

ITALIAN FOLK SONGS

COLLECTED IN ITALIAN-SPEAKING COMMUNITIES IN NEW YORK CITY AND CHICAGO

EDITED BY ALAN LOMAX AND CARLA BIANCO/VOLUME ONE/FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 4010



M
1668.9
I8
I884
1965

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS FE 4010

SONGS FROM:

CALABRIA
SARDEGNA
SICILIA
CAMPANIA
PUGLIE

MOLISE
LAZIO
TOSCANA
EMILIA
FRIULI

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volume I of a series

edited by alan lomax and carla bianco

COLLECTED IN ITALIAN-SPEAKING COMMUNITIES IN NEW YORK CITY AND CHICAGO AND EDITED WITH NOTES BY CARLA BIANCO. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY ANNE LOMAX.

Introduction

This record presents a cross section of a large collection of Italian folklore, which I took down on a small portable tape recorder in several Italian neighborhoods in New York City and Chicago during the winter and spring of 1963-64. It is one part of a larger study, undertaken with the sponsorship of the Folklore Department of the University of Indiana, in which the folklore of Italo-Americans will be surveyed and evaluated. The purpose of this study is to determine how Italian folk traditions were altered in America and what part they played in the adjustment of Italians to their new life here.

In one sense the whole cultural history of America is one of cultural survivals. The British folk song tradition enlivened the whole American frontier with its special vitality, and more ancient British ballads have been found in out of the way places, such as the Southern Appalachians and in Nova Scotia than are known today in Great Britain. Collectors and scholars have made the similar discoveries about the French tradition in Quebec, about the German tradition of Pennsylvania, and the Spanish balladry of the Southwest. Now, after only a preliminary survey, I can add the Italo-American community to this list. Of course, not every kind of lore has survived the process of transplantation, nor has this transition gone without its changes. Even so, the volume of ancient songs and ballads, sung in completely authentic style by Italian-Americans, astonished me. Old fairy tales, serenades, lullabies, worksongs, ballads, games songs came to me in a never-ending stream from my new friends in America, performed not only with enormous gusto, but with precisely the same accent and voice placement that I had become familiar with in my field work in rural Italy.

Italy is unique, perhaps, in western Europe for the great variety of its local dialects and local folk traditions. The poverty of the country and the isolation produced by its mountainous terrain are perhaps responsible for this phenomenon. One might say that each village or at least each little region has its own special folklore, although it is still possible to speak of Calabrian, Sicilian and, even in a general but realistic sense, of pan-Italian traditions. What I found in the United States was the survival of this local, village-based tradition. Not only did the Italian immigrants settle together in neighborhoods and tend to take jobs in the same crafts and at the same factories, but within these neighborhoods the people of particular villages or areas clustered together, keeping up family ties, attending the same churches, meeting on traditional fiesta days, and holding to their local dialects and songs.

Not enough is known at present to tell the whole story. Certainly there has been a gradual breakdown of these patterns. Second and third generation Italo-Americans have dropped these practices to a considerable extent. They have been, however, constantly renewed: first, by new groups of immigrants, who settled down among their relatives and friends, and, more recently, and second, by visits back home. I do not wish to say that the Italian has not been acculturated in his American experience; he has and thoroughly. Still, the life patterns in these Italian neighborhoods has been conservative. Only recently have they begun to break up, as people make their fortune and move to better neighborhoods. And in a number of interviews I learned of a counter tendency. Some Italians felt certain Italian values and experiences were more valuable than what they had found in the U. S., and were planning eventually to return home.

Perhaps, for the folklorist, the unique aspect about this survival is that it took place entirely in an urban setting. These songs, formerly sung in the fields under an open sky or under a balcony in the narrow street of a hill village, were preserved in the crowded tenements of New York, Brooklyn and the Bronx. This is a testimony, I feel, to their worth as art and to the devotion, for which Italians are well known, to their aesthetic heritage.

The Italian country-folk came to this country, speaking little English, often unable to read, with next to nothing in their pockets, armed only with a sense of adventure, the habit of industry, and the ambition to improve their economic condition. They worked hard at whatever jobs were available. Many have risen to positions of national distinction. But during the painful first stages of this process, in which they were isolated, homesick, and, often, ridiculed, their language, their songs and their folk customs filled lives which might otherwise have been more empty and painful.

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MUSIC LP

When I came to visit them with my recording machine, they not only welcomed me as a fellow Italian, they joined in my work with great enthusiasm. Before a session could begin, I was treated to an enormous meal of Italian specialities, on which the ladies had lavished great care. Thereupon the room filled up with friends and relatives. Song followed song, story succeeded story---ballads, fairy tales, personal reminiscence, jokes, customs, superstitions, recipes, tumbled out of their mouths.

It was as if a river, long held back by winter ice had suddenly come to life and begun to move. Afterwards they insisted on carrying my machine to the subway or guiding me to my next interview, for which they had acted as scouts and ambassadors. These people were ordinary New Yorkers:-- factory workers, housewives, small businessmen, secretaries, trade union organizers, fishermen, garment makers; but they were also village Italians, who still loved their cultural heritage, who still preserved their old ways of hospitality and generosity. I owe them much and I hope that this album as well as later studies will express my gratitude to them.

One note of caution for the listener. Italian village singing style is not, normally, in the vein of Italian opera, nor does it conform to the norms of "proper vocalizing" current today in Western Europe and the USA. Actually it harks back to ways of performing songs that were current throughout the peasant Mediterranean in ancient times. Some of the performances you will hear on this record will remind you more of the Arab world or of North Africa than they will of Europe. That is only proper, for once, before the influence of modern fine art music, (which, curiously enough also established its vocal standards in Italy,) Southern Italy belonged stylistically to the Near Eastern world. Here people traditionally sing with high-pitched, tense, and, sometimes, strident voices. This is nothing to be ashamed of or embarrassed by. Americans have learned to understand a similar phenomena in the singing of the mountaineers of Kentucky and Tennessee. These tradition-preserving Italian folk singers are operating with different aesthetic values. Once accepted, their expressiveness becomes evident. My hope is that all listeners, whether Italian or not, will listen with sympathy to these songs, which are sometimes nobly simple and sometimes merely charming or funny, for the truth they have to tell.

Carla Bianco.

CANTI POPOLARI

Ballads and Folksongs from the Italian American communities of New York and Chicago.

SIDE 1

CALABRIA

- 1) Quattro Stagioni (The Four Seasons), Sung by Mr. Giambattista Murolo, with guitar acc.

This is the kind of song that is sung and sold in the streets of Italian villages by the "cantastorie" (streetsingers). It speaks of passionate love that continues after death and that lives in the air of April, in the hot fields of Summer, in the warm colors of Autumn and even in the rigid cold of Winter. I recorded it at the home of a Calabrian family in Brooklyn, late one evening after dinner. Every member of this large family enjoyed singing together; and they were also pleased at the thought that American and Italian universities were interested in their traditions. The recording took place April 6, 1964.

