

Anemozali CD dance list

Anemozali, Maria Deikta & I Barouti (Minos-EMI 5099926634524) (2009)

Greek traditional, rembetika and contemporary music, with four compositions by Kostantis Kourmadias

track	meter	composer	dance
1. Perimeno na faneis	(4/4)	Ektor Kosmas	Tsifteteli, Jeni Jol
2. To teleftaio lathos mou	(9/8)	X. Nikolopoulos	Zeimbekiko
3. Irthe kairos na fygo*	(7/8)	Kostantis Kourmadias	Kalamatianós
4. O kipos tou Allah	(9/8)	X. Petrides	Aptaliko
5. Trigyrno sto skotadi	(4/4)	Ektor Kosmas	Syrtos
6. Anemozali*	(9/8)	Kostantis Kourmadias	Karsilamás
7. Ainte de*	(4/4)	Kostantis Kourmadias	Syrtos
8. Me ta matia ta thlimmena	(9/8)	Fanis Sanatinas	Zeimbekiko
9. O choros tis theas (Dance of the Goddess)*	(3/4)	Kostantis Kourmadias	Sta Tria
10. Chorepse mou tsifteteli	(4/4)	Roza Eskenazi	Tsifteteli, Jeni Jol
11. Epimeno (club mix)	(4/4)	X. Kyriazis	Jeni Jol

Total running time 38:26

Translations of Kostantis' songs on reverse

The CD can be ordered from Greek music shops online or from Laura Shannon: laura@laurashannon.net

Kostantis Kourmadias - original compositions
on the CD **Anemozali** by Maria Deikta & I Barouti (Minos-EMI 5099926634524) (2009)

Irthe kairos na fygo – The time has come to go (7/8 *Kalamatianos*)

The time has come to go / To live among the mountains
To have a mule, to have a cellar / To drink with the grandfathers
Come on! The time has come to go / Come on! To go live in the mountains
I'll leave the city now / Come on, my good luck
I'm going to live other news / With my mind free
Amber days and emerald nights / To respond, to fill you completely / Because I care for you
Come on, amber days / Come on, emerald nights

Ainte de – Come on! (4/4 *Syrtos*)

If only there were, and if only I had it
The time machine
To push the button / and fly here, and fly there / with light shoulders

Far-away, old-time, where there's little colour
I'm drowning, I'm exhausted / Come on, how much longer

If only there were, and if only I had it
The nereid's magical hand
To wave the magic wand / and fly here, and fly there / to the forgotten places

Far-away, on the borders, where the wind blows
I'm drowning, I'm exhausted / Come on, day and night

Since there are no miracles / Only fairy tales
I'll sing our songs / and fly here, and fly there / out of sweet habit

Far-away, by the sea, where the wind blows little
I'm drowning, I'm exhausted / Come on, move a little

O choros tis theas – Dance of the Goddess (3/4 *Sta Tria*)

Spring has come again / And my sweet soul is longing / To spread its wings
My eyes have opened again / And all this light / Cares and calms
A breath of wind, day by day

From the sand is born / A goddess
Who slowly grows more beautiful / And takes me with her in her dance

She bends down and speaks to me / Quietly in my ear, she whispers that I will go up high
Like a bird flying / In circles, overlooking mountains and sea
A breath of wind, day by day

From the sand is born / A goddess
Who slowly grows more beautiful / And takes me with her in her dance