



Perhaps one of the defining qualities of the past year has been physical separation, born out of care for our loved ones and vulnerable members of our society. Sadly, the loss has still been great: some members of Kitka have lost beloved family members, an experience all too widely shared.

We want to acknowledge this loss, this pain—and also move through it towards a brighter future, where we never again take for granted being able to visit our parents and grandparents, kiss a friend's baby on the cheek, share a meal with wine and song, and rehearse together in a room!

In the early stages of this vision, our dear friend Christos Govetas shared an article about the tradition of the *panayiri* as it is practiced in the Northern Greek region of Epirus. From the ancient Greek for “gathering,” the *panayiri* is a festival where the whole community comes together in song and dance; in the Epirot version, the event begins with bitter lamentations and then gradually turns to more joyful songs, as a way to include all: every member of society, and the range of experiences we all share—ultimately to better affirm our deepest values, and life itself. This image of a community moving together from sorrow to joy has been something of a touchstone for us ever since, and we humbly offer our own version of this ancient ritual.

Many aspects of this project were constrained by quarantine. With the exception of the first song, which was recorded outside, with extra-protective “singers’ masks” complete with bio-filters, they were all recorded in isolation, at home or in a quiet church basement or empty office, with mysterious microphones that emerged out of boxes (with instructions passed around by email), and sometimes with an obliging partner, a sister, or a roommate to help sort through input and output channels, click “record,” and maybe even add an accompaniment! It has been a surreal experience to stitch these recordings together digitally, anticipating the day when we can join our physical voices in real air, in real time.

Our prayer is that the hardships, the illnesses, the separations, even the deaths, we have endured will be woven together into a fabric of remembrance and healing, and an ever greater awareness of just how much friendship, the bonds of family, and the love of community mean; how marvellous is the simple joy of sitting together and singing; and that these connections will emerge stronger than ever, cast in a new light.



1. **Stis Elénis to kreváti** — Epirus, Northwestern Greece; from the Petro-Loukias Chalkias Ensemble and Christos Govetas — solos by Janet Kutulas, Shira Cion, and Kelly Atkins

Στης Ελένης το κρεβάτι,  
Γύρο-γύρο ήταν γιατροί.

*By Eleni's bedside,  
All around, there were doctors.*

Γαλλικά τά κουβεντιάζαν,  
Πώς δέν έχει πιά ζωή.

*They were discussing in French,  
How she would no longer live.*

Μπράτσα πού δέν τά είδ' ο ήλιος,  
Της τά είδαν οί γιατροί.

*Her arms the sun never saw,  
They were seen by the doctors.*

Stis Elénis to krevnáti,  
Yíro-yíro ítan yiatrí.

Ghalliká ta kouvendíazan,  
Pos dhen éxi pia zoí.

Brátsa pou dhen ta idh' o ílios,  
Tis ta ídhan i yiatrí.

2. **Măi puiuț de rândune** — Bessarabia, Moldova; from Suzana Popescu — solo by Lily Storm

Măi puiuț de rândune,  
N-ai văzut pe mama me, măi?

*“Dear little swallow,  
Have you seen my mother?”*

Am văzut-o lângă jatră,  
Frământa la chite albă,  
Chite albă frământa,  
Lăcrimi amari versa, măi.

*“I have seen her near the kitchen,  
She was punching down flat bread,  
Flat bread she was punching down,  
And she was shedding large tears.”*

Chite albă nu frământa,  
După mine nu să cânte, măi,  
Că unde m-o dat nu mi-i ghine.

*“She shouldn't punch down flat bread,  
And she shouldn't sing a song about me,  
Because I am not in a good place.*

Unde m-o dat nu mi-i ghine,  
Pătuțu' mi-i de căline,  
Perina din flori de schini e, măi.

*Because I am not in a good place,  
My bed is made of bitter fruit,  
My pillow is made of thorns.”*

3. **Rufinka bolna legnala** — Pomak, Rhodope region of Bulgaria; from Georgi Chilingirov, Vasil Mihailov, and many others — solo by Maclovia Quintana

Руфинка болна легнала  
На високана планина,  
Никой до нее немаше.

