

Sogno Tosti Songs
Javier Camarena
Ángel Rodríguez



SOGNO

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Quattro canzoni d'Amaranta

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Total playing time: 81. 51

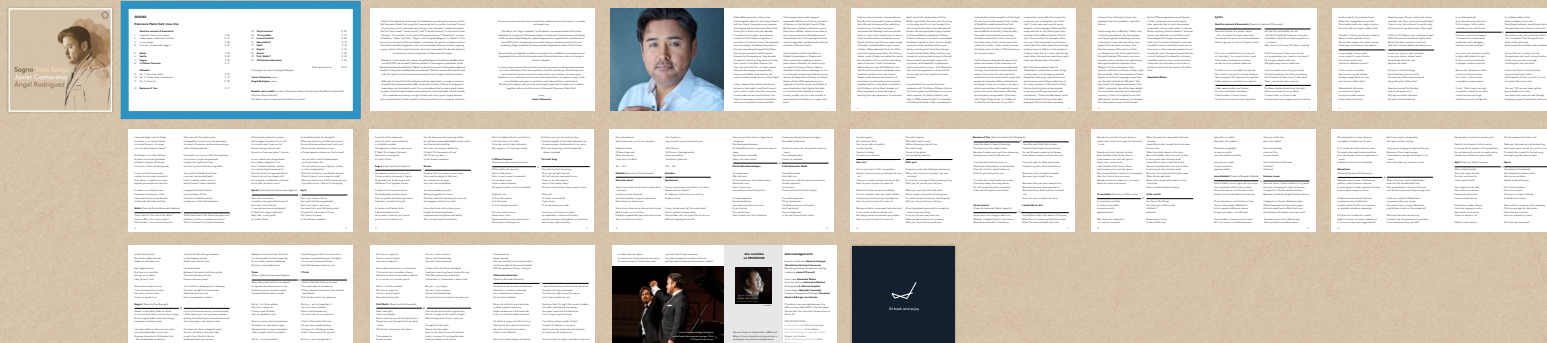
* arranged for piano by Ángel Rodríguez

Javier Camarena, tenor

Ángel Rodríguez, piano

Booklet cover credit: portrait of Francesco Paolo Tosti by Carlo De Marchi, before 1916 (Archivio Storico Ricordi).

The album cover is inspired by De Marchi's portrait.



I had all the intentions of starting this statement by evoking the memory of the first Francesco Paolo Tosti song that I ever sang, but no matter how hard I forced my memory, I can't remember which song it was. However, I clearly remember the first time I heard "Vorrei morire!" and "L'ultima canzone" in the voice of José Carreras, "A' vucchella" in the voice of the great Luciano, "Marechiare" sung by di Steffano, "Addio" by Kraus, "Sogno" with the great Bergonzi, or "Ideale" in the voice of my compatriot Ramón Vargas. I remember the great and deep emotions that these melodies triggered in me and I remember listening to them laughing, crying, or both at the same time and, above all, I remember the fervent desire to at some point be the interpreter of these beautiful songs.

Already in my first recital with maestro Ángel Rodríguez at the Palacio de Bellas Artes on July 10, 2011, we included "L'ultima canzone" in the program; a year later, at the Cervantino International Festival, "Ideale" and in both concerts "L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra", a song that inevitably led me to discover "Quattro canzoni d'Amaranta" and with this "cycle" a much more serious composer than I thought until that moment.

Although it is true that Tosti's extensive work focused mainly on songs or *romanze di salotto* (he composed nearly 500), we should not think of him as a composer of lesser value, nor minimize his work. It is no coincidence that so many great names in opera, of which I have already mentioned some, have interpreted and left records of his melodies and, being a singer himself and a very good singing teacher (recommended by G. Verdi himself), he knew exactly how to compose music for

the human voice and also how to reach the audience's ears and hearts in a simple and sweet way.

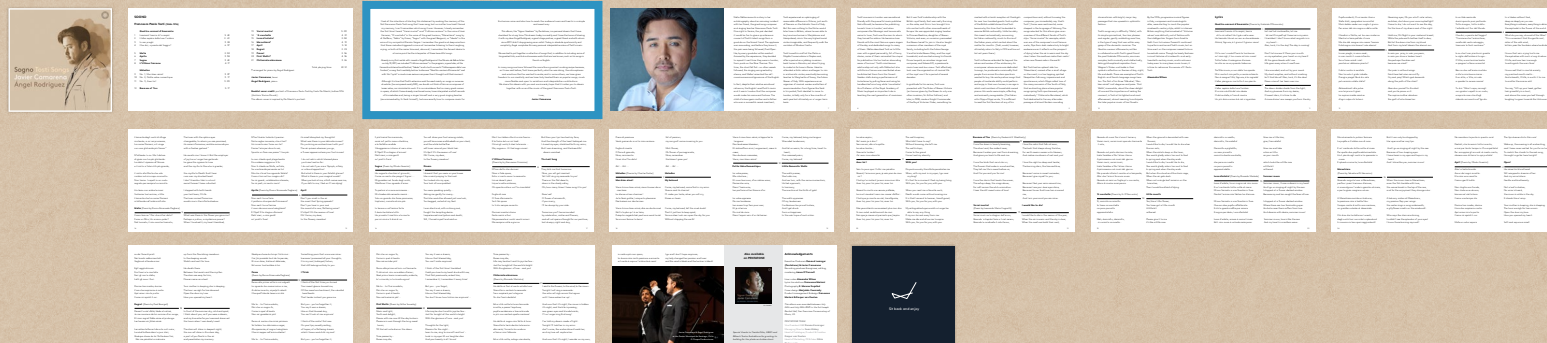
This album, like "Signor Gaetano" by Pentatone, is a personal dream that I have cherished for a long time. This dream today is a reality and I have the honor of sharing it with my dear Ángel Rodríguez, a great stage partner, a great friend and with whom since 2011 I didn't stop growing as an artist. Today, in absolute synchronicity and complicity, Ángel completes this very personal interpretative vision of Tosti's music.

We wanted to put together a collection of songs that, in addition to including some of his greatest hits, would also showcase works that are less known, such as his songs in French or English.

In many songs we have followed the score like a gourmet cooking recipe because, as I have said before, Tosti knew perfectly what he was doing, the atmospheres and emotions that he wanted to evoke; and in some others, we have given freedom to our creativity and we have truly treated them as popular songs, much more flexible and open to variations and interpretative contributions.

