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## Addresses by sponsors

### Cultural Services - Ministry of Education and Culture

As the deeper meanings and values of tradition face the ever-increasing danger of being lost, eroded by extraneous elements (commercialisation, consumerism etc), so much more imperative is the need to reveal its beauty, grace and usefulness in modern society. It is for this reason that these recordings by a now-mature Michalis Tterlikkas, a compilation of a large part of Cypriot demotic music, constitutes, in this day and age, a significant endeavour-cum-contribution, much needed in our country. Propagator and recorder, interpreter and researcher of Cypriot demotic music, through the style of his spartan physical presence and his strong voice, Michalis Tterlikkas inspires the young people of Cyprus in their turning to tradition, while at the same time paying homage to all the anonymous and eponymous interpreters and teachers of his who shaped his art and very soul.

Hailing from the occupied village of Kapouti in the Morphou area, the uprooted displacement of his youth, its hard times and muted pain, act as testimony to the insatiable thirst, the tireless strength, and the constant search which form his artistic mien, as if these are the only form of protest and the only resistance to degeneration and oblivion. Despite the fact that the main purpose of his endeavour is the preservation, conservation and recording of our demotic music, an inevitable element of his work is also his creative conversation with tradition. Michalis is a well-burdened propagator of a musical tradition which, as with all things living, cannot remain stagnant and immutable, and must be given a fresh breath of air so that it does not get lost, while also being passed on to future generations. And it is precisely with this hope in mind, that this testimony will constitute spiritual nourishment for the youth of today and tomorrow, that the Cultural Services of the Ministry of Education and Culture have lent their financial support to this work.

Stelios Ach. HadjiStyllis  
Director

## KEO LTD

KEO, with roots deeply embedded in Cypriot history, draws upon and makes use of one of the most valuable products of the Cypriot soil. It feels a certain sensitivity in saving our very own tradition, and considers it her duty to support serious attempts being made with love and zeal, in these times of universalisation and globalisation. This is the very field in which Michalis Tterlikkas has been active for years now. With his outpouring talent and his total devotion to the Cypriot muse, he researches, studies, and brings to life music and songs long forgotten. We consider Michalis' contribution extremely significant in the tracing and imprinting of our identity.

Dr A. M. Zambartas  
Managing Director

## Kykkö Monastery

Michalis Tterlikkas is an acclaimed interpreter of demotic songs of Cyprus. Endowed with a vocal talent, he turned his attention to this kind of music and has become known throughout the island through an abundance of appearances on radio and television programmes, as well as in folkloric events. His constant occupation with the genre has given Michalis both experience and love, resulting in the current endeavour of compiling a comprehensive overview of the demotic poetry of Cyprus, its origins and its functions. Feeling now an integral part of a long tradition, he endeavours to preserve it, re-create it, propagate it, and ultimately deliver it alive and living to those who will follow. The effort of the by-now experienced Michalis Tterlikkas revolves around these very goals.

In days of old, when life passed by limited and unchanging, popular lore constituted a living reality, and for this reason no-one felt the need to record it. The turn to popular lore, in the way the term is used today, containing elements from the past, was provided by romanticism, as opposed to classicism. It was foreigners who first delved into the popular lore of the Greek people, especially its spiritual aspect, recording and documenting it, and eventually compiling collections of demotic

songs and tales. When the scientific study of folklore was established in Greece, Greeks themselves began to undertake the study of popular lore and all its aspects, material, social and spiritual. Nikolaos Politis, through his voluminous work, became the father of this new science in Greece. More particularly, and by studying the language and folklore of the Greek people, the Athens Academy and other scholars undertook to refute Falmerieier's theory, which did not accept the historic continuity of the Hellenes, through the discovery of ancient attributes still present in modern times. Research into the demotic songs of Cyprus began quite early on, with examples of this particular genre encountered as far back as in the manuscripts of Dionysios Solomos. However, the person who, from the mid-19th century, devoted himself to collecting and collating the monuments to the spiritual life of the Cypriot people was Greek educationalist Athanasios Sakellarios, who published his work in two large volumes under the title "Ta Kypriaka", assisted in his monumental work by the then scholars of Larnaka. Athanasios Sakellarios' example was followed by a Cypriot scholar, Yeorgios Louka, noted for his "Literary Visits" (Φιλολογικές Επισκέψεις). Since then, a multitude of scientists, philologists, teachers and compilers has delved into the popular spiritual tradition of Cyprus. In due course, the studies also included the music of demotic poetry.

The rapid change of our way of life, globalisation and the abandonment of tradition elicit an equal and opposite reaction to delve into the past: the tradition, roots and identity of our people. Interpreters of demotic music today satisfy this demand, and it is on this very quest that Michalis Tterlikkas has embarked through his interpretations, among which is the "Cypriot Voice – Tracing back through the years", which constitutes the culmination of his efforts.

Bishop of Kykko  
Nikiphoros

**Contributors**

Research, Selection, Structure and Interpretation of Songs:

**Michalis Tterlikkas**

**Musicians:**

Costas Karpasitis Violin - Chorus

Panayiotis Nikolaides Lute - Chorus

Nikos Souroullas Tamboutsia - Chorus

**Guest Artists:**

Christos Constantinou Tambouras

Demetris Katsaris Violin

Michalakis Elia Violin

Charalambos Demosthenous Pithkiavlin

Eleni Constantinou Song

Some of the verses were written by or adapted by Michalis Tterlikkas

1. The Tamboutsia is an agricultural domestic implement (goatskin sieve without holes), which is also used as a percussion instrument.

Music editing was done collectively by the whole company:

Michalis Tterlikkas, the musicians, and Andreas Yiorgallis

The recording was made live at “CITY STUDIO” with Andreas Yiorgallis as the sound engineer, between May 2001 and August 2002.

**Greek proof-reading:** Panayiotis Nikolaides & Lefkios Zafeiriou

English: Andreas Iacovides

French: Eleni Tsangari-Reeb

German: Christiana Chimarides-Wassman, in collaboration with Regina Harst and with the help of Michalis Chimarides and Loukis Sideris

**Artistic design:**

Giorgos Tsaggaris

Doros Kakoullis

Andros Georgiou

## Guest artists - Biographical Notes

### Demetris Katsaris (Pitrakkis)

Pitrakkis was born in the occupied village of Lysi circa 1930. He started learning the violin on his own from the time he was an apprentice barber, around the age of 12.

