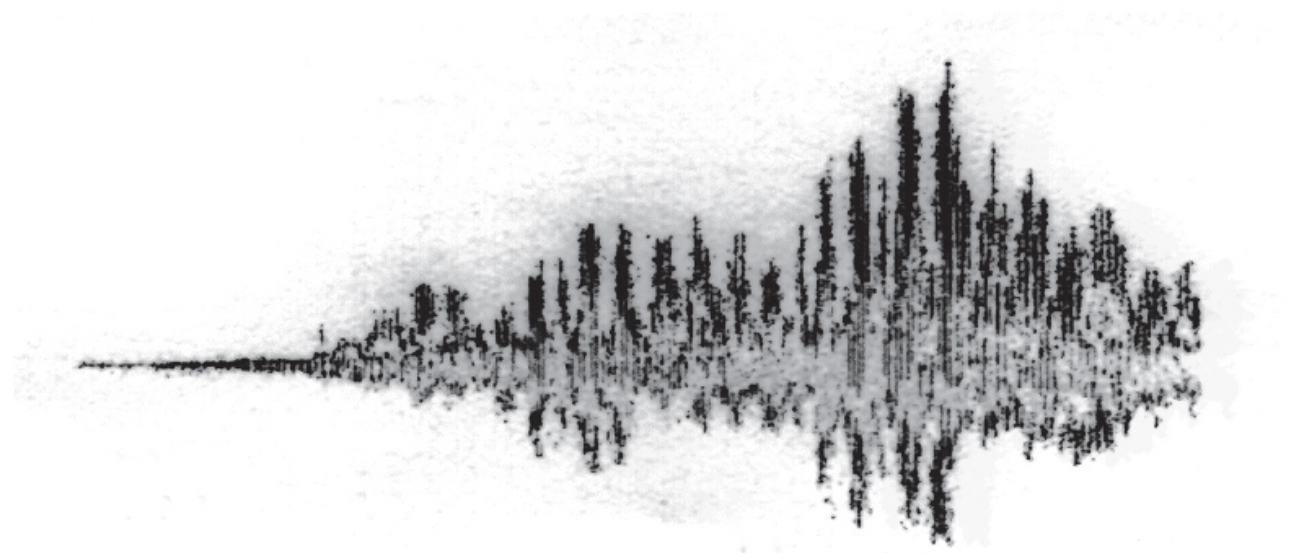


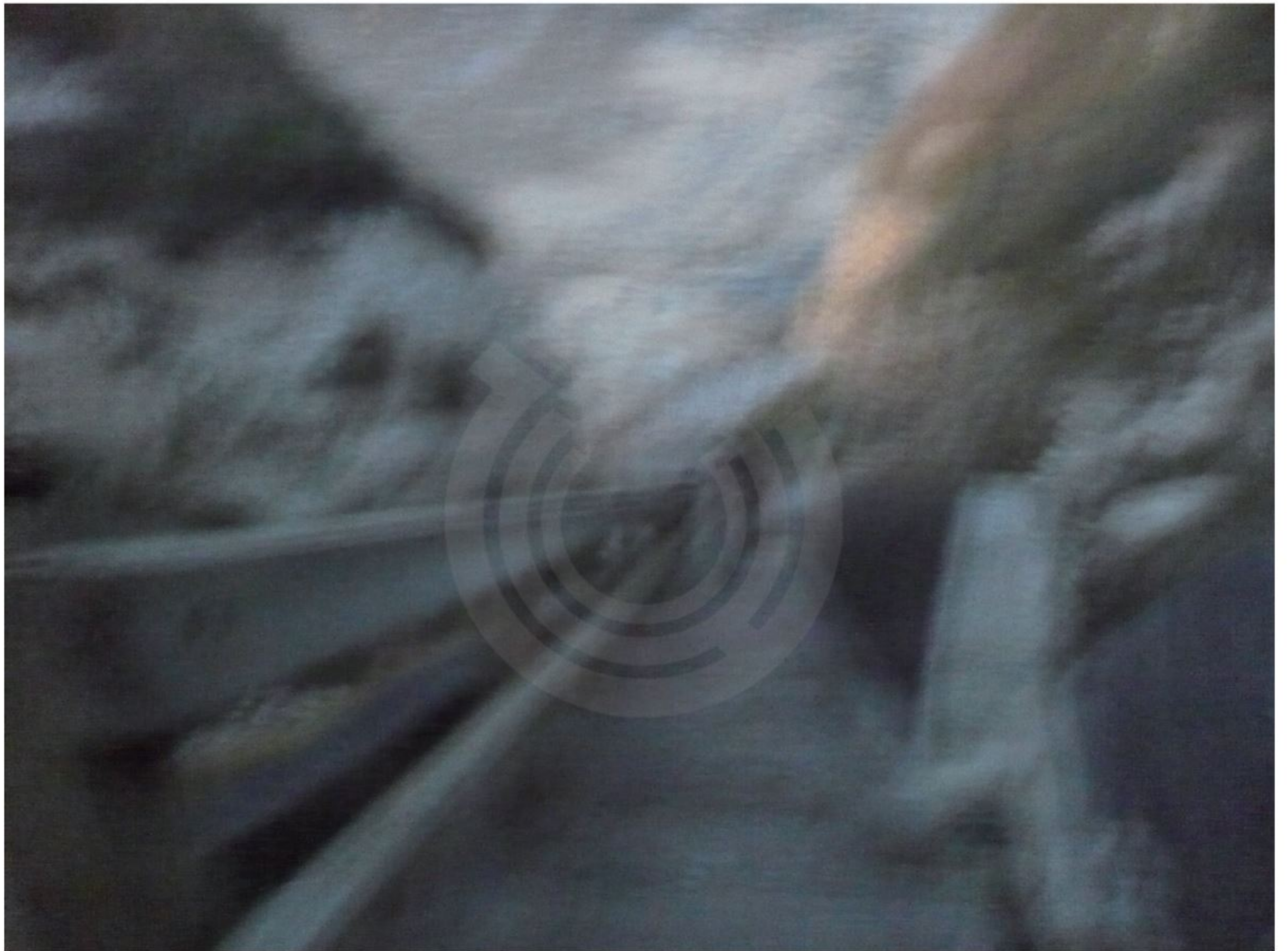


DELEYAMAN

fourth, part one



recorded between march 2008 and february 2009





book of change

for those that never know the light
the darkness is a sullen thing
and they, the children of the night
seem lost in fortune's winnowing.

and if there be no other life,
and if there be no other chance
to weigh their sorrow and their strife
than in the scales of circumstance,

'twere better, ere the sun go down
upon the first day we embark,
in life's imbittered sea to drown,
than sail forever in the dark.

but if there be a soul on earth
so blinded with its own misuse
of man's revealed, incessant worth,
or worn with anguish, that it views

no light but for a mortal eye,
no rest but of a mortal sleep,
no God but in a prophet's lie
no faith for 'honest doubt' to keep.

if there be nothing, good or bad,
but chaos for a soul to trust,
God counts it for a soul gone mad,
and if God be God, He is just.

but some are strong and some are
weak, and there's the story.
house and home are shut from
countless hearts that seek

world-refuge that will never come.





stay on

at morn, at noon, at twilight dim
in joy and sorrow, in good and ill
on desolate land, in valleys of green
mother of God, be with me still.

when the hours flew brightly by
not a cloud obscured the sky
my soul, lest it should truant be
thy grace did guide to thine and thee.

now, when storms of fate overcast
darkly my present and my past
stay on

and when the sun shine no more
let me want no further more
for life and death are one, even as the river
and the sea
for life and death are one, even as the river
and the sea.

stay on...

roses

down every passage of the cloister hung
a darkwood cross on a white plaster wall
but in the court were roses
something of Christ's blood grown small.













aravod luys

aravod luso
arekagn artar
aravod luso
arekagn artar

aris luys, dzakia
aris luys, dzakia.

be still

the hanging gardens were a dream
that over Persian roses flew to kiss

the sunset seem,
the world is very old and nothing is
be still

thou foolish thing, thou canst not wake,
