

The poetic texts of polyphonic songs

Here are some poetic texts of polyphonic songs as recorded in several relevant publications. These are songs that have either been recorded in the past by various agencies and they are included as texts in music discs or c.ds or exist only as texts in local literature in various collections, monographs, etc. Also different versions of polyphonic songs have been explored in earlier song collections (Hasioti, Aravantinou, Zambeliou etc.) to highlight the endless trail of folksong in space and time.

For a homogeneous distribution of the songs, the title song was chosen based on the first phrase of the verse even though some authors have chosen a different title. These songs are accompanied by annotations and they have been entitled by the authors.

E.1.1 Favorite companion!

A favorite companion tells me to sing.

I say them I cannot, I don't know the songs.

Hey- help me stand up and put me to sit

To sing sad and plaintive songs.

Hey-the mother separates the child and the child the mother,

Hey-the newlywed are separated, the freshly married.

E.1.2 Come one Maro to the well

-Come on, Maro, to the well, come on for water, you,

Come on, Maro, to the well, come on for water.

-Wait, sisters for me to be loaded,

to get the barrel and mastrapa.

Drinks Giannos in the well, the mislead-Giannos,

Who misleads the girls and the beauties,

who misled me too and I'm not coming.

E.1.3 I forget and I am pleased

I forget and I am pleased, I remember and I feel sorry.

I remembered the foreign land and I want to go.

-Get up, Mother and knead a clean rusk.

With pain puts the water, with tears she kneads it

And with much grievance starts the fire in the oven.

-Be late, oven, to be burned and become a bread,

For the Keratzis to pass and my son to remain here.

E.1.4 Alphabet

Alpha: the beginning of the world

Beta: the Lord reigns

Gamma: because Christ is born

Delta: by the angels hand

Epsilon: the Lord shone

Zeta: the Lord requested

Eta: the Lord shone

Theta: the Madonna gave birth to Him

Iota: John baptized Him

E.1.5 America - America

America, America, all alone and ruined,

With the yellow liras you left women widows.

With the green dollars you enslaved the lads

E.1.6 Among three seas

Among three seas , a rose Mr.' red,

A founded tower, bitter orange and lemon.

And in it the daughter and aman-aman, and the daughter sat inside,

golden braids she knits, bitter orange and lemon.

And with the sun she fought, rose Mr.' red

and with the sun she says, bitter orange and lemon:

-So come out oh and aman-aman, come out sun so to get out,

You to shine and me to shine, bitter orange and lemon.

You with your rays, rose Mr.' red

And I with my gold coins, bitter orange and lemon.

You wither herbs, rose Mr.' red

And I the lads, bitter orange and lemon.

E.1.7 I Sigh And Rumbling Is Heard

I sigh and rumbling is heard and pain boils inside me

Heart, why are you locked with eighteen keys

Please open, laugh and play like you used to

*How can I open and be glad, play or laugh
The hands that locked me up are traveling far away
Stranger, who all alone you run to foreign lands
Who cooks for you to eat, who makes the bed you sleep in
Who's hands bring you offerings, and my hands just lay there (and tremble)
Who's waist is being rubbed [by you], and my waist only stands
(Whose eyes look at you and my eyes cry
Who's lips kiss you and my lips just are there)*

E.1.8 Up There From Moria

*Up there from Moria, tarnana, up there from Moria, tarbobo
A pasha rolled down, tarnana, a pasha rolled down, tarbobo
Covered with nasty mandates, tarnana, covered with nasty mandates, tarbobo
And the mandates wrote, tarnana, and the mandates wrote, tarbobo
Old women must marry, tarnana, old women must marry, tarbobo
And they should get two, tarnana, and they should get two, tarbobo
An old one and a young one, tarnana, an old one and a young one, tarbobo
The old women heard of it, tarnana, the old women heard of it, tarbobo
They wash their hair and comb it, tarnana, they wash their hair and comb it, tarboho
And put on their handkerchiefs crookedly, tarnana,
and put on their handkerchiefs crookedly, tarbobo
One old woman with one tooth, tarnana, one old woman with one tooth, tarbobo*

Washes and combs her hair, tarnana, washes and combs her hair, tarbobo

She wants to get two, too, tarnana, she wants to get two, too, tarbobo

An old one and a young one , tarnana, an old one and a young one, tarbobo

Oh, the old one for work, tarnana, oh, the old one for work, tarbobo

The young one for her arms, tarnana, the young one for her arms, tarbobo

And the youth, from fright, tarnana, and the youth, from fright, tarbobo

Hides inside an oven, tarnana, hides inside an oven, tarbobo

*And there an old hag comes along, tarnana, and there an old hag comes along,
tarbobo*

With forty two torches, tarnana, with forty two torches, tarbobo

For the oven to burn, tarnana, for the oven to burn, tarbobo

So I can get the youth , tarnana, so I can get the youth, tarbobo

And the youth from fright climbs up a tree, tarnana,

and the youth from fright climbs up a tree, tarbobo

There die old hag comes along, tarnana, diere the old hag comes along, tarbobo

With the big ax in her hands, tarnana, with the big ax in her hands, tarbobo

E.1.9 From beyond the river

From beyond the river, you Maro and Marigia,

Fennel and nterntelina, hello, Maro and Marigia.

And from here from the plane tree sat a Romios and a Turk.

The Romios's name is Giannos and the Turks's is Suleimano.

Giannos had a girlfriend that was called the Zacharo.

Suleimanos says to him: I'll take Zacharo

-I don't give her, Suleimano, I don't give Zacharo to you.

E.1.10 From beyond the river

From beyond the river, you Maro, you Marigia,

from beyond the river, Katero, Katerina,

a Romios and a Turk sat.

The Romios's name is Giannos and the Turks's is Suleimano.

Giannos has a girlfriend, Suleimanos wants her,

to give her to his son.

-I don't give the girl to you, I don't make her a Turkish girl.

E.1.11 From my young years

From my young years I'll come back

And all my sorrows I'll confess.

When I was a twelve years old child,

I was watering the beauties with bitter poison

And the most beautiful ones I loved.

Others with their eyes broke me to pieces.

Others with their eyebrows cut me.

And others with their mouth threw me to the mattress.

E.1.12 From the riverbank

From the riverbank isn't lacking the nightingale

And from my lips isn't lacking the poison.

It would be best to poison me, than to torture me,

I have melted like a wax, and yet you don't believe.

I take my pickaxe, I'm going to dig a grave

To fall through it alive, for you to have the blame.

Do you see that mountain that was lit and is burned?

Someone lost a love and sits and cries.

E.1.13 Hey, Little Albanian Girl

Hey, little Albanian girl, my finely drawn image,

People say that I love you and that I've kissed you.

Where could you have seen me, where could you have watched me,

Where could you have kissed me?

One can see it in your eyes that I have kissed you

And that I have put my arms around your waist.

As many as are the feathers and bones that a pigeon has

That is how many times I've kissed you and your mother knows it.

As many as are the feathers and bones that a black hen has

That is how many times I've kissed you at the stair and at the door.

E.1.14 My Silver Chain

My silver chain, days have passed that I haven't see you.

Days and weeks have passed, that we didn't snog.

Other things you say to me and other you do to me, you want to drive me crazy.

Other things you told me in the well and other ones you did to me at night.

Come, come with me either, to spend cute.

E.1.15 A white whitewashed cotton plant

-A white whitewashed cotton plant I had in my yard.

I watered it, delved it, I had it as my own.

A stranger, an outsider came to get it.

- Hide me, mother, hide me so the stranger doesn't get me.

-Why hide you, my daughter, since you're the stranger's?

You wore the stranger's clothes, the stranger's ring.

-You sold me, you mother, for a ring,

a ring and this old jewel [pafili].

E.1.16 White rose I hold

White rose I hold, you my Gianniotopoula

They tell me to paint it, my little blue flower

My little blue flower, a kiss you and I sigh

And if I succeed in painting it many hearts I'll burn

I'll burn young girls, boys, I'll burn lads

I'll burn a brunette, who burned me too.

E.1.17 Up there where you walk

Up there where you walk, turtle dove, turtle dove,

And down you look, my written turtle dove.

Have you seen my Aggeli, turtle dove, turtle dove,

My lover, my written turtle dove

My lover and I stand withered.

.....

What eyes are looking at him, turtle dove, turtle dove,

And my eyes don't, my written turtle,

And my eyes don't and I stand withered.

E.1.18 There high where you walk

There high where you walk, turtle dove, turtle dove,

And heavily you think, my written turtle dove.

-Who saw my asiki, the husband of mine?

-Yesterday, the day before we saw him lying in the sand.

Black birds were eating him and white ones were around him.

E.1.19 My written lips

My lips, I will turn brunette for you.

My little lips, my written ones, you have me going crazy.

I lost my handkerchief, grievance that have my lips.

Anton', hey Anton', oh, drinking the wine.

By drinking he have to give it to me, cause he'll regret it.

E.1.20 Oh my ntounia (my world)

Oh ntounia, my ntounia, my heart didn't get enough off you.,

Oh ntounia, from where you pass and you don't say good morning

A heart like mine, sometimes cries and sometimes laughs

Sometimes croons, sometimes croons.

E.1.21 You Sleep Heavily, My Girl

You sleep heavily my girl, you're sweating heavily

I sleep heavily, my master, I'm sweating heavily

I had a bad dream and it was about you

I saw your gray horse, naked, his saddle son, cracked

And your white scarf thrown in the middle of the road

The dream you saw, my Leni, is a good sign for me

The gray horse means a foreign land, the scarf means the road

And the cracked saddle means we will part

(Where you will go my fine lad, I'll come along with you

Where I will go, my Leni, girls don't go along

We 'll use our hand as a pillow, our sword for a mattress

And [we 'll hold] our gun in our arms, like a child in its mother's

E.1.22 My Basil [plant]

Ore my basil why did you get withered

Who put you in words and you left me

My wide-leafed basil with the forty leafs

Forty ones loved you and I came and got you

My green basil I strew for you and you sleep

I cut you so to be smelled and me to remember

E.1.23 Vgeno, Ms. Vgeno

Hey Vgeno, lady Vgeno, through your door I come.

Through your door I come, your dog barks to me.

Your dog barks to me, and your husband is fighting me.

Take your dog down, and your husband in the pit.

Tame your dog and make your husband a butcher.

Take back your hair, for me to see you to recognize you

Throw you hair up front, for me to come and be a groom.

E.1.24 I went out for a walk

*I went out for a walk – hey Vasou, hey Vasou,
I went, hey you, out for a walk – hey Vasou, come one Vasilo,
In a golden garden hey you – Vaso and Vasiliki
In a golden garden hey you – Vaso, hey Vasiliki
I find a sleeping girl, hey Vasou, hey Vasilo
I find, hey you, a sleeping girl – Hey Vasou, ezeza Vasilo,
On the roses hey you – Vaso and Vasiliki
On the roses hey you – Vaso, hey, and Vasiliki
And I stooped to kiss her – hey Vasou, hey Vasilo
I stooped to kiss her – hey Vasou, ezeza Vasilo,
She didn't accept me hey, Vaso and Vasiliki
She didn't accept hey – Vaso, hey and Vasiliki
She opened both her eyes and she looked at me
And the diamond mouth and she talked to me
Where were you friend in the winter when I was cold
And you came now in the summer when I feel warm.*

E.1.25 Vlachia Dimitroula

*Vlachia why, h-hey my Dimitroula, my troula,
Vlachia why – Vlachia why are you withered*

And heavily, h-hey my Dimitroula, my troula,

And heavily, and heavily sad.

You took, h-hey my Dimitroula, my troula,

You took an – you took an old husband.

He doesn't live, h-hey my Dimitroula, my troula,

He doesn't live, nor he dies.

Not even the de- hey my Dimitroula, my troula,

Not even the death, doesn't take him.

E.1.26 A Vlach girl [Vlacha] washes in the River

A Vlacha washed in the river, hey

Vlacha, wa- a Vlacha washes in the river.

And another Vlacha asks her:

-My Vlacha, why are you upset and heavily sad?

Why are you nails polished, your hair messy?

E.1.27 Verginada

One, hey Verginada, one tree, two branches

Sat, hey Verginada, sat two lads κάθονταν,

Who came, hey Verginada, who came from Misiri

Load-, hey Verginada, loaded in cosmetics

How do you gi-, hey Verginada, how much do you give the cosmetics

I don't gi- hey Verginada, I don't give it for piasters

I don't give it for piasters, with hundred and two-hundred

Hey I give it for gold goins, for handsome lads

E.1.28 A seated Shepherdess

A Shepherdess sitting on the beach

In a green meadow and was grazing the lambs.

A hunter that was hunting passed from there.

-Good evening, shepherdess, what are you doing here?

-I lost my sheep, and came to find them.

E.1.29 Look At That Mountain

Look at that mountain, how it is burning

There's no fire there, it isn't lit and burning

Someone has lost his love and is sitting there and crying

-A new love and an old one have put me in the middle

I turn and see the old love, my new love I don't like her

I leaned upon a young tree, to tell it all my woes

And the withered from my tears

E.1.30 My Giannis, your handkerchief

My Giannis your, My Giannis your, My Giannis your handkerchief

Why do you have it dirty, hey my Giannis.

My Giannis, hey my emigrant, Giannis, hey my tortured, hey my Giannis.

The foreign lands have made it dirty, have made it dirty, hey the foreign lands,

The deserted foreign lands, hey my Giannis.

Five ri-, five rivers, five rivers washed it

And all the five ones were colored, hey my Giannis.

