

Visions of the Greek Soul

Of all peoples, the Greeks have dreamt the dream of life the best.

J.W. von Goethe 1749-1832



Cilia Petridou:

Asmata | Byzantine Doxology

conducted by Alison Smart

Visions of the Greek Soul

Part 1

Asmata (Anyte Collection) *dedicated to the composer's mother and Maria Ioannou*

1 •	Teresa	text: Dimitris Libertis	0:42
2 •	Lullaby	text: traditional	4:07
3 •	Beauty	text: Dimitris Libertis	2:49
4 †	Enough	text: Dimitris Libertis	2:45
5 •	The Nun	text: traditional	4:02
6 †	Epitaph	text: Alexander Pallis	1:00
7 •	Away from you	text: Dimitris Libertis	6:53
8 •	Red Lips	text: traditional	3:20
9 •	The soul selects her own society	text: Emily Dickinson	2:25
10 †	Wait	text: Nikos Kambas	1:33
11 •	Your Eyes	text: Dimitris Libertis	5:50
12 •	My Greatest Regret	text: Kostis Palamas	3:58
13 •†	Nightingale	text: Alexander Pallis	3:02
14 †	Scent of the Rose	text: Kostis Palamas	3:06
15 †*	Sunset	text: Dimitris Libertis	9:05

Total duration (Part 1) **56:32**

- *Alison Smart* (soprano)
- † *Lesley-Jane Rogers* (soprano)
- * *Cilia Petridou* (Roland electric piano – 'Rich Choir' setting)
Katharine Durrant (piano) except track 15

Part 2

Byzantine Doxology

dedicated to Keith Stearne

1	Bless us O Lord	4:51
2	Blessing of the Thrice-holy hymn	12:16
3	O Lord I have cried	15:42
4	Deliver me	6:21
5	Pure Light	5:31
6	Hosanna in the highest	3:29
7	Peace to all	4:01
8	Rest the souls	2:12

Total duration (Part 2)

54:24

Jenni Harper (soprano)

Lesley-Jane Rogers (soprano)

Susan Legg (mezzo-soprano)

Andrew Mackenzie-Wicks (tenor)

Jeremy Birchall (bass)

Patrick Ardagh-Walter (bass)

Alison Smart (conductor)

The Nine Muses and Anyte of Tegea

The Nine Muses of Ancient Greek Mythology: 2nd century AD sarcophagus, Louvre, Paris



Calliope (epic poetry), Thalia (comedy), Terpsichore (light poetry and dance), Euterpe (flute), Polymnia (pantomime), Clio (history), Erato (lyric poetry and hymns), Urania (astronomy) and Melpomene (tragedy)

According to Hesiod (c. 700 BC) the parents of the nine Muses were Zeus and Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory - a Titaness who was the daughter of Heaven and Earth.

I have always found the idea of the nine Muses irresistible and inspirational.

Cilia Petridou

Anyte of Tegea

Anyte of Tegea (3rd century BC) was a Greek poetess, referred to as the “female Homer” by the great general and politician Antipater, who was the trusted lieutenant of Philip of Macedon and later of his son, Alexander the Great. Nineteen of her epigrams have been preserved in “The Garland”, an anthology by Meleager. “Epigram” as used in this early literature, which pre-dates the invention of prose, simply means “inscription”.

These surviving epigrams of Anyte are in the extremely difficult Doric dialect, which was used fluently only in Arcadia and Cyprus - amongst the priesthood, and it is remarkable that Anyte uses it with such ease.

Anyte's epigrams display an emotional sensitivity as well as a fascination for the beauty of the countryside - a theme which was developed by the Alexandrian poets, especially Theocritus, a century later and which is well illustrated in the following (which are based on the translation by W.R.Paton 1916-18):

Sit here, quite shaded by the beautiful luxuriant foliage of the laurel, and draw sweet drink from the lovely spring, that your limbs, panting with the labours of summer, may take rest beaten by the western breeze.

No longer exulting in the sea that carries me, shall I lift up my neck as I rush from the depths; no longer shall I snort round the decorated bows of the ship, proud of her figure-head, my image. But the dark sea-water threw me up on the land and here I lie by this narrow beach.

{On a Dolphin}

It was Anyte that I decided best represented the spirit of this collection of songs. Songs like "Scent of the Rose" and "My Greatest Regret" deal with ideas whose emotional content is expressed through our connection with the natural world.

I find the language of the first epigram above, which is also concerned with our connection with the natural world, so very fresh that it could have been written today. Again, to receive in the 3rd century BC the accolade of "female Homer" from none other than Antipater, the trusted general of Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great, Anyte - through the impact of her writings - must have been an intellectual force to be reckoned with. Impressive also was her mastery of the difficulties of the Doric dialect.

What very little of her work has survived the passage of time we owe to the "Garland" anthology of Meleager, which allows us to feel the sensitive power of her writing.

The poets

Dimitris Libertis 1866–1937

(Teresa, Beauty, Away from you, Your Eyes, Enough, Sunset)

Born in Larnaca in 1866, Dimitris Libertis studied languages at the American College in Beirut. He worked as a government official and later taught foreign languages at the English School, the Pancyprian Gymnasium and the School of Economics in Nicosia. He also attended a series of lectures in Theology in Athens. His mother came from Limassol, and was famous for her beauty. In fact, Libertis was preoccupied with beauty in all its forms, be it the beauty of a woman or the beauty of nature.

Libertis' lyricism is ideally suited to describing the rural life of Cyprus and its customs. In "The Cypriot Poems" he paints a picture of a rural life which is peaceful and happy. These poems are written in the Cypriot dialect and, by portraying their thoughts and feelings, succeed in delineating the character of ordinary people.

Libertis' poetry shares the charming simplicity of the "idylls" of Theocritus. Theocritus (356–323 BC) was the most important Greek poet of the Hellenistic period (the period following the death of Alexander the Great) - and a champion of the bucolic style. He was born in Syracuse and wrote in the Dorian dialect.

Libertis' first collection of poems, "The Lyre" (1897), was written in the purist Greek language, the style of the old Athenian School. His next collection, "Sighs" (1898), was written in the demotic language (the contemporary spoken language of the ordinary people), while the four collections which followed, entitled "The Cypriot Poems", were written in the Greek Cypriot dialect. The prologue to the second of these four collections, published in 1930, was written by Greece's "National Poet", Kostis Palamas (1859–1943).

For Palamas the work of Libertis is a treasure indeed for the lover of Beauty. Libertis' poems have the power to move - even when the reader does not fully understand the dialect in which they are written. All emotion is there - be it happiness, passion, enthusiasm, gentleness. He can be playful with a tear in his eye, and can express poignantly the grief of unrequited love. Many of his poems are imbued with a strong sense of religion, and have a moral ending. Certain of his poems, including "Sunset", were published repeatedly in newspapers, and were very much loved - especially by female readers.

Emily Dickinson 1830–1886

(The soul selects her own society)

The American poet Emily Dickinson was born in Amherst, Massachusetts in 1830. Nowadays her poems are regarded as extremely significant - among the first to be written in a truly American idiom, along with those of Walt Whitman. Her achievement is even more remarkable when one takes into account the attitude towards domesticity from both her father and mother.

In April 1852, for instance, her father bought her a volume of Letters on Practical Subjects, intending in this way to divert her from her growing interest in writing poetry. She reported to her brother that her father's real life and hers "sometimes come into collision, but as yet, escape unhurt". Again, her father, having taken her at the age of twenty to hear the "Swedish Nightingale", Jenny Lind, showed discomfort at seeing a female on stage. There was also friction with her mother who was trying to introduce her to the finer points of housekeeping.

In her lifetime, however, she was unrecognised by the world at large – probably because her originality was such that her work could not be categorised by her contemporaries.

Her letters suggest that she became aware at a relatively young age, in 1862 or thereabouts, that she was destined to remain relatively unknown during her lifetime, despite the breadth and ground-breaking quality of her work, which she was also well aware of. It seems that she was undaunted by this prospect of living a life of artistic and spiritual solitude, as evidenced by poems such as "The soul selects its own society". In this, she reflects on the inconsequential and ephemeral nature of the external world of affairs when compared to the inner life of the soul.