TRANSLATION

Non è la morte la fin de l'amore,
anche le tombe son tempi de fiore,
pregò l'amante, l'amante che more, } 2
prece e ricordi dell 'antico fiore.)

"Death is not the end of love,
Also the tomb has a time of flowers, -"
The lover prayed, the dying lover,
Pray and remember the old flower.

Se nell 'aprile fioriscono le rose,
nei verdi spiaggi, o donna gendile,
sulla mia tomba con mani pietosi, } 2
spargi le rose un giovine aprile.)

"Roses bloom in April,
On green beaches, o gentle woman.
On my tomb with piteous hands,
Scatter roses one day in April.

Se nell 'estati col perfio lampo,
rombane laure ar cielo sereno,
rosa mio sasso del fior dei campi, } 2
sulla mia tomba, adorato mio bene.)

"When in Summer the treacherous
lightening
Suddenly cracks the clear sky, -
Red is my stone with the flowers of
the fields,
On my tomb, my well beloved.

- 2) Riggitana a sdegno (A song from Reggio Calabria). Sung by Mr. Giambattista Murolo with guitar acc.

Here is a fine example of Calabrian stornelli. The stanzas of this piece and

those of the next one present a dialogue between a man and a woman (here husband and wife). In fact, the sung dialogue is the fundamental form of the stornello.

The stornello is a lyric folksong, generally performed during seasonal work in the fields or at festive gatherings. The couplets are complete, poetic units and may be sung in any order, since the intent of the stornello is lyric, not narrative. Each couplet is called a stornello, and each one makes a statement, deeply meaningful to the particular singer, of love or hate, irony or sympathy. The two poems that follow touch upon the principal themes of Southern Italian love-songs: abandonment, scorn, courtship, death. In spite of the actual participation of the woman in the singing, she is not playing her feminine role and her couplets are those that would usually be sung by a man. Whereas in Tuscan or Roman stornelli we would have an all-out battle between male and female, here the feminine response is limited by the customary modesty of Southern women. The guitar is played in the pizzicatella style, typical for this kind of song in Calabria.

TRANSLATION:

Dicisti nun vuliri tuppu di notti mi sti dicendo ca moru pe' ttia.	} 2	You tell me not to knock at night, You tell me I'm dying for you.
Marititi si t'hai da maritari, e cchiù non stare alla spiranza mia.	} 2	Get married, if you want to, And don't think of me anymore.
Ma i' si mi volia da maritari, trovava gendi megghiuri ri tia.	} 2	But if I wanted to get married, I could have found one better than you.
Trovava gendi cu' rrobb' e dinari, megghiu di parendela e di jenia.	} 2	I could have found one with things and money, With better relatives and better blood.

3) Riggitana (See notes to no. 2) Sung by Mrs. Angiolina Murolo, with guitar acc.

TRANSLATION:

E sa fari carizzi distu cori, com' 'u canaru la menzu la mari.		And this heart knows how to caress, Like the canary there in the middle of the sea.
Si cadu dinta fazzu schiattacore, ca ri la pena ti fazzu mu mori.	} 2	If I fall in, I'll break your heart, And from grief I'll make you die.
Fici 'na caggia e lla fici d'amuri, culle manere mee la seppi fari.		I made a cage and I made it out of love, With my skill I made it.
La caggia siti vui, rosa d'amuri, l'acellu sonu eu si pozzu entrari.		You are the cage, rose of love, I am the bird, if I can enter.
Iu fazzu spari se mi ficc'avanti, ti ferma su di la cu non ti movi.		I tie it to you and love ties you To the place where your heart beats.
Attaccuvil' a vvui e t'attacca amuri, su la cassa t'abbatte de lu cori.		It doesn't matter, beautiful, if you are consuming yourself, Provided it is for love.
Badaggiu, bella mia; ca ti cunzumi, Basti ca ti cunzuma per amora.	} 2	

4) Strisciata Sung by Mr. Giambattista Murolo and his family with guitar acc.

This song takes its name from the guitar accompaniment, a strongly rhythmic strumming style. Known all over Calabria, the "strisciata" is always composed of satirical comments addressed by an abandoned lover (or by the whole community) to a girl who has married another man. The chorus joins in with extreme enthusiasm; the ruder the criticism, the more the singers enjoy themselves.

TRANSLATION:

Si ca lu paise me' nun é lundano. <u>cho:</u> ellatara rallallero e llatarallallà		Let's go, let's go, Since my village is not far.
Ci vonno quattru jorni di camino, pigghiamu lu trenino e ndinde jamo. <u>cho:</u>		It takes four days on foot, So let's take the little train and go.
Ti maritasti e non dicisti nenti, fusso dicisti: tè no biccarenu! <u>cho:</u>		You got married and didn't say anything, You didn't even say: 'Let's drink together!'
		You got a new skirt, all polka dots, And when you walk your bottom dances.

Facisti la gonnella pizzi, pizzi,
e intorno jata di capi zazizzi!
cho:

Si t'arruffiani cu lu caputreno,
lu megghiu postu ntantu 'o bagagliaiu. } 2

You got a new skirt all ornaments,
And all around you have lines of
sausages!

Even if you try to court the train engineer,
The best place you'll get is the baggage
wagon.

5) Serenade sung by Mr. Giambattista Murolo with guitar acc.

Here is where the stornello is used to express great love and affection, and the most poetic flights that can come from a simple human heart. As in the other Calabrian songs of this selection, the verses are in endecasyllables and the guitar is played in the pizzicatella style.

TRANSLATION:

Amore, amore in suonno mi venisti,
supa stu petticeddu ti puggiasti. } 2

Love, o love, I dreamt you came to me,
And you put your head on this little breast
of mine.

Chiù ti puggiasti e cchiù bella paristi,
a menzannotti poi ti ndi jisti.
A menzannotti poi ti ndi jisti,
una bampa di focu me lassasti.

The more you stayed the more beautiful
you became,
And at midnight then you went away.
At midnight then you went away,
You left me in a burning fire.

Ti prego, bella, stutimi 'sta vampa,
si no 'nfinisci l'amuri cu mia. } 2

I pray you, beauty, extinguish this fire,
Otherwise love will die with me.

E chiddu chi ti ama non ti canta,
stu petticeddu toa mi fa cantare a mia. } 2

The man who loves you doesn't sing
for you,
But this little breast of yours makes
me sing.

SARDINIA

1) Otavas for a serenade. (Sung alternatively and in chorus by twin brothers, Mr. Giuseppe Soru and Mr. Nello Soru).

