

*Arledda*

*Without frontiers*



***Without frontiers***: an audacious title to point out a wish for an opening of the Salento's musical tradition to sonority, rhythms and other tones. ***Without frontiers*** elaborates stylistic methods typical of our folklore combining them with the ***popular*** that constitutes the sonorous landscape within which we today live and move. Its method is a communicative need that always knows how to find the correct expressive equilibrium.

The Griko language rarely used in an expulsive way - more often combined with the Romance dialect and with the Italian - is valorized in its phonic elements and exalted by a melody that has in its inflexions great ancient recalls.

The harmonies are influenced by the Griko idiom and they diverge from the traditional folkloric and from the stereotypy song too. In the whole cd flutters an extraordinary ironic vein that sometimes rises itself up to a self-irony - sign of intelligence and a non easy perspicacity to find among the so many who make of the recovery of the popular tradition such a serious care that doesn't absolutely know an indispensable perspective distance.

So far as in the Salento people like Gianni and Rocco De Santis will operate it is certain that the auriferous vein of the cultural deposit, represented by our musical patrimony will be destined not to become exhausted because of the renewal of the inventiveness.

***SALVATORE COLAZZO***

T  
e  
x  
t  
  
b  
y  
  
G  
i  
a  
n  
n  
i  
  
D  
e  
  
S  
a  
n  
t  
i  
s

## To lurì

'Nan vrati ìpia votònta amèsa itt' òtsu  
na cletso aggà pu cèssu ses foddhè,  
sa' llico atse campina acà so fengo  
votònta ta potària pucanè.

Mu ghijie isù ambrò-mmu sa' ffaìa,  
òria p'en ei pleon oria pìri sena  
ce m'ùpe 'mis su nghiso ta puddhia  
atto'llevìto, "T'ine metrimèna!"

"Òria-mu jenomèni san astèri,  
'en irta na su cletso ta puddhia!  
Ipàtisa to scotinò ja sena,  
irta na su ti cletso ti' ccardìa!"

Dòdeca sciddhi, deca paddhicària  
me culutisano ce polemònta,  
me piàcano jati ìchano t'ampària  
ce 'en icha pòtia pleo na pao "apetònta!"

Sarantapènte mere ambejammèno  
cèssu is mia' ccambarèddha scotini!  
tes mètrisa mi'ttes allimoniso:  
sarantapènte takke so lurì!

Ses deca mere m'òpese na' ppono!  
ses decatri mu pesa' tta maddhia!  
ses ìcosi na' cclama pricomèno!  
ses triantattà mia' llampa si' ccardia!

Ce ses sarantapènte, ambejammèno,  
pu cèssu is mian gristèrna scotini,  
me siànone javènnonta quai jeno  
ce m'òjane m'a chorta ti zoi.

Ce tossu chronus doppu, is na' ppaniri  
ipirte n' aforàsi na' llurì,  
iàno so dicò-mmu me tes takke,  
arte pu t'òchi su to sozo pi!

Sarantapènte chroni in javommèni,  
sarantapènte tripe si' ccardia!  
Mu tus ècletse ma in' oli metrimèni  
n' àchi na tus acutètètsis olu' mmia!

Ses deca mere na su pesi o pono!  
ses decattà na chasi ta maddhia!  
ses triantannèa na' cclama na se catsi...  
ce ses sarantapènte... mia' lluria!

*Among the fields I wandered in the night  
stealing the nests eggs in large quantities.  
Like a bush-wolf hearing the song of the moon  
Looking through among the olive trees now here now  
there.*

*You appeared me, as for magic!  
Beautiful like you there is anybody:  
You ordered me: don't touch those birds!  
the broods are counted one by one.*

*My sweet you resemble a star:  
I didn't come here to plunder the birds!  
I have pushed the footsteps through the dark of the night  
because your heart I want to capture.*

*Twelve dogs, ten young vassals,  
with the breath on, in hot pursuit!  
They took me because they were on horseback  
I couldn't fly as the wind.*

*Forty-five days imprisoned  
inside a dark cell frighteningly!  
For not forgetting I have marked them:  
Forty-five notches on the belt!*

*After ten days my pain fell,  
By the thirteenth the hair all away!  
After twenty days a weeping in his heart of hearts!  
By the thirty-seventh my soul goes up in flames!*

