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- B17. I Gaouritsa (The little female donkey)
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Introductory note

Demotic music is a living organism which changes, evolves, and is open to influences which it assimilates or rejects according to how compatible these are. It is precisely these characteristics which make demotic music beautiful and timeless.

Each generation builds upon the previous one. It adds, subtracts and modifies according to its own needs, always however keeping the fundamental elements unchanged. It is with these thoughts that I approach our demotic music.

Preparations for this project essentially began immediately after the release of the preceding “Kypraia Foni – St’ahnarka ton Djeron” in 2002.

Unreleased songs, both from my personal archives and from older performers, began featuring in performances given by us from time to time and started to mature both within us and among the public. These songs, along with others, more familiar ones also included in our repertoire for years now, formed the material for this release.

My main concern, as always, is for the material to cover, to a great extent, the entire spectrum of our traditional music. Missing from this release are only wedding songs, which I hope to include at some future stage in a special issue.

The involvement of other musicians and performers, mainly belonging to the older generation, which began with the previous release and aimed at establishing polyphony and showcasing certain individuals who I consider exceptional, is more apparent in this release.

Special mention should go to the friendly participation of Christos Sikkis and Christos Constantinou, two established artistes with a prominent presence in the Greek-speaking milieu.

Recordings began in March 2006 and were completed in September 2008 at City Studio in Nicosia, through the patience, zeal and impeccable cooperation of my dear friend Andreas Giorgallis, the sound engineer, and the company of my instrumentalist and vocalist friends and collaborators.

In closing, I would like to thank, from the bottom of my heart, all those and each individually who contributed to the success of the current release. I would also like to extend thanks to the sponsors, whose financial support was of a determining nature to the completion of the work.

Contributors

Research, texts, selection, structuring and interpretation of songs:
Michalis Terlikkas

Musicians:

Costas Karpasitis	violin – chorus
Panayiotis Nikolaidis	lute – chorus
Nikos Souroullas	tamboutcha – chorus
Efxifios Satsias	violin (A13, 15, B1, 4)
Yiorgos Fountos	lute (A13, 15, B1, 4)
Yiannos Kyriakides	tamboutcha (A13, 15, B1, 4)
Yiannis Zavros	violin (A5, B10)
Yiannis Souroullas	lute (B10, 18) – chorus
Vyron Georgiou – Vyronis	song (A5, B10) – lute (A5)
Demetris Katsaris - Pitrakkis	violin (B18)
Andreas Gristakkos	pithkiavli (A6, 17, B2) – song (A6)

Friendly participation

Christos Sikkis	song (A1)
Christos Constantinou	two-stringed tamboura (A14)
Maria Kouloumi - Papetta	song (B15)
Eleni Mappoura	song (B5)

The lyrics written in italics belong to or were modified by Michalis Terlikkas.

Music editing was done by the musicians performing in each song, Michalis Terlikkas and Andreas Yiorgallis.

The recordings were made live at «CITY STUDIO» with Andreas Yiorgallis as the sound engineer and Stavros Terlikkas as his assistant, between February 2007 and September 2008.

Translations:

Turkish: Voula Harana
 English: Andreas Iacovides.
 French: Eleni Tsangari-Reeb.
 German: Christians Wassmann-Chimarides

Cover and insert design:

Margarita Tsangari

Design and artistic supervision:

Constantinos Terlikkas

A1. Kalos Irtan oi Xenoi mas

(A Welcome to our guests - Tavla (table) voice¹)

Oh! A welcome to our guests I bid
 Who've sat upon our chairs!
 I look at every one of you
 And take a lot of pride.
 Oh! And air goes in the goatskin
 For always have I loved you.

Oh! Most welcome are we now we're here
 In this most splendid house.
 And may from inside this abode
 The milk and honey flow.
*Oh! The landlord - may he e'er be well
 And give us wine aplenty.*

*Oh! Friends, come thee hither, eat and drink,
 To your hearts' sound delight.
 For God above looks down on us
 And when we give He gives us.
 Oh! The food and wine flow freely,
 For boredom only leads to death!*

Oh! But friend, we did not come to you so that we'd eat and drink.
 We came to see you out of love;
 That's why we came to see you.
 A toast! A toast to all our kin
 And all those gathered here!

Source: Theofylaktos HadjiCostas – Filia Morphou

At every repast, and following the first round of food and the corresponding quantities of wine, the gentle tapping of a fork on a plate would signify that someone was about to sing. Custom would also dictate that the song be preceded by a psalm if a priest was present. The landlord would then welcome his guests with a couplet, and then they would also have to respond, once again with a couplet and with well-wishes and praise for the landlord, his home and his wife. This exchange of couplets continued with other members of both the landlord's and the guests' families.

¹Voices are primarily old melodies on which various couplets are sung.

The particular voice comes from a live recording of a repast which took place in the village of Filia near Morphou in 1968 during the hosting of an archaeological expedition led by Trevor Walking, at the house of Petros HadjiCostas. Featured in the recording, in addition to the landlord, are Kyriakos Kleanthous-Meraklis and Yiorgos Fytsionas. The recording was given to me by Petros' son, Theofylaktos HadjiCostas, who I would also like to thank. I also heard this particular voice in another one of Theofylaktos' recordings featuring Tryfonas Georgiou and Theofylaktos himself. The same voice, with slight variations, I also recorded from Chrystallou Tsounta and Nitsa Vasiliadou from Katokopia (a village near Filia) in 2005. In addition, I also recorded it from Aigli Symeou from Vasa Kilani, who however had also heard it from a Katokopia woman. Furthermore, it also shows on the records of the "Peloponnesian Folklore Foundation" with the village of Potami as its origin. Worth mentioning is the fact that all records trace the song's origins to the Morphou region.

A2. Come, oh son of Yiakoumis

Come, oh son of Yiakoumis, get me across the river
Get me across the river for the water I do fear
For the water I do fear lest it take my baby.

Across I'll take you but for pay.
Across you take me with my child
And when we're both both safe and sound I'll give you any
thing you want

Across the river takes her he, and asks then for his pay
Her bracelets she does offer him as well as all her rings
As payment, but Djirkakos, he takes them not.

Take them as payment and off with you.
Nor gold as payment do I want nor diamond rings for me
Your body is that which I want as payment; that's for me.

