Part 3 – THE TRANSITION TO THE MODERN ERA, FROM CAROSONE TO THE PRESENT DAY

Wars leave little room for songs, but “cantaNapoli” (the famous exclamation with which every performance by “Renato Carosone” began) survived the wars too, even if it emerged battered. The reasons were more industrial than artistic. Naples, until then the capital of song, began to lose its central role when record companies, radio and television started looking to Rome and Milan as production centres. And yet, once again, post-war Italian music found its starting point here, with the Neapolitan-American “Renato Carosone”, who opened the door to musical cross-pollination and brought together melody and rhythm, irony and poetry, Vesuvius and Brooklyn, nights in Posillipo and in Tunisia. “Renato Carosone” paved the way for musical cross-pollination; “Peppino Di Capri” took up the baton, followed by “Pino Daniele” and the extraordinary era of “Neapolitan Power”, with “James Senese” and many other leading figures. This journey continued with the “Almamegretta”, “i 99 Posse” and, more recently, “Liberato”, the “Nu Genea”, “La Niña” and many other artists who continue to blend languages, genres and cultures, reinventing Neapolitan music without ever losing its identity.

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GUAGLIONE (Composer Giuseppe Fanciulli, Author Nisa)

NEAPOLITAN

Staje sempe ccà, 'mpuntato ccà
'Mmiezz' a 'sta via.
Nun mange cchiù, nun duorme cchiù,
Che pucundria!
Uè, piccerì, che vene a dì 'sta gelusia?
Tu vuò suffrì, tu vuò murì.
Chi t' 'o fa ffà?
Curre 'mbraccio addù mammà,
Nun fà 'o scemo, piccerì!
Dille tutt' 'a verità,
Ca mammà te pò capì.
E passe e spasse
Sott' a 'stu balcone,
Ma tu sì guaglione!
Tu nun cunusce 'e ffemmene,
Sì ancora accussì giovane!
Tu sì guaglione!
Che t'hê mise 'ncapa? Va a ghiucà 'o pallone!
Che vonno dì 'sti llacreme?
Vattè, nun me fà ridere!
Curre 'mbraccio addù mammà,
Nun fà 'o scemo, piccerì!
Dille tutt' 'a verità,
Ca mammà te pò capì.
Nun 'e pittà, nun alliscià 'sti mustaccielle!
Nun cerca a te,
Nun sò pe' tte chill'uocchie belle.
Nun 'a penzà, va' a pazzià cu 'e guagliuncelle!
Nun t'avvelì,
C'è tiempo, oje nì, pe' te 'nguajà!
Chi desidere 'e vasà?
Scordatella, piccerì!
Ca si 'o diceno a papà
Chi sà comme va a fernì.
E passe e spasse
Sott' a 'stu balcone,
Ma tu sì guaglione!
Tu nun cunusce 'e ffemmene,
Sì ancora accussì giovane!
Tu sì guaglione!
Che t'hê mise 'ncapa? Va a ghiucà 'o pallone!
Che vonno dì 'sti llacreme?
Vattè, nun me fà ridere!
Chi desidere 'e vasà?
Scordatella, piccerì!
Ca si 'o diceno a papà
Chi sà comme va a fernì.
Staje sempe ccà, 'mpuntato ccà
'Mmiezz' a 'sta via.
Nun mange cchiù, nun duorme cchiù,
Chi t' 'o fa ffà?

ENGLISH

You are always here, standing stubbornly
In the middle of this street.
You no longer eat, you no longer sleep,
How sad!
Hey, little one, what is this jealousy about?
You want to suffer, you want to die.
Why put yourself through it?
Run into your mother's arms,
Don't be foolish, little one!
Tell her the whole truth,
Because your mother will understand.
And you walk back and forth
Beneath this balcony,
But you are just a boy!
You know nothing about women,
You are still so young!
You are a boy!
What has got into your head? Go and play football!
What are these tears supposed to mean?
Go away, don't make me laugh!
Run into your mother's arms,
Don't be foolish, little one!
Tell her the whole truth,
Because your mother will understand.
Don't dye or smooth down that little moustache!
She is not looking for you,
Those beautiful eyes are not meant for you.
Don't think of her, go and play with the other boys!
Don't be disheartened,
There is plenty of time, little one, to get into trouble!
Whom do you want to kiss?
Forget her, little one!
Because if they tell your father,
Who knows how it will end.
And you walk back and forth
Beneath this balcony,
But you are just a boy!
You know nothing about women,
You are still so young!
You are a boy!
What has got into your head? Go and play football!
What are these tears supposed to mean?
Go away, don't make me laugh!
Whom do you want to kiss?
Forget her, little one!
Because if they tell your father,
Who knows how it will end.
You are always here, standing stubbornly
In the middle of this street.
You no longer eat, you no longer sleep,
Why put yourself through it?

