

COMENIUS PROJECT
CULTURAL VALUES UNDER MAGNIFYING GLASS
2012 - 2014



LICEO STATALE "A. GALIZIA"

● Liceo Musicale e Coreutico ● Liceo Artistico ● Liceo delle Scienze Umane



Preface

This booklet is the result of one of the phases of the development of the Comenius Project 2012/2013 entitled 'Cultural Values under Magnifying Glass' in which the Institute 'A. Galizia' in Nocera Inferiore (Sa) is taking part along with other schools from Hungary, Romania, Czech Republic, Turkey and Puglia.

Students from the classes IIIAa, IIIEu, IIIDp, VDp, guided by the teachers Giselda Romano (English), Roberto Santarsiere (Conservatory, Piano) and Alessandra Dell'Aglio (Dance), have produced dances, songs and research to be presented to foreign partners during the meeting in Czech Republic (02/24/13 - 01/03/13).

It seems obvious to describe Tammurriata and Tarantella, so widely known in the world, but for us, young students, accustomed to electronics, to disco music, projected into the future, the discovery of old musical instruments, songs, dances and folk traditions, typical of our country, was a decisive step. Nobody of us knew the existence of the 'seventeenth century Tarantella', we didn't know that 'Bella Figliola', has been orally transmitted from father to son, who knew the difference between 'nacchere' and 'castagnette'?

We have discovered in the popular expressive forms a sort of primordial language, full of meaning and values that are getting lost because of the new communication systems and the lack of interest.

The biggest asset of this ancient knowledge is, fortunately, still preserved in the tradition of simple and isolated communities. These people make use of a communicative channel, which has remained unchanged for thousands of years: that of music, song and dance.

We are proud to spread the tradition and history of our region and, after this experience, we aim to be bearers and custodians of the cultural heritage of our land.

Thanks!

The students IIIAa, IIIEu, IIIDp, VDp.

Tammurriata



"Tammurriata" is an archaic rhythmic-melodic musical expression widely spread in the Campania region, characterized by a specific form of music, song and dance. It takes its name from the "tammorra" drum, made of a circular wooden frame to which a goat skin and some metal discs (cymbals) are attached. It is usually represented by one singer, a musician and two dancers.

The origin of the music and the dance is still uncertain, although a few paintings in Pompeii show musicians playing an instrument quite similar to the tammorra or the smaller "tamburello".

The origins of Tammurriata as a song can be traced to the fifth century BC, when the ancient Greeks came to Italy and founded colonies throughout the South.

The singing of the ancient Greeks, performed with the drum, immediately rooted in the hinterland of Campania, it was closely related to agriculture and the worship of gods who protected the crops and harvest.

In the centuries the agricultural traditions and customs were handed down orally from generation to generation and the tammurriata, was passed down from father to son, so far.

Nowadays Tammurriata is still played, danced and sung in the streets in a number of villages in Campania during religious celebrations which take place especially in spring and summer time. The dates of the festivals are fixed according to Easter calendar and are related to religious celebrations of the Virgin Mary in her various and different manifestations. The religious aspect is combined with pagan and more ancestral meanings, related to the peasants' life, the cycle of the Seasons, the work in the fields and the celebration of spring.

Tammurriata sound is based on a binary rhythm, played by one musician. The words of the songs have both a religious connotation and a strong pagan flavour, especially in the ambiguities with a sexual connotation. The tunes are sung by one or more singers, who often add new strophes or little jokes ("barzelle") both for enlivening the atmosphere and exhibiting their creative ability. For this reason piano scores don't exist.

The dance, executed with the aid of "castagnette", represents a love game between a man and a woman or a fight or a competition when made by two men or two women. The music, the lyrics and the dance show evident variations according to the area or the village where they take their origin.

It is tradition, it is devotion, it is passion, it is our rhythm which only belongs to the memories of very old people; though cultural associations and popular musical groups are trying to preserve and spread it among young generations, the motto is: Do what you feel like doing!