We share this dream with you and we sincerely hope that it invites you to dream together with us and the music of the great Francesco Paolo Tosti.

Love,
Javier Camarena



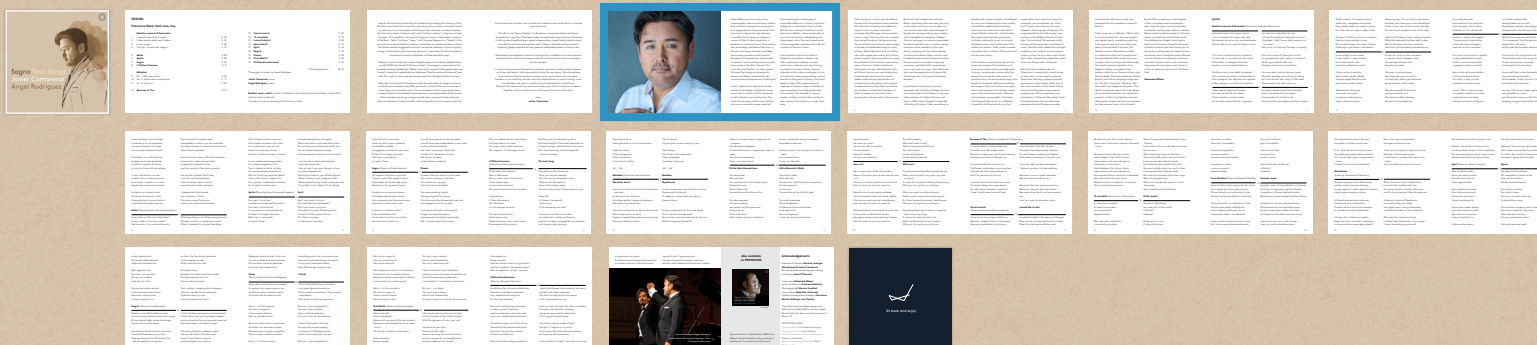


Nellie Melba recounts a story in her autobiography about an amusing incident with her friend, the great song composer and singing teacher Francesco Paolo Tosti. One night in Venice, the pair decided it would be fun to give a spontaneous concert of Tosti's latest songs from a gondola on the Grand Canal. The applause was resounding, and before they knew it, the pair were being followed, Pied-Piper-like, by every gondolier within earshot. Amused by the experience, they decided to repeat it next time they were in London, from punts on the River Thames. This time, the stunt fell flat – no other vessels followed, the singing was greeted by silence, and Melba lamented the self-consciousness and ignorance of the English.

In fact, despite their relative emotional reticence, the English loved Tosti's music and it was in London that the composer would make his name and fortune. The child of a bourgeois mother and a father who was a successful cereal merchant,

Tosti experienced an upbringing of reasonable affluence in Ortona, just south of Pescara on the Adriatic Coast of Italy. But this was nothing to the life he would later have in Britain, where he was able to buy luxurious homes in Marylebone and Hampstead, mix in the very highest social circles imaginable, and frequently walk the corridors of Windsor Castle.

Tosti honed his craft at the Pietro a Majella Conservatoire in Naples and, after a period as a jobbing musician back home in Abruzzo, set about trying to make his fortune in Rome. Here he attended artistic salons and began to mix in aristocratic circles, eventually becoming teacher to Margherita of Savoy, the future Queen of Italy. With experience as an organiser of musical *soirées* and letters of recommendation from figures like Verdi in his pocket, Tosti decided to move to London, initially only for a few months of each year but ultimately on a longer-term basis.



Tosti's success in London was sensational. Friendly with the powerful music publisher Giulio Ricordi, he became the publishing house's 'man in London', and when composers like Mascagni and Leoncavallo came to town, Tosti was the man to whom they turned for advice. He became close friends with the most famous opera singers of the day and dedicated songs to many of them. Melba described Tosti as 'a little man with a great personality, full of funny stories, some of them somewhat too *risqué* for publication. He too had an abounding sense of humour'. Tosti's mischievous relationship not only with Melba but also with Enrico Caruso was manifested when he distracted them from the Covent-Garden stalls during a performance of *La bohème* by pulling faces and using his handkerchief as a long white 'moustache'. As a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music he played an important role in teaching the next generation of musicians.

But it was Tosti's relationship with the British royal family that was really the icing on the cake, and this in turn brought him into contact with other crowned heads of Europe. He was appointed singing teacher to Princess Beatrice, daughter of Queen Victoria, and even, on occasion, persuaded the Queen herself to join in. He also taught numerous other members of the royal family, including both the future George V and his bride Queen Mary, and the royal household, and counted among his friends Prince Leopold, an amateur singer and composer, and Edward VII, a passionate music lover and *bon viveur*. Tosti effectively took over the organisation of musical life at the royal court for a period of several decades.

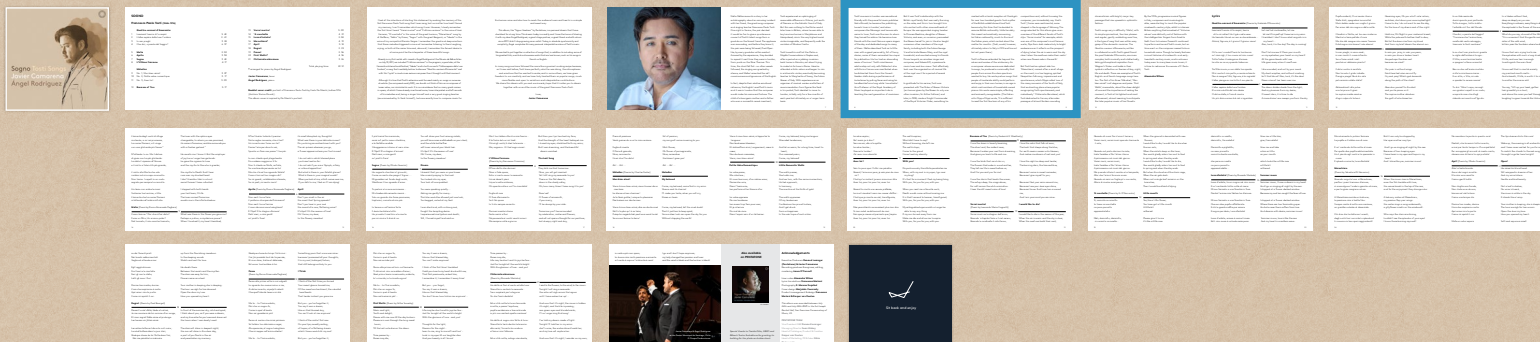
In gratitude for his service, Tosti was presented with The Order of Queen Victoria (an honour given by the Queen to only one other musician, Sir Arthur Sullivan) and later, in 1908, made a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, something he

marked with a lavish reception at Claridge's for over two-hundred guests. Such a pillar of the British establishment had Tosti become by this time that he decided to assume British nationality. Unfortunately this meant automatically renouncing his Italian nationality, much to the ire of the Italian press, which ranted about the matter for months. (Tosti, would, however, ultimately return to Italy in 1912 and live out his last years there.)

