

Italian & Neapolitan Songs

Tosti · Respighi · DeCurtis

Yoram Chaiter, Bass
Irena Zelikson-Litchen, Piano

 Roméo
Records

7285

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Yoram Chaiter, Bass / Irena Zelickson-Litchen, Piano

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2. L'ULTIMA CANZONE -TOSTI (3:51)
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Total time: 76:59

1. La Serenata

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
e, con la bella testa abbandonata,
posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.

Splende Pura la luna,
l'ale il silenzio stende,
e dietro I veni dell'alcova
bruna la lampada s'accende.
Pure la luna splende.
Pure la luna splende.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
ma sorridente ancor mezzo assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.

L'onda sogna su 'l lido,
e 'l vento su la fronda;
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
la mia signora bionda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

1. The Serenade

Fly, o serenade: my dear one is alone;
So to her beautiful mixed up head
Go fly between her sheets.
O serenade, fly. O serenade, fly.

The moon shines brightly,
Silence extends its wings,
And behind the shadows of the dark
Alcove the lamp burns.

The moon shines brightly.
The moon shines brightly.

Fly, o serenade.

Fly, o serenade, fly.

Ah! There. Ah! There.

Fly, O serenade, my dear one is alone,
But still smiling, nearly silent,
Return between her sheets.

O serenade, fly. O serenade fly.

The wave dreams on the shore,
And the wind on the branch.

And my blonde lady still won't allow,

A nesting place for my kisses.

The wave dreams on the shore,

The wave dreams on the shore.

Fly, o serenade.

Fly, o serenade.

2. L'ultima canzone

M'han detto che domani
Nina vi fate sposa,
Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.
Là nei deserti piani
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho ricantata!

Foglia di rosa
O fiore d'amaranto
Se ti fai sposa
Io ti sto sempre accanto.

Domani avrete intorno
Feste sorrisi e fiori
Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi amori.
Ma sempre notte e giorno
Piena di passione
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia canzone.

Foglia di menta
O fiore di granato,
Nina, rammenta
I baci che t'ho dato!

Ah! ... Ah! ...

2. The Last Song

They told me that tomorrow
Nina, you will be a bride.
Yet still I sing my serenade to you!
Up on the barren plateau,
down in the shady valley,
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!

Rose-petal
O flower of amaranth,
though you marry,
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
by celebration, smiles and flowers,
and will not spare a thought for our past
love; yet always, by day and by night, with
passionate moan my song will sigh to you.

Mint-flower,
O flower of pomegranate,
Nina, remember
the kisses I gave you!

Ah! ... Ah! ...

3. Addio

Cadon stanche le foglie al suol,
Bianche strisce serpon sull'onda,
Lieve nebbia nell'aria fonda,
Sembran freddi i rai del sol.
Le rondinelle lasciano il nido,
Verso altro lido, le trae desio:
Estate, addio!

Una voce lontan,
"Odi e impara" sembra gridare,
"Non diverso dall'oggi è il doman.
Gioia e duolo, polve ed altare."
Ogni legame mortal si spezza,
Copre l'oblio fiele e dolcezza.
O speme, addio!

Perchè aspettar tutor, oh! dolce amor?
Un sol bacio mi dà,
posci ten va. Un altro ancor.
Pegno d'eterno fè da te voglio,
Perchè il tuo cor
è fatalmente mio:
Per sempre addio!

3. Goodbye!

Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me;
Shadows rising on you and me;
The swallows are making them ready to fly,
Wheeling out on a windy sky.
Goodbye Summer! Goodbye! Goodbye!

Hush! a voice from the far away!
"Listen and learn," it seems to say,
"All the tomorrows shall be as today."
"All the tomorrows shall be as today."
The cord is frayed, the [cruse]l is dry,
The link must break, and the lamp must die
--
Goodbye to Hope! Goodbye! Goodbye!

What are we waiting for? Oh, my heart!
Kiss me straight on the brows! and part
again!
Again! my heart! my heart!
What are we waiting for, you and I?
A pleading look, a stifled cry.
Goodbye, forever! Goodbye, forever!
Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!

4. Ideale

Io ti seguii come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguii come un'amica face
De la notte nel velo.
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,
Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce,
Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce,
In quel [sogno]l scordai.
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,
Una novella aurora.

4. Ideal

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness,
and I sensed you in the light, in the air,
in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every torment
I forgot in that dream.
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for me
a new dawn.

5. Luna d'estate

Luna d'estate, ho un sogno nel mio cuore
E vo' cantando tutta notte al mare:
Mi son fermato a una finestra in fiore
Perchè l'anima mia febbre ha d'amore.

Mi son fermato a una finestra in fiore
Ove son due pupille affatturate.
E chi le guarda soffre per amore
E sogna per desio, luna d'estate!

Luna d'estate, amore è come il mare
Ed il mio cuore è un'onda seza posa:
Ma solamente lo potran fermare
Le pupille e il labbro suo di rosa.

