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Calabria Bella, Dove T'hai Lasciate.?

Italian Folk Music collected in New York, New Jersey & Rhode Island / Volume Two: Calabria

Recorded & Edited by Anna L. Chairetakis



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE



A.L. Chairetakis

Side One: Cosenza

La Zita e la Maddalena—tarantella w/ vocals
 Villanella di Acri—immigration song in 3-pt harmony
 Serenata di Amore
 Tarantella con *chitarra battente*
 Venerdì Santo—processional hymn
 La Strina di Sabato Santo—vocals w/ *chitarra battente*
 Tarantella Cosentina-I (Belleville)
 Lassa Piglia—serenade in 3-pt. harmony (Acri)
 Giuglia—*cantastoria* (ballad) w/ guitar
 Vålzer—waltz, concertina

Side Two:

Ballo del Piffero—zampogna (bagpipes) & ciaramella, (Catanzaro)
 If Your Breast Were Made of Glass—3-pt. chorus (Serricella, Cos.)
 La Palumba—serenade w/concertina (Cosenza)
 Tarantella Cosentina-II (Westerly)
 Ninna Nanna—lullabye
 Piso Piselli—child's game
 Tip Tap for dancing—flute & *triccaballacca*
 Whete Nde Magli—Albanian chorus (Cavalerizzi, Cos.)
 Canzuna del Calabrisello—voc. w/ guitar (Catanzaro)
 Polka—(Cosenza)

Cover Photos

Top (left to right): *Tarantella Cosentina*; M. Monteleone with La Quaresima & Carnevale: Angelo Gencarelli & Carmine Ferraro

Middle (left to right): *O Padummedda...* Angelo Gabriele, Emilio Francese; Giuseppe De Franco (*chitarra battente*), Annunziato Chimenti; Villanella de Acri: Raffaella De Franco, Francesca Feraco, Annunziato Chimenti.

Bottom (left to right): *Dopo il barbeque*: Nunzio Chimenti, G. De Franco, Giuglio Gencarelli; Giuseppe De Franco with ciaramella; *Singing to the Tarantella*: Antonio Di Giacomo, F. Cofone, Giuseppe Luzzi

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Calabria Bella, Dove T'hai Lasciate?

Recorded & Edited by Anna L. Chairetakis
 Italian Folk Music collected in New York,
 New Jersey & Rhode Island / Volume Two: Calabria

Recorded & Edited by Anna L. Chairetakis during 1975-1978
 Notes and Photographs by Anna L. Chairetakis

Volume One: "In Mezz'una Strada Trovai una Pianta di Rosa."
 Italian Folk Music collected in New York & New Jersey: The Trentino, Molise,
 Campania (Avellino & Salerno), Basilicata (Matera) & Sicily,
 plus "Trallalero" from Liguria.

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Calabria Bella, Dove T'hai Lasciate?

Italian Folk Music Collected in New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island, Volume Two: Calabria
 Recorded and Edited by Anna L. Chairetakis

Trascrizioni e spiegazioni dei testi:

Annunziato Chimenti, Francesco Chimenti, Raffaella De Franco, Mr. & Mrs. Emilio Francese, Angelo Gabriele, Members of the Spillingese Social Club.

The poet John Keats once wrote that the most beautiful melodies are the melodies unheard. Keats' words have a special significance when one thinks of the seldom heard and barely known *musica popolare* of Italy. Italian folk music deserves the interest and appreciation of a larger audience—and not least of Italian Americans—as it has lived too long in the shadows due to the impact made by opera and Neopolitan and commercial songs all over the world. Classical composers such as Mozart, Meyerbeer, Tchaikovsky, Scarlatti, Verdi and Vivaldi (among others) admired *la musica popolare* and made liberal use of its melodies in their operas and concertos. But in America today the music of the Italian working people is ignored or belittled by many rising members of the Italian community itself—not so much because of its associations with poverty, but because of the insidious and pervasive form of class prejudice which the Italian peasant and worker, especially of the South, have for centuries experienced, and still encounter. However, a new and enlightened appraisal will reveal that Italian folk music can hold its own with the best European and American music of its genre. It is certainly the most genuine musical expression of the Italians who immigrated to these shores.

Calogero Cascio
 Anna Chairetakis

Road of passion, now I leave you
 weeping, I'm going on my way.
 A hundred miles keep us distant,
 and a hundred fountains spring from my eyes.

