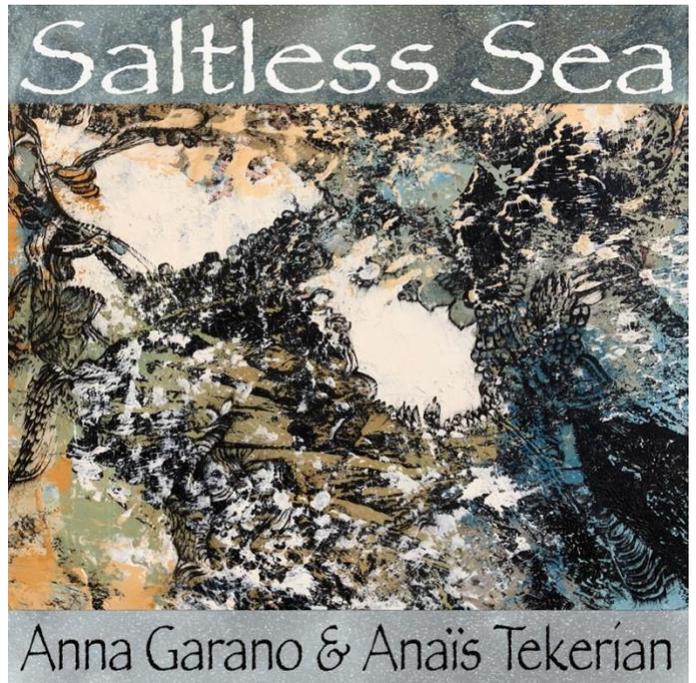




Photo: Regina Cherry



Saltless Sea

Anna Garano, guitar and arrangements

Anais Tekerian, voice

Kinan Azmeh, clarinet

Shane Shanahan, percussion

Recorded, mixed, and mastered by **Kamilo Kratoch** at Soundworks Recording Studio, Astoria, NY

Artwork by **Kevork Mourad**

Akhtamar

Melody and lyrics by Anais Tekerian

Arrangement and guitar: Anna Garano

Voice: Anais Tekerian

Clarinet: Kinan Azmeh

The story goes that Tamar, the daughter of a king on an island in the middle of Lake Van, refuses all suitors because she has fallen in love with a commoner. In order for the lovers to meet in secret, at night she builds a fire on the shore of the lake, the light of which guides the young man to her. One day, jealous men sent by her father extinguish the fire, thus wiping out the young swimmer's only point of reference, and he dies, calling out, "Akh, Tamar!" The island is named for this dying sigh.

Salt-less sea, rained upon by salted tears,
Love's refugee tastes salt as he disappears, as he disappears.

She lit a fire to lead him to her side
They quenched the fire to take away his guide, to take away the light.

Tell me oh tell me
what's now my story
my flames no longer
thirst for the sky.

Night closes in, I
can't peel't away, it
clings like a shroud, it
darkens the day.

Tell me oh tell me
after my story
how do I leave my
island of stone?

Named for his sadness
endlessly echoed,
this island holds me,
maiden turned crone.

Give me a story
one that will lead me
out of the echo

of one lone cry.

How many places
hold as their namesake
only the pain of
one dying sigh.

Tell me oh tell me
endlessly echoed
what's now my story's
shroud-darkened day?

After my story
my flames still thirst for
only the pain of
his sadness named.

Give me a story
out of the echo
named for the dying
thirst for the light.

Tell me oh tell me
tell me oh tell me
what's now the story
of my lone cry.

Give me a story
after my story
tell me oh tell me
tell me oh tell me...

Ambi Dagits (Under the Clouds) Lyrics by H. Toumanyanyan, melody by A. Tigranian

Arrangement and guitar: Anna Garano

Voice: Anaïs Tekerian

Percussion: Shane Shanahan

Under the clouds the waters stream,

hitting rocks in a foamy spray.
Whose love is that sitting and singing,
full of tears on that mountain?

Oh, cold, clear waters,
that come from the mountains,
that come through the fields;
my love drank of those waters.

Under the clouds the waters stream,
hitting rocks in a foamy spray.
Akh, my dear love is sitting crying,
full of tears on that mountain.

Kele Kele (Walk, Walk) Gomidas

Arrangement and guitar: Anna Garano

Voice: Anais Tekerian

Percussion: Shane Shanahan

Walk, walk.
I'd die for your lips, I'd die for your admirable mind.
Love-struck quail, wounded quail.
I would die for the fire of your love.

Aghchi Pakhtavor (Lucky Girl) Lyrics by H. Toumanyanyan, melody by Y. Baghdasarian

Arrangement and guitar: Anna Garano

Voice: Anais Tekerian

Clarinet: Kinan Azmeh

Lucky girl, I would wish for a beloved like yours, who knows your ups and downs
and loves your dark eyes.
Ascension day, yayla. Days of love.
I would die for your youth. You are a flowering spring. Your love is like a mountain
standing by you.
Ascension day, yayla. Mountain lovers.

Majgal (The Laborer) Lyrics by A. Isahagian, melody by A. Ter Aprahamyan

Arrangement and guitar: Anna Garano

Voice: Anaïs Tekerian

You are a farmer. Plow the earth, then please come quickly to me. You're sweating like the sea; bring your flocks back home.

I skimmed the cream from the milk and put it in the shade to cool. I tied on my apron and am ready for you. Come to me singing.

I prepared a space for you in a lovely place. The breeze will come and cool us. We'll have the moonlight in our laps. Come, with your lovely movement...

Stop what you are doing, my love, the clouds have arrived. Quickly, come!

Asoom en Oorin (Willow Song) Lyrics by H. Toumanyanyan, melody by A. Tigranian

Arrangement and guitar: Anna Garano

Voice: Anaïs Tekerian

Clarinet: Kinan Azmeh

They say the willow is a girl like me, falling for her love whom she hasn't seen.

Pity her, for she is trembling without hope, eyelashes drying, like a willow.

Over the water, she leans her head like a willow, still softly trembling and crying.

The whole year through she harbors but one idea: how can someone forget his love?

Zambil Traditional

Arrangement and guitar: Anna Garano

Voice: Anaïs Tekerian

Percussion: Shane Shanahan

A song in heavy Kurdish-Armenian dialect about a girl and a basket.