Kostis Palamas 1859–1943

(My Greatest Regret, Scent of the Rose)

Kostis Palamas was born in Patras in 1859 and became one of the most loved and best known poets of Modern Greece. He moved to Athens in 1876, where he enrolled in the Law School at Athens University. The Law, however, was not for him. It was poetry and literature that he knew he must pursue. He abandoned his legal studies and devoted himself to writing, earning his living by working as a journalist and literary critic.

As a poet, he soon became a leading figure in the long-standing struggle by many liberal writers and thinkers against the contemporary use of katharevousa, an archaic form of the Greek language, in government and literature. They sought to demonstrate that demotic Greek, the form of the language spoken by ordinary people, had the potential to be far superior - not only in expressive power, but also in terms of the democratisation of society that should result from the use in intellectual and political life of a language which did not have to be learned as if it were foreign.

It was Palamas, more perhaps than any other, who succeeded through his writing in enriching demotic Greek to the point where it realised its full potential - and he did this by drawing on material from Classical Greece, Byzantium and Modern Greece, which for him represented three phases in an ongoing development of a unified Hellenic culture. Indeed, he was regarded not only as the leading poet of his day but also the leading hellenist. He came to be regarded as the “national poet” of Greece and was held so dearly in the hearts of ordinary Greeks that when he died, during the German occupation of Athens, he drew a crowd of hundreds of thousands to his funeral.

Central to Palamas’s poetry is his first epic, “The Twelve Cantos of the Gypsy”, published in 1907. This work is set historically a few years before and a few years after the “Siege of Constantinople”. The fifth canto, “The Death of the Ancients”, depicts the flight of the scholars who leave Constantinople on the eve of the Siege, taking with them the manuscripts of the ancient writers. The sixth canto, “Around a Fire”, describes the burning by the Christians of the works of the last and most important Byzantine scholar, George Gemistos Plethon, who is often referred to as the first modern Greek philosopher. His ideas had a significant influence on the western Renaissance. The eighth canto, “Prophetic”, foretells the “Siege of Constantinople”.

His second epic, “The Flute of the King”, again divided into twelve cantos, also deals with Byzantium (another name for the city of Constantinople). In this context it is interesting to listen to “The Siege”, which is one of the songs on the “Sounds of the Chionistra” album. The words are traditional, and are a cry from the “Greek Soul” at the final total loss of the last great Hellenic Empire – a loss still felt keenly by Greeks in modern times, as evidenced by the

central place in Palamas' output of the above epics. It should be noted also that it was Palamas who wrote the lyrics to the Olympic Hymn (composed by Spyridon Samaras), which received its initial performance in 1896 at the first modern Olympic Games.

Palamas is remarkable not only for the quantity and quality of his literary output but also for its range of emotion. The two poems which appear as lyrics in this album were written in 1912 and show him at his most intimate and delicate. They are concerned with the power of nature over the human soul. In "Scent of the Rose" the poet is moved to tears by the scent of a distant rose, which is enough to provoke a flood of memories from his lost youth. "My Greatest Regret" expresses the anguish of the poet approaching death with the realisation that his life among books has not left him the time to enjoy all the beauties of nature. It is this which he regrets above all else.

Alexander Pallis 1851–1935 **(Tombstone, Nightingale)**

Alexander Pallis was born in Piraeus and died in Liverpool. He also lived in Bombay, and is one of the pioneers of the demotic language, making a substantial contribution towards its use in literature. Pallis and his friends Eftaliotis and Psycharis tried to show in practice its worth and possibilities. Their source of inspiration was the power of tradition in Greek society. Pallis made bold translations into the demotic language of Homer's "Iliad", the "History" of Thucydides and "The Merchant of Venice". He also translated the New Testament in 1910. This created a stir in traditional religious circles.

Nikos Kambas 1857–1932 **(Wait)**

Nikos Kambas was born in Mytilene and died in Alexandria. His only publication was his "First Collection" (1880). After this he went to Egypt and devoted his life to the practice of law. Kambas belongs to the "Generation of 1880" group of poets. These poets are very important in Greek literature as they distance themselves from Romanticism and concentrate on everyday themes, including the banal. The most revolutionary step taken by them was the full use in poetry of the demotic language.

How the Byzantine Doxology came to be written

It was March 1969.

I used to visit the theatre a great deal in those days. One day I was queuing to buy my ticket and, as the queue was very long, the person behind me said: "I think we are going to be here all afternoon, and I am very pressed for time." I said: "I agree with you. Are you German?" She said: "Yes, do you speak German?"

During the subsequent conversation (in German) she found out that I had learned my German while studying in Vienna, and I found out that she was a sociologist. A few days later we met again in another queue (!) and we started chatting.

A few months later we met yet again (!), this time at the Marylebone Music Library, which I used to visit often. I had been there for a couple of hours choosing music for sight-reading. As the librarian started stamping my two piles of books and I started putting them together into my cases, he said: "Oh, it's a lot more than what you normally borrow."

As I was closing my two briefcases I felt a tap on my shoulder and heard a familiar voice. Looking back I saw that it was indeed the lady I had met twice queuing for theatre tickets! We walked outside and started chatting. She sounded as if she was in a hurry again, and so I asked her whether she had got tickets for a play that night. She replied: "No, I have got something most interesting – a discussion about religion. Would you like to come with me? It's free of charge, and the speaker is supposed to be very good. Are you Greek Orthodox?" I said "Yes." She said: "Oh, you should find it interesting, as the speaker is Greek, I think."

I said: "I would normally be interested but I have been in this library for the last two hours and this is a very heavy load to carry. Also, I have a piano lesson tomorrow, and I have done no practice whatsoever this week." She said: "Don't worry. I'll take you and then give you a lift back to your home." We arrived at the venue at the last minute, and there were very few vacant seats. As I sat down, the lady sitting next to me, who it turned out had just retired, said to me very quietly: "Are you Greek?" I said: "Yes".

She said "Oh, good. I'm Greek and I hope they talk at least a little bit about the Βιβλίο Ανοιγησονται (*). Did you come for the same reason?" Thank God! The speaker walked in at that point!

The lecture and discussion were very interesting and were mainly about Free Will.

Afterwards the lady next to me said in a very disappointed voice: “Oh, they never seem to tackle the Βιβλοι Ανοιγησονται section”. I said: “You seem to be very concerned about this section.” She replied: “Well, I have reached the end of my life and, though I think I have been a good Christian, I am still worried in case I have unwittingly done something wrong.” I kept very quiet, and she suddenly said: “Do you know the Βιβλοι Ανοιγησονται?” I said: “Yes”. She said: “Aren’t you worried about it?”

My answer was that I like a lot of what our Christian faith has to offer in terms of guidance and the good deeds it inspires in the community – and I concentrate on that. (During the recent crisis in Greece, for instance, the contribution of our Church was vital for the survival of people in some areas.) Her answer was: “You don’t seem to be very religious, though.” This time I was saved by the German lady! She said to me: “Are you ready? We must go now.”

When I got home I said to my Mum: “Are you worried about the Βιβλοι Ανοιγησονται?” She looked at me in a puzzled way. Then a few days later I said to Mum: “Where is that old bible of my Grandad?” She said: “What’s up with you with bibles and Βιβλοι Ανοιγησονται now? I don’t know where it is.” A few weeks later she said: “Here is your Grandad’s bible.” I started reading it whenever I had time and, when I came to the Βιβλοι Ανοιγησονται, I kept reading and re-reading that section and I must say it started giving me a chill!

From then on the Βιβλοι Ανοιγησονται became my idée fixe!

When I started writing the Doxology in 1988, the Βιβλοι Ανοιγησονται was the first section I composed. The rest of the work grew round it from texts I chose to make an interesting concert piece.

*“Βιβλοι Ανοιγησονται” may be translated as “Books shall be opened”. To understand the full meaning in this context here is a translation of the whole paragraph in which it occurs: “Books shall be opened and the acts of men revealed, in front of the unendurable Judgement-seat; and the whole vale will echo with the fearful sound of wailing, at the sight of all those who have sinned, weeping in vain for Mercy, being sent by Thy just judgement to eternal punishment. Therefore we entreat Thee, as Thou art good, spare us who are praising Thee, Thou alone being full of mercy.”

Byzantine Doxology

The word "Doxology" in the title of this classical concert piece, which I wrote in 1988, is used in its literal sense - meaning "Glorification".

