

Italian Folk Music

VOLUME FIVE

ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 4265



COLLECTED AND EDITED BY ALAN LOMAX

Notes by Carla Bianco, Alan Lomax, Anna Lomax with Diego Carpitella

Naples Campania



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ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS
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Side 1

- Band 1. Tarantella from Capri: Amore ca ce struje
- Band 2. Street vendor of water: l'tengh' all'acqui
- Band 3. Oili, Oila
- Band 4. Jew's harp from Positano
- Band 5. Porters song: Scarola riccia, sung by a mulateer
- Band 6. A volta paese
- Band 7. La pizzica (tarantella)
- Band 8. Ballinello (tarantella)
- Band 9. La bella Caterina
- Band 10. Nonna nonna (lullaby)

Side 2

- Band 1. E lo ve' lo' ve' lo ve'
- Band 2. Tu scendi dalle stelle (pastoral)
- Band 3. Lo sargende
- Band 4. Tarntella (accordion, tambourine and castanets)
- Band 5. Song of the Pilgrims to Monte Vergine
- Band 6. Mulateer's song
- Band 7. Wedding serenade
- Band 8. Tu rondinella (love song)
- Band 9. Tarantella (accordion and clapping)
- Band 10. Zesa Viola

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Folk
Music
Naples
Campania

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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ITALIAN FOLK MUSIC

Naples

Campania

Notes by: Carla Bianco, Alan Lomax, Anna Lomax,
with Diego Carpitella

Texts: Carla Bianco

Translations: Anna Lomax

Campania is a repository of the Italy's rich cultural history. For millenia invaders from North and South have entered "la bella Italia" and have been trapped in the tangle of hills behind Vesuvius. Often, in spite of its frightened poverty, Campania has an endlessly varied and attractive culture. One finds Greek, Moorish, French, Norman and Slavic traces, all orchestrated within the scintillating cosmopolitan culture of Naples itself. It seemed to me, in my brief exploration of the province in 1955, sponsored by the hospitable office of ENIT (the Office in Tourism in Naples), that I encountered a new culture in every village where I set up the recording machine.

Naples was once a capital of Magna Grecia and traces of Greek civilization still grace her coast. The annual contest of Neapolitan song takes place in Piedigrotta, a site once sacred to Aphrodite. After the Cartagenians and Romans, after the Goths, the Moors held the coast South of Naples for 200 years, and traces of their influence can still be seen as well as heard (side 5,2,4,7). In the Middle Ages and later, Naples became capital of the South, fattening on the riches of the whole area, developing schools of music, of painting and of architecture. The Neapolitan became an entertainer and this theatrical vein still runs strong in Campanian culture. One hears it in the street music of Capri (I,1), in Neapolitan popular song (I,3), in La Zesa (a modern survival of Commedia dell'Arte), and even in the bagpipe pastorals of the shepherds (Side II,12).

The country around Naples is called the Terra di Lavoro, or 'land of work', because its volcanic soil is so fertile. Wheat, apricots, apples, peaches, nuts, citrus fruit, and the grapes that make the famed Lacrime Cristi of Vesuvio all thrive on the Vesuvian plains and terraced hills. Further south, however, the soil is poor, often barren. The Romans stripped the hills of forest to provide timber for their wooden fleets. Thus, erosion, due to deforestation, has gone on uninterruptedly for two thousand years. The livelihood of the mountain people, whether shepherds or tenant farmers, often depends on exhausted land. On the coast the fisherman pull a modest supply of squid, octopus, eels, and tiny sardines out of the once fertile Tyrrhenian, when weather and sea,

permit them to take out their small fishing boats. In season, coastal resort towns like Positano, Amalfi, and Ravello thrive on the tourist trade, but for that majority who do not own pensions, restaurants, shops, or boats, dancing attendance on American, German and upper-class Italian tourists is an unstable livelihood at best and a degrading one at worst. In Naples the saying is that half of the people get up in the morning not knowing what they will eat that day or where they will lay their heads that night. Necessity has driven myriads of Southern Italians to emigrate to the United States and Canada. Indeed, some villages are left with only women, children and old people, for all the men have gone to find work in America. Often these men do not see their families for twenty years; meanwhile they lose their culture and their language. Thus the tragedy of Southern Italy takes on a new dimension of irony: the alternative to poverty -- emigration -- constantly diminishes one of the world's richest and most interesting creative traditions.

