

The NAXOS logo is located in the top left corner. It consists of the word "NAXOS" in a white, bold, sans-serif font, centered within a blue square. Above the text are three white horizontal lines, and below the text are three white vertical lines, creating a stylized architectural or classical motif.

**NAXOS**

The background of the entire page is a close-up, sepia-toned photograph of a man in a dark suit and white shirt. He is looking down and to the right, with his right hand resting against his forehead in a contemplative or distressed pose. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his face and the texture of his clothing.

# **RESPIGHI**

## **Tre Liriche**

**Berceuse • Lamento d'Arianna • Il tramonto • Aretusa**

**Alessandra Visentin, Contralto**

**Chamber Orchestra of New York**

**Salvatore Di Vittorio**

**Ottorino**  
**RESPIGHI**  
(1879–1936)

- 1 Berceuse, P. 38** (1902) (ed. Salvatore Di Vittorio [b. 1967]) ..... **6:12**
- Tre Liriche, P. 99a ('Three Art Songs')** (1906–12, orch. 1913) ..... **8:19**  
(orchestration completed by Salvatore Di Vittorio, 2013) \*  
Texts by Ada Negri (1870–1945) **2**, Vittoria Aganoor Pompilj (1855–1910) **3 4**
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(version for voice and string orchestra)  
Text by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822), translated into Italian by Roberto Ascoli (fl. 1891–1930)
- 7 Aretusa, P. 95** (1910–11) ..... **12:42**  
Text by Percy Bysshe Shelley, translated into Italian by Roberto Ascoli

\* WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING OF COMPLETED ORCHESTRATION

**Alessandra Visentin, Contralto **2-7****  
**Chamber Orchestra of New York**  
**Salvatore Di Vittorio**

**Ottorino RESPIGHI (1879–1936)**

**Berceuse, P. 38 • Tre Liriche, P. 99a • Lamento d'Arianna, P. 88**

**Il tramonto, P. 101 • Aretusa, P. 95**

The renowned Italian composer Ottorino Respighi (9 July 1879, Bologna – 18 April 1936, Rome) is perhaps most well known for his *Roman Trilogy: Fountains of Rome, Pines of Rome* and *Roman Festivals*. His music in the 20th century signalled the rebirth of Italian symphonic music, and a restored appreciation of Renaissance and Baroque musical forms. His orchestral works are thus considered the culmination of the Italian symphonic repertoire. Equally important, Respighi embraced the continuity of tradition with a love of the ancient world, and thereby promoted a revival of musical ideas within the context of late 19th- and 20th-century elements. Respighi's prolific compositional output includes about 200 works (including symphonic music and operas), about three dozen transcriptions, and a handful of unfinished works.

Respighi was first noticed thanks to his orchestration of the *Lamento d'Arianna* by Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643), which was premiered in Berlin in 1908 under conductor Arthur Nikisch. The performance received wonderful reviews in the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*, boasting of Respighi's magnificent elaboration and orchestration. Respighi then aroused national attention with the premiere of his opera *Semirama* in Bologna in November of 1910, of which Pizzetti wrote: '...one can say with certainty, that with his *Semirama* Ottorino Respighi has demonstrated such quality tonight, in strong musicianship and also as a composer of opera, to have us believe that Italy will have in him one of the most respectable musicians of its near future.' Then, in 1917, Respighi achieved international recognition with *Fountains of Rome* at the age of 37.

Ottorino Respighi studied violin and viola with Federico Sarti at the Liceo Musicale in Bologna, as well as composition with Giuseppe Martucci, and musicology with Luigi Torchi – a scholar of Early Music. Following his graduation from the conservatory in 1900, Respighi travelled to Russia to become principal violist for the Russian Imperial Theatre Orchestra of St Petersburg for its season of Italian opera. During his stay, Respighi studied composition for five months with Rimsky-Korsakov. He then returned to Bologna to earn a second degree in composition. From 1908 to 1909 he spent some time performing in Germany, before returning to Italy and turning his attention entirely to composition.