From what he himself told me, he would go to all village weddings in which good fiddlers of his time would play, he listened, and promptly made his way home where he also played the pieces while still fresh in his mind. Subsequently, he also took violin lessons from teachers of the time, specifically Mendzis and HadjiCharalambous, as well as the well-known fiddler, Artemis the Artanitis.

Pitrakkis has been playing the violin at weddings and other events for 50 years now. I met him some 15 years ago, and since then he has accompanied me on a number of occasions. I consider him one of the best fiddlers of his generation. What distinguishes him is his modesty and quiet personality.

### Michalakis N. Elia

Michalakis N. Elia was born in the occupied village of Koma tou Yialou in 1941. His father is the very well-known fiddler of the time, Nikos Elia.

As could be expected, his first experiences of the violin came from listening to his father. At the age of 9, he started taking violin lessons under Vahan Bedelian.

Following the completion of his studies in classical violin, he devoted himself to Cypriot demotic music, guided by his father's interpretations. In 1964 he joined the ranks of the Police Band as a saxophonist, and retired just a few years ago, having risen to the rank of band-master.

We have forged a strong relationship over the last ten years, and since then we have shared many an enjoyable musical moment together. His interpretations are characterised by a particular Karpass style.

### **Eleni Mappoura**

Eleni Mappoura was born in the occupied village of Tymbou in 1943. Her father was the well-known folk-singer Andreas Kokkinos, from the also-occupied village of Pyroi. Her father-in-law was the well-known folk-poet Andreas Mappouras.

Both heredity and environment led, in my opinion, to an excellent combination and even better results. Eleni has been singing since childhood. I met her five years ago, through Mrs Aegli Symeou (another superb female voice which I have recorded, along with other significant contributions by the same person). Eleni Mappoura belongs to the generation of first-generation interpreters with a personal experiences of demotic music.

### **Christos Constantinou**

Christos Constantinou was born in the occupied village of Argaki near Morphou in 1950. His first experiences of demotic music were gleaned from his fiddler father, and these urged him to begin violin lessons at the age of 10, under Petrakis in Morphou.

In 1962, Christos emigrated to London, where he continued taking violin lessons and at the same time began lessons in the 3-stringed bouzouki. It was not long before he started playing the bouzouki in a professional capacity, at various Greek restaurants and night spots in the British capital, and it was there that he met Loukas Daralas, with whom he also collaborated.

At the age of 19, he joins Mikis Theodorakis' orchestra, who, at the time of the Greek junta, toured abroad. Since then the two have collaborated a number of times. In 1971 he moves to Greece, where he collaborates with some of the biggest "rembetiko" names, such as Tsitsanis, PapaIoannou, Bellou and others.

Since then and to this day, he plays the 3-stringed bouzouki for some of the biggest names in the Greek music industry, both during recording sessions and live concerts. Christos has always believed that popular music forms part of tradition. It was therefore a natural consequence that his quests would turn to traditional music. Within the scope of these

quests, he comes into contact with the tambouras in or around 1980. Since then, and in parallel with his career in popular music, he has also taken part in recordings and concerts featuring traditional music.

I saw him playing the tambouras on a TV show, around the time I had taped Djannis interpreting the “Mariniotou” and the “Komitissa”. Bearing in mind Djannis’ words then, that in his village he used to perform these songs to a tambouras accompaniment, I decided to find Christos and suggest that we collaborate on these very two songs.

Even though we did not know each other, he showed an active interest in my suggestion, and I set him a tape to Athens. With the first opportunity of me going to Athens, we met at his house one night, where he worked over the songs with various embellishments, after which we gave them shape, through introductions and responses to various musical motifs from Djannis’ interpretation. We tried the first and last verse of each song, and on the following day recorded them at a professional studio.

1. The Tambouras is a stringed instrument of Byzantine origine, akin to a lute. It has a smaller belly and a longer neck. Its frets do not only mark tones and semitones, but also smaller intervals directly related to Byzantine music.

### **Charalambos Demosthenous**

Charalambos Demosthenous was born in the occupied village of Kontea in 1917. A church cantor, a poet and a singer, his musical instrument was the pithkiavlin. His first aural experiences of traditional music were his father’s pithkiavlin and the violin of Kyriakos “the Blind Man”.

He subsequently studied Byzantine Music under Yiangos Souroullas. He himself assesses that Byzantine Music helped him a lot in improving his pithkiavlin skills. Charalambos enjoyed a close friendship with poet Pavlos Liasides.

Following the Turkish Invasion of 1974, when both became refugees, Liasides in Larnaka and Charalambos in the Paphos-district village of Mandria, they corresponded through poems, all of which have been published. He has also published a collection of his own poems. Some of his poems have been set to music by Michalis Mozoras and others. I met him some ten years ago, and we have been close friends ever since.

## **Eleni Constantinidou**

Eleni Constantinidou was born in Limassol in 1965. She began her musical studies on the guitar at the age of 12, pursuing them further in Greece, where she also studied acting at the National Theatre Dramatic School. She has been singing professionally from the age of 18.

She has collaborated with significant creators and musicians, such as Yiorgos Mouflouzelis, Koullis Skarpellis, Michalis Yennitsaras, Anna Chrysafi, Dionysis Savvopoulos, Stamatis Kokotas and others. The last few years have seen her singing professionally in Cyprus, mainly “rembetika”, popular and traditional songs with great success. In following her career over the years, I have appreciated the respect and sparsity with which she approaches the kind of music she serves. Furthermore, I consider her one of the best voices in the genre in the entire Hellenic world.

## The road and the co-travellers

The road to this point was long. Long, difficult but at the same time beautiful. And surely, without the help of my co-travellers, I would not have reached the end. I therefore feel a strong need to thank all my co-travellers from the depths of my heart. The musicians who gave of their time and their very soul. The guest artists, whose presence has definitely added to the entire production. The sound-engineer, whose musical expertise proved invaluable.

The philologists for the proof-reading of the texts. The translators for bringing to completion an admittedly difficult task. Giorgos, Andros and Doros who truly embellished this edition. And, last but not least, the sponsors, whose financial support was of a determining nature in the completion of the work.

## Lyrics and comments - CD 1

### 1. Voice: Karpasitissa - (Foni Karpasitissa)

Oh! From Rizokarpasso I go  
And head towards Yialousa.  
Oh! My eyes have never seen before  
My eyes have never seen before  
Such a flirtatious girl.

Oh! My little Karpas maiden fair  
My Karpas lass so sweet...  
Oh! The two breasts in your bosom deep  
Would fit within my palm

One of the most typical "Cypriot voices", with its origins in the occupied Karpas peninsula.