*And then by the forty-fifth abandoned  
in a dark ditch, that I don't know  
From good people I was saved,  
with sylvan grasses they took care of me.*

*And then so many years later, in a fair  
you went, to buy a belt;  
it was mine, marked with the notches:  
now I must confess you!*

*Forty-five years have passed,  
Forty-five holes in my heart  
You have stolen them to me but they are all measured  
So that you can pay your sin!*

*After ten days your pain falls!  
By the seventeenth down the hair! And a weeping  
By the thirty-ninth flares up your heart  
And then by the forty-fifth the cemetery!*

**The belt**

M  
u  
s  
i  
c  
  
b  
y  
  
R  
o  
c  
c  
o  
  
D  
e  
  
S  
a  
n  
t  
i  
s



# Kama

Text by Gianni De Santis, music by Rocco De Santis

Ìdrota apànu!... ditsa!  
pu en aggàddhi canèn' nerò!  
ce o tarlòci pu e' ttaràssi  
ce 'en ampònni to' ccerò!

Mie pu m'apètune ambrò-mmu,  
canèn' ajo na m'afitise!  
Me to vlemma tes culutò,  
me ti 't'cchera ne'ssozo stasi.

Ce t'òchasa to' trefiàto  
na fio ampì is na' ccacò' ppetisièri  
àfime, àfime màna-mu  
na chatò son nerò bicchieri!

na t'ampòso na me cordòsi,  
na me plini na me chatàri,  
na min eo pleo na ponistò:  
istèò atinato jurèò chari!

San 'nan àrgulo pu daccànni  
citto choma to rotinò,  
to cociàto t'abbrummimèno,  
pu tu ajèra jurèi' nnerò.

Kama, cappòso kama  
mia' ffotia pu cei tsichè,  
ànemo atse llumèra  
pu atserònni is pa' ppucanè

Satte en'avri ti sozo nosi  
me ta chèria-mu ta junnà?  
'tti' llumèra na tin ajiro,  
motte i tsicchra-Su me tripà.

... Ce en ivrèchi mai itturtèa!  
Ce pa' pprùcula pa' ccannò  
pai cilònta citt' aspra spità,  
ton ajèra citt' atsilò!

Ce son ijo pu arrignàzi,  
ta litària t'abbrummistà  
ifilàzone to choma,  
ta coràffia manechà...

# Warm

*What a sweat on me! ..... thirst!  
any water will satiate me!*

*The clock on the wall*

*Pushes the time that doesn't pass!.....*

*....flies on me ..... and I wonder:*

*"Which Saint can help me?!"*

*With a stare gaze I am plotting  
if my hand can arrive them.*

*And I have lost all my breath  
running after sad thoughts,  
let me go mother! let me  
drown in my glasses*

*of water so that I can wash myself;  
it purifies, it satiated me;  
it frees me from the pain:*

*I am ill and I invoke pardons!*

*As a tree that pricks  
that red burnt earth of here,  
shouting from deaf clods  
asks the sky if it will rain.*

*Warm! But so much heat!  
Flame that souls will flare up!  
Wind made of fire  
that every thing will parch.*

*I'll pick up tomorrow  
this fire that will heat  
as soon as I will have it among the naked  
hands*

*when the cold will strike me. ....  
...and it never rains here!*

*Of every dust and smokes a veil  
Dirtying the white houses.  
And then they get the tall sky!*

*And in the sun that tighten,  
The red-hot secular rocks  
oversee the earth  
and the deserted fields...*



# Ánemo

# Wind

Text by Gianni De Santis and music by Rocco De Santis

“Ánemo pu javènni a’ pùtte stazi?”  
T’òlle o potàri tu ànemo gliçi.  
“Ce cùntamu canèna atta dicàssu,  
tis s’ àmpose itt’ ùrtea ce to jati.”

Ce o ànemo sa pàmpana tu ‘mbije,  
ce pèzonta ton ìsise na sprì,  
atta dicàttu e’tt’ ùpire canèna,  
t’ùpe ca ‘en iche cantasa iche na fi.

De poi atto larga ivòtise mapàle,  
t’ùpe fonè: “Su leo àddin mian imèra!”  
de poi votisti pale ce apètònta  
ichàti apànu, apànu son ajèra.

Javìcano na’ mmina ce dio mere  
ce me ‘tton ànemo èstase na ‘cchiòni  
ce acàtu so potàri irte o galàni  
mi’ rronca so lurì-ttu cremammèni.

