



Dear Friends,

We are delighted to welcome you to the 2015–16 Musical Introduction Series. We hope you will keep a record of all the songs you learn, and the musical sights and sounds you discover. Have lots of fun in your school working with your teachers and 92Y teaching artists, and we look forward to seeing you at the concerts at 92nd Street Y!

Name: _____

School: _____

Teacher: _____

Grade: _____



Reaching Out to Say Hello

By: Paul Williams

We're reaching out to say hello

In many, many different ways

I'll sing it and you sing it back

Hello to every Jill and Jack

Hola

Bonjour

What's up

It's fine for sure

It doesn't matter which way you know

We're reaching out to say,

Hello

Goodbye Song

By: Daniel Levy



Now it's time to say adiós amigos,
time to say goodbye.

We'll remember every song we sang,
every low and every high.

And the next time we're together,
making music side by side,

We'll be listening and laughing and learning
until it's time to say goodbye.

We'll be listening and laughing and learning
until it's time to say goodbye.

Voices of Immigration

The story of the United States of America might be called a story of immigration.

At some point in time, you or someone in your family was an immigrant.

Immigrants come to the United States from many different countries and for many different reasons.

Some come to find **a better life**.

Some come because of **natural disasters or famines**.

Others come because of **war or persecution**.

And some have **no choice** but to come.

Whatever the reason, for over 200 years, millions of immigrants have made the United States of America their new home.



We each have an immigrant story in our history. Read and listen to others, and then learn about yours!

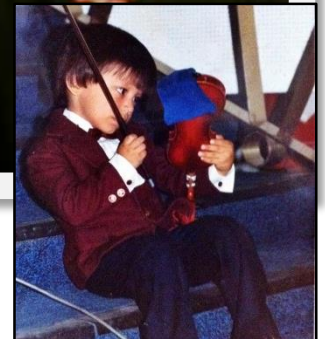
Meet the Villalobos Brothers



Hola, my name is **Ernesto**, and I am the oldest Villalobos brother. I studied violin in Mexico, the United States, and Israel. One of my greatest teachers was my grandmother, Abuela Cristy, who taught me and my brothers to enjoy the music, the music-making process, and always to have fun, even when playing the saddest song. Music helps us remember that we all belong to the same human family, and to treat each other with respect.



Hola, my name is **Alberto**, and I am the middle Villalobos brother. I studied violin at a conservatory, or special music university, in Belgium. In addition to writing down and arranging some of my favorite melodies from Mexico, I am also an artist. I love to papier mache and use bright colors.



Hola, my name is **Luis**, and I am the youngest Villalobos brother. I studied violin at a conservatory in Germany. My greatest joy in music is to create and compose, transforming my dreams and imagination into music that everyone can enjoy. My music often includes messages of social justice.



The Villalobos Brothers' Instruments



Violin



Drum Set



Guitar



Bass Guitar

Meet Ramón



Name: Ramón Grade: 2nd Age: 7

Where I Live Now: Brooklyn, NY

Where I Came From: Veracruz, Mexico



“Hola, my name is Ramón. I was born in Veracruz, Mexico. I was named after my grandfather. It is a popular name in Mexico. In my culture, kids are usually named after parents and grandparents.

In Mexico, I lived in an area where there were lots of animals. The animals were used for milk and food. In Brooklyn, we live in a small apartment but my brothers and I are lucky to have a dog. His name is Mambo and I enjoy taking him for walks in Sunset Park. Every year I get to explore more and more of New York City. I go to museums and I spend a lot of time in the library. As I get older, I hope to travel and see more of the United States. I miss some of my friends and family in Mexico, but I am glad to be in the U.S.A.

The state of Veracruz is in the eastern part of Mexico, on the Gulf Coast. My favorite time of year is when we celebrate the *Fandango*. It is a community celebration where we sing, dance, play music, and have great food and drinks. I loved the sound of the jaranas and violins, and the rhythm of the zapateados during the dancing. I miss the fandangos.

My family moved to the U.S. in hopes of better lives and a better education. My dad moved first and he worked very hard in a grocery store to save money to send for the rest of us. My older sister and mom went next. My grandmother, my 2 brothers and I came last. We traveled with 2 suitcases and a box that contained my grandmother’s *comal* and other family heirlooms. A *comal* is a flat plate or griddle that we cook tortillas on. My grandmother would not leave without it. I was excited to travel here because I had heard many wonderful stories. The bus ride was long, but my brothers and I played travel games or read books the whole way.

My family has been here for 2 years now. I was looking forward to starting school, but also really scared. I didn’t know how to speak English, but I had lots of help from teachers who were patient and kind. My family believes education is important in order to be successful, so my mom helps me however she can. Even if she doesn’t understand the material, she makes sure I do all my homework. When I am having a tough time school, sometimes my mother will make fresh tortillas on the *comal* and spread Nutella on them for me. We didn’t have Nutella in Mexico, but I like mixing some of the new foods I discovered here with my favorite foods from home.”

Pack Your Suitcase!

If your parents told you that next week you were moving to a new country and you could only take 10 things with you, what would they be?

Make a list or draw the items inside your suitcase template. Be ready to share what you “packed” with the class!



Somos

Suene la guitarra, y que amanezca un nuevo día que este mundo sea alegría y se reparta igualdad.

Súmate a la lucha que vive en esta melodía, Únete a aquellos que la escuchan y entregan su voluntad.

Mis hermanos, somos Africanos, somos Bolivianos, somos son y amistad.

Somos gente de raíces fuertes, somos sangre hirviente, somos fuego y verdad.



Let my guitar ring, and let its chords bring about a new dawn of happiness and goodness for the world.

Add your spirit to this melody, come fight for a better world and contribute your willpower.

Oh my brothers, we are all Africans, we are all Bolivians, we are all music and friendship.

We're people with deep roots, hot-blooded people of fire and truth.

Villalobos Brothers



I HEARD
Yo Escuché



I SAW
Yo Ví



I THOUGHT
Yo Pensé



I FELT
Me Sentí

METROPOLITAN KLEZMER



Twenty-one years ago, a drummer named Eve Sicular decided to form the band Metropolitan Klezmer. As you will see, Klezmer music is part of the Yiddish tradition, which is very important to the musicians in the group. They love all the melodies and dance rhythms that you can find in klezmer music, and the way that it brings people together sing, dance, and celebrate with one another.

Metropolitan Klezmer is especially good at putting their own, New York City twist on traditional Klezmer tunes from long ago.

