

A black and white close-up portrait of Andrea Bocelli. He has dark, wavy hair and a full beard. His eyes are closed, and he has a slight, serene smile on his face. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of his beard and the contours of his face.

ANDREA BOCELLI

Sentimento

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

LORIN MAAZEL

SENTIMENTO



John McCormack, the Irish tenor who took the world by storm in the early 1900s, was equally at home as a ballad singer and an operatic tenor. At that time, the violin/tenor duet was extremely popular, and during the first three decades of the twentieth century McCormack teamed up with the legendary violinist Fritz Kreisler in recital and in the recording studio. My father, a tenor himself, was an ardent fan of both artists and collected their recordings. The ravishing fusion of tenor timbre and violin colours filled the world of my childhood, and before I was ten I was already improvising violin obbligato parts to my father's singing of the classic Italian songs of Tosti, Donaudy and others.

For a half century, somewhere in the back of my mind has been the thought of orchestrating the song repertoire of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries embellished by a violin obbligato. When I first heard Andrea Bocelli sing these songs, I knew I'd found the right voice and the right artist to re-evolve a neglected art form. We had a rap session (shades of my childhood) in which, to Bocelli's Tosti songs, I improvised a violin obbligato part. Seduced by the shimmer of the Stradivarius I was playing, Andrea leapt at the idea of recording this repertoire with orchestra and violin.

Out of our heavy performing schedules we carved a time slot to record. Suddenly I had 70 minutes of music to orchestrate in just a few months' time (during the Salzburg Festival of summer 2000 between rehearsals for and thirteen performances of *Don Giovanni* and *Don Carlo*).

My pencil flew... the violin obbligato part seemed to write itself. I was stunned by the pristine beauty and sophistication

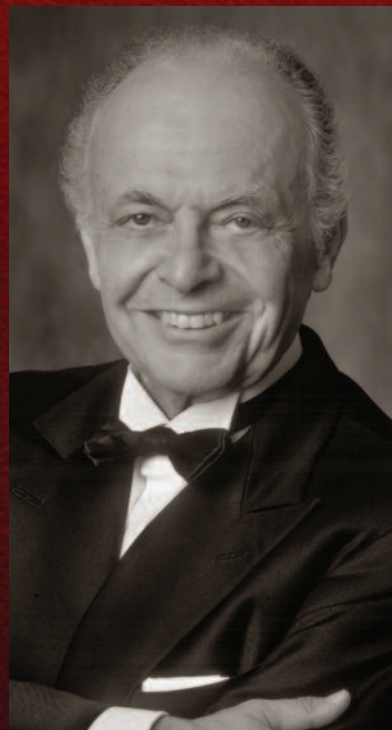
of this mid-nineteenth-century music. Here were the springs from which much of Puccini, of Mascagni was to come. And so many discoveries: Tosti's 'A *vucchella*, for example. Its text was written in Neapolitan by Gabriele d'Annunzio, while he was working as a journalist in Naples. Since he was not from Naples and did not speak Neapolitan, D'Annunzio's new friends challenged his writer's powers to compose verse in a language he didn't know. He learned it and wrote the lyrics to the song. As I listened to the song in my mind's ear, orchestral images presented themselves: a piccolo, a muted trumpet, the solo violin in thirds, accompanied by guitars, an accordion and harp, coming together like the humming, whistling street sounds I remembered from my meandering as a carefree Fulbright student through the back alleys of Naples in the 50s.

And so it went, *Don Giovanni* or *Don Carlo* by night, orchestrations of Tosti by day.

There was to be more. The composer Rodrigo was a good friend and, like everyone, I adore his *Concierto de Aranjuez* for guitar, which I was privileged to accompany as conductor at a performance in Madrid attended by the composer. In arranging the second movement I tried to keep as close to the composer's own orchestration as was feasible. The voice/violin is a different beast than the guitar, and I hope the composer in his heaven will feel the loving care I gave to integrating this new element into his orchestral score in place of the solo guitar.

And then there are Offenbach's *Barcarolle* and Liszt's *Liebstraum*, admittedly not from the Italian song repertoire, but included here because I feel this album is also about an art form, the tenor-violin combination, finding new life. This combination was popular even in Bach's day — witness his cantata *Der Friede sei mit dir* for solo voice and violin — and I believe songs written in a contemporary idiom might well benefit from the re-evocation of this tradition.

The title of the album is *Sentimento*, for the texts are for the



most part about feelings, feelings of tenderness, passion, melancholy, yearning, love. At the recording sessions, I confess to visceral feelings of joy as I wove the thread of the violin obbligato through the rich fabric of the music, through the texts which helped fashion the character of the orchestral settings as much as did the music itself, through the tenor tessitura and the rubati so characteristic of this music, charmingly interpreted by Bocelli, and through the kaleidoscope of orchestral colours I saw so vividly as I orchestrated.

