For

Symphony Orchestra:

- Piccolo Flute (1)
- Concert Flute (2)
- Oboe (2)
- Cor Anglais in F (1)
- Clarinet in Bb (2)
- Bass Clarinet in Bb (1)
- Bassoon (2)
- Contrabassoon in C (2)
- French Horn in F (4)
- Trumpet in Bb (3)
- Tenor Trombone (2)
- Bass Trombone (1)
- Tuba in C (1)
- Percussion (1)
- Timpani (1)

&

String Orchestra
(Desks: 9 - 8 - 6 - 6 - 5)
"Polyrhythmos I" is written for full symphony orchestra. As its title suggests, it is an exercise in asymmetrical rhythms. From my point of view, 'Polyrhythmos I" is the natural symphonic development of the "Croustopia" concerto, where I first started experimenting with the percussive nature and the rhythmic versatility of orchestral instruments.

"Polyrhythmos" may be divided into four parts: [i] Fast (bars 1-98), [ii] Slow (bars 99-145), [iii] Moderate (bars 146-186), and [iv] Fast (bars 187-end). Each part succeeds the other with no apparent pause in between, in such a way that it creates successive series of asymmetrical waves, within the same "harmonic sea".

Again, we have the principle element of bi-tonality, together with jazz influences, subtler than those in "Croustopia" - perhaps more "digested" - and, most of all, constant, strong unisons and octaves spread throughout the orchestra, and dominating the piece from its beginning till its end.

The result is a powerful, tightly wrought soundscape, deriving its tension from the confrontation between asymmetrical rhythms and monophonic pitch and textural structures.
Polyrhythmos I
Percussion Map

To facilitate reading of the percussion scores three distinct noteheads are used.

w.m. = with mallets
\[ \bigstar \]

w.h. = with hands
\[ \square \]

\[ \square \] = 30"
\[ \square \] = 28"
\[ \square \] = 25"
\[ \square \] = 25"

4 Timpani needed:

\[ \bigstar \] or \[ \bigstar \] = bongos
\[ \bigstar \] = templeblocks
\[ \bigstar \] = cymbals
\[ \bigstar \] = cymbals
\[ \bigstar \] = crash suspended
\[ \bigstar \] = small
\[ \bigstar \] = cymbals
\[ \bigstar \] = cymbals

(played with its metal stick unless otherwise indicated)

\[ \triangle \] = triangle
\[ \triangle \] = triangle
\[ \square \] = wood blocks
\[ \square \] = wood blocks
I was commissioned to arrange two rembetika songs by the Hellenic Foundation for Culture, for the opening gala concert of the "Greece in Britain 2003" series of events. The songs chosen were "Pefloun tis vrohis I stales" (the raindrops are falling) and "Sinnefiasmeni Kiriaki" (cloudy Sunday), both originally composed by the most acclaimed rembetika song-writer Vassilis Tsitsanis. I arranged them for mezzo-soprano and chamber orchestra (flute, alto flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, percussion, timpani, harp, mandolin, piano, and full string orchestra).

As in "Apo Xeno Topo", the attempt here was also to use the essential elements of the 'rembetika' musical tradition (Byzantine modal scales, irregular rhythms, heterophonies, harsh sounds) and place them within a contemporary western compositional frame. This time, however, these elements were applied to a much bigger instrumental ensemble, which offered many more combinations, in all respects.

The strings are used again in a way that features their percussive potential. The piano is the "intruder" deconstructing constantly the modal sound, altering the scales, disturbing the "traditional" atmosphere of the songs. The woodwinds also function in a way that undermines the modalities used, and at the same time their colour enriches the soundscape and reduces the harshness of the vocal melodies in a manner unusual in the rembetika tradition. The mandolin and the harp bring to the ensemble discrete memories of the bouzouki and the tamboura, typical rembetika instruments, in a way that integrates the sound.
Πέφτουν της βροχής οι στάλες
Κι εγώ κάθομαι στις σκάλες.
Θα 'θέλα να μπω σαν πρώτα
Μα κρατάς κλειστή την πόρτα.

Τι τι θέλεις και την κλείνεις?
Να μπω μέσα δε μ' αφήνεις.
Είναι συνεφιά και μπόρα
Και τι θ' απογίνω τώρα?

Απορώ τι σου 'χω φταίζει?
'Ανοίξε, 'ανοίξε θα βρέξει!
Πέφτουν της βροχής οι στάλες
Κι εγώ κάθομαι στις σκάλες.

THE RAINDROPS ARE FALLING

The raindrops are falling
As I sit at your doorsteps.
I would love to get inside as I used to,
But you keep your door shut.

Why do you want to keep it shut?
(And) You don't let me get inside.
It's cloudy and stormy (outside)
And what am I going to do now?

I wonder what how have I harmed to you?
Open up, open up, it's gonna rain!
The raindrops are falling
As I sit at your doorsteps.
ΣΥΝΝΕΦΙΑΣΜΕΝΗ ΚΥΡΙΑΚΗ

Συννεφιασμένη Κυριακή μοιάζως με την καρδιά μου,
Που έχει πάντα συννεφία
Χριστό και Παναγία μου.

Όταν σε βλέπω βροχερή στημπή δεν παρεχάζω.
Μαυρί μου κάνεις τη ζωή
Και βαριαναστενάζω.

Είσαι μια μέρα σαν κι αυτή που ξασσά τη χαρά μου.
Συννεφιασμένη Κυριακή
Ματώνεις την καρδιά μου

CLOUDY SUNDAY

Oh Cloudy Sunday you look like my heart,
My heart that's always cloudy,
Oh my Christ and Virgin Mary.

When I see you all rainy, I cannot relax even for a moment,
You make my life dark
And I sigh with melancholy.

You remind me of the day when I lost my joy,
Oh Cloudy Sunday
You make my heart bleed.

(Lyrics by Vasilis Tsitsanis - translated by Dimitra Trypani)
Two Rembetika Songs

Percussion Map

To facilitate reading of the percussion scores three distinct noteheads are used.

- \( \text{r.} \) [on the rim] \( \uparrow \) = cymbals
- \( \mathbb{W} \) = wood block
- \( \triangle \) = triangle

(played with its metal stick unless otherwise indicated)

\( \square \) = 28"  
\( \boxed{\dagger} \) = 25"  
\( \bigcirc \) = 23"

3 Timpani needed:  
\( \boxed{\dagger} \) = 28"  
\( \square \) = 25"  
\( \bigcirc \) = 23"
Pefoun tis vrohis i stales

Original melody by Vasilis Tsitsanis

arranged by Dimitra Trypani

j = 60

with an any metallic sound, almost producing harmonics

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M-S

Fl

A. Fl

Cl

B. Cl

Timb

Cymb

Hp

Mand.

Pno

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Vc.

Db.
M-S.
Fl.
A. Fl.
Cl.
B. Cl.
Temp.
Cymb. + Triangle
+ W. Bll.
Hp.
Mand.
Pno.
Vln I
Vln II
Vla
Va.
Db.
M-S.

Fl.

A Fl.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Timp.

Cymb.

+Triangle

+W. BL

Harp

Mand.

Pno/

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Vc.

Db.
Sinnefiasmeni Kiriaki

melody composed by Vasilis Tsitsanis

arranged by Dimitra Trypani

J = 60

Mezzo-soprano

Flute

Alto Flute

Clarinet in Bb

Bass Clarinet in Bb

Cymbals + Triangle 1

Cymbals + Triangle 2

Harp

Mandolin

In a mild staccato way

Piano

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double bass

Cymbals + Triangle

2

Mandolin

In a mild staccato way
Pou e bi... pa... na... sica... sica...
In a mild staccato way
In a mild stacatto way
This is a vocal piece written for tenor voice, flute, viola, violoncello, double bass and piano. It was again commissioned by the "Lyra" record company in order to be included in a CD collection of songs by several Greek composers dedicated to the figure of the "father".

The attempt here was to mix jazz with modal and bi-tonal elements in a way that could actually construct a complex, yet communicative fusion language and sound.

The predominant modal scale in the vocal line is the B dorian scale, some times changing to B hypodorian - just by altering the note g# to g - but always returning to the dorian mode.

Around this principle scale, the piano constructs a constantly changing bi-tonal background; the flute and the viola in octaves, complement the vocal line, with ornamentation-bridges that link the verses; and the double bass together with the cello give a steady, "jazzy" pace to the song, holding back in a way the rest of the ensemble, which seems to want to push the tempo forward. Thus, a subtle melancholic tension is created relating the soundscape to the 'blue' lyrics of the song.

The vocal line is very simple and modest in relation to the predominant instrumental foreground of the song. This was a conscious choice, as I intended to write a piece where the voice would be just one instrument among equals. So rather than a 'song', I would describe "Ta fota tis Polis" as 'an instrumental piece with lyrics'.
THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY

I want to speak, but I cannot.
Hurried steps, yet I have been left behind.
I am trying (to write) something on a torn paper,
But you are not here so that I can sing it to you.

R: When the lights of the city start fading,
The stars start falling, the eyes start closing,
I make a wish and think of you:
Please, do not be afraid and I will not be afraid.

Everything I love has turned to silence.
"I will find someone," I say and laugh.
It is my loneliness; it is the times we live in.
I lean on you in everything that happens to me.

R: When the lights of the city start fading,
The stars start falling, the eyes start closing,
I make a wish and think of you:
Please, do not be afraid and I will not be afraid.
THE PRAISES OF THE EPITAPH

A musical work, in three movements,
Based on the three 'laments' of the Virgin Mary
Sung at the Orthodox Epitaph Mass on Good Friday:

For

SATB Choir
(SATB soloists)

&

Chamber Orchestra:

Oboe d' amore in A (1)
Cor Anglais in F (1)
Bass Clarinet in Bb (1)

Timpani (1)
Tubular Bells + Percussion (1)
Piano (1)

&

String Orchestra
(Desks: 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - 2)
A short introduction

A liturgy in three movements:

- I Zoi en Tafo (the life in the grave)
- Aksion Esti (It is right indeed)
- E Yenee Pase (All the generations)

This work is based on the verses of the "Praises" (Egomia), also known as "The Lamentations of the Virgin Mary", which are three of the most well known and respected psalms in the Greek Orthodox Christian tradition. They are sung during the Epitaph Mass on the evening of Good Friday.

