

زيتون

zaytoun
HAITHAM HAIDAR



1 Prelude: On Love 0:58
(The Prophet)

Gibran Khalil Gibran

Haitham Haidar, Abdul-Wahab Kayyali

2 Vespro della Beata Vergine, SV 206: No. 3, Nigra Sum 3:50

Claudio Monteverdi, Song of Solomon
1:4-5; 2:10b-12a

Haitham Haidar, Sylvain Bergeron

3 El Helwa Di 3:29
Sayed Darwish

Haitham Haidar, Abdul-Wahab Kayyali,
Amanda Keesmaat, Abraham Ross

4 Zourouni 2:23
Sayed Darwish

Haitham Haidar, Abdul-Wahab Kayyali

5 Lamento della Ninfa, SV 163: No. 2, Amor 3:55

Claudio Monteverdi, Ottavio Rinuccini

Haitham Haidar, Sylvain Bergeron,
Amanda Keesmaat, Abraham Ross

6 Oedipus, Z. 583 Act III: No. 2, Music for a While 3:33

Henry Purcell, John Dryden

Haitham Haidar, Sylvain Bergeron,
Abdul-Wahab Kayyali, Amanda
Keesmaat, Abraham Ross

7 Wa Habibi 2:59
Anon.

Traditional Arabic

Haitham Haidar, Sylvain Bergeron,
Abdul-Wahab Kayyali

8 Intermezzo: On Joy and Sorrow (The Prophet) 1:16

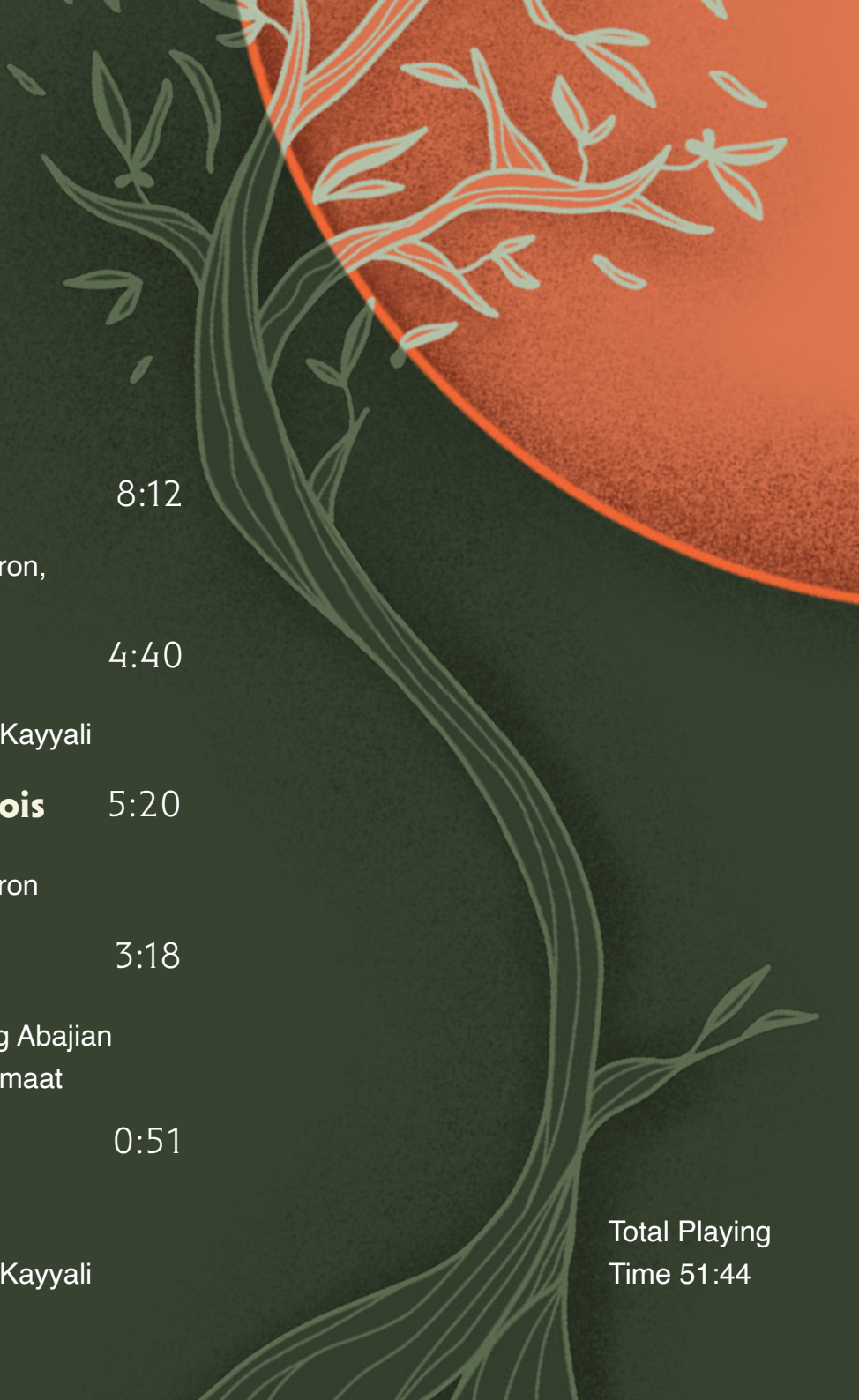
Gibran Khalil Gibran

Haitham Haidar, Abdul-Wahab Kayyali

9 Matthäus-passion, BWV 244: No. 39, Erbarme dich, mein Gott (Ruhmaka ya Allah رَحْمَاكَ يَا اللَّهُ) 6:53

J.S. Bach, Picander

Haitham Haidar, Tanya LaPerrière,
Sylvain Bergeron, Abdul-Wahab Kayyali,
Amanda Keesmaat, Abraham Ross



