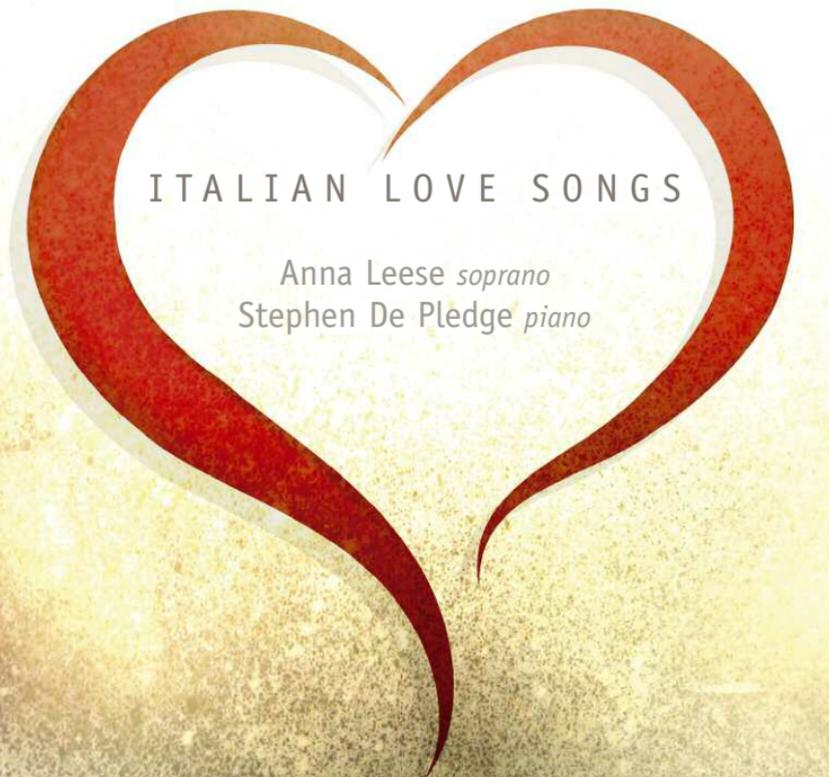




CHAMPS HILL
RECORDS



ITALIAN LOVE SONGS

Anna Leese *soprano*
Stephen De Pledge *piano*

VINCENZO BELLINI (1801–1835)		
TRE ARIETTE		
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3	Vaga luna	03'18
4	LA FARFALETTA	02'12
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GIACOMO PUCCINI (1858–1924)		
6	TERRA E MARE	02'36
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9	SOLE E AMORE	01'59
SIR FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI (1846–1916)		
10	SOGNO	03'12
11	NON T'AMO PIÙ	05'05
12	IDEALE	03'04
13	LUNA D'ESTATE	02'35
GAETANO DONIZETTI (1797–1848)		
14	SULL'ONDA CHETA E BRUNA	01'28
15	AMIAMO	03'37
bonus track		
MARIO SAVIONI (1608–1685)		
	FUGGA FUGG'AMOR (DUET)	03'10
	<i>Duet with Thorsten Büttner</i>	
Total time: 47'33		

I ITALIAN LOVE SONGS

In the early months of 1868, Emilio Broglio, Italy's Minister of Public Education, announced that the nation's network of music conservatories should be reformed. The politician, who confessed that he knew nothing about music, wrote to Rossini to enlist the elderly composer's support for his plan, belittling the status of Italian musicians at home and overseas with ill-informed rhetoric: 'We are reduced to music that you cannot listen to, because there is no one left who knows how to sing,' he observed. 'Since Rossini, that is, for the last forty years, what have we had? Four operas by Meyerbeer and [nothing else]. How can we cure such sterility?' Broglio's broadside misfired. Giuseppe Verdi, whose operas were feted worldwide, was outraged when he saw a copy of the letter. He made his displeasure known by refusing to accept his appointment by the government as Commander of the Order of the Italian Cross, instructing an intermediary to relay his views to the press. 'As for [Broglio's] ... project for the rehabilitation of music ... I have nothing to say, and probably never will have,' the composer noted. 'I do, however, find it fine and instructive that an Italian minister should hurl anathema at an art that honours the name of Italy all over the world.'

