



Title	Some Greek Folk Songs of an Aegean Island Naxos
Author(s)	Nakamura, Yoshikazu
Citation	Hitotsubashi journal of social studies, 11(1): 17-30
Issue Date	1979-07
Type	Departmental Bulletin Paper
Text Version	publisher
URL	http://doi.org/10.15057/8463
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SOME GREEK FOLK SONGS OF AN AEGEAN ISLAND NAXOS

By YOSHIKAZU NAKAMURA*

Naxos belongs to the Cyclades Islands scattered in the southern part of the Aegean Sea. As is generally known, the isle is connected in Greek mythology with the name of Ariadne, daughter of King Minos of Crete. Since the time of Theseus who abandoned Ariadne here, the island saw many rulers and conquerors. After the classic period, the history of Naxos is divided by a local historian roughly into the following epochs¹: part of the Byzantine Empire from 326 to 1207; under Venetian occupation from 1207 to 1564; under Turkish rule from 1564 to 1821; part of Independent Modern Greece from 1821 to today. Through all these periods Greek speaking people have been living on this island. The population is 14,201 (1971) and it has an area of about 442 square kilometres.

I stayed on this island for about ten weeks from the end of September to mid-December, 1977, as a member of the Research Group for the Mediterranean at Hitotsubashi University. The aim of our field survey was expressed in broad terms as "Cultural contacts and their effects—a comparative study of the Mediterranean islands", ranging from the Cyclades Islands to the Balearic Islands through Malta. The Greek group comprised the following members: K. Watanabe (history), K. Takeuchi (geography), T. Hayashi (sociology), E. Matsuki (economics) and Y. Nakamura (folklore). We established our base in Filoti, a mountain village of Naxos and carried out various investigations mainly here and in neighboring villages.

One of the most eminent ethnographers of Greece Prof. Stefanos Imellos describes Filoti as follows: "This village is the largest in population (and in area, too—Y.N.) on the island. The inhabitants' main professions are agriculture and stockbreeding. But because of the relative smallness of arable land to support the population, the men of Filoti were accustomed in former days to go to Asia Minor to work and send money home. Nowadays many of them are working in the capital. The villagers have a bitter and sardonic temperament and preserve traditional way of living."² It is worth noting that Prof. Imellos himself is a *Filotetes* i.e. Filotian and his father, the Rev. Demetrios, still hale and hearty, serves as the parish priest of the village.

Again according to Prof. Imellos "except for Apeiranthos the villages of Naxos have never been systematically investigated from the standpoint of ethnography."³ Apeiranthos is a neighboring village of Filoti and rivals it in area and population as well as in power and

* Professor (*Kyōju*) of Russian philology, Hitotsubashi University.

¹ "Νάξος" *Ελληνική περιηγητική Λέσχη*, 'Αθήνα, 1969, σ. 37-38. This book includes the most detailed bibliography on Naxos.

² Στ. "Ιμελλος, "Παρατηρήσεις ἐξ ἐπιτόπιου ἔρευνης εἰς τὸν λατὸν πολιτισμὸν τῶν νότιων Κυκλάδων", 'Αθήνα, 1974, σ. 6.

³ *ibid.* σ. 5.

influence. The inhabitants are said to have come from Crete in ancient days and still retain Cretan dialect and customs. Therefore, special attention has been paid to their oral tradition by folklorists and *hommes de lettres*.⁴

As for the folklore of the whole island, Prof. Nik. Kefalleniades is making such energetic contributions to its overall study that it is expected that we shall not wait long for a systematic description of the legends, folktales, proverbs and other oral tradition of the villages of Naxos.⁵

The Greek folk songs which I collected in Filoti and other villages on Naxos may be classified into several categories: songs of labor, satirical songs, ballads, lamentations, *kotsakia* and lullabies. Below I will give the Greek texts with musical notation of all these songs that I have heard excepting lullabies which appear in another publication.⁶

To the songs of labor belong the following songs:

1. Τραγούδι του θέρου

Στό θέρου πάω, μάνα μου,
νά κάνω δυό 'βδομάδες,
κι'άν σου μηνύσω, στείλε μου
βιόλες και μαντζουράνες.

Όλες οι τέχνες είναι καλές.
Τό θέρου δέν μου ἄρέσει,
γιατί πονεῖ ἡ κεφαλή
κι'ἡ ἔρημῆ μου μέση.

