

95652

BRILLIANT
CLASSICS

Songs of Love & Exile

A Sephardic Journey

*Channa Malkin soprano
Izhar Elias guitar*



Songs of Love & Exile A Sephardic Journey

Sephardic melodies

1. Lavava y suspirava 5'12
2. La serena 2'36
arr. Daniel Akiva b.1953
3. Durme, hermozo hijico 3'08
arr. Daniel Akiva
4. La rosa enflorece 3'36
5. Hija mia 2'19
6. Como la rosa 4'16
7. Morenica 4'12
8. Nana Sefardí 3'30
arr. Lorenzo Palomo b.1938
9. Linda de mi corazón 1'34
arr. Lorenzo Palomo
10. Caminí por altas torres 4'53
11. Nani nani 3'51
arr. Joaquín Rodrigo 1909-1999
12. A la una yo nací 2'34
13. Durme durme 3'04

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco 1895-1968

The divan of Moses-Ibn-Ezra

14. Drink deep, my friend 0'47
15. Dull and sad is the sky 1'29
16. The garden dons a coat
of many hues 1'41
17. The dove that nests
in the tree-top 2'35
18. O brook 1'41
19. Fate has blocked the way 4'24

Channa Malkin *soprano* · Izhar Elias *guitar*

Tracks 1, 4-7,10,12 & 13 arranged by Izhar Elias and Channa Malkin
Recording: December 2018 – January 2019, Steppenwolf Studio, Asch, The Netherlands
Producer and engineer: Slava Poprugin
Cover & Photography: Bettiena Drukker
© & © 2019 Brilliant Classics

My first introduction to Sephardic songs came as a present from my mother: the book Sephardic Songs and Ballads. This book is an anthology of virtually all Sephardic songs in existence, painstakingly collected and transcribed by Dutch-Jewish singer Chanah Milner in the early seventies. When I first sang through a couple of these songs, they touched me immediately. Underneath the seemingly simple melodies telling life's usual stories, I felt the longing of generation upon generation for a homeland left long ago but never forgotten.

© Channa Malkin

Sephardic Songs

This homeland was Sepharad, today's Spain and Portugal, home to a large Jewish population since at least the 8th century A.D. During the Moorish occupation of Spain and Portugal, or Al-Andalus as it was then called, Sephardic Jews enjoyed a degree of religious freedom unheard of in Europe at the time. They took part actively in the rich cultural and intellectual life of the day, fulfilling important roles in fields such as philosophy, astronomy, physics and poetry. Jewish scholars like Judah Halevi, Ibn Gabirol and Maimonides worked alongside their Muslim and Christian peers, resulting in the exchange of ideas, languages and artistic styles.

While the men and their scientific, philosophical and high-brow poetic endeavours governed public life, the home was the realm of mothers and daughters. Receiving no formal schooling and raised in a sheltered home environment, young girls learned life lessons through the songs that were passed on to them by their mothers and that they, in turn, passed on to their own daughters. These romanzas covered all subjects that life has to offer, from love to war and from birth to death. They accompanied all manner of daily activities and important life events. This music was a result of the cultural melting pot of the day, a mix of the epic tales sung by medieval Spanish bards, Jewish liturgical melodies and texts, and Arabic styles of melodic ornamentation.

The language of these folk songs was Judaeo-Spanish or Ladino, a mix of different

Old Spanish dialects and Hebrew. Much like Yiddish in Eastern Europe, Judaeo-Spanish was spoken by Jews in Spain and Portugal in addition to the languages of public life, which at the time were Arabic and Spanish. After the expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492, the Sephardic Jews migrated across Europe and the Ottoman Empire. During this time of exile, both the Ladino language and its songs were influenced by its speakers' new homes, for example by Greek, Turkish, Italian or Moroccan words and folk music. What remained constant, was the proud Sephardic soul and the shared memory of a beloved former home.

Since only the words and melodies were preserved without accompaniment, it is largely up to the individual performer to arrange and interpret the songs. Very little clear information is available about historical performance practice, which must have also varied greatly depending on location and available instruments. Modern renditions range from the historically well-researched and authentically Eastern-sounding interpretations of Jordi Savall and Montserrat Figueras, to the distinctly classical performances by Victoria de los Angeles, to more modern folk and pop arrangements by artists such as Yasmin Levy, Françoise Atlan and Sarah Aroeste.