He lunges at her and at once her husband did appear
And yelled at him; and payment - Oh!
For Djirkakos there was none save the pain.

Sources: Theodoulos Kallinikos – Melody and lyrics

See text on "*Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean*" **Texts / web site**

A witty song. In the recording by the late Th. Kallinikos, the lyrics are more and become more "spicy". The song is cross-referenced by Aliko Constantinou from Ayios Ioannis Malounta who, in her book "Treasures of Cyprus", related how she heard it being recited at her village circa 1949 from a blind old woman known as Eleni the Big-eared. A variation of this song can also be found in the archives of the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation in a 1973 recording by Patroklos Demetriou from the Paphos-district village of Kedhares. Taking into account that Th. Kallinikos' recording was made in Zodia in 1934, as well as the other two sources (Ayios Ioannis Malounta and Kedhares), we can assume that the song was quite popular in Cyprus at the time.

A variation of the song, with similar lyrics but a different melody, is encountered, according to Angelos Aslanides, in the region of the Pontos (Black Sea) as well, under the title "Heteron and Lygeri".

A3. Tris Elies dje mian Domatan (*Olives Three and One Tomato*)

Olives three and one tomato,
I'm in love with a dark-eyed girl,
Beautiful for all to see.

Olives three upon a plate
She has turned me inside-out
With her surreptitious look.

Olives three and pepper one,
I love her but she doesn't know.
How will we become a pair?

Olives three, with one quite large,
She is set to kill me off
And in the earth to lay me.

*Olives three, pickled as well,
She has said the yes at las!t
I won't roam the streets no more.*

Source: Theodoulos Kallinikos

This song was sung softly to me a couple of times by the late Theodoulos Kallinikos, and I retained it to a great degree. I really appreciated it however when Kallinikos himself sang it during a tribute to him organized by the Cyprus Composers Society at Famagusta Gate on November 14th 2001.

A4. Eleni, Elenara mou

*Eleni, my Eleni dear,
My sweet and dark-skinned beauty,
If I don't have you for my own
To live I won't be able.*

*Eleni, those three beauty-spots
And those dark, ebon eyes,
My heart they pierce like thorns.*

*My fragile heart you've made it break,
My sweet and neighbour lass,
Into a thousand pieces,
Eleni mou, in pieces.*

*Eleni, my Eleni dear,
My want and my desire,
Please tell me "yes" my heart's sole wish,
Come on, my fragrant blossom.*

*Eleni, up from Tris Elies
And nearby Kaminarka,
Leave all your work behind*

*And come down to your vineyard green
So I can taste your honey.
Inside me you're a warm desire.
My love, do not deny me.*

*Eleni, my Eleni dear,
So many sing your praises.
So slim, your hair so dark as night,
Your eyebrows arched and sculpted*

*You shine just like the morning star
On stepping out your door;
And on your sight - just on your sight,
Your garden blossoms bloom.*

Sources: G. Averof and other personal, older aural experiences.

See text on “Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean” **Texts / web site**

The lyrics I've heard in the Cypriot version of the song are, on the one hand, of an erotic nature, but most have a frivolously harsh note to them as well.

For example: Eleni, my Eleni dear,
 On you my curse
 And also of the Bishop's...

In this edition, I preferred to fit in my own lyrics, clearly of an erotic nature, which I believe tie in beautifully with the melody and the mood of the song, lending it a different dimension.

A5. Foni Pafitidji *(Paphos voice)*

My body, 'tis the blackened earth's
My soul, 'tis Charon's own.
But you? What do I owe you
For you to wear away my life?

So come on round the orchard
And may your thoughts be elsewhere.

Source: Vyronis Georgiou – Prasteio Kellaki

This voice, both Nikolas Antoniou – Vkiolaris and other musicians and singers, all from the Paphos district, call “Isia” or straight. As a performer, Vyronis states: *“First I'd hear my older fellow-villagers, but they're rendition wasn't that great. Then I'd hear it at the Limassol Kataklysmos Festival from Paphians who'd take part in the contests, and I learned it better. Two excellent ones were Panais from Petrihikia and Mavrophilippos from Galatarka.”*

A6. Love (*erotic*) couplets

Oh! Vipers, snakes and serpents mean, come lay in wait for me
And take thee of my flesh and bone and eat among yourselves;
But eat thee not of my dear heart for you will fall in love
And passion will devour you, no doctor will you find
To heal you if you do.

I have inside me such a wound, I think I'm going to die.
One kiss from you and I'll be healed; instead the torment grows
For you refuse to kiss me, to make me well again.

Today I sighed for she went past and see her I did not;
The dead, they rose up from the grave, all of them, young and old
From graveyards near and far.
Adam and Eve they came to me, Sarah and Abraham too,
And Zeus as well with all his beasts.

For when I die, I left a word to those who'll bury me.
Over my grave to cry for me I do not want them to.
A flute I asked for to my right, and on my left
My satchel and also my dear staff.

Pithkiavlin (Cyprus flute), song, lyrics: Andreas Gristakkos
See text on "chattista" Texts / web site

A7. Foni Katarameni (*Accursed voice*)

Oh let us go my love, my dear,
To the Akamas mountains
And when they darken come the night
Together we will lay.

The night has come today as well,
Another day has gone
Of not seeing my lovely one
Who every day I saw.

The belfry of the Drousha church
Come midday casts its shadow.
Oh happy is he who kisses you
And opens wide your blouse.

Oh! Sing, my dear companion,
Oh let us both now sing,
And say and speak and sing again
Of those who we do love.

Oh loves a-plenty I do have;
I have one yon in Kritou.
There's also one in Nio Khorkon
And three in Androlykou.

Source: Chambis Theori – Inia

This voice is known throughout the Paphos district, primarily though in the northern part. In the collection of the Peloponnesian Folklore Foundation, it's mentioned as the "Voice of the Polis Khrysokhou Region", apparently because it was first recorded there.

Of all the recordings I made in the Paphos district however, no-one referred to it as such, with many not even having a name for it, albeit a couple of people knew it as "Paphitoua".

Within the scope of her research for her doctorate however, my friend Nikolettta Demetriou recorded it in the summer of 2005 from Charalambos Mavrellis from Phiti as "accursed". When she mentioned this to me, I remembered that this very appellation was mentioned to me at a repast I and my friend Lina Christodoulidou recorded in Tala in 2004 within the scope of the latter's research.