10 Grief, Keep Within 8:12
John Danyel, Samuel Danyel
Haitham Haidar, Sylvain Bergeron,
Amanda Keesmaat

11 Li Beirut 4:40
Joaquín Rodrigo, Joseph Harb
Haitham Haidar, Abdul-Wahab Kayyali

12 Le doux silence de nos bois 5:20
Honoré d'Ambruis
Haitham Haidar, Sylvain Bergeron

13 Ya Taleen 3:18
Trad. Palesitnian
Arr. Shireen Abu-Khader, Nareg Abajian
Haitham Haidar, Amanda Keesmaat

14 Postlude: On Death 0:51
(The Prophet)
Gibran Khalil Gibran
Haitham Haidar, Abdul-Wahab Kayyali

Total Playing
Time 51:44

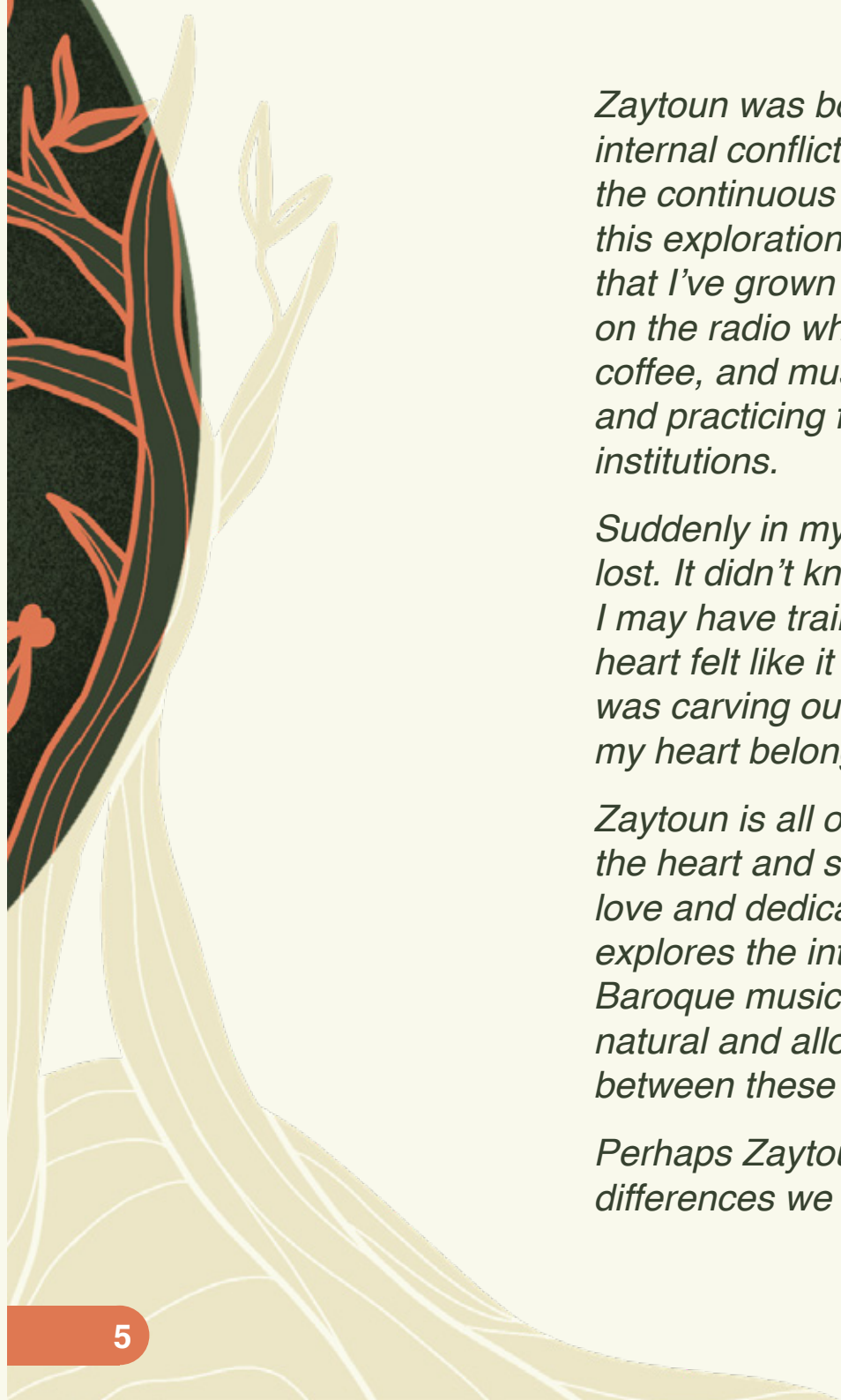
زيتون

zaytoun

*She is of this land. She belongs. She reminds us that we belong.
Even when her branches break, her roots remain.*

*I humbly dedicate Zaytoun, this olive, to my family.
You are my roots wherever I am.*

مع حب
طهيم



Zaytoun was born at a time of heavy strife and internal conflict. The constant duality of identity, the continuous search for belonging fueled this exploration of self through music: music that I've grown up with playing every morning on the radio while my parents prepared their coffee, and music that I ended up studying and practicing for years at some of the best institutions.

Suddenly in my journey, I felt lost. My voice felt lost. It didn't know where it belonged. Though I may have trained my voice in one genre, my heart felt like it belonged to another. Though I was carving out a life on a different continent, my heart belonged somewhere else.

Zaytoun is all of these things combined. It joins the heart and soul of my Arabic roots with my love and dedication to Baroque music. Zaytoun explores the interlaced nature of Arabic and Baroque music in a way that feels new yet natural and allows us to shorten the distance between these two worlds.

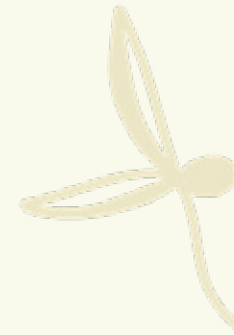
Perhaps Zaytoun can remind us that in our differences we are very much alike.

