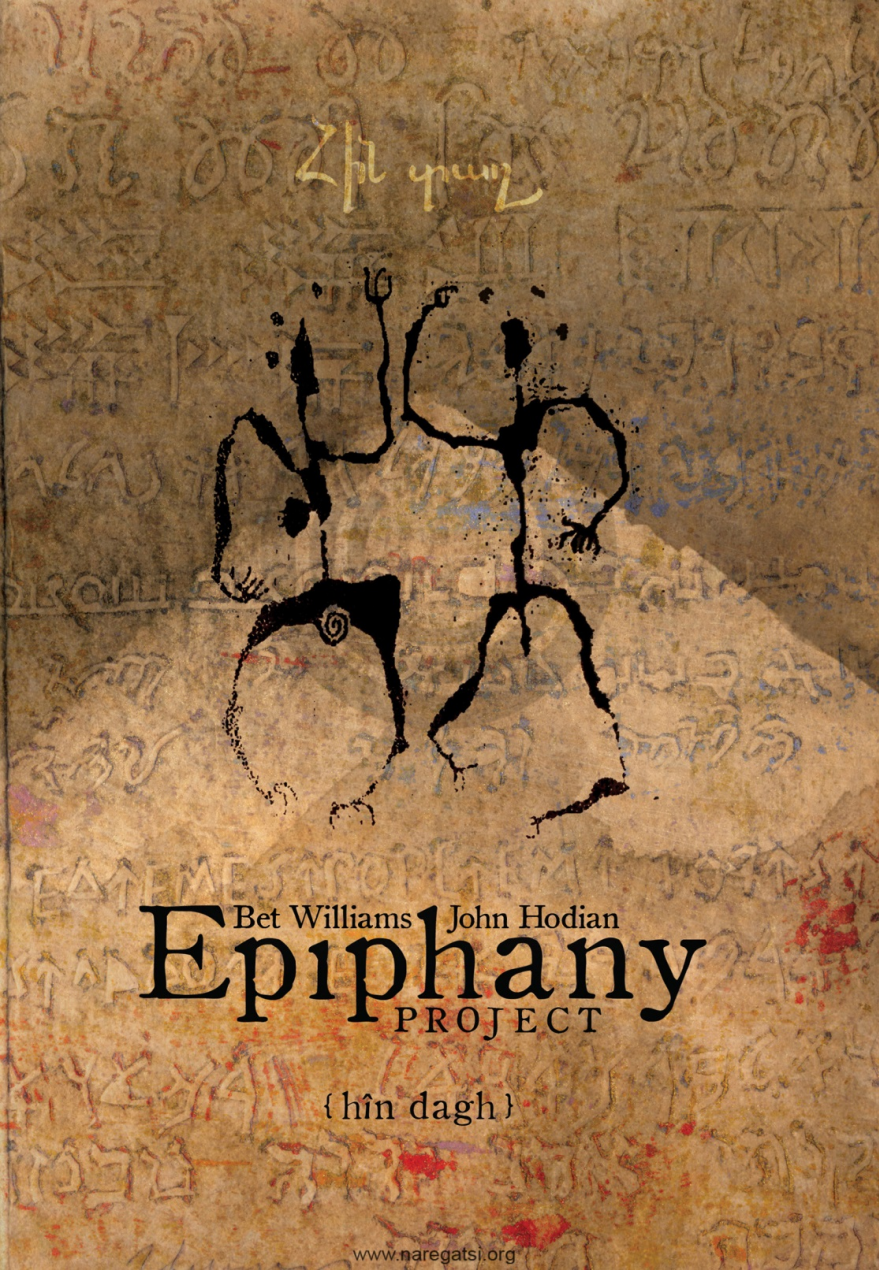


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Recorded at

Naregatsi Art Institute

Yerevan, Armenia



All songs written by John Hodian and Bet Williams

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Notes on this Recording

The idea for this record was born late one night after a spirited day traveling through the northern Armenian countryside with our guide and good friend Zareh Tjeknavorian. A talented filmmaker who has documented rites and rituals of some of the world's dying cultures (Zorastrians, Mandeans, etc.), Zareh—who grew up in Tehran, Paris, Germany, South Dakota, and Brooklyn—is also a wealth of information about ancient history, especially as it relates to the Caucasus, and of esoteric information on what he calls "living antiquity."