TU VUÒ FÀ L'AMERICANO (Composer Renato Carosone, Author Nisa)

NEAPOLITAN

Puorte 'e calzune cu nu stemma arreto
Na cuppulella cu 'a visiera aizata
Passa scampanianno pe' Tuledo
Comm'a nu guappo, pe' te fa' guardà
Tu vuo' fa' l'american'
'Mericano, 'mericano
Sient'a mme chi t' 'o ffa fa
Tu vuoi vivere alla moda
Ma se bevi whisky and soda
Po' te siente 'e disturba
Tu abball' o' rock'n'roll
Tu gioch' a baseball
Ma 'e sorde p'è Camel Chi te li dà?
La borsetta di mammà
Tu vuo' fa' l'american'
'Mericano, mericano
Ma si' nato in Italy
Sient' a mme, nun ce sta niente 'a fa
Okay, napulitan
Tu vuo' fa' l'america'
Tu vuo' fa' l'america'
Comme te po' capi' chi te vo' bene
Si tu le parle miezo americano
Quanno se fa l'ammore sott' 'a luna
Comme te vene 'ncapa 'e di': "I love you!"
Tu vuo' fa' l'americano
'Mericano, mericano
Sient'a mme chi t' 'o fa fa'
Tu vuoi vivere alla moda
Ma se bevi whisky and soda
Po' te siente 'e disturba
Tu abball' o' rock'n'roll
Tu gioch' a baseball
Ma 'e sorde p'è Camel Chi te li dà?
La borsetta di mammà
Tu vuo' fa' l'americano
'Mericano, mericano
Ma si' nato in Italy
Sient' a mme, nun ce sta niente 'a fa
Okay, napulitan
Tu vuo' fa' ll'american
Tu vuo' fa' ll'american
Tu vuo' fa' l'americano
'Mericano, 'mericano
Ma si' nato in Italy
Sient' a mme, nun ce sta niente 'a fa
Okay, napulitan
Tu vuo' fa' l'american
Tu vuo' fa' l'american
"whisky e soda e rock and roll"
"whisky e soda e rock and roll"
"whisky e soda e rock and roll"

ENGLISH

You wear trousers with an emblem on the back,
A little cap with its peak turned up,
You strut along "Toledo"*,
Like a tough guy, to draw attention.
You want to act like an American,
American, American.
Listen to me, why bother?
You want to live in style,
But if you drink whisky and soda,
It only upsets your stomach.
You dance rock and roll,
You play baseball,
But who gives you the money for Camel cigarettes?
Your mother's purse.
You want to act like an American,
American, American,
But you were born in Italy!
Listen to me, there's nothing you can do,
Okay, Neapolitan!
You want to act like an American!
You want to act like an American!
How can the woman who loves you understand you
If you speak to her half in American?
When you make love beneath the moon,
How does it occur to you to say "I love you"?
You want to act like an American,
American, American.
Listen to me, why bother?
You want to live in style,
But if you drink whisky and soda,
It only upsets your stomach.
You dance rock and roll,
You play baseball,
But who gives you the money for Camel cigarettes?
Your mother's purse.
You want to act like an American,
American, American,
But you were born in Italy!
Listen to me, there's nothing you can do,
Okay, Neapolitan!
You want to act like an American!
You want to act like an American!
You want to act like an American,
American, American,
But you were born in "Italy"!
Listen to me, there's nothing you can do,
Okay, Neapolitan!
You want to act like an American!
You want to act like an American!
"whisky e soda e rock and roll"
"whisky e soda e rock and roll"
"whisky e soda e rock and roll".

ANEMA E CORE (Composer Salve D'Esposito, Author Tito Manlio)

NEAPOLITAN

Nuje ca perdimmo 'a pace e 'o suonno,
Nun ce dicimmo, maje pecché?
Vvocche ca vase nun ne vonno,
Nun sò 'sti vvocche, oje nè.
Pure, te chiammo e nun rispunne
Pe' fà dispietto a mme.
Tenimmoce accussì, anema e core!
Nun ce lassammo cchiù, manco pe' 'n'ora.
'Stu desiderio 'e te me fa paura:
Campà cu tte,
Sempe cu tte
Pe' nun murì.
Che ce dicimmo a ffà pparole amare,
Si 'o bbene pò campà cu 'nu respiro?
Si smanie pure tu pe' chist'ammore,
Tenimmoce accussì, anema e core!
Forse sarrà c' 'o chianto è ddoce,
Forse sarrà ca bene fa⋯
Quanno mme sento cchiù felice,
Nun è felicità⋯
Specie si ê vvote tu me dice,
Distratta, 'a verità.
Tenimmoce accussì, anema e core!
Nun ce lassammo cchiù, manco pe' 'n'ora.
'Stu desiderio 'e te me fa paura:
Campà cu tte,
Sempe cu tte
Pe' nun murì.
Che ce dicimmo a ffà pparole amare,
Si 'o bbene pò campà cu 'nu respiro?
Si smanie pure tu pe' chist'ammore,
Tenimmoce accussì, anema e core!