E.1.31 Giannoula with black eyes

All the young girls married – Giannoula, Giannoula

And all the ones with black eyes – Giannoula, with the black eyes.

And they took lads – Giannoula, Giannoula

And you the grumpy one – Giannoula with the black eyes.

You strew him five mattresses – Giannoula, Giannoula

And ten pillows – Giannoula with the black eyes.

-Get up, heart ache lay down – Giannoula, Giannoula

-Get up, heart ache fall down – Giannoula with the black eyes.

And strew the stefnochero – Giannoula, Giannoula

On my silver bosom – Giannoula with the black eyes.

To see the May's dew – Giannoula, Giannoula

The April's blossoms – Giannoula with the black eyes.

-With what legs to get up – Giannoula, Giannoula

And hands to touch – Giannoula with the black eyes.

E.1.32 Mother, Why Do You Hit Me

Mother why do you hit me, oh mother, why do you torture me

I'll tell you mother, oh, mother, who kissed me

He wasn't a stranger, oh mother, not from far away

He was our neighbor, oh mother, what a fine lad O

h, mother, go ask Gianni, what will he do, will he have me

Daughter, I went and asked him and he said to me

he wants you not without a dowry

E.1.33 Giorgo, the spring took us

Hey, Giorgo, the spring took us Giorgaki, Giorgaki.

Oh, it took the summer, hey Giorgo, leventi.

Now the branches blossom and the paths close.

Now the beauties with the lads get to kiss.

And you, my Giorgo, you don't seem to go out from the lair.

E.1.34 Sweet Dawn Comes To The Mountains

Sweet dawn comes to the mountains and the beauties are asleep

And mothers's children are being tortured in foreign lands

Foreign lands require prudence, they require humility

E.1.35 My tongue my sweet tongue

My tongue my tongue, my tongue sweet tongue,

Open, my tongue, open, my tongue, open, tell us some.

Whatever you kn- my tongue, whatever you know and much more.

The time, my tongue, the time I loved you,

All the stra-, my tongue, all the stranger ones I chased.

An at beau-, my tongue, and at beautiful ones I looked.

Which is the, my tongue, which is the white one, which is a red one

Which is the white one, which is the red one, which is the kagkelofrydoysa.

E.1.36 Diamond-Bride

Today the mother of Taki cleans all the roads

And covers them in roses.

And covers them in roses, for the bride of Taki to pass,

With a bonnet on the head.

Who is the one in cotton, diamond-bride.

With a silk thread, golden diamond-bride.

Who is the one who embroiders, lady diamond-bride.

With a silk thread, golden diamond-bride.

Embroider this nicely, lady diamond-bride.

Put in it telia [metallic chords] and silk ones, diamond-bride

And a silk thread, golden diamond – bride.

E.1.37 Hey guys, you don't cry

You don't cry, hey guys, hey mavrolithariotes,

Aide cry your youth and all your braveness,

The where you'll be on Easter, aide the "Paschal Troparion - or Christos Anesti",

In the mountains of Delvino, to the freezing cold and snow.

-Mother I don't want crying, I don't want grieving,

For me are crying the Mountains, for my are crying the valleys,

For me cries too an orphan girl, a widow's daughter,

Who has the husband in the army down to Tepeleni,

Three years she is waiting for him.

If he can't be seen and If he doesn't come, she will become a nun

E.1.38 The foreign lands don't bother me

Oh! The foreign lands don't bother me

And the fa-and the faraway ones (2)

Only the airs and graces of the girl bother me

The airs and gra- the airs and graces (2)

Where she writes me a letter

And arg-argues (2)

-My husband that you're in the foreign lands

And the faraway ones (2)

Oh, if you are to come, come,

Why are you not coming? (2)

Oh, your people are,

Bore- are bored of me (2)

And they arrange marriage for me in the foreign lands,

In Redesto (2)

An old husband they give to me,

Hundred- ed –years old (2)

Apart from being old,

He is also a comba- a combative one (2)

Oh, he hits me every morning,

For the matt- for the mattresses (2)

Oh, and every noon,

For cold, cold water (2)

E.1.39 They don't give away the children

Delvino, Delvino, Delvino and Tsamouria.

Come one, Delvino and Tsamouria, come one, they don't give away the children.

They don't, they don't, they don't give away the children.

Nizami to the King.

Nizami, Nizami, Nizami to the King,

Nizami to the King, to the Sultan, to the slayer.

E.1.40 Hey Guys, I Didn't Know

Hey guys , 1 didn't know, when, my son, I'll die Ho! When, my son I'll die

So 1 could make my tomb, ho! Wide enough for two people, my son

Ho! Wide enough for two people, my son

And so on the right side, poor me, I could leave a window

Poor me. 1 could leave a window

So May's sunshine could shine through, ho! And August's moon, my son

E.1.41 Deropolitissa

Hey Deropolitissa, hey poor one

Hey Deropolitissa, envied one

Put your fez crookedly, hey poor one

Put your fez crookedly, envied one.

Oh and go to the church, hey poor one

And go to the church, envied one.

With big and small candles, hey poor one

With big and small candles, envied one.

And with incense burners, hey poor one

And with incense burners, envied one.

And worship for us, hey poor one

And worship for us, envied one.

For us the Christians, hey poor one

For us the Christians, envied one.

Why did the Turks weigh on us, her poor one

Why did the Turks weigh on us, envied one.

And they slaughter us like lambs, hey poor one

And they slaughter us like lambs, envied one.

Like the lambs on Easter, hey poor one

Like the lambs on Easter, you envied one.

The goats on St. George's day, hey poor one

The goats on St. George's day, envied one.

The billy goats on St. Athanasius's day, hey poor one

The billy goats on St. Athanasius's day, envied one.

E.1.42 On Monday I started

On Monday I started, her black eyes,

To go hunting, blonde, short wait

A catch I didn't shoot, I didn't find one to shoot Κυνήγι

I find a beautiful girl, a chunky one.

I stand there and talk to her, I stand there and tell her:

-Girl, what mother gave birth to you, what mother birthed you?

-My mother birthed me!

-Go tell your mother to make me a groom.

E.1.43 Come out my Thigo, Come out

Come out my Thigo, come out of the door
Come out of your yards, go to yours, to your gracious ones
I'm going out father, I'm going out for you to not scold me
Yes you complain about me
To say goodbye to my good siblings
To say goodbye to all my relatives.

E.1.44 Come Out To The Stair, Mother-In-Law

Come out to the stair, mother-in-law, with milk and honey
With milk and honey, with sugar in your hand
Throw rice, so it can root, wheat so it can grow
And wheat so it can grow, and the groom can reap it
Dismount bride . No I won't, I want an offering
I want an offering to dismount and I want to see it to dismount
An offering from my father-in-law, an offering from my mother-in-law
I want an offering to dismount and I want to see it to dismount
I want an offering from my brothers-in-law, offering from my sisters-in-law

E.1.45 There high where you walk

-There high where you walk and look down,
Have you seen my asiki, have you seen my man?
-Yesterday, the day before, we saw them lying in the valley,

Oide! Black birds were eating him and white ones were around him.

Strokes strokes were finishing him, strokes strokes said to him:

-Oh! Head, bad-head, why they have you thrown away?

Tell us what bad did you do and they have you thrown away?

-Eat, birds, my youth, eat my braveness

And leave out my tongue and my right hand

To write the poor me a letter, to send it to my mother.

She waited for me on Easter and on good days.

E.1.46 Come on you black-eyed girl, come on

There in that mountain, you shorty, why do you give me heart ache,

That is tall and large, come on, you black-eyed girl, come on.

And from the, and aman – aman, and from the back side

A vine was grown, come on you black-eyed girl, come on.

It gives , and aman – aman, it gives red grapes,

A wine like blood, come on, you black-eyed girl, come on.

E.1.47 Come with me

-Come, you chu-chubby one,

Come with me.

And I am cra-, hey you chu-chubby one,

And I am crazy about you.

I can't, hey you lad, your mother doesn't let me.

Go you lad, go ask your father.

-Permission, you chubby one, permission gave me your father.

And I am going crazy, chubby one, and I am going crazy near you.

-The sun rises beautifully and when the sunset will come,

Wait for me, lad, on the cold fountain.

E.1.48 Come my bird, come (Baltzitika)

Come my bird come, come and don't be late, hey don't be late

Roads and paths, don't get bored of them, hey, don't get bored of them

All of May, May, and all of June (Theristis) hey, and all of June

I came to take you, I found you young, hey, I found you young

All of May, May, and all of August, hey, and all of August

I came to take you, you pretend to be sick, hey, you pretend to be sick

Four oranges, the two of them rotted, hey, the two of them rotted

I came to take you, but they didn't let me, hey, they didn't let me

Four oranges and a winter one, hey, and a winter one

At your door, my lady, will take place a murder, hey, will take place a murder

You are the grape and I am the raki, hey, and I am the raki

All kiss in lips and I in the cheek, hey, and I in the cheek.

E.1.49 A short monk

A short monk trumbu – trumbu said

And a young monk trumbu-trumbu says

If only I had churches, if only I had candles, trumbu-trumbu said

If only I had a vine, trumbu-trumbu says

If only I had also twelve mills, trumbu-trumbu said

And five lambs in the stable, trumbu-trumbu says

E.1.50 A rosy and handsome lad

A rosy and handsome lad, Vaggelitsa,

Was riding, thinking.

And with his mind he says: If only I had sheep,

If only I had thousand goats, if only I could be Tselegkas.

If only I also had a small fountain to water them.

If only I also had a chubby one to milk them.

E.1.51 A seabird

A seabird you poor one, Marko Mpotsari,

Says to a mountain bird, Marko Mpotsari, Soulioti.

-They killed Marko in the edge of the river.

-Marko, where do have the arms, says, where do you have the weapons?

-My fellows took them!

E.1.52 One Saturday Night, Oh Olga

One Saturday night, oh Olga, one Sunday morning

I went out to take a walk, oh Olga, on a Jewish island

I saw a little Jewish girl, oh Olga, that was washing her hair

I said to her, oh Olga, become a Christian Girl

So you can wash your hair on Saturday, oh Olga,

And wear your clean clothes on Sunday

And you'll take Holy Communion, oh Olga, tells her mother

A Greek (Christian) told me mother oh mother, to become a Christian

So I can wash my hair on Saturday and change my clothes on Sunday

E.1.53 I caught a Partridge

I caught a partridge, hey mother,

I caught a partridge, my eyes.

In the cage I put it

To sing every morning

To wake up the newlywed

And the fresh married ones.

E.1.54 You flying birds

-Hey you flying birds and nightingales of Delvinou,

Hey have you seen my man the brave one Dimos?

*-Hey we saw him yesterday, the day before, down in Telepeni,
Hey black birds were eating him and white ones were around him.*

-Eat, my birds, eat my braveness

And leave my eyes and my right hand.

To write three letters to three destinations.

The first one to my mother, the second to my sister.

The third and most bitter one to my poor

To stop waiting for me.

I left my bones here to Tepeleni.

I feel sad and I cry with black tears.

For the sweet homeland, I die and I don't decompose.

My woman, my mother, where do I leave you now?

E.1.55 I was killed in the Battle

I was killed in the battle, in the war's fire.

Cry for me, soldiers, and the unit's guys.

For a sheet put me a Greek flag

That will have the sky's color and the cross in the middle.

The doors of Tepeleni don't open with keys,

Hey, they are opened by Tsoliades, the children of Greece.

E.1.56 Yesterday with the shining stars

Yesterday with the shining stars, it rained and it snowed,

With the bright moon let it rain and snow.

I take my gun and I go hunting,

A catch I cannot find, a catch I cannot kill.

I find a beautiful girl dressed in yellow,

I stand and say Good morning to her and I compliment her.

Girl, what mother gave birth to you, a mother like mine?

E.1.57 Yesterday, the day before I passed

Yesterday, the day before, I passed, rouna, my poppy,

We say from your neighborhood, poppy hello, hello

And I heard, your mother and aunt fighting you.

And if they are fighting you, tell me not to pass from the.

Tell them that we love each other and I'll come to talk.

E.1.58 Yesterday, the day before, I laid down

Aide, yesterday, the day before, I went and laid down

Ore on a stone, mother, on a rock, on a rock

Ore and there was a grave, mother, a kleftiko

Ore a buried, mother, lad

Ore I didn't see it, poor me, and I stood on it

Aide up mother the head

Aide and I hear the grave, mother, to groan

E.1.59 **I feel dizzy**

I feel dizzy, I feel dizzy when I think about you

Zaliariko, zaliariko young and puckish one

Zaliariko, zaliariko to me you pass the blame

You are a glassy mastrapas (jug) and whoever you see you love.

E.1.60 **I want to say it to you**

-I want to say it to you, girl, and I'm shy

-Say it to me, leventi, and don't be shy.

-Your lips, your cheek

Why is it yellow, why isn't it red?

Mina you got sick, Mina you got warm,

Mina have you accepted a boy-kiss?

-I didn't get sick, nor I got warm

And I haven't accepted a boy-kiss.

My mother sent me to our garden

To cultivate the basil,

A branch fell from the apple tree

And it hit me, it killed me.

E.1.61 My bad brother's wife

My bad brother's wife, ore my mother,

Only me she scolds, my neighbor.

Because I don't know about spindle, poor me, ore my mother,

And I have handful children, my neighbor.

I know, I know, ore my mother,

Ten months a spindle, my neighbor.

Where I put the postavi, ore my mother,

With the cat's leg, my neighbor.

