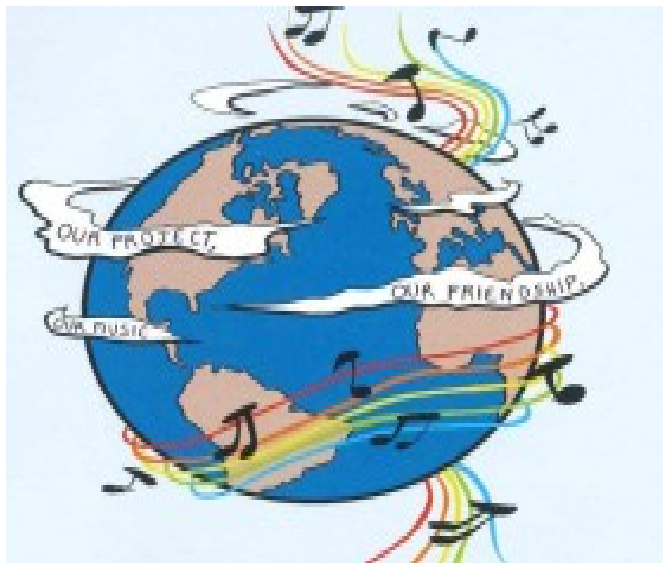


MUSIC: A MELODIC  
METHODOLOGY INTO TEACHING  
AND LEARNING  
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## LANDSCAPE AND TRADITIONAL SONGS

# La chiara stella

“ La chiara stella” is a popular and traditional Christmas song. This song, written by Ambrogio Sparagna, talks about the peace and the hope traditionally generated by the Christmas time.

The Bright Star in the sky is the Holy Star , the Comet that leads to Jesus Christ, but it also the light that shines over the hills and fields of Italy bringing plenty of crops that is the happiness of farmers!






## The clear star

On the evenings of the moon  
if you cross the hill  
if you walk over the river  
you will find the clear star  
caress his own glow  
flower holder for gift  
Sing the song slowly  
by magic will rise...  
He'll take the broken hearts  
on the wings of light  
will banish your miseries  
with the wake of heat  
his horses will fly  
in the plain lands  
where the singing trees  
are the fruit of life...

## La chiara stella

Nelle sere della luna  
se oltrepassi la collina  
se cammini sopra il fiume  
troverai la chiara stella  
accarezza il suo bagliore  
porta fiori per regalo  
canta piano la canzone  
per incanto s'alzerà...  
Prenderà i cuori affranti  
sulle ali della luce  
scaccerà le tue miserie  
con la scia del calore  
i suoi cavalli voleranno  
nelle terre di pianura  
dove gli alberi di canto  
sono il frutto della vita...



Sweet flower of dew  
accompanies my journey  
discover the street corners  
that the star has left us  
your eyes have color  
that will take us far  
has the scent of the earth  
heated by the star.  
your eyes have color  
that will take us far  
has the scent of the earth  
heated by the star.

Dolce fiore di rugiada  
accompagna il mio cammino  
scopri gli angoli di strada  
che la stella ci ha lasciato  
gli occhi tuoi hanno il colore  
che ci porterà lontano  
ha il profumo della terra  
riscaldato dalla stella.  
gli occhi tuoi hanno il colore  
che ci porterà lontano  
ha il profumo della terra  
riscaldato dalla stella.

# Fiore d'Aprile

“Fiore d’aprile” is a romantic song written by Ambrogio Sparagna.

This song is a hymn to nature and beauty.

It describes the physical beauty of a woman comparing it with flowers and fruits of each seasons.

The flower of April is the most precious.

Our Beloved has got the lips like the figs of September, her eyes have the colour of the summer cherries!




# Flower of April

Knock the sun to warm your garden  
s'lift from afar the scent of the evening  
has a sweet step the way of the moon  
He hides behind the trees waiting for his  
time and he tells me not to tell him  
The dawn is far from revealing the  
secret of your heart.

You got lips like September figs  
eyes from the summer cherry color  
hair with braids of garlands of mimosas  
Your voice kidnaps me and transports  
me to the sea telling me not to tell her  
The wind is furious Don't reveal the  
secret of your heart

# Fiore d'Aprile

Bussa il sole a scaldare il tuo giardino  
s'alza da lontano il profumo della sera  
ha un passo dolce il cammino della  
luna  
si nasconde dietro agli alberi  
aspettando la sua ora  
e mi dice non dirglielo  
l'aurora è lontana non svelare il  
segreto del tuo cuore.  
Hai labbra tenere come i fichi di  
settembre  
gli occhi dal colore di ciliegie  
dell'estate  
i capelli con intrecci di ghirlande di  
mimose  
la tua voce mi rapisce e mi trasporta  
verso il mare che mi dice non dirglielo  
il vento è furioso non svelare il segreto  
del tuo cuore



Fiore d'April I can't wait for the  
time it steals your face

A fast falcon will approach me  
and bring you back

Flower d'April I can't wait

Time steals your face from me

A fast falcon will approach me  
and bring you back.