Motte o galàni atscicose na zatsi  
ce so anemùddhi ivrèti na javì,  
t’ùpe :“Potàri ampòtìmo itt’ ùrtea,  
jati en na su sianòso ti tsichì!”.

Javìcano na chròne ce dio mini  
ce ap’essu tu galàni dinatò  
o ànemo, javènnonta, ton ite  
l’istike chatimmèno so stennò.

T’òlle o galàni “apùtte ce pu stazi,  
ànemo pu javènni atto stennò?  
Ce cùntamu canèna atta dicà-ssu,  
tis s’ àmpose itt’ ùrtea, me ti seupò!”

Ce o ànemo tu ‘mbije sa maddhìa  
ce pèzonta ton ìsise na sprì,  
atta dicàttu ett’ ùpire cammia,  
t’ùpe ca ‘en iche cantasa iche na fi.

De poi atto larga ivòtise mapàle  
t’ùpe fonè: “Su leo àddin mian imèra!”  
de poi votisti pale ce apètònta  
ichàti apànu, apànu son ajèra.

*Wind that you are passing where do you come from?  
Said the olive tree to the sweet wind.*

*“And tell me something of yours  
who pushed you here and why”.*

*And the wind that passed among its leaves,  
playing shook some of them,  
of his news it didn’t tell him some,  
he said that he was in a hurry and went.*

*Then from far he turned again,  
told him: “another time I’ll disclose you!”  
then he turned back, took his walk,  
he disappeared flying quickly in the sky.*

*Nearly a month and two days flew,  
and with that wind white snow came,  
and under that olive tree the farmer  
came with a suspended axe on the belt.*

*When the farmer started to hit  
and the wind still passed,  
he said to the olive tree: “another time I came  
to carry your soul in the hereafter!”*

*A year and two months still passed  
and from the top of the farmer’s house  
the wind passing quickly  
saw the farmer who sat in his garden.*

*The farmer said: “where are you coming from  
wind that are passing over my garden?  
And tell me something of yours,  
why are you here? Whyever?”*

*And the wind that passed through his hair  
Playing shook him some of the dresses,  
of his news he didn’t tell him some  
he said that he was in a hurry and went.*

*Then from far he turned again,  
told him: “another time I’ll disclose you!”  
Then he turned began his walk again,  
disappeared flying quickly in the sky.*





## *Magariccesseria* \* Even if it were

Text and music by Rocco De Santis

Magariccesseria \* more or less  
and despite everything, we say for the more,  
I am here thinking of what I don't know  
since I am here I want to do a talking. "But you seem crazy to me!"

*\* Even if it were*

What a beautiful pleasure to speak of what is not known.  
"However I would like to understand what do you want to say".  
I am going hell for leather and blah blah blah.  
each gives his meaning to what he will hear.

Ce itu itu'cc'itu ce itu ce it'addò \*

*\* And so, so, so: and so so*

do you understand what I'm telling you? "I don't understand at all!"

Ce itu itu'cc'itu cusi cusi cusi \*

*\* And so, so, so: so, so, this way*

Have I made myself clear? "I don't know what I'll have to say!"

Ce itu itu'cc'itu ce itu ci'ppu ci \*

*\* And so, so, so : and so and there and then*

And there is the rub. "Well but what do you want to say?"

Ce itu itu'cc'itu ce itu ce blah blah \*

*\* And so, so, so : and so blah, blah*

let's put him the wings and let him raise!

Magariccesseria, said I a little before,

it doesn't care few the meaning, much more the rhyme,  
that sounds in the ear like a melody  
and here it finds a logic, magariccesseria.

Ce itu itu'cc'itu, ce itu us it'addò.

do you understand what I'm telling you? "I don't understand at all!"

Ce itu itu'cc'itu cusi, cusi, cusi,

Have I made myself clear? "I don't know what I'll have to say!"

Ce itu itu'cc'itu, ce itu ci'pp ci.

And there is the rub. "Well but what do you want to say?"

Ce itu itu'cc'itu ce itu ce blah, blah,

let's put him the wings and let him raise!



# Constantinople

Text and music by Rocco De Santis

Aja' mMana tu Christù  
afitisò-mma Isù!  
O Maometto acà' sa tichi istèi,  
itèli na mas piài.  
Olo o jèno is foïa  
iclèi ti profetsia:  
lei ti stazi mian imèra  
pu mas afinni o Ajèra,  
to jèma o Turco e' nna su pi  
Costantinopoli!  
Estase i mera. èstase  
Costantinopoli!