The principle emotion that is reflected in these psalms is the spiritual quality of 'joy-sorrow' (Harmolipi), which reflects our mixed feelings over the loss of someone loved - the great sadness of separation, and the great happiness of the hope of future reunion in Heaven. The soprano and alto voices represent the voice of the Virgin Mary, or indeed any woman who has grieved over the loss of a beloved man - a husband, a son, a brother, a lover.

This is the first time that the verses of the "Praises" have been extracted from their original Byzantine musical context and there is an attempt to try and recreate their spiritual power and emotional tension, by using a completely different, rather contemporary, musical frame for them.

The "Praises" are written for an SATB choir, with four (SATB) soloists, and a chamber orchestra (oboe d' amore, cor anglais, bass clarinet, percussion, timpani, piano, and a full string orchestra). The three movements succeed each other in a 'slow - fast - slow' order, forming a circle - in the end we find ourselves brought back to the beginning. The altered pentatonics, octatonics and decatonics are used as tools to effect an exercise in the heterophonic contrapuntal relations between the voices and the instruments. The rhythmic element is simple yet strong and repetitive, and reminiscent of the pace and stability of a church bell's slow grieving sound.
THE LIFE IN THE GRAVE

In the tomb they laid you, O Christ, who are Life; in amazement angel armies lift up their song as they glorify your self-abasement, Lord.

Life, how can you perish? How dwell in a tomb? Yet the royal hall of Death you now bring to nought, and from Hades' realm you raise the dead again.

He who governs all things here is seen as a corpse, new the grave in which his body is laid to rest, he the one who empties graves of all their dead.

Fairer he in beauty than are all mortal kind, now a corpse we see, unsightly, bereft of form, he who beautified the nature of all things.

Bitterly lamenting, 'Woe is me, O my light! my heart's longing and the Light of the World, alas! Woe is me, my heart's desire', the Virgin cried.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

Lord, your pains I worship, and your burial praise, and I magnify your might, Lover of mankind. By them I am freed from passions which destroy.

Both now and for ever, and to the ages of ages. Amen

In the tomb they laid you, O Christ, who are Life.
IT IS RIGHT INDEED

It is right indeed we should magnify the one who grants life,
you, that stretched your hands wide upon the Cross,
broke and smashed the might and power of the foe.

It is right indeed you to magnify, who fashion all things,
your pains from corruption deliver us,
and your Passion grants dispassion to our souls.

How Earth quaked with fear, O Creator, as into her bosom,
shaking, she received you, my Saving Lord,
by her fearful shaking she awoke the dead.

Hades, death's dread lord, shook in fear, he shuddered when he saw you,
Sun of glory, deathless and radiant,
and he gave up all his prisoners in haste.

Bitterly she wept, your all-blameless Mother, when she saw you
lying dead, O Word, lying in the tomb,
the eternal God no language can express.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the holy Spirit.

Like the pelican, you gave life, O Word, to your dead children,
wounded in your side, you let life-blood flow,
letting fall life-giving drops of blood on all.

Both now and forever, and to the ages of ages. Amen

It is right indeed.
ALL THE GENERATIONS

Each generation offers,
my Christ, for your entombment
in hymns and songs its praises.

'O my sweetest springtime,
O my sweetest Offspring,
where has your beauty vanished?'

Myrrh-bearing Women came then,
providently bringing
to you, O Christ, the sweet myrrh.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the holy Spirit.

Father, Son and Spirit,
O Trinity, my One God,
have mercy on the whole world.

Both now and forever, and to the ages of ages. Amen

Translation by Archimandretes Ephrem ©
http://www.anastasis.org
The Praises of the Epitaph

Percussion Map

To facilitate reading of the percussion scores three distinct noteheads are used.

- ** medium mallets
- ** tiny cymbal
- ** hard mallets (to be used inside the piano)

\[ \text{r. (on the rim) or } \text{b. (on the bow) or } \text{c. (on the cup)} \]

- \( \text{r. or } \)\( \text{c.} \) = cymbals
- \( \text{b.} \)\( \text{or } \)\( \text{c.} \) = cymbals
- \( \text{b. or } \)\( \text{c.} \) = cymbals

- = heavy beater
- \( \) = tam tam

\[ \text{3 Timpani needed: } \]

- \( \) = 30"
- \( \) = 28"
- \( \) = 25"

(played with its metal stick unless otherwise indicated)

- \( \) = triangle

- \( \) = crash suspended

- \( \) = small cymbal

- \( \) = tam tam

- \( \) = tam tam

- \( \) = tam tam
Verses from the 'Praises' of the Orthodox Good Friday

1. I Zoi En Tafo

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11. Aksion Esti

Soprano

Alto

(Tutti)

Tenor

(Bass)

Oboe d'amore

Cor Anglais

Bass Clarinet in Bb

Piano

Timpani

Tubular bells

Percussion

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

Vibe pizz.

© 2003 Dimitra Trypani
reduce to whispering

stin, a-ksi-on e-stin, a-ksi-on e-stin, a-ksi-on e-stin.

reduce to whispering

stin, a-ksi-on e-stin, a-ksi-on e-stin, a-ksi-on e-stin.


S.
dhi - dhou tous dhe - smi-ous en spou - dhi

A.
dhi - dhou tous dhe - smi-ous en spou - dhi

T.
en spou - dhi

B.
dhi - dhou tous dhe - smi-ous en spou - dhi

Ob d'a

C. A.

B. Cl.

Pno

Timp.

Tub. B.

Perc

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Vc

Cb.
conductor enters here again
Repeat and fade out.

Continue playing bars 135-6 as a loop.
The "Dark Parallel Monologue" is an attempt to write a piece combining music and theatre, focusing on the notion of "time" in all the different meanings that concern me:

- Time is rhythm
- Time is space
- Time is tempo
- Time is memory
- Time is thinking
- Time is forgetting
- Time is existing
- Time is sound
- Time is silence

The story of the "Dark Parallel Monologue" is rather simple. A woman in a room, in a state of mental and emotional turbulence, is talking to her inner self - in this case represented by the soprano saxophonist - trying to escape from this dangerous and fragile state. It is not a dialogue between a person and themselves, it is a parallel monologue of the two. What we see throughout the 45 minutes of this piece, is the tension and the panic caused by an individual's mind racing and the different ways, which may be used to become calm and sane again.

There are only three small texts used in the "monologue". The first is an excerpt from chapter 3 of "The Ecclesiastes". The second one is Pablo Neruda's poem "Puedo Escribir", from his collection "Twenty Love Poems & a Song of Despair". The third one is a part of Manos Hadjidakis's song "Kapou Iparhi i Aghapi mou", from the song-cycle "Pao na Po sto Sinnefo", which is included in my portfolio.
The vast majority of the vocal material of the piece, however, is purely phonetic. Percussive syllables, or wide open vowels - in fast, rhythmic, or slow sections - form a kind of "black language", letting the body improvise free from narrative constrains. Also, the vocalised melodies bring the sound of the voice closer to the sound of the saxophone.

As stated in the general introduction to the portfolio, the "Dark Parallel Monologue" epitomises all the elements used in the previous works in a completely personal, minimal musical environment. Here we have asymmetrical intensity, altered jazz and Balkan vocal orientations, heterophonic 'games' between the voice and the saxophone, continuous alterations of modal scales and a constant dialogue between the sound and the moving body. All this compositional material is used here in a personal process to define 'time', although it is clear that such an attempt is by its very nature utopic.

However, as the Greek poet Konstantinos Kavafis writes: "It is the journey and not the arrival to Ithaka that matters."
Χρόνος εἶναι εἰς πάντα καὶ καιρός παντὶ πράγματι ὑπὸ τὸν οὐρανὸν:
Καιρός του γεννάσθαι, καιρός του αποθησάμενον;
Καιρός του εμφυτεύειν καὶ καιρός του εκφυτεύειν τὸ πεφυτευμένον;
Καιρός του αποκτείνειν καὶ καιρός του θεραπεύειν;
Καιρός του καταστρέφειν καὶ καιρός του οικοδομεῖν;
Καιρός του κλαίειν καὶ καιρός του γελάν;
Καιρός του πενθεῖν καὶ καιρός του χορεύειν;
Καιρός του διασκορπίζειν λίθους καὶ καιρός του συνάγειν λίθους;
Καιρός του εναγκαλίζεσθαι καὶ καιρός του απομακρύνεσθαι απὸ τού εναγκαλίσμοι;
Καιρός του αποκτῆσαι καὶ καιρός του απολέσαι;
Καιρός του φυλάττειν καὶ καιρός του ῥίπτειν;
Καιρός του σχίζειν καὶ καιρός του ῥάπτειν;
Καιρός του σηγάν καὶ καιρός του λαλεῖν;
Καιρός τοῦ αγαπᾶσαι καὶ καιρός τοῦ μισῆσαι;
Καιρός πολέμου καὶ καιρός ειρήνης.
To every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
A time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace
Puedo escribir

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.

Escribir, por ejemplo: "La noche está estrellada, y tiritan, azules (athul), los astros, a lo lejos."

El viento de la noche gira en el cielo y canta.

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche. Yo la quise, y a veces ella también me quiso.

En las noches como esta la tuve entre mis brazos. La besé tantas veces bajo el cielo infinito.

Ella me quiso, a veces yo también la quería. Cómo no haber amado sus grandes ojos fijos.

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche. Pensar que no la tengo. Sentir que la he perdido.

Oir la noche inmensa, más inmensa sin ella. Y el verso cae al alma como al pasto el rocío.

¿Qué importa que mi amor no pudiera guardarla. La noche está estrellada y ella no está conmigo.