nor thy tears wedge thy soldered lids,
lids apart
be still

blind with the light of life
thou shall not forsake,
and error loves and nourishes thy soul.









temples

these temples grew as grows the grass
art might obey but not surpass
and the same power that reared the shrine,
bestrode the tribes that knelt within

the word unto the prophet spoken was writ
on tables yet unbroken
the word by seers or sibyls told in groaves of oak and
fanes of gold
still floats upon the morning wind

one flame and the countless host seek the heart that
never shows
still whispers to the willing mind in groaves of oak and
fanes of gold,
the word by seers or sibyls told.

jardin

nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés
les amours des bassins, les naïades en groupes
voient reluire au soleil en cristaux découpés
les flots silencieux qui coulaient de leur coupe

les lauriers sont coupés, et le cerf aux abois
tressaille au son du corps; nous n'irons plus au bois,
où des enfants riaient la folle troupe
sous les regards des lys aux pleurs trempés
voici l'herbe qu'on fauche et les lauriers qu'on coupe

nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés.

fill my heart

fill my heart of hearts where death installed you
in setting my lonely heart and spirit free
not the demons down under the deepest sea,
can ever dissever my soul from the soul of your beauty

for the moon never beams without bringing me dreams,
and the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes of thee
and so the night tide, I lie down by the side of you
my life and my bride in her tomb by the side of the sea



traffic lights

again the traffic lights that skim thy swift,
unfractioned idiom, immaculate sigh of stars
beading thy path, condense eternity,
and we have seen night lifted in thine arms

under thy shadow, by the piers I waited,
only in darkness is thy shadow so clear
the city's fiery parcels all undone
already snow submerges an iron year

o sleepless as the river under thee,
vaulting the sea, the prairies' dreaming sod
unto us lowliest sometime sweep descend
and of the curveship lend a myth to God

under thy shadow...

