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<th>Some Greek Folk Songs of an Aegean Island Naxos</th>
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<tbody>
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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 epochs: 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.” 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.” Apeiranthos is a neighboring village of Filoti and rivals it in area and population as well as in power and

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* Professor (Kyōdō) of Russian philology, Hitotsubashi University.
1 “Νάξος” ‘Ελληνική περιηγητική Δέσμη, ‘Αθήνα, 1969, σ. 37–38. This book includes the most detailed bibliography on Naxos.
2 Στ. ”Ιμέλλος, ”Παρατηρήσεις εξ ἐπίτοπιον ἔρευνης εἰς τὸν λαϊκὸν 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 τοῦ θέρου*

Στὸ θέρος πάω, μάνα μου,
μά κάνω δύο 'βδομάδες,'
κι'άν σοῦ μηνύω, στείλε μου
βιόλες καὶ μαντζουράνες.

'Όλες οἱ τέχνες είναι καλές.
Τό θέρος δέν μου δρέσει,
γιατί ποιεί ή κεφάλη
κι'ή έρημή 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.

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1 For example, Τ. Ζευτώλης, "Το σωτροφο λατοτραγοῦδα: στὴν 'Απειρανθὸ τῆς Νάξου', Αθήνα, 1937, 86 σ., Α. Ζευτώλης-ΓΚέλεν, "Παροιμίες ἀπὸ τὴν 'Απειρανθὸ τῆς Νάξου', Αθήνα, 1963, 356 σ.

4 His articles already published are almost innumerable, beginning with *Νίκ. Κεφαλλήνιαδης, 'Τά σπήλαια τῆς Νάξου καὶ οἱ θρύλοι των', Αθήνα, 1961*.

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 ἀργαλεῖο φαμένο
γιά προϊκά χολατρένω.

Τρι-ά-ρά-ρά-ρά... (η ἑπωδός)

Σε σπίτι λεί-μορέ λειβαδίτικο
σ’ἀντίκρουσα στρωμένο
γιά γάμο στόλισμένο.

Σ’ἀντίκρουσα μορέ καὶ δάκρυσα
κ’έτσι νά μην τό σώσει
τό σπίτι νά α’ λυώσει.

Ποιά μάνα φί-μορέ φιλωτίτισσα
σε πούλησε νά πάρει
φασόλια ή κριθάρι.

Χραμάκι πού-μορέ πού σέ φαίνασω
ἐμορφά κοπελούδια
τοῦ φιλωτιοῦ λουλούδια.

Χραμάκι πού-μορέ πού σέ φένανε
τῶν κοριτσῶν τά χέρια
βραδιές καὶ μεσημέριαι.

Καινούργιες μύ-μορέ μέρες ἔχουνται
καὶ ἡ κάθε μία θὰ φάνει
τῆς λευτερᾶς τὸ 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 Naxiates. Here are some specimens of this genre.
3. Σαράντα μέρες

Σαράντα μέρες μελετῶ
καὶ αμάμι καὶ αμπου
καὶ βοῦ βοῦ βοῦ
κ’ ἁμάν ἁμάν ἁμάν (ἡ ἐπωδός)
σαράντα μέρες μελετῶ
νὰ πάω στὸ πνευματικό. (δῖς)

Κε’ ἀπάνω στίς σαράντα δύο
πάω τὸν βρίσκω μουκάδο.

Παπᾶ μου, ἐξειδολόγα με
τὰ κρίματα μου ρώτα με.

Τὰ κρίματα σοῦ ναι πολλά
Κε’ ἀγάπη νὰ μὴν κάνεις πιά.

Σὰν ἀρνηθεῖς ἑωῦ, παπᾶ,
τὸν ἀρτο καὶ τὴν λειτουργία,

Τότε κ’ ἐγὼ θέ ν’ ἀρνηθῶ
τὰ ραύρα ράτια π’ ἄγαπῷ.

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
νὰ πάω νὰ ἔξειδολόγησό...
We find this song in E. Frye’s “Collection of Greek Folk-songs.” She recorded it in Epeiros. It is certain that this song is widely known throughout 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.” In every case, however, the singer performs the song in his own way.