1 **Prelude: On Love** (The Prophet) Gibran Khalil Gibran (1883-1931)

Love gives naught but itself and takes
naught but from itself.
Love possesses not nor would it be
possessed;
For love is sufficient unto love.

When you love you should not say,
“God is in my heart,” but rather, “I am
in the heart of God.”
And think not you can direct the course
of love, for love, if it finds you worthy,
directs your course.

Love has no other desire but to fulfil itself.



Gibran Khalil Gibran is a pillar of Lebanese and American literary excellence. The Prophet, written in 1923, presents us with pondering thoughts on many different topics: love, friendship, life. This poetry has stayed with me my entire life and helps guide me when I feel lost. This chapter reminds us of the selflessness of love and how it invites us to remain present within ourselves.

2 Vespro della Beata Vergine, SV 206: No. 3, Nigra Sum

Claudio Monteverdi

Song of Solomon 1:4-5; 2:10b-12a

Nigra sum sed formosa,
filiae Jerusalem.

Ideo dilexit me rex et
introduxit in cubiculum suum
et dixit mihi.

Surge, amica mea, et veni.
Jam hiems transiit, imber
abiit, et recessit.

Flores apparuerunt in terra
nostra, tempus putationis
advenit.

I am black but beautiful,
daughters of Jerusalem.

Therefore the king hath
delighted in me and invited me
to his chamber and said to me:

Arise, my love, and come. For
the winter has passed, the rain
is over and gone.

Flowers have appeared in
our land, the time of pruning
is at hand.

"I am black, but beautiful." From the Song of Solomon, this text is a reminder that we are all welcome at the table of life. Once we learn that we are part of something much greater than ourselves, we realize that we are all standing on the same earth, that we all belong to the same land. We are all welcome here.