Eso es todo. A lo lejos alguien canta. A lo lejos. Mi alma no se contenta con haberla perdido.

Como para acercarla mi mirada la busca. Mi corazón la busca, y ella no está conmigo.

La misma noche que hace blanquear los mismos árboles. Nosotros, los de entonces, ya no somos los mismos.

Ya no la quiero, es cierto, pero cuánto la quise. Mi voz buscaba el viento para tocar su oído.


Ya no la quiero, es cierto, pero tal vez la quiero. Es tan corto el amor, y es tan largo el olvido.

Porque en noches como esta la tuve entre mis brazos, mi alma no se contenta con haberla perdido.

Aunque este sea el último dolor que ella me causa, y estos sean los últimos versos que yo le escribo.
Tonight I can write...

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example: "The night is starry
And the stars are blue and shiver in the distance."

The night wind revolves in the sky and sings.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

Through nights like this one I held her in my arms.
I kissed her again and again under the endless sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.
How could one not have loved her great still eyes?

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
To think that I do not have her. To feel that I have lost her.

To hear the immense night, still more immense without her.
And the verse falls to the soul as dew to the pasture.

What does it matter that my love could not keep her.
The night is starry and she is not with me.

This is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the distance.
My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

My sight tries to find her as though to bring her closer.
My heart looks for her, and she is not with me.

The same night whitening the same trees.
We, of that time, are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. As she was before my kisses.
Her voice, her bright body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this I held her in my arms,
My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Though this be the last pain that she makes me suffer,
And these the last verses that I write for her.

ΚΑΙΩΥ ΥΠΑΡΧΕΙ Η ΑΓΑΠΗ ΜΟΥ

Τώρα που είναι άνοιξη και τα λουλούδια ανθίζουν οι νύχτες με ξαλώθινε τ' αγώρια όταν σφυρίζουν. Κι όσοις τα βράδια συναντώ, μου λένε καλημέρα, μα εγώ δεν έχω τι να πω, σφυρίζω στον αγέρα.

Κάπου υπάρχει η αγάπη μου, μα δεν ξέρω ποια 'ναι. Κάπου υπάρχει η αγάπη μου, μα δεν ξέρω πού. Θα τη γυρέψω στα χαρτιά, θα τη γυρέψω στ' άσπρα. Μα αν τη βρώ, τ' ορκίζομαι Ποις θα ντυθώ, ποις θα ντυθώ μες τ' άσπρα.

Κάπου υπάρχει η αγάπη μου...

SOMEWHERE IS MY LOVE

Now that spring is here and the flowers are in bloom, The nights make me dizzy when the lads whistle. Whoever I come across in the evening bids me 'good evening', But I've nothing to say to them, I just whistle away.

Somewhere is my love, which I've yet to know Somewhere is my love but where I know not. I'll consult the cards, I'll consult the star, And once I find it, I swear to you I'll dress, I'll dress in white.

Somewhere is my love...

(Lyrics translated by Yannis Goumas)
NOTES ON PRONUNCIATION

The following guidelines aim to help the singers understand the exact pronunciation of the vocal sounds of this work. The symbols used here and their explanations, come from the International Phonetic Alphabet.

\[ m \rightarrow q' \]  (CD example 1)

nasal, bilabial consonant (m) \rightarrow closed mouth, uvular (q) with ejective stop

\[ m \rightarrow \alpha h \]  (CD example 2)

nasal, bilabial consonant (m) \rightarrow open, back vowel (a), pharyngean fricative (h)

\[ \alpha \rightarrow h\alpha q' \]  (CD example 3)

open, back vowel (a) \rightarrow pharyngean fricative (h)- uvular (q) with ejective stop

labiodental fricative consonant (f)

- close-mid central vowel (e')
- velar fricative (h)

\[ fe'\chi \]  (CD example 4)

(\( \alpha \)) : open back vowel (CD ex. 5)  (\( o \)) : close-mid back vowel (CD ex. 8)

(\( a \)) : open front vowel (CD ex. 6)  (\( e' \)) : close-mid central vowel (CD ex. 9)

(\( u \)) : close back vowel (CD ex. 7)  (\( i \)) : close front vowel (CD ex. 10)
Dark Parallel Monologue

Percussion Map

To facilitate reading of the percussion scores three distinct noteheads are used.

\[ \text{w.m.} = \text{with mallets} \quad \text{w.h.} = \text{with hands} \]

\[ \text{r.} \quad \text{[on the rim]} \quad \text{b.} \quad \text{[on the bow]} \quad \text{c.} \quad \text{[on the cup]} \]

\[ \text{[or [w.s. = with the stick]}} \]

\[ \text{[triangle]} \]

(played with its metal stick unless otherwise indicated)\[ \text{[triangle]} \]

\[ \text{w.m. = with mallets} \quad \text{w.h. = with hands} \]

\[ \text{[triangle]} \]

\[ \text{r.} \quad \text{[on the rim]} \quad \text{b.} \quad \text{[on the bow]} \quad \text{c.} \quad \text{[on the cup]} \]

\[ \text{[or [w.s. = with the stick]}} \]

\[ \text{[triangle]} \]

(played with its metal stick unless otherwise indicated)\[ \text{[triangle]} \]

\[ \text{w.m. = with mallets} \quad \text{w.h. = with hands} \]

\[ \text{[triangle]} \]

(played with its metal stick unless otherwise indicated)\[ \text{[triangle]} \]
dark parallel monologue

Dimitra Trypani

Soprano Voice

Percussion

Soprano Saxophone

approx. 90 seconds - taking positions in slow movements

J = 102 - 112

15 seconds

PPP  m  m

mp

Dimitra Trypani © 2004
S. Voice

Perc.

S. Sax.

3

2

IQ

a

H

S. Sax.

4

i

7

S. Voice

Perc.

S. Sax.

just exhaling air

S. Voice

Perc.

S. Sax.

just exhaling air

S. Voice

Perc.

S. Sax.

just exhaling air

S. Voice

Perc.

S. Sax.

just exhaling air

Eyes closed tight around the mouthpiece, just the sound of the keys.
Just exhaling air

Lips closed tight around the mouthpiece, just the sound of the keys.

 justo produciendo el sonido percussivo de los sonidos consonánticos.

just exhaling air
Swap progressing from percussive sound and note to just percussive sound.

Here the text is not sung but recited in tune.

Chro-nos i-ne is pan-da.
109 (mf)
S. Voice
Ke - ros tou ka - ta - stre - fin
ke ke - ros tou i - ko - dho min.

Perc.

S. Sax.

112
S. Voice
Ke - ros tou kle - in.
ke ke - ros_ tou ye - lan.

Perc.

S. Sax.
a tempo

115
S. Voice
Ke - ros tou pen - thin
ke ke - ros tou bo - re - vin.

Perc.

S. Sax.

118
S. Voice
Ke - ros tou diha - skor - pi - zin li - thous
ke ke - ros tou sin - a - yin li - thous.

Perc.

S. Sax.
S. Voice

Perc.

S. Sax.

Ke-ros tou fi-la-tim ke ke-ros tou ra-ptin.

Ke-ros tou shi-zin ke ke-ros tou ra-ptin.

just exhaling air

Ke-ros tou si-ghan,

from just air to air with notes to notes

Ke-ros tou a-gha-pl-se ke ke
Pause for 6 sec.

Saxophone

Counting undressing, movements on the beat.
It should be suggested with certain movements (e.g. walking backwards) that time moves backwards. Movements again on the beat.

Lights on - time going forward again.

It should be suggested with certain movements (e.g. walking backwards) that time moves backwards. Movements again on the beat.
It should be suggested with certain movements (e.g., walking backwards) that time moves backwards. Movements again on the beat.

Lights off - time going forward again. Counting tidying, movements on the beat.

It should be suggested with certain movements (e.g., walking backwards) that time moves backwards. Movements again on the beat.
S. Voice

Perc

S. Sax.

S. Voice

Perc

S. Sax.

S. Voice

Perc

S. Sax.

S. Voice

Perc

S. Sax.

S. Voice

Perc

S. Sax.

S. Voice

Perc

S. Sax.
The mallets fall from hands because of rhythmic tension.

60 seconds to rest and refocus

J= 48-52

60 seconds to rest and refocus
Versos más tristes esta noche...

Escribir por ejemplo: "La noche está estupenda..."

molto espressivo

llanitas y ti-tianas, los astros, a lo lejos.

El viento de la noche gira, en el cielo y canta.
S. Voice
Perc
S. Sax

409
412
415
418

Puedes escribir los versos tristes esta noche.
Yo la

quise, y a veces ella también me quiso.
En las noches como está la

**Tuve entre mis brazos**

La besaste tantas veces bajo el cielo infinito.
Puede escribir los versos más tristes esta noche...

Pensar que no la tengo...

Tirar que la he perdido.

Oír la noche en mensa, sin ella... Y el
Es importante que el amor no pueda guardarla. La noche está estrellada y ella no está conmigo.

Eso es todo. A lo lejos alguien canta. A lo lejos mi alma no se contenta con haberla perdido. Como para acercarla mi mirada la busca. Mi corazón la busca, y ella no está conmigo. La misma noche que hace blanquear los mismos árboles. Nosotros, los de entonces, ya no somos los mismos.
S. Voice

Perc.

S. Sax.

*Sax.

S. Voice

Perc.

S. Sax.

*Sax.

S. Voice

Perc.

S. Sax.

*Sax.
Su voz. Su cuerpo claro. Sus ojos infi-

Nitros.

Ya no la quiero, es cierto pero tal vez la quie-

 corto el amor, y tan largo el olvido.

Por quen
Aunque este sea el último dolor que ella me causa, 
y estos sean los últimos versos que yo le escribo.
The mallets fall from hands because of rhythmic tension. 15 seconds to rest and refocus.
S. Voice
Perc.
S. Sax.