**Sources: Christodoulos Pipis, Yeorgios Averof, Theodoulos Kallinikos**

## 2. The Apple (To milon)

I threw the apple and roll it did not  
And when I tried to kiss her she let me not.

I threw the apple onto the carob-tree  
And beckoned to the older one, but come did the younger.

I threw the apple onto the almond-tree  
And a lass so fair and plump came my way.

I threw the apple on different roofs  
And sleep I could not - the dreams were so bad.

I threw the apple onto her roof  
And she - with her own mouth - said she would come.

Song – Contredance.

A very well-known song which I have heard from many individuals with slight variations.

I first heard this particular variation in 1993 from my friend Michalakis. When it was time to record the song, I chose this variation, with Michalakis on the violin.

**Source: Michalakis Nikou Elia - Koma tou Yialou**

### 3. Voice: Avgoritissa (Foni Avgoritissa)

Oh! Yesterday while preening herself,  
While dressing and while combing herself,  
So coy for all to see her,  
Oh! By the time she set her braid  
The mirror it did sprout a tongue  
And started talking with her.

Oh! Could it be that by your door,  
I were the jasmine-bush so sweet.  
Oh! Dearest pretty red-head lass  
As you come in and out the door  
My branches touch upon you.

A partridge I do wish you were  
So I could hear your call.  
And I a mountain-bush to be  
For you to build your nest.  
Oh! I would guard you like a god  
The hunters would not find you.  
Nor you and nor your offspring.  
By Sainte Marina's very grace,  
They saw us while a-kissing.  
And by Saint George's very grace  
Lasses we have a-plenty.

This "voice" is also called "one-and-a-half", because in the original Cypriot, between the 8-syllable line and the 7-syllable line, tradition interposes an 8-syllable half-line rhyming with the preceding one. When sung at the table, this "voice" has no strict rhythm. At the end of every verse however, everybody joins in, rhythmically this time, with the verse beginning "By Sainte Marina's very grace..."

**Sources: Pieris Pierettis, Yeorgios Averof**

*Note: The 2nd and 3rd verses were written by Pieris Pierettis*

#### 4. My Loulla, My Maroulla (Loulla mou Maroulla mou)

Last night the evening was so cold, Loulla dear, Maroulla dear  
And all the birds were frozen...  
But there in your embrace, my dear, Loulla dear, Maroulla dear  
I didn't feel at all cold...

Last night was but one evening, dear, Loulla dear, Maroulla dear  
And tonight makes them two...  
And all your sorrows, O beauty dark, Loulla dear, Maroulla dear  
How they begin to show now...

When we were fresh and new in love, Loulla dear, Maroulla dear  
Lie down I would but sleep would not come...  
And I would cry out «Oh Holy Virgin!» Loulla dear, Maroulla dear  
How do the others bear it?

Down by the strand, down by the shore, Loulla dear, Maroulla dear  
Let us an oath take on our love...  
And for as long as the sea has water, Loulla dear, Maroulla dear  
Let us not ever be apart...

*For many years and even to this day, this song was never absent from any celebration. When, following the relevant toasts, the time for singing arrived, the host would take a fork and strike it repeatedly against his plate, producing a ringing sound. This was the signal that someone was about to sing, and that those present should pay attention. At the end of the song, and instead of applause (as is the custom today), all those present would gently strike their forks against their plates, thus producing a discreet sound, showing their appreciation. With this picture and this sound in mind, I recorded the song without instruments, accompanied only by voices?, such as it would have been heard at gatherings for decades on end.*

See text titled «Cyprus - Asia Minor - Aegean Sea» **Texts / web site**

**Sources: Theodoulos Kallinikos and various others**

*The recording was made during an actual repast on 10 September 2002.*

### 5. Lullaby A (Nannourisma)

O Sainte Marina, maiden dear,  
Who lulls babies to sleep,  
Lull my baby too to sleep,  
My little baby sweet.

Take it away, take it afar,  
And bring it back again to me.  
For it is but a babe, and want it I do.

Take it farther than afar,  
Where water runs so sweet,  
So that it may wash its little clothes,  
Its little shirts so sweet.

Let it sleep well, lully-lullay,  
For its mother has work to do.

**Source: Evdokia Constantinou**

### 6. Voice: Paphididji - B (Foni Paphititji)

Ay... O dark-eyed, dark-browed maiden....  
Oh! Whate'er you wear it suits you,  
You've crazed me with desire.  
Oh! You've crazed me with desire...  
Oh! With your flirtatiousness.

Oh! And come by yonder bramble-bush  
Oh! Don't act as if you're innocent

Ay..... O dark-eyed neighbourhood girl....  
Oh! Lift up your headscarf oh so high  
So I can see your snow-white neck.  
Oh! So I can see your snow-white neck...  
Oh! And then I'd gladly die.

Oh! Come with me my sweet plump duck  
Oh! Let's go as far as we can see.

I recorded this variation of the "Paphian voice" in Khlorakas in March 1993, as performed by Nikolas Antoniou - Fkiolaris.

**Source: Nikolas Antoniou – Fkiolaris**



## 9. Chakkara - Makkara

Lovebirds can be recognised,  
Chakkara - Makkara foskere,  
From the way they walk.  
Get ready, my love, for here I come.  
And from the way they swing their arms,  
Chakkara - Makkara foskere,  
And from their swaying gait.  
Get ready, my love, for here I come.  
Get ready, my love, for here I come,  
In an embrace to hold you.

A dark-haired lass for I do love, with two dark eyes so deep and sweet.  
A mole she has upon her cheek and cherry-red lips she has so sweet.

And if I fall ill and you don't come, o maiden to my bedside  
May your grave be built, before my own.

A love-song recorded by Th. Kallinikos in 1940, in the currently under Turkish occupation village of Zodhia. As mentioned by himself, the song was from that time quite rare, and was preserved purely by chance.

**Sources: Theodoulos Kallinikos and Yeorgios Averof**

**10. The Mouzourou**  
**(Petite dark girl)**  
**or “The Priest’s Wife”**  
**(Mouzourou or Papathkia)**

It happened that across from me  
 Were seven villages in a row, my  
 dear,  
 And all in the dead of heat!

Come on let’s go, O Mouzourou..  
 Hey!

O Saint Khrysoroyiatissa.... Hey!  
 Who art across from Phyti  
 Keep watch on my dear  
 Mouzourou  
 Who spends her nights alone.

