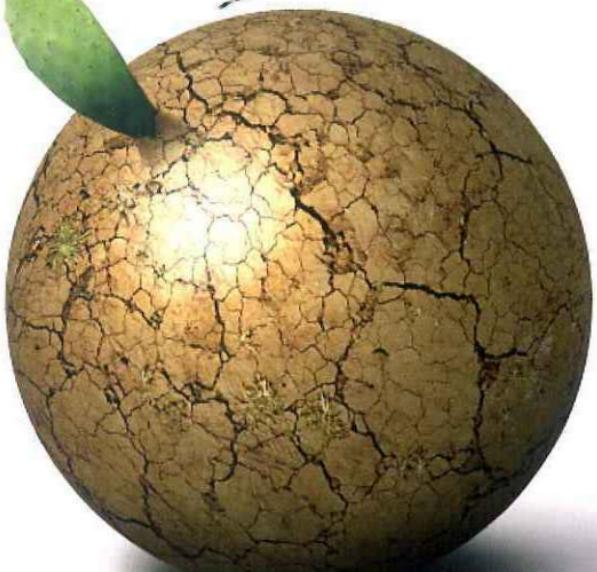


i musicanti
di GREGORIO CAIMI



ÅrsurÅ

ပြန်လည်မေးမာရမည့်အောင်

... Tuutu nsemmlula u suli ri quant' era russu, paria mmammuratu!...
E comu si stavannu sunnannu 'nta li quattro mura ri un cinematografiu...
na strata ritta ritta s'infilaò rintra un ghiardinu cu li petri RRussi... mah RRussi!...

Tu rimmi chi 'nni capisci
si nun t'affacci
'nto menzu ri la chiazza
sutta a Luna i Marrakesh

Tu rimmi soccu 'nni pigghi
si nun t'abbrazzi
'nto menzu ri la strata
sutta a Luna i Marrakesh

La gente tutta 'mpurtanti
cu lu turbanti
tu portani a sunnari
sutta a Luna i Marrakesh

La strata nun e 'mpurtanti
cu i Musicanti
allesti sta sunata
'nta mentre fumu u Narghile

A Cutubià ca 'nni talia
chi Musulmani 'nmenzu a via
sentu na vampa chi m'acchiana
cu l'atmosfera Musudhana

Notti e sfarzu ru nord-africa
Ca sicilia e'a stissa musica
Senti l'armunia chi c'è
Sutta a luna i Marrakesh

Sta notti nun t'addummisci
si nun capisci

lu senzu di la Paci
sutta a Luna i Marrakesh
e cincu ca matinata
senti a priata
na vuci ri luntanu
è a Cutubià ri Marrakesh

La genti tutta 'nsunnata
cu li tappita
s'allestinu a priari
a ginucchiuni a Marrakesh
'nto menzu ri la nuttata
e tutta a jurnata
li vuci ri l' Imam
ri moschee ri Marrakesh

Russu e focu ri una nuvola
Cu li casi e'a stissa purpura
Sacra e' a palma ru magreb
Russa e' a luna i Marrakesh

Currennu pi la strata ri Tangeri a Mauritania
Tagghiamu pi l'Atlante i Casa-Blanca all'Algeria
Tuccannu lu Disertu cu li Berberi
ri AL-LAH
Firriamu 'nta la Terra ri Al-Malik
e Ali-Baba

...suddenly the sun, how ever red, it looked like it was falling in love! It looked like we were dreaming inside a cinema.... A street entering into a garden with red stones!

Tell me what you understand
If you don't look out onto
the middle of a square
Under the moon of marrakesh

Tell me what you catch
If you don't embrace
In the middle of the street
Under the moon of Marrakesh

(you can see)the well dressed people
with the turbans
you make me dream
under the moon of Marrakesh

the street isn't important
if you arrange to play a song with
"I Musican!"
while you are smoking a narghilè.

The Cutubia is looking at us
With the muslims in the middle of the
street
I feel myself blushing
In a muslim atmosphere.

Nights and opulence,
In northern Africa
are the same sound of Sicily
You have to feel that there is harmony
Under the moon of Marrakesh

Tonight you won't fall asleep
If you don't understand
the meaning of peace
under the moon of Marrakesh

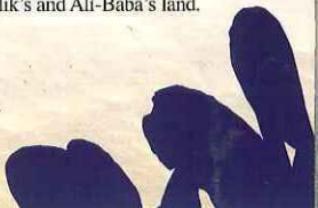
at five o'clock in the morning
you listen to a prayer
coming from the Cutubia of Marrakesh

sleepy people with their carpets
are getting ready to pray
on their knees in Marrakesh.

they listen to the Imam's voice
of the mosques in marrakesh
in the middle of the night
and all day long.