Verdi reported to friends that he had rejected the honour not for reasons of personal pride but in tribute to Bellini and Donizetti, 'who filled the world with their melodies' and 'were no longer able to defend themselves'. Italy's musical reputation rested on the global reach of operas by Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi himself. The popular success of their finest stage works effectively defined Italian music as synonymous with opera, neatly overlooking the historical importance of song to the development of operatic composition and the love of native audiences for elegantly crafted melodies. The contents of this album connect directly with a rich and substantial body of Italian art songs, romanze and liriche da camera, elegant pieces crafted for solo voice and piano over the course of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

The melodic accomplishments of Bellini and Donizetti are clearly present in their romanze da camera. Music was at the heart of daily life for the young Bellini. His

home town of Catania, on Sicily's east coast, was alive to the vivid sounds and improvised elaborations of local peasant music, military bands, barrel organs, sacred compositions (both ancient and modern), and a wealth of music for theatre and popular entertainments. The haunting beauty of his *Tre Ariette*, published posthumously by the firm of Ricordi in 1838, arises from their particular blend of the spirit of folksong and the art of *bel canto*. It appears likely that Bellini composed these and other chamber songs in the 1820s, perhaps during his time as a student at the Royal Conservatory in Naples, or in Milan towards the decade's end. *Vaga luna, che inargenti*, the best known of the set, makes a cardinal virtue of simplicity, setting each strophe of the song's anonymous text to the same music, attaching almost every syllable to a single note and supporting the voice with the easiest of piano accompaniments.

While Bellini's operatic writing often demands extraordinary feats of vocal virtuosity, his songs test the fundamental precepts of *bel canto* technique: unbroken legato singing, subtle dynamic shading and the singer's ability to articulate words with crystal clarity. His three ariettas were republished as part of an anthology issued to mark the centenary of the composer's death in 1935. The collection, packaged by Ricordi under the catch-all title *Composizioni da Camera*, proved enormously successful, thanks in no small part to the popularity achieved by *La farfalletta*. This jaunty *canzoncina* employs two melodic ideas to carry the tale of a young lover's self-interested pursuit of a 'little butterfly', with each verse separated by an abbreviated version of the second tune for solo piano. *Ma rendi pur contento*, which was chosen to close the *Composizioni da Camera* book, is a tender setting of words by the eighteenth-century poet and librettist Pietro Metastasio.

Donizetti's prolific output of songs with piano accompaniment includes many works evocative of the effortless style of Italian folk music and *canzoni popolari*. His setting of the charming anonymous poem *Amiamo* deftly combines elements of popular song and operatic aria. The prevailing light-hearted mood of the

composer's melodic writing is briefly subverted by an unexpected modulation at the words 'Altra beltà non è che un suo tributo', a neat trick of Donizetti's trade. *Sull'onda cheta e bruna*, a delightful barcarolle published in Milan in 1838, conjures up fleeting images of the anxious lover Leonora and her gondolier as they navigate the canals of Venice by moonlight.

'I have never written a Lied or a romanza,' recalled Puccini in a letter written in 1920. While the composer's statement was not strictly accurate, he went on to explain that he needed 'the great window of the stage – there I am at ease.... When travelling I cannot see a landscape or hear a word without thinking of a possible dramatic situation.' In fact, Puccini created songs at various points in his life, from his youth in Lucca and student years in Milan to occasional pieces conceived long after his operas had achieved global fame. Many of his romanze and liriche da camera first appeared in print in magazines devoted to the cultivation of the arts or designed to serve the buoyant market for domestic music-making.