Castagnette

'Castagnette' is a percussion instrument consisting of a pair of slightly concave shells of ivory or hardwood, held in the palm of the hand by a connecting cord over the thumb and clapped together with the fingers. It takes its name from castagne, Italian for chestnut, both because of the wood it is made of and for the sound reproduced when clapped: it reminds the crackling of chestnuts while roasted.

Castagnette differs from Spanish 'nacchere' because it is smaller and because it stresses the most characteristic points of the sound.

When you have a pair of castagnette in your hands, you smell the breath of the Italian South Coast Sea, the scent of the lemons from Amalfi Coast, you feel proud of your origins, customs and tradition.

Tammurriata Nera

The Story

In 1945 Edoardo Nicolardi was an administrative director in a hospital in Naples.

An unusual event happened in the maternity ward: a Neapolitan girl gave birth a black baby boy. It was hard to accept the truth: was it something science couldn't explain?

The truth was that American soldiers went to Naples a year before, among them there were a lot of coloured people: since then, there had been many 'coincidences'.

Edoardo Nicolardi, who had already written successful lyrics, went home and wrote the words of "Tammurriata nera".

His father-in-law E. A. Mario, a very famous musician, wrote the music: a delicate and ironical song was born, one of the most beautiful and enthralling songs of the Neapolitan traditional music.

Tammurriata Nera was the best evidence of the life conditions in Naples after the Second World War.

TAMMURRIATA NERA

Original Lyrics, Neapolitan

Io nun capisco 'e vvote che succede
e chello ca se vede nun se crede!
È nato nu criaturo è nato niro
e 'a mamma 'o chiamma Ciro,
sissignore, 'o chiamma Ciro

Seh gira e vota seh
seh gira e vota seh
ca tu 'o chiamme Ciccio o 'Ntuono
ca tu 'o chiamme Peppe o Ciro
chillo 'o fatto è niro niro, niro niro comm'a cche

Ne parlano 'e commare chist'affare:
"Sti fatte nun so' rare
se ne vedono a migliare!
'E vvote basta sulo 'na guardata

Italian

Io non capisco a volte che succede,
che quello che si vede non si crede!
è nata una creatura è nata nera
e la mamma lo chiama Ciro,
sissignore, lo chiama Ciro!

Seh gira e vota seh
seh gira e vota seh
che tu lo chiami Ciccio o Antonio
che tu lo chiami Peppe o Ciro
il fatto è che quello è nero, nero come cosa?

Ne parlano le donne di quest'affare:
"Questi fatti non sono rari
se ne vedono a migliaia!
A volte basta solo una guardata

e 'a femmena è rimasta
sott'a botta mpressiunata!"

Seh 'na guardata seh
seh 'na mprissona seh
va trovanono mo' chi è stato
c'ha cugliuto buono 'o tiro
chillo 'o fatto è niro niro, niro niro comm'a cche

'O ditto parularo: "Embè parlammo
pecché si raggiunammo
chistu fatto ce 'o spiegammo!
Addó pastine 'o grano, 'o grano cresce,
riesce o nun riesce
semp'è grano chello ch'esce

Meh dillo a mamma meh
meh dillo pure a me
ca tu 'o chiamme Ciccio o 'Ntuono
ca tu 'o chiamme Peppe o Ciro
chillo 'o fatto è niro niro, niro niro comm'a che

e la femmina è rimasta
impressionata per il colpo!"

Seh una guardata seh
seh una impressione seh
vai a trovarlo adesso chi è stato
che ha fatto il tiro buono
il fatto è che quello è nero, nero come cosa?

Il modo di dire popolare: "Su, parliamo,
perché se ragioniamo
questo fatto ce lo spieghiamo!
Dove si semina il grano, il grano cresce,
riesce o non riesce
sempre è grano quello che esce

Meh dillo a mamma meh
meh dillo pure a me
che tu lo chiami Ciccio o Antonio
che tu lo chiami Peppe o Ciro
il fatto è che quello è nero, nero come cosa?