ENGLISH

We who lose our peace and sleep,
Do we never ask ourselves why?
These are not lips, my dear,
That do not want kisses.
And yet I call you and you do not answer,
Just to spite me.
Let us hold each other like this, soul and heart!
Let us never part again, not even for an hour.
This longing I have for you frightens me:
To live with you,
Always with you,
So as not to die.
Why do we exchange bitter words
When love needs only a sigh?
If you too suffer for this love,
Let us hold each other like this, soul and heart!
Perhaps it is because tears are sweet,
Perhaps because crying does us good…
And yet when I feel happiest,
It is not true happiness…
Especially when sometimes you tell me,
Absent-mindedly, the truth.
Let us hold each other like this, soul and heart!
Let us never part again, not even for an hour.
This longing I have for you frightens me:
To live with you,
Always with you,
So as not to die.
Why do we exchange bitter words
When love needs only a sigh?
If you too suffer for this love,
Let us hold each other like this, soul and heart!

CARMELA (Composer Sergio Bruni, Author Salvatore Palomba)

NEAPOLITAN

Stu vico niro nun fernesce maje
e pure 'o sole passa e se ne fuje.
ma tu stai llà, tu rosa preta e stella,
Carmela, Carmè!
Tu chiagne sulo si nisciuno vede
e strille sulo si nisciuno sente,
ma nun'è acqua 'o sanghe dint' e vvene,
Carmela Carmè!
Si ll'ammore è 'o cuntrario d'a morte, e tu 'o ssaje.
Si dimane è surtanto speranza e tu 'o ssaje.
Nun me può fà aspettà fin' a dimane,
astrigneme 'int"e braccia pe' stasera,
Carmela, Carmè!
Ma tu stai llà,tu rosa preta 'e stella,
Carmela, Carmè!
Ma nun'è acqua 'o sanghe dint'e vvene,
Carmela, Carmè!
Si ll'ammore è 'o cuntrario d'a morte, e tu 'o ssaje.
Si dimane è surtanto speranza, e tu 'o ssaje.
Nun me può fà aspettà fin' a dimane,
astrigneme 'int'e braccia pe' stasera,
Carmela, Carmè
Carmela, Carmè!

ENGLISH

This dark alley never ends
And even the sun passes by and flees.
But you stand there, you rose, stone of stars.
“Carmela Carmè!”
You cry only when no one can see
And scream only when no one can hear,
But the blood in our veins is not water,
“Carmela Carmè!”
If love is the opposite of death, and you know it.
If tomorrow is only hope, and you know it.
You cannot make me wait until tomorrow,
Hold me in your arms tonight.
“Carmela Carmè!”
But you stand there, you rose, stone of stars.
“Carmela Carmè!”
But the blood in our veins is not water,
“Carmela Carmè!”
If love is the opposite of death, and you know it.
If tomorrow is only hope, and you know it.
You cannot make me wait until tomorrow,
Hold me in your arms tonight.
“Carmela Carmè!”
“Carmela Carmè!”

NAPUL'È (Composer e Author Pino Daniele)

NEAPOLITAN	**ENGLISH**
Napule è mille culure	Naples is a thousand colours
Napule è mille paure	Naples is a thousand fears
Napule è a voce de' criature	Naples is the voices of children
Che saglie chianu chianu	Rising slowly, slowly
E tu sai ca' non si sulo	And you know you are not alone
Napule è nu sole amaro	Naples is a bitter sun
Napule è addore e' mare	Naples smells of the sea
Napule è na' carta sporca	Naples is a dirty piece of paper
E nisciuno se ne importa	That nobody cares about
E ognuno aspetta a' sciorta	And everyone leaves things to fate
Napule è na' camminata	Naples is a walk
Int'e viche miezo all'ate	Through the alleys, among the people
Napule è tutto nu suonno	Naples is entirely a dream
E a' sape tutto o' munno	And the whole world knows it
Ma nun sanno a' verità	But nobody knows the truth
Napule è mille culture	Naples is a thousand colours
(Napule è mille paure)	(Naples is a thousand fears)
Napule è nu sole amaro	Naples is a bitter sun
(Napule è addore e' mare)	(Naples smells of the sea)
Napule è na' carta sporca	Naples is a dirty piece of paper
(E nisciuno se ne importa)	(That nobody cares about)
Napule è na' camminata	Naples is a walk
(Int' e viche miezo all'ate)	(Through the alleys, among the people)
Napule è mille culure	Naples is a thousand colours
(Napule è mille paure)	(Naples is a thousand fears)
Napule è nu sole amaro	Naples is a bitter sun
(Napule è addore e' mare)	(Naples smells of the sea)