Then, in 2006, we and Nikoletta cross-referenced the appellation with Chambis Theori from Inia and now living in Tsakkistra (he himself sings it in the Peloponnesian Folklore Foundation's collection [1980 recording]). When I originally asked him about the name of this voice, he had told me that he couldn't remember. When however I mentioned the specific appellation, i.e. "accursed", he immediately and without any hesitation confirmed that this was indeed the name by which the specific voice was known.

In 2008 I recorded this same voice from Matthaïos Papachristodoulou from Kinousa as well, who, without being asked, told me that the voice was known as "accursed". Of all the people I've asked, no-one was in a position to give me an explanation as regards this strange appellation.

A8. To Yiasemi (*The Jasmine bush*)

The jasmine bush at your front door, oh my jasmine bush...
I've come here for to prune it, oh! my sweet one dear.

But seeing me, your mother thought, oh my jasmine bush...
That I had come to steal you, oh! my sweet one dear.

The jasmine bush at your front door sends scents to roads afar
Its very smell drives crazy those passing by.

The jasmine bush at your front door, which blooms in summer
Sends far and wide its scent and pleases all, young and old.

Sources: Theodoulos Kallinikos, Yeorgios Averof.
See text on "Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean" *Texts / web site*

A well-known and very popular song, with obvious origins in Asia Minor. It's usually sung at the table, and is never absent from any repast, even to this day.

A9. To Tertin tis Kardoullas mou *(The pain of my heart)*

The pain of my heart,
Two millstones cannot grind,
Neither can streets contain it
Nor rivers carry away.

A boat in yonder harbour
Gathers and folds its sails,
For my sweet dark-eyed maiden
So compromised has been.

Forty whole days of fasting
The painter had to endure.
But painted he her waist so true
Without a flaw or error.

And when the sun it shone its light
On walls and bricks and fences,
It was my joy to see you there
In church where oft you went.

Seven hundredweights of sugar
Will I throw into the pond
To make the water sweet
For my true love to drink

Oh damn you, sleep
For taking me into your arms
When my dear love was passing by
And you, you did not wake me.

Sources: Theodoulos Kallinikos, Yeorgios Averof.
See text on "Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean" Texts / web site

A10. Psintri Vasilidja mou
(My Delicate Sweet Basil)

My delicate sweet basil,
My tender marjoram,
Oh you are going to take me away
From my dear mother dear.

My delicate sweet basil,
My lady fair as air,
Deep in the midst of your two breasts
Would that I hang my swing.

Come now unto the window
Without your mother seeing
And do as if you're watering
Your tender marjoram.

Come now unto the window,
Oh lass, the glass-paned one,
So I can look upon your face
So white like flour fine.

Come now and let me kiss you,
And come and kiss me too.
And if a word escapes my lips
Then so do you as well.

Come now and let me kiss you
And hurry then and leave
So no-one sees us when we kiss
Lest they say you love me.

Sources: G. Averof and other personal, older aural experiences.

See text on "Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean" Texts / web site

This women's "syrtos" dance, arguably the most popular of all, is heard at every repast, even today, throughout Cyprus.

A11. Portokalia tou Karava (*Karavas orange-tree*)

Oh orange-tree of Karavas
Your oranges so sweet
I'd gladly buy you and your fruit
For all your weight in gold.

Oh tangerine-tree of Karavas
Your tangerines so sweet
I'd gladly buy you and your fruit
For all your weight in shillings.

In Lapithos my clothes they are
In the main town my weapons
In Karavas, so fair and sweet,
My one and only true love.

On Karavas's river there
Were I a bridge across it
So you could come out on your walk
And have me kiss your lips, dear.

At Karavas's chapel there
Were I an icon true
For you to come and homage pay
So I could kiss your lips, dear.

*Oh orange-tree of Karavas
When I eighteen became
I put you firmly in my heart
And you're still there, my dear.*

Sources: G. Averof and other personal aural experiences
See text on "Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean" **Texts / web site**

A very well-known and popular melody spread throughout Cyprus, and heard at every celebration, both as a song and as music to dance to.

A12. Ton Tihon ton Paliotihon (*The Crumbling Old Wall*)

The crumbling old wall
I'll whitewash once again
And her who for years I used to love
I'll send away soforth.

Ouffou! Ouffou!
You dark-eyed girl from Morphou
You've really made me lose my mind;
Your breasts, they drive me crazy!

To madness you have driven me,
To madness you will drive me
As long as I look at your cheeks
Which I - alas - did kiss!

Come now, come now,
Play with me and laugh.
For my arms are wide open
And when you so like, come.

But if she tries to hold me true
And say that I did love her
I'll say that she was chasing me
Whene'er the streets I walked!

Ouffou! Ouffou!....

And if she tries to hold me true,
What then? What can she do?
In jail at once will she send me
But then she'll come and set me free!

Come now, come now...
Ouffou! Ouffou!...

Sources: Many aural experiences from my home village of Kapouti and the surrounding region.

A song in an arabesque style. It was always present and still is at every repast, wedding or village fair, always accompanied by the Dance of the Glasses, sung in many instances by the dancers themselves. It's also sung though around the table, without instrumental accompaniment.

A13. Mes' enan spiti sfaliston (*Inside a locked-up house*)

Inside a locked-up house,
Far from the others and apart,
I heard come laughter, cries of joy,
You'd think it was a coffee-shop.

I stand a bit, I hearken,
And women's voices do I hear.
Lasses, one fairer than the next,
Had gathered there inside that house
Upon an invitation
A swing to hang upon the beam.

And right outside the hedge I hid,
To listen and to hear them well,
To hear their words, what they were for,
And why their laughter would not cease.

*The making of the swing they stopped,
And started making such a noise,
They started talking and would say
How each wanted her man.*

*And I make out a single voice,
So delicate, high-pitched and proud;
She said that often did she see
Deep in her dreams the one she'd wed.*

*If, by the Grace always of God,
It happens that I give my troth,
He'll be a strapping youth, I know;
Oh joy! Double and triple!*

*Another lass, she said it straight;
Not softly, neither though too loud,
That generous she'd like her man
In pocket and in love.*

And then another one piped up;
One sitting in the corner there.
And all her wiles she laid out bare
As well as all her fantasies.