4. 'H μορφή βράκα

'H μορφή σου βράκα
πού κάνει τρίκε τράκα,
καὶ ποιός θά σου τὴν πλούνεi
tῆ βράκα σου στὴν λίμνη;
καὶ ποιός θά τὴν απλώσει
ἀτὸν ἰλίῳ νά στεγώσει;
καὶ ποιός θά βάλει αἰδερο
νά σου τὴν αἰδερώσει;

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 μὲ τὴν ο.tagName('em')υμπέλλα
στὴν Πόλη πάω, κι'αυ θέλεις έλα.
Τράλα-λα-λα, τράλα-λα-λα...
Στὴν Πόλη πάω, κι'αυ θέλεις έλα
μωρή κοπέλλα μὲ τὴν ο.tagName('em')υμπέλλα.

A Foolish Girl

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

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1 The Marble Threshing Floor. The University of Texas Press, 1973, pp. 73–74.
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 Islandes Polis i.e. “City” refers to Constantinople.

6. ‘O Μηνάς

Δὲν ντρέπεσαι Μηνά
tó σπίτι σου πεινά
kai ó sú στό καπελλιό
píneis krasía pálió;

Ἄν πίνω καὶ ἀν μεθῶ
poíouna thá phobhēthō
kí' ēn gíνω μασκαρᾶς
dikós mou éxisa ó pàrás.

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. Αφιές γαμήρων

"Ένα κατικί έρχεται
cόκκινο και φλοκάτο,
ἀπὸ τῆ Νάξο έρχεται
κ' είναι γαμήρων γεμάτο.
'Οπά-οπά'-οπά-πά
μάς ἐπαιζαν τὸν παπά
ἀπ’ τῆ Νάξο ὡς ἐπά. (ἡ ἐπωδός)

Στὴ Σύρο ἠρθε κι’ ἄραζε
κ’ έξω τοὺς ἔβγιζε
c’ ο’ Στεφάνης ἐβράχυνασε
gαμήρων γιά να 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

'Απόφε πέθανε ο άνδρας μου
κι’ ο χοίρος μου τῇ νύχτα
κι’ ο γάδαρος μου τὴν αυτή
κι’ ἔχω τριπλοῦ τῇ πίκρα.
'Οπά-πά-πά-πά
μάς ἐπαιζαν τὸν παπά
ἀπ’ τὴν Πάρο ὡς ἐπά. (ἡ ἐπωδός)

Ἀνδρα μου, χοῖρο, γάδαρε,
καὶ ποιόν να πρωτοκλάψω
τίνος χαρές να θυμηθῶ
νά μὴν 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. 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 αδελφοί

Τέσσερεις και άλλοι τέσσερεις
γίνονται δκτώ αδελφοί,
και ένα μικρό αδελφάκι
γίνονται εννιά αδελφοί.
Στό πόλεμο πηγαίναν νά πολεμήσουν.
Πόλεμο δέν εύρήκαν και διαήρασαν.
Στην απόφαση πού πηγαίνανε διψάσανε,
πηγάδι τού επάνω των χιλιών όργιων,
και κάνουν τό σκαφάλι πού νά κατεβή
cαι πέφτει τό σκαφάλι στόν μικρό αδελφό.
Κατέβα αδελφά μου ἔβγαλε νερό,
αβημέτα ἐυπολίσαε καὶ κατέβασαν.
'Ακόμα δέν ἐδιήθηκα τόσα μισά,
τραβάτε με ἄδηλοφοι μου, μά θολά νερά
θολά καὶ βουρκωμένα καὶ φαρμακέα.
Τραβάθμε σε ἄδηλοφοι μου μά δέν ἔρχεσαι.
Δίστε με εἰς τό μαύρο μου...
πηγάδιετε καὶ πείτε ται μάνιας την καλογρίας,
tό ράσα πού μου ράβει νά τα παράλλα,
tό σπίτια ρού μου χτίζει γιά νά τα βουλά.
Μά μέ με περιπέτειζαν όδια καὶ θεριὰ
cαι δέν μέ ἄφημου 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

ʼΕνα Σάββατο τὸ πρωί πῆγα τὸ θραυμὸ μου καὶ πῆγα εἰς τὴν Ἀρετσοῦ μὲ ἕνα σώτροφό μου.

Καθήσαμε σ’ένα μπαζί γιά νά ξεκουραστούμε ἥρθανε καὶ δύο φίλοι μας νά μᾶς ἴκνοντο

Καλὸς δρίσατε, παιδία, μᾶς εἰπαμε οἱ φίλοι, μά εἶχαν φαρμάκα στὴν καρδιά καὶ λάξαρμα στὰ χείλη.