As we traveled through Armenia that day (and many after), we were awestruck by the raw beauty of the landscape and the profound historical perspective of its people, while Zareh unraveled tale after tale of the various cultures and their histories.

As fate would have it, this trip had also brought us in contact with the Armenian visual artist Ararat Sarkissian, whose work documents the vast variety of ancient languages, the earliest known written alphabets, and the codification of language. Ararat welcomed us into his home for an evening of uniquely Armenian hospitality and the opportunity to explore his work more in depth.

Before this trip we had been grappling with what the new Epiphany Project record would be. We knew we wanted to record in Armenia and work with some of the talented musicians there. We knew we were interested in things ancient and timeless, worldly and primitive. Now we knew where to begin.

The Music:

The actual songs were born out of improvisation. John created sketches with piano and percussion while Bet gathered words from various sacred texts and poems and experimented vocally. For the better part of a year we lived and worked in Armenia and with a variety of musicians there we recorded what we thought were rough tracks. Many of the initial raw instrumental performances and vocals became this album.

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The Texts:

We have always been intrigued by language, especially dead (and dying) languages. While we continue digging into different religions and looking at ancient and not so ancient poetry, we have been discovering many common themes. A lot of the writings here seem as though they could have been written yesterday, the heart and mind of humankind being both ancient and ageless. In this CD book you will find the translation on one side of the page and a handwritten version in the original language on the other. In some cases we have included a transliteration. There are two songs in English ("Ararat" and "Beulah") for which no translations are necessary.

Anoush,
John & Bet

A note about the words:

In singing these words of people who came before me, I want to use my voice as an instrument to convey the inspiration I felt as I first heard or read them. If I err in the pronunciation or stress of a word, or the inflection of a phrase (and often I do), I hope to be forgiven. May you sing your song on the road in your century, as Yeghishe Charents wrote, with "strength and incredible brightness." *–Bet*

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Special Thanks

Huge thanks to Nareg Hartounian who inspired us to travel to Armenia in the first place, whose support of artists is rare and genuine, and whose friendship is indelible.

Thanks to the musicians: Artyom Malikian, Edo Harutyunyan, Adam Butler, Armen Ayvazyan, Kane Mathis, Vardan Grigoryan, Raffi Dimoian, Scott Briklin, Ohaness Garabed Hodoyan, Emmanuel Hovhannisian, Mher Vartikyan, Suzy Taslakian, Nareg Hartounian, The Armenian Navy Band horn section: David Nalchajyan, Tigran Suchyan, Ashot Harutiunyan and especially Armen Hyusnynts for putting it all together. Members of the Limos String Quartet: Jemma Abrahamyan, Lilit Mkhitaryan, and Ashkhen Gasparyan.

Special thanks to our friend Arto Tuncboyaciyan for the inspiration and for generously playing on this recording.

Big thanks to Levon Eskenyan and Levon Ivanyan, Thomas Aintabian (Tomig) and everyone at Naregatsi Art Institute: Lilit Papazyan, Gayane Khatchatryan, Hasmig Gazazyan, Anahit Ghazaryan, Anahit Davtyan, Hike Gasparian, Hayk Mnatsakanyan, Gohar Stepanian, Naira Hayrapetyan, Harut Shahnazarian. Also, thanks to Sevag Artsruni, Mr. Garabed Hartounian, Antranik at The Club.

Thanks to Lilit Pipoyan for the walks and talks in Yerevan, for music, ideas, and translation help, and for trying to set us straight on pronunciation (almost got there).

Thanks to Jasmine Harutyunyan for the Eastern Armenian lessons and help with translations. Tomig for the Western Armenian lessons. Mher Karakashian for translation of Charents I. Nareg Seferian for Sarmad and the lessons in Sanskrit and Hindustani. Peter Yousef for the Aramaic. Sheldon Yett for Swahili tips.

Thanks to Suzy and Boghos Taslakian for late night artistic insights, humor and paklava!

Thanks to our son Jack. We know you can't read just yet but thanks for the sweet song you wrote, "We're flying to a new home" in response to moving around the planet. You are an awesome kid and our hearts' true delight.