S. Voice
Perc.
S. Sax.

S. Voice
Perc.
S. Sax.

S. Voice
Perc.
S. Sax.

S. Voice
Perc.
S. Sax.

S. Voice
Perc.
S. Sax.

S. Voice
Perc.
S. Sax.

S. Voice
Perc.
S. Sax.

60 seconds
30 seconds - lights fade out

60 seconds
30 seconds - lights fade out
CROUSTOPIA

A Concerto
In three movements:

For

Chamber Orchestra:

Concert Flute (1)
Alto Flute in F (1)
Soprano Saxophone in Bb (1)
Bass Clarinet in Bb (1)
Bassoon (1)
French Horn in F (1)
Trumpet in D (1)
Bass Trombone (1)

String Orchestra
(Desks: 8 - 7 - 6 - 5 - 4)

&

Two Percussionists
CROUSTOPIA
A short introduction

A concerto in three movements:
- Labyrhythmus
- V-acua
- Memorhythmus

Croustopia was begun at the beginning of July 2002, as an attempt to compose a study in asymmetric combinations for full chamber orchestra and two solo percussionists. The study took the form of a concerto in three movements.

Croustopia is a word made of two ancient Greek words – Crousto (ancient Greek word for percussion) and Utopia. It is a musical journey to a world where hearts are beating in $\frac{17}{16}$ and lungs are breathing in $\frac{15}{8}$.

1. Labyrhythmus (time: 7min 30sec)

Labyrhythmus is another word made of two Greek words – Labyrinth and Rhythmos. In this movement, we are trapped inside a Labyrinth where every rhythmic move can lead us either to the way out or to a system of chambers with no exit. In each chamber there is a musical exploration that adds elements to the structure and builds new possible ways out.

The six "chambers" or musical environments are divided into two groups: one uses atonal or bi-tonal serial structures, the other is modal. Again there is an attempt to place traditional Greek elements within a western compositional frame. In all environments there is a clear multicultural interaction. In some cases this interaction works almost like a riddle, e.g. the first two environments are constructed from an octatonic scale that sounds bi-tonal in the western sense, but is in fact a modal alteration of the plagios tou deiherou Byzantine scale – b, c, c#, e, f#, g, g#, a#.

Rhythm is the main tool used during the exploration of the Labyrhythmus – it is the tool that creates the melodies and shapes the various environments, and the key that opens the pathways to the exit. But it is also a means to create unfulfilled expectations and illusions.
V-acua (time: 7min 10sec)

This is again a play on words: between vacuum – which corresponds to emptiness and silence – and acua – the Latin word for water. The aim is to create a slow second movement growing out of the fluidity of asymmetrical rhythms and their absence.

Imagine that we are still inside one of the chambers of Labyrhythmus. The ceiling is made of water and faces a floor made of silence. Suddenly a drop falls down from the ceiling and disturbs the silence. Then another drop falls, and another, and after a while the drops – in this case individual notes played by vibraphones – turn into a flood – played by the whole orchestra – that fills the former silence of the floor.

The sound material used is the same as in the first movement – an octatonic modal alteration of the plagios tou deuterou Byzantine scale. This time, however, it is used in a totally different way. The notes here are tiny pieces of a puzzle which continually change their positions to transform themselves into successively different pictures.

The instruments are divided into three groups: the percussion is the water, the basis of this soundscape, the binding force between the ceiling and the floor. The wind instruments – with the flute and the soprano sax leading – bring the flood from the ceiling down to the floor. The strings – being the guardians of the floor’s silence – try to resist this invasion of sound, but in the end they too are carried away by the flood and become a part of it. In the middle section of the movement, there is a contrast between very fast, rhythmically demanding passages for the winds and a slow, yet powerful choral counterpoint in the strings. Then this contrast inverts itself, with very fast strings passages moving against a slow, choral counterpoint in the winds. Both these contrasting passages lead to the two climaxes of the movement, where the flood has grown into a whirlpool, spinning everything around in a vortex.

In the epilogue of the movement, we have the reverse of the opening situation: the last drops that fall from the ceiling after the flood has ended signify a floor made of water and a ceiling made of silence.
3. *Memorhythmus* (time: 4 min 20sec)

*Memorhythmus* is again a made-up word combining the words *memory* and *rhythm*. This final movement works as a journey back in time, where several fragments from the previous two movements - either in their original form, or slightly altered - reappear and function in a way that leads us finally with a strong, rhythmically explosive ending out of the Labyrinth.

The whole movement works like a *clepsydra* (hourglass) where instead of grains of sand 'grains' of the musical material from the previous two movements fall to the bottom.

In this final movement jazz influences are increasingly obvious towards the end of the piece. Also the altered octatonic scale of the first movement is present, and serves to bind the whole piece together.

The instruments, with the addition of the timpani in the percussion section, are louder, harsher, eager to find the way out to the Labyrinth. The middle "clepsydra" part of the movement, plays humorously with sounds and rhythms of everyday life - echoes of clocks, doorbells, mobile phones and machines.
Croustopia is a concerto for percussion and throughout its three movements a variety of percussion instruments, pitched and non-pitched, are being used. Because of that, great care needs to be taken regarding the positions of all these instruments on stage so as to enable the performers change easily and in time from instrument to instrument.

First of all, it is important to say that all the percussion should be provided in two sets (two marimbas, two vibraphones, two sets of timpani, two pairs of bongos and congas, etc.). The reason is that both percussionists play quite often simultaneously the same instrument and also change fast from pitched to non-pitched percussion, therefore it would be practically inconvenient to use the same instruments alternatively.

The layout of the two sets of instruments can be identical, but the percussionists are allowed to make small changes in positions if they feel it will help their performance.

On the first two movements the main and biggest pitched percussion are the marimba and the vibraphone. All the rest of the non-pitched percussion (cymbals, high hat, tom-toms, tam-tam, bongos, congas, temple blocks, tambourine, sleigh bells, triangle) should be placed in convenient positions around the two pitched instruments. That would be preferably between the marimba and the vibraphone for the cymbals and at the front of the marimba for the rest.

In the third movement the main pitched percussion instruments are the timpani, so between the second and third movement, the percussionists should carry their non-pitched instruments used in the third movements (cymbals, high-hat, tam-tam, bongos, temple blocks, triangle) from their previous positions, and place them around the timpani.

A small table for each percussionist should be used for the mallets. The triangle should be on a stand, with its metal stick hung next to it for easier use.
Croustopia
Percussion Map

To facilitate reading of the percussion scores three distinct noteheads are used.

w.m. = with mallets
w.h. = with hands
w.s. = with the mallet's stick

r. = on the rim
b. = on the bow
c. = on the cup

= bongos
= congas
= templeblocks
= crash suspended
= cymbals
= high hat
= tam tam
= snare drum
= tom toms
= tambourine
= triangle
= sleighbells
= marimba
= vibraphone

Timpani needed:
= 30"
= 28"
= 25"
= 25"

4 Timpani needed:

(played with its metal stick unless otherwise indicated)

* mallets used throughout the piece:

= soft marimba & vibraphone mallets
= medium marimba & vibraphone mallets
= hard marimba & vibraphone mallets
= hard drum sticks
= soft tam tam mallet
Vibraphone

Percussion

Vibraphone

Percussion

Flute

Alto Flute

Soprano Saxophone

Bass Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Trumpet in D

Bass Trombone

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double bass

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The tremolo in vib.1, vib.2 and the strings must start slowly and increase gradually until bar 22, like drops of rain that eventually turn into a shower. It does not have to be simultaneous or strictly measured, it can just develop naturally.
Vib. 1
Perc. 1
Vib. 2
Perc. 2
Fl.
A. Fl.
S. Sax.
B. Cl.
Bsn.
Hn.
D Tpt
D. Tbn.
Vlo I
Vlo II
Vla
Vc.
Db.

J = 108 (J - J)

Perc. 1

Vib. 2

Perc. 2

Fl.

A. Fl.

S. Sax.

B. Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

D Tpt

D. Tbn.

Vlo I

Vlo II

Vla

Vc.

Db.

J = 108 (J - J)
!triangle here played by a wind player
III. Memorhythmus \( \text{♩}=108 \)

- Timpani I
- Percussion 1
- Timpani II
- Percussion 2
- Flute
- Alto Flute
- Soprano Saxophone
- Bass Clarinet in B♭
- Bassoon
- Horn in F
- Trumpet in D
- Bass Trombone
- Violin I
- Violin II
- Viola
- Violoncello
- Double bass

© 2003 Dimitra Trypani
played slap
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First of all, I would like to sincerely thank my supervisor, Professor Nigel Osborne for all the valuable knowledge he imparted to me, for generously sharing with me his musical and wider academic experience, and for his constant presence and genuine support throughout the three years of my PhD studies.

I would also like to warmly thank my second supervisor Mr. Edward Harper, and Dr. Marina Adamia for all their valuable advice on orchestration and for encouraging me to search both broadly and deeply into my music in theory and practice.

I would like to express my sincere gratitude to the pianist and composer David Wilde for kindly offering me his precious musical experience, being a kind of an 'informal' supervisor of my work and for also being a very devoted friend throughout my stay in Edinburgh.

I would also like to thank the Greek composer Anastasis Vasiliadis for being a very careful and most creative listener to my work while it was progressing, and for all his musical comments, which were always of great use in the development of my portfolio.

Furthermore, I would like to thank Peter Nelson and Noel O'Regan for their constant educational and administrative assistance throughout my studies and for kindly offering me the chance to acquire valuable teaching experience at the Department.

I would also like to thank Katrina Joyce and Nathalie Caron for their generous non-stop assistance and for always being my most efficient 'problem solvers' at the Music Department.

Warm thanks to my sister Kiki, my brother-in-law Anastasis, my bother Stratis, my sister-in-law Christina and my beloved nephews Antonis and Nikolas and niece Nikoleta for their ongoing love, tolerance and support throughout the last three years.

Warm thanks to my loving friends Theodore and Filomila and Eleni for constantly sending me their sincere love and caring and for knowing that they are always present in spirit.

