

Alexandros Papadiamantis
Ἀλέξανδρος Παπαδιαμάντης

Christmas at the Castle ΣΤὸ Χοιγτὸ στὸ Κάστρο

Music by Kyriakos Kalaitzidis

Text adaptation by Vasiliki Nevrokopli



Dsaltikon
Spyridon Antonopoulos

En Chordais

Στὸ Χριστὸ στὸ Κάστρο | Christmas at the Castle

*A musical chronicle in three scenes, based on the novel of Alexandros Papadiamantis,
adapted by Vasiliki Nevrokopli and composed by Kyriakos Kalaitzidis.*

PSALTIKON (Spyridon Antonopoulos) and EN CHORDAIS (Kyriakos Kalaitzidis)

Σκηνή 1: Στὸ σπίτι τοῦ παπά-Φραγκούλη (At Papa Frangouli's home)

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|---|--|------|
| 1 | Ὁ ἴσκιος τοῦ Θεοῦ - ὀργανικό, ἦχος α΄ (“The shadow of God” - instrumental, first mode) | 3:57 |
| 2 | Δεκέμβρης μήνας μὲ χιονιά (“On the Island of Skiathos”) | 1:09 |
| 3 | Ἀποκλεισμός, ἦχος α΄ - πλ. α΄ (“Stranded,” first - plagal first mode) | 4:37 |
| 4 | Ἄν κάποιοι τὰ ἅγια στὸν Χριστὸ (“For those who raise the Holy Gifts”) | 1:54 |
| 5 | Τάμα, ἦχος δ΄ λέγετος (“The Vow,” fourth mode legetos) | 3:48 |
| 6 | Λέει στὸν Πανάγο ὁ παπὰς (“Papa Frangoulis then”) | 2:23 |
| 7 | Ἀπόφαση, ἦχος πλ. δ΄ (“Decision,” plagal fourth mode) | 4:08 |
| 8 | Καὶ ὁ Πανάγος κάγχασε (“Then Panagos rather boastfully”) | 3:17 |

Σκηνή 2: Στὸ κάστρο (At the Castle)

- | | | |
|----|--|------|
| 9 | Τὸ συμφωνήσαν (“They agreed to it”) | 2:26 |
| 10 | Θερμὴ καρδιά ἦχος γ΄ (“A warm heart,” third mode) | 2:09 |
| 11 | Ὀργανικό, Σεμαί ἦχος γ΄ (Instrumental Semai, third mode) | 3:22 |
| 12 | Εἰς τὸν Στρουφιλιὰ σὰν χάραξε (“At Struflia, at dawn”) | 1:45 |
| 13 | Ἀπὸ χρυσὸ κι ἀτσάλι, ἦχος δ΄ Ἀγία (“Of gold and steel,” fourth mode agia) | 4:03 |
| 14 | Ὁ ἥλιος ἐχαμήλωνε (“The sun was lowering”) | 1:14 |
| 15 | Χιονισμένο μονοπάτι, ἦχος πλ. β΄ (“The snow-covered path,” plagal second mode) | 3:50 |
| 16 | Ὡσὰν κατσίκες ἔμοιαζαν (“They resembled goats moving together”) | 2:05 |

Σκηνή 3: Στὸ ναό (At the Temple)

17	«Ποιοὶ εἶστε, πεῖτε μας κι ἐμᾶς» (“Who are you? Tell us!”)	1:39
18	Ἁγίες φωτιές, ἦχος πλ. α΄ (“Holy fires,” plagal first mode)	2:37
19	Ἐλαμψε τότε ὁ ναὸς (“The temple then shined and glittered”)	2:11
20	Πυξίδα, ἦχος β΄ (“The Compass,” second mode)	3:38
21	Κράτημα, ἦχος β΄ μέσος (Kratema, second mode mesos)	4:50
22	Ξάφνου ἀκούστηκαν φωνές (“Suddenly voices were heard”)	2:37
23	Τὸ γολετὶ τοῦ Κωνσταντῆ, ἦχος βαρὺς τετράφωνος (“Constantis’ Schooner,” grave mode tetraphonos)	3:27
24	Μὲ κίνδυνο νὰ συντριβοῦν (“With the risk of crashing the ship”)	1:51
25	Ὁ ἴσκιος τοῦ Θεοῦ, ἦχος α΄ (“The shadow of God,” first mode)	5:59
TOTAL		73:30

SOLOISTS: Nikos Andrikos (Tracks 3, 7, 13, 20, 25), Spyridon Antonopoulos (Track 5), Stelios Kontakiotis (Tracks 3, 7, 13, 25), Vasilios Lioutas (Track 23), Dimos Papatzalakis (5, 18, 20, 23).

Tracks 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 12, 14, 16, 17, 19, 22, and 24, are spoken-word narration of the story.

ALEXANDROS PAPADIAMANTIS

This project began in October of 2022, while on tour in Canada with the Ensemble Constantinople. After our concert at the Salle Bourgie in Montréal, my good colleague Spyros Antonopoulos greeted me backstage with a proposal that we stage in Boston the short story of Alexander Papadiamantis's "Sto Christo sto Kastro" in the form of a musical presentation. "As if ready already," I replied directly very positively and without hesitation. For years now I have been passionately studying the work of our leading prose author, and the proposal was not only an honor for me, but also struck a personal and particularly sensitive chord in me.

Upon my return to Thessalonica, and after the necessary exchange of ideas, we began without delay planning the design and performance of our new venture. Vasiliki Nevrokopli began preparing an abridged adaptation of the short story for the needs of our performance, in iambic decapentasyllabic verse with rhyme. I began composing the music to the song verses. The premier performance took place at the Maliotis Cultural Center in Boston on December 1, 2023, under the direction of the Psaltikon Ensemble. The huge success of the work gave rise to the dream of proceeding to this present edition, which became a reality through the generosity of an anonymous donor and countless hours of labor from the creators and musicians who are heard on this recording.

Alexander Papadiamantis (1851–1911) does not need particular introductions for the Greek readers, at least. The countless editions and re-editions of the great

bulk and variety of his work, the impressive number of specific studies and conferences on his life and work, as well as his abiding influence upon generations of authors, poets, composers, directors of stage and cinema productions, actors, painters, theologians and philosophers constitute long-lasting tokens of his continuous presence in the Greek spiritual and artistic reality. Indicative of this influence, after all, are the characterizations that accompany any reference to his name, such as "the saint of Greek letters," "the summit of summits," "the Greek Dostoevsky," etc.

The work of Papadiamantis constitutes an exceptional iconography of the physical environment, the social and anthropological topography of his place of birth, the Island of Skiathos, but also of Athens, where he lived for thirty years. Many significant things have been written about the multi-levelled dimension of his writings — the linguistic wealth, the penetrating gaze filled with sensitivity into the souls of his heroes, the great variety of information provided on positions and opinions on a whole series of social, political, theological, and ethical issues that he represented and promoted, but also the immense delight readers find in his writings.

Given the nature of this present undertaking, we confine ourselves to indicating the position held in his works by the art of music. Throughout his texts, we find direct and indirect references to verses of demotic songs, information about musical instruments, ways of entertainment and of dancing, musi-

cological articles and hymnography — elements that are all particularly significant in the scientific study of music and art. It is well-known that the supreme prose writer matured in the shadow of Mt. Athos and at the side of his father the priest. Evidence abounds also in his contemporary authors and journalists that Papadiamantis loved the liturgical services of the Church. We also know of his many years of service as a chanter in the churches and chapels of his native Island and, during his time in Athens, in the holy church of St. Elissaios.

Thus, when the time came to compose the music for “Sto Christo sto Kastro,” the idea came naturally for me to enter the musical world of Papadiamantis

himself and work synthetically in creating the melodic orchestrations. The songs were set to choral music following the standards of the Octoechos and the musical form that accompanies their performance is produced by the musical instruments we encounter in his writings.

May this humble task burn as a vigil candle to his memory, a token gift in return for the multitude of priceless and significant offerings made to us by the great Alexandros Papadiamantis.

Enjoy this sound of music!
Kyriakos Kalaitzidis
Thessalonica, March 2025

ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΠΑΠΑΔΙΑΜΑΝΤΗΣ

Ήταν τὸν Ὀκτώβριο τοῦ 2022, ὅταν βρέθηκα στὸν Καναδά, σὲ περιοδεία μὲ τὸ Ensemble Constantinople. Μετὰ τὸ τέλος τῆς συναυλίας μας στὴ Salle Bourgie τοῦ Μόντρεαλ, ἦρθε στὰ καμαρίνια ὁ καλὸς συνάδελφος Σπύρος Ἀντωνόπουλος καὶ μοῦ πρότεινε νὰ ἀνεβάσουμε στὴ Βοστώνη τὸ διήγημα τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου Παπαδιαμάντη «Στὸ Χριστὸ στὸ Κάστρο» σὲ μορφή μουσικῆς παράστασης. «Σὰν ἔτοιμος ἀπὸ καιρὸ», ἀνταποκρίθηκα ἀμέσως πολὺ θετικὰ καὶ δίχως τὸν παραμικρὸ ἐνδοιασμό. Χρόνια τῶρα ἐντρυφῶ μὲ πάθος στὸ ἔργο τοῦ κορυφαίου μας πεζογράφου, ὅποτε ἡ πρόταση αὐτὴ δὲν ἦταν μόνον τιμητικὴ γιὰ μένα, ἀλλὰ ἀγγίξε καὶ μὴ ἰδιαίτερα εὐαίσθητὴ χορδὴ μου.

Ἐπιστρέφοντας στὴ Θεσσαλονίκη, μετὰ καὶ τὶς απαραίτητες συνεννοήσεις, ξεκίνησαε δίχως χρονοτριβὴ τὸν σχεδιασμὸ καὶ τὴν ἐκτέλεση τοῦ νέου μας ἐγχειρήματος: ἡ Βασιλικὴ Νευροκοπιῆ διασκευάζοντας μὴ συνεπτυγμένη μορφή τοῦ διηγήματος, γιὰ τὶς ἀνάγκες τῆς παράστασης, σὲ ἱαμβικὸ δεκαπεντασύλλαβο μὲ ὁμοιοκαταληξία καὶ ἐγὼ μελοποιώντας τοὺς στίχους. Ἡ πρεμιέρα τοῦ ἔργου ἔλαβε χώρα στὸ Malioitis Cultural Center τῆς Βοστόνης τὴν 1η Δεκεμβρίου 2023 σὲ διοργάνωση τοῦ συλλόγου Psaltikon. Ἡ ἐπιτυχία τοῦ ἔργου γέννησε τὸ ὄνειρο νὰ προχωρήσουμε στὴν παρούσα ἐκδοσι τοῦ, μὲ τὴν εὐγενικὴ χορηγία ἐνὸς ἀνώνυμου δωρητῆ καὶ τὶς ἀμέτρητες ὥρες μόχθου τῶν συντελεστῶν, ἔγινε πραγματικότητα.