Tosti's influence extended far beyond the salons and *soirées* of the aristocracy. As a composer whose oeuvre was dedicated to songs, he produced a commodity that people from across the class spectrum wanted to buy. He wrote parlour songs that people of moderate ability could perform and enjoy in their own homes, in an age in which vast numbers of households owned pianos. His works were simple, affecting and eminently recognisable. (The Italian critic Filippo Filippi wrote, 'It is sufficient to read the first few bars of any of his

compositions and, without knowing the composer, you immediately say: that's Tosti'.) Some were sentimental, some steeped in the language of folksong. The songs selected for this album give us an overview of the different facets of Tosti's style. 'Vorrei morire!' for example, which was one of the composer's most famous works, flips from dark melancholy to bright exuberance as it reflects on the prospect of dying 'when the air is warm and the sky clear / when the swallows make their nests / when new flowers adorn the earth'.

But Tosti had an upbeat side too. 'Marechiaré', named after a small village on the coast, is a toe-tapping, spirited Neapolitan folk song, impassioned and spontaneous, which Filippi called 'one of the many souvenirs of the South of Italy, that enchanting place where popular songs spring forth spontaneously and melodiously'. 'Chitarrata Abruzzese', which Tosti dedicated to Caruso, alternates passages of almost Eastern-sounding



chromaticism with bright, major-key passages that rise upwards in optimistic fashion.

Tosti's songs vary in difficulty. 'Malia', with its simple symmetrical, four-bar phrases and regular, gently undulating vocal line, is the type of song that was within easy grasp of the domestic musician. The *Quattro canzoni d'Amaranta*, written in collaboration with Tosti's great friend the poet Gabriele D'Annunzio, are more complex, both musically and intellectually, taking philosophical inspiration from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* in their symbolic reflection on themes of day, night, life and death. There are examples of Tosti's English- and French-language songs here too. The first of his three 'Mélodies', 'Mon bien aimé!' is all elegance and poise. 'First Waltz', meanwhile, about the sheer delight of love and the importance of seizing the moment, is Tosti at his lightest and most effervescent, almost seeming to anticipate the later popular music of Ivor Novello.

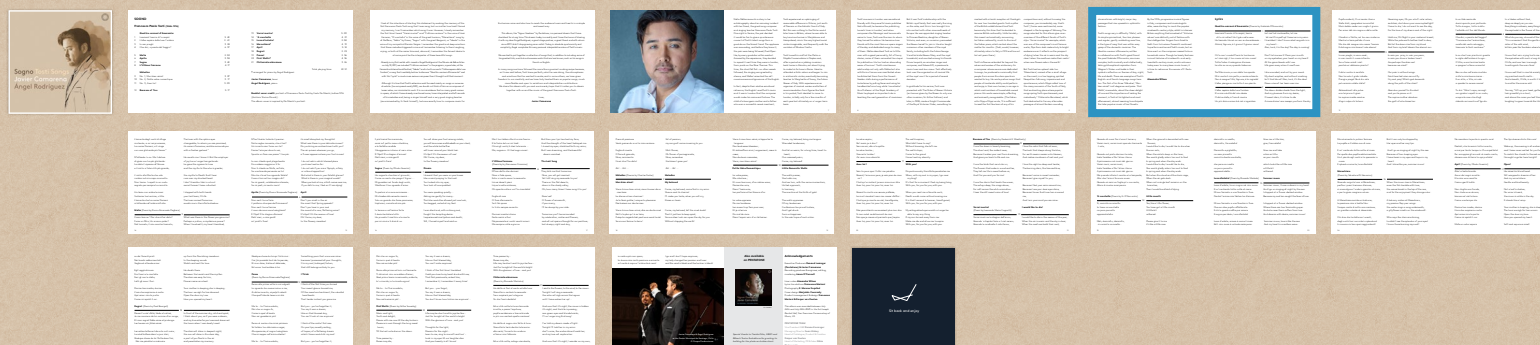
By the 1910s, progressive musical figures in Italy, composers and musicologists alike, were starting to mock the popular nineteenth-century style, whilst in interwar Britain anything that smacked of 'Victorian values' was distinctly out of fashion with the intelligentsia. Singers from Amelita Galli-Curci to Luciano Pavarotti continued to perform and record Tosti's music, but as time went on the composer ceased to be a household name. Though he barely features in most histories of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century music, and is unknown today even to many keen music lovers, it is time to rediscover the oeuvre of F. Paolo Tosti.

Alexandra Wilson

Lyrics

Quattro canzoni d'Amaranta (Poems by Gabriele D'Annunzio)

1	
Lasciami! Lascia ch'io respiri, lascia ch'io mi sollevi! Ho il gelo nelle vene. Ho tremato. Ho nel cor non so che ambascia... Ahimè, Signore, è il giorno! Il giorno viene!	Let me! Let me breathe, let me let me lift myself up! I have ice in my veins. I trembled. I don't know what anguish is in my heart... Alas, Lord, it is the day! The day is coming!
Ch'io non lo veda! Premi la tua bocca su' miei cigli, il tuo cuore sul mio cuore! Tutta l'erba s'insanguina d'amore. La vita se ne va, quando trabocca.	Don't let me see it! Press your mouth on my eyelashes, your heart on my heart! All the grass bleeds with love. Life goes away when it overflows.
Trafitta muoio, e non dalla tua spada. Mi si vuota il mio petto, e senza schianto. Non è sangue? Ahì, Signore, è la rugiada! L'alba piange su me tutto il suo pianto.	I die wounded, and not by your sword. My chest empties, and without crashing. Isn't that blood? Alas, Lord, it's the dew! Dawn cries all her tears over me.
2	
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	The dawn divides shade from the light, And my pleasure from my desire, O sweet stars, it is time to die A more divine love sweeps you from the sky



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'irrorà
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

In van preghi, in vano aneli,
in van mostri il cuore infranto.
Sono forse umidi i cieli
perché noi abbiamo pianto?