CU’MME (Composer e Author Vincenzo Gragnaniello)

NEAPOLITAN

Scinne cu ′ mme
nfonno o mare a truva'
Chillo ca nun tenimmo acca′
Vieni cu mme
e accumincia a capi'
Comme è inutile sta' a suffrì′
Guarda stu mare
ca ci infonne e paure
Sta cercanne e ce mbara′
Ah, comme se fa'
A da′ turmiento all'anema
ca vo′ vula'?
Si tu nun scinne ′ nffunno
nun o puo' sape'!
No, comme se fa′
A te piglia′ sultanto
o male ca ce sta'
E po′ lassa' stu core
sulo n′ miezz a via
Saglie cu 'mme
e accumincia a canta′
'Nszieme e note che l'aria da′
Senza guarda′
tu continua a vula'
Mentre o viento ce porta la′
Addo ce stanno
e parole chiu' belle
Che te pigliano pe mbara′
Ah, comme se fa'
A da′ turmiento all'anema
ca vo' vula′ ?
Si tu nun scinne ′ nffunno
nun o puo' sape′
No comme se fa'
A te piglia′ sultanto
o male ca ce sta'
E po′ lassa' stu core
sulo n'miezz a via
Ah, comme se fa′
A da′ turmiento all'anema
ca vo′ vula'?
Si tu nun scinne ′ nffunno nun o puo' sape′
No, comme se fa'
A te piglia' sultanto o male ca ce sta′
E po′ lassa' stu core sulo n′ miezz a via

ENGLISH

Come down with me
To the bottom of the sea, to look for
What we do not have here
Come with me
And begin to understand
How pointless it is to suffer
Look at this sea
That washes over our fears
It is trying to teach us something
Ah, how can one
Torment a soul
That longs to fly?
If you do not go down deep
You can never know!
No, how can one
Take only
The evil that exists
And then leave this heart
Alone in the middle of the road?
Come up with me
And begin to sing
Along with the notes the air brings
Without looking
Keep on flying
As the wind carries us there
Where there are
The most beautiful words
And I will gather them to teach them to you
Ah, how can one
Torment a soul
That longs to fly?
If you do not go down deep
You can never know!
No, how can one
Take only
The evil that exists
And then leave this heart
Alone in the middle of the road?
Ah, how can one
Torment a soul
That longs to fly?
If you do not go down deep You can never know!
No, how can one
Take only The evil that exists
And then leave this heart Alone in the middle of the road?

VASAME (Composer e Author Vincenzo Gragnaniello)

NEAPOLITAN	**ENGLISH**
Io vuless addiventà n′ albero 'e rose	I wish I could become a rose tree
Pe te fa sentì l addor e chist ammor	To let you smell the fragrance of this love.
Io vuless addiventà nu poc e sol	I wish I could become a little sunshine
Pe te fa sentí o'calore e chistu ben	To let you feel the warmth of this affection.
Io vuless addiventà nu poc e vient	I wish I could become a little wind
Pe trasì p'a forza rint ' a bocca toia	To force my way into your mouth.
Io vuless addiventà comm o' silenzio	I wish I could become like silence
Per putè sentì tutt 'e respiri tuoie	To hear your every breath.
Vasame, pe′ chesta vota vasame	Kiss me, kiss me just this once,
Crideme Po' nun te cerco chiù	Believe me, then I will not look for you again!
Io vuless addiventà pullin′ e vas	I wish I could become pollen made of kisses
Per putè cadè ngopp 'e capill tuoie	To fall upon your hair.
Io vuless addiventà magre de suonn	I wish I could become a wizard of dreams
Pe te fa sunnà ca tu me cerch′ a me	To make you dream that you are looking for me.
Vasame, pe' chesta vota vasame	Kiss me, kiss me just this once,
Crideme Po' nun te cerco chiù	Believe me, then I will not look for you again!
Crideme Po' nun te cerco chiù	Believe me, then I will not look for you again!
Io vuless addiventà n′ albero 'e rose	I wish I could become a rose tree
Pe te fa sentì l' addor e chist ammor	To let you smell the fragrance of this love.
Io vuless addiventà nu poc e sol	I wish I could become a little sunshine
Pe te fa sentí o'calore e chistu ben	To let you feel the warmth of this affection.
Vasame, Pe' chesta vota vasame	Kiss me, kiss me just this once,
Crideme Po' nun te cerco chiù	Believe me, then I will not look for you again!
Vasame, l' ultima vota vasame	Kiss me, kiss me one last time,
Crideme Po' nun te cerco chiù	Believe me, then I will not look for you again!
Crideme Po' Nun te cerco chiù	Believe me, then I will not look for you again!