Sardinia, even today, is the forgotten land of Italy. Just as its cultural and political history has followed a different path than the rest of the Italian peninsula, so, too, its music is completely distinctive. Its most typical instrument is the launedas, a triple clarinet known to the Greeks as the aulos and played by musicians at the court of the Pharaohs. Even the love songs of Sardinia, though certainly influenced by Italian models, have a distinctive tone. Their mood is less aggressive, more gently sad and resigned than that found in the folk lyrics of Southern Italy. The principal Sardinian lyrical type, the otava or eight-line stanza, serves the same purpose as the stornello form -- to permit the performer to improvise upon an inherited stock of stanzas expressing the passionate devotion of the lover and the innumerable beauties of his beloved.

TRANSLATION:

Aice sirena io, } 2
a su giardinu at a mare. }

Let's go, siren, let's go,
To that garden by the sea.

So vendido a tti salutare, } 2
ca mi che so andende. }

Since I came to bid you farewell,
Because I am going away.

Piccina, bella piccina, } 2
cantu mi se s'aggradada. }

cho: Little girl, beautiful little girl,
How much you pleased me.

Sulu ni si andende a linna, } 2
esa dominica mudada. }

I'm going to cut the wood,
In my Sunday clothes.

cho: Piccina, bella piccinna,
cantu mi si s'aggradada.

Sulu ni si andende a linna,
esa dominica mudada.

2) Otavas for serenade. Sung by Mrs. Filomena Giagu.

Here is another Sardinian serenade. It is sung by an old lady belonging to a different group of immigrants in New York. She sings alone, in an old fashioned style she learned about fifty years ago in Sardinia.

Emma si vodia che bentu,
lezzeru in altu volare,

Za la udia inbisitare,
sa culumba in sa posentu.

Mo si clare vodia,
lezzeru in forma e delfinu,

ti a vaghere unu ziru,)
prodi ses, culumba mia.) 2

TRANSLATION:

If I could fly like the wind,
Fly lightly up in the air,

I would go and visit
This dove in her room.

And if I could fly,
Lightly and in the shape of a dolphin,

I would travel all around,
To see you, my dove.

SICILY

- 1) La Semana (The week). Sung by Mrs. Giuseppina Belluomo.

The following selections are samples of the type of traditional song still alive in Sicilian communities in America, i. e., serenades, religious songs, and lullabies. These three forms, in fact, constitute the bulk of what I found in the Sicilian community in the U. S. It seems that certain Sicilian genres -- such as the carrettera songs (mule songs), bandit songs, the famous and beautiful songs of the prostitutes, and the work songs -- have tended not to survive in the U. S. Sicilian and Calabrian folk songs share common traits -- the role assigned to women and the influence of a fine art poetry upon the lyrics. In general, throughout the South of Italy, psychological tone, organization, voice quality, and the social situations in which the songs are presented, are very similar.

The Semana is a very old folksong listing popular beliefs and customs relative to each day of Easter week. Both text and song style have the poetic and dramatic quality typical of this part of Italian folk literature. The performer here is a woman born on the South Eastern coast of Sicily, and living now in New York.

TRANSLATION:

De lune s'accumingia lu primu chiandu,
chiangiri yogghiu tutta la semana.
Di marte è lu Passio e nun zi canda,
di mercure è la sanda quarantana.
De Juove Cristu Sandu si cunnucia,
di Vennire è de lignu la campana.
Di sabbetu Maria sparma lu mandu,
duminica Gesù zu 'n gelu chiana.) 2

On Monday we shall start the first
lamentation,
I want to cry for the whole week.
On Tuesday it's the Passion and we
cannot sing,
On Wednesday it's the Holy Quarantine.
On Thursday Christ is taken to the
Sepulchre,
By Friday the bells are all made of wood.
On Saturday Mary wears her gloomy
mantle,
And Sunday Jesus climbs up to the sky.

- 2) Oh, lallò (Go to sleep). Sung by Mrs. Maria Trantino.

This is just a short piece of an endless lullaby. It is sweet and quiet, like the mother who sang it, and deeply sad and resigned, like most women in the poor, out of the way Sicilian villages. The singer, an Italian housewife living in Brooklyn, rocked her child as she sang.

TRANSLATION:

Oh, Oh,
duorme stu figghiu beddu e fai la oh, oh.
Lo suonnu è fattu e pi li picciriddi,
e ppi rripusare tre,
pi rripusare tre bote a lu juorno, oh, oh.
Una la sira e una la matina,
l'autra quanno sona.
l'autra quanno sona 'u manzijuerno, oh, oh.
Oh!

Si com' un agnidduzzu e quanno nasci,
ca crierri, crierri la
ca crierri, crierri la lana ti crisci, oh, oh!

Lo latte di ta matri e tti nutrisci,
comu la trofa di
comu la trofa di la majurana, oh, oh!

Si' picciriddu e sa' fare i catini,
lo to' core è lo mio
lo to core è lo mio, m'incatenasti, oh, oh!

Go to sleep,
This beautiful son of mine goes to sleep,
o—, o—.
Sleep is made for the little ones,
It's made to rest three,
It's made to rest three times a day,
o—, o—.
One at night, one in the morning,
And the other when midday bells toll,
o—, o—.

You're like a little lamb when it's born,
So soft, soft,
So soft, soft your wool grows, o—, o—.

Your mother's milk is nourishing you,
Like the flower
Like the flower of the majurana, o—, o—.

You are little but you can make chains,
Your heart is mine,
Your heart is mine and you enchained me,
o—, o—.

- 3) Serenade, sung by Mrs. Concetta Aprile, in New York, accompanied on the guitar by her nephew.

This classic Sicilian serenade, has some literary touches, like most Sicilian lyric songs, and is performed with elegance and yet with a great deal of genuine folk feeling.

TRANSLATION:

Lu sole è già spundato 'ntra lu mari,
e voi, bedduzza mia, dormite ancora,
l'aceddi sugnu stanchi di cantari
e affriddateddi aspettano cca ffora,
sopra lo bacconeddu so' ammucciati
e aspettano quann'è ca v'affacciati.

Lassati stari, non dormiti cchiui,
c'ammennazaredde dintr' a sta vanedda,
ce sugnu ju puru, iu c'aspettu a vui,
pe' bidiri sta faccia accussi bedda,
passo cca ffora tutti li nuttati,
e aspettu puru quanno v'affacciati.

The sun has already risen from the sea,
And you, my beauty, are still asleep.
The birds are tired of singing for you,
And they are frozen from waiting for you
to appear.

Enough now, don't sleep any longer,
For I'm also here, my eyes on your window,
I am here, too, I'm waiting for you,
To see that beautiful face of yours,
I spend all my nights out here,
Waiting for you to appear at the window.

- 4) E sette spate (The Seven Swords) sung by Mrs. Maria Trantino, Mrs. Pietrina Trantino and Mrs. Rosina Trantino.

