

# Adrastea

## Harpsichord Part

1.1

Lower manual

Harpsichord

(Start before the entrance of the audience)

(Start before the entrance of the audience)

Continue by yourself

1.2

(keep going)

**Adrastea:**  
Paterastí  
Yierastí  
Yerastí  
Pliyerastí  
Pliyeré erastí...

3.2

Andapókrisi me ti ghramí Ierá Exétasi Tríto Rá - ich Kapitóli - o Alote i Mandám Bovarí, álote o Stá - lin,

gradually more dense...

á - lote o Mó - tzart, á - lote o Kolómvos, á - lote i Virtzínia Ghoulf, á - lote o Pa - rá - kel - sos, á - lote o Fró - id, á - lote o Fá - ous,

á - lote o Tzim Mó - ri - son, á - lote o Odhi - sé - as, o Odhi - sé - as Andhrou - tsos í Elí - tis dhé thi - má - me, o Odhi - sé - as tou Tzóis...

2,5" 2,5"

Continue by yourself →

...Ma pánda i ídhyi

Eghó éserna Éna plíthos kápote eghó éserna San alétri éna plíthos kápote éserna eghó San alétri éna plíthos kápote éserna xopíso mou San alétri foniko n'avlakoni tis sárkes tis yís  
Eghó Pelorios páli

**4.2** ♩ = ca. 132  
a feeling of rush  
legato

**Police**

**Pentheas:**  
Thimáme To oniro pou xechoúsa...

...Xaná to theorato tíchos  
Xaná dhikos mou ke monos  
Éxo xaná ke brostá tous

**4.3** a feeling of rush  
legato

**Police** (together with everybody)

**Pentheas:**  
É - xo

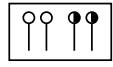
E - ktos

Ko - fte - ros iye - mo - nas

# Adrastea

## Percussion Part

1.1



Material **A**

Medium Tumba

Low Tumba

M. Tumba

L. Tumba

M. Tumba

L. Tumba

M. Tumba

L. Tumba

M. Tumba

L. Tumba

*f*

*mf*

*f*

Continue by yourself

**Adrastea:**  
...Otan dhoun to midhén na cháski  
ekí pou faneróthike i ópsi mou

4.1

**Pentheas:**

Eghó  
 Eghó ícha pelorio tíchos tou thimou  
 Eghó ícha gheniádha  
 Kápote eghó ícha gheniádha ícha  
 Kápote ícha eghó gheniádha matovaméni  
 Kápote ícha eghó gheniádha ematovaméni ke moustákia...

(...Police...)

**Pentheas:**

...Thimáme to oniro pou xechoúsa  
Thimáme to oniro pou xechoúsa káthe proí  
Eghó pelorios aploménos pandoú eghó pelorios...

**ABC: stand up an exit singing**

The hours night grabs the world from the tights with nails the streets are self-carved and the words have no meaning but the chiming cymbals of the dream

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The hours night grabs the world from the tights with nails the streets are self-carved and the words have no meaning but the chiming cymbals of the dream

chiming cymbals of the dream with untidy hair and the straight-jacketed lies unexpectedly I open my eyes as it can only happen indeed I Cerberus to the slaughter I erect the gallows

with the untidy hair and the strait-jacketed lies unexpectedly I open my eyes as it can only happen indeed I Cerberus to-to-to-to the-the slau-lo-lo-lo-ghte-ter I erect the gallows

of the dream with the untidy hair and the strait-jacketed lies unexpectedly I open my eyes as it can only happen indeed I Cerberus to-to the-the-the slaughter I erect the gallows