Let’s go the Akamas mountains  
 Where the sun quickly sets, my  
 dear,

So we can lie down together.

Oh were it that I had today  
 The whole of Athens to my name  
 To her I’d give it willingly  
 For one kiss from her once a  
 month.

So, O priest’s wife... Hi!  
 So, O priest’s wife... Ho!  
 So, O priest’s wife... Hi! Hi! Hi!  
 So Ho! Ho! Ho! So Ha! Ha! Ha!  
 So, my dear...

When she got mad, I sighed...  
 Hey!

Theodoulos Kallinikos recorded this song in 1949, as interpreted by Yeorgios Vorkas from Lefkara, who at the time was 61 years of age. In a footnote in his book “Cypriot Popular Muse”, Kallinikos writes: “This song is, according to its interpreter, ‘ancient’. On requesting it, the singer would ask the folk violinist to play ‘The Priest’s Wife’, and then all those present would sing it together, shouting out the ‘Hi’ and the ‘Ho’ phrases to the sound of loud clapping.” The replacement of the term “Priest’s Wife” by “Mouzourou” in the recording was not made because of conservatism or self-censorship. Those interpreting the song in the past knew their audience, and therefore had the opportunity to choose when, for what audience and in what circumstances they would sing it. In this recording however, we are not presented with this choice. The song is available for public broadcast, and as such may be heard by anyone, at any given time. Consequently, I considered the change necessary.

**Source: Theodoulos Kallinikos**

**11. Petrakkouros**

O! Let me take my hunting gun  
And sit upon the branch.

O! Let the devil take all those  
who see me and go hiding.

For I will shoot Petrakkouros,  
Who went and stole Maritsa.

O! Let me see her crazy, mad,  
a-roaming streets and gardens.

Just like the snake so venomous  
With little ones in nest -

O woe is me, alas is me,  
What ill has now befallen me?

Like her, I stay away and far.

O! Let the devil take all those  
who see me and go hiding.

A snake it went and bit me hard,  
And dead it was within the hour.

O woe is me, alas is me,  
What ill has now befallen me?

For I with passion was consumed  
For one young maiden from the  
town.

A love-song with a merry mood.

**Source: Theodoulos Kallinikos**

O! Let the devil take all those  
who see me and go hiding.

Who dares to put within his  
mouth

The charcoal still a-glowing?

O woe is me, alas is me,

What ill has now befallen me?

But I, with passion so consumed,  
I put it and it hurts me not.

O! Let the devil take all those  
who see me and go hiding.

**12. Voice: Lyshiotissa -  
(Foni Lyshiotissa)**

Oh! Take two heavy round black  
stones

And set them hard to boil.

Oh! And when they cook and melt  
all down,

That's when they'll take me far  
away

My darling, from your side.

Oh! And when the weddin bells  
do sound

For you and bands are given  
Oh! I'll also be inside the church  
And crying like a baby  
A-feeding at its mother's breast.

Oh! And then I'll take the  
mountains high  
A hermit to become.

Oh! To eat on tree-leaves  
And people not to see  
And hope that I forget you.

Oh! And I was ill and failing fast  
Stabbed as I was by Death.

Kostis Kosteas, the founder and inspiration for the Lysi village folkloric association SYKALY, told me the following about this "voice": The Lyshiotissa is a mix between the Avgoritissa and the Paralimnitissa. Christofis Tzirtzipis, SYKALY's lead singer, heard this "voice" from his fellow villager Menoikos of Kangaris. He sang it time and time again, adorning it with his own variations, bringing it to the surface and making it widely known.

*The violin is played by Demetris Katsaris (Pitrakkis), an old fiddler from the occupied village of Lysi.*

**Source: Christofis Tzirtzipis**





## 15. Arodaphnousa

Down yonder at five rivers way, down yonder at five springs,  
Three pretty lasses live, three lasses with eyebrows so arched.  
The one is called Adorou, the other Adoroussa,  
The third, the prettiest as well, is called Arodaphnousa.  
The trees, they all broke out in bloom the month when she was born  
The blossoms rained upon her head, their smell was Oh! So sweet.  
Rose-water was for Adorou, rose-sweet for Adoroussa,  
But only the king's very kiss was for Arodaphnousa.  
"Somewhere a storm, it rages wild, somewhere it throws down hail  
Somewhere the Lord God has in mind a land to rend asunder."  
"Nowhere does a storm rage wild, nowhere does hail crash down.  
It's none other than the Queen herself who bids her maids to tell her."  
And then the Queen sends messages, sends missives to Arodaphnou.  
"Rise ye, O sweet Arodaphnou, the Queen she wants to see you"  
"Pray, tell me what she wants with me? What may her missive be?  
If it's for kneading dough so sweet, let me my breadboards take.  
If it's for cooking meals so good, let me my ladles take.  
If it's for dancing happily, let me my kerchiefs take."  
"Rise ye, let's go Arodaphnou, and take whate'er you like."  
She went and donned her best good clothes,  
Not short, not long, right for her age.  
Inside she wears embroidered clothes, outside all gilt-adorned.  
And way on top she deemed to wear her pretty, shiny pearls.  
In one hand she bore rosemary, the sun for not to burn her,  
The other held an apple red, and tossing it she goes.  
She takes the road, she takes the path  
Which leads her to the Queen's abode.  
She stands and ponders: How to greet the Lady of the Castle?  
"Am I to call her sweet clove-tree? But that is gnarled and knotty.  
Am I to call her red rose-bush? That, once again, has thorns.  
Oh let me greet her as I must, deservedly, with merit."  
Alighting on the very first step, she preened and primped herself.  
Alighting on the second, she stood admiring herself.  
"Good day to you O Queen, O daughter grand and regal  
You shine a-seated on your throne, resplendent like a dove."