Thanks to Armine Janjughazova (and her family) for taking good care of Jack while we were working in Yerevan.

Thanks to Bet's mom, Harryette Williams, for the love and unwavering support in all ways.

Thanks to Scott Bricklin for all things in "Fleury."

Design thanks:

Ararat Sarkissian for his contribution to the cover and all of his wonderful art.
Ashot Avagyan for the petroglyph interpretation on the cover.
Gohar Khachatryan for her beautiful handwriting in the Armenian pieces.
Nina Schultz for photography.
Arsineh Khachikian and Rostom Kouyoumdjian at Deem Communications for the incredible design.

This CD is dedicated to all Armenians past and future, in particular John Charles Hodian III (our son) and Mariam Hodoian (John's grandmother).

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Ashem (Avestan)

This prayer from Khorda Avesta (the Sacred Book of the Zoroastrians) has a beautiful and hypnotic sound. It is meant to be spoken five times a day standing in the presence of fire, a lamp, the sun, or the moon. The way we first heard it was almost in a monotone, but when we started to experiment with it in the studio it took on another life.

ashem vohu vahishtem ashti
ushta asti ushta ahmai
hyat ashai vahishtai ashem.

Translation:

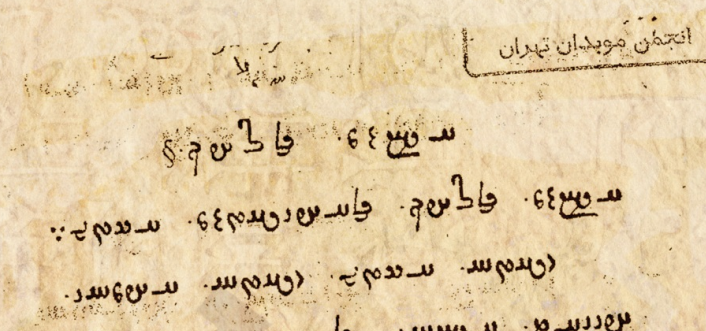
Righteousness (Truth, Asha) is good, it is best.
According to our wish it is, according to our wish it shall be.
Righteousness belongs to Asha Vahishta
(Best Righteousness, the Holy Immortal, or Yazata*)

* The word has a wide range of meaning but generally signifies a divinity and literally means "worthy of worship."



Ohannes Garabed Hodoyan *Santur*
Adam Butler *Percussion*
Armen Ayvazyan *Kamancha*
The Armenian Mud Men *Subterranean Vocals*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

انجمن موبدان تهران



A little more about Zoroastrianism:

This pre-Islamic religion of ancient Persia was founded by the prophet Zarathustra in the 6th century BC. According to Farhang Mehr in his book The Zoroastrian Tradition, "the law of Asha (Truth) requires selfless service with love and dedication for the preservation, development, and refreshment of the world."

Transcription in Avestan thanks to Dr Yéva Dalyan.

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Charents I (Armenian)

While living in Yerevan we fell in love with the beloved Armenian poet Yeghishe Charents (1897-1937). Late one night after hearing our good friend Nareg Hartunian's impromptu translation of this poem we knew we would set it to music. Charents' use of song is almost a religious experience. The translation was a group effort (there doesn't seem to be an English translation in existence) but doesn't have the impact that it does when spoken or read in Armenian.

An excerpt from

I am not that anymore

An answer to my enemies | by Yeghishe Charents

Here I go
On the road
Alone

Only my song is with me
and I am singing,
Fearlessly singing
About my enlightened thoughts

My path shall now bear hardships
more hardships than ever before
And perhaps along the way
your snakelike fangs
will stain me with blood

But my soul is firm

And no evil can separate me from my ceaseless century
Just like no power can keep me
From my bright and incredible song.



Ամէնքս եմ կ'ելնամ ես սիրտ Տէրուկ,
Քնէրս ե՞ս տրայէ բէզ հետր Տրուբէն,
Եմ երգամ էմ ես, երգամ եմ սիրտ
Իմ սրտշատացած խոհերր Տուբէն։
Դէմար կ'իջեր իմ երգր հիմա,
Դէմար ու դէեր, ֆանէ երթիցէ,
Եմ Նամիրիս գայէ օշերի նման
Բէզ արդուներէն Տանիֆներր ջէր,—
Բայց արէգ ե հոգրս... Ու ոչ ճի Տր Տանիֆ
Բէզ չի բաժներ իմ սիրտս գարրդ,
Բէզպէս ոչ Տր ոտ բէզ չի բաներ
Իմ շնորհ ես, սրտշէն ֆէսարրդ...