May the pleasure we all have had in embarking on this new venture be shared by those who listen.

Lorin Maazel

John McCormack, le ténor irlandais qui connut un succès mondial foudroyant au début des années 1900, était aussi à l'aise pour chanter des ballades que des airs d'opéra. À cette époque, les duos de violon et ténor étaient extrêmement populaires, et pendant les trente premières années du XX^e siècle, McCormack s'associa au violoniste légendaire Fritz Kreisler en récital et dans les studios d'enregistrement. Mon père, qui était lui-même ténor, était un ardent admirateur de ces deux artistes et collectionnait leurs enregistrements. La ravissante fusion du timbre de ténor et des couleurs sonores du violon a rempli l'univers de mon enfance et avant d'avoir dix ans j'improvisais déjà des parties de violon obligé sur les chansons italiennes classiques de Tosti, de Donaudy et d'autres que chantait mon père.

Pendant cinquante ans, j'ai toujours eu dans un coin de la tête l'idée d'orchestrer le répertoire des chansons du XIX^e et du XX^e siècle et de les embellir avec un violon obligato. La première fois que j'ai entendu Andrea Bocelli chanter ces morceaux, j'ai su que j'avais trouvé la voix idéale et l'artiste parfait pour redonner à cet art

ses lettres de noblesse. Nous nous sommes rencontrés pour faire un peu de musique (ce qui m'a rappelé mon enfance) et à cette occasion j'ai improvisé une partie de violon obligé pendant que Bocelli chantait les chansons de Tosti. Séduit par l'éclat du Stradivarius dont je jouais, Andrea a accepté avec enthousiasme d'enregistrer ce répertoire avec orchestre et violon.

Nous sommes parvenus à ménager dans nos plannings surchargés un créneau pour enregistrer. Je me retrouvais soudain avec soixante-dix minutes de musique à orchestrer en l'espace de quelques mois (pendant le festival de Salzbourg de l'été 2000, entre les répétitions et les treize représentations de *Don Giovanni* et de *Don Carlo*!).

Mon crayon courait sur le papier... la partie de violon obligato semblait s'écrire toute seule. La beauté immaculée et le raffinement de cette musique du milieu du XIX^e siècle me stupéfaient. Telles étaient les sources auxquelles allaient puiser Puccini et Mascagni pour une grande partie de leurs œuvres. Et je fis bien des découvertes : 'A *vucchella* de Tosti, par exemple. Son texte fut écrit en napolitain par Gabriele d'Annunzio, alors qu'il était journaliste à Naples. Comme il n'était pas de cette ville et n'en parlait pas le dialecte, D'Annunzio avait été mis au défi par ses nouveaux amis de parvenir à plier ses talents d'écrivain à l'écriture d'un poème dans une langue qui lui était inconnue. Il apprit donc le napolitain et écrivit les paroles de cette chanson. En l'écoutant dans ma tête, je vis nettement se former des images orchestrales : un piccolo, une trompette en sourdine, le violon soliste par tierces, accompagné par des guitares, un accordéon et une harpe, le tout s'alliant comme les bruits de la rue, bourdonnements et sifflements que je me rappelai de l'époque où, étudiant en Italie avec une bourse Fulbright, je déambulais par les petites ruelles de Naples pendant les années 1950.

Et ainsi passa l'été, avec *Don Giovanni* ou *Don Carlo* la nuit et les orchestrations de Tosti le jour.

Mais ce ne fut pas tout. Le compositeur Rodrigo était de mes amis et comme tout le monde, j'adore son *Concierto de Aranjuez*, pour guitare et orchestre que j'ai eu le privilège de diriger lors d'un concert à Madrid auquel assistait le compositeur. Pour l'arrangement du deuxième mouvement, j'ai essayé de rester aussi proche que possible de l'orchestration du compositeur. La voix et le violon sont des "animaux" différents de la guitare, et j'espère que là-haut, ce compositeur ressentira tout le soin et l'amour que j'ai consacrés à intégrer ce nouvel élément à sa partition orchestrale à la place de la guitare soliste.

Nous avons ensuite la *Barcarolle* d'Offenbach et *Liebstraum* de Liszt, qui je le reconnais ne font pas partie du répertoire de la chanson italienne, mais qui ont été inclus ici parce que je pense que ce disque traite également de la réhabilitation d'une forme artistique : la combinaison ténor et violon. Cette combinaison était même populaire à l'époque de Bach, témoin sa cantate *Der Friede sei mit dir* pour voix de soliste et violon, et je crois que des chansons écrites dans un langage contemporain pourraient grandement bénéficier de la renaissance de cette tradition.