Terra e mare, a sublime setting of words by the art historian and philosopher Enrico Panzacchi, was completed at Puccini's villa in Torre del Lago in October 1902. It appeared in the second edition of *Novissima*, Edoardo de Fonseca's acclaimed annual 'album of arts and letters'. *E l'ucellino* was written in 1899 as a lullaby for the son of one of Puccini's closest friends, Guglielmo Lippi, who had died almost two years earlier. The composer asked Renato Funcini 'to express in few words the sentiment of all of us toward the unfortunate young man'. In response, the poet delivered a cradle-song that inspired Puccini to write a remarkable melody, both intimate in nature and operatic in its intensity. Although *E l'ucellino* was conceived as a private tribute, dedicated 'Al bambino Memmo Lippi', the song swiftly secured a place in the concert repertoire following its publication by Ricordi in 1900.

Puccini's *Storiella d'amore*, his first published composition, appeared in print in October 1883 in Edoardo Sonzogno's weekly journal, *La Musica Popolare*, where it was billed as the work of 'one of the most distinguished students to graduate this

year from the Milan Conservatory'. Puccini scholars have traced the ancestry of melodies in the composer's early opera *Edgar* and in Mimi's Act I aria, *Mi chiamano Mimi*, from *La bohème* to *Storiella d'amore*. The piece bears witness to the young Puccini's feeling for melodic expression and ability to fashion strong emotional contrasts within the space of a few bars. *Sole e amore*, published in 1888 in the magazine *Paganini*, also surfaced in *La bohème*, where its melodic material informs the quartet at the close of the opera's third act. In 1906 Puccini sent an autograph manuscript of his song to Francesco Paolo Tosti, complete with the inscription, 'To my dearest friend F.P. Tosti this first embryo of Bohème'.

Born in Ortona sur Mare in 1846, Tosti grew up during the turbulent years of the *Risorgimento*, the great campaign to create a united Italy and liberate the peninsula from foreign domination and the temporal powers of the Vatican. Young Paolo enrolled as a pupil at the Naples Conservatory soon after his twelfth birthday, where he studied violin and composition. Ill health forced Tosti to return to his home town for a period of rest and recovery in 1869. It was here that he first successfully turned his hand to song-writing, launching a career that reached its apogee after Tosti moved to London in 1880. The handsomely bewhiskered musician became singing teacher to the royal family, was appointed professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music in 1894 and took British citizenship eight years later. His many achievements were recognised in 1908 when he received a knighthood for services to music.

Tosti's long association with the poet Olindo Guerrini (widely known under the pseudonym Lorenzo Stecchetti) delivered many outstanding songs to the private salons and recital rooms of Victorian and Edwardian England and beyond. *Sogno* is a masterpiece of lyrical invention, economic in its melodic material yet deeply affecting in mood. The composer's use of rocking 6/8 accompaniment figures and consonant exchanges between voice and piano fuels its yearning intensity. The work dates from 1886 and has been a staple of the song recital repertoire ever

since. Tosti's romanza *Ideale* was first published in 1882. Its melody, described by one contemporary Italian critic as a 'nice little tune', secured its creator's pre-eminence as London's leading salon composer. The song's musical quality and the enduring appeal of Carmelo Errico's love lyrics ensured its survival long after the demise of salon society.

Errico also supplied the verse for *Non t'amo più*. An early reviewer paid tribute to the 'surge of uncontrollable passion' unleashed by Tosti in the 'characteristic octaves' etched into his romanza's voice and piano parts. Above all, however, it is the delicate beauty of the melodic writing that touches and moves the listener's affections. During the final years of his life, Tosti turned frequently and fruitfully to the poetry of Riccardo Mazzola. *Luna d'estate*, completed in Francavilla al Mare in September 1911, is an outstanding example of the composer's sensitive treatment of Mazzola's verse, as fresh and elegant as any of his finest romanze.