Ce culusirmomèsta  
cumbiammèni  
ison levito angotanimmèni  
ce praca'lònta, statti sa maddhia,  
jurèo-me mali' cchari tu Messia,  
tu Spirdu'santu pu mas canoni,  
chari ja ti Costantinopoli!

Aja' mMana tu Christù  
afitisò-mma Isù!  
O Maometto ic'es'sa tichi istèi,  
èstase na mas piài.  
Polemisamo christà  
ja to Christò, ja ma  
ma ja passi christianò  
tureu iche acatò.  
Chamène i polis ce i zoi,  
mas ìmine í tsichi,  
manechà tuo mas ìmine,  
Costantinopoli!

Ce culusirmomèsta  
cumbiammèni  
ison levito angotanimmèni  
ce praca'lònta, statti sa maddhia,  
jurèo-me mali' cchari tu Messia,  
tu Spirdu'santu pu mas canoni,  
chari ja ti Costantinopoli!

*Holy Mother of Jesus  
come to save us!  
Mohammed \* is under the walls. \* Mohammed II  
he wants this city.  
All the people of God  
Crying for the sad penalty,  
know that one day will fall a veil  
of mourning down from the sky;  
"from Turk you will have to die  
Constantinople!  
That day came, it came by then  
Constantinople!*

*We drag there afflicted, desolate  
in the olive grove, prone, knelt,  
praying in the street, ash on the head,  
asking great grace to the Messiah:  
to the Holy Spirit that looks at us  
we grant a pardon for Constantinople!*

*Holy Mother of Jesus  
come to save us!  
Mohammed is inside the walls,  
He takes this city.  
We fought with value  
for us, for the Lord  
but every Christian had on him  
hundred and more Turks .  
Lost his life and the city  
the soul remained,  
only this remained,  
Constantinople!*

*We drag there afflicted, desolate  
in the olive grove, prone, knelt,  
praying in the street, ash on the head  
asking great grace to the Messiah;  
to the Holy Spirit that looks at us  
we grant a pardon for Constantinople!*





## *Night in Baghdad*

Text and music by Rocco De Santis

Nitte! Nitte pu metrùne ti zoi,  
nitte pu to zisi su varì,  
nitte pu en atsemèrnonn mai.

Nitte! Nitte javommène is manechia,  
pu o crasi su canni cumpagnia  
sara apà si'bbanca e'ss'attumbèi.

Nitte! Nitte atse ghinèke ce fotìa,  
motte o paradiso en'amartia:  
t'addho isù t'affinni tos addhò.

Nitte! Nitte javommène sa macrà,  
pu i ciofàli-mu 'en allimonà,  
tunitta ici, o pentsièri-mu apetà!

Notte a Baghdad! Notte a Baghdad!  
La mezzaluna riflessa nel fiume,  
le costellazioni più vicine,  
com'è lontana la quotidianità!

Storie! Storie d'incantesimi e magie,  
di amori sonnambuli e poesie,  
di addii, di lacrime, di arak..  
Vento! Vento che s'alza repentino,  
passa il tappeto di Aladino,  
scuote le palme e se ne va.

Notte a Baghdad! Notte a Baghdad!

Nitta! Nitta, ma isù àrimo pu stei?!  
ise na pentsièri pu me cei,  
na pentsièri pu 'en m'affinni mai!

Nights! Nights that measure our days;  
nights, which burden our lives;  
nights, that never dawn.

Nights! Nights passed alone without love neither poetry,  
only the wine keeps you company,  
until it won't put you to sleep.

Nights! Nights of passion, women and voluptuousness:  
When heaven becomes hell!  
"the other" to the others you will leave.

Nights! Nights spent elsewhere, far-off,  
nights, that my mind never forgets;  
tonight there, my thought will fly!

Night in Baghdad! Night in Baghdad!  
The half moon reflects in the river,  
the nearest constellations,  
how far is the everyday reality!

Stories! Stories of spells and magics,  
of sonnambulant loves and poetries,  
of goodbyes, of tears, of arak  
Wind! Wind that gets up suddenly,  
the carpet of Aladin passes,  
it shakes the palms and goes away.  
Night in Baghdad! Night in Baghdad!