Song of Harvest

I am going to harvest, my mother, to work in the field for two weeks, and if I send you word, please give me violets and marjoram.

All the professions are good, but I don't like harvest, because it brings me pains in my head and back.



⁴ For example, Γ. Ζευγώλης, "Τό σύγχρονο λαϊκό τραγούδι στην 'Απείρανθο τῆς Νάξου", 'Αθήνα, 1937, 86 σ., Δ. Ζευγώλη-Γλέξου, "Παροιμίες ἀπό τήν 'Απείρανθο τῆς Νάξου", 'Αθήνα, 1963, 356 σ.

⁵ His articles already published are almost innumerable, beginning with Νικ. Κεφαλληνιάδης, "Τά σπήλαια τῆς Νάξου καί οἱ θρύλοι τῶν", 'Αθήνα, 1961.

⁶ Cf. "Lullabies of the Cyclades Islands" *Hitotsubashi Ronso*, vol. 80, No. 6 (1978. Dec.) pp. 101-109. See also "Days in Filoti" *Gekkan Hyakka* 1978, May, pp. 6-9; "Under the Plane Tree" *Mado* No. 25 (1978), pp. 30-34; "Gifts of the Mermaid" *Minzokugaku* No. 5 (1978), pp. 100-106. All these articles are written in Japanese. English translation of "Lullabies of the Cyclades Islands" is now in print. It will appear in *Studies in Socio-Cultural Aspects of the Mediterranean Islands. Collection of Reports of the Research Group for the Mediterranean at Hitotsubashi University.*



Singer : Demetrios Imellos (82), the above-mentioned priest of Filoti. Recorded on tape in the office of the parish Church of the Assumption of the Mother of God on October 27. Rev. Demetrios told me that in former times the villagers used to sing this song while reaping wheat. Thickly covered with a grey beard as all the Greek clergymen are, he is very tall and of commanding presence. Because of his sympathetic personality as well as for his four sons who have made remarkable success in various intellectual fields in the capital, he is loved and respected by all the Filotians. Many villagers old and young attend the very ceremonious Sunday mass in the church where psalms are sung by the priest and two *psaltai* psalm-chanters with powerful beautiful voices. Rev. Demetrios is gifted with a wonderful memory.

2. Χραμάκι φιλωτίτικο

Χραμάκι φί-μορέ φιλωτίτικο (δίς)
 στὸν ἀργαλειό φαμένο } (δίς)
 γιὰ προῖκα φυλαγμένο. }
 Τρί-ἄ-ρά-ρά-ρά... (ἡ ἐπωδός)

Σὲ σπίτι λεί-μορέ λειβαδίτικο
 σ'ἀντίκρυσσα στρωμένο
 γιὰ γάμο στολισμένο.

Σ'ἀντίκρυσσα μορέ καί δάκρυσσα
 κ'εἶπα νά μῆν τό σώσει
 τό σπίτι νά σέ λιώσει.

Ποιά μάνα φί-μορέ φιλωτίτισσα
 σέ πούλησε νά πάρει
 φασόλια ἢ κριθάρι.

Χραμάκι πού-μορέ πού σέ φαίνανε
 ἔμορφα κοπελούδια
 τοῦ φιλωτιοῦ λουλούδια.

Χραμάκι πού-μορέ πού σέ φένανε
 τῶν κοριτσῶν τά χέρια
 βραδίες καί μεσημέρια.

Καινούργιες μέ-μορέ μέρες ἔρχονται
 καί ἡ κάθε μιά θά φάνει
 τῆς λευτεριᾶς τό χράμι.

Bedcover of Filoti

Bedcover of Filoti! You were woven with my loom and has been set aside for my dowry!

In a house in Leibadia I saw you spread and adorned for wedding.
 I saw you and wept. I wished the house won't last long enough to have you worn out.
 Which mother in Filoti sold you to buy beans or barley?
 You, bedcover, were made by the girls of Filoti who are beautiful as flower.
 You, bedcover, were made over many nights and days by the hands of little girls.
 A new day will come when every girl will be able to weave the bedcover of freedom.