Arto Tuncboyaciyan *Dumbek, Frame Drum, Tambourine, Shakers*
Scott Bricklin *Bass*
John Hodian *Piano and all other instruments*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

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ARARAT (Arto's Song)

We are always inspired by the musical genius, free spirit and unique philosophical outlook of mystic song man, Arto Tuncboyaciyan. It's his voice in the intro and again at the end of the piece. This was written spontaneously after recording percussion tracks with him. The song is a response to Arto's song "Here's to You Ararat" which you can now hear people singing all over Yerevan. Just miles across the closed border in Turkey, the presence of Mount Ararat is huge and beautiful in Armenia.

There you go
There you go flying high
Past the mountain that nothing can hide
You've been close all your life you could hear her sighing

Saw you there
as you danced in the snow
You and your Dadik* on the road
You were waving your arms and she was crying

Ararat
You say
Tell us all
You move right through me

Arto-jan
You sing the song
And we all
Feel her beauty

* grandmother

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All the sons every faith, every side
All were born from her hips open wide
Born to laugh and to love
Not for killing and dying

Sing your song in your own mystic tongue
From the seeds that you sow, change will come
And we'll all sing along on and on... li le li

Ararat
You say
Tell us all
Move right through me

Arto-jan
You sing
And we all
Feel her
Beauty...

Arto Tuncboyaciyan *Vocal Intro*
Ohannes Garabed Hodoyan *Santur*
Scott Bricklin *Bass*
David Nalchajyan *Alto Sax*
Tigran Suchyan *Trumpet*
Ashot Harutiunyan *Trombone*
Armen Hyusnynts *Saxophone*
John Hodian *Piano, Udu, Dumbek and all other percussion*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

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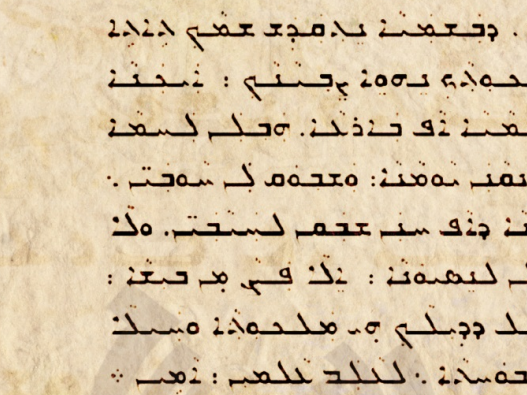
Avvon d'bishmaiya (Aramaic)

On the first Epiphany record we wrote the song "Tubwahun" using ancient Aramaic text for an interpretation of the Beatitudes. The sound of the language has always been haunting to us and is beautiful to sing. While researching for this record, we came upon "The Lord's Prayer" also in Aramaic. We find a direct translation of the original Aramaic very interesting and quite different from the version most of us know.

Avvon d'bishmaiya,
Nith qaddash shimukh
Tihteh mal chootukh
Nihweh çiwyanukh,
eichana d'bishmaiya
ap b'arah.
Haw lan lakhma
d'soonqanan yoomana.
O'shwooq lan khobein:
eichana d'ap kh'nan
shwiqan l'khayaween.
Oo'la tellan l'nissyoona.
illa paççan min beesha.
Midtil dedilukh
hai malchoota
oo khaila oo tushbookhta
l'alam almein. Aameen.



Raffi Dimoian *French Horn*
John Hodian *Piano and all other instruments*
Bet Williams *Vocals*



O, Birther of the Cosmos, focus your light within us
Create your reign of unity now
Your one desire then acts with ours,
As in all light, So in all forms,
Grant us what we need each day in bread and insight:
Loose the cords of mistakes binding us,
As we release the strands we hold of other's guilt.
Don't let surface things delude us,
But free us from what holds us back.
From you is born all ruling will,
The power and the life to do,
The song that beautifies all,
From age to age it renews.
I affirm this with my whole being.