Le titre de cet album est *Sentimento*, car la plupart de ces textes parlent de sentiments, que ce soit la tendresse, la passion, la mélancolie, le désir ou l'amour. J'avoue avoir été transporté de joie pendant les enregistrements, lorsque je tissai le fil du violon obligato dans la riche texture de ces pages, à travers les textes qui ont contribué à façonner le caractère de ces versions orchestrales tout comme la musique elle-même, à travers la tessiture de ténor et les rubati si caractéristiques de cette musique, délicieusement interprétée par Bocelli, et à travers le kaléidoscope de

couleurs instrumentales que je me représentais si clairement pendant mon travail d'orchestration.

J'espère que les auditeurs partageront le plaisir que nous avons tous éprouvé en nous lançant dans cette nouvelle aventure.

Lorin Maazel / Traduction David Ylla-Somers



Der irische Tenor John McCormack, der Anfang des 20. Jahrhunderts die Welt im Sturm eroberte, war als Balladensänger ebenso berühmt wie als Operninterpret. Zu jener Zeit erfreute sich das Violin/Tenor-Duett großer Beliebtheit, und im ersten Drittel des Jahrhunderts verband McCormack eine Konzert- und Studiopartnerschaft mit dem legendären Geiger Fritz Kreisler. Mein Vater (selber ein Tenor) verehrte beide Künstler glühend und sammelte ihre Aufnahmen. Tenortimbre und Violinfarben durchdrangen in hinreißender Verschmelzung meine Kindheitstage, und noch bevor ich zehn war, improvisierte ich bereits die obligate Violinbegleitung, wenn mein Vater die klassischen italienischen Lieder von Tosti, Donaudy und anderen sang.

Jahrzehntelang trug ich mich mit dem leisen Gedanken, die obligate Violinbegleitung im Liedrepertoire des 19. und 20. Jahrhunderts zu einer vollen Orchesterbegleitung auszugestalten. Als ich zum erstenmal Andrea Bocelli mit diesen Liedern hörte, wusste ich, dass ich die richtige Stimme und den richtigen Interpreten gefunden hatte, um die vernachlässigte Kunstform zu neuem Leben zu erwecken. Wir kamen zu einer Plauderei zusammen, bei der ich eine obligate Violinstimme zu den Tosti-Liedern von Bocelli improvisierte (Erinnerungen an meine Kindheit). Von den Seidentönen meiner Stradivari verführt, begeisterte sich Andrea für den Gedanken, dieses Repertoire mit Violine und Orchester aufzunehmen.

In unseren dicht gefüllten Terminkalendern machten wir die Zeit für die Aufnahme frei. Plötzlich hatte ich innerhalb einiger weniger Monate 70 Minuten Musik zu orchestrieren (während der Salzburger Festspiele im Sommer 2000 am Rande der Proben und dreizehn Aufführungen von *Don Giovanni* und *Don Carlo*!).

Ich schrieb in Windeseile... der obligate Violinpart entstand praktisch von allein. Die makellose Schönheit und Feinheit dieser Musik aus der Mitte des 19. Jahrhunderts schlug mich in ihren Bann. Dies waren die Keime, aus denen so viel Puccini, so viel Mascagni erwachsen sollte. So viele Entdeckungen taten sich auf: Tostis 'A *vucchella* zum Beispiel. Gabriele d'Annunzio, seinerzeit als Journalist in Neapel tätig, wollte den Text ursprünglich auf Neapolitanisch verfassen, nur stammte er weder aus dieser Gegend, noch war er ihrer Sprache mächtig, so dass man im örtlichen Freundeskreis D'Annunzios verständlicherweise seine Fähigkeit bezweifelte, Verse in einer Sprache zu verfassen, die er nicht beherrschte. Doch er eignete sich die nötigen Kenntnisse an und schrieb den Text so wie beabsichtigt. Während mir das Lied durch den Sinn ging, boten sich Orchesterklangbilder an: Eine Pikkoloflöte, eine gedämpfte Trompete, die Solovioline in Terzen, begleitet von Gitarren, einem Akkordeon und einer Harfe verbanden sich zu den lebhaften Straßengeräuschen, die ich aus meiner Zeit als sorgloser Fulbright-Student in den fünfziger Jahren von meinen Bummelgängen durch die Hintergassen von Neapel noch im Ohr hatte.

So geschah es also: *Don Giovanni* oder *Don Carlo* am Abend, Orchestrierungen von Tosti während des Tages.

Es sollte noch mehr kommen. Ich war mit dem Komponisten Rodrigo gut befreundet und bewunderte sein *Concierto de Aranjuez* für Gitarre und Orchester, das ich bei einem Konzert in Madrid in seinem Beisein dirigieren durfte. Beim Arrangieren des zweiten Satzes war ich bemüht, mich so eng wie möglich an die vom Komponisten selbst

vorgenommene Orchestrierung zu halten. Die Stimme/Violine ist etwas ganz anderes als die Gitarre, und ich hoffe, dass der Komponist in seinem Himmel spürt, mit welcher liebevoller Sorgfalt ich dieses neue Element anstelle der Sologitarre in seine Orchesterpartitur integriert habe.

