

Milise mou

Words: Nikos Gatsos
Music: Manos Hatzidakis

als Intro ohne Wiederholung

statt Refrain vor letzter Strophe mit Wiederholung

8

fis Cis

2 measures of eighth-note chords in fis followed by 2 measures of eighth-note chords in Cis.

diese Überleitung auch an Parallelstellen anwenden
fis

8

fis h fis

8 A - ni - xa ston ki - po mou pi - ga - dhi na po - ti - so ta pou - lia, -
Ir - thes mia vra - dhia me ton a - ye - ra a - na - sten a - x'i kar - dhia,
Fi - te - psa stin i porta sou hor - ta - ri na'his is - kio ke dhro - sia,
S'e - ga - la stou i - li - ou t'ani - fo - ri sta so - ka - kia ta la - tia ma

8 h Cis fis

8 na' rhe - se ke si pro - i ke vra - dhi san mi - kri dhro - so - sta - lia.
sou'pa me lah - ta - ra ka - li - spe - ra ke mou i - pes e - he ya..
k'ir-tha prin al - la - xi to fen - ga - ri na sou fe - ro ze - sta - sia..
irt - he pa - go - nia ke xe - ro - vo - ri ke dhen m'a - na - pses fo - tia.

Refrain

8

fis

8

Cis

8

mi - li - se mou, mi - li - se mou, dhe se fi - li - sa po - te mou,
Mi - li - se mou, mi - li - se mou, dhe se fi - li - sa po - te mou,

mi - li - se mou, mi - lis - e mou, pos na se xe - ha - so pes mou,
Mi - li - se mou, mi - lis - e mou, mo - no st'o - ni - ro mou se fi - lo.

fis

Coda

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major (two sharps) and common time. The first staff starts with a forte dynamic and a 'fis' marking above the staff. The second staff begins with a 'fis' marking. The third staff starts with a 'Cis' marking. The score features eighth-note chords and includes several fermatas. Measure numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 are indicated above the staves.

es folgt Refrain als Abschluß

Besetzung: Bouzoukis

Gitarre

Gesang

I opened a well in my garden to let the birds drink,
so you would come in the morning and the evening,
just like a little dewdrop.

One night you came with the wind, my heart was sighing,
Longingly I said "Good Evening" to you,
but you said "Good Bye".

Talk to me, I've never kissed you,
talk to me, how could I forget you, my God,
talk to me, I've never kissed you
talk to me, I kiss you only in my dreams.

I planted bushes in front of your door,
so you can have shadow and fresh coolness.
I came here before the moon changed to bring you warmth.

I led you on your way up to the sun, to the broad alleys,
but frost and a cold wind came,
and you didn't kindle me a fire.