Translation from Aramaic by Neil Douglas-Klotz

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Sarmad (Hindu-stani)

Another friend, Nareg Seferian, who was raised in Dehli, gave us an interesting book, "Sarmad: His Life and Rubais" by Lakhpat Rai. Nareg's grandfather worked on translating this book into Armenian many years ago. We had never heard of the mystic Sarmad, who was either Armenian or Jewish (no one seems to know), but when we read his rubais we were captivated. Our favorite excerpts became this song.

From Verses 155 - 157

You are not in the least wise, O abstinent, by God,
Abandon hypocrisy and abstinence,
Drink the Wine of the Love of God
The cup and the flask are both brim-full with Reality–
Sparkling in them are both the unmanifested and
the manifested forms of God.

O mind! With ambition and avarice worry yourself not
with this heavy load burden your shoulders not,
Remember your life will not be as long
As the chain of your desires,
Just for a few days therefore undergo long suffering not.

When I abandoned voluntarily all my own plans,
I was bathed from top to bottom in the Reality's radiance,
If thou too seeketh a similar experience, give up thy ego
So that thou canst see from head to foot
The Lord's absolute effulgence.

Artyom Manoukyan *Bass*
Arto Tuncboyaciyan *Percussion*
Ohannes Garabed Hodoyan *Santur*
Vardan Grigoryan *Zorna*
Adam Butler *Tar, Frame Drums, Rik, Ocean Drum, Shakers*
John Hodian *Piano, Percussion and all other instruments*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

ज़ाहिद बखुदा नेस्त तुरा बहरह ज़िहोश ।
अज़ ज़ोहदो रया तौबह बकुन बादह विनोश ।।
लबरेज़े हक़ीक़त अस्त आईनह ओ जाम ।
हम मानी ओ सूरत अस्त दर जोशो ख़रोश ।।

ऐ दिल ज़ि हवाओ हवस आज़ार मकश ।
ईं बारे गरां ब दोश ज़िनहार मकश ।।
उभरत न बुवद बक़दरे तूले अमलत ।
अज़ बहरे दो रोज़ रंजे बिसियार मकश ।।

तर्क करदम चारहहाये जुमलह अज़ मावाये ख़्वेश ।
नूरे हक़ रा दीदह अम अज़ ज़ेर ता बालाये ख़्वेश ।।
गर तू भी ख़्वाही चुनीं हम शो जुदा अज़ जाये ख़ुद ।
ता बि बीनी मज़हरे हक़ जुमलह सर ता पाये ख़्वेश ।।

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Taliesin's Dream (Ancient Welsh)

Taliesin was the ancient Wélsh bard credited with creating the earliest surviving work in that language. Though little is known about his life, it is generally agreed that he was a high ranking poet (can you imagine a time when the world had high ranking poets?) and the court bard to several kings. These writings are excerpts from a variety of Taliesin's works, The Battle of the Trees *and* The Chair of the Sovereign *as well as others. That rumbling you hear on this track is the sound of Taliesin rolling over in his grave as we smash together bits and pieces of his epic length poems. [Our apologies.]*

From The First Address of Taliesin

A primitive and ingenious address, when
thoroughly elucidated.
Which was first, is it darkness, is it light?
Or Adam, when he existed, on what day was he created?
Or under the earth's surface, what the foundation?
Whence come night and day?
Whence will the eagle become gray?
Whence is it that night is dark?

From The Chair of the Sovereign

The declaration of a clear song
Of unbounded Awen (flowing energy)
High is the virtue of the course
High is the kine in the evening
High is the horn of traveling
High will be the gaiety of the old
High is truth when it shines
Higher when it speaks

From Battle of the Trees

I have been a sword
I have been a tear in the air
for a year and a half
I have been a continuing bridge
over three scores aber



Prif Gyfarch

Prif gyfarch gelvyd par rylent
Puy Kyntac tyuyll ac goleuat
Neu adaf pan vu pa dyd y great
Neu y dan tylwet py ry Scilyat
Pan dau nos n dyd
Pan vyd lluyd Eryr
Pan yw tyuyll nos

Kadeir Teyrnon

Areith awdyl eglur.
Awen tra messur.
Ban rinwed rotwyd.
Ban vyd hyn hoywed.
Ban corn kerdetrwyd.
Ban biw wrth echwrd.
Ban gwir pan disgleir.