E vo' cantando tutta notte al mare
Per quelle due pupille addormentate.
Ho il pianto agli occhi e la speranza in cuore
E splendo come te, luna d'estate!

5. Summer Moon

Summer moon, I have a dream in my heart
And I go on singing all night by the sea:
I stopped at a flower-decked window
Because my soul has caught the fever of love.

I stopped at a flower-decked window
Where there are two spellbinding eyes.
And whoever sees them suffers from love
And dreams with desire, summer moon!

Summer moon, love is like the sea
And my heart is a constantly moving wave:
But it can only be stopped by
Her eyes and her rosy lips.

And I go on singing all night by the sea
Because of two sleeping eyes.
I have tears in my eyes and hope in my heart
And I shine like you, summer moon!

6. Malia

Cosa c'era ne 'l fior che m'hai dato?
forse un filtro, Un arcano poter?
Nel toccarlo, il mio core ha tremato,
m'ha l'olezzo turbato il pensier.
Ne le vaghe movenze, che ci hai?
Un incanto vien forse con te?
Freme l'aria per dove tu vai,
spunta un fiore ove passa 'l tuo piè.

Io non chiedo qual plaga beata
fino adesso soggiorno ti fu:
non ti chiedo se Ninfa, se Fata,
se una bionda parvenza sei tu!
Ma che c'è nel tuo sguardo fatale ?
Cosa ci hai nel tuo magico dir?
Se mi guardi, un'ebbrezza m'assale,
Se mi parli, mi sento morir!

7. Chanson de l'Adieu

Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime:
On laisse un peu de soi-même
En toute heure et dans tout lieu.

C'est toujours le deuil d'un \sqrt{u} ,
Le dernier vers d'un poème;
Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime.

Et l'on part, et c'est un jeu,
Et jusqu'à l'adieu suprême
C'est son âme que l'on sème,
Que l'on sème en chaque adieu:
Partir, c'est mourir un peu.

6. Enchantment

What was there in that flower you gave me?
Perhaps a love-potion, a mysterious power!
As I touched it, my heart trembled, its per-
fume troubled my thoughts!
What was there in your delicate move-
ments? Do you bring a magic charm with
you? The air quivers wherever you go, a
flower springs at your feet as you pass!

I do not ask in which blessed region
you have lived until now: I do not ask if you
are a nymph, a fairy
or a fair apparition! But what is there in
your fateful glance? What is there in your
magical words? When you look at me, rap-
ture overwhelms me, when you speak to me,
I feel as if I am dying.

7. Song of Farewell

To part is to die a little
To die to what we love
One leaves a little of one's self
In every hour and in every place

It is always the mourning of a wish
The last verse of a poem
To part is to die a little
To die to what we love

And one leaves, and it's a game
And until the final farewell
With one's soul one makes
One's mark at each goodbye
To part is to die a little.

8. A vucchella

Si, comm'a nu sciorillo
tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella.

Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
- è comm'a na rusella -
dammillo nu vasillo,
dammillo, Cannetella!

Dammillo e pigliatillo,
nu vaso piccerillo
comm'a chesta vucchella,

che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella...

8. A Little Mouth

Yes, like a little flower,
You have got a sweet mouth
A little bit
withered.

Please give it to me
it's like a little rose
Give me a little kiss,
give, Cannetella!

Give one and take one,
a kiss as little
as your mouth

which looks like a little rose
a little bit
withered.

9. Marechiarè

Quanno sponta la luna a Marechiarè
pure li pisce nce fann' a l'ammòre,
se revotano l'onne de lu mare,
pe la priezza cagneno culore
quanno sponta la luna a Marechiarè.

A Marechiarè nce sta na fenesta,
pe' la passione mia nce tuzzulea,
nu carofano adora int'a na testa,
passa l'acqua pe sotto e murmuléa,
A Marechiarè nce sta na fenesta
Ah! Ah!
A Marechiarè, a Marechiarè,
nce sta na fenesta.

Chi dice ca li stelle so lucente
nun sape l'uocchie ca tu tiene nfronfe.
Sti doje stelle li saccio io sulamente.
dint'a lu core ne tengo li ponte.
Chi dice ca li stelle so lucente?

Scetate, Carulì, ca l'aria è doce.
quanno maie tanto tiempo aggio aspettato?
P'accompagnà li suone cu la voce
stasera na chitarra aggio portato.
Scetate, Carulì, ca l'aria è doce.
Ah! Ah!
O scetate, o scetate,
scetate, Carulì, ca l'area è doce.

9. Marechiarè

When the moon rises in Marechiarè,
All the fish there make love.
The waves of the ocean toss about.
Out of joy, they change their colors,
When the moon rises in Marechiarè.
In Marechiarè, there's a window.
My passion is there.
A carnation in a vase gives off its fragrance.
The water flows below and murmurs.
In Marechiarè, there's a window.

Whoever says the stars are radiant
Has never seen the splendor in your eyes.
I know quite well those ardent rays
Their tips engulf my heart.
Wake up, for the evening is filled with
enchantment.
And never have I waited for you for so long.
To capture the harmony of my sad song,
This evening I've brought here a guitar.