Metropolitan Klezmer's Instruments

Saxophone



Accordion



Trombone



Clarinet



Viola



Trumpet

Bass

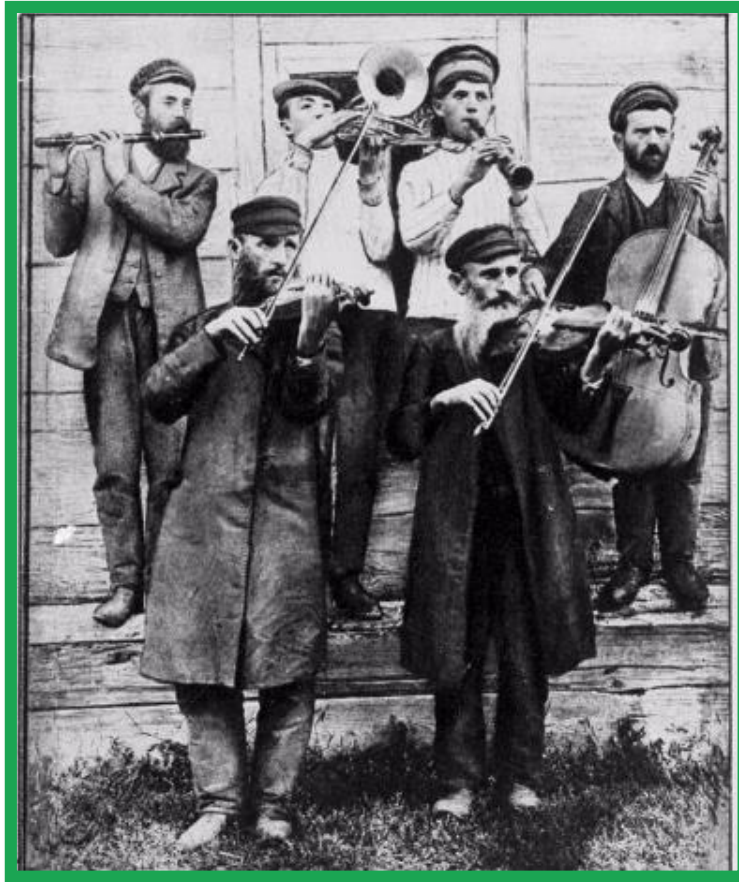


Drums



Klezmer Then and Now

Klezmer in
1886:



Klezmer in
2016:



Meet Hanna



Name: Hanna Grade: 3rd Age: 8

Where I Live Now: Manhattan, NY

Where I Came From: Warsaw, Poland



Illustration by Jim Burke

“Sholem aleichem, my name is Hanna. I was born in Warsaw, Poland and immigrated to the United States in 1903. I came on a boat with my mom, my sister, and my 2 brothers. My father had gone to the U.S. in 1900 without us and sent for us when he earned enough money. I remember walking up to the huge boat and seeing many families like ours. They were all looking for a better life in the United States of America.

We traveled in steerage, which is a section in the bottom of the boat meant for carrying cargo. It was crowded and not very clean. We were only able to bring some clothes and food and a few family items with us. We had a health inspection card that we were told was very important and we had to keep it with us for our entire journey.

Our first stop was Ellis Island. When we got off the boat, we were checked by doctors to make sure we were healthy. My youngest brother was afraid of the stethoscope the doctors used. I told him to not be a ‘scardey cat.’ We also had to answer a lot of questions, but were soon able to leave on a ferry to Manhattan. We moved to the Lower East Side. It was a very crowded neighborhood with many cultures.

We moved into a 3 room apartment in a tenement. There were 10 of us sleeping in 3 rooms. Since there were many other Jewish immigrants from Poland and several countries in Eastern Europe, at least it was easy to communicate with each other. My dad and 2 brothers worked in clothing factory, and my aunt brought home work from the factory so we could earn extra money. My mom, my sister and I finished the aprons that were started in the factory. We were called ‘finishers.’

I only went to school 3 days a week so I could work the other 2. I loved school and was a good student. My favorite subject was social studies because I could learn about many different people. There weren’t any parks or fields near my building so for fun, we enjoyed playing kickball in the street and playing other games with each other.

One of the things my mother still did like in the old country was make pierogies. Pierogies are boiled dumplings usually stuffed with potato. They are my favorite food to eat! Even though the U.S. is my new home, it is still nice to have a little of the old country now and then.”

A History Mystery



Sketch the Mystery Object above here:

List 3 words that describe this object:

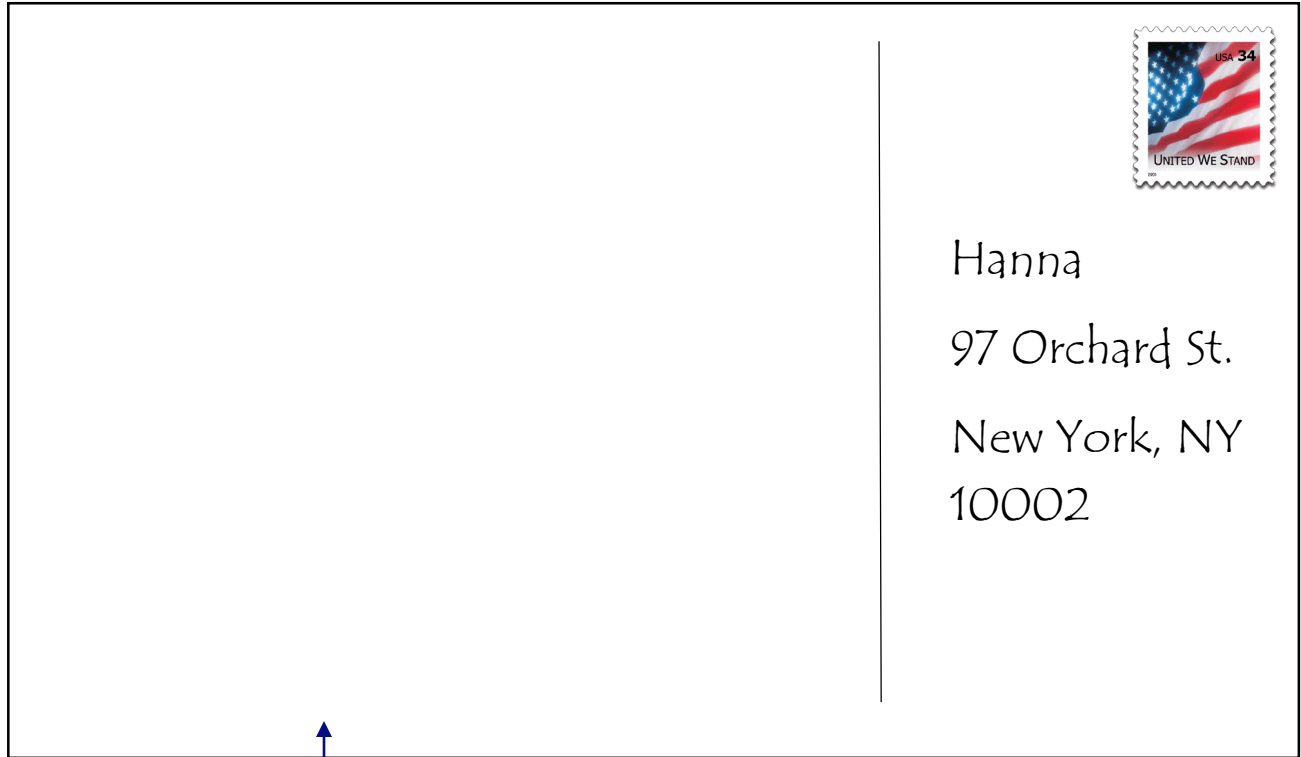
What is familiar about this object? What is unfamiliar or strange?

What do you think this object does? What do you think it is used for?

Write the object into a story. Include who is using it, where, and in what context.