If I, and by the Grace of God,
Happen to ever give my troth,
A blessing it will be to me
To live as I myself desire.

And then it was that I espied
With my own eyes my own true love
And learned from her and no-one else
The truth, laid bare and naked.

Sources: Lallou Shiali – Pissouri and Aigli Symeou – Vasa Kilani

A jocular song. I recorded it in 1996 from Mrs Lallou Shiali and in 1997 from Mrs Aigli Symeou, in two slightly different versions. Mrs Lallou sang it to me slowly, with many embellishments as regards the melody, and gave the song the title "Inside a locked-up house", while Mrs Aigli sang it at a faster tempo and more rhythmically under the title "The Love of Women". My interpretation melds the two variations. On the same melody, I'd heard, many years ago, another song with a similar content, from which however I can only recall the first couplet:

From alpha all the way to chi,
Just so I make a start...

A14. Tris Kaloiri Kritiki (*Three Cretan Monks*)

Three Cretan monks one day along with three of Mount Athos
 A ship they rigged up to the teeth while chanting “Christ is Risen”.
 And with a “Kyrie Eleison” they headed out to sea.
 Their sailor though, the ship’s own pride, he suddenly fell ill.
 A mother for to cry for him he has not; nor a father to be sad;
 And neither a brother nor a sister to weep upon his death.
 The night, instead, it weeps for him, as do the dawn and moon.
 The captain weeps for him as well, as does his learned scribe.
 Oh rise! Oh rise, my sailor brave, you who the sea has reared,
 So you can steer this ship amid the weather, a harbour for to reach.
 Then take me, lift me up and place me down upon a seat,
 And bring my charts and books to me, my trusted silver compass,
 So I can steer this ship amid the weather, a harbour for to reach.
 You see that mountain, dark and black? You see it? Tell me, pray.
 That is where we should moor our ship, that’s where we’ll find a harbour.
 Drop anchor starboard now I say, the ropes cast out to port,
 So that the sailor drinks his fill, the cook he gets some firewood,
 And all the younger sailors, they go and dig a grave.
 Let them not dig it far inland, let it be near the shoreline,
 So that the waves lap gently against my head.
 And if perchance you happen to reach my homeland, my own
country dear
 Don’t say that I have passed away; don’t say that I am dying.
 Just say that I found me a wife in lands distant and foreign.
 The tombstone is my mother-in-law, the blackened earth my wife,
 The trembling twigs of mountain trees my siblings and my cousins.
 And when the crow doth turn to white, when it becomes a pigeon,
 Then will they greet me once again, in my own very homeland.

Sources: Styllis Mylonas – Evrykhou and Th. Kallinikos
 See text on “Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean” **Texts / web site**

A variation of this song, with the same story and practically identical lyrics but with a different tune, we encounter in the Black Sea region of Oenoe (Melpo Merlie collection), as well as on the Greek island of Kalymnos with the same tune.

On Epiphany Day 2004, I recorded from Styllis Mylonas from Evrykhou a variation of this song, different to the one I knew from Th. Kallinikos.

With the spare but expressive accompaniment of my friend Christos Constantinou on the tambouras, I tried to express, more than anything else, the narrative, the mood and the style of the song.

In order to limit duration, I have cut a few verses, striving however not to remove any of the story’s basic elements. My interpretation is a marriage of the two variations.

A15. Foni Nekalisti (*Sorrowful/Weeping voice*)

What can I do for my sweet heart
Which finds no consolation?
I lie to her both day and night
But she cannot be fooled.

*For you, mine eyes they weep, my dear,
More so than leaden rain-clouds.
But look, the earth, it's had its fill
And sends them back to me.*

You see those birds so far away,
Their feathers black and ebon?
Next to my sorrows they did fly
Their feathers so were blackened.

A water-tank three fathoms deep
With holes on all its sides
I filled with tears for you, my love,
But "yes" you never said.

Take in your hand a sturdy knife
And cut my heart in two.
But careful! Don't you cut yourself
For you are in there too.

Source: Pieris Pierettis

"Nekalion" or "Nekalima" is the Cypriot word for a dirge. This voice has both the mood and the style of a dirge. I heard this voice from the late Pieris, to lyrics by himself, which expressed the sorrow, pain and nostalgia of a refugee for his home. In this version, I preferred expressing the pain of unrequited love, choosing verses with a strong erotic content, from Nearchos Kliridis' collection of couplets.

A16. Nannourisma - A (Lullaby)

O Sainte Marina, maiden dear,
Who lulls babies to sleep,
Lull my baby too to sleep,
Take it away, take it afar,
And bring it back again to me.
For it is but a dear babe, and want it I do.

Take it to see the trees in bloom
And birds in their sweet song
How happy they are when in flight
Flying yon and back again.

*Take it to worlds both far and wide
Mountains and rivers to see
As well as the sea's lapping waves.*
Take it to see May's roses sweet
And August's rose-red apples.

Oh let it sleep, lully-lullay.

Source: Theodoulos Kallinikos

In the Cypriot tradition, dirges and lullabies are the sole privilege of women. Men are burdened with the graceless role of having to be the strong and unbending one, irrespective of whether or not their hearts are breaking. Touching emotions and tenderness appear to be incompatible with the role of the leader.

In today's society, roles have changed. Women now enjoy equal rights with men, so it's time we men also lay claim to our right to externalizing our pain and showing tenderness. In laying claim then to my long-lost rights, I'm attempting this lullaby in my own, masculine manner.

A17. Pithkiavli (*Cyprus flute*) solo - Liovouttiman (*Sunset*)

The pithkiavli is the shepherds' par-excellence musical instrument. As a rule of thumb, all those playing the pithkiavli make their own from reed cane. It's primarily a solo instrument and lends itself to improvisation and free interpretation. In days of old however, and because of the absence of other musical instruments, the pithkiavli was used in all Cypriot dances, with the accompaniment of the tamboutcha.

Andreas Gristakkos is a shepherd, dedicated to tradition and the way of life of shepherds of old. He is passionate about his flock and his countless pithkiavlia (plural of pithkiavli). He distinguishes among the pieces he plays on his instrument according to the time of day and the occasion. In relation to this particular piece, he told me:

"This, friend Michalis, I play as the sun goes down. My sheep gather round me, hearkening and laughing. They really like it!"