Ο Άλέξανδρος Παπαδιαμάντης (1851-1911) δέν χρειάζεται ιδιαίτερες συστάσεις στό ἑλληνικό, τουλάχιστον, ἀναγνωστικό κοινό. Οἱ ἀναριθμητες ἐκδόσεις καί ἐπανεκδόσεις τοῦ μεγάλου σέ ὄγκο καί ποικιλία ἔργου του, ὁ ἐντυπωσιακός ἀριθμός ἐιδικῶν μελετῶν καί συνεδρίων γιά αὐτό, καθῶς καί ἡ διαχρονική του ἐπίδραση σέ μεταγενέστερους συγγραφείς, στιχουργούς, συνθέτες, σκηνοθέτες τοῦ θεάτρου καί τοῦ κινηματογράφου, ῥηοποιοί, ζωγράφοι, θεολόγοι καί στοχαστές ἀποτελοῦν ἀδιάσειστα τεκμήρια τῆς συνεχοῦς παρουσίας του στήν ἑλληνική πνευματική καί καλλιτεχνική πραγματικότητα. Ἐνδεικτικοί εἶναι ἐξάλλου καί οἱ χαρακτηρισμοί πού συνοδεύουν τήν ἀναφορά τοῦ ὀνόματός του, ὅπως «ὁ ἅγιος τῶν ἑλληνικῶν γραμμάτων», «ἡ κορυφή τῶν κορυφῶν», «ὁ Ἑλληνας Ντοστογιέφσκι» κ.ἄ.

Πολλά καί σπουδαία ἔχουν γραφεῖ γιά τὸ ἔργο του, πού ἀποτελεῖ μία ἐξαιρετική εἰκονογραφία τοῦ φυσικοῦ περιβάλλοντος, τῆς κοινωνίας καί τῆς ἀνθρωπογεωγραφίας τοῦ τόπου καταγωγῆς του, τῆς Σκιάθου, ἀλλά καί τῆς Ἀθήνας ὅπου ἔζησε τριάντα περίπου χρόνια, τήν πολυεπίπεδη διαστρωμάτωση τῆς γραφῆς του, τὸν γλωσσικό του πλοῦτο, τὴ διεσδυτική καί γεμάτη τρυφερότητα ματιά του στίς ψυχές τῶν ἡρώων του, τὸ πλήθος τῶν πάσης φύσεως πληροφοριῶν πού παραθέτει, τίς θέσεις καί τίς ἀπόψεις του γιά μία σειρά ἀπὸ κοινωνικά, πολιτικά, θεολογικά καί ἠθικά ζητήματα, καθῶς καί τὴ μεγάλη ἀπόλαυση πού προσφέρει ἡ ἀνάγνωση τῶν κειμένων του.

Λόγω τῆς φύσης τοῦ παρόντος ἐγχειρήματος, ἐδῶ περιοριζόμαστε νὰ ἐπισημάνουμε τὴ θέση πού κατέ-

χει στὸ ἔργο του ἡ τέχνη τῆς μουσικῆς. Στὰ κείμενα του ἐντοπίζουμε ἄμεσες καί ἔμμεσες ἀναφορὲς σὲ στίχους δημοτικῶν τραγουδιῶν, πληροφορίες γιά μουσικά ὄργανα, τρόπους διασκέδασης καί χοροῦ, μουσικολογικά ἄρθρα καί ὑμνογραφήματα, ὅλα ἰδιαίτερως σημαντικά γιά τὴ μελέτη τῆς μουσικῆς ἐπιστῆμης καί τέχνης. Εἶναι γνωστὸ ὅτι ὁ κορυφαῖος πεζογράφος ἀνδρώθηκε στὸ πλάι τοῦ ἱερέα πατέρα του καί, ὅπως μαρτυρεῖται ἀπὸ τοὺς συγχρόνους του συγγραφείς καί δημοσιογράφους, ἦταν ἰδιαίτερα φιλακόλουθος. Ἐξάλλου, εἶναι γνωστὴ καί ἡ μακρόχρονη διακονία του ὡς ἱεροψάλτη σὲ ἐκκλησίες καί ἑωκλήσια τοῦ νησιοῦ του καί, κατὰ τὰ χρόνια διαμονῆς του στήν Ἀθήνα, στὸν Ἱ. Ν. Ἀγίου Ἐλισσαίου.

Ἔτσι, ὅταν ἦρθε ἡ ὥρα νὰ καταπιασῶ μὲ τὴ μελοποίηση τοῦ διηγήματος «Στὸ Χριστὸ στὸ Κάστρο», ἀβίαστα προέκυψε ἡ ἰδέα νὰ κινηθῶ συνθετικά καί ἐνορχηστρωτικά στὸν μουσικὸ κόσμον τοῦ ἴδιου τοῦ Παπαδιαμάντη. Τὰ τραγούδια μελοποιήθηκαν σύμφωνα μὲ τοὺς κανόνες τῆς Ὀκταηχίας καί τὸ μουσικὸ σχῆμα πού τὰ ἐκτελεῖ ἀποτελεῖται ἀπὸ μουσικά ὄργανα πού συναντοῦμε μέσα στὰ κείμενά του.

Ἄς εἶναι τοῦτο τὸ ταπεινὸ ἐργόχειρο ἓνα κεράκι στὴ μνήμη του, μικρὸ ἀντίδωρο στὰ τόσο πολλὰ, ἀνεκτίμητα καί σπουδαία πού μᾶς προσέφερε ὁ μέγιστος Ἀλέξανδρος Παπαδιαμάντης.

Καλὴ ἀκρόαση!

Κυριάκος Καλαϊτζίδης

Θεσσαλονίκη, Μάρτιος 2025



TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Adapted from Papadiamantis' original into rhyming fifteen-syllable verse

by Vasiliki Nevrokopli

ΣΚΗΝΗ 1

1

Όργανικό: Ό ίσκιος του Θεού, ήχος α΄

2

Ανάγνωση

Δεκέμβρης μήνας με χιονιά και στού παπα-Φραγκούλη
ή παπαδιά, οί κόρες τους κι ό γιός –τό στερνοπούλι–
όσπρια τρώγανε, ενώ τώ Μαλαμώ ή χήρα
στά χέρια με μιά λειτουργιά πρόβαλε μπρός στη θύρα.
Στήν ώρα πάνω ό μαραγκός Πανάγος πού διψούσε
μπήκε νά πιεί μιά δυό ρακές καθώς τώ συνηθούσε.
«Ό Άργύρης» είπε ό παπάς «κι ό Πάννης στ' άνηφόρια
του Κάστρου αποκλείστηκαν, μεγάλη στεναχώρια...».
Ή παπαδιά τόν ρώτησε άν είχε γεμάτα
άραγες τά ζεμπιλια τους, άν πήρανε τή στράτα.
«Κουμπάνια θά χουν και θηλειές νά πιάσουνε κοτσούφια»
τής άπαντά ό μαραγκός – μ' άπάθεια, είναι άληθεια.
«Στό Στοιβωτό Χριστούγεννα;» άπόρησε με άλλος
ή παπαδιά σαν άκουσε τί τε ό μπαρμπά-Πανάγος.
Μά ό παπάς δέν μίλησε. Στόν νου του μελετούσε
τούς ύλοτόμους στόν χιονιά πώς θά τούς βοηθούσε.

SCENE 1

1

Instrumental: The Shadow of God

2

Reading

On the Island of Skiathos that December heavy snow
had fallen, and in Papa-Frangoulis' home, his Papadia,
their daughters and youngest son, were having bean-
soup for supper, when the widowed aunt, Malamo,
stepped over the door's threshold with a prosforon
in her hands. The same moment, Panagos, the thirsty
carpenter, also came in for one or two drinks of raki –
his custom as usual. Then the priest spoke up and said:
“Argyris and Yiannis, two young men, are snowbound,
in danger, up in the Castle's heights, because of the
snow storm.” Then Papadia asked, if they had full
rucksacks when they departed. “Certainly supplies
and traps to catch blackbirds, they have,” the carpenter
replied with calm and reassurance. “Christmas at
Stoivoto?” asked the Papadia, with a tone of doubt,
when she heard what Panagos the carpenter had said.
The Priest did not speak. He was thinking of the two
loggers, stranded in the snow, and how to bring them
assistance.

Ἀποκλεισμός, ἥχος α' – πλ. α'

Πενήντα πέντε ἦτανε χρονῶν μ' ἀγαθοσύνη
καὶ τολμηρὸς ἀπὸ μικρός, χάρη στὴ ναυτοσύνη.
ἔριξε χιόνι, ἔριξε κι ἀκόμα χιόνι ρίχνει»
ὁ μάστορας μουρμούρισε, «ποῦ νὰ βρεθοῦν τὰ ἴχνη;
Ἄγιος Θανάσης καὶ Καμπιά, παπά, γίνανε ἓνα!
Ἀπὸ Κουρούπι, Μυγδαλία, μὴν καὶ θωρεῖς κανένα;
Οἱ κορυφές οἱ τέσσερις τῆς νήσου ἐνωθήκαν!».
Μὰ τοῦ παπά οἱ λογιανοὶ ἀπὸ τὸ στόμα βγήκαν:
«Ἀπὸ τὴ θάλασσα κανεῖς φτάνει, μαστρο-Πανάγο;».
«Τὰ ἴδια καὶ χειρότερα! Μόνο ἂν ἔχει ἅγιο!
Γραυγολεβάντες δυνατός, φουρτούνα πὺ φρεσκάρει.
Ἄν βάρκα ἀπ' τὸ λιμάνι βγεῖ, ἀέρας θὰ τὴν πάρει!»
«Ἀπ' τὸ Σοφρὰν εἶναι γνωστό, ἀπ' τὸ Σταβέτι πάει;»
«Παπά, φοβοῦμαι μὴν τυχὸν μαῖστρο τὸ γυρνᾷει...»
ἔΕ, τότε νὰ πεθάνουμε... Τί λόγια ξεστομίζεις;»
«Γ' αὐτοὺς κεφάλι στὸν τορβά θὰ βῆλα νομίζει;
Θὰ ἀνάψαν σὲ σπηλιὰ φωτιά, καθὼς κάνουν στὰ χάνια,
γὰ μιὰ βδομάδα φαγητὸ θὰ ἔχουν στὰ κουμπάνια».

Ἀνάγνωση

«Ἄν κάποιος τὰ ἅγια στὸν Χριστὸ τοῦ Κάστρου θὰ ὑψώσει,
διπλὸ θὰ λάβει τὸν μισθό, ἂν καὶ τὰ ἀγόρια σώσει.
Πέροι δὲν λειτουργήσαμε κι ἦταν καλὸς χειμώνας,
φέτος βαρὺς...» εἶπε ὁ παπὰς ὡς καὶ ἔαν κατὰ μόνας.
Κι εὐθὺς τὸ στόμα σφράγισε ὡσάν μετανιωμένος,
σὺν ἂν ἔπε λόγια περιττά, ἂν καὶ συγκρατημένος.

Song 1, Modes 1–5: Stranded

He was fifty-five years old, full of kindness, bold
from a young age, due to his trade in boat building.
“Much snow has fallen, indeed, and it is still snowing,”
muttered the master carpenter, “how can any tracks
be found?” “Agiος Thanasis and Kampia, Father, are
now snowed under as one! From Kouroupi, Mygdalia,
can anyone be seen? The island’s four peaks are united
under one snow cap!” But now the Priest’s thoughts
came out from his mouth: “Can anyone get there by
sea, mastro-Panago?” “By sea it is the same and could
be even worse! Possible perhaps with a saint as pro-
tector!” “It’s a strong northeastern storm that’s getting
worse. A boat that dares to leave the harbor now, will
be blown away!” “The way from Sofran, I know, that’s
out, but from Staveti, is that a way out?” “Papa, I fear
the northeast wind will take the boat astray...” “What
then, to lay down and die? Is that what you’re saying?”
“To risk my life for them is a serious gamble, don’t you
think?” “They’ll kindle a fire, in a cave, as they do in
the inns, and stay for a week, with plenty of food to
make it through the storm.”