A Postcard to Hanna

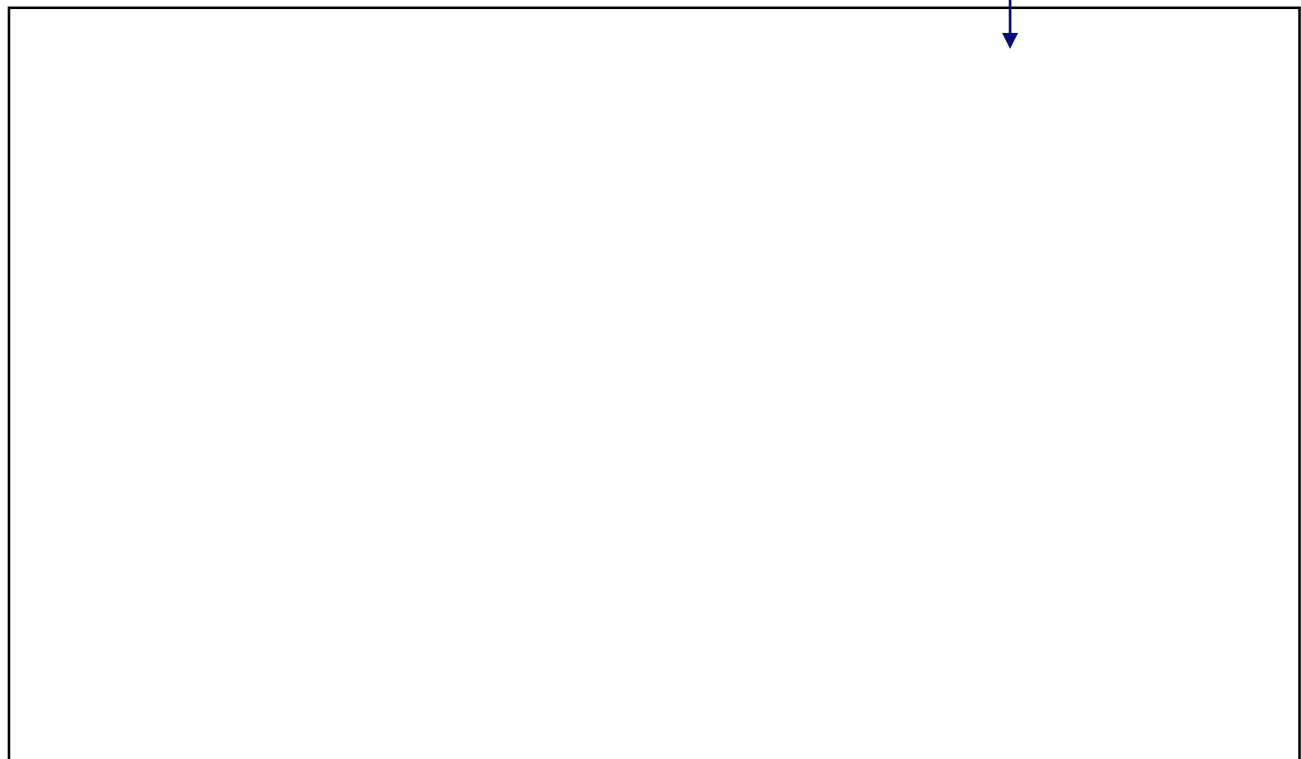
Write a postcard to Hanna, telling her about your family, where you live, your school, hobbies, or anything about your daily life in New York City. On the front, draw a scene from your favorite place in the city.



A rectangular box representing the front of a postcard. On the right side, there is a postage stamp featuring an American flag and the text "USA 34" and "UNITED WE STAND". Below the stamp, the address is written in a simple font: "Hanna", "97 Orchard St.", "New York, NY", and "10002". A vertical line separates the address area from the rest of the postcard.

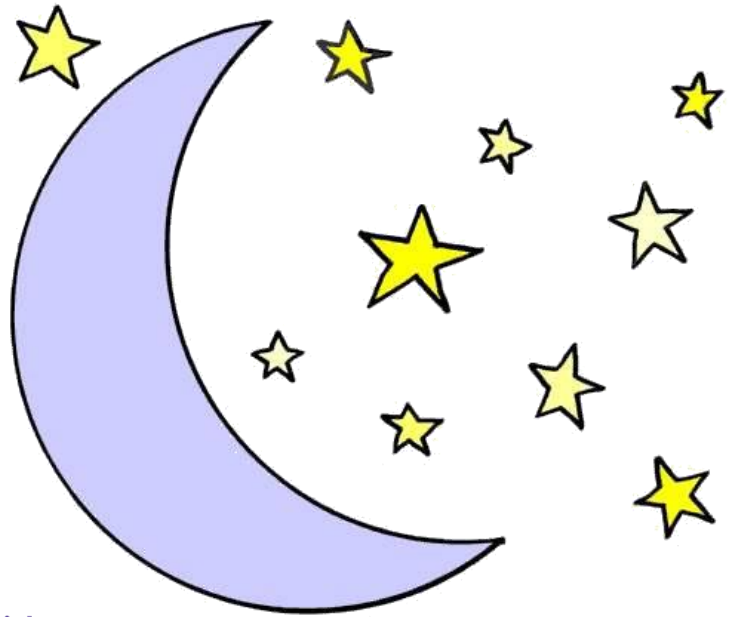
Write here

Draw here



A large, empty rectangular box intended for drawing a scene from a favorite place in New York City.

Yankele



Go to sleep my Yankele, my little one;

Close your pretty little eyes.

A little boy who already has all his teeth in,

Never lets his mother sleep at night!

A little boy who will one day grow to be a bridegroom

Will soon go to kheyder,

Where he will study well (let there be no evil eye),

But still cries when his mother rocks him to sleep.

He will study well (let there be no evil eye)

And will soon be as good as anyone else

Should a little boy, who will grow up to be a
bridegroom,

Be lying here soaking wet as a river?

Sleep, my beautiful bridegroom

For meanwhile you are still a tiny one for me,

It will cost your mama hard work and many tears

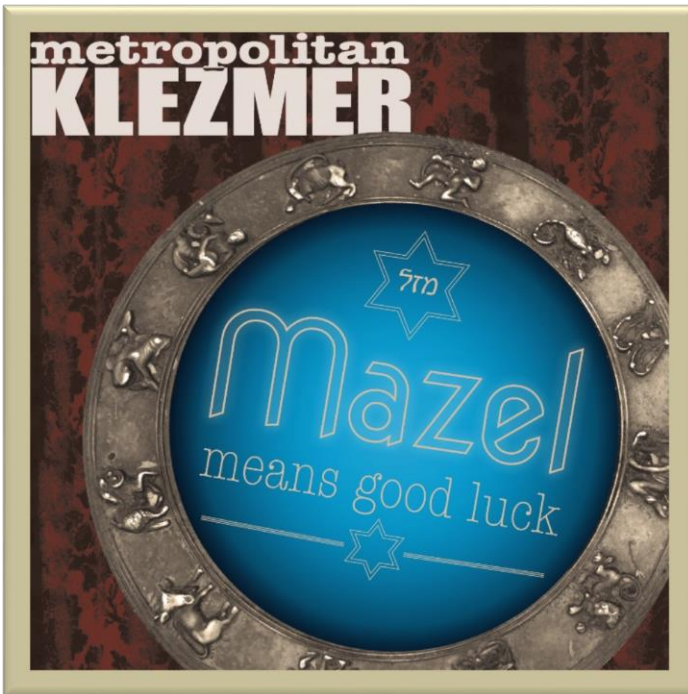
To make a person out of you.