Il dolor nostro è senz'ala.
Non ha volo il grido imbelles.
Piangi e prega! Qual dio cala
pel cammino delle stelle?

Abbandónati alla polve
e su lei prono ti giaci.
La supina madre assolve
d'ogni colpa chi la baci.

Gleaming eyes, Oh you who'll ne'er return,
sad stars, shut down your uncorrupted light!
I have to die, I do not want to see the day,
For the love of my dream and of the night.

Hold 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

In vain you pray, in vain you yearn,
in vain you show a broken heart.
Are perhaps the skies wet
because we cried?

Our pain is without wings.
Faint-hearted cries cannot fly.
Cry and pray! Which god descends
along the path of the stars?

Abandon yourself to the dust
and you lie prone on it.
The supine mother absolves
the guilt of who kisses her.

In un Ade senza dio
dormi quanto puoi profondo.
Tutto è sogno, tutto è oblio:
l'asfodèlo è il fior del Mondo.

Che dici, o parola del Saggio?
"Conviene che l'anima lieve,
sorella del vento selvaggio,
trascorra le fonti ove beve."

Io so che il van pianto mi guasta
le ciglia dall'ombra sì lunga...
O Vita, e una lacrima basta
a spegner la face consunta!

Ben so che nell'ansia mortale
si sfa la mia bocca riarsa...
E un alito, o Vita, mi vale
a sperder la cenere scarsa!

Tu dici: "Alza il capo; raccogli
con grazia i capelli in un nodo;
e sopra le rose che sfogli
ridendo va incontro all'Ignoto.

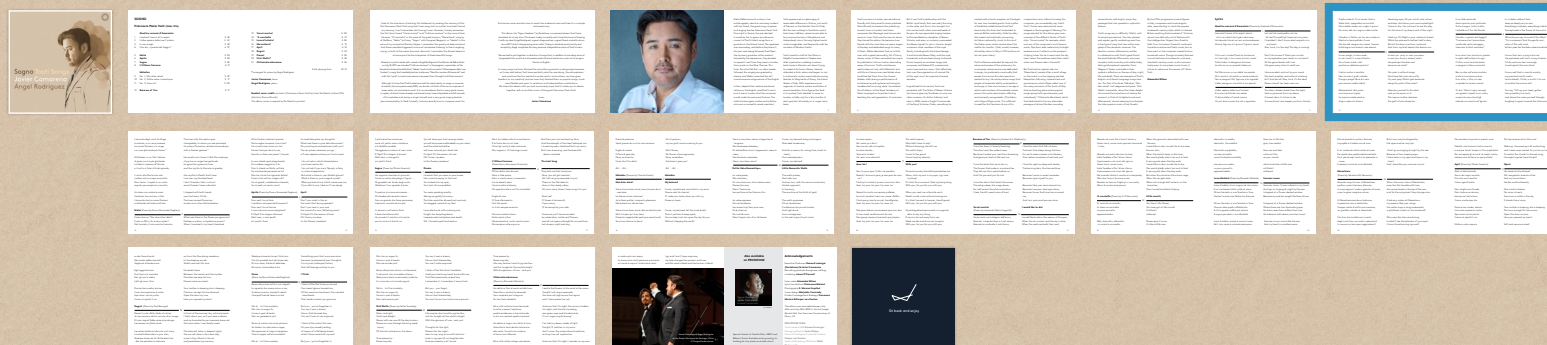
In a Hades without God,
sleep as deeply as you can.
Everything is a dream, everything is oblivion:
the asphodel is the flower of the world.

What do you say, oh word of the Wise?
"It is convenient that the gentle soul,
sister of the wild wind,
let him pass the fountains where he drinks."

I know that vain crying hurts me
the eyelashes with such a long shadow...
O Life, and one tear is enough
to extinguish the worn face!

I know well that in mortal anxiety
my parched mouth melts...
And a breath, O Life, is worth it to me
to scatter the scarce ash!

You say, "Lift up your head; gather
hair gracefully in a knot;
and above the roses you leaf through
laughing he goes towards the Unknown.



L'amante dagli occhi di sfinge
mutevole, a cui sei promessa,
ha nome Domani; e ti cinge
con una ghirlanda più fresca."

M'attende: lo so. Ma il datore
di gioia non ha più ghirlande:
ha dato il cipresso all'Amore
e il mirto a Colei ch'è più grande,

il mirto alla Morte che odo
rombar sul mio capo sconvolto.
Non tremo. I capelli in un nodo
segreto per sempre ho raccolto.

Ho terso con ambe le mani
l'estreme tue lacrime, o Vita.
L'amante che ha nome Domani
m'attende nell'ombra infinita.

Malia (Poem by Rocco Emanuele Pagliara)

Cosa c'era ne 'l fior che m'hai dato?
Forse un filtro, Un arcano poter?
Nel toccarlo, il mio core ha tremato,

The lover with the sphinx eyes
changeable, to whom you are promised,
its name is Tomorrow; and she surrounds you
with a fresher garland."

He awaits me: I know it. But the employer
of joy he no longer has garlands:
he gave the cypress to Love
and the myrtle to She who is greater,

the myrtle to Death that I hear
roar over my shocked head.
I don't tremble. Hair in a knot
secret forever I have collected.

I clapped with both hands
your last tears, O Life.
The lover named Tomorrow
awaits me in the infinite shadow.

5 _____
What was there in the flower you gave me?
Perhaps a potion, a mysterious power?
When I touched it, my heart trembled,

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!