Upon being appointed a teacher of composition at the Conservatorio di Musica Santa Cecilia in 1913, Respighi moved to Rome and lived there for the rest of his life. In 1919 he married a former pupil, singer Elsa Olivieri-Sangiuliano. From 1923 to 1926 Respighi was director of the Rome Conservatory. In 1925 he collaborated with Sebastiano Arturo Luciani on an elementary textbook entitled *Orpheus*.

*Feste Romane*, the third part of his Roman trilogy, was premiered by Arturo Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic in 1929. Toscanini recorded the music twice for RCA Victor, first with The Philadelphia Orchestra in 1942 and then with the NBC Symphony Orchestra in 1949. As a result, Respighi's music had considerable success in the United States. The *Toccata for Piano and Orchestra* was premiered (with Respighi as soloist) under Willem Mengelberg and the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall in November 1928, and the large-scale theme and variations entitled *Metamorphoseon* was commissioned for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

In his role as musicologist, Respighi was also an enthusiastic scholar of Italian music of the 16th to 18th centuries. He published editions of the music of Claudio Monteverdi and Antonio Vivaldi, and of Benedetto Marcello's *Didone*. Because of his devotion to these masters and their styles of composing, Respighi is often seen as an exponent of neo-Renaissance and neo-Baroque traditions. Respighi typically preferred combining pre-Classical melodic styles and musical forms (like dance suites) with standard late 19th-century Romantic harmonies and textures.

In 1932, Respighi was elected to the Royal Academy of Italy. He continued to compose and tour until January 1936, after which he became increasingly ill with a cardiac infection resulting from a tooth ailment and died of heart failure on 18 April of that year at the age of 56. A year after his burial, his remains were moved to his birthplace of Bologna and reinterred at the city's expense.

**Salvatore Di Vittorio, Potito Pedarra,  
Luigi Verdi**

Ottorino Respighi's *Berceuse* for strings, *Lamento d'Arianna* and *Tre Liriche* (the latter both for mezzo-soprano and orchestra) were entrusted to Italian composer and conductor Salvatore Di Vittorio for their restoration in 2008 by Respighi's great nieces Elsa and Gloria Pizzoli, with the guidance of the Respighi family archive curator/cataloguer Potito Pedarra. While the *Berceuse* and *Lamento* required restoration and editing, the *Tre Liriche* required the completion of its orchestration for publication.

#### **Berceuse, P. 38**

The *Berceuse* for strings is a short lullaby composed in 1902. Similar to the *Aria* for strings, also edited by Di Vittorio and part of the Chamber Orchestra of New York's Naxos debut in 2011 (8.572332), the music shows the blossoming of Respighi's string and vocal-inspired writing as a prelude to such later works as his masterful *Ancient Airs, Suites Nos. 1–3*, the third of which is for string orchestra. The premiere of the published work was given on 22 April 2022 at The DiMenna Center for Classical Music in New York, with the Italian premiere with the Orchestra of the Teatro Massimo Opera of Palermo, Italy – both performances under the direction of Di Vittorio.

#### **Tre Liriche, P. 99a ('Three Art Songs')**

The *Tre Liriche* includes *Notte* ('Night'), *Nebbie* ('Fog') and *Pioggia* ('Rain'), which Respighi had originally set as separate works for mezzo and piano between 1906 and 1912. He then decided to orchestrate the three songs as a song cycle in 1913 for mezzo Chiarina Fino Savio, for the world premiere on 6 February 1914 with Orchestra dell'Augusteo (now the Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia) in Rome under conductor Bernardino Molinari. Luciano Pavarotti championed two of the three songs in the 1970s, following their individual successes with singers in recitals. Potito Pedarra, the cataloguer of Respighi's works, then rediscovered the existence of the lost (incomplete) opus with all three songs in the 1990s, well after the publication of his Respighi works list. Pedarra subsequently numbered the rediscovered opus as *Tre Liriche, P. 99a*.