Black drumsong

(Lyrics by Edoardo Nicolardi, Music by E. A. Mario, 1944)

I can't understand what's going on
And you can't believe to what you see,
what you see.
A baby's just born, but he's black
His mum calls him Ciro**
Yeah, she calls him Ciro.

Seh*! You try and try, Seh!
Seh! You try and try, Seh!
You may call him Ciccio or Tony**
You may call him Pepp' or Ciro**
The result is that he's black
Black, black as coal!

Old women are gossipin' about it:
"These cases are common
you can count plenty 'f them!
Sometimes just a look is enough
To leave a girl 'impressed', yes, to leave a girl impressed".

Seh, just a look, Seh
Seh, an impression, Seh
Go 'n find who struck the girl:
The result is that he's black
Black, black as coal!

The wiseman says: "Let's talk about,
Because if we talk we would be able to understand!
Wherever corn is sown, corn grows....
Is it good or not, it's always corn what you take!"

Mé***, go and tell your mum,
Mé***, come and tell me
You may call him Ciccio or Tony**
You may call him Pepp' or Ciro**
The result is that he's black
Black, black as coal!

The girls from Capodichino
Make love to black soldiers,
black soldiers have their satisfaction
and the girls are left pregnant.

.....

Cigarettes for daddy,
candy and sweets for mummy,
lots of biscuits for the kids
and two dollars for the girl.

.....

*Neapolitan exclamation to express disbelief
**Typical Neapolitan Names
*** Now

Bella Figliola

The story

In Campania there is the myth of the seven Madonnas, Seven Sisters, as a consequence, an ample iconography traces the seven sisters back to seven Sibille, the priestesses dedicated to the worship of Apollo, who had the power to prophesy and to interpret the oracles of God, and who were then part of Christian worship.

Everything is dedicated to the 'figliola' (daughter) considered as a virgin, mother, sister, wife, such as land, trees, vegetable garden, rose, water, mountain, castle, house, church, and as the Sun and the Moon, the sea where to get lost and drown, but where it is possible to come back to life.

It is for this reason that this song, Bella Figliola, expresses the excitement in a constant desire to reach her, the 'figliola', to be finally in her arms.

This song is usually sung in the streets, together with many other tammurriate, during the most important festival in Pagani (Sa), close to Nocera Inferiore. Popular tradition tells that in the sixteenth century, some chickens, scratching the ground, brought to light a small wooden table on which the Madonna del Carmine was depicted. Since the second half of the 18th century she has been known as the Madonna of chickens, always celebrated at Easter time.

BELLA FIGLIOLA

Original Lyrics

O' Bella Figliola ca te chiamme
Rosa
O' Bella Figliola ca te chiamme
Rosa
Che bellu nomme e ma'
Ue' che bellu nomme e ma'
Che bellu nomme mamm ca t'ha
mis

T'a mis o nomm' bell e chelli
rose

Italian

O Bella ragazza, il tuo nome è
Rosa
O Bella ragazza, il cui nome è
Rosa
Che bel nome, la tua mamma
Che bel nome la tua mamma
Che bel nome la tua mamma ti ha
dato

Ti ha dato il bel nome delle rose

T'a mis o nomm' bell e chelli
rose
Chill er o megli scior ro paravis
O paravis è fatt pe li sant
O paravis è fatt pe li sant
E l'invern è fatt pe chi fa
l'ammore
E l'ammor è fatt comm a na
nucella
E l'ammor è fatt comm a na
nucella
O si nun a romp nu...
Ue si nun a rump nu...
E si nun a romp nu...
Ta può magnà!
(vota, vò)

Ti ha dato il nome bello delle rose
Il fiore più bello del paradiso
Il paradiso è per i santi
Il paradiso è per i santi
E l'inverno è fatto per chi ama
E l'amore è come una nocciola
L'amore è come una nocciola
Oh, se non la rompi
Oh, se non la rompi
E se non la rompi non la riesci a
mangiare!