Aprile (Poem by Rocco Emanuele Pagliara)

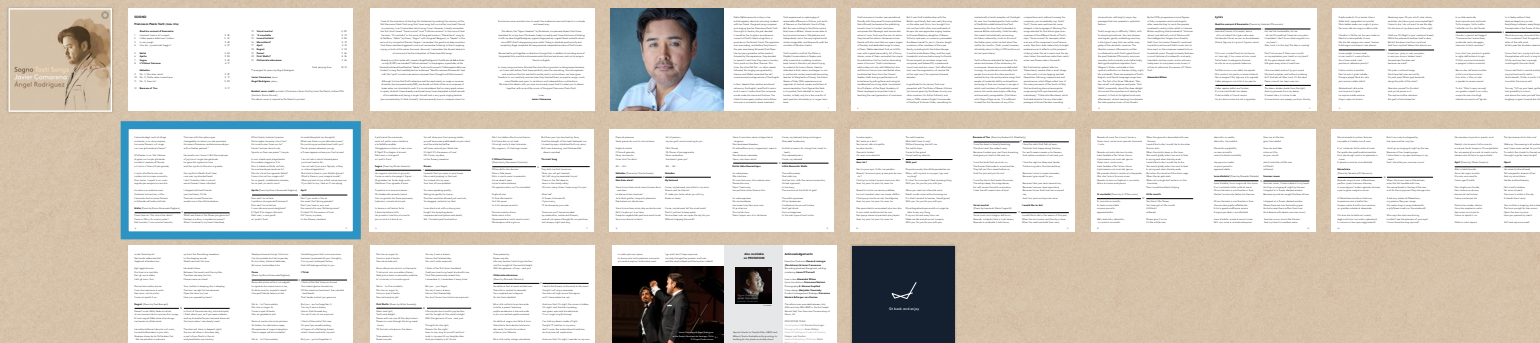
Non senti tu ne l'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu ne l'anima
il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
su' prati'n fiore!

its smell disrupted my thoughts!
What was there in your delicate moves?
Do you bring an enchantment with you?
The air quivers wherever you go,
a flower appears where your foot moves!

I do not ask in which blessed place
you have lived so far:
I do not ask if you are a Nymph, a Fairy
or a blond apparition!
But what is there in your fateful glance?
What is there in your magical words?
When you look at me, a thrill comes over me,
If you talk to me, I feel as if I am dying!

April

6 _____
Don't you smell in the air
the scent that Spring spreads?
Don't you hear in your soul
the sound of a new, flattering voice?
It's April! It's the season of love!
Oh! Come, my dear,
to the flowery meadow!



Il piè trarrai fra mammore,
avrai su'l petto rose e cilestrine,
e le farfalle candide
t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
su' prati'n fiore!

Sogno (Poem by Olindo Guerrini)

Ho sognato che stavi a' ginocchi,
Come un santo che prega il Signor ...
Mi guardavi nel fondo degli occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.

Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa...
Mi chiedea dolcemente mercè...
Solo un guardo che fosse promessa,
Imploravi, curvata al mio piè.

Io tacevo e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la morte
pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.

You will draw your foot among violets,
you will have roses and bluebells on your chest,
and the white butterflies
will hover around your black hair.
It's April! It's the season of love!
Oh! Come, my dear,
to the flowery meadow!

Dream

I dreamt that you were on your knees
Like a saint praying to the Lord.
You looked into my eyes,
Your look of love sparkled.

You were speaking quietly....
Asking me gently for mercy...
That she would be allowed just one look,
You begged, curled at my feet.

I was silent and, with a strong soul,
Fought the tempting desire.
I experienced martyrdom and death;
Still, I forced myself and said no.

Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia faccia...
E la forza del cor mi tradì.
Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le braccia...
Ma, sognavo...E il bel sogno svanì.

L'Ultima Canzone

(Poem by by Francesco Cimmino)

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

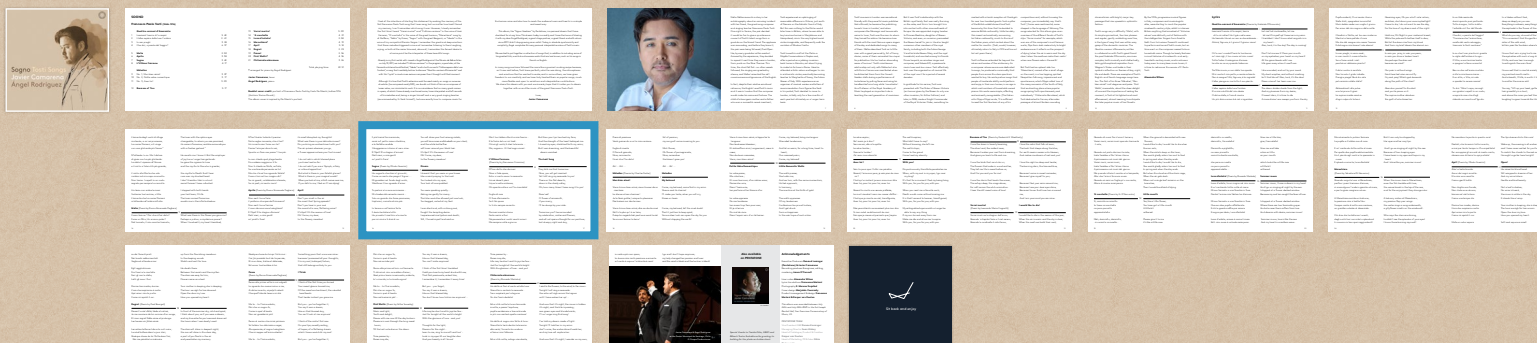
But then your lips touched my face,
And the strength of the heart betrayed me.
I closed my eyes, stretched forth my arms;
But I was dreaming, and the beautiful
dream vanished.

The Last Song

They told me that tomorrow
Nina, you will get married.
Yet I still sing my serenade to you!
There on the flat deserts,
down in the shady valley,
Oh, how many times I have sung it to you!

Rose leaf
O flower of amaranth,
if you marry,
I'll be always by your side.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
by celebration, smiles and flowers,
and will not spare a thought for our past love;
but always, night and day,



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! ...

Mélodies (Poems by Charles Fuster)

Mon bien aimé!

Viens ô mon bien-aimé, viens trouver dans
mes bras
Le silence et ses charmes !
Je te ferai goûter, lorsque tu pleureras
Des baisers sur des larmes.

