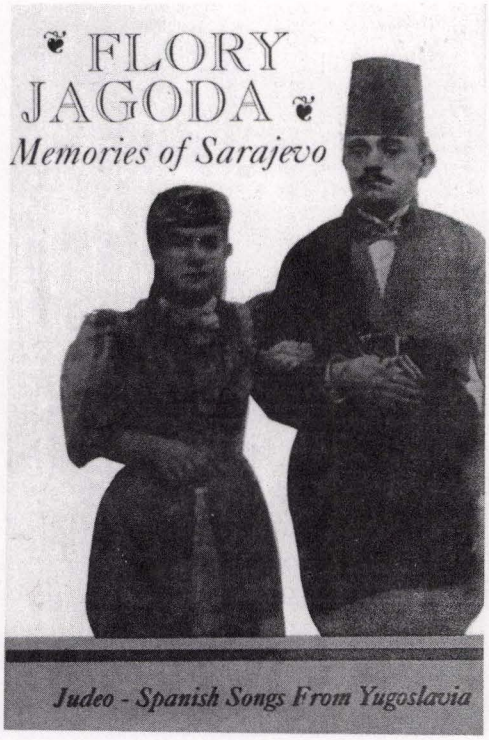
Torah: The Five Books of Moses, handwritten on parchment by a scribe

Yom Kippur: The Day of Atonement

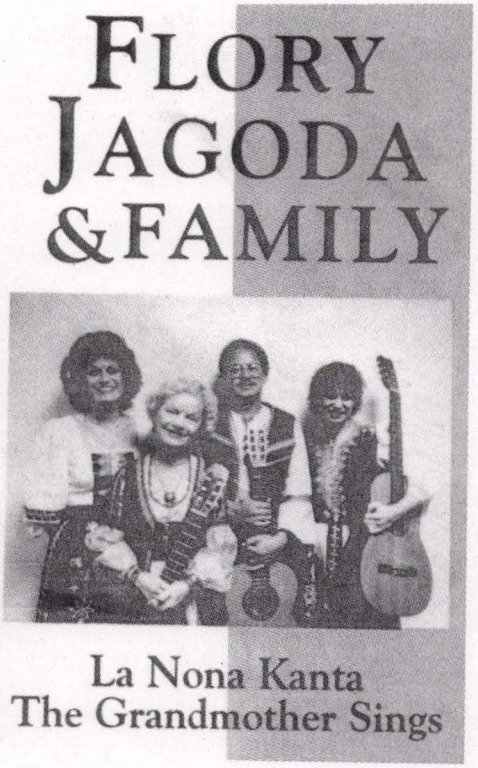
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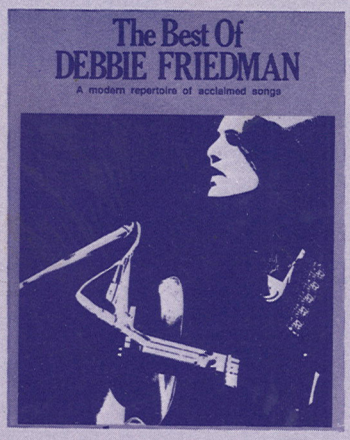


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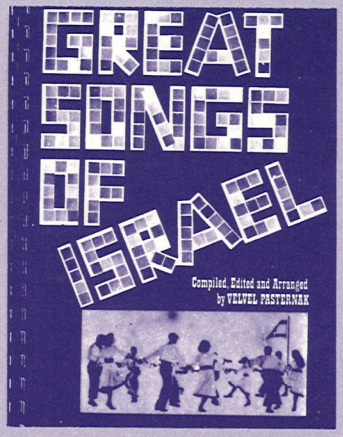


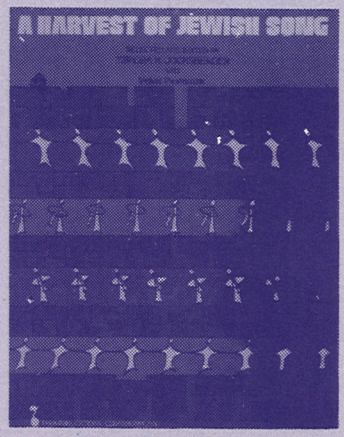
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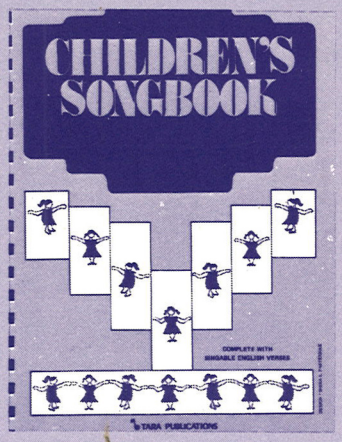