A swing that swung me, ore my mother,

And I didn't touch me, my neighbor.

E.1.62 My Sun, why did you set

-My sun, why did you set, so heavily sad?

Mina did you fight with the stars, Mina with the moon?

Mina with the dawn's stars, which go near to Poulia?

Mina with Aygerino, who brings the dawn?

-I didn't fight we the starts, nor with the moon.

I didn't fight with the dawn's stars, which go near to Poulia.

*Nor with Aygerino, who brings the dawn.
Your mother scolded me, cause I love you.
I asked your mother, for you to be my partner.
She said it clearly, that as a groom she doesn't want me.*

E.1.63 Epirus with your gold coins

*-Epirus with your gold coins, with your white costume,
With your white costume, where do you have your children?
-My poor children, they are enslaved by tseta.
Epirus with your gold coins, lads your children!*

E.1.64 The time has come for us to leave

*The time has come for us to leave, my pomegranate tree, my pomegranate tree,
Time has come for us to separate, my small peach tree.
To go to our houses, my pomegranate tree, my pomegranate tree,
Down to our Machala, my small peach tree.
And again we'll come, my pomegranate tree, my pomegranate tree,
To the bride's pistrofia, my small peach tree
To eat and drink, my pomegranate tree, my pomegranate tree,*

And to wish them good, my small peach tree.

E.1.65 Good evening to your two eyes

-Good evening to your two eyes and my angel's body!

What are you watering and cooling and you don't come out for me to see you?

-Hey I water pomegranates and flowers and a sprout of Basil.

-Water them, cool them, for me to take their sprout!

-For you to take their blossoms, what do I want with my life,

My poor mother, as a widow she took care of me.

E.1.66 Lucky are the mountains

Lucky are the mountains, lucky are the valleys,

They don't wait for the passing and they don't have death.

They only wait for spring, May, Summer,

The branches to be blossomed, the snow to be melted.

The Vlachs to go to Mountains, the Vlach girls to go too,

The Vlach-boys to go playing the flute.

The sheep with the bright bells to go too.

E.1.67 Nicely we met each other

Nicely we met each other we Nertilides,

To cry for our grievances and our complaints.

*The fertile human sit down and converse with him,
And tell him grievances of the heart and comfort him.
Consolation has the passing and charity has the death,
And the live one separation doesn't have consolation.*

E.1.68 Welcome to psiki from where it comes

Welcome to psiki from where it comes, welcome to mairaktari (2)

Playing with its horse, with the sword in its hand.

Full out your weapons, and show your swords,

Because a war will take place, they don't give away the bride...

E.1.69 A lucky one (girl)

A lucky one, who will take me.

I don't love the sleep and I drink the wine.

I drink a jug (of wine) at night and three ones on late-night hours

And when they say to me "Pay", I tweak the moustache.

My moustache, karabogia, and my written eyebrows

It isn't ashamed of hanging nor for the pagadia.

E.1.70 An aching mother

An aching mother is waiting for her child

She sits and writes a letter, tears on the paper

*You passing birds that you'll go to the foreign lands
And to the foreign lands you'll go, you should ask your children
You should ask your children in whom arms do they sleep
My mother, my sweet mother, we'll met again one day
I'll send you a letter, I await you fast
Because I live on the hope that I'll return to the homeland.*

E.1.71 Somewhere a beautiful one

*Somewhere a beautiful one, somewhere a black-eyed one,
A bitch of a mother-in-law was scolding her
And she was angered, and to the seaside she went
She washed her husband's handkerchiefs.
A northern wind blew and a bad one
And lifted up her skirt
And her ankle was shown.
And the seaside was brighten up and all of the seacoast too,
And all of the world was brighten up, oh my sea!*

E.1.72 Heart with eighteen keys

*Heart with eighteen keys that you're locked
Open up, play, laugh like you were taught
How do I open up, when my keys are lost*

*The hands that locked me up are to the faraway lands
The lands are away forty two konakia (hangouts)
To send my greetings with two swallows
The one to catch the grievances and the other the bitter ones.*

E.1.73 Down At The Meadows

*Down at the meadows, Thanaso, down at the yellow [meadows]
There were three brothers, Thanaso, all three of them klephtes
They kidnapped Thanaso, oh Thanaso, tonight one night
Why didn't you screech Thanaso, oh why didn't you scream
How could I screech, poor me Thanaso, how could I scream
My mouth was gagged Thanaso, with handkerchiefs from his neck
And little Konstantinos, Thanaso, hit me with his gun butt
Move Thanaso, Thanaso, so we can make it to the mountain
How can I, poor me, walk, for I am barefoot
Walk Thanaso, Thanaso, and there you'll put on shoes
The shoes you want to wear Thanaso, the shoes that you want*

E.1.74 Down to the deep stream

*Down to the stre-, Rina, my Rinoula,
Down to the deep stream
Rinoula was washing alone.*

*To the right is her washer
And to the left her jerry can.
Above also me with the stool,
To break her stamni (big ceramic jug),
So she will go home empty handed.*

E.1.75 Treat us, treat us

*We didn't come here, treat us, treat us, aman, aman.
To eat and drink, aide you should treat, you should have a good time.
We came to celebrate, treat us, treat us, aman, aman.
And to wish you, aide you should treat, you should have have a good time.
Live long the bride and groom, treat us, treat us, aman, aman.
Live long the best man, aide you should treat, you should have a good time.
Live long the co-father and co-mother –in law, treat us, treat us, aman, aman.
Live long the party, aide you should treat, you should have a good time.*

E.1.76 I began to come one night

*-I began to come one night and rain got me
I begged the God to find you alone.*

I don't find you alone, nor with your mother,

I find you dressed up with your friend.

-And if you came, and if you got wet and if you got soaked,

I had clothes for you to change, a quilt for you to get covered.

I had also a high bed, for you to sweet-sleep.

E.1.77 The caravans started

The caravans started to go to the faraway lands

My man also started to go to the foreign lands.

Twelve years he doesn't argue.

And within the thirteen ones he argues.

He sends me a handkerchief with twelve gold coins

In the edge of the handkerchief he has written a contradiction:

-If you want, girl, marry, if you want sit,

If you want put on black clothes and wait for me.

Here where I am, I got married,

I got married to a maistrissa.

He bewitches the ships and they don't come back

She bewitched me too and I am not coming back.

E.1.78 Vlacho-Stergios started

Vlacho-Stergios started to go to the Vlach-villages.

-Come back, Vlaco-Stergio, here to the back is the winter.

Back is the winter and the January with the snow.

-I have friends for winter and best men for snow.

E.1.79 The partridges on the slopes are crying

The partridges on the slopes are crying their grievance,

I cried, the poor me, too for my going to the foreign lands.

-Stranger, you that you're to the foreign and faraway lands

You didn't like the faraway lands and the god-awful foreign ones.

How are we going to be separated, love, the two of us,

Oh, my people got bored of me and they want to match me to another

And they give me a hundred years old man.

He is an old man, but also bad tempered one.

E.1.80 The rocks, the stones are crying

The rocks, the stones, are crying their grievance.

I cried, the poor me, too for my going to the foreign lands.

How are we going to be separated, love, oh the two of us.

Come, to kiss, now fast,

Because, love, I'm going, I'm going far away.

I'm going far away to foreign lands in Roidoto.

Hey the foreign and faraway lands don't worry me

The love's messages worry me.

E.1.81 Girl that you go for water

Girl that you go for water with the barrel Κόρη

And you go uphill like a little partridge,

Like a partridge you walk the earth, like a partridge you run.

Greet for me the plane tree, greet the fountain,

Greet my love, who's coming to fill.

E.1.82 Daughter of the Mountain

Daughter of the Mountain, tell us what are you wearing

And if you believe in the Virgin, don't torture me

My little one, don't torture me.

The curly hair, around the neck

Within my heart it lit, fires and grievance

Little one, fires and grievance.

In the seven villages, Cheimariotissa

Like your beauty, isn't anywhere else,

Little one, isn't anywhere else.

This time will not come anymore

To kiss lips like these, red like fire

Little one, red like fire.

*What are you waiting for, the time passes
The years pass, and they don't come back
Little one, they don't come back.*

E.1.83 Koupa-koupa Birbilenia

Koupa-Koupa birbilenia, daughter margaritarenia,

Build me a bridge to cross over-over.

To cross over-over, to see the partridge,

That sells the apples for ten, the lemons for fifteen.

I take and cut a lemon, I find love in it.

I find love in it with the hands crossed,

With the hands crossed and the hair wet.

E.1.84 A hunter who hunted

A hunter who hunter in the riversides,

He allegedly hunted rabbits, but he hunted only young girls.

By hunting, going forward, he got the young girls.

-Good evening, girls, with the great beauties!

-Hey, welcome to the hunter with the great braveness.

E.1.85 Sunday a blurry day

Sunday a blurry day, askeria (part of army) beat us up, (2)

Askeria beat us up, three thousand mamouzeria (2)

Three thousand mamouzeria, two loaded torpedoes (2)

They said to us to stop talking, because they would cut the brenko (2)

Cheimariotes were going and coming, a kaimakamis (kaymakam) was smashed. (2)

E.1.86 Mister and who makes this

Mister and who makes this new wedding

His father makes it with his health and joy

His father makes it for the prosperity of his children.

Mister and who makes this new wedding

His mother makes it with his health and joy

His mother makes it for the prosperity of his children

Mister and who makes this new wedding

His siblings make it with their health and joy

His siblings make it for the prosperity of his children.

Mister and who makes this new wedding

His uncles make it with their health and joy

His uncles make it for the prosperity of their children

E.1.87 The cuckoo (cuckoos) tweets at night

The cuckoo tweets at night, tweets with the moon,

Tweets with the moon

Oh, what to tweet about and what to say, and what to tell the poor me,

Nteli Gousias on the mountains, high up to the tops of them,

Oh high up to the tops of the mountains

Oh lads he gathered, all arvanites children

All arvanites- hey- children

E.1.88 Leni and lady Leni

-Leni and lady Leni, - Here, my master.

Come to the window and hang it, hey, the hair.

-What do you want with my hair, vre kerato-keratopoule?

Silk in the fair (pazari) haven't you, hey you, ever seen?

-Leni and lady Leni, - Here, my ma- my master.

-Come to the window for me to see your ey- your eyes.

-What do you want with my eyes, vre kerato-ratopoule?

Cups in the fair haven't you, hey you, ever seen?

-Leni and lady Leni, - Here, my ma- my master.

-Come to the window for me to see your ey- your eyebrows.

-What do you want with my eyebrows, vre kerato-ratopoule?

Gaitani (yaitani) in the fair haven't, hey you, ever seen?

-Leni and lady Leni, -Here, my ma- my master.

-Come to the window, to say to you two words.

Leave this old man and take me instead, the young one.

E.1.89 My little Leni, Your Husband...

My little Leni, your husband, they're going to hang him

[I implore you] On your faith George, run to save him

If I save him Leni, what will you offer me?

In May, when you'll go [hunting] for partridges, I'll come along

I'll drag your gun and your golden arms

My Leni, if we go hungry what bread will we eat?

The salive from your mouth and the one from mine,

Will be the warm bread that we'll eat

My Leni, if we go thirsty what water will we drink?

Your tears, my tears they will be cool water that we will drink

My Leni, if we feel cold with that will we cover ourselves?

Your breath, my breath they will be [our warm blanket] to cover ourselves

E.1.90 A Fine Young Lad Came Down

A fine young lad came down from the mountain top

He had his fez on crooked and his hair in curls

And he twirled his moustache and he hummed a song

And Death saw him while gazing from the crossroad/a small hill

-Good morning grim Reaper

-Welcome fine young man

(Fine man where are you coming from and where are you going

I'm coming from the sheep hold and going home

I'm going to get my bread and then I'm going back)

-Fine man, God sent me to collect your soul

-Without a cause or illness, I won't give over my soul

(So come and we will fight it out on a marble threshing floor

And Death if you beat me, take my soul

E.1.91 Good svelte girls

Svelte, svelte, svelte good girls

Svelte, svelte, svelte good girls and black-eyed ones

The bo-, the bo, the boys you love

The boys you lone don't forget them.

Like I do, Like I do, Like I do for mine.

Like I do for mine and special mine.

E.1.92 You have bewitched me

You have, hey you chubby one, you have bewitched me

You have bewitched me and I am going crazy about you

As much- hey you chubby one, as much you have bewitched me

As much you have bewitched me I wrote them to a paper

*On a paper and on a defter and on your chubby hand
And on your chubby hand, hey you, on a paper and on a defter.*

E.1.93 Mothers, how did you endure it

Mothers, who didn't know your children and men,

oh, mothers, how did you endure it!

On your dreams you saw them and the pain was hurting you,

oh, mothers, how did you endure it!

The wires and the prisons how were they stained with blood,

oh, youth, that you're lost!

The foreign lands and prisons separated you with the alive ones,

oh , mothers, how did you endure it!

E.1.94 Mother, I don't want tears

Mother, I don't want tears, I don't want laments.

For me are crying the mountains, for me are crying the valleys.

For me is crying an orphan daughter, a widow's daughter.

Who had the husband in the army, down to Tepeleni.

Three years is she waiting for him.

And if he doesn't come, a nun she will become.

E.1.95 Mother poor mother

Mother, poor mother, hey mother, why did you give birth to me?

For sufferings, for pains and you didn't enjoy me.

Take a carriage and come to see how they have me

In iron tied and they torture me.

They tell me to sign for a war to take place.

