

Five Lyrical Portraits

For Soprano and Pianoforte

Music by Gianluca Barragato

Soprano: Mirella Divita



Weaving Voices Across Time

This recording, *Five Lyrical Portraits*, presents a compelling song cycle for soprano and piano that bridges vast historical and stylistic distances through the unifying power of poetry and music.

Featuring texts chosen from disparate eras—from the Renaissance introspection of Petrarch to the visionary American spirit of Walt Whitman and the modern Italian intensity of Alda Merini—this collection is an exploration of the fundamental human condition.

The cycle deliberately juxtaposes themes of despair and euphoria, failure and enduring belief. In setting these diverse poems—including Petrarch's contrasting *Piangendo Rido*, Shelley's somber *A Dirge*, and Whitman's declaration of faith, *I Believe in You My Soul*—the music seeks to uncover the threads of universal experience that run through the works of these literary giants.

This demanding and nuanced score is brought to life by the exquisite partnership of **soprano Mirella Divita** and **pianist Gianluca Barragato**.

Mirella Divita's mastery allows her to traverse the emotional chasm of the repertoire, embodying the regal strength of Merini's *Regina* one moment, and the complex vulnerability of the introspective poems the next.

Gianluca Barragato's composition not only provides the intricate harmonic landscape but also serves as the cohesive voice, weaving the chronological gap between the poets into a unified musical narrative.

The Five Lyrical Portraits is more than a recital; it is a meditation on the permanence of the poetic voice and the enduring resilience of the human soul.

Lyrics

Piangendo Rido (F. Petrarca)

Pace non trovo
e non ho da far guerra
e spero; e ardo e sono un ghiaccio;

E volo sopra 'l cielo,
e giaccio in terra;
e nulla stringo
e tutto il mondo abbraccio.
Tal m'ha in pregon
che non m'apre nè sera
nè mi vuol vivo

Veggio senz'occhi,
non ho lingua, e grido
Bramo di perire
e chieggo aita
odio me stesso,
e amo altrui
Pascomi di dolore,
piangendo rido

Eguualmente
mi spiace morte e vita
in questo stato, donna,
io son per voi.

A Dirge (P. Bysshe Shelley)

Rough Wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;

Sad storm,
Whose tears are vain,
Bare woods,
Whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong!

To those Who've Fail'd (W. Whitman)

To those Who've Fail'd,
in aspiration vast,
To unnam'd soldiers
fallen in front on the lead,
To calm,
devoted engineers
to over-
ardent travelers
to pilot on their ships,
To many a lofty song
and picture without recognition -
I'd rear laurel-
cover'd monument,
High, high above the rest –
To all cut off before their time,
Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire,
Quench'd by an early death.

Regina (G. Barragato)

Accarezzami o Musica
Muovi la mia irrequietudine
Scorri su me
Come latte che nutre
Nutre la mia pelle
Bianca beltà

Accarezzami o Musica
Ridammi la mia realtà
Scorri su me
Come l'acqua più pura
Scopri la mia natura
Mia nudità

Io sono
Innamorata del cielo
Dolcemente perduta
Sono innamorata
Del cosmo tutto

Sono piena d'amore
Come un'ape regina

Credo in te anima (W. Whitman)

Credo in te, anima mia,
l'altro che io son
non deve umiliarsi in fronte a te,
e tu di fronte a lui.

Credo in te, anima mia,
Ozia con me sull'erba,
libera
la tua gola
Libera da ogni impedimento,

Musica, parole
discorsi, io non voglio
solo la
tua calma
il tuo mormorio mi piace.

I believe in you, my soul
the other I am mustn't
abase itself to you,
And you mustn't be abased

Credo in te, anima mia,
Ozia con me sull'erba,
libera
la tua gola
Il suo mormorio mi piace

The spirit of God
is the brother of my own
All the men even born
Are all my brother
And women my sisters and lovers