Composers of Puccini's generation were able to consult Alessandro Parisotti's famous three-volume anthology of *Arie antiche* as it appeared in the 1880s. The collection, noted its editor, contained 'the most fitting resources for the purification of taste ... gleaned from old manuscripts and ancient editions, where they lay in unmerited oblivion'. Mario Savioni's duet *Fugga, fugg'Amor* had to wait until more recent times to be rescued from the library shelf. Savioni cut his musical teeth as a boy soprano in Rome, rose to become an alto in the choir of the Cappella Sistina and achieved success as a composer. His chamber cantatas contain much of his finest music, the best of which was disseminated in manuscript anthologies. *Fugga, fugg'Amor* survives in a collection of cantatas, duets and a trio housed in the Vatican Library and a source clearly attributed to Savioni in Bologna. The work offers a closely argued musical dialogue on the pros and cons of love.

Andrew Stewart

ANNA LEESE

New Zealand Soprano Anna Leese is a graduate of the University of Otago, the Royal College of Music and the Benjamin Britten International Opera School. Her many awards include the 2005 Richard Tauber Prize.



Recent concert engagements have included Mahler's second symphony with Bernard Haitink, Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony* with the Malaysian Philharmonic, Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 in Madrid with Carlo Rizzi, and *Elijah* with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales, conducted by Thierry Fischer. She made her debut at the 2006 BBC Proms with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Sir Roger Norrington, and has appeared in a number of opera gala concerts with José Carreras. Her recordings include a debut recital disc for EMI with Graham Johnson, and a Haydn disc on the Michael Storrs Music label.

Anna Leese made her Covent Garden debut as Tamiri (*Il re pastore*), returning for Musetta (*La bohème*), Micaela (*Carmen*), First Lady (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Echo (*Ariadne*). For the New Zealand Opera she has sung Ilia in Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Cleopatra in *Giulio Cesare* and Tatyana in *Eugene Onegin*. She has sung Biancofiore in *Francesca da Rimini* and Suzel in *L'amico Fritz* for Opera Holland Park, Antonia in *Hoffmann* for the Cologne Opera and Tatyana for the Flanders Opera, and she made her North American debut with the Canadian Opera Company as Musetta. Anna Leese is an Associate Artist of the Classical Opera Company.

Other engagements include Leila in *Pearlfishers* for Opera Holland Park, Majenka (*The Bartered Bride*) and Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*) for the New Zealand Opera, and concerts with the Auckland Philharmonic Orchestra and City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra.

STEPHEN DE PLEDGE

New Zealand pianist Stephen De Pledge is one of the most exciting and versatile musicians of his generation. He studied at the University of Auckland, and then with Joan Havill at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. His career was launched after winning the Gold Medal from the Guildhall, and the NFMS Young Concert Artists' Award, and he has since maintained a diverse and wide-ranging performing schedule, as soloist, chamber musician and song accompanist.

Stephen's solo performances have taken him throughout the UK, including five solo recitals in the Wigmore Hall in London, where he made his acclaimed debut in 1999. He has also given solo performances in Hong Kong, Italy, France, Singapore, Japan, Australia and the USA. Concerto appearances include the Philharmonia (London) and Bournemouth Symphony Orchestras, and performances in the Barbican and Fairfield Halls. He has recorded solo works of Bliss, Messiaen and Arvo Pärt, for whom he made the world premiere recording of the piano sonatinas. He also made the premiere recording of the four Piano Preludes of Gorecki.

As a chamber musician, Stephen has collaborated with groups such as Chamber Domaine, the Berlin Philharmonic Wind Quintet, the English Chamber Orchestra Ensemble and the Scottish Ensemble. Recent chamber music performances have been in New York, Dresden, Bogotá, Shanghai, Paris and Beijing, and he has performed at many International Festivals in the UK and abroad.

In addition to his solo recordings, Stephen's recordings for Sanctuary Classics, ASV, Quartz and Landor and Champs Hill Records labels include song cycles by Ned Rorem and Samuel Barber, and chamber music of Messiaen, Shostakovich, Schnittke and Pärt. He has broadcast for Radio 3 and Classic FM in the UK, and also on radio in USA, Australia, New Zealand and Sweden, and for BBC Television.



