

YTA MORENO FRED MASCAVO CHRISTIAN GONSIOR



OURO NEGRO

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Yta Moreno: guitar, vocals
Christian Gonsior: tenor saxophone, flute
Fred Mascavo: percussion

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| 1. Baião de Dois (Y.Moreno) | 8:38 |
| 2. Bamacum (Ch.Gonsior) | 6:18 |
| 3. The Message (Ch.Gonsior) | 5:36 |
| 4. Partido Alto (Y.Moreno) | 6:26 |
| 5. Choro no Bar (Y. Moreno, V.Barbosa) | 3:27 |
| 6. Sambesi's Song (Ch.Gonsior) | 6:38 |
| 7. Bela India (Y.Moreno) | 8:08 |
| 8. Cheiro de Amor (Y.Moreno, V.Barbosa) | 4:01 |
| 9. Vision Quest (Ch.Gonsior) | 6:06 |

Recorded, mixed & mastered 2023 by Bernhard Koeper in Vienna, Austria

Produced by Christian Gonsior

Grafic design by Ognjen Momic

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contact & booking: mail@christiangonsior.com

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OURO NEGRO

"Ouro Negro" means "Black Gold" in Portuguese. Yta Moreno and Christian Gonsior share an endless passion for music, especially that of African heritage. Both listen to and make music all day long.

"Call me Mr. Music!", Yta likes to say, showing his white teeth as he laughs.

Their musical friendship has lasted decades, performing in Vienna together. So they formed this band in 2015 and present now the CD Ouro Negro, their first baby you are holding in your hands. Their music reflects the African-Brazilian descent of Moreno. Combined with the European heritage of Gonsior, it builds a solid bridge between two humans, between two worlds.

It appreciates the enormously rich and valuable musical treasures of Brazil.

Listen to all original compositions from Yta Moreno and Christian Gonsior, music from their hearts.

Encounter the Samba, Baião, Partido Alto, Choro from Brazil and new discoveries of Westafrican rhythms expanded with energetic improvisations! Enjoy!

OURO NEGRO - BLACK GOLD

Yta Moreno's unique and warm voice encounters Christian Gonsior's lush and full-bodied tenor sound, embedded in Yta's rhythmically stringent guitar patterns and Fred Mascavo's flowing and transparent percussion grooves.

African heritage is the common ground for this trio.



YTA MORENO born in 1955 in Rio de Janeiro creates magic with his voice. He was the singer of choice of numerous composers, and he won many prizes in Brazil. He started as a drummer in his younger years, and he also plays the guitar and bass. He sang very special vocal interpretations of Milton Nascimento songs, played drums with famous Bossa Nova singer Nara Leão in Brazil, served as a bassist for reggae singer Rootsman Dele, and played with famous jazz guitarist Karl Ratzer in Austria. He lives in Vienna and has been enriching the Viennese music landscape for a long time.

CHRISTIAN GONSIOR, Saxophonist, born in 1969 in Austria, started playing piano when he was 7, and then switched to the tenor saxophone after being infected with Jazz at the age of 13. He studied saxophone and music at the University of Music in Vienna. Since the early 1990ies, he has been an active member of the Viennese music scene, combining African-American jazz with his own understanding of music. With Yta Moreno he found a congenious partner to compose new songs and play energetic music from the heart with.



In time FRED MASCAVO, Ytas son, born in Rio in 1977, joined the Duo. Fred's special percussion setup produces not the bold drum set sound you might expect, but his playing emphasizes a transparent, flowing, trance-like frequency that comforts Yta Moreno's diverse jazz chords.

www.ournegromusic.com & www.christiangonsior.com

Music by Yta Moreno & Lyrics by Valéria Barbosa

Choro no Bar

Andei por cada canto da cidade
Com espelho da saudade
Refletindo a solidão do amor
O tempo era o fiel companheiro, eu sei
Tocando a minha alma sem cansar
Lembrei dos meus segredos de criança
Fiz enredo da lembrança
Pro menino acomodado
Guardei saudades da minha infância
Onde o ar me embriagava com violino a tocar
As notas me envolvendo a procurar
Cadê você?
Lembranças eu não posso descartar
Se aubro a minha alma com a inspiração
E Bach que acompanha a solidão
O caminho de encontro é a alvarada
Que no espelho da calçada brilha
É raiar de sol
Sentido sem amor é um sufoco
Más na vida o que dá gosto
Da regalo ao coração

Cheiro de Amor

Lindo o som que vem do mar
Aperfe a minha mão
Estou livre prá o teu colo
É mais eu vou lhe avisar
Sua hora vai chegar
Vou atrás do tom.
Águas dançam dentro de mim
Suspiram no meu jardim
O meu peito transforma em samba
Vou pedir ao meu coração
Sossego na emoção
Não corar para cantar
Quer deixar sem graça o meu jardim
Não jogue água agora em mim
Regada com teu olhar
Quer deixar sem graça o meu jardim
Não jogue água agora em mim
Regada com teu olhar

Tears in the Bar

I wandered through every city corner
With the mirror of yearning
Reflecting love's lonely solitude
Time, a faithful companion, I concede
Touching my soul ceaselessly
I recalled childhood secrets
Crafted a tapestry of memories
For the child within to dwell
I cherished remnants of youth
Where the air intoxicated with violin strains
The notes enveloping, seeking
Where are you?
Memories I cannot cast aside
If I cloak my soul in inspiration
It's Bach who accompanies solitude
The path to rendezvous lies at dawn
Glistening in the sidewalk's mirror
A beam of sunlight
Life devoid of love is stifling
But in life, what brings pleasure
Bestows joy upon the heart

Scent of Love

Beautiful, the melody from the sea
Grasp my hand gently
I am open to your tender hold
But let me forewarn you
Your moment soon shall rise
I'll chase after that sweet tune
Within me, waters dance and sway
Whispers in my garden play
My heart, it sways to the rhythm of samba
I will ask my heart
For calm amidst the emotion
To sing without a blush
Do you aim to tease my garden so?
Hold back the water, don't let it flow
Nourished only by your gaze
Do you aim to tease my garden so?
Hold back the water, don't let it flow
Nourished only by your gaze