— A song of love or immigration from Aciri, Cosenza —

Calabria is the toe of Italy stretching out toward Sicily to the South. Its name derives from the Greek for "fine sea breeze". The Emperor Augustus called it Brutium after the great Roman family. Once its shores were people by the Ancient Greeks, who built the cities of Locri, Croton (home of Pythagoras), Rheghion and Sybaris of Ionian fame. The Romans wrested Magna Graecia from the Greeks and from Hannibal, let its cities wane, and converted the countryside into a livestock and timber producing dependency, provisioning Rome and the Imperial armies. Subsequently, Calabria saw a succession of masters—Byzantines, Swabians, the Normans, Angevins, Aragonese and Bourbons—who built their castles and churches in the hills and along the coasts, introduced their diverse languages and customs and extracted what they could from their fiefdoms. Long an exploited and neglected region, during this century Calabria has seen large-scale exportation of labor to the industrial north and abroad. Former herdsmen and agricultural laborers say that at home they tasted meat once a month at best, often once or twice a year, when a family would kill and put up its single pig. One woman tells of working a 12 hour day in the olive groves and bean fields for 100 l. (25¢) and coming home to find nothing to eat but a few dried figs. Immigrant villagers do not miss these privations, but they seem to regret the sociability that traditional community life, which was given its continuity and spirit by local folkways and music—a life that is being choked and attenuated by the ubiquity of mass entertainment and the pursuit of a one-sided modernity. "I was a muleteer," says Annunziato Chimenti, "but when they made the roads, my profession was finished, and I came to America. But there we loved each other; there was more affection. . . ." Even so, here and there in American cities, an extended family, a few cronies, a pocket of immigrants from some small hamlet, have managed to make an interesting marriage between progress and a folk sociality.

Among these can be numbered the performers on this album, whose roots lie in the town of Aciri and its satellite hamlets, Serricella, Cuta and San Martino, in Cosenza province. They reside in communities in Brooklyn, New Jersey and Rhode Island which are close knit, and in frequent touch with one another. Acresi are quite distinct from the olive-skinned, statuesque, sombre-eyed Calabrians of the long trafficked coast. Once the site of an inland outpost of Sybaris, Aciri sits on the olive-drab, scrub-and chestnut covered foothills of the Sila Greca, and is surrounded by Balkan "islands"—villages settled in the 16th cent. by Albanians avoiding Turkish Moslem rule. The Piedmontese Waldensians once had a stronghold in the vicinity, and the proto-revolutionary Carbonarist brotherhood flourished in the province. The Capucin monks, established in Aciri for centuries, figure in fairy tales as wheedling lechers; though one of their number, Beato Angelo, is revered as a saint. Local history has it that a century ago several hated landowners were burned in the public square by brigands, one of whom sopped up the dripping human fat with a piece of *pitta* bread. Acresi can point out the iron spikes on an old communal building at the top of their town, which once impaled the heads of three of these bandits.

Calabresi from the interior speak of themselves as an abandoned people, betrayed by history. Rural folk say they are like the goats who have grown up wild in nature. Their answer to checkmate has been to endure, to embrace life's pleasures, and to fight for bread and family with the stubborn individuality that has won the Calabrian the epithet of *capatuosto* (hard-head)—or in the words of one adage, "*cuore di ferro, braccia di acciaio*"—"Heart of iron, arm of steel".

Many of the underlying currents of traditional Calabrian life—which are essentially those of all S. Italy—manifest themselves in the driving energy of the tarantellas and polkas, in the irony and passionate directness of the lyrics; the lingering melancholy of the serenades; the prancing of the men and the demure circling of the women in dance. Calabrian women seem to be masters of rhyme and riddle: the world can be told in riddles; rhyme and counter-rhyme spring forth for every occasion. At a Calabrian table the hostess may lift her glass with these words:

Io ti dono questo fiore
 con affetto e con amore;
 e voi chi lo prendete
 che risposta mi darete?

I give you this flower
 with affection and with love.
 And you who take it,
 what reply will you give me?

And rising gracefully to the occasion, the knowing guest will reply:

L'amore è bello,
 il fiore è gradito;
 io ti ringrazio
 con che mi hai favorito.

The love is fair
 the flower is pleasing;
 I thank you
 With that with which you have favored me.
 (i.e., the wine)

Side I

1. LA ZITA (The Fiancée) E LA MADDALENA

The young unmarried girl is a central figure in both Italian society and folklore, both for the magnetic attraction she exerts and for the possibilities she holds forth. In this ironic song of courtship, accompanying the tarantella, a young man surveys his future bride with a sharp eye. Raffaella Montagna De Franco sings with the acute, throaty voice that makes Calabrian women in animated conversation sound like a flock of exotic birds. Giuseppe De Franco plays an heirloom concertina (c. 1900). Recorded in Belleville, New Jersey.