Reading

“For those who raise the holy Gifts at Christ’s church
in the Castle, a double reward will be received, as they
will save the young men also. Last year we didn’t
serve, and it was a good winter, but this year the
winter is heavy...” so said the priest as if to himself. But
then, directly sealed his lips, as if regretting what he

«Καὶ γιὰ, παπά μου, ὁ Χριστὸς καλὸν καιρὸ δὲν δίνει ἂν στὴ γιορτῇ του λειτουργιὰ τόσο ποθεῖ νὰ γίνηι;» μ' αὐθάδεια ξεστόμισε ὁ μαραγκὸς καὶ βλέμμα λοξὸ τοῦ ρίχνει ὁ παπὰς καὶ λέει θυμωμένα: «Πανάγο, τί ξεστόμισες; Ποιοὶ εἴμαστε νὰ ποῦμε τί ὁ Θεὸς μας βούλεται καὶ νὰ τὸ συζητοῦμε; Τὸ μερικὸ καὶ γενικὸ ταυτίζεις μὲ ἀφέλεια. Εἶν' ὁ χειμῶνας γιὰ τὴ γῆ καὶ τὴν ὑγεία ὠφέλεια. Ἔχει ἀνάγκη ὁ Χριστὸς γιὰ νὰ τὸν λειτουργήσουν; Ἀλλὰ, σ' αὐτοὺς ποὺ τρέχουνε ψυχὲς νὰ βοηθήσουν, ἔρχεται Ἐκεῖνος βοηθὸς καὶ ἐμπόδια χίλια λύνει καὶ θαῦμα κάνει ἅμα θε' καὶ τοὺς διευκολύνει. Καὶ πὼς ζητᾷ καιρὸ καλὸ; Σὰν ἦταν ὅλα τέλεια, ἐμεῖς δὲν λειτουργήσαμε πέρασ ἀπὸ ἀμέλεια...». Σπεύδει ἡ θειά τὸ Μαλαμῶ τῇ διδαχῇ νὰ ἀδράξει, τῆς ἄρσεε καὶ πράγματα νὰ μπαίνουν σὲ μιὰ τάξη: «Γιὰ χρόνους ἀλειτούργητος τῆς γέννας Του τὴ μέρα; Θὰ μᾶς χαλάσει ὁ Θεὸς καὶ πὼς θὰ βοῦμε πέρα; Καὶ τὸ Δωδεκαήμερο τὸ περσινὸ, ταμῆνο εἶχαμε τὸν Λαμπράκη μας, ἄρρωστο τὸν καημένο. Θυμᾶσαι;» λέει στὴν παπαδιά, μὰ ἐκείνη σιωποῦσε καὶ ὁ παπὰς συνέχισε σὰν νὰ μονολογοῦσε:

5

Τάμα, ἦχος δ' λέγετος

«Ἄμα γλιτώσει, ἔταξες, Χριστοῦγεννα νὰ πᾶμε καὶ νὰ τὸν λειτουργήσουμε ὅ,τι καιρὸς καὶ νὰ 'ναι». «Θυμοῦμαι» ἀπαντᾷ αὐτὴ τὴν κεφαλὴ τῆς σιωνίτας καί, τὴν ἄρρώστια τοῦ παιδιοῦ στὸν νοῦ ἀνακαλῶντας, θυμήθηκε πὼς πέρυσι πῆγε νὰ τοὺς ἀφήσει καὶ σὰν κεράκι τῆς Λαμπρῆς ἡ φλόγα του νὰ σβήσει.

said, as if, while refrained, his words may have said too much. "And why, dear Papa, does Christ not provide good weather, if He so desires to have a Liturgy celebrated on His name day?" the carpenter impertinently blurted out. But the Priest gave him a slanted glance and offered stern instruction: "Panagos, what are you saying? Who are we to question God or to dispute His will? The partial and the general you equate naively. Winter is beneficial and healthy for the earth. Christ has no need for Liturgies being served for Him, but looks kindly to those who run and help other souls in need, and then He comes Himself to help, removing all the obstacles, working even miracle, if He so wills, to facilitate such good efforts. How then, can you now ask for good weather? Last year, all things were perfect, yet, we didn't celebrate, not because of the weather, but because of our negligence..." Aunt Malamo was quick to grasp the lesson, for she loved all the things to be set in proper order: "For years to be without a Liturgy on the day of His Birth? God will be fully justified to bring us harm for that!" "During the Twelve Days of Christmas last year, we made a vow, when our little boy Lambrakis was ill. Do you remember?" asked the Papadia, but then stopped short, allowing her good Papa to continue the monologue:

5

Song 2, Mode 4: The Vow

"If he is spared, you vowed, for us to go on Christmas and serve the Liturgy, regardless of the weather." "I remember," she said, nodding her head, and recalling her little boy Spyro's illness to mind. She remembered how last year the boy's flame of life was about to be blown out like that of a Paschal candle.

Ανάγνωση

Τέσσερις κόρες ζήσανε ἀπ' τὶς ὀχτῶ της γέννες,
οἱ δίδυμες ἦταν μικρές, οἱ ἄλλες παντρεμένες.
Τὸ τάμα ἂν θὰ ἐκπλήρωνε, μέρες τὸ μελετοῦσε,
κι ἂν ὄχι, τάχα ὁ Θεὸς θὰ τῆς τὸ συχωροῦσε;
Μὰ τοῦ παπᾶ τὴν τακτικὴ εἶχε καλογνωρίσει
καὶ πήρε τὴν ἀπόφαση νὰ τὸν ἀκολουθήσει.
Μακράν του ἦτανε δειλὴ, πλησίον του λιοντάρι,
κίνδυνον δὲν σκιάζοτανε, γινόταν παλικάρι.
Ἄν ἔφευγε χωρὶς αὐτὴν, πούλι κυνηγημένο
θὰ ἔμενε ἡ καρδοῦλα της, νὰ τρέμει φοβισμένο.
Ἡ κόρη της, ἡ Μυγδαλιώ, σκύβει τότε στ' αὐτὴ της
καὶ ἀρχινᾷ τὸν ψίθυρο ἢ ταπεινὴ φωνὴ της:

Τραγούδι στὴν ἴδια μελωδίᾳ

«Μάνα μου, παλαβώσατε; Μάνα μου, ποῦ τραβάτε;
Στὸ Κάστρο με χιονιὰ βαρὺ, μάνα μου, πῶς θὰ πάτε».
«Σώπασε, σώπα, Μυγδαλιώ, θὰ πάρουνε κι ἐμένα»
ἡ ἀδελφὴ της πρόσθεσε, κάπως συνεσταλμένα.
Τὶς μάλωσε ἡ παπαδιά καὶ τὰ παιδιὰ λουφάζαν,
τὰ λόγια ὅμως τῶν παιδιῶν τὴ Μαλαμῶ τρομάξαν.
Ἄν ἄρρωστίησι τὸ παιδί, στὰ δυὸ κόβεται ἡ μάνα
καὶ τὸν Θεὸ παρακαλεῖ, μεγάλο κάνει τάμα.
Κι εἶναι τὸ τάμα της κερί ποῦ σβήνει τὸ σκοτάδι,
ἐλπίδα στὴν ἀπελπισία, τὴ βγάζει ἀπὸ τὸν Ἄδη.
Μιά προσδοκία μυστικὴ ὄρθια τὴν κρατάει.
Τὸ τάμα εἶναι προσευχὴ, ποῦ τ' ἅγια ἀκουμπάει.

Reading

Four daughters lived of her eight births, her twins were young, the other two were married. For days she thought if her vow will ever be fulfilled, and if not, would God be gracious to forgive her? The Papadia was very well aware of the tactics of her Papa, and made a firm decision to follow him. Without him, she was timid, but strong as a lion, when beside him. Dangers never discouraged her, and faced them as a hero. If he had gone and left her behind, her little heart would be trembling as a hunted bird in fear. Her daughter, Mygdalio, then leans to her mother's ear, and with her humble voice begins to whisper:

Again, a song in the same melody

“Dear mother, are you crazy? Dear mother, where are you going? To the Castle with heavy snow, dear mother, how will you go?” “Be quiet, be silent, Mygdalio, they'll take me too,” Her sister added with some reservation. The Papadia scolded the children and they became silent. But the children's words brought thoughtful concerns to their aunt Malamo. If her child falls ill, the mother is cut in half with worry, and prays to God, and makes a great vow. And her vow serves like a candle that diminishes the darkness, that adds hope in despair, and brings one out of Hades. A vow is a secret expectation, upholding one upright. A vow is a prayer, that leans upon and touches the holy.

Ανάγνωση

Λέει στον Πανάγο ο παπὰς ζητώντας νά 'βρει λύσεις:

«Νά πὰς στού μπάρμπα-Στεφανή, νά 'ρθει
νὰ τοῦ μὴνύσεις».

«Πάω, παπά, καὶ πείνασα, νὰ δώ τί μαγειρεῖται
στό σπίτι ἢ Πανάγαινα κι ἡ πείνα μου θεριεύει...»
«Αφοῦ στὸν καπετάνιο πὰς, νὰ φᾶς μὲ τὴν ψυχὴ σου!»
«Καλὴ σου νύχτα, παπαδιά, παπά, μὲ τὴν εὐχὴ σου!»
Καὶ ὁ μαραγκὸς ποῦ 'χε βαρὺ κι ἀνάστημα μεγάλο
ἀπ' τὴν οἰκία τοῦ παπὰ ἐφυγε δίχως ἄλλο.

* * *

«Παπά, στό Κάστρο ἅμα πὰς, ἐγὼ σ' ἀκολουθᾶω»
εἶπε ἡ θεια τὸ Μαλαμῶ, «γιαὶ χάρι' σ' τὸ ζητάω».
«Νά 'ρθει ὁ μπαρμπα-Στεφανῆς πρωτίστως
καὶ θὰ δοῦμε».
«Κι ἐγὼ» τοῦ λέει ἡ παπαδιά «κι ἡ Μαλαμῶ
θὰ 'ρθοῦμε!».

«Φτάνει ἐγὼ, βρὲ παπαδιά, ποῦ θὰ κακοπαθῶσω,
μὴν ἀπ' τὸ σπίτι λείψουμε κι οἱ δυὸ καὶ δὲν θ' ἀργήσω».
«Τὸ τάμα τὸ 'κανα ἐγὼ, πὼς λὲς στό σπίτι μείνεις;»
«Ἄν πάω ἐγὼ ἀντὶ γιὰ σέ, τὸ ξέρεις, ἴδιο εἶναι».
Τὸ Μυγδαλιὼ μὲ δάκρυα τοὺς δυὸ γονεῖς ρωτοῦσε
«Καὶ ποῦ θὰ μὰς ἀφήσετε ἐμάς;» κι ὁλοθυγροῦσε...
Ζήληψε τότε τὸ Βασίλω, μὰ καὶ τὸ στερνοπούλι,
νὰ πάνε θέλαν ὅλα τους μὲ τὸν παπα-Φραγκοῦλη.
«Σωπάστε» εἶπε ὁ παπὰς στὰ τρία τὰ παιδιά του
καὶ ἂν ὑπάρχουν λειτουργιῆς ρωτᾷ τὴν παπαδιά του.
Διὰ τοῦ βλέμματος αὐτῆ τοῦ δείχνει σκεπασμένες
τὶς λειτουργιῆς ποῦ φέρανε κυράδες βλογημένες.