B1. Pou'soun Melachrinoulla mou
(Where were you my dark-eyed lass)

Where have you been, my dark-eyed lass
And come you here so late?
The sun has set behind the hills
And night has fallen all around.

When you to my abode you come
Don't go and hide your sorrow.
Ask thee my mother dear
"My lady, where's your son?"

And she will answer you at once,
Her heart all sad and broken,
"Look! There he is, just sitting there
And saying that he's dying."

And when you see me taken away
By four young, strapping men,
Come out, my dark-eyed beauty,
And light all lamps around.

And when you see me taken away
Along with two old priests
Come out, my dark-eyed beauty,
And light the candles too.

And when you see me taken to
The church's very door
Then cry, my dark-eyed beauty,
So all the plants may wither.

And when you see me being placed
A-middle of the church
Then cry, my dark-eyed beauty,
So that it's dome falls down.

And when you see me going down
Three steps, down towards Hades,
Then call out loud, with all your might
“Oh! Pity the young lad!”

And when you see me being laid
As bones by then for all to see
Then only then, my beauty,
Should you take someone else.

Source: Panais Chr. Mallouros from Arminou in Paphos

I recorded this song, as interpreted by Panais Chr. Mallouros from Arminou, in 1998, and it's been on my mind ever since. As Panais sang it to me, it did not have a steady melodic line. The tunes were mixed up, and I couldn't sing it.

In the end, I settled on three basic strains, and singing them over and over again, I internalized them, after which, with the help of the musicians performing the song, Yiorgos Fountos and Efxifios Satchas, we gave it a structured melody and rhythm and recorded it.

Even though I have not cross-referenced this song, it appears that there was a time when it was quite widespread, given that Panais told me that he learned it from his fellow workers at the Amiantos mines circa 1938-39.

B2. Pithkiavli (*Cyprus flute*) solo - Tis Afkis (*Sunrise*)

As for this improvisation, Gristakkos has this to say: “*This, friend Michalis, I play at dawn as I'm bringing the sheep out to pasture.*”

B3. N'Anastenaxo (*I sigh*)

I sigh, a fine mist cometh out, I cry, the stones they crack
And when I weep my dear, mine eyes they flow like furrows.

*I sigh a big sigh... Oh! The heavens may they open
To say whose fault it is and point to none but you.*

*I sigh and rivers flow upstream
And springs they dry up from the pain*

*I sigh and I'm heard up to the stars
For them to fall into your arms.*

Source: Cleovoulos Artemides

This song I include with every reservation, given that it's the only one which I have sung without any aural experience.

In 2005, within the scope of the "Thrace – Aegean – Cyprus" programme, we were going to present the module "Love through the Demotic Song", and were trying to find relatively unknown songs. Mrs Maro Skordi, who was helping me compile the programme, proposed this song, as written in Cleovoulos Artemides' collection titled "20 Cypriot Songs".

Given my conviction that in order to perform a demotic song you should hear it first, I persistently refused. Finally, we compromised, in that she would play it for me on the piano and, if it had a familiar ring to it, I would sing it relatively freely. Listening to it I felt intensely excited. I sang it, and then in collaboration with musicians Panayiotis Nikolaides, Costas Karpasitis and Nikos Souroullas, we gave it its present form through both collective and individual improvisations. The lyrics comprised only the first verse. Keeping the phrase "I sigh" as one which should be repeated, I devised the other three.

B4. To Lyhnarin (*The Oil-Lamp*)

Why does your mother need
An oil-lamp in the night
Since in her very home she has
The very sun and moon?

Go thee and tell your mother dear
To have another baby;
To break the hearts of others as well
Just like she broke my own.

Go thee and tell your mother dear
To have another daughter.
And like she burnt down Venice grand
To burn Constantinople.

Source: Charalambos Demosthenous – Kontea

My friend Charalambos sang me the “Lyhnarin” in February 1994, at which time he also told me that he had learnt it from his uncle Andreas Zachariades, a teacher. Given that the lyrics and the melody refer one to a demotic song from the broader Hellenic space, and since I had not, at the time, cross-referenced whether it was ever popular in Cyprus, I ignored it. Since then however, from time to time Charalambos would turn to me and say: “Michali, the “Lyhnarin” is a very nice song and you should sing it.” And I would answer: “We’ll see, Charalambe.”

In October 2007, while the recording of the songs included in this publication was in process and with me having already selected the songs which would be included, I went to see Charalambos. We sat in the sun, up on the first-floor terrace. His first words were:

- Michali, I’d like **to demand** something of you.
- And what would that be, Charalambe?
- I want you to sing the “Lyhnarin”
- OK, let me see.

And by the time I came back to Nicosia, I’d decided: “You can’t say no to Charalambos’ demand!” Dedicated then to my friend Charalambos who soon will be celebrating his 92nd birthday.

B5. Nannourisma - B (*Lullaby*)

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

So he may sleep and gather strength
And wake up well tomorrow.
But please return and bring him back
For I do want my baby.

Lully-lully little baby,
Made by angels' hands.

Let not his father look for him
Lest he get angry at the mother.
Lest he get angry at the mother
And envies him the mother's milk.

O sleep, may God be with you,
Your mother isn't here.
She went to yonder river
To bring bay-leaves and water,
To bathe the baby sweet.

O sleep, for rearing you are
Mama and her sisters three,
And still they're not enough for you,
A nanny you want also.

Source: Eleni Mappoura

B6. Kotchini Trantafyllia (*Red rosebush*)

Oh, my bright red rosebush (aman, aman...)
And my snow-white loaf of bread...
Come and follow me my love
For to leave you would be a shame.

Oh my bright red rosebush,
Come out to the alley
So that I may drink your scent
For my pain to go away.

Oh my bright red rosebush,
Tonight open your window
So I may come to you, my dear,
Upon the stroke of midnight.

Let down your hair, my dear,
And let it loosely hang,
So that your breasts they cover, love,
Those which show through right now.

Sources: Theodoulos Kallinikos, Georgios Averof
See text on "Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean" Texts / web site

A love song also quite popular among the Turkish-Cypriots and in Turkey under the title "Aman Doctor". One also encounters it, always with the same title, in the Greek-speaking populace of Asia Minor.