Singer: Margarita Moustaki (56). Recorded on October 27 and 29 in her coffee-house *Paradise* facing the central square of Filoti. Rita, as she is called by her customers, is a niece of Rev. Demetrios and keeps the coffee-house with her husband Costa. She said that, as a girl, she had loved to sing this song as she worked at a hand loom. As is clear from the words, this song was made up during World War II, when Naxos was occupied by the combined forces of Italy and Germany. (Leibadia is the village where they quartered.) Cut off from their grain supply from the main land, the islanders suffered seriously from lack of food. It is said that a few hundred of inhabitants died of starvation in Naxos at that time. In order to get even small amounts of food, the women of Filoti had to sell the handiwork, which was an important part of every daughter's dowry, along with a house and a plot of olive grove. I am bound to add, however, that this song seems to have originated not in Filoti but in Apeiranthos. I actually heard it sung both by a married woman from Apeiranthos and by Angelike Konitopoulou—a professional singer famous throughout Greece who is said to be from the Naxos village of Kinidaros—as follows:

Χραμάκι 'Απειραθίτικο...

Bedcover of Apeiranthos . . .

Even today the women of Apeiranthos make splendid bedcovers, tablecloths, tapestries and so on, beautifully decorated with embroidery. Anyway it must be noted that all three of these women sing one and same song with quite different tunes.

Satirical songs are very much liked by Naxiotes. Here are some specimens of this genre.

3. Σαράντα μέρες

Σαράντα μέρες μελετῶ
καί σμπάμ καί σμποῦν
καί βοῦῖ βοῦῖ βοῦῖ
κι' ἄμᾶν ἄμᾶν ἄμᾶν (ἢ ἐπωδός)
σαράντα μέρες μελετῶ
νά πάω στό πνευματικό. (δίς)

Κι' ἀπάνω στίς σαράντα δύο
πάω τόν βρίσκω μονακό.

Παπᾶ μου, ξεμολόγα με
τά κρίματά μου ρώτα με.

Τά κρίματά σου'ναι πολλά
Κι' ἀγάπη νά μὴν κάνεις πιά.

Σάν ἀρνηθεῖς ἐσύ, παπᾶ,
τόν ἄρτο καί τήν λειτουργιά,

Τότε κ' ἐγώ θέ ν' ἀρνηθῶ
τά ραῦρα ράτια π' ἀγαπῶ.

Forty Days

For forty days I was thinking of going to a confessor.
After forty two days I went to look for a monk.
Father, confess me and ask me my sins.
Your sins are many and you must not fall in love any more.
Father, if you renounce your holy bread and liturgy,
Then I'll renounce the black eyes I love.



Singer : Demetrios Imellos (82). Recorded on October 21 and 22 in the office of the church.

The same song was sung to me by an old woman in Apeiranthos. The text as well as its melody differed somewhat from Rev. Demetrios', running thus:

Σαράντα μέρες περπατῶ
νά πάω νά ξεμολογηθῶ...

For forty days I go on walking to confess my sins...

We find this song in E. Frye's "Collection of Greek Folk-songs."⁷ She recorded it in Epeiros. It is certain that this song is widely known throughout in the country, for it is also contained in Baud-Bovy's "Songs of Dodecanese" and other books. By the way, a modern Greek singer Takes Karnabas sings it on a tape entitled "12 Greek Folk Songs."⁸ In every case, however, the singer performs the song in his own way.

4. 'Η ὄμορφη βράκα

'Η ὄμορφή σου βράκα
 πού κάνει τρίκι τράκα,
 καί ποιός θά σοῦ τήν πλύνει
 τή βράκά σου στήν λίμνη;
 καί ποιός θά τήν ἀπλώσει
 στόν ἥλιο νά στεγνώσει;
 καί ποιός θά βάλει σίδερο
 νά σοῦ τήν σιδερώσει;

Smart Breeches

What smart breeches you wear! They crack tric-trac!
 But who will wash these breeches for you in the pond?
 Who will spread these breeches for you to dry in the sun?
 Who will set a flatiron to iron these breeches for you?



Singer : Evangelia Chouzouri (about 30) and her younger sister. Recorded on October 30 at her house in Filoti. Evangelia and her husband keep a meat shop and *taverna*, a small Greek style restaurant named *Pharaoh* in the village. She cooks food when there is a customer.