Go to sleep...



Mazel Means Good Luck

Design by Kyle Hanson



Check out what these lyrics look like in Yiddish!

אַ מענטש מוז האָבן מזל.
דאָס איז דאָך פֿעסטגעשטעלט.
אַז מע האָט אַ ביסל מזל,
געהערט דיר די גאַנצע וועלט.
און ביסטו אַ שלימזל,
ווען שטערקסטו אויס די האַנט,
דו לויפֿסט אַהין, דו לויפֿסט אַהער;
מיטן קאַפּ האַקסטו די וואַנט.
מע קען משוגע ווערן
פֿון קלערן און פֿרעגן זיך
פֿאַר וואָס האָט איינ' מיליאָנען
און קען נישט אונטערשרייבן זיך?
אַ מענטש מוז האָבן מזל.
עס איז דאָך פֿעסטגעשטעלט.
אַז מע האָט אַ ביסל מזל,
ס'ווערט קיין מיליאָנען געלט.
אוי מזל, מזל, מזל.
עס איז דאָך פֿעסטגעשטעלט.
צו גליקלעך זיין הביבי,
איז מזל מער ווי געלט.

Have a little mazel.

Mazel means “good luck.”

‘Cause if you have some mazel,
You’ll always make a buck!

And if you have no mazel,
Although you’re on the ball,
You try and try and can’t get by;
You beat your head against the wall.

Don’t ever try to figure
Why you seem to be to blame
That some folks have a million
And can’t even write their name.

That’s why you gotta have a little mazel.

Mazel means “good luck.”

‘Cause if you have some mazel,
You’ll always make a buck!

Oy mazel, mazel, mazel!

It’s something you should know.

In order to be happy, baby,

Mazel’s worth more than dough.

I hope you
have some
mazel today!!!



Metropolitan Klezmer



I HEARD

I SAW



I THOUGHT

I FELT



Immigrant Travel Logs

Travel Log #1:

Our trip was long and hard. As we traveled from Mexico to the United States border in our car, I could feel my eyes getting tired. I didn't want to close them because I didn't want to miss anything. At night it was cold and I could look up and see the stars in the sky. I wondered if the stars would look the same when we crossed into the United States. After traveling for 2 days, we arrived at my tía's, my aunt's, house. My tía kept our car and took us to the bus station. This bus would take us to the border. Crossing the border was an adventure. People were pushing and shoving because they were so excited. There were families and people who looked like they were all alone. They were all trying to board the buses that would take us over the border. I held my brother's hand and made sure we stayed close to mama and papa. It was a long ride and one time we stopped so the immigration patrol could look at our papers. I held my green card close to my heart. Finally we made it to the bus station in Texas where my uncle met us.

Travel Log #2:



We took a train to reach the ship that would take us across the Atlantic Ocean from Ireland to America. My family paid for us to ride in steerage. It would take us 12 days to reach the United States of America. I couldn't even imagine what it would be like until we boarded the ship. We were on the lower deck where the ship's steering controls and engines are. It was hot and crowded. We were assigned a number and given a bunk to lie in. The bunks were stacked side by side and there was one bunk on top of the other. My dad and brother shared the bottom bunk and my mother and I stayed on the top bunk. One of the crewmen told my father that there were almost 400 people in steerage with us. It was dark and smelled horrible but we endured it because we wanted to have a better life in the U.S.

Travel Log #3:

We arrived at the airport in Bangladesh in the morning. I was excited to see my mother again but I was nervous about boarding the airplane. My grandmother had to fill out a special card for the airline because I was so young. It said that the stewards and stewardesses on board would look after me during the flight. My mom and dad would be waiting for me outside of Customs once I arrived in the U.S. The flight would take 14 hours. Everyone who comes through a port-of-entry has to go through Customs. A woman from the airline walked with me the entire time. In Customs, I was questioned by an officer. He asked about why I was here and who I was going to stay with. I also showed him all my paperwork. Finally my papers were stamped and I was able to go to my parents. We hugged and kissed and I was glad that I had finally arrived.

Travel Logs



Travel By _____:

What do you think this immigrant child...

Felt?

Saw?

Wondered?

Wished for?



Travel By _____:

What do you think this immigrant child...

Felt?

Saw?

Wondered?

Wished for?



Meet Lúnasa

Lúnasa is an Irish band made up of 5 musicians.

They have been playing music together and touring all over the world for almost 20 years!

The band members are:



**Trevor Hutchinson,
Double Bass**



**Ed Boyd,
Guitar**



**Cillian Vallely,
Uilleann Pipes**



**Colin Farrell,
Fiddle**



**Kevin Crawford,
Flutes and Tin
Whistles**

Photo credit: Eric Politzer

Lúnasa's Instruments



Irish flute



Bodhrán



Guitar



Fiddle



Double Bass

Tin whistles of various sizes and pitches



Uilleann Pipes

The Lúnasa Festival



**LÚNÁSA
FESTIVAL**

July 30th - August 6th 2015

Café Culture CHILDREN'S WORKSHOPS Pub Gigs

OUTDOOR CINEMA ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

RACING Walks and Talks

MARKETS Late Party

...and a whole lot more!!

www.sligolunasafestival.com

Lúnasa is a Gaelic festival that takes place every year at the beginning of the harvest season. Lúnasa is also the Irish name for the month of August.

The Lúnasa festival traditionally started on the first day of August, and included religious ceremonies, feasting, contests, trading, and match-making.



What are some activities you would find at a Lúnasa festival today?

What is the first thing you would do if you went to the 2015 Lúnasa Festival?

What would your mother or father like to do?
Is there something you could all do together?

Meet Aedan



Name: Aedan Grade: 1st Age: 6 (in 1869)

Where I Live Now: Manhattan, NY

Where I Came From: Dublin, Ireland



Photo by Lewis Wickes Hine

“Haigh, my name is Aedan. My name means ‘born of fire.’ My dad named me this because the night I was born, there was a fire in our village. My mom said it was a hard time for our village because we were already experiencing a famine. A famine is a time when there is not enough food to eat. The potato crops were diseased and most of Ireland was suffering from hunger.

My dad decided to move our family to the United States of America in 1863 because he wanted to give us a better life. I don’t remember the journey because I was still a baby, but my older brothers tell me stories all the time. They especially talk about seeing the Statue of Liberty and how majestic she was standing in New York Harbor.

My family settled in the Lower East Side and lived with many other Irish immigrants. I had plenty of friends to play with. My mother worked as a cook on Fifth Avenue and my dad worked as a boat maker down by the docks. My mom and dad were hard-working, cheerful, and thrifty. They tried very hard to not only take care of the family, but also to save a little money to send to those we left back in Ireland.