* * *

Βήματα ἀκουστήκανε κι ἡ πόρτα τους ἡνοιχθή
ὁ ἐξηκοντούτης Στεφανῆς ὁ στιβαρὸς ἀφίχθη,

Reading

Papa Frangoulis then, seeking to find solutions, to Panagos turns and gives instructions: "Go to Captain Stefanis and tell him to come here to us." "I will go, my Papa, but first I must go and see Panagaina, what she might be cooking, for my hunger is now unbearable." "Go first and speak to the Captain, and then eat to your heart's content!" "Good night Papadia, Papa, I'm going with your blessing!" And the carpenter who was a stout man of great stature departed from the priest's house in a hurry.

* * *

"Papa, if you decide to go to the Castle, I am ready to follow you," Aunt Malamo said firmly, "and I ask this of you as a favor." "Let's wait first for Captain Stefanis to come and then we'll see!" "I and Malamo will come with you!" confirmed the Papadia. "It will suffice for me, my wife, to make the effort; no need for both of us to leave our home; I will not be gone for long. I made the vow," she said, "how can you expect me to stay home?" "If I go instead of you, you know, it is the same thing as if you go." Mygdalio then with tears asked her two parents: "And where will you leave us?" And kept on nagging them lamenting. But then both Vasio and their youngest boy became jealous, for they all wanted to go with their father, Papa-Frangoulis. "Quiet!" said the priest to his three children. Then turning to his wife, he asked: "Are there any prosphora?" With her glance she indicates the covered prosphora that had been brought earlier by blessed ladies of the parish.

* * *

Footsteps were heard approaching, and then their door was opened, the sixty-year-old, sturdy Captain

μέ τον παχύ του μύστακα, δέρμα ήλιοκαμένο
καί τόν Πανάγο δίπλα του τόν παραπειρασμένο
πού δέν ἐπῆγε σπίτι του, περιέργος νά μάθει
τόν λόγο πού ἔλεγε ὁ παπᾶς τόν καπετάνιο νά ῥθει.
«Γιά, καπετάνιε Στεφανή, κάτσε νά σέ ρωτήσω:
στό Κάστρο βάρκα ἀπό Σταβέτ, θά πάει ἂν θελήσω;»
Δέν σκέφτεται ὁ Στεφανής, δέν τὸ καλοζυγιάζει,
αὐθόρμητα μέ τῇ χοντρή φωνῇ του ἀνακράζει:

7

Ἀπόφαση, ἤχος πλ. δ΄

«Μετὰ χαρᾶς, παπούλη μου, καί ὄρεξη νά ἔχεις!».
Ἔτσι, σέ θέλω, Στεφανή! Γιά τὸ καλὸ νά τρέχεις!
Μὴν τάχα καί σέ κίνδυνο ὁμως ἐγὼ σᾶς σέρνω;»
«Καθόλου, ντίπ καὶ καταντίπ! Ἀπάνω μου σᾶς παίρνω!
Μονάχα μὴν κρυώσετε! Τριάντα καὶ νομάτοι
χωροῦνε μέσ στη βάρκα μου, νά ᾖαι καλογεμάτη,
μέ οὐλες τίς κουμπάνιες σας καὶ ὅλα σας τὰ σκευή
καὶ ἡ φουρτούνα κόπασε, ταχιά καλοσυνεύει».
Ἄλλα ὁ παγερὸς βοριάς ὡς γιὰ νά διαψεύσει
τὴν τοῦ πορθμέως σιγουριά, ὀξέως θά ἐκπνεύσει,
σειώντας τὰ δέντρα τῆς αὐλῆς,
τοῦ μαγεριοῦ τοὺς τοίχους,
καὶ βγάλανε τὰ παράθυρα φόβου καὶ τρόμου ἤχους.

8

Ἀνάγνωση

Καὶ ὁ Πανάγος κάγχασε, μέ θρίαμβο ἐβόα:
«Ἀκοῦς πῶς καλοσύνη; Σὰν νά μουγκρίζουν ζῶα!».
«Νὰ πελεκᾷς στραβόξυλα, ἐσύ, καὶ νά καρφώνεις!
Μὴν μπλέκεις μέ τῇ θάλασσα καὶ μὴ μᾶς πελαγώνεις.

Stephanis arrived, with his thick moustache, his
sunburnt skin, and standing there beside him, was
the starving carpenter, who did not go home to eat;
curiosity had prevailed over his hunger: He wanted to
learn the reason Papa Fragoulis had invited the Cap-
tain. "Welcome, Captain Stefanis, sit down and let me
ask you: Can a boat get to the Castle by way of Staveti,
if I were to want it?" Stefanis doesn't need to think,
to weigh the question, spontaneously he declares his
response in his heavy voice:

7

Song 3, Mode 8: The Decision

"Gladly, my dear Papa, if you are so inclined and
willing!" "Great! That's how I want you to be,
Stefanis! May your journeys always be with fare
sailing! Am I, perhaps, dragging you into danger?"
"Not at all, absolutely not! The responsibility is
all mine! "Just don't catch a cold on me! Thirty
people can fit in my boat, including supplies and
baggage. The storm seems to be subsiding, tomorrow
promises even better signs." As if to contradict the
seaman's confidence, the cold north wind howled
abruptly, shaking the trees in the yard, the walls in
the kitchen, and even the windows made sounds like
fearful groans.

8

Reading

Then Panagos rather boastfully began his ironic reply:
"Do you hear how it is getting better? It sounds like
wounded animals!" But Captain Stefanis directly said
to him: "You stick to chopping at crooked boards

‘Ο αέρας» λέει ὁ Στεφανῆς «ταχιά ψυχομαχάει, κι ἂν ἔρθει καὶ μικρὴ χιονιά, ἐμᾶς δὲν μᾶς χαλάει». Ἐπέμενε ὁ μαργκός: «Κι ἂν στρίψει σὲ μαῖστρο;». Κι ὁ Στεφανῆς τοῦ ἀπαντᾷ σὰν σὲ μεγάλο οἶστρο: «Δὲν λείπουν ἀποθαλασσιές, ὁ κόρφος ἄς μπουκάρει! Ὁ Στεφανῆς ἀπάνω του λέει πὼς θὰ σᾶς πάρει!». «Ἄ, μπράβο» λέει ὁ παπάς, «ρακὶ θὰ σὲ τρατάρω! Τὰ λόγια σου μὲ κάνανε ἀπόφαση νὰ πάρω». «Παπά, μὲ τὴν εὐχούλα σου, ὡς τώρα ἐξὶ ἥπα». «Ἐφτὰ νὰ γίνουν! Κι ἄλλη πιές,

ἀπ’ τὴν καρδιά μου εἶπα!»

Γενναία δόση ρούφηξε ἀπ’ τὴ μικρὴ φιάλη ποὺ πρὶν ἀδειάσει γέμιξε, ὡς νὰ ‘ταν κάποια ἄλλη. «Πῆρες, παπά, τὰ ἱέρα, χαρτιά καὶ Εὐαγγέλιο; Ν’ ἀρχίσω νὰ τὰ κουβαλῶ γιὰ νὰ ‘μαστε ἀσένιο; Στὶς δύο θὰ ῥθω ἀπὸ δῶ, στὶς τρεῖς στοῦ ἀκρωτήρι νὰ πᾶμε νὰ μαρκάρουμε, καὶ βάλει ξυπητήρι». «Στὶς τρεῖς, θαρρῶ, εἶναι νωρίς, νὰ μὴ χαράξει πρῶτα;» «Στὶς τρεῖς, μὲ πρῶμα τὸν καιρὸ, γιὰ τὴν καλὴ τὴ ρότα! Νὰ πᾶμε στοὺν Ἀσέλhνο, κουπὶ γιὰ τὸ Μανδράκι, κι ὡς τὶς Κεχρεές, μετὰ, παπά, θὰ πᾶμε μὲ πανάκι. Ἄγια Ἐλένη ἂν δὲν βγεῖ – ἄς κάνουμε μιὰ σοῦμα–, ὡς Ἅγιο Σώστη σᾶς τραβῶ ἐγὼ μὲ τὴ μπαρούνα!»

Τραγοῦδι στὴν ἴδια μελωδία

Μὲ τὸ ἀστεῖο κάghασαν, πλὴν, τὴν τροπὴ τοιαύτη τοῦ ἄνεμου φοβούμενος λέει ὁ παπάς στοῦ ναυτή: «Ὅσο κι ἂν χιόνι στοιβάζει ἀπάνω στὰ βουνὰ μας, γιὰ τὸ γιὰ τὸ θὰ φτάσουμε σὲ μιὰν ἀκρογιαλιά μας».

and nailing them together! “Be not entangled with matters of the sea; leave such things to me. The air tomorrow will die down, and if more snow falls, that will not in any way affect our plans.” But the carpenter insisted: “What if the wind turns again and becomes a northeastern?” Again, Stefanis replies to him as if to a nagging gadfly: “There is no shortage of beaches to land the boat, if the gulf should swell up! I, Stefanis, declare the responsibility to get you there is mine!” “Well said and done,” says the priest, “this deserves another treat of raki! Your words have confirmed my decision.” “Papa, with your blessing, I’ve had six already.” “Let it be seven, then, and drink one more, for I have said this with my heart!” He poured a generous quantity from the small bottle, which, before becoming empty, was filled up again, as if it were another. “Papa, have you gathered the holy things, the books, the Gospel? I should start gathering, packing things in preparation. At two I’ll come by here, at three by the promontory, from where we will embark; and set the alarm.” “At three,” said the priest, may be too early. Should we not wait for dawn?” “We want the weather in front of us for a good course! To go to Aselenos, with oars to Mandraki and as far as Kechrees, and then, my Papa, will go with the small sail. At Agia Eleni, if it doesn’t work out, we’ll reconsider, and as far as Agios Sostis, I will draw you myself with the rope!”

Again, a song in the same melody

They laughed at the joke, but the priest, fearing such a turn in the wind, says to the sailor: “No matter how much snow piles up on our mountains, we will sail along the Island’s shore and make for land, at one of our beaches.”

9

Ανάγνωση

Τὸ συμφωνήσαν, μὰ στὶς τρεῖς, λίγο πρὶν ξεκινήσουν,
 λεμβοῦχος εἰς τίς τέσσερις μὴνυσε νὰ κινήσουν.
 Ἐλιές, χαβιάρι, ὁ παπὰς τὴν παπαδιά προστάζει
 κρασί, δίπυρα, πρόσφορα γοργὰ νὰ ἐτοιμάζει.
 Τὰ δυὸ παπαδοκόριτσα στιγμὴ δὲν τεμπελιάζουν,
 τρεῖς δωδεκάδες τὰ αὐγὰ καὶ ἄλλη μία βράζουν.
 Καὶ στὸ καλάθι μὲ σειρά, κερὰ πολλά, λιβάνι
 καὶ πρόσφορα μιὰ ἢ μικρὰ καὶ μιὰ ἢ ἄλλη βάνει.
 Στέλνει ὁ παπὰς τὸν Στεφανὴ στὸ τέλος τῆς ἡμέρας
 σὲ δυὸ караβοκύρηδες γιὰ νὰ τοῦ δώσουν κρέας.
 Πέντε ὀκάδες ἐστειλαν οἱ φιλοτιμηθέντες.
 Εἶχε στὸν νοῦ του ὁ παπὰς τοὺς δυὸ ἀποκλεισθέντες,
 ἅμα τοὺς ἐκλείνει ὁ χιονιάς –ἐφόσον εἶχαν ζήσει–,
 στὸ Κάστρο νὰ ἔχουν φαγητὸ νὰ κρατηθοῦν στὴ ζύση.