Ngopp o pont e Mantalun
Là n'ce stann e lampiun
E lampiun e lamptell
O trictrac in'da nucell
O pigl' mman o pos nter
O facc fa a Pulcinell
Figlia mi' comm si bell
E stanott t'aggia abbraccià
Chi mora mor
(vota, vò)

Sul ponte di Maddaloni
Ci sono i lampioni e le
lampioncelle
Il petardo nella nocciola,
lo prendi, lo posi a terra,
lo giri e volti come Pulcinella.
Figlia mia, quanto sei bella
E stanotte ti devo abbracciare
Che sarà, sarà

Bella Figliola (Beautiful Daughter)

Unknown song writer

Wonderful girl, your name is Rose
Wonderful girl, your name is Rose
What a nice name your mum
What a nice name your mum
Nice name your mum gave you

She gave you the nice name of the flowers
She gave you the nice name of the flowers
The most beautiful ones in paradise
Paradise is made for the saints,
Paradise is made for the saints
And winter is made for lovers
And love can be like a nut
Love can be like a nut
Love can be like a nut

Oh, if you don't break it
Eh, if you don't break it
you can't eat it.
(Turn it round)

On the bridge of Maddaloni
There, there are bright lights
There, there are week lights
Fireworks in the nuts
You take it, you leave it,
You turn it round and round
Oh, my dear, you are so beautiful
And tonight do what you want...
What will be, will be!

Tarantella

The term Tarantella defines popular dances mainly known in southern Italy and the corresponding musical melodies follow mainly a quick rhythm.

The first historical sources date back to the early seventeenth century, since its first appearance it has been related to the ritual and complex phenomenon of Apulian tarantism, then it spread successfully all over Campania region.

We know some tunes of seventeenth/eighteenth century tarantella, but it is not possible to know for certain the forms of dances because of a lack of choreographic references to the period and to the lower classes who practiced these dances.

In the nineteenth century, the tarantella became one of the most famous symbols of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies and its name replaced the names of several pre-existing dances in various parts of southern Italy.

The "cultured" version is probably the most famous piano composition by Gioachino Rossini, entitled The Dance (La Danza).

Funiculi Funiculà

The Story

The Vesuvius: "poetic fantasy and terrifying presence, cause for concern and illustration postcard, object of devotion and object of science. It is a mountain of fire, feared, revered, narrated and sung as a symbol of the overwhelming power of the Earth. "(Marino Niola, in The Republic, April 2, 2006).

Our volcano in fact inspired songs, poetry, narrative and cinema.

The funicular was a traction system used for climbing twisted slopes and to reach the summit of the Vesuvius by means of a coarse wire rope carrying the vehicle uphill and downhill. The system allowed many tourists from 1880 to 1944 (year of the last eruption during which the funicular was completely destroyed) to visit and admire the active volcano closely.

In 1880 'Funiculi Funiculà' was composed to celebrate the first Vesuvius funicular. It was a song written by the journalist Peppino Turco and music

*by Luigi Denza, it only took a couple of hours to compose it.
Turco and Denza presented their song to the Piedigrotta Festival, an annual Neapolitan song writing competition, and the song obtained a huge success which later became a melody known all over the world.
The success not only helped the Neapolitan song to become famous but also to attract lots of tourists and visit the volcano.*

FUNICULI' FUNICULA'

Original Neapolitan Lyrics

Aieressera, oi' ne', me ne sagliette, tu saie addo'? Addo' 'stu core 'ngrato cchiu' dispetto farne nun po'! Addo' lo fuoco coce, ma si fue te lassa sta! E nun te corre appriesso, nun te struie, 'ncielo a guarda'!... Jammo 'ncoppa, jammo ja', funiculi', funicula'!

Ne'... jammo da la terra a la montagna! no passo nc'e'! Se vede Francia, Proceta e la Spagna... Io veco a tte! Tirato co la fune, ditto 'nfatto, 'ncielo se va.. Se va comm' 'a lu viento a l'intrasatto, gue', saglie sa'! Jammo 'ncoppa, jammo ja', funiculi', funicula'!