In our approach of the Sephardic repertoire, we felt it was important to use our own cultural and musical identity as a starting point. We arranged a number of songs ourselves, letting the music guide us intuitively to an interpretation that allowed us to tell its stories in the most personal way. We drew inspiration from our respective backgrounds in early music, Jewish cantorial singing and Spanish folk song interpretation, as well as our own family histories.

We were also interested in incorporating a number of Sephardic songs arranged by contemporary composers, in order to explore the ways in which this music can be performed as classical art song. Israeli composer, guitarist and Sephardic song expert Daniel Akiva (1953), Spanish composer and conductor Lorenzo Palomo (1938) and Spanish composer Joaquín Rodrigo (1901 – 1999) each offer a unique take on the Sephardic folk song, showcasing it not only as the representation of a specific culture, but also as a universal genre of music with strong artistic appeal.

Our personal stories

Channa Malkin:

My ancestors were Ashkenazi Jews who came from small Jewish towns, or shtetls, in Moldova, Russia and the Ukraine. The stories my grandparents told, were fraught with pogroms and persecution. Time and again, they had to flee their homes and start over in a new region, looking for a place that was safer than the last. Seeping through was always the feeling of living in a place where you don't really belong. In the early seventies, my families from both sides emigrated to Israel and my parents ended up in the Netherlands. Nowadays, the family is spread out across continents. Though I grew up safely and happily in Amsterdam, as a child I was always a little bit envious of friends and classmates who had firm roots in one place and an extended family they could visit any time they wanted.

Izhar Elias:

I come from a family of Iraqi Jews. By the time the Jewish community of Baghdad had to flee from pogroms, my grandmother was married off into the Jewish community of Mumbai, thinking she was just going on a trip. Excited to see the exotic elephants, she suddenly ended up married to a man she had never met before, forever cut off from her parents and siblings. Years later, she fled her unhappy marriage and brought her children from India to Israel, uprooting her life yet again in order to start over a second time. My father grew up in Israel, where he and much of my family still live today. His restless Jewish soul took my father to London and later to Amsterdam, where he met my mother. After his divorce, his roots called him back to Israel, leaving me in the Netherlands. Although, thanks to modern technology, my father and family in Israel may seem closer than ever before, a part of me is always there.

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Moses Ibn Ezra

For Italian composer Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895 – 1968), his Jewish heritage was a major source of inspiration. He was born in Florence, into a prominent family of bankers who had lived in Tuscany since the expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492. Castelnuovo-Tedesco himself rose to fame as one of Europe's up-and-coming composers in the 1920s.

As fascism and anti-Semitism spread through his country and the rest of Europe, Castelnuovo-Tedesco's pride in his Jewish heritage only became stronger. But when the Italian Racial Laws were implemented in 1938 and his music was banned from the stage and the radio, he saw no other option than to leave Europe. Shortly before the outbreak of World War II, he fled to the United States, getting help from violinist Jascha Heifetz.

In the U.S., Castelnuovo-Tedesco started a new chapter of his life. He worked as a composer in Hollywood, and big names like Henry Mancini and John Williams were his pupils. His warm contact with renowned guitarist Andrés Segovia inspired him to write a considerable number of pieces for the guitar, making him one of the most important guitar composers of the 20th century. Being forced to start a new life in a new country, he kept longing for his Italian and Jewish roots. Maybe that is why he felt so closely related to the story of Moses Ibn Ezra.

The Spanish-Jewish poet, linguist and philosopher Moses Ibn Ezra (c. 1055 – 1138) is considered one of the most important poets of the Sephardic Golden Age. His *Divan*, a varied collection of secular poems, combines the Arabic poetic style and form with exquisite mastery of the Hebrew language, as well as a brazen sensuality unheard of in the Hebrew poetry of that time.

When Ibn Ezra's hometown Granada was conquered by the Almoravides, a Muslim Berber tribe, the Jewish community was destroyed. Ibn Ezra was forced to flee to the Christian part of Spain. In later years, he felt unable to return, partly because of a family quarrel: it is said he fell in love with his niece and the love was mutual, but she was instead married off to one of his brothers. This seems to have caused an

irreparable rift between Ibn Ezra and his brothers and children. He remained an exile in Castile for the rest of his life, disappointed by the poverty of the Jewish community there and the lack of culture and refinement. From his poems speak the pain of rejection by his loved ones and the longing for his beloved native land, in which he never set foot again.