My brothers started school at a Catholic Parish. It was a building that had large stained-glass windows and statues. I started school on the day I turned 6. I only went to school for 2 hours a day. The rest of the day I spent helping my brothers carry water up and down the steps of nearby tenement buildings. We needed water for cooking, bathing, and washing clothes. In the tenement buildings, there was only one water faucet and it was near the basement. There was no running water in any of the tenement houses so we helped older women and those too sick to go up and down the stairs. Whatever money we made, we brought home for our family. I felt proud to help my family.

My favorite thing to do was play tug of war with my friends. The point of the game was for one team to pull the other team over the line. We didn’t use a rope. Our team had to pull on the body parts of the other team in order to get them across the line. I always tried to be on the team with the biggest boys because I wanted to win. When we were done, we ran through water spraying from open hydrants.

My mom talks about missing our homeland, but she is glad that we are making a life here where we will not go hungry. The United States of America is now my home.”

A Stor Mo Chroí

A Stor Mo Chroí, when you're far away
From the house that you'll soon be leaving
Sure it's many a time by night and by day
That your heart will be sorely grieving
For the stranger's land may be bright and fair
And rich in all treasures golden
You'll pine, I know, for the long, long ago
And the heart that is never olden

A Stor Mo Chroí, in the stranger's land
There's plenty of wealth and wailing
Though gems adorn the rich and grand
There are faces with hunger paling
The road may be weary, and hard to tread
And the lights of the city blind you
Oh turn, A Stor, to old Erin's shore
And the ones you have left behind



A Blarney Stone Just For Me

In Southwestern Ireland there is a famous stone called the Blarney Stone. According to legend, anyone who kisses the Blarney Stone receives the gift of eloquent speech and persuasiveness.

My mother had a small bag of stones that she brought from our home in Ireland. She wanted us to be smart and successful in the United States. So when each of us began school, she would pull a stone out of the bag and let us decorate it with dye and paints. She said it represented our own 'Blarney Stone.' After we decorated our stone, we slipped it into our pockets and took it to school with us.

I kissed my 'Blarney Stone' every day before I went into the parish for class. I hoped it would give me the ability to speak clearly and answer my teacher's questions.

Below is your 'Blarney Stone.' Decorate it with pictures or words.