Offenbachs *Barcarolle* und der *Liebestraum* von Liszt entstammen zwar nicht dem italienischen Liedrepertoire, sind hier aber dennoch enthalten, weil es mir bei diesem Album auch darum geht, dass eine Kunstform — die Tenor- und Violinkombination — zu neuem Leben erwacht. Diese Kombination war schon zu Zeiten Bachs populär (man denke an seine Kantate *Der Friede sei mit dir* für Solostimme und Violine), und ich bin der Überzeugung, dass auch in einer moderneren Tonsprache geschriebene Lieder von der Besinnung auf diese Tradition profitieren könnten. Seinen Titel *Sentimento* verdankt das Album dem Umstand, dass die Texte überwiegend von Gefühlen handeln, von Gefühlen der Zärtlichkeit, Leidenschaft, Melancholie, Sehnsucht, Liebe. Während der Aufnahmen empfand ich tiefe Freude, als ich den Faden der obligaten Violine durch das prächtige Gewebe der Musik wob, durch die Texte, die zur wesentlichen Gestaltung der Orchesterfassung ebensoviel beitrugen wie die Musik selbst, durch die Tenorstellung und die für diese Musik so typischen, von Bocelli reizend interpretierten Rubati und durch das Kaleidoskop der Orchesterfarben, die mir bei der Orchestrierung so lebhaft vorgeschwebt hatten.

Bleibt nur die Hoffnung, dass die Freude, die wir alle bei diesem neuen Unterfangen hatten, nun auch von den Zuhörern geteilt wird.

Lorin Maazel / Übersetzung Andreas Klatt



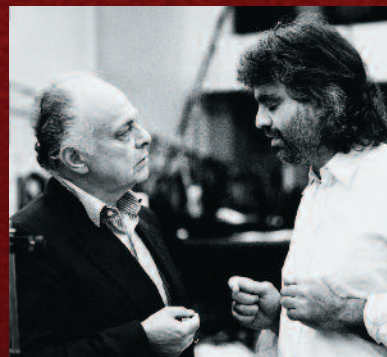
John McCormack, el tenor irlandés que causó furor en todo el mundo a comienzos del siglo XX, se sentía igual de cómodo cantando baladas y arias de ópera para tenor. En aquella época, el dúo tenor/violín era extremadamente popular y durante las tres primeras décadas del siglo McCormack colaboró asiduamente con el legendario violinista Fritz Kreisler tanto en recital como en el estudio de grabación. Mi padre, que era tenor, fue un ardiente admirador de ambos artistas y coleccionó sus grabaciones. La deslumbrante fusión del timbre de tenor y el colorido del violín llenó el mundo de mi infancia y antes de cumplir diez años ya estaba improvisando partes obligato para violín para las canciones clásicas italianas de Tosti, Donaudy y otros que cantaba mi padre.

Durante medio siglo, en algún lugar de mi cabeza ha flotado la idea de orquestrar el repertorio de canciones de los siglos XIX y XX adornadas con una parte obligato para violín. Cuando oí cantar por primera vez a Andrea Bocelli estas canciones, sabía que había encontrado la voz adecuada y el artista adecuado para volver a evocar una forma artística olvidada. Organizamos una sesión (yo rememoré mi infancia) en la que, sobre las canciones de Tosti de Bocelli, improvisé una parte obligato para violín. Seducido por el resplandor del Stradivarius que estaba tocando, Andrea no quiso perder la oportunidad de grabar este repertorio con orquesta y violín.

De entre nuestros cargados calendarios, conseguimos reservar un hueco de tiempo para grabar. De repente tenía 70 minutos de música para orquestrar en sólo unos meses (durante el Festival de Salzburgo de verano de 2000, ¡entre los ensayos y trece representaciones de *Don Giovanni* y *Don Carlo*!).

Mi lápiz volaba... la parte obligato para violín parecía escribirse sola. Estaba asombrado de la prístina belleza y la sofisticación de esta música de mediados del siglo XIX. Aquí estaban las fuentes de las que surgirían una

buena parte de Puccini o de Mascagni. Y tantos descubrimientos: 'A *vucchella* de Tosti, por ejemplo. Su texto lo escribió en napolitano Gabriele d'Annunzio mientras estaba trabajando como periodista en Nápoles. Como no era de Nápoles y no hablaba napolitano, los nuevos amigos de D'Annunzio desafiaron sus capacidades como escritor al tener que componer versos en una lengua que no conocía. La aprendió y escribió la letra de la canción. Mientras escuchaba esta canción interiormente surgían solas las imágenes orquestales: un flautín, una trompeta con sordina, el violín solista en terceras, acompañado por guitarras, un acordeón y arpa, unidos como en los susurrantes sonidos callejeros que recordaba de mis paseos sin rumbo por los callejones de Nápoles en los años cincuenta, cuando era un despreocupado estudiante con una beca Fulbright...