This music is entirely my personal response to the religious texts which I have chosen to set. I have always loved the sound of the Greek language in all its forms – classical, purist and demotic – and have always been moved by the awesome power of our Greek liturgical texts, which are capable of evoking a very large range of emotions.

One can experience pure calm in the words of "Rest the souls", elation in the words of "Pure Light" and absolute terror in the words of "O Lord I have cried".



The Songs: texts and translations

Στην Τερεζαν

(την κορην του κ. Η. Μιχαηλιδη 'που την
Λεμεσον)
Οσες τζι' αν ησταθουσιν τζι' ει που στεκεσαι,
Εσου εισ' ο αθθος τζι' ο αθθολοος,
Εισαι σωστη Αντζ' ελιστα τζιαι φαινεσαι
Τζι εν ανεφελετος καθε μου λοος.

Νανουρισμα

Κοιμησου αστρι, κοιμησου αυγη, κοιμησου
νιοφεγγαρι,
κοιμησου που να σε χαρη ο νιος που θα σε παρη.
Κοιμησου που παραγγελια στην Πολη τα χρυσα
σου,
στη Βενετια τα ρουχα σου και τα διαμαντικα
σου.
Κοιμησου, που σου ραβουνε το παπλωμα στην
Πολη,
και σου το τελειωνουνε σαρανταδυο μαστοροι
στη μεση βανουν τον αετο, στην ακρη το
παγονι
ναι του ρηγα το παιδι, του βασιλια τ'αγγονι.
Κοιμησου και παραγγελια παπουτσια στον
τσαγγαρη,
να σου τα κανει κοκκινα με το μαργαριταρι.
Κοιμησου μες στην κουνια σου και στα παχια
πανια σου,
η Παναγια η δεσποινα να ειναι συντροφια σου.

Teresa

Incomparable beauty!
You are the bud of buds.
You are a true angel!
No words can
do you justice.

Dimitris Libertis

Lullaby

Sleep my starshine, sleep my dawn, sleep my
new moon;
Sleep that you may delight the young man that
marries you.
Sleep; I have ordered the gold of your dowry in
Constantinople
And in Venice your wardrobe and your
jewellery.
Sleep; For they are sewing your quilt in
Constantinople
And forty two master craftsmen are putting the
final touches;
In the middle they will set an eagle and at the
end a peacock.
Sleep, royal child, grandchild of a king.
Sleep, I have ordered your shoes;
The shoemaker will make them red with a pearl.
Sleep in your cradle, in your thick soft covers,
And may the Virgin, Our Lady, be with you.

Traditional folk poem

Composer's note: During my primary school years my mother used to wake me in the morning by shuffling my hair and saying: "Time to get up and start your humming!" With this I would jump out of bed and start my day. When I went to secondary school I was given one of those loud alarms, which I

disliked so much that I used to turn it off and go back to sleep! My father decided to solve this problem by giving me as a Christmas present a faux Louis XIV alarm clock which played a mesmerising lullaby! (I found out later that it was the Brahms Lullaby.) Unfortunately, this did not solve the problem either as I was lying there listening to it repeatedly.

After this I always wanted to write a lullaby, and so I was thrilled when I discovered the above Folk Poem! The royal nanny, as she rocks the cradle, dreams of what awaits this most precious Byzantine child.

Η Ομορφκια

- Γιατι η ομορφκια, στετε,
Ταβρα τους λας παντα κοντα της
Τζι εν πλασκεται ψυσ' η ποττε
Πων καμνει τα θεληματα της;
- Εν πων βασιλισσα, τζ' υρα
Στες πολιτειες τζιαι στα ορη,
Στους καμπους τζιαι στα πααρα
Τζιαι τοπκιανης Θεας εν κορη,
Της Αφροδιτης, τζι οπου πα'
Εν το στολιδιν τζιαι το θεμαν,
Θωρεις την τζιαι λαμποκοπα
Τζι ο κοσμος διχα της εν ψεμαν.

Φθανει

Ετσι λοιπον, να βρισκομαι μες στην αμφιβολια,
χωρις αγαπης ονειρα, ελπιδα να φανη,
να ταξιδευω πελαγος και μαυρη τρικυμια
να με παιδευη αλυπητα και να με τυραννη;
Αφες ν' αραξω ο δυστηνος σε ποθητο λιμανι
πουναι για με η αγαπη σου' αποστασα πια,
φτανει...

Beauty

Grandma, why are people always attracted to
Beauty,
And governed by it?
Because Beauty is Queen in towns, mountains
and valleys,
And on cliff-tops.

Beauty is the daughter of our local goddess,
Aphrodite,
And wherever Beauty is found,
She is admired and talked about.
Beauty sparkles, and the world without Her is
incomplete.

Dimitris Libertis

Enough

So you leave me in doubt,
Without the dream of your love,
Without an inkling of hope.
I'm left to brave sea and tempest,
In torment and torture.
Let this unfortunate... anchor in the longed-for
harbour
Which is for me your love.
I am tired, tired... enough.

Dimitris Libertis

Η Καλογρηα

Κατου στην Αγια Μαρινα και στην Παναγια
Δωδεκα χρονων κοριτσι γινηκε καλογρηα
Με σταυρο, με κομπολοι παει στην Εκκλησια.
Κι' ουδε το σταυρο της κανει κι' ουδε προσκυνα.
Τα παλληκαρια βλεπει, κι' αναστεναγμο
Απ' την καρδια της βγαζει με πολυν καυμο.
Μεσ' στο σταυροδρομι βγηκε και κρασι πουλει,
Κι' οποιος νειος εκει περνούσε, στεκει του μιλει.
"Ελα πие κρασι, λεβεντη, και γλυκο ρακι,
Για να σου διαβουν οι πονοι κι' ολοι οι καυμοι".
Διαβηκ' ενας, διαβηκ' αλλος, διαβηκα κ' εγω,
Στο κρασοπουλιο της στεκω το ρακακι μου να
πιω.
"Καλη μερα σου, καλογρηα, κι' αμε τι πουλεις;
Και κρασι πουλω, λεβεντη, και καλο ρακι.
Καλογρηα μου, σαν μεθυσω, που θα κοιμηθω;
Παλληκαρι μ' αν μεθυσης, ελα στο κελλι,
Πωχω περδικα ψημενη και γλυκο κρασι,
Πωχω παπλωμα στρωμενο και χρυσο χαλι."

Ταφοπετρα

Ησουν της Κυπρου μας η μνημη
για σαραντα δυο χρονια
μια μονη μ'εθλιψες φορα
ομως με θλιψη αιωνια.

The Nun

Down at St Mary's and Panayia
A twelve year old became a nun
With cross and rosary she goes to church
And she neither crosses herself nor kisses the icons;
She looks at the young men and sighs with longing.
She stands at the crossroads and sells wine;
She addresses every young man that passes thus:
"Come, gorgeous, have some wine - and some sweet
brandy,
To forget your worries and your longings"
One passes by, another passes by and I pass by as
well.
At her wine stall I pause to have a drop of raki.
"Good day to you, Sister. What do you sell?"
"You name it, handsome. I sell wine and good
brandy."
"Sister, what if I get drunk? Where can I sleep?"
"But, gorgeous, if you get drunk come to my cell
Where I have cooked partridge and sweet wine,
Where I have a quilted bed ready and a golden rug."

Traditional folk poem

Epitaph

You were Cyprus' memory
For forty two years.
Only once you grieved me,
But with grief eternal.

Alexander Pallis

Σγίαν Εμαι Μακρνα Σου

Είδες τζΐαι 'σου χαρω σε, το φως που μολυβωννει
Πως την σκοτεινιασουραν της νυχτας αναρκωννει
Τζι οι τοποι πως γελουσιν τζι εν ουλλοι φωτεινοι,
Μμα παλαι τα σουρουπκια του φου πων ν'
ακλουθηση

Τς' ειν' η σκοτεινιασουρα να τους ξανασκουλλιση
Ηντα λοης μεινισκουν μαυροι τζΐαι σκοτεινοι!