And I am not signing even if they kill me.

Poor Thessaly you should dress in black!

E.1.96 A Mother And A Son Where Fighting

Mother and son were fighting, over an Albanian girl

Mother I want to marry the Albanian girl

Take her and take her again and get away from me

And as he went and brought her [back], like the sun and moon

The mother-in-law and daughter-in-law took the hoe and the shovel

And they went to the mountain

To find snakes, to find monsters, to find vipers with two heads

They caught them and they fried them in a brand new pan

(Come daughter-in-law, reach with your hand and eat from this fish

[The daughter-in-law] had very much respect and she ate from the fish

-Some water mother-in-law, because I'm lading, I'm dying

Daughter-in-law, I can't go to the spring

-Some water my mate, because I'm fading, I'm dying

*He grabs a golden glass and goes off to the spring
In the time it took to go and come back, he finds her dead
Make her grave wide, deep enough for two
He grabs a golden knife and digs it in his heart
I hey took them and they buried them behind St Demo's [church]
On one [grave] a reed grows on the other a cypress Wayfarers that passed and
continued to pass by [Say] just look at that couple, that so loved each other*

E.1.97 Mother, With Your Nine Sons

*Mother with your nine sons, and with your only daughter
The precious only daughter, the beloved
You dressed her in down, you combed her [hair] by starlight
By starlight and by the morning star you braided her hair
Not much time passed by and the mother died
(She left behind an orphaned daughter, young and pampered)*

E.1.98 You see me singing

*We see me singing and say I don't get angry.
I had a heart ache and I got a grief.
For a neighbor of mine, a widow's daughter.
That has the eye like an olive, the eyebrow like gaitani (yiatani).
I am shy to kiss her, I am afraid to tell her.
If I put a match maker to this, maybe I'll fail.*

E.1.99 In Dropoli's stream

In Dropoli's stream the cannons are in line.

The cannons are in line, the lads are armored.

Armored lads, the girls dressed up.

E.1.100 On the Pitsariou's Ridge

On the Pitsariou's mountain ridge, Karachristos battles,

Battles with aghades, with Arvanited Turks.

On the Nivitsas's ridge, Spyromilios battles,

Battles with aghades, with the Arvanites Turks.

On the Pyliouri's ridge, Lampro Milios battles,

Battles with aghades, with Arvanites Turks.

On the Kakavia's ridge, Kitsio Glinas battles,

Battles with aghades, with the Arvanites.

They worship also the Bishop, captain Kitsio Glinioti.

They gather the rebels, in Pitsari they split them,

In Pitsari they split them and the scare away the Albanians.

-Captain Kitsio Glinioti, gather all of them then

What did Europe sell us.

E.1.101 With this silver cup

*With this silver cup I want to drink five-six.
And if I don't get drunk, my girl, treat me till the dawn.
To sit and think of the foreign lands' grievances.
I had a heart ache and I got a grief.
The plane tree wants water and the poplar wants wind
And a daughter wants a kiss, till the day ends.*

E.1.102 My Mother Rocked Me

*My mother rocked me, like the apple tree her apples
And she got me engaged very young, so she could marry me off very young
And she gave me a large dowry, three mules packed
And I got from my husband whatever my heart desired*

E.1.103 My apple my sweet apple

*My apple, my sweet apple, my written orange (2)
For a bet I want you, to set you as cypress. (2)
To set you as cypress, to a marble fountain (2)
To a marble fountain, there where the girls wash (2)
There where the girls wash, the guys' fustanellas (2)
The guys' fustanellas, who have them dirty (2)
Who have them dirty and stained in oil (2)*

E.1.104

My Bright Red Apple

My bright red apple, why are you standing withered and worn out

I'm separating from my parents and I'm standing withered and worn out

My bright red apple, why are you standing withered and worn out

I'm separating from my siblings and I'm standing withered and worn out

My bright red apple, why are you standing withered and worn out

I'm separating from my neighbors and I'm standing withered and worn out

My bright red apple, why are you standing withered and worn out

(I'm separating from my mother and I'm standing withered and worn out

Instead of a mother, you will find your mother in law, don't lose your happy face)

E.1.105

Don't beat me, mother

-Don't beat me, hey mother, don't you torture me.

I will tell you, hey mother, who kissed me,

Who hugged me.

He wasn't a stranger, hey mother, nor a distant one

It was Giorgakis, hey mother, the Gramma- hey- the Grammatical One.

-So tell us. Hey daughter, with what did he trick you, how did he seduce you?

-With leather shoes (telatinia tsarouhia), hey mother and with a golden, hey, a golden cross.

E.1.106

Don't let me die Panagia

Don't let me die Panagia, I want to live.

Because I am young and not married and the dirt doesn't eat me

I am not a tree to be cut, of the earth to be worshiped

I don't want to leave this life, before I kiss you

E.1.107 A shepherdess on the mountain

A shepherdess on the mountain, who grazed the sheep

A brave one (leventis) passes with the lads

Tell me my good girl, what are you doing here?

I lost my sheep and I came to find them

Tell me my good girl, do you have parents?

I am an orphan from both parents

You are an orphan my lady, I am an orphan too

Come to become partners for us to live both.

E.1.108 One young Lady from Levadia

One young lady from Levadia, there's a lemon tree in the castle center (2)

And another one from Theva, the leaves are wide and green (2)

Has a silver loom, like her two pretty little eyes (2)

And an ivory reed, what lovely clothe does she weave (2)

Sixty two are the steps, sweet are the kisses (2)

And sixty two are the bobbins, beautiful, sweet is the daughter (2)

E.1.109 A girl was picking up pomegranates

*A girl was picking up pomegranates in a nice garden
The son of Riga passed, riding a horse
He asked her for two pomegranates and she gives him four
And he takes out and treats her a diamond ring
And her mother was watching her from the window
You will see, my daughter, you will see, with what you do
At night when your brothers will come, I will tell them about you
And what will you say my mother, and what will you tell about me
Whatever my eyes saw, that is what I will tell
So the brothers are coming and the mothers tells about me
Children we have a daughter that was seduced
Who seduced her mother and she is seduced
She didn't have the time to finish her word
The one grabs her from the hair, the other from the waist
The third the youngest one pulls a knife
And at about midnight the daughter dies.*

E.1.110

A girl in the seaside

*A girl in the seaside is looking at the sea,
Its plushy waves and she sighs:
-Sea, bitter sea, tell me what have I done to you
And you drowned my husband in the foreign port?*

You told me that he will come fast, but a year has passed

And my heart ached but the pain of separation.

Bring him near me, sea, to come and meet me,

Because the pain of losing him will break me.

E.1.111

A Bushy Lemon Tree

A bushy lemon tree I had in my yard, I had in my yard

I hoed her, I watered her, I always had her for me, I always had her for me

And a stranger, total stranger came to take her away from me,

came to take her away from me

Send him away mother, so the stranger won't take me, s

o the stranger won't take me

(And if he does mother, tell him to take special care of me,

tell him to take special care of me

Because I'm a pretty girl and I am very pampered, I'm very pampered

Groom, please do us a favor, please do us a favor

The blossom that we're giving you, don't wilt it, don't wilt it

Because she's a pretty girl, blond with black eyes, blond with black eyes

My bride, clear water and bright moon, and bright moon

Your mate is a fine lad and a handsome lad, and a handsome lad.

E.1.112

A svelte girl was singing

*A svelte girl was singing in a crystal tower
And the wind takes the voice and it sends it along the lakes
As much ships heard it, all of them moored to the side
Dammed foreign lands, as much good as you are
You took my husband away ten years ago
And two more I wait for him and five I await him
And I will dress up in black clothes and I will become a nun
And all the girls I will meet, I will tell to all of them
To not marry a man that goes to foreign lands if they don't want to cry.*

E.1.113

A priest's wife in the loom

*Aide a priest's wife in the loom, aide she moved her leg, her leg,
Aide and with her mind she said, aide I wish I had a lad, a lad.
Aide the good lad, aide he wants a good woman, oh a woman.
Oh to knows about a spindle and a loom, aide to knows to jab (needlework), to jag
Aide the needlework is a feast, aide the spindle is a ramble, a ramble.
Oh and the wooden cradle and the loom, aide they are big enslavement, oh a big
one.*

E.1.114

One bitch of a mother said

*One bitch of a mother said, the siblings don't care about each other.
The brothers had a famous sister.
She was envied by the neighborhood, she was envied by the country,*

She was envied by death and he wants to take her.

To the house he runs like he owns it.

-Open, girl, to come inside, get ready to take you.

-Leave me, Death, leave me, don't take me today.

On Saturday I want to wash myself, on Sunday to dress up

And on Monday morning I come by myself.

He grabbed her by the hair and the girl shrieks, cries.

And the brothers came from the mountains up high.

Chased him and saved the girl.

E.1.115

A cloudy day

On a cloudy day and a dark night

Our boat sunk, drowned two children.

Niko's mother found out, she vows liras and gold coins.

The sea doesn't eat liras, sea doesn't eat gold coins,

It eats sons and lads, the children of mothers.

E.1.116

A nice shepherdess

A nice shepherdess with curly hair,

With curly hair, a cheek of a rose,

With a cheek of a rose, eyes of an almond tree,

Went out and looked at stars at happy night.

A brave one (leventis) also passed and took her heart.

And from there she pines with the bright secret

And with tears she waters now the basil.

E.1.117 Dammed you foreign lands

Dammed you foreign lands, both you and your goods

You take unmarried guys, married ones are coming back

You took also my child and made it yours

He didn't send me letter, nor did he argue in one

To whom to tell my pain and my complaint

If I tell to it to the sea, I am afraid that it will dry up

If I will tell it-says-to the mountains, I am afraid that they will crack.

E.1.118 When the wave sleeps

When the wave sleeps, I will throw the first step

I will come to take you, I can't stand it anymore

When the moon hides, wake up golden pride

I will come to take you, I can't stand it anymore

When the grass cools, open up slowly the door

I will come to take you, I can't stand it anymore

Oh written swallow bird, come out to the balcony

I will come to take you, I can't stand it anymore
Because I will come to take you, I can't stand it anymore
I will come to take you, I can't stand it anymore

E.1.119 My mother was telling me

My mother was telling me son get some knowledge,
Get my son some knowledge, learn kontylismata.
I didn't listen to her and I became a shepherd, ,
Thousand sheep I grazed with forty two dogs.
I played also a stone-reed flute,
A stone-reed and of hazel tree wood one.

E.1.120 I step off the house

I step, mpirmpilomata, off the house.
I step, mpirmpilomata, into a garden.
I find the, mpirmpilomata, I find the branches superfluous,
Lemon trees, mpirmpilomata, lemon trees and cypresses.
I cut, mpirmpilomata, I cut open the lemon,
I find, mpirmpilomata, I find within the love.
I threw, mpirmpilomata, I threw back my hair,
To see you, mpirmpilomata, to see and recognize you.

E.1.121 You in front of me that you are dancing

You in front of me, that you are dancing, to see you begging

With a woolen bag, with a wood with tziomaka.

E.1.122 Mean Neighbor

Mean neighbor, what's with you, why are you scolding me

Gather your pigeons, they come to my neighborhood

They eat my wheat, drink my water

They took my dirt away with their foot-claws

I wanted that dirt to build a monastery

E.1.123 Hey you short girl

Hey you, short girl, that you go for vegetables,

Can I come with you to talk about bad situations.

Orange, orange, I have to my heart a mess.

Lemon, lemon, you watered me poison.

E.1.124 Hey you with the tiny buttons

Hey you with the tiny buttons and with the black eyes

Don't pass outside my door, nor by my neighborhood

My son might be full of wine, he might be drunk

He'll cut your tiny buttons, he'll kiss your black eyes

*I didn't know, my fine lad that you loved me
I'll become earth for you to step on me, I'll become a bridge for you to cross on
I'll become a silver chalice to treat you with drink
You'll drink the wine and I'll be floating in it.
And the way that a stick trembles on the water, the lamb at the butcher's wood
That's how my heart trembles for you my fine lad*

E.1.125

Hey Moonface

*Hey moonface, daughter of the sun, daughter of the sun,
You have the sun as a face and the moon as ball and the moon as ball,
You have the eyes like olives, the eyebrow like gaitani, the eyebrow like gaitani,
And those eyelashes like a Frankish bow, like a Frankish bow
You have a small mouth, small as a ring, small as a ring,
You have blonde hair thrown to your back, thrown to your back
That combed it angels with their holy hand, with their holy hand,
That is combed too by Christ, with His left hand, with His left hand.*

E.1.126

Lullaby

*Nani, nani, the child till he's asleep,
Till his mother comes and brings him flowers,
Flowers, carnations and roses.
Come on, sleep and take it sweetly and lull it to sleep.*

*Drag it through the May's vine and to May's garden.
For the May to bring him flowers and the gardener apples,
Nani, nani the little child, which sleeps like a little lamb.
Nani, nani the child till he's asleep.
Nani the sweet nightingale, a Kosovitsino peacock*

E.1.127

Lullaby

*Nani, nani the child till he's asleep,
Till his mother comes and brings him flowers.
Ore to bring him flowers, nutmeg and carnations.
-Sleep, my golden little child,
Says the mother and sings:
Close your angelic eyes.
As of dreams, have golden sweet ones.
The rosy child, the rosy one I can't find time to wash.
Ore, to send it to the teacher to be the best from all the others
Nani, nani the child, till it's asleep.*

E.1.128

Lullaby

*Nani, nani, the child till he's asleep,
Till his mother comes and brings him flowers,
Flowers, carnations and roses.*

Come on, sleep and take it sweetly and lull it to sleep.