Night! Night, but who knows where you are?!  
in my heart you will always burn:  
a memory that never dies!





## *Burned Day*

Text by Gianni De Santis  
Music by Rocco De Santis

Sun in the sky,  
Wind blazing hot  
you burn my life!  
You remove the breath  
midday fire!  
And under a gorge  
the air looks for breath  
salty and dark  
of the harbour...

Mother, mother  
don't howl  
I am not able  
to bear it  
it is not even  
my fault  
I don't want  
the job  
with this pain  
a chain  
that ties me  
that poisons me  
with this heat  
the light  
of the sun  
on the sky  
that drowns you  
with that veil  
that melts you  
it poisons you  
this chain  
hurry up! Hurry up!

I have told you  
"don't howl!"  
I am not able to  
bear it!  
Give me  
thousand lire at once  
because I have to go  
I have to leave  
because I have  
to refresh me  
in soak  
into the sea  
the fresh water  
will bring me  
on the foam  
to dissolve  
the poison

the noise  
of the train  
that brings you  
out, out  
where dies  
out, out  
where dies  
... the sun!  
The sun dies!  
Where do you find  
so much people  
that look at you  
indifferently  
where you raise  
with the pain  
when you hear  
the siren  
how bitter is the poison  
of that damned  
train  
that brings you  
to the countries  
where you find  
the money  
(artificial heavens)  
and it brings you  
where the streets  
are all  
illuminated  
however it lacks of  
however it lacks of  
...sun!

There's a lack of sun!  
And me instead  
I want to remain  
in this country  
to hear you  
carry out  
this polemic  
every day:  
I don't want  
to work!  
I don't want  
I'll say you again!  
I want to remain  
without money  
without an art  
a profession

(not even a policeman I  
want to be)  
I hang  
with this weight  
an uncertain  
future  
to cook me  
to waste away  
to cook me  
... in the sun!  
The sun cooks!

And you my love  
that lend me  
your heart  
on your damned  
breast  
that suffocates me  
that takes me  
smashes me  
upsets me  
I feel a lump  
in my throat.  
Let him go!  
Let him go!  
find another  
well-mannered  
cleverer  
richer  
that gets you married  
that deceives you  
that brings you  
to the altar  
don't blunder!  
don't blunder!  
don't blunder!  
... the sun!  
I want the sun!



# Fenced Pizzica\* (\*local dance)

Text and music by Rocco De Santis

Quella donna mi appartiene,  
quella donna è cosa mia,  
non provarci non conviene  
dal mio cuor portarla via.  
Io ti ho visto l'altra sera,  
eri fermo al suo portone,  
le dicesti "Calispera!",\*  
lei rispose dal balcone.

\*Buonasera

Mmula, mmula to machèri  
ca attevràti en na to petsi,  
joma joma to bikkèri.  
to crasàci na to pretisi.  
Chafimmèno, n'o cannisi  
reflettèonta, to sicàri,  
ca attevràti en ni' torisi  
me to 'ccajo' ppaddhicàri.  
Pizzica schermata, pizzicà. (4 volte)

Uccio piàe to tamburràci  
ce cortàliso 'tto derma,  
ti apètonta san jalàci  
trechastà chorèo'tti skerma.  
Ce, atse punta o atse tajo,  
na jaddhètsi ivò to 'ccanno,  
ipàni lèonta ti ene o cajo  
ma to derma tu to spanno.  
Pizzica schermata, pizzicà. (4 volte)

Ta machèria pu chorèone  
tu'tti 'ppizzica atse lissa,  
coterà to feddhiscèone  
tu'tto scotinò atse pissa.  
Ce votònta ditsammèna  
pane vrisconta to derma,  
na grattine me to jema  
ce na svisonè'tti skerma.  
Pizzica schermata, pizzicà. (4 volte)

E quel fiore ti lanciò,  
che afferrasti con la mano,  
lei ti disse "S'agapò!","\*  
tu dicesti a lei "Ti amo!".  
Ca ete scioscia ieu la sacciu,  
ca è pulandra, ca è masciara,  
ma de l'occhi soi su pacciu,  
de ddhi fianchi de sacàra.