La Zita:

. . . E colla gunnella mi pare cchiù bella
 culla suttana mi pare cchiù tisa
 e cullu jippunu mi pare cchiù tunnu!
 E come sí galappusa,
 botte e cchiummo a chine te spusa!

And with a skirt I think she's prettier
 with a slip I think she's skinnier
 and with a bra I think she's curvier!
 Oh how talented you are!
 Shots and bullets (*disaster*) to whoever marries you!

E pe cusare una camisa ci mettía trenta misi!
 E pe cusare una suttana ci mentía sette semane!
 E pe cusare una gunnella ci mettía sette novelle, ièh!
 E pe cusare una jippuna esce du suda e pune la duna!

And to stitch a shirt she took 30 months!
 To stitch a petticoat she took seven weeks!
 To stitch a skirt she took seven novenas, ièh!
 And when she stitched a brassiere the sun rose and the moon set. . .

La Maddalena:

Ai lero lero lero, s'ine jiuta e torna vene!
E lu misi di jennaro quanne fa chilli nevere,
quanno fa chilli neveri, quanno fa chilli neveri!

Chorus: Oi coma ballano beddi sti figghiole,
che Sant'Antonio li vuol aiutare!
Vod' aiutare, vod' aiutare! Ué!

[E ballate ballate ballate, femmine schette e maritate!
Ca se nun abballi bona ne te canto e ne te suogno!
Se non abbade pudita, io ci dico lu vostro zito!
Eh! Eh! Eh!
E iettá su muccatore, e iettacé lu muccatore!
E ietti lu muccatore a lu proprio bene tuo!
Se lu bene tuo non ce iettacella a chine d'è!
Iettacella ricamato comm' uno figlio d'enamorado!
Iettacella 'e tre cudora pe' l'amore 'e Salvatore!
Oi lero lero lero, t'ei cantata la Maddalena!]

E se vota e se giría, e sempe suda 'a vidía!
E se vota e s'è girata e l'aiu vistu accompagnato!
E se vota a l'atro lato e pare na rosa soccodate!
Iéh!
E nella nella nella, su cungghiute l'ammarelle!
E c'en ha nu cuoccio amare, e u muccatoru vo
camminare!
Muccatore vo camminá! (2)
Eh!



La Rosetana: Mr. & Mrs. De Franco

2. VILLANELLA DI ACRÍ

The villanella as a type of 3 to 4 part song was once a well-known contemporary of the madrigal. In Acrí it is a serenade delivered in heterophonic chorus by a mixed group of four or five who stand in a tight semi-circle with their arms about each other. (In a mixed group such proximity demands that the singers be related—an unrelated woman would stand slightly apart.) The leader throws his or head back and delivers the first line, and the others sing the choral parts into each others faces, producing the vibrating effect on the sound waves called beating. Normally there are two alternating leaders in the Calabrian chorus: one makes the primary statement (*ietta*—"throws out"), and the other "echoes" it (*revota*—returns it), repeating the strophe or line in part. Leaders and chorus produce the drone harmony (*accuordo*). The high drone voice (*squillo* or *caiauto*) is usually sung by a woman. The songs can be reduced to an 8-line endecasyllabic poem (the form of the ubiquitous *strambotto*), which is how they were formerly transcribed by collectors.

Lero lero lero, she's gone and back she comes!
And the month of January when there are those snows
those snows, those snows!

Chorus: Oh how divinely these girls dance!
Even Saint Anthony wants to lend a hand,
lend a hand, lend a hand! Ué!

[Dance, dance, dance, chaste and married women!
If you don't dance well I won't sing to you or play!
If you dance wantonly I will tell your young man!
And throw the handkerchief . . . to your own beloved!
And if your love isn't here, throw it to someone who is!
Throw it with embroidery, pretty as a love-child!
Throw it in tricolor for the love of Salvatore!
Lero lero lero, I've sung you the Maddalena!]

And she circled and she turned and I saw she was alone,
and she circled and she twisted and I saw she was escorted!
And she turned another way, she was a rose in bloom! léh!
Nella nella nella, the black cherries are ripe!
There's a bitter one left over, and the handkerchief
wants to move on! Eh!