10. Non t'amo più

Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo,
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor...?
Folle d'amore io ti seguìi ...ci amammo,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Sognai felice, di carezze a baci
Una catena dileguante in ciel;
Ma le parole tue... furon mendaci...
Perchè l'anima tua è fatta di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor?
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immense,
Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei più tu:
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso...
Sogno un altro ideal;
Non t'amo più, non t'amo più.

Nei cari giorni che passammo insieme,
io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier...
Tu fiosti del mio cor l'unica speme;
Tu della mente l'unico pensier .

Tu m'hai visto pregare,impallidire,
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te:
Io sol per appagare un tuo desire...
Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fè.

Te ne ricordi ancor?
Te ne ricordi ancor?

10. I Don't Love You Anymore

Do you still remember the day we met,
Do you still recall the promises you made
to me?
Crazy with love I followed you...we loved
each other, and next to you I dreamed, crazy
dreams of love.

I dreamt of a lustful chain of caresses
And kisses fading into the sky;
But your words weren't truthful ...
Because your soul is cold as ice.

Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

Now my faithfulness, my immense desire,
My dream of love...no longer is you:
I do not seek your kisses, nor do I think
of you...
I dream of another ideal:
I don't love you anymore, I no longer love
you.

In the cherished days we spent together,
I covered your path with flowers.
You were my heart's one desire;
My mind's only thought.

You saw me praying, saw me turning pale,
Saw me crying before you.
Just to satisfy your wishes
I would have given my blood and my very
being.

Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

11. Tristezza

Guarda; lontan lontano
muore ne l'onde il sol;
stormi d'uccelli
a vol tornano al piano.

Una malinconia io sento in cuore
e pur non so perchè;
guardandoti negli occhi,
o bella mia, muto mi stringo a te.

Copre l'ombria d'un manto
le cose, il cielo, il mar;
io sento tremolar
ne gli occhi il pianto.

Suona l'avemaria ed é sí triste
e pur non so perchè:
devotamente preghi, o bella mia,
io prego insieme con te.

Tenera ne la sera
che s'empie di fulgor,
dai nostri amanti cuor
va la preghiera.

E la malinconia
mi fa pensare
e pur non so perchè,
che un giorno, ahimè,
dovrà la vita mia
perdere il sogno e te!

11. Sadness

Look, far in the distance
the sun is dying on the waves
flocks of birds are flying
back to the plain.

I feel a sadness in my heart
and yet I don't know why.
Looking into your eyes my beauty,
I silently press you close to me.

A shadow cloaks creation
the sky and the sea,
I feel tears brimming
in my eyes.

The Angelus bell rings and sounds so sad
and yet I don't know why.
You pray devoutly, my beauty
and I pray with you.

Tenderly the prayer goes out
from our loving hearts
into the splendour
of the evening.

The sadness
makes me think
and yet I don't know why,
that one day, alas,
my heart will lose
this dream and you!

12. L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irra.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno.

13. Mattinata

L'aurora di bianco vestita
Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol;
Di già con le rosee sue dita
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!
Commosso da un fremito arcano
Intorno il creato già par;
E tu non ti desti, ed invano
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar.

Metti anche tu la veste bianca
E schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!
Ove non sei la luce manca;
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor.

Ove non sei la luce manca;
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor.

12. The Dawn Divides the Darkness from the Light

The dawn divides the darkness from the light,
And my sensual pleasure from my desire.
O sweet stars, it is the hour of death.
A more devine love clears you from the skies.

Gleaming eyes, Oh you who'll never return,
Sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light.
I must die, I don't want to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.

Envelop me oh Night, in your maternal breast
While the pale earth bathes itself in dew.
But let the dawn rise from my blood,
And from my brief dream the eternal sun.

13. Morning

The dawn, dressed in white,
has already opened the door to the sun,
and with pink fingers
caresses the myriads with flowers.
A mysterious trembling seems
to disturb all nature,
yet you will not get up, and vainly
I stand here sadly and sing.

Dress yourself, too, in white
and open the door to your serenader!
Where you are not, all is dark,
where you are, love is born! etc.

14. Notte

Sul giardino fantastico
Profumato di rosa
La carezza de l'ombra
Posa.

Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
La quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido
Trema.

La luttuosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie
Smorte?

Forse perché una pioggia
Di soavi rugiade
[Entro socchiusi] I petali
Cade,

Su l'ascose miserie
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie
Mute.

Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime
Piange...

14. Night

In the fantastic garden
Perfumed with roses
The caress of shadows descends.

With both thought and pulse
The supreme stillness
Shakes the air like a shiver.

Does the mournful darkness
Tell a story of death
To the pale gardenias?

Perhaps, because a shower
Of gentle dew falls
Into the half-closed petals.

For rising miseries
And for lost passions,
For mute dreams and mute anxieties,

For fleeting joys
Shattered by disillusion,
The night weeps her tears.