The firey reds get their colour from a cloud,
and the same with the purple.
The palm of Magreb is holy
The moon of Marrakesh is red .

Running from Tangeri to Mauritania
Passing through the Atlas Mountains,
Casablanca and Algiers
Touching the desert with the Berbers of Allah
Going around the Al-Malik's and Ali-Baba's land.



Arvuli ammenzu 'u mari

*Arvuli ammenzu 'u mari
Mi fermu a pinsari
Celu e mari, terra e mari
Li cultura arrubbasti
all'occhi ranni
Li cultura arrubbasti
a li scocci di l'aranci
arvuli ammenzu 'u mari
tornu a ascutari
celu e mari, terra e mari
lu to silenziu ruci
pi cäimma truvarti
lu to silenziu ruci
pi paci pigghiari*

*e mentri a testa pensa
lu cori s'arrisetta
e l'anima s'addruma di milli cultura
e li cultura du tramontu a li setti di la sira
supra lu stagnuni
sunnu megghiu di poesia*

*arvuli ammenzu u mari
pi cantari e sunari
cose ca 'nuddru
sacciu spiegari
lu to silenziu ruci
pi sulu squitari
lu to silenziu ruci
pi cäimma un truvarti*

*e mentri a testa pensa
lu cori s'arrisetta
e l'anima s'addruma di milli cultura
e li cultura du tramontu a li setti di la sira
supra lu stagnuni
sunnu megghiu di poesia*

*arvuli ammenzu 'u mari
pi curriri e vulvari
supra stu munnu
e a nenti pinsari*

Trees in the middle of the sea
I stop to think
Sky and sea, sea and sky
The colours you stole
From the widened eyes
And the peels of oranges

Trees in the middle of the sea
I come back to listen
-sky and sea, land and sea-
Your sweet silence
To find quiet
Your sweet silence
To find peace....

...and while the head is thinking
The heart is calming down
The soul is lit by one thousand colours.

These colours are the one's that
over the "stagnone lagoon"
during the seven o'clock sunset
Are better than poetry.

Trees in the middle of the sea
singing and playing
-Things that I can't explain to anyone-
Your sweet silence
Only to worry
Your sweet silence
To find quiet.

Trees in the middle of the sea
running and flying
Over this world
Without thinking about anything...

'un c'è

c'è un c'è iddra è sempri presenti
ti talia e un ti rici nenti
e ca e dra iddra è sempri cu tua
'nnezzu a tua e dintra di tua
chista chista è la povira genti
su cristiani ma un hannu nenti
chista chista è povira genti
sunnu nuddru ammisca tu cu nenti

cumannanti di sta storia
cumannanti senza gloria
cumannanti di sta terra
cumannanti di sta guerra

megghiu cumannari chi futtiri
megghiu stari rintra una vutti
generali di sta guerra
contro sulu a nostra terra
chista chista è la povira genti
su cristiani ma un hannu nenti
chista chista è povira genti
sunnu nuddru ammisca tu cu nenti
chista chista è povira genti
su cristiani ma un hannu nenti
chista chista è povira genti
sunnu nuddru ammisca tu cu nenti

cumannanti di sta storia
cumannanti senza gloria
cumannanti di sta terra
cumannanti di sta guerra

There is or there isn't
It is always there/her
It is here and there
It is always with you,
Among you, inside you.

These are mean people
They are Christians but
They haven't got anything...

These are mean people
They are no one and nothing.

Chief of this story
Chief without glory
Chief of this land
Chief of this war

It is better to command than to fuck
It is better to stay inside a barrel
You are the generals of this story
against our land

These are mean people
They are Christians but
They haven't got anything...

These are mean people
They are no one and nothing.