However, as De Simone points out, exclusive focus on the text has fostered the now questionable notion of a purely cultivated origin for these songs; it is of equal interest, for instance, to understand how the singers themselves divide up their roles, create repetition, etc. (see also #8). Annunziata Chimenti, Angelo Gencarelli, Annunziato Chimenti, Francesca Feraco, Raffaella De Franco. Recorded at Sta. Rosalia's Church, Brooklyn.

"Statement":

Female ldr: 'E saputo ca a l'America vu jire
ji lu diluvio pe ttia se

Cho: vo' voteare-e-e

Female ldr: Aie se vo voteare-

Cho: e-e

Chorus: oi pe ttia se vo' voteare-e-e-e-e

"Echo":

Male ldr: E ecà vu jiri
e lu diluvio pe ttia se

Cho: va voteare-e-e

Male ldr: E s'è d'è voteare
Chorus: oié pe mia se vo' voteare-e-e-e

The song continues:

'U bu trovere nè d'acquà nè vino,
si vuanno di siccheare li funteane.

'U pu trovere chiesa pe' ci jiri,
nemmen' i santi pe ti ci'adoreare.

Mo vaie lunteane e pu ci'arresimiglio:
Calabria bella, duve t'hai lasciate?

I've heard that you want to go to America;
and the deluge will rain down upon you. (in judgement)

You will find neither water nor wine,
and the fountains will dry up.

You will find no church to enter
nor even saints to worship.

You'll go far away, and then you'll remember:
beautiful Calabria, where have I left you?



Villanella di Acrí: Giuglio Gencarelli, Angelo Gencarelli, Raffaella DeFranco, Annunziata Chimenti, Francesca Feraco, Annunziato Chimenti.

3. SERENATA DI AMORE

Giuseppe De Franco sang this serenade to his wife before they were married, circling her house at night with his guitar and concertina. The words are improvised from a common stock, and the form is that of the *stornello*—2-3 line endecasyllabic verses, often invoking a flower. The vocal style is one typical of the South, and suggests much conflicting and pent up emotion. R. De Franco improvises a high drone part that intensifies the passionate mood of the song.

Affaccia sta fenestra, eh rondinella!
Affaccia sta fenestra, oi ricciolona!
Me vene lu chianto quanto ti vío.
Chorus after every line: Eh-a-a-a-a-a-iy! Ué! Oi!

E nun te cuntera d'ia, gioiuzza mia . . .
Simpaticona mia, 'un me scuorda mai!

Ca te dic' a te gioiuzza, tu vene tinne,
e lassa stare tue fratelli, la lera lera!
Simpaticona mia, simpaticoná!

C'alle iuorne alle du' 'un pozzu venire (2)
a venire a trovare a ttia, simpaticona mia,
e pe venire vicin a mia a n'estare 'nsiema! Jia!

Ca te dico a te gioiuzza, tu vene tinne!
Lascia stare i frate tue, ca nua tenime 'n accorde,
lascie stare i frate tue, simpaticona mia!
Oi ní ed oi ná, questa cosa non se puo fá!

Come to the window, oh little swallow!
Come to the window, curly locks;
when I see you, I feel like crying!

[I tell you, my precious, take a little stroll;
I'm waiting for you
because I love you.]

I don't count with you, my little joy!
My lovely one, don't ever forget me!

I tell you, precious, come with me!
Forget about your brothers, la lera lera!
My nice one!

I can't come today at two
to see you, my lovely,
to come near you, to be together! Jia!

I tell you, my little joy, forget about your brothers
for we have an understanding!
(Wish them well and let's be off!)

Oi ní ed oi ná, this thing is impossible!

4. TARANTELLA CON CHITARRA BATTENTE

An elegant and fashionable instrument in the 16th cent., the *chitarra battente* was eventually superseded by the modern guitar—save in southern Italy where it persists to this day as a folk instrument. In Bisignano, near Acri, one artisan still makes them. The *battente* has a deep body, arched back, and 5 courses of strings, one of which runs just halfway up the neck, as in the banjo. The sound hole is covered with an ornamental rosette. G. De Franco (guitar), Federico Gencarelli (tamborine), Nino Curatolo (bottle & spoons), G. Pellitteri (jews harp), performing at the Smithsonian Institution's Festival of American Folklife in 1976.