10

Θερμὴ καρδιά, ἦχος γ'

Λίγο προτοῦ κατακληθεῖ, μὴνὰ στὸν παπα-Ἀλέξη
 πὼς θὰ κινήσει μῆνυμα στὸ Κάστρο πρὶν νὰ φέξει,
 νὰ λειτουργήσει στὸν Χριστό, κι ὄχι στὴν ἐκκλησία,
 ποὺ ἔ'ταν συνεφημέριοι στὴν ἴδια ἐνόρια.
 Στὸν ψάλτη κυρ-Ἀλεξανδρὶ σπεύδει νὰ τὸ μὴνύσει
 ταχιά ἢ θειά τὸ Μαλαμὺ καὶ νὰ προσηλυτίσει

9

Reading

They agreed to it, but at three, a little before they were
 to start a boatman brings news to start out at four. The
 Papas instructs the Papadia on the provisions:
 The prosphora, the wine, the olives, the raisins, and the
 biscuits. The priest's daughters waste no time—
 They boiled three dozen eggs and one more was still
 in the pot. A large basket they filled to the top, with
 candles and incense, and the prosphora – all packed,
 first by the younger one and then some more by the
 other. At the end of the day, the priest sends Stefanis
 to two sailors, who would give him meat for the trip.
 Five kilos were sent by the men who acted with much
 honor. The priest had in mind the two men stranded
 on the mountain. The winter kept them there, and as
 long as they had survived, they would have plenty of
 food in the Castle to keep them alive.

10

Song 4, Mode 3: A warm heart

Papa Frangoulis informs Papa Alexios on the arrange-
 ments: Starting out before dawn, one will liturgize
 at Christ's church in the Castle, the other will stay to
 serve the parish church, where the two were co-pastors.
 Aunt Malamo in haste notifies the chanter, Mr. Alexan-
 dris, and then, others she calls to join the pilgrimage...



Ανάγνωση

προσκυνητές, γειτόνισσες κι όποιοι στόν δρόμο βρήκε.
Πλήθος δεκάξί άνθρωποι, τέλος, στη βάρκα μπήκε.

Τραγούδι στην ίδια μελωδιά

Σ' αὐτοὺς πού τρέχουν μ' ἡδονή σέ κάθε πανηγύρι,
μπήκε κι ὁ γιὸς τῆς Μυλωνοῦς, ὁ ἀδερφὸς τ' Ἀργύρη.
Ἄπ' τὸν Πανάγο ἔμαθε, στὸ καπηλειό, πὼς φεύγει
ἐνα σκορὶ γιὰ τὸν Χριστὸ στὸ Κάστρο κι ἔτσι σπεύδει
καὶ τὸν παπὰ παρακαλεῖ στὴ βάρκα νὰ τὸν βάλει,
τὸν ἀδερφό του ἀπ' τὸν χιονιὰ θὰ πάσχιζε νὰ βγάλει.

Ανάγνωση

Καλῶς νὰ ῥθεῖς, εἶπε ὁ παπὰς, κι ἐξέπλευσαν βραδάκι.
Πλώρη πρὸς τ' ἀκρωτήριον ἔβαλαν Καλαμάκι.
Κρυώνανε κι ἄς ἦτανε βαριά ἐνδεδυμένοι
καὶ ὁ παπὰς κι ἡ παπαδιά κι ὅλοι οἱ εὐλόγημένοι.
Τρέμαν τ' ἀστέρια, τρέμανε, μεσουρανοῦσε ἡ πούλια,
ἀστήρ κι ἄρκτος ἐφώτιζαν σὰν νὰ ᾔταν ἀστροπούλια.

11

Ὅργανικό Σεμαί ἤχος γ'

12

Ανάγνωση

Εἰς τὸν Στρουφιὰ σὰν χάραξε τὸ πρῶτο τὸ λυκόφως
στὰ πρόσωπά τους φανερὸς ἐγίνηκε ὁ ζόφος.
Τὰ χεῖλη εἶχαν μελανὰ καὶ κόκκινες τὶς ρίνες,
κοκαλιασμένα δάχτυλα, ὥχοι ἀπὸ τὶς δίνες.
Τὸ Μαλαμῶ βρισκότανε στὸν δευτέρῳ τῆς ὕπνο
κι ὁ ψάλτης λικνιζότανε στοῦ ὄνειρό του τὸ λίκνο.

Reading

pilgrims, neighbors and anyone she found on her way.
A multitude of sixteen souls finally entered the boat.

Again, a song in the same melody

To those who run with joy to every feast day of the church, two more were added – the Miller's wife's son and Argyris's brother. From Panagos in the tavern he had heard that a boat was leaving for Christ's church in the Castle, and so he hastened anxiously to join the group and assist in rescuing his brother from the snow.

Reading

"Welcome," said the priest, and they set sail in the dark of night. They set their course for cape Kalamaki. They were very cold, even though all were heavily clothed — the priest and his wife and all the blessed people traveling together. The stars trembled in the sky, as the Pleiades reached their height, while other star constellations twinkled like starlings.

11

Instrumental Semai, Mode 3

12

Reading

At Struffia, at dawn with the first twilight, their faces were evidently sullen. Their lips were dark, their noses red, their fingers frozen, their faces pale from dizziness. Malamo was in her second sleep, while the chanter Alexandris was being rocked in the cradle of his dreams. Spyros, the priest's son,

Ὁ Σπύρος, ὁ παπαδογιός, μετάνοιες θαρρεῖ κάνει,
φανέδες, ὑποκάμισα διπλὰ, τριδιπλὰ βάνει
ξυπνώντας τον ἢ μάνα του, διπλὸ κι ἐπανωφόρι
καὶ μὲ μαντίλι μάλλινο τυλίγει τὸ ἀγόρι.
Πηδاليούχος ὁ παπὰς τὸ πλοῖο κυβερνοῦσε,
καὶ ἕνας ἕνας μὲ σειρὰ καθεὶς κωπηλατοῦσε.
Ἄστεινέονταν ὁ παπὰς νὰ τοὺς διασκεδάσει,
τὰ νέφη συσσωρεύονταν, σκοτείνιαζε ἡ πλάση.
Ἡ νύχτα θὰ τοὺς ἔβρισκε πρὶν βροῦν ἀγκυροβόλι,
τὰ κύματα ὑψώνονταν, ἀνησυχοῦσαν ὅλοι.
Ὁ κακομάντης τὸ 'χε πεῖ, ὁ ναύτης δὲν ἠγνόει
κι ὁ ἱερεὺς προέβλεπε κι ἀπ' τὴν ἀρχὴ ἑννόει.
Σὰν χορευτὴ ἥρωικῶν χορῶν σὲ πανηγύρι
τὴ βάρκα σὲ τρελὸ χορὸ τὸ κύμα παρασύρει.
Καὶ οἱ γυναῖκες δειλίασαν, ζάρωσε στὴ γωνία
ὁ ψάλτης καὶ μονάχα δυὸ δὲν δείχναν ἀγωνία.
Παπὰς καὶ μπάρμπα-Στεφανὴς μὲ νεύματα μιλοῦσαν,
μῆτε στιγμὴ δὲν δειλίασαν, μονάχα ἀποροῦσαν:
Νὰ κατεβάσουν τὸ πανὶ κι ἔτσι νὰ συνεχίσουν,
ἢ μήπως νὰ 'βγουν στὴ στεριά
κι ἐκεῖ νὰ προχωρήσουν;

13

Ἀπὸ χρυσὸ κι ἀτσάλι, ἦχος δ' Ἅγια

Εἶναι καρδιές ποὺ φτιάχτηκαν ἀπὸ χρυσὸ κι ἀτσάλι,
δὲν σκιάζονται τὰ κύματα, δὲν νιώθουν παραζάλη,
πάντα τραβοῦν ἴσια μπροστὰ
κι ἀνοίγουνε τοὺς δρόμους
κι ἐκείνους ποὺ ἀγκομαχοῦν τοὺς παίρνουνε
στοὺς ὤμους.
Εἶναι καρδιές ποὺ 'χουν φτερὰ καὶ σκίζουν
τοὺς αἰθέρες,
πάντα κοιτάζουνε ψηλὰ τὶς νύχτες καὶ τὶς μέρες.

seemed to be making prostrations as double and triple layers of clothing, his mother after waking him, wrapped the boy, adding an overcoat and woolen scarf. The Papas steered the ship, and one by one they took turns in the heavy task of rowing. The Papas offered amusing remarks to distract the people, seeing the gathering clouds and all nature turning darker. Night would overtake them before they had a place to anchor. The waves rose higher, bringing a troubled look upon their faces. Soothsayers of evil had said it before, sailors were not ignorant of it, and the Papas had foreseen it from the start. Like the dancer at his heroic moves at a festival, the boat was being carried away in a dance of madness by the waves. The women cowered, the chanter curled up in the corner, and only two showed no fearful distress. The Papas and Captain Stefanis were talking with gestures, they were not at all distressed, they only wondered: to lower the sail and thus continue, or to put the boat ashore, and go on from there?

13

Song 5, Mode 4, Aghia: Of gold and steel

There are hearts made of gold and steel, they're not afraid of the waves, nor feel faint in danger, always they go forth to open and lead the way, and those who seem to struggle along, are lifted up and carried on the shoulders of the strong. There are hearts with wings soaring through the skies, always looking to the heights in dark nights and troubled days. They keep their pain hidden, their sickness a secret unto themselves, and in the

Κρατοῦν τὸν πόνο τους κρυφὸ καὶ τὸ μαράζι κρύβουν
καὶ στῶν δακρύων τὴν πηγὴ τὸν στεναγμὸ τους νίβουν.

14

Ἀνάγνωση

Ὁ ἥλιος ἔχαμήλωνε καὶ ἔγερνε πρὸς τὴ δύση,
ἡ βάρκα στὸν θαλασσινὸ δρόμο θὰ προχωρήσει.
Μία φορὰ ἀνέβαινε εἰς τῶν ἀφρῶν τὰ ὄρη,
δυσὸ στοὺς βυθοὺς κατέβαινε σὰν τοῦ θανάτου κόρη.
Ἔλεγε τὴν παράκληση ὁ ἱερεὺς στὸ στήθος
καὶ ὁ Στεφανὴς τὶς ἀφελεῖς βλαστήμιες, μπρὸς στὸ ἦθος
τοῦ ἱερέα, ἔπνιγε, καὶ «Βόηθα, Παναγιά μου»
ἔλεγε ἡ θειά τὸ Μαλαμὼ καὶ «Σῶσε μας, Κυρά μου».
Κινδύνευαν ν' ἀφανιστοῦν, καὶ ἐνῶ καρδιοχτυποῦσαν,
ἡ θάλασσα μὲ τὴν ἀκτὴ θαρρεῖς φιλονικοῦσαν.