Di Vittorio completed Respighi's orchestration of the extant orchestral manuscript (pages), as provided by the Respighi family, for its first engraved critical edition in anticipation of its 100th anniversary in 2013. *Tre Liriche* is available for rental under publisher Casa Ricordi (Universal Music) in Italy in two versions: the original for mezzo-soprano (or baritone) and orchestra, and for soprano (or tenor) and orchestra – the latter version was commissioned by the London Philharmonic Orchestra for a recording of *Nebbie* alone on Decca Classics.

The autograph manuscript of Di Vittorio's restoration and orchestration of *Tre Liriche* and his compositional completion of Respighi's first *Violin Concerto* (in A) are preserved in the music archive of The Morgan Library & Museum in New York.

#### **Lamento d'Arianna, P. 88 ('Ariadne's Lament')**

The *Lamento d'Arianna* was given its world premiere in 1908 by the Berlin Philharmonic under conductor Arthur Nikisch. Respighi had gone to Berlin to accompany the singing class of Etelka Gerster, and his experiences as piano

accompanist for opera singers evolved his sensibility for writing for the voice. This early choice of arranging the music of Claudio Monteverdi shows Respighi's innate interest in Early Music.

Not to be mistaken with other Monteverdi works of the same name, this *Lamento* is the only extant music from Monteverdi's lost second opera *L'Arianna*. Monteverdi later used the music, including the now famous '*Lasciatemi morire*' motif, in three other works of the same name, including the well-known madrigal *Lamento d'Arianna* which is part of his *Madrigals, Book VI*. As discussed on page 3, this masterful orchestration of Monteverdi's *Lamento* was the first work that brought Respighi attention, garnering ecstatic reviews.

### **Il tramonto, P. 101 ('The Sunset')**

*Il tramonto* is scored for strings, and was also written in 1914 for the mezzo-soprano Chiarina Fino-Savio. The poem is based on the words of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and deals with a young woman's tragic story of passionate love and eventual despair over her lover's death. The work is very reminiscent of the music of Richard Wagner, and his *Siegfried Idyll* in particular, completed prior to the evolution of Respighi's compositional style away from selected German influences.

### **Aretusa, P. 95**

Respighi's *Aretusa* for mezzo-soprano and orchestra, also based on Shelley, was completed in 1911. In fact, the work marks the beginning of the collaboration between Respighi and the singer Fino-Savio, which came about as a pure coincidence, after the programmed singer cancelled due to another conflicting engagement in Bologna.

The work is extremely difficult to perform, especially for the singer, and therefore rarely presented by orchestras. It received its premiere at the Teatro Comunale di Bologna on 17 March 1911 under the baton of Guido Carlo Visconti di Modrone. The music captures the tale of the water nymph Arethusa, who escapes from the river god Alpheus with the help of the seas by Sicily, Italy. The composition is important as it serves as a precursor to what is officially Respighi's first fully mature work, *Fountains of Rome* of 1916, which expands the composer's eloquent depiction of waterfalls.

**Luigi Verdi, Alessandra Visentin,  
Salvatore Di Vittorio**

*Respighi's works are published by Casa Ricordi (Universal Music). Di Vittorio's first printed editions of Respighi's Berceuse and Lamento d'Arianna, and his orchestration completion of Tre Liriche are published by Edizioni Panastudio under Casa Ricordi (Universal Music) and available for rental.*



**Alessandra Visentin**

One of the most fascinating voices on today's opera and concert stages, Alessandra Visentin is especially acclaimed for the rarity of her voice type. In November 2022 the Italian Academy Foundation recognised her as a top-level Italian artist, and one of the most outstanding exponents of *Italianità* and of the classical artistry of the contralto. Visentin has appeared at some of the world's most prestigious venues and festivals, among them the Teatro alla Scala in Milan, New York's Carnegie Hall, Opéra de Reims, and the Salzburg and Ravenna Festivals. She has worked with renowned conductors such as Riccardo Muti, Zubin Mehta and Riccardo Chailly, among many others. Visentin studied at the Conservatorio di Musica Giuseppe Verdi and the Civica Scuola di Musica Claudio Abbado. A pupil of renowned contraltos Bernadette Manca di Nissa and Sara Mingardo, she also studied with Bob Kettelson and Regina Resnik. She is the winner of several international competition, including the European Community Voice Competition at the Teatro del Maggio Musicale Fiorentino's academy for young singers in Florence.