And in response, with weighted words, the Queen she answered thus:  
 "On seeing you, confused I got, I leaned against the wall,  
 And lost all words I was to say, all that I were to tell you.  
 If I saw you and got confused, how could the King stay indifferent!  
 Come, Rodaphnou, let's go right now; the furnace, it is burning."  
 "Give me two hours, patience show, two hours more a-waiting,  
 So that I may call timidly, and then again more loudly;  
 Perchance the King will heed my cries and come and set me free."  
 "You may cry once, or twice or thrice, or time and time again.  
 The King's too far away from here to come and set you free."  
 But far away, amid food and drink, the King he hears the calls.  
 "Be quiet all ye fiddlers now! Be quiet all ye lutists!  
 The cry that came from yonder far was my Arodaphnousa's.  
 Slaves! Bring me my jet-black steed, which crushes stones in passing,  
 Which melts the iron in its path, which drinks from the Euphrates!"  
 And by the time he said "Goodbye", a thousand miles he'd covered.  
 And by the time they said "Farewell" another thousand had he gone.  
 In step with clouds he travels far, the Sun and he doth race,  
 And on the third spur of his steed, the castle does he reach.  
 "Come! Open up for me O Queen! I haste, the need is pressing!"  
 "Be patient, O dear Lord, I plead, but not more than an hour."  
*He kicks the door asunder hard, and enters still a-mounted.*  
 And finds Arodaphnousa there, in her own blood a-laying.  
 And finds his wife, the Queen herself, a-seated on a rug.  
 He gently takes Arodaphnou and lays her on the rug.  
 He grabs his wife, the Queen herself, and stabs her hard and fast.  
 Arodaphnou was laid to rest by sombre priests and clerics.  
 The Queen was left and was devoured by a brace of hungry hounds.

A medieval song, based on historical facts.

According to Leontios Machaeras, the Frankish King of Cyprus, Peter I, fell madly in love with a noblewoman by the name of Joanna l'Aleman, and left her pregnant. During the King's absence in France, Queen Eleonora summoned Joanna to the palace, where she subjected her to indescribable torture so that she would lose the baby, without however any success... Popular lore however substituted the noblewoman with a poor but beautiful village girl, Arodaphnousa, and armed with rich imagination provided various twists and turns to the story through many variations. At the same time however, many historical elements remained unchanged. The song is quite long. Cypriot demotic music features many such lengthy narratives, which in days of old were presented at appropriate venues, such as the long hours of working in the fields, the threshing-floor, the cleaning of coarse cotton at

nights at home, the endless winter evenings in front of the fireplace, without television and radio. Today, these venues as such no longer exist, and unfortunately the songs which used to be performed at them have also vanished. One of those songs was "Arodaphnousa", which was extremely popular in days of old.

With the aim of reinstating the song then in the auditory experiences of modern-day Cypriots, I prepared, approximately six years ago, an abridged version comprising elements from two distinct variations. What has also been done is a conjoining of two different melodies and recitation styles, according to the content and the temperament of the verse. This very method (alternating melodies and reciting the verse) was commonly used by traditional poets and interpreters of long narrative songs, and aimed at emphasising and colouring the content of the verse as well as maintaining the listeners' interest.

**Sources: Old memories from my occupied village, Yeorgios Averof, Sozos Tombolis**

## 16. Pithkiavlin solo

This improvisation on various traditional Cypriot melodies by Charalambos Demosthenous was recorded in 1991 for the Satirikon Theatre's performances of Aristophanes' "Acharneis". The recording was supervised by Sotiris Karagiorgis, who had also written the original score for the performances.

I warmly thank the Satirikon Theatre for providing me with the recording.

## Lyrics and comments - CD 2

### 1. The Maiden and Death - (I lieri tj' o charos)

From west to east and north to south,  
 And from the ends of the earth I call upon  
*The people to pay heed, so i may sing to you*  
*And all of you, both young and old, will weep, I kid you not.*  
 A maiden, a fair girl there was, aheading to the orchard  
 To gather roses O so sweet, for a bouquet to make.  
 But Death met her just halfway there, and spoke to her these words:  
 -Good day to you, O maiden fair, O lass who many speak of  
 -Good day to you, O Death, I say; I greet the black-steed rider  
*Who came into my path today, hardly foreboding well.*  
 -Let now your horse, O maiden fair, rest and cool down well  
*Go to the well and let it drink, before the evening falls*  
*-My mother she did teach me not how animals to tend*  
*Instead she has me my dowry, day in, day out a-making.*  
 -Embroider me a kerchief then, to wear upon my chest  
*And what your work will cost to me, I'll pay it, and no less.*  
 -My Dark Lord Death, I have no time a kerchief to embroider  
*My mother, she waits up for me, until back home I get.*  
 He struck her then so hard that she held tight her head in pain;  
*Her mother, weeping terribly, tells her amid her crying:*  
 -Embroider him a kerchief, dear, hopefully he'll be happy.  
 Embroider him the deep black sea, the mooring post as well,  
*Embroider him the earth and trees, the sky and stars above us,*  
*The fields and rivers also make, the mountains and the forests.*  
 But Death, he does not spare the time, he takes her to his mother  
 And says to her: -O mother dear, O mother so respected,  
 The table lay so she may dine, the bed so she may sleep in,  
 And may the maid which I've brought here remember me so fondly.  
 -O Son of mine, do not take maids, do not bring lasses here  
*Do not take babes from cribs - pray not - the mothers you embitter*  
 -But if the maids I do not take, to lasses I show pity,  
 And babes as well I do not take, then Death I cannot be.

The traditional poets and their modal voice is a tradition kept up for some 3000 years now, since it refers one to the rhapsodists of Homer's time. The rhapsodists were talented individuals of the age of Homer, whose profession was to compose lengthy poems and set them to already existing melodies or their own, through which they would narrate the feats of heroes, often mixing reality with myth. The songs were performed without instrumental accompaniment in the courts of the rulers, as well as at various gatherings, with the rhapsodists receiving the appropriate remuneration. Homer himself is considered the last and greatest rhapsodist. The "poiitarides" were traditional Cypriot poets who wrote lengthy poems narrating miracles performed by saints, brutal murders and terrible accidents, great love stories with a tragic denouement, all of which would be printed on sheets of paper. The "poiitarides" would then tour the island's fairs, perform their songs and sell their pamphlets. One therefore clearly sees the link between the Cypriot "poiitarides" and the rhapsodists, given the common elements which exist between them, such as the invocation of divine power for inspiration at the beginning of their performance, the thematology, the poetic metre, the venue and their "modus operandi". The "poiitarides" then have created this particular modal voice. According to the content of the verse, they used the appropriate melody. If, that is to say, the verse spoke of a sad occurrence, they sang it weepingly. If it related a fight, a murder etc, they also used the appropriate style. The alternation of melodies was also done to maintain the interest of the public, given the lengthy poems. This led to a number of variations, while variations were also created because of the personal style of each interpreter. In closing, I would like to add that many people, in using the term "poiitaris", imply a second-rate poet. This is a mistake. The "-aris" ending simply denotes the person's profession, in the same way that the "-or" or "-er" endings work in English.

