

SONNET 18

(W. Shakespeare/M. Kamen)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May
And summer's lease hath all too short a date
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd
And every fair from fair sometime declines
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee

IN AN ABYSS'S FACE

(Lyrics: E. Dickinson, music: G. Gambini)

Guitars by Marco Formentini
Bass by Paolo
Keyboards by Lucio Boiardi Serri
Voice by Sally

What mystery pervades a well!
That water lives so far –
A neighbor from another world
Residing in a jar

Whose limit none have ever seen,
But just his lid of glass –
Like looking every time you please
In an abyss's face!

Che mistero pervade un pozzo!
L'acqua vive così lontana –
Come una vicina di un altro mondo
Che risiede in una ciotola

il cui limite nessuno ha mai visto,
solo il coperchio di vetro –
come guardare ogni volta che vuoi
in faccia a un abisso!

Emily Dickinson

(Dickinson, *What Mystery Pervades a Well*, vv. 1 – 8, in *Poesie 1875 – 1879*).

ARMAGEDDON

(G. Gambini)

On my own
Wanderin' through the wild forest

Climbing over high ridges
Sliding down to the shores

Here I am
Spending nights by the fire
Staring down the smoulders
Digging into my past

I saw bodies turn to ashes
And cathedrals turn to stone
Saw the avengers hide their faces
Underneath a mask of gold

Here I am
With unknown destination
Washed ashore on the island
Of the Armageddon

Long ago
My mind was like a mirror
Quickly catching and losing
What I had seen before

Now my inner self is rising
From the ruins here at my feet
Déjà vu roll back like boulders
To recall my previous being

I was kind of deaf
Now I can listen to the wind blow
I was kind of blind
Now I can see deep in my heart
I was kind of dumb
Now I'm gonna speak a brand new language
For the time has come to give birth to my soul

I saw bodies turn to ashes
And cathedrals turn to stone
Saw the avengers hide their faces
Underneath a mask of gold

Now my inner self is rising
From the ruins here at my feet
Déjà vu roll back like boulders
To recall my previous being

FIND THE COST OF FREEDOM/DAYLIGHT AGAIN
(S. Stills)

Hear the past a'calling from Armageddon's side
When everyone's talking and no one is listening

How can we decide
Daylight again

STONEHENGE
(G. Gambini)

Semidei
Vennero in mezzo a noi
Questo raccontano
Gli antichi megaliti
Anche qui
A nord di Salisbury
Da quel momento in poi
Siamo rimasti soli schiavi della gravità
Sotto il sole e la luna
Su una grande pianura
Tanti anni fa

Millenni fa a Stonehenge
Un fulmine squarciò il cielo livido
Millenni fa a Stonehenge

Da lassù
Occhi invisibili
Vedono gli uomini
Persi nei vecchi errori
Fino a che
Saremo increduli
Non varcheranno mai
La linea di confine
L'astronave viaggerà
Là nel cosmo più nero
Verso il grande mistero di tanti anni fa

Millenni fa a Stonehenge
Un fulmine squarciò il cielo livido
Il fuoco e poi
La cenere
L'antica civiltà
Rapita dagli dei
Millenni fa
a Stonehenge

JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Traditional, S. Winwood)

There were three men came out of the West
Their fortunes for to try
And these three men made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn must die

They've ploughed, they've sown, they've harrowed him in
Threw clods upon his head
And these three men made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn was dead

They've let him lie for a very long time
'Till the rains from heaven did fall
And little Sir John sprung up his head
And so amazed them all
They've let him stand 'till midsummer's day
'Till he looked both pale and wan
And little Sir John's grown a long, long beard
And so become a man

They've hired men with the scythes so sharp
To cut him off at the knee
They've rolled him and tied him by the way
Serving him most barbarously
They've hired men with the sharp pitchforks
Who pricked him to the heart
And the loader he has served him worse than that
For he's bound him to the cart

They've wheeled him around and around the field
'Till they came unto a barn
And there they made a solemn oath
On poor John Barleycorn
They've hired men with the crab-tree sticks
To cut him skin from bone
And the miller he has served him worse than that
For he's ground him between two stones

And little Sir John and the nut-brown bowl
And his brandy in the glass
And little Sir John and the nut-brown bowl
Proved the strongest man at last
The huntsman, he can't hunt the fox
Nor so loudly to blow his horn
And the tinker he can't mend kettle nor pot
Without a little Barleycorn

O FORTUNA

(Traditional, K. Orff)

Instrumental

Voice & guitar by Giorgio Gambini

Keyboards by Lucio Boiardi Serri

KNIGHT OF THE LOST HOLY GRAIL

(G. Gambini)

Well, I've been riding for a long time
I know that I should find a place to stop
I've been searching for the Divine
The blood of Christ within a Golden Cup

*I'm you Motherland
Now, can you hear me?*

I hide the secret of life and love, believe me
*Be yourself and leave behind your sorrow
Listen to your heart
The only thing that matters*

I'm lying sleepless in the dark
Longing to see the sunrise
A storm is raging in my heart
I just can't face one more night
I'm losing hope and freedom
Day after day
This life feels like a prison
I've lost my way
I'm a knight of the lost Holy Grail

I've been counting all the seasons
And all the moons since I left Camelot
Yet, am I chasing just a grand illusion
Was the devil smarter than me
Or was I simply wrong

*Let your Motherland release your sorrow
To the Round Table
You should head back tomorrow
Love is waiting there for you, my soldier
Come on, let's go home
You've been away too long*

The Truth lay just one step ahead
When darkness fell on my eyes
Now, I'm still waiting for a spark
To light a beam of sunrise
My dreams of hope and freedom
Were blown away
God, help me leave this prison
And find my way
I'm a knight of the lost Holy Grail, knight of the lost Holy Grail