* * *

Πάνω ποῦ Κάστρο θὰ ἔβλεπαν, ἀπείχε δύο μίλια,
σκοτείνιασαν τὸν οὐρανὸ μαύρα σύννεφα χίλια.
Δυνάμωσε ὁ ἄνεμος, θέρειψε ἀγριεμένος
καὶ ὁ πλοῦς ἦταν ἀδύνατος, θαρρεῖς παραλυμένος.
Λέει ὁ μπάμπα-Στεφανής: «Δῶ ἔχει λιμανάκι,
στὴς ἁγίας μας Ἀναστασίας τὸ χαμηλὸ βραχάκι».
«Σίγουρος εἶσαι, Στεφανή; Τὸ ξέρεις; Μὴν πλανᾶσαι»
«Ὅσο ἐστὶ τὰ γράμματα τῆς ἐκκλησίας θυμᾶσαι».

spring of tears, they draw the strength to wash
their sighs.

14

Reading:

The sun was lowering and bending toward a setting,
and the boat was proceeding on a true course by
the sea. And as the boat rose once upon the foamy
mounds, it descended twice into depths as if it were
death's daughter. The Papas was saying the Supplication
in his breast, and Stefanis, before the ethos of the
priest, drowned his own innocent swears, while Malano
in turn was saying: "Come to our aid, dear Panagia,
save us, our Lady!" They were in danger, no doubt, and
their hearts were pounding, and yet, it seemed, the sea
and the shore were once again just carrying out their
usual quarreling in earnest.

* * *

Just as the Castle was in sight, a distance of only two
miles, a thousand black clouds darkened the sky.
The wind grew stronger, blowing furiously, making
sailing impossible, beyond this point. Captain Stefanis
gave the order: "Here there is a small harbor, near the
low rock outcropping of Aghia Anastasia." "Are you
sure, Stefanis, do you know that for certain?" asked the
priest. "I know it as well as you know the writings of
the church!" replied the Captain.

Χιονισμένο μονοπάτι, ἦχος πλ. β΄

Σὲ ἀποβάθρα φυσικὴ οἱ θαλασσοδαρμεῖνοι
 μὲ κόπο προσεγγίσανε, ὥχροι καὶ παγωμένοι.
 Στὴ γῇ τὸ πόδι πάτησαν καὶ ἔπαυσεν ὁ σάλος,
 εἶπαν σταυροκοποῦμενοι «Εἶναι ὁ Θεὸς μέγας!».
 «Καλὸ μας κατευόδιο» εἶπε ξεχαλισμένος
 ὁ ψάλτης κυρ-Ἀλεξανδρὴς στὰ πόδια του ὀρθωμένος.
 Πήδηξαν στὴν ἀκρογιαλιά, τὴ βάρκα τους ἀδειάσαν,
 τὴν τράβηξαν στὴν ἀμμουδιὰ καὶ δυὸ φανούς ἀνάψαν.
 Φτυὰρί ὁ Βασίλης ἄδραξε, φορτώθηκε στὸν ὦμο
 καὶ μόνος προπορεύτηκε, νὰ τοὺς ἀνοίξει δρόμο.
 Ἐπὶ ποδὸς ἐδείπνησαν μ' ἐλιές καὶ μὲ ψωμάκι,
 καὶ ἤπιαν περιμένοντας καὶ δυὸ γουλιές κρασάκι.
 Ἦρθε ὁ Βασίλης χαρωπὸς πού μονοπάτι βρήκε
 καὶ ἂν δύο προπορεύονταν καὶ ξεχιονίζαν, εἶπε,
 σὸ Κάστρο τὰ μεσάνυχτα θὰ μπόραγαν νὰ φτάσουν,
 μὰ τὸν γκρεμὸ μὲ προσοχὴ θὰ πρέπει νὰ περάσουν.
 Ἀπαλλαγμένη τῶν νεφῶν ἔφεγγε ἡ σελήνη,
 τοὺς προσκαλοῦσε ἡ ἀβυσσὸς στὴ μαύρῃ της τὴν κλίνη.

Ἀνάγνωση

Ὅσᾶν κασίκες ἔμοιαζαν, πὺλ πήγαιναν ὁμάδι
 καὶ σὰν βοσκοὶ πὺλ γύρευαν μὲ τοὺς φανούς κοπάδι.
 Ὅσο καὶ ἂν ξεχιονίζανε χώνονταν ὡς τὸ γόνυ,
 συχνὰ πατοῦσαν σφαλερὰ καὶ βούταγαν στὸ χόνι.
 Μεσάνυχτα τὴ γέφυρα τοῦ Κάστρου ἀντικρίσαν,
 μελανιασμένοι, μὰ θερμοὶ μὲς στὴν καρδιά τους ἦσαν.

Song 6, Mode 6: The snow-covered path

The castaways came upon the natural landing,
 with great difficulty, exhausted, pale, and frozen.
 Once they set their feet on solid ground, the uproar
 ceased, and making the sign of the cross, they all said,
 “God is great!” “Godspeed to us all,” said the dazed
 chanter, Kyr-Alexandris, as he stood upon his feet.
 They all jumped onto the beach, and emptying the
 boat, pulled it to the sandy beach, and lit two lanterns.
 Vasilis grabbed a shovel, and putting it on his shoulder,
 went on ahead alone to open a way for them.
 On foot [standing] they dined, on some olives and
 bread, and sipped some wine. Vasilis came back to tell
 them he had found the path, and if two went ahead
 and cleared the snow, he said, they would arrive by
 midnight at the Castle, but they must pass by the cliffs
 with great caution. Relieved of the dark clouds, and
 with the moon shining, they were now being beck-
 oned by another danger — the dark abyss of the cliffs
 and into their black bed to recline.

Reading

They resembled goats moving together in a herd
 and as shepherds seeking with lamps to find lost
 lambs. The more snow they shoveled into more snow
 they fell. At midnight they're at the bridge leading to
 the castle, while bodily cold and exhausted, they were
 all fully fervent at heart.

17

«Ποιοί είστε, πείτε μας κι ἐμάς» δύο φωνές ρωτήσαν
ἀπὸ τῆ σιδηροπόρτα καὶ τὰ τουφέκια ὄπλισαν.

Ἀπάντησε ὁ Στεφανής: «Εἴμαστε πατριῶτες».

«Γιὰ πέστε μας ὀνόματα πρῶτα, βρὲ ταξιδιώτες»

τοῦ ἀπαντήσαν οἱ φωνές ἀπ' τῇ μεριὰ τῆς πύλης.

«Ὁ ἀδερφός σου, Ἀργύρη μου» φώναξε ὁ Βασίλης!

Κι ἔτσι, οἱ ὑλοτόμοι βρέθηκαν! Ὁ Γιάννης ὁ Νυφιώτης
καὶ ὁ Ἀργύρης πλάι του, φίλος συνταξιδιώτης.

Κι ὕστερα διηγήθηκαν πῶς σὲ σπηλιά τρυπώσαν
ἀπ' τὸν χιονιὰ σὰν κλειστήκαν καὶ πῶς τοὺς λευτέρωσαν
αἰγοβοσκοὶ ποὺ βρίσκονταν στοῦ φρουρίου τὸν τόπο
βγάζοντας ὄγκους τοῦ χιονιοῦ ὥρες πολλὰς μὲ κόπο.

Ὁ Πιῶργης Μπάντας καὶ ὁ Παλιῆς ὁ Κόνιζας τὰ ἴχνη
τῶν ὑλοτόμων εἶδαν στοῦ Κάστρου τὴν πολίχνη.
Πάνω στὸν βράχο οἱ παλιοὶ τὴν πόλη εἶχαν χτίσει,
ἀπὸ βαρβάρους νὰ σωθοῦν καὶ πειρατὲς στὴν κτίση.

Ἡ ὀλιγωρία τῶν ἀρχῶν καὶ ἡ ἀσυνειδησία
τὴν ἄφησαν ἐρείπια, καὶ ἔμεινε ἡ ἐκκλησία
γιὰ χρόνους ἀλιβάνιστη. Παπάδες ἀμελοῦσαν,
καὶ ἂν γιόρταζε, δὲν πῆγαιναν καὶ δὲν τὴ λειτουργοῦσαν.
Ἡ ἐκκλησία, Μητρόπολη τότε, τώρα φθαρμένη,
μὰ εὐπρεπὴς καὶ ἄς ἐκατὸ χρόνους πιὸ πρὶν κτισμένη.
Ὅταν εἰσῆλθαν ὁ παπὰς καὶ αὐτοῦ ἡ συνοδεία,
ἄφατη γλύκα ἔνιωσαν ὅλοι μὲς στὴν καρδιά.

17

“Who are you? Tell us!” two voices asked behind
the iron door, while loading their guns. “We are
compatriots,” answered Stefanis. “Tell us your
names first, you travelers,” answered the voices
inside the gate. “I’m your brother, my dear Argyris,”
cried Vasilis!

Thus, the two loggers were found! Yiannis Nyfiotis and
Argyris, the fellow workers were safe and together.
They then related how in a cave they had taken refuge
and how they were rescued by two goatherds who
were inside the fortress and who came and removed
the mounds of snow with many hours of laborious
effort. Giorgis Bandas and Gialis Konizas had seen the
loggers’ tracks, as they moved within the Castle’s old
settlement. The ancients had built the city upon the
rock as refuge from barbarians. Negligence from the
authorities and general lack of concern had left the
town in ruins for generations. Even Christ’s church
remained uncared for by priests and people. They did
not go to serve the Liturgy even on its feast day. Once
the Cathedral church, but now diminished by time
and neglect, it is still a noble and majestic church, one
once well-built more than a hundred years ago. When
the Papas entered the church with his devout pilgrims,
they all felt an ineffable sweet peacefulness deep
within their hearts.



Ἁγίες φωτιές, ἦχος πλ. α΄

Χαμόκλαδα τὸ Μαλαμῶ ἔδεσε νὰ σκουπίσει
τὸ ἔδαφος τῆς ἐκκλησιᾶς καὶ νὰ τὴ συγυρίσει
καὶ τὰ κερὰ ἄλλες κυρὲς καὶ τὰ καντήλια ἀνάψαν
καὶ στὸν αὐλόγυρο πυρὰ μὲ ξύλα πού τὰ κάψαν.
Καὶ γέμισαν μὲ ἄνθρακες ἓνα παλιὸ μαγκάλι,
νὰ μπεῖ στὸ μέσον τοῦ ναοῦ, νὰ ζεσταθοῦν κι οἱ ἄλλοι.
Καὶ ἄφθονο ρίξαν λίβανο κι εὐθὺς ἡ εὐωδία
ἔφτασε ὡς τὸν Κύριο ἀπὸ τῇ συνοδεία.

Ἀνάγνωση

Ἐλαμψε τότε ὁ ναὸς κι ἄστραψε ὡς τὸν θόλο!
Κι ὁ Παντοκράτωρ ἄστραψε μὲ τὸ χρυσὸ του ὅλο,
τὸ τέμπλο τὸ ἐπίχρυσο μὲ τίς παλιὲς εἰκόνες
τῆς ἁριστης βυζαντινῆς τέχνης εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνες
κι ἡ εἰκόνα τῆς Γεννήσεως, ἡ ἄμμος Λεχώνα,
μάγοι, ποιμένες καὶ βοσκοὶ μὲ μάλλινο χιτῶνα!
Κι ὅλα γίνηκαν ζωντανά, φώτισαν τὸ μυαλὸ τους
καὶ πρὸς στιγμή σὰν ν' ἀκούσαν τὸ

«Δόξα» στὸν Θεό τους.