When comparing the Jewish-Arabic-Spanish style of Ibn Ezra's poetry with Castelnuovo-Tedesco's compositions, one finds a strong contrast between the two. Castelnuovo-Tedesco uses the American-English language and musical language of the 20th century to tell a very old story about Arabic-Jewish Spain. Why would you write in such a different style about such a completely different culture? There must be some common ground, in spite of the nine centuries and thousands of miles between the composer and the poet.

Like many Jews, Castelnuovo-Tedesco was curious to find out more about his ancestors. Especially during a time when his own people and existence were in danger, he must have felt strengthened by historic figures like Ibn Ezra, who also had to flee and work in exile. He must have felt a strong connection to the poems of the *Divan*, with their poignant expression of homesickness. Its universal themes, such as friendship, nature, men, women, wine, God and death inspired him to compose one of the most extensive and important works for voice and guitar of the 20th century.

With *Songs of Love and Exile*, it is our turn to look back and be inspired by the journeys and creations of people like Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Ibn Ezra. Though Ashkenazi, Iraqi and Sephardic Jews have had quite different trajectories throughout history, what unites us is the love for our joint culture and traditions and the urge to preserve them in spite of the hardships of migration and exile. This common ground is what we have attempted to express with this album. *Songs of Love and Exile* is a story of different perspectives, different countries and different centuries, through which we share with you the story of our ancestors, our families, and ourselves.

© *Channa Malkin and Izhar Elias*

Channa Malkin, soprano, made her operatic debut at age 16 as Barbarina in *Le Nozze di Figaro* at the Dutch National Opera. Since then, she has performed roles such as Poppea (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*) at the Rotterdam Opera Days, Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), Despina (*Così fan tutte*) and Charite (*Cadmus et Hermione*, Lully). As a soloist, she has sung with orchestras such as the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, the Jerusalem Baroque Orchestra and Holland Baroque, and has worked with conductors such as Mariss Jansons, Ingo Metzmacher, Alexander Weimann and Joshua Rifkin.

Her repertoire includes early music such as Bach's Passions, Händel's *Dixit Dominus* and William Hayes' *The Fall of Jericho*, Romantic works like all female roles in Grieg's *Peer Gynt*, as well as several world premieres. Among them is J. Malkin's song cycle *Black Flowers* and cantata *Yizkor* in Salt Lake City and New York. Channa has a special fondness for baroque opera and for promoting classical music among a wider audience. These two passions are combined in new initiatives such as the multimedia opera *Händel goes Tinder*, touring opera and theatre festivals throughout Europe.

In addition to her operatic and concert work, Channa is a sought-after recitalist, performing regularly with various chamber music formations in the Netherlands' main recital venues, as well as abroad. Her duo with guitarist Izhar Elias focuses on finding the common ground between classical, baroque and folk music. Channa's work has been awarded grants from the Prins Bernhard Cultuurfonds, the Amsterdams Fonds voor de Kunst and the Van den Ende Foundation, among others. www.channamalkin.com

Izhar Elias is one of the most sought-after specialists in early music, chamber music and new music for guitar. Through extensive research, he has been able to recreate a musical language of the Renaissance, Baroque, Classical and Romantic periods using original instruments and historical methods. He has premiered over 50 works.

In addition, he mixes different artistic disciplines in his collaborations with choreographers, experimental film makers and theatre directors.

He has given concerts, lectures and master classes, and has been the soloist in concertos with renowned orchestras in Europe, Russia, Southeast Asia, the USA and Australia. Izhar has won many national and international competitions. He won the prestigious Dutch Music Prize, the highest musical award given by the Dutch government. He had the honour to perform for the Dutch King on Dutch national TV, celebrating King's Day. His impressive collection of CD releases has earned him worldwide critical acclaim.

