

Musica Proibita
Stanislao Gastaldon

Ogni sera di sotto al mio balcone
sento cantar una canzone d'amore,
più volte la ripete un bel garzone
e battere mi sento forte il cuore.

Oh quanto è dolce quella melodia!
Oh com'è bella, quanto m'è gradita!
Ch'io la canti non vuol la mamma mia;
vorrei saper perché me l'ha proibita?

Ella non c'è ed io la vo cantare,
la frase che m'ha fatto palpitare;
vorrei baciare i tuoi capelli neri,
le labbra tue e gli occhi tuoi severi!

Vorrei morir con te, angel di Dio,
oh bella innamorata tesoro mio;
qui sotto il vidi ieri a passeggiare
e lo sentiva al solito cantar

Vorrei baciare i tuoi capelli neri,
le labbra tue e gli occhi tuoi severi!
Stringimi, o cara, stringimi al tuo core,
fammi provar l'ebbrezza dell'amor.

Morgenlied eines armen Mannes
Maria Theresia von Paradis

Weckst du mich zum neuen Jammer,
Tag? den meine Sehnsucht rief,
als in meiner kleinen Kammer
Weib und Säugling ruhig schlief?
Treffst nur Mich, ihr neuen Sorgen!
[Schont noch meines] Weibes Herz,
Wek sie spät, qualvoller Morgen,
ach! ihr letzter Blick war Schmerz!

Ruh nur sanft! die Qual des Lebens,
Säugling! trifft dich nie zu spät!
Du [wirsts] fühlen, wie vergebens
meine Wehmut für dich fleht.
Bald fällt deine nackten Glieder

Forbidden Music
Stanislao Gastaldon

Every night under my balcony
I hear the singing of a love song,
a handsome lad repeats it many times
and I feel my heart beating strong

Oh how sweet is the melody!
Oh so beautiful, how pleasing!
My mother doesn't want me to sing it;
I'd like to know, why she forbade it?

She isn't here and I want to sing it,
the words that had me palpitating;
I'd like to kiss your dark hair,
the lips of yours and your cutting eyes!

I'd like to die with you, godly angel,
oh beautiful love-struck treasure of mine;
I saw him yesterday down there walking
around
and I heard him singing as usual

I'd like to kiss your dark hair,
the lips of yours and your cutting eyes!
Squeeze me, loved one, squeeze me to your
heart,
make me feel the intoxication of love

Morning-Song of a Poor Man
Maria Theresia von Paradis

Do you awaken me to new misery,
Day? that my yearning summoned,
when in my little chamber
my wife and infant slept peacefully?
You new cares, fall only on me,
Spare yet my wife's heart,
Waken her late, harrowing morning,
ah! her last glance was pain!

Only rest gently! the agony of life,
my infant! shall never come upon you too
late!
You shall feel how vainly
my melancholy pleads for you.
Soon upon your naked limbs

**jedes Wetter grausam an!
bald quält dich der Hunger wieder,
den mein Weib nicht stillen kan!**

**Schlummre, Freundin meiner Jugend,
fühl die Noth nicht, die mich schreckt;
sie ist da, weil Fleis und Tugend
[uns] nicht mehr, wie vormals, dekt! --
Ich kan Kind und Weib nicht retten!
"Gott der Gnaden, das kanst du.
"mach sie glücklich; und zieh Ketten,
"die Mich drücken, vester zu!**

**"Ich will still auf rauhen Wegen
"des gewohnten Jammers gehn,
"und auch heut um Brod und Segen
"für mein Kind und Weib [dir] flehn."--
Sie erwachen! -- O dein Scherzen,
Säugling! wie durchdringt es mich! --
Diese allertiefsten Schmerzen
warlich, Herr, sie jammern dich.**

La Serenata
Francesco Paolo Tosti

**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 sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola:**

every sort of weather shall fall brutally!
soon hunger shall again torture you,
[hunger] that my wife cannot assuage!