\*Ti amo

*That woman belongs to me,  
that woman is my property,  
don't try you had not to bring her away  
from my heart.  
I have seen you the other evening,  
you stand still at her front door,  
you told her "Calispera" \*  
She replied from the balcony.*

\*Good evening

*And she launched you that flower,  
which you grabbed with the hand,  
she told you "S' agapò" \**

*you told her "I love You!"  
I know that she's a timewaster,  
a bad lot, an enchantress  
but of her eyes I'm crazy  
and of her serpentine hips.*

\* I love You

*I'm fully aware, and I'm ready  
that you have a quickly hand  
but tonight this affront  
with the knife will be washed.  
We'll meet us at midnight  
behind "St. Vito's" (a place in Sternatia)  
on the two blades there's the fate  
of this obstinate love.*

*Whet, whet your knife  
this evening we have to play;  
pour, pour your light wine  
in the glass, taste it.  
Then sitting you will study*

Ieu la sacciu, e suntu pruntu,  
ca si svertu cu la manu,  
ma stasira quist' affrontu  
de cortieddhu lu llavamu.  
Ni vitimu a mezzanotte  
add' arretu a Santu Vitu,  
su dòi lame nc' è la sorte  
de st' amore ncapunitu.  
Pizzica schermata, pizzicà. (4 volte)

*with your smoking cigar,  
each movement that you have to do  
with your young challenger.*

*Uccio\*, take the tambourine*

\*Anthony

*make play that skin,  
that flying like a bird  
this fence wants to dance.  
And the point or the edge  
that's he who will choose;  
and even if he thinks that he's the best  
his skin I will tear.*

*The knives which dance  
this hot tempered pizzica,  
sharp they will cut  
this tenebrous night.  
And splitting, thirsty  
They twirl to find  
skin and blood that gushing out,  
this fence can appease.*



# Let's go, let's go to America

Text and music by Rocco De Santis

*Let's go, let's go to America! (2 times)*

*I leave children, I leave woman,  
I leave father, I leave mother,  
I leave house, I leave earth.  
I leave friends, I leave heart,  
I leave wind, I leave sun,  
over there the Eternal Father*

*Let's go, let's go to America! (1 time)*

*I leave without one hundred lire,  
clandestine I will embark me  
I will set sail on April twenty-eighth,  
I don't know when I will arrive,  
if I will arrive in America.*

*Let's go, let's go to America! (3 times)*

*How much people on this ship  
and dialects we don't know,  
and me that I am a special type  
I speak Leccese, Greek and Italian  
but I don't speak American  
America!*

*Let's go, let's go to America! (3 times)*

*With me I have only four bags,  
broken shoes without drawstrings  
and a package of friselle \**

\* (local food)

*and a heap of tobacco  
and some rag to rest  
to stand up I'm not able  
poor us! America!*

*Let's go, let's go to America! (3 times)*

*Sailing on this boat  
after a month of sea sickness  
I have reached New York  
now I have to work:*

*how will I be able to get it!*

*I have already lost fifteen kilograms  
vomiting here and there  
only bones and hair have remained  
dry as a dried cod  
who will assume me to work?  
In America.*

*Let's go, let's go to America! (3 times)*

*At the checkpoint they have rejected me  
they asked me: "Who sent you here?  
You are not good to work  
Go back to Italy, go back countryman.  
America!*

*Let's go, let's go to America! (3 times)*

*A certain Luciano comes up to me  
who says: "Listen to me boy!  
I want to help you, to give a helping hand,  
and he brings me to a certain Capone  
named Al. ...*

*Since two months I am a Mafioso  
Since three months I am in the jail,  
how hard is this rest  
give me, give me the extradition,  
America!*

*Let's go, let's go to America! (3 times)*

*Mother, mother I can't cope anymore!  
Mother, mother I can't cope anymore! (2 times)*

*Let's go, let's go to America! (3 times)*

*Countryman!*



# *Without frontiers*

*You were born in a foreign country,  
the language that I speak you don't understand  
the love that you give me is a true love,  
because your love arrives from far.*

*To tell me that you love me you say...  
"I love you"*

*and I answer " that I love you",  
our love crosses the frontiers,  
we call us love with every word.*

*stay near me hold on tightly my hand  
hold my hand, stay always close to me,  
my dear that you come from so far,  
you come from so far and I love you.  
And my little village you love my dear,  
you love my earth because of my love  
your love has broken a chain  
both of us let's mix the language .*

*I leave you the good morning when I go  
and you, always smiling, kiss me  
to greet you say to me bye,*