Kat Godeu

Bum cledyf
Bum deigyr yn awyr
Blwydyn a hanher.
Bum pont ar triger.
Ar trugein aber.

Ohannes Garabed Hodoyan *Santur*
Edo Harutyunyan *Frame Drum, Udu Drum, Shakers*
John Hodian *Percussion and all other instruments*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

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Havakveer (Armenian)

Sometime during the height of the Armenian Genocide (1915-1918) John's grandmother was forced to leave the homeland where she and her ancestors had lived for hundreds of years. Her husband and sons were murdered by Turks and she and her daughter were forced to walk across the desert into Syria. Her story is only one of many thousands told by the survivors of the events that gave birth to the term "genocide." This song tells the story of what she might have said as they left in the hurry of that horrid night. "Havakveer" means "get ready" or "gather your things."

Gather your things, Hurry!
We must go
Maybe we'll see Papa along the way
I don't know... Come, come

Take this picture
Hold it close to your heart
Hide this gold
And give your hand to me

Look straight ahead
Those people lying there,
They are only asleep
Don't worry, it's just a bad dream

If you are tired, let me carry you
Cover your face
We must cross this path
This borderless, endless road

Don't cry my sweet baby
Carry on with me
Don't be sad
Stay strong
And sing along with me... Come, come...



Հավաքվիր,
Ա՛ճապարե,
Պետք է գնանք
Դեռևս ճանապարհին
տեսնենք հայրիկին:

Չեմ գիտեր...
Արի, արի

Այս նկարը վերցրու,
Պահիր սրտիդ մոտ,
Այս ոսկին էլ թաքցրու,
Ու ձեռքդ ինձ տուր:

Նայիր առաջ,
Գետնի մարդիկը միայն
քնացած են,
Մի մտահոգվիր
Պարզապես գեշ երազ է:

Թէ հոգնել ես բեր գրկեմ,
Ծածկիր երեսդ,
Մենք պետք է ճամփա
անցնենք,
Ճամփան անեզեր:

Մի լացիր անուշ բալա,
Տոկա ինձ հետ,
Մի Տխրիր
Ամուր մնա,
Երգիր ինձ հետ:

Արի, արի

Translation into Armenian by Lilit Pipoyan

Jemma Abrahamyan *Violin*
Lilit Mkhitaryan *Viola*
Ashkhen Gasparyan *Cello*
Armen Ayvazyan *Kamancha*
Suzy Taslakian *End Vocal Lullaby*
John Hodian *Piano & Percussion*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

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Nainam (Sanskrit)

From the Bhagavad Gita "The Eternal Reality of the Soul's Immortality."

Nainam chindtandti shusdrarni
Nainam duhhuhti pahvuhkuh
Na chaeenuhm kledehyanty-Apo
Na sosuhyuhti mah rutah

Vinashum uhvhuhyuhsyahsyuh
Na kashjit kartum arhuhti

Translation:

Weapons cannot harm the soul
Fire cannot burn the soul
Water cannot wet and air cannot dry up the soul

No one (nothing) is able to cause the destruction of
the imperishable soul.



Arto Tuncboyaciyan *Frame Drum, Tambourine*
Adam Butler *Tar*
The Armenian Mud Men *Subterranean Vocals*
John Hodian *Piano, Percussion and all other instruments*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

नैनं छिन्दन्ति शस्त्राणि नैनं दहति पावकः ।
न चैनं क्लेदयन्त्यापो न शोषयति मारुतः ॥ २३ ॥

अविनाशि तु तद्विद्धि येन सर्वमिदं ततम् ।
विनाशमव्ययस्यास्य न कश्चित् कर्तुमर्हति ॥ १७॥

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Charents II (Armenian)

The creation of this piece took a different path than the others. Again it is a poem of Yeghishe Charents and again it was inspired by a wondrous and spontaneous reading by Nareg Hartounian. We sketched out some music for it and asked Nareg to give another reading in a recording studio. To set the text we began by cutting up Nareg's version in the computer and laying it out against the music to see where we wanted different parts to be sung. As the music continued to take shape against this provisional reading they seemed to fit each other so well that any sung version seemed superfluous.