B7. I Vrisi ton Pegiotisson (*The fountain of the Peyia girls*)

The fountain of the Peyia girls
Is all bedecked with arches
And there their pitchers do they fill
All Peyia girls / the pretty Paphian girls

The fountain of the Peyia girls
A tap it has as well
And those who have an aching heart
Can drink from it and heal

The fountain of the Peyia girls
With leeches has it filled
Its water though, it still is good
And makes for pretty lasses.

Above it stands the village church,
Below the church the fountain
Peyia, you beautiful village,
Who can leave you behind?

Sources: Th. Kallinikos and G. Averof

In his book "Cypriot Popular Muse", Theodoulos Kallinikos mentions that he recorded this tune in 1936, as performed by singer Toumbis from Ktima. He also mentions that at that time, this particular voice could be heard throughout the entire district of Paphos and the region of Tylliria. It's known as "Peyiotissa", because it derives from the village of Peyia, where it is always sung as the "official" song at any given table. Pantelis Pantelides, from Peyia himself, wrote in 2007, on the occasion of 100th anniversary of the building of the Peyia fountain, of this tradition:

Around 1920, the daughter of a wealthy Peyia family which had emigrated to Egypt fell in love with a poor Cypriot youth who'd also emigrated to Egypt. He family however was against this romance, and in order to put an end to it, left Egypt and resettled in Peyia. The youth however also made his way back to Cyprus and began looking for his beloved. Asking around, he found out that she was living in Peyia. He went there, sat at a coffee shop situated between the church and the known "Fountain of the Peyia girls", and waited for his beloved to come and fill her pitcher. When she appeared, he approached her and began reciting the words with which the song remains known to this day (verses 4, 2 and 1). The girl's father however, sitting as he was at another coffee shop nearby, saw what was happening and intervened with threats against the young man. Through the subsequent intervention of the other villagers, led by community leader Euripides Kikkides, not only was an incident averted, but the till-then intransigent father also gave his blessing for the wedding.

And so the two lovebirds got married and lived happily ever after, leaving to us the song...

B8. Ta Mmathkia ta Yiallourika *(The green-blue eyes)*

The green-blue eyes
Where'er I see I love them
For my dear love had eyes like that
The one I used to love.

My true love's eyes they were
Towards the edge like honey
And when they turned to look at me
My heart it would bleed so.

Her eyes, oh! how I liked them,
Her glance I liked as well.
The headscarf also which she wore
Upon her head I liked.

Her eyes, so olive-shaped they were,
Like olives dangling from the tree.
Her eyebrows, arched they were just like
A two-day old new moon,
A two-day old new moon.

Source: Theodoulos Kallinikos

B9. I Vraka (*The Pantaloons*)

Oh forty ells of cloth they took
And made a vraka oh so big.
The vraka which they made for me which goeth “trikki-trakka”!
So long they made the inside leg
And sweep the street it did I say!
The vraka which they made for me which goeth “trikki-trakka”!

Your vraka take to yonder pond
But who will wash it there for you?
And who will hang it up for you
So that it dries under the sun?
And who will fire up the iron
So that she may iron it for you?
Your vraka oh so huge,
And who will fold it neatly?

Instead of taking for yourself
A man who wears these pantaloons
You’re better off taking a man
With trousers, even if they’re patched!

Your vraka take to yonder pond....

A man, rather than take a wife
Who’s stubborn and a harridan,
Is better off if seven times a month
He suffers fits!

Your vraka take to yonder pond...

Sources: G. Averof and other personal aural experiences

See text on “Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean” Texts / web site

A variation of the song “Konialis” (he who hails from the Asia Minor city of Ikonion), which we encounter in Asia Minor and the surrounding region with other lyrics in both Greek and Turkish. Both the “Vraka” and “Konialis” were and still are very popular.

B10. Isha Lemeshani *(Limassol Voice - Straight)*

I spent my weight in gold
For her - O woe is me -
But who believes me?
And now that I'm hard out and broke
She has forgotten all the gold
I spent on her, and won't come near.

When you pass by wave a hello
And don't assume the airs you do
For I will clip your wings.
Don't hurry by just like you do
Because the whole world knows of you
As well as all your whims.

Like Sampson with the ropes they can,
Should they so wish, go tie me up.
And if they know where she is now
Then bring her to me here and now
And see if the ropes will hold me.

My friend, start saving up your sweat
Because from it you'll earn a lot.
The doctors come and purchase it
Because they go and make from it
Elixirs made for love.

I hear lads talking here and there
And saying with a deep complaint
That down on them the sun don't shine.
But I? I say to them out straight
I wish I was eighteen again
With or without a penny.

Source: Vironis Georgiou – Prasteio Kellaki

According to Th, Kallinikos, the "Isha" is the oldest voice and forms the basis for various couplets, primarily of an erotic content. Based on this voice, many other variations were formed in various regions, with each giving its name to the corresponding voice.

The particular voice, as interpreted by the seemingly-ageless Vironis, he himself calls "Lemeshani". As he says, he learned it from old folks from his area and his older cousins, after which, and assisted by the excellent fiddle-playing of his fellow villager Michalis Efsthathiou and the well-known Straocostas, as well as armed with his singing talent, he added his own embellishments.

As for what precisely constitutes the "Isha", I was, till recently, confused, since one definition is given by Th, Kallinikos, another by G. Averof, and others still by a number of musicians who I interviewed at various times. Going through several interviews and documents yet again, I noticed and established that: a person from Paphos would call the voice which originated in his region "Isha", while the others he labels according to place of origin, eg. Karpasitissa, Mesaritissa, Akathkiotissa etc. A person from Akanthou however would call the Akathkiotissa "Isha" and all other voices according to place of origin. That is to say, the term "Isha" is, for each person, the voice which originated in his own region.

B11. Arkontoyios (*The wealthy son*)

A wealthy son is getting wed
 Taking a refugee girl, a dark-eyed refugee girl;
 Taking a refugee girl, a girl for whom my eyes do weep.

His mother, hearing of his mind,
 A tree she tears up from the root, oh dark-eyed refugee girl;
 A tree she tears up from the root, oh girl for whom my eyes do weep.

She goes and finds two snakes alive,
 And fries them up, oh dark-eyed refugee girl;
 And fries them up, oh girl for whom my eyes do weep.

And with one mouthful that she took
 The girl was poisoned through and through, oh dark-eyed refugee
 girl;
 The girl was poisoned through and through, of girl for whom my
 eyes do weep.