Y así fue, *Don Giovanni* o *Don Carlo* de noche, orquestaciones de Tosti de día. Habría más cosas. El

compositor Rodrigo era un buen amigo y, como todo el mundo, yo adoro su *Concierto de Aranjuez*, para guitarra y orquesta, que tuve el privilegio de acompañar como director en una interpretación en Madrid a la que asistió el compositor. Al arreglar el segundo movimiento, intenté mantenerme tan cerca de la propia orquestación del compositor como fuera posible. La voz/violín es algo diferente de la guitarra, y espero que el compositor en su cielo sentirá el amoroso cuidado con que he querido integrar este nuevo elemento en su partitura orquestal en vez de la guitarra solista.

Y luego están la *Barcarolle* de Offenbach y *Liebestraum* de Liszt, que no forman parte del repertorio de canciones italiano, es cierto, pero que se incluyen aquí porque siento que este programa presenta también cómo una forma artística, la combinación tenor-violín, encuentra nueva vida. Esta combinación fue popular incluso en tiempos de Bach —escúchese su cantata *Der Friede sei mit dir*, para voz y violín solistas—, y creo que las canciones escritas en el lenguaje contemporáneo bien pueden beneficiarse de la reevocación de esta tradición.

El título de este álbum es *Sentimento*, ya que los textos tratan en su mayor parte de sentimientos, sentimientos de ternura, pasión, melancolía, nostalgia, amor. En las sesiones de grabación confieso haber experimentado sentimientos viscerales de alegría mientras tejía el hilo del violín obligato por entre el rico entramado de la música, entre los textos que contribuyeron a moldear el carácter de los arreglos orquestales tanto como la propia música, entre la tesitura de tenor y los rubati tan característicos de esta música, interpretada deliciosamente por Bocelli, y entre el caleidoscopio de colores orquestales que veía tan vívidamente mientras orquestaba.

Ojalá que el placer que hemos sentido todos al embarcarnos en esta nueva aventura sea compartido por aquéllos que la escuchen.

Lorin Maazel / Traducción Luis Gago

En Aranjuez con tu amor
after Joaquín Rodrigo (1901–1999): *Concierto de Aranjuez*, movt II/Segura

Mattinata
Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857–1919)

Barcarolle
Jacques Offenbach (1819–1880): *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*/Barbier, Carré

L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra
Paolo Tosti (1846–1916)/D'Annunzio

Sogno d'amore
after Franz Liszt (1811–1886): *Liebesträume* No.3/Bocelli

La serenata
Tosti/Cesareo

L'ultima canzone
Tosti/Cimmino

Malia
Tosti/Pagliara

La danza
Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)/Pepoli

Ideale
Tosti/Errico

Sogno
Tosti/Stecchetti

Plaisir d'amour
Jean Paul Martini (1741–1816)/Florian

Musica proibita
Stanislaus Gastaldon (1861–1939)/Flick-Flock

Occhi di fata
Luigi Denza (1846–1922)/Tremacordo

'A ruccbella
Tosti/D'Annunzio

Vorrei morire!
Tosti/Cognetti

Vaghiissima sembianza
Stefano Donaudy (1879–1925)



03.26
[RODRIGO; SEGURA]

Aranjuez, un lugar de ensueños y de amor,
donde un rumor de fuentes de cristal
en el jardín parece hablar
en voz baja a las rosas.

Aranjuez, hoy las hojas secas sin color
que barre el viento
son recuerdos del romance
que una vez juntos empezamos tú y yo
y sin razón olvidamos.

Quizá ese amor escondido esté
en un atardecer,
en la brisa o en la flor,
esperando tu regreso.

Aranjuez, hoy las hojas secas sin color, etc.

En Aranjuez, amor,
tú y yo.

En Aranjuez con tu amor

*Aranjuez, a place of love and dreams,
where crystal fountains
playing in the garden seem
to murmur to the roses.*

*Aranjuez, the dry and faded leaves
now swept away by the wind
are memories of the romance
you and I once began
and then for no reason forgot.*

*Perhaps that love is hiding
in the twilight,
in the breeze or in a flower,
awaiting your return.*

Aranjuez, the dry and faded leaves, etc.

*In Aranjuez, my love,
you and I.*

L'aurora, di bianco vestita,
già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol,
di già con le rosee sue dita
carezza de' fiori lo stuol!

Commosso da un fremito arcano,
intorno il creato già par,
e tu non ti desti, ed invano
mi sto qui dolente a cantar.

Metti anche tu la veste bianca
e schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!
Ove non sei la luce manca,
ove tu sei nasce l'amor!