The seven swords symbolize the traditional seven "stations" of Christ's Passion. Like other Easter ballads, this song expresses the sympathy felt by the folk for the mother who loses her son.

Each of the seven stanzas is called a sword. The song is quite long, so only one strophe is included here. Recorded in New York, by a group of dressmakers in a Brooklyn factory, this variant was brought from Lycodia Eubea, Catania, Sicily.

Last sword:

Oh, di Gesù Dio incarnato,
pi' sarva' li peccature,
se cce rape lo costato,
i l'accesso di l'amure,
Matre, avisti pa' vidire
Gesù morto anchi patiri.

Chista fu l'urtima spata)
oh, gran Matre addolorata.)

TRANSLATION:

Oh, Jesus, incarnation of God,
To save all sinners,
They open his ribs
And the doorway of love.
Mother, you went to see,
Had to stand the sight of dead Jesus.

This was your last sword,
Oh, great, sorrowful mother

Sarve Regina etc. (segue il Salve Regina)

(Here an official prayer follows. It is normal in Sicilian folk practice to sing or recite folk and official prayers together, without distinction.)

- 5) Tre sore (The three sisters). Sung by Mr. Giuseppe Profita and his family with guitar acc.

A man from the province of Palermo plays his guitar and sings, and his family joins boisterously in the chorus. The song is a humorous account of the troubles of a poor man in love with three sisters and having a hard time deciding which of them he wants.

TRANSLATION:

Sugnu amande, sugnu amande de tre soro,
co mo me moro, co mo me moro.
Sugnu amanda, sugnu amande de tre soro,
co mo me moro, la verità
cho: Lara larallararallallà,
lalla lallararallallà,
lallà, lallà, lallà, lallallallà.

Se me pigghiu, se me pigghiu la cchiù
ranne,
che foco 'ranne, che foco 'ranne,
se me pigghiu, se me pigghiu la cchiù
'ranne,
che foco 'ranne, la verità.
cho:

I am in love, I'm in love with three sisters,
And now I'll die, and now I'll die.
I am in love, I'm in love with three
sisters,
And now I'll die, it's the truth.
cho: Lara Larallararallalla, etc...

If I choose, if I choose the oldest one,
What a big fire, what a big fire,
If I choose, if I choose the oldest one,
What a big fire, it's the truth. (Cho.)

If I choose, if I choose the second one,
How dull she is, how dull she is,
If I choose, if I choose the second one,
How dull she is, it's the truth. (Cho.)

Se me pigghiu, se me pigghiu la
menzana,
quand'e' baggiana, quand'e' baggiana,
se me pigghiu, se me pigghiu la
menzana,
quand'e' baggiana, la veretà.
cho:

If I choose, if I choose the little one,
I'll be rich, I'll be rich,
If I choose, if I choose the little one,
I'll be rich and she'll remain here. (Cho.)

Se me pigghiu, se me pigghiu la cchiú
nica,
me vene a rica, me vene a rica,
se me pigghiu, se me pigghiu la cchiú
nica,
me vene a rica e resta ccà.
cho:

CAMPANIA

- 1) Eh, n'avimm' a coce! (We must cook it!) Cries of a pizza vendor, Mr. A. Vittori.

In Naples, today in some districts, pizza is sold from hand-carts or from benches that stand in front of the pizza shops. There the vendors attract the attention of passersby with these cries, which are often like real songs. The following was recorded in Mulberry Street, N. Y., in a tavern run by an old Neapolitan street vendor.

TRANSLATION:

Eh, c'aimm' a coce,
eh, c'aimm' a coce,
vedi ch' è cchien' 'e alice,
o' pizzaiuo'!

}
}2
}

Come on, we must cook it!
Look, it's full of anchovies.
It's the pizzaiuolo.

- 2) Lo 'nbierno me mitt' 'o liett' a ddorm'. Sung by Mr. A. Vittori, Song of a street vendor of water.

TRANSLATION:

Lo 'nvierno me mitt' 'o liett' a ddorm',
la stagion' mo spigne coll 'acqua bbell'
e ieva 'a venn'!

In winter I stay in bed and sleep,
In season I carry the beautiful water,
And I go to sell it.

- 3) Stornelli a dispetto (Derision songs), Mulberry Street, New York, sung by Mrs. Bettina Di Domenico.

Although the style of vocalizing may strike city listeners as very strange, it is common in Southern Italy. The song comes from the village of S. Arsenio, Salerno. The stornello is frequently used as a song of derision, especially by Southern Italians; satire seems to have been its oldest function. Here a long string of curses is hurled at someone once beloved but now hated with an equal passion. Such is the usual attitude of the abandoned Italian lover: -- accusing the girl who left him, and pretending to have found a better.

TRANSLATION:

Passu pe' cca, passuppe' strata,
tu ti figuri ca passu pe' ttia.

Because I pass through this street,
You think I'm passing for you.

A n'ata banna la parola è data,
co' n'ata amande cchiu meglio re tia.

I gave my word to another woman
To another lover much better than you.

Robba e dinare n'ave na mpaccata
e ppi bbillizzi cchiu avandi ri tia.

Of money and fine things she has full
packages,
And as for beauty she is well ahead of you.

Te sputette i rinunzi a ti schifu,
sputu le mie manu si te tucceje.

I spat on you and rejected you, scoundrel,
And I'd spit on my hands if I touched you.

Malatella ti vurria a lu spitale
cu re frevi malige nda le vena.

I should like you to be sick in a hospital,
With malignant fevers in your veins.

Ru miericu ti pozza curdinane
la mia sputazza ti vurrai guarini,

ciend'anne noi starria a nu' sputani
quanto re pena te facia murina.

I wish the doctor prescribed spit,
That you should take my spit as a
medicine,

Then I wouldn't spit for one hundred years,
Until I saw you dying from the pains.

4) Passion Ballad, from the island of Ponza, sung by Mrs. Ortensia Iodice.

Quite different from the Sicilian passion, this song is highly poetic and powerful in its simplicity. Its drama, primarily human and only secondarily religious, is of all mothers who lament the death of their sons, and it is this element which makes all folk ballads of the passion so impressive. The singer is a housewife living in the Bronx, New York, in a community of immigrants from Ponza.

TRANSLATION:

Figlio, che dolore de la toa santa fronde,
ma aresemijia lu sole quanne spont',
ohi, figlie, voimmè.

O Son, the pain of your saintly forehead,
Which is like the rising sun,
O Son, Alas!

Figlie, che dolore dei santi ciglie,
ma aresemijia lu sole quande spriglie,
ohi, figlie, vohimmè.

O Son, the pain of your saintly brow,
Which are like the shining sun,
O Son, Alas!