Viens ô mon bien-aimé, dire au doute cruel
Qu'il n'a plus qu'à se taire,
Puisqu'un regard chéri peut vous ouvrir le ciel
Sans vous fermer la terre !

full of passion,
my song will come moaning to you.

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

Ah! ... Ah! ...

Melodies

My beloved

Come, my beloved, come find in my arms
Silence and its charms!
I'll make you taste, when you will cry,
Kisses on tears.

Come, my beloved, tell the cruel doubt
That it just has to keep quiet,
Since a dear look can open the sky for you
Without stopping the earth!

Viens ô mon bien-aimé, m'apporter la
langueur
Des tendresses blessées ;
Et réchauffons ainsi, longuement, cœur ô
cœur,
Nos douleurs caressées,
Viens, mon bien-aimé !

Petite Valse Romantique

La valse passe,
Elle m'enlace ;
Et nous tournons, d'un même essor,
Demarche unie,
Dans l'harmonie,
Les parfums et les frissons d'or.

La valse oppresse
De ma tendresse
Les aveux trop fiers pour oser,
Et je m'enivre
Du mal de vivre
Dans l'espoir vain d'un tel baiser.

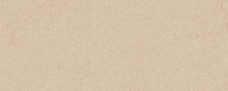
Come, my beloved, bring me languor
Wounded tenderness;

And let us warm, for a long time, heart to
heart,
Our caressed pains,
Come, my beloved!

Little Romantic Waltz

The waltz passes,
She holds me;
And we turn, with the same momentum,
United approach,
In harmony,
The scents and the thrills of gold.

The waltz oppresses
Of my tenderness
Confessions too proud to dare,
And I get drunk
from unhappiness
In the vain hope of such a kiss.



La valse expire ;
Qu' avais-je à dire ?
Sans savoir, elle m'a quitté.
La valse tombe ;
Vienne la tombe !
J'ai vécu mon éternité.

The waltz expires;
What did I have to say?
Without knowing, she left me.
The waltz stops;
Come to the grave!
I have lived my eternity.

Avec toi !

Sais-tu pour-quoi l'infini me pénètre
Quand, l'âme aux yeux, je vais pres de mon
roi ?
C'est qu'un instant je sens vivre mon être
Avec toi, pour toi pour toi, avec toi.

Quand tu me lis une œuvre préférée,
La mort viendrait sans me causer d'effroi :
C'est que je monte au ciel, transfigurée,
Avec toi, pour toi pour toi, avec toi.

Mes yeux éteints ne sauraient plus rien dire
Si mon soleil se détournait de moi:
Fais que je meure et permets que j'expire
Avec toi, pour toi pour toi, avec toi.

With you!

Do you know why the infinite penetrates me
When, with my soul in my eyes, I go near
my king?
It's that for a moment I feel my being living
With you, for you for you, with you.

When you read me a favorite work,
Death would come without scaring me:
It is that I ascend to heaven, transfigured,
With you, for you for you, with you.

My extinguished eyes would no longer be
able to say any-thing
If my sun turned away from me:
Make me die and allow me to expire
With you, for you for you, with you.

Because of You (Poem by Frederick E. Weatherly)

I love the dawn in beauty beaming,
The silver land, the radiant seas,
Because it wakes your soul from dreaming,
And gives you back to life and me.

I love the birds that carol o'er us,
The flowers that wake in wood and lea,
They tell me life is sweet before us,
And I for you and you for me!

I love the storm that beats the ocean,
The valleys deep, the crags above,
For soft across the wild commotion.
I hear the still sweet voice of love!

12

I love the calm that falls at even,
The hush that sleeps along the blue,
For earth seems nearer unto Heaven,
And makes me dream of rest and you!

I love the night so deep and tender,
The burning stars, the tranced blue,

Because I come in sweet surrender,
Because I give myself to you;.

Because I feel your arms around me,
Because I see your dear eyes shine,
Because I know that Love has crowned
me,
And I am yours and you are mine.

Vorrei morire!

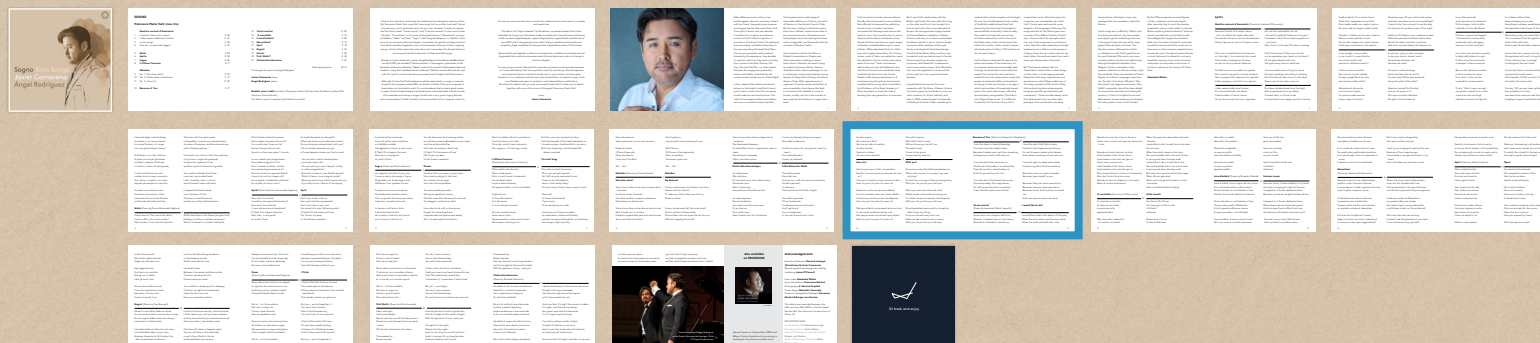
(Poem by Leonardo Maria Cognetti)

Vorrei morir ne la stagion dell'anno,
Quando `e tiepida l'aria e il ciel sereno,
Quando le rondinelle il nido fanno,

I would like to die!

I would like to die in the season of the year,
When the air is warm and the sky is clear,
When the swallows build their nest,

13



Quando di nuovi fior s'orna il terreno;
Vorrei morir, vorrei morir quando tramonta
il sole,

Quando sul prato dormon le viole,
Lieta farebbe a Dio l'alma ritorno
A primavera e sul morir del giorno.
Vorrei morir, vorrei morir,
Lieta farebbe a Dio l'alma ritorno
A primavera e sul morir del giorno.
Ma quando infuria il nembo e la tempesta,
Allor che l'aria si fa scura scura:
Quando ai rami un foglia pi'ù non resta,
Allora di morire avrei paura.

