

# EREV BA I

(Israel)

Erev Ba - 1 (air-ehv bah) "Evening Comes" was presented by Rivka Sturman at University of the Pacific Folk Dance Camp, 1965.

MUSIC: Record: Tivka 98 "Dance with Rivka," Side 1, Band 1

FORMATION: Short lines of dancers, leader at R end. Hands joined, elbows bent, forearms, one above the other, L on top.

STEPS AND STYLING: Walking step\*, step-close step\*. Stand close together, bodies relaxed, but not too much swd movement. Lines should move as one person.

\* Described in Volumes of Folk Dances from Near and Far, published by the Folk Dance Federation of California, Inc., 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

MUSIC 4/4

PATTERN

Measures

4 INTRODUCTION - no action

## I. FOLLOW THE LEADER

1 Face LOD and move CCW with two walking steps, R,L (cts 1-2), step fwd on R toe (ct 3) (incline body fwd over R, L clears the ground but remains in pos), hold (ct 4).

2 Step L in place (ct 1), close R to L (ct 2), step fwd L (ct 3), hold (ct 4).  
The body rises and falls on these steps, with wt fwd on ball of ft.

3-8 Repeat action of meas 1-2 three more times. Lower joined hands.

## II. WALK AND TAP

1 Move CCW with two walking steps, R, L (cts 1-2), step swd R with R, face ctr; sway body twd LOD, L ft remains in place (ct 3), hold (ct 4).

2 Transfer wt to L ft, sway twd L (ct 1) (R ft remains in place), hold (ct 2). Bend knees, bring R ft to L, tap heel lightly beside L toe, ft pointed twd ctr (ct 3), lift heel slightly from floor and straighten L knee (ct 4).

3-8 Repeat action of meas 1-2 (Fig II) 3 more times.

### EREV BA - Evening's Come

Sounds of the flocks returning to the village	Evening's come, evening's come.
And dust is rising on country paths	The rose dreams once more its dreams of
In the distance a pair of bells	slow beauty,
Keeps the lengthening shadows company	And one by one the stars begin to bloom
Evening's come, evening's come.	And far away in the darkened valley
The wind whistles softly through village fences	The coyote howls her welcome to the night.
In cypress crowns the doves begin their slumber	Night has fallen, it is night.
And far away the shoulders of the hill	
Are being kissed by the last lingering rays.	