Χτυποῦντε τὸν Μάρκο στὴν καρδιά τρεῖς μαχαιρίες τοῦ δώσαν Χτυποῦντε καὶ μένα στὴν καρδιά, ὅπου μὲ θανατώσαν.

False Friendship

One Saturday morning I took a musical instrument and went to Aretso 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

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10 Gallimard, Paris, 1967, pp. 154–155. “Les neuf frères et le puits hauté” (No. 66). This text is taken from Μ. Γ. Σπυρίδακης, “Επετρήσι τοῦ λαογραφικοῦ Ἀρχείου” tom. 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 laments from time to time by sob, 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

Στὸν Ἀγ. Γιώργη Ἰησοῦν εἶχα χαρά μεγάλη καί μὲ εἰδοποίησαν πῶς σοφρενεὶ ἦ ζώλη.
Καὶ ἔτρεχα σὰν νὰ Ἰησοῦν ἦνα μικρὰ παιδάκι γι' αὐτό, παπά μου, πρόθεσες καὶ μίλησες λεγάκι.
Καὶ μονοπές μὲ παράπονο καὶ μὲ θλιμέω τόνο πῶς νοώθης στὸ κεφάλι σου ένα μεγάλο πόνο.
Αεξά ἦταν ἡ κόρη σου, κε' ἀριστερά ὁ ὑδός σου συνέχεια κρατοῦσα, παπά μου, τὸ σφυριοῦ σου.
Καὶ ὁ κάθε χώπος ἦταν καρφὶ μὲ τὴν καρδία μας γιαί τὸ καταλάβαμε, πῶς φεύγει ὁ παπᾶς μας.
Καὶ ἰμα ὑε κατεβάζουμε τρία σκαλά στὸν Ἀδή φώναξε τῆς μανούλας μου πῦ θα σὲ περιάβηε.
Σήμερα ἡ μανούλα μου ἔχει χαρὰ μεγάλη τῆς γιαί θὰ εἶναι πάντα μαζὶ μὲ τὸν παπά τῆς.

Παπά μου, κλαίω στὸ σπίτι μου καὶ ὁ υδός σου στὸ υπαμරίζει μοιρόλογια μπαμπάκα μου ἀπ' τὸ πρωί ὡς τὸ βράδυ.
Στὸ καφενείο σὰν θὰ ἰδαν λίγο γιὰ νὰ καθίσει ὁ πόνος καὶ ὁ μαρασμὸς στὰ χείλη του ἔχου ἄνθισε.
καὶ τὸ στεφάνι ποὺ ἀνέβασες συνέχεια κοιτάζει μᾶ σῦ, παπά μου, δὲν ψάλλεις καὶ βαριοασπανότηει.
Σχά-σιγα αηκώνεται καὶ πάει γιὰ τὸ σπίτι τπότα δὲν εἶναι ὑμορφο ἀφό τὸ παπάς μας λείπε.

Νὰ εἶχε ὁ Ὄδης πέρασα καὶ δρόμο νὰ περάσω νὰ ῥυόμουνα, μπαμπάκα μου, γιὰ νὰ σου κοιμήτησω, καὶ νὰ σῶ τὸ ἔτι τί εἶνε, παπά μου, στὴν κρηδία πολὺ θὰ ἔχαρποςσα γι' αὐτὰ τὰ μεγάλα.
"Ὁ δεσποτίδης σου εἶπε μὲ λόγια τῇ ζωῆς σου καὶ ἐκλαγείς σὰν νὰ τάσσεις καὶ αὐτὸς ἔνα παιδί σου.
Καὶ ὁ δεσπότης εἶπε μὲ μάταια δακρυσμένα πῶς δὲν θὰ ξαναδεῖ παπά νὰ χοιράζει σὰν κε ἐσάω.

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 moirolologia.

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 κε ο θεός το ξέρει,
δυν 'ρθήτε πάλι τ'άλλο καλοκαίρι.

"Ερι-ξρι-ξρι θέν χάρι 
διήπε τούς ἀρέσει πάρα πολύ το φιλώτη.

Και νά ξανάρθεις παραθέριση
και τ'άλλο καλοκαίρι.
Πού θά φύγεις καί λυπούμαι
άλλα θά άλληλογ ραφώμε.

Καί βγήκε πάνε μακρά
καί χώνω μαύρα δακρυά.

Παναγία μου, ρά πλοία
tων έκαναν ἀνεργία.

Καί νά κάνου μηνες ὅσο
γιατί δεν ἑθελά 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)

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 favotire 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.