Figlio, che dolore dei santi occhi,
mamma 'n facce 'lla croce t'ha visto
mort',
ohi, figlie, vohimmè.

O Son, the pain of your saintly eyes,
Mamma has seen you die on the cross,
O Son, Alas!

Figlie, che dolore la tua santa faccia,
i acomme sopportoste tantaschiaff'
e voi figlie, ohimè.

O Son, the pain of your saintly face,
And how it stood so many blows,
O Son, Alas!

Figlio, che dolore del tuo santo nase,
te l'hanno fatte come 'na cera refinat',
voi, figlie e voimmè.

O Son, the pain of your saintly nose,
They've beaten it into a piece of fine wax,
O Son, Alas!

5) Care cumbare (Dear godfather). Sung by Mr. Silverio Pacifico, Mrs. Candida Pacifico, and Mrs. Civitella Santolo.

This is a song of two parts, one of which is performed by a man, and the other usually by a chorus of women. Here, the male singer is an ex-fisherman, from the island of Ponza. The two women are housewives. They all live in the same block of the Ponzese community of New York, and are all related. (One of the women is married to the lead singer and the other is his godmother.)

The song enumerates the different sounds of the instruments they know.

TRANSLATION:

--Care cumbare, che vai sonanne?--
--Vache sonann' 'u campanielle. --
--Comme se sona 'sso campanielle?--
--E ndindindi, fa 'o campanielle. --
--Care cumpare, che vai sonanne?--
--Vache sonanne 'a campanielle. --
--Comme se sona 'ssa campanella?--
--E ndendendè fa campanella,
e ndindindi fa 'u campanielle. --
--Care cumpare che vai sonanne?--
--Vaco sonanne 'u cambanone. --
--Comme se sona 'ssu campanone?--
--E ndondondò fa 'o campanone,
ndendendè fa 'a campanella
e ndindindi fa 'o campanielle. --
--Care cumbare, che vai sonanne?--
--Vache sonanno 'u manduline. --
--Come se sona 'sso mandolina?--
--E ndindindi fa 'u mandoline,
bombombo, fa 'o cambanone,

"Dear Godfather, what instrument are you
playing?"
"I'm playing the little bell."
"How does it sound, this little bell?"
"Dindindi, that's how it sounds."

mbambambà, fa la cambana,
E ndindindi fa 'o cambanielle. --
--Care cumbare, che vai sonanno?--
--Vache sonanne la chitarra. --
--Comme se sona chessa chitarra?--
--E nfranfranfrà, fa la chitarra,
e ndindindi fa 'u manduline,
e bombombò fa 'o cambanone,

bambambà fá la cambana,
 mbembembè fa la cambanella,
 e ndindindì fa 'u cambanielle. --
 --Care cumbare, che vai sonanne?--
 --Vache sonanne 'o cuorn' 'e cacce.--
 --Comme se sona 'sso cuorn' 'e cacce?--
 --E musica e musica e schiaffe 'n faccia,
 etc.,
 --E prepetebè fa 'o tamborrone. --

Then come: bell, big bell, guitar, mandolin, hunting horn, and last, the big drum. Each time the sounds accumulate, until, in the last stanza, all the sounds are rapidly recited.

- 6) Ninna nanna (Lullaby). Sung by Mrs. Civitella Santolo. Just seven out of the twenty stanzas of this Ponzese lullaby are given here.

TRANSLATION:

A la chiesa la purtata a battezzare,
 e nanna nanna, nanna nanna rosa.

This child has been christened in the church,
 So go to sleep to have rosy dreams.

Piglia 'stu figliu nu' dorme, manc'arreposa,
 e non z'addorma si prima non e candata.

Nanna nanna, this child neither sleeps nor
 rests,
 And doesn't sleep, unless he is sung to.

Vo' essira candata da tre sanda,
 e da Maria Maddalena e la Madonna.

He wants to be sung to by three saints
 And by Maria Maddalena and the Madonna.

Oh, nanna nanna, nanna nanna viena,
 tu vienetenne, quand'è mezzanotta.

Oh, sleep, now sleep is coming,
 Come here, sleep, come when it's midnight.

SIDE II

PUGLIE

- 1) Stornelli from the fields, sung in pure Pugliese style with guitar accompaniment, by a dressmaker in Brooklyn, New York. The song comes from Bisceglie, Bari, Puglie.

TRANSLATION:

Oh mentitor',
 Sonam' se 'mpo cant' e nte mbast' a voce.

Oh liar,
 Let's play, if you can't sing and have no
 voice.

Ti so mandat' a dice pe 'na cumbagna:
 - Ma fatte lu fagott' che nu ne iiam'. -

I sent you word through a friend of mine:
 "Let's bundle up and let's go away."

Se tine si' a veni' venite 'e notte,
 ar chiar' di la luna nan z'abbadaa.

If you have to come, come by night,
 By moonlight, no one will see.

Quandi so' nato i' e nascì la ros',
 e nascì la pambanella di la cirasa.

When I was born, the rose bloomed, too,
 And the flowers blossomed on the cherry
 tree.

Quandi so' nato i' e nascì la ros
 la stelle si fermav' nel suo camin'.

When I was born, the rose bloomed, too,
 And the star stopped its course in the sky.

Ti so' mandat' un bacio per la post',
 ma si n'è jiu' tutt' lu culor'.

I sent you a kiss through the mail,
 But all of its color has been lost.

E mmezze a lu castell' ste 'na fundanell',
 Mo vole fa l'amor' che le guagnuncelle.

In the middle of that castle there's a
 little fountain,
 It wants to make love with young girls.

MOLISE

- 1) Mariannina: typical song of Central Italy, especially of Molise and Abruzzi. It is sung in chorus by people who once were shepherds in Molise and now live in Newark, New Jersey, - Mrs. Maria d'Egidio and her family and neighbors.

Mariannina l'a malata,
e malata, che delora,
va truvanne lu dottora,
la volime veseta,
Mariannina veseta,
-Mariannina, comme va? -
cho: Mariannina, ciucianna mia,
te lu marite e vo fa l'amore che mme. (2)

Mariannina l'e malata,
e malata ind' a lu lette,
va truvanne sugaretta,
ma poterla riguari,
per poterci riguari,
Mariannina, comme fa? (Cho:)

TRANSLATION:

Mariannina is sick,
She's sick, what pain!
She is looking for a doctor,
A doctor that visits her.
Mariannina's to be visited,
"Mariannina, how are you?"
cho: Mariannina, sweet dove,
She has a husband and wants to make
love with me.

Mariannina is sick,
She is sick in her bed,
Go and find a cigarette,
One that can cure her,
But one that can cure her.
"Mariannina, how goes it?"
cho:

2) Ninna nanna (Lullaby) Sung by Mrs. Maria d'Egidio.

A woman from the above group sings while she rocks her crying baby.