VINCENZO BELLINI

TRE ARIETTE

Il fervido desiderio

Quando verrà quel dì che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?
Quando verrà quel dì che in sen
t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?
ANON

Dolente immagine

Dolente immagine di Fille mia, perché si
squallida mi sieda accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto io sul tuo
cenere versai finor.
Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri io possa
accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace' è
inestinguibile l'antico ardor.
ANON

Vaga luna

Vaga luna, che inargenti queste rive e
questi fiori ed ispiri agli elementi il
linguaggio dell'amor' testimonio or sei tu
sola del mio fervido desir, ed a lei che
m'innamora conta i palpiti e i sospir. Dille
pur che lontananza il mio duol non può
lenir, che se nutro una speranza, ella è sol
nell'avvenir. Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor, che una speme
lusinghiera mi conforta nell'amor.
ANON

The fervent wish

*When will that day come when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?
When will that day come when I welcome you to
my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?*
CAMILLA BUGGE

Sorrowful image

*Sorrowful image of my Phillis, why do you sit so
desolate beside me?
What more do you wish for? Streams of tears
have I poured on your ashes.
Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows, I
could turn to another [lit.: that I might burn by
another flame]?*
*Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully; the old flame
[of love] cannot be extinguished.*
CAMILLA BUGGE

Lovely moon

*Lovely moon, you who shed silver light On these
shores and on these flowers And breathe the
language Of love to the elements, You are now
the sole witness Of my ardent longing, And can
recount my throbs and sighs To her who fills me
with love. Tell her too that distance Cannot
assuage my grief, That if I cherish a hope, It is
only for the future. Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow, That a flattering
hope Comforts me in my love.*
ANTONIO GIULIANO

La farfalletta

Farfalletta, aspetta aspetta;
non volar con tanta fretta.
Far del mal non ti vogl'io;
ferma appaga il desir mio.

Vo' baciarti e il cibo darti,
da' perigli preservarti.
Di cristallo stanza avrai
e tranquilla ognor avrai.

L'ali aurate, screziate,
so che Aprile t'ha ingemmate,
che sei vaga, vispa e snella,
fra tue eguali la più bella.

Ma crin d'oro ha il mio tesoro,
il fanciullo ch'amo e adoro;
E a te pari vispo e snello,
fra i suo'eguali egli è il più bello.

Vo' carpirti, ad esso offrirti;
più che rose, gigli e mirti
ti fia caro il mio fanciullo,
ed a lui sarai trastullo.

Nell'aspetto e terso petto
rose e gigli ha il mio diletto.
Vieni, scampa da' perigli,
non cercar più rose e gigli.

ANON

The little butterfly

*Little butterfly, wait, o, wait,
don't fly away so quickly.
I don't mean to harm you,
stop and fulfil my wish.*

*I want to kiss you and to feed you,
to save you from danger.
You shall have a crystal room
and will always live in peace.*

*I know that April gemmed
your golden, variegated wings,
I know you're pretty, lively and graceful,
among your equals the most beautiful.*

*But my beloved has golden hair,
the lad I love and adore.
And as you, he's lively and graceful,
among his equals the most beautiful.*

*I want to snatch and offer you to him;
dearer than roses, lilies and myrtles,
my lad will be to you
and you will be his plaything.*

*In his looks, in his pure bosom,
my darling has roses and lilies.
Come, escape from danger,
seek roses and lilies no more.*

PAULO V. MONTANARI

Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

PIETRO METASTASIO

GIACOMO PUCCINI

Terra e mare

I pioppi, curvati dal vento
rimuggiano in lungo filare.
Dal buio, tra il sonno, li sento
e sogno la voce del mare.

E sogno la voce profonda
dai placidi ritmi possenti;
mi guardan, specchiate dall'onda,
le stelle del cielo fulgenti.

Ma il vento più forte tempesta
de' pioppi nel lungo filare.
Dal sonno giocondo mi desta...
Lontana è la voce del mare!