5. VENERDI SANTO

In Southern Italy religious festivals can be more or less pagan or folk in content and execution, depending upon the extent of penetration by the official church in a locality. The many Madonnas of the South, some of old cultic origin, some of more recent emergence, are the main foci of religious life. They are almost-human intermediaries with the powerful Almighty, dispensers of grace, luck, cures and protection. On Holy Friday the people of Acri carry the image of the Madonna Addolorata (Madonna of Sorrows) through the streets as the whole processional sings her a hymn of homage. Even at this recording session in a Brooklyn apartment, it was sung with great feeling. Francesco Chimenti, Annunziato Chimenti, Angelo Gencarelli, Giuglio Gencarelli, A. Chimenti, Maria Melito, R. De Franco.

Ai tuoi piede, o bella Madre,
verso pianto,
verso pianto
di dolor.

Per me prega il divin Padre,
in te sola ha speme il cuor.

Su 'na stilla con me versava,
che versava il tuo Gesu.

Mi conforta il cuor che langue,
mi concede il tuo virtù.

[Sul calvario e sulla via,
teco voglio almen venir. . .]

At your feet, oh blessed Mother
I spill tears of pain.

Pray for me to the Divine Father,
my heart is open to you alone.

(I was born) under the same (evil) star
that shone upon your Jesus.

Comfort my languishing heart,
give me your strength.

[On Calvary, and along the road
I want at least to be with you. . .]

6. LA STRINA DI SABATO SANTO

Holy Saturday celebrates the end of the Lenten fast and winter scarcity, and is a prelude to Easter. In Calabria small bands of relatives and friends sing the *strina* from house to house on this day, and their hosts present them with a sausage, some wine, and other delicacies. When their sacks are full the little company goes off under the trees to dance and picnic. Some Serricellesi in Westerly, R.I. still observe the custom, which provides an occasion for larks. In this recording, as often, the singers discuss their lines between verses, and comment upon the execution of the preceding verse. Carmine Ferraro, R. De Franco (vocals), G. De Franco (guitar), Antonio Di Giacomo (tamborine).

Senza chiamata ti sugnu venutu;
o car' amico, sia lu buon trovato,
sia lu buon trovate-e-e-e-e!

'U vuestro re ti manna 'no saluto,
te via patru'no 'e tutto u stato!

[Nun vi spagnate ca nue simmu tante,
ca simmo picca e non vodemmo niente,
e co nu presutt' nu contenti tanti,
e t'ha fatto cent' amici a nu momentó!]

Ed ha fatto la niva alla muntagna;
dio te manne tante esse buon anne
'e quante allu munno se spannano i panni!

Sento lu struscio nello 'ntavolato
e penso ca mi piglia 'na suppressata!

Without invitation we've come to you!
Oh dear friend, well met!

Your king sends greetings,
he forsee you'll be master of the whole state!

[Don't be alarmed to see so many:
we are few and want nothing!
With one ham you'll content so many—
you'll make a hundred friends in a moment!]

Snow has fallen in the mountain;
God sends you as many of these good years
as there is wash hanging out in the world!

I hear creaking in the rafters:
I think I'm going to get a sausage!

Siento 'nu struscio dello tavolina—
pienso ca me va piglio nu fiasc'h'e vino!*

Dio ti guarda 'sa cimma di parma
'sa rosa russa che tien alla banna!**

Ti dico buona sera quanno viegno,
e te lasso 'a Santa Pasqua e iamme ninne!

*Several verses omitted.

**Refers to the wife.

[I hear rustling on the little table:
I think I'm going to get a flask of wine!]

God keep this frond of palm,
this red rose you have at your side!***

I say good evening when I come,
and I leave you with a Happy Easter, and let's be off!



Carnevale, Il Dottore & La Quaresima:
Giuglio Gencarelli, A. Chimenti, Angelo Gencarelli

7. TARANTELLA COSENTINA—I

The tarantella appears to be individualistic and informal in its use of space and personnel. People get up to dance when they feel inspired, and sit down when they are tired. Tossing the handkerchief is a device Calabrians of these parts employ to pull people into the dance and to permit them to dance with their sweethearts: a man on the floor throws the handkerchief to a woman on the sidelines, she catches it and is "danced" by him, and in turn throws it to another. The two men weave figures of eight around the woman, then the first man retires, and so on. Domenico Retacco (vocal & tamborine), G. De Franco (*organetto*), Faust De Franco (*triccaballacca*), Antonio Mastrolia (jews harp), R. De Franco (high drone).

E s'uocchi bielli campa alla mia mentá,
la mia mentó!
A-a-a! Ha-a-a! A-ha-ha!
Uh! uh! uh! uh! uh!