3 El Helwa Di الحلوة دي Sayed Darwish (1892-1923)

الحلوة دي قامت تعجن في البهيرة
والديك يندو كو كو كو كو فالفجيرة
يللا بنا على باب الله يا صنايعية
تجعل صباحك صباح الخير يا اسطى عطية

صباح الصباح فتاح يا عليم
والجيب ما فيهش ولا سليم
بس المزاج رايق وسليم
باب الامل بابك

الصبر طيب عال
ايه غير الاحوال
ياي معاك المال
برضه الفقير له رب كريم

ايري بايدك يا ابو صلاح
ما دام عا الله تعيش مرتاح
خللي اتكالك عالفتاح
يللا بنا مهو الوقت راح

الشمس طلعت والمملك لله
اجري لرزقك خليه على الله
ما تشيل قدومك والعدة ويلا

The beautiful one rises to knead in the morning
And the rooster cries "kou kou kou kou" in the dawn
Let's go with the grace of God, oh workers
May your morning be beautiful, oh sir Atiya

The morning will be beautiful, God permitting
And though our pockets are empty
Our moods are peaceful and serene
For we put our hope in the hands of God.

If we are patient
All will change for the better
Oh you, who have wealth,
Even the poor have a generous God

My hand is in yours, oh Abu Salah
As long as you rely on God, you'll live in comfort
Leave it all to the almighty
Let's go, time is running out

The sun has risen (and the fortune belongs to God)
Run to work, (let God give you luck)
Pick up your axe and tools, let's go

Sayed Darwish was (and remains) one of the biggest influences on Arabic music. He is considered to be the "father of Egyptian popular music." His roots were in Alexandria where he told many stories through his songs and poetry. El Helwa Di is a joyful morning tune that lives in its simplicity. Whether you're a baker, a silversmith or a carpenter, it's time to start your morning with energy and gratitude!

4 Zourouni زوروني Sayed Darwish (1892-1923)

زوروني كل سنة مرة
حرام تنسوني بالمرّة
يا غوفي والهوى نظرة
تجى وتروح بالمرّة
عبيبي فرقناك مرة
حرام تنسوني بالمرّة

Visit me once a year
It's a pity to forget about me
My fear: love is a look
That comes and goes
My love, your departure is bitter
It's a pity to forget about me

Zourouni has become a very popular folk tune in the Arab world. Its simplicity and lightness lend themselves to easy listening and making the song accessible for most to sing. Though this song lives in its lightness, Sayed Darwish wrote it from the perspective of a mother asking her child to visit her more than once a year after she passes. Suddenly, the simplicity of the song takes new meaning as it becomes an intimate dialogue between mother and child.

5 Lamento della Ninfa, SV 163: No. 2, Amor

Claudio Monteverdi
Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

Amor,
(dicea)
Amor,
(il ciel mirando, il piè fermo)
Amor dove, dov'è la fè
ch'el traditor giurò?
(Miserella)

Fa' che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io
non mi tormenti più.
(Miserella, ah più no, no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.)

Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no che i suoi martiri
più non dirammi affè
Perché di lui mi struggo,
tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che sì, che sì nel fuggo ancor
mi pregherà?
Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei, che'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno,
Amor, sí bella fè.
Ne mai sí dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
taci, che troppo il sai.

Love
(She said)
Love
(gazing at the sky, standing still)
Love, where is the faith
that the traitor promised?
(miserable one)

Make my love come back, as he
once was,
Or else kill me, so I can no longer
torment myself.
(The miserable one, ah no more
can she suffer so much coldness.)

I no longer want him to breathe,
unless far away from me
so that he can no longer say the
things that torture me
Because I destroy myself for him,
so full of pride as he is;
but if I flee from him,
again he betrays me.
A more serene brow
has she than mine,
but love has not planted in his
breast so fair a faith.
Not ever such sweet kisses
will he have from that mouth,
not softer, ah quiet,
quiet, he knows it only too well.



One of Monteverdi's most famous tunes is the second movement from his Lamento della Ninfa. This is one of the first baroque pieces I had ever heard and I immediately fell in love. The call and response between the heartbroken nymph and the sympathetic commentators amused me. Typically, the nymph is sung by soprano sonically distancing her narrative from that of the three commentators. In this version, I sing the part of the nymph in the tenor range which closely clashes with the three commentators (also sung by me). What if she wasn't that far from them? What if the intertwining of voices became the sound of her heartbreak?