**[www.alessandravisentin.com](http://www.alessandravisentin.com)**



**Salvatore Di Vittorio**

Born in Palermo, Italy, composer and conductor Salvatore Di Vittorio is heir to the Italian neo-Classical orchestral tradition 'following in the footsteps of Ottorino Respighi' (Luigi Verdi). In 2008, the great nieces of Respighi, Elsa and Gloria Pizzoli, entrusted Di Vittorio with the restoration of several early orchestral works. With his work as music director of the Chamber Orchestra of New York and acclaimed Naxos recordings 'Di Vittorio has been recognised internationally among the leading scholars and interpreters of Respighi's music' (*Giornale di Sicilia*). Di Vittorio's compositions have been commissioned and premiered (often under his baton) by orchestras including the London Philharmonic Orchestra, San Diego Symphony and Teatro Massimo Opera of Palermo. Di Vittorio studied at the Manhattan School of Music and Columbia University. A protégé of Piero Bellugi, Di Vittorio's works are published by Edizioni Panastudio/Casa Ricordi (Universal Music), recorded on Naxos Records, and listed in *Daniels' Orchestral Music*. His autograph manuscripts of *Villa d'Este a Tivoli*, and his completions of Respighi's *Violin Concerto* and *Tre Liriche* are preserved in the music archive of The Morgan Library & Museum.

**[www.salvatoredivittorio.com](http://www.salvatoredivittorio.com)**

## Chamber Orchestra of New York

The Chamber Orchestra of New York made its triumphant debut on 11 October 2007 at Carnegie Hall's Zankel Hall. A premier ensemble that features a seasoned roster of New York's most flourishing musicians, the orchestra is internationally distinguished for championing unique repertoire that bridges the classical and modern traditions, including iconic film music, through premieres and world premiere recordings of rediscovered masterworks. The orchestra has received commissions from The Morgan Library & Museum, Dolce & Gabbana at Lincoln Center, the United Nations and *Star Wars* under Disney, among

others. In 2008, Ottorino Respighi's great nieces, Elsa and Gloria Pizzoli, and archive curator/cataloguer Potito Pedarra, entrusted music director and composer Salvatore Di Vittorio with the task of editing, orchestrating and completing several of Respighi's early orchestral works for their first printed published editions under Casa Ricordi in Milan. The orchestra has also established The Respighi Prize music competition, New York Conducting Workshop and Maestro Juniors education programme. The orchestra celebrated its 15th anniversary season in 2022/23, and on 14 April 2023 at Carnegie Hall's Zankel Hall presented *Voyages: Star Wars & Respighi's Fountains*.

[www.chamberorchestraofnewyork.org](http://www.chamberorchestraofnewyork.org)

### Violin I

Daniel Khalikov, concertmaster  
Russell Kotcher  
Julia Danitz  
Evelyn Petcher Brandes  
Helen Hyerin Kang  
Hannah Cohen

### Violin II

Bela Horvath, principal  
Jessica Park  
Yezu Woo  
Meitar Forkosh  
Jacqueline Ching

### Viola

Carolina Diaz Chan, principal  
Daniel Lamas  
Elise Frawley  
Santa Maria Pecoraro

### Violoncello

Adrian Daurov, principal  
Leigh Stuart  
Paloma Ferrante

### Double Bass

Victoria Morris, principal  
Kyle Colina

### Flute

Ginevra Petrucci, principal  
Amir Farsi  
Ryu Cipris, piccolo

### Oboe

Slava Znatchenii, principal  
Merideth Hite Estevez, English Horn  
Scott Bartucca

### Clarinet

Adam Gallob, principal  
Jonathan Leeds

### Bassoon

Josh Hodge, principal  
Taylor Smith

### French Horn

Aleks Ozolins, principal  
Cameron West  
Erin Paul  
Blair Hamrick

### Trumpet

Thomas Boulton, principal  
Chris Scanlon  
Thomas Verchot

### Trombone

Burt Mason, principal  
Spencer Chapman  
Nicole Abissi  
Michael Burner

### Tuba

Tom Lukowitz

### Percussion

David Stevens, principal, timpani  
Adam Holmes

### Harpsichord, Organ, Celesta

Jonathan Salamon, principal

### Harp

Sonia Bize

## Tre Liriche, P. 99a

### 2 N. 1 Notte

Sul giardino fantastico  
Profumato di rosa  
La carezza dell'ombra posa.

Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito  
La quiete suprema,  
L'aria come per brevido trema.

La luttuosa tenebra  
Una storia di morte  
Racconta alle gardenie smorte?

Forse perché una pioggia  
Di soavi rugiade  
Entro i socchiusi petali cade.

Su l'ascose miserie  
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,  
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie mute.

Su le fugaci gioie  
Che il disinganno infrange  
La notte le sue lacrime piange.

### 3 N. 2 Nebbie

Soffro, lontan, lontano  
Le nebbie sonnolente  
Salgono dal tacente Piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi  
Fidati all'ali nere,  
Traversan le brughiere Torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi  
Gli addolorati tronchi  
Offron, pregando, i brochi nudi.  
Come ho freddo!  
Son sola;

## Three Art Songs

### No. 1. Night

In the fantastic garden  
Perfumed with roses  
The caress of shadows descends.

Both with thought and pulse  
The supreme stillness,  
The air trembles like a shiver.

Does the mournful darkness  
Tell a story of death  
To the pale gardenias?

Perhaps, because a shower  
Of gentle dew falls  
Into the half-closed petals.

For rising miseries  
And for lost passions,  
For lost dreams and mute anxieties.

For fleeting joys  
Shattered by disillusion  
The night weeps her tears.

*Ada Negri (1870–1945)*

### No. 2. Fog

I suffer, far, far away  
The sleeping fog  
Rises from the quiet Plain.

High they caw, the crows  
Trusting their black wings,  
Crossing the menacing Moors.

To the raw bites of air  
The sorrowful tree trunks  
Offer, praying, their naked branches.  
How cold I am!  
I am alone;



Pel grigio ciel sospinto  
Un gemito d'estinto Vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni;  
È buia la vallata.  
O triste, o disamata  
Vieni! Vieni!

Driven through grey sky  
A groaning voice Soars.

And repeats to me: Come;  
The valley is dark,  
Oh sad one, oh unloved one  
Come! Come!

*Ada Negri*

**4 N. 3 Pioggia**

Piovea per le finestre spalancate  
A quella tregua di ostinati ardori  
Saliano dal giardin fresche folate  
D'erbe risorte e di risorti fiori.

S'acchettava il tumulto dei colori  
Sotto il vel delle goccioline implorate;  
E intorno ai pioppi ai frassini agli allori  
Beveano ingorde le zolle assetate.

Esser pianta, esser foglia, esser stelo  
E nell'angoscia dell'ardor (pensavo)  
Così largo ristoro aver dal cielo!

Sul davanzal protesa io gli arboscelli,  
I fiori, l'erbe guardavo, guardavo  
E mi battea la pioggia sui capelli.

*Vittoria Aganoor Pompili (1855–1910)*

**No. 3. Rain**

It was raining through windows opened wide  
To that respite of persistent fragrance  
Rising from the garden in refreshing gusts  
Of revived grass and flowers.

It calmed the tumult of colours  
Under the veil of imploring drops;  
And around the poplars, ash trees, laurels,  
The thirsty ground drink greedily.

To be a plant, to be a leaf, to be a stem  
And in the anguish of passion (I thought)  
Like this, to be slowly saved by the sky!

Leaning out from the sill, the saplings,  
the flowers, the grass, I watched, watched  
And the rain beat down on my hair.

*English translations 2–4: Rosa Parsow  
(used with permission)*

**5 Lamento d'Arianna, P. 88**

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,  
Sì che mio ti vo'dir, che mio pur sei,  
benché t'involi, ahi crudo! a gli occhi miei.  
O Teseo mio,  
Se tu sapessi, O Dio!  
Se tu sapessi, Ohimè! come s'affanna  
la povera Arianna.  
Forse, forse pentito  
rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lido.  
Ma con l'aure serene,  
tu te ne vai felice, ed io qui piango.