15. Nevicata

Sui campi e sulle strade
Silenziosa e lieve,
Volteggiando, la neve
Cade.

Danza la falda bianca
Ne l'ampio ciel scherzosa,
Poi sul terren si posa
Stanca.

In mille immote forme
Sui tetti e sui camini,
Sui cippi e nei giardini
Dorme.

Tutto dintorno è pace:
Chiuso in oblio profondo,
Indifferente il mondo
Tace...

Ma ne la calma immensa
Torna ai ricordi il core,
E ad un sopito amore
Pensa.

15. Snowfall

On the fields and in the streets
Silent and light,
Twirling, the snow
Falls.

The white snowflake dances
In the wide sky jokingly,
And then settles on the ground
Tired.

In a thousand motionless shapes
On rooftops and on paths,
On headstones and in gardens
It sleeps.

Everything around is peaceful:
Closed in profound oblivion,
The indifferent world
Is quiet...

But in the immense calm
The heart turns to memories,
And reminisces about
A faded love.

16. Pioggia

Piovea: per le finestre spalancate
A quella tregua di ostinati odori
Saliano dal giardin fresche folate
D'erbe risorte e di risorti fiori

S'acchettava il tumulto dei colori
Sotto il vel delle gocciole implorate;
E intorno ai pioppi ai frassini agli allori
Beveano ingorde le zolle assetate.

Esser pianta, esser foglia, esser stelo
E nell'angoscia dell'ardor (pensavo)
Così largo ristoro aver dal cielo!

Sul davanzal protesa io gli arboscelli,
I fiori, l'erbe guardavo guardavo
E mi batte la pioggia sui capelli

16. Rain

It's raining: from the windows, opened wide
To the respite of the persistent fragrance
From the garden, climb the fresh gusts
Of revived grass and flowers.

It calms the tumult of colors
Under its veil of imploring drops;
And around the poplars, the ash trees, the
laurels
The thirsty sod drinks greedily.

Oh, to be a plant, to be a leaf, to be a stem
And in the anguish of ardor (I think)
To be restored slowly by the sky like that!

Leaning out from the sill, I watch
The saplings, the flowers, the grass
And the rain beats down on my hair.

17. Nebbie

Soffro, lontan lontano
Le nebbie sonnolente
Salgono dal tacente
Piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,
Fidati all'ali nere,
Traversan le brughiere
Torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi
Gli addolorati tronchi
Offron, pregando, i brochi nudi.
Come ho freddo!

Son sola;
Pel grigio ciel sospinto
Un gemito destinto
Vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni;
_ buia la vallata.
O triste, o disamata
Vieni! Vieni!

17. Fog

I suffer. Far, far away
The sleeping fog
Rises from the quiet plain.

Shrilly, cawing, the crows,
Trusting their black wings,
Traverse the moors, grimly.

To the raw bites of air
The sorrowful tree trunks
Offer, praying, their bare branches.

How cold I am! I am alone;
Driven through the gray sky
A groan of the dead soars.

And repeats to me: come;
The valley is dark.
O sad one, o unloved one, come!

18. Canta Pe' me

Canta pe' me, stanotte, na canzone,
tu ca si' bella e tiene 'a voce d'oro...
Cantammélla stanotte, ca si' moro,
moro sentenno na bella canzone...

Canta na serenata 'e marenare...
ch'a tantu tiempo nun se canta cchiù...
Mare!...Stanotte, quanta varche a mare...
ma tu nun cante? Ma a che pienze tu?

Canta: ca i' t'accumpagno cu 'a chitarra,
chisà, stanotte, nun se sceta 'ammore,
ll'ammore sfurtunato e cantatore
ca niente vò: nu core e na chitarra...

Canta, ca è bella Napule addurmuta,
cònnola d'oro pe' chi vò' sunná...
Ma tu che pienze sulitaria e muta?
Ma tu ch'aspiette ca nun vuó' cantá?

18. Sing For Me

Sing for me farewell
that sweet sound
of the past days
it always reminds me of the life of the love

beloveds of my heart
oh happy, you my soul
sing slowly...

strengthen your lyre and sing
the hymn of death
the sky opens to us
they fly to the ray the life of the love

beloveds of my heart
oh happy, you my soul
sing farewell...

19. Accarezzame

Accarézzame!

Cu sti mmmane vellutate
faje scurdá tutt' 'e peccate.
Strígneme 'mbracci'a te!...

Sott'a stu cielo trapuntato 'e stelle,
mme faje sentí sti ddete 'int' 'e capille.
Voglio sunná guardanno st' uocchie belle.
Stasera, core e core 'mmiez'ò ggrano
addó' ce vede sulamente 'a luna,
i' cchiù t'astrégnò e cchiù te faje vicino,
i' cchiù te vaso e cchiù te faje vasá.
Te vaso e 'o riturnello 'e na canzone,
tra ll'arbere 'e cerase vola e va.
Accarézzame!
Sento 'a fronte ca mme brucia.
Ma pecché nun mme dá pace
stu desiderio 'e te.
Voglio sunná cu te!