Ετσι τζι εγω παθθαινω, της ημερους για μεναν
Εισαι το φως τζΐαι βρισσουν οι λυπες μ' ουλλον
εναν'

Τωμου φανης τζι η μαυρη καρτκια μου αρκια
Να σ' αρεται, μμα παλαι τζι ευτυς σγיא
ξωμακρισης

Τζΐαι γερημιον τζΐαι μαυρον πορινημιον μ' αφησης,
Πουκουππισμενος εμαι σγיא πριν στα σκοτεινα.

Νατουν που νασουν παντα, χαρω σε, συγκοντα μου,
'Που μες εθεν να σβησουν του μαυρου τα λαμπρα
μου

Τζι εν νατουν η ζωη μου αληθινη χαρα,
Μμα τουτον σου το πεισμαν τζΐαι τα καμωματα σου
Εν να με καταλυσουν σγיא ενμαι μακρνα σου
Σγיא λυει τζΐαι κατατρωει το σ' ιονιν η πυρα.

Κοκκιν' αχειλι

Κοκκιν' αχειλι εφύλησα κι εβαψε το δικο μου,
και στο μαντηλι το 'συρα κι εβαψε το μαντηλι,
και στο ποταμι το 'πλυνα κι εβαψε το ποταμι,
κι εβαψε η ακρη του γιαλου κι η μεση του
πελαγου.

Κατεβη ο αιτος να πιη νερο, κι εβαναν τα φτερα
του,
κι εβαψε ο ηλιος ο μισος και το φεγγαρι ακεριο

Away From You

Have you seen how in early evening places smile
and shine?

But when evening comes and everything is
covered in darkness

How black and bleak everything looks.

This is what happens to me.

In the daytime sadness stops as soon as you
arrive

And my heart rejoices.

But as soon as you go

A cloud comes over me.

I wish you were always by my side

To calm me down

And turn my life into pure happiness.

But with your stubbornness and cheekiness

I will wither when I am away from you,

The same way that snow melts in the heat.

Dimitris Libertis

Red Lips

I kissed a red lip and it coloured my own,
And I wiped my lip on a handkerchief and it
made it red.

I washed the handkerchief in the river and the
river turned red.

And the sea turned red from the shore to the
deep.

The eagle swooped to drink water and his wings
flushed bright red

As did half the sun and all the moon.

Traditional folk poem

The Soul Selects Her Own Society

The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone.

Emily Dickinson

Στασου

Ναι, πεισμένη μ' εἶπε, τὴν κλωστή
κοφτὸ μὲ σενα.
Καὶ νὰ τῆς δώσω πίσω μου ζήτη
τὰ χαρίσματα.

Τὰ γράμματα σου νὰ καὶ τὰ μαλλία
ποὺ φευγεις; στασου,
στασου νὰ παρης, ἀσπρη μυγδαλία,
καὶ τὰ φίλια σου.

Ο Χαρος Λειτουργεί

Θωρεῖς με τῆς οὐ πολλοὺς καρτεριοφλοιοῦμαι
Τῆς ἀν' μεν με δὴς, ἀκόμα καρτεριοσπάζω,
Γιὰ τὸν τ' ἀμμοδία πῶς εἰς, μαγκλαβίζομαι
Τῆς τρωοῦμαι, σωτίζομαι τῆς λαμπάζω.

Δροσ' ἀν, παρηγορᾶν, λαμπρὸν πυρπορῶμαι,
Πληξες, χαρες, 'πο οὐλλα ἐγ γεματα
Τῆς ἀνοικοδομητὴν καμνοῦν τὸν καμνοῦμαι
Τῆς χασσ' εἰ τῆς θωρεῖ τῆς πεθυμία τα.

Τῆς ὕρα, τοῦτα ποὺ καμνεῖς ἐνὲν πράγματα.
Ὡς ποσὸν πικρὸν γελοκλαμᾶν μαζίσ σου;
Καλὰ, κακὰ μὲν τὰς ἡς πασανακατά,
Δικαλῶς τὰ πικρὸν, ἀς ἐν γὰρ τὴν ψυσ' ἡς σου.

Ἀν ἐν χάρα, χάραν νὰ φανερωῖν σου
Τῆς ἀν ἐν λυπη, ἀς πα' ἀν τῆς λυπη
Τῆς οἱ νὰ δίκιουν ζῶν τῆς νὰ σκοτωνοῖν σου,
Γιὰ τὴν ψυχομαχῶ τῆς οὐ χάρος λειτουργεί.

Wait

In a fit of pique she said to me:
"Oh yes! I'm breaking up with you."
And could I return to her, she asked,
Everything she'd given me.

Your letters, here they are, and the lock of your hair.
Where are you going? Wait!
Wait to take back, my white almond tree,
Your kisses as well.

Nikos Kambas

Your Eyes

If you do not see me I feel heartbroken.
I suffer and lose my logic
And those eyes of yours cause me distress.

Your eyes are full of everything,
Freshness, compassion, fire, sadness and happiness.
They force others to look, be dazzled and yearn for them.

My lady, how much longer with this uncertainty?
For your benefit do not send conflicting messages.

If you're happy, show happiness,
If sad, show sadness.

Do not excite and then disappoint.

I feel exhausted and the only thing missing is death.
(Original title translated as "The only thing missing is death.")

Dimitris Libertis

Ο Πιο Τρανός Καημός Μου

Την ώρα την υπερτατή που θα το σβη το φως μου
αγάλλια αγάλλια ο θάνατος, ένας θα να ειν' εμένα
ο πιο τρανός καημός μου.
Δε θα είναι οι κουφιοι λογισμοι, τα χρόνια τα χαμένα,
της φτώχειας η εγνοια, του ερώτα η ακοιμητη
λαχταρα,
μια δινα μες στο αιμα μου, προγονικη καταρα,
μητε η ζωη μου η αδειανη συρμενη απ' το μαγνητη
παντα της Μουσας, μητ' εσυ, χλιακριβο μου σπιτι.
Ο πιο τρανός καημός μου
θα είναι πως δε δυνθηκα μ' εσε να ζησω, ω πλαση
πρασινη, σπανου στα βουνα, στα πελαγα, στα δαση,
θα είναι πως δε σε χαρηκα, σκυφτος μες στα βιβλια,
ω Φυση, ολακερη ζωη κι ολακερη σοφια!

Τραγουδακι

Με τωση γλυκα τραγουδει
ενα πουλι μες στα κλαδια,
το αηδονι αυτο που κελαηδει
εσυ εισαι, κορη μου γλυκια.
Φεγγει αγηλα στον ουρανο
ο Αποσπερος καθε βραδια
σαν αστρο λαμπεις φωτεινο,
ω κορη μου γλυκια.

Την ανοιξη στη γειτονια
ενα δεντρι μוסκοβολα,
η ανθισμενη η λειμονια
εσυ εισαι, κορη μου γλυκια.
Μηλο ροδιζει τρυφερο
πυκνα κρυμμενο σε μηλια,
το μηλο εγω ναν το χαρω,
ω κορη μου γλυκια.

My Greatest Regret

At the final hour when death furtively robs me of
the Light
Just one will be my greatest regret.
Not the many idle thoughts,
Not the lost years,
Not the cares of poverty,
Not love's craving which never sleeps,
that thirst in my blood, that primeval curse,
Nor even my empty life
following always the magnet of the Muse,
Nor you, my beloved house.
My greatest regret will be
that I was not able to live with you, oh verdant
Nature,
in the mountains, on the seas, in the forests,
It will be that I did not enjoy you,
buried in books as I was,
Oh Nature, life and wisdom complete!

Kostis Palamas

The Nightingale

With such sweetness sings
a bird amongst the branches.
This nightingale that sings
is you, my sweet girl.
High in the sky shines
the evening star every day at dusk.
Bright like a star you shine
oh, my sweet girl.
During spring in our neighbourhood
a tree gives off a sweet scent.
The lemon tree in blossom
is you, my sweet girl.
An apple reddens tender
and deeply hidden in an apple tree.
If only I could enjoy the apple
oh, my sweet girl.
(Original title translated as "A little song")

Alexander Pallis



Spyros Vasiliou. Illustration for the poem Ρόδου μοσκοβόλημα by Kostis Palamas. In Νέα Εστία, τ. 33, τεύχος 378, Αθήνα, 1941

Ρόδου Μοσκοβόλημα

Εφέτος αγρια μ' έδειρεν η βαρυνχειμωνα,
που μ' επιασε χωρις φωτια και μ' ηυρε χωρις νιατα,
κι ωρα την ωρα προσμενα να σωριαστω βαρια
στη χιονισμενη στρατα.