The Crazed Masses

by Yeghishe Charents

To faraway and nearby friends,
to the suns,
to the worlds,
To the fire-like spirits.

To all whose soul is fervently afire,
To all of their sun-blazed souls,
To those very souls being immolated
In this wrathful twilight of life and death-

To all of them
Hail! Hail!

Translation by Mher Karakashian and Nareg Hartounian

Nareg Hartounian *Reading*
Artyom Manoukyan *Bass*
Arto Tuncboyaciyan *Saz*
John Hodian *Percussion and Piano*

Տրտմության խնկաբույրը

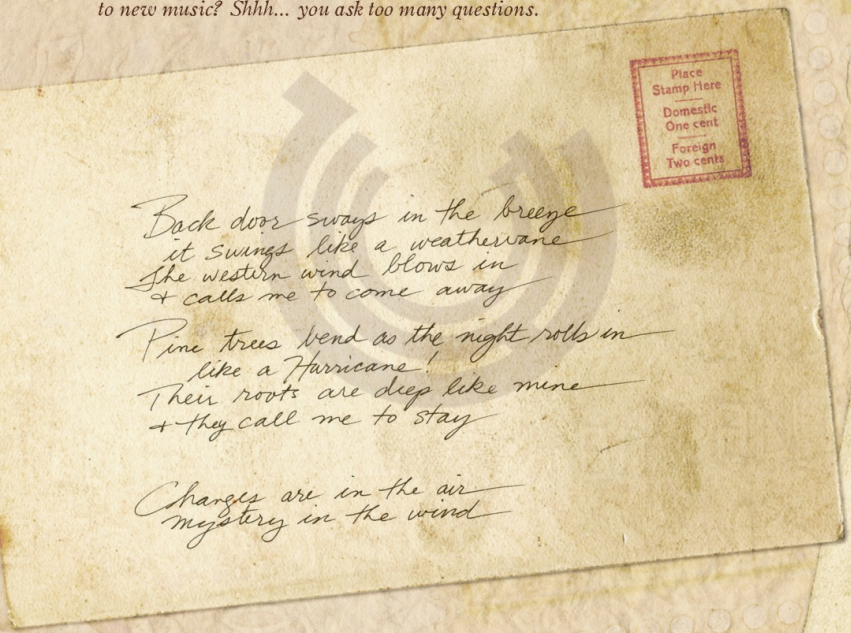
Եվ ահա, տարիք բնակեցնելով աշխարհներ բնակտեղիներ հրաժեշտ հոգիներից։
Բոլոր երանչ, որ հոգին փառքով է վառ,
Բոլոր երանչ հոգիներին արևաբույր,
Գյուղի, Տան իր ամեն ավերիր աղջամուղջում[21]
Ողջակիզ հոգիներին — ողջույն, ողջույն։



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Postcards from Beulah

This is taken from a music theater piece we are working on called "Postcards From Beulah." The postcards in question were written by Bet's great-grandmother. We discovered these years ago and were fascinated by how pleasant and nonchalant they were in contrast to her actual life working on a hardscrabble farm with a suicidal husband. Stay tuned for the full length version of the piece. What is this doing on a recording of sacred texts set to new music? Shhh... you ask too many questions.



Jemma Abrahamyan *Violin*
Lilit Mkhitaryan *Viola*
Ashkhen Gasparyan *Cello*
Mher Vartikyan *Electric Guitar*
Scott Bricklin *Electric Guitar*
Armen Ayvazyan *Kamancha*
John Hodian *Piano, Percussion and all other instruments*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

POST CARD



I stayed up half the night
& watched our old letters burn
The ashes drift away
& my mind starts to turn
There's nothing left of a life bereft
of the LOVE we made
I'll say a prayer, a goodbye
& never return.

Changes are in the air
mystery in the wind



Stars are falling, the world is calling
its time for me
I've been here 20 years now
I'm finally free
You'll wake up turn over
& shout out my name
But I'll be off in the night
& Gone with the Wind.

Changes are in the air
mystery in the wind

Love,
Beulah

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Ujamu Yangu (Swahili)

Written in Swahili, this poem on old age by Sabaan Robert (actually called "Uzee") touches a deep human truth, "Alas, it does not last, my good friend youth." We loved the poem, and the first and last verse became this song.

