

# Italian Folk Songs and Dances



15 Folkways Records · New York

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1748  
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1955

MUSIC LP



ITALIAN FOLK SONGS AND DANCES

FW 6915 (FP 915)

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Illustrated Notes are Inside Pocket



FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 6915

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# Italian Folk Songs and Dances

Introduction by Ralph Costantino

The Provençal Troubadours and Jongleurs brought over from France in the 13th Century by Count Raymond Berenger to entertain Emperor Frederick II at Milan were the precursors of the Italian "Trovatori" and "Giocolini" who later adopted Dante's "volgar poesia" to fill with song the sun-bathed countryside of the land of the jackboot. With them begins the story of documented popular music.

The songs in this album are representative of the folk music of Italy and some of these same melodies were probably enjoyed by Charles of Anjou, King of Naples and Sicily, from 1266 to 1382 when he too wel-

comed his son-in-law's Troubadours to the south of Italy.

The folk music of any country is the expression of life in song and dance, reflecting religious beliefs, superstitions and customs.

The production of these "villanelle" (street-songs), madrigals and "carnascialeschi" (carnival songs) is unconscious, unhampered by scrupulous adherence to formal patterns of musical notation, and only on rare occasions can they be traced to an individual author. Their birth sees the light of day in the common consent of the people and perfected by common effort, enjoying an aura of immortality by mere tradition.



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# SIDE I

Band 1. SICILIA BEDDA ( Beautiful Sicily).  
Sicilians from Catania, a city surrounded by masses of black lava, sing of the beauty of their country. The song says: "Beautiful Sicily, you are my everything... Our voices are beautiful, they can take flight singing songs of love.. Only we possess these oranges; our Sicily honors us. Foreigners come in numbers from afar, saying, the air in Sicily is scented with a sweet perfume. They smell the orange-blossoms and beautiful springtime is back. Roses blooming in the hot sun... beautiful Sicily, you're a bed of flowers. Sweet scented perfume of oranges and roses... Hail, Sicily, land of the sun... Sicily shall live."

La, la, la, la,  
Taralalalalala  
La, la, etc.

Sti vuci beddi su,  
di chi ci semu,  
pi l'aria ponnu iri,  
cantannu ammuri.

Sta aranci sulu nui,  
li pussidemu,  
e la Sicilia nostra,  
ci fa unuri.  
Ah, ah, ah,  
ah, ah, ah!

E di luntanu vegnuno  
li furisteri a massa,  
dicennu la Sicilia,  
chi ciauru ca fa.

La, la, la, etc.

L'uduri di la zagara,  
cca si senti,  
e ritorna la bedda primavera.  
Ah, ah, ah, etc.

Rusi sbucciati  
a lu suli cuccenti.  
Sicilia bedda,  
tu si na sciurera.  
Ah, ah, ah, etc.

Chi ciauru, chi ciauru,  
de l'aranci e di rosi.  
Evviva la Sicilia,  
terra di tantu sol.

Band 2. NAPULE BELLA (Beautiful Naples).  
A declaration of love for the city, something like this: " The moon lies over the ocean like silver. A lonesome couple hears mandolins in the moonlight. Naples, my beautiful Naples, always, only you! Drink to Naples."

Band 3. CARETTIERA. A wagon driver's song from Messina. Adopted as a style in Italian literature and opera; such as Alfio in Cavalleria Rusticana.

Band 4. "Cum mari aviti vistu un iaduzzu?  
"Auntie, did you see a little rooster?" From Sicily. The song is about a woman who has lost her little rooster. The translator wrote: "Out of the rhythm, basic tone of the accompaniment, develops the idyllic element, the oriental element, which also makes its influence felt in religious songs like the famous "Lauda del Venerdi Santo" (Hymn of Holy Friday)."

Band 5. "Mattinata Cagliaritana." "Morning hours in Cagliari." From Sardinia A love song played at dawn in front of the window of the loved one. It is of the lyrical type well known in the literature of the Mediterranean, since the time of Provençal poetry. The melody is based on a traditional motif of the Mattinata. The soloist is a shoemaker who knows and can sing and play many of these songs and dances.