Se n' 'e' sagliuta, oi' ne', se n' 'e' sagliuta la capa già! E' gghiuta, po' e' turnata, po' e' venuta... sta sempe cca'! La capa vota, vota, attuorno, attuorno, attuorno a tte! Sto core canta sempe nu taluorno Sposammo, oi' ne'! Jammo 'ncoppa, jammo ja', funiculi', funicula'!

Italian

Ieri sera, Annina, me ne salii, tu sai dove? Dove questo cuore ingrato non può farmi più dispetto Dove il fuoco scotta, ma se fuggi ti lascia stare! E non ti rincorre, non ti stanca, a guardare in cielo!... Andiamo su, andiamo andiamo, funiculi', funicula'!

Andiamo dalla terra alla montagna! non c'è un passo! Si vede Francia, Procida e la Spagna... Io vedo te! Tirati con la fune, detto e fatto, in cielo si va.. Si va come il vento all'improvviso, sali sali! Andiamo su, andiamo andiamo, funiculi', funicula'!

Se n'e' salita, Annina, se n'e' salita la testa già! E' andata, poi è tornata, poi è venuta... sta sempre qua! La testa gira, gira, intorno, intorno, intorno a te! Questo cuore canta sempre un giorno Sposami, Annina! Andiamo su, andiamo andiamo, funiculi', funicula'!

Funiculì Funiculà (funicular)

(Lyrics by Peppino Turco, Music by Luigi Denza, 1880)

Last night, Annette, I went
You know where, you know where.
Where your ungrateful heart
Can't do any harm, can't do any harm.

The fire is burning but if you run
Can't do any harm, can't do any harm.
It doesn't chase, it doesn't hurt
Only at a glance, only at a glance.

Let's go, let's go, up, let's go.
Let's go, let's go, up, let's go.
Funiculi funiculà, funiculi funiculà
Up, let's go, funiculi funiculà.

Let's go, from earth to the mountain,
it's just one step, it's just one step.
You'll see France, Procida and Spain
But I see you, Yeah I see you.

You rise, pulled by a cable in a while,
Up to the sky, up to the sky.
You go like the wind, suddenly
And you're up, and you're gone up.

Let's go, let's go, up, let's go.
Let's go, let's go, up, let's go.
Funiculi funiculà, funiculi funiculà
Up, let's go, funiculi funiculà.

My head is up, oi Ne'*, yes it's gone (* Oh, Annette)
It's gone away, gone away..
My head goes round and round, round and round,
(but it always comes back to, comes back to you)
around you, around you!
My heart always sings
One day
Annette, marry me!

Let's go, let's go, up, let's go.
Let's go, let's go, up, let's go.
Funiculi funiculà, funiculi funiculà
Up, let's go, funiculi funiculà.

I' te vurria Vasà (I long to kiss you)

The Story

I' te vurria Vasà (I long to kiss you) is a Neapolitan song published in 1900, widely known in the world, and considered one of the milestones of the Neapolitan song.

The song takes its origin from the unhappy love story between the author, Vincenzo Russo, and Henrietta Marquis. The union between the penniless poet and the girl, the daughter of a jeweler, was strongly opposed by her family.

Mr Russo composed the lyrics toward the end of 1899; the music was written between 1st and 2nd January, in 1900 by Eduardo di Capua, renowned author of 'O sole mio, a friend of Russo.

Presented at an important festival, I' te vurria vasà was an immediate success. In the following years, however, the song was widespread, and was interpreted by lots of Neapolitan artists, both Italian and International.

This delicate love song describes a moment of intimacy between two lovers. The scene is set in a garden. The poet is looking at his sleeping woman, torn between the desire to wake her with a kiss and the lack of courage to break that moment of magic. With any other company except his own thoughts, the poet is seized by moments of jealousy and doubt about who is at the center of the dreams of his beloved, and immediately overwhelmed by the desire to kiss her and to find peace just sleeping next to her.

I' TE VURRIA VASA'

Original Lyrics

« Ah! Che bell'aria fresca...
Ch'addore 'e malvarosa... E tu
durmenno staje, 'ncopp'a sti
ffronne 'e rosa! 'O sole, a poco a
poco, pe' stu ciardino
sponta... 'o viento passa e
vasa stu ricciulillo 'nfronte!
I' te vurria vasá...

