

# Songs for *The Classical Renaissance* (1996)

## **Arrivederci, Roma**

*Arrivederci, Roma.*

Good-bye, good-bye to Rome.  
City of a million moonlit places,  
City of a million warm embraces,  
Where I found the one of all the faces  
Far from home.

*Arrivederci, Roma,*  
It's time for us to part.  
Save the wedding bells for my returning,  
Keep my lover's arms outstretched and yearning,  
Please be sure the flame of love keeps burning  
In her heart.  
*Arrivederci, Roma!*

*Arrivederci, Roma*

*Good-bye, au revoir.*  
*Si ritrova a pranzo a Squarciarelli,*  
*Fettuccine e vino dei castelli,*  
*Come ai tempi belli che Pinelli*  
*Immortalo!*  
*Arrivederci, Roma.*  
*Good-bye, au revoir*  
*Si rivede a spaso in carrozzella*  
*E ripensa a quella "ciumachella"*  
*Ch'era tanto bella e che gli ha*  
*detto sempre "No!"*  
*Arrivederci, Roma!*

## **That's Amore**

When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie,  
That's *amore*.  
When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine,  
That's *amore*.  
Bells will ring, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,  
And you'll sing, "Veeta bella."  
Hearts will play, tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay,  
Like a gay tarantella, lucky fella.  
When the stars make you drool just like pastafazool,  
That's *amore*.  
When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet,  
You're in love.  
When you walk in a dream but you know you're not dreaming, Signore,  
Scuzza me, but you see, back in old Napoli,  
That's *amore*!

*Que Serà, Serà* (Whatever will be, Will Be)

When I was just a little boy (girl),  
I asked my mother, "What will I be?  
Will I be handsome (pretty)?  
Will I be rich?"  
Here's what she said to me:  
*"Que sera, sera;*  
Whatever will be, will be.  
The future's not ours to see.  
*Que sera, sera;*  
What will be, will be."

When I was just a child in school,  
I asked my teacher, "What should I try?  
Should I paint pictures?  
Should I sing songs?"  
This was her wise reply:  
*"Que sera, sera;*  
Whatever will be, will be.  
The future's not ours to see.  
*Que sera, sera;*  
What will be, will be.  
*Que sera, sera!"*

## Isle of Capri

‘Twas on the Isle of Capri that I found her,  
Beneath the shade of an old walnut tree.  
Oh, I can still see the flow’rs blooming  
  ‘round her,  
Where we met on the Isle of Capri.  
She was as sweet as a rose at the dawning,  
But somehow fate hadn’t meant her for me.  
And though I sailed with the tide in the  
  morning,  
Still my heart’s on the Isle of Capri.  
Summertime was nearly over,  
Blue Italian sky above;  
I said, “Lady, I’m a rover,  
Can you spare a sweet word of love?”  
She whispered softly, “It’s best not to linger,”  
And then as I kissed her hand I could see  
She wore a plain golden ring on her finger;  
‘Twas good-bye on the Isle of Capri!

## Whiffenpoof Song

To the tables down at Mory's  
To the place where Louis dwells,  
To the dear old Temple bar we love so well,  
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled  
With their glasses raised on high,  
And the magic of their singing casts its spell.  
Yes, the magic of their singing  
Of the songs we love so well,  
"Shall I Wasting," and "Mavourneen" and  
the rest:  
We will serenade our Louis  
While life and voice shall last,  
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the  
rest.  
We're poor little lambs who have lost our  
way: Baa! Baa! Baa!  
We're little black sheep who have gone  
astray: Baa! Baa! Baa!  
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree  
Doomed from here to eternity,  
God have mercy on such as we:  
Baa! Baa! Baa!

## **Funiculi, Funicula** (The first funicular up Vesuvius)

This evening, Nina mine, I went a-climbing,  
I'll tell you where, I'll tell you where:  
Up high, where sullen hearts, old quarrels rhyming,  
Cause no despair, cause no despair.  
Up there the fire is boiling, so be wary--  
It lets you be, it lets you be,  
And never comes too close or gets too scary--  
Come up with me, come up with me.

### Refrain

### OR

Faster, faster, up and up we draw,  
Faster, faster, up and up we draw,  
*Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula*  
Up and up we draw, *funiculi, funicula!*

*Lesti, lesti, via montiam su là,*  
*Lesti, lesti, via montiam su là,*  
*Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula,*  
*Via montiam su là, funiculi, funicula!*

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We quit the earth and leave those mountain vineyards--  
A step or two, a step or two!  
We see Procida, France and all the Spaniards  
(I see you too, I see you too).  
The cables pull: before you know it,  
You reach the sky, you reach the sky,  
And gliding like the wind (you cannot slow it!)  
The rocks go by, the rocks go by!

### Refrain

3.

Oh, now we've reached the peak, we're at the top there;  
Our car's arrived, our car's arrived!  
And now it's reached the top it's going to stop there  
(It's so contrived, it's so contrived)--  
But look— it's turning round and round about now  
(Around to you, around to you):  
My heart is singing like the day that you vowed  
You would be true, you would be true!