**Ariadne's Lament**

O Theseus, o my Theseus,  
Yes, I still call you mine, for mine you are,  
although you flee, cruel one, far from my eyes.  
Oh my Theseus,  
If you knew, oh God!  
If you knew, Alas!  
how poor Arianna is frightened.  
Perhaps, overcome with remorse,  
You would direct your ship ashore again.  
But with the serene winds,  
You sail on happily, and I remain weeping.

Ahi! che non pur risponde!  
Ahi! che piu' d'aspe e' sorda ai miei lamenti!  
O nimbi o turbini, o venti, sommergetelo  
voi dentro quell'onde.  
Correte, orche e balene  
e se le membra immonde  
empiete le voragini profonde!

Che parlo, Ahi! che vaneggio?  
Misera, Ohimè! che chieggo?  
O Teseo, O Teseo mio,  
non son, non son quell'io  
che i ferì detti sciolse;  
parlò l'affanno mio, parlò il dolore;  
parlò la lingua sì, ma non già il core.

Dove, dove è la fede  
che tanto mi giuravi?  
Così nell'alta sede  
tu mi rispondi e gli avi?  
Son queste le corone  
onde m'adorni il crine?  
Questi gli scettri sono,  
queste le gemme e gli ori?  
Lasciarmi in abbandono.  
A fera che mi strazi e mi divori?

Ahi Teseo, Ahi Teseo mio,  
lascerei tu morire,  
in van piangendo, in van gridando aita,  
la misera Arianna,  
ch'a te fidossi, e ti diè gloria e vita?

Lasciatemi morire, lasciatemi morire.  
E che volete che mi conforte,  
in così dura sorte, in così gran martire?  
Lasciatemi morire, lasciatemi morire.

Ah, that you do not even reply!  
Ah, that you are deaf to my laments!  
Oh clouds, storms, or winds, submerge him  
under those waves.  
Run, orcs and whales  
and fill up the profound gulfs with these  
unworldly limbs!

What am I saying? Ah! what am I raving about?  
Wretched I am, alas, what am I saying?  
O Theseus, oh my Theseus,  
That is, that is not I.  
That is not I who has thrown you these curses;  
My anguish has spoken, my pain has spoken,  
It was my tongue but not my heart.

Where is the faith  
you swore to me so much?  
Is this how you place me  
On my ancestors throne?  
Are these the crowns  
With which you adorn my hair?  
Are these the sceptres,  
the diamonds and gold?  
To leave me abandoned  
for the beast to tear up and devour?

Ah Theseus, ah my Theseus,  
would you let me die,  
weeping in vain, crying for help,  
the wretched Arianna,  
who trusted you and gave you glory and life?

Let me die, let me die.  
And who do you think can comfort me,  
In this harsh fate, in this great suffering?  
Let me die, let me die.

*Ottavio Rinuccini (1562–1621)*

*English translation: Salvatore Di Vittorio*

## 6 Il tramonto, P. 101

Già v'ebbe un uomo, nel cui tenue spirto  
(qual luce e vento in delicata nube  
che ardente ciel di mezzo-giorno stempri)  
la morte e il genio contendeano. Oh! quanta tenera gioia,  
che gli fè il respiro venir meno  
(così dell'aura estiva l'ansia talvolta)  
quando la sua dama, che allor solo conobbe l'abbandono  
pieno e il concorde palpitar di due creature che s'amano,  
egli addusse pei sentieri d'un campo,  
ad oriente da una foresta biancheggiante ombrato  
ed a ponente scoperto al cielo!  
Ora è sommerso il sole; ma linee d'oro  
pendon sovra le cineree nubi,  
sul verde piano sui tremanti fiori  
sui grigi globi dell' antico smirnio,  
e i neri boschi avvolgono,  
del vespro mescolandosi alle ombre.  
Lenta sorge ad oriente  
L'infocata luna tra i folti rami delle piante cupe:  
brillan sul capo languide le stelle.  
E il giovine sussura: 'Non è strano?  
Io mai non vidi il sorgere del sole,  
o Isabella. Domani a contemplarlo verremo insieme.'