Warm thanks to my loving friends and colleagues Miguel and Running Bear, for always 'being there' in difficult times, for offering me their valuable knowledge whenever I needed it, and for sharing with me most of my happiest times in Edinburgh.

Warm thanks also to my dearest friends Rosalia, Sara and Tree, Marina and Katerina, Nikos and Alexandros, for their generous friendship and support during the last three years.

Moreover, I would like to express my sincere gratitude to George, Mary and Tatiana Bré for generously offering me their love and support and without whose genuine hospitality and affection in difficult times I would not have been able to finish my PhD.

Finally, my warmest and most grateful thanks to my beloved uncle Lambros Rameas and aunt Sofia Ramea for their endless parental love, generosity, support, advice, and caring throughout the last three years.

As for my beloved mother Sofia Trypani:
Μαμά ο' αγαπώ και σε ευχαριστώ για όλα.
Να μ' αγαπάς όπως είμαι.

Dimitra Trypani
November 2004
dedicated to the memory
of my loving father
Nikos Trypanis
This portfolio consists of the following eight musical works in strict chronological order:

- **Apo Xeno Topo** (Completed: February 2002)
  Cycle of seven traditional songs arranged for three voices and chamber ensemble
  *Duration: 40 minutes*

- **Pao Na Po Sto Synnefo** (Completed: November 2002)
  Cycle of thirteen songs arranged/orchestrated for voice, clarinet, violin, cello, and piano
  *Duration: 42 minutes [CD recording included]*

- **Two Rembetika Songs** (Completed: December 2002)
  Two rembetika songs arranged for voice and Chamber Orchestra
  *Duration: 7 minutes*

- **Croustopia** (Completed: March 2003)
  Concerto for Chamber Orchestra and two percussionists
  *Duration: 19 minutes.*

- **Ta Fota tis Polis** (Completed: June 2003)
  A song for voice, flute, viola, violoncello, double bass, and piano
  *Duration: 5 minutes*

- **The Praises of the Epitaph** (Completed: December 2003)
  Eastern Liturgy for SATB Choir and Chamber Orchestra
  *Duration: 30 minutes*

- **Polyrhythmos I** (Completed: July 2004)
  Piece for Symphony Orchestra
  *Duration: 7 minutes*

- **Dark Parallel Monologue** (Completed: October 2004)
  Music-Theatre piece for soprano voice and soprano saxophone
  *Duration: 45 minutes [CD recording with vocal examples included]*

(Total portfolio duration: 195 minutes)
The first work ("Apo Xeno Topo") is a cycle of traditional melodies arranged for three voices and chamber orchestra. I deliberately chose to start my PhD research with this particular work, because I believed that by going back to my musical "roots" I could become more fully aware of the musical material I had been using almost unconsciously in the past. That material consisted of elements of heterophonic counterpoint, Byzantine modal scales and continuous asymmetrical patterns drawn from the rich Balkan musical tradition. What I attempted to do in this particular cycle of songs was to use this material consciously in a less traditional musical environment and to test its 'elasticity' by constructing, deconstructing and reconstructing it. In that way, I believed that I would be able to research this material well enough to be able to extract it completely from its natural traditional environment and implant it effectively in my personal compositional work.

The second work ("Pao na Po sto Sinefo") was commissioned by the Greek record label "Lyra" and consists of thirteen music-theatre songs composed by Greek composer Manos Hadjidakis (1925-1994) in the 1960s, most of which I re-composed and arranged - a few were orchestrated - for voice, clarinet, violin, cello and piano. In contrast to the previously mentioned work, I tried here to focus deliberately on rhythmic and harmonic simplicity and clarity, and on solid vertical relations between the instrumental lines. More importantly, I intentionally focused on finding a personal, contemporary way of 'resurrecting' old popular tunes and on re-composing them in such a way that they could sound and mean something new.

The third work ('Two Rembetika Songs') was commissioned by the Hellenic Foundation for Culture for the opening concert of the "Greece in Britain 2003" series of
events. As the title suggests, I arranged two rembetika melodies, originally composed by Greek songwriter Vassilis Tsitsanis (1915-1984), for voice and full chamber orchestra. The musical principles followed here were the same that guided "Apo Xeno Topo", applied this time with more confidence to a considerably larger orchestral ensemble.

From these three works, I started building a harmonic and rhythmic "toolbox" of my own, consisting of altered modal scales, bi-tonal structures, asymmetrical rhythmic patterns ranging from 5 to 17 beats per rhythmic unit, and a steadily increasing number of percussive effects from the strings and the winds. The next step was to apply this "toolbox" to a completely original composition.

This composition took the form of a concerto, titled "Croustopia", for full chamber orchestra and two percussionists. This concerto in three movements proved to be an asymmetrical rhythmic study for chamber orchestra, as I composed it in order to work more in depth on the percussive effects and the rhythmic versatility of the orchestral instruments. This third work added to my compositional 'toolbox' several strong improvisational and rhythmic elements drawn from jazz, a kind of music that I have been very attached to both as a listener and as a performer for many years.

The fourth work was again commissioned by "Lyra" record label. I composed the song "Ta Fota tis Polis" for voice, flute, viola, violoncello, double bass and piano, and I attempted to mix jazz with modal and bi-tonal elements in a way that could actually construct a complex, yet communicative fusion language and sound. Instead of dominating the soundscape, the voice was just one instrument among equals.

After all the previous works and some other minor ones, which served mostly as orchestration exercises, I felt ready to write a work I had wanted to compose for quite many years. I composed a liturgy in three movements for SATB choir and full chamber orchestra, based on the three 'Praises of the Epitaph', the so-called laments of the Virgin Mary. These Praises (Egomia) are sung in the Greek Orthodox tradition during the Epitaph Mass on Good
Friday. What I did was to extract the text from the original Byzantine music and try to recreate its colours and spiritual atmosphere using my own compositional voice. Here, the altered pentatonics, octatonics and decatonics were used as tools to effect an exercise in the heterophonic contrapuntal relations between the voices and the instruments. The rhythmic element was simpler yet strong and repetitive, bringing to mind the pace and stability of a church bell's slow grieving sound.

The sixth work is a seven-minute piece for full symphony orchestra titled "Polyrhythmos I". As the title suggests, it is again concerned with fast and constant changes in rhythmic structure and it also advances the use of percussive effects and rhythmic flexibility of the orchestral instruments. The development and enrichment of my compositional "palette" here has also to do with colours, intensity and vibrancy issuing from the extensive use of octaves and unisons in contrast to the complex heterophonies and parallel seconds of the "Praises of the Epitaph".

Finally, the seventh work, a music-theatre piece for an actress-soprano-percussionist and a soprano saxophonist, epitomises all the elements used in the previous works in a completely personal, minimal, different musical environment. "The Dark Parallel Monologue" with its asymmetrical intensity, its altered jazz and Balkan vocal orientations, its heterophonic 'games' between the voice and the saxophone, its constant dialogue between the sound and the moving body, came last to close a circle opened with "Apo xeno topo" and at the same time opening a new door to me regarding my next compositional phase: a phase of experimenting with multi-media and interdisciplinary artists and of a further, careful shaping of a compositional nature discovered throughout the last three years of work.

Most importantly, however, this next phase is concerned with deepening my natural and intuitive relationship with music, alongside exploratory technical development and new and exciting ways of making this relationship as creative as possible.

Dimitra Trypani
November 2004
GUIDELINES ON GREEK PRONUNCIATION

Since the vast majority of lyrics in the portfolio are in the Greek language, written however in Latin characters for potential non-Greek singers, the following guidelines aim to help the singers achieve the best possible pronunciation of the words.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Greek character</th>
<th>Latin character used</th>
<th>Way to pronounce</th>
<th>(example)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ζ, σ, ε, ο, ρ, υ</td>
<td>z</td>
<td>[z]</td>
<td>(as in 'zone')</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>θ, θ, θ, θ, θ</td>
<td>s</td>
<td>[ss]</td>
<td>(as in 'essay')</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>θ, θ, θ, θ, θ</td>
<td>th</td>
<td>[th]</td>
<td>(as in 'theory')</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>θ, θ, θ, θ, θ</td>
<td>dh</td>
<td>[th]</td>
<td>(as in 'the')</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>γ, γ, γ, γ, γ</td>
<td>gh</td>
<td>[w]</td>
<td>(as in 'word')</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>χ, χ, χ, χ, χ</td>
<td>h</td>
<td>[h]</td>
<td>(as in 'hear')</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ε, ε, ε, ε, ε</td>
<td>e</td>
<td>[e]</td>
<td>(as in 'elbow')</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>α, α, α, α, α</td>
<td>a</td>
<td>[a]</td>
<td>(as in 'army')</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ι, ι, ι, ι, ι</td>
<td>i</td>
<td>[i]</td>
<td>(as in 'idiom')</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ou</td>
<td>ou</td>
<td>[u]</td>
<td>(as in 'guru')</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The rest of the Latin characters used, correspond to the same phonetic sounds for both the Greek and the English language and are pronounced exactly as they would in English.
Μηνυσε μου
Μηνυσε μου να σου στειλω
Λελεδακια απ' το χονο,
τζιβαερι μου.
Να τα βαλεις στο ποτηρι,
να βαρφεις πως ειμαι εγο,
τζιβαερι μου.
Τα ματακια σου, πουλι μου,
χαμηλοκοιταζουνε,
τζιβαερι μου.
Σαν γυρισουν και με δουνε,
στην καρδια με σφαζουνε,
τζιβαερι μου.
Μαυρα ματια εχεις φως μου,
μαυρα ειναι σαν την ελια,
τζιβαερι μου.
Κι οποιος τα γλυκοφιλησει,
χαρο δε φοβαται πια,
τζιβαερι μου.

Miçise mou
(Send me a message)

Send me a message and ask me to bring you,
Little flowers from the mountain,
My tzivaéri.
And then put them in a glass,
And see them and think that there I am,
My tzivaéri.

