

Addio a Lugano

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| 1. Ad-dio Lu-ga-no bel-la,
o dol-ce ter-ra pi-a;
scac-cia-ti sen-za col-pa
gli anar-chi-ci van vi-a.
E par-to-no can-tan-do
con la spe-ran-za in cor. | 1. Farewell beautiful Lugano
o sweet devout land,
driven away guiltlessly
the anarchists are leaving,
and they set off singing
with hope in their heart. |
| 2. Ed è per voi sfrut-ta-ti,
per voi lav-or-a-to-ri
che sia-mo am-manet-ta-ti
al par dei mal-fat-to-ri!
Ep-pur la nos-tra i-dea
non è che i-dea d'a-mor. | 2. It is for you exploited
for you workers
that we are handcuffed
just like criminals.
Yet our ideal
is but an ideal of love. |
| 3. Ad-dio ca-ri com-pa-gni
a-mi-ci Lu-ga-ne-si
ad-dio bian-che di ne-ve
mon-ta-gne Ti-ci-ne-si
i ca-va-lie-ri_er-ran-ti
son tra-sci-na-ti al nord | 3. Farewell dear comrades
friends of Lugano
farewell white snowy
Ticinese mountains
the knight-errants
are dragged to the North. |

An anarchist song of uncertain origin. The tune is from an old Tuscan folk song Addio Sanremo bella, but the words were written by Pietro Gori who died in 1911. Lugano is a town on the Swiss/Italian border.