This particular song belongs to the demotic genre, and comes from the collection of N. Clerides. I arranged it to a large degree so that it would fit entirely with the modal voice of the "poiitarides".

**Sources: Andreas Mappouras and Nearchos Clerides**

## 2. Dirge (Nekaliman - Miroloi)

She says goodbye and fare thee  
well

Just like a bird in March.

Do not wait up for sweet Lenou

She'll not be coming back.

*O! What good is this life to me,  
Right now, my sweet clove-tree,  
Since darkness has descended deep  
Upon my heart forever!*

I once did tame a tiny bird

And I would feed it manna.

But it flew out of my own hands,

And I lost it forever.

In the Cypriot tradition, the dirge is an exclusive privilege of women. Men are burdened with the graceless role of being strong and stalwart. At times of difficulty, such as the loss of loved ones, the man should stand tall and support the women and children, irrespective of whether or not he himself is torn with grief inside... It was entirely without preparation and after we had finished recording all the songs, that I was making my way to the studio one day for some final touches. Being emotionally stressed, I began singing this song without having planned to. Furthermore, I could not, for the life of me, remember the third verse, so I made one up on the spot. On arriving at the studio, I told the sound engineer "Andrea, please set up a microphone; I want to sing." And that's how this song came about....

**Source: Theodoulos Kallinikos**

### 3. I Loved her from my very Heart - (Agapisa tin pou karkias)

I loved her from my very heart, but I did not enjoy her.  
I had her only for one year, the next I went and lost her.  
Oh! Over a fire you hold my heart, and so torment you me!  
Oh! Please have mercy and pray begin to have pity on me!

I loved her from my very heart, and drink I did her sorrow,  
And day and night I did so pass from right outside her house.  
Oh! Come love me like I love you, and pray do not torment me!  
Oh! Come and give me a sweet kiss, pray do this I beg you!

I loved her from my very heart, and proud I was of it.  
But she is still a-teasing me, may she crumple and die!  
Oh! Come love me like I love you, and pray do not torment me!  
Oh! Come and give me a sweet kiss, pray do this I beg you!

To begin with, the song had a slow tempo. Its rhythm however lends itself to dance, and in addition recent trends in favour of quick tempi, contributed to it becoming a fast-paced song, often accompanied by dance. In this recording it is presented in its slow form.

See text titled «Cyprus - Asia Minor - Aegean Sea» *Texts / web site*  
**Sources: Theodoulos Kallinikos, Yeorgios Averof**

#### 4. Voice: Tyllirkotissa - (Foni Tyllirkotissa)

There is a star up high so small  
Among the seven planets. O my dark-eyed beauty!  
Deep within my heart have gone  
The words which you said to me. O my blue-eyed beauty!

They went and told the foolish lass  
That I'm to travel far and wide. O my dark-eyed beauty!  
And she bewitched the very sea  
And told the wind to blow. O my blue-eyed beauty!

And when I told her fare thee well,  
She just stood there and looked. O my dark-eyed beauty!  
Five handkerchiefs she filled with tears  
As well as the good dress she wore. O my blue-eyed beauty!

Oh damn all those who say  
That honey is so sweet. O my dark-eyed beauty!  
Sweeter than honey is a kiss  
From any lass that's willing. O my blue-eyed beauty!

Characteristic of this "voice" is the use of nonsense syllables, in a manner similar to the English language's pig-latin. This kind of speech was used extensively during a particular period before 1900 by some groups of people when they did not want others to understand what they were saying, either because they were planning something illegal, or out of fear of the Turkish authorities of the time. The code was relatively simple. The words were spoken so fast however, that it was impossible for somebody not versed in the technique to understand what was being said. The syllables of any given word were interspersed with nonsense syllables such as "ka", "ke", "voule", "vereve", "varava" etc. For example, when they wanted to say "Ela na pame", they would actually say "Eke laka naka paka meke". The vowel of the nonsense syllable had to be the same as that of the syllable preceding it. In this way, the first verse of "Tyllirkotissa" is changed accordingly.

*Έσει έ - βερεβέ - ναν ά - βαραβά - στρον τζ' έν - βερεβέν - μιτσύν,  
μεσ' στούς - βουρουβούς - εφτά - βαραβά - πλανή - βηρηβή - τες.  
Μα - βαρά - νρομμά - βαρά - τα μου!  
Επκιά - βαραβά - σαν με - βερεβέ - μες την - βηρηβήν - καρκιάν.  
τα λό - βοροβό - για πουν - βουρουβού - μου εί - βειρειβεί - πες.  
Για - βαρά - λλουρού - βουρού - δα μου!*

Should the verse be read without the additional nonsense syllables (bold lettering) then the meaning becomes clear.

**Sources:** Theodoulos Kallinikos, Yeorgios Averof

## 5. The Black-Eyed Daisy - (Katifes)

O black-eyed daisy, daisy sweet,  
And rose-bush white as white can be  
I'll change you not, and let them try  
To make me grand to make me king.

*For you're the sun's own very light  
The jasmine's scent so sweet.  
Angelic graces you possess,  
Like honey you are sweet.*

*Haven't I told you, darling mine,  
Not to tease me so bad?  
For where you step  
and where you pass,  
I kneel the ground to kiss.*

My tears along your alleyway  
Have turned into a river.  
But you don't open up for me  
And I am burning up from pain.

O please don't crop your hair so short  
Like village-women do.  
Let it grow long, and longer still,  
Like Paphian maidens do.

A love song which is also widely spread among Turkish-Cypriots under the same title (Katife), This song also comes under the category "Cyprus - Asia Minor - Aegean".

**Source: Pieris Pierettis**

**6. Voice: Ishia - three variations**  
**(Foni Ishia - tris parallages)**

Oh! Last night I went to her house  
And found the doors all bolted.  
Oh! And I returned from whence I came  
With two lips parched and dry.

Oh! In tears upon my grave you'll come  
When I am dead and buried.  
Oh! And may the earth have pity on you  
And bring me to the surface.

Oh! And if one could the stars to count  
And the hairs in your braids  
Oh! I then could have my fill of you  
And your kisses so swert

Oh! When I am dead do not go dyeing  
Neither a coat nor dress.  
Oh! Just cut your braid so long and thick  
And lay it as my wreath

Oh! My moustache I will twirl for you  
My slim one for to tread on  
Oh! And if it does not bear your weight  
I'll cut it and a salad make.