Μα χτες καθως με θαρρεψε το γελιο του Μαρτιου
και τραβηξα να ξαναβρω τ' αρχαια τα μονοπατια,
στο πρωτο μοσκοβολημα ενος ροδου μακρινου
μου δακρυσαν τα ματια.

Scent of the Rose

Heavy winter found me without fire and youth
And affected me badly this year.
From minute to minute I expected myself
To collapse on the snow-clad road.

But yesterday March tempted me
And I walked to find the ancient paths.
The first scent from a distant rose
Brought tears to my eyes.

Kostis Palamas

Βουττημαν Ηλιου

Αρκον πων να με παρνονουσιν οι τεσπερις τζι εμεναν
Μεζ τζ'εν την ανακατωσ'ιαν
Ελα τζ'ια σου στην εκκλησιαν.
Μεν αντραπης κανεναν.

Αγαπουσ σε εξω ψυσης τζι εν να σε καταχνωσουν
Αν εισαι κορη σπλαχνιτζ'η
Μεν περαρικησ, ερκου τζ'ει
Πρηχου να με λουκκωσουν.

Τους ζωντανους εν παχουσιν μα σ' ην τζι εν τους
χωνευκουσιν,
Τους πεθαμμενους συγχωρουν'
Εν φουχτα χωμαν τζι εν μπουρουν,
Κορη, να τους παιδεукουν.

Ππεφτει τους πκιον μακαριση τζ'ια ψυσικον διουσιν
Γιατι 'που τον ψεματινον
Πηαινουν στον αληθινον
Κοσμον, τζι εν να κριθουσιν.

Αν μεν μου καμουν κολλυφα στες τρεις, με
σαρανταριν
Μητε στον χρονον λουτουρκαν,
Παρουμου για παρηγορκαν
Καμε μου τουν την χαριν.

Βουττημαν ηλιου τζι υστερις τελεια πων να σιγραση
Τζ'ια πων ν' αδειασουν τα στενα
Πων εσ' ει πλασμαν να περνα
Για να σε ζιφαραση,

Ελα τζ'ια 'σου στο μνημαν μου τζ'ια μες τον μποτην
αγε
Αιταφτικον τζ' εριν
Καπνισε, κορη, νακκουριν
Νοματισ' με τζ'ια κλαψε.

Sunset

When I am gone - borne away by the Four,
Amidst the turmoil,
Come to church,
Don't be shy.

I loved you deeply and tongues will wag.
Be kind,
Come before I am covered.
Don't be late.

We criticise the living,
The dead we forgive.
They're just a handful of earth
And cannot bother us.

We bless them,
Wishing them to rest in peace,
As they move from the false to the true world,
For Judgement Day.

After three days or forty,
If there is no "κολλυφα",
Nor service after a year,
Do me this favour.

Well after sunset
When the streets are empty
And no-one passes by
To trouble you,

Come to my grave and light a candle,
Candle from the Holy Land.
Burn "scented" olive leaves,
Call my name and shed a tear.....

Dimitris Libertis

Byzantine Doxology: Greek texts

Εὐλογησον Κυριε

Εὐλογησον Κυριε υπερ της ανωθεν ειρηνης και σωτηριας των ψυχων. Λαμψον εν ταις καρδιας το της σης Θεογονωσιας Ακρηρατον Φως. Συ γαρ ει ο φωτισμος ψυχων και σωματων και σοι την δοξαν αναπεμπομεν. Κυριε, ελεησον. Κυριε, ελεησον. Κυριε, ελεησον.

Ευχη του Τρισαγιου

Ο Θεος ο αγιος, ο εν αγιοις αναπαυομενος, ο τρισαγιο φωνη υπο των Σεραφειμ ανυμνουμενος και υπο των Χερουβειμ δοξολογουμενος και υπο πασης επουρανιου Δυναμεως προσκυνουμενος, ο εκ του μη οντος εις το ειναι παραγαγον τα συμπαντα· ο κτισας τον ανθρωπον κατ' εικονα σην και ομοιωσιν και παντι σου χαρισματι κατακοσμησας· ο διδους αιτουντι σοφιαν και συνεσιν και μη παρορων αμαρτανοντα, αλλα θεμενος επι σωτηρια μετανοιαν· ο καταξιωσας ημας του ταπεινους και αναξιους δουλους σου και εν τη ωρα ταυτη στηναι κατενωπιον της δοξης του αγιου σου θυσιαστηριου και την οφειλομενην σοι προσκυνησιν και δοξολογιαν προσαγειν· Αυτος, Δεσποτα, προσδεξαι και εκ στοματος ημων των αμαρτωλων τον Τρισαγιον Υμνον και επισκεψαι ημας εν τη χρηστοτητι σου. Συγχωρησον ημιν παν πλημμελημα εκουσιον τε και ακουσιον· αγιασον ημων τας ψυχας και τα σωματα· και δος ημιν εν οσιοτητι λατρευειν σοι πασας τας ημερας της ζωης ημων· πρεσβεξαι της αγιας Θεοτοκου και παντων των Αγιων, των απ' αιωνος σοι ευαρεστησαντων.

Οτι αγιος ει ο Θεος ημων, και σοι την δοξαν αναπεμπομεν, τω Πατρι και τω Υιω και τω Αγιω Πνευματι, νυν και αις και τους αιωνας των αιωνων.

Αμην.

Κυριε, εκεκραξα

Οταν μελλης ερχεσθαι, κρισιν δικαiaan ποιησαι, Κριτα δικαιοτατε, επι θρονου δοξης σου καθεζομενος· ποταμος πυρινος προ του σου Βηματος καταπληττων ελκει απαντας, παρισταμενων σοι των επουρανιων Δυναμεων, ανθρωπων κρινομενων τε φοβω καθ' α εκαστος επραξε· τοτε ημων φεισαι και μοιρας καταξιωσον Χριστε, των σωζομενων ως ευσπλαχνος, πιστει δυσωπουμεν σε.

Βιβλιο ανοιγησονται, φανερωθησονται πραξεις ανθρωπων, επιπροσθεν του αστεκτου Βηματος· διηχησει δε η κοίλας απασα φοβερω βρυγματι, του κλαυθμωνος, παντας βλεπουσα τους αμαρτησαντας ταις αιωνιζουσαις κολασει, τη κρισει τη δικαia σου παραπεμπομενους, και απρακτα κλαιοντας Οικτιρμον· διο σε δυσωπουμεν αγαθε, φεισαι ημων των υμνουντων σε, μονε Πολυελεε.

Ηχησουσι σαλπιγγες και κενωθησονται ταφοι, και εξαναστησεται των ανθρωπων τρεμουσα, φυσις απασα· οι καλα πραξαντες εν χαρα χαιρουσι, οι αμαρτησαντες τρεμουσι δεινωσ ολολυζοντες, εις κολασιν πεμπομενοι, και των εκλεκτων χωριζομενοι· Κυριε της δοξης, οικτειρησον ημας ως αγαθος, και της μεριδος αξιωσον, των ηγαπηκοτων σε.

Κλαιω και οδυρομαι, οταν εις αισθησιν ελθω, το πυρ το αιωνιον, σκοτος το εξωτερον, και τον ταρταρον, του δεινον σκωληκα, τον βρυγμον αυθις τε των οδοντων, και την απανστον οδυνην μελλουσαν, εσεσθαι τοις αμετρα παιτασι, και σε τον Υπεραγαθον, γνωμη πονηρη παροργισασιν ων εις τε και πρωτος, υπαρχω ο ταλαιπωρος εγω· αλλα Κριτα τω ελεει σου, σωσον με ως ευσπλαγχος.

Ρυσαι με

Οταν ελθης, ο Θεος, επι γης μετα δοξης και τρεμωσι τα συμπαντα, ποταμος δε του πυρος, προ του βηματος ελκη, και βιβλοι ανοιγονται και τα κρυπτα δημοσιευονται· τοτε ρυσαι με εκ του πυρος του ασβεστου και αξιωσον εκ δεξων δου με στηναι, Κριτα διαιοτατε.