Καὶ ὁ χορὸς τῶν Προφητῶν κι αὐτὸς τῶν Ἀποστόλων
γύρω ἀπ' τὸν πολυέλαιο – ἡ εὐλογία ὅλων
τῶν γάμων πού τελέστηκαν– καὶ πού λαμπρὸς κρεμόταν
κι ἀπὸ Ὅσιους, Μάρτυρες αὐτὸς περιβαλλόταν.
Ἡ Πλατυτέρα Οὐρανῶν μαζὶ μὲ τοὺς Πατέρες
περὶ τὸ Θυσιαστήριον ἔλαμπαν ὡς ἀστέρες!
Κι ἔμοιαζε σὰν νὰ χαίρεται ἡ ἅγια τούτη τάξη
πού θ' ἀκούγε ὕμνους κι εὐχὲς πού κάποτε εἶχε γράψει.
Δύο φωτιὲς ἀνάψανε οἱ δυὸ τραγεῖς αἰπόλοι
τοὺς ὑλοτόμους πού ᾤσωναν καὶ ζεσταθῆκαν ὅλοι.

Song 7, Mode 5: Holy fires

Malamo tied branches together to make a broom and sweep the floor of the church and make it tidy, and the other women lit the candles and the oil lamps, while the men in the courtyard lit up huge bonfires. They filled an old brazier with coals and placed it in the church, to bring some warmth to all the others. They poured plenty of frankincense on the burning coals and the fragrance rose to the Lord — as an offering of the pilgrims.

Reading

The temple then shined and glittered all the way up to the dome! And the Pantokrator from above, in His majestic gold, shone down upon the humble pilgrims, the gilded iconostasis with its old icons, crafted in the timeless Byzantine style. The icon of the Nativity, with our Panaghia, having just given birth, was now surrounded by the Magi and the shepherds in woolen robes. All of these scenes became alive and illumined their minds, and it was as if they heard the “Glory to God in the highest heaven!” And the chorus of Angels, Prophets, and Apostles together with the Saints, the Martyrs, and the pilgrims were now all together under the bright chandelier, hanging in the middle of the church where beneath it the blessings of marriages and all other sacred events take place. The “Wider than the Heavens” Mother of God in the sanctuary apse stood above the holy Fathers surrounding the Altar Table. And it seemed this holy order was very pleased to hear again the hymns and prayers they had

Καὶ ἔγινε ἡ κοῦραση καπνὸς καὶ ἡ χαρὰ μεγάλη,
ὁ ἱερεὺς «Εὐλογητὸς» ἔβαλε καὶ ἐψάλη
ἡ τοῦ Κυρίου ἐορτὴ – κι ἄς πάνω στὰ στασίδια
κάποιοι ἀποκοιμήθηκαν σὰν πάνω σὲ στρωσίδια.
Καὶ σὰν τοῦ «Δεῦτε ἴδωμεν» εἶπε ὁ παπὰς τοὺς στίχους,
φάνηκε νὰ εὐφραίνονται κι οἱ ἅγιοι στοὺς τοίχους.
Σείει τὸν πολυέλαιο μὲ ὅλες τὶς λαμπάδες
ὁ ψάλτης κυρ-Ἀλεξανδρὴς καὶ σὰν δέκα παπάδες
ὁ ἱερεὺς μὲ βροντερὴ φωνὴ καὶ μέγα πάθος
«Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις» ἔψαλλε. Στῆς ἐκκλησιᾷ τὸ βάθος
στήσαν οἱ ἄγγελοι αὐτί, τὸν ὕμνο νὰ χαροῦνε
κι ἀπ’ τῇ χαρᾷ τους, ἐνωθες, οἱ πτερωτοὶ ριγοῦνε.

20

Πυξίδα, ἦχος β΄ μέσος

Πλώρη σὰν βάζεις γιὰ καλὸ, δὲν ξέρεις ἂν σὲ βγάλει
στοῦ λιμανιοῦ τὴν ἀγκαλιά ἢ σὲ βουθὸ ἀγκάλῃ.
Θέλουν τὰ κύματα, θεριά, νὰ σὲ κατασπαράξουν.
Οἱ ἄνεμοι τῇ βάρκα σου θέλουν νὰ τὴ βουλιάξουν.
Βάζεις πυξίδα τὸν Σταυρὸ, πανάκι τὴν εὐχὴ σου
καὶ τὸν καμὸ μὲς στὴν καρδιά

τὸν ἔχεις γιὰ κουπί σου.

Δὲν σβήνουν τ’ ἄγρια στοιχεῖα κεράκι ἀναμμένο.
Ὅ,τι κι ἂν κάνεις γιὰ καλὸ δὲν πάει ποτὲ χαμένο.

once composed. Two fires were lit by the two rough
goatherds, who saved the loggers, and who brought
warmth to all the people. The fatigue had disappeared
like smoke, and the joy became truly great, as the
priest gave the blessing and began chanting: “Blessed
is our God...” to begin the feast of the Lord’s Nativity
that was truly celebrated that night – even if some had
fallen asleep in the stalls as if on bedding. And when
the priest began to chant the familiar hymns: “Come,
O faithful, let us behold, where Christ is born!” it
seemed that even the Saints on the walls were also re-
joicing. Then, the chanter, Kyr-Alexandris gave a swing
to the chandelier with all the candles, and then the
celebrant, as if he were ten priests, with his thundering
great voice sang the “Glory to God in the highest.” In
the depth of the church, the angels listened, to enjoy
their hymn, and from their great joy, one felt, that even
flying-angels shudder!

20

Song 8, Mode 2: The Compass

When you set sail with a good purpose in mind, you
don’t always know if you will reach the harbor’s bo-
som or the embrace of the sea’s abyss. The threatening
waves, like wild beasts, seek to devour you. The winds
also blow hard, intent on sinking your boat and you.
That’s why you set up the Cross as your compass, and
prayer as your sail, and as for oars, you’ll have the deep
sighs of your heart. The furious elements cannot snuff
out the burning candle within your soul. Whatever
good you intend to do will survive, and will never be
lost in vain.

22

Ἀνάγνωση

Reading

Ξάφνου ἀκούστηκαν φωνές, κραυγές ἀπελπισίας,
ἐξήλθαν κάποιοι τῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐξω τῆς ἐκκλησίας.
Τὴν ψαλμοδιὰ του ἔπαψε ὁ ψάλτης πού 'χε ἀρχίσει,
νεύμα ἀπ' τὴν Πύλῃ ὁ παπᾶς κάνει νὰ συνεχίσει.
Ἦταν φωνές δύο ἀντρῶν, βοσκοῦ καὶ ὑλοτόμου,
πὺ ἀπαντοῦσαν σὲ κραυγές ἄλλων μεγάλου τρόμου.
Ἀπὸ τοὺς βράχους τοῦ γιालοῦ φτάναν

καὶ τῶν σκοπέλων

καὶ τοῦ Κουρούπη τὴν ἀκτὴ, ὥσαν βοήθεια θέλων.
Μόνο ὁ παπᾶς μὲ τ' ἄμφια στὸ χρέος του ἐστάθη
κὶ ὁ ψάλτης πὺ περίμενε τί ἔγινε νὰ μάθει.
Κάποιοι πὺ βγήκαν ἀκουσαν πῶς εἶχε προσαράξει
πλοῖο ἀπὸ τὸ πέλαγος πὺ κύμα εἶχε ἀδράξει.
Βοσκοὶ φουντῶσαν τὴ φωτιά

κὶ ἄλλοι δαυλοῦς, φανάρια

πῆραν νὰ πᾶνε στὸν γιालὸ νὰ βροῦν τὰ παλικάρια.
Ὁ Μπάντας καὶ ὁ Στεφανής, ὁ Γιάννης κὶ ὁ Ἀργύρης
ἀπ' τὸν γκρεμὸ κατέβηκαν πὺ τ' ἄν χιόναν πλήρης.
Μιά ὥρα δὲν θὰ ἔφτανε κὶ ἦτανε τρεῖς ἡ ὥρα
μετὰ τὸ μεσονύκτιο κὶ ἀσέληνος ἡ χώρα.
Προστρέξαε αὐθόρμητα μετὰ φιλανθρωπίας,
τοῦτο ἔννοιες δὲν ἤξεραν φόβου καὶ φιλαυτίας.

Ὁ ἱερεὺς ὀνόματα τῆς ἱερῆς του ποίμνης
μνημόνευε στὴν πρόθεσι, γραπτὰ καὶ ἀπὸ μνήμης
κὶ ὑπὲρ τῆς διασώσεως, ὡς εἶχεν ἐννοήσει,
τῶν ναυαγῶν πὺ ὁ καιρὸς εἶχε παραπλανήσει.

21

Kratima, Mode 2 mésos

22

Reading

Suddenly voices were heard, hopeless cries, that brought some of the men out of the church. Even the chanter interrupted his chant to look at the door, but a stern look from the priest sufficed to resume the chanting. They were the voices of two men — the shepherd and the woodcutter, who were responding to other cries of fear and great terror. Voices were calling out for help and were coming from the rocks in the bay, from the hidden reefs and from the coast of Kouroupi. Only the priest with his vestments remained firm and duty bound, and the chanter who was still anxious to learn what was going on. Some who went out heard that a ship from the open sea had been overcome by the waves and had run aground. The shepherds strengthened the fire, while others lit torches, lanterns, intent on getting to the beach and helping the sailors in distress. Bandas, Stefanis, Yiannis and Argyris descend by way of the dangerous cliff. One hour would not suffice to get down, and it was already three o'clock, after midnight, and the whole region moonless and dark. They ran spontaneously out of love for their fellow man, and had no thoughts of fear nor any selfishness.

The priest was still commemorating, at the Prothesis, the names of his holy flock, those written and those remembered by heart. And now, having understood what had happened, he prayed also for the safe rescue

Σὲ λίγο πάσαν οἱ κραυγὲς κι ἔγινε ἡσυχία.
Ἦταν βουβὴ ἡ συμφορά; Ἐπῆλθε σωτηρία;

* * *

Στὴ λειτουργία ὁ παπὰς ἀργὰ θὲ νὰ εἰσέλθει,
ἀλλὰ ψυχὴ δὲν φαίνονταν ἀκόμα νὰ ἔχει ἔρθει.
Στὸ «Μετὰ φόβου» μπήκανε οἱ πρῶτοι καταβάντες
στὸν αἰγιαλὸ κι ὁ Στεφανὴς μὲ τρεῖς ἄγνωστους ἄντρες
μὲ ναυτικὰ ἐνδύματα. Εἰκόνες προσκυνῆσαν,
κι ἀφοῦ λάβαν ἀντίδωρο βρεγμένοι καθὼς ἦσαν,
πῶς ἔοικε τὸ πλοῖο τοὺς σιγὰ διηγηθῆκαν
καὶ πῶς ἀπὸ τὸν ἄνεμο ἐκεῖ παρασυρθῆκαν.