Il giovin e la dama giacquer tra il sonno e il dolce amor  
congiunti ne la notte: al mattin  
gelido e morto ella trovò l'amante.  
Oh! nessun creda che, vibrando tal colpo,  
fu il Signore misericorde.  
Non morì la dama, né folle diventò:  
anno per anno visse ancora.  
Ma io penso che la queta sua pazienza, e i trepidi sorrisi,  
e il non morir... ma vivere a custodia del vecchio padre  
(se è follia dal mondo dissimigliare)  
fossero follia. Era, null'altro che a vederla,  
come leggere un canto da ingegnoso bardo  
intessuto a piegar gelidi cuori in un dolor pensoso.  
Neri gli occhi ma non fulgidi più;  
consunte quasi le ciglia dalle lagrime;  
le labbra e le gote parevan cose morte tanto eran bianche;  
ed esili le mani e per le erranti vene e le giunture rossa  
del giorno trasparia la luce.

## The Sunset

There late was One within whose subtle being,  
As light and wind within some delicate cloud  
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,  
Genius and death contended. None may know  
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath  
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,  
When, with the lady of his love, who then  
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,  
He walked along the pathway of a field  
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,  
But to the west was open to the sky.  
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold  
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points  
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers  
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,  
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay  
On the brown massy woods – and in the east  
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose  
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,  
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.  
'Is it not strange, Isabel,' said the youth,  
'I never saw the sun? We will walk here  
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me.'

That night the youth and lady mingled lay  
In love and sleep – but when the morning came  
The lady found her lover dead and cold.  
Let none believe that God in mercy gave  
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,  
But year by year lived on – in truth I think  
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,  
And that she did not die, but lived to tend  
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,  
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.  
For but to see her were to read the tale  
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts  
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;  
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:  
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,  
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead – so pale;  
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins  
And weak articulations might be seen

La nuda tomba, che il tuo fral racchiude,  
cui notte e giorno un'ombra tormentata abita,  
è quanto di te resta, o cara creatura perduta!

'Ho tal retaggio, che la terra non dà:  
calma e silenzio, senza peccato e senza passione.  
Sia che i morti ritrovino (non mai il sonno!) ma il riposo,  
imperturbati quali appaion,  
o vivano, o d'amore nel mar profondo scendano;  
oh! che il mio epitaffio, che il tuo sia: Pace!  
Questo dalle sue labbra l'unico lamento.

*Italian translation: Roberto Ascoli*

**7 Aretusa, P. 95**

Sorge Aretusa, lieve,  
dal suo letto di neve  
nei tempestosi Acroceranni monti  
dalla rapida balza  
e dalla nube s'alza,  
e al pascolo conduce le sue fonti.  
Salta le roccie, e ai venti  
sparge le iridescenti  
chiome che ai rivi gettano fulgori  
i passi ornan di verde  
il pendio che si perde  
dell'occidente ai tremuli bagliori.  
E scorrendo e cantando  
in un murmure blando  
come il sonno ella fluttua gioconda.

E all'abisso si spinge  
mentre d'amor la cinge  
la terra e di sorriso il ciel la inonda.

Ed ecco dall'algente  
ghiacciaio col tridente  
scuote Alfeo le montagne  
e dall'estrema roccia un varco si schiude  
sotto l'impeto rude  
spasima tutto l'Erimanto e trema.  
Del mezzogiorno il tetro vento,  
celato dietro l'urne di neve  
candide e silenti

Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self  
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,  
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

'Inheritor of more than earth can give,  
Passionless calm and silence unproved,  
Where the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,  
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,  
Or live, a drop in the deep sea of Love;  
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were – Peace!  
This was the only moan she ever made.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)*