Fiore d'aprile non posso aspettare il  
tempo mi ruba il tuo viso  
un falco veloce si avvicinerà da me e ti  
riporterà

Fiore d'aprile non posso aspettare  
il tempo mi ruba il tuo viso  
un falco veloce si avvicinerà da me e ti  
riporterà.

# La montanara

“La montanara” is a popular song with lyrics and music composed in 1927.

This song is one of the most famous mountain songs. It is inspired by the Ladin legend of Soreghina, daughter of the Sun, even if the words of the song barely mention this story, leaving room for the evocation of valleys, forests and alpine songs.

The lyrics of the song have been translated into 148 languages.

This song, rightly considered the international anthem of the mountain is inspired, as it is known, by the legend of Soreghina, daughter of the Sun: Princess Soreghina lived only when the sun shone; at night he was immersed in a deep sleep. It happened one day that he ran into Ey de Net (Night Eye), glorious warrior of the Duranni who came from the kingdom of the Fanes. He had fallen off a cliff and was unconscious. He took care of Soreghina, who lived with him, once he was cured, in a wooden house in the Fassa Valley, in the presence of the great Vernel, happy to enjoy the sun from which he drew energy and life. The beautiful story of the two ended one day when the beautiful Soreghina secretly heard her warrior tell a friend how much he was fascinated by the beautiful Dolasilla, warrior princess from whom she had had to leave. The revelation crushed the soul of Soreghina who ended up dying in his arms





# La montanara

Up in the mountains, among woods  
and valleys, among the rugged rocks  
echoes a song of love. Up in the  
mountains among woods and valleys  
of hours, Amidst the rugged rocks  
echoes a song of love.

“La montanara” ohè!”  
it sounds la montanara  
And who doesn’t know?


“La montanara ohè  
It sound la montanara  
Singing la montanara  
and who doesn’t know.

# La montanara

La su per le montagne, fra boschi e valli d  
’or, tra l’aspre rupi echeggia un cantico d  
’amor. La su per le montagne fra boschi e  
valli d’or, Tra l’aspre rupi echeggia un  
cantico d’amor.

"La montanara, ohè!"  
si sente cantare,  
cantiam la montanara  
e chi non la sa?

La montanara ohè  
si sente cantare.  
Cantiam la montanara  
e chi non la sa.



There in the mountains by the  
silver rivers  
It was the sweet little house of  
Soreghina,  
the daughter of the Sol,  
the daughter of the Sol.

Làssù sui montidai rivi d'argento una  
capanna cosparsa di fior. Era la piccola  
dolce dimora di Soreghina, la figlia del  
Sol, la figlia del Sol.

# La pastora

According to the most widespread tradition, the song of the shepherd and the wolf is presented highlighting its lyrical tone, rural echoes and melody of poignant tenderness.

A lot of young women in Italy used to work as shepherds in contact with a Nature often full of dangers for them... There is a kind of metaphore in the wolf attempting to her goats and the young man she meets on the mountain advising her of the danger.





# La pastora

And up there, up the mountain  
there was a pastorella

grazed his goats on  
the fresh and beautiful grass.

And from there passed a gentleman  
who said to her: “ohi pastorella,  
Take a good look at your goats the wolf  
takes”.

A wolf leaps out of the woods  
with black face;  
He eats a beautiful goat that la pastorella  
had.

And then she began to cry;  
and cried so loud  
to see her beautiful goat die

# La pastora

E là su, su la montagna  
gh'era su 'na pastorela,  
pascolava i suoi caprin su  
l'erba fresca e bela.

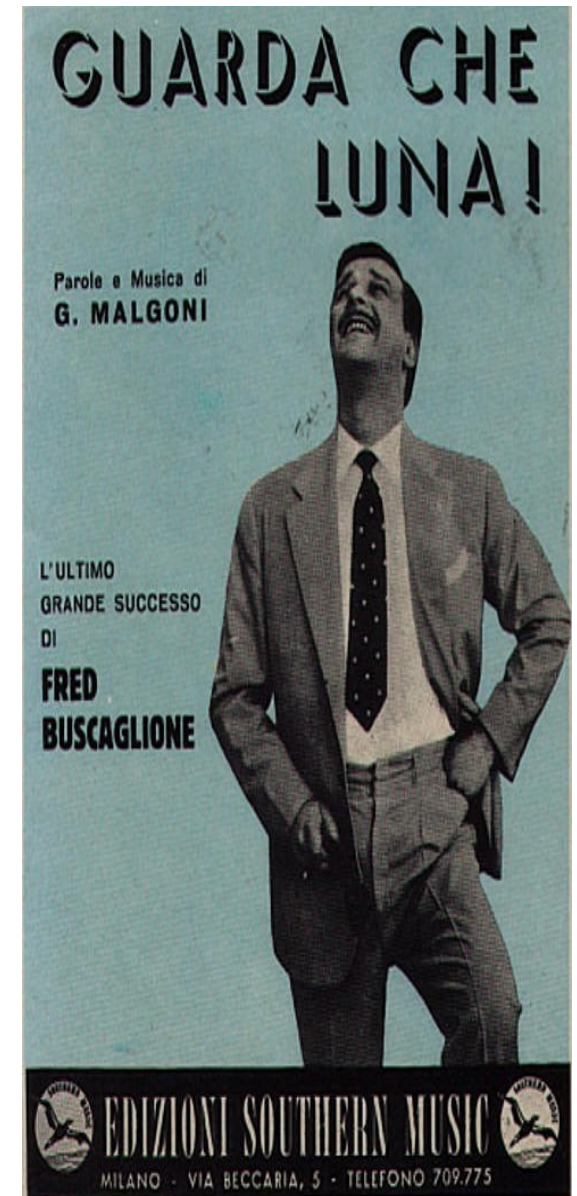
E di lì passò un signore  
e 'l ghe diss: «Oi pastorela,  
varda ben che i tuoi caprin  
lupo non se li piglia».