*you kiss me smiling artlessly.*

*I'm working and I have you in mind  
and you, while you are cooking, you think  
about me  
you are cooking and you think about me  
and me, while I'm working , I think about you.*

*"Please, pass me the wine" you say  
and I pass you the wine,  
"the bread" I ask you,  
with love you pass me the bread.*

*You say "Let's go to bed, I am tired"  
and in bed you let yourself go  
I remain awake and I look at your sleep,  
I watch over your sweet sleep.*







## *Ce meni statti*

Tis docsa pai jurèonta, tis agàpi,  
tis pluti ce sosia jurèonta ipài;  
metàvri atto sitàri imèni i rapì,  
pan ena ats'olu imà to nnima enn'ai.

En'ei frontili, 'en echi ndè stefani  
ja mian eternità na resistèsi  
mara'cce ma! Ja olu ei to trapani,  
tu tånatu 'en ei ena nu sfuggètsi.

Ndè òrio echi, ndè calò nde chari,  
ndè neo ndè palèo ce ndè plussiuna,  
olu so ìdio'cchoma en na mas pari,  
is vàrius tropu i sòrtama e'ccumùna.

Mara'cce ma coràfi atse rapì!  
Pu is mina'ssettembrìu me lissa anàtti  
addiù sordi! Addiù chari, agàpi!  
Ipài o cannò atse ma ce meni statti!

## *And ash remains*

Who looks for glory, who for love  
who looks for money and who for power;  
tomorrow, some wheat won't remain  
each of us the grave will gain.

There is not a forehead and not even a crown  
that for the eternity can reign:  
miserable us! the scythe doesn't forgive!  
Anybody the death can never escape!

There is no beauty, no grace, neither goodness,  
neither new, nor old or rich that is immune;  
all to the same earth will bring,  
in various ways the Fate is us common.

by now field of stubbles without words!  
Joined September it will catch fire in storm;  
goodbye money! Goodbye joy, love!  
smoke that flies and ash that remains!



Without frontiers it is the second cd of the Group Avleddha.

The precedent one, its title *Otranto*, has been published in 2000 and republished in 2001.

It can be demanded sending an e-mail message:  
avleddha@greciasalentina.com

<i>Rocco De Santis</i>	voice and guitar
<i>Gianni De Santis</i>	voice and countermelody
<i>Dario Marti</i>	soloist guitar and second voice
<i>Roberto Lezzi</i>	bass
<i>Nicola Gennachi</i>	accordion
<i>Tonino Friolo</i>	battery
<i>Giuseppe Ciancia</i>	percussions
<i>Constance Frei</i>	violin

The Avleddhas are a musical group that has elected the Greek from the Salento as language to express emotions and feelings, that, aspiring to translate the feelings of an ethno-linguistic minority - that of the Greek from the Salento - want to communicate to a large number of public the pride of belonging to a community which vindicates its ancient origin which in turn want to oppose a form of active resistance to the homologated today's pressures.

# Without Frontiers

- |   |      |
|---|------|
| 1. <i>The belt</i>                      | 5:41 |
| 2. <i>Warm</i>                          | 4:20 |
| 3. <i>Wind</i>                          | 2:53 |
| 4. <i>Even if it were</i>               | 3:20 |
| 5. <i>Constantinople</i>                | 4:31 |
| 6. <i>Night in Baghdad</i>              | 5:25 |
| 7. <i>Burned day</i>                    | 5:51 |
| 8. <i>Fenced Pizzica</i>                | 5:28 |
| 9. <i>Let's go, let's go to America</i> | 6:22 |
| 10. <i>Without frontiers</i>            | 5:05 |
| 11. <i>And ash remains</i>              | 4:45 |

For the realization of this cd we thank:

**Gino Di Mitri** to have made us know **Constance Frei** and for her precious contribution to the image of Avleddda;

**Roberta Nuzzo** for the patience and her cleverness in the graphic realization of this work;

**Gigi Specchia** to have made his art available, creating on purpose the images of "*Without frontiers*";

**Ada Manfreda** and **Salvatore Colazzo** for the brotherly friendship and for the moral and material support to the project Avleddda.

© 2002 - Cultural Group Avleddda  
via Case Sparse - Sternatia (Le) - Italia  
Tel. 0836/666951

E-mail: [avleddda@greciasalentina.com](mailto:avleddda@greciasalentina.com)  
Sito internet: <http://www.avleddda.it>

CD 2