23

Τὸ γολετὶ τοῦ Κωνσταντῆ, ἡχος βαρὺς τετράφωνος

Τὸ γολετὶ τοῦ Κωσταντῆ ἦταν προσορμισμένο
στὸ Ἅγιον Ὅρος, ὁ βοριάς τὸ ξούριασε λυμένο,
τοῦ ἔσπασε τὶς ἄγκυρες καὶ ἔτσι παρεσύρθη
ὡς δέκα μίλια μακριὰ κι ὥς τὸ νησὶ ἐσύρθη.
Ὅταν οἱ ναῦτες τοὺς πυρσοὺς εἶδανε ποὺ βαστοῦσαν
καὶ στοὺς βοσκοὺς ἐφάνηκε σὰν θαῦμα
ποὺ τὸ ζοῦσαν.

Κι ἐνίωσαν νὰ θερμαίνονται, ὅπως οἱ ἀγραυλοῦντες
ποιμένες ποὺ ἀκούγανε τοὺς οὐρανοὺς ὑμνοῦντες.

24

Ἀνάγνωση

Μὲ κίνδυνον νὰ συντριβοῦν στοὺς βράχους τοῦ Κουρούπι
στὴν ἄμμουδιά του ἄραξαν, δὲν κουνιθῆκαν ρούπι.

of the people who were shipwrecked, because the
storm had led their ship astray. Soon the screams had
stopped and silence now prevailed. Was this a silence
of calamity? Or was it a silence of salvation?

* * *

The celebrant Papas continued on and started the
Divine Liturgy a little late. There was no sign as yet of
any soul to have returned. At the call to come: "With
the Fear of God," the first to appear were the first who
had descended to the beach, then Stefanis and three
unknown men, in naval uniforms. They venerated the
icons, and after receiving antidoron, wet as they were,
began slowly to narrate, how their ship was blown off-
course by the wind and finally capsized nearby.

23

Song 9, Mode 7: The schooner of Constantis

The schooner of Constantis had been moored on Mt.
Athos but the north wind had cut it loose, broken the
anchors, and drifted about ten miles away to the Island
Skiathos. When the sailors saw the torches, being
held by the goatherds, it seemed to them like a living
miracle. And they felt a special warmth inside, much
like that of the shepherds keeping watch in the fields
at night, and hearing the heavens praising God with
angelic hymns.

24

Reading

With the risk of crashing the ship into the rocks
of Kouroupi they scuttled their ship onto its sandy

Τόσο γερά οί ἄγκυρες δὲν θὰ τοὺς ἀσφαλίζουν,
ποὺ σὰν ὁμήρους τὰ νερά τῆς Δάφνης φυλακίζουν.

* * *

Ἐφεξε μέρα ὁ Θεὸς καὶ σφάζαν οἱ αἰπόλοι
νὰ ψήσουν δυὸ ἐρίφια γιὰ νὰ χορτάσουν ὅλοι.
Οἱ ὑλοτόμοι φέρανε κοτσύφια δωδεκάδες
κι ὁ καπετάνιος Κωσταντῆς κραοὶ μὲ τὶς ὀκάδες,
ἔνα καλάθι μὲ αὐγά, ὄρνιθες καὶ σκουμπρία
καὶ εὐφρανθῆκαν οἱ ψυχὲς μὲς στὴ νυχτὶα τὴν κρύα.
Πορτάσαν μεγαλοπρεπῶς, ὡς σπάνια συμβαίνει,
πάνω στὸν βράχο τὸν γυμνὸ ποὺ μόνος ἀπομένει.
Ἐν μέσω ἄφθονων πυρῶν τὴ νύχτα κοιμηθῆκαν
καὶ σὲ πολλὰ σκεπάσματα τρυπώσανε καὶ μπῆκαν,
ποὺ φέραν πανηγυριστὲς οἱ αἰγοβοσκοὶ στὸ Κάστρο,
κάτω ἀπ' τὸ φῶς ποὺ ἔστειλε

τῶν Χριστουγέννων τ' ἄστρο.

Σὰν κόπασεν ὁ ἄνεμος, τὸ ψυχὸς ἠλαττώθη,
νὰ φύγουν ἀποφάσισαν κι ὁ Στεφανῆς σηκώθη.
Στὴ λέμβο του προχώρησε τὸ πλοῖο νὰ τραβίξει,
μὲς στὴ βαθιὰ τὴ θάλασσα γιὰ νὰ τὸ ξαναρίξει.
Δὲν εἶχε πάθει μιὰ ζημιὰ κι ἔλεγε πῶς κοιμόταν.
μετὰ ἀπὸ τόσα βάσανα στὴν ἄμμο ἀναπαύοταν.
Μία φελούκα ὁ Κωσταντῆς ὁ καπετάνιος φέρνει.
Αὐτὴ κι ἡ λέμβος ξεκολλοῦν τὸ γολετί, ποὺ παίρνει
τὸν δρόμο του στὴ θάλασσα, ἀφοῦ θὰ χαϊρετῆσουν
οἱ ναῦτες τοὺς σωτῆρες τους, κι ἔτσι θὰ ξεκινήσουν.
Παίρνουν τὴν εὐπλοὴ ὁδὸ, μὰ καὶ συντομοτέρα,
νὰ φτάσουν στὴν πολίχνη τους αἰσίως τὴν ἡμέρα.

beach, and from there, they dared not move an inch.
Anchors would never have secured them so firmly,
anchors that, like hostages, the waters of Daphne had
imprisoned.

* * *

When God shone forth a new day, the goatherds
slaughtered two kid goats, and roasting them, every-
one had plenty to eat. The loggers brought blackbirds
by the dozen, and Captain Constantis brought wine in
great abundance, including a basket of eggs, chickens
and mackerel, and all rejoiced over that cold but most
memorable and blessed night. They celebrated mag-
nificently, as it rarely happens, upon that naked rock,
which now alone remains. Amidst abundant fires that
night they slept warmly — huddled together under
many coverings brought along by both celebrants and
goatherds to the Castle — under the light sent upon all
by that unique Christmas star that night. As the wind
abated, and the cold diminished, they decided to leave.
Stefanis got up, together with his helpers, and use his
boat to pull the schooner of Captain Konstantis into
the deep sea. The ship had suffered no damage at all,
standing there as if asleep. After so much suffering,
there it was, resting on the sand. Captain Constantis
brings a felucca, and together with the boat they dis-
lodged the schooner, ready now to head out to sea —
but not before the sailors had said their farewell
greetings to their saviors, and only then to set out
to sea. They would take a northeastern course, that
promised smoother and faster sailing to reach their
home port hopefully by day.

Ὁ Ἰσκιος τοῦ Θεοῦ, ἦχος α΄

Ἄμα λυγίσει τὸ κορμί, δὲν ἔχει ἀνάσα μείνει,
 λὲς κι ἡ ζωὴ ἀπόκαμε καὶ γέρασε καὶ σβήνει,
 εἶναι ἡ μεγάλη σου στιγμή ποὺ κλειδαριὲς γκρεμίζει
 κι ἓνα τραγούδι μ' ἀγνωστες λέξεις σὲ νανουρίζει.
 Ἄμα παγώσει ὁ βοριάς κι ἄμα πνιγεῖ τὸ κύμα,
 λὲς καὶ σὲ πάτο πηγαδιοῦ κάποιος σὲ ρίχνει κρίμα,
 ὥρα μεγάλη ἔρχεται, αὔρα νυχτιᾶς μειλίχια:
 εἶναι ὁ ἴσκιος τοῦ Θεοῦ ποὺ περπατᾷ στὰ νύχια.

Song 10, Mode 1: The shadow of God

When the body bends, and has no more breath left,
 you may say life is exhausted, grown old and fading
 away, This is your grand moment, that can break
 down locks and remove obstacles. And a song with
 unknown words comforts and lulls you to sleep. But
 when the north wind brings frost, and the wave itself
 is drowned, you may say some sin has cast you into
 the bottom of a well – But a great hour is coming, a
 gentle night breeze – It is the shadow of God walking
 on His toes beside you!

ΣΥΝΤΕΛΕΣΤΕΣ ΠΑΡΑΓΩΓΗΣ

Παραγωγοί: Κυριάκος Κалаϊτζίδης, «Εν Χορδαίς» Άστική μη κερδοσκοπική εταιρεία (enchordais.gr) και Σπυρίδων Άντωνόπουλος, Σύλλογος «Ψαλτικόν» (psaltikon.com)

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Recording and Mixing: En Chordais recorded in Thessaloniki (Greece), June 2024, by Studio Polytronon; mixing by Leonidas Palaskas; sound engineer (Thanos Kazantzis). Psaltikon recorded in Boston, MA, July 2024, by Futura Productions; recorded and mixed by John Weston (futura productions.com).

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VASILIKI NEVROKOPLI has published 21 books including *Odyssey*, an adaptation of the Homeric epic preserving the rhyme and structure of the original work. Her many awards include the International Board on Books for children (IBBY) and the Annie Vallotton Award of the United Bible Societies. Her book “The Fairytale of Music,” was performed as a musical show worldwide at venues including Lincoln Center NY, Bernhard Theater Zurich, Salle Poirel Nancy, Athens Concert Hall and many others. vassilikinevrokopli.weebly.com



SPYRIDON ANTONOPOULOS is a chanter, scholar, and founder of Psaltikon. He obtained his PhD in Musicology from City, University of London, where he was Honorary Research Fellow from 2016-2019. He has performed a wide variety of musical genres in venues worldwide and has spoken at dozens of international academic conferences. Spyridon was musical director of UCLA/USC’s research project *Soundscapes of Byzantium* as well as a researcher and performer on Cappella Romana’s *Lost Voices of Hagia Sophia*, featuring Spyridon’s original transcriptions of medieval chants.

EN CHORDAIS is acclaimed as one of the world's premier ensembles specializing in the traditions of Mediterranean music. Playing a wide and unique repertoire mixed with compositions both from the past and the contemporary time the ensemble has toured at prestigious concert halls and major festivals throughout the world, receiving enthusiastic critical acclaim. "En Chordais" was nominated for the 2007 UNESCO Sharjah Prize and won the Prix France Musique des Musiques du Monde 2008. enchordais.gr

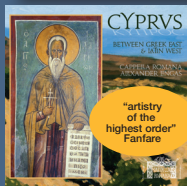


PSALTIKON is a vocal ensemble engaged in the preservation and transmission of the musical heritage of Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean, through concerts, original scholarship, and recordings. In 2016, Psaltikon released its first recording, *Day of Resurrection*, including the first-ever recording of the medieval Paschal Canon attributed to St. John of Damascus (c. 8th c.). In 2023, Psaltikon commissioned Kyriakos Kalaïtzidis to compose the work recorded here, based on Alexandros Papadiamantis' beloved novella, *To Christ at the Castle*. psaltikon.com

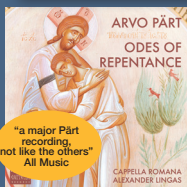




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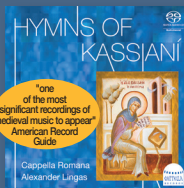
Cyprus: Between Greek East & Latin West 15th-century sacred music in Greek and Latin from Cyprus: hymns praising St. Hilarius of Gaza, prayers for French royalty (from MS Torino J.II.9), and virtuosic Byzantine chants by Constantinopolitan and Cypriot composers.



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