ENRICO PANZACCHI (1840-1904)

Only make happy

*Only make happy
The heart of my beautiful lady,
And I will pardon you, love,
If my own heart is not glad.*

*Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.*

BARBARA MILLER

Land and sea

*The poplars, bent by the wind
roar again in long rows.
In the dark, half asleep I hear them
and dream of the voice of the sea.*

*And I dream of the deep voice
with its calm and mighty rhythms,
the stars in the sparkling firmament,
gaze at me reflected in the waves.*

*But the wind rages louder
through the long row of poplars
and wakes me from my joyful sleep...
Distant now is the voice of the sea!*

ANNE EVANS

E l'uccellino

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda:
Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore:
Piegala giù quella testina bionda,
Della tua mamma posala sul cuore.

E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo:
Tante cosine belle imparerai,
Ma se vorrai conoscer quant'io t'amo,
Nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo mai!
E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno:
Dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio seno.

RENATO FUCINI (1843-1921)

Storiella d'amore

Noi leggevamo insieme un giorno per diletto
Una gentile istoria piena di mesti amor
E senz'alcun sospetto ella sedeami a lato
Sul libro avventurato intenta il guardo e il cor.

L'onda dè suoi capelli il volto a me lambia
Eco alla voce mia,
Eco faceano i suoi sospir.

Gli occhi dal libro alzando

Nel suo celeste viso,

Io vidi in un sorriso

Riflesso il mio desir.

La bella mano al core strinsi di gioia ansante...

Né più leggemmo avante...

E cadde il libro al suol.

Noi leggevamo insieme, Ah! Ah!

Un lungo, ardente bacio congiunse i

labbrì aneli,

E ad ignorati cieli L'alme spiegaro il vol.

ANTONIO GHISLANZONI (1824-1893)

And the little bird

*And the little bird sings on the branch:
Sleep calmly, Boccuccia my love:
Rest your little, blond head
on your mother's heart.*

*And the little bird sings on that branch:
You will learn so many beautiful things,
But if you want to know how much I love you,
No-one in the world can ever tell you!*

*And the bird sings to the serene sky:
Sleep, my treasure, here on my breast.*

FARRELL CLEARY

We were reading together

*We were reading together one day for fun
A lovely story full of sad love
And without any suspicion she sat next to me
Her eyes and heart intent on the book.*

*The wave of her hair caressed my face
Her sighs were the echo
to my voice. She looked up from the book
and in her heavenly face*

*I saw her innocence
reflected in her smile.
I pressed her lovely hand to my heart panting
with joy...*

*We read no further...
and the book fell to the floor.*

We were reading together, ah! ah!

*A long passionate kiss brought our ardent
lips together,
And our souls flew to unknown skies.*

KYLE GEE

Sole e amore

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi vetri.
Amor Pian pian batte al tuo cuore,
E l'uno e l'altro chiama.
Il sole dice: "O dormente, Mostrati che sei bella."
Dice l'amor: "Sorella, Col tuo primo pensier pensa a chi t'ama!"
ANON

SIR FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI

Sogno

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, curvato al mio piè.
Io taceva e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la morte
pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di 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.
OLINDO GUERRINI (1845-1916)

Sun and love

*The sun joyfully taps at your windows;
Love very softly taps at your heart,
And they are both calling you.
The sun says: "Oh sleeper, show yourself for you are beautiful!"
Love says: "Sister, with your first thought think of the one who loves you!"*
MICHAEL KAYE

Dream

*I've dreamed of you on your knees
like a saint who prays to the Lord...
you gazed at me and in your eyes,
your glance of love sparkled.
You spoke and your soft voice...
asked me sweetly for mercy...
Only a glance that is promised...
did you implore bended at my foot.
I was silent and with my strong soul
struggled to resist temptation
I have felt martyrdom and death,
yet you conquered me and said no.
But your lips touched my face...
and the force of your heart betrayed me.
You closed your eyes, you stretched out your arms,
but I was dreaming and the beautiful dream
vanished.*
ANNE EVANS