E n'ura ca nu ti vío, e n'ura nun ti veo
me la fazzo chiantó! (2)
Refrain: Oí d'a la mia mentá, oí d'a la mia mentá!
Un ora ca nun ti vío fazzo chiantó!
Jí varca abballa!

'A chianta mi la fazzo, oi veramentó!
La tua figura mi, la tua figura mi
passa davanta!

And these pretty eyes live in my mind,
in my mind!

One hour that I don't see you
I spend in tears!
Refrain: In my mind, in my mind!
One hour that I don't see you
I'm in tears!
Evviva you dancers!

I cry, truly, oh truly!
Your image, your image
passes before me! . . .



Domenico Retacco, Giuseppe De Franco

8. LASSA PIGLIA

In its organization perhaps one of the most complex forms of choral singing in Italy, the *Lassa Piglia* strikingly resembles the Eastern Orthodox hymnodic style, unaltered since Byzantine times. Three leaders alternate within a single strophe, and with the chorus elaborate what is basically a couplet in such a way that the text is gradually broken down from a complete line of poetry to the *e-e-a-e* ending (a favored vowel combination in the dialect of the area), which is sung in two or three part harmony. Angelo Gencarelli, Francesco Chimenti, Annunziato Chimenti (leaders); Giuglio Gencarelli, Francesca Feraco (chorus).

1st leader: [Eh! . . . Intrá 'ssi fuossi,
e dintrá 'ssi vallate-e-e-é-a-e
2nd: Eh-e-e, dintrá 'ssi valleati,
o-ogni damiente mie-e-e-e-é-a-e
3rd: e d'introné si
Chor. sente-e-hé-e
d'introné si sente-e-e
E-hé-e-a
e-hé-e-a!]

Eh! Down in these chasms
and in these valleys . . .
Eh-e-e, down in these valleys
my every lament
A runder
echoes
like runder echoes . . .
E-hé-e-a,
e-hé-e-a!

It continues:

Eh! Che mi ricorda lu tempo passaete,
quandú t'amú de core veramente.

Eh! Ca mo nu m'ami cchiune ca m'ha lascieati,
e dicienza m'ha duneate ad un momente!

Eh! That I remember times past,
when from my heart I loved you truly!

Eh! And now that you love me no more, now that you
have left me . . .
you dismissed me in an instant.

9. GIUGLIA

Carmine Ferraro, from Serricella, lives in Westerly, R.I. He sings the following modern *cantastoria* (narrative ballad), in the emotive, guitar accompanied manner of the coast. The story was one frequently told in broadside ballads in the South: a young soldier, whose fiancée dies while he is away with his regiment, obtains leave and goes to mourn her in the cemetery.

Se ti ricordi Giuglia mia guel giorno,
che ti baciai e me ne andai soldato.

Credevo di trovarti al mio ritorno,
vengo al licenza e non ti ho più trovato.

Appena giunsa nel mio regimento,
non riusciv' un poco a riposare.

Al comandante allor chiamarmi sento,
e una licenza mi vado firmare.

O Giuglia bella, angela di virtù!
O Giuglia del mio cuore, perchè moristi tu?

Son l'undici di notte e l'aria è scura,
nel campo santo la vado cercare.

In questa notte non ho più paura,
e la mia bella voglio ritrovare.

O Giuglia bella, perchè moristi tu?
O Giuglia del mio cuore, angelo di virtù!

10. WALTZ

Giuseppe De Franco on organetto.



Giuseppe De Franco in Washington, D.C.

Side II

11. BALLO DEL PIFFERO

Zampogna (bagpipe) comes from the Greek word for symphony. Before the advent of the accordion and modern band, the bagpiper and oboist were orchestra and accompanists in the upland villages of the South. Michele Montelone's calling card announces him as "Master of Fanfare of Rombiolo, Catanzaro"; he and oboist Francesco Crudo are versatile pipers in the old tradition. The Calabrian bagpipe, unique in Europe, has two chanter and two drones on a single stock, and the bag (held in front of the body) is made of a whole sheepskin. The long chanter (*trombone*) sometimes reaches a length of 5 feet. The wooden oboe (*ciaramella* or *piffero*) plays the high part of the melody. The following was recorded at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival in Washington, D.C. The bagpipers, guests from Calabria, were accompanied by American performers N. Curatolo, V. De Luca, F. Gencarelli, and A. Chimenti on chimes and percussion.