Alan and Anna Lomax

Side I, band 1.

Amore, ca ce struje (Tarantella from Capri)

Capri is the 'island of the sun', where stone fingers stick out of the turquoise sea. The Mediterranean sucks and gurgles in the volcanic galleries and chambers that pierce its sides and its beauties have attracted tourists, celebrated and obscure, since the Romans made them fashionable. Capri still has its own brand of Campanian folk culture. This tarantella was recorded in the town square on New Year's morning. A group of men and women danced around a laurel branch to the accompaniment of the municipal band, composed of castanets (Greek), clackers and scrapers (Moorish), accordion (German), guitar (Spanish), and a chorus (Capri). This artisan orchestra, led by a domineering maestro di musica, right out of the Roman Revels, performed a tarantella in the urban-artisan style. The tarantella is related to the pizzica tarantata from Puglia, a kind of ritual dance thought to cure the bite of the tarantula in women, whose symbolic function is that of an exorcism of repressed sexuality. Most tarantellas, however, are courtship dances in solo or duet form.

I-2 Street vendor of water

The cries of street vendors are heard in many Southern Italian cities as they are throughout the Southern and Eastern Mediterranean, but in Naples, the street vendors sing in an almost operatic style, heard nowhere else. Many musicologists agree that the embellishment, vocal attack, and melodic style of these ancient vending songs have contributed to the structure of the Neapolitan popular song style; indeed it is quite likely that many famous Neapolitan singers and composers began their careers as street vendors. Due to the extreme poverty of the Campanian slums, many houses lack a water supply and for this reason the water vendor with his clay jar or leather bag of cool water is still a romantic figure.

I' tengu' all'acqui, i' tengu' all'acqui,
i' tengu' all'acqui 'e tre pais',
Napule, Castiellammar' e Margellin',
Mundagnella fredda, fredda,
Mundagna fred'.

Translation:

I have water, I have water,
I have water from three countries:
Naples, Castellammare and Mergellina.
Cold, cold sweet mountain water,
Cold mountain water. (2)

I-3 Carmela

A typical Neapolitan ditty in a light vein
(not a folk song) composed by Costa Di Giacomo
and performed by a non-professional union group.
Naples, January, 1955

1. Carmè, quanno te veche (3)
me sbatt' 'u core,
dimmelle tu che cheste (3)
si nunn' e' ammore.

Chest' è ammore, oillì, oilà,
e dincelle a mamma toja (2)
si te vo' fa' mareta'.

Refrain:

Carme' dincello,
nurbelle maritielle
sempe e' buono,
si no tu reste sola, sola sola e lariula,
'a verita ce vo' 'na cumbagnia,
tricche, tricche e lariulà!

2. Comm' acqua alla funtana,
ca nun se secca,
l'ammore e' 'na catena
ca nun se spezza,

nun se spezza, oillì, oilà,
si se spezza bonasera,
nun se po' cchiù 'ncatena!

Refrain:

Carme', tu siende,
Nu belle maritielle,
Semb' è bbuone,
Si no, tu rieste sola, sola, e lariulà,
'A verita ce vo' 'na cumbagnia,
Tricche, tricche e lariulà! (4)

3. 'Stu core agglu pierdute, (3)
Mmiez' a la via,
Tu certo l'e' truvate, (3)
Bellezza mia,
L'e' truvate, oillì, oilà,
L'e' truvate e l'annasconne,
Ma vengh' io pe' mo piglià.