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 immenso
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 pasamo insieme
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier
Tu fosti 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 a la mia fè,
Te ne ricordi ancor?
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso
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.
CARMELO ERRICO (1848-1892)

I don't love you

*Do you still remember the day we met,
Do you still remember the promises you made...?
Love-insane I followed you... We loved each other
And next to you I dreamt, love-insane.
I dreamt of a lustful chain of caresses
And kisses fading into the sky;
But your words weren't truthful...
Because your heart is as cold as ice.
Do you still remember that?
Do you still remember that?
Now you aren't my only faith any more,
My immense desire nor my dream of love:
I don't long for your kisses, and don't think about
you anymore:
I dream other dreams:
I don't love you anymore.
In the dear days that we passed together,
I scattered your path with flowers.
You were the only hope of my heart,
you the only thought of my mind.
You have seen me praying, turning pale,
you have seen me crying before you.
Just to gratify your slightest desire
I would have given my blood and my faith.
Now you aren't my only faith any more,
My immense desire nor my dream of love:
I don't long for your kisses, and don't think about
you anymore:
I dream other dreams:
I don't love you anymore.
MARIO-GIUSEPPE GENESI*

Ideale

Io ti seguìi come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguìi 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 giorno scordai.
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora, E a me risplenderà, nel
tuo sembiante,
Una novella aurora.
CARMELO ERRICO (1848-1892)

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.*
JOHN GLENN

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!
RICCARDO MAZZOLA

Sull'onda cheta e bruna

Sull'onda cheta e bruna,
Pria che sorga la luna,
Veloce, o gondolier,
Deh, solca il tuo sentier,
Ma veh che la tua prora,
Carezzi lieve il mar.
A solo sol Leonora,
Che canta ansiosa ogn'ora,
Oda del cor tra'l palpitar
Del fido amante il remigar.
ANON

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!*
BARBARA MILLER

Over the waves silent and dark

*Over the waves silent and dark
Before the moon rises,
Quickly, oh gondolier,
Please set out on your path,
but see that your prow, see,
caresses lightly the sea.
Only so that Leonora,
Who sings anxiously all the while,
May only hear the beating heart
Of her faithful lover and your quiet rowing.*

Amiamo

Or che l'età ne invita,
Cerchiamo di goder.
L'istante del piacer passa,
passa e non torna.
Grave divien la vita
Se non si coglie il fior;
Di fresche rose amor solo l'adorna.
Più bella sei, più devi
Ad amor voti e fé;
Altra beltà non è che un suo tributo.
Amiam ché i dì son brevi;
È un giorno senza amore
Un giorno di dolor, giorno perduto.
ANON

Fugga, fugg'Amor

Fugga, fugg'Amor, chi desia
Segua, segu'Amor, chi desia
Che felice nel sen l'anima sia.
Sono i premi d'Amore
Dopo lungo servir pena e dolore.
Dopo lungo servir fede et amore.
Non seguite / Non fuggite suoi strali!
Fanno l'armi d'Amor piaghe mortali.
Fanno l'armi d'Amor piaghe / vitali.
ANON

Let us love

*Now that the time invites,
Let us seek to be happy.
The moment of pleasure passes
and does not return.
Life becomes dreary
If one does not gather its flowers;
Only fresh roses can adorn love.
The more beautiful you are,
the more you owe to love vows and faith;
No other beauty is a suitable tribute.
Let us love, because the days are brief.
A day without love
Is a day of sadness, a day lost.*

Flee, run from Cupid

*Flee, run from Cupid, whomever desires
that happy the soul might be
Follow, follow Cupid, whomever desires
that happy the soul might be
The rewards of Cupid follow
long service, pain and sorrow
The rewards of Cupid follow
long service, faithfulness and love
Do not follow his arrows!
Do not flee from his arrows!
The weapons of Cupid make fatal wounds.
The weapons of Cupid make vital wounds*

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