Chief of this story
Chief without glory
Chief of this land
Chief of this war

Danuri e focu

Iu nun pozzu cchiu scurdarmi 'i tia

Pi tia nun pozzu cchiu campari

dumanu matina

Pi tia amuri miu

Nun pozzu cchiu cantari iu

St'amuri senza vuci vuci ormai

pi tia

mi perdu na stu mari

d'anuri e focu

chi ardi na lu pettu miu

chi batti anche si un t'avi cchiu

Stanca luna parlaci cu ddio

lassami un'ura arripusari

chi ghiornu un'agghiorna

pi tia sciatussu miu

Nun pozzu cchiu aspittari iu

stu suli ca nun nasci cchiu

pi tia

mi perdü na stu mari

d'amuri e focu

chi ardi na lu pettu miu

chi chianci ma nun t'avi cchiu

I can't forget you

Because of you, I can't live anymore

Tomorrow morning

Because of you, my love

I can't sing anymore

This love, now voiceless

Because of you

I'm lost in this sea of love and fire

Burning deep inside

My heart's beating, even without you

The tired moon, speaks to God

Let me rest for a while

Cause there's no brand or new day

Because of you

Love of my life

I can't wait anymore

This sun doesn't rise anymore.

Because of you

I'm lost in this sea of love and fire

Burning deep inside

My heart is crying even if it hasn't got you

anymore.

cocci ri rina

*Cu li strati spaccati
e li casi abbruciati
senza mancu a spiranza
ri viriri u Sudi agghiornari
C'è na terra luntana
chi arrisettu un canusci
cu la guerra sovrana
chi patruuna un punisci*

*Si l'omini füssiru cocci ri rina
chi seculi cunta mna paci
ri l'acqua vagnati e ru ventu asciucati
senza l'affannu ra sorti*

*Senza lustru e dumani
la fatica spricata
li campagni addumati
'nta li fiammi cuntorti
Matri senza i so Figghi
Figghi senza 'na Matri
sutta un celu oscuratuu
ru mettallu ra Morti*

*Si l'omini füssiru cocci ri rina
chi seculi cunta mna paci
ri l'acqua vagnati e ru ventu asciucati
senza l'affannu ra sorti*

*Ciumi r'acqua asciucati
chi cannuna accattati
li paisi occupati
a li famighi arrubbati
Picciriddi affamati
'nta li vampi abbruciati*

*Si l'omini füssiru cocci ri rina
chi seculi cunta mna paci
ri l'acqua vagnati e ru ventu asciucati
senza l'affannu ra sorti
senza li guerre chi consanu*

With broken roads
And burned houses
Without even the hope
Of seeing the sunrise

There is a far land
That doesn't know peace
Because a sovereign war
Just saves who decides it.

If the men were grains of sand
That note down only the centuries of peace,
That are soaked by the water and
Dried by the wind
Without the pain of the lot.

Without light and tomorrow
Any effort will be wasted,
While countrysides are burning
Into twisted flames.

Mothers without their children
Children without a mother
Under a sky made dark by the dead metal(bombs).

If the men were grains of sand
That note down only the centuries of peace,
That are soaked by the water and
Dried by the wind
Without the pain of the lot.

Rivers are diverted by gunshots.
Countries that they occupied
Have been stolen to families.
Hungry children are burning into flames

If the men were grains of sand
That note down only the centuries of peace,
That are soaked by the water and
Dried by the wind Without the pain of the lot.
....and without the wars they arrange.....

Ancora na vota... i Pirati a Palermo

Allungaru li manu
'nta Sicilia e Palermo
li Pirati turnaru
nni mannau lu guvernu
Nni sbirsaru lu celu
senza nudda spiranza
cu l'ansia Sicilia chianci
ancora na vota... ancora na vota
Ogni strata e paisi
li pirati accattaru
li compagni canciati

cu cementu l'armaru
Nni sbirsaru lu celu
senza nudda spiranza
cu l'ansia Sicilia chianci
ancora na vota... ancora na vota
Rossu Ponti mno mari
n'azziccaru chi dannu
li rinara spardati
mala faccia appizzaru
Nni sbirsaru lu celu
senza nudda spiranza

cu l'ansia Sicilia chianci
ancora na vota... ancora na vota
A li figghiuu nostri
c'ammiscaru li carti
li prumissi i travagghiut
si manciaru i farfanti
N'arrubbaru li Suli
arristanu a lu securu
chi securu Sicilia chianci
ancora na vota... ancora na vota

They layed their hands on
Sicily and Palermo
The pirates came back
They were sent by the Government.

They twisted our sky
Without any hope
Sicily is crying anxiously
Once again, once again.

The pirates bought
Each ways and countries,
The countrysides changed
Using cement (building houses
everywhere).

They twisted our sky
Without any hope
Sicily is crying anxiously
Once again, once again.

They would like to build a big
bridge(in Messina)
over our sea.....what a shame!!!
They lost their reputation
Wasting our money.

They twisted our sky
Without any hope
Sicily is crying anxiously
Once again, once again.

