



EMUNI AUTH SUMMER SCHOOL 2013: 'TRANSLATION FOR TOURISM'
Project Coordinator Prof. Eleni Kassapi

Course 1 :
INTERLINGUISTIC COMMUNICATION / LABORATORIES
Translators and tourism (4 ects)

Responsible Professor: Prof. Eleni Kassapi
assisted by: Georgios Pappas, Kyriaki Griva

The sea and the music: an intercultural trip along XVI Century between Italy and Greece

Relatore: Luca Congedo
Chitarra e voce: Vincenzo Urso

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Il mare e la musica: un viaggio interculturale tra Italia e Grecia nel XVI secolo



Il mare



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LA MER









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Lu rusciu te lu mare

Na sira ieu passai te le padule,
e 'ntisi le ranocchiule cantare.
A una a una ieu le sintia cantare,
ca me pariane lu rusciu te lu mare.
Lu rusciu te lu mare è mutu forte,
la fija te lu re se tae alla morte.
Iddhra se tae alla morte e ieu alla
vita,
la fija te lu re sta se marita.
Iddhra sta se marita e ieu me nzuru,
la fija te lu re me tae nu fiuru.
Iddhra me tae nu fiuru e ieu na
palma,
la fija te lu re se 'ndeae alla Spagna.
Iddhra se 'ndeae alla Spagna e ieu 'n
Turchia,
la fija te lu re la zita mia.
E **vola** vola vola palomba vola,
e vola vola vola palomba mia,
ca ieu lu core meu te l'aggiu dare.

One night I was walking along the
marsh and I heard the frogs singing.

One by one I heard them singing so
that it sounded like the roar of the sea.

The roar of the sea is very loud the
king's daughter gives herself to death.

She gives herself to death and I to life
the king's daughter is going to get
married.

She's going to be married and I'll be
bridegroom, the king's daughter gives
me a flower.

She gives me a flower and I give her a
palmtree the king's daughter is going
to Spain.

She's going to Spain and I'm to Turkey
the king's daughter my sweet heart.

And fly fly fly dove fly I have got this
heart for I have got this heart to give
you.

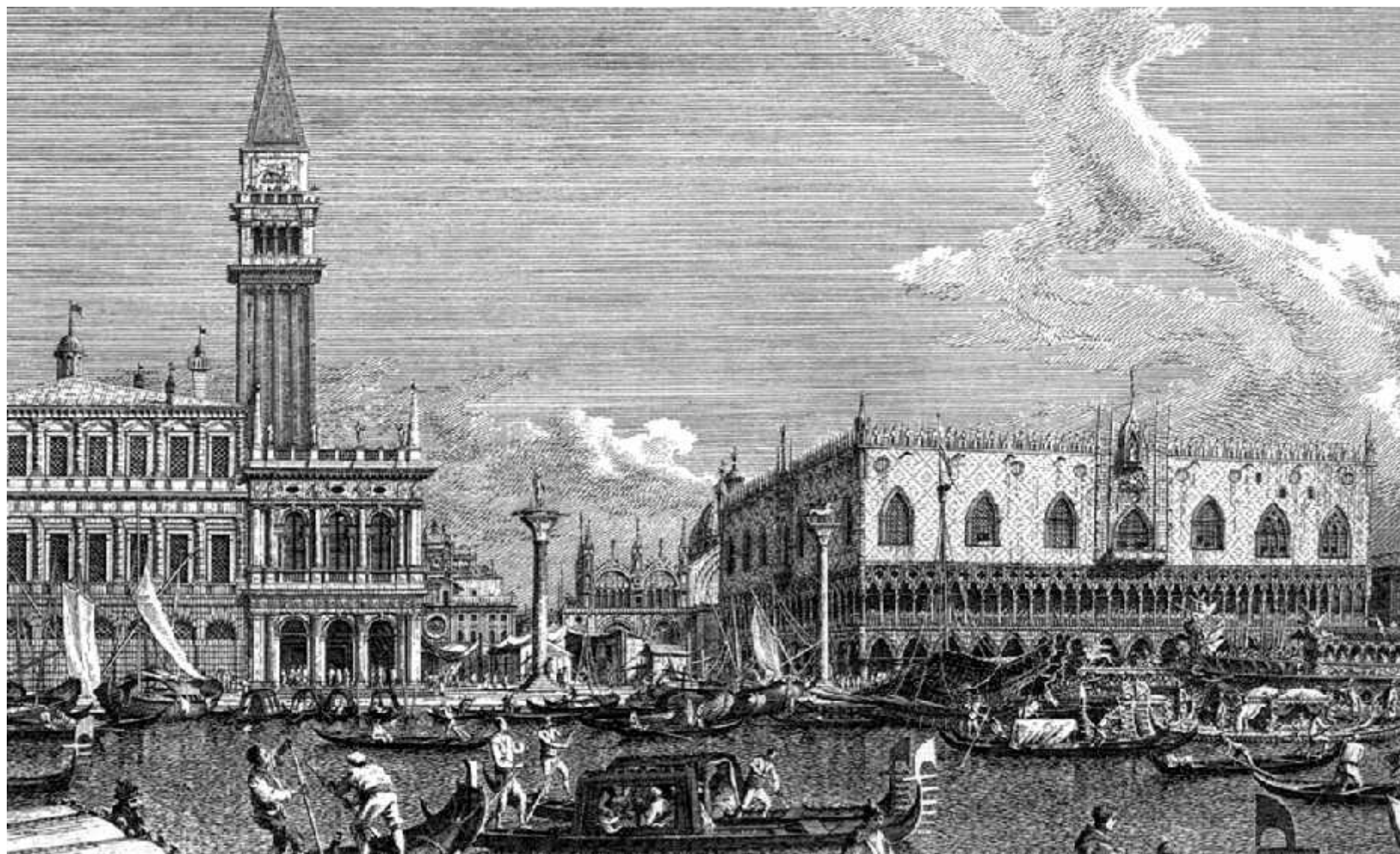
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ethno ensemble salentina

