Lyrics for the Acessible Concert

4th September 2023

**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** **toui** **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** **toui** **severi!** **Stringimi,** **o** **cara,** **stringimi** **al** **tuo** **core,** **fammi** **provar** **l'ebbrezza** **dell'amor.**

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

**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?** **Trefft** **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!** **trift** **dich** **nie** **zu** **spät!**

**Du** **[wirsts]** **fühlen,** **wie** **vergebens** **meine** **Wehmut** **für** **dich** **fleht.**

**Bald** **fällt** **deine** **nackten** **Glieder**

**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** **schrekt;** **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.**

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

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.

**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:**

**O** **serenata,** **vola.** **O** **serenata,** **vola.**

**L'onda** **sogna** **su** **'l** **lido,** **e** **'l** **vento** **su** **la** **fronda;**

**e** **a'** **baci** **miei** **ricusa** **ancore** **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.**

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 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.

**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...**

To a Little Mouth Francesco

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.

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**

**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**

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

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

**Tace Il Labbro**

**Franz Léhar**

**Tace** **il** **labbro** **T'amo** **dice** **il** **violin**

**Le** **sue** **note** **dicon** **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**

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!