They made fun our children
Promising jobs
That these liars have never given.

They stole our sun
We were in the dark
What a dark!
Sicily is crying
Once again, once again





NIKÀ

Terra Terra Lavika

Terra nivura di suli e di amuri

Terra di genti bona

Terra di suli e d'amuri

Nikà terra mia

Terra suli di ventu e di mari

Terra di genti stanca

Terra di passuli e passiuna

Terra terra amara

Terra amata di lacrime e spiranza

Terra di genti stanca

Terra di ventu e d'amuri

Nikà nikà mia

Surgenti di vita e d'amuri

Surgenti di vita e d'amuri

Land, lavic land

Black land of sun and love

Land of good people

Land of sun and love....

Nikà, my land

Land of wind and sea

Land of tired people

Land of raisins and passions.

Land, bitter land

beloved land of tears and hope.

Land of tired people

Land of wind and love.

Nikà, my nikà

Source of life and love

Source of life and love.





Sutera

*La chiazza di lu rabatu è lu mari,
Tu vacci a passiari e t'arricrii;
Lu pizzu di San Marcu va a lu suli,
E Santa Crucì versu a lu Naduri!
Lu Rabatieddu è a timpa nun è chianu,
Si piglia p'acchianari a San Polinu;
E a San Giuvanni c'èra 'na bella chiesa
L'ammodernaru e ora pari 'na casa.*

*Lu Giardinieddu è lu quartieri nuovu,
Cchiù di mill'anni ca l'accuminciaru!
Si senti di luntanu quannu sona,
Di la muntagna 'sta bella campana.
E quannu si fa sira e mentri scura,
Addumanu l'antaru di Sutera!
'Mmezzu a lim stiddi e cu la luna chiara
lu dipingeru dumila Pittura.*

*Pippina pippinedda aggira tinni,
Nun ti mariti no a San Giuvanni!*

*E quannu si fa sira e mentri scura,
Addumanu l'antaru di Sutera!
'Mmezzu a li stiddi e cu la luna chiara,
lu dipingeru dumila Pittura.*

*Na na
Na na na na na na na na na na na na*

Rabato's square is the sea,
If you go there for a walk you'll be delighted

The top of Saint Marco is raised the sun
While Santa Croce (the holy cross church)
leans towards Nadore!

The Rabatello is in a rock
and if you would like to go there
You have to go towards San Paolino.
At Saint Johns there was a nice church
That has been modernized
And now it looks like a house.
Giardinello is the new quartet
Even if it was began more
than one thousand years ago.
From the mountains, you listen
to this beatiful bell

When it rings.
And when it is night, and when it gets dark,
In the middle of the stars
and with a light moon,
They light the altar of Sutera
painted by two thousands painters!
(peppina oh peppinella comes back!
You won't marry at Saint Johns!

Pueta Fingituri

Stu jornu ti cuntu la vita
Duluri e Gioia Infinita
circannu u sensu
du sentimentu
parlu du Mumu
firriannucci 'ntunnu.
Muntagna nno celu scolpita
Disertu che è comu la sita
oceano 'ntunnu
chi stiddi nno fiumu
liggera è l'aria chi pari na festa
Sugnu pueta

e ti fazzu sugnari
sugni pueta
e ti fazzu vulari
sugni pueta
e mi chiamanu fingituri.
L'amuri è u pani da vita
duluri cu gioia mmiscata
orba sipiranza
ca un senti ragiuni
perpetua fiamma
c'adduma li vini
Sugnu pueta

e ti fazzu sugnari
sugnu pueta
e ti fazzu vulari
sugnu pueta
e mi chiamanu fingituri
Comu scimmiri o funnu ru mari
ri 'na vitta lu celu affirrari
ciuri i luna a me stirpe cumanna
fantasia e poesia chi cunta
Sugnu pueta...

Today I'm telling you about life
It's pain and never ending joy
Looking for the meaning
of feeling
I'm talking about the world
Going around it.
The mountain has been
carved into the sky
The desert is like silk
The ocean is all around
And the stars are at the bottom
The air is so light that
It looks like a day to feast.
I'm a poet
And I'll let you dream

I'm a poet
And I'll let you fly
....and they call me
the pretending man...
Love is the bread of life
Pain and joy mixed together.
It is the blind hope
That doesn't listen to reason.
It is endless flame
That burns our veins
I'm a poet
And I'll let you dream
I'm a poet
And I'll let you fly

....and they call me
the pretending man...
It is as you go down
to the bottom of the sea
And you catch the sky
from a peak.
My race has been inspired
by the flower of the moon.
Fantasy and poetry
are telling us.....