5. Μωρή κοπέλλα

Μωρή κοπέλλα μέ τήν οὐμπρέλλα
 στήν Πόλη πάω, κι' ἄν θέλεις ἔλα.
 Τράλα-λα-λα, τράλα-λα-λα...
 Στήν Πόλη πάω, κι' ἄν θέλεις ἔλα
 μωρή κοπέλλα μέ τήν οὐμπρέλλα.

A Foolish Girl

Foolish little girl with an umbrella—I am going to the City. If you wish, come with me.

⁷ *The Marble Threshing Floor*. The University of Texas Press, 1973, pp. 73-74.

⁸ A production of "Music-Box", Martin Th. Gesar, Athens, 1975.



Singer : Georgios Cheroubim (73). Recorded on November 2 in Moni, a small village about 5 kilometres to the north of Filoti. Georgios and his wife Rodathe own a tiny souvenir shop, but it is impossible to imagine that their shop was doing good business, for Moni is situated well off the tourist route. When I asked him to sing, he first blew a *boukino*, a kind of trumpet made out of a cow's horn for some minutes and then sang the above song or fragment of a song, of which he gave no explanation. It goes without saying that in the Cyclades Isles *Polis* i.e. "City" refers to Constantinople.

6. 'Ο Μηνᾶς

Δέν ντρέπεσαι Μηνᾶ
τό σπίτι σου πεινᾶ
καί σύ στό καπελλιό
πίνεις κρασί παλιό;

Ἄν πίνω καί ἄν μεθῶ
ποιόνα θά φοβηθῶ
κι' ἄν γίνω μασκαρᾶς
δικός μου εἶναι ὁ παρᾶς.

Minas

Minas, are you not ashamed that your family is in hunger, and you keep drinking old wine in a saloon?

When I drink and get drunk, I fear no one and even if I lose shame, the money I spend is mine.



Singer : Sofia Fragkiskou (82). Recorded on November 4 in Apeiranthos. She lives in a tidy house with her married daughter. She remembers many old songs in spite of her advanced age. At my request she sang with a rather husky voice seven songs at one sitting of which three are given in this article. She is a relative of the celebrated woman poet Dialekti Zevgoli-Glezou.

7. *Ἀφιξεις γαμβρῶν*

Ἔνα καίκι ἔρχεται
κόκκινο καί φλοκάτο,
ἀπό τή Νάξο ἔρχεται
κ' ἔλναι γαμβρῶν γεμάτο.
Ὅπά-ο'πά-ο'πά-πά
μᾶς ἐπαίξαν τόν παπᾶ
ἀπ' τή Νάξο ὡς ἐπά. (ἡ ἐπωδός)

Στή Σύρο ἦρθε κι' ἄραξε
κι' ἔξω τούς ἐβγάζει
κι' ὁ Στεφανῆς ἐβράχνιασε
γαμβρούς γιά νά φωνάζει.

Arrival of Bridegrooms

A red caique is coming with all sails raised. It started from Naxos, full of bridegrooms. (Refrain) They deceive us from Naxos to here.

On arriving at Syros and lying at anchor, it poured out those bridegrooms. And Stefanis grew hoarse shouting at them.

8. *Μωρή γυναῖκα*

Ἀπόψε πέθανε ὁ ἄνδρας μου
κι' ὁ χοῖρος μου τή νύχτα
κι' ὁ γάϊδαρος μου τήν αὐγή
κι' ἔχω τριπλοῦ τή πίκρα.
Ὅπά-ὀπά-ὀπά-πά
μᾶς ἐπαίξαν τόν παπᾶ
ἀπ' τήν Πάρο ὡς ἐπά. (ἡ ἐπωδός)

Ἄνδρα μου, χοῖρο, γάϊδαρε,
καί ποιόν νά πρωτοκλάψω
τίνος χαρές νά θυμηθῶ
νά μήν ἀναστενάξω.

A Foolish Wife

My husband died yesterday evening, my pig during the same night, and my donkey at dawn. I have triple sorrows. (Refrain) They deceive us from Paros to here.

Whom to mourn first, my husband or pig or donkey? Whose joy can I recall to mind so as to do without sighing!