Band 6. PICOROSO di TOSCA. This is an Albanian waltz. The dance tune is traditional. It was recorded at a seminar for priests.





SIDE II

Band 1. CICERENELLA. A love song in old Neapolitan dialect. It is also known as a Tarantella of Posilipo.

Cicerenella tenea no ciardino,  
e l'adacquava coll' acqua e lo vino,  
ma l'adacquava po' senza lancella  
chisto ciardino e' de Cicerenella...  
Cicerenella mia si bona e bella!

Cicerenella teneva na gatta  
ch'era cecata e purzi' scontrafatta,  
la straceneva co mmezza codella,  
chesta e' la gatta de Cicerenella...  
Cicerenella, etc.

Cicerenella teneva no gallo,  
tutta la notte nce jeva a cavallo,  
essa nce jeva po' senza la sella...  
chisto e' lo gallo de Cicerenella.  
Cicerenella, etc.

Cicerenella tenea na gallina  
che faceva l'uovo de dera e matina,  
l'avea mparata a magna' farenella...  
chesta gallina e' de Cicerenella.  
Cicerenella, etc.

Cicerenella teneva na votta,  
mettea de ncoppa e asceva da sotta,  
e non ce stava tompagno e cannella...  
chesta e' la votta de Cicerenella.  
Cicerenella, etc.

Cicerenella, the gardener's daughter,  
Spray'd her garden with wine and with  
water,  
Watered it well, tho' she hadn't a pail,  
This is the garden of Cicerenella. ah!  
Cicerenella, darling, my bonny belle. ah!

Cicerenella, because she'd a mind to,  
Kept a pussycat crooked and blind, too,  
And she would drag it around by the tail, ah!  
This is the pussy of Cicerenella!  
Cicerenealla, etc.

Cicerenella, she had an old rooster,  
All night long on his back he would boost  
her,  
Bareback she rode him, and rode him  
right well, ah!  
This is the rooster of Cicerenella!  
Cicerenella, etc.

Cicerenella, she had an old hen, too,  
Laid at night and at morning again, too,  
And she had taught her to feed on cornmeal,  
ah!  
This is the biddy of Cicerenella!  
Cicerenella, etc.

Cicerenella, her barrel was filling,  
From the top while the bottom was spilling,  
Never a head or a stave to the shell, ah!  
This is the barrel of Cicerenella!  
Cicerenella, etc.



Band 2. NINNA NINNA. Lullaby from Sardinia. The mother sings to her little boy. His father, a brigand, escaped to the mountains and is being followed. She sings: "Antoneddu, little Anton, I'd rather see you dead than a bandit in the mountains." So that she will not have to disclose her husband's whereabouts, she too will go into the mountains. Her son sings: "Mama, Mama, when I live in the mountains, I won't fall into dishonor." In the third stanza the ghost-like voice of the father is heard: "Sing, o beautiful, sing o beautiful, all around me it's quiet and I only hear you singing."

Band 3. GIOCO DELLO SCARRAFONE (The Game of Black Beetle). This song was recorded in Capri, preserved possibly from the time of the Greeks and Saracens. It is popularly known as the "Devil's Game." The effect of the music is to drive away evil spirits. "The devil grabbed me by my leg but he cannot catch me."

Lu scarrafone d' 'o campo  
me cuoglie e nun me cuoglie,  
me cuoglie e nun me cuoglie!  
So' maccarune cu l'aglio e l'uoglio!

E nun me cuoglie ca no,  
E nun me cuoglie ca no,  
no, no, no, no!

(Black beetle in the field, can you catch me  
or can you not, can you catch me or can  
you not! You'd only be grabbing at straws;  
you'll not catch me, no, you'll not catch me,  
no! No, no, no no!)





Band 4. **TRALLALLERA.** A stornello or melody for which everybody rhymes a verse and the chorus falls into the refrain. In this case the dialogue is fast, hostile and ironic; a descendant of the fighting songs which were widely circulated in Provençal and old Italian literature during the Middle Ages. It was recorded in a village six miles from Cagliari, Sardinia.

Band 5. **SERENATA ALLA BELLA DORMENTE.** (Serenade to a beautiful sleeping woman). A love song sung in the Albanese language, recorded in Spezzano Albanese. In the 15th Century, Albanese refugees (presumably from Albania) founded seven villages in Calabria.