— Че се е пролет пукнала,  
Всичко от земя излиза,  
Пък я ще в земя да влезе.

Rufinka bolna legnala  
Na visokana planina,  
Nikoj do nee nemashe.

— Che se e prolet puknala,  
Vsichko ot zemja izliza,  
Pûk ja shte v zemja da vleza.

*Rufinka was lying sick  
On a high mountain,  
Without any person by her side.*

*“The spring in full bloom,  
Everything coming out of the earth  
Just as I am going in it.”*

4. **Letila zozulja** — Ukraine; from Nina Matvienko — solo by Hannah Levy

Летіла зозуля з гори та в долину,  
та й сіла кувати коло мого тину.  
Зозуля кувала, правдоньку казала,  
що моєї неньки на світі не стала.  
Ой матінко-мати, де ж тебе узяти,  
чи піти купити чи намалювати?  
Наїхали малярі з далекої сторони,  
змалювали неньку на білій оселі.  
Змалювали очі, змалювали брови.  
та не змалювали щирої розмови.

Letila zozulja z hory ta v dolynu,  
ta i sila kuvaty kolo moho tynu.  
Zozulja kuvala, pravdon'ku kazala,  
shcho mojeji nen'ky na sviti ne stala.  
Oj matinko-maty de zh тебе uzjaty?  
chy pity kupyty chy namaljuvaty?  
Najikhaly maljary z dalekoj storony,  
zmaljuvaly nen'ku na bilij oseli.  
Zmaljuvaly ochi, zmaljuvaly brovy,  
ta ne zmaljuvaly shchyroji rozmovy.

*The cuckoo flew from mountain to valley,  
She perched on my fence.  
The cuckoo sang, and spoke truthfully,  
My mother was no longer in this world.  
Oh Mama, Mama, who will I turn to?  
Who will paint your portrait lovingly?  
Artists came from distant lands,  
They painted her on a white canvas.  
They painted her eyes, and her eyebrows,  
But not our conversations of the heart.*



5. **Iavnana** — Rach'a, North-Central Georgia; from Ensemble Mzetamze and Trio Kavkasia — duet by Shira Cion and Janet Kutulas

იავნანა, ბატონებო,  
ვარდო ბატონებო.

*Lullaby of violets, oh spirit lords\*,  
A rose, oh spirit lords.*

დატკბით, დატკბით,  
დაშოშინდით,  
ვარდო ბატონებო.

*Amuse yourselves,  
Calm yourselves,  
A rose, oh spirit lords.*

Iavnana bat'onebo,  
Vardo bat'onebo.

Dat'k'bit, dat'k'bit,  
Dashoshindit,  
Vardo bat'onebo.

*\*Bat'onebi are the lords, or spirits, of  
disease, who must be soothed with flowers  
and song, and convinced to depart.*

6. **Kićeno nebo zvezdama** — Serbia; from Svetlana Spajić — duet by Erin Lashnits Herman and Janet Kutulas

Кићено небо звездама,  
К'о равно поље овцама.  
Данице нема звездама,  
Овцама нема чобана.

*The sky is adorned with stars,  
Like a broad field filled with sheep.  
The morning star is not with her sisters,  
The shepherd is not with his flock.*

Kićeno nebo zvezdama,  
K'ò ravno polje ovcaма.  
Danice nema zvezdama,  
Ovcama nema čobana.

7. **Dochushachka matku u gosti zvala** — Smolensk, Western Russia; from the Water of Life Ensemble (Живая Вода), arranged by Lily Storm — duet by Kelly Atkins and Hannah Levy

Дочушачка матку у гости звала,  
— Ты приедь, матушка, ко мне в гостики,  
— А як жа мне к табе приехать? Не могу никак.  
А зимою за снегами,  
А вясною за ручьями,  
А по летицку за страдами,  
— Ты приедь, матушка, зимой у возочку,  
А вясною у челночку,  
А по летицку у карети.