Who's whispering in my mind
What's there? Who am I? Oh, my Lord

Mrs. GEORGE REECE
(G. Gambini)

Inspired by E.L. Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*

No one will ever know
How beautiful you were

How unselfishly you gave your love
The losses and the tears lay scattered on your way

But you were solid as a rock
You laid all your fears aside
You just did one thing, and you did it right

George Reece

Left with children and a flame to feed
Now you're watching us from heaven
In peace

You made your roses bloom
And sent them to the world
Like shining stars, all clean and strong
You understood that love is acting well your part
Through the wisdom of poetry
So take my hand and I'll follow you
I know we'll make it to the moon

George Reece

Left with children and a flame to feed
I hope someday we'll be together

George Reece

Through those sleepless nights and memories
You just found your way to heaven and peace

GEORGE GRAY
(G. Gambini)

Inspired by E.L. Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*

A boat with a furled sail
At rest in a harbor:
The true picture of my life

I never cared for my destination
I buried all my love inside

When sorrow knocked at my door

I was afraid

I dreaded all the chances

Yet

All the while

I hungered for a meaning

In my life

And now

Through this night

I long to see the sunlight

With my eyes

The search for a meaning

May end in madness

But giving it up is torture

So if you pass by my tombstone

Take care and remember

My name is George Gray

All the while

I hungered for a meaning

In my life

And now

Through this night

I long to see the sunlight

With my eyes

For now I know

That we must lift the sail and go

To catch the winds of our destiny

To wherever they're blowing

All the while

I hungered for a meaning

In my life

And now

Through this night

I long to see the sunlight

With my eyes

NOCHE TRISTE

(G. Gambini)

Guitars by Marco Formentoni

Keyboards by Lucio Boiardi Serri

BONAPARTE ET LES SAVANTS D'ÉGYPTE

(G. Gambini)

Marchons jusqu'au Saïd, enfants de la patrie
L'histoire nous écrivons, suivons Napoléon
La gloire nous y attend, voyez ceux monuments
Marchons au dessous des bombes, suivons Napoléon

Ce n'était pas pour la guerre
Ce n'était pas pour argent
Nous étions vraiment des frères
Au nom de la connaissance

Physiciens et hommes de lettres (Marchons jusqu'au Saïd enfants de la patrie
Astronomes et ingénieurs (L'histoire nous écrivons, suivons Napoléon)

Attirés par les mystères (La gloire nous y attend, voyez ceux monuments)
D'un pays d'ancienne grandeur (Marchons au dessous des bombes, suivons
Napoléon!)

Allons enfants l'heure est arrivée, ouvrez vos yeux

Les savants vont découvrir les trésors de l'Égypte
Hommes d'étude choisies parmi l'élite (Enfants de la patrie)

Les savants regardent le monde du haut des pyramides
Vive Bonaparte et les savants d'Égypte!

Vers la fin de la bataille (le ciel était rouge et brûlant)
À la tombée de la nuit (sur le sable dans le noir)
Au dessous d'Orion l'image (là-bas, les géants de Gizeh étaient allumés)
Des trois grandes pyramides (à l'égal de trois divinités)

Voilà, le grand rêve de notre vie est devant nos yeux

Les savants vont découvrir les trésors de l'Égypte
C'est la sort qui nous amène ici (Marchons jusqu'au Saïd)

Les savants regardent le monde du haut des pyramides
Vive Bonaparte et les savants d'Égypte

“Allez, et pensez que du haut de ceux monuments, quarante siècles d'histoire vous contemplant!”

Les savants vont découvrir les trésors de l'Égypte
Au soleil couchant, le long du Nil (Enfants de la patrie)

Les savants regardent le monde du haut des pyramides
Vive Bonaparte et les savants d'Égypte

MORNING MOOD

(E. Grieg)

Instrumental
Guitars by Giorgio Gambini

IL RUGGITO DEL MAELSTROM

(G. Gambini)

Sessantotto gradi di latitudine nord
La mia bussola è impazzita
Che succede, non lo so
L'onda ci trascina via
Verso l'incognito
Qui sul Mare di Norvegia un urlo scuote la marea

L'eco va
Sale su per i fiordi del nord
Sento già
Il ruggito del Maelstrom...

Pochi istanti e siamo lì
Sopra il baratro
Sento vento, schiuma e sale mescolarsi dentro me
Le sirene cantano
E ci chiamano
Dai relitti delle navi e del Nautilus

L'eco va
Sale su per i fiordi del nord
Sento già
Il ruggito del Maelstrom
Dai ghiacciai e i pendii,

Lungo i canyon dei troll
Scende giù
E' il ruggito del Maelstrom

Il miraggio della luna per un attimo
Poi l'aurora boreale...
Mai li dimenticherò

L'eco va
Sale su per i fiordi del nord
Sento già
Il ruggito del Maelstrom
Dai ghiacciai e i pendii,

Lungo i canyon dei troll
Scende giù
E' il ruggito del Maelstrom

COMFORTABLY NUMB

(Waters-Gilmour)

Hello, is there anybody in there?

Just nod if you can hear me
Is there anyone at home

Come on, now, I hear you're feeling down
I can ease your pain and get you on your feet again

Relax, I need some information first
Just the basic facts
Can you show me where it hurts

There is no pain you are receding
A distant ship smoke on the horizon
You are only coming through in waves
Your lips move, but I can't hear what you're saying

When I was a child I had a fever
My hands felt just like two balloons
And now I've got that feeling once again
I can't explain you would not understand
This is not how I am
I... I've become comfortably numb