Copiglie e bucur sa  
gintile u rite.

Ye mo e' mira yuglie  
brun te yieta. (repeat)

Me gnor ce' nunc te shorg  
Shpiert u vete.

Copiglie e bucur fiun'  
Tegn shtrat me yuglie.

E poeur cuscin me nbaba  
gnu trundafiglie.

(Pretty lass, so gently reared... The most beautiful flower in the garden. If I don't see you for an hour, I am lost. Beautiful lass, sleep on this bed of flowers... rest your head on a rose.)



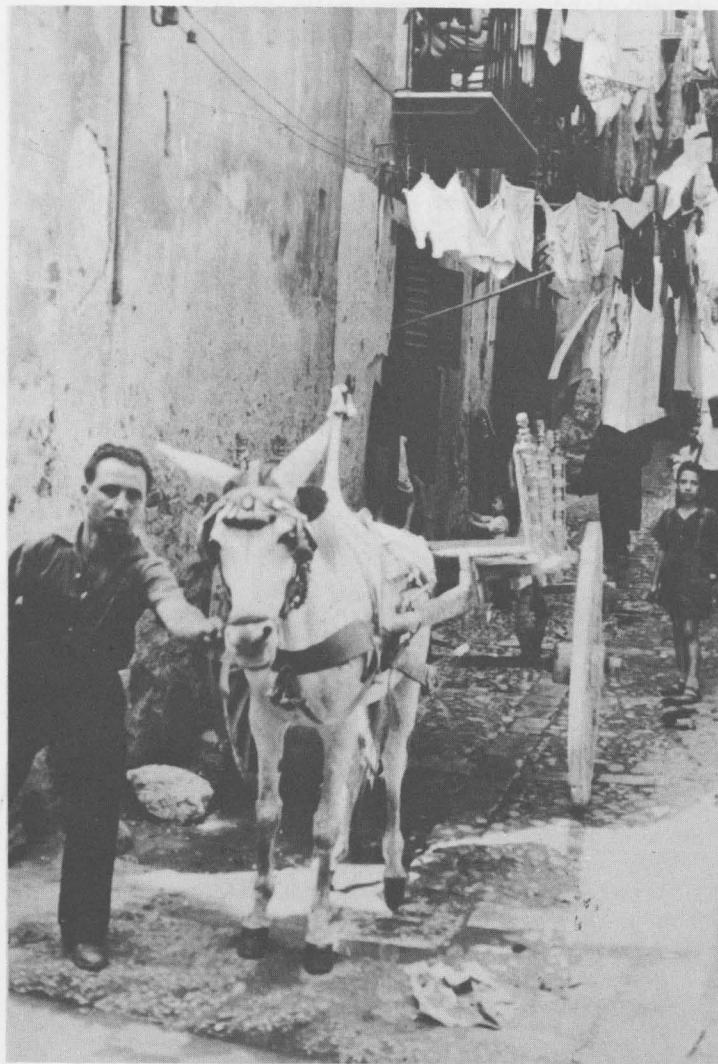
Band 6. STORNELLO BARESI. A variant of the "stornello" (described above) as sung in Bari, Apulia, on the Adriatic. As in nearby Lucania, it is a region where folk song has been preserved in its original form.

Abbasia a la marina se veene lu pesce.  
Oh, ce bello guaglione,  
la vuo' fernesce!  
Oh, c'e bello lu primm'ammore,  
'u secondo e' cchiu' bell'ancora.

Vicino 'u lungomare che bella gente,  
se va assettane a guanno so st'abbellen.  
U c'e bel 'u lungumar,  
com' e' bello cchiu' bell' ancora.

Vicino a lu mercato se venne 'o tonno,  
tutto qunte sciamme,  
scemannan contre..  
sciamman cinne 'a cca,  
sciamman cinne 'a la'..  
ce n'ammasci  
sciamman cinne a la'.

(O how beautiful is first love... Along the promenade are many people... How fine it is to walk by the sea, but better with one's love..... They are selling tuna near the market... let us go there, there are many places where we can eat it.....etc.)



Photographs by Tondienst Hamburg  
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