



## Cameron Shahbazi – Countertenor Sophia Muñoz – Piano

part I | *The first set begins with a Sephardic lullaby, leading to nostalgic era, a refuge where memories linger. The melodies of two great Persian divas spark anemoia\* in our hearts, evoking a longing for a time that seemingly celebrated freedom of expression. Remember, music can be used to build cultural bridges instead of inciting fear of the “other.” How will you choose to use it?*

Nani, nani | Joaquin Rodrigo

Dar Emtedad-e Shab (Throughout the Night) | Googoosh

Bavar Kon (Believe It) | Googoosh

Shanehayat (Your Shoulders) | Hayedeh

part II | *Imagine not being able to feel the floor beneath your feet. The things that once brought you joy now appearing differently: songs you loved now stir feelings of wistfulness, and the lyrics have shifted in their meaning, as if direct quotes from your private diary. This second set begins with a musical anti-depressant, aiming to help us better understand and eventually overcome events of our past.*

Music for a While | Henry Purcell

arranged by Cameron Shahbazi & Sophia Muñoz, inspired by an original introduction and arrangement by Golfam Khayam

First Time Ever I Saw Your Face | Ewan MacColl

arranged by James Blake, inspired by Robert Flack's 1969 interpretation

Black is the Colour of my True Love's Hair | Traditional

arranged by Cameron Shahbazi and Sophia Muñoz, inspired by Nina Simone's 1959 version

What a Wonderful World | Louis Armstrong

arranged by Jon Batiste

## Nani, nani | Joaquin Rodrigo

Nani, nani, nani,  
Nani nani wants the son  
The son of his mother  
the youngster is growing

Ay, Sleep, my soul  
sleep, my life  
So your father will come home  
full of joy.

“Ay, open the door,  
open, my woman, open!  
For I come exhausted  
from plowing the orchard.”

Ay, I open the door  
to you, who comes weary  
And will see you,  
your son, sleeping in the cradle.

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## Bavar Kon (Believe It) | Googoosh

Believe it, believe my voice  
A voice that's bitter and tired.  
Believe it, believe my heart  
A heart that's a mountain but shattered

Believe it, believe my hands  
That are stems of gentle caress  
Believe it, believe my eyes  
That are a poem of longing

Temptation of falling in love  
Is the fever of my moments,  
The yearning to cry out  
Somebody's name carried by my voice.

Your name, whatever it is,  
Is romantic like a sonnet,  
Is full of temptation like a trip  
It's like honest homage.

Believe it, believe my name  
I'm a leaf in the rainy season  
Outcast from the garden, flowers and dew  
I'm a tree, a withered tree  
in the grip of hailstorms.

Believe it, always believe  
that I'm faithful to love  
Believe it, believe my words  
That I'm forever in love.

## Dar Emtedad-e Shab (Throughout the Night) | Googoosh

I look, yet I don't see  
For your desire fills my vision  
I listen, yet I don't hear  
For your voice floods my hearing

Oh, my eyes, blind without you...  
Oh, my ears, deaf without you...

Stay with me, always stay with me

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## Shanehayat (Your Shoulders) | Hayedeh

I rest my head upon your kind shoulders  
My uncontrolled tears release the heart's knots  
From the sorrow of inhumanity, I hold grief in my chest  
Your shoulders for crying, I love, I love

Your shoulders for crying, I love, I love  
Being apart, to be with you, I love, I love  
Free from my selfishness, beyond bodily desires  
I love you beyond the flesh, transcending my own self

Love has a hundred faces, your love is love's mirror  
I love seeing love in the face of this mirror

In silence, our eyes speak volumes untold  
I love seeing you in devotion's sacred fold  
I love you beyond the flesh, transcending my own self

Your shoulders for crying, I love, I love  
Being apart, to be with you, I love, I love

## Music for a While | Henri Purcell

arranged by Cameron Shahbazi & Sophia Muñoz, inspired by an original introduction and arrangement by Golfam Khayam

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd  
And disdain'g to be pleas'd  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.

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## Black is the Colour of my True Love's Hair | Traditional

arranged by Cameron Shahbazi and Sophia Muñoz, inspired by  
Nina Simone's 1959 version

Black is the colour of my true love's hair,  
His lips are like some rosy fair.  
The purest eyes and the neatest hands,  
I love the grass whereon he stands.

I love my love, and well he knows,  
I love the grass whereon he goes.  
And still I hope that the time will come,  
When he and I will be as one..

## First Time Ever I Saw Your Face | Ewan MacColl

arranged by James Blake, inspired by Robert Flack's 1969 interpretation

The first time ever I saw your face  
I thought the sun rose in your eyes  
And the moon and the stars were the gifts you gave  
To the dark and the endless skies, my love  
To the dark and the endless skies

And the first time ever I kissed your mouth  
I felt the earth move in my hand  
Like the trembling heart of a captive bird  
That was there at my command, my love  
That was there at my command, my love

And the first time ever I lay with you  
I felt your heart so close to mine  
And I knew our joy would fill the earth  
And last .til the end of time my love  
And it would last .til the end of time

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## What a Wonderful World | Louis Armstrong

arranged by Jon Batiste

I see trees of green, red roses too  
I see them bloom, for me and you  
And I think to myself  
What a wonderful world

I see skies of blue and clouds of white  
Bright blessed days, dark sacred nights  
And I think to myself  
What a wonderful world

The colours of a rainbow  
So pretty in the sky  
Are also on the faces  
Of people going by  
I see friends shaking hands, saying how do you do  
They're really saying, I love you

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow  
They'll learn much more  
Than I'll never know  
And I think to myself  
What a wonderful world