*The daughter invited the mother to visit,  
“You must come, dear mother, as a guest.”  
“And how can I come? I cannot do it:  
In the winter there is snow,  
In the spring there are rivers,  
In the summer distance.”  
“In the winter you will come in a sled,  
In the spring, in a boat,  
In the summer, in a carriage.”*

Dochushachka matku u gosti zvala,  
— Ty prijed', matushka, ko mne v gostiki.  
— A jak zha mne k tabe prijekhat'? Ne mogu nijak.  
A zimoju za snegami,  
A vjasnoju za ruch'jami,  
A po letichku za stradami.  
— Ty prijed', matushka, zimoj u vozochku,  
A vjasnoju u cholnochku,  
A po letichku u kareti.

8. **Oj davno-davno** — Krjachkivka, Cherkasy region of Central Ukraine; from the Krjachkivka singers, Mariana Sadovska, and Nadia Tarnawsky, arranged by Mariana Sadovska — voice and shruti box by Katya Schoenberg

Ой давно-давно в матінки була,  
Що вже та доріжка терном заросла.  
Ой не так терном, як шипшиною,  
Де ми походили із матінкою.  
Колючу шипшину в припіл виломлю,  
До своєї неньки в гості ж полечу.  
Ой лечу-лечу поміж галичок,  
Прилетіла-сіла в матінки в саду.

*Oh, long ago, I was with my mother,  
But now that path is overgrown with thorns.  
Not so much with thorns, as with wild roses,  
Where we walked with mother.  
The prickly wild roses I will break apart,  
To my mother as a guest I will fly.  
Oh, I fly among the jackdaws,  
I flew in and sat in my mother's garden.*

Oj davno-davno v matinky bula  
Shto vzhe ta dorizhka ter(y)nom(y) zarosla.  
Oj ne tak ternom, jak shypshynoju,  
De my pokhodyly iz matinkoju.  
Koljuchu shypshynu v prypil' vylomlju,  
Do svojeji nen'ky v hosti zh polechu.  
Oj lechu-lechu pomizh halychok,  
Pryletila-sila v matinky v sadu.



9. **Bat'onebis nanina** — Imereti, West-Central Georgia; from Ensemble Mzetamze — trio by Katya Schoenberg, Maclovia Quintana, and Kelly Atkins

ნანიანა ბატონებო,  
ნანიანა ბატონეებს ნანა,  
დატკბით ტკბილად ბატონო.  
ამ ბატონების დედასა,  
ნანიანა დიდოვ ბატონო.  
უდგია ოქროს აკვანი...  
შიგ უწევთ ბატონიშვილი...  
ხანდიხან გადაარწევენ...  
ხანდიხან ნანას ეტყვიან...  
ნანიანა ბატონებო,  
ნანიანა ტკბილად ბატონო.

*Lullaby, oh spirit lords\*,  
naninana, oh lords,  
nana, amuse yourselves sweetly, oh spirit lord.  
By the mother of these lords,  
(naninana, great lord)  
There stands a golden cradle...  
Within lies the lord's prince...  
From time to time one rocks it...  
From time to time one tells him...  
Lullaby, oh lords,  
naninana, amuse yourselves, oh lord.*

Naninana bat'onebo,  
naninana bat'oneiebs nana,  
dat'k'bit t'k'bilad bat'ono.  
Am bat'onebis dedasa,  
naninana didov bat'ono.  
Udgia okros ak'vani...  
Shig utsevt bat'onishvili...  
Khandikhan gadaarts'even...  
Khandikhan nanas et'qvian...  
Naninana bat'onebo,  
naninana t'k'bilad bat'ono.

*\*Bat'onebi are the lords, or spirits, of disease, who must be soothed with flowers and song.*

10. **Zhenala e Ganka** — Dobrudzha, Northern Bulgaria; from Galina Durmushliyska — solo by Briget Boyle

Женала е Ганка, женала,  
С нейните девет девера.  
Най-малкуту и деверчи  
То на буля си думаше,  
— Карай бульо, край обирай,  
Че на край пъстра сенчица,  
Под сянка малка люлчица.