Ακηρατον Φως

Ευλογησον Κυριε υπερ της ανωθεν ειρηνης. Κυριε, ελεησον. Κυριε, ελεησον. Κυριε, ελεησον. Λαμψον εν ταις καρδιαις, Ακηρατον Φως. Λαμψον, λαμψον, λαμψον, Ακηρατον Φως.

Ωσαννα εν τοις υψιστοις

Αγιος, Αγιος, Αγιος, Κυριος Σαβαωθ· πληρης ο ουρανος και η γη της δοξης σου. Ωσαννα εν τοις υψιστοις. Ευλογημενος ο ερχομενος εν ονοματι Κυριου. Ωσαννα εν τοις υψιστοις.

Ειρηνη πασι

Κυριε ο Θεος ημων ου το ελεος αμετρητον ιλασθητι μοι τω αμαρτωλω. Ειρηνη πασι, νυν και αι και εις τους αιωνας των αιωνων.

Αναπαυσον τας ψυχας

Μετα των Αγιων αναπαυσον, Χριστε, τας ψυχας των δουλων σου, ενθα ουκ εστι πονος, ου λυπη, ου στεναγμος, αλλα ζοη ατελευτητος.

Byzantine Doxology: English translations

Bless us O Lord

Bless us O Lord, that we may have the benefit of heavenly peace and deliverance of our souls. May our hearts be illuminated by the Pure Light of Thy Divine Knowledge, for Thou art the Light of our souls and bodies. And Glory to Thee. O Lord, have Mercy. O Lord, have mercy. O Lord, have mercy.

Blessing of the Thrice-holy hymn

Holy God, Thou art surrounded by the Saints and praised by the Seraphim with the Thrice-holy Hymn. Thou art glorified by the Cherubim and worshipped by all the Power of heaven. Thou hast brought all things into being out of nothingness. Thou hast created humankind in Thine own image and likeness, adorned with every gift of Thy grace. Thou givest wisdom and understanding to those who ask, and for the sinner hast established repentance as the means of salvation. Thou hast enabled us, Thy humble and unworthy servants, to stand at this hour before the glory of Thy holy Altar and to offer up the worship and praise which is due to Thee. O Master, accept from our lips also, sinners that we are, the Thrice-holy Hymn, and visit us in Thy goodness. Forgive all our transgressions, both voluntary and involuntary, sanctify our souls and bodies, and grant that we serve Thee in holiness all the days of our lives, by the intercessions of the holy Virgin Mary, and of all the Saints who have pleased Thee well throughout the ages.

For Thou, our God, art holy, and we glorify Thee, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, now and always, for eternity.

Amen

O Lord I have cried

When Thou comest, O Judge most righteous, to pronounce just judgement, seated on Thy throne of glory, all mankind will be dragged before Thy Judgement-seat by a terrifying river of fire. The Powers of heaven will stand at Thy side as men are judged in fear according to what each has done. Then spare us, O Christ, as Thou art compassionate, and deem us worthy of what is apportioned to those who are saved, in faith we entreat Thee.

Books shall be opened and the acts of men revealed, in front of the unendurable Judgement-seat; and the whole vale will echo with the fearful sound of wailing, at the sight of all those who have sinned, weeping in vain for Mercy, being sent by Thy just judgement to eternal punishment. Therefore we entreat Thee, as Thou art good, spare us who are praising Thee, Thou alone being full of mercy.

Trumpets shall sound and the tombs shall be emptied and, trembling, all humankind shall be resurrected. Those who have done good shall rejoice in gladness, whilst those who have sinned shall tremble, wailing dreadfully, as they are sent to punishment and parted from the chosen. O Lord of glory, have pity on us, as Thou art good, and deem us worthy of what is apportioned to those who have loved Thee.

I weep and wail when I contemplate the eternal fire, the outer darkness and the nether world, the terrible worm and again the grinding of teeth, and the unceasing pain to come to those who have immoderately sinned and by their wicked purposes angered Thee, who art supremely good. Of these, one, and indeed the first, am I, wretched as I am; but, O Judge, by Thy mercy, as Thou art compassionate, save me.

Deliver me

When Thou comest, O God, to earth with glory, and all of creation trembles while a river of fire drags all before Thy Judgement-seat, and books are opened and what was hidden is made public, then deliver me from the unquenchable fire and deem me worthy to stand at Thy right-hand side, O Judge most righteous.

Pure Light

Bless us, O Lord, that we may have the benefit of heavenly peace. O Lord, have mercy. O Lord, have mercy. O Lord, have mercy. May Pure Light shine in our hearts. May it shine. May it shine. May it shine. Pure Light.

Hosanna in the Highest

Holy, Holy, Holy, O Lord of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Peace to all

O Lord our God, whose mercy is boundless, be merciful to me, a sinner. Peace to all, now and forever and to the ages of ages.

Rest the souls

O Christ, allow the souls of Thy servants to rest with the Saints, where there is neither toil, nor pain, nor sighing, but life eternal.

The Composer

Greek-Cypriot pianist/composer Cilia Petridou was born in Famagusta, Cyprus in 1945. She was taught by her mother from the age of four until the age of nine, when she entered the Greek Lyceum in her native town. She performed her first piano concerto, Mozart's K. 488, at the age of eleven in Nicosia, at the Theatre Royal.

By the age of fifteen Cilia had been awarded the Mozart Medal, the highest award in the whole of Cyprus, and had been hailed as the successor to Gina Bachauer. When she was seventeen she offered a full programme for her Diploma Examination, which was open to the public, and which ended with a performance of Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto. The examiner, Solon Michaelides, gave a short speech afterwards and finished by saying that he had been examining for thirty years, in Cyprus and abroad, and that this was the first time he had heard such a captivating performance by an examinee. Two years later, when the Greek Lyceum moved to its new purpose-built home – a state-of-the-art centre for the performing arts - its director, M. Ioannou, approached Cilia's mother and said that she would like Cilia to become its director for life after her studies abroad, adding that it was only Cilia that she trusted for this post. Sadly, Famagusta has been a “Ghost Town” since the Turkish invasion in 1974.

Cilia studied at the Vienna Academy and the Royal Academy of Music in London. She furthered her studies privately under Harold Craxton and Kendall Taylor. A chance meeting with a music lover who introduced her to his circle enabled Cilia to perfect her piano playing, increase her repertoire and test her programmes as she prepared them. Solon Michaelides was moved by her interpretation of his composition, “The Lyre of Sappho”, which impressed him with its intellectual grasp and emotional depth.

Unfortunately, her playing came to an abrupt end in 2002 after major surgery. When she finally realised that performance could no longer be part of her life, she started to look through her compositions. The first composition she stumbled on was the Lullaby for Soprano and Piano, which brought a smile to her face and encouraged her to type out some of her songs. These she showed to Eileen Hamilton, who expressed her appreciation of them. It is ironic that composition – which had been a much-loved hobby – has now taken centre-stage.

Through Alison Smart and Lesley-Jane Rogers, who have recorded the songs shown to Eileen Hamilton, she has been introduced to a group of very gifted musicians who seem to have enjoyed learning and recording some of her chamber and vocal music. Following the musicians' preparation for performance has given her immense satisfaction.

Cilia has played several times live on Cyprus radio.



*Jenni
Harper*



*Alison
Smart*



*Katharine
Durran*



*Lesley-Jane
Rogers*

The Performers

Alison Smart was appointed to the BBC Singers in 1996, and has acquired unrivalled experience of a vast range of new music through working with the world's greatest composers and conductors.

After studying Classics at Clare College, Cambridge, she took postgraduate diplomas at the RNCM and TCM and won the Elisabeth Schumann Lieder Competition. Her extensive solo career includes concerts, operas and broadcasts with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Concert Orchestra, The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and at the Salzburg Festival, under such conductors as Sir Roger Norrington, Sir Andrew Davis, Jane Glover and Stephen Cleobury. Repertoire has ranged from Telemann and Bach to the latest compositions.

With Katharine Durrant she recorded *Peripheral Visions: British Music for Voice and Piano since 1970* (Métier MSVCD 92025), which received critical acclaim. Their second duo CD, *New French Song* (MSVCD 92100) is a tribute to their commissioning zeal, with twenty new songs by British composers setting French texts. 'The performers committed themselves to a broad range of styles.....both [Smart] and Durrant are excellent musicians with a strong mutual rapport.' *Independent*

Other recordings include *Messiah* with the English String Orchestra (Nimbus), songs by Spohr (Naxos) and *Ausencias de Dolcinea* by Rodrigo (EMI). Since completing her work with the BBC Singers in 2017 Alison Smart continues to sing a wide range of repertoire extended her professional activity to include more conducting and teaching. She was appointed Director of the De Merc Chamber Choir in 2017 and is in demand for her unique combination of direction and singing technique. She combines innate musicality with a deeply analytical approach, bringing detail and vision into all her music-making.