Translation:

Carmela, when I see you (3)
My heart beats.
Tell me what this is, (3)
If not love.

This is love, oillì, oilà,
So go and ask your mother
If you can get married.

Refrain:

Carmela, tell her
A nice little husband
Is always good to have.
If not, you live alone, alone, alone
and lariulà,
It's true you need company,
Tricche, tricche e lariulà! (4)

Like the water in the fountain, (3)
That never runs dry,
Love is like a chain (3)
That never breaks.

Never breaks, oillì, oilà,
If it breaks, then good night,
It can't be joined again.

Refrain:

I lost this heart of mine, (3)
Along the road.
You have surely found it, (3)
My beauty!

Jew's harp solo from Positano, Salerno

I-4

The Moors brought the Jew's harp into southern Italy, just as they carried it to many other parts of the Arab world. Today the folk of Campania call this instrument the Scacciapensieri, or 'thought chaser'. Like figures from a classical pastoral tableau, shepherds can be seen resting with their flocks in the heat of midday, under the shade of the sparsely scattered trees, playing the instrument as they have been doing for centuries. The Jew's harp is a favorite of carters and peasants as well, but here it is played by a porter in the village of Positano. He thrums an old Moorish dance tune which he calls a tarantella, only because all dances south of Naples were rechristened when the Moors were defeated.

I-5 Scarola riccia (Curly Escarole)

Positano is a small village on the mountainous Amalfi coast. It was built into the sides of the cliffs, which descend almost vertically into the turquoise sea, where its luxuriant vegetation, its terraced roofs, and its Moorish towers are reflected. The Positanese still ply the town's most ancient trades: those of fisherman, porter, and mulateer. Porters are indispensable in Positano whose town's main thoroughfares are stone stairs, passable only by foot. The backs of mules or human carriers, serve to transport every type of goods. On this cut we hear a procession of these porters, with heavy loads on their heads, singing an endless chain of verses as they slowly climb the stone stairs and pass the microphone. When the last of the porters has passed out of sight, a mountain mulateer comes by, urging on his reluctant beast with an ironic imitation of Mussolini's favorite slogan: "Avanti, avanti, sempre avanti!" (Forward, forward, always, forward!).

(The porters)

Scarola riccia,
e bona si vene fatta 'nzalata.
'uaglione, 'uaglione,
comme ci duorme fin' a ggiorn' chiare,
tu duorm' 'a notte'
e i' te vengh' a guardare.
guagnone, 'uaglione,
e canta e suona se voi canta!
Scarola ricce,
e bona si vene fatt' 'nzalat'.

(The mulateer)

Ah! carr' avante!
Si e' 'o vero ca viene da la tierra bruciata,
hai 'a essere 'a ricchezza de la cas'.
Ah! Avande!
Si no, te cacce la tramaglie 'a fore!
Sembre avande! Avandi sembre!
Se e' 'o vere ca viene da chella terra
hai 'a essere 'a ricchezza de la cas'.
Chiù sagli e cchiù abbusca 'o padrone,
ammagara,
nu litr' 'e vin' hai a scanza' po
padrone tujo!
Avande, carra avande! Sembre avande,
avande sembre!

(The Porters)

Curly escarole
Is good in salad.
Hey girls, girls!
How is it that you sleep till daybreak?
You sleep at night,
And I come to look at you.
Girls, oh, girls!
Play and sing if you want to sing.
Curly escarole
Is good in salad.

(The Muleteer)

Ah! Push on!
If it's true you come from that burnt land,
(Sicily)
You must be the riches of your house.
Ah! Move!
If you don't move, I'll rip out your
intestines!
If it's true you come from that burnt
land,
You must be the riches of your house!
The higher you climb, the more money for
your master:
You must earn at least one litre of wine
for your master!
Move! Push on! Keep moving! Keep moving!