The wealthy son, on hearing this,
 He went berserk, oh dark-eyed refugee girl;
 He went berserk, oh girl for whom my eyes do weep.

And lo! He goes and hangs himself
 This did the mother cause, so mean, oh dark-eyed refugee girl;
 This did the mother cause, so mean, oh girl for whom my eyes do weep.

Sources: Andreas Mappouras and other, personal and older aural experiences.

See text on "Cyprus – Asia Minor – Aegean" Texts / web site

A song with Asia Minor origins. We encounter it in other regions, such as Thrace and the Dodecanese. In Cyprus, it has been known since the first half of the last century, but returned to the forefront following the 1974 Turkish Invasion and the displacement of some 200,000 Greek-Cypriots.

A point worth mentioning is the joyful melodic and rhythmic mood of the song, in contrast to the actual verse.

B12. Djinourkos Nios Pramateftis (*A new haberdasher*)

A haberdasher young and new is coming from the city.
Twelve mules he pulls along with him, all laden with his wares.
His russet mule he rides himself, all proud for all to see,
And round his waist, a golden sash which gleams as he rides by.
A maiden, she did spy the man from high up at her window
And turns to him and says to him, and says to him again:
“O haberdasher, young and new, the sash; is it for sale?
For if you’ll take gold coins for it my mother, she will buy it,
And if it’s silver that you want, my father, he will buy it.
But if for it you’ll take a kiss, then I will gladly buy it.”
“For gold I will not sell it dear, your mother cannot have it;
Neither for silver will I sell, so neither will your father.
A kiss it cost me, and should I find one more I’ll gladly give it.
And if three kisses, four, I find, I’ll give the mules as well.”
“Then take thee then that narrow path, that trail you see down yonder,
Which by and by will lead you to the coolest mountain spring.
There will you find an apple-tree with branches twelve in number,
And go and tie upon each branch one mule, not two nor three.
Your russet mule though you should tie upon its very trunk.
And there you’ll find a large, smooth stone on which to lay your head
And once an hour or two goes by I’ll come to fill my urn.
And twice I’ll kiss you when I come so I can have the sash,
And four I’ll also give you then so I can take the mules.”
The haberdasher, he replied and said unto the maiden:
“And if your urn... If it is full, how will you come to fill it?”
“If full my urn with water is, I’ll empty it at once
Into my pretty flower-beds and on my tall trees’ roots;
That’s how I fool my mother dear and go to get my fill.”
And as she told him, so he did; and as she said he does.
He takes at once the narrow path, he takes that trail down yonder,
Which by and by it led him to the coolest mountain spring.
And finds he there the apple-tree with branches twelve in number
And ties upon each branch one mule, and only one; not two or three.
His russet mule though – as she said – he ties upon the trunk.
He also finds the large, smooth stone, and on it lays his head.
And shuts his eyes, relaxes there, as if to go to sleep.
Back home, the maiden takes the urn to head towards the spring.
She goes to empty it; but then the mother lets her not.
The maiden, she was late by now. The young man fell asleep.

A snake a snake was chasing near, a snake a snake is chasing
 And finding his mouth open there, it makes its way inside,
 And down it goes into his gut, gorging upon his liver.
 The young man, he was breathing still, he still had strength to speak
 As nearing the cool mountain spring the maiden did appear.
 “God damn you, maidens! Damn both you and also damn your kisses!
 For you it is who make young men go forth and lose their lives.
 Oh! Take thee now my golden sash and go prepare my wake.
 And also take my darling mules, and mark my nine days dead.
 My russet mule, take now and also mark my forty.
 And take thee also all my wares, and mark this same day every year.”

Source: Stavros Kodjapashis from Karavas (1897-1986)

We encounter this allegory in several variations, with some being known as “The Song of the Harvest”, possibly indicating that this, much like other allegories, used to be sung during the harvest and in this way help those toiling in the fields under the harsh sun pass the time more pleasantly, but also in order to set a rhythm for the hard work. Furthermore, when sung during the harvest, the end of the story would be marked by a few additional lyrics totally unrelated to the song itself, such as wishes for a good harvest.

The wheat that we are harvesting
 May it a thousand ears produce.
 And as for all that left behind
 A thousand and five hundred.

As in other allegories, and for the purposes of this recording, I offer an abridged version of the song.

In relation to “The Haberdasher”, Yiorgos Ioannou writes in his book “Allegories”: *This song is known only in Cyprus. It became however known throughout the Greek-speaking world through I. Gryparis’ beautiful poem by the same title which, up to a certain point, and specifically up to line 22, remains true to this particular variation.*

I met Stavros Kodjapashis from Karavas in 1974, after we both became refugees. The particular variation I first heard in a recording made at Ayios Nikolaos tis Stegis in 1976, where he lived as a refugee, and which his granddaughter Maria Erotokritou, who I thank greatly, gave to me with pleasure.

B13. Dilli-Dilli

Once upon a time there was
 A maiden sweet and fair
 Who wove for her young man,
 For her beloved one,
 All night by lamplight
 A gold-embroidered kerchief.
 Dilli-dilli, a gold-embroidered
 kerchief.

The mouse it came out of its hole
 And took the wick
 Out of the lamp
 Which lit the night
 For her to weave
 Her young man's, her beloved's
 The gold-embroidered kerchief.

The cat, it jumped
 And ate the mouse
 Which took the wick...

The dog, it ran
 And choked the cat
 Which ate the mouse...

The plank, it fell
 And killed the dog
 Which choked the cat...

The kiln, it lit
 And burned the plank
 Which killed the dog...

The water in the furrow ran
 And out it put the flames
 Which burned the plank...

The ox, it came
 And drank the water
 Which had put out the flames...

The butcher came along
 And slew the ox
 Which drank the water...

Source: Theodoulos Kallinikos

According to Th. Kallinikos, many older men assured him that this is a very old song and used to be told in the form of a fairy-tale. See: "Cypriot Popular Muse" by Th. Kallinikos, p.154.