Old Age

Youth is a sweet thing, and it is so dear to us, here in my limbs
I too had it only yesterday, with plenty of blood, though today
no longer. Alas, it does not last, my good friend youth!

My hair is all grey, in my mouth there are no longer teeth,
I walk like a drunkard, my legs have no longer strength,
now I see it, youth is like that, it goes and does not come back.
Alas, it does not last, my good friend youth!

My sun has set, and I can see the stars, when you look at
my head, you see no black hairs, as if they had been
wiped away, or pulled out roots and all. Alas, it does not last,
my good friend youth!

I get confused in my words, I keep chewing on them,
I have collected wisdom, but my health is not good,
this life is a miserly thing, you get this but you don't get that.
Alas, it does not last, my good friend youth!

Kane Mathis *Kora*
Edo Harutyunyan *Frame Drum, Shells*
John Hodian *All other instruments*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

Uzee

Ujamu kitu kitamu tena ni azizi sana
Maungoni mwangu humu nilikuwa nao jana
Kwa wingi katika damu tahamaki leo sina
Nasikitika hadumu rafiki yangu ujana.

Kichwa kimejaa mvi kinywani meno hamna.
Nikenda kama mlevi miguu nguvu haina.
Kumbe ujana ni hivi ukenda hauji tena.
Nasikitika hadumu rafiki yangu ujana.

Jua langu limekuchwa na nyota niliziona.
Ukinitazama kichwa nywele nyeusi hakina.
Kama zilizofikchwa zikang'olewa mashina
Nasikitika hadumu rafiki yangu ujana.

Natatizika kauli midomo najitafuna.
Nimekusanya adili walakini hali sina.
Dunia kitu bahili hiki una kile huna.
Nasikitika rafiki yangu ujana.

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Thunder Perfect Mind (Greek|Coptic)

This song is based on the strange poem found in the Nag Hammadi discoveries of 1945. The original Greek (then Coptic) version of this is quite long and scholars date its creation to well before 350 C.E. We thought it an interesting study in the paradoxes of reality concerning divine feminine nature. While experimenting with recording, most of the words morphed into simple sounds, with the music feeling like the journey of the poem.

From Thunder Perfect Mind

I was sent forth from the power,
And I have come to those who reflect upon me,
And I have been found among those who seek after me.
Look upon me, you who reflect upon me, and you hearers
Hear me...

For I am the first and the last.
I am the honored one and the scorned one.
I am the whore and the holy one.
I am the wife and the virgin.
I am the mother and the daughter...

For I am knowledge and ignorance
I am shame and boldness
I am shameless and I am fear
I am war and peace
Give heed to me...

For what is inside of you
is what is outside of you,
and the one who fashions you on the outside
is the one who shaped the inside of you.

I am the hearing which is attainable to everyone
and the speech which cannot be grasped.
I am a mute who does not speak,
and great is my multitude of words.
Hear me in gentleness, and learn of me in roughness.
I am she who cries out,

and I am cast forth upon the face of the earth.
I prepare the bread and my mind within.
I am the knowledge of my name.
I am the one who cries out,
and I listen...

Artyom Manoukyan *Bass*
Edo Harutyunyan *Djembe and Udu*
Ohannes Garabed Hodoyan *Santur*
Emmanuel Hovhannisian *Duduk*
John Hodian *Piano*
Bet Williams *Vocals*

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Recorded at Naregatsi Art Institute
Yerevan, Armenia

Mixed by Scott Bricklin and John Hodian
at the studio in Fleury en Bierre, France.

Mastered by Jean-Pierre Chalbos
at La Source in Paris, France.



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{hîn dagh}

1 Ashem 3:44
2 Charents I 3:47
3 Ararat (Arto's song) 4:35
4 Avvon d'Bishmaiya 4:07
5 Sarmad 3:02
6 Taliesin's Dream 3:50
7 Havakveer 3:51
8 Nainam 3:41
9 Charents II 1:14
10 Postcards from Beulah 4:31
11 Ujamu Yangu 2:52
12 Thunder Perfect Mind 4:21



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YEREVAN, ARMENIA



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