I-6 A volta paese (Positano, Salerno)

A aworthy Positano porter, looking very much like a mountain bandit, sang this "bandit song" in the strangled voice so much affected in the South, accompanying himself on his "care chaser" and joined by his friends on the last phrases. The free rhythm, narrow intervals, constricted voice, embellishments and glissando employed by this and other Positano singers hint that Positano was a centre of North African or Near Eastern style.

Bibl.: Cirese E., Vol. I, p.173

Ah! mo viglie i' a 'nzorar' in cap'
'u monde, in cap' 'u monde (2)

Chorus: in cap' 'u monde,
Ah! quann' 'i ra festa re ra
Spina Sand',
ra Spina Sand' (2)

Chorus: ra Spina Sanda.
Ce sta 'na nenn' cu' 'na scarp'
a ppond'
cu' 'na scarp' a ppond (2)

Chorus: cu' 'na scarp' a pponda.

I want to be married on top of the

mountain,
On top of the mountain (2)

Chorus: On top of the mountain.
On the feast of Santa Spina,
Of Santa Spina, (2)

Chorus: Of Santa Spina.
There's a girl with a pointed shoe,
With a pointed shoe, (2)

Chorus: With a pointed shoe.

I-7 La pizzica (country tarantella)

In nearby Pagani (which means "Pagans"), I found a genuine North-African orchestra composed of drums, scrapers, rattles, clappers and tambourine. Here again the performers call the piece a "tarantella", but their throbbing rhythm and shuffling steps mark it as a piece of pure North African music. Notice the rapid intake of breath, typical of Moorish singing. To Italian musicologists this song is first cousin to the pizzica tarantella of Puglia, which produces hysterical seizures.

(Pagani, January 1955)

Bibl.: D. Carpitella, "L'esorcismo/coreutico-musicale del tarantismo".
E. De Martino, Sud e Magia, A. Lomax,
Songs from Province of Puglia. (Folkways)

(Voce maschi E lu viende mi l'azaie la'
unnella,le)

...(testo incomprensibile)..... (2)
La puzzica te l'ava 'ncalurita (3)
nun sacce che demane agge a ffare (3)
famme cuccare re notte cu'ttia. (3)
-Cu' ttia no!- (Voce di donna)

(Voce maschile)
Mannaggia, che mennele
e nchi t'ha fatte cusi belle,
nu caucio 'nta gunnella,
'u pallioncino e lariula.

Chorus:
N'ata vota, n'ata vota!

(Voce di donna)
Cvallino nero, cavallino,

Chorus:
N'ata vota, e n'ata vota, e n'ata vota,
n'ata vota!

(Voce maschile:)
Truvav' 'na nena che lavave i panne,
mezza calat' facea v'de' la cumme se
chiama, (2)

Translation:

Man: The wind blew up my little skirt,
.....(ununderstandable) (2)
This bite made you hot, (3)
I don't know what I'll do with you
tomorrow, (3)
But let me sleep with you tonight. (3)

Woman: Not with you!

Man: Oh God, what breasts!
Who made them so pretty?
One kick under your skirts,
The little ball, and lariula.

Chorus: Again! Again!

Woman: Little black horse, little horse,
.....(2)

Chorus: Again! And again! Again!

Man: I saw a girl washing clothes,
She was half on her knees and
showing her 'what's its name! (2)

I-8 Ballinello (Little Dance)

A dance played on the accordion in San Arsenio,
Salerno, January, 1955.

I-9 La bella Caterino (Beautiful Catherine)

The worker's chorus sings a gay serenade common
in provincial variety theaters. The suavity and
relaxed charm of the soloist indicates how the
showmanship of Naples penetrates all the back-
woods of Campania.
(San Arsenio, Salerno, January 1955)

1. Io so' venuto ra lo mio paese,
pe' gghi' a truva' la bella Catarina,
ca tene la vestella do murfese,
e sotta la cammisa re musulina.