Slumber, beloved of my youth,
do not feel the hardship that frightens me;
it is there because diligence and virtue
no longer [shield us] as they once did!--
I cannot save my child and wife!
"God of mercy, you can do so.
"make them happy; and pull the chains
"that press upon me all the tighter!

"I shall walk quietly upon
"the rough ways of accustomed misery,
"and beseech Thee today as well
"for bread and blessings for my child and
wife."--
They are waking! -- Oh your jesting,
infant! how it runs through me! --
These most severe of pains
truly, Lord, they cause Thee to feel for me.

The Serenade
Francesco Paolo Tosti

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
with her beautiful head hidden
under the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The moonlight is pure,
wings of silence stretch out,
and behind the veils of the dark alcove
the lamp burns.
The pure moonbeams shine.
The pure moonbeams shine.

Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
but still smiling [while] half asleep,
she has returned beneath the sheets:

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.

'A Vucchella
Francesco Paolo Tosti

Sì, 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...

Alleluya Music
Leonard Cohen - Adapted by Paolo Grazioli

Il sole sorge ed è giorno e
c'è Tanta vita intorno, a me
è la fede che mi illumina, il cammino
Signore sono davanti a Te, n
ti parlo, sei mio amico, Tu
la redenzione dei nostri dolori.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The waves dream on the shore,
and the wind [blows] through the branches;
and my kisses don't result in a nest [being
offered],
by my blonde lady.
Dreaming on the shore, [are] the waves.
Dreaming on the shore, [are] the waves.

Fly, o serenade.
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

To a Little Mouth
Francesco Paolo Tosti

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.

Hallelujah
Leonard Cohen - Adapted by Paolo Grazioli

The sun rises and it's daylight,
There is so much life around me
It is faith that lights my way along, the way
Lord I am before
I'm talking to you, you are my friend,
You are the redemption of our sorrows.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

**E per amore Ti sei immolato
per dare a noi l'eternità,
e beato chi vivrà con Te per sempre.
Signore, dalla Tua santità
fiorisce il bene, agli uomini
rinnova, in noi l'amore, in Te Signore,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah**

**Da quando ho conosciuto Te,
Il Tuo respiro è entrato in me,
sei l'amore che mi illumina, il cammino.
Signore sono davanti a Te,
mi guardi e mi sorridi, Tu
mi guidi e mi sostieni col Tuo amore.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah**

***Tace Il Labbro*
Franz Léhar**

**Tace il labbro
T'amo dice il violin
Le sue note dicono tutte m'hai d'amar**

**Dell'amor la stretta
Chiaro a me parlò
Sì è ver tu m'ami, sì
Tu m'ami è ver**

**Del valzer dell'ardor
Or batte il picciol cor
E col suo palpitar
Ei dice a me:
Mi devi amar!
Tace il labbro, quest'e' ver
E' chiaro pure il suo pensier
Ei dice t'amo sì
Io t'amo**

**Dell'amor la stretta
Chiaro a me parlò
Sì è ver tu m'ami, sì
Tu m'ami è ver**

And for love you sacrificed yourself
To give to us eternity,
Blessed is he who will live with you forever.
Lord, by your holiness
Good flourishes to men
You Lord, renew love in us love.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Since I met you,
Your breath entered me,
You are the love that illuminates my path.
Lord I am before you,
You look at me and smile at me,
You guide me and support me with your
love.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

***Lips are Sealed*
Franz Léhar**

Though lips are sealed, violins whisper:
Care for me!
All our dance steps do keep asking,
Care for me!

Our fingers clasping feel so right to me
clearly telling me: it's true,
you care for me!

With ev'ry waltzing step
Our souls do fall in step,
Even our foolish hearts,
They pound and sound:
Be mine, be mine!
And though the mouth, it still is sealed,
And yet it couldn't be more plain:
I care so much for you.
I care for you!

Our fingers clasping feel so right to me
clearly telling me: it's true,
you care for me!