



## Paraliakos

Pote tha nixome pania  
na katso sto timoni,  
Na do this Leros ta vouna  
na mou diathoun i poni?  
A-ah, vratsera mou ella yia tho  
pou'echo dyo loyia na sou po

Ximerose, Anatoli  
to kosmo na fotisi,  
Ke ti vratsera pou'erchete  
na tin kalosorisi.  
A-ah, pai o brouzos sta fountari  
kio keros de sioundari.

Pafse Vouria mou na fisas  
ta kimata n'afrisis,  
Ke ti vratsera pou'erchete  
na mi ti foverisis.

A-ah, pai o brouzos sta fountari  
ke tou spasi to kontari.  
O-oh...

When will we set sail  
so I can sit at the tiller,  
So I can see the mountains of Leros  
so that my pains will subside? A-ah, my little  
fishing boat come here  
since I have something to tell you.

Bring the dawn, oh Eastern Sky  
and shine your light on the world,  
And welcome my little fishing boat that is  
approaching.

A-ah, the breeze is getting stronger  
and the weather is not subsiding.  
Oh North Wind stop blowing  
and making foam on the waves,  
And do not frighten my little fishing boat  
that is approaching.

A-ah, the breeze is getting stronger  
and it will break the mast  
O-oh...

GREECE