Send it to the May's vine and to May's garden.

For the May to bring him flowers and the gardener apples,

Nani, nani the little child, which sleeps like a little lamb.

Nani the sweet nightingale, a Kosovitsino peacock.

E.1.129 To be a witness you plane tree

To be a witness, you plane tree, for us that carried away the river

And takes us to its streams, to its spinning

And takes us to ovira, so it was written by fate

Every one of you friends and best men, all of you cry for our mess.

The weapons are fires, they chased Vidi.

-You children from Epirus, come all of you near

To burn villages: Leskoviki, Koritsa,

What did Fragkia sell us and they gave us to the dogs.

Every one of you brothers and cousins, all of you cry for our grievances.

Every one of you friends and best men, all of you cry for our mess.

E.1.130 My immigrant bird

My immigrant bird and my complainer, hey my foreigner and complainer

The foreign lands enjoy you and I'm in pain of losing you.

What to send you, my foreigner, there in the foreign lands that you are?

If I send an apple it rots, if I send a rose it withers.

And if I send you my tear on a dry handkerchief

The tears are hot and burn the handkerchief.

E.1.131

If I only had a bitter orange

If I only had a bitter orange, my pomegranate, If I only had a bitter orange to throw.

If I only had a bitter orange to throw to the distant window

To break the mastrapa (jug), that has the clove.

And the mastrapas broke, the clove fell down

For you I say it my love, that you are at the window.

E.1.132

Ntaliano

Kopa-ko, hey Ntaliano, kopa-kopa, kontylenia

Kopa-kopa, kontylenia, girl margaritarenia (a girl like daisy).

Who told you that I don't want you and you dressed up in dirty clothes?

Take them off the poor ones and come, Chaido, come with me

To have a good time.

E.1.133

Delipapa

I hear the wind and, oh Delipapa

I hear him and he's scolding, Delipapa, fine man

He's scolding the mountains, oh Delipapa

*And with the trees, he's heard, Delipapa, line man You all know him well, oh
Delipapa*

That Father George, Delipapa, fine man

E.1.134 You poisonous foreign lands

You foreign lands, poison-poisonous ones, you poisoned me (2)

You foreign lands, in every-in every word, you de-deceived me (2)

You foreign lands to my home I'll go and a dry- a dry one I'll eat (2)

You foreign lands the time- the time has come from you-from you to leave now. (2)

E.1.135 Wake up my girl with the partridge's eyes

*-Wake up my girl with the partridge's eyes, and I came to your Machala
(neighborhood)*

A gold gaitani (yaitan) I brought you for you to make braids to your hair.

-And I you came, welcome, and if you put an effort.

You came and brighten up our ugly place.

-I didn't know, my brave one, that it was you,

To take a bath, to comb my hair to go out and meet you.

-Throw water to your door to step into to slip into,

To fall into your arms and sweetly kiss you.

E.1.136 I was a foreigner, the poor me

I was a foreigner the poor me and from a distant village,

The streets I don't know and I'm afraid of being lost.

If I only had a postman, to have him for a purpose,

To ask about my parents, how are they in the village.

E.1.137

Giannos and Marigo

Giannos and Marigo were going to a school

Giannos was learning letters and Marigo songs

The two of them loved each other, no one knows it.

And Giannos decided and tells it to his mother:

-Mother, I love Maro and I want to take her.

-What are you saying, you, bad boy and fidodagkomeno,

Maro is your cousin, your first cousin,

Better to hear a shroud to throw you a cerement,

Than to hear wedding bells to wed you.

Maro gets engaged and Giannos dies.

Parents from each side and remains on the road became one.

No one of the parents asked.

Maro with no sense of shame, stands and asks them:

-To whom belong these remains with their gold casket!

-These remains are the ones of Giannos with his gold casket!

The girl passes out and dies.

The took her and buried her to a crossroad.

Giannos grows from ground like a reed and the girl like a cypress.

Spinning the red kisses the cypress.

-Look at the pair, the much loved one,

That haven't be kissed alive, they kiss dead.

E.1.138 All the laths are here

All the laths, my little lath, all the laths are here.

And one lath, my little lath, and one lath isn't here.

She went to the fou-my little lath, she went to the fountain for water.

I want too, my little lath, I went too, to drink water.

To du- my little lath, to dull the water.

To dull the water, if she doesn't give me to drink.

To bre-my little lath, to break her crock.

To break her crock, to go to her mother alone.

E.1.139 All The Countries And The Towns

All the countries and the towns, dreadful Ali Pasha (2)

They bow their heads to you master, vizier

And one town, Pogdoriani, dreadful Ali pasha (2)

Doesn't bow down master, vizier

She battles you with gold coins, dreadful /Mi pasha (2)

And with piastres master, vizier

E.1.140 All day and night night

All day and night-night

And the night night, calls the sun

Calls the sun, sun, wait,

Wait, sun, wait, wait a bit,

Wait a bit, in the yard,

In the yard, in the narrow street.

E.1.141 All the Kosovitsini

All the Kosovitsini, who with weapons, who with harmpi (load for guns).

And the son of Kalyva, two weapons, two harmpia.

Let us, karvounarei, to kill off the Bey.

E.1,142 All of May, May

All of May, May, and all of June

I came to take you but you looked young to me

All of May, May and all of August

I came to take you and you pretend sickness

Five oranges, the two of them rotted

I came to take you and they didn't let you.

E.1.143 **Outside spread you dance**

Outside, hey, outside spread you dance

Outside spread you dance and spin around

And spin around, to see the newlywed

To see the newlywed, how the two of them are dancing

How the two of them are dancing, in the middle of the village.

E.1.144 **Anyone who sees me laughing**

Anyone who sees me laughing, believes I don't have an ache, e my poor ones

The ache I have in my heart, the grievance that tortures me, my poor ones

You have be- hey you chubby one, you have bewitched me

And I am going cra-hey you chubby one- and I am going crazy about you

All that you have- hey you chubby one- all that you have done to me

On paper, hey you chubby one, on paper I have them written

I don't have someone to tell it and to confess it, e my poor ones

At the priest's windows were siting two, hey, two black eyebrows

There were siting two black eyebrows at the priest's windows

If I only had the black eyebrows and the priest the windows

I want to make your bed for you to sleep

I want the two of us to be there and I don't care if our village sinks

To our health, to our healt and to our joy, live long our companion

Who rich one died and took my son his fortune along with him

*Oh he took hey two ells of cerement to throw my son to his body
To our health, to our healt and to our joy, live long our companion
I want, hey, thin rain to start my son so they will be late on burying me
To gather hey my son, all of my friends and from their hearts my son to cry
I spin hey I spin when I think of you
I spin hey my head oh what will happen with all my mess.*

E.1.145 All the flowers the spring has

*-All, hey, all the flowers the spring has,
All the flowers the spring and the city windows, and the city windows
So much gold coins, my girl, I spent for you.
-I didn't know, my brave one, that you spent for me.
To become the earth for you to stand on me, a bridge for you to cross,
To become also a silver cup to treat you, for you to drink,
You to drink the wine and I to float in it,
To slip through your lips, to fall into your heart.*

E.1.146 Death And Autumn

*Death and Autumn eat together and drink together
They called Spring to go chat with them
Hey proud spring, hey glorified you
All the flowers that you have, I regard them with pride*

I take young men first that are like trees

I also take the brides

I also take small children

I also take the old folks that are like sculpted stumps

E.1.147 I take my scythe

I take my scy- live long my aunt, I take my scythe (2)

I say and go to harvest, black eyes to kiss (2)

All night – live long my aunt, all night long I was harvesting (2)

We sing a song, with e beautiful flower (2)

And I woke, live long my aunt and I woke up three villages

And three monasteries, black eyes, black eyebrows

I woke up, live love my aunt, and I woke up a nun

From her cell and her peregrination.

E.1.148 Up to Macedonia

Up to Macedonia, in the snow, in the cold (2)

A bullet comes from there, it's a black day for Vaggelis. (2)

Vaggeli Zoto, lad, Chimaras Pride. (2)

Opposite of Kokkinia takes place a big battle. (2)

Relatives and friends are crying for Vaggeli Zoto. (2)

Vaggeli Zoto, lad, Chimaras Pride. (2)

E.1.149 Priests from Sopiki

Priests from Sopiki, priests, priests,

With great knowledge, brave priests!

They hold knives with chains, silver kompouria.

Ali Toskas sends the paper:

«To Kokolakou in Karies to go and dine».

The Priest Kostas, smart as he is, takes it and reads it:

-Children, the death is coming, children, our end is coming.

E.1.150 Please, My Master

Please, my Master, and I pray to you my God

Don't give illness to the immigrant who's at a foreign land

Illness requires bedding down, it needs a lot of washing

It demands a mother by his side, a wife by his head

It wants sisters all around to take extra care

What have my eyes seen, my poor eyes

How they bury at the Ibreign lands, the immigrants when they die

Without incense, without a candle, without a priest or choir

Without a sweet mother's tears, without a wife's mourning

E.1.151 Five months I climb

*Five months I climb to the mountain,
And other ten I descend to the beach.
I find a girl sleeping alone.
I leaned to kiss her and she didn't feel it
And I approach her again, and she realizes it.
She opened her two eyes and she looked at me,
She opened her two arms and hugged me.*

E.1.152 Married five months

*-Married five months, where did you find the child?
Where are going and doing, without feeling shame?
-Widow the mother, the poor one, widow he swung me.
With parts in the belt the mother raised me.
I make my body a boat, my hands hoes,
For the neighbor to see me, to burn his heart.*

E.1.153 Five Mice

*Five mice, roguish-eyed girl
And two small ferrets, rogue and black eyed girl
Had a wedding, roguish-eyed girl
With a grain of wheat, rogue and black eyed girl
They went and washed it, roguish-eyed girl*

*In the turtle's tear, rogue and black eyed girl
They went and bagged it, roguish-eyed girl
In a lice's hide, rogue and black eyed girl
They went and milled it, roguish-eyed girl
At the old hag's wheel, rogue and black eyed girl.*

E.1.154 **I passed from a bridge**

*I passed from a bridge, I see a girl at the window
I see a girl at the window, that embroiders a golden handkerchief.
She embroiders it, she puts to it gold, with her mother she fights.
-Mother, says, allow me to get married, and make a home!*

E.1.155 **There to that mountain**

*There to that mountain, kontoulo why did you make me sad,
Says, which is high and big, come my black-eyed one, come.
That has chaos to the top, kontoulo why did you make me sad,
Says, and fog in the end of it, come my black-eyed one, come. Λέει,
And in that that side, kontoulo why did you make me sad,
Says, a vine has been sprouted, come my black-eyed one, come.
It gives red grapes, kontoula why did you make me sad,
Says, wine like blood, come my black-eyed one, come.*

*All the mothers that drank it, kontoulo why did you make me sad,
Says, none of them couldn't have a child, come my black-eyed one, come.
To had it drank my mother too, kontoulo why did you make me sad,
Says, so she wouldn't have me, come my black-eyed one, come.
She had me what did she want with me? Kontoulo why did you make me sad,
Says, she has me what does she want with me? Come my black-eyed one, come.
Where am I where am I walking? Kontoulo why did you make me sad,
Says, in the streets of the City, come my black-eyed one, come.*

E.1.156 Partridge and Dove

Partridge and dove, my eyes are crying for you.

-My eyes are crying for you, yours for me.

-Where were you, written partridge, that you came in the morning wet?

-I was up in the slopes, in the dews and the grasses.

-What were you doing up in the slopes, in the dews and the grasses?

-I ate in May clover and in August grape.

-And in August grape, to kiss you in the lops.

E.1.157 Partridge that you're in the fern

Partridge that you are in the fern, who do I send to bring you

I send one, I send the other and I give them rigalo

I send the swallow that is a fast bird

*And to church we'll go and the Lity bread we'll eat
I will dance in the threshing floor for the neighbors to get jealous.*

E.1.158 I was going the road

*I was going the road, road, pomegranate, hey and basi-basil.
I find an apple tree on the road, pomegranate, hey and basi-basil.
I asked it an apple, pomegranate, hey and basi-basil.
It said to me that it has them weight, pomegranate, hey and basi-basil.
With the City's kantari, pomegranate, hey and basi-basil.
And the lady them calculated, pomegranate, hey and basi-basil.*

E.1.159 My husband went to the fair

*My husband went to the fair- hey mpirmpilio
He went to get me fish – hey kiaimelio.
And he brought me lint, - hey mpirmpilio
When to spin it the poor me? – hey kiaimelio.
On Monday I can't find the time, -hey mpirmpilio
And on Tuesday I discuss – hey kiaimelio.
On Wednesday I go to the mill – hey mpirmpilio
And on Thursday I will knead – hey kiaimelio.
On Friday I will wash – hey mpirmpilio
On Saturday I will patch – hey kiaimelio.*

And on Sunday I will change – hey mpirmpilio

And I will go to church – hey kiaimelio.

E.1.160 **Drink so we'll drink too**

Drink so we 'll drink too, hey, guys, ai hey guys.

And don't over drink, my ntoulmperia,

Oh my ntoulmpe-ntoulmperia.

Tomorrow we have routes, hey guys, ai hey guys.

Routes and armies, my ntoulmperia,

Oh my ntoulmpe-ntoulmperia.

We'll climb to mountains, hey guys, ai hey guys.

We 'll meet klefts, my ntoulmperia,

Oh my ntoulmpe-ntoulmperia.