I' so' venute da Monde Palline,
t'agge purtate 'na bella galline,
Catarina, Catari',
so dui ore ca stongo qui.
T'agge purtate nu par' 'e canzine,
nu sottemutande e nu sottocanzone,
tenghe pure 'stu manduline
pe' tte cunta' 'na bella canzone.

2. Aggiu saputu ca la zita mia
la tene tutta neura la cimminera
agge accattate 'stu belle pennielle
gliel 'aggia pitta l' aggia bella, bella.

Io so' venute da Monte Coluso,
t'aggia fatte chist'atre pertuso.

Catarina, Catari',
so' doie ore ca stongo qui.
Po' so' passate pe' Monte Rotondo,
m'agge fatte nu spacche 'n fronte,
Catarina, Catari',
mo, si no' sciende finisc' a 'mpazzi'.

Translation:

I've come from my village
To find the beautiful Catherine,
Who wears a skirt of taffeta
And a chemise of muslin.

I've come from Monte Pallino
I've brought you a nice chicken;
Catherine, oh, Catherine,
It's two hours that I'm here.
I've brought you a pair of stockings,
And panties and underpants.
And I have this mandolin,
To sing you a pretty song.

2. I have heard that my girl
Has her chimney all in black,
And I brought this fine paint brush,
And I'll paint it so pretty, so pretty.

I came from Monte Coluso
To make this other hole in you;
Catherine, oh, Catherine,
It's two hours that I'm here.
Then I passed by Monte Rotondo,

And I bumped my head;
Catherine, oh, Catherine,
If you don't come down, I'll go away.

I-10 Nonna nonna (lullaby)

The Italian mother, particularly in the South,
can be said to impart her world view to her
child through her lullabies. In her high,
almost wailing voice and slow, measured rhythm
she communicates her own pain and resignation,
and her words contain a thinly disguised warning
against a world dominated by predators dangerous
to poor, defenseless creatures. A typical
lullaby of Central and Southern Italy is sung
here by Chiarina Pepe, aged 45. Its imagery is
old and ingenuous: the personification of sleep
is an ancient poetic device. The image of the
wolf devouring the lamb serves to frighten the
child into good behavior.

Bibl.: Cirese E., Vol.I, pp. 6,9,10,24.
Pitre, G., Vol.II, p.9, nn. 749,750,752.

Nonna nonna, nonna nonnarella,
lu lupo s'ha mangiato la pecorella.

O suonne, suonne, no' bbeni pe' tterra,
vieni a cavalle, comme 'na rondinella.

O rondinella, dove te fai lo nido?
-Sotto lu pede de lo peterusino.-

O nonna, nonna, nonna, nonna rico,
vienelo adduorme, 'stu figlie mio è bello.

Translation:

Sleep, sleep, little sleep,
The wolf has eaten the little sheep.

O Sleep, sleep, don't come by land;
Come on horseback, like a swallow!

O Swallow, where do you make your nest?
Under the feet of the parsley.

O Sleep, sleep, I sing to you:
Put this pretty son of mine to sleep.

II-11 E lo ve', lo ve', lo ve'
(Look at Her, Look at Her)

In an ancient Norman village, during the
Christmas holidays, a chorus of men sing a
special seasonal song, accompanied on the oboe
and bagpipes. Recordings of the same song
have been made in Lucania and Puglia, where
it is sung at work in the fields.
(Caggiano, January 1955)

E lo ve', lo ve', lo ve', (3)
mo se nne vene.

E portava lo paniero (3)
piene de pana.

E comme se pò resta' (3)
senza mugliera.

E mogliera la sa porta' (3)
canestra d'ova.

Translation:

Look at her, look at her, (3)
Here she comes.

She was carrying a basket (3)

Full of bread.

And how can you remain (3)
Without a wife?

And my wife knows how to carry (3)
Baskets full of eggs.

She's gone to the forest,
And she's sold all the chestnuts.