12. CORO DI SERRICELLA – If Your Breast Were Made of Glass

A choral serenade in three parts (see notes, #2) sung by Angelo Gabriele and Emilio and Teresa Francese at the Francese's home in Nutley, N.J. Mr. Francese remembers spending long nights singing with 10 or 15 people at once. Such choruses were also sung by women walking the distances home from the fields, often with heavy loads of stones, produce or firewood on their heads.



"If your breast were made of glass. . ."
Angelo Gabriele, Teresa & Emilio Francese

(Each verse sung as in #2, also with partial repeats)

Eh, ca tu si bella e cchiù ci puort' affettu,
e pu mi muostri tanto madu coru!

Eh, de lacrime de sangue ci di iettu,
lu vientu mi disperde li parodi.

Oijé ma 'ssu pettuzzu tua forra de vitro,
che lu da intra comparissi fori!

[Ca io puo vedere se ci puorta bene,
o puramente si t'amo de core.]

For you are beautiful and I love you more,
and then you show me such a cruel heart!

I shed tears of blood,
and the wind scatters my words.

If this little breast were made of glass
what was inside would show forth.

[And I could see if you cared for me,
or if I loved you from the heart.]

13. LA PALUMBA — The Dove

A serenade, sung to the concertina by Angelo Gabriele, a factory worker from Lyndhurst, N.J. Angelo "Cardillo" (redbird) gave the better part of his youth to the mines in Switzerland. This *canzuna*, or *stornello*, is sung in the trumpet-voiced, passionate style of the mountainous regions of the South.

Oi padummedda, de supà su scuaglió! (2)
E donamu nova de du beno mia,
bucca de rose-é!

Refrain repeats each verse in part

Oh little dove flying above this rock!
Give me news of my beloved!
Mouth of roses!



Angelo Gabriele, Teresa & Emilio Francese

Donamu nova s'è pe su cuntourné,
o puramente se scorda de mià.

Ca me l'avvia cresciut' a mie voglié,
e lu coru me dicía ca la perdía.

Ma si pe sciolta da torné recuoglio,
strinda la tiegno indrá le braccia mia!

Tell me if she is nearby,
or whether she's forgotten me.

I raised her to fulfill my desires,
and my heart told me I was losing her.

But if from her freedom I get her back again,
close I'll keep her in my arms!

14. TARANTELLA COSENTINA-2

In the tarantella of Cosenza there is a distinctive sideways and backwards movement pattern, and divergent styles of dancing for men and women. Women are properly supposed to move only their feet, in swift small steps, keeping their eyes to the floor. Men execute wider, higher steps and kicks; and as they intersect with the women, arms akimbo, the game is to brush against their breasts with the tips of their elbows. Giuseppe Luzzi (*organetto*) and Antonio Di Giacomo (tamborine) are outstanding musicians from Westerly, R.I.



Antonio Di Giacomo, Angelo De Caro, Giuseppe Luzzi
in Westerly

15. NINNA NANNA — Lullabye

Rafaella De Franco, mother of eight.

'A ninna, 'mare mia, era venuta,
e li pari come ttía a dormire sò jutu.

E duormi biello mio, va duorme e crisci,
come crisci lu maru cu li pisci!

E lu suonno biello mie è jutu a iurilli,
e ne fa nu mazz', e pu te vene piglie!

E lu suonno biello mie è jute a biodi,
e pe ti donari quanno va la scoda.

Sleep came, my love,
and little ones like you have gone to sleep.

Sleep, my beauty, sleep and grow,
like the sea grows with the fish!

Sleep, my beauty, has gone to gather flowers;
he will make a posy, and then come for you!

Sleep, my beauty, has gone to gather violets,
to give to you when you go to school.

16. PISO PISELLI

A game for children aged 4 to 6, "when they are old enough to understand". You say the rhyme counting out a finger, toe or leg for each word. The limb the last word corresponds to is out, and is bent back out of sight. Thus, Mrs. De Franco says, in this recording, "Chiudi uno jinocchio" (close your knee).

Piso pisello
colore di bello
di ceco pettino
mio caro bello P ed O!

A scale, a pea
color of beauty
... ?
my dear lovely P and O!

17. "TIP TAP" for dancing

Mr. De Franco carved his flute (*fischietto*, or little whistle) from a piece of cane brought to him from India by a neighbor. In Italy he used to serenade the sheep, goats and cows in his care with *tarantellas*, *sambas* and other melodies. He is now a pipe fitter at a large chemical plant in New Jersey. Faust De Franco, a versatile and talented musician like his father, accompanies him on the *triccaballacca*, a three-pronged wooden instrument from Naples.