We'll begin a war, hey guys, ai hey guys.

To kill them all, my ntoulmperia,

Oh myt ntoulmpe-ntoulmperia.

E.1.161 **Who is this girl that descends**

Who is this girl that descends

From the mountain dressed up in white, from the mountain

A golden jug she holds in her hands,

Flowers that she picked up from the mountain, from the mountain

To give to her love,

And to her love and her grievance, and her grievance.

E.1.162

Who Arms The Banner

Who arms the banner with the olive branch and a blessing

With the Madonna's blessing and with Christ's hand, with Christ's hand

My father rigged it with the olive branch and his blessing

With the Madonna's blessing and with Christ's hand, with Christ's hand

My mother rigged it with the olive branch and his blessing

With the Madonna's blessing and with Christ's hand, with Christ's hand

(His uncles rigged it with the olive branch and her blessing

With the Madonna's blessing and with Christ's hand, with Christ's hand

His cousins rigged it with the olive branch and their blessing

With the Madonna's blessing and with Christ's hand, with Christ's hand

E.1.163

Who Saw The Sun At Night

Who saw the sun at night, that's my grievance and it's eating me up

And a star at noon, you've withered me, poor thing (2)

*One holiday, one Sunday, blond and blue-eyed one I went hunting, you've withered
me, poor thing (2)*

One [man] shoots, two shoot, that's my grievance and it's eating me up

Three shoot, five shoot, you've withered me, poor thing (2)

And a young unwed girl shoots, blond and blue-eyed one

And she does better, you've withered me, poor thing (2)

*(And from all the effort, blond and blue-eyed one
And from all the stretching, you've withered me, poor thing (2)
Her button was came off, blond and blue-eyed one*

E.1.164 Who saw Amarando (a plant)

*Who-hey who saw amarando
In what mountain does it grow.
It grows in marbles, rocks, stones.
It is watered without water, it is cool without dew.
The deer eat it and die, bears too,
The sheep eat it and forget their lambs.
If only my mother had eaten it, so not to have me,
But a miracle I saw yesterday in the fair:
The wolf took the child from the arms of his mother.
Thousand pedestrians are chasing it, three hundred and two on horse.
-Leave, you wolf, the child and take the cow!
And it didn't leave the child and it took the cow.*

E.1.165 Who wants to hear the violins

*Who wants to hear the bells, Galani hey Galani,
The tambourines how they play? Hey written partridge.
May she go to church, Galani hey Galani,*

And from the chorostasi, hey written partridge.

There she'll hear the violins, Galani hey Galani,

How the tambourines are playing, hey written partridge.

Galani dances in front, Galani hey Galani,

And Dimos to the back, hey written partridge.

And from the many moves, Galani hey Galani,

And from the whimsicality, hey written partridge.

The silver button was cut out, Galani hey Galani,

And her breast was shown, hey written partridge.

E.1.166 Who told you that I don't want you

Who told you that I don't want you, choc hoi

Chaido, Chaido, hey nтели, hey Chaido.

Who told you hey, that I don't want you, ,

Chaido, Chaido, hey nтели, hey Chaido.

And you dressed up in dirty clothes,

Chaido, Chaido, hey nтели, hey Chaido.

And the dirty already wore ones

Throw the poor them down

To take you gkantefenia

Come Chaido with me

To have a great time.

E.1.167

Who's Setting Up This Wedding

Who's setting up this wedding, this grand big one

My parents are setting it up, ho! To their health and happiness

To their health and happiness, so their children will progress

This entire week the fine groom's mother

Cleans the streets and fills them up with apples and pomegranates

Church with your dome, proudly domed

As you accept your candles, welcome your newlyweds

So we can engage and marry them

E.1.168

A little bird came out from earth

A little bird came out from earth, hey come, hey come

From the other world, hey come with me

And goes and touches hey come, hey come

A sad door, hey come with me

With yellow legs, hey come, hey come

And the wings cut, hey come with me

Mother are going out and ask, hey come, hey come

And sisters to hear, hey come with me

- Little bird tell us something, hey come, hey come

From the other world, hey come with me

- *What to say my brothers, hey come, hey come*

What to tell you? Hey come with me

A spark fell of a candle, hey come, hey come

And from a big candle, hey come with me

The middle of the dance was burned, hey come, hey come

Where were dancing girls, hey come with me

The elderly were burned, hey come, hey come

Along with their coats, hey come with me.

E.1.169 Does The May Sun Shine?

Does the May sun shine, oh poor Liakena

And August's moon, Liakena, you daring woman

That's how Liakena shone, oh poor Liakena

In the Turk's hands, Liakena, you daring woman

Will you become a Turk , will you poor Liakena

E.1.170 Dimitroula, like you don't know

Like you don't know, tzanoum Dimitroula

To embroider the asouria

What do you do with them

Take me in your arms

And if you don't want to

*Tell me what to do
to take you near me*

E.1.171 As April goes to 12

*As April goes to twelve, poor Panagiotena,
They say and May fifteen, Panagiotena poor you.
The Vlachs went to mountains, poor Panagiotena,
They say the Vlach girls went to valleys, Panagiotena poor you.*

E.1.172 You proud little birds

*You proud little birds, oh, up there where you flying,
To the homeland, where you going, a lot of greetings.
Tell also to my poor mother that I was killed
For a free homeland, in life I'm all in joy.
For a sign they put me a Greek flag
With white letters written, that say I am a winner.*

E.1.173 I step into a garden

*I step into a garden, surrounded by apples.
By apple trees and cypresses, my eyes see them superfluous.
I see a lemon tree in the middle, that is bend to fall down.
My lemon tree, think, that your time will come so grieve.*

You leaves will fall and you will wither, hey bitch.

Your dew will also fall, and your heart will wither.

E.1.174 To many castles that I went

To many castles that I went, ach and walked around a! and walk-oh! Walked around

Like the castle of Orgias, castle I didn't see, hey castle I didn't see

A founded caste, a famous castle, the castle of the black-eyed girl and the alonarias.

Forty fathom of a height, twelve of a width a pencil covered in marble.

Forty silver towers it has with iron doors and silver keys

And the seacoast door sparks like gold the Turks were fighting it twelve years

Romioi defend it for fourteen and the can't take the poor one.

*And came a young Turk Romiogennito and romiokounarimeno, genitsaropoulo (a
young Turk that was born and raised as Romios)*

He grabs his amiri and begs him: - My lord, my amiri and my sultan

I will take the castle, how much my take?

-Five hundred your costume, thousand your take

Thousand white per day and a good horse and two silver swords for the war.

*-I don't want your whites, nor your gold coins, I don't want your horse, nor I want the
swords O*

I want the girl that is in the seacoast. – If you take the castle you can have her too...

E.1.175 To many joyful events that I went

To many joyful events that I went

Filntisi kariofill, filtisaki mou grammeno.

I didn't see a pair like that,

Filntisi kariofill, filtisaki mou grammeno.

Like they matched in their height

Filntisi kariofill, filtisaki mou grammeno.

They matched to the mind,

Filntisi kariofill, filtisaki mou grammeno.

It doesn't fit a lemon grain,

Filntisi kariofill, filtisaki mou grammeno.

E.1.176 At What Road, My Bey

At what road, my bey, have you left me, to live in Delvino, oh my bey

To live in Delvino, hey my pasha bey

Poor me, I can't till so I can't reap, no oh my bey

So I can't reap, hey my pasha bey

I [have] to use borrowed flour, poor me, a strangers without yeast, oh my bey

A stranger's, without yeast, hey my pasha bey

Weeds grew at my door, my bey, the lock rusted, hey my pasha bey

Stalls are screaming for the horses, my bey, and the

great halls for [their] masters, hey my pasha bey

And the hounds are howling too, for those fine hunts, oh my bey

For the fine hunts, hey my pasha bey

E.1.177 **In this board that we are**

*In this board that we are in this table,
To the angel we offer food and we treat the Christ.
And the golden Virgin we worship Her a lot,
That gives us the keys, the paradise keys,
To step in and see, blossomed flowers,
To take and smell, them that are blessed,
To see the young boys in joy, elderly to dance,
To see and the lucky ones sitting on cloves.*

E.1.178 **Thank you my moon**

*-shine, my moon, for me to find my love.
Shine high up, shine down, because there is dirt and water.
-And I shine till the morning, for the ones who lost a love to find it.
Thank you, my moon that you favored me.
That I found my love, my shiny moon.*

E.1.179 **Stand up slowly- slowly**

*Stand up slowly – slowly like the snakes in the grass.
Stand up some – some, the time came for me to leave.
Where are the poor us going, that we are used to it?
To the Ktismata we'll go, pancakes to eat.*

Pancakes with honey and raki with a sugary juice (petmezi).

Let's see, to see, we'll meet here again.

E.1.180 **Today's The Carnival**

Today, my girls, today's the carnival

Today's the carnival, where old women dance

Start dancing girls, now that you have time

Because tomorrow you'll marry

Tomorrow you'll marry and keep house

My girls, your father-in-law won't let you

Your father-in-law won't let you go to dances

My girls, your mother-in-law won't let you

Your mother-in law go to happy events

We'll get our husbands drunk and put them to sleep

And with the mean father-in-law we'll have our own way

And the mean mother-in-law, I'll pull upon a trivet

Your children won't let you go to other neighborhoods

We 'll spank our children and won't lake them with us

E.1.181 **Today is Easter**

Today is Easter, candle-candle,

Today a white day, my written candle,

When the Christ resurrected, candle-candle,

*The Virgin's son, my written candle,
Where they had him crucified, candle-candle,
The Jews, my written candle.*

E.1.182 To all the joys I went

*To all the joys I went, such a bride didn't see
Filtisi karafidi my written lad
To have a ball like a crown, filtisi karafidi
And the eyebrow like gaitani my written lad
To have an eye like a cup that a painter doesn't make it
And the nose kontylenia my written lad
To have a mouth like a ring, it doesn't fit a grape
To have a waist for kemeri my written lad*

E.1.183 In the valley of Deropoli

*In the valley of Deropoli, hey mpirmpilio, hey kiagmilio
A tree was sprout, hey mpirmpilio, hey kiagmilio
And Giannakis lied down, hey mpirmpilio, hey kiagmilio
With the grivas tied up, hey mpirmpilio, hey kiagmilio
Started Grivas to say, hey mpirmpilio, hey kiagmilio
Stand up Gianni (master) kavalika, hey mpirmpilio, hey kiagmilio
I can't poor Griva, hey mpirmpilio, hey kiagmilio*

Because I am wounded, hey mpirmpilio, hey kiagmilio

E.1.184 In Elenis bed

In Elenis bed doctors surround it

And they silently discuss about that she doesn't have any more life.

Poor Eleni heard it and speaks in a bitter voice:

-Ach, oh Leni, and my child, and my sadness, does it hurt you?

-My knees are cut, my body thins down.

E.1.185 On Samarinas Mountains

On Samarinas mountains, Leni the Livadiotissa,

There was a cold fountain, Leni kamaromeni.

The young girls went to drink water, to drink and fill up.

The beautiful Leni went too to drink and fill up.

And lost her handkerchief, the gold-embroidered one

If a young man finds it, to enjoy it and if an old man finds it, to lose it.

E.1.186 In Chimara rises up the sun

In Chimara rises up the sun, master the Spyromilios (2)

The steamships have been anchored, and they show out the army in order. (2)

Spyromilios battles, with Captain Tsoulaki (2)

Cretans and Chimariotes and many other, Pyloriotes (2)

The chief had been ordered the Turkey to be subdued. (2)

E.1.187 A svelte girl dresses up

A svelte girl dresses up to go to her mother

She put the sun as face and the moon as eyebrows.

And the shiny sunrise she puts it as an engagement.

And all the heaven stars she puts them as rings.

E.1.188 Do you want to go to the best man (koumparo)

Do you want to go to the best man, to eat pancakes,

Pancakes with honey, that our heart sometimes want.

Do you want to go to the best man, to eat pancakes,

Pancakes with honey, and raki with petimezi,

and raki with petimezi (a sugary juice), pancakes with honey.

E.1.189 At the Priest's windows

At the Priest's, trigki the glasses more,

At the Priest's windows, stood two black eyebrows.

If I only had the black eyebrows, and the Priest the windows.

At the Priest's balcony, a girl was sitting.

If I only had the girl, and the Priest the balcony.

At the Priest's bed, a provatina (female sheep).

If I only had the provatina, and the Priest the bed.

E.1.190 I cut open the lemon

Aide I cut-open, aide the lemon, aide I find the Virgin (Panagia) inside it

Aide with the hands, aide crossed ones, aide and with the hair maroudemena.

Hello my Panagio, hello my Panagio, hello my Panagio three,

Didn't I tell you, the mpo-mpo, didn't I tell you not to get married, aide.

And if you get married, what good will you see, ho-ho,

You'll kiss, you'll hug and you'll get bored.

Aide throw your hair, back, aide to see you, to get to know you.

Aide and to ask you, aide to sweet kiss you.

E.1.191 Tachtarisma (cradling in the arms)

Tarnana and tarpompo my Pyrros wants a dance,

The violins aren't here.

Who is going to bring them with a coin in the hand

And with five ones in the handkerchief, in favor of Pyrros?

Tarnana, tarniste to, water him with sugar,

To grow up fast, to marry him,

To give him a bride, with hundred co-relatives (sympetherous),

*With the godfather in front, lamprato, astrato, kokkinogelekato. (the bright one, with
the red suit)*

Tarnana, the lambs in the vines, the goats in the fields.