Your sweet eyes, my bird,
Look shyly down,
My tzivaéri.
When they turn and look at me,
They stab me in my heart,
My tzivaéri.

You have black eyes, my light,
black like the olive,
My tzivaéri.
And the one to kiss them sweetly,
is not afraid of Death anymore,
My tzivaéri.
Minise mou

traditional Greek song

arranged by
Dimitra Trypani

Minise mou

Midi file

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Απο ξένο τόπο

Απο ξένο τόπο
κι απ’ αλαργίνο,
ηρθε ενα κορίτσι, φως μου,
δωδεκά χρόνοι.

Εχει μαυρά μάτια
και ογυρά μάλλια.
Και τα δύο της χείλη, φως μου,
καινε σα φώτα.

Ελα κορη του γιαλου,
αστρο λαμπερο.
Χαρισε μου την ελιτσα
που ’χεις στο λαιμο.

Απο ξένο τέρο
(from a strange land)

From a strange land
And a distant one too,
Came a little girl - my light -
Twelve years old.

She has black eyes
And ourly hair.
And her two lips - my light -
Burn like fire.

Come daughter of the sea,
(And) shining star.
Give me the little mole
You have on your neck.
Apo xeno topo

Lyrically like a ballad

arranged by
Dimitra Trypani

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Fl.
Guit.
M-S.
A.1
A.2
Vln I
Vln II
Vla
Vc.+Db.

Fl.
Guit.
M-S.
A.1
A.2
Vln I
Vln II
Vla
Vc.+Db.

molto legato
molto legato
molto legato
molto legato
molto legato
molto legato
molto legato
molto legato
molto legato
Απο τα γλυκά σου μάτια

Απο τα γλυκά σου ματιά
  - αμαν, αμανε -
  τρέχει αθανάτο νερό.
  - αμανε -

Και σου ζήτησα λίγακι
  - αμαν, αμανε -
και δε μου δοκείς να πω.
  - αμανε -

Apo ta gluká sou mátia
(from your sweet eyes)

From your sweet eyes
  - aman, amane -
Runs immortal water.
  - amane-

And I asked you for some (water)
  - aman, amane -
But you didn’t give me to drink.
  - amane -
Apo ta glyka sou matia

Lively and vigorously, like a festive dance

arranged by Dimitra Trypani

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Μέρα μέρωσε

Μέρα μέρωσε,
tώρα η αυγή χαραζεί.

Τώρα τα πουλιά,
tώρα τα χελιδόνια.

Τώρα κελαδουν,
tώρα λαλούν και λενε:
Συνα αφεντή μου.

Μέρα μέρωσε
(Day rise)

Day rise,
Now it is almost dawn.

Now the birds,
Now the swallows,

Now they sing.
They sing and say:
“Wake up my lord”.
Mera merose

arranged by
Dimitra Trypani

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Σαν τα μάρμαρα της Πόλης
Σαν τα μάρμαρα της Πόλης
- αμαν, οχ αμαν -
pou 'ναι στην Αγια Σοφία.
- αμαν, οχ αμαν -
Ετοί τα 'χείς μπερδεμένα,
- αμαν, οχ αμαν -
ματιά, φρυδία και μάλλια.
- αμαν, οχ αμαν -
Απεφασίσα τα να γινω
- αμαν, οχ αμαν -
στην Αγια Σοφία κομπές.
- αμαν, οχ αμαν -
Να 'ρχονται να προσκυνανε
Τουρκες και Ρωμητς.

Sán ta mármara tís Pólis
(like the marbles of the City)
Like the marbles of the city,
- aman, och aman -
Which are in Saint Wisdom's church,
- aman, och aman -
In such a way you have (on your face) mixed
- aman, och aman -
Eyes, eyebrows, and hair.
- aman, och aman -
I decided to become
- aman, och aman -
A koumbés* in Saint Wisdom's Church.
- aman, och aman -
In order to (let) come and pray
Both Turkish and Greek women.

[*koumbés = priest's assistant at the church]
San ta marmara tis Polis

traditional Greek song

arranged by
Dimitra Trypani

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F1. C<
Mand.
M-S. ?
A.1
A.2
Vln
Vin
Vla
Vc.+Db.

Fl.
Mand.
M-S.
A.1
A.2
Vln I
Vln II
Vla
Vc.+Db.

San tu ma - ma - ra tus Pol - is a - man a -
San tu ma - ma - ra tus Pol - is a -
San tu ma - ma - ra tus Pol - is a -
San tu ma - ma - ra tus Pol - is a -
San tu ma - ma - ra tus Pol - is a -
San tu ma - ma - ra tus Pol - is a -
San tu ma - ma - ra tus Pol - is a -
San tu ma - ma - ra tus Pol - is a -
San tu ma - ma - ra tus Pol - is a -
Κανελορίζα

Κατω στο γιαλό,
κατω στο περιγυμάλι,
kορην αγαπώ.

Κορην αγαπώ
ξανθή και Μαυροματά,
δώδεκα χρόνω.

Δώδεκα χρόνω
κι ο ήλιος δεν την είδε,
μόνο η μανά της.

Μόνο η μανά της
Κανέλα τη φωνάζει,
Κανελορίζα.

Κατω στο γιαλό,
κατω στο περιγυμάλι,
kορην αγαπώ.

Kanelórizá
(Root of the cinnamon)

Down at the shore,
Down at the seashore,
There is a young girl, whom I love.

There is a young girl, whom I love,
Blond and blue-eyed,
Twelve years old.

Twelve years old
And the sun has never seen her,
Only her mother has.

Only her mother
Calls her Kanela (cinnamon)
Kaneloríza.

Down at the shore,
Down at the seashore,
There is a young girl, whom I love.
Kaneloriza

arranged by
Dimitra Trypani

Flute

Mandolin

Mezzo Soprano

Alto 1

Alto 2

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello + Doublebass

---

Fl.

Mand.

M.-S.

A.1

A.2

Vin I

Vin II

Vla

Ve.+Db.

J=78 | Monotonously like a lament.

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Ko- rin a, ko-rin a - ghap- po. ke- rin a, ko-rin a- ghap- po.

Ko- rin a, ko-rin a - ghap- po. ke- rin a, ko-rin a- ghap- po.

Ko- rin a, ko-rin a - ghap- po. ke- rin a, ko-rin a- ghap- po.

You were a garden, as I once was, a rose. (Verse) + cool wind among you.

I will not be born a god. And come to your head, cutting like a sword.

just be born without, I will not let my hands

(lyrics translated by Dimitra Tsypa)
Ανάθεμα τον αιτίο

Ανάθεμα τον αιτίο
κι ας το 'χει αμαρτία,
να χωριστούμε αγάπη μου
χωρίς καμιάν αιτία.
Συ μεταχτες κι εγώ φυντάνι
να σ' απαρνηθώ δεν κανεί.

Χειλιδονάκι μα γενω
και θα βήω στην αυλή σου,
να καμω πος απεβάνα
για να βρεθω μαζί σου.
Ας μ αφηνανε να σπεκω,
μερα - νυχτα να σε βλεπω.

Ανάθεμα τον έτιο
(A curse on the one responsible)

A curse on the one responsible
And may he carry the sin
Of tearing us apart my love
For no reason at all.
You are a garden and I am a young flower
(Thus) I shall not deny you.

I will become a little swallow
And come to your yard,
Faking that I'm dead
Just to be with you.
I wish they could let me stand
Day and night just to see you.

(Lyrics translated by Dimitra Trypani)
Anathema ton aitio

J-ss
Lyrically and proudly

arranged by
Dimitra Trypani

© 2002 Dimitra Trypani
ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ ΠΛΑΤΙΑ

Θάλασσα πλατιά, ο' αγαπω γιατί μου μοιάζεις
Θάλασσα βαθιά, μια στιγμή δεν πουάζεις
Δες κι έχεις καρδιά
Την καρδιά μου τη μικρούλα, τη φτωγιά.

Όνειρα τρελά που πετούν στο κύμα πάνω
Φτάνουν στην καρδιά και τα νιάτα μας ξυπνάνε
Όνειρα τρελά
Και οι πόθοι φτερογίγζουν σαν πουλιά.

Έχω έναν καθμό, που με τράει γλυκά και με λιώνει
Έχω έναν καθμό
Θάρθω να στο πω
Αδελφή μου σαν θάλασσα που ο' αγαπώ.

Κύμια πουλιά, στα ταξίδια σας που πάτε
Τα αλαργιά, τινά κρυφή μου λύπη πάρτε
Κι από κι μακριά
Να μου φέρετε κι εμένα τη χαρά.

OH WIDE OPEN SEA

Oh wide open sea, I love you because you are so much like me,
Oh deep sea, not for one moment do you calm down.
It's as if for a heart
You have my own poor little heart.

Wild dreams, riding the waves,
Penetrate the heart and awaken our youth;
Wild dreams,
And desires flutter like birds.

I've a thorn in the flesh that gnaws me sweetly.
I've a thorn in the flesh
That I must reveal to you,
Oh sea, my sister, so beloved.

Oh waves-birds, on your distant travels
Take my secret sorrow with you,
And from those faraway places
Bring me joy.
Manos Hadjidakis
Thalassa platia

in a wavy manner

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Voice

Cl.

Pno

Vln

Vo.

Tempo

Voice

Cl.

Pno

Vln

Vo.

Tempo

Voice

Cl.

Pno

Vln

Vo.

Tempo
ΠΕΡΙΜΠΑΝΟΥ

Περιμπανού τη λέγαν τα παιδιά, Περιμπανού
Κι ήτανε δεκαπέντε χρονώ
'Εγραφαν τ' όνομά της στον καθρέφτη τ' ουρανού
Μ' ενός πνιγμένου γλάρου φτερό.

Μα της ζωής το κύμα το παράφορο σάρωσε βάρκες και κουπιά
Και στο μεγάλο κόσμο τον αδιάφορο ποιος τη θυμάται τώρα πια.