Izhar Elias is surrounded by many world class musicians. A few of his remarkable collaborations beside his duo with Channa Malkin: Together with guitarist Fernando Cordas, Izhar Elias specializes in performing early 19th century duos on historical instruments. He has a unique duo with Georgian clarinet virtuoso Levan Tskhadadze. He is a member of trio *Cordevento* with Erik Bosgraaf – recorder and Alessandro Pianu – harpsichord, which revives virtuoso music from the 17th century, a repertoire often on the border of art and popular music. *Cordevento* has performed in many of Europe's most prestigious concert halls and early music festivals. www.izharelias.com



Special thanks to Mordechay Elias, Josef Malkin, Mayke van Breukelen, Ton Terra, Lilia Malkin-Zilnik, Marcos Meibergen, Femke Huizinga, Manuela Ochakovski
Songs of Love and Exile was made possible in part by the
Stichting Maatschappij tot Nut der Israëlieten in Nederland

1. Lavava y suspirava

Lavava y suspirava.
Vía venir cavallero de la guerra tornando,
su espada llena de sangre.
Al río se acercava.

Oh! Qué manos blancas!
Que en el agua sufren!
Si gustax, la mi bulisa,
vení por compañía.

Caminando y platicando
a campos d'oliva s'acercaron.
Oh! Que campos vedres, campos de oliva.
Ah! Los dexí arando
y los topí asebrando.

Cómo es esto, la mi bulisa?
Vos mi hermana, Zafira!
Ah! Caminando y platicando
a puertas de palacio se acercarian.

Avrime, la mi madre,
avri puertas del palacio.
En lugar d'elmuera
a la hija vos truxe.

2. La serena

En la mar hay una torre
en la torre una ventana
en la ventana hay una hija
que a los marineros ama.

Dame la mano, palomba,
para servir a tu nido.
Maldicha que durmes sola
Vengo a dormir contigo.

3. Durme hermozo hijico

Durme, duerme, hermozo hijico
durme, duerme con sabor.
Cerra tus luzios ojicos
durme, duerme con sabor.

She washed and she sighed

She washed and she sighed.
She saw a knight returning from war,
his sword covered in blood.
He approached the river.

Oh! Such lily-white hands!
How they suffer from the water!
If you like, my maiden,
come with me to keep me company.

Traveling and talking,
They approached some olive fields.
Oh! Such green fields, fields of olives.
Ah! When I left, they were plowing,
Now I return, they are sowing.

What do I hear, my dear maiden?
You are my sister, Zafira!
Ah! Walking and talking
they approached the palace gates.

Open up, my dear mother,
Open the gates of the palace.
Instead of a daughter-in-law,
I have brought you your daughter.

The mermaid

In the sea there is a tower
in the tower there is a window
in the window there is a maiden
who loves sailors.

Give me your hand, my dove,
that I may ascend to your nest.
How cursed that you sleep alone.
I will come to sleep with you.

Sleep, my dear son

Sleep, my dear son
sleep with pleasure.
Close your light eyes
sleep with pleasure.

A la scola tu te iras
y a la ley ambezaras.

4. La rosa enflorrece

La rosa enflorrece
en el mes de may
Mi alma s'escurece,
sufriendo de amor

Los bilbflicos cantan
suspiran del amor.
Y la pasión me mata
muchigua mi dolor

Más presto ven palomba,
más presto ven a mí,
más presto tú, mi alma,
que yo me voy morir

5. Hija mia, mi querida

Hija mía, mi querida, amán, amán,
no te echas a la mar
que la mar 'sta en fortuna.
Mira que te va llevar.

Que me lleve y que me traiga, amán, amán,
siete funtas de honor.
Que m'engluta pexre preto
para salvar del amor.

6. Como la rosa

Como la rosa en la güerta
y las flores sin avrir
ansí es una donzella
a las horas del murir.

Tristes horas en el día
que hazina ya cayó
Como la reina en su lecho
ya cayó y se desmayó

You will go to school
and there you will study the law.

The rose is in bloom

The rose is in bloom
in the month of May.
My soul is darkening,
suffering from love

The nightingales are singing
sighing of love.
And passion murders me
doubling my pain

Come quickly, my dove,
come quickly to me,
more quickly, my soul,
for I am going to die.

My daughter, my dear

My daughter, my dear,
don't throw yourself in the sea
for a storm is brewing,
it will take you away from here.

Oh, that it may take me and throw me
seven fathoms deep.
That the black fish may swallow me,
To save me from love.