'Typically adventurous' *The Times* – review of *Peripheral Visions* CD

'Powerful sense of atmosphere' *The Independent* - review of *New French Song* premières at the Purcell Room

Lesley-Jane Rogers is heralded as one of the most versatile soloists of today, and is renowned for her captivating and evocative performances. An established concert soloist, she specialises in oratorio, "vocal concertos", solo cantatas, recitals and contemporary music, and has a vast repertoire of several hundred works. She studied singing and piano at the Royal Academy of Music where she won several prizes, and has since been made an 'Associate' in recognition of her eminence in the profession.

Lesley-Jane has worked with many leading conductors and orchestras, and her discography numbers some 40 CDs, including several new-music releases for the specialist label Metier, as well as various English composer CDs for the Divine Art, Toccata Classics, Campion/Cameo, Hyperion and Prima Facie labels. A keen exponent of contemporary music, Lesley-Jane has given more than 170 premières, and is honoured to be the dedicatee of various songs and song cycles, including the song "What Love Is" by Cilia Petridou, which is featured on the Divine Art album 'Sounds of the Chionistra'. (DDA 21224).

Jenni Harper completed the Artist Masters course at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in 2015, for which she was awarded a Distinction. A Britten-Pears Young Artist, she studies singing with Kate Paterson. Jenni recently performed the roles of Euridice, La Musica and Speranza for Brighton Early Music Festival's production of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. She played Drusilla in Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea* with Hampstead Garden Opera last year.

Recent concert highlights include singing solos for Mozart's *Requiem* and *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore* with the London Mozart Players; Handel's *Messiah* with Dover Choral Society; Mozart's *Vesperae de Dominica* and Haydn's *Nelson Mass* with the London Pro Arte Choir and Bach's *Weinachts Oratorium* with the Croydon Bach Choir and Eclectic Voices. Jenni also recently performed two solo recitals with Martin Ford (piano) at The Guards Chapel and St Bride's Church.

Jenni is a founder member of the ensemble Ceruleo, with whom she performs solos and duets interwoven with spoken texts to create innovative dramatic performances. Ceruleo have performed throughout the UK and abroad, including an appearance singing live on BBC Radio 3's 'In Tune'. Their latest project is the Arts Council England Funded 'Burying the Dead', a concert/play about Henry Purcell, which tours Festivals around the UK throughout 2018-19.

Susan Legg ('a lustrous mezzo soprano' - *The Sunday Times*)

Since winning the National Mozart Singing Competition, Susan's flourishing career has taken her to major venues worldwide. Specialising in contemporary song, she has broadcast for BBC Radio 3 and Norwegian Radio. Legendary mezzo Christa Ludwig described Susan's lyric mezzo as 'a beautiful voice with a fine coloratura'.

Susan has given vocal and piano recitals at the Wigmore Hall, Purcell Room and St. John, Smith's Square and performed at Glyndebourne, Bayreuth, Wexford and Aldeburgh Festivals and the Walton Trust, Ischia. She has sung all Elgar's choral works, Bach's Passions, the Verdi and Mozart Requiems and toured Handel's *Messiah* in Mexico.

Susan has recorded soundtracks for Film, TV and video games. She co-wrote the music for the film *The Impressionists - And The Man Who Made Them* in 2015 and her voice features on Stephen Baysted's film score *Renoir: Revered and Reviled*, which premiered in February 2016 and played in cinemas worldwide. She recorded all the piano tracks for the film *I, Claude Monet* (February 2017).

Susan studied singing with Margaret Kingsley at the Royal College of Music and National Opera Studio and piano with Clifford Benson and Phyllis Sellick, OBE.

Andrew Mackenzie-Wicks was a chorister at Chichester Cathedral and a choral scholar at Durham. He studied Music at Durham University and singing at the Royal Northern College of Music. Operatic engagements include Glyndebourne Festival, English National Opera, Scottish Opera, Welsh National Opera, Opera North, Grange Park Opera, Opera Northern Ireland, Castleward Opera, Dublin Opera Theatre Company, Buxton Festival Opera, English Touring Opera, and Early Music Russia.

His many roles range from the Baroque to the contemporary. More recently he has worked as an understudy for the Royal Opera House and Garsington Opera and performed 'The Golden Dragon' for Music Theatre Wales in the UK and South Korea.

His concert career began in early music, with Proms appearances and international tours with such groups as the Monteverdi choir, Gabrieli and King's Consorts. Notable performances include Messiah in Singapore, Mexico and Denmark, a recital in St Petersburg for Russian Early Music. He now sings romantic works such as Gerontius, The Kingdom, The Apostles, Verdi Requiem and Beethoven Missa Solemnis as well as more contemporary works such as Britten Spring Symphony, War Requiem and St Nicolas. He has performed all over the UK and in Beijing, Mexico, Singapore, and Moscow.

Patrick Ardagh-Walter trained in baroque opera in Paris, singing roles at the Opéra Comique and Opéra de Metz. His enthusiasm for new music brought work with the Ensemble Intercontemporain and Electric Phoenix, and as a soloist for BBC Radio 3 and other national broadcasters. For a decade he was bass of I Fagiolini, and performed and recorded with the Taverner Consort, Gothic Voices, Le Concert Spirituel and other early music ensembles. As bass of the Swingle Singers he recorded and toured worldwide, also performing in operas by Berio and Azio Corghi in Milan and Paris. He often sings with the chorus of the Royal Opera and can be heard on more than 50 CDs and numerous film soundtracks. He studies with David Jones in New York and Cathy Pope in London, and also teaches the Alexander Technique.

Jeremy Birchall has performed much of the bass concert repertoire in venues including the Royal Albert Hall, Royal Festival Hall, Barbican, Chatelet, Megaron and the Lincoln Centre in New York. He has given several performances at the Proms, working under Andrew Davis, Richard Hickox and Stephen Layton and with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and City of London Sinfonia. His voice has been specially suited to pieces by John Tavener and more recently, Philip Glass. John Tavener premieres and recordings include 'The Apocalypse', 'The Last Discourse', 'Song for Athens', 'Theophany' and many performances of the seven hour 'The Veil of the Temple', most recently at the 2015 Trondheim Festival.

Over the years he has sung with most of the leading groups specialising in both early and contemporary music, including the Taverner Consort, Tallis Scholars, BBC Singers, Polyphony, Deller Consort, Tenebrae, English Concert, Singcircle, London Sinfonietta Voices, Groupe Vocal de France and the Harp Consort. He was a founder member of the a cappella crossover ensemble 'The Shout'.

He has made more than 250 CDs ranging from early and contemporary music to opera, pop music and Hollywood film scores and has appeared in many operas with ENO, WNO and ROH Covent Garden. His cabaret group, The Demon Barbers, took part in Lorin Maazel's '1984' at ROH (2005) and the Valencia Opera House (2011).

He is also a founder member of YANTRA, three soloists from Bulgaria, India and UK. Their rich vocal fusion explores the ancient spiritual and folkloric music from these three countries. They recorded their debut album "A Journey Through Timelessness" in 2014 and have recently returned from a five week tour of Japan. www.yantramusic.net

Katharine Durran has developed highly acclaimed parallel careers as solo pianist, exponent of new music, chamber musician and song accompanist.

She gave her first concerto performance in Edinburgh at the age of 11. After reading Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge, she studied at the Royal College of Music under Kendall Taylor and Geoffrey Parsons. More recent studies have been with Joyce Rathbone.

For ten years she was pianist of the award-winning group *Tapestry*. Her other ensembles include *Onyx* (clarinet, 'cello and piano) and the *Giovanni Piano Trio*.

Highlights of recent seasons have included trio concerts with former BBC Young Musicians of the Year David Pyatt and Rafal Zambrzycki-Payne, recitals with violinists Madeleine Mitchell and Gina McCormack and the complete Beethoven 'cello sonatas with Sebastian Comberti.