Sott' a stu cielo trapuntato 'e stelle,
mme faje sentí sti ddete 'int' 'e capille.
Voglio sunná guardanno st' uocchie belle.
Voglio sunná cu te!

Accarézzame!

Sento 'a fronte ca mme brucia...
Ma pecché nun mme dá pace
stu desiderio 'e te?

19. Caress Me!

Caress me!

With these velvet hands of yours
You make me forget all my sins.
Squeeze me in your arms!

Under this sky quilted with stars,
You make me feel tingling in my hair.
I want to dream looking at those beautiful eyes.
This evening heart to heart in the midst of the
fields
Where only the moon can be seen
The more I hug you the closer you'll be to me,
And the more I kiss you the more I'll have you
kiss me.
I'll kiss you to a refrain or to a song,
Among the trees and the cherries we'll go and
fly.
Caress me!
I feel my face burning.
But why doesn't my desire for
you bring me peace.
I want to dream with you.

Under this sky quilted with stars,
You make me feel a tingling in my hair.
I want to dream looking at those beautiful eyes.
This evening heart to heart in the midst of the
fields
Where only the moon can be seen
The more I hug you the closer you'll be to me,
And the more I kiss you the more I'll have you
kiss me.
I'll kiss you to a refrain or to a song,
Among the trees and the cherries we'll go and
fly.
Caress me!
I feel my face burning
But why doesn't my desire for
you bring me peace.
I want to dream with you.

20. Core n'grato

Catari, Catari, pecche me dice sti parole
amare,
pecche me parle e 'o core me turmiente,
Catari?
Nun te scurda ca t'aggio date 'o core, Catari,
nun te scurda!

Catari, Catari, che vene a dicere stu parla ca
me da spaseme?
Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dolore mio,
tu nun'nce pienze, tu nun te ne cure.

Core, core, 'ngrato,
t'aje pigliato 'a vita mia,
tutt'e passato e
nun'nce pienze chiu!

Catari, Catari...
tu nun 'o ssaje ca
fino e 'int 'a na chiesa
io s?' trasuto e aggio pregato a Dio,
Catari.
E ll'aggio ditto pure a 'o cunfessore:
'St?' a suffri pe' chella lla...
St?' a suffri,
st?' a suffri nun se p? credere...
st?' a suffri tutte li strazie!
E 'o cunfessore, ch'? perzona santa,
mm'ha ditto: 'Figliu mio lassala sta!...

20. Ungrateful Heart

Caterina, Caterina, why do you say those
bitter words?
Why do you speak and torment my heart,
Caterina?
Don't forget, I gave you my heart, Caterina,
don't forget.

Caterina, Caterina, why do you come and
say those words that hurt me so much?
You don't think of my pain,
you don't think, you don't care.

Ungrateful heart,
you have stolen my life.
Everything is finished
and you don't care any more!

Catari', Catari'
you do not know that even in church
I bring my prayers to God, Catari.
And I recount my confession to the priest: "I
am suffering
from such a great love."

I'm suffering,
I'm suffering from not knowing your love,
I'm suffering a sorrow that tortures my soul.
And I confess, that the Holy Mother
spoke to me: "My son, let it be, let it be."

21. Torna a Surriento

Vir 'o mare quant'è bello,
Ispira tantu sentimento,
Comme tu a chi tiene a' mente,
Ca scetato 'o faje sunnà.
Guarda gua' chistu ciardino;
Siente, sie' sti sciure arance:
Nu profumo accussi fino
Dinto 'o core se ne va
E tu dice: "I' parto, addio!"
T'alluntane da stu core
Da sta terra de l'ammore
Tiene 'o core 'e nun turnà?
Ma nun me lassà,
Nun darne stu turmiento!
Torna a Surriento,
famme campà!
Vir 'o mare de Surriento,
che tesoro tene nfunno:
chi ha girato tutto 'o munno
nun l'ha visto comm'a ccà.
Guarda attuorno sti Serene,
ca te guardano 'ncantate,
e te vonno tantu bene...
Te vulessero vasà.
E tu dice: "I' parto, addio!"
T'alluntane da stu core
Da la terra de l'ammore
Tiene 'o core 'e nun turnà?
Ma nun me lassà,
Nun darne stu turmiento!
Torna a Surriento,
Famme campà!

21. Come Back to Sorrento

Look at the sea, how beautiful it is,
it inspires so many emotions,
like you do with the people you have at
heart
you make them dream while they are still
awake.
Look at this garden
and the scent of these oranges,
such a fine perfume
it goes straight into your heart.
And you say: "I am leaving, goodbye"
you go away from my heart
away from this land of love.
And you have the heart not to come back.
But do not go away,
do not give me this pain.
Come back to Surriento,
let me live!
Look at the sea of Surriento,
what a treasure it is!
Even who has travelled all over the world,
he has never seen a sea like this one.
Look at these mermaids,
that stare amazed at you, that love you so
much.
They would like to kiss you.
And you say: "I am leaving, goodbye",
you go away from my heart,
away from the land of love.
And you have the heart not to come back.
But please do not go away,
do not give me this pain.
Come back to Surriento,
let me live!