6 Oedipus, Z. 583 Act III: No. 2, Music for a While Henry Purcell John Dryden (1631-1700)

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdaining 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.

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

As the second movement from Purcell's Oedipus, Music for a While is a beautiful melody written for voice, harpsichord, and bass viol. In our version, we have added archlute and oud, the older Arabic version of the lute. The oud adds a fluttering melodic support to the voice as well as a warm timbre and style to complement the counterpoint and ground bass lines. As a da capo aria, the first verse repeats at the end, restating the same words we hear at the beginning of the piece. This offers us the space to embellish the musical lines in a way that motivates us to repeat these words. Arabic style ornaments fit perfectly in the style especially in tandem with the flourishes of the oud.

7 Wa Habibi و حبيبي

anon.

Traditional Arabic

و حبيبي و حبيبي أي حال أنت فيهم؟
من رآك فشحاك أنت أنت المقتدي

My beloved, my beloved, what state are you in?
He who sees you, for you would cry. You are the one and only sacrifice.

و حبيبي أي ذنب حمل العدل بنير؟
فأزادوك جراحا ليس فيها من شفاء

My beloved, what blame have the nations put upon you?
They melted you with wounds to which no healing would do.

مين في البستان ليلاً سجد الفادي الإله
كانت الدنيا تصلي للذي أغنى الصلاة

In the dark orchard at night the faithful kneeled and prayed.
Life was praying with the One who gave life hope and prayer.

شجر الزيتون يبكي و تناديه الشفاء
و حبيبي كيف تمضي؟ أترى ضاع الوفاء؟

The olive trees are crying as they beckon his healing.
My beloved, how will you go? Has loyalty gone forever?

This beautiful melody has been attributed to many like Pergolesi and Albanese, but it has been said that the melody existed long before their time as a French folk tune. After the Arabic words were added to this melody, the song became a reflective moment of grief towards Jesus. He is described as “habibi” which translates to “my love.” This direct address to Jesus has become a staple in Arab churches on Good Friday, resonating within the walls crying for the suffering of Jesus.

8 Intermezzo: On Joy and Sorrow

(The Prophet)

Gibran Khalil Gibran (1883-1931)

Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.

And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears.

When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy.

When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.

Verily you are suspended like scales between your sorrow and your joy.

Only when you are empty are you at standstill and balanced.

When the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold and his silver, needs must your joy or your sorrow rise or fall.



*Sorrow is an expression of gratitude.
We cannot grieve that which we have
not loved. We can only lose something
we once had, and that is a beautiful
opportunity to be grateful.*

9 Matthäus-passion, BWV 244: No. 39, Erbarme dich, mein Gott

(Ruhmaka ya Allah رَحْمَاكَ يَا اللَّهُ)

J.S. Bach

Picander (1700-1764),

Haitham Haidar (b.1991)

رَحْمَاكَ يَا اللَّهُ
جَرَى مَرِيرٌ دُمُوعِي
رَاعَنِي، يَبْكِي الْقَلْبُ
وَتَسِيلُ الدَّمُوعُ
دُمُوعِي إِلَيْكَ يَا اللَّهُ

Your mercy, O God
As my bitter tears flow
Care for me, the heart cries
and the tears flow
My tears are for you, O God.

This piece is one of Bach's most beautiful arias and one of the first Baroque melodies I heard as a teenager. I always felt drawn to this melody and now I know why. Of course Bach makes it easy to fall in love with his music, but this aria in particular offers a particular closeness to the Arabic music I grew up with. I heard what was beyond Bach's music and it came as no surprise when the Arabic language and style fit perfectly in this melody. We ask for mercy and allow God's strength to channel through us as we let go of who we are. This becomes a balancing act: the more we surrender to what is beyond our capacity, the more power we can actually hold.

10 Grief, Keep Within

John Danyel

Samuel Danyel (1562-1619)

Grief, keep within and scorn to show but tears,
Since joy can weep as well as thou,
Disdain to sigh, for so can slender cares,
Which but from idle causes grow.

Do not look forth, unless thou didst know how
To look with thine own face, and as thou art.

And only let my heart,
That knows more reason why,
Pine, fret, consume, swell, burst and die.

Drop not, mine eyes, nor trickle down so fast.
For so you could do oft before
In our sad farewells and sweet meetings past.

And shall his death now have no more?
Can careful* sorrow yield no other store
To show the plenty of afflictions smart?

Then only thou poor heart,
That know'st the reason why,
Pine, fret, consume, swell, burst and die.