Like the rose

Like the rose in the garden
that has not yet opened its blossom,
is a dying maiden
at the hour of her death.

Sad was the hour of the day
When she fell ill.
Like a queen lying on her cradle,
there she fell ill, and fainted away.

7. Morenica

“Morenica” a mí me llaman
yo blanca nací.
Y del sol del enverano,
yo m’hize ansí.

“Morenica, graciosoza sos,
tu morena y yo gracioso,
y ojos pretos tú.”

“Morenica” a mi me llaman los marineros.
Si otra vez a mí me llaman
me vo con ellos.

“Morenica” a mi me llama el hijo del Rey.
Si otra vez a mí me llama
me vo yo con él.

8. Nana Sefardí

Durme durme, mi alma donzella
Durme durme sin ansia y dolor.
Hec tu esclavo que tanto dezea
Ver tu sueño con grande amor.
Siente, gioia, al son de mi guitarra
Siente, hermosa, mis males cantar.

9. Linda de mi corazón

Yo m’enamori d’un aire
d’un aire d’una mujer
d’una mujer muy hermoza, linda de mi corazón.

10. Caminí por altas torres

Caminí por altas torres,
navigí por las fortuna
yo callí en tierras azenas
onde non me conocían.

Que buxcax, hijo del ombre?
que buxcax por estas viñas?
Buxco yo al rey mi padre
la corona que el tenía.

Little dark beauty

They call me little dark beauty,
I was born fair-skinned.
The summer sun
has made me like this.

“Little dark beauty, you’re so elegant,
you’re dark skinned and I’m gracious
and you have such dark eyes.”

They call me little dark beauty,
the sailors call me this.
If they beckon me again, I’ll go with them.

He calls me little dark beauty,
the son of the King calls me this.
If he beckons me again, I will go with him.

Sephardic lullaby

Sleep, sleep, my beautiful maiden
Sleep, sleep without fear and pain
It’s your slave who desires so much
To see you asleep with great affection.
Hear, my joy, the sound of my guitar,
Hear how I sing of my pain.

Beauty of my heart

I fell in love with a breeze
a breeze of a woman
a woman so beautiful, so dear to my heart

I walked among high towers

I walked among high towers,
I sailed through storms
I reached strange lands,
Where no one knew me.

What do you seek, son of man?
What do you seek in these vineyards?
I’m searching for my father, the king,
And the crown that once was his.

Una vez que tu lo buxcax,
que señas por el darías?
Años tenía setenta,
la barba blanca tenía.

A la señas que vos darías,
el rey Turco lo mataría.
Este que sintó su hijo
grande lloro lloraría.

11. Nani, nani

Nani, nani
Nani quiere el hijo,
el hijo de la madre,
de chico se haga grande.

“Ay, durmite mi alma,
durmite mi vida.
Ay, que tu padre viene
con mucha alegría.”

“Ay, avriméx mi dama,
avriméx la puerta,
que vengo muy cansado
de arar las huertas.”

“Ay, la puerta yo vos avro
que venix cansado.
Y verex durmido
al hijo en la cuna.”

12. A la una yo nací

A la una yo nací
A las dos m’engrandecí,
a las tres tomí amante,
a las cuatro me cazí.

Alma, vida y corazón!

Dime, niña, donde vienes?
Que te quero conocer.
Si tu no tienes amante,
yo te haré defender.

Alma, vida y corazón!

How would you describe him,
This father you seek?
Seventy years old was he,
And he had a black beard.

The man you describe thus,
Was killed by the Turkish king.
When his son heard this,
He loudly cried and wailed.

Nani, nani

Nani, nani
the boy wants a lullaby,
he is his mother’s son,
who will grow from a little boy to a man.

“Oh, sleep, my dearest,
sleep, my life.
For your father is coming home,
filled with so much joy.”

“Oh, my lady, open up,
Open the door for me,
for I come home very tired,
tired from plowing the fields.”

“Sure, I will open the door for you,
for you come home tired.
And you will go to sleep
with our son in his crib.”

At one I was born

At one I was born
At two I grew up
At three I took a lover
At four I married.

Soul, life and heart!

Tell me, young lass, where do you come from?
For I wish to know you.
And if you have no lover,
I will defend you

Soul, life and heart!

Yendome para la guerra
dos bezos al aire dī.
El uno es para mi madre
y el otro para ti.