At first sight, this song appears to be a "nonsense" children's song. Read between the lines however, and this message comes through: *"Throughout the world, what prevails is the law of the jungle. The stronger animal eats the weaker one, and in the end it's Man that prevails. Many believe that Man is the most reasonable and noble creature; I happen to believe that Man is the most foolish and violent one..."*

B14. Foni Pegiotoua *(Peyia voice)*

Oh! I'm going to die, my dear,
But at the same time I will not.
Oh! I'm going to plant a lemon-tree
All laden with its fruit.

Oh! Look out up high up to the sky
And if you see a dark star
Oh! Then only then will I deny
My love for you, my dove.

*Oh! The morning star it has come out
And rest I cannot find.
Oh! I see you high up in the sky!
How can I you forget?*

*Oh! Enchanted me you have, you witch;
I hurt, but cannot stop.
Oh! You have the power to give me life
But also take it from me.*

Sources: Nikolas Antoniou-Vkiolaris, Stavros Mavresis

This voice, I recorded in Chlorakas in March 1993 as performed by Nikolas Antoniou-Vkiolaris and his son-in-law Stavros Mavresis. As they told me, they would hear it performed at every celebration by Georgios Chr. Mavresis from Peyia (Stavros' father).

Nikolas told me characteristically: "The true Peyia voice is this, the Peyiotoua, sung exceptionally well by my late in-law, and not the "Vrisi ton Peyiotisson".

B15. Souses tis Lambris (*Easter swings*)

Dear God, oh were it Easter time, to set up all the swings,
So that the village streets would fill with pretty dark-eyed maidens.

*The forty days of Lent have passed with olives, greens and onions
And now it's glorious Easter time with laughter and with games.*

*Oh were I on the swing a rope so you could hold me tightly
Together with you all my life until the day I die.*

*How sweetly did you sing, my dear, my nightingale, so sweetly,
You opened up my heart, my dear, and here I'm also singing.*

*Your voice, so sweet, it carried far and reached the village outskirts
Unmarried youths they ran to you like bees unto the blossoms.*

*The youths and maidens, both alike, are always on the lookout
And each and every one of them their match will find with time.*

*These days are marked - and rightly so - by happiness and laughter
And youths and maidens - all of them - to sing and swing so carefree.*

Sources: Aural experiences from my home village of Kapouti; G. Averof

The custom of setting up swings after the midday meal was held at various significant Spring festivities (Sikoses or Greek-Orthodox Shrove Tuesday, Green Monday or Greek-Orthodox Ash Wednesday, and Easter Sunday, Monday and Tuesday). In years gone by, it was not only the young women who'd take part. People would gather at homes with a yard and a central arch, where they'd suspend the swing from the metal ring at the arch's apex, and swing along, singing various couplets known as "swing songs"

These songs were relatively slow, with their rhythm corresponding to the swaying of the swing, and were of flirtatious content, given that these festivities were some of the few occasions during which young people of times gone by could express their sentiments to the opposite sex.

With the passage of time and with the gradual relaxation of strict morals (1960s), maidens began leaving the confines of their own yard and started coming out into the village square, with young men also taking part in the custom, always however at the appropriate distance. Furthermore, the swing custom many times gave rise to secret romances which often ended up in marriage.

B16. I Tallou (*Tallou*)

*Brothers I would like to start
With a song about Tallou.
All however will I praise
And leave no-one behind.*

Dj'a! Oh my Tallou, tallemini
Dj'a! May you be cursed forever.
My heart you've burnt and turned to coal
All black and darkened now,
All dry and wilted now.

Dj'a! Tallou, from Tala village,
What name is this they gave you?
Your breasts so large
I fell in love.

*Dj'a! Tallou from Kato Mylos
Remember how I'd kiss you
Under the olive-press
And then I'd ramble crazily?*

*Dj'a! Tallou from Agrithkia village
You led me down the primrose path
And took from me both fields and homes.
Heavy you weigh upon my chest,
Oh pray! For once speak truth!*

*Dj'a! Tallou from Lapithos you hail
Remember how we were of old.
Rest and console yourself in that
And fall asleep in my embrace.*

*Dj'a! Tallou from Kapouti whence you come
Your beauties are sheer riches.
You stole my heart so verily
It's hard for me to turn away
From this siren in front of me.*

Dj'a! Tallou, dear, if I lose you
To darkened streets I'll take
And when and where I find you
Your fill of kisses will I give.

Sources: Andreas Mappouras from Aradippou - Cleomenis Paraschos from Paphos

I recorded "Tallou" in 1993 as performed at the time by the late Andreas Mappouras, a well-known traditional folk poet. As he told me, he'd heard the song a number of times from someone who used to tour the countryside playing the violin and asking for money. A recording of the song can be found in the archives of the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation, as recorded by Cleomenis Paraschos from Paphos.

We've recently taken to singing this song at various concerts and celebrations, with the final verse modified and dedicated to the Tallou of the particular village for which the gathering is being held, most of the times through improvisation during the song itself.

B17. I Gaouritsa (*The little female donkey*)

I lost my little female donkey,
Laden as she was with wood
Brrr... Brrr... Brrr...
Hey little donkey, hey!

*About her beauties if you ask,
I'll tell you there's no better
Hey little donkey, hey!*

*Her little back if you look at
She has such thick skin... So!
Slow little donkey, slow!*

And if her mouth you'd like to see,
No teeth are there to see.
Oh little donkey sweet!

And if about her legs you'd like
To talk, they're just like bows.
Hey little donkey, hey!

And as regards here little ears,
They're bent and doubled down.
Slow little donkey, slow!

And if her tail you'd care to see
Nary a hair is there.
Oh little donkey sweet!

Whoever finds her, friend or foe,
Can have her for his own.
My little donkey sweet!

Sources: Lallou Shiali from Pissouri

A humorous song, usually sung during wedding celebrations but also towards the end of other festivities, when few and merrily-drunk people had remained. From a certain point onwards, the singer would try to get someone to respond that he'd found his lost donkey. If someone fell into the trap and said yes, then the singer would proceed with the last verse, resulting in laughter all round, along with the light-hearted teasing of the responder.

In recent years, we've taken to singing it at various concerts and celebrations, and always with great success.

B18. Tsifteteli

My friend Pitrakkis used to pay the teacher (some 60 years ago) five shillings for each piece he gave him. As for this "tsifteteli", because it was slightly longer, he paid nine shillings. Ever since he told me this story, when I want him to play it I call out to him "Hey Mastre, play me the nine-shilling 'tsifteteli'!"