Have all our passions certain proper vents,
And sorrow none that is her own,
But she must borrow others' complements
To make her inward feelings known?
Are joys, delights, and death's compassion shown
With one like face and one lamenting part?

Then only thou poor heart,
That know'st the reason why,
Pine, fret, consume, swell, burst and die.

Grief, Keep Within is another exploration of grief and its manifestation within ourselves. Danyel includes the dedication "Mrs. M. E. Her Funeral Tears for the Death of her Husband" offering us context for this 3-part song cycle. Surely, poetry and music have long been expressions of deep sorrow, giving our feelings an avenue to convey their message. Grief is a feeling we walk through, often with difficulty, and not something we walk past.

The only way over is through.

11 Li Beirut لبيروت

Joaquín Rodrigo
Joseph Harb (1944-2014)

لبيروت
من قلبي سلام لبيروت
وقبل للبحر والبيوت
الصخرة كأنها وجه بحار قديم
هي من روح الشعب غمر
هي من عرقه حبز وأسمين
فكيف صار طعمها طعم نار ودفان؟

لبيروت مجد من ساد لبيروت
من دم لولده حمل فوق يدها
أطفأت مدينتي قنديلهما أغلقت بابها
أصبحت في المساء وحدها وحدها وليلا

أنت لي، أنت لي
أح عاقيني أنت لي
رايتي وجوز الغد وموج سفري
أزهرت جراح شعبي
أزهرت مع الزمهرات
أنت بيروت لي
أنت لي
أح عاقيني

To Beirut,
From my heart, peace to Beirut
And kisses to the sea and to the houses
To the rock that resembles an ancient fisherman

She is from my soul, my people, my wine
She is from his sweat, bread and jasmine
So how did her taste become that of fire and
smoke?

To Beirut, glory of ashes, to Beirut,
From her child's blood, carried on her hand
My city has turned off her lantern and closed
her door
Becoming alone in the night

You are mine, oh embrace me, you are mine
You are my flag, the rock of tomorrow, the
traveling waves
The wounds of my people have blossomed
The mothers' tears
You, Beirut, are mine. Oh embrace me

Rodrigo's phenomenal composition was the perfect setting for Joseph Harb's poetry, written at the height of the Lebanese civil war. Though the poetry is heartbreakingly sad, reminiscing on the beauty and glory of Beirut, it reminds us of all that was good. If it once was, it can become again. It is a feeling I like to call, hopeful sorrow.

Only good can rise from the ashes.

12 Le doux silence de nos bois

Honoré d'Ambruis (1660-1702)

Le doux silence de nos bois
N'est plus troublé que de la voix
Des oiseaux que l'amour assemble.
Bergère qui fais mes désirs
Voici le mois charmant des fleurs et des zéphyr
Et la saison qui te ressemble
Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours;
Songeons en voyant le printemps
Qu'il en est un dans nos beaux ans
Qu'on n'a qu'une fois en sa vie
Mais c'est peu que d'y songer
Il faut belle Philis le ménager.
Cette saison nous y convie
Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours.

The soft silence of our woods
is now broken only by the songs
of the birds that Love gathers here.
Shepherdess, my heart's desire,
behold the fair month of flowers and zephyrs,
and the season that resembles you.
Let's lose not a moment of these fine days,
'tis the time for tender loves and pleasures;
Let's dream as we watch the spring
that there is one such season in our youth,
that we have but one such time in our lives.
But dreaming of this is not enough,
we must, fair Phyllis, make it so.
The season does thus invite us.
Let's lose not a moment of these fine days,
'tis the time for tender loves and pleasures.

This song rounds out the string of sorrowful texts preceding it. As we travel through the journey of grief, we are reminded of what we once had, what we once loved and cherished. At the end of that journey is a peaceful acceptance of that which is much larger than who we are. The small things in life become representations of peace and beauty.

The acceptance of joy becomes the acceptance of sorrow.

13 Ya Taleen يا طالعين

Traditional Palestinian

Arr. Shireen Abu-Khader, Nareg Abajian

يا طالعين عين لل جبل، يا مولل الموقدين النار
بين للل يامن يامن، عين للل هنا ياروع

ما بدي منكبي للكم خلعته ولا لا-لا-لا بدي زنا
بين للل يامن يامن، عين للل هنا ياروع
إلا غزال للذي هو بين للكم محبوس
بين للل يامن يامن، عين للل هنا ياروع

To you climbing the mountain,
to you sparking the fire
(yaman yaman) I wish you safety.