(Refrain)

She's sold the chestnuts,
And she's sold them all.

(Refrain)

II-12 Tu scendi dalle stelle
(You Come from the Stars)

At Christmas time the shepherd pipers of Southern Italy come down from the mountains into the towns and play through the streets, earning thus a little money to tide them through the cold season. They believe that the bagpipe was sounded in Bethlehem when the shepherds came to the cradle of Jesus. In Caggiano, where this pastorella was recorded, there are seven sizes of bagpipes and the richest tradition of bagpipe music in Italy. The rhythms and melodic form of the pastorelle or Christmas songs are derived from 18th century organ compositions, and their beauty can compare with the famous Baroque style presepio of 17th and 18th century Naples. The following Christmas carol was played on oboe and bagpipes.

(Caggiano, January 1955)

II-13 Ros'e argende (Rose and Silver)

This is a song of the chestnut harvest performed when the whole village goes into the hills to gather the winter crop. Montemariano di Avellino was a community where the girls felt free to pull a stranger into the tarantella and hug him in front of their men. There was a relaxed and easygoing relationship between the sexes. Note also that the mixed chorus sings in well blended harmony. All these signs point to a break in the tradition of severe sexual sanctions common in Southern Italy. Indeed, Montemariano is said to have been founded by the Bulgars when they conquered Italy in the Dark Ages.

Ros'e argende se n'ha jute
E la signora e' romanuta,

Refrain: Ohì, signo', ohì, signo',
Ros'e argende e' ros' d'amor.

La signora è romanuta,
E a la foresta se n'è juta,

(Refrain)

E a la foresta se n'è juta,
E le castagne s'è vegnuda,

(Refrain)

Le castagne s'è 'ignuda
E tutte quanta se l'è vennute,

(Refrain)

Translation:

Rose and silver went away,
And the lady stayed behind.

Refrain: Oh, lady, lady,
Rose of silver, rose of love.

The lady stayed behind,
And she's gone to the forest.

(Refrain)

II-14 Tarantella

Salvatore Gambale and Giovanni Marino perform this tarantella, with accordion, tambourine and castanets, Montemariano di Avellino, January, 1955.

II-15 Songs of the pilgrims to Monte Vergine

This is one of the many religious songs composed by folk pilgrims and dedicated to the numerous Madonnas worshipped on the "sacred" mountains of Southern Italy.

Bibl.: Paolo Toschi, La poesia popolare religiosa in Italia.

I' voria di' a ro Signore
che nge sta lo sape addo'.
E nui che mo nge jamo
che bella grazia a nui n'e fatta.
E la grazia chi amo 'uta
nge ne jamo gioiose.
Ne nne jamo contende,
condende n'hai fatta
'na 'razzia di avere.

Translation:

I wish to speak to the Lord,
Who is in the sky; He knows where.
Now that we are leaving,
What a beautiful blessing You gave us.
And for this blessing,
We go joyfully,
We go content.
You made us content,
For we had Your blessing.

II-16 Mulateer's song

In the mountainous Campanian hills mule trains are still important for the transport of goods. Here is the lonely cry of the mulateer, Raffaele Idla, as he rides over the mountain, accompanied by the bells jingling on his mules' harness. He sings a lyric song, sometimes used as a serenade, in old Neapolitan style (see band 2).

(Polla, Salerno, January 1955)

Quanno ti partori la tea mamma,
Ti feci cchiu bella puja della castagna,
Ti feci due occhie neri de filligrana.