TRANSLATION:

Oh, oh,
ninna nanna, ninna nanna, oh,
lu lupu s'ha magnata la pecurella, oh,

Pecurella me' como facisto, oh,
quanne 'mmocca a lu lupe te vedisto, oh?

Go to sleep, go to sleep,
The wolf has eaten the little lamb, oh!

Dear little lamb, how did you do, oh,
When you saw yourself in the mouth of
the wolf?
Oh!

3) Quanne la veduvella fa lu liette (When the young widow makes her bed) Sung by Mrs. Maria d'Egidio and chorus.

Another typical and ancient lyric from Molise, sung in harmony by the same
group as above.

TRANSLATION:

Quanne la veduvella fa lu liette, }
che no sospiro vota le linzola } 2

When the young widow makes her bed,
She fixes the linens and gives a sigh.

Ci passa la mani pe' lu petta, }
- Non zo' carnucce de durmi cchiu sola - } 2

She passes her hand over her breast,
"This isn't flesh to sleep alone anymore."

Quanne la veduvella va a la messa, }
col bianco fazzoletto e gli occhi bassi. } 2

When the young widow goes to Mass,
She goes with a white scarf and
lowered eyes.

4) Mena lo vendo e mena lo rumano: (Blows the wind and blows the Roman wind): An ancient harvesting song, performed in the genuine style of the fields, by the same group as above.

TRANSLATION:

Mena lo vendo e mena lo rumano,
e mena la vorea pe' ghegne' lo 'rano.

Blows the wind and blows the Roman wind,
And blows Boreas to dry up the wheat.

E la vecchia chi magnava peracotte,
e commi i diabbie le puteva gliotta.

And the old woman who ate baked pears,
And like the devil she could swallow them.

E teneva 'na favuciella leggìa, leggìa,
e la sera me mannavà manza, manza.

She had a small scythe, so swift,
And late at night I felt all broken.

E mena lo vend' e mena lo rumano
e mena la vorea pe' ghegne' lo 'rano.

And blows the wind and blows the Roman
wind,
And blows Boreas to dry up the wheat.

- 5) Vintage song. Same chorus.

TRANSLATION:

Povera uva, me chi ci la magna?) 2	Poor grapes, who will eat them?
E ci la magnane ste due figliole.) 2	These two girls will eat them,
Una si chiama Rosa Filomena,) 2	One is called Rosa Filomena,
L'altra si chiama il Fior del Primo Amore.) 2	And the other, Flower of the First Love.
L'aggi zappata e l'aggi fatta vigna.) 2	I ploughed and made it a vineyard.

LAZIO

- 1) Song of Mastriglia, the Bandit. Sung by Mr. Carlo Micili, with guitar, acc.

Narrative or epic ballads (canzoni epico-liriche) are rarely composed in Lazio, the province of Rome. They come almost invariably from the North, or, in rare instances, from the South. There are, however, a few Lazio ballads, which are relatively recent and which recount some well-known local scandal or accident. Their many stanzas are sung in solo by street singers who sell them in the piazzas or the taverns. Because of their local allusions and lack of universal and poetic themes, Lazio ballads are seldom found elsewhere.

The following is a street ballad about Giuseppe Mastriglia, a bandit from the town of Terracina, South of Rome. It was recorded in Port Washington, New York, sung by an ex-shepherd who immigrated from Ceccano, province of Frosinone. Here is a brief segment of this ballad, the whole of which would require a half hour to perform.

TRANSLATION:

....
Ecco che la fanciulla prese amore,
co' un vago, ricco figlio d'un mercante.
Costui l'amava e la teneva in cuore
ma non sa come dichiararsi amante,
e per pote' alla giovina parlare
se volle co' 'na vecchia consigliare.

Ripassò Mastriglio per quella strada
e incontro il mercante sull'istante.
Mastriglio lo chiamò e supplicando:
- Da questa strada più non ci passare! -
Il mercante glie rispose tutto altorato,
- Io so' padro' di andar 'ndove mi pare! -

Mastriglio tace ma compunto e lesto
preste 'l cortello e gli taglio la testa.
Entra a casa sua e prende due pistole,
due boni cortelli e la schioppetta,
arrende 'n si vole
perché lo sa la morte già l'aspetta.
Ma prima la fanciulla veder viole,
poi costumi lui s'e travestito,
lascio la patria e se ne va bandito.
(chiudi, signori! mo' bisogna arifres-
casce, con cocettino....)

...
And now it happens that the girl falls in
love
With a handsome merchant's son.
He loved her, too, and with his heart,
But he didn't know how to tell her,
And to find a way to speak to her,
He decided to ask the advice of a witch.

But Mastriglia was passing by that street,
And immediately saw the merchant.
Mastriglia called him and commanded:
"Don't pass this way anymore!"
The merchant replied and he was angry,
"I'll pass wherever I like!"

Mastriglia didn't mince his words,
Drew his knife and cut his head.
Then he went home just to take two
pistols,
Two good knives and a gun; he won't
surrender,
For he knows he's bound to die.
But first he wants to see his sweetheart.
Then he changed his outfit,
Left his country and went wandering as
as a bandit.
(Let's stop, Madam, for a little wine...)

- 2) La mia mamma l'e vecchierella (My mother is pretty old, or, The Sleeping Potion)

This, on the other hand, is an imported ballad typical of the North, performed, as are most Northern ballads, in chorus. It is a very fine old piece, known all over Italy in numerous versions and tunes. It tells of a knight who offers a pretty shepherdess one hundred coins for night of love. She replies that she must ask her mother, but hopes her mother will be complaisant. Her mother agrees, for in this fashion the girl will earn a fine dowery. However, the knight is fooled in the end, for the two women give him a sleeping potion. (The Sleeping Potion is the standard title). A large family group performed this song for me in Port Washington, N. Y. Only a portion is given here.

TRANSLATION:

E la mia mamma è vecchierella
e di bon' ora mecci fece arza.

E la pgliai la mia brocchella,
per pijia l'acqua per bere e cucinà.

My mother, who is pretty old,
She made me get up early in the morning.

I had to take my little vessel
And go to fetch water to drink and to cook.

E quando fu alla fondanella
ecco che l'acqua si benne a 'ntorbidà.

Micci mise un po' a sedere,
ecco che l'acqua si venne a racchiarà.

Mella 'mpii la mia broccella
mecci rimisi pe' strada a camminà.

Quando fui a mezza strada,
e l'incontrai un ber giovane cavale'.

-Dove sei stata bella ragazza? -
-So' stat a pende l' acqua per bevve e cucun'a. -
-E me lo dai un po' da bevve? -
-Non ci ho né tazza e nemmeno di biccher'
per da' da bevve al bel giovane cavale'. -
-Ma io a bevve non lo voglio:
solo una notte vorria dormi' con te. -
-Lo voglio dire alla mamma mia,
prego quel dio che me dirà de sì. -

When I was at the fountain,
I saw the water was all dirty.

