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S.M.

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GREECE

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Syllables or other signs marked with ↑ should be placed exactly under their respective notes

GREECE

128 ΣΑΡΑΝΤΑ ΠΑΛΛΗΚΑΡΙΑ

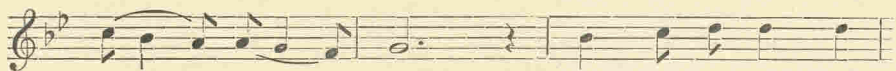
Tzavelas

(Cleptic Song*)

Moderato



1 Σα - ράν-τα παλ - λη - κά - ρια | - άπ' τή Λε - μωρ' άπ - τή -



Λε - - - βα - - - διά Πά - νε γιά νά πα -



τή - σουν - τήν - Τρι - πο - μωρ' τήν - Τρι - πο - - λι - - τσά.

1 Σαράντα παλληκάρια άπ'τή Λεβαδιά
πάνε γιά νά πατήσουν τήν Τριπολιτσά †

1 Forty brave lads are marching out to fight,
To Tripolitza they are bound.
'Tis from Levadja they have marched
away †
To capture Tripolitza town.

ser below

2 Στόν δρόμον, όπου πάνε, γέρον άπαντούν -
- Ποῦ πάτε, παλληκάρια, ποῦ πάτε ώρέ
παιδιά †

2 As they were coming down the mountain
side,
They met an old man on their way,
Why are you marching with such speed,
brave lads,
And whither are you bound, I pray ?

3 - Πάμε γιά νά πατήσουμε τήν Τριπο-
λιτσά. †
- "Ελα μαζί μας, γέρο, γιά τή συντροφιά -

3 To Tripolitza we do march with speed,
In Tripolitza soon we'll be.
Come now, old man, and bear us company.
O march with us to victory.

* The Clepts were bands of insurgents living in the mountains whose aim was to free their country from the Turks.

† This rhythm in the 2nd and 4th lines of each stanza.

tripolitza they are

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4 — Δένειμπορώ, παιδιά μου, γιατί ἐγέρασα +
τ' ἄσημοκούμπουρά μου τὰ ἐκρέμασα +

5 Γιά πάρετε τό γυιό μου τόν μικρότερο,
πῶχει λαγοῦ ποδάρια, πέρδικας φτερά,

6 καί ξέρει τὰ λημέρια τῆς Τριπολιτσᾶς.
Στόν δρόμο, πού θά πάτε, χωριό σᾶς
ἀπαντᾶ,

7 πῶχει πολλά ἀμπέλια καί γλυκό κρασί,
μήν πάτε καί καθίστε καί σᾶς πιάσουνε

8 κι' ἄδικα τοὺς καμμένους θά σᾶς χάσουνε.
Τοῦ γέρου τὴν ὀρμήγεια τὴν ξεχάσανε,

9 κι' ἐπῆγαν καί μεθύσαν καί τοὺς πιάσανε·
στή φυλακή τοὺς βάλαν νά τοὺς χαλάσουνε.

10 Σάν τ' ἄκουσεν ὁ γέρος, χαμογέλασε
καί ζώνει τό σπαθί του τ' ἄσημοδαμασκι,

11 πέρνει τό μονοπάτι καί βγαίνει στό βουνό
κι' ἀγάλι—ἀγάλι ὁ γέρος πάει στό
χωριό.

12 Ὡρα καλή σου, Μπέη μ', κ' ἐσύ Τουρκο-
κατῆ,
δός μου τὰ παλληκάρια πῶχεις στή φυλακή.

13 Ἐγώ 'μαι ὁ Τζαβέλας, ὁ πρῶτος τῶν
κλεφτῶν

κι' ἂν δέν μοῦ τὰ δώσης, σοῦ καίω τό
χωριό.

4 That cannot be, my children dear, said he.
For now I am too old to fight.
My silver gun that once ne'er left my side,
Now from the wall it shines so bright.

5 I cannot go with you, brave lads, to fight,
But you may take my youngest son,
With partridge wings and hare's feet he
does run,
And he shall have my silver gun.

6 All on the way you'll see a little town,
A little town with houses fine.
It has vineyards growing all around
And there they drink the new sweet wine.

7 When you do come unto this town, brave
lads,
I pray you quickly pass it by.
For if they see you they will capture you,
Put you in prison there to die.

8 When they came there his words they
quite forgot,
They stayed and drank the new sweet wine.
Captured they were as this old man foretold,
And put in prison there to die.

9 When the old man heard what had come
to pass,
He first did smile and then did frown.
He did gird him with his silver sword
And made his way unto the town.

10 When he came there so loudly he did call:
To me you shall those men return.
I am the chief of all the Clephts, he said,
If you refuse your town I'll burn.

M.K.

Note.—Stanzas 6 and 7 of the original, and stanzas 11 and 12 have each been combined to form one stanza in the English translation.

