



MACHA GHARIBIAN

TRANS EXTENDED

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 1 | I WHO HAVE NOTHING (Macha Gharibian / Macha Gharibian) | 5'33 |
| 2 | M TRAIN (Macha Gharibian) | 6'57 |
| 3 | LET THE WORLD RE-BEGIN (Macha Gharibian / Macha Gharibian) | 5'16 |
| 4 | MARMASHEN (Macha Gharibian) | 4'53 |
| 5 | THERE WAS A CHILD (Macha Gharibian / Macha Gharibian) | 6'37 |
| 6 | SASKATCHEWAN (Macha Gharibian) | 4'23 |
| 7 | MOUNT KURAMA (Macha Gharibian) | 7'16 |
| 8 | ANOUSHES (Macha Gharibian - Gerald Papasian / Macha Gharibian) | 4'51 |
| 9 | MIDNIGHT SONG (Macha Gharibian - Tosha Vukmirovic) | 1'33 |
| 10 | AMARCORD (Macha Gharibian) | 6'25 |
| 11 | LEAVING (Macha Gharibian / Macha Gharibian) | 5'28 |
| 12 | END OF THE ROAD (Macha Gharibian) | 7'08 |

Macha Gharibian: vocal, piano, Fender Rhodes, Wurlitzer
Théo Girard: double bass, vocal (2)
Alexandra Grimal: soprano and tenor saxophones (2, 6, 7, 12), vocal (2, 10)
Matthias Mahler: trombone (1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 10, 12)
Fabrice Moreau: drums (1, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12)
Dré Pallemerts: drums (2, 3, 5, 7), kanjira (6)
David Potaux-Razel: guitar (1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 11)
Tosha Vukmirovic: tenor saxophone (1, 3, 6, 10), kaval (4, 9), clarinet (6, 7, 12)

All texts, compositions and arrangements by Macha Gharibian except *Midnight Song* composed by Tosha Vukmirovic and Macha Gharibian, *Anoushes* adapted by Gerald Papasian, *Leaving* arranged by David Potaux-Razel, and *There was a child* arranged by Macha Gharibian & David Potaux-Razel

Produced by Jean-Paul Gonnod
and Macha Gharibian

All tracks recorded at Studio La
Buissonne in Pernes-les-Fontaines,
France, by Gérard de Haro &
Nicolas Baillard from January 11th
to 14th, 2016

Piano tuned and fixed by Alain
Massonneau

Re-recordings by Jean-Paul
Gonnod at Indie Studio on
February 12th, 2016, and Studio
Besco on April 27th, 2016

Mixing by Jean-Paul Gonnod at
Indie Studio from May 9th to 18th,
2016

Mastered by Götz-Michael Rieft
at Eastside Mastering Studios, Berlin,
Germany, in June 2016

Alexandra Grimal is a Yamaha
and Rico International artist

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Paris, France



I WHO HAVE NOTHING

(Macha Gharibian)

I who have
Nothing
Must believe in spring
Again.

I used to visit
All the very gay places,
And joy and happiness
Were among my habits.

Now I have lost
All my folks,
My line is cut.
All I keep
Is all my hopes
For the wheel of life.

I was a young girl,
I was your sister,
Young lady,
And dignity and respect
Were among our habits.

I used to visit them all,
My fellows on the hill.
Such beauty on our faces,
And now the wheel of life.

Here I am,
Landed far away,
I who have
Nothing.

LET THE WORLD RE-BEGIN

(Macha Gharibian)

Let the world re-begin,
All that passed was just a trial,
All that passed was only a game,
A whole story told by books,
Let the world begin again.

Grandma was looking for love,
Adam had to be the man.
Could have made another choice,
But found no man to help her plan.

History did a good job,
Had children and made them grow
In a peaceful, loving,
And adorable environment.

Grandma found good friends,
Cooked pies, fish and fries,
Had a garden and shared the meals,
She enjoyed living there.

Adam ended his life in good form,
Tired of working hard on his land,
But proud of what he left,
A rich earth for his descendants.

Children had to keep in mind,
How Father left the land,
In a clean and good working order.

They swore
They would always
Bequeath it
As they received it.

THERE WAS A CHILD

(Macha Gharibian)

There was a child, looking for his
grandmother's house.
He never had a chance to look into her eyes
And see what was deeply inside her soul.
He knew she had something special,
And went to see her house.

He crossed the borders of the South,
Dreamed of those windows,
From where she could see the streets,
Full of people living there
From the beginning of time.

That street surprisingly full of sounds:
Children, pedlars, horses, stagecoaches,
That street full of life.

He had dreamed of those sounds,
And could clearly imagine those
Who were living there
From the beginning of time.

ANOUSHES

(Macha Gharibian - Adaptation by Gerald Papasian)

Անուշս
Թն առ
Գնա՛

Anoushes
Tèv arr
Kena...

Ma douce,
Prends ton envol,
Va...

Sweetheart,
Take wing,
Go...

Ջրեզ կրող հովն գգա՛
Գնա՛

Skèz guerogh hovn ezka
Kena...

Sens le vent qui te porte,
Va...

Feel the wind that carries you,
Go...

Հետևե՛լ՝ զրեզ հրող բնագդին
Թն առ
Փչե՛լ՝ առկայծ խարոյկին վրայ
Կայծ տուր վերստին
Ջրեզ հրող կրակին

Hèdèvè skèz herogh penaztin
Tèv arr
Petchè argaydz kharouyguin vra
Gaydz dour vèrsdin skèz herogh graguin.

Suis ton instinct qui te pousse,
Prends ton envol.
Souffle sur les braises,
Attise le feu qui t’anime.