Περιμπανού τν έλεγα κι εγώ, Περιμπανού
Κι ας μη με είχε ακούσε κανείς.
'Εμοιαζέ με κοχύλι στον βυθό του Αγερινού,
Προτού καρδιά μου πέτρα γίνετ.

Μα της ζωής το κύμα το παράφορο σάρωσε βάρκες και κουπιά
Και στο μεγάλο κόσμο τον αδιάφορο ποιος τη θυμάται τώρα πια.

PERIBANOU

Peribanou, the lads called her, Peribanou
And she was fifteen years old.
They wrote her name on the sky's mirror
With the feather of a drowned gull.

But life's violent waves swept away boats and oars,
And there's no one to remember her in this wide, impassive world.

Peribanou, I, too, called her Peribanou,
Although nobody heard me call her so.
She resembled a conch in the depths of the morning start
Before my heart became hard like a stone.

But life's violent waves swept away boats and oars,
And there's no one to remember her in this wide, impassive world.
Manos Hadjidakis
Peribanou

Orchestrated by Dimitra Trypani

© 2002 Dimitra Trypani
THE SPARROW

I'm off to tell the sky, I'm off to tell the clouds. (2)

The bird cannot be caught, the child cannot be lost up in heaven. (2)

A chrysanthemum has bloomed in the wind. (2)

Its petals fall to the ground in search of the bird, dead but chirping. (2)
MANTOLOINO

Φέρτε μου ένα μαντολίνο για να δείτε πως πονώ
Κι ύστερα θα γίνω κρίνο κι ύστερα πια θα χαθώ.
Τι με νοιάζει κι αν χαθώ, αφού θα 'χω γίνει κρίνο.
Φέρτε μου ένα μαντολίνο. (2)

Το παιδί που μ'αγαπάει όλο θέλει να ρωτά τι σημαίνει η Κυριακή.
Σκέφτομαι γιατί ρωτάει και φοβάμαι ότι ζεχνά πως τον είδα Κυριακή.
Φέρτε μου ένα μαντολίνο...

Το παιδί που μ'αγαπάει όλο θέλει να ρωτά πού πιστάνουν τα πουλιά.
Μα το δάκρυ μου κυλάει και καθώς αυτός μιλάει, τον σκεπάζω με φιλία.
Φέρτε μου ένα μαντολίνο...

MANDOLIN

Bring me a mandolin and I'll show you what pains me
And afterwards I'll turn into a lily and then I'll be no more.
What if I am no more? I'll have turned into a lily.
Bring me a mandolin. (2)

The young man in love with me keeps on asking what Sunday signifies.
I'm wondering why he asks and I fear that he's forgetting that we met on a Sunday.

Bring me a mandolin...

The young man in love with me keeps on asking where do birds go?
As tears flow from my eyes and he looks at me I cover him with kisses.

Bring me a mandolin...
Voice

28

Fer-tetou e-na man-ndo-li-no,

Pno

29

Ki-stre-ru thyi-no kri-no,

Cl

Pno

30

Ki-stre-ru thyi-no kri-no,

Vn

Vc

31

Ti me nia-zi kian ha-

Vn

Vc

32

Ti me nia-zi kian ha-

Vn

Vc

33

Ti me nia-zi kian ha-

Vn

Vc

34

Ti me nia-zi kian ha-
ΠΑΕΙ ΕΦΥΓΕ ΤΟ ΤΡΕΝΟ

Σβήνει τ’ αστέρι του βορία στην ανηφορία
Κι ένα ποτάμι φωτιστό κυλάει στον ουρανό.
Κοιμούνται ακόμα τα παιδιά κάτω απ’ τη ροδιά
Και μ’ ένα δάκρυ μου θυλό τα μάτια τους φιλώ.

Πάει έφυγε το τρένο, έφυγες κι εσύ,
Σταλαγματιά χρυσή, σταλαγματιά χρυσή.
Πάει χάθηκε το τρένο, χάθηκες κι εσύ,
Σε γαλανό νησί, σε γαλανό νησί.

Πήρες απ’ το καλοκαίρι στο μικρό σου χέρι
Το λαμπερό τ’ αστέρι και πήγες σ’ άλλη γη.
Μ’ άνεμα και γ’ ω ψηγάινο να σε περιμένω
Νερό σταματημένο σε δροσερή πηγή.

Πάει έφυγε το τρένο, έφυγες κι εσύ,
Σταλαγματιά χρυσή, σταλαγματιά χρυσή.

THE TRAIN HAS LEFT

The northern star is fading away as it rises,
And a bright river flows across the sky.
The chaps are still asleep under the pomegranate tree;
And with dim tears I kiss their eyes.

The train has gone, and so have you,
Oh golden drop, oh golden drop.
The train has disappeared, and so have you
On an azure island, on an azure island.

Your tiny hand removed from summer
The brightest star, and left for another land.
I, too, am off full of dreams,
To await you like still water in a cold fountain.

The train has gone, and so have you,
Oh golden drop, oh golden drop.
OPTIONAL!!!

Music notation page with options for voices, clarinet, piano, violin, and cello. Various articulations and dynamics are indicated, such as "mp," "mf," "pizz.," and "rit." Tempo marks include "A Tempo."
ἈΓΑΠΗ ΠΟΥ ΤΙΝΕΣ

Αγάπη που γίνες δίκοπα μαχαίρι,
Κάποτε μου δίνες μόνο τη χαρά
Μα τώρα εβήνεις τη χαρά στο δάκρυ,
Δε βρίσκω άκρη, δε βρίσκω γιατρεία. (2)

Φωτιές ανάβουν μες στα δυώ του μάτια,
Τ' αστέρια πέφτουν όταν με θυρεί
Σβήστε τα φώτα, σβήστε το φεγγάρι, σαν θα με πάρει, τον πόνο μου μη δεί. (2)

LOVE A DOUBLE-EDGED KNIFE

Love, once the source of so much happiness,
You've turned into a double-edged knife
And drown my joy in tears.
I find no comfort, I find no cure. (2)

Fires burn in his eyes, the stars fall when he looks at me.
Switch off the lights, do away with the moon,
Let him not see my sorrow when he makes love to me.
The whole piece is in mp. The crescendi and diminuendi denote such small changes in the dynamic, that there is no actual need for precise indication of the level of a dynamic change at the end of a hairpin.
Voce

Cl.

Pno.

Vln

Ve.
EVERY MADCAP YOUNG MAN

That morning I bid him "Good morning..." (2)

Every madcap young man has the Madonna's kiss
And a knife in his hand.
And his mother doesn't sing. (2)

Whenever two turtledoves are slain,
The night burns in both his hands.
And the girl doesn't speak. (2)

That morning I bid him "Good morning..." (2)
Ο ΜΥΘΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΚΕΜΑΛ

(Ακούστε τώρα την ιστορία του Κεμάλ,
Ενώς μικρού πρίγκιπα της Ανατολής,
Απόγονο του Σεβάχ του Θαλαισανού,
Που νόμιζε πως θ’ αλλάζει τον κόσμο.
Αλλά πικρές οι βουλές του Αλλάχ
Και ακοτείνες οι ψυχές των ανθρώπων.)

Στης Ανατολής τα μέρη μια φορά κι έναν καιρό,
Ήταν άγριο το κεμέρι, μουχλαμένο το νερό.
Στη Μααςιή στη Βασίρα, στην παλιά τη χωραφιάδα,
Πικραμένα κλαίνε τώρα της ερήμου τα παιδιά.

Μα ένας νέος από ούι και γενιά βασιλική,
Αγρικάει το μικρόλογι και τραβάει κατά κελ.
Τον κοιτούν οι βεδουίνοι με ματιά λυπηρή
Κι όρκο στον Αλλάχ τους δίνει πως θ’ αλλάξουν οι καιροί.

Σαν ακούσαν οι αρχόντες του παιδιού την αφοβία,
Έκινήνε με λίκου δόντι και με λιονταριού προβια.
Απ’ τον Τίγρη στον Ευφράτη κι απ’ τη γη στον ουρανό,
Κυνηγάν τον αποστάτη να τον πιάσουν ζωντανό.

Πέφτουν πάνω του τα στύφη σαν ακράτητα σκυλιά
Και τον πάνε στο Χαλίφη να του βάλει τη θηλιά.
Μαίρο μέλι, μαίρο γάλα ήπιε εκείνο το προί
Πριν αφθιέσει στην κρεμάσα την στερνή του την πνοή.

Με δύο γέρικες καμήλες κι ένα κόκκινο φαρά
Στου Παραδείσου τις πήλεα ο προφήτης καρτερεί.
Πάνε τώρα χέρι χέρι κι είναι γύρο συνεφιά,
Μα της Δαμασκού τε’ αστέρι τους κρατούσε συντροφια.

Σ’ ένα μήνα, σ’ ένα χρόνο βλέπουν μπρός τους τον Αλλάχ,
Που από τον ψηλό του θρόνο λέει στον άμεσο Σεβάχ:
Νικημένο μου ξεφτέρι δεν αλλάζουν οι καιροί,
Με φωτιά και με μαχαίρι πάντα το κόσμος προχωρεί.

(Καληνύχτα Κεμάλ,
Αυτός ο κόσμος δε θ’ αλλάξει ποτέ.
Καληνύχτα...)}
KEMAL (THE LEGEND OF SINDBAD)

(Hear now the story of Kemal,
A young prince from the East,
A descendant of Sinbad the Sailor,
Who thought he could change the world.
But it wasn't Allah's will;
And men's souls are sinister indeed...)

Once upon a time in those Eastern parts,
The purses were empty, the water was stagnant.
In Mosul and Basrah, under an old date-palm,
Nomads were crying bitterly,

When a young man of ancient and noble race
Overheard their lament and went to them.
The Bedouins observed him with a sad look,
And he swore by Allah that things would change.

On learning of the young man's intrepidity, the rulers
Set off with wolfish teeth and lion-like mane.
From Tigris to Euphrates, in heaven and on earth,
They pursued the renegade to catch him alive.