*Pyrros goes to pick them, there he finds a girl.
He kisses her, pinches her and takes her hat.
Her mother steps out and fights and her father pays.*

E.1.192 Tachtarisma

*My good child, outside I don't tell.
My white child- my white one wants a bride from the castle,
He wants one from Tepeleni, to be called Leni.
They promised him trousseau, riddled gold coins.
My white child- my white one wants a bride from the castle,
My good child, outside I don't tell.
-Aide sleep!...nani.
Nani – nani my baby, nani –nani my golden child.
Come sleep and sweetly make it sleep.
- Close your eyes...aide...nani!*

E.1.193 It was a day, a black Monday

*It was a day, a black Monday, youth, hey youth!
Twenty six manousia, lads, youth, hey youth!
Youth full of pride in the blood they drown*

*By cannon bullets, how they are smashed.
Killers destroyed again the village, youth, hey youth!
Youth full of pride in the blood they drown
By cannon bullets, how they are smashed.*

E.1.194 Move Godfather

*Move godfather, from there and go up there
And join closely your children, so they will go forward.
So they will prosper, and call you “godfather,
Godfather and Mr. Godfather and our master”.
The bride leads the dance, to the top with the godfather,
To the top with the godfather, with the son the groom.
The bride leads the dance, like a basil stick
With telia on the head, with the big mpolia.*

E.1.195 Taso, My Captain

*Last night, the night before I passed by, Taso my captain
The town of Upper Ravenia, oh Taso, you fine man
There they ambushed you, Taso my captain
Armed men and klephtes, oh Taso, you fine man
They took three shots at you, Taso my captain
Three in a row, oh Taso, you fine man*

The first one grazed you, Taso my captain

The other hit you in the head, oh Taso, you fine man

The bitter third one, Taso my captain

Got you in the heart, oh Taso, you fine man

E.1.196 The four, the five the nine-brothers

The four, the five the nine-brothers,

The twelve cousins, the few-day ones,

That they hear about war and a road they'll see,

Their heart is enjoying them and all the time they're singing

A decree from the king came

To go and battle in Mparmparia.

The get ready and the horses, the black earth trembles,

They file their swords, the sea shines,

The take also the guns, the mountains tremble

And the wish they seek from their mother.

- With my wish my children you may go.

Nine-brothers to go and if you come back eight.

The young-Konstantinos back not to come.

The began and passed the long road

And war they didn't find and came back.

From valley to valley they go, the long valley,

They suffered from thirst and kamata.

They find a well, a dry one,

Forty fathoms in depth and hudred in width.

They throw the buckets, they throw also the raffles.

Nine times they throw them, the poor ones,

Kosta's bucket falls into, the youngest one.

-Get in Kosta, get in to find some water.

He put the chain as a belt and got into.

He goes till the middle and is scared,

He reached the bottom and fell.

- Pull me up brothers because I drowned,

Here there isn't water, there is so much blood.

Viper surrounds me and snake holds me.

-We are pulling you up Kosta, why aren't you coming up?

-Get the black to pull me up too.

-He is pulling you up too Kosta, why can't we see you?

You are not coming up, and do we do?

-Let me die and leave from here.

Wish you good my brothers and go nicely.

And tell to mother that I got married

And to kouremadia that my hair got trimmed.

E.1.197

The sand sand I went

The sand-sand the poor me, the sand-sand went.

The sand-sand I went, the sea I saw from a far.

The sea and the poor me, the sea I saw from afar.

-Sea, bitter sea, what have you done to my husband?

-I drowned your husband and threw him into the bottom of the sea.

-Where do I find the poor me, where do I find a swimmer?

Where do I find a swimmer that swims like a duck?

To swim the poor me, to swim like a duck.

To swim like a duck, to go and find my husband.

E.1.198

I don't sleep during the day

I don't sleep during the day and I walk at night

I seek my love, I can't find it

I seek her, I look for her like the mother does the child.

Who put you in words, my small love?

E.1.199

Alexo's girl

Alexo's girl and Giorgena's.

Every Sunday she changes and dresses up.

And in the staircase she ascends, she scandalizes.

Memet Agas comes, he greets her good morning:

-Good Morning to you Alexo and to you Giorgena.

I want your girl and I love her.

I will make her mpoulpasina in Delvino.

-Five murders to take place in my home

I don't give my girl to Memet Aga.

-Stay quiet, quite, mother, don't say that.

He is a Turk and he gets me against my will.

Throws an apple, a pomegranate, they aren't accepted.

Throws gold and silver, smiles.

E.1.200

What bad have the poor I done?

What bad have the poor I done and they all call me a killer?

Month I killed no one, month I kissed no one.

Somewhere here in the neighborhood I love one too yes.

I don't know her name, she is a Turkish girl or Romia.

E.1.201

The even-even I walk

The even-even I walk even I care, even If I don't,

To find a bushy branch, under its shadow to sit,

To sit and think the grievances of the foreign lands.

The foreign lands, the work, the bitterness, the orphans,

*The four of them were measured in a heavy scale
And they came as heavier- heavier the foreign lands.
Give to the foreigner foreign lands and sickness don't give him.*

*The sickness needs mattresses, needs pillows,
It needs a mother next to it, a woman in the head.*

E.1.202 In April and in May

*In April and May the joys,
The birds are singing in the nests.
They say to each other "I love you" .
-You are the beautiful bird of the mountain!
-You are the famous girl of the village!
Come, give us your hand for once,
E- I'm leaving, I'm going to another world, goodbye!*

E.1.203 Kitsou's mother

*Kitsou's mother was sitting- my Kitso dervenaga (2)
Hey in the riverside – My Kitso hey and lad (2)
He fought with the river and threw stones at it:
-River get smaller, river come back...*

E.1.204 Kostis'

O the four the five

The nine brothers (2)
O the twelve cousins
The few-day ones (2)
O they pass the road-road
The long valley (2)
O there they suffer from thirst
And from kamata (2)
But they find a well
Sertopigado (dry well) (2)
O they throw the buckets in
They throw the raffles (2)
O Kosti's bucket falls in it
The youngest one (2)
And he tightens the chains
To bring water (2)
Go Kosta, why don't you go
To bring water (2)
To fill up the barrel
And the mastrapa (jug) (2)
O hold me brothers
Because I drowned (2)
O here doesn't have water

But a lot of blood (2)

O we are holding you Kosta

Why aren't you coming up, why can't you be seen

O leave me brothers

Wish you good (cause I drowned) (2)

Tell to my girl

That I've drowned (2)

Tell to my mother

That I got married (2)

E.1.205

Nasiou Veliou's

Sopiki and all of Opsada have gone black

With pampesia the Tsevi's trustee dragged them

And in the hut he closed, to ikodiada goes.

Ikosiada came, surrounds the hut:

-Thanasi, surrender to us, Thanasi, come out!

-I don't surrender, I'm not coming out!

E.1.206

This winter

This wi- hey Leni, my leni,

This winter I want to pass.

And this sum- hey Leni, my Leni,

And this summer to find you good.

Bitter orange tree with the-hey Leni, my Leni,

Bitter Orange Tree with the blossoms and the fruit.

Lay to the ro-hey Leni, my Leni,

Lay to the roots, something to sleep in.

And a thin han-hey Leni, my Leni,

And a thin handkerchief to cover me.

To blow the wi-hey Leni, my Leni,

To blow the wind from the mountain.

To fall the-hey Leni, my Leni,

To fall the blossoms to my handkerchief.

I take them and –hey Leni, my Leni,

I take them and go to my love.

I find her making a –hey Leni, my Leni,

I find her making a bed and waiting.

A made up matt-hey Leni, my Leni,

A made up mattress and sweet wine.

-To whom are you making this gi-hey Leni, my Leni,

To whom are you making this girl, who are you waiting for?

-For you I make it asi-hey Leni, my Leni,

For you I make it asiki, I'm waiting for you.

A roasted part-hey Leni, my Leni,

A roasted partridge and sweet wine.

*And a high be-hey Leni, my Leni,
And a high bed, for you the tselepi.*

E.1.207 This world

This world, hey this world,

This world isn't for us.

Ai, world that passes and doesn't greet us good morning.

That passes slowly, slowly, like a duck in the grass.

Ai, my world, ai my world, my heart didn't fill up of you.

Ai, my complimented world, I didn't fill up of you.

This earth with the grasses, eats young guys and lads.

This earth that we walk, all we're going to get inside.

E.1.208 Three Beauties, three lithe [Girls]

Three, oh three beauties, three lithe [girls]

Three, oh three beauties, three lithe [girls] and three fine girls, and three fine girls.

One, oh one said to the other

One, oh one said to the other, one says to the other.

My girl, oh my girl, the lad you love

My girl the lad you love another one is taking him away

And if you don't believe me, my girl

And if you don't believe me go look out your window

To see the wedding party that's approaching, on foot and riding horses

(The little girl runs and stands at the crossroad

Move out of the way, little girl, so my Black [horse] won't trample you

Your Black [horse] won't trample me if the rider won't let him

Girl I'm inviting you to crown me at my wedding

I'll go tell my mother, and what she says I'll do

Mother, that youth is inviting me to crown him

If you have legs to stand upon and hands to touch

If you have a heart of steel to hold the wreaths.

She gets golden wreaths and golden candles

And takes them and leaves them in church's center

And as the groom looks at her, he lets out a heavy sigh

Priest, if you're a Christian and if you were baptized with oil,

Turn the wreaths right away towards the sweet koumpara)

E.1.209

The waters flow

The waters flow, the fountains flow,

The children run to see the bride,

The gracious ones to ask her:

-Bride, what did you bring for your father in law?

-Bride, what did you bring for you mother in law?

-A chest full of clothes.

E.1.210 **Sad Tuesday, Wednesday**

Sad Tuesday, Wednesday, bitter Thursday

Friday dawned, I wish it never had

Giannos goes to school and Kostas goes hunting

He forgot his quill and turned back to get it

He found his mother playing with a strange young man

(Mother, bitch, what are you doing to my father?

She fooled him with sugar and took him to the cellar

And she pulls out her knife and cuts him into pieces

There's Kosta coming, riding in from the meadow's

Good morning Kostaina, Welcome my Konstanti

Kostaina, where's our Giannos, where's our son?

Oh, just sit down and eat Kosta, and our Giannos will come [soon])

E.1.211 **Moon, have a little patience**

Moon, have a little faith, the sun will go down

The braveness and freedom will bright in Cyprus.

And what starts are bringing the freedom to you...

E.1.212 **Friends welcome**

Friends, welcome, our new sympetheroi (relatives from each side) !

Our children to prosper and to other we'll feel the joy

This good year until the other comes

We live, we die, we go to another world.

And there, there aren't joys, nor feasts

Nor feast tables to eat and drink.

E.1.213 Frankish (Roman Catholic) Girl

Oh, Frankish girl, you young girl from Jannina

Who told you t don't want you, and you put on dirty clothes,

Dirty clothes badly worn

Throw them away come to me at night

And come to me at night to have a very fine time

E.1.214 Be happy young girls, be happy young guys

Be happy young guys about the beautiful ones and young girls about the lads

You elderly be happy about your children

This land we have, others have it first

To us they delivered it, others they're waiting for it

Lucky are mountains, which aren't afraid of death

In summer green and in winter snow.

E.1.215 A Fine Company Of Friends

*A fine company of friends tells me to sing a song
And I tell them "No I can't", I tell them "I don't know one"
Oh, and they say to me "As much as you can", they tell me "As much as you know"
"Pull me up and help me sit down
(and bring me sweet wine, to drink and to get drunk)
So my sorry heart will open up, and my bitter lips
So I can sing sad songs, oh yes and ones full of grief
Oh, solace is in death, benefaction from the Grim Reaper
Oh, and in separation [from loved ones], while alive, has no consolation
Ah, mother separates from child, oh and child from mother*

E.1.216 Yesterday I went out to walk

*Yesterday I went out to walk –hey Vasilos,
Yesterday in Gioul-Mpakse hey- Vaso and Vasiliki.
I find a girl sleeping – hey Vasilos,
On roses, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.
And I bended to kiss her – hey Vasilos,
She didn't have me, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.
She opened her eyes – Hey Vasilos,
And she looked at me, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.
And the diamond mouth – hey Vasilos,
And she talked to me, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.*

-Stranger where have you been all these years – hey Vasilio,

And where have you been, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.

And all that you have encountered – hey Vasilio,

To whom you sent it, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.

-A stranger I was to foreign lands – hey Vasilio.

To foreign lands I worked, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.

And all that I have encountered – Hey Vasilio,

I brought them all, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.

-Stranger where have you been in winter – hey Vasilio,

When I was cold, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.

And you came now in summer – hey Vasilio,

That I am warm, hey – Vaso and Vasiliki.

E.1.217 **Yesterday here they were dancing**

Yesterday here they were dancing, hey Tsielio,

Yesterday here they were dancing, mirim zoti,

All widows, priest wives

And virgin girls.

And in the middle of the dance

Was sitting an eagle

And begged.

My God, give me strength,

Strength and authority

To go and grab one.

And if I didn't catch her,

My nails would die,

Half of my feathers ,

My right side.

E.1.218 **Last night, the night before, I passed**

Last night, the night before, I passed, hello my poppy! (2)

By your neighborhood, poppy, hello, hello (2)

By your neighborhood, and your kiss is so sweet! (2)

I heard that they were scolding you because of me, oh my poppy (2)

So I won't pass by ever again, poppy hello (2)

I won't pass ever again although your kiss is so sweet (2)

Do pass my young man, do pass, hello my poppy (2)

The way you passed before, in front of your loves door (2)

E.1.219 **My high Cypress**

My hight cypress, your top bends.