Oh! I kissed her and right there she stayed  
Ten minutes all a-swooning  
Oh! And how was I - poor man - to know  
That that was but her very first time  
And that she'd known no other?

The "Ishia" is a very old "voice", used in the various couplets, mainly of erotic nature. Based on this "voice", many variations were developed in different areas. The name of each variation is derived from the area in which it was developed. We have here three variations..

**Sources: Theodoulos Kallinikos (first two variations), Yeorgios Averof**

## 8. Androniki

Heard have you what happened in places Greek so true?  
A maiden, Androniki, donned European clothes.  
She put on trousers long and straight, to a coffee-shop she goes  
And orders a coffee, black and strong, a hookah-pipe as well.  
She also pulls a table up, a deck of cards as well,  
And starts to play for money, with one such strapping man.  
Two of her brother's friends - alas- they recognised her so;  
They go straight to Evangelos and tell him what they saw.  
On hearing what they told him, Evangelos got mad;  
He went straight back to his abode and armed himself amain.  
He takes the road without delay, the coffee-shop he reaches,  
And finds his sister, Androniki, a-smoking on the pipe.  
- Oh pity on you, O sister mine, what arts are these I see?  
To our family, to our household, a great shame you have brought.  
- Vangeli, leave me, let me be, and let me play the cards  
With this young strapping man you see. He loves me; it is true.  
He pulls out the revolver black, he shoots her once and twice,  
The bullets hit her in the chest, her right breast do they pierce.  
His knife he then takes and unsheathes, he draws it out and then  
He slaughters his sweet sister dear, his darling Androniki.  
And as they brought her out from home, in final rest to go,  
Both young and old wept for her brows, so dark and O so shapely.  
From where they passed her, all would cry,  
All weeping for her beauty.  
And when outside the shops they passed,  
Both young and old wept for her breasts.  
And when they reached the coffee-shop,  
The cups did break, the coffee spilt.  
And when they lowered her in the ground, the place of final rest,  
Two of her brother's friends, they wept, being saddled with her death.

I first heard this song from Andreas Mappouras in around 1985. Following that however, I heard it from many aged interpreters in many different variations, mainly concerning certain additions, deductions or changes to the lyrics. This narrative song refers to a true story which took place somewhere in the Hellenic world at around the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century. A song with the exact same title and telling the same story is also encountered in Asia Minor. It is worth noting that the Asia Minor variation does not have the same melody as the Cypriot one, something which leads us to the conclusion that it was possibly not the song that made its way to Cyprus but the story which, it appears,

was taken by some unknown folk-poet of the time and made into a song. The most probable case however is that "Androniki" reached the island as a poem, through some publication, and that a Cypriot folk-poet set it to music in this narrative style, adapting it to the Cypriot dialect and making his own changes to the verse.

It is however a fact that at the beginning of the last century, "Androniki" was a very popular song in Cyprus, given that all aged individuals with whom I talked about the song remembered it with tears in their eyes.

**Source: Andreas Mappouras - Aradippou**

**9. The Forestry Officer  
(O Dasonomos)**

What do you, O daughter mine,  
Want with the forestman?  
Who'll walk into the coffee-shop  
With leather bag a-slung?

What do you, O daughter mine,  
Want with the forestman?  
Take you instead a teacher smart,  
Or even a lawyer good.

The lawyer, O dear mother mine  
Has troubles on his head.  
He's in and out of court all day  
Witnesses seeing through.

And as for the teacher, mother  
dear,

He's otherwise tormented,  
With having every rotten brat  
Upon his head all day.

But neither will the forestman,  
my dear, remain at peace.

The mountains will he trek all day  
The fires to extinguish.  
And grimy will he come back  
home,  
All for a measly shilling!

The forestmen, O mother dear,  
Since 1935,

This is one of the most recent demotic songs originating in Cyprus, if not the most recent. It appears that the song originated in mountain villages, which had a direct relationship with the forest. I have many references to the song from Kampos of Tsakkistra, a village which had and still has a very close relationship with the forest. The song was also propagated to the rest of Cyprus. This is attested to by the fact that I remember hearing the song interpreted by women and children of my age during harvesting in the 1960's. It was also sung for me by Michalis Pashardis, as he heard it in 1950, at the Apostle Andreas fete from a group of Lazania residents making merry.

**Sources: Old aural experiences from my village, Georgios Dem.  
HadjiSavvas - Lazania (1918-1999), Michalis Pashardis**

## 10. Manes-(Mbalos A)

Aman! I sighed today  
 Oh! And a grave opened and out came....  
 And a grave opened and out came  
 A man dead for forty days  
 Oh! And he said to them: Pour water on her  
 Oh! Pour water on the earth for she cannot stomach me!

The "Manedes" are very old songs with an intense style and musical colour of the Orient. Their interpretation is very difficult, particularly by young interpreters. Even among the older ones though, few are those who interpret "manedes", leading to them being called "Manedjides". Each "manedjis" has his own style, and for this reason it is almost impossible to hear the same "manes" performed by two individuals in exactly the same manner. In Cyprus, the older generation has handed down more than seven "manedes". In this collection, I have attempted to interpret the "Manes A", which is also the most familiar one, as I heard it from Nikos Papalefteris.

**Source: Nikos Papalefteri – Aradippou**

## 11. The Maiden and the Partridge - (I lieri tje to pertitjin)

A partridge it did coo and caw inside the myrtle bush.  
 The maiden she grew jealous, listening from the window.  
 -O bird, were I to have your charms! Were I to have your beauty!  
 Your voice as well, were I to have, your mien, your way of walking!  
*The breeze which blew at just that time, her voice it took, it carried.*  
 The partridge, it then heard her words and answered somewhat thus:  
 O maiden, who so jealous felt listening from the window...  
 You eat sweet bread day in, day out. But I drink bitter poison.  
*For you, a strapping lad awaits to hold you close and dear.*  
*But I, the hunter I await who'll put me in his sights.*

This song may well be an example of how a demotic song may be created, even today. Hearing from the poet Charalambos Demosthenous, who hails from the occupied village of Kontea, the song of "Ais-Vasilis", I liked the melody so much, that it stayed in my mind and I often caught myself murmuring it. Leafing through Nearchos Clerides' book "The Demotic Songs of Cyprus" one day, my eyes fell on a short song with the title "The Partridge". On reading it, I impulsively began singing it to the tune of "Ais-Vasilis", with which it matched perfectly, albeit in a different style and tone, both of which were dictated by the content of the verse. I made some necessary changes to the verse, leading to the creation of this song.