Lúnasa



I HEARD



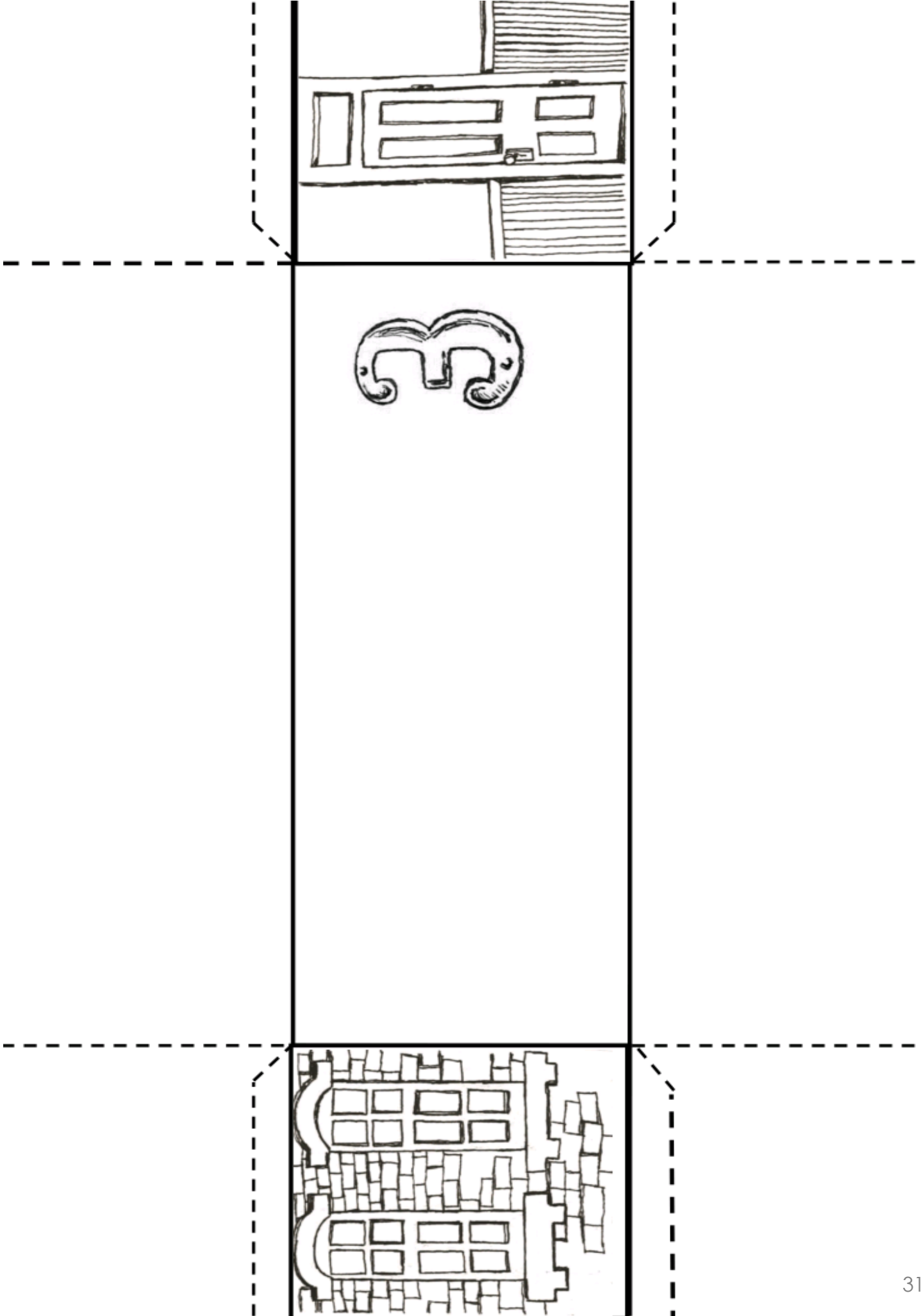
I SAW

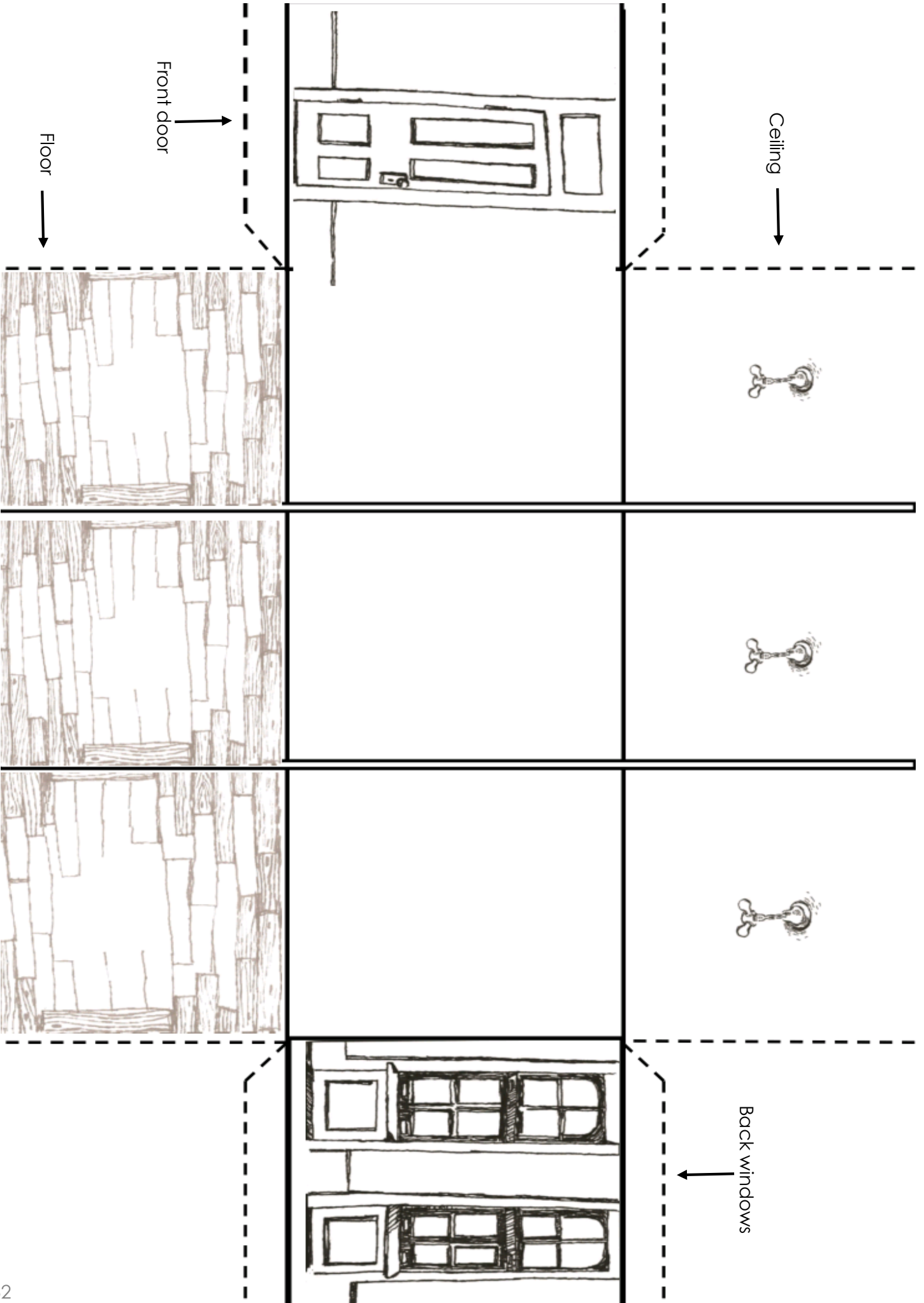


I THOUGHT



I FELT





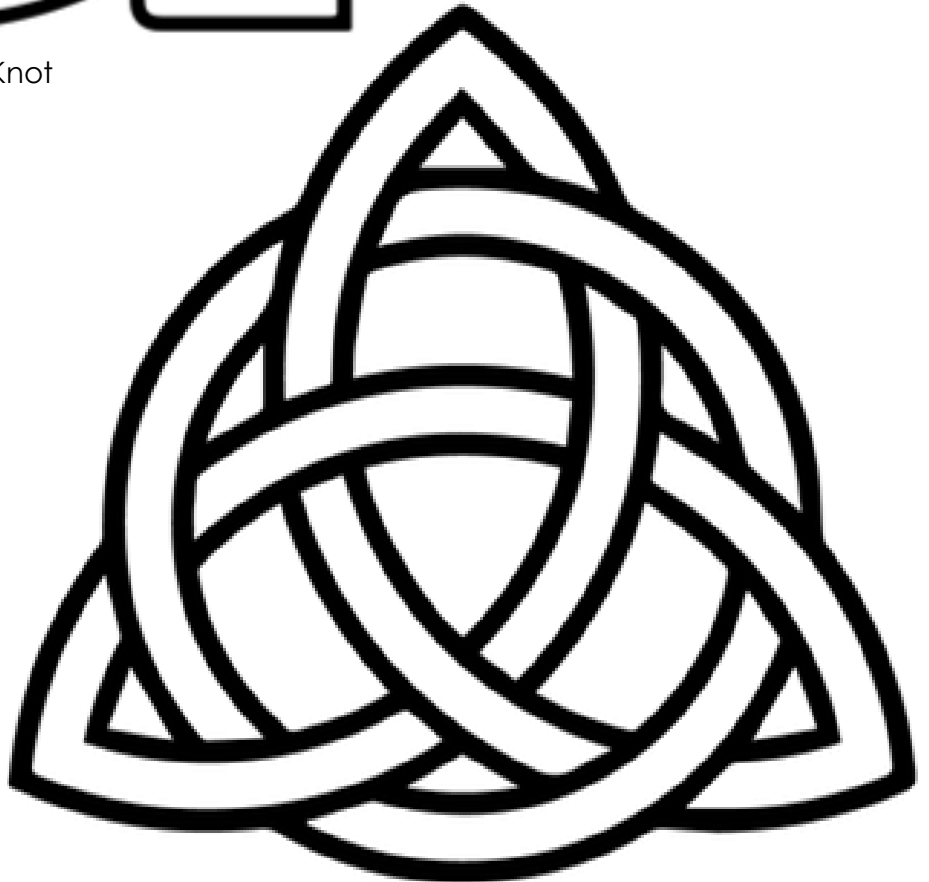
Tenement Objects and Furniture



Celtic Designs



Ornamental Knot



Triquetra and Circle

Meet the Young People's Chorus of New York City



The Young People's Chorus of New York City is a group of singers made up of kids just like you from all over the city. The youngest members are 7 years old, and the oldest members are 18. They get together to rehearse and perform music in countless styles and languages from countries around the world. Sometimes they even sing with choruses from places as far away as Indonesia, Australia, Japan, and Israel. One of their most exciting performances from recent years was singing at the opening of the 9/11 Memorial and Museum in 2014 for President Barack Obama.



Meet Me!

Draw the flag of the country where you were born here. →



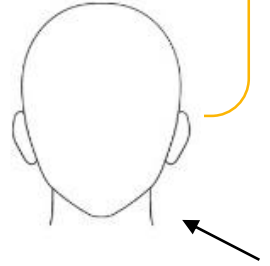
Name:

Grade:

Age:

Where I Live Now:

Where I Came From:



Draw your face here.

Hello! My name is _____.

I was born in _____, and now I live in _____.

This year, _____ is my teacher, and my

favorite part of school is _____. My favorite thing to do

in my neighborhood is _____.

Some other cool things you should know about me are _____

E Pluribus Unum

Out of Many, One



American Quilts



Quilt-maker unknown.