22. La Spagnola

Di Spagna sono la bella
Regina son dell'amor!
Tutti mi dicono stella
Stella di vivo splendor...

Di Spagna sono la bella
Regina son dell'amor!
Tutti mi dicono stella
Stella di vivo splendor...

Oh, stretti, stretti
Nell' estasi d'amor!
La Spagnola sa amar così,
Bocca e bocca la notte e il dì

Stretti, stretti
Nell' estasi d'amor!
La Spagnola sa amar così,
Bocca e bocca la notte e il dì

Sguardi che mandan saète
Movenze di voluttà!
La labbra son tumidette
Fo il paradiso toccar!

Sguardi che mandan saète
Movenze di voluttà!
La labbra son tumidette
Fo il paradiso toccar!

Oh, stretti, stretti
Nell' estasi d'amor!
La Spagnola sa amar così,
Bocca e bocca la notte e il dì

Stretti, stretti
Nell' estasi d'amor!
La Spagnola sa amar così,
Bocca e bocca la notte e il dì

Stretti, stretti
Nell' estasi d'amor!

22. The Spanish Woman

In Spain, I am the prettiest
There I am the queen of love.
Everybody calls me "star"
"Star of living splendor"

In Spain, I am the the prettiest
There I am the queen of love.
Everybody calls me "star"
"Star of living splendor"

Holding you tight, so tight
In the ecstasy of love ...
The spanish woman loves like this
Mouth to mouth, night and day.

Holding you tight, so tight
In the ecstasy of love ...
The spanish woman loves like this
Mouth to mouth, night and day.

With all my ardour, I love
who is honest with me
Early in the morning, I'll show you
the vigour of my years

With all my ardour, I love
who is honest with me
Early in the morning, I'll show you
the vigour of my years

Holding you tight, so tight
In the ecstasy of love ...
The spanish woman loves like this
Mouth to mouth, night and day.

Holding you tight, so tight
In the ecstasy of love ...
The spanish woman loves like this
Mouth to mouth, night and day.

La Spagnola sa amar cosi,
Bocca e bocca la notte e il di

Stretti, stretti
Nell' estasi d'amor!
La Spagnola sa amar cosi,
Bocca e bocca la notte e il di

Stretti, stretti
Nell' estasi d'amor!
La Spagnola sa amar cosi,
Bocca e bocca la notte e il di

23. Senza nisciuno

Tramonta 'o sole,
Vintiquatt'ore.
Sona 'avemmaria.
Senza parole
Mme faccio 'a croce
E penzo a mamma mia.

Che malasciorte, ahimé.
Sulo... senza nisciuno.
E tu... tu morta si' pe'mmé,
Tu morta si' pe'mmé.

E tu addó' staje?
Tu ride e si' felice
O si' scuntenta?
Nun chiagne maje?
E stu turmiento
Nun te turmenta?

Che malasciorte, ahimé.
Sulo... senza nisciuno.
E tu... tu morta si' pe'mmé,
Tu morta si' pe'mmé,

Tu morta si' pe'mmé.

Glances that throw arrows,
Glances burning in lust
Bulging lips
I'll make you reach the paradise.

Holding you tight, so tight
In the ecstasy of love ...
The spanish woman loves like this
Mouth to mouth, night and day.

Holding you tight, so tight
In the ecstasy of love ...
The spanish woman loves like this
Mouth to mouth, night and day.

23. Without Anyone

The sun sets for twenty-four hours.
The Ave Maria is played without words,
I make the sign of the cross and
Think of my mother.

Ah! me, How unlucky am I.
Alone and without anyone.
And you, you are dead for me.
You are dead for me.

And where are you?
Are you laughing and happy,
Or are you discontented?
Do you ever change?
And this torment,
Doesn't it torment you?

Ah! me, How unlucky am I.
Alone and without anyone.
And you, you are dead for me.

You are dead for me.

24. Maria Mari

A rapete fenesta
Fam m'afficia Maria
Ca stong mie-z'a via
Sperato p'a vede

Nun trove n'o rae pace
Anot-t'a faccio journo
Sempe staccaatuorno
Spe ranno c'ce par la

Oh Mari, oh Mari
Quanta suon-no, che perso pete
Fam m'addurmi
Una nocha abbracciato cuté
Oh Mari, oh Mari
Quanta suan-no che perso pete
Fam m'addurmi
Oh Mari, oh Mari

Nun trove n'o rae pace
Anot-t'a faccio journo
Sempe staccaatuorno
Spe ranno c'ce par la

Oh Mari, oh Mari
Quanta suon-no, che perso pete
Fam m'addurmi
Una nocha abbracciato cuté
Oh Mari, oh Mari
Quanta suan-no che perso pete
Fam m'addurmi
Oh Mari, oh Mari

Oh Mari, oh Mari
Quanta suon-no, che perso pete
Fam m'addurmi

24. Oh, Marie

Open the window!
Let Marie look out appear.
As I'm in the middle of the street
Hoping to see her!