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Cando pinso al turmendo

Haimena, se t'avesse
sul man, O chie pulesse
el zunzerte Cul spathia
un zurno, mariolletto,
Te 'l tangiarave 'l viso al to despetto.

Cando pinso al mio turmendo
Chie ti me 'l dastu, amori,
Thòra chie 'l me xe rotta
Mio lanza, e mio cavallo scamba via,
Chie no 'l posso far botta
Gnesuna chie bon sia,
Irteme tanda stinza dendro 'l cori

(versi di Antonio Molino)

Alas! If I could lay hands on you, or
If I could ever reach you with my
sword, little knave, I would change
your face to your loathing!

When I think of the torment that you
give me, Love, now that my lance is
broken and my horse runs away so
that I cannot deal any blow that
would do any good, such a sting
comes in my heart that I die of grief.

(Antonio Molino)



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Mi xe stao in tutte cande

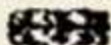
(A.Molino)

Mi xe stao in tutte cande
Catro barte del mundo,
Cercando in tundo in tundo,
E l'ostro e 'l tramundana,
E 'l pulende e 'l levande;
No 'l visto mai fra tande
Donna chie del vertù sia plio surana.
Unde la benendigo
Mio stella, mio vendura
E mio destin amingo,
Chie me 'l fado vegniri
Aldir chesta verzinia in mio
vecchiezza,
Per far satiar mio cor del so dolcezza.

I have been in all four parts of the world, looking around and around, in the south and the north, in the west and the east; I have never seen among so many a woman who is superior in virtue.

Wherefore I bless my star, my fortune, and my friendly destiny that made me come to listen to this young woman in my old age, to have my heart satisfied with her sweetness. So, if I had Petrarch's muse in my barge and boat, I would have her hear that in her lovely face is all the goodness of Paradise.

I FATTI,
E LE PRODEZZE
DI MANOLI BLESSI
STRATHIOTO,
DI M. ANTONIO MOLINO,
DETTO BURCHIELLA.



CON PRIVILEGIO.





E vu, fiumi, chie dèu tributo al mari

E vu, fiumi, chie dèu tributo
al mari,

Vegni cha tutti canti a
lagrimari

La morte d'Adrian, del chan
me dogio,

Chie no 'l porà mie versi plio
lustrari

Cu 'l dulce canto chie rumpe
ogni scogio.

O megàlos cordogio!

And you, rivers that give
tribute to the sea, come
hither every one to lament
the death of Adrian, for
whom I mourn, who will
nevermore be able to set my
verses to music with the
sweet song that shatters
every reef.

Oh great sorrow!