Notes. 1-

2. In the Greek text a break is made after the 10th syllable of each verse; then syllables 8, 9 and 10 are repeated with the syllable ¹⁷³ μωπ' always preceding them. In verses 2b, 6b, 9b, ^{10b} 11a, 12a, b and 13a, b, the break is made after the 11th syllable and is followed by the repetition of syllable 8, 9, 10, 11.

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129 Η ΠΕΡΔΙΚΙΤΣΑ

PERDIKITZU 4

Little Partridge

Larghetto ♩ = 88

1 Κα - λῶς ὦρ κα - λῶς ὦρ - σεσ, περ - δι - κί - τσα, —

μέσ' — — | αὐ τήν, μέσ' | αὐ - τήν τήν γει - το - νί - τσα. — 6'

1 Καλῶς ὦρσεσ, περδικίτσα.
μέσ' αὐτήν τήν γειτονίτσα.

1 Little partridge, our greetings we are bringing,
Songs of joy on this bridal morn we're singing.

2 Ἐδαδῶ πουλά νά βγάλῃσ,
ἔδαδῶ νά ξεπουλάσῃσ.

2 Like a bird in her nest your young ones bearing,
May you tenderly for their needs be caring.

3 Ἀστραπαίσ, βρονταίσ κί ἄν 'κούσῃσ
τά πουλά σ' μὴν τὰφήσῃσ.

3 Though your nest be by wind and tempest shaken,
Yet your young ones must never be forsaken.

4 Νᾶναι καί τὰ συντεκνάκια
μόσχος καί γαρουφακία.

4 May your children be like the summer flowers
Shedding fragrance amongst the shady bowers.

M.K.

Note. - The three first syllables of each verse in the Greek text are always sung twice.

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130 ΧΟΡΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΖΑΛΟΓΓΟΥ

KHOROS TOUT ZALONGOU

Dance of Zolango

Moderato

1 Ἐ - χε γειά - καη - μέ νε κό - σμε
 Ἐ - χε γειά γλυ - κειά ζω ἡ Ἐ - χε
 γειά γλυ - κειά ζω - ἡ Ἐ - χε - τε γειά βρυ -
 σοῦ - λες, λόγ - γοι, βου - νά, - ρα - χοῦ - λες.

1 Ἐχε γειά, καημένη κόσμε, (bis)
 Ἐχε γειά, γλυκειά ζωή, (bis)
 Ἐχετε γειά, βρυσούλες,
 λόγγοι, βουνά, ραχοῦλες.

1 Farewell, farewell, land of sorrow (bis).
 Farewell, this sweet life we leave. (bis)
 Farewell, ye little fountains,
 Ye valleys, streams and mountains. (bis)

2 Οἱ Σουλιάτισσες δέν μάθαν
 γιὰ νά ζοῦνε μοναχά.—

2*Suli women will not live in slav'ry;
 Rather they would welcome death.

3 Εἴρου καί πῶς νά πεθαίνουν
 νά μή πάγουν στή σκλαβιά|

3 As if to the fair they walk proudly,
 Lilac in full blossom they bear.

4 Σάν νά πᾶν σέ πανηγῆρι|
 σ' ἀνθισμένη πασχαλιά.

4 O down they go unto Hades
 With dance and with songs of joy.

5 Μέσ' στόν Ἄδη κατεβαίνουν
 μέ τραγούδια μέ χαρά.

M.K.

* Stanzas 2 and 3 of the original, have been combined to form one stanza in the English translation.
 Note.—This song commemorates a tragic episode in Greek history. In 1804, Suli, in the mountains of Epirus, was in danger of falling to the Turks. The women, with their children, formed a circle and hand in hand danced on the edge of the precipice. At the end of the first stanza the leader detached herself from the circle and flung herself over the precipice to her death. The rest followed until one by one all were killed.

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131 ΠΕΝΤΟΖΑΛΗΣ
PENTOZALIS

Cretan Dance Song

Presto



1 Μέ τοῦ Μαῖ-οῦ τίς μυ-ρω-διές, τὰ κόκ-κι-να κε-ρά-σια, ἴ-



δέ-τε πῶς χο-ρεύ-ου-νε τῆς Κρή-της τὰ κο-ρά-σια Μέ



πε-ρη-φά-νεια ἡ-θη-νή, σε-μνά και τι-μη-μέ-να, πῶς



χο-ρευ-αν τῆς Κρή-της μας τὰ τέκ-να τᾶν-δρειω-μέ-να.

1 Μέ τοῦ Μαῖοῦ τίς μυρωδιές
τὰ κόκκινα κεράσια,
ιδέτε πῶς χορεύουνε
τῆς Κρήτης τὰ κοράσια.
Μέ περηφάνεια ἀληθινή,
σεμνά καί τιμημένα,
πῶς χόρευαν τῆς Κρήτης μας
τὰ τέκνα τ' ἀνδρειωμένα.