I don't have an hour's peace .
Night turns into day,
With me always hanging around here
Hoping to talk to her!

O Marie, O Marie!
How much sleep I am losing for you
Let me get some sleep,
Embraced just a little with you.
O Marie, O Marie
How much sleep I am losing for you!
Please, let me sleep
O Marie, O Marie!

In the middle of this little garden
A hollyhock laughs with us,
A bed of rose-petals
I made just for you.

Come since the night is sweet.
The sky is like a mantle.
You're sleeping and I sing to you,
A lullaby at your side.

It seems that finally your window
Is opening tome
Marie waves to me
She gives me a signal.
Play, oh my guitar !
Marie woke up.
A beautiful serenade
We'll let her hear.

Una nocha abbracciato cuté
Oh Mari, oh Mari
Quanta suan-no che perso pete
Fam m'addurmi
Oh Mari, oh Mari

O Marie, O Marie!
How much sleep I am losing for you
Let me get some sleep,
Embraced just a little with you.
O Marie, O Marie
How much sleep I am losing for you!
Please, let me sleep
O Marie, O Marie!

About the Composers:

Paolo Tosti (April 9, 1846 – December 2, 1916)

Francesco Paolo Tosti began his music education at the Royal College of San Pietro a Majella at the age of eleven. He studied violin with Pinto and composition with Saverio Mercadante, who became so impressed with Tosti that he appointed him student teacher, which afforded the young man a meager salary of sixty francs a month.

Eventually Tosti's travels brought him to Rome, where he met the pianist and composer Giovanni Sgambati. Sgambati arranged for Tosti to give a concert attended by Princess Margherita of Savoy (who later became Queen of Italy). She was so impressed with his performance that she appointed him her singing professor. She later appointed him curator of the Musical Archives of Italy at the Court.

In 1875 Tosti traveled to London where he made a number of important connections. In 1880, he was made singing master to the royal family. His fame as a composer of songs grew rapidly while he was in England. In 1894 Tosti joined the Royal Academy of Music as a professor. In 1906, he became a British citizen and was knighted two years later by his friend, King Edward VII. In 1913 Tosti returned to Italy, dying in Rome on December 2, 1916.

Tosti is known for his beautiful melodic songs, songs that combine sentiment with exceptional musical taste. Many famous opera stars have continued to program Tosti's songs in their recitals.

Ottorino Respighi (July 9, 1879-April 18, 1936)

Respighi was born in Bologna into a musical family. Both his father and grandfather had been professional musicians. While living in St. Petersburg, Respighi studied composition with Rimsky-Korsakov and played violin in the orchestra there. Later, in Berlin he studied composition with Max Bruch.

Respighi is best known for his orchestral symphonic poems which describe in music his native city of Rome. The Fountains of Rome had its premiere in 1917. The Pines of Rome appeared in 1924, followed by Roman Festivals which was given its premiere by the New York Philharmonic under Arturo Toscanini in 1928.

Although Respighi wrote close to forty songs, his songs lack the immediate appeal of most of the other songs presented on this CD. In spite of this, the songs are well worth hearing, particularly for the sensitive manner in which the composer sets the individual texts to music.

Ernesto De Curtis (October 4, 1875 - December 31, 1937)

Born in Naples, the son of Giuseppe De Curtis and Elisabetta Minnon, De Curtis was a great-grandson of composer Saverio Mercadante and the brother of poet Giambattista De Curtis, with whom he wrote the song "Torna a Surriento". He studied piano and received a diploma from the Conservatory of San Pietro a Maiella in Naples. He died at Naples in 1937.

The Neapolitan Song

When I returned to the U.S. after my first trip to Italy nearly fifty years ago, I found that by listening to recordings of classic Italian songs, particularly Neapolitan songs, I was able to recapture some of the magic that I had felt while traveling in the land of my ancestors. Hearing those beautiful melodies, listening to words expressing the most intimate human emotions, I was swept by a forceful nostalgia that impelled me to plan my next trip to Italy. Since that first trip, I've returned to Italy more than twenty times and listened to most of the songs on the present CD hundreds of times in performances by numerous Italian singers. Among my favorite singers of these songs, I particularly love Giuseppe Di Stefano's and Ronald Naldi's renditions. Among recordings of Italian songs, generally, Jussi Bjorling's version of Tosti's "Ideale" is at the top of my list for that song. Yoram Chaiter, with a beautiful voce basso, now joins a distinguished roster of singers in making the songs on the present CD such enjoyable listening.

The Neapolitan song derives from oral traditions and is usually considered to belong to the genre of popular music. In 1839 the melody of "Te Voglio Bene Assaje," with words by Raffaele Sacco and music by Filippo Campanella could be heard throughout Naples, signaling the birth of the genre that came to be known as the Neapolitan Song. Subsequently a rumor spread that this particular song had actually been written by Gaetano Donizetti. During the second half of the 19th century through the first half of the 20th, important musicians and poets dedicated themselves to composing numerous such songs. An example of this tendency is Gabriele d'Annunzio who wrote the words to "A Vucchella." (1904). Soon afterwards, the classic neapolitan song achieved its greatest importance, spreading throughout the world in international musical circles, thanks in great part to performances by the greatest tenor of the age, Enrico Caruso.