Elizabeth Sanford Jennings Hopkins (1824 - 1904)

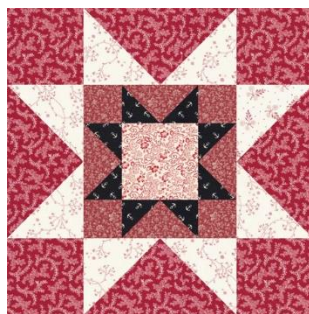


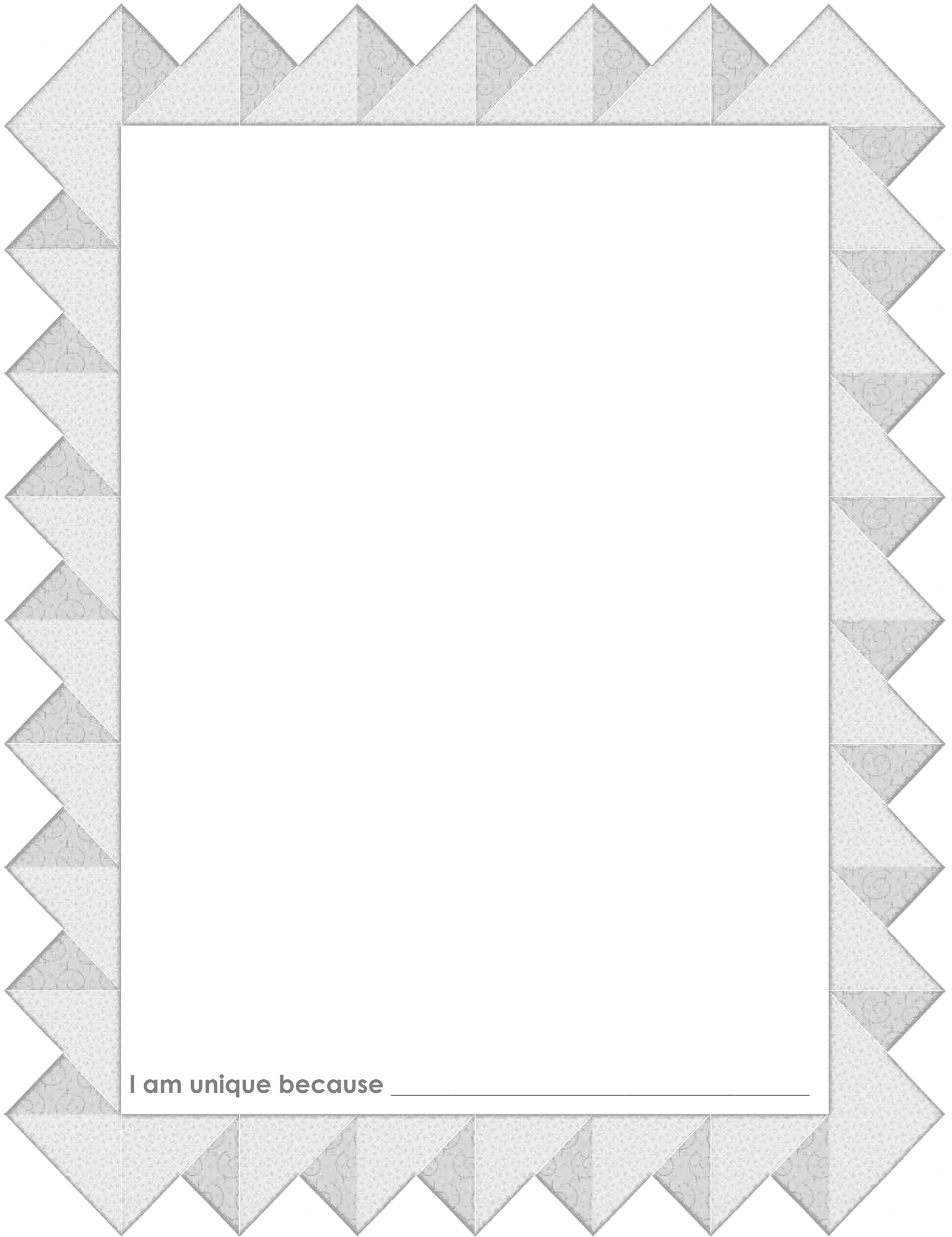
"Quilt by Kelsay Buck, 1870 - 1880"



"Rhythm Color Spanish Dance" by Michael F. James

Traditional American quilt patterns:





I am unique because _____

Give Us Hope



*Give us hope – my voice is calling.
Can you see the look in my eyes?
Can you feel – my hand is reaching?
Give us hope and we'll show you the way.*

American Children's Songs

Oh! Susanna

Oh, I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee,
Goin' to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susannah don't you cry.

Oh Susanna! Don't you cry for me!
I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.
Oh Susanna! Don't you cry for me!
I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going.
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine,
That's brightened our pathway a while.

Come sit by my side if you love me.
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the girl that has loved you so true.

Skip to my Lou

Choose your partner,
Skip to my Lou.
Choose your partner,
Skip to my Lou.
Choose your partner,
Skip to my Lou,
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Cat's in the buttermilk,
Two by two.
Cat's in the buttermilk,
Two by two.
Cat's in the buttermilk,
Two by two.
Skip to my Lou my darling!

Cow's in the kitchen,
Moo cow moo.
Cow's in the kitchen,
Moo cow moo.
Cow's in the kitchen,
Moo cow moo.
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

La Sopa de Isabel

Verse

In the kitchen my mom spends the day
Cutting bacon and adding salt

Washing and mashing the potatoes in
water I dance and wiggle from here to
there

Refrain

That good soup,
The potato soup
That good soup,
The potato soup

A soup so tasty
No one would leave it
A soup so tasty
We danced with her

That good soup,
The potato soup
That good soup,
The potato soup

A soup so tasty
No one would leave it
A soup so tasty,
Elizabeth's soup!

Verse 2

Crying while chopping onions and garlic
Marinate it in adobo to give it the flavor