Alma, vida y corazón!

13. Durme, durme

Durme, durme, mi alma donzella
durme, durme sin ansia y dolor.

Que tu 'sclavo que tanto desea
ver tu sueño con grande amor.

Hay dos años que sufre mi alma
Por ti, joya, mi linda dama.

The Divan of Moses Ibn Ezra – Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco

14. Drink deep, my friend

Drink deep, my friend,
and pass the cup to me,
My heart from crushing sorrows to set free;
And if I die before thy face, do thou
Revive me quickly with thy minstrelsy.

15. Dull and sad is the sky

Dull and sad is the sky as my heart
From the clouds drop the dews like my tears
Speaks the cup without words and it saith:
“Them that weary, or that faint I restore,
Without hands do I glean all their grief,
Without axe I cut down sorrow’s boughs.”

16. The garden dons a coat

The garden dons a coat of many hues.
The mead a brodered carpet hath unrolled.
The woods are brave in chequered mantles,
Now a wondrous scene may every eye behold:

Going off to war
I blew two kisses into the air.
One was for my mother
And the other one for you.

Soul, life and heart!

Sleep, sleep

Sleep, sleep my fair maiden,
sleep, sleep, without fear and pain.

For I, your servant, wish so strongly
to watch over your dreams with all my love.

It has been two years, my joy,
that my soul has been suffering for you,
my beautiful lady.

Translations by Channa Malkin, © 2019

The newborn flowers acclaim the newborn spring,
And forth to meet his coming gaily throng.
High, at their head, on sovereign throne is borne
the rose – the flowret’s queen, queen of my song.

From prisoning leaves she bursts
and casts aside her captive garb,
in royal robes to shine.
I drink to her! Nor heaven forgive the wretch –
if such there be – who spares his choicest wine.

17. The dove that nests in the tree-top

The young dove, that nests in the tree-top
In the garden of spices
Whereof should he lament?
The brooks deny him not their waters,
The palmbough is a shade unto his head;
His nestlings disport before him,
And he teaches them his song.

Mourn, little dove, mourn for the wanderer
And for his children that are far away,
With none to bring them food.
He sees no one that has seen their faces,
None can he ask of their welfare,
Save wizards and mutterers.

Grieve for him, little dove, and bemoan his exile;
Display not before him gladness and song.
Oh, lend him thy wings,
That he may fly unto his loved ones,
And rejoice in the dust of their land.

18. O brook, whose hurrying waters

O brook, whose hurrying waters go to the far
land
that molds my friend,
by thee, my greeting let be sent.

And if thy waves are red as blood
Tell him my tears have stained thy flood;
The mingled drops of eye and heart,
For exile, and for love they flow
Exile and love, that rend the frame of them
Who dwell from friends apart.

O brook, bespeak him tenderly;
Fill thou his heart with thought of me,
So that usurper may not claim my place therein.

Make him to know that for his ransom
I would give what years I yet may have to live
Or if my life be all too little worth
All that I hold most precious upon earth.

19. Fate has blocked the way

Fate has blocked the way
To the garden of friendship,
That my heart may not find rest therein;
He has shut it out with estrangement,
As with bolted doors, that it may not tend its
plants to bring them to blossom.

Though enemies rage, I will knock upon the
doors;
In the face of the envious, will I enter the portals,
Locks will I shatter with the power of speech
With the songs of my lips I will break bolts in
sunder.

And if nettles spring up, I will persuade my heart
That they are sprigs of balsam.
If bitter upon my palate be their must
I will go dancing and shouting
As one that is wild with the joy of the spiced wine.
If its dew drops from the streams
of the brimstone
I will pretend that they are crumbs of ice.

For by the humility of my spirit
I would fain restore my banished heart
To its place in the heart of the loved one
Like a gentle shower I will enter therein,
As a stream of oil in its inner recesses.

Then shall I walk through the darkness
Unto the light of my friend,
And he will no longer withhold from me his
shining.
I will hope to eat of the fruits
of the garden of his love.
The aftergrowth, if the first fruits be denied me
Go now, o my song, take my message to my
beloved
For truly, song, is a faithful messenger.

*Translations by Solomon Solis Cohen, Jewish
Publication Society, Philadelphia, © 1945*