The typical neapolitan song wears its heart on its sleeve, so to speak. Love in all its manifestations is addressed^o the love between a man and a woman, love for one's mother, for one's country, town. The songs contain messages of hope, longing, nostalgia, jealousy, betrayal, revenge, love of life and even despair.

There are so many interesting stories associated with many of these songs, but I'll limit myself to re-telling just one. In a way, it's a disappointing story^o at least for the present writer. It involves the composition of "Torna a Surriento" ("Return to Sorrento"). Whenever I heard this song I imagined that the lyricist's words were a direct reaction to his loved one's departure from Sorrento and the pain and he felt in missing her. On the contrary, the song was dedicated to a man! In September of 1902 Italy's Prime Minister, Giuseppe Zanardelli, made an official visit to Naples. Nearby, Giambattista De Curtis was working as a fresco painter. At the time, the situation in Sorrento was disastrous: decrepit houses, horrible roads, lack of public services. In order to appeal to the President to take swift action to improve conditions in Sorrento, Ernesto and Giambattista De Curtis wrote (in just a few hours) and dedicated "Torna a Surriento" to Zanardelli. Naturally, some of the words were changed to make the song the actual love song it turned out to be, but in the original, the "return to Sorrento" was an appeal to the president to come back to enjoy the beauties of Sorrento once the reconstruction they hoped he would undertake became a reality. Since then, the song has become one of the best known Neapolitan songs in the world.

- Ron Mannarino -



YORAM CHAITER – bass

Born in Ukraine (former Soviet Union) Yoram began his musical education by studying the piano. He immigrated to Israel in 1973.

Among the roles he performed are Colline in La Boheme by Puccini, excerpts from Boris Godunov by Mussorgsky and Escamillo in Carmen.

Appeared in Macbeth by Bloch during the Bloch Festival at the Technion.

Participated in the Metropolitan Workshop with the Israeli Opera, where he performed the role of Cardinal de Brogni in the opera La Juive by Halevy.

In 2005 performed the role of Commendatore in Mozart's Don Giovanni with Haifa symphony orchestra conducted by Noam Sheriff and Tamir Chasson.

Sang the role of Dr. Dulcamara in L'Elisir D'Amore with Israeli chamber orchestra.

Has also appeared with the Israeli symphony orchestra Rishon LeZion, Ashdod chamber orchestra and the Israeli philharmonic orchestra in a co-production of Beethoven's 9th Symphony with the Technion symphony orchestra in 1989.

Appeared in recital during the festival of Kol Hamusica in 2007, and in concerts and recitals with various ensembles.

Concert repertoire also includes Stabat Mater by Rossini, Creation by Haydn, Messa di Gloria by Puccini, Verdi's Requiem , Vesperae solennes de confessore , Great Mass and Requiem by Mozart ,Requiem by Faure ,Dvo áks' Stabat Mater, songs by Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov, Mussorgsky, Brahms, Schubert, Wolf, Erwin Junger, Dvoák and others.

Premiered David's song cycle by Israeli composer Erwin Junger in 1993.

Made two recordings for the Israeli Radio (Kol Hamusica) in 1991 and 1996.

Made two recordings of Erwin Jungers' songs cycles in Hebrew and Hungarian in 2004 and 2005.His recordings of these compositions are premiere recordings.

His extra-musical activities include a degree of Doctor of Medicine and practice as physician, along with being actively engaged in medical research of cancer. His work on that field was published in the international medical literature and presented at international conferences.





Irena Zelikson-Litchen, Piano

Irena Zelikson-Litchen graduated from the Novosibirsk Academy of music piano class (solo and accompaniment) of Professor Miriam Levinson.

She taught piano in a music college and performed with Irkutsk philharmonic orchestra.

Having immigrated to Israel in 1990, she has since worked as a piano teacher at Dunia Weitzmann Conservatory in Haifa.

Irena performs regularly as a soloist, accompanies singers and performs with instrumental ensembles.

She won the piano duo prize at a contest at Natanya in 1992.

Irena appeared with bass, Yoram Chaiter in recital during the festival of Kol Hamusica in 2007.



Italian & Neapolitan Songs

Tosti • Respighi • DeCurtis

*Yoram Chaiter dedicates this recording to the dear memory
of his grandmother Loszanszky Etela.*

Yoram Chaiter, *Bass*

Irena Zelickson-Litchen, *Piano*

Recording, Production & Editing: Eyal Zaliuok

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Yoram Chaiter - Bass



Irena Zelikson-Litchen - Piano

Italian & Neapolitan Songs

Tosti • Respighi • DeCurtis

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- | | |
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Yoram Chaiter, Bass
Irena Zelikson-Litchen, Piano