### Refrain

### Three Coins in the Fountain

Three coins in the fountain,  
Each one seeking happiness,  
Thrown by three hopeful lovers,  
Which one will the fountain bless?  
Three hearts in the fountain,  
Each heart longing for its home;  
There they lie in the fountain,  
Somewhere in the heart of Rome.  
Which one will the fountain bless?  
Which one will the fountain bless?  
Three coins in the fountain,  
Through the ripples how they shine.  
Just one wish will be granted,  
One heart will wear a valentine.

Make it mine!  
Make it mine!  
Make it mine!

### Put on your Red and White Sweater

Put on your red and white sweater,  
For you'll have none better,  
And we'll open up another keg of beer,  
For it's not for knowledge  
that we came to College,  
But to raise hell all the year.

### Torna a Surriento

*Vide 'o mare quant'è bello,  
Spira tantu sentimento,  
Comme tu a chi tiene mente,  
Ca scetato 'o faie sunnà.*

*Guarda gua', chistu ciardino;  
Siente, sie' sti sciure arance:*

*Nu profumo accussi fino  
Dinto' core se ne va...*

*E tu dice: "I' parto, addio!"  
T'alluntane da stu core...  
Da sta terra de l'ammore...  
Tiene 'o core 'e nun turnà?*

*Ma nun me lassà,  
Nun darne stu turmiento!  
Torna a Surriento,  
Famme campà.*

### Hail, Alma Mater

Hail, Alma Mater, we sing to thy praise.  
Great our affection, tho' feeble our lays,  
Nesting so peaceful and calm 'neath the hill,  
Fondly we love thee, Our Dear Old McGill.

Hail, Alma Mater, thy praises we sing.  
Far down the centuries, still may they ring.  
Long through the ages remain--if God will,  
Queen of the Colleges, Dear Old McGill.



## Queen's College Colours

Queen's College Colours we are wearing once again,  
Soiled as they are by the battle and the rain.  
Yet another victory to wipe away the stain!  
So Gaels go and win!

Oil-thigh na ban-rig-hinn a' Ban-rig-hinn gu brath!  
Oil-thigh na ban-rig-hinn a' Ban-rig-hinn gu brath!  
Oil-thigh na ban-rig-hinn a' Ban-rig-hinn gu brath!  
Cha-gheill! Cha-gheill! Cha-gheill!

There may be other colours to the breezes oft unfurled,  
And many another college yell by student voices hurled;  
Queen's College colours are the dearest in the world,  
So Gaels go in and win!

Oil-thigh....

## The Blue and White

Old Toronto, Mother ever dear, all thy sons thy very name revere.  
Yes we hail thee, ne'er will fail thee, but will seek thy glory with thy might.  
(Yes we are) ever loyal, faithful, frank and strong,  
We will sound thy praises in our song,  
Aye and cheer both loud and long the Royal Blue and White.

Toronto is our university. Shout, oh shout men of every faculty:  
*Velut arbor aevo*, may she ever thrive-o!  
God forever bless our Alma Mater!

## Santa Lucia

In dreams I sail away, where love invites me;  
In dreams we gently sway, Music delights me.  
How sweet the memory--oh, Love, I miss you!  
I dream of Italy, in dreams I kiss you.  
I hold my love once more, there on that distant shore,  
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia!

## TORNA A SURRIENTO

Ernesto de Curtis

De Curtis, compositore napoletano pronipote di Saverio Mercadante, fu accompagnatore pianistico di Gigli per quindici anni, a partire dal 1921. Fu così che le sue romanze entrarono a far parte del repertorio del grande tenore, il quale le fece conoscere nelle due Americhe, a Parigi, a Londra. Autore di molti testi dei suoi successi fu (come in questo caso) il fratello Giambattista.

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### Torna a Surriento

Vide 'o mare quant'è bello,  
Spira tantu sentimento,  
Comme tu a chi tiene mente,  
Ca scetato 'o faie sunnà.

Guarda, gua', chistu ciardino;  
Siente, sie' sti sciure arance:

Nu profumo accussì fino  
Dinto 'o core se ne va...

E tu dice: "I' parto, addio!"  
T'alluntane da stu core...  
Da sta terra de l'ammore...  
Tiene 'o core 'e nun turnà?

Ma nun me lassà,  
Nun darne stu turmiento!  
Torna a Surriento,  
famme campà!

## TORNA A SURRIENTO

Ernesto De Curtis

The Neapolitan composer De Curtis was a grandnephew of Saverio Mercadante. In 1921 he became Gigli's accompanist, and continued to hold this position for the next fifteen years. The great tenor included many of De Curtis's songs in his repertoire, performing them throughout Europe and America. Many of the lyrics (including those to the song included here) were provided by De Curtis's brother Giambattista.

### Torna a Surriento

Look at the sea, how beautiful it is,  
inspiring many sentiments —  
as do your softly spoken words,  
which make me dream all day.

See how this light breeze  
comes from the garden, bringing the scent  
of oranges,  
a fragrance without parallel  
for one whose heart is full of love!

And you say: 'I am leaving, farewell!'  
You would flee my heart,  
this land of love —  
how can you leave it behind?

Don't go away,  
do not torture me any more!  
Come back to Sorrento,  
and do not let me die!