There I had to sit and wait,
Wait for the water to clear.

I filled my vessel full of water
Then I started to walk back home,

I had walked about half the way,
When I met a handsome young knight.

"Where have you been, beautiful girl?"
"To fetch water to drink and to cook"

"And won't you let me drink a little?"
"I have no cups, not even a glass,
"To give this young knight the water to
drink. "

"But I don't care to drink the water,
Only one night to sleep with you. "
"I must go and ask my mother,
I hope some God will force her to agree. "

3) Two rhymes for games. Sung by Mrs. Micili.

These are just two of the innumerable game songs, mostly survivals of ancient ritual songs. The sense of the words is fairly confused, a characteristic of all magic formulas. Although usually sung by children today, this little song was originally a magic formula against thieves.

Anghingoza, la riverenza,
micondusse le mane 'n Francia,
e con la riveri,
anghingoza le tre galli'.
Giro lo straccio, lo rivolto,
lo rivoto in porcheria,
chi è ladro e chi è spia:
vattene via da casa mia!
(papa me l'ha 'mparata)
My father taught me.

Andiamo, andiamo a Roma,
con la cavalla zoppa,
chi l'ha zoppata?
I travi della casa.
Dove so' i travi?
Sono andati al fuoco.
Dov'è il fuoco?
L'ha spento l'acqua.
Dov'è l'acqua?
Se l'ha bevuta la pecora.
Dov'è la pecora?
L'hanno scorticata.
Dov'è la pelle?
Ci hanno fatto le ciociarelle,
pelle povere vecchiarelle!

4) Rhyme against the rain. Sung by Mrs. Micili.

TRANSLATION:

Acquarella, nun vuni,
San Gisepe te da parti,
tè da ji' a Frosinone:
scanza l'acqua e manna li sole!

Rain, rain, do not come,
Saint Joseph has got to leave,
He must go to Frosinone.
Keep the water and send the sun!

TUSCANY

Despite Lazio's position on the map, culturally speaking Tuscany is the heart of Central Italy. Tuscan folksong styles mark the transition between the individualistic, passionate, lyric pattern of the South, and the harmonized, group oriented, and essentially epic manner of the North. In Tuscany the folk and fine art poetry are stylistically closer than elsewhere in the peninsula. The two traditions share a common vocabulary and a common stock of literary devices and images. The result is a poetic tradition which is at once popular and sophisticated.

1) Folk prayers: merely whispered by an old Tuscan woman, Mrs. Maria Gozzoli, from Colle di Compito, Lucca. Recorded in Chicago, in a small community of Tuscans living in Douglas Park.

2) Chi bussa alla mia porta? (Who is knocking at my door?) Sung by Mrs. Marta Jacopetti. Here, in a fine Tuscan version, is a ballad known throughout Italy, but originating in the North. The theme is adultery and the denouement is tragic (a husband tests his wife's fidelity, finds her false and kills her). This ballad is also known under the title of Il mairto giustiziere (The avenging husband).

TRANSLATION:

-Che bussa alla mia porta?
chi bussa alla mia porta?
chi bussa al mio porto',
chi bussa alla mia porta,
chi bussa al mio porton? -

-E' il capitan di Francia,
il Capitan di Francia,
che viene a ritrovar,
il Capitan di Francia,
che viene a ritrovar. -

"Who is knocking at my door?"
"It is the Captain from France,
Who comes to see you again. "

The rest of the song says:

"Where is your husband?"
"My husband went to war,
May he never come back!
May the bread that he eats be poison
to him!
May the wine that he drinks intoxicate
him!
May the train that he takes crush him!
May the boat he is sailing drown him! "
"Tell me, woman, if I were your
husband?"
She falls to her knees and begs for his
pardon.
"I don't forgive women who curse
against my life! "
Three strokes of his sword: the head
leapt off.

3) Marcellina su per le scale (Marcellina up on the stairs) Sung by the Jacopetti family and their neighbors.

Here is another Northern ballad, also known in parts of Central and Southern Italy. It was recorded in Chicago by a group of Tuscans from Castelvechio di Compito, Lucca. The whole family joined on the chorus.

TRANSLATION:

Marcellina su per le scale,
con le mani sotto al zinale,
passa un giovane ufficiale:)
-Marcellina, me voi amar?-) 2

La sua mamma alla finestra,
con la lingua serpentina,
-Vieni in casa, Marcellina,)
'n ti confonde con quel mascalzon! -) 2

-Io non sono un mascalzone,
ma nemmeno un traditore,
sono figliolo di un ricco signore,)
son venuto per fare all'amore. -) 2

-Lavorare io non posso,
ci ho la mano che me trema,
ci ho la vista che me abbaglia,)
lavorare non posso no. -) 2

Marcellina up on the stairs,
With her hands under her apron,
A young officer passes by:
"Marcellina, do you want to love me?"

Her mother from the window,
With her serpent's tongue:
"Come home, Marcellina,
Don't listen to that scoundrel! "

"I'm not a scoundrel,
And even less a traitor,
I am the son of a rich lord,
I came here to make love. "

(In a missing stanza, her mother tells her to come home and take up her needle work, but the girl has wept till her eyes were sore).

"I cannot work anymore,
My hand is trembling now,
My sight is fading
I cannot work anymore. "

- 4) All 'Ospedal di Genova. Same group singing a Northern ballad.

TRANSLATION:

-All'ospedale di Genova
non ci voglio più stare,
io me ne voglio andare
a quello di Torino.

Mamma, fammi il piacere,
vammi a chiamar Moretto
ch'avanti di morire
lo voglio riveder. -

Moretto entra in camera
e si avvicina al letto,
col bianco fazzoletto
le lacrime asciugà.

-Moretto mio, non piangere,
vedi son moribonda,
la morte mi circonda,
la tomba è giù per me. -

-Amavo una ragazza,
da tanto ch'io l'amavo,
domani la sposavo,
il ciel me la rapì. -

-Me l'han rapita gli angeli,
me l'ha rapita Iddio,
voglio morire anch'io,
voglio morir con te. -

"I don't want to stay anymore at the
hospital of Genoa,
I want to go to the hospital of Turin. "

"Mamma, do me a favor, go and call
Moretto for me,
For before I die, I want to see him
once more. "

Moretto enters her room, with his white
handkerchief.
He comes near the bed and dries up his tears.

