

Yedikule/Pente Chronia Dikasmenos Lyrics

Πέντε χρόνια δικασμένος μέσα στο Γεντί Κουλέ
από το πολύ σικλέτι το `ριξα στον αργιλέ.

Φύσα, ρούφα, τράβα τονε,
πάτα τονε κι άναφτονε
Φύλα τσίλιες για τους βλάχους,
κείνους τους δεσμοφυλάκους

Κι άλλα πέντε ξεχασμένος από σένανε, καλέ,
για παρηγοριά οι μάγκες μου πατούσαν αργιλέ.

Φύσα, ρούφα, τράβα τονε,
πάτα τονε κι άναφτονε
Φύλα τσίλιες για τους βλάχους,
κείνους τους δεσμοφυλάκους.

Τώρα που `χω ξεμπουκάρει μέσα απ' το Γεντί κουλέ,
γέμωσε τον αργιλέ μας να φουμάrouμε καλέ.

Φύσα, ρούφα, τράβα τονε,
πάτα τονε κι άναφτονε,
Φύλα τσίλιες απ τ' αλάνι
κι έρχονται δυο μολυσμάνοι

(trans. by Cengiz Onural, a member of Yeni Türkü)

Haber uçtu devlete de
Beş yıl yattım hapiste
Yedidüvel zindanından
Beterdir yedikule

Nargillem duman duman
Bayıldım aman aman
İstanbul güzel ama ah
Sahipleri pek yaman

Beş yıl bana yaraştı da
Nargilem buna şaştı
Hergün çizdim usturamla
Bağlamam doldu taştı

Sarma cigaram yanar ah
Çekerim ağar ağar
Tekkemiz güzel ama
Haber uçuranlar var

Nargilemin marpucu da
Gümüştendir gümüştendir
Beş değil onbeş yıl olsa
Ben vazgeçmem bu işten

Nargilem duman duman ah
Bayıldım aman aman
İstanbul güzel ama ah
Sahipleri pek yaman

(trans. by G. Holst, *Road to Rembetika*, p. 127)

-Hi there, Stellakis, my friend!

-Good to see you, Vangeli!

-What's that you're holding?

-A narghile.

-A narghile?

-Well, what did you expect me to be holding, a trans-Atlantic liner?

-But it's always the same with you, brother Stellakis, whenever I come to see you I always find you with a narghile in your hands.

-You're right, my friend Vango! But if you knew the pain and troubles I have you wouldn't ever judge me wrong. Listen, brother Vango, so you can comfort me a bit....

Five years I got, in Yendi Koule jail
ball and chain turned me on to the narghile.

Blow it, suck, draw it back,
turn on and light up.
Keep watch for those dummies,
those dreaded prison guards.

And another five years, forgotten by you,
for comfort the manges who smoked the narghile.

Refrain.

Now I'm outside, out of Yendi Koule,
fill up our pipe, let's smoke up, my boy.

Blow it, suck, draw it back,
turn on and light up.
Keep watch for the bum,
here come two rotten cops.