I do not want any dresses nor gifts
(yaman yaman) I wish you safety
To the men who are jailed inside
(yaman yaman) I wish you safety

For decades, Palestinian women stood by where their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons were held captive. They started singing this song to give their men hope and faith that they will be freed one day. As the different occupiers of that land started learning Arabic, the women had to shift how they delivered their messages to their captives. Intelligently, the women started adding syllables within words, making them sound like gibberish, confusing the guards. This song is one of many coded songs Palestinian women adopted to help resist against the oppressive systems that seized their family members.

This arrangement is very near and dear to my heart, written for 5 voices and cello. The voices pass off the melody to one another and the fifth voice can be heard in the distance wailing. My prayer is that we all understand the true meaning of freedom and what it means to call for it in the ways we know how.

14 **Postlude: On Death** (The Prophet)

Gibran Khalil Gibran (1883-1931)


You would know the secret of death.

But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life.

For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.



Death can signify the end of a life journey offering the ultimate finality. Perhaps though, we can look at death as a continuation of life, even an extension. Death is inevitable, unavoidable, usually filled with loss and sadness. What if we thought of death as peace, as soft silence, as a mirror for life?

We become everything and nothing as life and death are one.

Haitham Haidar



Haitham Haidar is a Lebanese-Palestinian Canadian tenor highly sought out for his musicality, “standout presence”, and sensitive storytelling. He is a proud graduate of Yale’s Institute of Sacred Music, McGill’s Schulich School of Music, and the University of British Columbia and currently resides in Montreal, Quebec. Haitham is praised for his ‘musical and linguistic versatility’ and his ‘bright’ and ‘innately lyrical voice’ and enjoys performing oratorio, opera, and chamber music across North America, Europe, and Asia.

He has recently been seen as a tenor soloist with Early Music Vancouver, Belgian ensemble Zefiro Torna (at the Morgenland Festival in Osnabrück) and in the lead role as the Evangelist in Bach's St. John Passion at the Winnipeg Baroque Festival. He has also been a recent soloist with TENET Vocal Artists in New York City, with Orchestre Arion in Montreal, as well as played the role of Evangelist in Schütz's *Weinachtshistorie* with Folger Consort in Washington DC. He has also performed as a soloist and ensemble member with groups like Seraphic Fire in Miami and Skylark Ensemble in Massachusetts.

Haitham has been recorded as a soloist and ensemble member on a few albums namely *Distance* with the choir of St Andrew and St Paul in Montreal, *Schutz Christmas Story* with Yale Schola Cantorum in New Haven, and *L'Heure Mauve* by Pierre LaPointe in Montreal. Haitham is also a featured soloist on Austin based Conspirare's Grammy nominated album *House of Belonging*. You may also find Haitham's voice in one of the temples in the game *Assassins Creed: Origins*.

Haitham is a proud member of Kaleidoscope Vocal Ensemble, a group that unites music excellence and diversity while offering highly educational and practical experiences to students from middle school to graduate school.

Haitham's debut solo album *Zaytoun* has been a dream come true. Producing and artistically leading an album with such an amazing team is a true gift. *Zaytoun* explores the beautiful intersectionality of Baroque and Arabic music, interlaced with poetry and musical improvisations.

Haitham's approach to performance has always been humanity first. Being an Arab immigrant in North America comes with its unique set of oppressive challenges and it is because of that and what he sees around him in the field, that he aims to touch people's hearts with music and compassion and make change in the world the best way he knows how.

Considered “a supremely refined, elegant and cerebral musician” (Ottawa Citizen), **Sylvain Bergeron** is a master of the lute and family of plucked instruments, including the theorbo, archiluth and baroque guitar. He is in great demand on the North American music scene as a soloist and continuist. He is one of the pioneers of early music in Canada and has helped establish the lute as a viable instrument at the highest level of professionalism. His work has confirmed the importance of plucked instruments and helped validate their place in Baroque ensembles and orchestras in Canada



Sylvain Bergeron has participated in more than 90 recordings, many of which have won prizes and awards. His most recent solo album, Gioseppe Antonio Doni's Lute Book, published by ATMA Classique in 2015, was widely praised for his “strong lute technique combined with outstanding musical intelligence and impeccable phrasing” (The WholeNote), while the magazine Goldberg described his game as “imbued with both great rhythmic vitality, delicacy and nuance”.

Co-founder and co-artistic director of La Nef, Mr. Bergeron has directed several award- winning productions of this Montreal ensemble since 1991. He has taught lute at McGill University and the Université de Montréal since 1992.