2 Mattinata [LEONCAVALLO] 02.31

*The dawn, dressed in white,
has already opened the door to the sun,
and with pink fingers
caresses the myriads of flowers.*

*A mysterious trembling seems
to disturb all nature,
yet you will not get up, and vainly
I stand here sadly and sing.*

*Dress yourself, too, in white
and open the door to your serenader!
Where you are not, all is dark,
where you are, love is born!*

Le temps fuit et sans retour
emporte nos tendresses
loin de cet heureux séjour;
le temps fuit sans retour.
Zéphyr embrasé,
versez-nous vos caresses;
zéphyr embrasé,
donnez-nous vos baisers.

Ah!

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
souris à nos ivresses;
nuit plus douce que le jour,
ô belle nuit d'amour!

Ah, souris à nos ivresses,
nuit d'amour, ô nuit d'amour!

Ah!

[OFFENBACH; BARBIER, CARRÉ]

Barcarolle

*Time flies by and carries off
our affection, never to return,
far away from this place;
time flies by without returning.*

Balmy breezes,
give us your caresses,
balmy breezes,
shower us with your kisses.

Ah!

Beautiful night, oh, night of love,
smile upon our ecstasy;
a night more sweet than the day,
a beautiful night of love!

Ah, smile upon our ecstasy,
night of love, oh, night of love!

Ah!

3

02.38



L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra,
e la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolci stelle, è l'ora di morire:
un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

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 sol eterno.

[TOSTI; D'ANNUNZIO]

L'alba separa

*The dawn divides the darkness from the light,
my sensual pleasure from my aspiration.
Sweet stars, the hour of death is now at hand:
a love more holy sweeps you from the skies.*

Burning lamps, o you who'll ne'er return,
sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!
I must die. I would not see the day,
for love of my own dream and of the night.

Fold me, o Night, to your maternal breast,
while the pale earth bathes itself in dew;
but let the dawn spring from my blood,
and from my brief dream the eternal sun.



4

02.46



Sogno d'amore 5 [LISZT; BOCELLI] (Liebestraum) 05.21

Xorrei ancora un attimo soltanto
per il sogno mio d'amor,
ed io saprei rapirti con il canto
dolcissimo del mio cuor.
Ma tu non senti questo mio grido
e forse non ricordi quando mi stringevi
e fra i baci mi sussurravi:
"Io non potrò dimenticarlo mai!"

Amore mio, sapessi com'è amaro!
Qui tutto mi parla ancora di te.
Io piango e rido e grido e parlo e tremo
e spero, per non morir!
Ma intanto brucia l'anima
vibrante nello spasimo,
e tutto s'accende un sogno d'amor:
carezze, baci, estasi, che non rivivrò.

O bocca amata, o mani che adorai,
mai più potrò amar così!
O voce cara, o cuor che a me si aprì,
perché l'amor finì!
Amor, amor, amor!

*I should like just one moment more
for my dream of love,
and I would be able to captivate you
with the sweetest song from my heart.
But you do not hear my cry
and perhaps have forgotten when you held me tight
and, amid kisses, whispered to me:
"I shall never forget you!"*

*My love, if you knew how bitter it is!
Everything here still speaks to me of you.
I weep and laugh and cry and speak and tremble
and hope, so as not to die!
But meanwhile my tremulous soul
burns with pain
and a dream of love sparks into life:
caresses, kisses, ecstasy I shall never know again!*

*O beloved lips, o hands I adored,
I shall never be able to love like that again!
O dear voice, o heart which opened to me,
why did love come to an end?
Love, love, love!*

03.24

La serenata

Fly, serenade, my beloved is alone and, with her lovely head relaxed, is resting between the sheets: fly, serenade. The moon shines with a pure light, silence spreads its wings and behind the curtains of the dark alcove the lamp is lit; the moon shines with a pure light. Fly, serenade, fly. Oh, la! Fly, serenade, my beloved is alone, but she smiles as she lies half-asleep and she moves beneath the sheets; fly, serenade. The waves dream on the shore and the wind among the branches, and my fair lady still refuses to receive my kiss. The waves dream on the shore. Fly, serenade, fly. Oh, la!