Andrea Gabrieli

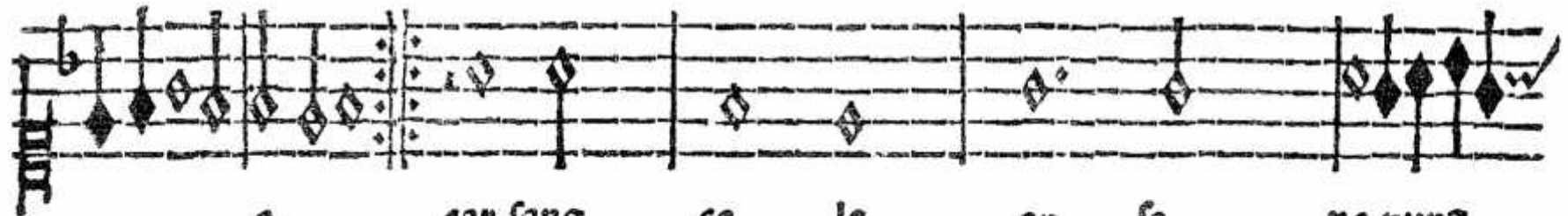




Ere four ner mō amy iete pry
Pour cō ten ter lesprit de ton a my

| RRRR RR R RRR DDDD RRR DD RRRRRR R RRRRRRRR

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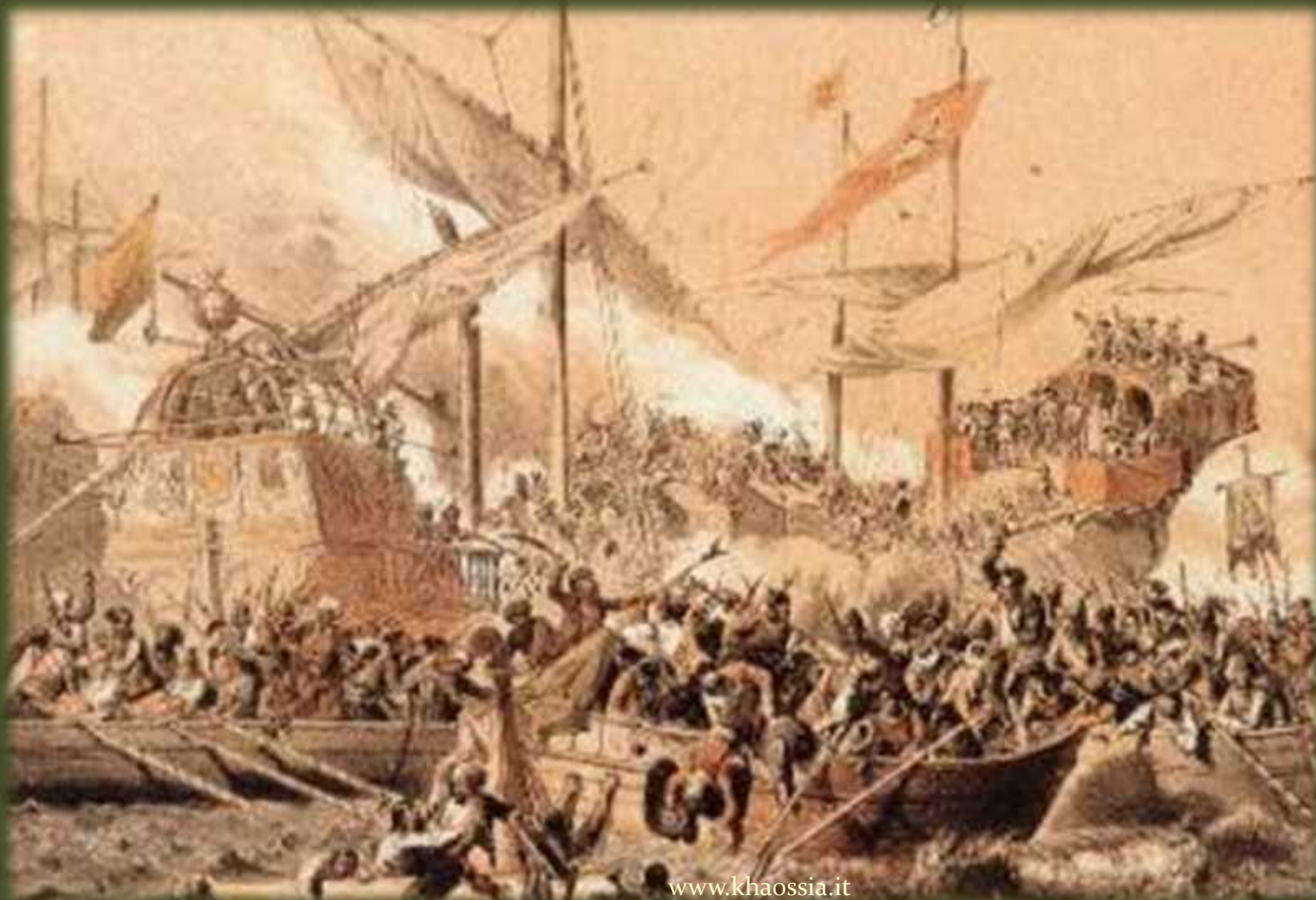
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Terra d'Otranto



Otranto: mamma li turchi







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