1 Now is the merry month of May
When cherries red are ripening,
And all the fair young maids of Crete
Can hear the pipers piping.
So lightly stepping, come they all
Along the street advancing,
Because they hear that piping call,
Which sets the town a-dancing.

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2 *Κύτταξε, Κρήτη, τόν χορό
πού μάθαν τά παιδιά σου,
πού ξέραν οί προγόνου μας
καί χαίρετ' ή καρδιά σου.
Κύτταξε χάρι κ' εὐμορφιά,
τιμή, λεβεντωσύνη,
όπούχει τούτος ό χορός
καί τί χαράν αφήνει.*

3 *Κύτταξε καί διαλάλησε
σ' όλους τής γής τούς τόπους,
τέτω χορό νά μάθουνε
μέ τιμημένους τρόπους.
Βλέπετε τούτον τόν χορό
πού πάει ζάλο, ζάλο,
στήν Πόλη θά χορέψουμε
τόν ίδιο δίχως άλλο.*

2 O here's the dance the Cretans do,
Come old, come young, come weaving :
We dance the steps our fathers knew
From morning until evening.
No changing moon shall change our tune,
The thrum, thrum, thrum of drummer
Will set us all a-jigging
From springtime into summer.

3 All people now, where ere it be
Ter-rum, ter-rum is beaten,
Within some ageless dance again
Go dancing like a Cretan.
No changing moon shall change the tune
The violin is singing,
And every man shall dance as man
Has done since his beginning.

J.S.

GREECE

132 ΚΟΙΜΑΤΑΙ ΤΟ ΜΩΡΟΥΤΣΚΟ ΜΟΥ
ΚΟΙΜΑΤΑΙ ΤΟ ΜΟΡΟΥΤΣΚΟ ΜΟΥ

O sweetly does my baby sleep
Lullaby

Largo ♩ = 100

1 Κοι - μᾶ - ται τὸ - μω - ρούτς - κό μου ..
.. . καὶ πῶς νά .. τῆ ξυ - πνή - σω . .
νά πά-ρω δια/μαν-τό-πε - τραις . . . νά τῆ πε-τρο-βο / λή - σω . .

1 Κοιμᾶται τὸ μωροῦτσκό μου
καὶ πῶς νά τῆ ξυπνήσω
νά πάρω διαμαντόπετρας
νά τῆ πετροβολήσω.

2 Κοιμᾶται τὸ μωράκι μου
καὶ γὰ τὸ νανοῦρίζω
καὶ τὴν κουνίτσα του κουνῶ
καὶ τὸ γλυκογυρίζω.

3 Ἐλα, Χριστέ καὶ Παναγίε,
καὶ πάρτε 'ς τῆς παξέδες
καὶ γιόμοστο τῆς κόρφαις του
λουλούδια μενεξέδες.

1 O sweetly does my baby sleep ;
When he awakes from slumber deep,
Bright sparkling jewels I'll show him,
Gay coloured balls I'll throw him.

2 My baby in his cradle lies,
To him I sing sweet lullabies,
Gently his cradle I'm rocking,
Whilst o'er him I am watching.

3 O Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ,
Pour blessings on this babe of mine;
Fill his arms full of posies,
Sweet smelling herbs and roses.

M.K.

CYPRUS

See notes on nos 128 and 130

CYPRUS

133 ΠΚΙΑΣΤΕ ΚΟΠΕΛΛΕΣ ΣΤΟ ΧΟΡΟ

O dance, you Maids
Dance Song

Moderato

1 Πκιᾶ - στε - κο - πέλ - λες - στόχ - χο - ρόν Πκιᾶ - στε - κο - πέλ - λες - στόχ - χο - ρόν Τῶ - ρα - πού - ξ - σι - τε τζιαι - ρόν Πκιᾶ - στε - κο - πέλ - λες - στόχ - χο - ρόν.

1 Πκιᾶστε κοπέλλες στόχ χορόν(δὶς)
Τώρα πού ἔσιετε τζιαιρόν /
πκιᾶστε κοπέλλες στόχ χορόν

1 O dance, you maids, be blithe and gay, (*bis*)
When you are young, 'tis time to play,
O dance, you maids be blithe and gay.

2 Πκιᾶστε χορέψετε τωρά

Τζι' ἔθ θά σᾶς φίνουν τά μωρά /

2 O dance, while you have time to spend (*bis*)
Before you have a babe to tend. (*bis*)

3 Ἐθ θά σᾶς φίνουν οἱ δουλειές /
νά πάτε τζιει ποδν' οἱ χαρές /

3 Before your toil it does begin (*bis*)
O that's the time to dance and sing (*bis*)

4 Ἐθ θά σᾶς φίν' ἰό ἄντρας σας
τζιι 'έν νᾶσασιω στήν πάντα σας.

4 When you your single life do quit (*bis*)
Then in your corner you must sit. (*bis*)

M.K.