[TOSTI; CESAREO]

6 *Vola, o serenata,
la mia diletta è sola,
ma, sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola;
o serenata, vola.
L'onda sogna sul lido,
e l'vento su la fronda,
e ai baci miei ricusa ancor un nido
la mia signora bionda.
Sogna sul lido l'onda.
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Oh, la!*

04.20

*They told me that tomorrow
Nina, you'll be a bride,
yet still I sing my serenade to you!
Up on the barren plateau,
down in the shady valley,
oh, how often I have sung it to you!*

*"Rose-petal,
o flower of amaranth,
though you marry,
I shall be always near,
rose-petal!"*

*Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
by celebration, smiles and flowers,
and will not spare a thought for our past love,
yet always, by day and by night,
with passionate moan
my song will sigh to you:*

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,
foglia di rosa!"*

Domani avrete intorno
feste, sorrisi e fiori,
né penserete ai nostri vecchi amori;
ma sempre, notte e giorno
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,
foglia di menta!
La, la!"*

*"Mint-flower,
o flower of pomegranate,
Nina, remember
the kisses I gave you,
mint-flower!
La, la!"*

7 L'ultima canzone [TOSTI; CIMMINO]

8



*What was there in that flower you gave me?
Perhaps a love potion, a mysterious power!
As I touched it, my heart trembled,
its perfume troubled my thoughts!
What was there in your delicate movements?
Do you bring a magic charm with you?
The air quivers wherever you go,
a flower springs at your feet as you pass!*

*I do not ask in which blessed region
you have lived until now:
I do not ask if you are a nymph, a fairy
or a fair apparition!
But what is there in your fateful glance?
What is there in your magical words?
When you look at me, rapture overwhelms me,
when you speak to me, I feel as if I am dying!*

[TOSTI; PAGLIARA] 03.33

Cosa c'era nel fior che m'hai dato?
Forse un filtro, un arcano poter!
Nel toccarlo, 'l mio cuor ha tremato,
m'ha l'olezzo turbato 'l pensiero!
Ne le vaghe movenze che c'hai?
Un incanto vien forse con te?
Frema l'aria per dove tu vai,
spunta un fior 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 c'hai nel tuo magico dir?
Se mi guardi, un'ebbrezza m'assale,
se mi parli, mi sento morir!

Malia

03.06

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, si salterà;
l'ora è bella per danzare,
chi è in amore non mancherà.

Presto in danza a tondo a tondo
donne mie, venite qua,
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà.
Finchè in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà,
il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, si salterà.
Frinche, frinche,
mamma mia si salterà!
La, la ra la ra, ecc.

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avanza, si ritira
e all'assalto tornerà.

Serra, serra colla bionda,
colla bruna va qua e là,
colla rossa va a seconda,
colla smorta fermo sta.
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo,
sono un re, son un bascià,
il più bel piacer del mondo,
la più cara voluttà!

Mamma mia, mamma mia, ecc.

*Already the moon is rising over the sea,
mamma mia, how we'll dance;
it's a good time for dancing,
whoever is in love will not fail to be there.*

*Quickly dance round and round,
ladies, come here,
a handsome and cheerful youth
will dance with each girl.
As long as a star twinkles in the sky
and the moon shines,
the most handsome man and the most beautiful girl
will dance all night.*

*Mamma mia, mamma mia,
already the moon is rising over the sea,
mamma mia, how we'll dance.
Frinche, frinche,
mamma mia, how we'll dance!
La, la ra la ra, etc.*

*Leaping, leaping, turning, turning,
each couple circles round,
now forward, now back,
and then returns to the attack.*

*Hold the blonde girl close,
dance up and down with the brunette,
follow on with the redhead,
stand still with the pale girl.
Dance round and round forever,
I am a king, I am a pasha.
It is the most delightful pleasure in the world,
the sweetest enjoyment!*

Mamma mia, mamma, etc.

*I followed you like rainbows of peace
across the pathways in the sky;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of the night.
And I felt you in the light, in the air,
in the scent from the flowers;
the lonely room was full
of you, and of your radiance.*

*Entranced by you, at the sound of your voice
I dreamed at length,
and all the world's distress and anguish
I forgot that day.
Come back, dear perfection, come back for a moment
and smile on me again,
and from your face a new dawn
will shine upon me.*

Come back, dear perfection, come back, come back.

03.13 [TOSTI; ERICO]

10 Deale

Io ti seguii com' i ridi di pace
lungo le vie del cielo:
io ti seguii 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 novell'aurora.

Torna, caro ideal, torna, torna.

Sogno

*I dreamed that you were kneeling
like a saint praying to the Lord,
you looked deep into my eyes,
your glance shone with love.
You were speaking and your soft voice
gently asked me for pity.
Kneeling at my feet you begged
for only a look, as a promise.*

*I was silent and battled manfully
against the tempting desire.
I suffered martyrdom and death,
yet conquered myself and said no.
But your lips brushed my face
and the strength of my heart failed me.
I closed my eyes, opened my arms to you,
but I was dreaming, and the lovely
dream vanished!*

[TOSTI; STECCHETTI] 03.05

Ho sognato che stavi a ginocchi
come un santo che prega il Signor,
mi guardavi nel fondo degl'occhi,
sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.
Tu parlavi e la voce sommessas
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.
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!