Singer : Evangelia Rota (69). Recorded on November 11 in Ermoupolis, Syros. Although these two songs with common tune do not belong to Naxos, they refer to, or to be more accurate, ridicule the inhabitants of Naxos and Paros. Evangelia's husband is a teacher in *lukeion* (high school) of the town and they live in a gorgeous house. Her native island is Amorgos, also one of the Cyclades Islands. She is well known in Ermoupolis as a beautiful soprano and she has a great stock of songs.⁹ The first song reminds us that young Naxiotes have always been obliged to leave their island for work. Syros, on the contrary, has several shipbuilding yards and has long prospered as an industrial and administrative centre of the *nomos* (prefecture) of the Cyclades.

The following ballads constitute a part of the repertoire of the above-mentioned Sofia Fragkiskou of Apeiranthos.

9. 'Εννιά ἀδελφοί

Τέσσερεις καί ἄλλοι τέσσερεις
 γίνονται ὀκτώ ἀδελφοί,
 καί ἕνα μικρό ἀδελφάκι
 γίνονται ἐννιά σωστοί.
 Στό πόλεμο πηγαίναν νά πολεμήσουσι.
 Πόλεμο δέν εὐρῆκαν καί διαήρασι.
 Στήν στράτα πού πηγαίνανε διψάσασι,
 πηγάδι τόν ἐπάντηξε τῶν χιλιῶν ὀργυιῶν,
 καί κάνουν τό σκαφάλιο ποιός νά κατεβῆ
 καί πέφτει τό σκαρφάλι στόν μικρό ἀδελφό.
 Κατέβα ἀδελφέ μου ἔβγαλε νερό,
 σβηνέτα ξυπολιέσαι καί κατέβαινε.
 Ἄκόμα δέν ἐδιάηκα τόσα μισά,
 τραβᾶτε με ἀδελφοί μου, μά θολά νερά
 θολά καί βουρκωμένα καί φαρμακερά.
 Τραβοῦμε σε ἀδελφέ μου μά δέν ἔρχεσαι.
 Δέστε με εἰς τό μαῦρο μου...
 πηγαίνετε καί πείτε τσι μάννας τσή καλογριᾶς,
 τά ράσα πού μοῦ ράβει νά τά παραλά,
 τά σπίτια πού μοῦ χτίξει γιά νά τά βουλᾶ.
 Μά μέ μέ περιπλέξαν φίδια καί θεριά
 καί δέν μέ ἀφήνουν πιό μου νά λάβω λευτεριά.....

Nine Brothers

Four brothers and another four become eight brothers, and one more little brother make nine. They went to war to fight in a battle. But there was no battle and they started for home. On the way home the brothers became thirsty and found a well a thousand fathoms deep. They cast lots who is to go down the well, and the lot fell upon the youngest brother. "Go into the well—said the elder brothers—and bring water. Take off your shoes and go down." He went down not even half way. "Pull me up, my brothers—he said—because the water is

⁹ I owe much to Madam Teresa Dascou, the major's wife and ardent folklorist herself, who introduced me to Mrs. E. Rota and other maintainers of folklore of Syros.

muddy and foul and poisonous.” “We are pulling you up, but you won’t come up.” “Tie me to my black horse . . . go and tell mother, the nun, to neglect the monk’s garment she is sewing for me, to destroy the house she is building for me. Snakes and monsters have entwined me and will not let me go.”



10. Ψευτοφιλία

*Ένα Σάββατο τό πρωί πήγα τό ὄργανό μου
καί πήγα εἰς τήν Ἀρετσοῦ μέ ἕνα σύντροφό μου.*

*Καθήσαμε σ' ἕνα μπαξέ γιά νά ξεκουραστοῦμε
ἤρθανε καί δύο φίλοι μας νά μάς ὑποδεχτοῦνε.*

*Καλῶς ὀρίσατε, παιδιά, μάς εἶπανε οἱ φίλοι,
μά εἶχαν φαρμάκι στήν καρδιά καί λάχαρμ στά χεῖλη.*

*Χτυποῦνε τόν Μάρκο στήν καρδιά τρεῖς μαχαίριές τοῦ δώσαν
Χτυποῦνε καί μένα στήν καρδιά, ὅπου μέ θανατώσαν.*

False Friendship

One Saturday morning I took a musical instrument and went to Aretsou with a companion.

We sat down in a garden to rest. Two friends of ours came there to greet us.

“Welcome, boys” said they. But they had sugar in their lips and poison in their hearts.

They stabbed Marko in the heart with three knives. They stabbed me in the heart, too, until they killed me.