She has had a duo partnership with 'cellist Veronica Henderson since their childhood together in Edinburgh. Her recital programme with Stephen Stirling, *The Romantic French Horn*, has proved a popular favourite, as has her Two Piano Duo *KDKDK* with Kirsteen Davidson Kelly, performing programmes including works such as Holst's *The Planets*, Debussy's *En Blanc et Noir*, Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* and Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*.

Other recent projects include performing late Beethoven alongside J.S. Bach's *Goldberg Variations* and the commissioning of three new extended settings for mezzo and piano of the poetry of Friedrich Rückert. Her groundbreaking enterprise with Alison Smart of the BBC Singers, *New French Song*, has involved working with twenty of Britain's leading composers, and has resulted in the creation of a whole new song recital repertoire for the 21st century.

Her many recordings with singers have been highly acclaimed. Her debut solo album was a much praised recording of the complete *Toccatas* of J.S.Bach, and led to her featuring in three *Piano Magazine* symposiums, discussing J.S. Bach, British piano music and issues relating to women pianists of today.

As the commissioner of new works for solo piano and for ensembles she has performed numerous premières on BBC Radio 3 and on television, as well as discussing the rôle of song accompanist in today's musical society. Tracks from her recordings have often been featured on BBC radio programmes, including *Night Waves*, *Composer of the Week*, *In Tune*, *Midnight Oil* and *Private Passions*.

Kate is also an accomplished choral conductor. She has a busy teaching practice in her home town of Moffat, as well as running choirs and singing groups for all ages.

www.katharinedurran.org.uk | www.katedurran.com



*Susan
Legg*



*Andrew
MacKenzie-
Wicks*



*Patrick
Ardagh-Walter*



*Jeremy
Birchall*

A few final notes

Accompaniment, Duet, Two Pianos

Two new chances opened up from the fact that I did not offer a second study when I entered the RAM. For two years I studied accompaniment with a most imaginative professor, John Streets. Subsequently, three years of duets and two pianos with my sister led to the formation of the Petridou Duo, which started performing in this medium and lasted from 1969 to 1979.

How my songs were written

I love reading poetry. As soon as I read a poem I know whether I can set it to music. Most of the time, in fact, as I read the poem the music starts flowing and the song is born. It almost writes itself! I can make only minor adjustments afterwards.

What I come up with is in fact the rendering in sound of the impact on myself of the power of the words and the tensions in the poems - an impact, the resonance of which is deepened by the extent of my immersion over the years in this majestic outpouring of the human soul.

I do not sit and deliberately write demanding songs. When one not only reads, but memorises and recites poetry to the level I have, one internalises the infinite palette of possible shades of meaning of each word in a poem (as exemplified in the work of different poets) - as well as the tensions of the poem in grammar and rhythm - to such an extent that the song merely follows the complexity of the text.

There is live theatre and there is cinema. Let there be the same with my songs. If it is possible to have a live performance, then good; otherwise, for demanding songs I would be very happy if from time to time singers give fresh studio performances. If the songs are demanding and long they can be divided between two or more singers.

The subtlety of the interpretation that Alison Smart and Lesley-Jane Rogers have given of my songs encourages me to leave the songs as they are.

They give so many possibilities to the imagination of the singers, and therefore so many different ways of using their beautiful voices, that I would not like them to be simplified. I could not simplify them myself - for the reasons I stated above - and I certainly would not like anybody else to do so. Beautiful rubato can always help.

Dedications



In the above photo Maria Ioannou and her husband are shown leading a procession to lay a wreath on the tomb of the unknown soldier in Athens. Holding the wreath is my mother. The songs of the Anyte Collection (making up the song part of the present album) are dedicated to my mother and Maria Ioannou. Each in their own way influenced my artistic development.

It was my mother who introduced me to poetry and music, two of the most exquisite modes of expression of the human soul. Maria Ioannou had a passion to introduce people to the Arts. The passion and power of her voice when she recited poetry or read extracts from our stunning literature during the Thursday “Ποητικές βραδιές” (Poetry evenings with tea and cake) still echoes in my head.

I also appreciate the offer she made to my mother when I was just nineteen that she would like me to be the Director for Life of her state-of-the-art and newly-built Greek Lyceum of Famagusta on finishing my studies.

My Byzantine Doxology is dedicated to my husband, Keith Stearne, for his love of our language. Since I met him one of his hobbies has been to read and enjoy literature in our beautiful Greek language. Without his help none of my albums would have materialized.

The music of Cilia Petridou from Divine Art



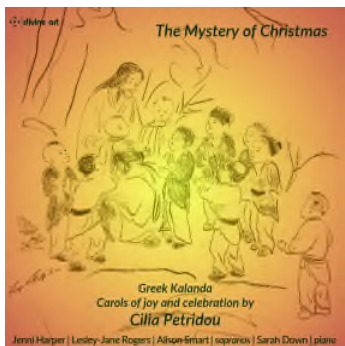
SOUNDS OF THE CHIONISTRA

Vocal and chamber music

SONGS: The Grocer | Sirens | Kyrenia | What Love Is
Mirrors | Optimism | The Siege | Evtho
*Alison Smart & Lesley-Jane Rogers (sopranos),
Jennie-Helen Moston (piano)*
Piano Quartet "Memories" | First Applause
String Quartet "The Collar" | Catch Me if you Can
Piano Trio "Black July 1974" | Into Exile
Crocus on the Chionistra
Ellerdale Trio and ensemble

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"The music is easy to appreciate for its craft and heart-felt expression." - American Record Guide
"This is heartfelt music, played and sung with conviction, and I recommend it." - Fanfare



THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS

Greek Kalanda: Carols of joy and celebration

The Veil | The Star | In The Manger | Children Awake!
Praise the Newborn | Christmas | Christ is Born
The Joys of our Virgin | Don't Say I Do Not Know!
Hail Mary | Bells | Holy Night | Congratulations
Father Christmas
*Jenni Harper, Lesley-Jane Rogers & Alison Smart (sopranos)
Sarah Down (piano)*

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"Attractively melodic music has its own distinctive traditional elements to it too." - Planet Hugill
"Celebrating the family is part of Christmas and this is lovely music to do that to." - The Chronicle
"Simple settings for soprano and piano that reveal their composer's Greek-Cypriot heritage. One for those who prefer a more restrained Christmas. ★★ - BBC Music Magazine

EILEEN HAMILTON

MON 05 SEP 05

Dear Cilia

Further to my telephone message earlier this morning, I'm so sorry to have to tell you that, owing to an ever-increasing workload, I feel I am unable to work on your songs to a standard which they deserve. You were kind enough to take the trouble to re-work the top 10s for me, and I appreciated that!! Thank you, too, for the disc. Perhaps it will all benefit someone else who will be able to do your songs justice. At the moment, however, I feel that I just cannot take them on board.

I've been trying to think of someone else to recommend to you, and have put out some tentative feelers. However, people all seem to be terribly busy.

I do hope you find a performer (worthy of the songs), and that you will enjoy working together. I'd love to know where and when you will be performing them, and if I can, I'll attend! Until then, Cilia, please once again accept my apologies for letting you down.

With very best wishes, Yours sincerely,



Letter from Eileen Hamilton,
Member of the Royal Opera House Chorus



Cilia Petridou
with her Steinway

Anyte Collection: recorded in the Seldon Hall, Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School, Elstree, Hertfordshire on 20-22 October 2010

Engineered, mastered and produced by David Lefeber

Piano: Steinway Model D

Byzantine Doxology: recorded at the Church of St Jude-on-the-Hill, Hampstead Garden Suburb, London NW11 7AH on 8-9 August 2018

Engineered, mastered and produced by Phil Hardman, assisted by Sarah Down

Booklet and packaging design and compilation: Stephen Sutton (Divine Art)

Front cover image: statue of Anyte

Photos of Cilia Petridou, Katharine Durrant & Jeremy Birchall courtesy of the subjects

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Photo of Susan Legg © Christina Haldane | Photo of Alison Smart © Natalie Bayton

Photo of Andrew Mackenzie-Wicks © Christina Haldane

Photo of Patrick Ardagh-Walter © Trevor Goldstein

Photo of the group at St Jude's © Andrew Harper

Programme notes by Cilia Petridou

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