Sylvain
Bergeron



Abdul-Wahab Kayyali

Abdul-Wahab Kayyali commenced his oud studies in 1989 at the National Music Conservatory of Amman, Jordan under the tutelage of Sakher Hattar. While in Amman, he also received tutelage and guidance from Iraqi oud virtuoso Munir Bashir. He has performed widely as a soloist and an ensemble member throughout the Middle East, Europe, and North America. In 2020, Abdul-Wahab co-founded the world music trio “Les Arrivants” in Montreal with Hamin Honari and Amichai Ben Shalev. He also released his debut solo album “Juthoor” in 2020.

His projects have gained recognition and support from the Abdul-Hameed Shoman Foundation and Bank Al Etihad Foundation in Jordan, as well as the Canada Council for the Arts, the Conseil des arts et des lettres du Quebec (CALQ), the Conseil des arts de Montreal (CAM), and the Conseil Quebecois de la Musique (CQM). In addition to performing with Les Arrivants across Canada and the US, he has most recently collaborated to perform and record with Tariq Harb (classical guitar), Saeed Farajpouri (kamancheh), Salah Eddin Maraqa (qanoun), Sheila Hannigan (cello), Merrie Klazek (trumpet), Haitham Haidar (voice), and ensemble Constantinople.

Amanda Keesmaat



Amanda Keesmaat is the director and creator of Space Time Continuo and principal cellist with Arion Baroque Orchestra. She plays regularly with Studio de Musique Ancienne de Montreal (SMAM) and Clavecin en Concert and is an original member of Skye Consort. Amanda has also toured with Les Violons du Roy (Quebec), Pacific Baroque Orchestra (Vancouver) and Tafelmusik (Toronto). Amanda has frequently been at the heart of productions of La Nef. As a specialist on basse de violon, Amanda belongs to Rendez-Vous Baroque Français, an ensemble specializing in French baroque music.

Holding a Master of Violin Performance from the Royal Conservatory of Brussels under the direction of Mira Glodeanu, as well as from McGill University under the tutelage of Chantal Rémillard, **Tanya LaPerrière** is distinguished by the elegance and passion of her interpretations. She performs as a solo violinist on Canadian and international stages with some of the country's most renowned ensembles, including Ensemble Caprice, Constantinople, the Studio de musique ancienne de Montréal, Les Idées heureuses, and Clavecin en concert. Her concerts take her across Canada, Europe, Asia and the United States, both on the violin and the viola d'amore, a 14-string instrument she holds especially dear. It was with this instrument that she won a Juno Award this year with Ensemble Constantinople for their album *Il Ponte di Leonardo*.

Madame LaPerrière's discography includes more than twenty recordings, many of which have received Opus Awards and Juno Awards. The latest album by Pallade Musica, Schieferlein's Trio Sonatas (nominated for an Opus Award), is the result of her Master's research in Brussels. In addition to her solo career, she is a founding member, solo violinist, and co-artistic director of Pallade Musica.

Tanya LaPerrière




Abraham Ross performs regularly as organist, harpsichordist, and director, presenting imaginative programmes informed by original research. *Zaytoun* presented the perfect opportunity to engage with his passions for emotive storytelling and ensemble collaboration: and the honour to realize the message envisioned so open-heartedly by Haitham.

Abraham can be heard in concert as a soloist throughout the U.S. and Canada and performs regularly with *Les Goûts Réunis* (Montreal) and *The Resonance Collective* (Los Angeles); groups whose programming embodies a commitment to diversifying western-classical canon. Beyond historical repertoires, Abraham works closely with living composers, giving several premieres of new works written for his instruments every year.

Abraham Ross





Haitham Haidar, lead and executive producer
Mie White, recording engineer
Stratsimir Dimitrov, recording and mixing engineer
Charles Coutu, assistant engineer
Jennifer Nulsen, mastering engineer
Recorded and mixed at **Alchemist Studios**

Design & illustration by **Sirena Varma**

Photography by **Tam Photography, Guillaume D. Cyr, Youssef Shoufan, Sergio Veranes, Dominick Gravel, Gavin Fraser**


© Haitham Haidar © 2025 Divine Art Ltd
www.athenerecords.com
Made in Austria

First Inversion 1617 Park Place Ave Ste.
110-F1 Fort Worth, TX 76110 | info@first-inversion.com



Canada Council
for the Arts

Conseil des arts
du Canada



© Haitham Haidar
© 2025 Divine Art Ltd

ATH 23027

LC 03952