"My dear Moretto, do not cry, you see
I am dying,
Death is all around me and the grave is dug
down deep for me. "

"I loved a girl; I loved her so much,
That I would have married her tomorrow,
but the sky stole her away. "

"The angels stole her, God stole her away,
I want to die, I want to die with you. "

EMILIA

- 1) Di qua e di là dal Piave (On this side and that side of the Piave River)

A song of World War I, popular all over Northern Italy, this may be an adaptation of an older ballad. It tells of a girl who is seduced by an Alpine mountaineer and has a baby who "doesn't like to suck milk but drinks only wine, because he's the son of a true Alpine. " It was recorded in Chicago by an Emilian mason, Mr. Mario Mordini, who immigrated from the province of Modena. Only the first stanzas are presented here.

TRANSLATION:

Di qua e di là del Piave
ci sta 'na trattoria,
là c'è da bere e da mangiare)
ed un bel letto da riposar.)

E dopo aver mangiato,
mangiato e ben bevuto,
-O bella mora, se voi venire,)
questa e l'ora da andar dormir. -)

On this side and that side of the Piave
River,
There is an old inn,
There is good food and good drink,
And a pretty bed to rest in.

And after having eaten,
Well eaten and well drunk,
O pretty brown girl, if you want to come,
It is time to go to sleep.

FRIULI

- 1) E l'alegrie a è dai zovins (Merriment is for the young) Sung by Mrs. Anita Macor and Mrs. Nives Dosso.

Here is a Vilota friulana (a kind of local stornelli), mostly used as a drinking song. It is well performed in harmony, by two Friulane women living now in Great Neck, Long Island, (they are originally from S. Daniele, Friuli). Friuli is a particularly musical region, rich in choral singing. Everyone there knows the traditional repertory of songs and loves to sing them in harmony.

TRANSLATION:

E l'alegrie a è dai zovins, (3
e no dai veci e no dai veci o smaridas.

E l'han perdude a l'alta mese, (3
e in chel dì e in chel dì che son sposas.

Merriment is for the young
And not for the old ones, the old or
married ones.

E bol'imbevi e torna a bevi, (3
e di chel vin e di chel vin che l'è tan bon.

And they lost it last month,
And on that day, that day they married.

E a l'è vin di Latisane (3
e vendeimat e vendeimat su la stagion.

Then drink and drink again,
And of that wine, that wine that is so
good.

For it's the wine of Latisane,
And the vintage, and the vintage of the
season.

2) La mi' morosa l'è vecchia (My lover is an old girl)

This is a humorous song of the mountains, known all over Northern Italy. It is sung in harmony by the same group as above.

TRANSLATION:

La mia morosa vecchia,
lari, larà,
la tegno perriserva,
ma wuando spunta l'erba,
e quando spunta l'erba,
lari, larà,
la mia morosa vecchia,
lari, larà,
la tegno per riserva, lari, larà,
ma quando spunta l'erba,
La mando a pascolare.
leri, lerà,
a mezzo alle caprette,
leri, lerà,
l'amor con le civette,
leri, lerà,
non la farò mai piu.
No, no, non te la do,
no, no, non te la do,
perche' mamma non vuol.

My lover is an old girl,
I keep her in reserve,
But when the grasses grow,
I send her out to pasture.

I send her out to pasture
Together with the goats,
And the love of the bad girls
I won't have it anymore.
No, no, I won't give it to you,
Because mamma doesn't want me to.

3) Ghiovanin color di rose (Young man, the color of roses) A love song of the mountains performed by the same group.

TRANSLATION:

Ghiovanin color di rose,
ghiovanin color di rose,
ghiovanin coor di rose)
l'è passà par chi cumo') 2

Young man, the color of roses,
He just passed by,
He asked me for love,
I replied, "I don't make love."

Lui m'ha dimandì morose, (3
io jiai di ma la fe' no,
lui mi ha dimandì morose,
io jiai di, ma la fe' no.

4) E mi maire me l'ha ditt' (And my mother told me)

This song about choosing a husband according to a mother's suggestions, was performed by the same group singing in harmony.

TRANSLATION:

E me mari me l'ha ditte e taljei,
me l'ha fatte professai, in talcos oplaleila
e taljei, oplalà,

And my mother she told me,
Taljei,
And she made me promise,
In talcoss oplaleila
E taljei, oplalà,

che s'io vesse maridame, e taljei,
un chiarniel nol ciolaressi, e in
talcoss oplaleila
e taljei, oplalà.

That if I should choose a husband,
Taljei,
I should never take a shoemaker,
E in talcoss oplaleila
Taljei, oplalà.

A l'è bon di batte suele e taljei,
anche me mi bataressi, in talcoss,
oplaleila
e taljei, oplalà.

For he is good at beating soles,
Taljei,
And he'll beat me as well,
Intalcosa, oplaleila,
Taljei, oplalà.

E me mari me l'ha ditte e taljei,
me l'ha fatte professai,
e in talcoss oplaleila
e taljei, oplalà.

che s'io vesse maridame, e taljei,
un chiarniel nol ciolaressi,
e in talcoss oplaleila
e taljei oplala.

A l'e bon di batte suele e taljei,
anche me mi bataressi,
e in talcoss oplaleila
e taljei, oplala.

OTHER RECORDINGS OF INTEREST

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| FA2204 Spanish Folk Sngs. (FP604) of N. Mexico | FW6929 French Canadian Folk Songs | FW8861 Tunisia, Vol. 1 |
| FA2215 Pennsylvania Dutch Folksongs | FW6947 German Christmas Songs | FW8870 Mariachi Aguillas De Chapala |
| F27861 Fairy Tales in French, Vol. 1 | FW6951 Songs and Dances of Quebec | FW8877 Ellie Mao Sings Chinese Folk Songs |
| FW3051 Songs of the Israel Army | FW6953 Songs and Dances of Brazil | FW8880 Chinese Opera Songs |
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| FH3072 Early German Ballads, Vol. 2 | FC7208 French Folksongs for Children | FW8882 The Ruse of the Empty City |
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| FW3801 Jewish Life | FC7226 Israeli Children's Songs | FR8954 Gregorian Chants |
| FS3890 Songs of Telemann (George Phillip) | FC7229 Chants de Noel | FR8972 The Doukhobors |
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| FE4008 Songs and Dances of Norway | FC7271 German Children's Songs Vol. 2 | FL9211A/B Speak and Read German |
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| FE4408 Folk Music of Palestine | FC77192 Chantons en Francais, Vol. 1 (box set, contains FC7719, FC7720) | FL9571 Johann Wolfgang Goethe: Urfaust |
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| FE4421 Music of South Arabia | FC77212 Chantons en Francais, Vol. II (contains FC7721, FC7722) | FL9587 La Chanson de Roland |
| FE4426 Spanish & (P426) Mexican Folk Music of New Mexico | FC7722 Chantons en Francais, Part 4 | FL9595 100 Years of French Poetry |
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| FW6923 Songs of Acadia | | |
| FW6925 Arabic Songs of Lebanon and Egypt | | |



LITHO IN U.S.A.

159