Bellizzi non ne fa a Napoli piu soa mamma,
Napoli piu soa mamma, a piu sua mamma (2)

Translation:

When your mother bore you,
She made your eyes more beautiful than
chestnuts,
She made you two black eyes of filigree.
Your mother will make no more beauties
like you,
In Naples she will make no more beauties
like you. (2)

On the wedding night a group of serenaders come to the bride's door and sing a song that bid her dry her tears and undress. This serenade first appeared in the 18th century and is widely diffused in Southern Italy. The following version, sung in a Greek dialect, was recorded in a village founded by the Byzantine Greeks. (Montecalvo, January 1955)

Bibl.: Santoli, Pallante, Vol.5, p.53
Cirese E., Vol.I, p. 215

Leviti, leviti la cintura,
ca nun facime cchiù l'amura

Refrain: Quannu vie lu liettu tisa,
tene lu chiante e vene la risa
Quannu vie lu liettu tisa,
tene lu chiante e vene la risa.

Levete, levete 'a vesta janca,
ca dentr' 'u liettu nun se canda,

(Refrain)

Levete, levete la cammisa,
boghio vedere 'o paradisa,

(Refrain)

Translation:

Take off, take off your belt,
For we are done with courting.

Refrain: And when she saw the bed prepared
She dried her tears and laughed. (2)

Take off, take off your white dress,
For in bed you won't be singing.

(Refrain)

Take off, take off your chemise,
I want to look at paradise.

(Refrain)

In this traditional love song the swallow is a messenger of love. Three seventeen-year-old girls trade verses, singing in the extraordinary, clear-voiced style of mountain villages. All the women in this village still wear the traditional costumes, making it difficult to tell which woman is old, which young, which ugly and which beautiful. The young girls use an excessively high pitched, thin and strangled voice, similar to that found throughout the Oriental world, usually a sign of strict and punishing sexual mores.

Bibl. reference for the motif of the swallow:
Cirese E., Vol.I, p. 198 (two versions similar to the present one, from Molise.)

Tu rondinella che pell'aria voli,
voltete 'n dietro e famme nu favore:
tirate 'na pennuccia lascerai,
ca vogliu scrive 'na lettera alla mia
'more.

Quando ce l'aggio scritta in garta
bianca,
ti renderò la penna che ti manca,
e quando te l'ho scritta in garta

bella,
ti renderò la penna, rondinella.

Ma quando tell'ho scritta in carta
d'oro,
la porterai tu stessa al mio tesora,
ma quando cell'ho scritta in carta
d'oro,
la porterai tu stessa al mio tesoro.

II-18 Translation:

You, Swallow, flying in the air,
Turn back and do me a favor:
Pull out one of your quills,
I want to write a letter to my love.

When I have written it on white paper,
I'll return your missing feather;
And when I have written it on beautiful
paper,
I'll return your feather, Swallow.

But when I have written it on golden
paper,
You'll take it yourself to my treasure. (2)

II-19

Tarantella

Played on the accordion, with handclapping.
(Lettino, Caserta)

II-20

Zesa Viola or: La zita in cerca
di un marito (The Maid in Search
of a Husband)

There follows an excerpt from Zesa Viola, a modern Commedia dell'Arte play, performed by artisans. These plays are put on in the spring, during carnival celebrations. The artisans of the town hire the municipal band who play through the streets of the town to gather a crowd. When everyone is assembled, the narrator leaps through the curtain and announces the play with a great flourish of song, often taken from some military march or opera. Then the band plays the overture, and the actors identify themselves one by one with a short sung verse.

The plot of Zesa Viola deals farcically with one of the great sources of conflict in Italian life: the jealous father who won't permit a handsome young man to court his daughter. The mother sides with the lovers. After a long series of complications the angry father discovers the lovers together. The student shoots the old man, falls into his sweetheart's arms, the mother takes a lover, and the play ends with the four survivors dancing a quadrille. In this kind of folk drama, which used to be performed in the open air all over Campania and Molise, the urban and peasant styles converge, enhanced by the colorful theatrics of the country people. The parts in this performance were taken by the artisans of the town, and even the feminine parts were played by men. Now they introduce themselves one after another. . .