**Arethusa**

Arethusa arose  
From her couch of snows  
In the Acroceraunian mountains, –  
From cloud and from crag,  
With many a jag,  
Shepherding her bright fountains.  
She leapt down the rocks,  
With her rainbow locks  
Streaming among the streams; –  
Her steps paved with green  
The downward ravine  
Which slopes to the western gleams;  
And gliding and springing  
She went, ever singing,  
In murmurs as soft as sleep;

The Earth seemed to love her,  
And Heaven smiled above her,  
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,  
On his glacier cold,  
With his trident the mountains strook;  
And opened a chasm  
In the rocks – with the spasm  
All Erymanthus shook.  
And the black south wind  
It unsealed behind  
The urns of the silent snow,

e il terremoto e il tuono  
squarcian con cupo suono  
gli argini nel profondo alle sorgenti.

'Oh! tu salvami! Guidami,  
ed all'abisso grida d'occultarmi!  
Ei la chioma già mi afferra!  
L'oceano dalle fonde  
azzurrità risponde  
fremendo dalla sua prece si disserra.  
La candida figliola  
della terra s'invola  
sotto l'acqua al sol raggio lucente;  
le onde sue discese  
dietro i suoi passi illese  
restano dalla dorica corrente.  
Cupa macchia sul mare di smeraldo  
ecco appare Alfeo  
che quasi a vol dietro le piomba;  
come aquila che investa,  
persa nella tempesta  
del vento nubiloso una colomba.

*Italian translation: Roberto Ascoli*

And earthquake and thunder  
Did rend in sunder  
The bars of the springs below.

'Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!  
And bid the deep hide me,  
For he grasps me now by the hair!  
The loud Ocean heard,  
To its blue depth stirred,  
And divided at her prayer;  
And under the water  
The Earth's white daughter  
Fled like a sunny beam;  
Behind her descended  
Her billows, unblended  
With the brackish Dorian stream: –  
Like a gloomy stain  
On the emerald main  
Alpheus rushed behind, –  
As an eagle pursuing  
A dove to its ruin  
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

This album presents a selection of works for voice and orchestra by Respighi. The composer first gained recognition for his orchestration of *Lamento d'Arianna*, the only extant music from Monteverdi's lost second opera, *L'Arianna*, which garnered Respighi ecstatic reviews. The *Berceuse* is a touching, short lullaby for strings composed in 1902, while the Wagnerian *Il tramonto* and *Aretusa*, a precursor to the *Fountains of Rome*, are both based on the poetry of Shelley. *Tre Liriche* are three art songs originally set as separate works for mezzo-soprano and piano. On the personal invitation of Respighi's great nieces, Salvatore Di Vittorio has restored and edited the *Berceuse* and *Lamento* and completed the orchestration of the *Tre Liriche*.

Ottorino  
**RESPIGHI**  
(1879–1936)

Playing Time  
**54:20**

- |            |  |              |
|------------|--|--------------|
| <b>1</b>   | <b>Berceuse, P. 38</b> (1902) (ed. Salvatore Di Vittorio [b. 1967])  | <b>6:12</b>  |
| <b>2–4</b> | <b>Tre Liriche, P. 99a</b> ('Three Art Songs') (1906–12, orch. 1913)<br>(orchestration completed by Salvatore Di Vittorio, 2013) * | <b>8:19</b>  |
| <b>5</b>   | <b>Lamento d'Arianna, P. 88</b> ('Ariadne's Lament')<br>(after C. Monteverdi) (1908) (ed. Salvatore Di Vittorio)                   | <b>9:50</b>  |
| <b>6</b>   | <b>Il tramonto, P. 101</b> ('The Sunset') (1914)<br>(version for voice and string orchestra)                                       | <b>16:48</b> |
| <b>7</b>   | <b>Aretusa, P. 95</b> (1910–11)  | <b>12:42</b> |

\* **WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING  
OF COMPLETED ORCHESTRATION**

**Alessandra Visentin, Contralto** **2–7**  
**Chamber Orchestra of New York**  
**Salvatore Di Vittorio**

Sung texts and translations are included in the booklet and can also be accessed at [www.naxos.com/libretti/574160.htm](http://www.naxos.com/libretti/574160.htm)

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