Singer : Sofia Fragkiskou (82). Recorded on November 4 in Apeiranthos. Both these songs, incomplete in themselves, it seems to me, form part of longer ballads or epics. One of the variants of No. 9, also fragmentary, is contained in “Anthologie des chansons populaires grecques” compiled by J.-L. Leclanche.¹⁰ It is probable that Sofia sang me only the most impressive passages.

Moirologia or lamentations for the dead are one of the most active genres of folklore

¹⁰ Gallimard, Paris, 1967, pp. 154–155. “Les neuf frères et le puits hauté” (No. 66). This text is taken from M. Γ. Σπυριδάκης, “Επετηρίς τοῦ λαογραφικοῦ Ἀρχείου” τομ. XV, XVI, 1962, 1963. When I finished writing this paper, I received three very interesting variants of this song from Mrs. Sonia Kalopissi in Athens. They are songs collected in Cyprus, Chios and Rhodes. I am most grateful to Mrs. Kalopissi not only for her valuable information but also for correcting the greek texts in this article.

in Naxos. At every funeral, close relatives of the deceased, mostly female, sing or wail lamentations, interspersed from time to time by sobs, narrating impromptu the biography and meritorious deeds of the dead and, of course, expressing the grief and sorrows of the bereaved. They are sung to a certain rather monotonous tune.

11. Μοιρόλογια

Στόν Άγ. Γιώργη ήμουνα εΐχα καρά μεγάλη
καί μέ ειδοποιήσανε πώς σοῦρθευε ή ζάλη.
Καί έτρεχα σάν νά ήμουνα ένα μικρό παιδάκι
γι' αυτό, παπά μου, πρόφθασες καί μίλησες λιγάκι.
Καί μου΄πες μέ παράπονο καί μέ θλιμένο τόνο
πώς νοιώθεις στό κεφάλι σου ένα μεγάλο πόνο.
Δεξιά ήτανε ή κόρη σου, κι' άριστερά ο υιός σου
συνέχεια κρατούσαμε, παπά μου, τό σφυγμό σου.
Καί ο κάθε χτύπος ήτανε καρφή μέσ τήν καρδιά μας
γιατί τό καταλάβαμε, πώς φεύγει ο παπᾶς μας.
Καί άμα σε κατεβάζουνε τρία σκαλιά στόν Άδη
φώναξε τής μανούλας μου πού θά σε περιλάβει.
Σήμερα ή μανούλα μου έχει χαρά μεγάλη της
γιατί θά είναι πάντοτε μαζί μέ τόν παπά της.

Παπᾶ μου, κλαίω στό σπίτι μου καί ο υιός σου στό νταμάρι
μοιρολογάει μπαμπάκ μου άπ'τό πρωϊ ώς τό βράδυ.
Στό καφενεΐο σάν θά 'ρθει λίγο γιά νά καθίσει
ο πόνος καί ο μαρασμός στά χείλη του έχουν άνθίσει.
καί τό στενό πού άνέβαινες συνέχεια κοιτάζει
μά σύ, παπά μου, δέν φαίνεσαι καί βαριαναστενάζει.
Σιγά-σιγά σηκώνεται καί πάει γιά τό σπίτι
τίποτα δέν είναι ύμορφο άφοῦ ο παπᾶς μας λείπει.

Νά εΐχε ο Άδης πέρασμα καί δρόμο νά περάσω
νά 'ρχόμουνα, μπαμπάκα μου, γιά νά σοῦ κουβεντιάσω,
καί νά σοῦ πῶ τί έγινε, παπᾶ μου, στήν κηδεία
πολύ θά έχαιρόσουνα γι' αυτά τά μεγαλειᾶ.
'Ο δεσποτίδης σοῦ εΐπε μέ λόγια τή ζωή σου
καί έκλαιγε σάν νά'τανε καί αὐτός ένα παιδί σου.
Καί ο δεσπότης εΐπενε μέ μάτια δακρυσμένα
πώς δέν θά ξαναδει παπᾶ νά χολιάζει σάν κι εσένα.

Lamentation

As I was enjoying myself on the day of Saint George, news reached me that a dizzy spell came over you.

I ran home like a little child, so that I could be in time, our priest, for you to talk to me a little.