03.54

*The pleasure of love lasts but a moment:
the pain of love lasts a lifetime.*

*I forgot everything for her, for faithless Sylvia;
now she has forgotten me, and puts her trust in another love.*

*The pleasure of love lasts but a moment:
the pain of love lasts a lifetime.*

*"As long as the water flows quietly
towards the stream around the plain
I shall love you," the faithless woman told me —
the water still flows — but her love has changed.*

*The pleasure of love lasts but a moment:
the pain of love lasts a lifetime.*

Plaisir d'amour 12

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie;
elle me quitte et prend un autre amant.

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

"Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie,
je t'aimerai," me répétait Sylvie.
L'eau coule encor, elle a changé pourtant.

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

[MARTINI; FLORIAN]

03.39

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

Oh com'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' cantar
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,
o bella innamorata, tesor mio."

Qui sotto il vidi ieri a passeggiare,
e lo sentiva al solito cantar:

"Stringimi, o cara, stringimi al tuo core,
fiammi provar l'ebbrezza dell'amor."



13 Musica proibita

Underneath my balcony every evening
I hear a love-song
repeated several times by a handsome young man,
and it makes my heart beat faster.

Oh how sweet is that melody,
oh how pretty, how I love to hear it!
My mother will not let me sing it,
though why she should forbid me, I don't know.

Now that she is out I am going to sing
the song that I found so exciting:

"I'd like to kiss your raven hair,
your lips and your solemn eyes;
I would die with you, o heavenly angel,
my beautiful beloved, precious jewel."

Yesterday I saw him walking by below,
and heard him sing, as he always does:

"Clasp me, darling, clasp me to your heart,
let me feel the ecstasy of love!"

[GASTALDON; FLICK-FLOCK]

[DENZA; TREMACOLDO]

03.28

*O beautiful, magical eyes,
beautiful eyes, so strange and deep,
you have stolen away
the peace of my youth.
Beautiful, fair-haired lady,
will you repay
the youth that I gave you?*

*Yes, you will give me
the passion and fire of your kiss.
Pale, you will fall
into my arms and onto my heart.
Take the flower of my youth
take the flower of my young blood,
but give me love!*

14 Occhi di fata

*O begli occhi di fata,
o begli occhi stranissimi e profondi,
voi m'avete rubata
la pace della prima gioventù.
Bella signora dai capelli biondi,
per la mia giovinezza che v'ho data
mi darete di più?*

*Ah sì, voi mi darete
dei vostri baci la febbre e l'ardore.
Voi pallida cadrete
fra le mie braccia aperte e sul mio cor.
Della mia gioventù prendete il fiore,
del mio giovine sangue il fior prendete,
ma datemi l'amor!*

[TOSTI; D'ANNUNZIO]



*Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo
tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliarella.*

*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
appassuliarella.*

*Sì, tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliarella.*

15 vucchella 02.45

*Yes, just like a little flower
is your sweet mouth
just the faintest bit
past its first bloom.*

*Oh, give them to me,
your rosebud lips,
give me a little kiss,
Candida!*

*Give and take
a little kiss
from these little
rosebud lips
just the faintest bit
past their first bloom.*

*Yes, your sweet mouth is
just the faintest bit
past its first bloom.*



*I should like to die in that season
when the air is mild and the sky is clear,
when little swallows build their nests,
when the earth is decked once more with flowers.*

*I should like to die when the sun goes down,
when the violets are asleep in the meadow.
My soul would happily return to God
in springtime and at the dying of the day.*

*But when the clouds break and the tempest rages,
when the sky turns dark:
when no leaf is left upon the branches,
then I should be afraid to die.*

*I should like to die when the sun goes down, etc.
I should like to die, I should like to die!*

Vorrei morire! 16 05.01

Vorrei morir ne la stagion dell'anno
quando è tiepida l'aria e il ciel sereno,
quando le rondinelle il nido fanno,
quando di nuovi fior s'orna il terreno.

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.

Ma quando infuria il nembo la tempesta,
allor che l'aria si fa scura scura:
quando ai rami una foglia più non resta,
allora di morire avrei paura.

Vorrei morir quando tramonta il sole, ecc.
Vorrei morir, vorrei morir!

[TOSTI; COCNETTI]

03.20

*Beautiful image
of the woman I once loved,
who has portrayed her
with such fidelity
that I look and speak, and believe
that you are before me
just as when we were in love?*

*The dear memory
which has woken in my heart
has already made hope
spring to life there with such passion,
that I no longer ask for
a kiss, a vow, a cry of love
except from her, who is for ever silent.*

17

Vaghiissima sembianza

Vaghiissima sembianza
d'antica donna amata,
chi dunque l'ha ritratta,
con tanta simiglianza
ch'io guardo e parlo, e credo
d'avervi a me davanti
come ai bei dì d'amor?

La cara rimembranza
che in cuor mi s'è destata
sì ardente v'ha già fatta
rinascer la speranza,
che un bacio, un voto, un grido
d'amore più non chiedo
che a lei che muta è ognor.

[DONAUDY]

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