18. WHETE NDE MAGLI...

Until just a few years ago the ethnic Albanians—or “gheghi”, as they are correctly called locally—sang choral love songs and ballads as they picked chestnuts or olives, or worked in the fields. Good singers like Raffaella De Franco were sometimes invited to join forces with the Albanian women’s work crews. Mrs. De Franco has vivid memories of their Balkan harmonies and striking costume, in which 12 metres of cloth were used to make up the skirt alone. Here a family from the Albanian town of Cavalerizzi in Cosenza sing in three part harmony in their Long Island home: “I went on top of the highest mountain to sing, so that my beloved could listen to me, wherever she was.” Silvio and Ermelinda Tudda, Maria Frasetti.

19. CANZUNA DEL CALABRISELLO

When Michele Monteleone sang the following love song for Paolo Apolito and myself one night on a tour stopover in Baltimore, he was recalling his own courtship, and how he had won his beautiful wife with his serenades, as the Calabrese boy does in the song.

È la culera che comparzi a stu paesi,
è n'arancia che no si ponno pigghiae.
Entà venuta principi e marchese,
e pure ca venevan co cuor e parma alli sua mane.

E chissu giovanottu ene nu calabrisellu,
e si la leva cu lu suo cantari.

Entà venuta principe e marchese,
e puru ca veneva cuore co' parma alle sua mane.
Vinni stu giovanatello calabrisello,
e si la leva, e si la leva co lu suo cantari...

*Lit., cholera

She is the distemper* that broke out in this town,
she is an orange you can't pick.

There came princes and mariqueses,
and they came with their hearts and palm leaves in
their hands...

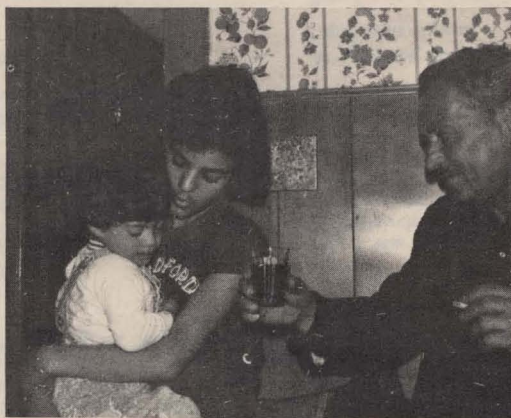
And this little Calabrese boy
came and took her, took her with his songs.

There came princes and marquises
and they came with their hearts and palm leaves in
their hands

And this Calabrese boy
came and took her, took her with his songs.

20. POLKA

“A vigorous dance for which the heart must beat high and strong,” said Kurt Sachs of the polka. The Calabrians seem to know the dance in its original five-figure form. 16-year-old Angelo De Caro from Westerly plays the concertina, with N. Curatolo and A. Gabriele accompanying on bottle & spoons and tamborine; recorded at the Smithsonian’s Festival of American Folklife in Washington, D.C.



Family party, Westerly

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A.L. Chairetakis was born in New York City and through her background developed a long standing interest in Italian folklore.

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DOVE T'HAI LASCIATE?**

Italian Folk Music Collected in New York, New Jersey
and Rhode Island, Volume Two: Calabria
Recorded and Edited by Anna L. Chairetakis

FES 34042 A

Side 1

1. La Zita e la Maddalena—tarantella w/vocals
2. Villanella di Acri—immigration song in 3-pt harmony
3. Serenata di Amore
4. Tarantella con chitarra battente
5. Venerdì Santo—processional hymn
- 6A. La Strina di Sabato Santo—vocals w/chitarra battente
- 6B. Tarantella Cosentina-I (Belleville)
7. Lassa Piglia—serenade in 3-pt. harmony (Acri)
8. Giuglia—cantastoria (ballad) w/guitar
9. Völzer—waltz, concertina

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FES 34042 B

Side 2

1. Ballo del Piffero—zampogna (bagpipes) & ciaramella (Catanzaro)
2. If Your Breast Were Made of Glass—3-pt. chorus (Serricella, Cos.)
3. La Palumba—serenade to concertina (Cosenza)
4. Tarantella Cosentina-II (Westerly)
5. Ninna Nanna—lullabye
6. Piso Piselli—child's game
7. Tip Tap for dancing—flute & triccaballacca
8. Whete Nde Magli—Albanian chorus (Cavalerizzi, Cos.)
9. Canzuna del Calabrisello—voc. w/guitar (Catanzaro)
10. Polka (Cosenza)

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