Bibl.: A. Cirese, Vol.II, p.54 and following.
Grancesco Jovine, "Rappresentazioni
all'aperto", La lapa, a.III, 1-2
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B. Croce, I teatri di Napoli, 4th
edition, p.302 and following.

(Avellino, January 1955)

Esce, esce, bella, bella,

facite largo a Pulcinella.

Maestro, musica!
E a voi, giovanotti,
quando v'accasate aprite gli occhi!
Int'agli occhi ngi guardate
e vedete che mossa fa.

(Presentazioni)

Io quando m'accasai,
Zesa Viola mi sposai,
e tanto ca era bella,
me nne fece innamorà!

Io mi chiamo Zesa Viola,
sono figlia di don Nicola,
Io mi chiamo Vincenzella,
don Nicolino, quanto sei bello!

E io mi chiamo don Nicolino,
quand' è bella Vicenza mia!
Io sono ricco marinaio,
quant' è bella la mia pacchiana!

Io sono ricco giardiniere,
coglio fiori mattina e sera,
sta gelata di stamattina
si so' gelati sti mazzettini.

.....
(morte del padre)

-Marito mio, 'sse dolci parole,
tu mo mi fai propio mori'!-
-Mogliera mia, mo che so' muorto,
no' voglio tuorto, no' m'o fa' fa'!-
marito mio, mo che si' muorto,
io me ritrovo a marita',
se m' 'o trovo 'no vecchiarello,
e mi ritorno a rinfrescar!-

Chorus:

Adesso chiamiamo lo miedico e torna
è qualcosa qui intanto facciamo sonà.

-Io no' so' miedico, ma so' bravo
dottore,
io questa.
se tu mi dai a figlieta pe' mugliere,
o parseniello, o parseniello eccolo qua.
Se me dai figlieta pe' molglierozza,
o parseniello eccolo qua.-
-E voglimi bene, signor dottore,
io sono bella più di un fiore,
n'ata piu bella t' 'a vai a truva'.-
-Ti voglio bene e ti tengo a cuore
ti voglio bene meglio 'e 'sto fiore,
Figlia la toga ca jamo a sposa',
Figlia la toga ca jamo a sposa'.-
-Mio padre è morto e mia madre è viva,
e statime a sende si dico buggia,
è giunta l'ora de i' a sposa',
è giunta l'ora de i' a sposa'!-

Translation:

Master of Ceremonies

Come out, come out, pretty, pretty one!
Make room for Pulcinella!
Maestro, music!
And you, young men,
When you marry, keep your eyes open!
Look well into her eyes,
And see what kind she is!

(Presentation of characters)

a. When I got married,

I married Zesa Viola.
And she was so beautiful,
She made me fall in love.

b. My name is Zesa Viola,
I'm the daughter of Don Nicola.

c. And my name is Vincenzella,
Don Nicolino, how handsome you are!

d. And my name is Don Nicolino,
How beautiful is my Vincenza!

e. I'm a rich sailor,
How beautiful is my little wanton!

f. And I am a rich gardener,
I gather flowers night and morning.
All the morning it's been frosty,
And these little bunches are all frozen.

(The main body of the play is not reproduced here)

Translation: (After the father has been shot.)

Wife: Oh, husband, these sweet words
Make me want to die!

Husband: Wife of mine, when I'm dead
I don't want to be wronged!

Wife: Oh, husband, when you're dead,
I'll marry again,
If I can find a nice old man,
And I'll refresh myself!

Chorus:

Now we'll call the doctor, and then
return.
Meanwhile, let's have some music here!

Lover: I am not a physician, but I'm a
good doctor,
.....
If you give me your daughter's hand,
.....

Daughter: Please love me, Sir, Doctor,
I am more beautiful than a flower,
Try to find another as pretty as me.

Lover: I love you and you're in my heart,
I love you better than this flower,
Put on your gown, we're going to get
married.

Daughter: My father is dead, and my mother's
alive,
Listen to me, if you think I'm
lying!
The time has come to get married!

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