And you told me complaining and in great grief how a violent headache was torturing you.

On your right hand sat your daughter and on your left your son. We kept on feeling your pulse.

Each throbbing of your heart struck our hearts like a nail, for we knew that our priest was passing away.

When they descend you three steps into Hades, call our mother to receive you.

Today our mother must have great joy, for from now on she will be forever with her husband.

My priest, I am weeping at home, and your son at the quarry is lamenting from morning till night.

When he comes to the coffee house to take a short rest, pain and fatigue still shows on his mouth.

All the time he looks at the lane by which you used to come, but heavily he sighs because you, my priest, don't appear any more.

Slowly he stands up and goes home. Everything has lost its charm since our priest left us.

How I wish there were a crossroad to Hades so that I may speak to you, my daddy.

I wish to tell you what happened at your funeral. You would be very glad to hear of the great honors and respects paid.

The schoolmaster narrated your life and wept as though he were your own son, too.

And the metropolitan bishop, his eyes filled with tears, told that he would never again see a priest like you.



Singer : Margarita Moustaki (56). Recorded on November 27 at her house. Rita's father, elder brother of Rev. Demetrios, was also a priest of Filoti. He had been dead four years when she recited this lamentation specially for me. She remembered it word for word, just as she had sung at her father's funeral. One of her brothers manages a quarry in Filoti. Lamentations are not only sung at the bedside of the dead, in the funeral procession first to the church, subsequently from the church to the graveyard, but also printed in the newspaper. For example, in almost every issue of the Naxiote monthly paper *Naxiakon Mellon* (Future of Naxos) we can find one or more *moirologia*.

Kotsakia, exceedingly popular among Naxiotes, are a kind of distiches or couplets. Generally they are sung to several different tunes.

12. Κοτσάκια

'Ερι-ξρι-ξρι κι ὁ θεός τό ξέρει,
 ἄν θά 'ρθῆτε πάλι τ'ἄλλο καλοκαίρι.

'Ερι-ξρι-ξρι θέν' νά 'ρθοῦνε πάλι,
 διότι τούς ἀρέσει πάρα πολύ τό φιλώτι.

Καί νά ξανάρθεις παραθέριση
 καί τ'ἄλλο καλοκαίρι.

Πού θά φύγεις καί λυποῦμαι
ἀλλά θά ἀλληλογραφοῦμε.

Καί βγήκε πάει μακρῶ
καί χύνω μαῦρα δακρυά.

Παναγία μου, τά πλοῖα
τῶν ἐκάναν ἀνεργία.

Καί νά κάνουν μῆνες δύο
γιατί δέν ἤθελα νά φύγω.

Kotsakia

Eri-eri-eri, God knows if you will come here again next summer. (Tune A)

Eri-eri-eri, they will come here again, because they love our village Filoti so much. (A)

May you spend summer here again next year. (B)

I shall miss you when you leave here, but we are going to write letter to each other. (C)

As they are going far away, I shed hot tears. (C)

Oh, my *Panagia*! May their ships stop working and stand still! (C)

May they go on strike for two months! For I don't wish to leave here. (C)

A 

B 

C 

Singers : Margarita Moustaki (56) and several housewives of Filoti. Recorded on December 6 at Rita's house. On the evening before our departure from Filoti Rita gave a very hearty farewell party. When merriment was in full swing, the tinsmith's wife, about 60 years of age, suddenly began to sing *Eri-eri-eri*. It was clear that she composed the couplets impromptu. As she finished all the women at the table repeated it again in unison. She sang the following couplets in rapid succession, leading the chorus. The woman seemed to be specially endowed by nature with literary talent.

In addition to the party, I had many occasions to hear *kotsakia* in Filoti and Apeiranthos, including those sung at weddings and the serenade-*kotsakia* of Costa, spouse of Rita. It is needless to say that *kotsakia* are the favorite songs for Naxiotes without distinction of age and sex. Even pupils of the high school at Chalki near Filoti told me that there were in the school some commonly acknowledged poetesses of *kotsakia* and their masterpieces, generally on love or marriage, soon became known in all the classes, thus adding to the common property of all the youth of Naxos.

It may safely be said that the folk song still flourishes in Naxos, though we must admit at the same time to our great regret that the progress of mass communication media is threatening the ancient oral tradition of this beautiful island in the Aegean Sea.