'A vucchella (Poem by G. D'Annunzio)

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

Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
- è comm'a na rusella -

When the ground is decorated with new
flowers;
I would like to die, I would like to die when
the sun sets,
When the violets sleep on the lawn,
She would gladly return her soul to God
In spring and when the day ends.
I would like to die, I would like to die,
She would gladly return her soul to God
In spring and when the day ends.
But when the cloud and the storm rage,
When the air gets dark:
When not a single leaf remains on the
branches,
Then I would be afraid of dying.

Little mouth

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

Please give it to me
it's like a little rose

dammillo nu vasillo,
dammillo, Cannetella!

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

che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella...

Luna d'estate! (Poem by Riccardo Mazzola)

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:

Give me a little kiss,
give, Cannetella!

Give me and take
a kiss as little
as your mouth

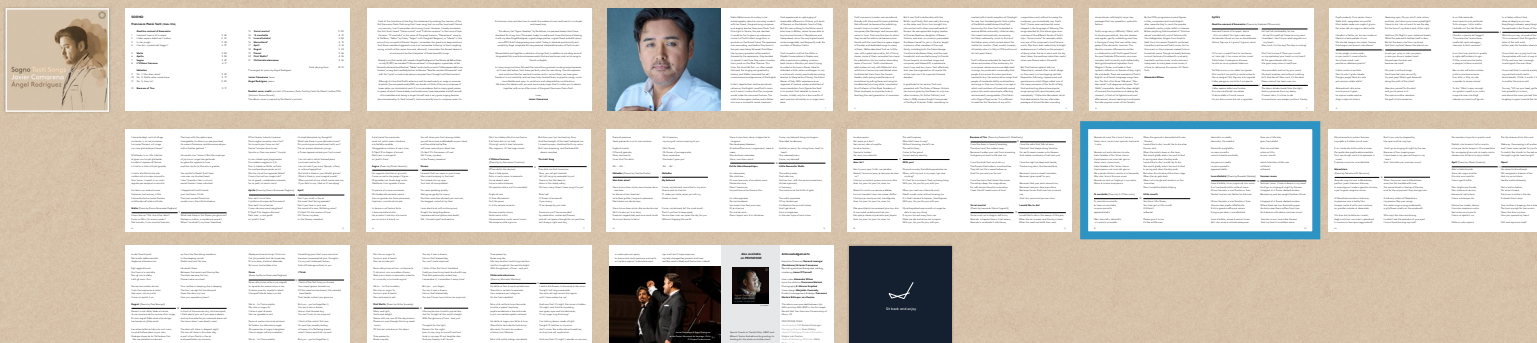
which looks like a little rose
a little bit
withered.

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 fascinating eyes.
And who sees them suffers from love
And dreams with desire, summer moon!

Summer moon, love is like the sea
And my heart is a restless wave:



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!

Marechiare

(Poem by Salvatore Di Giacomo)

Quando sorge la luna a Marechiaro,
perfino i pesci tremano d'amore,
si sconvolgono l'onde in grembo al mare,
e per la gioia cangiano colore.

A Marechiaro sorride un balcone,
la passione mia vi batte l'ale:
l'acqua canta di sotto una canzone,
un garofano olezze al davanzale.

Chi dice che le stelle son lucenti,
degli occhi tuoi non vide lo splendore!
Li conosco io ben quei raggi ardenti!

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!

16

When the moon rises in Marechiaro,
even the fish tremble with love,
the waves break in the lap of the sea,
and for the enjoyment they change color.

A balcony smiles at Marechiaro,
my passion flap your wings:
the water sings a song underneath,
a gillyflower smells on the windowsill.

Who says the stars are shining,
he didn't see the splendor of your eyes!
I know those burning rays well!

Ne scendono le punte in questo core!

Destati, che la sera è tutto incanto,
e mai per tanto tempo io t'ho aspettata!
Per accoppiar gli accordi al mesto canto,
stasera una chitarra ho qui portata!

Apri! (Poem by Olindo Guerrini)

Alza la testa bionda.
Ancor dai sogni avvolta.
E la mia voce ascolta.
Cara e gentil beltà.

Non s'agita una fronda,
Non s'ode voce alcuna,
bianca nel ciel la luna.
Come una lampa sta.

Dorme tua madre, dorme.
L'ora che sospiramo sorta.
Apri amor mio la porta.
Come mi apristi il cor.

Molle un odor vapura

The tips descend into this core!

Wake up, the evening is all enchanting,
and I have never waited for you for so long!
To match the chords to the sad song,
I brought a guitar here tonight!

Open!

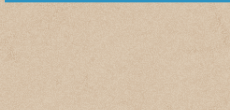
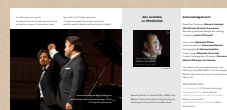
He raises his blond head.
Still wrapped in dreams of her.
And my voice listens.
Gentle and kind beauty.

Not a leaf is shaken,
No voice is heard,
the moon is white in the sky.
It stands like a lamp.

Your mother is sleeping, she is sleeping.
The hour we sigh for has occurs.
Open the door my love.
How you opened my heart.

Soft and vaporous smell

17



su dai fiorenti prati
Nei boschi addormentati
Veglia ed attende amor

Egli laggiù dimora.
Fra I lauri e le mortelle.
Faci gli son le stelle,
Letti gli sono i fiori.

Dorme tua madre, dorme.
L'ora che sospiramo è sorta.
Apri amor mio la porta.
Come mi apristi il cor.

Regret (Poem by Paul Bourget)

Devant le ciel d'été, tiède et calmé,
Je me souviens de toi comme d'un songe,
Et mon regret fidèle aime et prolonge
Les heures où j'étais aimé.

Les astres brilleront dans la nuit noire ;
Le soleil brillera dans le jour clair,
Quelque chose de toi flotte dans l'air,
Qui me pénètre la mémoire.

up from the flourishing meadows
In the sleeping woods
Watch and wait for love

He dwells there.
Between the laurels and the myrtles.
The stars are easy for him,
Flowers serve as a bed.

Your mother is sleeping, she is sleeping.
The hour we sigh for has dawned.
Open the door my love.
How you opened my heart.