Lacrimi di sale

'U Piscaturi 'a sira si mni va a piscari
l'ultimo sguardu è 'n cielu comu pì pregari
'U piscaturi pensa 'jorno dopu 'jorno
a chiddru c'havi a fari si voli mangiare

E 'u mari d'una vota nun è chiddru d'ora
Si 'un sai dunni piscari nenti puoi truvari
'U piscaturi 'u mari l'havi dintra 'u cori
'u sapi 'unn havi a 'ggh'iri e spera chi nun chiovi...

Cantanu ...
'sti ondi cantanu...
storie di gioie e duluri...
Acqua...
salata e lacrime...
Chi sumu 'i chianti di l'Umanità...

'U piscaturi chianci sulu ogní cent'anni
si c'havi sicchi l'occhi e stanchi sunnu i cianchi
'U piscaturi è un 'omo e semu tutti niatri
chi gh'jornu dopo jorno semu sempre a mari...

'A vita è un mari scuru, friddu, ed è salata
e la felicità nun è stata piscata...
Si nuddru scinni a moddru a veniri a salvare
Araciu araciu è megghiu mettini a natari...

Cantanu...
Sti ondi cantanu...

The fisherman goes fishing when the night is falling
He has a last look at the sky like a prayer
Day after day, the fisherman thinks about
What he should do if he wants to eat.

Nowadays, the sea isn't what it once used to be
And if you don't know where you can fish you
You won't find anything.

The fisherman has got the sea inside his heart
He knows where he has to go
And he hopes it isn't raining

Sing,
These waves are singing
About joy and pain stories
Water,
Salt water and tears
Are the tears of mankind.

The fisherman cries every one hundred years
And his eyes are dry and his sides are tired.
The fisherman is only a man
As we all are, day after day ,are always at sea.

Life is a dark, cold sea and it is salted,
Happiness isn't fished
If no one jumps into the water
To come and save us....
it is better then, very slowly,
that we start swimming.....

Sing , These waves are singing
About joy and pain stories
Water ,
Salt water and tears
Are the tears of mankind.

Malata Sugnu

Anuri c'ogni notti vai firriauu
picchi ti fermi sutta 'u me baleuni,
picchi mi voi tintari mentre dormu,
un sugnu chiù la fannina di tannu.

Anuri troppu tardi stai turnannu,
li to suspiri mi svàmpanu li vini,
sentu lu to disio e lu to affunu:
lassami stari chi malata sugnu.

Malata sugnu
di malincunia
e cianciu na stu lettu
a sorti mia,

cercu risettu e vogghiu
arripusari,
vattinni amuri
lassami durmiri.
Malata sugnu
di malincunia,
ma un'è chiù tempu
pi fari l'amuri,
pensu a la figghi mei,
lassami stari:
vattinni amuri
lassami durmiri.

Fui zita e maritata senza amuri
e pi tant'anni ti purtai 'nno cori,
si tu sapissi quantu t'aiu pinsatu
mentri chi 'numi vasava me maritu.

Amuri senza paci e senza sonnu,
senza cuetu, ma chi vai circanu?
Voi tu lu cori miu, ma un tu
cunsigu:
lassami stari chi malata sugnu.