Who to first kiss your beauty?

The sun goes down and the day ends,

And my mind can't take you off.

You in the balcony and I as I pass,

Throw me your handkerchief to come dancing.

A.1 Groups of polyphonic songs

E.2.1 Avragonio

Art Direction: Vivi G. Kanellatou (musicologist).

The artistic path starts from the year 2008. It has participated a) in the performance [the woman and the woman] in the auditorium of Mikis Theodorakis on 25/05/2008, b) in the performance of the Athens Festival "Talents, Drum and Dances" in the theater of Herodes on 18/07/2008 and c) in the 1st Festival of Polyphonic Singing in the art room "forms of expression" on 31/05/2009.

E.2.2 Inoro

Year Founded: 2001.

Participants: Dristiliaris Dimitris, Exarchou Sophia, Kotsiafti Fotini, Kaftanis Kosmas, Lakka Ermira, Kostas Lolis, Bisiela Panagiota, Tellis Panagiotis.

Repertoire: All the typological structures of polyphonic songs in Epirus like in the Balkans, Albania, Serbia.

Publisher: Carnival songs Ioannina - Masks and Jamal Municipality of Ioannina KAPI Tour Ioannina.

E.2.3 Ktismata in Pogoni

Participants: Socrates Tsiavos, Sophia Demiris, Anthonla Kotsou, Dimitris Matsias, George Pappas, Dimitroula Tsiavou and Kotsou Vangelis.

Participation in issues:

A) "Chants Polyphoniques et Musique d 'Epire"

B) "The polyphonic Epirus".

E.2.4 Milia (Amerou) Metsovo

Participants: Paraskevi Spachis, Stamatis Suliou, Maria Nitsotoli and Ksanthi Magiria..

Repertoire tracks: Vlach and Greek-speaking and songs

E.2.5 The Keratzides

Year of Establishment: 2007

Art Direction: Vivi G.. Kanellatou.

Participants: Vangelis Kotsou, Anna Argyropoulou, Vassalou Christina, Maria Delamani, Vasso Dimitropoulou, Eirini Karidi, Nikos Katsaros, Dionysia Kioleidi, Janine Baet, Christodoulos Papathathis.

Activity: The artistic development starts from the year 2007. It has participated in the 1st Festival of polyphonic singing in the space of art "form of expression" on 31/05/2009.

E.2.6 Association of Upper Deropolis

Participation in issues: "Northern Epirus Polyphonic songs."

Participants: Vangelis Gkogkas, Elpinice Goga, Penelope Goga, Aphrodite Ntralio, Melpomene Loli, Anastasis Markos, Panagiotis Barkas.

E.2.7 Mourganas Federation

Contact: George Stergiou.

The federation of Mourganas is a mixed group, which consists of the fraternities of brotherhoods from the villages in the mountain Mourganas (Tsamantas, Povla, Lias), in the prefecture of Thesprotia.

The members of the association have taken part in concerts of polyphonic singing.

Publications: "Singing the land of Epirus."

E.2.8 Parakalamos in Ioannina

Participants: Tsianos Alexis, Stamatia Haskou, Katerina Haskou, Dimitris Haskos, Alexandra Skaroni, Stavros Virvilis and Christos Gogos.

Publishes: This specific format participated in publishes:

" Musical Tradition in Epirus"

"Pogdoriani - recording tracks in Parakalamos"

"Halloween songs of Ioannina - Masks and Jamal"

E.2.9 Polyphonic Dervitsani

Participants: Municipality Dedes, John Dedes, Dedes Vasilis, Athena Dede, Dede and Antonia Dimitris Tsamis.

Participation in issues:

A) "Epirus" - Greek Frontiersmen

B) "I listened to the wind Blowing" - Archive of Greek Music

C) " Greek carols" - Archive of Greek Music.

D) "The pluralism in Epirus"

E.2.10 Polyphony in Epirus

Founder and head of teaching and management: Vangelis Kotsou.

The group has participated in meetings of polyphonic singing at the Music Hall of Athens, Pallas Theatre in Petra and in other venues.

Participants: Vangelis Kotsou, Thanasis Georgiou, Alexander Tsimekas, Veronica Iliopoulos, Nota Kaltsouni Katerina Vlachos, Olga Gkleka Alexandros Kyritsis, and Angeliki Karageorgos Christos Mantzios Constantine Ntellas, Giovanna Christodoulakis, Vivi Kanellatou etc.

E.2.11 Polyphonic Himaras

The group consists of residents of Himara and immigrants from the village Drimades (east of Himara) who now live in Athens. It was introduced in 1993 at the Music Hall in 1997 in Amsterdam.

Participation in issues: "Northern Epirus Polyphonic songs" and "Continent" - "Greek Frontiersmen."

Participate: Katerina Belieri, Fotini Netsou, Vassilis Oikonomou, Ellie Netsou, Christos Varfis, Nikiforos Konomi, Dimitris Netsos and Albert Dimogiannis.

E.2.12 Polyphono

Art Direction: Alexander Lampridis, Anthony Exarchou, Maria Tsoukalas.

Participants: Evi Gerokosta, Vasia Goule, Katerina Constantinou, Marina Balafa, Chris Billy Foteini Pagona, Maria Tsoukala and Marilisa Chronea.

E.2.13 Chaonia

Year of Establishment: 1996

Participations: in the cds s made in Pallas Theater in Petra.

Participants: Alexander Lampridis, Anthony Exarchou, Maria Tsoukalas, Eirini Tiniakou, Xanthoula Dakovanos, Catherine Theodoratou and Michael Zambas.

E.2.14 Chlomo in Pogoni

Year of Establishment: 1996

Participants: Alexander Lampridis, Exarchou Anthony, Maria Tsoukalas, Eirini Tiniakou, Xanthoula Dakovanos, Catherine Theodoratou and Michael Zambas.

Participation in issues:

A) " Musical Tradition in Epirus"

B) "Northern Epirus and Polyphonic songs."

A.2 Publications of Discs and CDs

E.3.1 1928 – Disc with Polyphonic Songs – Grapsi Kato Deropoli

Participants: singers from Grapsi of Kato Deropoli

Recording: 8 polyphonic songs

Version: Odeon Athens: 1928

E.3.2 1935 – Disc with Polyphonic Songs – Riza Argyrokaastro

Participants: Glyniotes Singers

Recording: 3 polyphonic songs

E.3.3 1962 – Disc with Polyphonic Songs – Glyna

Participants: Skopi Family from Glyna

Recording: polyphonic songs in Chicago

E.3.4 1962 – Disc with Polyphonic Songs – Chlomo - Schoriades

Participants: singers from Chlomo and Schoriades

E.3.5 1964-65 – Discs with Polyphonic Songs – Polytsani – Ktismata – Mauropoulo – Chrysodouli

Participants: singers from Polytsani – Ktismata – Mauropoulo – Chrysodouli

Recording: 10 polyphonic songs

Version: “RCA VICTOR”

E.3.6 1970 – Disc with Polyphonic Song – singer M. Mastoras

Version: “OLYMPIK”

E.3.7 1975 – Songs of Epirus (Part 1) - LP

Editor: Simon Karras

Participants: association of Ktismata

Recording: 2 polyphonic songs

Version: Association of Spreading the Greek Music Athens: 1975

E.3.8 1984 – Greece - Chants polyphoniques et musique d’ Epire – LP

Editor: Aris Fakinos – Domna Samiou

Participants: Association of Ktismata

Version: Ocora – Radio France Paris: 1985

E.3.9 1985 – Songs of Epirus (Part 2) - LP

Editor: Simon Karras

Participants: association of Ktismata

Recording: 1 polyphonic song

Version: Association of Spreading the Greek Music Athens: 1975

E.3.10 1986 – Kasetta (Cassette)

Editor: M. Zotou

Participants: Polyphonic association of I.B.E. Ioannina

E.3.11 1989 – Songs of Immigration – CD

Editor: Artistic Association of Folk Music, Domna Samiou – Ambassador of O.H.E. for the immigrants
Athens 1989

E.3.12 1991 – The song of Greeks

Editor: G. Markopoulou

Recording: 1 polyphonic song

Version: Morfi Athens: 1991

E.3.13 1991 – “Epirotic Music Tradition” – (1 LP)

E.3.14 1992 – Song in the edges of Hellenism

Editor: L. Liava

Recording: 3 polyphonic songs

Version: SINASOS - LYRA

E.3.15 1993 – Epirotic Music Tradition – (2 LP)

Editor: Vasilis Nitsiakos, Peros Mpeklis, Lampros Liavas

Participants: Muka Family (Chlomo) and Association of Parakalamos – music company Verdi and
Gkioka

Recording: 8 polyphonic songs

Version: Cultural Center of Ioannina, Ioannina: 1993

E.3.16 1973 – The Polyphonic of Epirus - Disc

Editor: Lampros Liavas – N. Tatsi

Participants: polyphonic association of Ktismata

Version: Lyra – Papigko Athens: 1993

E.3.17 1993 – Lament of Premeti - CD

Editor: Evaggelos Roumpas – Alkis Raftis

Version: National Organization of Folk Art Athens: 1993

E.3.18 1994 - Genuine Songs of Epirus (1926 - 1945) - CD

Publishes: Brothers Falirea Athens: 1994

E.3.19 **1995 - Northern Epirus Polyphonic Songs - Disc - CD**

Editor: M. Zotos - P. Tzoka

Participants: polyphonic groups from Polytsani, Himara, Chlomo, Grapsi, Sotiria, Tsaoussi, Karoki, Upper Episkopi, Vodrista.

Publication: Research Institute of Northern Ioannina: 1995

E.3.20 **1996 - "Sad Songs, Muziek vit Epirus" - CD**

Records: 3 polyphonic songs

Version: Ligen Amsterdam: 1996

E.3.21 **1997 - "Epirus and five-phonemic scale" CD**

Editor: Nick Parikos

Participants: The Polyphonic Epirus and a group of women from the Tower of Konitsa

Recording: 7 polyphonic songs

Version: Ria Music

E.3.22 **1998 "Musiques traditionnelles d 'Epire" - CD**

Record: 5 polyphonic songs accompanied by the troupe Takis Lucca (copper)

Version: Auvidis - Paris 1996

E.3.23 **1998 - "Epirus" - Disc**

Editor: C. Constanta

Recording: 9 polyphonic songs from Dervitsiani and Chimara.

Version: Greek Music Archive FM RECORDS

E.3.24 **1998 - "Songs from the saga of Messolonghi" - CD**

Participants: group of singers from the village Dervitsani

Record: 1 polyphonic song

Editing: George Costanza
Version: FM Records - Athens: 1998

E.3.25 **1998 - "Drums" - Disc**

Edited by: P. Tambour
Recorded: 2 polyphonic songs from Himara
Version: FM RECORDS

E.3.26 **1999 - "Polyphonic song of Epirus" - CD**

Editing: Babis Premetis
Recording: polyphonic songs accompanied by musical instruments.
Version: General

E.3.27 **1999 - "I listened to the wind blowing" - CD**

Editor: C. Constanta - Ch. Aidonidis - Ch. Mitropanos
Recorded: 4 polyphonic songs from Dervitsiani - Himara
Version: Greek Music Archive - FM RECORDS

E.3.28 **1999 - "National music collection, Folk Songs" - CD**

Editing: George Spyridakis, Spyridon Peristeris
Participants: pluralistic group of Sofratika Deropolis in Northern Epirus
Record: 1 polyphonic song
Publication: Academy of Athens (KEEL) - Athens: 1999

E.3.29 **1999 - "The Greek carols" - CD**

Editing: George Costanza
Participants: pluralistic group of village Dervitsani
Record: 1 polyphonic song - Kalando
Version: FM Records - Athens: 1999

Editing: Vassilis Raptis.
Municipality of Upper Kalama. Sales: Municipality of Pogoni.
Recording: two-voice polyphonic songs

E.3.35 (2002 - 2004) - "Voices of Petra"

Editing: Alexander Lampridis
Version: Infinite.

E.3.36 2004 "Pogoni Deropolis" - CD

Editor: Theodore Georgopoulos
Participants: Polyphonic Dervitsani of Argirokastro and the troupe of Thodoris Georgopoulos
Record: 10 polyphonic songs
Version: Brotherhood of Lower Epirus - Lower Lavdani: 2004

E.3.37 2004 – The Polyphonic songs of Northern Epirus- CD

Editor: Lefteris Dimitriou
Book: "North Epirus – Songs and Dances" with CD of Nicholaos Dimitriou
Record: 18 polyphonic songs
Version: Trochalia/ Department of Music Studies of the Ionian University

E.3.38 2006 – The Epirotic Polyphonic song - CD

Editor: Kostas Lolis
Recordings: of Greek Polyphonic songs with the groups of: "Inoro", Polyphony of Epirus, Polyphonic Group f I.B.H.E., Karoki, Kosovitsa, Ktismata, Lia Varvouri, Mpourliarotes, Polyphonic group of Music Gymnasium of Doliana, Parakalamos, Polytsani, Polyphonic group of "Pogoni", Polyphonic group "Polyphono", Sopiki, Sotira, Tsaousi, Tsiatista, Polyphonic group "Chaonia", Chimara, Clomo.
Record: 64 polyphonic songs

E.3.39 2007 – " Polyphonic songs of Dolo Pogoni"