Italian

« Ah! Che bell'aria fresca...
Che profumo di malvarosa... E tu
stai dormendo Su queste foglie
di rosa Il sole a poco a
poco, spunta su questo
giardino... il vento passa e
bacia questo ricciuletto sulla tua
fronte!

I' te vurría vasá...
ma 'o core nun mmo *ddice*
'e te scetá...
'e te scetá!...
I' mme vurría addurmí...
I' mme vurría addurmí...
vicino ô sciato tujo,
n'ora pur'i'...
n'ora pur'i'!...
Tu duorme oje Rosa mia... e
duorme a suonno chino, mentr'io
guardo, 'ncantato, stu musso
curallino... E chesti ccarne
fresche, e chesti ttrezze
nere, mme mettono, 'into
core, mille male penziere!

I' te vurría vasá...
I' te vurría vasá...
ma 'o core nun mmo *ddice*
'e te scetá...
'e te scetá!...
I' mme vurría addurmí...
I' mme vurría addurmí...
vicino ô sciato tujo,
n'ora pur'i'...
n'ora pur'i'!...
Sento stu core tujo ca sbatte
comm'a ll'onne! Durmenno,
angelo mio, chisà tu a chi te
suonne... 'A gelusia
turmenta stu core mio
malato: Te suonne a
me?...Dimmé! O pure suonne
a n'ato?

I' te vurría vasá...
I' te vurría vasá...
ma 'o core nun mmo *ddice*
'e te scetá...
'e te scetá!...
I' mme vurría addurmí...
I' mme vurría addurmí...
vicino ô sciato tujo,
n'ora pur'i'...
n'ora pur'i'!...
»

Io vorrei baciarti
Io vorrei baciarti
Ma non mi regge il cuore
di svegliarti
di svegliarti
Io vorrei addormentarmi
Io vorrei addormentarmi
vicino al tuo respiro
un'ora anch'io
un'ora anch'io
Tu dormi oh Rosa mia e dormi
profondamente mentre io guardo
incantato queste labbra di
corallo e queste carni fresche e
queste trecce nere mi mettono
nel cuore mille cattivi pensieri

Io vorrei baciarti
Io vorrei baciarti
Ma non mi regge il cuore
di svegliarti
di svegliarti
Io vorrei addormentarmi
Io vorrei addormentarmi
vicino al tuo respiro
un'ora anch'io
un'ora anch'io
Sento questo tuo cuore che sbatte
come le onde mentre dormi,
angelo mio chi sa chi stai
sognando la gelosia
tormenta questo mio cuore
malato Sogni di me?
Dimmelo! Oppure sogni di un
altro?

Io vorrei baciarti
Io vorrei baciarti
Ma non mi regge il cuore
di svegliarti
di svegliarti
Io vorrei addormentarmi
Io vorrei addormentarmi
vicino al tuo respiro
un'ora anch'io
un'ora anch'io
»

I' te vurria vasà (I long to kiss you)

(Lyrics by Vincenzo Russo, Music by Eduardo Di Capua, 1900)

Ah! What a nice and fresh breeze,
A nice scent of hollyhock
While you are sleeping,
fragrant roses for your bed!
The sun is slowly rising,
and in this garden is shining,
the breeze blows and kisses
the nice curl on your face!

I long to kiss you...
I long to kiss you!
But my heart doesn't want
To wake you up...
To wake you up!
I long to sleep close to you...
I long to sleep close to you,
enough to feel your breath
an hour with you ...
an hour with you!

I can hear your heartbeat
Beating like the waves!
Sleeping, dear Angel!
Who are you dreaming of?
Jealousy is teasing
this broken heart:
Are you dreaming of me
Or are you dreaming another?

I long to kiss you...
I long to kiss you!
But my heart doesn't want
To wake you up...
To wake you up!
I long to sleep close to you...
I long to sleep close to you,
enough to feel your breath
an hour with you ...
an hour with you!