They pounced on him like uncontrollable hounds,
And took him to the caliph to impose the sentence of death on him.
Black the honey he ate, black the milk he drank that morning
Before breathing his last on the gallows.

With two aged camels and a red steed,
The prophet awaited him at the gate of heaven.
They walked together in the murkiness,
With the star of Damaskus keeping them company.

After a month, after a year, they encountered Allah
Who, from his tall throne, told foolish Sindbad:
Oh vanquished sparrow hawk, things can never change;
The world will always proceed with fire and weapons.

(Goodnight, Kemal.
This world will never change.
Goodnight...)
Manos Hadjidakis
Kemal

Orchestrated by
Dimitra Trypani

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Voice

Cl

Pno

Vln

Vc.

Voice

Cl.

Pno

Vln

Vc.

Voice

Cl.

Pno

Vln

Vc.

Voice

Cl.

Pno

Vln

Vc.
ΤΑ ΠΑΙΔΙΑ ΚΑΤΩ ΣΤΟΝ ΚΑΜΠΟ

Τα παιδιά κάτω στον κάμπο δε μιλούν με τον καιρό μόνο πέρτουν στα ποτάμια για να πιάσουν το Σταυρό.

Τα παιδιά κάτω στον κάμπο κυνηγούν έναν τρελό τον επιγόνο με τα χέρια και τον καίνε στο γιαλό.

Έλα κόρη της Σελήνης, κόρη του Αυγερινού, να χαρίσει στα παιδιά μας λίγα χάδια τ' ουρανού.

Τα παιδιά κάτω στον κάμπο κυνηγάνε τους αστούς πετσοκόβουν τα κεφάλια από εχθρούς κι από πιστούς.

Τα παιδιά κάτω στον κάμπο κόβουν δεντρολιβανίες και στολίζουν τα παιδιά για να πέσουν μέσα οι νιές.

Τα παιδιά κάτω στον κάμπο κοροιδεύουν τον παπά του φοράνε όλα τ' άμφια και τον παν στην αγορά.

Έλα κόρη της Σελήνης, έλα κι άναψε φωτιά κοίτα τόσα παλικάρια που κοιμούνται στη νυχτία.

Τα παιδιά δεν έχουν μνήμη, τους προγόνους τους ποιλούν, κι ό τι αρπάζουν δε θα μείνει γιατί ευθές μελαγχολιών.

THE URCHINS DOWN IN THE MEADOW

The urchins down in the meadow don't converse with the times.
They only dive into the rivers to retrieve the cross.

The urchins down in the meadow go after a madman,
Strangle him, and burn him on the beach.

Come, daughter of the moon, daughter of the morning star,
Show the sky's affection for our children.

The urchins down in the meadow go after the bourgeoisie.
They cut off the heads of the faithful and the foe.

The urchins down in the meadow lop off the rosemaries
And adorn the wells into which young girls will fall.

The urchins down in the meadow make fun of the priest,
Dressing him in pontificals and dragging him to the market.

Come, daughter of the moon, come and light a fire
Look at all those young men who sleep at night.

The urchins have no memory, they sell their ancestors,
But whatever they grab does not last, for they're instantly overcome by sadness.
Ta pedhia kato ston kambo

Manos Hadjidakis
Orchestrated by Dimitra Trypani

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κορίτσι Σέλινη, κορίτσι του σύντροφου,

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Voice: thia diben e-boun mimi, tous pro-ghosous tous pou-loun.

Cl.: 

Pro.: 

Vln: pizz 

Vc.: 

Voice: paksen, the tha mini, ya-tief this me-lan-ho-loun.
ΣΤΟΥ ΔΙΓΕΝΗ ΤΑ ΚΑΣΤΡΑ

Ψηλά στου Διγενή τ' αλόνια τις νύχτες του καλοκαιριού
tου Κάτω Κόσμου τα τελέονια με λεν τρελή του φεγγαριού (2)
Ψηλά στου Διγενή τ' αλόνια τις νύχτες του καλοκαιριού

Μα εγώ χρυσόβουλο κρατάω από καιρούς βυζαντινούς
cαι τ' άγρια βάθη που κοίτάω δεν τα χωράει ανθρώπων νους (2)
Μα εγώ χρυσόβουλο κρατάω από καιρούς βυζαντινούς.

Ψηλά στου Διγενή τα κάστρα, στον τάφο του νεκρού παλικαριού
tα νυχτοποιία κάτω απ' τ' άστρα με λεν τρελή του φεγγαριού (2)
Ψηλά στου Διγενή τα κάστρα, στον τάφο του νεκρού παλικαριού.

AT DHYENIS' FORTRESSES (THE MOONSTRUCK WOMAN)

High up on Dhiyenis' threshing-floor, on summer nights,
The spirits down below call me moonstruck. (2)
High up on Dhiyenis' threshing-floor, on summer nights.

But I'm holding a golden bull from Byzantine times,
And the wild depths I see are beyond human imagination. (2)
But I'm holding a golden bull from Byzantine times.

High up on Dhiyenis' fortresses, at a young man's grave,
The nightingales under the stars call me moonstruck. (2)
High up on Dhiyenis' fortresses, at a young man's grave.
4

ke t'aghria va thi pou ki ta o dhén ta bo rai anthr po nous.

Cl.

Pno.

Vln

Vc.

41

ke t'aghria va thi pou ki ta o dhén ta bo rai anthr po nous.

Pno.

Vln

Vc.

45

Mae gho bri so vou lo kra ta o, a po ke rous, a po ke rous vi zan di nous.

A Tempo

Pno.

Vln

Vc.
ΧΑΡΤΙΝΟ ΤΟ ΦΕΓΓΑΡΑΚΙ

Θα φέρει η θάλασσα πουλιά κι άστρα χρυσά τ’ αγέρι,
Να σου χαίδειςν τα μαλλιά, να σου φιλούν το χέρι.

Χάρτινο το φεγγαράκι, ψεύτικη η ακρογιαλιά.
Λα με πίστευες λιγάκι, θα ήαν όλα αληθινά.

Δίχως τη δική σου αγάπη γρήγορα περνά ο καιρός.
Δίχως τη δική σου αγάπη είν’ κόσμος πιο μικρός.

Χάρτινο το φεγγαράκι, ψεύτικη η ακρογιαλιά.
Λα με πίστευες λιγάκι, θα ήαν όλα αληθινά.

PAPER MOON

The sea will bring birds and silver stars the wind
To stroke your hair and kiss your hands.

The moon is of paper, the beach is false,
They would be real if only you believed in me.

Without your love time passes so quickly,
Without your love the world is so small.

The moon is of paper, the beach is false,
They would be real if only you believed in me.
Voice

Har - ti - no to fo - ga - ra - ki, psef - ti - k' a - kro - ya - lia.

An me pi - ste - ves li - gha - ki, tha 'tan o - l'a - li - thi - na.
DEDICATION

Feels like I'm getting older, I'm not afraid
Although I'm worlds apart from yesterday
And yet I can't deny I'm old enough today,
To be in love and feel in love and see if love is the way.

I don't need fancy places to spend the time
I'm happy just to be here with you tonight
And yet I'm not so sure the time is really right
To be in love and feel in love and see if love's all right.

And you will sing as long as there's a song,
The feelings never gone. It was the first time to be in love.
   Maybe tomorrow I'll never sing again,
   But I'll remember when it was the first time to be in love.

The picture slowly fading and now it's gone
The letters we remember are old and torn.
And though the time has past the memory lingers on,
To be in love, and feel in love and know when love is gone.

And you will sing as long as there's a song...
Feels like I'm getting older. I'm not afraid.

Although I'm worlds apart from yesterday. And yet I can't believe I'm
old enough today to be in love and feel in love and see if love is the

way.

I don't need fancy places to spend the time.

I'm happy just to be here with you tonight. And yet I'm not so sure... the
time is really right... to be in love and feel in love and see if love's all

right. And you will sing, as long as there's a song... the feelings never

gone, it was the first time to be in love. May be tomorrow I'll never sing a
gain, but I'll remember when it was the first time to be in love.

The picture's slowly fading and now it's gone.

The letters we remember
are old and torn. And though the time has past, the memory lingers on to

be in love, and feel in love, and know when love is gone. And you will

sing as long as there's a song. the feelings never gone, it was the first time to be in
maybe tomorrow I'll never sing again but I'll remember

when it was the first time to be in love.
ΚΑΠΟΥ ΥΠΑΡΧΕΙ Η ΑΓΑΠΗ ΜΟΥ

Τώρα που είναι άνοιξη και τα λουλούδια ανθίζουν
οι νύχτες με ζαλίζουν τ' αγώρια όταν σφυρίζουν.
Κι όσους τα βράδια συναντώ, μου λένε καλημέρα,
μα εγώ δεν έχω τι να πω, σφυρίζω στον αγέρα.

Κάπου υπάρχει η αγάπη μου, μα δεν ξέρω ποια 'ναι.
Κάπου υπάρχει η αγάπη μου, μα δεν ξέρω πού.
Θα τη γυρέψω στα χαρτιά, θα τη γυρέψω στ’άστρα.
Μα σαν τη βρού, τ' ορκίζομαι
Πως θα ντυθώ, πως θα ντυθώ μες τ’άστρα.

Κάπου υπάρχει η αγάπη μου...

SOMEBWHERE IS MY LOVE

Now that spring is here and the flowers are in bloom,
The nights make me dizzy when the lads whistle.
Whoever I come across in the evening bids me 'good evening',
But I've nothing to say to them, I just whistle away.

Somewhere is my love, which I've yet to know
Somewhere is my love but where I know not.
I'll consult the cards, I'll consult the star,
And once I find it, I swear to you
I'll dress, I'll dress in white.

Somewhere is my love...

(Lyrics translated by Yannis Goumas)
Voice

49

Voice

53

Voice

57

Voice

60

continue improvising in small flautando fragments like in bar 55 and high harmonics with slissandi till end - fading out.