

Horon - Alta es la Luna

(Sephardic Jewish from Kastoria, Greece)

SOURCE: Movements from Sephardim from Brooklyn , NY. Dance arranged and put to this music by Steve Kotansky. The song is sung in Ladino.

FORMATION: Open circle with a "V" hand position

MUSIC: "Spring in Salonico: Sephardic folk songs with Savina Yannatou" nr. 10

METER: 2/4

STYLE: Gentle bouncing. Possible delay of weight transfer until the "&" after each "1."

MEAS

Fig 1.

- 1 Facing slightly R of center, step R ft fwd (ct 1); Step L ft fwd and slightly behind R ft (ct 2); Step Rft fwd (ct &);
- 2 Still moving fwd, Step L ft fwd (ct 1); Step R ft fwd beside L ft (ct 2); Step L fwd (ct &);
- 3 Turning to face center and bringing hands up to a "W" position, Step Rft to R (ct 1); Step L ft to R behind R ft (ct 2); Rock back to place on R ft (ct &);
- 4 Reverse action of meas 3.
- 5-8 Bring hands down to "V" position and repeat action of meas 1-4

Fig. 2.

- 9 Facing center. Step onto R ft fwd, crossed in front of L, with accent and bend knees slightly (ct 1); Step L ft back in to place (ct 2); tep R ft back beside L ft (ct&).
- 10 Reverse action of meas 9
- 11-12 Repeat action of meas 9-10.

Note: during meas 9-12, hands may be released and articulated freely in front of body with palms forward in an aesthetically pleasing fashion, also, one may turn 360 to R (clockwise) during meas 12.

Steve did 3 variations of Fig. 2: First time: Hands together
 Second time: Hands free (no turn)
 Third time: Hands free, and turn on meas 12
 (then repeat from beginning: tog, free, free w/ turn, tog)

Dance notes by Steve Kotansky, edited by Lee Otterholt

Alta es la luna

Alta alta es la luna
cuando empieza a esclarecer.
Hija hermosa y sin ventura
nunca llegue a nacer.

Los ojos me se hincheron
de tanto mirar la mar;
vaporicos van y vienen,
letra para mi no hay.

Mi querido es hermoso,
dos taras tiene con él:
la una, que arroja dados,
la otra, que echa ses bes.

Mi querido es alto y vano
y una vara de espander:
mi madre hizo colada,
lo metió a detener.

Translation:

So high is the moon, when dawn approaches. Never should a lovely and luckless lass get born.

My eyes have swollen watching the sea; ships come and go, no letter have they for me.

My lad is handsome, but he's got two foibles: one is that he shoots craps, the other: he throws fives and sixes. (He is reckless.)

My lad is tall and cocky, like a clothesline pole: my mom hung the clothes, and made him hold them up.