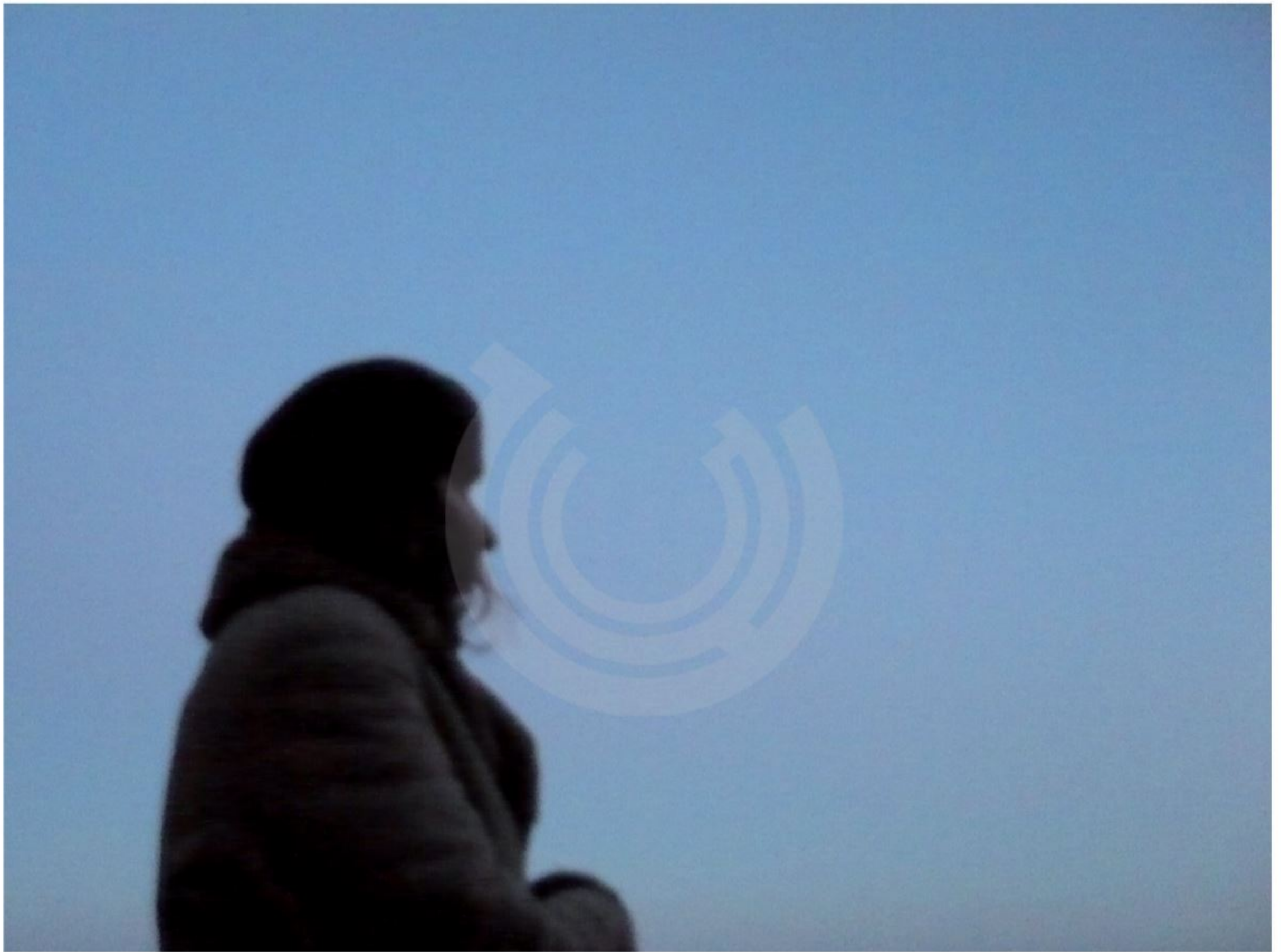
arev tibav

kyamin yegav, gragi bes,
yegav hasav, tchur dzovu ges
mer dun, tser dun, irar timats
menk siretsink arants imats

arevn arer, vana dzovin,
yes kez siri, ashnan hovin
vart patsvetsav kaghel tchega
yaris parager, sghmel tchega

lusin yegav ays kisherin,
yaris desa ges kisherin,
ari yertank sarni seyran,
ke danoghi denig veran.

arev tibav masis sarin...







deleyaman

beatrice Valantin : vocals

gerard Madilian : duduk

mia Bjorlingsson : drums

aret Madilian : vocals, guitars, bass, saz, harmonica, keyboards & percussions

guitars on tracks 3 & 10 ara Duzian

all titles written and performed by deleyaman

arranged, mixed and mastered by aret Madilian at kHS studio

*produced by deleyaman, **ttto records** © & naregatsi art institute, 2009*

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lyrics inspired by the poems of:

E.A. Robinson

E.A. Poe

K. Gibran

A. Hecht

T. Stickney

R.W. Emerson

T. de Banville

H. Crane

*book of change,
stay on,
roses,
aravod luy, be still, temples,
somehow,
jardin,
fill my heart, traffic lights,
arev tibav.
52.50*



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