Feel your instinct that is pushing you,
Take wing.
Blow on the ashes,
Fan the flame that drives you.

Անուշս
Թն առ
Գնա՛

Anoushes
Tèv arr
Kena...

Ma douce,
Prends ton envol,
Va...

Sweetheart,
Take wing,
Go...

Ջրեզ կրող հովն գգա՛
Գնա՛

Skèz guerogh hovn ezka
Kena...

Sens le vent qui te porte,
Va...

Feel the wind that carries you,
Go...

Քալ՝ որքան կարենաս
ինչքան ոտքերդ
Կը դայչին հողին
Դեպի լոյսը քալէ
Տարփանքդ վայելէ:

Kalè vorkan garènas
Intchkan vodkèret guetebtchin hoghin -
Tèbi louysse Kalè
Darpanket vayèlè.

Marche tant que tu pourras,
Tant que tes pieds fouleront ce sol.
Avance vers la lumière
Et vis tes passions.

Walk as much as you can,
As long as your feet walk on this earth, -
Move forward towards the light,
And live your passion.

LEAVING

(Macha Gharibian)

I'm leaving, I'm leaving.
I'm going, I'm going.

Be well, be good,
Be wise, and be alive.

I'm leaving, I'm leaving...

Follow your path,
Don't be sad,
Be smart,
Don't be mad,
I'm leaving.

I am burning, I am burning...

Believe, in you,
Look ahead, eyes open wide,
Believe in me,
Live well, and live in peace.

I am rising, I am rising...
I am leaving, I am leaving...



Écrire cet album a été une aventure intense, pleine de questionnements, de découvertes, de doutes et de certitudes aussi. Quand l'autre dévoile ce qu'il y a de plus intime en soi, et révèle notre ombre cachée, la voilà qui s'amuse de voir le jour en si bonne compagnie et rêve de grandir dans la lumière. Les gens naissent quelque part, grandissent, et rencontrent d'autres gens nés quelque part, et les histoires de chacun se croisent pour former d'autres nouvelles histoires. Nous n'avons pas fini de vivre de belles choses.

A Tosha, Alexandra, David, Dré, Fabrice, Matthias, Théo, je vous remercie intensément d'avoir donné votre souffle à cette musique, c'est un privilège d'avoir croisé votre route. Mes profonds remerciements à Jean-Paul Gonnod pour ta bienveillance et ton engagement, travailler avec toi a été un cadeau. Je remercie particulièrement Martina Catella, Lena Coen, et Virginia Kerovpyan pour m'avoir encouragée et guidée en chemin. Pour votre présence et votre soutien, immense merci à Elaine Méric, Pascal Bussy, et Claude Duvivier. Merci également à Gérard & Sylvie de Haro, Nicolas Baillard, Richard Schroeder, Pierre & Sophie et toute l'équipe de Musiques au Comptoir, Pierre Sampagnay, Nathalie Loidreau, l'Adami, le FCM, la Drac Ile de France, ainsi que Ralph Alessi, Jason Moran, Emil Spanyi, Uri Caine, Bojan Z, Cathy & Simon Abkarian, Gerald Papasian, Céline Régnaud, Vincent Besançon, Loïc Meignien, Maryam Muradian, Debra Reynolds, Julien Reyboz, Sebastien Llado, Ariel Tessier et vous qui avez acheté ce disque et venez aux concerts, je vous remercie chaleureusement. Je remercie ma mère et mon père pour leur soutien inconditionnel, je vous aime, et pour toutes les choses visibles et invisibles qu'elles m'ont transmises, je remercie mes grand-mères, Mimie & Santa.

Cet album est dédié à la mémoire de mon arrière grand-mère Khatoun Mirakian et mon arrière grand-père Khatchig Gharibian. Ils ont quitté leur village de l'est de la Turquie en 1915.

La magie ne s'éteindra pas tant que nous serons en mouvement.

Writing this album was an intense experience, full of questions, discoveries, doubts and certainties too. When somebody unearths our most intimate secrets and sheds light on our hidden shadows, they are happy to enjoy the daylight in such good company and dream of growing in the sun. People are born somewhere, grow up, and meet other people born somewhere and everyone's life stories intersect and create new stories. There are plenty more good things to come.

My profound thanks to Tosha, Alexandra, David, Dré, Fabrice, Matthias, Théo, for your wonderful sense of music and your energy, I am grateful to have met you. My deep thanks to Jean-Paul Gonnod, for your kindness and your commitment, working with you was a gift. Very special thanks to Martina Catella, Lena Coen, and Virginia Kerovpyan for guiding me and for their encouragement to search and grow. For the big support and help, big thanks to Elaine Méric, Pascal Bussy, Claude Duvivier. And many thanks to Gérard & Sylvie de Haro, Nicolas Baillard, Richard Schroeder, Pierre & Sophie and all the team at Musiques au Comptoir, Pierre Sampagnay, Nathalie Loidreau, the Adami, the FCM, the Drac Ile de France, and Ralph Alessi, Jason Moran, Emil Spanyi, Uri Caine, Bojan Z, Cathy & Simon Abkarian, Gerald Papasian, Céline Régnaud, Vincent Besançon, Loïc Meignien, Maryam Muradian, Debra Reynolds, Julien Reyboz, Sebastien Llado, Ariel Tessier and you who bought this album and come to the concerts, thank you. For their love and support, thanks to my mother & my father, and thanks to my grandmothers, Mimie and Santa, for all the visible & invisible things they passed down to me.

This album is dedicated to the memory of my great-grandmother, Khatoun Mirakian and my great-grandfather Khatchig Gharibian. They left their village in Eastern Turkey in 1915.

The magic will last for as long as we keep moving



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