

Due Canti Meridionali

Mina Ferraguti, violinist and teacher in Rome, wrote these poems in memory of her husband Mario, who had been the Italian minister of agriculture during World War II, and was called by d'Annunzio "Mario della frutta." Mina was also my husband's teacher and mentor, which is how I met her in 1987 and obtained the poems. I have tried to capture musically not only the mood of the poetry, but the spirit of the poet as well, mysterious and a little sad.

duration: c. 7:30

Nel grande letto la notte
Ti tengo stretta la mano;
Sotto le palpebre chiuse
passa un ricordo di luce:
Andavamo un po' trasognati
in mezzo ad un campo di grano
e tu mi tenevi la mano.
Ma mi lasciasti ad un tratto
per cogliere un ramo fiorito
apparso al di sopra di un muro.

Nel grande letto la notte
Ti tengo stretta la mano,
sì, stretta; che tu all' improvviso
non vada oltre il muro
ove tutto è mistero,
lasciandomi sola nel buio
con un ricordo di luce
sotto le palpebre chiuse.

MINA FERRAGUTI

In the large bed - at night
I hold your hand tightly;
'Neath closed eyelids
Passes a remembrance of light:
We were wandering a little dreamily
in the midst of a field of wheat
and you held my hand.
But all of a sudden you left me
to pick a flowering branch
that appeared on top of a wall.

In the large bed - at night
I hold your hand tightly
yes, tightly; so that you, unexpectedly,
would not go over the wall
where everything is mystery,
leaving me alone in the dark
with a remembrance of light
'neath closed eyelids.

trans. JOHN TARTAGLIA

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Quando rinasceremo
saremo un'unica pianta,
saremo un unico fiore,
e avremo dimenticato
di essere stati due.

Quando rinasceremo
saremo un'onda nel mare,
una nuvola in cielo,
saremo in un tuono, in un fulmine,
in un suono di flauto;
e avremo dimenticato
di essere stati due.

MINA FERRAGUTI

When we will be reborn,
we will be a single plant,
we will be a single flower
and we will have forgotten
that we were two.

When we are reborn,
we will be a wave in the sea,
a cloud in the sky,
we will be in the thunder, in the lightning,
in the sound of a flute;
and we will have forgotten
that we were two.

trans. JOHN TARTAGLIA