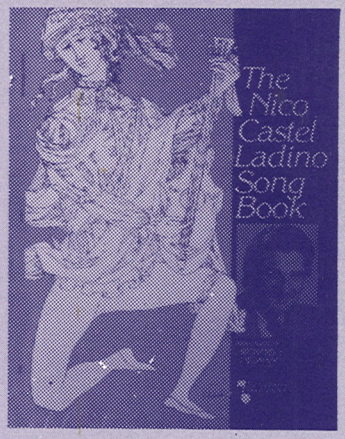


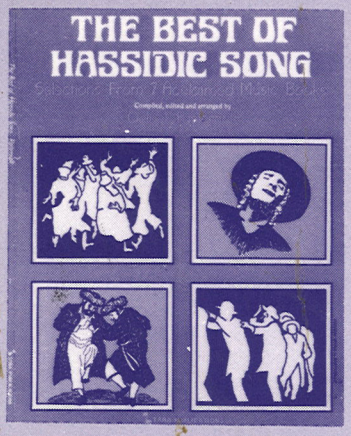


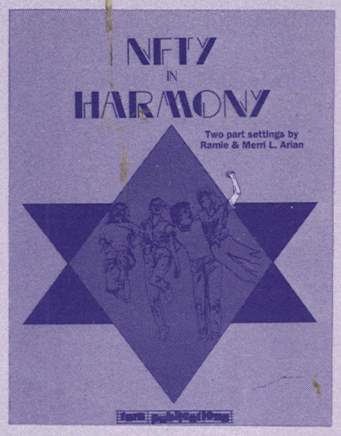


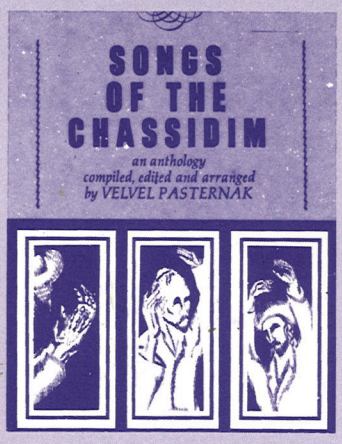


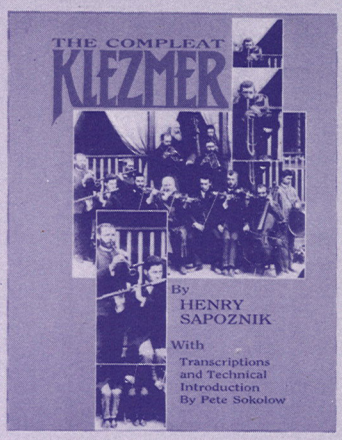


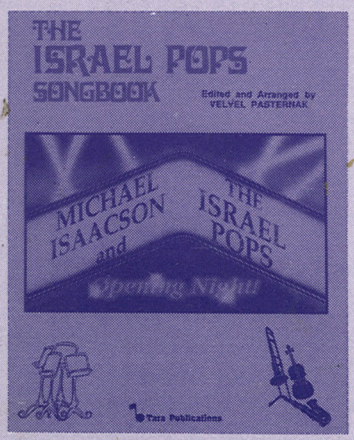




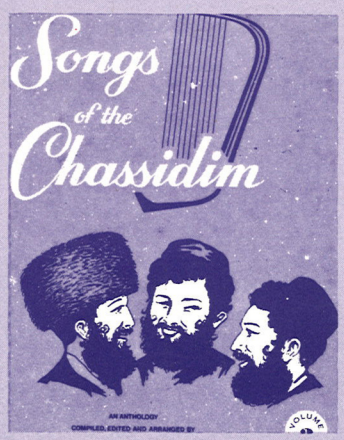


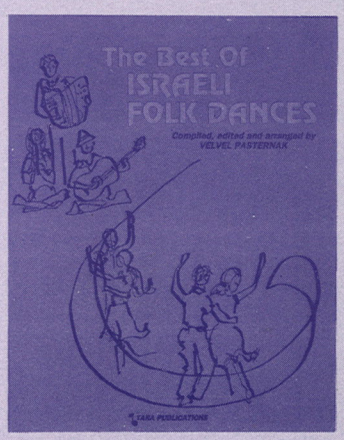












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