Salta fòr lupo dal bosco  
con la faccia nera nera;  
l'ha magna 'l più bel caprin  
che la pastora aveva.

Ed allor si mise a piangere;  
e piangeva tanto forte  
al veder il bel caprin  
vederlo andar a morte.

# Guarda che luna

“Guarda che luna” was one of the last successes of Fred Buscaglione: in fact entered the charts in the spring of 1959, a year before the incident in which the singer prematurely lost his life. It describes the passing and ending of love in a symbolic summer context. The moon and the sea are the frame of this sad love!





# Look at the moon

Look at the moon, look at the sea, from  
this night without you I'll have to stay  
crazy with love I want to die while the  
moon up there is watching me.

All that's left is regret because I've  
sinned in wanting you so much now I'm  
just remembering and I wish I could tell  
you look at the moon, look at the sea!

Look at the moon, look at the sea, this  
night without you I'd like to die because  
I'm just remembering and I wish I could  
tell you look at the moon, look at the  
sea!

Look at the moon, look at the sea!

What a moon it is!

# Guarda che luna

Guarda che luna, guarda che mare,  
da questa notte senza te dovrò  
restare

folle d'amore vorrei morire  
mentre la luna di lassù mi sta a  
guardare.

Resta soltanto tutto il rimpianto  
perché ho peccato nel desiderarti  
tanto

ora son solo a ricordare e vorrei  
poterti dire  
guarda che luna, guarda che mare!

Ma guarda che luna, guarda che  
mare,

in questa notte senza te vorrei  
morire

perché son solo a ricordare e  
vorrei poterti dire

guarda che luna, guarda che mare!

Guarda che luna, guarda che  
mare!

Che luna!

# Ciao mare

“Ciao mare” was composed in 1973 by Raoul Casadei and it was one of the most important songs of this author. It describes a love begun in summer, with the sea as background but now is winter and this love is finished as the the summer. Goodbye summertime, goodbye Love and Happiness, winter is coming and it deletes all the beautiful memories of the past Love






## Hello sea

There's no more white sail  
with winter there is the seagull  
and the summer of my love  
It's a long way off.  
At my side lay down  
burning under the sun  
sunk in the wind  
as a child was happy.  
Hello, hello, hello, hello, sea!  
even if it's so cold  
I'll come say goodbye.  
Hello, hello, hello, hello, sea!  
the memory of summer  
awakens in my heart.

## Ciao mare

Non c'è più la vela bianca  
con l'inverno c'è il gabbiano  
e l'estate del mio amore  
è un ricordo ormai lontano.  
Al mio fianco si sdraiava  
si bruciava sotto il sole  
si assopiva in mezzo al vento  
come un bimbo era contento.  
Ciao, ciao, ciao, ciao mare!  
anche se c'è tanto freddo  
io ti vengo a salutare.  
Ciao, ciao, ciao, ciao mare!  
il ricordo dell'estate  
si risveglia nel mio cuore.





The wind blows away  
from the sand memories  
but from the heart, no the wind cannot.  
Hello, hello, hello, hello, sea!  
a flower was born on the sand  
in my heart a great love.  
At my side lay down  
burning under the sun  
sunk in the wind  
as a child was happy.  
Hello, hello, hello, hello, sea!  
the memory of summer  
awakens in my heart.  
Hello, hello, hello, hello, sea!  
a flower was born on the sand  
in my heart a great love.  
The wind blows away  
from the sand memories  
but not from the heart, the wind cannot.  
Hello, hello, hello, hello, sea!  
Hello, hello, hello, hello, sea!

Il vento cancella  
dalla sabbia i ricordi  
ma dal cuore, no il vento non può.  
Ciao, ciao, ciao, ciao mare!  
sulla sabbia è nato un fiore  
nel mio cuore un grande amore.  
Al mio fianco si sdraiava  
si bruciava sotto il sole  
si assopiva in mezzo al vento  
come un bimbo era contento.  
Ciao, ciao, ciao, ciao mare!  
il ricordo dell'estate  
si risveglia nel mio cuore.  
Ciao, ciao, ciao, ciao mare!  
sull sabbia è nato un fiore  
nel mio cuore un grande amore.  
Il vento cancella  
dalla sabbia i ricordi  
ma dal cuore no, il vento non può.  
Ciao, ciao, ciao, ciao mare!  
Ciao, ciao, ciao, ciao mare!



**THANKS FOR YOUR  
ATTENTION**