In front of the summer sky, mild and quiet,
I think about you, as if you were a dream,
and my true ache for you loves and draws out
the hours when I was dearly loved.

The stars will shine in deepest night;
the sun will shine in the clear day,
a part of you floats in the air
and penetrates my memory.

Quelque chose de toi qui fut à moi :
Car j'ai possédé tout de ta pensée,
Et mon âme, trahie et délaissée,
Est encor tout entière à toi.

Penso

(Poem by Rocco Emanuele Pagliara)

Penso alla prima volta in cui volgesti
Lo sguardo tuo soave insino a me,
Ai dolce incanto, ai palpiti celesti
Che quell'istante tenero mi diè.

Ma tu... tu l'hai scordato,
Dici che un sogno fu,
Come in quel dì beato
Non sai guardarmi più!

Penso al sorriso che mirai primiero
Sul labbro tuo dolcissimo vagar,
Alle speranze, al sogno lusinghiero
Che mi seppe nell'animo destar!

Ma tu... tu l'hai scordato,

Something yours that once was mine:
because I possessed all your thoughts,
It is my soul, betrayed, forlorn,
that still belongs entirely to you.

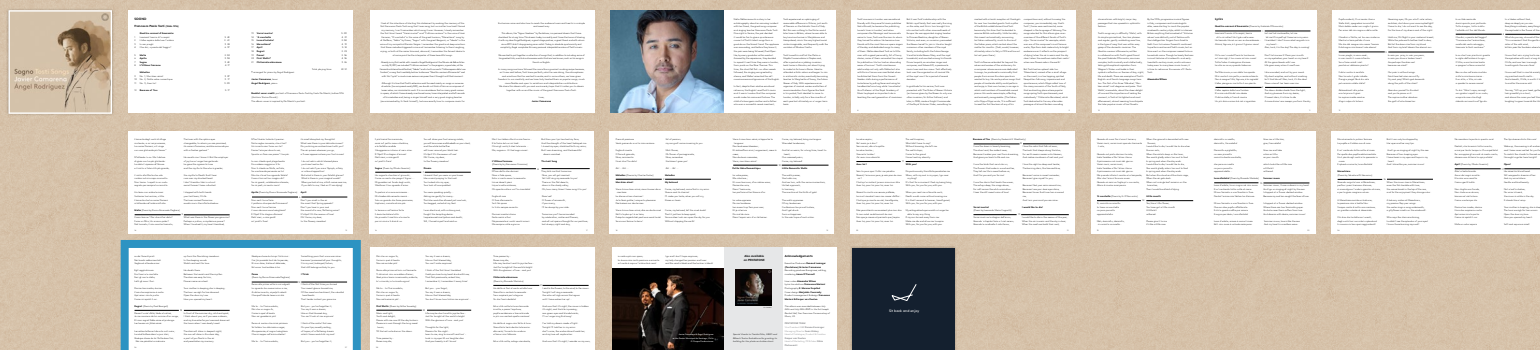
I Think

I think of the first time you turned
Your sweet glance toward me,
Of the sweet enchantment, the celestial
heartbeats
That tender instant you gave me.

But you... you've forgotten it,
You say it was a dream,
Like on that blessed day,
You can't look at me anymore!

I think of the smile I first saw
On your lips, sweetly resting,
of hopes, of a flattering dream
which I knew would stir my soul!

But you... you've forgotten it,



Dici che un sogno fu,
Come in quel dì beato
Non sai sorriderti più!

Penso alla prima volta in cui fremente
Ti strinsi sul mio core ebbro d'amor;
Quel primo bacio innamorato, ardente,
Io lo ricordo, io lo ricordo ognor!

Ma tu... tu l'hai scordato,
Dici che un sogno fu,
Come in quel dì beato
Non sai baciarmi più!...

First Waltz (Poem by Githa Sowerby)

Music and light,
Youth and delight,
Dance with me now till the day be born.
Pleasure is ours through the long sweet
hours,
Till the last note dies on the dawn.

Time passes by -
Roses may die,

You say it was a dream,
Like on that blessed day,
You can't smile anymore!

I think of the first time I trembled
I held you close to my heart drunk with love;
That first passionate, ardent kiss,
I remember it, I remember it every time!

But you... you forgot,
You say it was a dream,
Like on that blessed day
You don't know how to kiss me anymore!...

Life may be short and its joys be few -
Just for tonight all the world is bright
With the glamour of love - and you!

Thoughts for the light,
Dreams for the night -
Lean to me, sing to me soft and low' -
Look in my eyes till our laughter dies
And your beauty is all I know!

Time passes by -
Roses may die,
Life may be short and its joys be few -
Just for tonight all the world is bright
With the glamour of love - and you!

Chitarrata abruzzese

(Poem by Riccardo Mazzola)

Ho detto ai fiori al vento ed alla luna:
Stanotte io canterò la serenata:
l'eco sospirerà per la laguna
fin che l'avrò destata!

Ed or ch'è notte la luna s'asconde
è notte, e passa l'aquilone;
pupille verdemare e trecce bionde
io più non canterò quella canzone!

Ho detto al sogno mio fatto di luce:
Stanotte la terrò dentro le braccia:
ella verrà, l'incanto la conduce
e l'amor mio l'allaccia.

Ed or ch'è notte, solingo viandante,

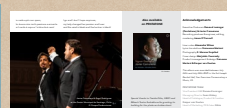
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I said to the flowers, to the wind, to the moon:
Tonight I will sing a serenade:
the echo will sigh across the lagoon
until I have woken her up!...

And now that it's night, the moon is hidden
it's night, and the kite is passing;
sea-green eyes and blonde braids,
I'll no longer sing that song!

I've told my dream made of light:
Tonight I'll hold her in my arms:
she'll come, the enchantment leads her,
and my love will capture her.

And now that it's night, I wander on my own,



io vado e più non spero;
la donna mia mutò passione e amante
e il vento è cupo e l'orizzonte è nero!

I go and I don't hope anymore;
my lady changed her passion and lover
and the wind is bleak and the horizon is black!



Javier Camarena & Ángel Rodríguez
at the Teatro Municipal de Santiago, Chile
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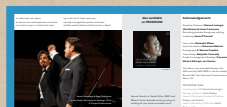
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Sit back and enjoy