Washing and mashing the potatoes in
water
I dance and wiggle from here to there



Verse

En la cocina mí mamá se pasa el día
Cortando tocino poniedole sal

Lavando y majando las papas en agua
Meneate bailando de aquí para allá

Refrain

Que buena la sopa,
La sopa de papa
Que buena la sopa,
La sopa de papa

Una sopa tan sabrosa
Que nadie la deja
Una sopa tan sabrosa
Bailamos con ella

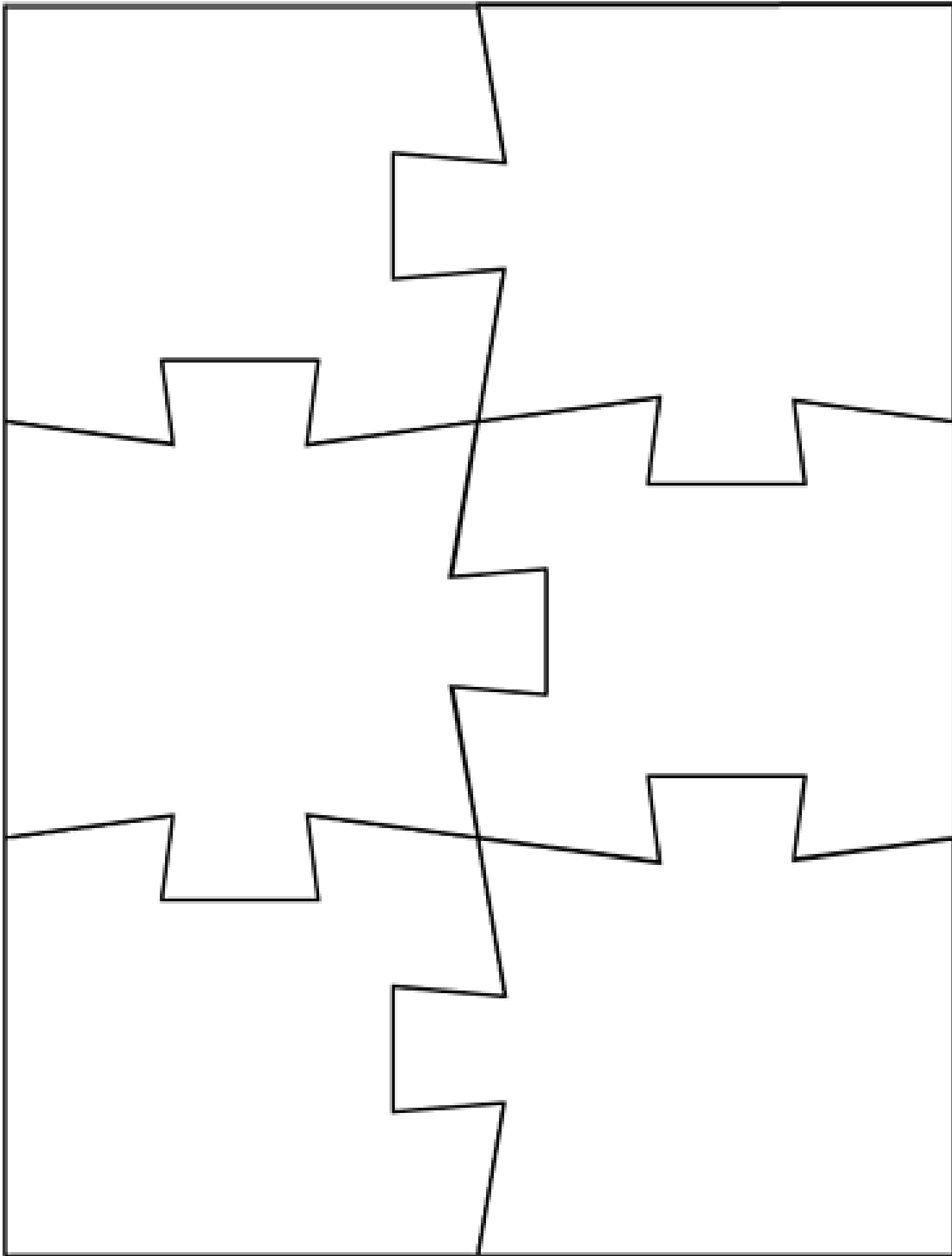
Que buena la sopa,
La sopa de papa
Que buena la sopa,
La sopa de papa

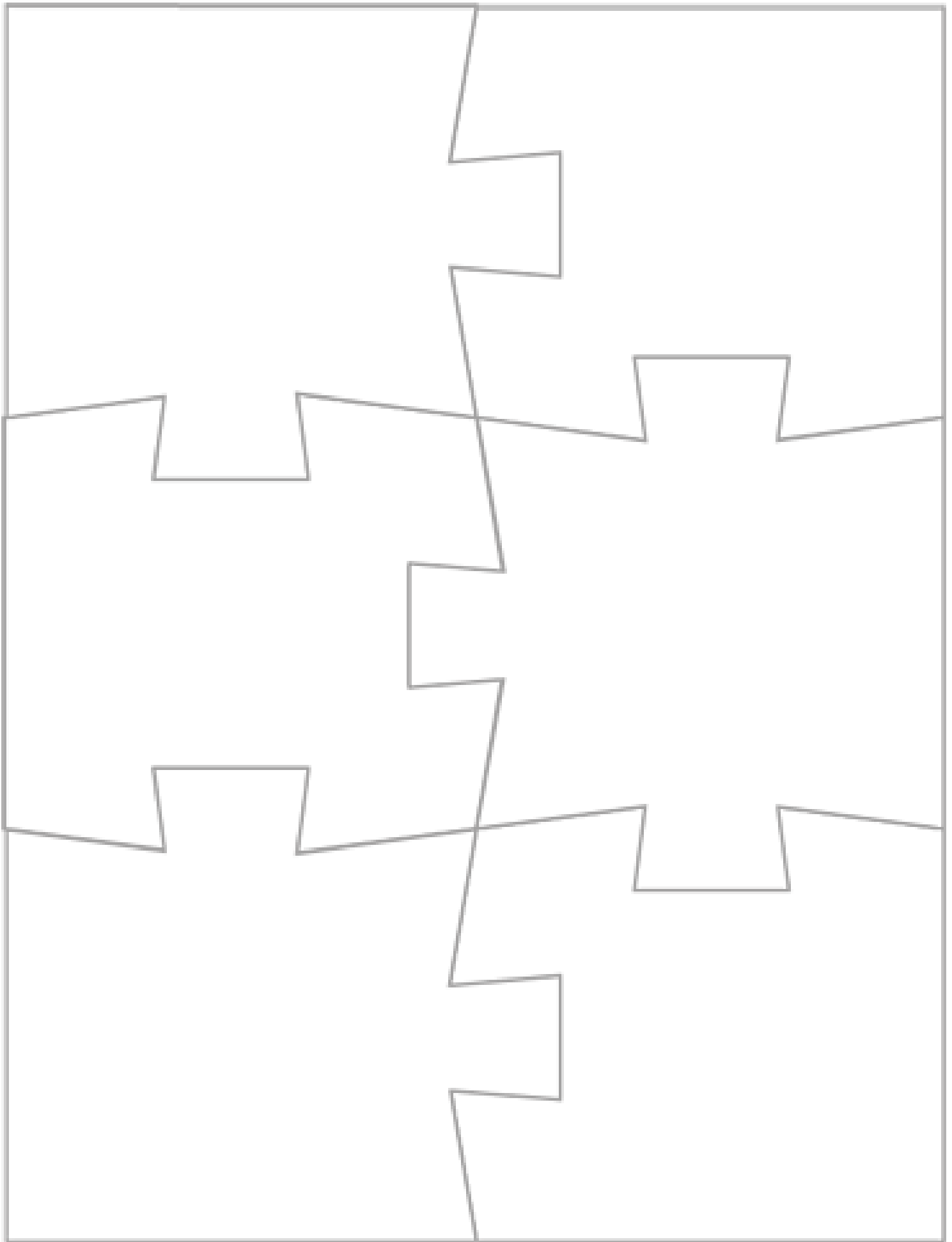
Una sopa tan sabrosa
Que nadie le deja
Una sopa tan sabrosa
La sopa de Isabel!

Verse 2

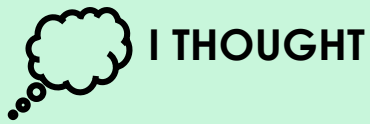
Llorando y cortando cebollas y ajo
Un poco de adobo le da el sabor

Lavando y majando las papas en agua
Meneate bailando de aquí para allá





Young People's Chorus Of New York City



My Musical Passport



PASSPORT
PASSEPORT
PASAPORTE

Draw your face
here.



NAME:
SCHOOL:
TEACHER:
GRADE:
DOB:
POB:

MEXICO

POLAND

IRELAND