**Sources: Charalambos Demosthenous, Nearchos Clerides**

**12. Voice: Komitissa - (Foni Komitissa)**

Oh! There is a lass so pretty,  
Her lot is so, so dark.  
Oh! Ten years she's been looking,  
And cannot find a man.

Oh! Upon a tree I went and leant  
To tell my bitter story.  
Oh! It was dry but sprout it did  
From all the tears I shed.

Oh! The truth I say when I tell you  
That from my tears it sprouted.

Oh! The night that went before today,  
I shall remember fondly.  
Oh! As she lay within my arms  
And asked if I was sleeping.

Oh! And if you want to go, please go,  
And fare thee well wherever.  
Oh! May the streets you walk upon  
Grow roses and sweet flowers.

Oh! The truth I say when I tell you  
Let them grow roses and flowers.

The late Djannis (mentioned in the comments to "Mariniotou", also sang to me this "voice", which comes from the occupied village of Koma tou Yialou. The same "voice" was sung to me by Djannis' wife, Mariannou. Mariannou sang it in a sweet, dolorous style which lent a different dimension to the song. Verses 1 and 3 have been sung in Djannis' style, while 2 and 4 in that of Mariannou.

**Source: Djannis Poullis**

### 13. Four and Four - (Tessera tjie tessera)

Four and four, they make you eight, four and four make eight  
And four brave lads, O four brave lads, off to the war they go.

Along the way, along the road, the hunger hits them hard  
They sit, they rest, they eat but then, the thirst comes on them hard.

They look to spy a spring so sweet upon the mountain-side  
And find they do a well so deep, a hundred fathoms deep.

They then draw lots to see which one will go down into the well  
And when they draw they see that the lot falls on the youngest one.

“O tie me well, my brothers dear, and I will enter deep  
Into the well, this desolate well, the water for to bring.”

The brothers they then take the rope and tie him well and strong,  
And in the well, the desolate well, they lower him along.

“O brothers mine, please pull me up! The water I have found,  
But this is dark and red and black, with poison, O! so strong.”

But by the time they pulled the rope and got him out of the well  
The serpents and the vipers so venomous had done their bitter deed.

“O tell my mother, brothers dear, to don her mourning black.  
For her dear son, her youngest son, she'll never see again.”

Water was always scarce on our island. The struggle to obtain it was always hard, and quite often people would die trying. This was portrayed by popular imagination through dragons, fairies and venomous snakes, as in this old narrative song, characterised by an intense medieval character, both in melody and rhythm.

**Sources: Theodoulos Kallinikos, Yeorgios Averof**

**14. Voice: Akathkiotissa -  
(Foni Akathkiotissa)**

Oh! She came out and spent her  
time

Amid her basil bushes.

Up on the first floor did she stand.

Oh! The very sun was dazzled by

Her beauty so impressive.

O damned your family be!

Oh! She came out and spent her  
time

Upon her balcony so high

So early in the morning.

Oh! I saw her and lost my step

And fell into the gutter.

The chill went to my bones.

*Oh! She came out and spent her  
time*

*Upon her home's flat roof -*

*A night without a moon it was -*

*Oh! And in its place did glow and  
shine*

*Her beauty even brighter.*

*O were I to enjoy such grace.*

Oh! Her bosom is a sea so deep

In which I go and swim.

Oh! And like a baby who's not  
weaned

When she pulls back I cry.

Oh! God above please make it so,

If even in my dream.

Oh! In between her snow-white  
breasts

My very name to write.

Oh! Even when I'm being laid to  
rest

In earth so deep and dark.

Oh! There let me shout out once  
more

That I do still love you.

This is a variation of the "Ishia", from the occupied village of Akanthou. It's particularity lies in the fact that instead of repeating the 7-syllable half-line, two 7-syllable lines are added (one after each 15-syllable line), which in the original Cypriot, rhyme between themselves. Another characteristic feature of this "voice" is the high pitch in which it is sung. Theodoulos Kallinikos attributes this high pitch to the overall good voices of the residents of the area in which the "voice" originated.

**Sources: Andreas Mappouras, Yeorgios Averof, Theodoulos Kallinikos**

**15. St. Philip's -  
(T' Ai Philippou)**

A young lass and so beautiful,  
So nubile, in the bud,  
She to her mother goes one day  
And starts on this complaint:

O, mother dear, now I have grown,  
You know it so, so well.  
And lasses of my age get wed,  
While I am waiting still.

St. Philip's day has come and gone,  
The same with St Minas'  
And Marikkou has gone and wed,  
While I am waiting still.

Now go ye to my father, please,  
And tell him, mother dear,  
That he should hurry up and hie  
For I should also - you know  
what -

O mother, you know what I mean,  
So I as well can, you know what.

For those who eat and drink all  
day,  
And have a pleasant time,  
They do not care, O mother dear,  
If others thirst and starve.

A tongue-in-cheek song, sung at the "sikoses" table on November 14th, feast day of St Philip. As can be seen in the lyrics, the song aims to tease young women who have not yet gotten engaged and who will necessarily have to wait until Christmas, given that no match-making can be made during the 40-day pre-Christmas lent. This song is quite popular among Turkish-Cypriots, with, of course, different lyrics. The recording? was done without instruments, following the same approach as that for "Loulla Mou, Maroulla Mou". It comes under the category "Cyprus - Asia Minor - Aegean".

**Source: Yeorgios Averof**

*The recording was made during an actual repast on 10 September 2002.*



### 17. The Sikoses have passed - (Epiasin i sikoses)

The Sikoses have passed by now, the Tyrini is here,  
And Lent is now upon us fast, all seven weeks ahead.

*A thousand welcomes to you now, in joining us today.  
Your coming here, as God has willed, has opened up our hearts.*

We greet you back, O wealthy hosts, with houses grand and large,  
With houses from within which flow the milk and honey sweet.

The lips and tongue which sang this song, let me in gold adorn.  
An apple let me bring to give from Eden's Garden now.

In these abodes where now we sit let not a stone go cracking  
And may the host, so grand and fair, a thousand years live.

The Sikoses have passed by now, the Tyrini is here,  
The young girls they've all married now, the older ones have not.

*O single lads and lasses alike, all those without a partner,  
You best wipe dry your lips and wait until next season.*

This voice, to which many couplets are adapted, is sung at the table during Sikoses (the weekend just before the beginning of Lent), as well as during the hanging of the swings and Easter.

**Sources: Many aural experiences and Yeorgios Averof**