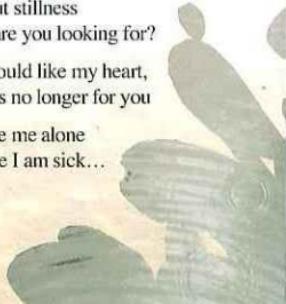
Malata sugnu

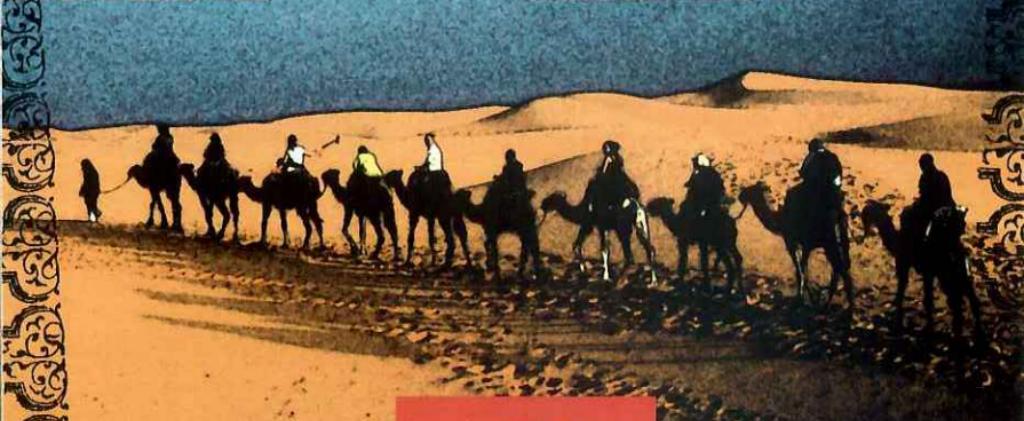
Love, you go wandering
around every night
Why do you stop under my balcony?
Why do you want to tempt me
while I am sleeping?
I am not that woman you knew any longer

Love, you have come back too late
Your sighs are burning my veins
I feel your wish and your breath
Leave me alone because I am sick.
I am sick of melancholy
And I am bewailing my lot in this bed
I am looking for peace and rest
Love, go away and let me sleep.

I am sick of melancholy
But it is no longer time
To make love
I am thinking of my children
Leave me alone
Love, go away and let me sleep.
I was engaged and married
without love
And I carried you
in my heart for so long

If you knew how long
I have thought about you
While my husband was kissing me
Love without peace and sleep,
Without stillness
What are you looking for?
You would like my heart,
But it is no longer for you
...leave me alone
because I am sick...





ArsurA

Prodotto da: Associazione Culturale "I Musicanti" & Gregorio Caimi

Produzione artistica: Gregorio Caimi

Arrangiamenti: Alfredo Giammanco

Arrangiamenti e direzione Archi: Emanuele Chirco

Registrato Sett./Ott. da: Antonio La Rosa, Gregorio Caimi @ Tartaruga Records - Marsala

Assistente di studio e registrazioni pre-produzione: Manlio Antonino Di Bella

Mixato da: Antonio La Rosa e Gregorio Caimi @ Tartaruga Records - Marsala

Mastering: Antonio La Rosa @ FM Studio - Monza

Comunicazione: Comunico di Vincenzo Figlioli e Renato Polizzi

Art Direction e copertina: CoseMoltoCreative Srl - Marsala

Traduzioni testi: Anna Lisa Perrone, Tamara Ryan

Dario Li Voti *batteria, percussioni*

Gianluca Pantaleo *basso, contrabbasso*

Gregorio Caimi *chitarre, bouzouki*

Alfredo Giammanco *programmazioni, tastiere, marranzano, qsiba*

Natale Montalto *fisarmonica*

Maria Luisa Pala *flauti, ottavino, friscaletto*

Debora Messina *voce*

Michele Pantaleo *chitarre (Lacrimi di sali)*

Aldo Bertolino *flicorno (Lacrimi di sali)*

Pietro Vasile *violini e viole*

Giuseppe Civiletti *violoncello*

Francesco Bua *piano (D'amuri e focu)*

Francesco Giacalone *clarinetto (Luna i Marrakesh, 'un c'è, Ancora na vota...i Pirati a Palermo)*

Armando Calabò *voce narrante (Luna i Marrakesh)*

Nino Casano *tamburo a cornice ('un c'è)*

Sound & Voice gospel choir (*'un c'è*)

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ArsurA

- 1 LUNA I MARRAKESH 3.41 (Alfredo Giannmanco)
- 2 ARVULI AMMENZU 'U MARI 4.15 (Gregorio Flavio Caimi, Alfredo Giannmanco)
- 3 'UN C'È 3.57 (Gregorio Flavio Caimi)
- 4 D'AMURI E FOCU 5.13 (Paolo Navarra, Giuseppe Angotta)
- 5 COCCI RI RINA 4.05 (Alfredo Giannmanco, Gregorio Flavio Caimi)
- 6 ANCORA NA VOTA...I PIRATI A PALERMO 5.15 (A. Giannmanco, G. F. Caimi)
- 7 NIKÀ 3.40 (Gregorio F. Caimi, Alfredo Giannmanco)
- 8 SUTERA 5.09 (Onofrio Salamone)
- 9 PUETA FINGITURI 3.49 (Alfredo Giannmanco, Gregorio F. Caimi)
- 10 LACRIMI DI SALI 6.29 (Gianluca Pantaleo)
- 11 MALATA SUGNU 3.27 (Girolamo Tumbarello, Alfredo Giannmanco)



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