*Ganka was harvesting,  
With her nine brothers-in-law.  
The youngest of them  
Said to her, the young bride,  
“Go on, sister, to the end,  
Where there is dappled shade,  
And in the shade a little cradle.”*

Zhenala e Ganka, zhenala,  
S nejnite devet devera.  
Naj-malkutu i deverchi  
To na bulja si dumashe,  
— Karaj buljo, kraj obiraj,  
Che na kraj pûstra senchitsa,  
Pod sjanka malka ljulchitsa.

11. **Sus în vârful muntelui** — Transylvania, Central Romania; from Nineta Popa — voice and piccolo by Janet Kutulas; guitar by Peter Simcich

Sus în vârful muntelui  
îi casa ciobanului,  
Cu iarbă verde podită  
și cetină acoperită.  
Acolo pasc oile  
prin poieni cu florile.

*Up on the mountaintop  
is the home of the shepherd,  
Covered with green grass  
and with pine branches.  
There the sheep graze  
in meadows with flowers.*

Când se lasă zorile  
badea mulge oile,  
Când răsare soarele  
smântânește laptele  
și fierbe urda din cas,  
Dă gură la ciobănaș!

*When the dawn breaks  
my love milks the sheep,  
When the sun rises  
he skims the cream  
and boils the whey,  
Ah, kiss the shepherd!*

12. **Tha traghoudhíso** — Th race, Northeastern Greece; from Hronis Aidonidis and Christos Govetas — voice by Lily Storm; violin by Aya Davidson; laouto, darbouka and defi by Tano Brock

Θα τραγουδήσω ν-αγαλινά,  
~ τώρα το βράδυ-βράδυ, ~  
και θα ακούσω αλάργα,  
~ Κατάκαημένη αγάπη μ',  
~ τώρα το βράδυ-βράδυ. ~

*I will sing softly,  
~ now in the late evening, ~  
And they will hear, far away.  
~ My poor love,  
~ now in the late evening. ~*

Να άκουσαν τα εννιά χωριά,  
τα δεκαπέντι κάστρα.

*The nine villages will hear,  
And the fifteen castles.*

Να ακούσει η μάνα μ πέρδικα,  
η αδελφή μ τρίγωνα.

*And my mother the partridge will hear,  
And my sister the dove.*

Tha traghoudhíso n-aghliná,  
~ τόρα το βράδυ-βράδυ, ~  
Κι θα ακούστο αλάργα,  
~ Κατάκαημένη αγάπη μ',  
~ τόρα το βράδυ-βράδυ. ~

Να άκουσαν τα εννιά xoriá,  
Τα dhekapéndi kástra.  
Να ακούσι i mána m' pérðhika,  
I adhelví m' tríghona.

13. **Lale li si, zjumbjul li si, gjul li si?** — Dobrudzha, Northern Bulgaria; from Verka Siderova, arranged by Philip Koutev

Що побърза млад челеби, та заспа,  
Та не виде какво чудо помина,  
Лале ли си, зюмбюл ли си, гюл ли си?

*Why were you so hasty, young sir, to fall asleep?  
You have missed the wonderful things that passed by!  
Are you a tulip, a hyacinth, or a rose?*

Че минаха дор три вакли овчеря:  
Първи носи китка жълта иглика,  
Втори носи руйно вино червено,

*There passed by three dark-haired shepherds:  
The first one was carrying a bouquet of golden primroses,  
The second one was carrying sparkling red wine,*

Трети носи меден кавал да свири,  
Че отива на момина седянка.  
Лале ли си, зюмбюл ли си, гюл ли си?

*The third was carrying a honey-sweet flute to play,  
They were going to the girls' work party.  
Are you a tulip, a hyacinth, or a rose?*

Shto pobúrza mlad chelebi, ta zaspá,  
Ta ne vide kakvo chudo pomina,  
Lale li si, zjumbjul li si, gjul li si?

Che minakha dor tri vakli ovcherja:  
Púrvi nosi kitka zhúlta iglika,  
Vtori nosi rujno vino cherveno,

Treti nosi meden kaval da sviri,  
Che otiva na momina sedjanka.  
Lale li si, zjumbjul li si, gjul li si?

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Katya Schoenberg, and Lily Storm.

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